

JOHN HUME
Pat Walsh, and others

Len Green, Derry '68/69
Pat Muldowney

**Connolly,
Fighting Race**
Labour Comment

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IRISH POLITICAL REVIEW

September 2020

Vol.35, No.9 ISSN 0790-7672

and Northern Star incorporating **Workers' Weekly** Vol.34 No.9 ISSN 954-5891

Reconciliation?

The phrase "*peace and reconciliation*" bombarded us from the airwaves during the week following the death of John Hume. We were told that, by means of peace and reconciliation he brought about a conclusion to the eight hundred year old "*Anglo-Irish Irish conflict*"—that was according to the current leader of Hume's Party, the SDLP, on *Newstalk*.

There is peace in Northern Ireland. There is an absence of war. The absence of war is peace. If more than that is injected into the meaning of the word, it floats off into transcendentalism fuelled by hot air.

The peace, which has now existed for more than twenty years, was not brought about by means of reconciliation, and reconciliation has not resulted from it.

This journal supported the 1998 Agreement because its carefully-designed structures had nothing whatever to do with reconciliation. What this structures provided for was the institutionalised separation, within the devolved system of British politics in the Six Counties, of the two great bodies of people inhabiting the Six Counties, which we called national but Constitutional nationalists preferred to call "*traditions*".

The Agreement was based on recognition of the obvious fact that the two great bodies of people were entirely stable with regard to each other, and in conflict with each other, and that within the Northern Ireland system there was absolutely no common political ground between them.

Recognising this to be unalterably the case, it established them into two separate electoral bodies, with the democratic principle of majority rule being abolished by a

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The Unreal Taoiseach

One of Cork city's favourite pieces of modern folklore created by two local comedians, Cha and Miah, is that Jack Lynch was '*the real Taoiseach*'. It was a most misguided notion and anyone who is in any doubt about it should read Michael Heney's recent book on the Arms Trial. He was anything but a real Taoiseach when faced with the eruption in Northern Ireland in 1969. He turned out to be a '*Tadhg an dá thaobh*', a hypocrite, who helped stir up the situation in N. Ireland, agreed to help the minority there against the prospect of another pogrom and then turned tail and left them to find their own way of dealing with their situation.

Unlike that minority, he was the leader of a state that had the means a state has to solve such problems, with minimum loss of life and limb. That is the basic job of any state and any head of state worthy of the name. By his actions, followed by his inaction, he ensured the maximum loss of

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Part 1

In Defence Of Dorothy Macardle

In the Introduction to the latest Volume (Vol 4) of the multi-volume publication of the *Irish Bulletin* which the Belfast Historical and Educational Society has undertaken, Brendan Clifford quotes from *The Irish Republic* by Dorothy Macardle. The quoted extract concerns an argument made in court in February 1921 under the authority of General Neville Macready, Commander-in-Chief of the British forces

in Ireland, to the effect that because an actual war was raging in Ireland the military should be given a free hand legally in executing prisoners. Immediately following the extract Brendan gives the *Irish Bulletin* report of Macready's statement. Both accounts are broadly similar.

All three authors—Macardle, a writer for the *Irish Bulletin* and Clifford—were

citing Macready's legal testimony as evidence of an admission by the British in 1921 that the Westminster Government was in a state of war with the elected Irish Government. This is an important point in the context of historical understanding of the Irish War of Independence, but for the purpose of this article it underlines the connection between the *Irish Bulletin*'s reporting of events in 1919-21 and Macardle's history of the period, *The Irish Republic*, published in 1937.

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veto held by each of them.

Government departments were to be shared out between them, but not within the structure of a power-sharing Government—a thing that was tried in 1974 and failed.

Unionists and Nationalists were to take it in turn to choose a Department of Government to run. The Departments were then run autonomously, and not as branches of a Government under a Cabinet.

"Reconciliation" did not enter into it, and did not follow from it. It was not characterised by an upsurge of fellow-feeling, but by a steady continuation of the mutual collective animosity that was Northern Ireland's birthmark.

The idea of reconciliation belongs to a different order of things—the domestic order. Where there is a falling-out there can be a making-up. There was no falling-out in the North because there was never any feeling of togetherness in the first place. The two collective bodies were not

the result of a ruptured unity. They were separate in origin.

Little incidents of falling-out and reconciling occurred within each of them but never happened between them. John Hume's decisive action might be described as an act of reconciliation within the Catholic community.

He stepped away from the doctrinaire fantasy of Anglophile Constitutional Republicanism preached by Seamus Mallon and supported by the Dublin Establishment, and collaborated with the IRA on the basis of the actual common interest of the Catholic community in making a provisional settlement which enabled the War to be ended in a way that was advantageous to the Catholic community.

While doing so he barely escaped being repudiated by Mallon's followers in the SDLP and by the Dublin Establishment. It could be said that he sacrificed his Party to the common cause. He then handed the direction of affairs over to Mallon to lead it into the wilderness.

Subsequent Southern criticism of Sinn Féin for failing to achieve the reconciliation between the 'traditions' that was supposed to be the purpose of the Agreement only proved that the Fianna Fail and Fine Gael leaderships supported the Agreement as it became an accomplished fact without ever having read it in detail or trying to envisage how it would work. They still refused to engage their minds with the reality of what Northern Ireland was.

The ingenious scheme for egalitarian apartheid in a devolved government has worked well because since 1972 it has not really mattered to the basic administrative functions of the state whether there was or was not a devolved government in place.

Unreal Taoiseach

continued

life and limb, i.e. a war, when the minority were left to fend for itself. The Irish state often likes to boast that it can punch above its weight but, in that situation, Lynch punched so far below his weight that he left the ring. The 'real Taoiseach' sobriquet became a badge of shame.

But the Cork comedians should create a new piece of Cork folklore because Cork has now produced in Micheál Martin our very first 'unreal Taoiseach'. And this sobriquet would not be misguided—he is a real unreal Taoiseach. Within a few days of taking Office he had to confirm that he was actually in charge of the Government. Newly elected heads of state are usually acclaimed by their party in glowing terms but not in this case. Party members are clearly divided in any enthusiasm for him, and his standing with many has decreased rather than increased after his election. His poll ratings are abysmal. His partners in government have obvious contempt for him but shield it in diplomatic niceties.

Why has this happened to the once major party of the state? A party that, despite the British-imposed system of PR to disrupt effective party government, secured a democratic mandate for decades. Its founders opposed the humiliating so-called 'Treaty' and got rid of it; fought off a fascist threat; warned the League of Nations that its inaction against aggressions would lead to war; established a Republic in reality with the Constitution of 1937; industrialised the country; established and confirmed independence in WWII; entered the EU and the 'global

world'; enacted a mass of social reforms; ensured that the State, though one of the youngest, also maintains one of the longest unbroken democracies in the world.

Yet now we have a party that is more ashamed of its past, than proud of it. Why?

Political parties worthy of the name are organic entities. They are not just made. They arise from historical events and achievements that have long-lasting consequences and engage the feelings, emotions and intellects of masses of people. They stir the blood of affection among its members and do likewise for their opponents in hatred and dislike. They are the backbone of democratic politics.

Martin and his recent predecessors, apart from Haughey, have pulled up this entity by its roots and, like any such action toward an organism, it becomes almost impossible to get it planted again after such drastic treatment. In such circumstance, a political organism reverts to being a collection of individuals, acting under the flag of convenience called a Party. That is Martin's problem and will be his undoing and most likely wreck the Party itself.

The irony of ironies is that he claims to be a historian! But he seems to have missed discovering the essence of his own party.

Jack Lane

Dennis Dennehy

From Lucifer To Lazarus – A Life on The Left is the curious title of a memoir by Mick O'Reilly, a former Irish Regional Secretary of the Transport & General Workers Union (TGWU), now rebranded UNITE. During his time in office, Mick O'Reilly was the public face of that section of the trade union movement which opposed Social Partnership. He was also in the news when his union bosses attempted to dismiss him for alleged administrative failings. It is, presumably, this episode in his life that suggested the memoir's enigmatic title. Both these subjects are dealt with at some length.

The book covers a lot of territory—Northern Ireland, trade unionism, the Soviet Union, Civil Rights, The Workers' Party etc.—but much of the commentary is succinct and therefore unsatisfactory. O'Reilly mentions a long list of personalities who he came into contact with over his life time, most of whom—as you would expect—are 'Lefties' and trade unionists. For many readers they will be just names, but old activists will doubtless find them familiar.

Mick O'Reilly makes some remarks about one—Dennis Dennehy—which I must take issue with: The latter, who was the Secretary of the Dublin Housing Action Committee (DHAC), went on hunger strike in 1969 after been arrested for squatting with his family. O'Reilly says of Dennehy that, "**he could be quite sectarian**". I would beg to differ. He did, however, manage to get up the noses of many 'Lefties', by insisting that the homeless should have the ultimate say in the DHAC.

I knew Dennis for the last ten years of his life and I can say that he was one of the least sectarian activists, I ever met in the labour movement. During the time we produced *The Busman* magazine, Dennis engaged with the SWM, IRSP, ISP and a wide section of the far left: He also found time to correspond with the UDA leader, Sammy Smyth. (Dennis, incidentally, had previously been a member of BICO).

In truth, Dennis Dennehy was a real free spirit who enjoyed a good debate with any one.

Bill Mc Camley

John Hume

John Hume was an absolutely unique force in politics in the North of Ireland. He stood head and shoulders above every other constitutional nationalist politician in political ability. He was indispensable to the Peace Process and its success and the achievement of the Good Friday settlement. His community was very fortunate it found a man of his calibre to lead it through very difficult times to a position of equality. But his actual political skill and talent could not be explained properly by those charged in writing his obituary.

John Hume, the Derry schoolteacher, first came to notice through some articles he wrote for *The Irish Times* during May 1964. These were published until the heading '*The Northern Catholic*'. In the series Hume questioned what he called "*traditional nationalist attitudes*" towards 'Northern Ireland' which he saw as hav-

ing run their course, after a generation of failure. From the time of Partition the Northern Catholic community had aspired to make itself independent of the statelet it had been marooned within and to live in its own social framework in readiness for a future transference to an all-Ireland state. Hume urged the alienated Catholic community to give up on its boycott of 'Northern Ireland' and to play a fuller part in its political and economic life, to demonstrate to the unionist community that nationalists could be trusted and that discrimination was unnecessary.

The Nationalist Party, which had been disorientated by Taoiseach Lemass's sudden order to enter Stormont, attempted to lure Hume into its ranks, but he would have none of it. Hume had made up his mind that Eddie M'Atter's party was dead wood and determined upon developing a new form of politics that the reluctant, "*stuck in its ways*" Nationalist Party was incapable of. Hume, however, went along with

Lemass's fantasy that what was needed in the North was an opposition at Stormont to the Unionist Party.

It was this attempt at 'normality' that generated the frustration among Catholics that led to the streets. The Stormont opposition had proved a charade, as it impotently confronted the reality of permanent Unionist government and its resistance to nationalist demands.

Hume maintained a distance from the emerging Civil Rights Association until the end of 1968, when it began to gain momentum. He had refused to endorse the famous Derry March, fearing violent confrontation. Others, however, calculated that violent confrontation was just what was needed in the circumstances, to break up the Unionist regime. One thing led to another and the August 1969 explosion in Derry and Belfast was the result.

Hume gave his verdict on the Civil Rights Association to Eamonn Gallagher of the Republic's Department of External

Affairs in September 1969. It was so sensitive Hume's name was redacted in the state papers. Hume said "*the Civil Rights policy had succeeded where an overt nationalist policy had not but the ultimate objective was the same*" (NAI, TSCH 2000/6/657).

That rather confirmed what Unionists had been saying about NICRA, so it was decided not to have it attributed to Hume.

In the immediate aftermath of August 1969 John Hume determined on a policy of first trying an internal accommodation between Unionists and Nationalists at Stormont, in which 'British' Unionists were split from the Ulsterish bigoted element, and a coalition of moderates formed from the two communities. If this proved impossible, he was in favour of a period of Direct Rule to force a left/right realignment in politics.

This was impossible, of course, outside the politics of the State, and it also ran into the problem that Westminster was determined to maintain the 1920 devolved structures, to keep the province at arm's length if at nearly all costs. Only something new and of great vigour could shift Britain from this policy, and that had to be provided by the Provisional IRA, rather than the SDLP which, once formed, followed the routine of the Nationalist Party it replaced at Stormont.

Hume and his new colleagues, led by Gerry Fitt, went through the charade of forming an "official opposition" and Hume condemned proposals for Direct Rule as bringing about "*evils that might be worse than at present*", foreseeing a situation in which NI became "*a mere outpost of London*" (*Irish News*, 5.1.70). Whilst Fitt led the party, once British Labour let the province be in its communal quagmire, Hume quickly came to direct it as an instrument of his own policy, taking the important decisions.

In June 1971 Brian Faulkner, the most able Unionist leader, made an unprecedented offer to the SDLP of Committee Chairs in Stormont. This was significant, after 50 years of exclusive one-party Unionist rule. It was a moment of truth for the SDLP—was it interested in an internal accommodation with Unionism? Hume initially welcomed the offer as a measure of the changed situation in which a deal could be done, only to suddenly back down after a couple of youths were controversially shot in Derry by the British Army.

The SDLP leader, Fitt, was appalled at Hume's about-turn, which shot down the chance of an accommodation with

Unionists, and by his public declaration in favour of Direct Rule, against party policy. Hume's rejection of Faulkner's offer subsequently gave great momentum to the Provos' stated objective of "Smash Stormont", and their bombing campaign accelerated, leading to Faulkner adopting a military solution, internment, to the problem. Conflict escalated greatly.

With Internment and Bloody Sunday, the Provos determined the course of events. Hume led the parallel civil disobedience campaign and established and became President of the Alternative Assembly at Dungiven. The Attorney General, Basil Kelly, was asked to consider whether this was a serious attempt to form an illegal underground government but concluded it was a harmless farce that would disappear if it were ignored. He was right.

From the underground administration, via the *Irish Times*, Hume called for a public declaration by the British Government in favour of Irish unity that would break the "*Unionist ascendancy*". This was the genesis of his policy of the next decade, that urged upon Westminster the breaking of the "*Unionist veto*" on "*progress*"—which could be taken to mean reform, but which actually inferred an active united Ireland policy that Protestant Ulster had no right to obstruct.

After the January massacre in Derry ('Bloody Sunday'), Hume took the British Government to the United Nations, when Dublin thought better of the idea, after its experience of a year and a half previously. He was, of course, rebuffed as Britain had the UN stitched up, but it was the first incidence of Hume going international to manoeuvre against the British Government.

The Provos' Bloody Friday massacre enabled Whitelaw to get the SDLP back into the realm of constitutional politics and Hume was used to tip off the IRA before the 23,000-strong Motorman assault by British forces to bring the 'no-go' areas back under official control. Prime Minister Heath had advised his commanders that up to 100 deaths were acceptable in the recapture of these areas, but the Provos decided to retire and live to fight another day. With the military ascendancy being lost to the British, this enabled the SDLP and Hume to regain ground and take centre stage again in negotiations.

The details of the Sunningdale Agreement and Executive need not be gone into here. Suffice to say Hume and the SDLP over-played their hand in a situation of declining Republican military power.

Hume underestimated the power of the Protestant working class, which was considerable in the days before Mrs Thatcher destroyed Ulster's industrial base. Hume demanded that the British Army suppress the Ulster Workers Council Strike and "*call the Unionist bluff*". But Protestant society, which Hume and the other SDLP leaders, had little understanding of, showed its power and that it was a separate nation in Ireland. Coupled with the bungling of the new Labour Government, the suicidal behaviour of the SDLP, which misconstrued Faulkner's reasonableness for weakness, lost the chance of an internal settlement. Hume had to think again.

After the fall of the Power-Sharing Executive, Hume fell out with Dublin. He demanded that Dublin and the British force power-sharing on the Unionists.

Hume fell hook line and sinker for the withdrawal propaganda issued by the NIO as a cover for the British Ulsterisation policy: the idea was put about that Britain would withdraw its forces, and so force the contending parties to come to an internal agreement within an 'independent' Northern Ireland.

Hume began to urge Dublin and London into more and more fantastic schemes for repressing the loyalists through military force if necessary. Dublin's will was, of course, broken by then and it was becoming clear to Hume that the Northern Catholics were on their own. At this point Hume decided to take over direct control of the SDLP from the expendable Fitt.

Around this time Hume came up with the terminology of the "two traditions" to magic away the national division that was apparent and undeniable in the North. The word "*tradition*" hardly does justice to the complete absence of collective feeling between the Unionist and Nationalist communities! It was a deadly national division that had pre-existed the Provo War. In fact, the hostility had been exacerbated by the construction of 'Northern Ireland' and the War it had ultimately generated.

Hume devised a policy that involved an intricate juggling of words, and which was articulated in a form that became known as 'Humespeak.' It involved not quite saying something but being heard by some people as if one thing was being said, whilst others heard something else as being said. It aimed to bamboozle the more simple-minded and straight-talking Unionists.

In 1977, with nationalism at a low ebb and the SDLP falling apart, Hume decided that a fundamental shift was needed to

rejuvenate 'Constitutional' Nationalism and alter the situation. He diagnosed the problem as being "*intransigent Unionism*" and the inaction of the British Government. Hume reckoned that the problem needed to be taken out of the purely British context by reintroducing the reluctant Irish Government into the political process and getting London and Dublin to work together to advance a political settlement in 'Northern Ireland', despite the Unionists. The objective was to get the British and Irish Governments to impose new political structures over the heads of Unionism, to create a whole new ball-game. This was sometimes referred to as "*the totality of relationships*". It was a tall order but Hume stuck to his guns.

Hume removed the focus on trying to achieve an internal settlement with Unionists who were determined to hang on to their majority in a new sub-government. Along with this, Hume went to the US and Europe to cultivate relationships with important people that could be employed in the future against Britain and the Unionists. Particularly important in this were the links developed with Irish-America. This was an important characteristic that Hume shared with Republicans—the ability to open up new Fronts when progress on the battlefield was halted by Unionist or British resistance. It was something which the rest of the SDLP, including the previous leadership lacked.

Hume's strategy was clever because it took things outside the 1920 Act, employing forces that were beyond the confines of the 'Northern Ireland' to which Northern Catholics were confined. Gerry Fitt's British horizons were inadequate to a breakout, due to Westminster's insistence that 'Northern Ireland' remain in its own political quarantine, lest the virus in its politics spread to the British body politic.

One result of Hume's clever strategy was his elevation into the role of '*statesman*'—the first 'statesman' without an actual state to represent. This injected a new vigour into Irish diplomacy in relation to the North, led by Hume, one into which the diplomats and political representatives of the actual Irish State were dragged. This had an important result with regard to the relationship between the two parts of the Irish Nation—in that, as Dublin lost its vigour with relation to the North, it was taken up by Hume, determined that the Northern Catholics would not be let down as they had been in 1970 and previous times by the South.

However, the SDLP was in the doldrums from 1975 until 1981, and it was only given a new opportunity through the Republican rejuvenation brought about by political fall-out from the Hunger Strikes.

Hume's great achievement, *The Hillsborough Treaty* of 1985, came about not as a result of his efforts through the New Irish Forum, but because of the political crisis that saw Sinn Féin emerge as an electoral force and a military crisis brought about by the Brighton Bomb which nearly killed Prime Minister Thatcher, and which encouraged the premier to do something she was very reluctant to do: to take an active stance on Northern Ireland.

As a result of this crisis, the British attempted to undermine the Republican political and military expressions through a deal with 'Constitutional Nationalism'. The '*Out! Out! Out!*' episode nearly shattered the 'Constitutional' Nationalist bulwark, which Britain relied upon; and something had to be done by Britain to re-balance things. (Thatcher was bereft of an alternative policy to that proposed by Hume/Dublin.) The British knew the central importance of Hume in any deal with Dublin, but also understood that, if an acceptable agreement was not produced, there was the danger of losing the SDLP altogether.

Senior figures in the British State persuaded a reluctant Thatcher to do business with Dublin. The Hillsborough Treaty provided for the establishment of a Dublin Secretariat in Belfast, which would be consulted over the governance of Northern Ireland by the Secretary of State (who administered the devolved services under the Direct Rule arrangements). Unionism was incandescent over the Deal.

After the signing of the Hillsborough Treaty, Hume told the *Irish Times* (23.11.85):

"We arrived where we are without the assistance of Sinn Féin and we shall not require their assistance in the future."

How wrong he was proved on both counts. And he himself proved it!

The Irish negotiator from the Department of Foreign Affairs, Michael Lillis, later revealed that Dublin took Hume and no-one else into their confidence during the negotiations with the British. The rest of the SDLP were not trusted, because they would have let the cat out of the bag in their desire to taunt the Unionists, until just before the bombshell at Hillsborough.

The Unionists were to be overridden by something that would take them by surprise and which they could not touch. The nego-

tiations that resulted in the Hillsborough ambush had to be conducted behind closed doors, because the Unionists were a substantial community who could not be sold out by an "*ascendancy*" element—even though the community was often characterised in that way by Nationalism. Hume took himself outside the country for months before the Deal became public to avoid his colleagues.

This was the moment when the SDLP was understood to be a busted flush by all important players. From then on it was merely John Hume's catspaw.

Interviewed on BBC Radio's '*File on Four*' on 3rd December 1985, Hume said that the Treaty would be of little value if the Unionists did not come out in substantial opposition to it: in order for their opposition to be faced down by Britain. It was Hume's view that the Unionist mind could only be changed after a decisive conflict had occurred with their Government at Westminster which the Unionists would lose: "*once that boil is lanced, then you will find the Unionist population for the first time in a position where they must talk to their neighbours*".

Hillsborough certainly traumatised the Unionist community like nothing else—much more so than the IRA campaign. But it failed because it did not provide Thatcher with a defeat of the Provos: and security actually deteriorated as a result. She rowed back from a fuller implementation of it, seeing meagre advantage, much to Hume's frustration.

It is sometimes suggested that Hillsborough was a success. The only thing that could be said for it, however, was a thing that its advocates did not want to say for it: it softened up the Unionists for a devolutionary settlement. And, when the Unionists came out of the wilderness to the SDLP eager for a devolution deal, Hume pulled the plug! This was the vital moment at Duisburg that has all but been forgotten.

There was by then another game in town as well as the Hillsborough Treaty. What is known as the *Peace Process* had its origin in the late 1970s, when sections of the higher command of the Republican movement began to draw the conclusion that military victory was impossible and the conflict was going to end at the negotiating table. The objective of the Republican High Command was a difficult one: to pursue a political strategy that led towards an acceptable peace, short of

the formal objective, whilst maintaining Republican military capacity at an effective level during the negotiations.

The sequence of the Peace Process as it developed during the mid-1980s should be stated clearly: It started within the Republican command, around Gerry Adams; it availed of the unique figure of Charles J. Haughey to kick-start it; it was facilitated by the Redemptorist Priest, Fr. Alec Reid; it then took in John Hume, who blocked his party from the devolutionary course it had set itself upon. It finally began to take in other elements of Fianna Fail and the SDLP, before utilising the important force of Irish-America against the British State.

The policy instituted by Thatcher and Taoiseach Fitzgerald at Hillsborough ultimately failed in its stated objectives and Hume decided to give way to the Adams/Fr. Reid Peace initiative that Haughey was facilitating. In conjunction with the Republican leadership around Adams, another direction for political development was then carved out which aimed at a more comprehensive and enduring Peace settlement that would finally end the Ice Age in politics that had been brought about at Hillsborough. This prospect was irresistible for Hume.

For a long time afterwards it was presumed, and the SDLP Leader was of the belief, that his talks with Gerry Adams had begun the Peace Process rather than, as really happened, it originating through the Adams/Fr. Reid/Haughey axis. Hume had been 'protected' from this information for his own good at the time, lest his party colleagues and others in Dublin should learn of the tentative growth and ruin it all. It all remained hidden from the SDLP and from those outside of Haughey's close circle—to prevent the initiative being assailed by the mainstream of 'Constitutional Nationalism' and destroyed—until Fr. Reid was instructed, by Haughey, to make tentative contacts with Hume, who was felt to be trustworthy enough to be let in on what was going on. Hume had been taken into Taoiseach's Fitzgerald's confidence prior to Hillsborough and had remained water tight-lipped about it to maintain the element of surprise against Unionists.

What is apparent is that the primary objective of many within the SDLP, particularly the high-profile figures outside of Hume, was to use Hillsborough as a lever on Unionists to establish a return to devolution, with the 1985 Treaty acting

as a kind of fall-back device pinning the Unionists into some form of power-sharing with the SDLP. This would have inevitably brought about a weighted majority-rule administration, similar to Sunningdale.

This account is not meant to relegate Hume's role in the Peace. Hume was absolutely indispensable to it. However, the standard account of Hume's role is false. Hume's crucial contribution to the Peace was in scuppering what the British and Dublin had intended for the SDLP at Hillsborough, and in throwing his weight behind the other process that was developing through Adams, Fr. Reid and Haughey. That made all the difference to what subsequently was to occur in 1998. The moment where Hume accomplished this was in the obscure goings-on at Duisburg.

One of the chief British objectives in agreeing to the Hillsborough Treaty was to lure the SDLP into a devolved government with Unionists that would replace Direct Rule. The British saw Hume as the main obstacle to such an internal settlement and six months before the Hillsborough Treaty was revealed, they sounded the SDLP leader out in a meeting where he was assured about the concessions Britain was prepared to make.

The moment for Hume and the SDLP to fulfill their part of the bargain arrived three years later at Duisburg, after the Unionists had been made, at last, pliable. However, whilst the SDLP had been hooked (like a 3-pound trout?), Hume refused to take the bait.

The British had invested considerable political resources, including the unprecedented Hillsborough concession itself—an official Dublin role in the administration of NI—to bolster Hume and Dublin against Sinn Féin, and now Hume betrayed that faith and went over to the Republican Peace process. This set everything on a path that Britain never intended and which the SDLP never expected.

Currie, McGrady, Hendron and Mallon had wanted to see a devolved power-sharing government established within 'Northern Ireland', on the basis of Article 4 of the Hillsborough Treaty. Hume let the devolutionists go through the motions before he calculated, after his talks with Adams, that an all-Ireland settlement which included Sinn Féin should be held out for, rather than surrendering the position hard-won at Hillsborough.

Hume saw that the Treaty of 1985 had failed in its objectives and would,

at best, only lead back to the situation of Sunningdale in 1974. That was good enough for many in the SDLP, but not for Hume any more, especially since he became aware of the wider peace initiative that involved Haughey and the Irish Government. Hume decided to bank the main gains attained at Hillsborough, with its all-Ireland component and Dublin's role in 'Northern Ireland'. He then focused his efforts on the all-Ireland settlement which included Dublin and Sinn Féin. The SDLP devolutionists were shot down and shoved aside where they remained in disgruntlement but preserving their careers.

Hume's adaptation to pan-Nationalism with Sinn Féin, to achieve a wider settlement beyond devolution, won out through the powerful combination Haughey had enabled. And this was a watershed. If it had just been the SDLP, without Hume, there would have been no Peace Process and Good Friday Agreement. It was a product of the Republican Leadership around Adams, with Haughey's facilitation, plus the strategic vision of John Hume. A confluence had been achieved of two separated rivers that now became a powerful force.

What Hume achieved through his alliance with Adams in the Peace Process, and then under the GFA, was to undo the separation of physical force and constitutional nationalism brought about by the Arms Crisis. The sudden *Volte Face* by the Lynch Government in 1970, under pressure from the British, had shattered the potential emergence of a slightly-constitutional nationalism behind the barricades which would have kept the Catholic community united, with the power of the Southern State behind them. Hume and Adams repaired the damage done by Lynch's retreat from the North. The Northern Catholics began to punch their weight.

In essence what separated Gerry Adams and John Hume from others within the ranks is that they had, through the political experience of two decades, developed an understanding of the *continuum* that existed between Constitutional and non-constitutional Nationalism. This included an awareness of the limitations of both. They appreciated that a combination was essential for the progress of their community and were prepared to ditch the dogmatic positions held by others. That was the secret of what happened.

And that was the greatest political achievement of John Hume.

Hume was a very effective politician who was always ready and able to improvise. When he made mistakes and his policies failed, he was able to avail of new circumstances created by other forces outside of his control to push his own political agenda forward. He always maintained, from the beginning, that the key to success for his community was to split Unionism whilst unifying his own, less powerful, community. He achieved this objective in 1998, doing a deal with Trimble which brought about the Good Friday Agreement and the current position. Skilfully he maintained the SDLP behind

him, whilst nullifying his colleagues' devolutionary proclivities that would have led down another dead-end.

He put his community before party and Dublin, and rightfully so.

Pat Walsh

The Catholic Predicament In 'Northern Ireland', Catastrophe And Resurgence 1914-1968 by Pat Walsh:

Volume One : **Catastrophe:** 334pp. €24, £20

Volume Two : **Resurgence:** 1969-2016: 586pp. €30, £25
postfree in Ireland and UK

A Recollection Of The Late John Hume

Around 1993 Hume made me famous for 15 minutes. Front page of *Sunday World* famous.

Maybe I missed it, but the current Hume write-ups seem to not mention the EU component of his doctrine, which he consistently kept to the fore: That the EU is the primary means of overcoming historic divisions in Europe, and is the way this would be achieved in Ireland. His other ideas fed into this one.

For forever, until he could do it no more, he was one of the three NI MEPs, the other two being Paisley, and an Official Unionist of agricultural persuasion a nice guy. Which seemed at the time to be the natural order of things which would last forever. A vast amount of EU social funds streamed into NI, and did a lot of good. No doubt Hume was instrumental; but I think it has not been mentioned in the write-ups.

He was also Westminster MP: not quite abstentionist, but close. When the time came when he would have become Irish President, his health was no longer up to it.

Hume particularly cultivated the Labour/Social Democrat group of MEPs in the EU Parliament., and invited them over on official visits. In 1993 he had a group of them in the Guildhall in Derry. It's in the centre, and you can walk in off the street. Which I did, and noticed the place settings, with official papers, in preparation for the delegation about to arrive.

So I walked round the big table and added a paper of my own: the British Labour Party (represented in the delega-

tion) was one of the governing parties of the region, and at the time seemed set to govern it again very soon (which it did). So why did it not seek an electoral mandate there? In default of that, its only authority in the area was brute military force and nothing else whereas other military groupings in the area could and did muster at least some kind of mandate.

There was and is no answer to this. The British Labour Party's figleaf was, and is, that there is already a Labour Party in the Six Counties a John Hume's SDLP. Hume went along with this. Why wouldn't he? The more relevant fact that the SDLP (or any other 6-Co. party) could not implement sovereign power in government was and is glossed over and evaded.

The deed done for the day, I headed out of the Guildhall and back to work. As I arrived at the bottom of the steps, Hume appeared at the top, flanked by two officials. He shouted down: "*Fuck off, you Unionist Bastard!*", the emphasis being on the last word.

"*Fuck off*": roger that.

"*Unionist*": debatable. At the time, the unmandated-sovereign-power message was getting 70% support in opinion polls, with Catholics supporting it more than Protestants by around two to one.

"*Bastard*": almost certainly not, except perhaps in the looser sense.

Anyway I had to walk back in, and within a minute or two he cooled down and apologised. I said to him, *think nothing of it*.

But the story was front page lead of the *Sunday World* that week. The next thing, the Young Unionist organisation

took up the story to develop the attack on Hume. I got a phone call from him saying they would be contacting me; and that the allegation against him was false. That what he actually said was "*Fuck off, you Orange Bastard!*"

The implication being that I could deny the allegation as it stood.

They did call. I just said that I wasn't interested, and that was the end of my 15 minutes of fame.

I think the number one enemy of the B&ICO was the sovereign British governing class, aided by the RoI political class. In some sense or other John Hume was their ally in this; he did not intend to make British sovereign power in the 6 Cos. legitimately democratic. Likewise the Provisionals. Why should they, that was not their fight? They had no historic interest in it; Britain was not their country.

But it was the Unionists, of all stripes, who enabled the sovereign British governing class in this affair.

More so than anybody else nowadays, the northern Provisionals have the measure of the situation—it seems they were right all along even if it couldn't be 'proven' initially.

Goes back quite a ways. A guy I was friendly with had been in Paisley's initial political/quasi-military formation, based on the Twelve Apostles or something; can't even remember what it was called, so much of the actual people's history has been filtered out, on all sides.

He became so disgusted with the chicanery that, even when I knew him around 1971, he had already switched sides. I still have his weird membership card somewhere.

Pat Muldowney

See also Wilson John Haire's *Body Snatchers* on page 18, and Donal Kennedy's *Hume And Ashdown* on page 28



While continuing our series on events of 1920 with the help of the daily newspaper of the First Dáil, the *Irish Bulletin*, we are reducing the amount printed to just one week per month as reproducing the full monthly collection of the weekly summaries is taking up too much space at the expense of other items in *The Irish Political Review*. Instead, we will be making available each month a day or two of the weekly summaries of events for that month, as well as all the previous instalments which have appeared in this magazine, on our dedicated Facebook:

https://www.facebook.com/FrankGallagher1919/?modal=admin_todo_tour

It should be noted that these weekly summaries are not by any means the full content of the *Irish Bulletin* which also contains daily accounts of all significant developments in the war and not just these specific events.

LEST WE FORGET (37)

The following are the Acts of Aggression committed in Ireland by the Armed Military and Constabulary of the usurping English Government as reported in the Daily Press for week ending:- SEPTEMBER 18TH, 1920.

S U M M A R Y

DATE:- SEPTEMBER	13 th	14 th	15 th	16 th	17 th	18 th	TOTAL.
Raids: -	15	395	21	83	140	318	972
Arrests: -	26	4	1	11	9	9	60
Courtsmartial: -	5	-	2	9	7	3	26
Sentences: -	1	3	-	8	7	7	26
Proclamations & Suppressions:-	-	-	7	-	-	-	7
Armed Assaults:-	1	1	4	3	5	2	16
Sabotage:-	1	-	7	1	2	1	12
Deportations:-	-	-	-	-	-	29	29
Murders: -	2	-	-	1	-	1	4
Daily Totals: -	51	403	42	116	170	369	1151

The sentences passed for political offences during the above six days totalled TWENTY-THREE YEARS and THREE MONTHS.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 13th, 1920.

RAIDS:-

English military and constabulary raided the following houses:-

Residences of Mr. Philip Coleman and Mr. Richard Taylor at Swords, Co. Dublin.

Residence of Mr. T.W. Stanley, 9 Gulistan Place, Dublin, the door of which was smashed open with sledge-hammers.

Residences at Wexford of Dr. James Ryan, Member of Parliament for South Wexford and Mr. J. Sinnott, Republican County Councillor for Wexford town.

Residence of Rev. P. Henebery, Catholic Curate at Dunnamaggon, Co. Kilkenny.

Residence at Newmarket, Co. Cork, of Mr. T. O'Cronin, Republican Councillor, New St.; Mr. P. O'Casey, Manager of Newmarket Creamery and Mr. J. Forde, Republican Councillor. Six other houses in this town were also raided

ARRESTS:-

The following were arrested without warrant or charge:-

Mr. Philip Coleman, and Mr. Richard Taylor of Swords, Co. Dublin. Messrs. Lawlor and James F. O'Mahony of Limerick City. Twenty persons were arrested in Galway City for being out of doors during Curfew hours. Several of them were savagely beaten by the constabulary patrols after arrest.

The following were arrested on a charge of possessing arms:-

Messrs. William Cullimore and John Boyce of Wexford.

SENTENCES:-

Mr. M.J. Smith, Master of Cavan Workhouse was sentenced by Courtmartial to six months imprisonment with hard labour for having in his possession "Seditious literature".

COURTMARTIAL:-

Mr. Philip Shanahan, Member of the Republican Parliament for Harbour Division, Dublin City, was tried by preliminary courtmartial at Dublin on September 7th on a charge of having ammunition in his possession. At the trial it transpired that the

“ammunition” consisted of two souvenir German bullets. Mr. Shanahan was released.

Mr. James Flood of Main Street, Granard, was tried by courtmartial at Dublin on a charge of having in his possession “an illegal document”. The “illegal document” was a piece of a carbon sheet used to copy orders of a military nature.

Mr. Ml. J. O’Mahony of Castletlake, Co. Cork, was tried by courtmartial at Cork on a charge of having taken part in an attack on a military patrol. He was acquitted.

Messrs. James Maguire, Republican Urban Councillor of 26 Irishtown Road, Dublin and Francis Mulcahy of 12 Emerald Sq., were tried by courtmartial at Dublin on a charge of having in their possession ammunition. Both the accused declared that there was no ammunition in their houses before the raiding party entered. The military and constabulary witnesses at the courtmartial stated that a person “whom they did not know” was taken by them as “guide” to the houses searched. It was in the room first entered by this guide that the ammunitions was “found”. Both accused were found guilty. Sentence has not yet been promulgated.

SABOTAGE:-

At Wexford on the night of the 10th inst. English troops armed with trench sticks suddenly and without provocation issued from the local barracks and attacked pedestrians in the Main St. Some civilians were badly beaten. The Military Headquarters were informed by telephone of the action of their men. They made no effort to stop it. The troops then smashed the windows in four of the principal shops. Eventually a strong force of English constabulary arrived and drove the troops back to barracks.

Mr. Patrick Gill of Gerlara, Co. Roscommon, was murdered at Drumsna, Co. Leitrim on the night of Sept. 11th. He was

URDERS:-
fired upon by an English sentry while walking on the public road with his sister and a lady friend. No challenge to halt was heard. After he had been wounded and had fallen Mr. Gill was bayoneted in the stomach. He died almost immediately.

Mr. John Tener aged 50, of Cable Street, Ballymacarrett, was shot dead in Belfast City on the night of Sept. 11th by an English sentry.

At an English military inquiry into the death of Seamus Quirke, who was savagely murdered by English constabulary on Sept. 9th when he was taken after midnight from his bed and assassinated in the public street, the medical evidence was that Quirke had a bullet wound in the pit of the stomach and eight other bullet wounds in the lower portion of his back and thighs.

MILITARISM:-

While Mr. Jeremiah O’Donovan, Dominick St., Galway City, was absent at the funeral of a friend, English troops commandeered his house without previous notification or warning.

Lifford Courthouse, Lifford, Co. Donegal, has been commandeered by English troops.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14th, 1920.

RAIDS:-

In many parts of Co. Westmeath parties of English military and constabulary raided private residences. In all over 40 houses were forcibly entered and searched.

English military and constabulary raided the residences of the following:-

Mr. Henry Grigg, Drumahoe, Co. Derry.

Mr. J. McMonagle, National Teacher, Killea, Co. Derry.

Messrs. M. O’Carroll, W. Hannon and M. Walsh of Paulstown, Co. Kilkenny.

Many houses were raided and searched in Co. Wicklow, Co. Longford, Co. Leitrim, Derry City and Co. Limerick. In all these districts the number of houses raided is estimated at 350.

ARRESTS:-

The following were arrested without warrant or charge:-

Prof. O’Neill of Rockwell College; E. McGrath of Redhill and T. O’Keefe of Carrick-on-Suir arrested at Rosegreen, Co. Tipperary where they were presiding over an Arbitration Court.

Mr. John Martin, Master of Kilmallock Workhouse.

SENTENCES:-

Mr. James Maguire, U.D.C., of 26 Irishtown Rd., Dublin and Mr. James Curran, U.S.C., and Mr. Dennis Brennan of Stella Gardens, Dublin, who were court-martialled in Dublin on Saturday, Sept. 11th and at whose trial it was exposed that one of the military raiding had placed the ammunition in their houses with the possession of which they were subsequently charged were found guilty and were sentenced as follows:- Messrs. Curran and Maguire nine months imprisonment with hard labour each and Mr. Brennan six months imprisonment with hard labour. Though the General Officer Commanding in Chief (Sir. N. Macready) confirmed the verdict of Guilty (thereby approving of the policy of “planting” ammunition) he remitted the sentences and ordered the release of the three “guilty” men (thereby admitting that the ammunition was “planted”).

The O'Connor Column

“Oh, what an embarrassing war!”

Remembering the Asian conflict of 1941-45

Commemorations of the Japanese surrender dramatically announced on radio by Emperor Hiroshito on 15th August 1945, and formally signed by Japan's Foreign Affairs Minister on board the USS Missouri on 2nd September 1945, have been noticeably muted in Britain. Not the least of it is that, despite the formality of a surrender to the joint forces of the US, the British Empire and Imperial China, there was little doubt to whom the Japanese were actually capitulating so humiliatingly in that ceremony on the mighty American warship.

The background events preceding the capitulation are well known. On 26th July 1945, with the Japanese army eviscerated, its airforce non-existent, its navy destroyed and some island parts of the country already occupied, the US, the British Empire and China called, in their 'Potsdam Declaration', on Japan to accept “*unconditional surrender*” or face “*prompt and utter destruction*”. Japan's Government made secret entreaties to the Soviet Union—then still officially 'neutral' in the Asian war (a story in itself)—to mediate negotiated peace terms. While the Soviet leadership engaged with Japan's request, it had also conceded to the US and Britain that it would join the Asian war at some point. But the situation in mid-1945 remained fluid, with only Britain and the US holding to the position of an “*unconditional surrender*”.

To move things along, the US incinerated Hiroshima and its inhabitants with an atomic bomb on 5th August. The following day, US President Truman said, if Japan still did not surrender immediately and unconditionally, it would face “*ruin from the air, the like of which has never been seen on this earth*”. Immediately after Hiroshima, the Soviet Union, reading the cards, rushed to mobilise its eastern army. On 8th August it terminated its 1941 “Neutrality Pact” with Japan and invaded the Japanese-held “puppet state” of Manchukio (Manchuria). With the race for China now on, the US, within hours of the Soviet move, incinerated a second

Japanese city, Nagasaki. A week later, the Japanese Emperor made his radio speech accepting the Allied 'terms'.

Compared to the lavish commemorations of “VE Day” and the nightly diet of British TV and radio devoted to Nazism from all imaginable angles—the great “evil” over which Britain, yet again, had triumphed—the Asian war is rarely mentioned. But the somewhat embarrassed media, not really in a position to overlook the 75th anniversary of “VJ Day”, found an angle nevertheless for its very brief one-day attention to the event. It was the , , , “*Forgotten War*”!

The British Legion, founded to commemorate British wars as a noble tradition in general, went one better, chiming with the woke fashions of the moment. The British 14th Army that had fought in Asia had, it emerged, been —

“one of the most diverse in history — over 40 languages were spoken, and all the world's major religions [were] represented. The descendants of many of the Commonwealth veterans of that army are today part of multicultural communities up and down the country, a lasting legacy to the success and comradeship of those who fought in the Asia-Pacific.”

It was a war for cultural diversity! Brilliant!

Britain has engaged in many “*world wars*”, the “*Second*” being only “*second*” in that it was the second of the twentieth century. In its own contemporary accounts it had already described its war of the 1690s-1710s as its “*first world war*”, and that of 1793-1815 as its “*second*”.

And, although the technology was not as powerful as in more recent ones (“utter destruction” was not yet feasible), they were *World Wars* every bit as much as those of the twentieth century were, with conflict taking place across continents and oceans. Common to all of them was seeing off a potential rival, initially European, and ensuring dominance of the world's seas, the key to empire.

Central to all was also the “*righteousness*” of Britain's cause—perceived as such to the present day—and the other constant was Britain's central role, while the make-up of the invariably “*tyrannical*” enemy varied.

Each of those earlier World Wars brought major and enduring geopolitical shifts. The first—that of the 1690s-1710s—conjured up the “*Central Bank*” and “*National Debt*”, which enabled English warfare to be conducted henceforth free of financial constraints—an early manifestation of the “*magic money tree*”.

It also pioneered the novel idea of razing a city to the ground as a warning to accept terms, the plight inflicted on Copenhagen and which led to the coining of the contemporary term “*to Copenhagenise*”. The righteous cause was “*freedom of the seas*”, by which was meant unchallenged British dominance of the oceans, first and foremost to protect the slave labour camps in the Caribbean—known by admirers of Jane Austin as “*the Caribbean Estates*”—on which the primitive base of English capitalist accumulation was being built. Britain emerged from the war as the hegemonic slave-trading global power.

One-time naval rival, the Netherlands, had long since been brought to heel and had learned that its own expansive ambitions could henceforth only progress as part of the “*Allies*” under English supremacy. Denmark too now joined that club.

In the “*second world war*” of 1793-1815, English righteousness was directed first against French revolutionary “*tyranny*” and then French Napoleonic “*tyranny*”. France knew that conceding naval supremacy to England would be the beginning of the end for it. Following the English defeat of the French fleet in the still-celebrated “*glorious*” victory at Trafalgar in 1805, England went into alliance with the Russian tyranny, first by forcing it to abandon its French trade links. Cut off from the seas and quarantined in an ever tighter economic encirclement in

Europe, Napoleon launched his desperate and fatal bid of attacking Russia itself in 1812, in the belief that “continental” power was now France’s only option. In his dying days, imprisoned—sorry, ‘in exile’—on St. Helena, the French leader bemoaned to his British Army-appointed but ever more sympathetic Irish physician, Dr. Barry Edward O’Meara, how he had been “distracted” into countering the English in Egypt, instead of attacking them through Ireland where he would not only have been welcomed but could also have broken the English command of the seas. It was a lesson Sir Roger Casement sought to remind German leaders in 1914-16.

But, to get back to the “*Forgotten War*” in Asia in 1941-45 and the strange British embarrassment about it. I think we can safely assume that readers of the Column do not buy the idea of it as a war for “*cultural diversity*”, as the British Legion suggests, as few of those speaking the “*40 languages*” and practising “*all the world’s major religions*” had an independent country at the time, not to speak of a vote in one, or were free citizens of any kind.

Part of the English embarrassment is due to the fairy tale it tells itself of having “*stood alone*” in 1940 against the “*Nazi hordes*”. At the very moment its army in Europe was scrambling from Dunkirk after scrapping for two weeks with the Germans, it had a force, far out-numbering the Germans, armed and waiting around the globe. These were the one million under arms preparing to face down the Italians in North Africa (with whom Churchill still hoped to form an alliance—they only became “*fascist beasts*” afterwards) and to secure the vast British Empire across the rest of Africa and Asia. There was never any question of bringing these troops ‘home’ to face the allegedly imminent German invasion.

Another part of the English embarrassment is Britain’s Japan problem. Japan had been Britain’s ally in Asia and had fought with it in the ‘Great War’, seizing German coaling stations and small island possessions for it. Britain applauded Japan’s subsequent aggressively expansist policy in Asia, until the US forced it to renege on that alliance. At the Versailles carve-up of 1919, the US, which had long determined to counter Japanese power, vetoed a Japanese proposal that the new world order include a commitment to racial equality. But in the 1930s it was Britain that vetoed an attempt by the League of Nations to censure Japan for its aggression in Manchuria, a move urged by de Valera as the type of “*collective security*” the League had ostensibly been founded to

ensure. (Britain also vetoed any censure of its then ally Italy for its ferocious invasion of Abyssinia in 1937.)

Japan, Asia’s industrial-island powerhouse, viewed its future as a Power as dependent on aping Anglo-American methods of expansion. In 1937 it invaded China, overthrowing its Government at Nanjing and putting a collaborationist puppet regime in ‘power’ in its place. But it then became bogged down in a long war against a fierce Chinese resistance which Britain never raised a finger to help.

In December 1941, Japan—having, it hoped, delayed American intervention by its attack on Pearl Harbour and protecting its back by concluding a “Neutrality Pact” with the Soviet Union (which Stalin accepted as it enabled him win the battle for Moscow)—invaded south-east Asia, at that time composed of tyrannically-ruled British, French and Dutch colonies, some of whose ‘mother countries’ had been defeated and occupied by Germany. The Japanese brought with them a message of “*national freedom*” and of an East Asian *Co-Prosperity Sphere*, free of European colonial powers. Local resistance to the Japanese advance was non-existent. Within weeks, advancing through the jungle on bicycles, they reached Singapore, which—in what Churchill described as “*the worst disaster...in British history*”—was surrendered by General Percival, who twenty years earlier had gained notoriety for his ‘rebellion quelling’ in Co. Cork.

The greatest embarrassment of the British war in Asia is, however, that by no stretch of the imagination can it be packaged as a “*war for democracy*”, for the “*freedom of small nations*”, or an “*anti-fascist crusade*”, such as that in Europe. The aim was the restoration of colonial power, which was briefly achieved in 1945.

The British effort in the Asian war, following the great retreat of early 1942, was minimal. This is often excused by the alleged “*Germany First*” strategy agreed with the US. But this contradicts its war against Italy and the huge resources the US put in to seeing off the “*Nips*”.

One British contribution in Asia of note was the “*Chindits*”, a heterogeneous assembly of colonial mercenaries commanded by a ferocious British Colonel, Orde Windgate. This group ran a small-scale terrorist campaign “*behind enemy lines*” in what is now Myanmar, where nationalist Burmese had allied themselves with the Japanese. Windgate had led colonial repressive measures in the Sudan and later led the Anglo-Zionist ‘*Night Squad*’ assassination groups, targeting

Arabs in Palestine. In Burma, his Chindits ambushed Japanese patrols and murdered nationalist Burmese officials.

The main British effort in Asia after 1942 remained in Burma, which after all ‘belonged’ to it. This effort was mounted by the British-officered ‘Indian Army’, which consisted of a million mainly Indian conscripts and about 100,000 East and West African colonials, forming about eight infantry divisions and six tank regiments. It was opposed in Burma by about 300,000 Japanese and their 75,000 Thai and 23,000 Burmese allies (the latter led by Aung San), as well as 40,000 troops of the Indian nationalist Free India Army led by Subhas C. Bose.

Britain’s “*Indian Army*” was in fact mainly deployed within India, maintaining security and quelling anti-British riots. The Congress movement was suppressed and many of its leaders imprisoned.

But the ‘Indian Army’ did have achievements to its credit, defeating the attempted Japanese attacks against the Indian border at Imphal and Kohima in 1944, as Japanese power crumbled and Chinese forces also attacked from the north. It then re-occupied Burma as the Japanese retreated in 1945, restoring British rule.

Once the Japanese were gone, the same British forces that had fought them, such as they were, returned to their traditional assigned role of “*rebellion quelling*” and restoring British authority over the natives. An Irish journalist who later dined out much on his “*anti-fascist*” record was Cathal O’Shannon. He joined the RAF to “*fight Hitler*” but it emerges that, by the time he was trained, it was too late for that and he was dispatched to Asia. By then the Japanese were gone, so, like many others, his war consisted not of fighting Japanese “*fascists*” but suppressing the Burmese liberation movement.

The Japanese were ruthless and cruel in establishing their domain. Their regime, particularly in China, brooked no opposition, and so enthusiasm for their “*Co-Prosperity Sphere*” began to decline, even in South-East Asia, where it was most popular. Some resistance movements arose against them, most notably in China and Vietnam, and some of their erstwhile “*Co-Prosperity*” allies deserted to the Allied side late in the War, for tactical reasons.

Both the Chinese and Vietnamese sought to persuade the Americans in particular to break with the restorationist plans of their European allies. While the US is credited with breaking the European Empires after the War, they in fact stood by as those Empires re-asserted control of

their Asian colonies in 1945, often through bloodbaths conducted under the camouflage of “*containing communism*”.

Though there were doubtless many brave men in the British Army, Air Force and Navy, the actual battles of the British war in Asia hardly shine with martial glory. Australians and New Zealanders (“AN-ZACs”) come out of it better, certainly —and there is some national justification for their role in the war against Japan —but where are the Asian El Alameins, Monte Casinos or even Arnheims? No-one in Britain today could name a single battle in that ‘theatre’.

The much vaunted Royal Navy proved to be a tired old paper tiger. The most the British public seem to know about it all is the undeniably terrible suffering of British PoWs in Japanese camps. But even the films made about those camps are notable for how the PoWs portrayed are all white Anglo-Saxons or colonials caught in the Japanese advance. The day of “*cultural diversity*” had yet to dawn. Japan captured tens of thousands of Indian and other colonial British troops, but these don't seem to have been treated the same.

In total, 71,000 British Empire troops died in the whole Asian war, including 12,000 in prisoner camps. This casualty rate was the equivalent of a single bad day on the German-Soviet Front. The figure is also dwarfed by the three million Indian civilians who died in a famine in Bengal occasioned by British food removals. Churchill, instead of owing up, blamed the Indians themselves for “*breeding like rabbits*”, quipping in a note on the margin of a civil service document about it that, if the food shortages were so bad, “*why hasn't Gandhi died yet?*”

America fought and won the Japanese war, essentially alone. They don't even pretend it was anything to do with “*fascism*” or that they were fighting “*evil*”. The necessity of American dominance, by all and any means, is ingrained in American thinking since the days of Teddy Roosevelt and “*Manifest Destiny*”. The only wars agonised over are wars that were inexplicably lost, such as Vietnam or Iraq.

Most Americans are actually quite proud of the prowess in atom bombing of Japan and the ‘heroic’ Doolittle raids that incinerated Tokyo and other cities killing hundreds of thousands of their civilians. The B29 Superfortress that delivered this destruction is one of the most loved and iconic aircraft in American martial mythology. As far as most Americans were concerned, they were fighting the “*Nips*”

and the “*yellow horde*” and the aim was undisputed US control of the Pacific Ocean. No further justification is required.

But for Britain it is different. The righteousness of its cause and the nobility of its Empire need careful tending, which has proved a challenging task in relation to the Second World in Asia. Neither did that War, as many assume, end colonial rule in Asia. Vietnam was reconquered for the French with the assistance of re-mobilised Japanese prisoners. Horrendous wars would follow in Malaya, Burma, Indonesia and elsewhere before those countries, where European rule was ruthlessly re-imposed in 1945, finally broke free.

The Indians and other non-white colonials who fought for Britain against Japan understandably do not enjoy hero status in their home countries, where there is a very ambiguous attitude to them. There are no memorials to them. In contrast, the airport in Kolkata (formerly Calcutta) is named in honour of Subhas C. Bose, the Indian nationalist leader who raised an army to fight on Japan's side against Britain. The Gurkhas and other mountain folk, so eulogised in Britain today for their exploits for King and Empire, had formed the backbone of British counter-insurgency within India ever since the Indian ‘*mutiny*’ of the 1850s (in fact India's first coordinated politico-military strike for independence). The mountain tribes were ruthlessly deployed in the scorched earth extermination campaign in which the ‘*mutiny*’ was obliterated. Today they are despised in India as little better than traitors, which is why so many of them moved to Britain following Indian independence.

The sour truth is that many Asians still welcome the destruction of European rule in Asia that the Japanese War initiated, however inadvertently (there are as few fan clubs in Asia for the Japanese of that era as there are for the British, French or Dutch).

In the end, British commemorations of “VJ Day” were a muted and limp affair. It was an unpleasantness requiring dealing with as swiftly as decency allowed. Raising the ghosts of 1941–45 in Asia — where the anti-“*evil*” propaganda of the VE-Day-type simply won't wear — could only provoke hostility. Whither then “*Global Britain*”? Shows of poppycock were therefore largely confined to the likes of the *Daily Mail*.

There was a muted national ceremony with the usual vacuous speeches, and Joanna Lumley was allowed wheel out her Gurkha grandda's medal again, but that was the height

of it. Everyone else had “*moved on*”. But the highlight for the Column was the ingenuity of the British Legion in re-packaging the wartime British army in Asia as the very prototype of “*cultural diversity*” and harbinger of “*multicultural communities up and down the country*”. Brilliant!

The British sense of unease about the whole unpleasantness even at the time of “VJ Day” was well captured by the proud English patriot and spy, Elizabeth Bowen. Victoria Glendinning recently published a collection of Bowen's letters to her lover, Charles Ritchie, and in one of those letters, written at the time of that first “VJ Day” of 15th August 1945, Bowen described, not only her approval of the atomic incineration of Japanese cities, but with some distaste also her experience of the “VJ Day” celebrations as a rather squalid and embarrassed affair:

“VJ Day meant nothing. You know how I felt about VE Day. But that sort of thing can't happen twice. The days were listless and a flop, the nights orgiastic and unpleasant. (Violent anti-Yank demonstrations in Piccadilly, etc: a lot of fights all over the West End and people beaten up). ...I don't think *anybody* (underlined by EB) felt much — I mean about VJ Day. Feeling was exhausted. And there was a majority guilt-feeling (wrong, I think) about the atomic bomb ...”

The Russian Vaccine

When the Guardian reported on the Russian development of a vaccine against the Corona Virus recently, it laid down negativity on three fronts (the best propaganda always uses the trinity in this way!). Firstly, by reporting that Putin's daughter was among the first to volunteer for the jab, it did so in a way that it invited comparisons with that footage of Tory Minister Selwyn Gummer's using his eight year old daughter in feeding her a burger during the mad cow disease some years ago. Then, for those who might see through that comparison due to the fact that Putin's daughter was not an eight-year old, but a grown adult capable of making her own decisions in such things, the Guardian covered that angle by claiming that the vaccine was first being rolled out to the Putin elite. Then to cap it all, it claimed that it was a dangerous thing to begin using the vaccine after so little testing.

I remember thinking that only the Guardian would be capable of sustaining those three contradictory propaganda angles in an article of 500 words.

Eamon Dyas

**“If that guardian King from the bank of the Leamhan lived on,
with all who shared his fate (and would pity my plight)
to rule that soft, snug region, bayed and harboured,
my people would not stay poor in Duibhne country.**

**Great Carthy, fierce and fine, who loathed deceit;
and Carthy of the Laoi, in yoke unyielding, faint;
and Carthy King of Ceann Toirc with his children,
it is bitterness through my heart they have left no trace.**

**My heart has dried in my ribs, my humour soured,
that those never-niggardly lords, whose holdings ranged
from Caiseal to Clíona’s Wave and out to Thomand,
are savaged by alien hordes in land and townland.**

Aogán O Rathaille was born in Screáthan an Mhíl (Scrahanaveel) in the rugged Sliabh Luachra district just to the west of Knocknagree in 1670. He appears to have received a good formal schooling, being versed in Latin and English as well as in Irish literature and history. His parents—due perhaps to some marriage connection with the Egans, traditional *ollaves* to the McCarthymore family—seem to be reasonably well off. But the battle of the Boyne in 1690 changed everything. O Rathaille became destitute and had to leave his area. His poetry, the best of which has a heroic desolation and grandeur, is in many ways a result of his effort to come to terms with the chaos in which he and his people found themselves. He died in 1726.

‘An Duanaire, 1600-1900 Poems of the Disposed’, The Dolmen Press, 1981.

(Some information also came from ‘A North Cork Anthology’, Aubane Historical Society, Millstreet, 1993.)

“Arriving in England, with our way to make and our destiny unclear, my mother and I were not so alone as might be supposed. A grapevine of powerful Anglo-Irish relatives instantly took us into their keeping, passing us from hand to hand. We settled in south-east Kent... under the aegis of Cousin Isabel Chenevix Trench, widowed daughter-in-law of the late Archbishop of Dublin... and Cousin Lilla Chichester, a childless dowager who commanded Sandgate from an ilex-dark eminence... This impressed me... as proof of the dominance of my more or less synonymous race and family: the Anglo-Irish—with their manner of instantly striking root into the interstices of any society in which they happened to find themselves, and in their own way proceeding to rule the roost...”

‘Pictures and Conversations’, Elizabeth Bowen, Allen Lane, 1975.

(This is the fragment of autobiography that Bowen wrote before her death in 1973—JH)

Elizabeth Bowen.

A Review of Patricia Laurence’s biography.

Part 7.

Patricia Laurence, in centralising the work of the Aubane Historical Society—especially that of Jack Lane and Brendan Clifford—is right to do so because they have been the ones who really ignited the whole issue of Bowen’s spying. Obviously in England, this is not even raised and I should know as I have been reading all the books, biographies of her friends, articles in newspapers etc. But in Ireland, there can be little doubt that *they* set a hare running—to use a local phrase—and they have been denounced by all and sundry. And what is more, they continue to be denounced or pointedly ignored to the point where it is becoming bizarre and even funny.

The phrase used by Eibhear Walshe about “*the menace lingering in the fields of North Cork*”, when writing about Bowen’s Court, is an out and out attack on the Aubane writers Lane and Clifford! He sees *their* efforts as an affront to the cultural altar that is the Big House. Elizabeth Bowen, he fumes, as do so many others, is “*ours*” and “*Irish*” and is definitely not “*a spy*”. Yet, in the blocked-out quotation above, Bowen herself wrote with pride about: “*the dominance of my more or less synonymous race and family: the Anglo-Irish*” and this was in her last years when dying of lung cancer in her partial memoirs. Again in that book, Bowen declared thus:

its peculiarities. The infiltration – I believe? – of at least some of these peculiarities into my books. This documented by the Jonah Barrington memoirs. Le Fanu and Eggeworth novels, and others.”

During World War 11, there can be no doubt that Elizabeth Bowen, who herself stated that all her sympathies were with the “*stylish Mr. Churchill*”, went to the English State authorities and offered to work for them as a spy in Eire. The Ministry of Information was her destination and there she met Harold Nicolson, who was the husband of Vita Sackville-West, lover of Virginia Woolf—and all were dinner-party and cultural friends of Bowen of some years standing. There, under the overseeing eyes of Nicolas Mansergh, Irish Division, they settled terms of payment and her Special Travel Permit coming and going between Eire and London. The authorities also rustled up a flat in Dublin, that was to be her special lair when she was not in the Shelbourne Hotel.

All this was done before the arrival of another Irishman, Brendan Bracken, who famously “*cleared the thicket of Bloomsbury hangers on*”, and refashioned the Ministry of Information to be a well-functioning department for England’s war effort. Elizabeth Bowen’s “*play*” was well and truly on and she did not disappoint her war handlers—she even got to be such a trusted “*asset*” that she was soon reporting *in person* to the War Office. And she was being commended by none other a personage than Lord Cranborne, who was Head of the Dominion’s Office and who passed her Reports to Churchill, the Prime Minister who liked to think that he was personally running the War effort himself.

Such was Churchill’s attitude and belief in himself that it is the accepted wisdom of today’s England that he is England’s “*greatest hero*”, despite losing most of the British Empire. The latest film on him, ‘*Darkest Hour*’, with the actor Gary Oldman playing Churchill, won an Oscar in 2018, though there clung to the latter whispers of harassing women which is tantamount to destroying any man’s career whether in Hollywood or Washington or all areas in between. “*England’s bulldog*” is Winston Churchill and today’s Prime Minister, Boris Johnston, claims he models himself on his great hero. But the thing with propaganda and Churchill, who had no qualms about admitting that his use of it would propel him into history’s great winner’s arena, is that, unless handled astutely, it could absolutely backfire and this is where Johnston could become undone as indeed the United Kingdom!

Patricia Laurence gets quite muddled about the whole Dominions Office question. She writes that Bowen's Reports were sent: "*from the Dominions Office, a quasi-intelligence facility in Dublin to Winston Churchill in the War Office in London*".

It is easy enough to unpick her mistakes here as they are so obvious, but I am a careful reader and so those Americans—presumably students—will not be so perspicacious.

Laurence pulls in four sources to tell us about Bowen's spying.

Clair Wills in her book, *'That Neutral Island'*, "attests", according to Laurence, that: "*espionage is too strong as well as too narrow a term for Bowen's activities*", because "*Bowen went beyond the usual definition of espionage in transforming her reports into journalism, fiction, and non-fiction that continues to be read*."

Eunan O'Halpin writes that the charge of "spy" stuck to Bowen once it was confirmed that her reports on Irish opinion were sent up from the Dominions Office to the War Office—i.e. that is between Dublin and London according to Laurence incorrect account!

Paul McMahon, another historian, also had no qualms classifying Bowen as a spy given his broad definition: one engaged in "the collection and processing of all information, whether open or secret, pertaining to the security of the State" (*'British Spies & Irish Rebels: British Intelligence and Ireland 1816-1945.'* Paul McMahon, The Boydell Press, Woodbridge, UK, 2008.)

Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick, an American academic, in another context "*prompts us to reinvent and reread Bowen. She was a political agent, a public intellectual, a spy, a propagandist; at times, a cultural ambassador and also a writer.*"

Patricia Laurence accepts that once—"Bowen's spying was confirmed, she became a cultural flash point, revealing much about the culture and politics of her time as well as the country in which she is perceived." How does this information, now established, inform our reading of Bowen's wartime writing and affect, more broadly, her literary reputation and how she is read?

Laurence jumps on Jacques Derrida and his *'Archive Fever'* and earnestly explains that Bowen's "archive" "*as presented*" in this book "*is subject to changing views of the Irish, English, and indeed the world*". But then she falls into the major error of seeing the Aubane Society's "*publication of some of her reports*" as a "*betrayal*". This is a very important point because, for all of Laurence's perusal of the Aubane material, she is still under the impression that they felt Bowen's spying

was a betrayal for them! But why would it be?—they analysed very carefully all of the Bowen *oeuvre* and came to the logical conclusion that she spied for her country, Britain, against Ireland. It was a natural progression for her. She was a tough-minded individual who knew where *her loyalty* lay and it was with Britain in *their* time of war.

Laurence then goes on to even further muddy the waters and claim again erroneously that there was "*a demonstration against her during the 1999 centenary celebration*".

As this was held in UCC, and I was there with colleagues from the Aubane Historical Society, I can again state with conviction that there was no such demonstration.

She states that Bowen helped the British and Allied cause by "*gathering information on Ireland's stance of neutrality*" and thus her masters were appreciative of her anti-Nazi work. Laurence then accepts that: "*from the Irish point of view, Bowen betrayed the trust of the Irish people in working undercover for the British*".

A spy's work is deceit of necessity. Laurence claims that the Aubane Society's reading of Bowen "*as an English spy in Ireland... is now discredited*." But where was it ever credited? She is right when she says that: "*The Dublin media responded with outrage to Lane and Clifford's charges*" and here she credits Robert Fisk with the lie of the UCC demonstrations, though she does not source where this is to be found in his works.

In 2007, according to Laurence, "*the contretemps persisted, a debate about Bowen's wartime activities surfaced again in the 'Irish Examiner' as English and Irish writers and politicians took sides*". She cites Declan Kiberd's RTE slander and then accepts he apologised.

"Roy Foster, a distinguished professor of Irish literature living in England parodied the pair in a novel, *Paddy and Mr. Punch*. Clifford and Lane struck back in a pamphlet, 'Aubane v. Oxford' in which they pitted academics against "the little men" of Ireland like themselves. The Aubane group's nationalism went far: "The part of the world that made her buzz was Kent".

"On the other side, Nicholson" (she means Martin Mansergh) "claimed her as "Irish", mitigating her MOI activity by labelling her an "unofficial correspondent" in work that was helpful to both countries .. in a sense, she was an agent of both".

But as Laurence added pointedly, "*she was paid as an "official" agent of the British*."

This is as good a place as any to unspool

some of the things written about above. Roy Foster's book *'Paddy & Mr. Punch: Connections in Irish and English History'*, Allen Lane, London, 1993, is not a novel. In it, even though he has a chapter titled *'The Irishness of Elizabeth Bowen'*, there is no reference to the Aubane Historical Society or Lane/Clifford. It was the same year that the latter brought out *'A North Cork Anthology'*, which lit the fuse of fury directed against them by the Mainstream Media for their Bowen analysis. Their pamphlet *'Aubane v. Oxford'*, even earned them more opprobrium if that is possible. But nowhere can it be said that either Jack Lane or Brendan Clifford offered their work as "*little men*"—the idea is so ludicrous.

Anyone that knows them or had the bad fortune to come up against them in a public debate knows what superb scholars they are. They do not trifle with the truth and, such is their prowess in arguing their case in a public arena, that most people quail. In fact, Roy Foster fled a Dublin event because one of group opened his arguments on Bowen up in so forensic a manner that running out the door was his response!

And then, when Foster brought out his next book *'The Irish Story: Telling Tales and Making it up in Ireland'*, Allen Lane, London, 2001, he took his revenge at a very safe distance—one could say. In a chapter again about Elizabeth Bowen called *'Prints on the Scene: Elizabeth Bowen and the Landscape of Childhood'*, Foster took aim.

"A mystifyingly crude version was produced in 1993 by the editor of the shadowy Aubane Historical Society's eccentric *'North Cork Anthology'*. ... For good measure, the anthologist also describes Bowen's biographer Patricia Craig as English, though she was born and bred in Belfast."

The last assertion here is a lie because they never referred to one of the many Bowen biographers and Brendan Clifford knows Belfast like no one else I have ever met—having lived there a great deal of his life. Additionally Foster then footnoted this character assassination by snidely writing the following: "*This curiosity was produced by the Aubane Historical Society, with an address in Millstreet, County Cork; the membership is allegedly in single figures....*"

So much for Foster's scholarship because the many adjectives he uses, "*crude*" "*shadowy*" "*eccentric*", fall right back on him. And he still when in Ireland asks if there are any Aubane people in attendance, and then arranges, just in case, that there will be a closed session with no questions from

Notes On The Role Of Ex-Servicemen In Derry, 1968-9: *Len Green*

Len Green was a member of the Citizens' Action Committee and Defence Committee, and was actively involved in various capacities.

Traces of a "Red Army"-type sentiment were not uncommon among the post-War British forces. Not that Len's calmly practical, rational and independent social outlook was particularly influenced by romantic revolutionary posturing. Having grown up in Salford in the Hungry Thirties, before the social welfare reform, he was much more serious than that. His father died before he was born. He retained an interest in military matters, but it was his experience of the everyday life of his own people which made Len a life-long socialist of the practical kind.

As an ex-Serviceman he was able to get employment in Derry in the telephone service, then part of the Post Office. He continued to work for British Telecom until retirement. Paul Grace from Tipperary, also ex-British Forces, worked for the Post Office. Len and Paul met two sisters in Derry, whom they married.

CIVIL RIGHTS CAMPAIGN

Len and Paul took an active role in the Civil Rights campaign of the late 1960s. As Trade Union activists they were accustomed to democracy, due process, rules, and organisation. And, as former British military, they were accustomed to rank, order and discipline. Both of them played leading roles in the vital stewarding and coordination of Civil Rights marches and demonstrations which showed the world that the Catholics were not a destructive,

disorderly rabble; that they had something to say, and that they intended to be heard.

In the February 1969 Stormont elections — held a few short months before the situation was transformed that Summer — John Hume, standing as Independent Nationalist, slew the giant, Eddie McAteer — who was leader of the old Nationalist Party. Eamonn McCann of the Derry Labour Party made a reasonably good showing. Defeat of the Nationalist Party cleared the way for the formation of the Social Democratic and Labour Party.

At the time of that election Len Green was a member of the Derry Labour Party, a branch of the Northern Ireland Labour Party. Some of the membership supported John Hume's campaign. When the dust of the election settled, the Labour Party tried unsuccessfully to recover. Members who had backed Hume in the decisive struggle to overthrow McAteer had to stand up and confess their delinquency.

In Derry the SDLP was formed out of the social ferment of the 1960s, recruiting from Tenants' Associations, housing and unemployed campaigns, and the "University for Derry" agitation to get a planned University sited in the city. It also inherited some of the personnel and outlook of the old Nationalist Party, which it displaced in the midst of the chaos and fury of 1969.

Len was active in the SDLP until the 1990s. Subsequently he supported the election efforts of the Foyle Labour Group, and later the Irish Labour Party.

CITIZENS' DEFENCE COMMITTEE 1969

Len Green had a strong practical sense of the meaning and power of the State. He was a member of the Citizens' Defence Committee which sought to protect unarmed Catholic Derry from aggressive incursions by armed loyalists. The threat increased massively on the occasion of the loyalist Apprentice Boys activities in August 1969.

There was great public apprehension but little in the way of practical defence. A construction project was under way in the Bogside at that time, and there was a supply of scaffolding, building material and rubble available. With a military eye to

the practicalities, Len undertook a personal survey of the area and its various entry points and weaknesses, and he organised squads of volunteers to blockade the whole area by constructing barricades from the available materials.

The expected onslaught came right on cue, backed by the police. Len's improvised barricades enabled the effective resistance known as the Battle of the Bogside. This was ended by an agreement with the British Army's Colonel Todd, that no State forces would be allowed to enter the barricaded area. There was palpable shock in Parliament that the Queen's authority had ceased to operate in a part of the Queen's domain.

While Paddy "Bogside" Doherty was the public face of the Citizens' Defence Committee in Derry, its effective leader was veteran Republican Seán Keenan who worked closely with Len Green and others. Len did not subscribe to Irish Republicanism, which anyway was marginal at the time. Keenan had the confidence of the public on personal grounds, and did not seek advantage in the situation for his own political cause. His immediate aim was to damp down the trouble, not inflame it.

DEMOCRATIC RULE?

As mentioned earlier, one of the political groupings supported by Len Green was the Foyle Labour Group. This was allied to the Campaign for Labour Representation, which held the British sovereign power responsible for the conflict in the Six Counties, and which sought a remedy by making this arbitrary and untrammelled British power subject to democratic accountability; by making the governing parties of the sovereign British state stand for election in the Six Counties and seek a mandate to govern from the voters there — something they had hitherto spurned.

Though the campaign brought this fundamental reality into the public spotlight, it failed in its primary objective and the underlying political reality of the Six Counties remains now as it has been since 1921. While nobody in their right mind would want the current political arrangements in Northern Ireland to revert to another 1969-type meltdown, it should never be forgotten that managed instability, permanently teetering on collapse, was and is the sovereign power's deliberate choice for this area.

Pat Muldowney

Es Ahora concluded:

the audience. So whose scholarship is not robust enough for public debate, Professor Foster? Who now only takes on events that can be carefully stage-managed? Whose ego totters on stage while the men from Aubane give public addresses to the hundreds? You, Professor Foster picked this fight and yet you twist and turn, but your response has been noted and all can see you for what you really are. You disgrace the name public intellectual which Irish political pygmies have bestowed on you to our nation's shame!

Julianne Herlihy. ©

To be continued.

NEXT MONTH: Paul Grace

The Human History Of A Shipyard

In The Shadow Of Giants, a social history of the Belfast shipyards, by Kevin Johnston, it is written in its dust jacket:

"Towards the end of the nineteenth century, at the height of the industrial revolution, the city of Belfast WAS its shipyards. A city whose rise to wealth had been founded on linen, reached its apogee in shipbuilding. Its biggest yard, Harland and Wolff, built the largest and most famous ship ever to sail and sink — the Titanic.

The industrial revolution — and shipbuilding in particular — transferred Belfast from a small, lively provincial city into a fully-fledged manufacturing giant. The city took on the appearance of a typical nineteenth century industrial centre, similar to many others in north-west Britain. Belfast and its surrounding region became very much a part of that large British manufacturing economy which symbolised the imperial high noon. As such, it looked physically different from other Irish cities and towns and that, in turn, had implications for its politics."

In telling the story of Harland and Wolff, Workman Clark and other Belfast yards,

Kevin Johnston is in fact writing a social history of the city of Belfast from 1850 to 1970.

If it had of been merely politics that might have been resolved. It was nationality.

If you wanted an Irish city you went up the Falls Road, or into Short Strand or to Ardoyne and other Catholic areas, to another nationality, where it was Irish dancing, the Irish language where history went further back than the Protestant 17th Century version. There, social conditions could be appalling and poverty was rampant through inequality.

Sections of the Protestant working-class could suffer similar conditions if they were unskilled labourers. But these unskilled were catered for by housing which was divided into kitchen houses and parlour houses. The kitchen houses had a front door which opened immediately into the kitchen with a smaller room, in the back called the pantry where the food was cooked. There were two small bedrooms upstairs. Lighting was by gas mantle, and though I am describing the 1930s of my childhood, this gas-lighting lasted well into the 1950s.

The parlour house had a front door which led into a passage-way, which on the right had a parlour and further along a kitchen, with at least three bedrooms upstairs. These were the houses of the Protestant skilled workers. This was the Belfast of the 1930s I remember. My father, being a Protestant, and skilled, always had our Catholic family in parlour houses until 1938, when we had to flee to the countryside of Clontonacally, Carryduff, in County Down — though owing over a year's rent, and other debts during a period of mass unemployment. Grass grew on the slipways of the two shipyards, Harland and Wolff and Workman Clark.

My father had served a seven-year apprenticeship as a joiner in the Workman Clark shipyard, which was on the County Antrim side of the Belfast Lough, while Harland and Wolff was on the County Down side of the Lough. It was founded in the 19th Century and it had built its last a passenger liner in 1935, and my father had a job on it. Going to work one morning he saw the sky was red and heavy with smoke. The ship, which was ready to sail to Bermuda within a few weeks, was on fire. It was a suspected insurance scam as the economic atmosphere became worse with massive unemployment. The two shipyards had thrown thousands upon thousands out of work. Workman Clark was never to recover and closed down forever.

My father was part of a working-class shipyard dynasty with his brothers, sons and cousins working there. If there were any jobs available, then his dynasty, like other dynasties, were going to get work ahead of individuals. Of course my father's side of the family were Orange, RUC, B'Special, and British Army, and maybe freemason.

My father, who rejected all of this, and married a Catholic, was still brought into the dynasty. My surname being Protestant was reinforced with a Protestant first name so as I could join that dynasty. Which I did and was therefore given an apprenticeship as a woodworker.

I had left the shipyard for a different job and then decided to go back and work there.

I joined a large group of men, joiners, of about two hundred, gathered on the jetty

in front of a ship that had just come off raw from the slipway and needed finished internally and externally. A head-foreman stood on a bollard to search the crowd for familiar faces. I was spotted and pointed at. I had a job. Most of the other men were started as well, after the dynasties had its members started first.

It wasn't all cheerfulness and unity among the mainly Protestant workforce. There were tensions between them and rivalry among the Orange members. They spoke of those who had a few degrees of the Order above them — and who never seemed to be made redundant when things became slack.

The surprising thing was the number of radical Protestant workers that existed who didn't belong to the Orange Order, B'Specials and Freemasonry. They weren't members of any political parties — like the CPNI or the local NI Labour Party. Most had lived in the US at one time, including my father, and had tales of hardship to tell.

A few had had lived near the Mason-Dixie and told of the joy of black people, when they crossed the line in a bus, no longer having to occupy apartheid seats. Though things were bad for the black people, there were some Northern comforts.

The Belfast people's American story was mostly to do with being worked until exhaustion. One joiner told of getting home so sweated and hot, he usually ran a cold bath and got in with all his sweat-saturated clothes on.

A number of them followed the ideas of Madame Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, the occultist, philosopher, and founder of the *Theosophical Society*. Some read Sean O'Casey but that wouldn't make them anti-Partitionist. I don't know why they read him: maybe they were searching for whatever socialism he was supposed to have. But mainly they were mildly socialist and, like my father, they believed in a Northern Ireland that needed severe reform. Within the Unionist family the Protestant management were sensitive to their outlook and there were times when the radical Protestant groups were put to work on one deck while the deck below was reserved for the Orange Order, freemason members. The radicals got along well with the few Catholics in the shipyard, who had declared themselves Catholic, in that they weren't afraid to declare their historical differences as an intellectual exercise.

Generally the vast majority of the shipyard Protestant workforce got along with

the Catholic in their midst. Though declaring themselves British, they somehow seemed to have adopted the open Irishness of friendship. Turn up having forgotten your sandwiches (Piece), and they would share what they had with you, despite what you were. Of course as a Catholic you kept your opinions to yourself. The odd one who didn't usually found a .303 rifle round in their jacket with a note saying: "This will be in you not on you."

That was the time to leave, for a hard core existed that even had the radical Protestant keeping his mouth shut. These were the ones who boasted of have arms at home for one reason only—shooting the Catholic if they forgot their place in their territory, Northern Ireland.

There were suspicion and rumour about my true identity but I was an ardent communist and constantly preached against Unionism, Churchill, and against US aggression during the Korean War of 1950, and so on. Oddly enough, at one-time, I realised it was the Catholic in me that kept driving me on. I brought in CP literature and distributed it. They seemed to like communists. I was told to clear off to Moscow a few times, which was better than being told to clear off to Rome or to take a hike down South.

Dynasties operate from an early age. I was sent a letter to report to a head-foreman's office in 1944. I was twelve years old. It was WW2 and the shipyard was heavily guarded with heavy machine-guns and anti-aircraft ack-ack guns. There were a couple of tanks and some armoured cars. On entering this huge industrial complex built on Queens Island was to feel swallowed up after getting off the tram, where I had been searched and questioned.

Maybe I had the feeling that pervaded in the German 1927 film *Metropolis*, directed by Fritz Lang. I was to see this film as a teenager but by this time I didn't believe in its interpretation that heavy industry was hell. On a human and individual level it wasn't hell. It was a wonder: coming into this building that completely dwarfed the human. Entering such a complex from a rural Carryduff, with the air thick with industrial smoke, hundreds of lightning-like flashes from arc welders and the noise of riveters and caulkers, was certainly a change from the sound of horses' hooves and cattle grazing in the fields. Humans fitted in quite comfortably among the machines of this *Metropolis*. They didn't become zombies and they stayed human enough to joke and laugh, and to enjoy their work, and have the sense of being needed.

The shipyard, as I discovered at the age of twelve, had its own free bus service—two single-decked buses, camouflaged in war paint with the windows painted black. (They were still running, ten years later still in their war-paint.)

Arriving on my first day, I was about to board one, after getting of the tram, but was asked where I was going: "*East Yard, Musgrave Channel Road, Deep Water Wharf, Thompson Works, Engine Works...*?" But I was already at my designation, as the sat-navs of today say.

The head-foreman's office was all glass and high above the work benches of the joiners. I remember being taunted about Catholicism and hearing crude jokes about Catholics but I gave nothing away. I have often wondered why me for this treatment.

Was it those rumours again about my father and a mixed marriage? Was I being tested to see if I was capable of keeping my mouth closed and knowing my place? I do remember being amused at the head-foreman's clowning, as he put his hand to the top of his head to say his head hadn't been made flat, where a priest usually patted the new-born's still soft head, in his blessings. That kind of crudity didn't bode well for the future of the Protestant. The Ulster he followed was just a recycled crudity that seemed to go on forever, I thought, in years to come.

It was wartime and he was asking me about Rome and not Berlin. He never mentioned Hitler but did mention the Pope a few times.

Anyway, I was part of a dynasty, Orange, B'Special, RUC, and the British Army.

A cousin was fighting in Burma (Myanmar), and an American cousin was flying over Tokyo trying to burn its civilians to death in their wooden homes. This head-foreman had to watch his step. I was in.

At 14, in April, 1946, I was to start in the shipyard as an office boy for two years, before going to my apprenticeship at 16. My father kept asking me if I really wanted to follow in his footsteps as a joiner. A member of his family, a cousin worked in the Main Offices as a manager. I could become an apprentice draughtsman. I was more or less dragged there to see him but I turned down the offer. It seemed I had more choices than I could cope with. I had never been out of a job during my life in NI, and I could have continued like that for as long as I wanted.

There were two worlds in my life—one was in rural County Down where all

sorts of life-threatening things happened to us, like the poisoning of well-water, the stoning of our house, and the parade of B'Specials outside our front gate as intimidation.

The other world was the friendliness of our family: B'Specials, ex-British soldiers, and my very friendly RUC sergeant cousin. These two worlds never met, nor knew of each other publicly. My maternal aunt, on top of that, was married to another RUC sergeant, a former soldier from WW1 who had become a Catholic out of love for my aunt. He had been given the Carryduff posting after a series of attacks on us and he had arranged an ambush of the culprits and put the fear of God into them. There was peace for a while due to this very Protestant-Catholic until he disappeared into Special Branch with his whole family. Never hair nor hide of him was seen again, nor of my aunt, nor of my two Catholic cousins. After his departure the attacks started again.

Meanwhile I worked away as an apprentice in the shipyard. It was the Joiner's Shop, a former aircraft factory, when Harland & Wolff were making Stirling bombers for the war effort. It was divided into units of maybe thirty benches that stretched as far as the eye could see. The place was so big you couldn't recognise anyone if you stood at one end and looked to the other end.

In the centre of it were the wood-working machines. Each unit had a charge-hand who wore a brown dustcoat and a bowler hat. Above them were foremen and above them was a head-foreman and above him was the shop manager, all had offices with glass walls overlooking the maybe 1000 benches.

There were a mixture of WW1 former soldiers and WW2 former soldiers and Royal Navy men. They had all been professional military men, but they didn't mix.

The WW1 ones seem to have stuck to their UVF ideology, that had got them to join up; and the WW2 men were somewhat resentful at being pushed into dangerous situations, which they didn't deem necessary, when it was the Russians who were winning the war, and in the end, saved their lives as well. This attitude didn't last: a couple of years after coming back from WW2 they were joining the B'Specials as the environment took hold. I was now being taught my trade by a very friendly B'Special. I often saw him cycling through Belfast in his B'Special uniform with a .303 rifle on his shoulder and he would shout over:

"How's she cuttin'?"

(Is your saw sharp enough – how's life?)

I just hoped no Catholic who knew me was around or any member of the Young Workers' League.

Work in the Joiner's Shop was leisurely. Two men, or a man and his apprentice would be given a week to construct a chest of drawers, when the both of you could probably finish it in a day, when getting a move on. Finish it before a week and you stood there for the remainder of that week with nothing to do: the worst thing, when you are under constant surveillance from the glass-huts. This was good for the apprentice who was able to become more skilled in the details like cutting a keyhole, dovetailing, fitting drawers properly.

An apprentice who didn't behave himself would be sent to a bench alone and given nothing to do for a week. He would be constantly under surveillance and timed if he went to the urinal. Three minutes were allowed for that. It was seven minutes in all to go to the lavatory block across the yard. Any rebellion about this and you were sent home for a month without pay. That month you would have to make up if you were to come out of your apprenticeship. The apprenticeship was an indentured: you had to stay at until you were 21. If you wanted to leave, you needed your father's signature. It was very unlikely he would give his consent. He wouldn't want you to lose a trade and the deposit of £5 which was near a week's wage then.

At the beginning of the Korean War in 1950 I witnessed fathers chasing sons through the Joiner's Shop as they tried to pacify sons who wanted to join the army and go to Korea. It seemed the ultimate adventure. Luckily none got that far, as fathers were prone to violence against such rebellious sons. My own father knocked the hell out of me until I was 18 years. Regretfully, I had to knock him down to stop feeling so humiliated as a young man. When some of the neighbours heard what I had done I became a pariah for a while.

The shipyard was a great recruiting ground for the colonies. There were many young men, now free at 21, joining the colonial police for service in Africa, Hong Kong and Burma. Bermuda was thought of as a choice location. Even with India, more or less free from British Colonialism, an agency in Belfast was still recruiting for supervisors over tea-pickers. Someone I knew, who had just finished his apprenticeship, wanted me to join him in going

to India. He said it was a simple enough job. Should the pickers slow down you just showed them your fist and if they didn't heed that that: "*You bate them.*"

Working on ships could be even more relaxing for the finishing trades. The black trades—like riveters, caulkers and welders—were on piece-work, so they worked like the devil, as they had the opportunity to make more money. An uncle of mine was able to buy himself a holiday cottage at a seaside resort.

We finishing trades did a good job. You had to, for there was strict quality control in the shops and on the ships. It's very hard to control a workforce aboard as large ship like a passenger liner, for example. You did have a chargehand but his job was mainly to show you what had to be done. It just wasn't possible to put a person under surveillance for long. The ship was also full of Trade Union shop stewards. Too much harassment and you made a report to one of them. That chargehand could then be made to appear before a Trade Union type of court in Union headquarters. Severe cases could see the loss of your card. That would be the end for the Belfast industrial scene, which was 100% Trade Union.

East Belfast, where the shipyard and other industrial complexes like the Sirocco Works were, had a leftist tinge as well. But before the *One Nation-One People* get excited, this was Protestant Socialism. It was what the deadly UVF had adopted from the old CPNI. To talk to the late David Ervine, head of the Progressive Unionist Party, the political wing of the UVF, as I did once, was like talking to a socialist, only, there was no room for Catholics in it.

A Catholic socialist West Belfast and a Protestant socialist East Belfast could easily clash. The tiny Catholic enclave of Short Strand in East Belfast has seen a number of Protestant attacks over generations, so the socialism of nationalities has its limits. For the defenders of the Short Strand had a history when some of its people fought on the Republican side in the Spanish Civil War. A few also fought for Franco after anarchists attacked Catholic Churches and killed priests and nuns.

"*The last time I was in church I saddled my horse*"—that didn't go down well with some Irish Catholics.

Though it was the Short Strand, and it was in the industrial East Belfast within shouting distance of the shipyard and other industries very few from the Short Strand got to work in this industrial complex. The most lowly jobs like rag-sorters in a

warehouse, for example, were advertised in the *Belfast Telegraph* which boldly stated: "*Protestants only need apply.*"

In the meanwhile, we who worked on the ships, were able to slip away down the gangway, under the pretext of going to the stores or the first-aid stations, but mostly saying nothing, and getting the tram, which ran into the shipyard, to central Belfast and go to the cinema. I had myself slipped away on one occasion to the cinema to watch a film set in a prison. At the end, as the prisoners were rounded up after an escape, a voice at the back said: "*That's us. Time to go.*"

About six men stood up and marched mockingly to the tram-stop. They got the same tram back to the shipyard as I was on.

Every ship had a manager over every other authority. He was the one to watch.

He usually wore a tailored suit and a bowler hat. He was simply known as "*The Hat*". He used to occasionally raid the ship with his naval architect. Each ship had temporary lights, half the voltage of the usually 240 for safety while the ship was being constructed, finished or repaired. The temporary lights man always kept a lookout for the manager's visit. If he saw him some distance on the road to the ship, he would turn off the temporary lights in rapid succession a number of times throughout the ship as a warning. Everyone knew what that meant. No smoking of cigarettes and pipes, because that wasn't allowed. He was the ultimate authority and sacking on the spot was a possibility, Union or no Union. That could mean a shipyard-wide strike. When you were ordered out on strike you went, even though you may not know the person sacked, or what he did to deserve it. Rapid strikes did bring compromises in the end, with a sacked person's case going into review for months sometimes until it was forgotten.

W.J. Haire

To be continued

BODY SNATCHERS

When the hounds come baying
and saying:

we were only after his blood
for a laugh.

Surely that's got to be downright daft.

Not at all.

Telling the truth could see free speech fall.

It's delusion, fantasy and lies
that gives us our daily highs.

Didn't you know our good friend Mandela
was once labelled a physical-force fella.

No comparison with John Hume

who had his killing done for him, I presume,
in darkest Derry,
freeing him to be pacifist and blame-game
poor old Gerry.
Mandela wiped out apartheid
whereas Hume reinforced it while skinning
the political flea for its hide.
So, from Stormont to Westminster
bay away you hounds,
you can't resurrect this dead as a saviour
recently new-found.

STAY ON THE STATUE BOOK

Statues are the metallic ghosts of the past.
Destroy them and they reappear in other forms
aghast,
inhabiting the soul
for they can't ever be destroyed
at a price that, ends, on earth,
the human role.
So let them sleep
lest they awake another day,
and, in the meantime, keep them
in the light
for they have a lesson to convey.

W.J.Haire.
(5.8.2020; 7.7.2020)

Macardle

continued

It is appropriate that Macardle should be quoted in the context of the *Irish Bulletin*: her historical writing was a continuation of the political approach pioneered in that publication, as I hope to show. *The Irish Republic* contains many references to the *Irish Bulletin* and its chapters covering the War of Independence draw heavily from it. Macardle herself, along with Maud Gonne and Charlotte Despard, participated in the work of the *Bulletin* and, when she was finding her feet in republican politics in the early 1920s, her chief mentor and the political leader she most admired was Erskine Childers, one of its driving spirits.

Dorothy Macardle's contribution to Irish public life has been ignored for decades to the detriment of both political and historical understanding. When I studied politics at University College Dublin in the 1970s *The Irish Republic* had pride of place on the politics bookshelves of the library and was prescribed reading on the course syllabus; it was rightly considered a basic text necessary to understanding the political system. However, in the mid-seventies the collapse of faith in national history at official level that followed the Arms Trial was beginning to infect the universities and cynical condescension

was creeping into the way that Macardle's Republic was spoken about.

Lately, due to the decade-long centenary of commemorations and the emphasis being placed on the role of women in history, Macardle has come back into fashion. A book on her by Nadia Smith was published in 2007 and, towards the end of 2019, University College Dublin Press released a more substantial biography by Leanne Lane bearing the unmistakable hallmark of anti-national revisionism. The publication of this book, together with its uncritical reception in media reviews, represents a fairly recent attack on nationalist history that has crept in beneath the radar. In this series of articles I will argue a case as to why Dorothy Macardle's reputation needs to be defended.

Leanne Lane's biography contains a systematic depreciation of Macardle's political writing. The depreciation is interspersed with praise of her personal traits and feminist tropes in line with current ideological priorities. The very valuable work that Macardle performed is disparaged on academic grounds but as we have come to expect from 'modern historians', the academic posturing hides a political purpose: anti-Republicanism.

Lane's ultimate purpose is political in the same way that Macardle's was; it's just that Macardle was honest about what she was doing and her work had the effect of adding coherence to historical and political consciousness in Ireland; Lane, in the way she alternately damns and praises Macardle, serves her political purpose by sowing confusion. Some excerpts relating to *The Irish Republic* will give a flavour of her lines of attack.

"*The Irish Republic*... demonstrates her [Macardle's] continued development of republican propaganda." (p. 170)

"*The Irish Republic* falls into the category of history as political propaganda in support of de Valera. However, to categorise *The Irish Republic* under the genre does not detract from Macardle's belief that de Valera's political life and choices had veracity, nor does it prove that she subordinated her own beliefs in unquestioning service to him." (p. 171)

"Macardle's clear objective, however, was not to write a balanced history of the period. She was a politician and propagandist before she was a historian." (p. 172)

"Although a heavily partisan account of the revolutionary period, *The Irish Republic* was well written and a work, at surface level at least, that was meticulous in its commitment to detail. Modern historians like Murray [Michael Murray, author of an influential article entitled, *Obsessive historian: Eamon de*

Valera and the policing of his reputation published in the Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy, vol 101C (2001)] argue, however, that she used the 'trappings of scholarly discourse' to mask the polemical nature of the text. O'Halpin [Eunan O'Halpin, author of an article, *Historical revisit: Dorothy Macardle, The Irish Republic* (1937), *Irish Historical Studies*, vol 31, no 123 (2016)] is even stronger in his critique of the work, arguing that it is a one-sided account of the period it purports to investigate, heavily suggesting that Macardle subordinated her political integrity and reputation to that of de Valera's:

Macardle produced a book which set its own scholarly credentials at a party-political discount. The result is a work which, for all its obeisance to the conventions of academic history, presents overwhelmingly the de Valera view of events, to the extent of including as the only illustration in the book a full-page portrait of him." (p. 173)

"Hopkinson [Michael Hopkinson was a British historian, see History and national interest below] states that the 'amount of success the Dail government had in establishing its authority has often been exaggerated'. *The Irish Republic* falls under this retreat to hyperbole." (p. 177)

There is something surreal about the spectacle of historians who have hitched their wagon to the suave propaganda machine that is Oxford and Cambridge castigating a defender of the national tradition in Ireland for being a propagandist. Nonetheless, historical revisionism is a real phenomenon connected to political power in contemporary Ireland and it needs to be taken seriously. Leanne Lane's arguments together with those of the revisionist historians she quotes need to be answered. In later articles in this series I will assess Macardle's historical work. In this article in response to the above extracts regarding *The Irish Republic* I will cover only three points.

THE WORD 'PROPAGANDA'

Firstly, the meaning of the term propagandist, as used by Lane and Macardle, needs to be looked at. Macardle identified herself as a propagandist. In a *Statement to the Bureau of Military History* (Statement 457) she attested to her belief in "*the unlimited power of propaganda*" (Lane, p. 9) and, while addressing an American audience in 1939 on the need to oppose Fascism in Europe, she described herself as "*a propagandist, unrepentant and unashamed*" (Lane, p. 9). So Lane is justified in referring to her with that term. However, it behoves a biographer who repeats over and over that her subject was a propagandist to investigate what Macardle meant by the term.

Lane says very little about Macardle's use of the term and, although she is aware of her involvement with the *Irish Bulletin* and she references a scholarly article on it, she says nothing about how Irish Republicans came to associate propaganda with a high standard of accurate reporting. The following extract from *Four Glorious Years* by Frank Gallagher (writing as David Hogan) gives an indication of how the producers of the *Irish Bulletin* viewed the term:

"The *Bulletin* answered a lying official statement by citing fact after fact, and when some M.P. raised these facts in the Commons, he found the Government, from whom he demanded a denial, dumb. Soon it was appreciated that this was a new form of war propaganda—one based on actual happenings, observed and provable..." (p. 87, quoted in Brendan Clifford's Introduction to Volume 1 of the IB, p. xxi)

Frank Gallagher, who became the founding editor of the *Irish Press*, was a close associate of Macardle's as was his wife, Cecelia, a former cell mate of her's in Mountjoy. Macardle, Gallagher and Robert Brennan (another contributor to the *Irish Bulletin*, the first general manager of the *Irish Press*, later the chief Irish diplomat in the US, and author of a famous autobiography, *Allegiance*) constituted what might be described as an intellectual cohort working in the background of de Valera's Governments of the 1930s. The relevant point here is that the experience of having been part of the success of the *Irish Bulletin* seems to have been a bonding experience for those involved. This grouping of political writers, Macardle being the most able, used the term propaganda in a positive sense.

The reference to the scholarly article on the *Irish Bulletin* in the list of secondary sources at the back of Lane's book reads as follows:

"Kenneally, Ian, 'A tainted source? – The *Irish Bulletin* 1919-1921', in Felix Larkin and Mark O'Brien (eds), *Periodicals and Journalism in Twentieth-Century Ireland* (Dublin, 2014)".

Expecting this to be a revisionist tract I was surprised to find it informative and reasonably impartial. Kenneally ascribes the IB's success to an editorial policy in which stories had to be backed up by hard evidence. He quotes Ernest Blyth to the effect that Desmond FitzGerald and after his arrest, Erskine Childers, as Editors, resisted all demands to paint the outrages of the British forces "in a blacker hue than was justified by the facts" (p. 95). On the effectiveness of the IB Kenneally states:

"By 1921 the *Bulletin* was being quoted by many foreign newspapers, as well as making it onto the news pages of the *Freeman's Journal* and *Irish Independent*. Even papers such as *The Times* which had its own reporters in Ireland, used it on occasion. Its reputation for accuracy was taken up by critics of the British government who used the *Bulletin* as a stick with which to attack Lloyd George and Hamar Greenwood in the House of Commons. The increasing fame of the *Bulletin* resulted in constant raids by the police and military, desperate to locate the site of its publication." (p. 96)

An interesting point in Kenneally's article in the context of the present discussion, is the following comment which he makes regarding the Dail's *Department of Propaganda*—

"That title, undoubtedly incongruous to modern ears, resulted from the fact that the word propaganda had not yet fully attained the sinister connotations with which it is associated today." (p. 92)

In a footnote he mentions that Dev disliked the term and changed it to the *Department of Publicity* in 1922, but the point remains that for Republicans like Frank Gallagher and Dorothy Macardle it had positive connotations.

Lane is aware of Macardle's involvement with the *Irish Bulletin* and of her lifelong friendships with important contributors to the IB like Gallagher and Brennan. Through Kenneally's article she is aware of the positive attitude to the term *propaganda* that they shared. In not probing what Macardle meant by the term, Lane is open to the charge that she took advantage of its "sinister connotations" to undermine Macardle's credibility as a writer and historian.

Lane's failure to explain the context in which Macardle identified as a propagandist is a fundamental flaw in her biography. Given the negative treatment she metes out to her subject a further question arises. Why give prominence in the form of a biography to a writer whose most important work was "history as political propaganda", "heavily partisan" and a "retreat to hyperbole"?

HISTORY WRITING AND POLEMICAL THINKING

Secondly, given the dismissive manner in which academics like Patrick Murray and Eunan O'Hallpin refer to *The Irish Republic* on the grounds of historical objectivity, that concept needs to be examined. According to Murray, whom Lane quotes without

criticism, Macardle used the "trappings of scholarly discourse" to disguise the polemical purpose of her book. What theoretical source would Murray cite to show that polemical reasoning is incompatible with history writing? In decrying polemical reasoning, are Murray and Lane suggesting that historians need to be somehow above viewpoint? Dorothy Macardle clearly took an opposite stance. In her *Author's Foreword* she could not be more open about her viewpoint and about the need to embrace viewpoint rather than a false neutrality in writing about history. The following two paragraphs are worth quoting in full:

"This narrative is an attempt to supply what has been too long lacking: an account of the Irish Republican struggle from the viewpoint of an Irish Republican.

Neutrality in such a struggle can exist only with ignorance or indifference. No thinking person can be close to a conflict so intense and desperate without forming an opinion as to where the balance of justice lies. If to the writer, Anglo-Irish by parentage and with the Allies during the world war in sympathies, the principles of justice and democracy seem to rest on the Irish side, that is conviction, not prejudice." (p. 23, Wolfhound Press edition, 2005)

How is her polemical purpose disguised there, one might ask? A writer grappling with a historical topic from a particular viewpoint necessarily engages in polemical reasoning. When Leanne Lane uses feminist concepts in the work under discussion she engages in polemic. When Patrick Murray, Eunan O'Hallpin, and the other revisionist historians she quotes chisel away in their work of deconstructing the national view of Irish history, they use polemical reasoning, without acknowledging it as such, to achieve objectives which are ultimately political. In disguising the political intent of the revisionist project, in presenting it as being free from polemic and above viewpoint, revisionist writers engage in an essentially deceitful venture.

In the chapter that deals with *The Irish Republic* Lane quotes a particular passage as an example of history writing which is, "lacking any attempt at documentary-based, objective, historical narration". The passage reads:

"Families whose houses had been burnt down or destroyed by bombing were living in stables and barns; women and children, driven at night out to fields and bogs, were dying as a result of exposure; old people whose sons had been murdered before their eyes were dying from shock and grief; with increasing frequency babies were born dead." (Lane, p. 181)

Is Ms Lane asserting that this is an untrue depiction of the effects of the reprisals policy of destroying the houses of suspected Republicans and civilians? The passage makes up the middle section of a long paragraph on the topic of economic distress. Macardle's point is that without the intervention of relief organisations, mainly based in the US, "it is probable that the Irish people would have broken down" (p. 434). She later describes how the British authorities seized collecting boxes and raided the houses of relief workers, yet, "on account of American vigilance" (p. 436), held back from suppressing the White Cross Fund (the main relief fund). The full story being imparted by Macardle could not have been told if, in the dry-as-dust pseudo scientific practice of modern historians, the narrative had been confined to happenings verified in documentary sources.

Curiously, the page numbers Lane provides in her references to *The Irish Republic* are from the 1968 edition, not the most recent 1999 edition that was reprinted in 2005. Perhaps she didn't wish to draw attention to the fact that the work has remained in print despite the depredations of revisionism? In any case her reference for the above passage in an end of chapter note is to page 399; in the most recent edition the passage is on page 434.

Arguments about objectivity in disputes over history-writing tend to go round in circles. Ultimately the best defences against distortion are for historians to be honest about the viewpoint from which they are writing, conscientious about conveying truth as much as possible and reliant in their judgements on conviction rather than prejudice. That is the standard Macardle set for herself in *The Irish Republic* as testified in her *Author's Foreword*. Compared to the pretensions of her latter day critics her straightforward honesty is a breath of fresh air.

HISTORY AND NATIONAL INTEREST

Thirdly, we have the matter of national allegiance and history writing. Lane states:

"Hopkinson states that the 'amount of success the Dail government had in establishing its authority has often been exaggerated'. The Irish Republic falls under this retreat to hyperbole." (p. 177)

There are five citations of Hopkinson in the biography. In line with current academic practice, he gets his full name, Michael Hopkinson, in the first citation and thereafter is referred to only by sec-

ond name; in the bibliography we get the details of the books by Hopkinson that Lane has drawn from: *The Irish War of Independence* (Dublin, 2002) and *Green Against Green: The Irish Civil War* (Dublin, 2004). At no point is the reader informed why Hopkinson, who died in 2014, may be deemed an authoritative source. Under this form of referencing, Lane can discredit Dorothy Macardle's account of how the First Dail operated its Government Departments, merely by quoting a name and a short comment.

Actually, Michael Hopkinson was an English Cambridge-educated historian who wrote a number of books and articles about Irish history covering 1919-1923. The following excerpt from a review of *The Irish War of Independence* indicates the viewpoint from which he wrote:

"Though widely hailed by British critics as the author of the 'definitive' account of the Irish War of Independence (or 'Troubles' as they prefer), Hopkinson has found a decidedly more lukewarm response elsewhere and it not hard to see why. While it is somewhat unfair to characterise him as another in a long line of 'apologist historians' for Britain's presence in Ireland there is no escaping the very British angle he takes in his account of Ireland's three year struggle for freedom. As a British historian Hopkinson relies heavily, and perhaps naturally, on British records and memoirs, official and unofficial, to illustrate his history but inevitably the political and national bias of these accounts colour the book as a whole. Irish voices on the conflict are notable by their rarity, a rather strange situation for an attempt at a history of the Irish War of Independence. Instead the pages are dominated by British voices, political, military and otherwise." (*An Sionnach Fionn* website, Michael Hopkinson's *The Irish War of Independence*; from the website: "An Sionnach Fionn is an award-winning independent media website featuring Irish republican commentary on national and international news, politics, history and culture".)

While I may examine Hopkinson's work in more detail in a future article, the above paragraph bears out what Aubane Historical Society writers have been saying for nearly thirty years. Historians in the revisionist camp, rather than moving to an elevated scholarly plane above national bias, have simply substituted the British national view of Irish history for the Irish national view. Lane makes no criticism of Hopkinson but uses a general comment from him to assert that Macardle resorts to hyperbole (exaggerated claims not meant to be taken literally), in describing the work of the Irish Government following Sinn Féin's landslide victory in the General Election

of 1918. Apart from the weak quality of the case she makes, Lane's referencing method should raise alarm bells.

Unusually, Lane provides no extracts from *The Irish Republic* showing Macardle using hyperbole. I only have space to quote one passage from it on the Government activity of the First Dail. Readers can judge for themselves whether this can be categorised as exaggeration:

"As a result of these elections [the Local Elections of January and June 1920] every County Council, every Rural District Council and every Board of Guardians in Leinster, Munster and Connacht gave allegiance to the Government of the Republic, while thirty-one Councils in Ulster did the same. The response of the British Government was to stop the grants (paid out of Irish taxes and administered by the local Councils) to institutions for the sick, the destitute, and the insane. The people, however, paid their rates fully and regularly to the Republican Councils, and these, with half their members in prison or 'on the run', their chairmen in nightly danger of Lord Mayor MacCurtain's fate [he was murdered by the RIC], their meetings prohibited and their proper funds withheld, struggled to save Ireland from devastation and to carry out the constructive programme of the Dail." (p. 352)

Despite bogus claims of scholarly objectivity and the passage of time, there continue to be differing British and Irish views of the War of Independence, as evidenced (if such is needed) by the *Sionnach Fionn* review. Ms Lane accepts the British view without criticism; an accusation of exaggeration from a British historian is sufficient evidence for Macardle's descriptions to be dismissed as hyperbole; Lane thus replaces one expression of national bias with another. On the subject of the Irish War of Independence, considering the standard of accurate reporting adopted in the *Irish Bulletin*, and the standard set by Macardle herself, it is not unreasonable to assert that the Irish view tends to be more objective than the British view.

In one aspect Lane's biography is a frustrating read: the story jumps around a lot, so that it is difficult to get a clear picture of the subject's life. This is not surprising as modern historians in the Roy Foster mould are known to dislike narrative as a method of exposition. For that reason Part 2 of this series will be a straight summary narrative of Dorothy Macardle's life.

Dave Alvey

To be continued

Manufacturing!

Manufacturing techniques are common across widely diverse sectors. Even the machines are common to different sectors.

Manufacturing companies don't exist in isolation from each other. They are part of complex ecosystems. Many of the connections are maintained by maintenance engineers servicing similar type machines across different industries providing technical advice and know how. So, one manufacturing company going bust can weaken the manufacturing base as a whole.

After the last crash the Ford Chairman was asked if he minded that his rival General Motors was being bailed out. He replied on the contrary that he supported the bailout because if GM went bust many of its service engineers and other suppliers would go bust which were also used by Ford.

My view would be that pubs, restaurants, tourism don't really matter. They will come back when Covid 19 is solved. But the same cannot be said for the manufacturing base which for that reason must be preserved at all costs.

At present my impression is that Irish manufacturing is thriving but that could change very quickly if the Government decides—which I don't think it will—it wants to become a world champion anti-Covid 19 country and close manufacturing. That would be a disaster.

John Martin

Has McWilliams Adopted Modern Monetary Theory!

Economist David McWilliams had an article in the Irish Times on 13th August. The headline to the article was arresting:

The State can finance everything for nothing – if it wants to:

Whatever the obstacles to social change in modern Ireland, money is not one

I confess that on first seeing the headline I wondered had McWilliams embraced Modern Monetary Theory (MMT). From a closer reading of his article it became evident that he had not embraced MMT. So what case did he put forward to justify

his claim that the Irish State can finance everything for nothing?

Well apparently the British State financed the purchase of land from the Irish landed gentry by the Irish tenant farmer simply by guaranteeing the bonds that were issued to finance the purchase. Since I know little about the Irish land wars I shall assume that McWilliams statement is true.

In the late 19th when this land transfer was happening Britain ruled the world and any bond guarantee issued by the British State would have been taken at face value. The bonds would never become bad debts.

But Ireland does not rule the world. So why should any bonds issued by the Irish state be considered as risk-free assets? The MMT folks would say that would be the case if Ireland was the creator of the currency in which the bonds were issued. But any bonds issued by the Irish State would be in Euros and Ireland is most assuredly not the creator of Euros rather it is a simple user of Euros. The European Central Bank is the creator of Euros.

Yet McWilliams may be right that Ireland, a simple Euro currency user, could at the present time issue as many bonds as are needed to finance its proposed projects. This requires some explanation. The only explanation is that the bonds are in some sense considered risk-free, that there will always be a buyer for these bonds, that they can always be sold at face value.

Only the creator of the currency in which the bonds are issued, in this case that's the ECB, is in a position to make that commitment.

There is therefore an assumption in McWilliams' article that the ECB will always be prepared to purchase Irish State bonds in the secondary market. He talks about bond finance in Ireland using the "European Central Bank-backed" bond market. If these bonds are backed by the currency creator then they are risk free. And if they are risk-free the interest on them will be low. Indeed the interest will be virtually non-existent in today's bond markets where savers are desperate for risk-free assets.

It would not be unreasonable to make that assumption at this point in time that the ECB will buy all Eurozone state bonds. The European leaders seem determined to avoid the damaging austerity that they resorted to when dealing with the

2008 Global Financial Crisis (GFC).

The yields on long term government Eurobonds reported by the ECB in July 2020 are negative in many countries with Germany at -0.52%, Ireland at -0.05% and Romania at 3.94%. The high positive for Romania puzzles me. It would seem to suggest that there is a possibility that the ECB might renege on its commitment to buy government Eurobonds. The situation is the same in the UK. UK Gilt auctions are typically oversubscribed. On 11th August 2020 the government auctioned bonds with total value of £ 3,250 million which could be bought in £100 units. The bonds had an interest payment of .625% and matured in 2025. Total bids came to over £7,000 million – some 2.25 times what was for sale. The £100 bonds were sold at an average price of £103.25 so the effective yield on the bonds was negative at -0.049%. Investors are clearly desperate for safe havens in both Europe and the UK.

But McWilliams, in a complete flight of fancy, claims that this ability to borrow at no cost will apply for the entire 21st century: "*Whatever the obstacles to social change in Ireland of the 21st century, money is not one of them.*"

If Ireland was the creator of the currency it uses then the claim could have been safely made by McWilliams. But as Ireland is the user of a currency issued by another institution there is no guarantee that the situation today will continue indefinitely.

Martin Dolphin

A Reply to Chris Winch

Chris Winch says I said that printing money takes purchasing power out of the economy (*Irish Political Review*, August 2020). What I actually said was:

"The economic effect of printing money is similar to raising taxes. The State is appropriating to itself purchasing power from the economy by printing money. But since money has no intrinsic value, the extra money produced for use by the State must be at the expense of the purchasing power of the rest of the economy" (*Irish Political Review*, July 2020).

So the effect of printing money is zero. Since money has no intrinsic value it cannot *per se* increase the purchasing power of the economy.

It would be a slight simplification to say that printing money increases the purchasing power of the State at the expense of the private sector. I say 'simplification' because usually the money that has been printed returns to the private sector. For example, if the State decides to increase payments to welfare recipients it is using its power to create money to increase the purchasing power of one group of people at the expense of other people in the economy.

Printing money is similar to financing public expenditure by raising taxes except the latter means of financing does not carry the risk of inflation.

I've used the expression "*per se*" to suggest that printing money does not increase the purchasing power of the economy. But, as I pointed out in my July article any State intervention - whether financed by printing money or other means - can have a positive or negative effect on the economy.

Chris appears to believe that the mere act of printing money will *ipso facto* result in more goods being produced. Consumption will stimulate demand and the demand will bring forth an increase in supply.

But, if the manufacturing infrastructure is not already in place, the increase in demand will result in increased imports. Keynesians tend to think of savings and investment as residuals (what is left after consumption has taken its course). But savings and investment are preconditions for manufacturing. Indeed an economic policy based on stimulating consumption is an obstacle to developing a strong manufacturing base. As I pointed out in my July article the most successful manufacturing economies are relentless savers and therefore have the capacity to invest.

This brings me to the last point in Chris's letter. He says that Germany's austerity has been "*much milder than the UK's*". But the point of my article was the opposite. Germany is a world champion of austerity. Its production exceeds its consumption to such an extent that it has the largest balance of payments surplus on its current account in the world. The UK by contrast is profligate. Its consumption exceeds its production to such an extent that it has the second largest balance of payments deficit in the world. It borrows from the rest of the world to sustain its standard of living.

John Martin

Chinese mobile Phones And US Sanctions

Huawei will have to find a replacement for the Kirin 9000 processor used in their latest smartphone model, because the chipsets for the processor have, in the past, have been produced by Taiwan Semiconductor Manufacturing Co. (TSMC) to US design and, as a result of the restrictions introduced by the Trump administration last May, TSMC can no longer supply them. No doubt Huawei have built up a stock and have plans to get a secure supply of components to do the job, but it's a considerable task for them.

A similar problem has occurred for Huawei in respect of its 5G equipment—the Taiwan company will no longer be able to supply certain components made to US design. Despite being assured by Huawei that they had anticipated this problem, and had a stockpile of the components in reserve, which would allow time for them to design and manufacture alternatives, the UK Government used this as an excuse to ban Huawei kit from 5G networks in the UK. The UK telecoms companies who argued for continuing use of Huawei kit in 5G networks had clearly accepted Huawei's assurances.

David Morrison

The Irish Times And The Murder Of Cork Mayor MacCurtain

This past January 14th, under the heading of "*The murder of Cork Lord Mayor MacCurtain*" (which murder had been committed on March 20, 1920), I submitted the following letter to the *Irish Times* critical of Ronan McGreevy, Editor of that paper's *Century* series of Special Supplements:

"Ronan McGreevy writes ('An Irishman's Diary', January 14) that Cork Lord Mayor Tomás Mac Curtain "was shot dead by a group of RIC officers, led by District Inspector Oswald Swanzy, who was later assassinated by the IRA". Merely "shot dead"!

Was MacCurtain's death an accident?

In April 1920 a Coroner's Jury brought in a unanimous verdict which declared: "We find that the late Alderman MacCurtain, Lord Mayor of Cork, died from shock and hemorrhage caused by bullet wounds, and that he was willfully murdered under circumstances of the most callous brutality, and that the murder was organised and carried out by the Royal Irish Constabulary, officially directed by the British Government, and we return a verdict of wilful murder against David

Lloyd George, Prime Minister of England; Lord French, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; Ian McPherson, late Chief Secretary of Ireland; Acting Inspector General Smith, of the Royal Irish Constabulary; Divisional Inspector Clayton of the Royal Irish Constabulary; District Inspector Swanzy and some unknown members of the Royal Irish Constabulary".

The *Irish Times* refused to publish this correction of its correspondent. And, of course, in the wake of the Coroner's Jury verdict of wilful murder, it would also have been more accurate to write that Swanzy had been executed by the Army of Dáil Éireann on foot of that murder verdict.

But how long could McGreevy hold out on admitting that MacCurtain had been murdered? This March, the *Irish Examiner* marked MacCurtain's centenary anniversary with the publication of *Witness to Murder* - a 240 page book reproducing the full day by day transcript of the 15 days long inquest on MacCurtain.

See www.corkindependent.com/weekly/ourcityourtown/articles/2020/04/09/4188380-remembering-1920-witness-to-murder/ and <https://photos.examiner.ie/v/shop/witness-to-murder/3609592004-witness-to-murder> for details.

During that inquest, almost all RIC witnesses lied through their teeth. MacCurtain had been murdered between 1 am and 1.30 am on March 20. King Street Barracks Head-Constable Cahill stated that he was in the Barracks from 12.45 am, heard of MacCurtain's murder from Sergeant Beatty at 4 am, but did not see fit until 9 am to walk the 300 yards to the Patrick's Hill home of his superior, District Inspector Swanzy, to "*report*" the not insignificant "*happening*" of the Lord Mayor's murder. None of the RIC stationed in Blackpool Barracks admitted to hearing any shots from the home of MacCurtain at the time of his murder, which was a mere 150 yards distant. Sergeant Giiiligan, in charge of the Barracks said he had been wakened by an indistinguishable noise, looked out the window, saw nothing, went back to sleep, and then took a sickie at 8 am that morning. Sergeant Murphy of Shandon Barracks did, however, admit to hearing shots. More significantly, Constable McCarthy, King Street Barracks, not only saw men leaving the Barracks that night, he later heard shots further away from King Street, and afterwards, while he was in bed, he heard men returning, and heard rifles being put back in the racks where they were stored, in the very bedroom where he lay.

“Shot dead”, McGreevy’s choice of language, was the exact same wording as the police report filed by District Inspector Swanzy on March 22nd. Yet, at the inquest itself, twenty-four other RIC witnesses did term MacCurtain’s killing to be a *murder*, while, of course, professing ignorance as to who might have committed that murder. As, indeed, in his summing up on April 17th, did counsel for the RIC, Jasper Wolfe. And, indeed, when called as a witness on April 9th, “murder” had been the very term used by District Inspector Swanzy himself!

So, how would McGreevy respond to the full transcript of the inquest, now back in print from the *Irish Examiner*? The test came this June 3rd, when the *Irish Times* published *Century 1920—War of Independence*. In the *Timeline* on page 5, McGreevy wrote:

“March 20th: Sinn Féin’s lord mayor of Cork, Tomás Mac Curtain, is shot dead in his home on Thomas Davis Street, Blackpool, by a gang suspected to be rogue Royal Irish Constabulary officers led by District Inspector Oswald Swanzy.”

Oh dear! This was even worse than what McGreevy had written in January. Whereas in January he acknowledged that Swanzy led the group that had “shot dead” the Mayor, in June, while still not acknowledging that it was murder, Swanzy was now only “suspected” of the killing. And McGreevy tried to draw some peculiar distinction—that the “Rogue” Irish Constabulary was somehow organisationally different from the Royal Irish Constabulary!

On page 6, McGreevy made a second reference:

“August 22nd: Oswald Swanzy, the man widely blamed for the assassination of Tomás MacCurtain, is gunned down in Lisburn. The killing provokes the expulsion of much of the Catholic population of the town and more sectarian rioting.”

This represented some change. While Swanzy is described as having been “gunned down”, MacCurtain’s death is at least now called an assassination.

On page 17, McGreevy makes a third reference:

“The RIC was widely blamed for the murder of the lord mayor of Cork Tomas MacCurtain in March 1920 and other atrocities such as the Belfast pogroms between 1920 and 1922.”

Finally, while the RIC is only “widely blamed” for the deed, at least it is now called murder! “One, Two, Three, McGreevy!” Like extracting teeth!

Manus O’Riordan

A Conundrum

Is it Anti-Semitic to make any general observation about Jews?

Jews are all distinct individuals who each individually happen to hold certain opinions that make him a Jew. There is no special human bond between one person who happens to hold these opinions and other people who happen to hold these opinions. There is no collectivist culture by which they are all embodied. There is no collective Jewish interest. This means that there is no Jewish nation and no Jewish state. To insist that there is is to fall victim to the disease of Anti-Semitism.

That seems to be the view adopted by the British Labour Party, taken from a definition approved by the British Board of Deputies—a Board of *Deputies* of a spread of individuals who have no collective interest and therefore must not be generalised about.

And yet this spread of individuals without a collective existence asserted a prior right to Palestine over the people who lived in Palestine, and had their claim accepted by the British Empire, and had

their right of migration to Palestine—to build up a colony to be the basis of a Jewish State—adopted by the League of Nations on British recommendation.

The Jewish right to Palestine was rejected by the great majority of the people living in it, and by all the neighbouring peoples. It was nevertheless adopted by the United Nations, which was supposed to have a regional structure which took account of regional sensibilities. The Jewish State was established as an imposition on the people of Palestine and on the Middle East states. The security of the Jewish State could then only be secured by equipping it with weapons of mass destruction with which it could obliterate all its neighbouring states.

This is a remarkable achievement by a miscellaneous spread of individuals who have nothing in common, other than some curious views about the creation and history of the world, who are in no way accountable for the conduct of the Jewish State in Palestine, and who unquestionably hold a prior right to land in Palestine under the authority of the Jewish State over the rights of non-Jews who have lived there over many centuries.

Brendan Clifford

Roger Casement: Wreath Laying Ceremony

The anniversary of Roger Casement’s execution by the British in 1916 was marked at a well attended ceremony in Dun Laoghaire, Dublin on August 3rd. The wreath-laying took place in Sandycove at the site of the house where Casement spent the first twelve years of his life, and was enhanced by the music of a piper. The main speaker was Cllr. Una Power (Green Party), current Cathaoirleach (Chair) of Dun Laoghaire Rathdown Council. The other speakers were Margaret Browne, a long term local Fianna Fail activist, and Roger Cole, Chair of the *DLR* (Dun Laoghaire Rathdown Council) *Roger Casement Summer School and Festival*.

In recent years the anniversary has been commemorated as an outreach activity of the Summer School, which normally takes place in late August/early September in the theatre of Dun Laoghaire’s new Public Library, the Lexicon. This year’s ceremony, however, was different in having a relatively large attendance of over sixty people. Those in attendance included members of the *1916 Relatives Associa-*

tion (who laid a separate wreath), officers from the *1916-23 Club*, and figures from the Trade Union and political worlds, in addition to the organising committee of the Summer School.

The wreath-laying was referred to in an article by Sarah Slater, “*Casement statue for Dun Laoghaire jetty to be unveiled in April*” (*Herald*, 4 August 2020). Slater quoted Roger Cole saying “*the wreath laying ceremony is in its third year due to the demand to mark Casement’s legacy as a nationalist and humanitarian*”. The unveiling of the statue next year is likely to attract national attention.

Dave Alvey

After years of disgraceful neglect the Aubane Historical Society has got round to revamping its website with new downloadable titles.

<https://aubanehistoricalsociety.org/>

Banging The Sectarian Drum!

Eoghan Harris had another tirade in the *Sunday Independent* (26.7.2020) against what he described as “Tribal historians (who) try to gloss over the political sectarianism that surfaced in some areas in the War of Independence”. The case of Bill Bennett, a Protestant Loyalist of West Cork, was the example this time — based on his submission for compensation to the Irish Grants Committee in August 1927, from which Harris quotes:

“On my return in 1918, I bought a mill. This was largely used by farmers and others, and when the Rebellion began I was owed something like 300 pounds sterling for the use of the mill.”

But as the War of Independence went on, less scrupulous Roman Catholic farmers began to renege on their debts to Killeady Mill.

“In December 1921, I tried to get some of my money in, with the result that my premises were raided and my books burnt.” (26.7.2020)

Please note the inverted commas! Bennett never uses the word Catholic or Roman Catholic and those words do not appear anywhere in the claim file (TNA/CO/762/148/7).

Bennett saw his problems in political terms as any honest Loyalist would.

So Harris tries to make his own sectarian case by adding tendentious words. He does so in a similar vein to his late mentor, Peter Hart, who infamously omitted words from records that did not suit his case.

Has Harris no shame? This type of chicanery that passes itself off as history is now an embarrassment to the profession. Why keep it up?

Jack Lane

Morrison Wants The Stage On Kilmichael To Herself

(Southern Star, 8th August

Simon Kingston's letter last week (15 August) said Eve Morrison's West Cork History Festival talk, 'sifts the facts' on the November 1920 Kilmichael Ambush.

Morrison discussed Peter Hart's claim to have interviewed, anonymously, an ambush veteran six days after the last survivor died. Hart used his interviews to portray ambush commander Tom Barry as a vainglorious lying “serial killer”. Hart linked what he portrayed as unjustified IRA savagery at Kilmichael to alleged sectarian killing of Protestant civilians near Bandon in April 1922. The claims reinforced Hart's view of the War of Independence as an ethno-sectarian squabble.

Morrison claimed that previous debates with

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The Irish Bulletin

(Books Ireland, July/August 2020)

It is amazing to see any reference to the *Irish Bulletin* in this ‘decade of centenaries’, despite its being probably the most important source of contemporary information for the years 1919–1921. Consequently, may I commend Joseph E.A. Connell (HI 28.3, May/June 2020) for mentioning it in his piece on the Listowel RIC mutiny?

It was published from July 1919 to December 1921 by Dáil Éireann, the parliament of the republic established by the most impressive act of national self-determination, at the polls, as the victors of the Great War professed their adherence to that principle. It published extracts that had passed the British censors in Ireland and Britain from publications circulating in both islands, together with reports emanating from Dáil departments.

Edward MacLysaght's mother borrowed a few copies of the Bulletin to travel from Clare to Limerick by train. British military boarded the train at Limerick Junction and found the papers, and she was sentenced to two weeks' imprisonment by court martial, or a fine of £20. To her chagrin, her husband, arriving back from a business trip to Australia, paid the fine, despite her protests.

The *Irish Bulletin* was used by MPs such as William Wedgwood Benn and Commander Kenworthy to question ministers in London's House of Commons, and to throw light on the dark doings of Crown forces in Ireland. Wedgwood Benn and Commander Kenworthy had distinguished themselves in the Great War, as had Erskine Childers, one of the brilliant team involved in the preparation of the *Bulletin*. Notable among them were:

(a) Robert Brennan, later a director of the *Irish Press* and Irish ambassador in Washington, whose memoir, *Allegiance*, combines serious purpose and hilarious anecdotes.

(b) Frank Gallagher, who had been editor of the *Cork Free Press*, organ of the All For Ireland League (AFIL), which had broken from John Redmond's Irish Parliamentary Party (IPP) in 1910. The AFIL dissolved in 1918 and threw in its lot with Sinn Féin. Gallagher became editor of the *Irish Press* in 1931. His memoir *The Four Glorious Years*, written under the pen name *David Hogan*, was published at Christmas 1953, and I used a book token to get an autographed copy. Its chapter on the *Irish Bulletin* inspired me at the time and ever since.

(c) Desmond Fitzgerald, who served as a director of publicity for Dáil Éireann, had been a poet, fought in the GPO in 1916 and was father of the future taoiseach, Garrett.

(d) Lawrence Ginnell, a barrister and former IPP MP at Westminster. He was expelled from the IPP in 1909 but held his seat as an independent. He was the only MP from an Irish constituency for women's suffrage. In 1918 he was elected to Dáil Éireann as a member for Sinn Féin, which had called for women's suffrage from its inception in 1905.

Posterity need not be deprived of the gateway into authentic history provided by the *Irish Bulletin*, for since 2012 the Aubane Historical Society has been producing full reprints of it, and has already published four volumes.

Donal Kennedy

me and with John Regan were a “waste of time” because “people are interested in smearing people”. The remark is itself a smear. It insults the *Southern Star* and *Dublin Review of Books*, which hosted our differing views, and those who read them. Morrison now wants the stage, provided by Simon Kingston, to herself.

Morrison is emphatic in asserting that Hart interviewed an anonymous Kilmichael “unarmed scout” on 19 November 1989. The man she identifies, William Chambers, stated that he was on a bridge 15km away at the time of the ambush. Morrison finds this “confusing” because she has difficulty with a contradiction in terms. A person cannot be in two places at once.

Ned Young, the publicly acknowledged last surviving participant, died on 13 November 1989. Morrison developed her view that a 96-year-old Ned Young was also ‘interviewed’ by Hart, after suffering a severe stroke. Morrison

now informs us that in Hart's ‘interview’, Ned Young “does not talk about Kilmichael or Tom Barry very much at all”. She is “not even sure if Kilmichael comes up”. Was Ned Young incapable of addressing the subject or did Hart forget to ask? Hart's Kilmichael research approaches farce: he interviewed a veteran who did not speak about the ambush and someone not there who did. Hart's TCD examiners and his Oxford University Press publishers are also to blame. They allowed Hart to hide his failures behind unverified and unprecedented wholesale anonymous sourcing.

Coincidentally, I spoke the same day as Morrison, at Belfast's Féile an Phobail festival. ‘She is a Protestant as well’ addresses the IRA killing of Kate Carroll in Monaghan in April 1921. Just as Hart got it wrong in Cork, historians with a similar outlook did so as well in Monaghan, spectacularly. The talk and an accompanying essay are available online.

Niall Meehan

Does
It
Up

Stack
?

ELECTRIC CARS

The assiduity and consistent energy with which the elected representatives and the public servants are promoting the use of electric cars is absolutely amazing and uncharacteristic of their kind. What is driving them?

Recently, the employees of Cork City Council, over eighty of them, were provided with “company cars”. Eighty-three electric cars have been leased by the Council for use by Council employees. The ‘roll out’ was the subject of a photo-opportunity for the Council Chief Executive and other top Council Executives to be pictured with a selection of the electric cars in *The Irish Examiner*. No elected representatives were shown among the elite who presented themselves as benefiting the Green Agenda.

In reality, the agenda was to benefit themselves by reducing their income taxes while spending more (a lot more) taxpayers’ money because electric cars are a lot more expensive to buy and a lot less valuable to trade-in in a few years’ time. The big result of the provision of electric cars by an employer for use of an employee is a reduction of the *Benefit-in-kind tax* for the employee.

It seems only a few years ago that the Government was encouraging everyone to buy diesel-engined cars instead of petrol-engined cars. It had been proved and accepted internationally that diesel engines were the most efficient. This is an important matter for Ireland because all fuels have to be imported except for peat and some anthracite.

But, notwithstanding its policy to prefer diesel fuel, a U-turn was made in favour of electric cars for some reason. The usual taxation of a Benefit-in-kind with regard to cars is that the employee to whom the car is provided is taxed on 30% of the original market value (OMV) of the car. For electric cars this Benefit-in-kind has been reduced to 0% until the end of 2022 (Finance Act 2019). In addition, additional Benefit-in-kind (BIK) tax was imposed on cars emitting CO₂ and also on cars emitting nitrogen dioxide.

All of the legislation on this matter seems to be biased. It is certainly premature. Most of the electricity produced and consumed in Ireland is generated from fossil fuels—mostly oil—and, considering the loss of energy in Generation and Transmission, it is much more efficient to pour the oil, petrol or diesel—directly into the engine of the car. Thus, it can easily be shown that electric cars are in their whole effect dirtier than petrol or diesel-engined cars.

And I mean environmentally dirtier and morally dirtier. Modern electric cars are enabled to function because of the battery technology, which involves the use of rare minerals mined in Afghanistan and in Congo and in the Democratic Republic of Congo. Young boys are employed—using that word with care—to mine cobalt and other minerals which are in very narrow mining strata.

It is a dirty business with human trafficking and semi-slavery being involved. Things in the Congo have not changed much since Roger Casement’s time one hundred years ago.

Then it was rubber for car tyres, now it is minerals for batteries—cars, iPhones, and computers etc. What we think of Ford’s Henry Ford (rubber) and Tesla’s Elon Musk these days—we can surely ask what is the difference with billionaires of this type who somehow get the world to follow them in their schemes?

And, if you buy an electric car or a hybrid, you are an essential part of the human exploitation. Corruptive lobbying has become a huge factor in modern capitalism and modern politics, and this is what is driving the immoral promotion of electric cars, among other things.

GREEN PARTY

The Green Party is not on record questioning the provision of electric cars to City Council Employees. What exactly is the Green Party about? Is it all about the larger issues such as cows belching methane?

Up to 2019, I could look out my window as I wrote, at about one hundred metres of city centre evergreen hedge about three or four metres high. It was great for its biodiversity, birds, bees and everything in between. Then one Saturday morning very early I heard the roaring of machines. I got up immediately to investigate and what I saw brought great horror to our household. A big yellow machine was scooping up the

beautiful hedge and dumping it into a waiting truck which drove off to be replaced by another truck until all the hedge was gone. Then a bulldozer came and neatly flattened the site. No more greenery was to be seen. The hedge which was well over one hundred years old was no more. I tried to intervene but was warned to get away and in the end I did.

There was no planning permission sought or given for this act of vandalism. My protest only earned from one worker who appeared sympathetic that they were “*just doing a job*”. They refused to give me the name of their boss and there was no identification on their machines. The City Council executives were not interested. And, notably, no Green party member took any interest in the destruction and removal of the last city centre hedgegrow in Cork city. The Green Party are certainly not for the birds. What are they for?

The Green Party says it wants to reduce global warming by reducing CO₂ and methane. It is well proven that climate change is a function of the sun’s effect on earth and has nothing to do with CO₂ and methane. Climate change has always been happening for millions of years. We have no possible control over it.

Environment is a different matter. We do have some control over our environment. We could control all the dangerous waste which we dump in rivers and in the seas. Did you know what happens when you flush the toilet on a plane? Well what happens is the waste goes into a holding tank and, so as to lighten the plane before landing, a flap on the tank was opened and the waste was jettisoned over the sea—until recent years. Planes, no more than electric cars, are not as clean as they look.

Controlling CO₂ emissions is a double edged sword—it cuts both ways. Because CO₂ is needed by forests and fields of grass to live. It is what they take in to grow. If you cut off the CO₂ supply, the trees and other vegetation cannot live without it. So all the talk about reducing our carbon footprint is *ráméis* and meaningless and does not stack up environmentally.

LOCAL DEMOCRACY.

In Ireland, there is not any local democracy. The politicians who stand for local elections are practising for the Dáil Elections in truth. The members of local City Councils and County Councils have no power, other than to criticise the conduct of the Council Executives—and even that

is not done with any feeling or conviction. Any elected Councillor who effectively questions the conduct of the full time executives is put down by starving him/her of information by 'accidentally' omitting to invite them to Council functions, by not putting them on sub-committees (for which there are extra expenses and travel), or by not putting them on delegations involving foreign travel and so on. There are many ways to ostracise an overzealous councillor.

Before the *Local Government Act 1898* the administration of local affairs was done by a *Grand Jury* in each County and by *Corporations* in each city. These bodies were run largely by the English settlers' descendants, who were mostly Protestant. Their Protestantism was important to them, as was their cultural and financial attachment to England. They employed the mere Irish as stable boys, maids and cooks but employed only English nannies for their children, whose accents had to be English as indeed had to be their culture.

Underneath the Grand Jury system were the *Boards of Guardians*, each with its own area, to look after the operation of the Poor Laws and the Workhouses. All of this was to change under the *Local Government Act 1898*, which set up County Councils for each County; and the powers of the Grand Juries were transferred to the County Councils—levying Rates, making roads etc.

The Local Government Act 1898 also changed the method of elections, and this came to be used by Sinn Féin to great national advantage. So much so, that W.T. Cosgrave—when he came into power—tried to curb the powers of locally elected Councillors.

Some of the Corporations were suspended and replaced by Managers. Thus came about the *City and County Management Act 1932*, giving all the executive power to the Managers appointed by the Minister for Local Government.

If the Councillors did not accept the appointment of a Manager, he became automatically appointed after thirty days. A farce, in other words.

Since then locally elected Councillors have had no effective power and Local Democracy has died. It does not stack up. What is there is a pretence engaged in by all but a pretence nevertheless!

Michael Stack ©

Connolly continued

upon which oppression has so long depended for security.

The man whose forefathers manned the walls of Derry is as dear to us as he who traces his descent from the women who stood in the breaches of Limerick. Neither fought for Ireland, but only to decide which English king should rule Ireland.

What have we to do with their quarrels? In the words of the United Irishmen—“*Let us bury our animosities with the bones of our ancestors*”.

In the near future when kings and the classes who are makers of kings no longer encumber the earth with their foul presence, how our Irish youth will smile when they read that 200 years ago Irishmen slaughtered each other to decide which English king should have the right to rob the Irish people.

And that for 200 years after the descendants of the respective parties conclusively proved to their own satisfaction that the leader of the other side had been a scoundrel.

And the impartial world looking on examined the evidence and came to the conclusion that on that point, at least, both parties were right. Both kings were scoundrels, ergo the followers of both were—

Well, never mind!

Connolly and German Socialism—Brendan Clifford-Athol Books—€10 postfree, 80pp. Includes chapters on Connolly and Lenin; Connolly and German Philosophy; Connolly and German Socialism; Connolly and the German State; Connolly Reprints.

FROM: <https://www.atholbooks-sales.org>

The Times, John Hume, Paddy Ashdown and making Britain Grate Again

Three or four decades ago, when John Hume's possible candidacy for the Presidency of Ireland was mooted, the Blundering Thunderer of London devoted an Editorial to telling the world that it would be wrong of the Irish to even consider the idea, because Hume was born and reared in Londonderry

The Times has always had delusions. Its Obituary (Tuesday August 4), in its opening sentence, shows that it hasn't changed—

“When the Northern Ireland Troubles broke out in his home town of Londonderry, John Hume led a civil rights protest and was arrested by Paddy Ashdown, no less, who was serving with the Royal Marines.”

Ashdown, a veteran man-killer, blooded in a jungle with a Special Boast Squadron, assaulted Hume and other demonstrators who were sitting on the ground threatening nobody. The accompanying photo shows Hume, his suit dripping with water, with his hands against a wall, whilst Ashdown's armed, steel-helmeted Bravoes frisk him and other inoffensive citizens. Ashdown's mob-handed thuggery was a textbook exercise in making Britain Grate Again. Ashdown was quite happy to brag about his role.

There were sequels. Hume and other demonstrators were charged and convicted of an offence they had not committed. The offence was quashed and Ashdown's action found to have been illegal.

So the House of Commons met in special session and acted as a Thief In The Night, and conferred retrospective legitimacy on Ashdown's little caper, if not on the Braggart Bastard himself.

Donal Kennedy

**LABOUR**

Comment

ISSN 0790-1712

VOLUME 38 No. 9

CORK

ISSN 0790-1712

James Connolly The Fighting Race

(From Workers' Republic, August 13, 1898)

We gather from the American newspapers that our countrymen in the United States army and navy have been highly distinguishing themselves in the cause of the war with Spain.

This is as it should be and in consonance with all our Irish traditions. We are a fighting race, we are told, and every Irishman is always proud to hear our politicians and journalists tell of our exploits in the fighting line – in other countries, in other climes and in other times.

Yes, we are a fighting race. Whether it is under the Stars and Stripes or under the Union Jack; planting the flag of America over the walls of Santiago or helping our own oppressors to extend their hated rule over other unfortunate nations our brave Irish boys are ever to the front.

When the Boer has to be robbed of his freedom, the Egyptian has to be hurled back under the heel of his taskmaster, the Zulu to be dynamited in his caves, the Matabele slaughtered beside the ruins of his smoking village or Afridi to be hunted from his desolated homestead, wheresoever, in short, the bloody standard of the oppressors of Ireland is to be found over some unusually atrocious piece of scoundrelism, look then for the sons of our Emerald Isle, and under the red coats of the hired assassin army you will find them.

Yes, we are a fighting race. In Africa, India or America, wherever blood is to be spilt, there you will find Irishmen, eager and anxious for a fight, under any flag, in anybody's quarrel, in any cause – except their own.

In that cause, for our own freedom and

own land, we have for the last century consistently refused to fight. On any other part of the earth's surface we can shed our blood with the blessing of Mother Church and the prayers of the faithful to strengthen our arms, but in Ireland and for the freedom of the Irish people – Anathema.

It is an impious thought and we must avoid it. Whatever we do let us keep on the safe side of the road and not quarrel with the Church – which denounced the United Irishmen and excommunicated the Fenians.

Faith and Fatherland. Oh, yes. But don't forget that when the Englishman was a Catholic and worshipped at the same altar as the Irishman, he plundered, robbed and murdered the Irishman as relentlessly as he did when, with sword in one hand and Bible in the other, he came snuffily chanting his psalms in the train of Oliver Cromwell.

The question of religious faith has precious little bearing upon the question of freedom. Witness Catholic Spain devastating Catholic Cuba, the Catholic capitalists of Italy running down with cannon the unarmed Catholic workmen, the Irish Catholic landlord rackrenting and evicting the Catholic tenant, the wealthy Catholic feasting inside the mansion while the Catholic beggar dies of hunger on the doorstep.

And as a companion picture witness the Protestant workmen of Belfast so often out on strike against their Protestant employers and their Protestant ancestors of 100 years ago in active rebellion against the English Protestant Government.

'Our institutions in Church and State' is the catchword with which the wealthy Irish Unionist endeavours to arouse religious bigotry among the Protestant working-class of Ulster and so prevent them coalescing with the working-class Catholic in a united effort for their common emancipation.

And 'Faith and Fatherland' by linking the national demands with a specific religious belief serves the same purpose in the mouth of the Home Rule trickster.

For what other purpose than that herein specified are either rallying cries used?

To keep the people of Ireland, and especially the workers, divided is the great object of all our politicians, Home Ruler or Unionist.

And our great object in this journal will be to unite the workers and to bury, in one common grave, the religious hatreds, the provincial jealousies and mutual distrusts

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Irish Political Review is published by the IPR Group: write to—

1 Sutton Villas, Lower Dargle Road
Bray, Co. Wicklow or

33 Athol Street, Belfast BT12 4GX or
2 Newington Green Mansions, London N16 9BT
or *Labour Comment*, TEL: 021-4676029
P. Maloney, 26 Church Avenue, Roman
Street, Cork City

Subscription by Post:

12 issues: Euro-zone & World Surface: €40;
Sterling-zone: £25

Electronic Subscription:

€ 15 / £12 for 12 issues
(or € 1.30 / £1.10 per issue)

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