

# Irish Foreign Affairs

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“Every nation, if it is to survive as a nation, must study its own history and have a foreign policy”  
—C.J. O'Donnell, *The Lordship of the World*, 1924, p.145

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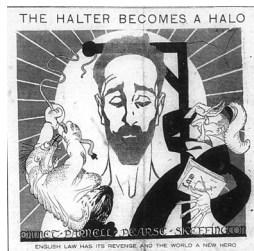
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## Editorial

### Europe and Ireland

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Ireland, for fear of being thought Anglophobic, has for most of the past forty years been adapting itself to an England that did not exist. It is therefore shocked because the real England has asserted itself against Europe with little consideration for the material and spiritual difficulties this poses for the island that had been integrating itself with Britain as a short-cut to becoming European.

England lives in its own history. It maintains a vast history industry for this purpose. It is not only always working on its own history, consolidating it, but it helpfully produces the histories of other states and peoples for them so that they will have an idea of themselves that does not conflict with British concerns.

The Irish middle class, unable to cope with what was happening in the British part of the island, placed itself under Oxbridge tutelage in the early 1970s. A confession of national mental bankruptcy was made on behalf of the Irish Universities by Professor Raymond Crotty in an article in the *London Times* (3.7.72: *Eire: A Land Where Emigrants Are Born*, see *Irish Political Review*, February 2012). England had abandoned the Irish, leaving them to flounder in their own national incompetence. It should now have mercy on them and do their thinking for them again. Oxbridge responded willingly to Crotty's cry for help. What sense of Irish history can now remain in the middle-class after two generations of English tutelage?

When Britain leaves the EU it will be standing there as a physical obstacle blocking Irish communication with Europe. Won't it? Yet there was a time when England did not stand between Ireland and Europe, and ships left the Irish coast for their next port of call, which was in France. And that was in a time when travel by sea was very much more difficult and costly than it is now. But it now seems unimaginable to the Anglophile middle-class that direct communication between Ireland and Europe should be restored, and that the Irish should once again become European by their own efforts, without England as an intermediary, as it was doing during the century of the Penal Laws.

Under Oxbridge tutelage any realistic view of how England conducts its affairs in the world is described as Anglophobia. And the view of England which is developed in order to escape the charge of Anglophobia can only be an Anglophilia which is pure fantasy. The outstanding case in point is former Taoiseach John Bruton. His idyllic view of England was so entrenched that he could, as Chairman of the Convention on the EU Constitution, see Britain eroding EU development from within, and could describe it in detail, but could not believe in the reality of what he was seeing and describing. And, when England decided that it had done enough damage to Europe's development from within and might withdraw and set itself against the EU from outside, he still could not believe what he was seeing.

The term Anglophobia was put into general circulation by Oxford Professor Roy Foster when he was chosen to write the new, Oxbridge, history of Ireland for mass circulation in

Ireland and for use in Irish schools. Foster was recently hailed by Taoiseach Kenny as Ireland's master historian at a ceremony in Galway.

The term should be struck out of use. It is a propagandist term designed to stifle thought. There is in the nature of things antagonism between states, and particularly between nation-states. Their interests cannot be identical.

The EU depends on France and Germany. It could not continue without their cooperation, but nevertheless they have distinct national interests. They are nationally foreign to each other. Their foreignness is obvious. It is sacred—is something that must not be encroached upon by either side even in imagination.

In the administrative heart of Europe, in Belgium, antagonisms far more intense than the kind of thing called Anglophobia in Ireland with relation to England, are freely expressed—and are respected.

But it has been said by figures in Irish public life that the idea that England is foreign to Ireland expresses a degree of extreme nationalism verging on fascism, and that it cannot be tolerated. And in fact Dr. Mansergh, when he was advisor to Taoiseachs, said in effect that British is the default position of Irish—that Irish is a regional variant of British.

Well, Brexit is the moment of truth for that view. If Mansergh was right then Ireland will follow Britain out of the EU, as it followed it into it. And, if it doesn't, it will establish a relationship with Britain as a foreign state in the course of remaining European.

Brexit has made the Border a serious issue in mainstream politics for the first time since the formation of the Free State. When the undemocratic system of British Government in the Six Counties led to war in 1970, all Dublin politicians wanted to do was distance themselves from it. They now complain that Britain gave no consideration to its Northern Ireland region when plunging into Brexit. But Dublin itself gave no serious consideration to Northern Ireland during the sixty years when it claimed constitutional sovereignty over it.

Life has been made tolerable to the nationalist community in the North as a consequence of the activity of the IRA—activity which was condemned in Leinster House throughout the period of the War. Brexit, by endangering the rapprochement of the Republic with Britain, has ended the carping by giving the Free State parties all-Ireland concerns, and thus enhancing the importance of Sinn Féin as the only actual expression of all-Ireland politics.

It is a strange turn of events, brought about by the expression—entirely unexpected to the Europhile fantasy of Britain—of the fact that England retains the sense of absolute national destiny that it conceived for itself half-a-millennium ago.

England built up a world Empire around itself, but kept itself apart from its Empire while making use of it. It did not lose itself in its Empire as the Romans did. It seemed to over-reach itself many times in the course of its world adventures but it always recovered. It was a country surrounded by a world-dominating Navy—an island according to Gogarty’s definition—and it was repeatedly willing to risk everything in the confidence that it would always come through. It imagined itself to be the force of Providence in the world and acted accordingly. It has been something quite extraordinary in the world for five centuries. But that is not what the Irish Europhiles admire it for. They admire it for what it has never been, and never seriously pretended to be. And now it has shattered their groundless dreams about it.

They profess to be concerned about the damage Britain will do to itself by Brexit. They cannot understand its basic concern is to be itself, living in a way which, like Seadhna’s stool, it made by itself for itself. And the concern which they express for it is really a concern about their own predicament of having to live in disillusioned loneliness in a world made alien for them by Britain’s withdrawal from it.

Tony Blair gives them hope that the EU will accord Britain a right of return if it finds Brexit tougher going than expected. If the EU does that, instead of consolidating itself as the British drag on its development is removed, its disintegration will be on the cards.

Blair did contradictory things in Europe. He continued Margaret Thatcher’s work of erosion by intensifying competitiveness and random expansion, but it seems he wanted to join the Euro and was prevented by rearguard action by his Chancellor of the Exchequer, Gordon Brown.

He also had a project of replacing the awkward English working class, that was set in its ways, by a mass influx of malleable workers from the newly-open East European states. And, associated with this, was his declared object to destroy the

party which he led by re-integrating with the Liberal Party from which it had hived itself off around 1900. It is possible that the Labour Party will be destroyed by the Parliamentary Party that Blair left in place, but it is improbable that he will ever again be a political force in Britain or Europe. The Anglophiles who are influenced by him are clutching at straws.

England has recently been imagining itself as a nation that thrived in a relationship of free-trade with the world, and has been relishing the prospect of a return to that status. In reality it never did live as a trading nation.

The prophet of its greatness was Algernon Sydney—the martyr of the Glorious Revolution of 1688. Sydney, who was a strong influence in the 18<sup>th</sup> century and into the 19<sup>th</sup>, told it that it would become great by means of a combination of war and trade, and that is what it did. He also advised that offensive was better than defensive war, and it heeded the advice. It was almost always at war with somebody and its trade was conducted in conjunction with war in the framework of Empire. If, after Brexit, it is reduced to the status of trading nation, that will be an entirely novel position for it. It could be that things will go badly wrong for it. But it has committed itself to a course of comprehensive independence. If Ireland does not follow in its wake, it must resign itself to becoming independent too.

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hated “nationalism”. Some, though not Habermas, have despaired of the “European model” as a taming influence on globalization. Perry Anderson, founder many years ago of the *New Left Review*, wrote quite perceptively in 2009 (in *The New Old World*) that as both the EU and the US had adopted neo-liberal paradigms, the idea of a clash of values between the two (as Habermas believes exists) is really an illusion, and the only hope for Europe is to return to its earlier, pre-1980s protectionist principles. Habermas doesn’t really have anything to say on this. In his *Crisis of the European Union* he advocates instead an integration outside of nation-state identities of Europe’s liberals.

Habermas’s view of a kind of mini-global European liberal identity above states and rid of “nations” is a curious one. He believes it could be formed through the medium of the global liberal language, English, though post-Brexit that would no longer be the language of any European state (except, in a hand-me-down form, of Ireland). He also advocates the creation of a single-document European “constitution” setting out a platform of common liberal principles as the basis for a common liberal “European culture”. It is difficult to imagine such a document being agreed by the EU-27 in its current form. This in essence is the problem with idealistic liberal “Europeans”. When an actual, pragmatic project that really could unite “Europe”—the social, protectionist, Eurozone meant to have been heralded by the 2012 Fiscal Compact—is on the cards they have nothing to say about it and instead, by their lack of interest, contribute substantially to it disappearing from view. Such a project, rather than hazy lofty liberal chimeras, is in fact precisely what is required to focus minds on creating a practical union of European nations while simultaneously, and at a stroke, pulling the rug from under the dreaded “right wing populists”.

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# Habermas

Philip O'Connor

An interesting review by William Scheuerman appeared in the *Boston Review* (12.04.2017) of a new biography (by German author Stefan Müller-Dohm) of Jürgen Habermas, the German political philosopher and social theorist. An English language translation (*Habermas: a Biography*) has just been published by Polity Press, which cultivates a left wing image.

Habermas, a philosopher, social theorist and political commentator, now 87 years old, has a large following among western academics and in the liberal western media. To the extent that anything much outside the Anglo-American Academy plays a role in forming the more or less official Western thought-culture, Habermas is it.

Scheuerman summarises Habermas's long career, reflecting the usual American obsession with measuring the extent to which Germans of note have (or haven't) "come to terms" with Nazism and embraced a generalised western "liberalism". The review describes Habermas as "perhaps the first in his generation to take on Martin Heidegger and other older intellectuals who had embraced the Nazis." Normally I would stop reading when I come to the "Nazi Heidegger" cliché. But I persevered because of the useful synopsis the article provides of Habermas's own career, and the subtle changes of direction it has entailed.

Habermas grew up in the small west German town of Gumpersbach. His father Ernst "was a right-wing conservative who joined the Nazi Party in 1933" (tut-tut) and the young Jürgen, somewhat like a young Pope Benedict, was "forced to join the Hitler Youth". A bit of baggage to "come to terms with" there! At the age of fifteen, near the end of the war, he narrowly avoided being conscripted into the German Army - "Then, thank God...the Americans came," he later recalled. The reviewer, in one of several bewildering statements, tells us how "Germany's defeat helped free Habermas from the provincial social climate." Habermas went on to study philosophy at Bonn and complete a doctorate in 1954, on the philosopher Friedrich Schelling. The thesis was apparently conventional and career-oriented, as the reviewer notes that it showed "little evidence of Habermas's growing radicalism." He implies that the thesis was thus the lie of a closet radical rather than the statement of a conservative being true to himself.

Habermas, it appears, was a man of the world, as he rapidly got on with the programme of what was required to cut a dash in the new West Germany being built by the guile of Adenauer under the baleful eye of the occupying Allied powers. He began publishing articles in the press attacking "right-wing intellectuals (for example, Heidegger)" for "failing to take democracy seriously." Scheuerman—seemingly without ironic intent—describes the emergence of this post-war generation of intellectuals who generally if vaguely leaned to the left and were fired by a commitment above all to "democracy"—what Habermas himself described as that "magic word". It became the catch-all value around which, as Scheuerman puts it, "otherwise disparate voices within his own post-war generation who sought a clean break from Nazism" found they could unite.

In the late 1950s Habermas secured a post with the Frankfurt-based Institute for Social Research, which was headed by Max Horkheimer and had included well-known

"radical philosophers" such as Theodor Adorno and Herbert Marcuse. In the 1920s they had developed a form of sociological Marxism, which critiqued society's oppressive hierarchical structures as having arisen from the incompatibility of modern capitalism and democracy. Habermas adapted these theories. In his view—having become a "Marxist"—an ideal liberal era of free public discourse had blossomed in the 19<sup>th</sup> century, but had given way in Germany to "authoritarianism" as the sociological accompaniment of the rise of "organized capitalism."

This was the idea of the emergence of a monopoly form of capitalist economy intertwined with a state bureaucracy, first developed by the social democrat politician, Minister and theorist, Rudolf Hilferding (*Organized Capitalism*, 1928). Hilferding had argued that this maturing of capitalism created the basis for a peaceful transition to socialism in Germany through the gradual democratic capture of the state and its bureaucracy by social democracy. The sociologists at the Institute for Social Research took a more pessimistic view, and needless to say saw their darkest forebodings fulfilled by the events that followed in the 1930s. Hilferding, who had been a Prussian Minister and was also Jewish, was to die in a concentration camp, executed in 1942 on Hitler's explicit orders. But the form in which the Nazi Dictatorship developed was not independent of the outside world. Throughout the 1930s Britain and the US regarded European fascism as an attractive alternative to communism, and encouraged its consolidation in western Europe, and particularly in Germany. This mentality was well reflected in editorials in that provincial outpost, *The Irish Times*, which welcomed Hitler's seizure of power in 1933 precisely for these reasons.

Scheuerman doesn't mention Hilferding or tell us much about the pre-1950s history of Horkheimer's Institute, and I don't know how deeply the biography itself does either. But it played a central role in how the Allies made war against Germany in the 1940s. This is what I wish to look into now.

The Institute for Social Research had been established in the 1920s and pioneered the combining of Weberian sociology with Marxist economic critiques, as described above. As some of the Institute's theorists were Jewish, it epitomized for the Nazis all they decried about what they saw as the corrosive Jewish intellectual influence. They disbanded it in 1933 and some of its leading figures emigrated to the USA, where they reconstituted the Institute in New York and became influential among the American anti-fascist Left.

But during the Second World War these émigré intellectuals suddenly came into favour and several of them—notably Franz Neumann and Herbert Marcuse—were hired by the "Research and Analysis Branch" (R&A) of the Office of Strategic Services (OSS), forerunner of the CIA. Here they applied their sociological Marxist concepts to an analysis of Germany and provided Colonel "Wild Bill" Donovan's cloak-and-dagger agency with much useful propaganda material. They developed a theoretical Marxist critique of Nazism which described it as the outcome of the innately and specifically authoritarian German state, which they claimed had developed since 1870 under Prussian leadership as the sociological superstructure of a singularly aggressive and reactionary form



of capitalism. Neumann produced a large work along these lines, entitled *Behemoth* (New York 1942), and provided an expanded edition of it for the OSS R&A in 1944, along with recommendations for how defeated Germany should be treated. The R&A unit was later responsible for producing the *Civil Affairs Handbooks* which formed the initial blueprint for western Allied policy in Germany at the end of the war. A fascinating account of all of this was produced in Germany in the late 1980s by Alfons Söllner.

To the Institute's theorists, military defeat would be insufficient to rid the world of Nazism. The German surrender would have to be unconditional and no compromise with conservative or military anti-Nazi plotters could be entertained. The war must be fought through to total victory. Victory should be followed by a root and branch de- and re-construction of German society under the firm tutelage of the democratic western Allies working with new democratic and socialist forces on the ground.

These ideas were widely used in Allied propaganda directed at the western Left in general (they were much discussed, for example, in the magazine *Partisan Review*) and at the socialist underground within Germany. They formed the basis for the concept of a post-war "denazification" programme and were used to justify the demand for an unconditional surrender. They were also much used to justify the war aim of dismantling "Prussia" and "Prussianism", though in reality Prussia had been the last of the German states to fall to the Nazis, had never elected them, and had been under continuous social democratic rule until a Nazi coup seized power in the state in 1932. The Nuremberg Trials and the Allied decisions to smash "Prussianism" (i.e. the most substantial inherited state structures) and directly reconstruct German society were based on the vision of German history produced by the émigré structuralist theorists of the "Frankfurt School".

From 1945 the German state, and Prussia, were comprehensively dismantled, a new state (West Germany) re-assembled "from below", and the old German left remoulded under western tutelage to the exclusion of the former social democrat governmental elites. The Allied programme of economic decartelization and denazification, after an initial period of chaotic implementation, was quickly abandoned, however, in favour of restoring West Germany to the role which Britain had also previously seen for it in the 1930s—as the economic motor of a European front against the Soviet Union. But a force which none in western planning circles had foreseen—Christian Democracy—had survived the Third Reich and, rather than the carefully remoulded socialists, was the force that came to the fore to represent the interests of German society against the Allied occupiers. Under Adenauer they took the reconstruction in hand, largely employing the former personnel of the defeated Reich for the purpose, though under their control.

The intellectuals of the Institute of Social Research were greatly discouraged by all of this. They had returned to Germany as part of the US Army, and re-established the Institute in Frankfurt, but by the late 1940s, following the abandonment of the denazification programme, had withdrawn from a public role to the world of academic sociology. But even before the end of the war, while still part of the R&A branch of the OSS which was preparing for the next world conflict—against Russia this time—they produced arguments for the incompatibility of the USSR with "western democracy", and played a role in the emergence of the new theory of "totalitarianism" that was to drive the ad-hoc western cold war propaganda that equated Soviet Communism with Nazism. One of the influential works produced in this process, though still phrased in sociological

Marxist terms, was a 1950 anti-communist book by Herbert Marcuse, *Soviet Marxism: a Critical Analysis*.

Habermas's writings after he joined the Institute in the late 1950s initially highlighted the inequalities of power between "democracy" and "capitalism" and the impossibility of achieving a democratic hegemony given the legacy of an authoritarian capitalist economy and society. His anti-authoritarian teachings included a critique of what he regarded as the "totalitarian" nature of western consumerism. Horkheimer, the head of the Institute, initially sought to have Habermas removed as a radical trouble-maker, but as he shed his recently acquired Marxist layer and espoused a more optimistic liberalism, Horkheimer became increasingly enamoured of his theories of "discursive democracy". This was the context of his attacks on Heidegger and other philosophers for lacking in democratic commitment. It was the task of the democracy, Habermas now argued, to generate public institutions that enabled an "equal" public interchange of argument and debate to occur despite disparities of economic power. At this time he developed his signature theory of "communicative action" and the "public liberal sphere", through which society could assert its democratic will over the state and "organized capitalism." Habermas and other theorists of the Frankfurt School laid the intellectual basis for the essentially liberal "anti-authoritarian" student movement of the 1960s—though they distanced themselves from the student movement at the time. The Institute produced the leaders of the student rebellion who rose to become the new left-leaning critical intelligentsia and German social elite from the 1980s.

After the end of the Cold War, what became increasingly central to Habermas is what Scheuerman describes as his "cosmopolitanism". He came to view the new "state of nature in international relations" as only surmountable through globalism, and began to advocate democratic governance based on "communicative action" by non-ruling social movements and liberal society at the local and state levels, and, increasingly also, at the global level. He concedes the necessity for state governments (though dismissing the notion of "nations" as antiquated) so as to maintain welfare states against global capitalist pressures. He has argued that "nations" are a category of the past, now "superseded" by a global "demos", and nationalism and economic protectionism the enemies of an emerging global liberal order. He regards the EU as the organizing model for the world, lauding it, as Scheuerman puts it, "for successfully delinking key political decisions from the nation state."

In his book, *The Crisis of the European Union* (2012), Habermas argued that the mistake in how the EU dealt with the post-2008 economic crisis was the "vast authority placed in the hands of institutional actors operating behind closed doors" which should instead have been subjected to public "control" by social movements and a "robust" liberal public sphere. He does not, however, argue for a federal European *state* but rather for a diffuse multi-tiered system of European *governance* to "tame globalizing capitalism" through "democratic globalization." In this he shares the weakness of many left liberals in his inability to advocate the state as the mechanism for realising a democratically controlled economy.

European former-Marxist liberal intellectuals such as Habermas have great difficulty coping with what is now called "right wing populism". Their sociological Marxism had long ago dismissed nations as purely mythical and reactionary social constructs, which they see as ripe for overcoming through a new Liberal World Order. But the idealized liberal globalism they espouse has also run into trouble, unable to grasp the popularity of economic protectionism (let alone "nations"), which they can only see as another expression of the

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# Balfour and Eugenics

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By Pat Walsh

The First International Eugenics Congress held in London in July 1912 was presided over by Arthur Balfour, former Prime Minister, creator of the Committee of Imperial Defence, future First Lord of the Admiralty in the Great War on Germany, author of the Balfour Declaration. It is only lately that I found out about this and obtained a copy of Balfour's Address. It is obvious that we are not supposed to know about this episode.

British history is a carefully constructed narrative in which wrong turnings are not remembered. Recently, I also discovered that Maurice Hankey acted as a kind of guardian of writing by important people. He managed to suppress all mention of pre-Great War planning for war against Germany until 1961 when he released his own account for the record.

The planning of a War on Germany was not a mistake. It was just better not talked about lest the moral aspect of it be compromised. Eugenics was a wrong turning because it disturbed the moral aspect of the Second War on Germany a generation later.

Before reading the speeches made at the inaugural Eugenics Congress in London 1912 I had understood eugenics as a simple development out of English Social Darwinism. However, it soon becomes clear that the British Eugenic movement was actually a response to the perceived failure of Social Darwinism, or the feeling that the biological struggle as it was meant to be, had become inoperable in England.

Karl Pearson, a famous Professor of Mathematics at London University and Galton Professor of Eugenics gave the Robert Boyle Lecture for 1907 on National Eugenics. It is included in Brendan Clifford's 'Union Jackery: the pre-history of Fascism in Britain'.

In a lecture given a few years earlier, in 1900, called "National Life from the Standpoint of Science," Prof. Pearson, revealed why Eugenics had become imperative for Social Darwinists. It is worth looking at this to see how Eugenics was a part of the Imperialism of Britain that aimed at world domination of humanity. Here is Karl Pearson:

"What I have said about bad stock seems to me to hold for the lower races of man. How many centuries, how many thousands of years, have the Kaffir or the negro held large districts in Africa undisturbed by the white man? Yet their intertribal struggles have not yet produced a civilization in the least comparable with the Aryan. Educate and nurture them as you will, I do not believe that you will succeed in modifying the stock. History shows me one way, and one way only, in which a high state of civilization has been produced, namely, the struggle of race with race, and the survival of the physically and mentally fitter race....

".... Let us suppose we could prevent the white man, if we liked, from going to lands of which the agricultural and mineral resources are not worked to the full; then I should say a thousand times better for him that he should not go than that he should settle down and live alongside the inferior race. The only healthy alternative is that he should go and completely drive out the inferior race. That is practically what the white

man has done in North America. . . . But I venture to say that no man calmly judging will wish either that the whites had never gone to America, or would desire that whites and Red Indians were to-day living alongside each other as negro and white in the Southern States, as Kaffir and European in South Africa, still less that they had mixed their blood as Spaniard and Indian in South America... . I venture to assert, then, that the struggle for existence between white and red man, painful and even terrible as it was in its details, has given us a good far outbalancing its immediate evil. In place of the red man, contributing practically nothing to the work and thought of the world, we have a great nation, mistress of many arts, and able, with its youthful imagination and fresh, untrammelled impulses, to contribute much to the common stock of civilized man....

"But America is but one case in which we have to mark a masterful human progress following an inter-racial struggle. The Australian nation is another case of great civilization supplanting a lower race unable to work to the full the land and its resources... . The struggle means suffering, intense suffering, while it is in progress; but that struggle and that suffering have been the stages by which the white man has reached his present stage of development, and they account for the fact that he no longer lives in caves and feeds on roots and nuts. This dependence of progress on the survival of the fitter race, terribly black as it may seem to some of you, gives the struggle for existence its redeeming features; it is the fiery crucible out of which comes the finer metal. You may hope for a time when the sword shall be turned into the ploughshare, when American and German and English traders shall no longer compete in the markets of the world for their raw material and for their food supply, when the white man and the dark shall share the soil between them, and each till it as he likes. But, believe me, when that day comes mankind will no longer progress; there will be nothing to check the fertility of inferior stock; the relentless law of heredity will not be controlled and guided by natural selection. Man will stagnate....

"The. . . great function of science in national life . . . is to show us what national life means, and how the nation is a vast organism subject . . . to the great forces of evolution....

"There is a struggle of race against race and of nation against nation. In the early days of that struggle it was a blind, unconscious struggle of barbaric tribes. At the present day, in the case of the civilized white man, it has become more and more the conscious, carefully directed attempt of the nation to fit itself to a continuously changing environment. The nation has to foresee how and where the struggle will be carried on; the maintenance of national position is becoming more and more a conscious preparation for changing conditions, an insight into the needs of coming environments....

"If a nation is to maintain its position in this struggle, it must be fully provided with trained brains in every department of national activity, from the government to the factory, and have, if possible, a reserve of brain and physique to fall back upon in times of national crisis....

"You will see that my view—and I think it may be called the scientific view of a nation—is that of an organized whole, kept up to a high pitch of internal efficiency by insuring that its numbers are substantially recruited from the better stocks, and

kept up to a high pitch of external efficiency by contest, chiefly by way of war with inferior races, and with equal races by the struggle for trade-routes and for the sources of raw material and of food supply. This is the natural history view of mankind, and I do not think you can in its main features subvert it....

"Is it not a fact that the daily bread of our millions of workers depends on their having somebody to work for? that if we give up the contest for trade-routes and for free markets and for waste lands, we indirectly give up our food-supply? Is it not a fact that our strength depends on these and upon our colonies, and that our colonies have been won by the ejection of inferior races, and are maintained against equal races only by respect for the present power of our empire? ...

"... We find that the law of the survival of the fitter is true of mankind, but that the struggle is that of the gregarious animal. A community not knit together by strong social instincts, by sympathy between man and man, and class and class, cannot face the external contest, the competition with other nations, by peace or by war, for the raw material of production and for its food supply. This struggle of tribe with tribe, and nation with nation, may have its mournful side; but we see as a result of it the gradual progress of mankind to higher intellectual and physical efficiency. It is idle to condemn it; we can only see that it exists and recognise what we have gained by it—civilization and social sympathy. But while the statesman has to watch this external struggle, . . . he must be very cautious that the nation is not silently rotting at its core. He must insure that the fertility of the inferior stocks is checked, and that of the superior stocks encouraged; he must regard with suspicion anything that tempts the physically and mentally fitter men and women to remain childless....

"... The path of progress is strewn with the wrecks of nations; traces are everywhere to be seen of the hecatombs [slaughtered remains] of inferior races, and of victims who found not the narrow way to perfection. Yet these dead people are, in very truth, the stepping stones on which mankind has arisen to the higher intellectual and deeper emotional life of today."

Basically the problem seems to have been that whilst Social Darwinism had operated with great success in the wider world through British Imperialism and the expansion of Anglo-Saxondom, and the stronger races had whittled away the lesser breeds, it had run out of steam internally. In relation to the lesser breeds of humanity the Anglo-Saxon race was well able to predominate and exterminate but what if the Master Race itself was not maintaining its own quality? What would that mean in terms of the future of the jungle if its King had begun to rot from within?

Eugenics was the infant science that fired the imagination of those, including Arthur Balfour the Philosopher Prime Minister, who saw the degeneration of the race as a major problem, which demanded a radical solution.

The major legislative achievement of the Eugenicians was the Mental Deficiency Act of 1913. This enabled His Majesty's Government to remove large amounts of undesirable procreators from the population.

Estimates suggest that around 40,000 people were removed from society under the law, which was supported in England right across the political spectrum. It targeted those the authorities deemed feeble-minded, sexually promiscuous, unsocial, or backward in any way. Prominent among the supporters of this Bill were the future Home Rule government of Ireland. Only three MPs opposed it in the entire House of Commons but the Redmondites voted for the measure wholeheartedly, including the Leader's brother, Willie Redmond. The most prominent Labour politician advocating Eugenic solutions was Will Crooks. I remembered Will Crooks from writing *The Rise and Fall of Imperial Ireland* and his prominent part in celebrating

the Home Rule Bill with the Redmondites as the Irish joined the Imperial ranks, clearing the decks for the Great War coming:

"...Nothing more dramatic or inspiring has ever marked the proceedings of the House of Commons. Mr. Will Crooks, the popular Labour Member for Woolwich, in a voice trembling with emotion, asked 'Would it be in Order, Mr. Deputy-Speaker, to sing God Save the King?' Before there was time for any reply, the members sprang to their feet, including the Deputy-Speaker himself, and joined in the strains of the Anthem. Strangers in the galleries and newspaper men in the Press Gallery also rose and participated in the extraordinary demonstration. As the strains of God Save the King came to a close, Mr. Crooks called out 'God Save Ireland,' whereupon Mr. John Redmond responded instantly with the words, 'God Save England!'. An indescribable scene followed. Cheer upon cheer rang through the Chamber, and continued until the last man had left the House. It is safe to say that the echoes of these cheers will be heard in every corner of the British Empire and of the world at large.." (Freeman's Journal, 19 September, 1914.)

Former Prime Minister Arthur James Balfour chaired the inaugural Eugenics Conference. Balfour's Address to the Eugenicians was given great prominence at the time and it was printed in full in *The Times* of 25 July 1912:

"This International Congress, the first, or one of the first, which has ever been held upon the subject, has in my conception of it two great tasks allotted to it. It has got to convince the public, in the first place, that the study of eugenics is one of the greatest and most pressing necessities of our age. That is the first task. It has got to awake public interest, to make the ordinary man think of the problems which are exercising the scientific mind at the present moment. It has also got to persuade him that the task which science has set itself in dealing with the eugenic problem is one of the most difficult and complex which it has ever undertaken. And no man can do really good service in this great cause unless he not merely believes in its transcendent importance, but also in its special and extraordinary difficulty. I am one of those who base their belief in the future progress of mankind, in most departments, upon the application of scientific method to practical life. And, believe me, we are only at the beginning of that movement; we are only at the beginning of this marriage between science and practice. Science is old — even modern science is old, relatively old — but the application of science to practice is comparatively new. I hope and I believe that among these new applications of science to practice it will be seen in the future that not the least important is that application which it is the business of this international congress to further.

"We have to admit that those who have given most thought to the problems which are included under the word eugenics, those who have given most thought to the way in which the hereditary qualities of the race are transmitted, are those who at this moment take the darkest view of the general effect of the complex causes which are now in operation.

"I hope their pessimism is excessive; but it is undoubtedly and unquestionably founded not upon sentiment, but upon the hard consideration of hard fact. And those who refuse to listen to their prophecies are bound to answer their reasoning, for the reasoning is not beyond what it is in the power of every man to weigh. It depends upon facts which it ought not to be difficult to verify; it depends upon premises whose conclusions follow almost inevitably. And those who roughly and rather contemptuously put aside all these prophecies of ill to the civilisation of the future are bound, in my opinion, to give the closest scrutiny to all these arguments before they reject them, and to say where and how, and in what particulars, they fail to support the conclusions drawn from them. Though certain broad conclusions may seem obvious, the subject itself is



one of profound difficulty. I would go further, and venture to say that probably there is more difference of opinion at this moment among many scientific men with regard to certain fundamental principles lying at the root of heredity than there was, for example, in the seventies or eighties of the last century after the great Darwin's doctrines were generally accepted — as indeed they are, in their outline, part of the universal heritage of the race — but before all the more minute scientific investigations had taken place with regard to the actual method by which inherited qualities are handed on from generation to generation. Eugenics has got to deal with the fact of this disagreement, which is of scientific importance. It also suffers from another fact, which is of social and political importance — namely, that every faddist seizes hold of the eugenic problem as a machinery for furthering his own particular method of bringing the millennium upon earth.

“But further, I am not sure that those who write and talk on this subject do not occasionally use language which is incorrect in itself, and which is apt to produce a certain prejudice upon the impartial public. I read, for instance, as almost an ordinary commonplace of eugenic literature, that we are suffering at this moment from the fact that the law of natural selection is, if not in abeyance, producing less effect than it did when selection was more stringent, and that what we have got to do is, as it were, to go back to the good old day of natural selection. I do not believe that to be scientifically sound. I say nothing about its other aspects. The truth is that we are very apt to use the word ‘fit’ in two quite different senses. We say that the ‘fit’ survive. But all that that means is that those who survive are fit: they are fit because they survive, and they survive because they are fit. It really adds nothing to our knowledge of the facts. All it shows is that here is a class, or a race, or a species, which does survive and is adapted to its surroundings, and that is the only definition, from a strictly biological point of view, of what ‘fit’ means. But it is not all the eugenicist means.

“He does not mean that mere survival indicates fitness: he means something more than that. He has got ideals of what a man ought to be, of what the State ought to be, and of what society ought to be, and he means that those ideals are not being carried out because we have not yet grasped the true way of dealing with the problems involved. If you are to use language strictly, you ought never to attribute to nature any intentions whatever.

“You ought to say ‘Certain things happen’. Everything else is metaphor, and sometimes it is misleading metaphor. For instance, those who are interested in this subject will read constantly that in certain cases the biologically fit are diminishing in number through the diminution of their birth-rate, and that the biologically unfit are increasing in number because their birth-rate is high. But according to the true doctrine of natural selection, as I conceive it, that is all wrong. The professional classes, we are told, have families so small that it is impossible for them to keep up their numbers. They are biologically unfit for that very reason. Fitness means, and can only mean from the naturalistic point of view, that you are in harmony with your surroundings, and if your numbers diminish you are not in harmony with your surroundings, for there is not that adaptation which fitness in the naturalistic sense implies. In the same way, I am told that the number of feeble-minded is greatly increasing. That can only mean, from a naturalistic point of view, that the feeble-minded are getting more adapted to their surroundings (laughter). I really am not making either a verbal quibble or an ill-timed joke. It is all-important to remember, in my opinion, that we are not going to imitate, and we do not desire to imitate, natural selection, which no doubt produces wonderful things, wonderful organisms, in the way of men, but has also produced very abominable things

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by precisely the same process. The whole point of eugenics is that we reject the standard of mere numbers. We do not say survival is everything. We deliberately say that it is not everything; that a feeble-minded man, even though he survive, is not so good as the good professional man, even though that professional man is only one of a class that does not keep up its numbers by an adequate birth-rate.

“The truth is that we ought to have the courage of our opinions, and we must regard man as he is now, from this point of view — from the point of view of genetics — as a wild animal. There may be, and there are, certain qualifications to that. I suppose there are both among barbarous and among civilised tribes marriage customs and marriage laws which have their root, I do not know whether in formulated laws of eugenics, but which at all events harmonise with what we now realise are sound laws of eugenics. Still, broadly speaking, man is a wild animal; and we have to admit that if we carry out to its logical conclusion the sort of scientific work which is being done by congresses of this sort, man must become a domesticated animal. I am aware that that is a sort of phrase which is liable to misinterpretation, but it is absolutely correct. The eugenicist thinks, and must think, that he ought deliberately to consider the health, the character, and the qualities of the succeeding generations. That is characteristic of domestication; that is totally absent from animals in the wild state. And what we have to do is ultimately — not we of this generation or the next generation, or for a limited number of years, but ultimately, we shall have to look at this question from an incomparably more difficult, but also more important, aspect of the very kind of questions which we have to consider when we are dealing with the race of domestic animals upon which so much of our happiness, and even our existence, actually depends. But to say that — I hope it does not seem too paradoxical or too extreme to those to whom I am speaking — shows how enormously difficult is the problem with which we have to contend.

“It is not a problem of the individual, but of society. I sometimes see it stated that, after all, society is the sum of the individuals who compose it. In one sense that is true — the whole is always the sum of its parts; but in that sense it is quite an unmeaning and useless proposition. In the only sense in which it means anything it is not true; and, whether we shall ever know exactly how a complex society should be composed and how we ought to lead up to its proper composition — whether we shall ever get that degree of knowledge, I know not: but the idea that you can get a society of the most perfect kind by merely considering certain questions about the strain and ancestry, and the health, and the physical vigour of the various components of that society — that I believe is a most shallow view of a most difficult question.”

The proceedings of the Conference are detailed in *Abstracts of Papers read at the First Eugenics Congress, University of London, July 1912* and *Problems in Eugenics: Papers communicated to the First International Eugenics Congress, University of London, July 4th to 30th, 1912, Volumes I and II*. The papers will have to be dealt with in another article.



## Nazi and Zionist Co-operation in Germany, 1937-1939 (Part 1)

The following are extracts from the book entitled "*The Secret Roads: the 'illegal' migration of a people, 1938-1948*" written by John and David Kimche and published by Secker and Warburg in London in 1955.

### About the Authors.

Jon Kimche (1909-1994) and David Kimche (1928-2010), the authors of the book from which these extracts are taken, were brothers in a Jewish family who had settled in Switzerland. In 1921, at the age of 12, Jon moved with his family to England and it was in England that seven years later his younger brother, and co-author of the book, was born. In England Jon Kimche got involved in politics with the Independent Labour Party. Later Kimche was to become involved in the management of the ILP's bookshop at 35 Bride Street, Ludgate Circus. As Chairman of the ILP League of Youth Kimche visited Spain in 1937 where he met Orwell in Barcelona.

Taking up journalism he began contributing articles to the *Evening Standard* and in 1942, on the recommendation of Michael Foot, he was hired by Aneurin Bevan as de facto editor of *Tribune*. By 1946 he and his younger brother David, had become heavily committed to Zionist politics. This commitment led to him being fired from *Tribune* in December 1947 after he travelled to Istanbul without informing anyone in the office. The purpose of that visit had been to negotiate with the Turkish authorities for the safe passage of two ships sailing from Bulgaria with thousands of Jews bound for Palestine. He was in Jerusalem in 1948 but by 1952 he was back in London undertaking propaganda work for the Zionist movement. He was the editor of *The Jewish Observer* and *Middle East Review*, a weekly newspaper of Israeli and Near East affairs published in London and retained this position for 15 years.

Later his close ties with the leaders of the new Jewish state, including Israel's first prime minister, David Ben-Gurion, helped him secure Israeli government funding for a magazine on Middle Eastern affairs which he began to publish in London in the late 1950s. The magazine folded in 1965 after the Israeli government withdrew its financial support.

Jon Kimche went on to become the *London Evening Standard's* Middle Eastern correspondent and worked in that capacity with the paper until 1973. By the early 1990s he was the editor of a London newsletter that dealt with Afro-Asian affairs – something that he and his brother David had long shared an interest in.

Jon's younger brother David Kimche (1928-2010) had committed to working for the Zionist cause in Israel rather than London. He claimed to have been a Zionist since the age of 11 and he moved from London to Palestine in 1946-47. He was actively involved in the fighting during the 1948 war. In the aftermath of the Six Days War in June 1967, both David Kimche, who was then a Shin Bet officer, and Dan Bavli, an accountant who also had ties inside the Israeli defense establishment, met with the Palestinian attorney Aziz Shehadeh in Jerusalem. Shehadeh had represented the Palestinian refugees at the Lausanne Conference in 1949 and used the meeting with the two officers from the military government to articulate his plan for a Palestinian State in the territories. Both men took Shehadeh's idea to their superiors but it was ignored. David Kimche went on to become a deputy head of Mossad and was director general of Israel's foreign ministry from 1980 to 1987.

He was (2007) president of the Israeli Council for Foreign Relations.

### Extracts from the book

"A Deed is what it becomes" An Introduction and an Explanation

In the Spring of 1943 Douglas Newbold was spending a well-earned leave on the seashore at Naharya in Palestine. He was then Chief Secretary of the Sudan Government, an experienced and beloved administrator, a student of archaeology and a devout Christian. He was intensely interested in the past and duly impressed by the "ant-like" industry of the Jews; but he did not understand them; he could not stomach "the jargon and propaganda" for which he was, understandably, a priority target. He was not the only one to react in this manner.

So one day in April he sat down in the "House Cohen" at Naharya, where he lodged, and wrote to Paul Daniell, his housemate in Khartoum, of his impressions of the Holy Land. One thought struck him especially forcibly, for he repeated it also in other letters.

"The Jews," he wrote to Daniell, "for all their yammer about historic claims would never eject the Romans (the Arabs did that) and for 1,200 years failed to oust the Saracen and the Turk (the Christian armies of Baldwin and Godfrey, and later Allenby, did that.)"

This is a pertinent point made by a cynic and an official who judges these claims either as a matter of law or as a right of conquest. He could neither see (which was his shortcoming) nor understand (which was to be expected) the strange paradox of the twin forces that have, for the third time in Israel's history, in our time, driven Jews to claim their Palestinian homeland. And, as so often, the poet has succeeded where the statesman failed; a lengthy argument, the reply to Newbold, is packed into a single utterance of Christopher Fry's *Moses*, which is printed on the title page of this book:

"I am here by fury and the heard. . . .

I am here to appease the unconsummated. . . .

I live. I do this thing. I was born this action. . . .

Despite you, through you, upon you,

I am compelled."

Here was a Christian who saw, who felt, and who understood the rhythm of Jewish history in relation to Palestine; the compelling relationship of the two: "a deed is what it becomes," the yammering of 1943 becomes the reality of Israel in 1948, conquest and all.

This then is the story of the fury and the compulsion in action; why – and how – Jews from every part of Europe, from North Africa, from the Middle East and from parts of Asia endeavoured between 1938 and 1948 to reach Palestine in defiance of the laws of the Mandatory, of the dangers that lay in wait en route and of the almost certain knowledge that the effort would end in failure. This is the story of how the trickle of individuals who made the almost hopeless journey in 1938 became the torrent that swamped and swept away the British Mandate in 1948. It was not always a "nice" story, but it had a grandeur which emerges only with the passage of time. And it was war – a silent war between Jews and the British which ranged not only over the tiny area of Palestine but also

across three continents and over the oceans. In this kind of secret warfare harsh things are done in silence and harsh words spoken in public. The emotions are fully engaged. But when the time comes to record them, at least honestly if not altogether dispassionately, we ought to try and identify the real springs of action on both sides: to try to understand both.

This should not be as difficult as it might appear. We would like to cite in support the evidence of F.S. Oliver, a very patriotic Englishman, who in his remarkable book *Endless Adventure*, discusses with extraordinary insight the nature of the British as allies and enemies.

"It is remarkable," he writes, "that there should be such a striking contrast between the sanctity with which individual Englishmen regard their private obligations and the levity with which the nation they belong to occasionally treats its public promises. When danger threatens, promises of mutual help are exchanged, amid popular acclamation, with foreign governments, rebel provinces, oppressed religions, friendly tribes, even with sects or sections of our own nationals. By and by we come round to the view that peace on advantageous terms is the greatest of British interests; and we are apt, thereupon, to conclude that peace at any price must be the true interest of our allies and helpers. We are now as lavish of good advice as formerly we were of promises. Let our good friends realise the overwhelming force of moral fervor which impels the British people to put an end to the horrors of war; let them look at the facts of life fairly in the face; let them consider things in their true proportion, and make what terms they can, each with his own peculiar enemy. But let it be clearly understood that they can still rely on our friendship. We will put in a good word for them at the right season, that is, after we have settled our own much more important business satisfactorily. Our newly placated enemies have rarely any reason to reproach us with importunacy thought it occasionally happens that our former comrades derive but little benefit from our intercession."

Palestine's Jews emerged from the Second World War as one of Britain's allies. But now they could measure the extent of the Jewish disaster. Their sap, their source of supply of selfless pioneers had gone. Their fellow-Jews in Poland, Hungary, and Czechoslovakia had been decimated. Their families had vanished; their friends were never heard of again. A remnant remained in the camps of Europe and the Soviet Union: an odd brother or sister, an old father or mother, an orphaned nephew or niece. What better or more natural place for them than with their people in Palestine? So the Jewish leaders, Dr. Weizmann in particular, called on their British ally to cash some of the wartime promissory notes. The answer he and they received was the answer usually given to an ally and so admirably described by Oliver.

The reaction in Palestine was angry, bitter and violent. It was better to be an enemy of the British than their friend. So be it then. Wartime memories that had been buried by the primary need to overcome Germany were resuscitated. The British were accused of complicity in the destruction of European Jewry by the Germans. They might have saved many thousands had they wanted to. Feelings rose. Terrorism grew. Above all, the dual purpose weapon of illegal immigration was developed for use against the Mandatory.

The British Government – the Labour Government of 1945 – and the Mandatory and Military authorities in Palestine were surprised and disconcerted by the violence of this Jewish revulsion towards their cautious approach to a policy. They felt that the Palestine Jews were rather unreasonable, hasty and somewhat ungrateful in their denunciation of the British. But for the British stand against Hitler's Germany, in Europe and in the Western Desert, there would have been no Palestine Jewry and remnant in Europe. But for British wartime connivance

many of the hazardous escape routes used by European Jews then and later would never have been available.

Palestine Jewry also, in British eyes, underrated the outside pressures that were brought to bear on British policy. It underestimated the weight of Arab pressure on British policy, a pressure which Israel herself was to feel in later years. It did not comprehend the British struggle for survival as a Middle Eastern power at a time when the people of Great Britain faced acute domestic difficulties and were paying the price of victory.

British statesmen felt especially strongly the charge that they had acquiesced in the destruction of Hungarian Jewry by their refusal to negotiate an exchange deal which Adolf Eichmann the head of the Special Branch of the S.S. – the *Juden Kommando* – had proposed. He sent a special Jewish emissary to Istanbul (and later also to Switzerland). He offered to liberate one million Hungarian Jews for 200 tons of tea, 800 tons of coffee, 2 million boxes of soap, 10,000 lorries and an unspecified amount of ores. After Lord Moyne, British Minister of State in Cairo, had refused to negotiate any deal, the veteran Zionist leader Dr. Chaim Weizmann intervened personally with Churchill in London. Churchill explained that already the Russians were accusing their Western allies of seeking a separate peace with Germany. If they now provided the German army on the Russian front with 10,000 military trucks, this might well break up the anti-Nazi coalition. Reluctantly, and with a heavy heart, Churchill had to refuse. Later, in the charged atmosphere of post-war Palestine, only the refusal was remembered, not the reasons, which led to it.

We have tried in reconstructing this extraordinary story to let the facts speak for themselves and let the chips fall wherever they may. It was almost inevitable that in the course of the narrative the British should come off second best. The part of hunter, which they had to play under the circumstances, does not lend itself easily to sympathetic recapitulation; nevertheless we have endeavoured to provide an honest picture of the British position with its attendant difficulties, and of the nature of the British counteraction against the plans which are unfolded in the course of this story.

While our main problem in handling the British side of the story was the sparsity of the material, on the Jewish side it was the contrary.

We have received full and generous co-operation from all the chief actors who are still alive and we would like particularly to express our appreciation to the Chief of the Mossad for his goodwill and assistance, to Ehud Averiell for his constant support and advice, and for his watchful reading of the manuscript. Some of the names remain, at their owners' request, as *noms de guerre*.

We have not mentioned all the hundreds who participated – far from it; nor have we told the story in all its details and variations. We have tried however to relate the central theme of this great adventure; why it happened and how it happened.

For this we would like to thank all those who collaborated so willingly in reconstructing the scene, particularly Ze'ev Shind, who died last year, so prematurely in his prime, Yigal Allon, Yehuda Arazi, Shalhevet Freier, Ruth Klieger, Moshe Bar-Gilad, Levi Schwartz, Dov Lifshitz, Nissan Leviatan, Eliezer Klein, Pino Ginsberg, Davidka Nameri, Ephraim Deckel, Shmarya Zameret, Itzhak Wardi, Elkanan Gifni, Moish Pearlman, Venya Pomeranz, W. Lachs of El Al and Moshe Keren of Shomam, and especially Teddy Kollek who helped us to get over the initial hump and Toni who smoothed our subsequent passage. We would not have managed the sheer paper work involved had it not been for the enthusiasm and untiring help of Daphne Gordon and Barbara Bundock.

But none of them, nor Ehud Averiel, are of course responsible for the views expressed by us. This responsibility is ours alone.

London and Jerusalem, April, 1954

J.K. and D.K.

## Chapter I - Prologue

On one of the deceptively beautiful summer days of 1938, a tallish young man in his late twenties strode with firm step and confident air across the Berlin street into the dreaded headquarters building of the Gestapo. He had come a long way. All the way from Palestine. His slightly staring eyes and his prematurely balding head gave him an air of unyouthful authority when he asked in a deep bass for the Supervisor of the Jewish Question.

Little did the black-shirted Storm Trooper who politely conducted the young man to the "Supervisor" guess that his charge had come from a Jewish communal settlement in Palestine to make a deal with the Gestapo. The Supervisor received his guest with a shouted warning to keep his distance; Jews were not permitted to approach his desk. The Palestinian walked on and replied stonily in kind. The German was taken aback, and curious about this untypical Jew. What did he want? The Palestinian explained that he was an emissary from the Union of Communal Settlements in Palestine; he wanted a permit to stay in Germany for some months and to move about freely and seek contact with Jewish organisations. The German replied that he was not interested in this so-called cultural work of Palestinians; Germany did not need it.

The young Jew persevered. He was on a special mission; his work was what the Nazi Government wanted; his aim was to organise the emigration of German Jews to Palestine; only with the assistance of the Nazi leaders could this project be carried out on a large scale. The Gestapo "Supervisor" was now interested. He called in three other Gestapo officials. The interview had become a conference; the Gestapo was discussing how to aid and increase Jewish "illegal" immigration into Palestine against the will of the British Mandatory. When the Palestinian left the Gestapo building on his way to the head office of the Zionist Organisation he was filled with a glow of satisfaction. The "Supervisor of Jews" who had bawled at him when he arrived had confided to him on the way out that this was the first time that he had met a Jew of his kind who asserted and commanded full equality. He promised the Palestinian that his request for Gestapo assistance would be considered at once.

By the time the emissary reached the Zionist offices, excited officials told him that the Gestapo answer was waiting for him. He could stay. He could start work at once. He could even pick young Jewish pioneers who had been sent to concentration camps. He would not require to pass through the endless red tape of official channels. He could set up special training camps for the selected immigrants who would make the illegal run to Palestine through the British blockade. The Palestinian had come to Berlin determined; he had brought with him a long spoon; he was not worried that now he was about to sup with the devil. In fact, he felt no little satisfaction as he read the Gestapo reply.

The Gestapo was in earnest. But neither Pino, the young Palestinian in Berlin, nor his unworldly colleague, Bar-Gilad, who now reached Vienna shortly after its occupation by the Nazis, fully understood the springs of action which had brought the Gestapo into this unexpected activity and led to the considerable acceleration of Zionist immigration into Palestine which largely nullified the efforts of the British authorities to restrict the entry of Jews.

When Bar-Gilad arrived in Vienna in the early summer heat of 1938, it seemed to many of his colleagues in Vienna that

someone in Palestine had played a cruel joke on the Vienna Jews waiting to escape. He appeared to them as a callow young man of thirty-one who had spent his life in the simple surroundings of a communal settlement, and was quite out of his depth in the world of shadows in which he had to move. His colleagues were horrified when he arrived at the Zionist offices in a fiacre [a form of horse-drawn coach - ED] because he had heard this was the proper thing to do in Vienna. He seemed an almost ridiculous match for the ruthless head of the most efficient branch of the Gestapo then operating.

Few who saw this inexperienced, gauche farmer step from his fiacre in Vienna would have believed that here was one of the future key-men who were to organise mass immigration to Palestine from the Balkans and the Middle East. But one man, who was to become grimly notorious in his own right, made no such mistake. Bar-Gilad, like his colleague in Berlin, soon discovered that the only road to large-scale emigration from Austria led through the Gestapo headquarters and the S.S. office for Jewish affairs for which the sumptuous mansion of Baron Rothschild had been requisitioned. There, in charge of the "Central Bureau for Jewish Emigration," sat Captain Carl Adolf Eichmann. It was a name which was to become notorious. But the young Bar-Gilad could not know that any more than he could anticipate his own eventful future. And so they met in the home of the expelled millionaire: the two young men with a future, the Jewish colonist from Palestine and the Storm Trooper Captain, barely a year older, the Nazi specialist on Jews. It was well that the future lay hidden from the hopeful and inexperienced Jewish emissary.

Thus Bar-Gilad, an official of the 400 inhabitants of the communal settlement of Kfar Giladi, high up on the Syrian border of Palestine, very tall and tough, but awkward and with the rough edges of the countryman plainly visible, sat opposite the suave, short, sallow and immaculate German S.S. Captain, a man of the world who appeared slight next to the rough broadness of the Jew. The rococo luxury of the Rothschild study merely highlighted the bizarre setting. Outside the campaign against the Austrian Jews was in full swing, but here the conversation was quiet and almost matter-of-fact. Unlike his colleague in Berlin, Eichmann was not the shouting kind. He received Bar-Gilad politely; he was also impressed by the forthright self-assurance and blunt speech of this unusual visitor.

Bar-Gilad explained that he wanted permission to establish pioneer training camps to train young people for work in Palestine and to arrange for their emigration as quickly as conditions permitted. Eichmann questioned him closely. He knew that the official Zionist Organisation in Vienna did not favour illegal immigration into Palestine; he knew also that a dissident Zionist group, the Revisionists, right-wing activists, were engaged in illegal transports to Palestine. Bar-Gilad explained that Revisionists took primarily those Jews who could pay the heavy cost of illegal transportation, while his organisation was interested in young people who were prepared to become pioneers. Most of them had no means. His organisation would bear the entire cost. He wanted no financial help from the Gestapo; all he asked was that his work should not be obstructed.

Bar-Gilad could not know that the man he was talking to was the prime mover behind the plan of "Jewish Emigration for money." Eichmann's Central Bureau was designed originally for this very purpose. It would receive all Jewish applications for permission to leave Greater Germany. For those who could pay for his services - and his charges were adjusted to the anxiety of well-to-do Jews - Eichmann would sweep aside bureaucratic formalities and delays and issue passports and visas and provide the passage, often through the Revisionists or "private enterprise" transport agents. It was a lucrative business for the Gestapo.



But this was different. Eichmann listened with interest, continued to ask questions but did not commit himself. He promised to consider the proposal. He contacted Berlin and two weeks later, Bar-Gilad was called again to the Rothschild Palace. Eichmann told him that he would help in the provision of farms and facilities to set up training centres for intending emigrants, but the actual transportation must be left to the Revisionists, the dissident Zionists and to "private enterprise."

Now individual racketeers were reaping a rich harvest from the illicit transport business. The route was long, the hazards great, and the unfortunate passengers' opportunity to complain, or seek redress, was nil. Bar-Gilad would not agree to the exclusion of transportation from his province. But as regards training facilities Eichmann kept his promise. He supplied farms and farm equipment. On one occasion he expelled a group of nuns from a convent to provide a training farm for young Jews. By the end of 1938 about a thousand young Jews were undergoing training in these Nazi-provided camps.

On the face of it, this was a fantastic situation. By now the campaign against the Jews was reaching a new peak. What then were these Palestinian emissaries doing in Berlin and Vienna, arranging, training and transporting a few hundred at a time when hundreds of thousands were in peril? And what interest could the Berlin Gestapo and the Vienna S.S. have in this seemingly trivial operation? And yet in this odd paradox lies the clue to much that follows. To understand it, we must go back four years.

## Chapter II - The Plan Takes Shape

On a summer night in 1934 the Greek ship Vellos secretly and successfully landed the first immigrants illegally to enter Palestine. (By "illegal" is meant in defiance and excess of the monthly quota allowed by the British Mandatory Authority.)

The Vellos, a 2,000-ton tramp which had been used previously for smuggling and white-slaving, had been chartered by the leaders of the Hechalutz, the Zionist pioneering movement in Poland. Faced with the unmistakable course of events across the border in Germany, and driven by the pressure of a Polish Zionist Movement, over a quarter million strong, its leaders had taken a fateful decision early in 1934: if the pressure to emigrate was not going to be eased by the British authorities granting a greatly increased number of certificates for legal entry into Palestine, then the journey would be made illegally—without such certificates.

The voyage of the Vellos was the outcome of this decision. Its organisation had been entrusted to a young Polish Jew, named Levi Schwartz for whom this particular voyage was to entail the beginning of many years' work with blockade-running ships. At that time Levi was young and inexperienced; yet this pale and serious youth, with the appearance of a Ghetto youngster, succeeded in leading 300 secret immigrants from Poland to Piraeus, and with the help of the son of an Athens Rabbi, in chartering and dispatching his ship. The first successful trip to Tel Aviv sent a thrill of encouragement through the ranks of the Polish Zionist Movement. The protagonists of this illegal immigration still had to overcome the determined opposition of a large and influential section of the Zionist leadership in Palestine, headed at that time by David Ben-Gurion himself, but they now felt that they had made their point. Plans were afoot to acquire a second ship. But before this could be done the powerful beam of a searchlight lighting on the Vellos as she approached the Palestine coast on her second voyage gave the British, and the world, the first warning that ships carrying illegal immigrants were running the Palestine blockade.

The British this time had been forewarned. The ship had been spotted on its way through the Bosphorus from the Bulgarian port of Varna; its human cargo had been noticed; the British

authorities in Palestine were alerted to keep watch. Police boats patrolled the territorial waters of Palestine; an R.A.F. plane set out to shadow the blockade runner. Against such opposition, hope of landing the illegal passengers was abandoned by the Greek captain. With coal running short, he therefore decided to take his cargo to a Greek port, only to find that the Greek authorities refused permission to land the Jews. They were an illegal "cargo."

For ten weeks the Vellos crept from port to port in the East Mediterranean; at each place "the phantom ship," as the newspapers called her, was refused permission to land her passengers; she was refuelled and sent back to sea with all the dispatch authorities can muster. Eventually, after vainly knocking at so many ports, the exhausted immigrants returned to Poland where they received permission to land on the condition that they remain in special camps near the border until they received certificates to leave for Palestine legally. The attempt had been a complete failure; the immigrants were in a state of near starvation; world-wide hostile publicity had resulted from the episode. Illegal immigration seemed at that moment to be doomed.

From now on only small boats with passengers who were not pioneers but Jews who could afford the enormous sums demanded of them by commercial organisers, continued to attempt the voyage. These craft, often unseaworthy, and with non-existent sanitary arrangements, were organised by private racketeers who cashed in on the plight of European Jewry, and by the dissident Zionist organisation, the Revisionists. This only increased the distaste which many of the veteran Zionist leaders felt for the business of illegal immigration.

Moreover, recorded Jewish immigration into Palestine had meanwhile soared to the impressive figure of over 42,000 in 1934. This made the protracted and flustered organisation of the 300 illegal immigrants appear as a somewhat ridiculous adventure in the eyes of many. Such veteran Zionist leaders as Menahem Ussishkin, David Ben-Gurion, and even the Secretary of the Hechalutz Pioneering Movement, Eliahu Dobkin, contended that this was no way to gain their objective. Ben-Gurion was still hopeful of obtaining a large increase in the quota of certificates which at that time were being vigorously controlled by the Palestine Government's Department of Migration. He believed that, in view of the worsening situation in Europe, the British would relax their restrictions on the immigration of Jews into Palestine. A visit to London soon cured him of his optimism; his plea for an additional 40,000 certificates was rejected out of hand. There was to be no change in the Mandatory Government's Immigration policy. Disillusioned, Ben-Gurion moved steadily into the camp of the supporters of illegal immigration.

But now an event occurred which looked like the *coup de grâce* for the policy of illegal immigration. Revolt flared up in Palestine; Arab bands roamed the hills and overnight the security of the Jewish community in the country disappeared. British troops went into action against the Arabs and sought to restore law and order. The hey-day of Anglo-Jewish co-operation in Palestine had arrived. Picked Haganah members were trained in guerrilla fighting by Orde Wingate, a popular British Army Captain. With such a situation in the homeland, Jewish Agency leaders were anxious not to add to the difficulties of the Mandatory in the sphere where it would be felt most, immigration. Categorical orders were given that the organisation of illegal transports was to be stopped.

Young Levi Schwartz therefore returned to Poland at the end of 1936 to counsel patience to the 40,000 pioneers crowding the squalid pioneer training camps. But the idea of organising independent and unauthorised immigration was not shelved; in Palestine, the cudgels were soon taken up by Berl Katznelson,

father of the Jewish Labour Movement, as he was popularly known, together with Yitzhak Tabenkin, leader of the Union of Collective Settlements. Backed by the powerful Labour movement, as well as by the High Command of Haganah (the underground Jewish Defence Force), the two veterans began to campaign for the resumption of "independent immigration"; emissaries of the Union of Collective Settlements, who were going abroad to organise the pioneering movement among the Jews of the Diaspora, were instructed to enquire into the possibilities of immigration. Finally, in 1937, at a meeting of labour leaders in Tel Aviv at which Berl Katznelson, Yitzhak Tabenkin and Eliahu Golomb of the Haganah High Command were the moving spirits, it was decided to set up a special committee charged to organise illegal immigration. The Mossad le Aliyah Bet, the Committee for Illegal Immigration, had begun its eventful existence.

The swiftly-moving events in Europe had proved more powerful than any arguments which the opponents of illegal immigration could muster. The racial policy of the Nazis in Germany, the increasing economic and political pressure on the Jews in Poland and Rumania, coupled with the drastic restriction of immigration into the United States, left most of the Jews of Europe in a helplessly exposed position. The seeds of destruction and death had already been sown, and a prophetic picture was already taking shape in the minds of men like the Zionist leader, Chaim Weizmann. In November, 1936, he told the Palestine Royal Commission when it met in Jerusalem that "today almost six million Jews are doomed to be pent up in places where they are not wanted, and for whom the world is divided into places where they cannot live, and places into which they cannot enter."

The one place in the world where there was a possible future for them was Palestine; only the immigration policy of the Government, supported by the representatives of the Arab majority, barred their entry. But this was the weakest link in the chain that held European Jewry in its grip; and it was with the inevitability of a law of nature that the pressure of the Jewish masses was directed on this weak Palestinian link. The Mossad, the Committee formed to organise illegal immigration, was established to direct and guide this pressure and to help it pierce the barriers separating it from its final destination - Palestine.

Thus late in 1937 three emissaries from communal settlements left Palestine for Europe. They travelled to Paris. There they separated. No one—least of all their families or settlement colleagues—knew that the purpose of their journey was other than the normal recruiting mission on which emissaries from the Union of Communal Settlements regularly embarked. But Yehuda Ragin, Ze'ev Shind and Zvi Yehieli, three veteran leaders of the Pioneering Movement in Poland, were going to Paris for a very different purpose; Paris had been selected as the best-suited place from which to direct illegal immigration, and the three leaders from the communal settlements had been chosen to direct the new policy.

They were not new at the game. It had been the small and bespectacled Ragin, whose genial appearance belied his tough and forceful character, who had led the demand in Warsaw for illegal immigration in 1934. Shind had been with him; since then, they had doggedly carried on the fight, persevering despite the setback they received with the failure of the Vellos. For them independent immigration was more than just a means of emptying the training camps of Poland and of saving Jews from Nazi pogroms; it was even more than a weapon to be used against the Mandatory authorities in Palestine.

They considered such immigration to be the only possible way to the fulfillment of Zionist aspirations; "even if we are granted 100,000 certificates, and there remains one Jew in the Disapora, who cannot go to Palestine because he has not

the legal certificate to permit him, then it is our duty to bring him there, by whatever means we can," Ragin once declared. This was the ideology of the three Palestinians who formed the nucleus of the Mossad, the organisation that was soon to have its agents spread throughout Europe and the Middle East and which was to transport well over 100,000 Jews illegally to the shores and frontiers of Palestine.

Those first days in Paris, however, held no clue to what lay in store in the future. For the three leaders in Paris the proposition must have seemed a tough one indeed; they had only small funds at their disposal, and little knowledge either of the situation inside Nazi Germany or of the possibilities of rescuing German Jews.

Through their own pioneering movements, connections were made with most European capitals. Contacts were established with the emissaries of the Union of Collective Settlements; each one was instructed to report on the situation in the country in which he worked. Thus gradually the "Apparat" in Paris, as it came to be called by those in the know, came to life. It spread its networks of emissaries into all the countries of Europe which had a sizeable number of Jews - David Bar Pal, Levi Schwartz and Ruth Klinger in Eastern Europe, and Ehud Avriel in Yugoslavia, Shmarya Zameret in the Netherlands, and most risky of all assignments, Pino in Berlin and Bar-Gilad in Vienna.

The opening was inauspicious. In the first month of 1938, 65 Polish pioneers landed from a tiny Greek fishing smack and disappeared in the communal settlements dotted along the shores of Palestine. They were soon followed by others, and with a steady persistence illegal immigration got under way. The lessons of the Vellos had been learnt; care was taken to avoid any possibility of a ship's destination being discovered. Embarkations were carried out secretly, in the dead of night, and the immigrants crowded out of sight in the boats whenever there was danger of their being spotted on the way. Wireless contact with Palestine enabled Haganah members to receive the boats and land their human cargoes speedily and efficiently, before the patrolling police boats and Royal Navy craft had a chance to interfere.

By the end of 1938 more than a thousand illegals were entering Palestine monthly, and hardly a week passed without a secret night landing somewhere along the coast. Not all the boats were organised by the Mossad; the Revisionists had fewer scruples than the inexperienced farmer-emissaries who were sent to Europe to recruit more pioneers for the collective settlements; they had more contacts and fewer financial problems.

The newly-founded Mossad had two main problems: getting the Jews of Central Europe out of their countries and organising the actual transportation to Palestine. Emigration was the responsibility of the emissaries in Nazi Germany and Austria, while the immigration process was carried out by the emissaries in the countries bordering the Mediterranean, who worked in constant contact with the "Apparat" in Paris.

We have seen in the Prologue how Bar-Gilad in Vienna and Pino in Berlin made their deal with the Gestapo and S.S. We can now understand how it came about that at a time when Nazi persecution of the Jews was everywhere being intensified, they were content to make this pact with the devil.

These two Jewish emissaries had not come to Nazi Germany to save German Jews; that was not their job. Their eyes were fixed entirely on Palestine and the British Mandatory. They were looking for young men and women who wanted to go to Palestine because they wanted a national home of their own and were prepared to pioneer, struggle and, if necessary, fight for it. Their interest in those German Jews who turned to Palestine as a haven of refuge, as the next best after the United States or the United Kingdom, was secondary to their main purpose.

They had arrived, preoccupied with the needs of the Jews in Palestine; German Jewry was a natural reservoir from which immigrants could be drawn to strengthen the key position of the Jewish community in Palestine. But this outlook, and the limited programme that had gone with it, had to be jettisoned after the night of November 9th, 1938. Heydrich, who had taken charge of the Security Service of the S.S. had ordered reprisals for the shooting by a young Jew of the German diplomat von Rath at the Paris Embassy. That night, according to a report prepared by Heydrich, 191 synagogues and 171 Jewish apartment-houses had been set on fire; 7,500 Jewish shops were looted; 20,000 Jews had been arrested in Germany and a similar number in Vienna; 36 Jews had been killed and 38 badly wounded. Within 48 hours, a Government Committee over which Goering had presided announced that the Jews would have to pay a fine of a thousand million marks - some 50 million pounds sterling - and pay also for the damage done by the Nazi rioters. A new decree barred all Jews from trades and crafts, and limited the free movement of Jews. It forced all Jews to wear the yellow star of David. Three days later all Jewish children were banned from German schools, and shortly afterwards the use of all public recreation grounds was forbidden to Jews.

This tore the last shreds of complacency from the remaining German Jews; it also affected the Palestinian emissaries. They now had to change their focus. The aim was no longer the need of the Jewish community in Palestine, but to save what they could of the Jews in German hands. That was how Bar-Gilad saw it in Vienna and Pino in Berlin. Their reports to the Centre in Paris left its directors in no doubt. This was no longer a matter of choice. The immigrants would come whether they liked it or not; whether they organised them or not. It was better therefore that they should take charge. And so by the end of 1938 the whole outlook of the emissaries had been transformed. They faced a great rescue operation. Time was short. Money even shorter. The rich and influential Jewish organisations in Europe and America remained aloof. A few individuals, particularly in Great Britain, assisted with generous finance. But even that was not enough. The German grip on Europe was too tight. Without some help from influential Nazi officials little could be done. To this end the emissaries addressed themselves again to the Gestapo and S.S. offices concerned with the Jewish question, but they hardly expected the response which they received.

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## Domenico Losurdo

### The Germans: A *Sonderweg* of an Irredeemable Nation? Foreword

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Domenico Losurdo (born 1941) is Professor of Philosophy at the University of Urbino, Italy. His books *Hegel and the Freedom of Moderns*, *Heidegger and the Ideology of War*, and *Liberalism* have been translated into English.

He was a member of the Italian Communist Party until its dissolution. He has written on Kant and Hegel, the philosophers of modernity, and Nietzsche, the critic of modernity, as well as on Marx and Stalin. He criticized in particular the notion of totalitarianism, a Cold War concept which allowed Hitler and Stalin, against the evidence, to be seen as equivalent historical figures.

[This book, **The Germans: A *Sonderweg* of an Irredeemable Nation?**, has only been published in German; the following is translated from the German by Angela Stone for IFA. This is the Foreword, by Andreas Wehr, a Researcher in Law who lives and works in Brussels and Berlin. This introduction completes the translation of the book, the chapters appearing in previous IFA issues.]

So you have  
Disappeared but  
Have not been forgotten,  
Beaten down but  
Not tossed aside  
With all the relentless fighting on  
The true leaders of Germany

From: Hanns Eisler, German Symphony, 'To the fighters in the concentration camps', March 1935.

I.

In light of the failure of the Weimar Republic and the rise of fascism, using the term '*deutsche Misere*' (German plight or misery) to describe these experiences has become the primary model of explanation for the historical development of Germany. The country is regarded as 'backward' and its state formation seen as 'belated' in comparison to other western European countries. Germany is seen as the 'stepchild', the

'latecomer' in the civil and democratic development of Europe. Fundamental to this view is the work '*The Belated Nation, on the Corruptibility of the Civil Mind*' by Helmuth Plessner, first published in 1935. For leftists, the defining works were those of Georg Lukacs. His book, '*The Destruction of Reason*', exerted a huge influence on all who strive to have a broad understanding of the emergence of National Socialism, its immense display of power and subsequent sudden downfall. The term '*deutsche Misere*' seems to finally provide the key to understanding the apparent catastrophic condition of the German destiny. But there is still a debate over which historical event this deviation stems from. Often this is traced back to Martin Luther, his betrayal by the peasants and the alliance of the Lutherans with the authorities under their steering towards new subjectivity. Marxist theoreticians in the emerging GDR, like Alexander Abusch, Jürgen Kuczynski and Leo Kofler take up the *Sonderweg* approach once again in their analysis of German history. In 1946, the KPD (German Communist Party) theorist Alexander Abusch wrote: 'The loss of German freedom in the Great Peasants War enshrouded three centuries of German history in the darkness of reaction.'

In literature it was Thomas Mann who spoke of a tradition of corruptibility of the German spirit in his novel *Doktor Faustus*. The composer Hanns Eisler wrote the song of the *German Miserere* for Bertolt Brecht's play, *Schweik*. Like Thomas Mann, Eisler also took up the Faustian theme in 1953 in his operatic libretto *Johann Faustus*, in order to present him as a typical archetype of German intellectual life. Bertolt Brecht, on the other hand, did not share this evaluation of German history. In Ernst Schumacher's memories of Brecht, he told of how 'in further conversations, Brecht made explicit that in his thesis on the Faustus discussion in the Academy of Arts, he had distanced himself from the opinion that German history was nothing more than a unique misery that can only be seen as something negative [...]'

In the GDR the *Sonderweg* debate held under the concept of German misery had already come to an end by the early fifties.



In the 'battle for classical heritage' as a component of the struggle for the unity of the country, the view of German history became more open and differentiated. Later, in the seventies and eighties, a fundamental revaluation of a number of important historical results came to historical scholarship and even to the journalism of the GDR. The perception of Martin Luther, for instance, changed. And the common judgement of Prussia as merely a military and reactionary state was scrapped, so that by the eighties the situation in the GDR was one in which one could even speak of a rehabilitation of Prussia. Finally, the nobility-led resistance of 20<sup>th</sup> July 1944 was re-evaluated in a fundamentally new and positive light. In the Federal Republic of West Germany, however, the restorations prevented an overly deep reflection about the real causes of the German catastrophe. Indeed, Christian Graf von Krockow, a student of Plessner, stayed true to the *Sonderweg* approach in his popular academic analyses of Prussian and German history.

The early theorists of an *Irrweg* (a 'wrong track'), or a 'belatedness' of the German nation, were a long way from presenting their self-diagnosed aberration as being typically German or even insurmountable. Thus Alexander Abusch appealed passionately to the progressive elements of German history in his book *Irrweg einer Nation* (A Nation's Wrong Track) straight after the end of the war in 1946. He wrote: "Since Tacitus and the old Germanic times 'in blood', the German nation has as much aggression as any other. The spirit of the German nation will not be represented by capitalists and Junkers—nor by the brutal criminals who they can engage. We know that the confusion of thoughts and feelings in the German people can be overcome after 'the Hitlers' found the end that they deserved." In his book *The Belated Nation*, Helmuth Plessner emphasises the 19<sup>th</sup> century in particular, as the period when Germany had to become the leading country of European civilisation on the strength of its intellectual potential:

"Germany was called upon for that reason to be the leading country, the voice of the century, in which an eon has come to an end in order to introduce another eon. The beginnings of the German movement were already visible in the late 18<sup>th</sup> century. The movement came to an end after the consequences of the French Revolution, and the new discoveries and inventions of the late Middle Ages, had worked themselves out. No other country produced men that can be put on a level with Kant, Hegel, Marx or Nietzsche in terms of greatness and revolutionary dangerousness in the 19<sup>th</sup> century. The era of a disintegration of tradition needed a country without tradition in order to be at home with its spirit. The essence of Germany and the 19<sup>th</sup> century belong together. You cannot understand one without the other."

And in the 1935 German Symphony composed by Hanns Eisler, he insisted on assigning those who are 'fighting on' in the concentration camps as the 'true leaders of Germany', as opposed to the ruling Nazis in Germany.

## II.

The term German *Sonderweg* appears again in 1963 in completely different circumstances in Jürgen Habermas's work *Structural Transformation of the Public Sphere*. In this book, he does not appeal to the Germans to accept the progressive elements of their history. Instead, he calls rather for the Germans to model themselves on English policies in the public sphere— in contrast to backward German conditions. Indeed, 1963 was also the year of the end of the Algerian War. The world saw with horror the crimes that were committed in the name of France, in the name of the nation which stood for the universal values of liberty, equality and fraternity. It was not only France that came under fire. In the Far East the Vietnam War was escalating. The USA was sliding deeper and deeper into the Indochinese marshland. Both of these became key

events for a young intellectual generation in West Germany. At university people were not only grappling with the crime and involvement of their parents' generation in the Nazi era. There people also began to emancipate themselves from their spiritual father figures, the victorious western powers. In this situation the intellectual Habermas recalled the German *Sonderweg*, but with an ulterior motive: every possible danger coming from the SPD and the unions regarding the integration of the Federal Republic with the West must be nipped in the bud.

Since then the question remained: are Germans allowed to question this integration? Quickly the verdict fell: a strong leftwing criticism of western powers, and especially the USA, would give the nationalist German right the opportunity to damage the as yet unconsolidated young German democracy. In the disarmament debate of the beginning of the eighties, things went one step further. The question was asked whether many of the arguments of the peace movement were merely a camouflage for the old romantic blood and soil philosophy of the right. Was this a domestication of a politics of illusion, a withdrawal from the world, a romantic anti-capitalism seesawing between east and west? Heiner Geissler's venomous polemic, namely that pacifism made Auschwitz possible, is in the background of this accusation. The old debate for a German *Sonderweg* or *Irrweg* (wrong track) was reversed. It was no longer criticism of German reaction, of a longing for pre-democratic relationships, as with Plessner and Abusch; and it was no longer criticism of militarism, subordinate mentality and racist world views. Now the debate served much more as a condemnation of the critics of the leading powers of the west, the USA. From then on, any deviation from the politics of the hegemonic western powers was denounced as *Sonderweg*.

How this 'game of assonances' works was demonstrated in 1999 in the debate on German involvement in the Kosovo war. The left-liberal weekly newspaper *Freitag* began a debate under the slogan: *German Sonderweg: Foreign policy between those faithful to the alliance and emancipation*. The opening question posed by the newspaper read: "Could or should Germany have refused involvement in the Kosovo war? And would that be a precedent for a renewed German *Sonderweg*? Or was the participation in the war a must for federal politics— morally necessary and justified regarding foreign affairs?"

In the debate, some referred to German history as the reason for the support of the Kosovo War. One to do so was Karsten Voigt, the longstanding foreign political affairs spokesman of the SPD faction in the Bundestag and the then 'coordinator for German-North American Cooperation' at the Foreign Office. Historian Herfried Münkler also made reference to German history in his article, correctly supposing that the actual motive of the red-green (SPD and Green Party) alliance's participation in the attack was to leave no doubt as to the united Germany's integration with the West. In order to justify his considering as 'reasons of state' this popular clinging to the West, Münkler went back in history to the classic *Sonderweg* tradition. According to Münkler, things always became unfavourable Germany when Europe was divided. He said that "this position was something Germany faced again and again from the Thirty Years' War right up to our century, until 1989/90." With the final integration with the West, this was now past: "The geopolitical interest of Germany, which is to elevate integration with the West for reasons of state, coincides with the basic political orientation of several generations of West German politicians, and that is a rare instance of luck in history." In 1999 he wrote with relief about the reformed policy of the first red-green coalition under Gerhard Schröder and Joseph Fischer: 'For them, integration with the West was nothing more than the resumption of Adenauer's policy, a policy which was criticised by the left for a long time as signifying 'the restoration of capitalism'. But

in addition to that it was—gradually, but thus all the more conclusively—the expression of a similarity of values and goals, qualities in which one can feel at home as a German.

Up until the German involvement in the war against Yugoslavia it was the Green Party in particular which was under suspicion of pursuing a German *Sonderweg*. But with its active support of Germany's contribution to the attack, this accusation became obsolete. Now it was the remaining opponents of the NATO war, and above all the SPD (Party of Democratic Socialism), who were in the *Sonderweg* firing line. In his contribution to the debate in *Freitag*, Karsten Voigt wrote: 'So in recent years, the SPD has become a party, which is rightly considered by our neighbours in the East and West as the left alternative of the disastrous variants of a German *Sonderweg*.'

The message conveyed by Münkler and Voigt is loud and clear: whoever opposes the USA's thirst for total world power and refuses to engage alongside them in military adventures, strays from the path of normality, snubs the western alliance by ignoring its values, and eventually goes on the path of a fatal *Sonderweg*. This is similar to the view held today regarding Germany's involvement in the war in Afghanistan. By now, the *Sonderweg* debate has degenerated into a political bludgeon which should guarantee the allegiance to the USA. In the process, the feeling of shame felt by the overwhelming majority of the population regarding the National Socialist crimes was grossly misused. At the same time, the atrocity of these crimes was put into perspective. It was for that reason that the German state red-green politicians stated that the attack on Yugoslavia was necessary to prevent a new Auschwitz.

### III.

We must acknowledge that unfortunately *Sonderweg* debates did not fail to have an effect on public life. Die Linke shunned arguments surrounding the German nation. Because of this, various anti-German movements thrived, from magazines like *Bahamas* and *Konkret*, and the federal working group *Shalom* in the youth movement of the Left Party, right through to the newspaper, *Prager Frühling*, *Magazin für Freiheit und Sozialismus* (Prague Spring, Magazine for Freedom and Socialism), and also it was endemic to Die Linke. Their anti-German agitation influenced the left discourse considerably.

Considering the social left's defensive stance in the nations debate, it was all the more commendable that the Marx-Engels-foundation took up this theme. At two conferences, from the 25<sup>th</sup> to the 26<sup>th</sup> November 2006 and from the 29<sup>th</sup> to the 30<sup>th</sup> September 2007, two contrasting aspects of this theme were discussed. The sharp reorientation of the GDR leadership on the national question came up for discussion, as did the West German communist stance towards the reunification of the country. Another point that was questioned was the thesis in which the European nations could become superfluous in the course of EU-integration. Also on the agenda was the close relationship of culture, language and nation. The most important lecture of these conferences appeared in the issue 1/2008 of the magazine *Marxistische Blätter* under the title *The Left and the National*. One article in this issue was by Dominico Losurdo. It had the heading *National Question, Fight for Hegemony and the Myth of the German Sonderweg*. It was to become the basis for a controversial discussion in the magazine, which stretched over about 7 issues in total up to the year 2009.

Even in issue 1/2008, members of the *Marxistischen Blätter* editorial team, Beate Landefeld and Klaus Wagerer, commented on the article by Domenico Losurdo. Lorenz Knorr got in touch immediately, not once, but three times, in order to have his say on these issues. Losurdo himself stepped into the debate twice with contributions. The conclusion was finally shaped by an article by Thomas Metscher.

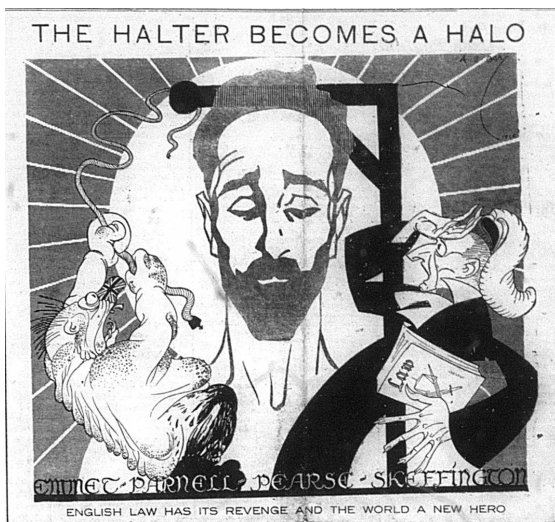
There are some things that can be learnt from this controversy among Marxists. The critics of Losurdo barely had anything new to say, nothing that hadn't already been heard of or spoken about. On the other hand what was clearly recognisable was the huge fear, whether justified or not, of putting their foot in it. The country's powerful anti-German discourse showed once again the devastating capability for implementing a ban on thinking. In the interventions there was a great reluctance to have established knowledge challenged again. Whereas in Domenico Losurdo's articles, he always endeavoured to illuminate the complicated historical subject from all kinds of perspectives by presenting highly diverse points of view, he was always answered with the same stereotypes, especially from Lorenz Knorr. The critics were lacking the insight to evaluate the history of Germany as an integral component of the development of capitalist nations. Losurdo gave many suggestions of sources that could have inspired German fascism, but none of these were taken up. In no way did German fascism derive solely from the German *Geistesgeschichte* (intellectual history). A lot came from Great Britain, France, Italy, and, above all, from the USA. Not until the end of the debate did Thomas Metscher come to Domenico Losurdo's defence. Metscher wrote in his article: 'If *Sonderfall* ('special case') should mean (and I'm afraid, this is Knorr's view), that Germany's historical path since 1789 is 'something different entirely' from that of the other European nations—one that stands for racism, militarism, dictatorship, as opposed to the civilizing development of democracy, the alliance of popular sovereignty, enlightenment and humanism—then his theory should be vehemently contradicted. Therefore this is not about the disastrous history of Germany, which is undisputed; it is about the concept of a democratic-civilising '*Normalwegs*' ('normal way') of the European nations. This sets an ideology, which completely suppresses the whole colonial foundation of European civilisation—the history of colonialism, without which Europe would not be what it is now.'

### IV.

The three articles by Losurdo from the *Marxistischen Blättern* between the years 2008 and 2009 are summarised in the present book in a simple revised form. Additionally, his article '*Kampf um ein Schlüsselwort. Die Linke sollte die Idee der Nation nicht preisgeben*' (The battle for a key word. The left should not abandon the idea of the nation') from the daily newspaper *junge Welt* is also included. In this he responded to a previous article by Thomas Wagner in the newspaper. Underlying the second chapter of the book is the article '*White Supremacy' and Counterrevolution, the US, the Russia of the 'whites' and the Third Reich* by Domenico Losurdo.

The controversy over the 'for or against' of a German *Sonderweg* shows how important it is to have this debate. Only then will the German left come into the offensive again, if they don't shrink from the issues any longer. They have to win back a much more self-conscious relationship in dealing with the nation, as is natural in other countries. If they continue to skirt around it and persevere in old patterns of thought, then they will remain without a word to say against anti-German movements but also against all the Münklers and Voigts who are always willing to strike out in order to exert discipline over a US-critical left. This means that any policy, which effectively challenges the hegemonic aspirations of the USA, will not succeed.

We should remember the facts: that many victims of German fascism were not prepared to identify Germany with their torturers, even in their darkest hours. Viktor Klemperer described a conversation with a fellow sufferer in Dresden during Nazi rule. A convinced Zionist said to him, 'And they want to be more and more German and they even want to love Germany? Next they'll be declaring their love for Hitler and Goebbels!' To which Viktor Klemperer added: 'That isn't Germany, and love—that isn't the heart of the matter either'.



## The Unknown Roger Casement (II)

Statement by the German Foreign Office, *The Continental Times* (CT) 20/11/1914

The Treaty With The German Government (28/12/1914)  
with an excerpt in Casement's handwriting of his draft of the Treaty.

Sir Roger Casement's Letter To Sir Edward Grey, *The Continental Times* (CT) 19/2/1915

Letter to the Editor — Adler Christensen, CT 19/2/1915

Letter to the Editor — Lord Charles, CT 5/3/1915

The Code of British Diplomats, CT 9/8/1915

Roger Casement exposes Redmond's Childish Lie, *The Gaelic American* 7/8/1915

The Step-Mother, CT 18/8/1915

A Weakness for Souvenirs, A True British Habit, CT 20/8/1915

The Great Offensive, CT 20/8/1915

Secrets of British Diplomacy, CT 23/8/1915

The Sick Man, a Fable, CT 6/9/1915

The Three Friends, a Fable, CT 10/9/1915

The Grey Man, a Fable, (undated)

The Thugs of Diplomacy, CT 13/9/1915

German Gold, CT 29/9/1915

Still Further North, CT 22/10/1915

Note on 'The Grey Man': The National Library of Ireland Mss. 13084/10 has a red pencil marking on this item: "Censor does not allow publication CW." This is most likely a note by Clotilde White, the owner and "responsible editor" of the *Continental Times* and the censor may well have been the German Foreign Ministry.

These fables were probably regarded as in house humour of the British Foreign Office.



## Ireland and the German Invasion

### Statement by the German Foreign Office

### Ireland and the War

The well known Irish nationalist, who has arrived in Berlin from the United States, has been received at the Foreign Office.

Sir Roger Casement pointed out that statements which have been published in Ireland, apparently with the authority of the British Government behind them, that German victory would inflict great loss upon the Irish people, whose homes, Churches, priests and lands would be at the mercy of invading army actuated only by motives of pillage and conquest.

Recent utterances of Redmond on his recruiting tour of Ireland and many pronouncements of the British Press in Ireland to the above effect have been widely circulated, Sir Roger pointed out, and have caused natural apprehension among Irishmen as to the German attitude towards Ireland in the event of a German victory in the present war.

Sir Roger sought a convincing statement of German intentions towards Ireland that might reassure his countrymen all over the world, and particularly in Ireland and America, in view of these disquieting statements emanating from responsible British quarters.

In reply to this inquiry, the Acting Secretary of State at the Foreign Office, by order of the Imperial Chancellor, has made the following official Declaration:

“The German Government repudiates the evil intentions attributed to it in the statements referred to by Sir Roger Casement, and takes this opportunity to give a categorical assurance that the German Government desires only the welfare of the Irish people, their country, and their institutions.

The Imperial Government formally declares that under no circumstance would Germany invade Ireland with a view to its conquest or the overthrow of any native institutions in that country.

Should the fortune of this great war, that was not of Germany's seeking, ever bring in its course German troops to the shores of Ireland, they would land there, not as an army of invaders to pillage and destroy, but as the forces of a Government that is inspired by goodwill towards a country and a people for whom Germany desires only national prosperity and national freedom.”

## The Treaty With The German Government — 28 December 1914

**Article 1:** With a view to securing the national freedom of Ireland, with the moral and material assistance of the Imperial German Government, an Irish Brigade ~~Shelby~~ shall be formed from among the Irish soldiers, or other natives of Ireland, now prisoners of war in Germany.

**Article 2:** The object of the Irish Brigade shall be to fight solely in the ~~course~~ cause of Ireland, and under no circumstances shall it be employed or directed to any German end.

**Article 3:** The Irish Brigade shall be formed and shall fight under the Irish flag alone.

The men shall wear a special distinctively Irish uniform.

As soon as Irishmen can be got for the purpose, either from Ireland or the United States, the Brigade shall have only Irish officers. Until such time as Irish offices can be secured, German officers will be appointed with the approval of Sir Roger Casement, to have disciplinary control of the men.

But no military operation shall be ordered or conducted by the German officers of the Brigade, during such time as the men are under their control not approved of by Sir Roger Casement or not in strict conformity with Article 2.

**Article 4:** The Irish Brigade will be clothed, fed and efficiently equipped with arms and munitions by the Imperial German Government on the clear understanding that these are furnished it as free gifts to aid the cause of Irish Independence.

**Article 5:** It is distinctly understood and is hereby formally declared by the Parties to this Agreement that the Irish Brigade shall consist only of Volunteers in the cause of Irish national freedom, and as such no member of the Irish Brigade shall receive pay or monetary reward of any kind from the Imperial German Government during the period he shall bear arms in the Brigade.

**Article 6:** The Imperial German Government undertakes, in certain circumstances, to send the Irish Brigade to Ireland with efficient military support and with an ample supply of arms and ammunition to equip the Irish National Volunteers in Ireland who may be willing to join them in the attempt to recover Irish National freedom by force of arms.

The certain circumstances hereby understood are the following:

In the event of a German naval victory affording the means of reaching the coast of Ireland, the Imperial German Government pledges itself to dispatch the Irish Brigade and a supporting body of German officers and men, in German transports, to attempt a landing on the Irish Coast.

**Article 7:** The opportunity to land in Ireland can only arise if the fortune of war should grant the German Navy a victory that would open, with reasonable prospect of success, the sea route to Ireland. ~~Should~~ Should the German Navy not succeed in this effort the Irish Brigade shall be employed in Germany, or elsewhere, solely in such ways as Sir Roger Casement may approve as being ~~an~~ in strict conformity with Article 2.

In this event it might be possible to employ the Irish Brigade to assist the Egyptian People to recover their freedom by driving the British out of Egypt. Short of directly fighting to free Ireland from British rule, a blow struck at the British invaders of Egypt, to aid Egyptian national freedom, is it a blow struck for a kindred cause to that of Ireland.

**Article 8:** In the event of the Irish Brigade volunteering for this service the Imperial German Government undertakes to make arrangements with the Austro-Hungarian Government for its transport through that Empire to Constantinople, and to provide with them Turkish Government for the recognition and acceptance of the Irish Brigade as a Volunteer Corps attached to the Turkish Army in an effort to expel the British from Egypt.

**Article 9:** In the event of the war coming to an end without the object of the Irish Brigade having been effected, namely its landing in Ireland, the Imperial German Government undertakes to send to each member of the Brigade who may so desire it, to the United States of America, with the necessary means to land in that country in conformity with the United States Immigration Laws.

**Article 10:** In the event of the Irish Brigade landing in Ireland, and military operations in the country resulting in the overthrow of British authority and the erection of a native Irish Government, the Imperial German Government will give the Irish Government so established its fullest moral support, and both by public recognition and by general goodwill will contribute, with all sincerity, to the establishment of an independent government in Ireland.

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## Sir Roger Casement's Letter To Sir Edward Grey

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Berlin, 1 February 1915.

The Right Honorable  
Sir E. Grey, Bart. K.G., M.P.,  
London.

Sir,

I observe that some discussion has taken place in the House of Lords on the subject of the pension I voluntarily ceased to draw when I set out to learn what might be the intentions of the German Government in regard to Ireland.

In the course of that discussion I understand Lord Crewe observed that "Sir Roger Casement's action merited a sensible punishment".

The question raised thus as to my action and your publicly suggested punishment of it I propose discussing here and now, since the final proof of the actual punishment you sought in secret to inflict upon me is, at length, in my possession.

It is true I was aware of your intentions from the first day I set foot in Norway three months ago; but it has taken time to compel your agent there to furnish the written proof of the conspiracy then set on foot against me by His Majesty's Government.

Let me first briefly define my action before proceeding to contrast it with your own.

The question between the British Government and myself has never been, as you are fully aware, a matter of a pension, of a reward, a decoration.

I served the British Government faithfully and loyally as long as it was possible for me to do so, and when it became impossible, I resigned. When later, it became impossible for me to use the pension assigned me by law I voluntarily abandoned that income as I had previously resigned the post from which it was derived, and as I now proceed to divest myself of the honours and distinctions that at various times have been conferred upon me by His Majesty's Government.

I came to Europe from the United States last October in order to make sure that whatever might be the course of this war, my own country, Ireland, should suffer from it the minimum of harm.

The view I held was made sufficiently clear in an open letter I wrote on the 17th of September last in New York, and sent to Ireland for public distribution among my countrymen. I append a printed copy of that letter. It defines my personal standpoint clearly enough and expresses the views I held, and hold, on an Irishman's duty to his country in this crisis of world affairs. Soon after writing that letter I set out for Europe.

To save Ireland from some of the calamities of war was worth the loss to myself of pension and honours and was even worth the commission of an act of technical 'treason'.

I decided to take all the risks and to accept all the penalties the Law might attach to my action. I did not, however, bargain for risks and penalties that lay outside the law as far as my own action lay outside the field of moral turpitude.

In other words, while I reckoned with British law and legal penalties and accepted the sacrifice of income, position and

reputation as prices I must pay, I did not reckon with the British Government.

I was prepared to face charges in a Court of Law; I was not prepared to meet waylaying, kidnapping, suborning of dependents or 'knocking on the head', in fine, all the expedients your representative in a neutral country invoked when he became aware of my presence there.

For the criminal conspiracy that Mr. M. de C. Findlay, H.B.M. Minister to the Court of Norway entered into on the 30<sup>th</sup> October last, in the British Legation in Christiania, with the Norwegian subject, my dependent, Eivind Adler Christensen, involved all these things and more. It involved not merely a lawless attack upon myself for which the British Minister promised my follower the sum of £5,000, but it involved a breach of international law as well as of common law, for which the British Minister in Norway promised this Norwegian subject full immunity.

On the 29<sup>th</sup> October last year I landed at Christiania, coming from America. Within a few hours of my landing the man I had engaged and in whom I reposed trust was accosted by one of the Secret Service agents of the British Minister and carried off, in a private motor car, to the British Legation, where the first attempt was made on his honour to induce him to be false to me. Your agent in the Legation that afternoon professed ignorance of who I was and sought, as he put it, merely to find out my identity and movements.

Failing in this the first attempt to obtain satisfaction, Adler Christensen was assailed the next day, the 30<sup>th</sup> October, by a fresh agent and received an invitation to again visit the British Legation "where he would hear something good".

This, the second interview, held in the early forenoon, was with the Minister himself.

Mr. Findlay came quickly to the point. The ignorance, assumed or actual, of the previous day, as to my identity, was now discarded. He confessed that he knew me, but that he did not know where I was going to, what I intended doing, or what might be the specific end I had in view.

It was enough for him that I was an Irish Nationalist.

He admitted that the British Government had no evidence of anything wrong done or contemplated by me that empowered them either morally or lawfully to interfere with my movements. But he was bent on doing so. Therefore he boldly invoked lawless methods, and suggested to my dependent that were I to "disappear" it would be "a very good thing for whoever brought it about".



He was careful to point out that nothing could happen to the perpetrator of the crime, since my presence in Christiania was known only to the British Government and that Government would screen and provide for those responsible for my “disappearance”.

He indicated, quite plainly, the methods to be employed, by assuring Adler Christensen that who ever “knocked him on the head need not do any work for the rest of his life”, and proceeded to apply the moral by asking Christensen, “I suppose you would not mind having an easy time of it for the rest of your days?”

My faithful follower concealed the anger he felt at this suggestion and continued the conversation in order to become more fully aware of the plot that might be devised against my safety. He pointed out that I had not only been very kind to him but that I “trusted him implicitly”.

It was on this “implicit trust” Mr. Findlay then proceeded to build the whole framework of his conspiracy against my life, my liberty, the public law of Norway and the happiness of the young man he sought to tempt by monstrous bribes to the commission of a dastardly crime against his admitted benefactor.

If I could be intercepted, cut off, “disappear”, no one would know and no question could be asked, since there was no Government save the British Government knew of my presence in Norway and there was no authority I could appeal to for help, while that Government would shield the individual implicated and provide handsomely for his future. Such, in Mr. Findlay’s words (recorded by me) was the proposition put by His Majesty’s Minister before the young man who had been enticed for this purpose into the British Legation.

That this man was faithful to me and the law of his country was a triumph of Norwegian integrity over the ignoble inducement proffered him by the richest and most powerful Government in the world to be false to both.

Having thus outlined his project, Mr. Findlay invited Christensen to “think the matter over and return at 3 o’clock if you are disposed to go on with it”.

He handed him in Norwegian paper money twenty-five *Kroner* “just to pay your taxi-cab fares”, and dismissed him.

Feeling a not unnatural interest in these proposals as to how I should be disposed of, I instructed the man it was thus sought to bribe to return to the British Legation at 3 o’clock and to seemingly fall in with the wishes of your Envoy extraordinary.

I advised him, however, for the sake of appearances to “sell me dear” and to secure the promise of a very respectable sum for so very disreputable an act.

Christensen, who has been a sailor and naturally has seen some strange company, assured me he was perfectly at home with His Majesty’s Representative.

He returned to the Legation at 3 o’clock and remained closeted with Mr. Findlay until nearly 5 p.m. The full record of their conversation will be laid before you, and others, in due course.

My follower pretended to fall in with the British Minister’s projects, only stipulating for a good sum to be paid in return for his treachery. Mr. Findlay promised on his “word of honour” (such was the quaint phraseology employed to guarantee this transaction), that Christensen should receive £5,000 sterling whenever he could deliver me into the hands of the British authorities.

If in the course of this kidnapping process I should come to harm or personal injury be done me, then no question would be asked and full immunity guaranteed the kidnapper.

My follower pointed out that as I was leaving that evening for Copenhagen, having already booked my compartment in the mail train, he would not have any immediate chance of executing the commission.

Mr. Findlay agreed that it would be necessary to defer the attempt until some favorable opportunity offered of decoying me down to the coast “anywhere on the Skaggerak or North Sea” where British warships might be in waiting to seize me.

He entrusted my dependent with the further commission of purloining my correspondence with my supposed associates in America and Ireland, particularly in Ireland, so that they, too, might participate in the ‘sensible punishment’ being devised for me.

He ordained a system of secret correspondence with himself Christensen should employ, and wrote out the confidential address in Christiania to which he was to communicate the results of his efforts to purloin my papers and to report on my plans.

This address in Christiania was written down by Mr. Findlay on a half sheet of Legation note paper in printed characters. This precaution was adopted he said “so as to prevent the handwriting being traced”.

This document, along with one hundred crowns in Norwegian paper money given by Mr. Findlay as an earnest of more to follow was at once brought to me with an account of the proceedings.

As I was clearly in a position of some danger, I changed my plans and instead of proceeding to Copenhagen as I had intended doing, I decided to alter my procedure and route.

It was, then, with this secret knowledge of the full extent of the crime plotted by your Representative in Norway against me that I left Christiania on the 30<sup>th</sup> October. The rest of the story need not take so long in the telling.

You are fully aware of most of the details, as you were in constant touch with your agent both by cable and despatch.

You are also aware of the declaration of the Imperial German Government, issued on 20<sup>th</sup> November last in reply to the enquiry I addressed to them.

The British Government, both by press reports and by direct agents had charged Germany, throughout the length and breadth of Ireland, with the commission of atrocious crimes in Belgium and had warned the Irish people that their fate would be the same, did Germany win this war.

Your Government sought to frighten Irishmen into a predatory raid upon a people who had never injured them and to persuade them by false charges that this was their duty.

I sought not only a guarantee of German goodwill to Ireland, but to relieve my countrymen from the apprehensions this campaign of calumny was designed to provoke and so far as was possible to dissuade them from embarking in an immoral conflict against a people who had never wronged Ireland. That Declaration of the German Government, issued as I know in all sincerity, is the justification for my “treason”. The justification of the conspiracy of the British Government and its Minister at Christiania begun before I had set foot on German soil in a country where I had a perfect right to be and conducted by means of the lowest forms of attempted bribery and corruption I leave you, sir, to discover.

You will not discover it in the many interviews Mr. Findlay had, during the months of November and December last, at his own seeking, with my faithful follower. The correspondence between them in the cypher the Minister had arranged tells its own story.

These interviews furnished matter that in due course I shall make public. What passed between your agent and mine on these occasions you are fully aware of, for you were the directing power throughout the whole proceeding.

Your object, as Mr. Findlay frankly avowed to the man he thought he had bought, was to take my life with public indignity—mine was to expose your design and to do so through the very agent you had yourselves singled out for the purpose and had sought to corrupt to an act of singular infamy.

On one occasion in response to my follower's pretended dissatisfaction with the amount offered for betraying me you authorized your agent to increase the sum to £10,000. I have a full record of the conversations held and of the pledges proffered in your name.

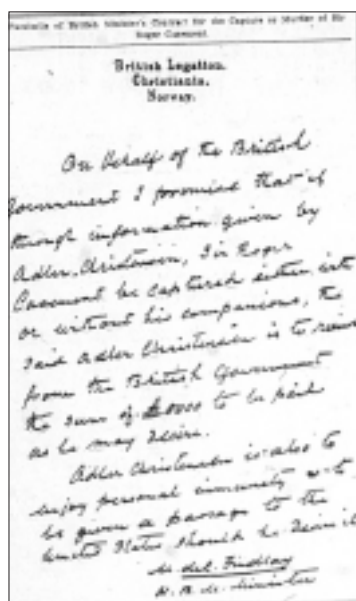
On two occasions, during these prolonged bargainings your Minister gave Adler Christensen gifts of 'earnest money'. Once it was five hundred crowns in Norwegian currency; the next time a similar sum, partly in Norwegian money and partly in English gold. On one of these occasions, to be precise on the 7<sup>th</sup> December last, Mr. Findlay handed Adler Christensen the key of the back entrance of the British Legation, so that he might go and come unobserved and at all hours.

I propose returning this key in person to the donor and along with it various sums so anxiously bestowed upon my follower.

The stories told Mr. Findlay at these interviews should not have deceived a school boy. All the pretended evidence of my plans and intentions Adler Christensen produced, the bogus letters, fictitious maps and charts and other incitements to Mr. Findlay's appetite for the incredible were a part of my necessary plan of self defence to lay bare the conspiracy you were engaged in and to secure that convincing proof of it I now hold.

It was not until the 3rd ultimo that Mr. Findlay committed himself to give my protector the duly signed and formal pledge of reward and immunity, in the name of the British Government, for the crime he was being instigated to commit, that is now in my possession.

I transmit you herewith a photograph of this document. [See below]



At a date compatible with my own security against the clandestine guarantees and immunities of the British Minister in Norway I shall proceed to lay before the legitimate authorities in that country the original document and the evidence in my possession that throws light on the proceedings of His Majesty's Government.

To that Government, through you, Sir, I now beg to return the insignia of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George, the Coronation Medal of His Majesty King George V, and any other medal, honour or distinction conferred upon me by His Majesty's Government of which it is possible for me to divest myself.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

(signed)

Roger Casement

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Letter to the Editor — Adler Christensen  
The Continental Times February 19, 1915

Sir,

Permit me to correct a mistranslation of my letter to Sir E. Grey that has appeared in the German rendering of that letter, as it is published in the Vienna and Berlin press.

My companion on my journey to Norway, Mr Adler Christensen, is referred to in the German renderings I have seen as my "Diener." This is incorrect, and has no foundation in any term used by me to describe his services in my letter to Sir E. Grey. So far as I knew, until he entered my service, Mr. Christensen had been a sailor; and it was precisely because he knew the sea and was at home in Norway, I wished him to accompany me to that country. I shall be grateful if correction can be made of an inaccuracy that has no justification in fact or in any statement in my letter to Sir E. Grey.

I am &c.

Roger Casement

[An editorial note on the same page of the Continental Times says:

'It is to be regretted that more care was not exercised by those responsible for translating documents that deserve not only the widest publicity but the most exact rendering. For Sir Edward Grey to be a Knight of the Garter and Adler Christensen a knave of the shoe ('Diener') is indeed a misapplication of polish!']

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Letter to the Editor — Lord Charles  
The Continental Times March 5, 1915  
Sir,

Lord Charles Beresford, who used to have a considerable reputation in the drawing rooms of London, has come out with the statement that the Germans attacking from airships or submarine boats should be treated as pirates. Poor old Charles. You are very much behind the times.

Americans should remember that the first time they ever heard of the name of Charles Beresford was in connexion with the following "heroic" deed.

At the outbreak of the Civil War, a British gunboat landed a number of marines in the Harbor of Honolulu. There were three young cadets with the men one of whom was Charles Beresford. Under his leadership, an attack was made on the American Consulate, the Consul insulted and the coat of arms of the United States was torn down and thrown into the harbor.

Now at that time the United States was at peace with England and there was no reason or excuse for such a black hand action.

In the Court martial which followed it was proved that Beresford was the ring leader and had himself torn down the United States Shield from over the door of the Consulate.

Berlin, 4 March, 1915

By one who knows

## The Code of British Diplomats

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Letter to the Editor, from "An American Woman", Munich,  
27 July 1915

*To the Editor.*

Some time ago we read of the astounding conduct of the British Minister in Christiania, named Findlay, in offering a reward of so many thousands of pounds sterling for the making away, in other words the assassination of Sir Roger Casement, the well-known Irish patriot. That was an act so discreditable to the reputation of British diplomacy, that everyone expected that the diplomat in question would be disowned by his government. But nothing of the kind has taken place and the British Government thereby stamps that act upon the part of its representative, with its approval.

But quite lately I have read in the *Continental Times* of Sir Bax Ironside, the British representative at Sofia, having to leave his post in the Bulgarian capital, because it was found that he had been compromised in the plot to kill King Ferdinand. So here we have a case of two British diplomats engaged in the unholy work of stimulating assassination! Surely a revolution as regards English diplomatic methods.

But in the case of Mr. Bax Ironside, he is not only convicted of being engaged in a plot to kill, but he is likewise a man of a dishonest past. In the summer of 1909 I spent the two hot months in Santiago at Vina del Mar, never Valparaiso. The hot months there are January and February.

The following story was told me there, by the victim himself. It seems that a Mr. Campbell, one of the big men in the English Colony, a partner in one of the many large English Commission houses with which Chili abounds – played cards at the Santiago club with the then Mr. Bax Ironside, and the latter lost to him a sum of \$300. That sum Mr. Bax Ironside did not pay at once, saying that he did not have so much money about him, but would send a cheque. Days passed and still no cheque arrived. Mr. Campbell said he did not like to dun the Minister, supposing, of course, it was only a lapse of memory and expecting each day to get his cheque. Finally, to his astonishment, he heard that Mr. Bax Ironside had left Santiago to take ship for England from Valparaiso. On this Mr. Campbell took the next train to Valparaiso, where he found Mr. Bax Ironside already aboard the steamer standing on the deck, surrounded by the members of his colony assembled to wish him "Bon Voyage". He approached the Minister, who displayed great embarrassment, and said, "Pardon me, Mr. Bax Ironside, but I fear you have forgotten your little debt to me." "Oh yes! To be sure I have forgotten, but come here to the library", and the Minister sat down and wrote him a cheque, which Mr. Campbell thanked him for and wished him "Bon Voyage", and took the train home to Santiago.

Imagine the surprise of the recipient of the cheque, when the Bank upon which it had been drawn told him, that not only did Mr. Bax Ironside have no money there, but that he never had any.

Mr. Campbell talked the matter over with some of the other principal members of the British colony and they decided that it was a disgrace for such a man to represent England and that it would be well to write a letter to the Foreign Office enclosing the dishonored cheque and relating the whole circumstances. That letter was sent registered to Downing

Street. It was naturally expected that the retirement of Mr. Bax Ironside would soon be heard of. The result? The next thing they heard was that he had been appointed Minister to Switzerland and had been created a K.C.M.G.!

Can you imagine England, the England one was taught to admire and reverence, having such a man as this, and Findlay, to represent her?

The affair made an awful stir in Santiago and Valparaiso, and was the talk of the English Club and Colony while I was there, and there are many who could substantiate the story. As I said, I got it from the victim himself who found no words strong enough to express his opinion of Mr. Bax Ironside.

I remember my friend, Madame Desprez, the wife of the then French Minister to Chili, – she is a daughter of General MacClellan – telling me that Mrs. Bax Ironside told her that her husband often struck her and at a house party where they were, she had to borrow money from my friend to pay her tips, as he never gave her a cent although the money was hers.

I seem to remember some one having told me since I left South America, that the poor woman had died of a broken heart over his outrageous treatment of her. I thought this story might interest you. Undoubtedly the acts are very interesting primarily of themselves, secondly as still further showing the type of men who are allowed to wear the British Diplomatic uniform.

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THE GAELIC AMERICAN, 7<sup>TH</sup> AUGUST 1915

## Roger Casement exposes Redmond's Childish Lie

June 10, 1915

To the Editor of The Gaelic American

Sir – I observe in *The Gaelic American* of May 21 some accounts of an interview Mr. Redmond is said to have given a correspondent of the New York *American*, in which I am referred to.

Mr. Redmond is reported to have said that I had "*been sent by the German Government*" to address the Irish prisoners of war; that they at first listened to me, ignorant of my identity and then when they "*knew it was Sir Roger Casement*" that they mobbed me and I had to appeal to the "*Prussian Guard*" to be extricated from the peril.

I have read many silly and many stupid lies about myself during the last month or two, but Mr. Redmond's lie is the most childish of all.

The whole story he related, with "*the grin*," to the credulous New York *American* is a lie from beginning to end like, let me say, his own Home Rule Bill.

And like that Bill, when as an "*Act of Parliament*" it has faded from the Statute Book even as the Cheshire Cat faded from the tree in "*Alice in Wonderland*," we shall be left only with the lie and Mr. Redmond's grin – "*that remained long after the rest of the cat had disappeared.*"

I was not sent by the German Government to visit the Irish prisoners: I asked to be allowed to visit them and after delay and difficulty I was permitted to do so. I introduced myself by name to the first group I met and talked to them for a few minutes, giving them some Irish, English and American newspapers. I told them all about myself and why I came to Germany and the men listened and asked many questions.



That was on December 3, 1914, at Limburg. The next day I again visited the camp and talked with others, and at the request of all I addressed them quite alone, on Sunday morning (when they were free), and at their request promised to visit them again. On each occasion when speaking to the men I was alone with them and, at my request, no German soldier, guard, or officer, whether of the Line, Landsturm or any other corps, was ever near me.

I again visited the camp on January 6, 1915, going there quite alone in the afternoon, so that I might see the men after work. I walked all through in the growing twilight, visited many of the barracks, conversed with many at 5.40 to walk back, always alone in Limburg.

On this occasion, dusk that was dark, some few men, or boys gathered round to answer me questions about the war.

Some of these made silly remarks, out over the heads of those nearer and declaring that they were "*Englishmen and had no use for an Irish traitor.*" I paid no attention to these valiant supporters of Mr. Redmond, and I was in as much danger from them as, say, the German navy is from the street cries of Mr. Churchill.

I was surrounded by scores of men; it was almost dark; I was entirely alone and no German guard even within sight, and had these friends of Mr. Redmond been as brave in body as they were in words I might have had to use my cane.

As it was, I was told by some of the men that a sergeant of the Munster Fusiliers "*wanted to see Sir Roger Casement*" with some undeclared intent. I sought him out there and then, asking my way from barrack to barrack hut.

When I finally reached the quarters of this particular section and asked for the sergeant who wanted to see me his mates said, in the entry to the room, with a grin (like Mr. Redmond's) "*Oh! He's gone to bed.*" I learned afterwards from an under officer that this warrior had said he would "*lay out Sir Roger if he ever visited the camp.*"

This figure of speech, as well as the physical prostration that followed it, was clearly due to reading the debates of the "*tremendous conflicts on the floor of the House*" – a manual of which must doubtless be handed by Mr. Redmond to every recruit who joins his "*Irish Brigade.*"

So much for Mr. Redmond's silly story, which like the jeers of his followers in Limburg is beneath my contempt.

I know Mr. Redmond and his chief supporters quite well enough. His avowed followers from among the Irish prisoners in Limburg camp are worthy of their leader and the cause he represents.

They have learned their lesson well and are now, as they assured me "*English soldiers*" and no longer Irishmen.

All the Irish prisoners of war at Limburg are not renegades and corner-boys; but then all of them are not followers of Mr. Redmond or fighting for British ideals of civilisation, progress and humanity.

Your obedient servant, Roger Casement

## THE STEP-MOTHER

An interesting letter from an American naval officer on board the US Cruiser, *North Carolina*, which has been in the Mediterranean for some months, recently appeared in the American press.

Speaking of the situation at Gallipoli, the American officer said that there seemed no likelihood of the Turkish positions being forced.

But what chiefly struck the American observer was that the "British" offensive was conspicuous by the absence of the English themselves.

"Thousands and tens of thousands of *wounded French, Australians and Irish* arrive in Egypt" he wrote; of one Australian regiment of 1,000 men "only 67 came back."

In summing up his impressions this frank but acute observer remarks: "The English have sent the Australians and the Irish to the front. The beloved Motherland is prodigal of the blood of her step-children."

The history of Great Britain's world Empire is written in the blood of her step-children; they fill the coffins, she fills the coffers.

## A WEAKNESS FOR SOUVENIRS

### A TRUE BRITISH HABIT

#### The Compleat Angler

Among the more conspicuous but none the less charming frailties of the English character is that weakness which leads this practical people to pick up and carry off all sorts of unconsidered trifles that others have overlooked or forgotten.

Wherever the English 'Tommy' goes he returns laden with these spoils of an innocent mind and childlike intent—like the curl upon his forehead.

Sometimes it is a bomb – alas! not infrequently an unexploded bomb that later goes off in the loved one's parlor – sometimes a Mummy ("a bloomin' Hidol" as the smiling image-bringer swears); a strange coin (or two) and sometimes an island.

Your compleat Briton has always had a weakness for islands. Just as the English poet Yeats sings: "I am haunted by numberless islands", so is the path of British statesmanship strewn with these souvenirs of innumerable sea quests in search of the unforgotten.

Islands indeed, make the most pleasing souvenirs in the world. They can be reached only by water to begin with, and once there no one can get out except by water – your true island is never quite an island until the British flag has been hoisted over it. It may figure on the map as an island, and the inhabitants may call themselves islanders, but until the British "Tommy" with his "quiff" and his smile that won't come off, has visited its shores, it has not attained to the full stature of islandhood and fails of its real function in the scheme of creation. It must be collected. It must be put into the British Museum, labelled and catalogued before it can take its proper place in the long succession of authentic islands and be quoted in the market lists that regulate insular values.

At the moment of writing there are still some vagabond islands left that have not yet been overtaken; but the British Tommy is on the track of the fugitives. He is determined that

these defaulting members of the family shall be brought home; and British statesmanship is resolute that Tommy shall have his smiling way.

The people of "these islands" (as it is now the style to term the United Kingdom) are resolved that no island shall be left uncared for.

The war for small nationalities has already developed into a war for small islands—and large. No island is too large to be attempted—none too small to be overlooked. The visiting list has grown so lengthy that it would take a volume to record the names only of all the islands that have been collected on the way. We shall restrict our survey to a very brief one, of those islands that have, without effort as it were, lapsed into the British Empire in the course of the present war. The list is of course incomplete as the war for small nationalities is not yet over; but we can begin to see daylight and calculating minds can even fix the approximate date of peace from the number of islands still belonging to enemy countries, or to "Allies" that are not yet in the fold.

Germany has happily lost all her island possessions, except Heligoland and a few scattered sand-banks in the Baltic or North Sea. The time for these is coming; but it is not their exclusion from the list that now constitutes the barrier to peace.

France, Italy and Russia still claim several islands and it is daily becoming clearer that until these scattered members of the family revert to their rightful place in the domestic circle there is little prospect of the world war terminating.

Turkey had already lost her island realms in the Italian and Balkan wars. It is true, Greece and Italy laid hands on them—but only for a time. Greece already has had the good fortune to have her islands of Mytilene, Tenedos, Lemnos, etc. placed on the right road by means of a "temporary occupation," without loss of Greek life.

In that she has been far luckier than Germany up to date, and the Italian ally will surely witness, ere the war is much older, a similar happy exit of his Dodekanos group.

There remain then, as the only barriers to peace, approximately the following islands that are still at large:-

**France:** Madagascar, Mohé, Corsica, Oléron and the Brittany coast islands, St. Pierre, Miquelon, etc.

**Russia:** The Northern half of Saghalien, which would naturally carry with it the Southern, or Japanese portion.

The islands in the White Sea;

The islands in the Baltic Sea;

The Crimea. (The Crimea is not quite an island, but so almost an island, that for family reasons it is felt it must be held to belong to the category)

**Italy:** Sardinia, Sicily, Lipari Group, Elba, etc.

and Rhodes and the lately annexed Turkish islands.

With the failure of the British "May offensive" on the West front and the probable early abandonment of the mistaken operation against Gallipoli (how absurd to attack a *peninsula!*) we may hope to see the full resources of the British Empire concentrated on the proper task in hand.

The world is sighing for peace. Why should it be delayed when so small a thing as the restoration of an island or two to rightful ownership and useful occupation can give it to mankind?

Let all those who are sincerely desirous of the welfare of humanity point out to the Russian, French and Italian governments their duty in the matter. President Wilson might well accelerate by a process of peaceful persuasion the inevitable period of peaceful penetration whereby the appeased digestion of Great Britain shall restore quiet to the Earth and every island to its native flag.

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Friday, August 20, 1915

## THE GREAT OFFENSIVE

In the London *Times* (we use the geographical prefix to differentiate our insular contemporary from its Trans-Atlantic ally *The New York Times* and our own little champion of truth in English) of July 22<sup>nd</sup> last, a leading article entitled "Our Whole Duty" calls on the nation to bend their entire strength to the great work "in hand."

The *Times* went on to point out that it was writing with a sense of shame at the contrast between the French effort and that of Britain—"a country that has not been invaded, but has not yet placed in the field one third of the forces raised by France."

Turning to the Parliamentary columns of the same issue of the *Times* we read that Lord Devonport announced in the House of Lords that "3,000,000 men were with the colours."

Knowing the natural tendency to push their wares of those who have been in the retail trade, we thought that possibly the noble Lord had overstated the wholesale stock in trade of the British recruiting machine, but on rising to reply, Lord Newton, the Under Secretary for War, merely pointed out that Lord Devonport had overestimated the married men with the colours.

As the force raised by Great Britain thus stands officially admitted at 3,000,000 men and as the *Times* asserts that this is less than one-third of the force raised by France, it is clear that France must have over 9,000,000 men in the field—according to the *Times*.

The available population of France, man, woman and child, is probably not more than 38,000,000 human beings, and there must, therefore, be a very large percentage of women and children in the French trenches.

Well may the *Times* feel a sense of shame! And why does its editorial staff still lag behind the firing line? Or is it that the manufacture of highly explosive lies with the pen is of more importance to victory than to take a hand at facing the Teuton with the bayonet?

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Monday, 23 August 1915

## SECRETS OF BRITISH DIPLOMACY

An Open Letter to the Open-Minded

By John Quincy Emerson, L. L. D. (Amsterdam)

The anti-American activities of the English press as now displayed recall to me, an old man, the very different methods of the enemies of America when I was young. Then there was no concealment of the passion of hatred, contempt and ill-will that inspired all classes of the English community against the people of the United States and every phase of American life—a passion that naturally found expression in the columns of the London press.

Sneers, gibes and even threats at the despised "Yankee" were then the order of the day.

How things have changed in the last thirty or forty years—*Eheu fugaces!* Today the same spirit of ill-will against our country charges the British mind, but today it cannot openly be discharged against us. It is only in secret, over the walnuts and the wine, that the true Britisher reveals himself towards all things American. In his morning paper he will read with a polished smile the daily references to "our common ideals,"

“ties of kinship,” and the unfailing tag about the Motherland’s admiring “regard for her lusty offspring”, etc.

He knows quite well that these things are not true and that the writer of the article knows them to be untrue; but they are things that have to be said, and said repeatedly, since to-day America has 90,000,000 of people and represents the wealthiest and in natural resources the most powerful community in the world.

Such a country, such wealth, such resources must, at all costs, be “kept in the family”; and since by himself the Briton is quite incapable of facing the German on any field of fair fight, it becomes for him, yearly, a matter of greater moment to hoodwink a very gullible people into the belief that an American is only a transplanted Britisher, having at bottom a common origin of language, history and religion, and inspired by the same high love of liberty that characterizes the Englishman—on paper.

This attitude, forced on England by fear of the German, has for many years been actively developed by secret direction from the inner circles which govern all things English and control with an absolute hand the policy and press of the supposedly “freest democracy on Earth”, in a manner that Germany can only gaze at afar off in boyish and perplexed wonder as to how the thing is done.

The latest pose of this secular anti-American attitude is to assume a warm regard for, a sort of fatherly protectorate over “American neutrality.”

Since there are still, happily, a good many Americans who are not fools and are not deceived by English published expressions of affection and esteem for their country it is necessary that this class of American should be attacked and, as far as may be, muzzled, intimidated or suppressed. The way to do it is to represent him as “anti-American,” as a “hyphenated American,” as something, in fine, that diverges from the true, native born Anglo-Saxon variety—the sole custodian of American faith and morals. Accordingly some individual of this fearless, outspoken class of American society that still survives, who is not afraid to speak his mind and utter the truth is singled out for press attack.

Inspired assaults will be made in the columns of some leading paper, and the impression sedulously spread abroad that this particular type, or personage, is actuated by anti-patriotic or personal motives and that all “thoughtful” Americans are pained at the necessity England is under of drawing attention to something that detracts from the otherwise irreproachable standards of honour that characterize the American attitude towards foreign affairs in general and the present war for the freedom of mankind and the future of humanity in particular.

Quite recently I have read in one of these English journals which derive their inspiration from the British Government a series of attacks on an American Consular officer who is represented as having made some “unneutral” remarks reflecting on the English press, and whose attitude is held up to public reprobation as a departure from the accepted standards of incapacity that should regulate the conduct of our public service.

The *Morning Post*, the particular journal referred to, has no call to say what an American officer shall or shall not say; but since American liberty and freedom of speech are things hateful to the English mind, the way to assail these objectionable survivals of republican simplicity is to represent them as “anti-American” and as something that calls for explanation on the part of our Government.

Now, as an American citizen I cannot see what business it is of the *Morning Post* or any other English journal to draw attention to what we Americans or our public officers

may say or do; but since these English journals find it their duty to lecture our officials on their public conduct I shall presume, for once, on our “common origin” to make some pertinent remarks, quite “within the family” on the conduct of a few British officials with whom I am acquainted.

Like the *Morning Post* I shall deal with the diplomatic service and will address myself, as it does, to the Department that controls that service. Before the Foreign Office in London draws attention through its inspired channels to the way American Ministers or Consuls discharge their public duties, may I ask that Department what steps they have taken to investigate the conduct at their respective Legations, of Messrs. M. de C. Findlay and H. Bax Ironside, among a few others? I know something about both gentlemen and their public activities.

I have been in Christiania within the last few months and I was there the night the Norwegian press published the extraordinary charge contained in the open letter Sir Roger Casement addressed to Sir Edward Grey on February 18th last, recounting the successive steps of intrigue, subornment and criminal conspiracy whereby the British Minister in Norway sought to tempt the Norwegian follower of Sir Roger to commit an indescribably atrocious act against his employer. At first, like most people I met, I would not believe the story—it seemed incredible. But at least, I said, it will be investigated and answered. The British government cannot lie down under such a charge, so publicly made and communicated to the Norwegian government as well as to the governments of many other countries.

As days went by and no attempt at denial appeared I began to reconsider my first impression. In this I found I was not alone. A Norwegian official of high rank told me he had seen the papers and the proofs Sir Roger Casement was prepared to submit to the Norwegian government and that they left no doubt in his mind that “a crime that calls to heaven”—such were his words—had been committed by the representative of His Britannic Majesty at the Norwegian Court.

And from that day to this no effort has been made by the Government of His Britannic Majesty to clear the character of the Minister of England so scandalously assailed. Sir Roger Casement challenged the most open investigation of the charge he brought. He offered to go to Norway and submit himself and the proofs of the crime to the jurisdiction of the Norwegian Courts; but both King George V, his Minister of Foreign Affairs and his representative, so directly accused, feared to meet the charge in open court. They took refuge in press attacks on the man they recoiled from facing before the tribunals of the country whose public law and whose neutrality they had so gravely assailed. Stay—they did one thing more. They removed the lock of the back door of the British Legation at Christiania.

The key of this door, it seems Mr. Findlay had given to Sir Roger’s servant so that the Minister and the supposedly bribed man might meet in secret and plot together how the latter’s employer could be waylaid, entrapped or kidnapped. This great government put pressure on the weak Norwegian government to compel that defenceless country to submit to the outrage in silence; and they took further steps to silence the Norwegian press, so that fitting comment should not appear. What “explanation” they offered to the American government, whose neutrality was also to some extent involved, since part of the British Minister’s programme was to dump the criminal he was trying to make on to American soil by “a free passage to the United States” I have not yet heard. But I shall hear.

And this is only the outline of the story; there are other details more shameful still that came to my knowledge while I investigated the matter in Christiania.



If Sir Roger Casement should survive the attacks still planned against him by the Downing Street authorities, I am convinced he will give the British Minister at Christiania and his employers a very cheerful quarter of an hour when this war is over and he is again free to travel without fear of the gangs of spies and bravos who today so fittingly represent the government of England in most of our neutral countries. Meantime I commend this case of Mr. M. de C. Findlay to the *Morning Post*, the *Times* and the other London journals which profess to be perturbed at the “unneutral” attitude of some American diplomats.

Before they venture again into print on the shortcomings of our foreign service, would it not be as well to put their own house in order and to find out why England is still represented abroad by a Minister against whom the most disgraceful official charge ever preferred in the annals of diplomacy has been brought and has not been met?

The case of Bax Ironside differs from that of Findlay. Findlay appears (so far, at least) to be charged only with *laches* in his public capacity as a Minister, whereas Bax Ironside is accused of both public and private acts of dishonour. I know nothing of the charges recently appearing in the press as to his alleged complicity in the attempt said to have been planned against the life of King Ferdinand of Bulgaria—an attempt by the way, inspired by the fact that the Bulgarian sovereign desired his country to remain neutral.

Neutrality when strict and faithfully maintained becomes an offence to England. The only “neutrality” she will recognise is that which can be converted into a weapon of assault upon her adversaries. Those like the Greeks, Bulgarians or honest Americans who cannot be suborned, cajoled or bullied into active support of England, are found to be wanting in the “spirit of neutrality” and become liable to secret assault—whether by hired bravo or hired pen depends on the needs of the case.

But while I am ignorant of how far the British minister, Bax Ironside, went with the would-be assassins of a neutral sovereign in Sofia, I am not ignorant of the way in which the Englishman, Bax Ironside, tried in Santiago de Chile to defraud a friend.

This story as related in a recent issue of the *Continental Times* by “an American woman” of how this particular British minister gave a worthless cheque to a man with whom he had been playing cards and to whom he had lost £300 is well-known in Chile.

There is, I think, only one point wherein the version as I know it in the Chilean capital differed from that now related by your fair correspondent. It was the governing body of the English Club in Santiago that drew the attention of the Foreign Office to the manner in which Mr. Bax Ironside had escaped from his obligations of honour by an act that would be held to disqualify a shoe shiner from membership of a “Black Hand” club in the Bowery. And the reply of Sir E. Grey’s Department was to promote the absconding card defaulter to a higher post in the British diplomatic service!

The explanation later given in Chilean society was—I know not how truly—that Mr Bax Ironside was “a grandson of George IV” and, as such, enjoyed special favour at the English Court and equally inherited special failings that could not be too closely or severely inspected while the grand-nephew of that monarch sat on the English throne.

The late King Edward VII, as is well known, himself enjoyed a game of cards and was not particular at what club he played it or with whom, provided his opponent had a well-filled purse.

That Mr. Bax Ironside enjoyed some favour at Court is not improbable, whatever his collateral relationship may have been; but no reason of this kind can be assigned for the attitude of the Foreign Office towards Mr. Findlay.

Mr. Findlay is of undoubted Scotch ancestry, as his name implies, and the prolonged bargainings he maintained with Sir Roger Casement’s follower clearly show. An Englishman *pur sang* would have paid the man his money down and not haggled over the price. Mr. Findlay with true Scotch thrift, preferred to venture “a scrap of paper” to risking the *baw-bees*. It remains, assuredly, one of the cases in history where discretion was not the better part of valour. The British Government today would gladly give the £10,000 Mr. Findlay once promised Sir Roger’s man to get back the very disconcerting “guarantee” their minister handed him instead of the non-incriminating gold.

These are but a few of the episodes of modern British diplomacy with which I have some passing acquaintance, due less to my virtues, I fear, than to my feelings.

In the course of a lengthy life I have travelled much and had occasion to mix in every varied society. I have visited courts—and at times dwelt in courts. Looking back on the acquaintances made in both localities, I incline to give the verdict to the courts. For Messrs. Findlay and Bax Ironside are not the only British courtiers I have met.

Should the *Morning Post* be tempted to further excursions into fields of American diplomacy and feel it incumbent on the best traditions of British journalism to expose the “indiscretions” of our foreign representatives I shall feel myself impelled to record much more fully some reminiscences of the time when I, too, mixed with sovereigns and knew how a diplomat should behave—and so often observed how he did not behave.

May I, before closing this long letter thank you for giving us that excellent letter on *British Militarism* by C. H. Norman.

In reading therein the passage from Wilfred Blunt’s “Atrocities of British Rule in Egypt” dealing with the Denohawi infamies (directly authorized by Sir E. Grey who justified these proceedings on the ground that he was compelled to “strike terror”). I am reminded that Mr. Findlay, at that time attached to the British Consulate General in Cairo, took part in these floggings and hangings of the terrorized Egyptian villagers, and was promoted shortly afterwards to be Minister Resident in Dresden. Mr. Winston Churchill, in the extract from “The River War” quoted by Mr. Norman, does not do full justice to the incident he records of the desecration of the Mahdi’s tomb and the digging up and dismembering of the body of the Mussulman Saint.

Not only was the head severed from the body, and the limbs and trunk thrown into the Nile as he states, but the British officers who directed the sacrilege under Lord Kitchener’s orders, carried away with them as “souvenirs” the finger nails of the corpse and hung these mementoes of one of the most brilliant achievements of British military history on to their watch chains.

For once I agree with the Right Hon. Mr. Winston Churchill, altho’ his criticism of this action has been expunged from the “popular” editions of his work — “Such was the chivalry of the conquerors!”

With your permission, Mr. Editor, I shall return to the theme of English chivalry in a subsequent letter.

Today I am sure you must feel I have written enough—and probably the *Morning Post* will share your view.

**THE SICKMAN**  
**A Fable that Cost Dear**  
*By X. of X.*

Once upon a time there was a Sickman.

And his friends gathered round and said: "Be kind enough to give us the Key of your House so that we may come in and help you."

But the Sickman replied: - "It is true I have been ill and ye have all prescribed for me, and I see verily that in the multitude of doctors is much illness and heavy charges. Now, be it known to you, dear Friends, that I have chosen a Doctor, whose medicine is strength, and that the Key of my House I keep in mine own hands.

"God be with you, dear Friends, and requite you as you deserve."

And with one accord the friends of the Sickman fell to cursing together and the Chief among them said: "He hath dug his Grave with his own hands."

And they spoke bitterly to each other and said, "Come, let us take the Key of the House from this Son of Belial and cast him out utterly, so that we may enter in and take possession, for it is not right that a Sickman should choose his own Doctor."

And it was agreed that two of the friends should attack the house by the front door, and another friend, whom they could see but afar off, by reason that the Sickman's house and garden stood between them, should assail it by the back door.

And at the Noise of their attack the Sickman rose from his bed and first he locked the front door and the back door, and then with the medicine of strength his Doctor had given him he proceeded to defend his house and garden.

And he took the Shovel, wherewith the Friends desired that he should dig his grave, whereon were many strange names engraved, and he dug with it many trenches and *Schützengraben*, like unto graves and said:

"But who filleth them, Dear Friends, let him that liveth tell."

And after the Friends had attacked the Front Door by Night and by Day and with much Noise, for the space of six months, and by Reason of their attacks and the violence thereof their heads and their hands were much bloodied and their strength greatly diminished, whereby their resentment against the Sickman was augmented beyond all endurance, they cried aloud, and said: "Since we do this thing for the sake of others, nay, for the very cause of humanity itself and so that the Small Nations may live, it is but right that others should Help us."

So they cried together with a loud Voice: "Come over and Help us O! ye Small Nations, lest this Son of Satan get the better of Us, who do but seek the welfare of Mankind, and so ye and your Cause be lost for evermore."

Now the Small Nations walked delicately, each in his appointed path, and when they heard the Cry of the Friends they replied not by reason that the tongue was in the Other cheek, and each, passing over on to the other side gathered his robe discreetly, so that the Dust and the Blood and the Dirt of the Conflict should not soil his garment.

And when the Friends saw this they were exceeding wroth and laid hands on all that was within reach and said: "verily, since ye will not attack the Sickman who, in truth hath dug his grave with his own hands, now shall ye lose *This* and

*This* and *that*," and they seized hold of many things the Small Nations treasured greatly.

And when the Small Nations saw that their own goods were like to all disappear and that the two friends were heavy-laden, they took Counsel together and said:

"Verily such friendship costeth dear, and we have not means to support it. Now the Sickman we know of old but who are these that we should bear these things in peace?"

"Go to", they said, "see ye not that they are heavy-laden", and with that, with one accord, they took up Stones and Things and threw them at the friends from behind, while the Sickman, opening the Door, came out and smote them in front, so that there was neither going forward nor going backward nor yet staying. And the two Friends, lying down in the Trenches and the *Schützengraben* that the Sickman had dug with his own hands, fell asleep.

And when the Sickman saw what had befallen the two friends he gazed sadly on the shovel whereon the many strange names were engraven and said:

"Lo! They have Dug their Grave with their own Hands!"

*"Let it be called Achibaba."*

[Achibaba was the main position of the Ottoman Turkish defences in 1915.]

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September 10, 1915

**THE THREE FRIENDS.**  
Or a Fable that Cost Dear  
*By X. of X.*

Once upon a Time there were Two Friends. And they said: "It is a great Pity we are not Three, for Three's Company, Two's none."

"Humph!" said an Old Woman who was passing with a Basket of Stale Proverbs on her back, "I heard that put differently when I was young."

"When you were young, Ma'am," they said with a smile, "people were foolish enough to speak the truth," and they folded their Hands and looked about them.

"Humph!" said the Old Woman, as she went on her way.

Presently they espied a Stout Man leading an indifferent life.

And as he drew near they said: "What tact!"

"Clearly the People I've wanted to meet this long time," he said. "How d'ye do?"

And they embraced and the Stout Man said: "Let's make an Entente Cordiale of it."

So they went to a place where men went to Reval and had an Entente Cordiale. "Now that we are a Company," they said, "we ought to be Registered." So they drew up an Agreement and put their Names to it, "not for publication, but as a Guarantee of Good Faith," said the Fat Man. And they said, "What tact!"

And then they had another Entente Cordiale. "I think," said the New Found Friend, "this is jolly and I'd like to see Nephew's face when he knows what Uncle has done."

And as they walked along they saw a Gentleman who was pretending to be an Organ Grinder.

"What a Pity!" they said. "We must do something for that poor Gentleman." So they went up to him and put a Penny in the Slot and he said: "Corpo di Bacco! But the weather is Cold."

"It is that," they remarked with one accord; "you should wear a Kummerbund—like Us."

"Yes, yes, indeed," said the Gentleman, "but, alas, I am too poor."

"Oh! Pray don't let that trouble you," said the Fat Man – "I have several at home," and he wound his Kummerbund round the Poor Gentleman's waist, and the purse was in it, and then they were Four.

"Now," they said, "it is Time to see what William is doing." So they walked along until they heard a loud Explosion. "Probably," said the Fat Man's Son, "that's the Archduke. Let us run."

So they ran until they met little Peter and little Albert who said, "Oh! Dear Friends, come and Help us, for there are two Robbers in that Wood looking for the Archduke, and we haven't the least idea where he is."

"What a Shame," remarked the Fat Man's Son, "to frighten the Children so. Really, we must do Something. Let us look into this." So they looked into it and when they saw the two Robbers, they said, "Oh! What a d—d disinheriting countenance! Of Course they've robbed the poor children."

So they cried out to all the Passersby and said:

"Oh! Such bad men hiding in that Wood over there, and see how they've treated these poor Children!"

And the Gentleman who was pretending to be an Organ Grinder said, "Who goes slowly goes far—I'm coming in later." And the Three Friends said:

"Certainly, dear Friend, we'll go in and see, and when we Call, you Come." And so they took the Children by the Hand and went into the Wood.

As they went on it got very Dark, and they kept calling out to let each know where the other was, but the more they called the further they got away from each other.

And presently one of the Two Friends, who was very Tall and had long Legs, began to Run, and the more he Ran the longer his Legs grew.

"Where are you going to?" they called out, for although they could not see Him, they could hear by the Noise that he was running away through the Wood. "I am going to look for the two Robbers," he called back, "and when I find them I will come back."

So they said: "It is about time the Poor Gentleman with the Organ came here, and they called out –

"Oh! Do Come in here; it is just Beautiful. Such a lovely place! And such Lots of nice things, Shells and All Sorts of Curiosities. We Never saw Anything like it."

And the Poor Gentleman who was trying to look like an Organ Grinder called back:

"Alas! Dear Friends, I have no Money to pay for the journey. What will you give Me if I Come in?"

So they took out their Purses and they counted and said, "We will give you all your Expenses and more and here is something to go on with, and please bring the Organ with you, because we are getting hoarse."

So the Poor Gentleman took his Organ and came in, but he had not gone far before they heard the Organ stop.

"Where are you?" they called, "We can't hear you now and it's getting darker." And the poor Gentleman called back very faintly:

"Alas! Dear Friends, I have fallen into a Gorz bush and can't get out and the spikes are very full and many." And they said, "Where is Peter? He had the Bulgarian Milk and we are so thirsty," and they began Calling for him. "And Albert," they cried. "Surely he too can't be lost. We haven't heard from him

for a long time." So they started calling "Peter!" and "Albert!" And their voices sounded very strange, and the strangest thing of all was that the Echo replied in an entirely different language. For as they called "Peter" the Echo said "Nick!" and as they called "Albert" it answered "Olai!"

"This is getting stranger and stranger," said the Fat Man's Son, "I was never in such an embarrassing Situation in my Life. I wonder where Uncle Sam is?" And then far away he heard a voice say: "I guess Blood may be thicker than Water, but there's such a darned lot of Water between us and so Many darned things in it I reckon I'll not be over this Fall."

And all this time nobody had seen the Two Robbers!

"There's that Sickman we used to know; surely he lives somewhere near and might know a way out of the Wood. Hadn't we better call upon Him?"

So the two Friends tied themselves together with the Fat Man's last remaining Kummerbund and they set out to find the Sickman's House.

And they knocked at the Door and said: "We know you will excuse us, but we've lost a Friend with Long Legs who must have passed this way. Did you, by any chance, see him?"

"No," said the Sickman, "but I heard him. He's gone that way, but I'm afraid you can't overtake him, for he was travelling fast."

"That is true," they said. "We move very slowly—it's so much safer!"

"It looks like it," said the Sickman, "you've been a long time coming here."

"Yes," they said, "and Now that we are Here we should be so very glad if you could show us the way out."

"Inshallah!" said the Sickman, "it's like This. No matter how many you may Come in, you can only get out one by one."

"Oh!" they said, "*that's* why he Ran away! How mean of him!"

"No," said the Sickman, "he went to find the Two Robbers, and if you want to get out of the Wood you'll have to do the same. They've got the Key, and while Anyone can Come in, no one can Get Out without their Leave."

"Oh!" said the Two Friends, "it's like that, is it? How strange that the Grey Man never told us. He said it was as Easy to Come in as to Stay out."

And just then the Two Robbers came up Arm in Arm.

"Who are they?" they asked.

"Two Gentlemen looking for you," said the Sickman kindly.

And the Fat Man's Son who had been looking at the Two Robbers very attentively said:

"*Oh! William, I knew it was You all the Time!* Thank God we have found you at last."

And the Old Woman was walking in the Wood that afternoon with her Basket of Stale Proverbs, looking for One she had lost.

"It was here I last saw it," she said, as she came up to a Big Tree. And she saw Two men sitting under the Tree and as she came near she saw it was the Two Robbers.

"Why, there has been a great deal of Noise in the Wood this afternoon," she said, "I never remember to have heard it so noisy. And it was full of people too. There were Three Gentlemen here?" she asked.

"There were," said the Two Robbers.

"And little Albert and Peter?" she asked.

"They were," replied the Two Robbers.



“And a Gentleman pretending to be an Organ Grinder?” She asked.

“He was,” replied the Two Robbers.

“And the Sickman?” she asked.

“He is,” answered the Two Robbers. And she saw the Sickman smoking at the other side of the Tree.

“Deary, dear,” said the Old Woman, “I wonder where all the Strange gentlemen and little Albert and Peter have gone.”

But the Two Robbers said Nothing and the Sickman had his Pipe in his Mouth.

And the Old Woman walked round looking for her lost Proverb and she stumbled over a grave and saw written over it: “What tact!”

“No, that wasn’t it,” she said, “it went differently, and oh! deary me, I can’t abear to lose one of my Proverbs.”

And just then she looked up and saw the Two Robbers smiling at her good-naturedly and there it was in *their* hands all the time.

“Well, well,” she said, as she put the Stale proverb back in her Basket, “if those poor, dear Gentlemen I me this morning had only Abided by it, how much better it Would have been for them.”

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## THE GREY MAN

A Fable that cost Dear

By X of X.

Once upon a time, long, long ago man there was a Grey Man and he lived on an Island all by himself. In the Summer he fished and when the Berries came he ate under the Roseberry and dreamed.

Now one day Roseberry caught Cold Feet and could not sleep. So the Roseberry faded Away and the Grey Man went out into the Wilderness and waited. And presently the Bannerman came along and the Grey Man said: “Not under that Flag if I can help it,” for he knew what the Roseberry whispered when It caught Cold Feet.

But the Bannerman held his Flag high and the People marched under it, and when the Grey Man saw there was no other Way he went under the Flag of the Bannerman. And so he Came into the Strange Place, where they talked in a Language he did not understand, but when they saw the Fishing Rod they understood him.

And so he sat down in the Strange Place, where the Language and everything was Foreign, and they said “You are the Right man in the Right place.”

And when the Grey Man tried to learn the Language of the Strange Place they said:

“Better not: you are much more Useful as you are, and we can give you a New Rod with which you will catch Ever so much bigger Fish.”

So they gave him a nice new Fishing Rod and the Fat Man was looking on and smiling. And when He saw the way the Grey Man took the Rod he said “He’ll land the Fish after all!”

So they went on talking together in the Language the Grey Man did not understand and they said many Funny Things to each other.

And then they came to the Grey Man and said:

“You see it’s like this. There is a great big Fish out there, a cross between a Hunny Fish and a Barbaril, and we’re after it, but we don’t want Anyone to Know. Now you go on fishing and take this bottle of Cordial to keep you Warm, and when Anyone asks you what you are at just to say that you have no

Engagements, that you are Keeping in Touch and that your Hands are quite free.”

So the Grey Man thanked them Warmly for the Rod and the Cordial and his Nose went

on talking after the rest of the Face had relapsed into silence.

And just then he got a Bite and he called out “I’ve got it!” But when they saw what he had got, they said “Oh! no; that’s the Algeciras Fish; we want it for Bait. Put it back Please.” So the Grey Man went on Fishing and presently he got another Bite and he cried “Here he is!”

But when they saw what it was they said:

“No, no, that’s the Agadir Fish and he won’t come for That. Please put it back.”

So he went on fishing, and all the time the Nose was talking to itself, and although he got many Strange Fish to bite, from the Black Sea and the Middle Sea and the Yellow Sea and the White Sea, the Hunny Fish never Came Up. And just then a Sturgeon from the Don came up and said,

“You’ll never catch Him that way. Try Dynamite.”

So they took a lump of Dynamite and threw it in, and sure enough Up came the Hunny Fish, showing all His Teeth—but he wasn’t dead.

“Quick” they cried, “Now we’ve got him, before He recovers. Where’s the Landing Net?”

So the Grey Man Took the Landing Net and they all Helped and pulled and pulled for they Knew the Hunny Fish must be inside. And when they got the Net to shore, there was a big Hole in it and no Hunny Fish, but a whole lot of Dead Fish worth nothing.

“Why”, they said, “there’s the Belgian Mackerel, and the French Sardine, and Oh! dear, dear, there’s the Sturgeon of the Don and such a Hole in the Net!”

“What shall I do now?” asked the Grey Man, “the Rod’s broken and the Net’s torn and these Fish are not much good Now.”

“There’s only one way to catch Him now” they said, “you must try a Pitchfork”.

“But I’m a Fisherman” said the Grey Man.

“Well, call it a Trident” they said, “But it’s really a Pitchfork. You’ve got to get Somebody Else into the Water after Him, and that’s where the Pitchfork comes in. Now if you can get Uncle Sam and Konstantine and Ferdinand and Young Ferdinand, all together into the Water, they’ll be able to Land Him, because he must have been Hurt although he did get through the Net.”

So the Grey Man sent his Boy, Billy, to Uncle Sam and Konstantine and all the Others to tell them

to get into the Water after the Hunny Fish.

And Uncle Sam said:

“I can’t swim, but I’ll lend you my Bathing Drawers”.

And Konstantine said:

“You have my best Wishes for Your Safety but I never bathe in Autumn”.

And Ferdinand said:

“Thanks for the Pitchfork, but I prefer a Life Belt.”

And Young Ferdinand said:

“Gute Besserung, but I prefer Bessarabia.”

So the Grey Man said “What shall I do Now?”

And they All said with one accord— “Get Out!”

And when the Roseberry heard what had happened to the Grey Man It said— “He would have done far less Harm if he had stayed with me in the Wilderness. I caught my Cold Feet in good Time!  
(Undated)

## The Thugs of Diplomacy.

Revelations by an American Scholar.  
Another Open Letter to the Open-minded.

Copenhagen, September 1<sup>st</sup>, 1915

To the Editor of The Continental Times.  
Sir;

Since I last wrote you I have made much further inquiry into the *affaire Findlay*. Following Sir Roger Casement's letter to Sir. E. Grey of February last, in which he charged the British Government with a most disreputable intrigue with his servant man conducted through the British Minister in Christiania, it appears he communicated copies of the correspondence to the Foreign Ministers of many Neutral States—among others to our own Secretary of State at Washington. Not content with this he then telegraphed to the Norwegian Government from Hamburg, and to Mr. Findlay himself, repeating his already expressed wish to submit the matter to impartial investigation in Norway. The telegram to Mr. Findlay, a copy of which I have seen in Norway, left nothing to be desired on the score of frankness. Sir Roger charged the British Minister with attempting

"to procure my death or capture by treachery, and that you thus conspired with the Norwegian subject, my dependent, Adler Christensen, whom you sought to bribe and corrupt to commit an act of utmost baseness and to violate the laws of his country."

Sir Roger ended his telegram to the British Minister with this straightforward challenge: "I desire to submit all proofs and myself personally to the jurisdiction of the Norwegian courts if you will do the same."

This was the last thing that Mr. Findlay could do. Neither he nor the Norwegian Government accepted Sir Roger's offer. *Cela va sans dire*.

That the Norwegian Government should have wished to "keep out of it" was natural enough when we view the very delicate situation in which Norway finds herself—between the Devil and the Deep sea. The British Government has it in its power to ruin the foreign trade of Norway and to reduce the whole population to a practical state of starvation.

This sea-power they are prepared to exercise and do exercise ruthlessly against any State that may dare to assert its neutral rights to the detriment of the British claim to "work her will upon her adversary."

As Mr. Asquith put it "we are not going to be bound by any judicial niceties" in the criminal plan to overcome German manhood by a scheme of general starvation of the German people—just as the Boers England could not beat in the field were forced in the end to surrender to save their women and children.

Thus the powerless Norwegian Government was compelled by *force majeure* to accept the insult to their integrity offered by the British Government and to shut their eyes to the scandalous action of the British Minister and their ears to the appeal of Sir Roger Casement.

But what are we to think of the sense of "honor", of the regard for "pluck" of the Great Government of England, when it shirked so open a challenge, brought in the most direct manner by one lonely man who offered to place himself in a position of great danger if only assured he would receive a fair hearing?

Unwilling to face Sir Roger Casement in the courts of Norway, the British Government ran away, and, Parthian-like

discharged their arrows as they fled. They invoked the aid of the suborned and servile New York press to assail the man they dared not meet in open fight. Immediately on receipt by Sir Edward Grey of Sir Roger Casement's letter of February 1<sup>st</sup>, the London correspondents of the reptile press of New England were directed to circulate defamatory libels against the man the British government dared not face in a Court of justice. The cable was kept busy with bogus "advices" and faked despatches "received from Berlin" by these special liars in attendance on Sir Edward Grey, and duly transmitted to the American public as "news received from Germany." Sir Roger was represented as having received sums of money from the German government to "stir up a revolt in Ireland;" as having "sold himself to Germany" and being unable to deliver the goods, as being now "in hiding" in Germany. No one knew better than Sir E. Grey how false these statements were; but the lie was as necessary to meet Sir Roger's open attack as to meet the charge of the German infantry.

Hitherto the British Government was held to be, even by its opponents, an honorable government served by gentlemen. This claim can no longer be admitted. To-day the British Government takes moral and social rank with its allies, Servia and Russia.

Even Italy would not retain a Findlay in its service.

To those not intimately acquainted, as I have made myself, with the *affaire Findlay*, it is incredible that a Great Government, even if its chiefs were men of little truth or honor, should lie down in official silence, under such a charge so openly brought against it. People still say there *must* be an answer and that it will be given. Let me say here and now there is no answer that the British government dare give openly, and none will be attempted. They know the facts only too well. They know the guilt of their agent at Christiania; they know the instructions they transmitted to him and the action they authorized him to take—and *they are afraid that they are not alone in this secret knowledge!*

They say to themselves—and with reason—that if they had means to tamper with correspondence in neutral post offices, others possibly enjoyed similar access—and *even a secret code is not always inviolable*.

If they could purchase neutral citizens to violate the laws of their country, or do things that are best kept out of sight, might not others exercise a similar "diplomacy"?

There is the man Erichsen for instance: not to speak of "Sigvald" and a score more, all Norwegians and all involved in the plot against Sir Roger Casement—to say nothing of the little Danish vessel the '*Mjolnir*' they "captured" and took into Lerwick.

Alas, Mr. Hammond was not on board! And then there is that very stupid letter Sir Arthur Nicholson addressed from the Foreign Office on October 26<sup>th</sup> last, to Sir Roger Casement by direction of Sir Edward Grey. *Quelle bêtise!*

To write in such terms to the man whom, three days later, on October 29<sup>th</sup>, Sir Edward Grey's agent at Christiania was trying to have "knocked on the head" by a servant man,

with the assurance that no one would ever know anything about the “disappearance of the gentleman down at the Grand Hotel” because he was there “under an assumed name!”

How much they must wish now they had not written that last letter to Sir Roger! (I am driven to these continuous notes of exclamation, Mr. Editor, by the humor of the thing)

People who have read thus far will begin to agree with me that the British government will never attempt any voluntary reply to Sir Roger Casement’s charge. Like the late Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, they will “take it lying down.”

To be a good diplomat you must look before you leap, and neither Sir Edward Grey, his Permanent Under-Secretary of State nor the egregious Mr. Findlay looked at all before they leaped. That is the explanation.

Just as a Zulu warrior, rushing in to fight “sees red”, they “saw Green.” That an Irish nationalist should dare to defy the might of Britain was too much for their judgement and self-restraint.

They landed themselves and their country in one of the most unsavoury episodes that, I suppose, ever damned the erring footsteps of a diplomacy that having embarked on national conspiracy on a big scale against a neighbor nation found itself compelled to descend to petty conspiracy and crime against individuals in order to carry the business through.

For the *Entente Cordiale* is only another name for Criminal Conspiracy.

Having put their hands to *that* Plough, the Conspirators found the furrow getting deeper and deeper and the Plough dirtier and dirtier until it has ended in the Dismal Swamp of today.

What a policy — what principals — what an end!

The *affaire Findlay* is an instance of that “English chivalry” I promised to deal with in my former letter. I touch on it here today (I have much more to say in good season) as an up-to-date example of the secret code of ethics that regulates the public conduct of those having charge of English State affairs. The motto is: not what ye shall *not* do, but that ye shall not be found out.

In the Norwegian case the British Government has been found out and largely through the stupidity and bungling of their agent on the spot—beaten at his own game by a Norwegian sailor boy.

For every one who has met Mr. Findlay knows him to be a stupid man in mind and a base man at heart.

Of course he is “a charming man”—they all are. English diplomats are “charming men”—like the late Sir Constantine Phipps, or the present Sir William Tyrrell, say—who, by the way—plays a singular role in the inner history of the Findlay affair.

But the charm of these gentlemen never affects their determination to push British interests at all costs, whether the means involve the “disappearance” of some obnoxious personage or the mere flogging and killing of an Egyptian peasant.

We need only go to the Denshawi case to discover the true Mr. Findlay and the true British Government—with the “charm” off.

And there, too, in that brutal crime we shall find the explanation of the stupid brutality at Christiania.

The same man presided over both incidents, moved by the same instructions.

The crime against the Egyptian *fellaheen*, directed by Mr. Findlay and authorized by Sir Edward Grey, (or shall we say Sir William Tyrrell) becomes at once explicable when we view it in the light of the later attempt at Christiania, and itself

is the explanation of how the same principals did not hesitate to employ against the Irish Nationalist the same methods they had employed against the humble Egyptian peasants.

Mr. Bernard Shaw has dealt with that disgraceful episode in his preface to “John Bull’s other Island”. He little knew that the same individual he then lashed with the scorn of his pen would be employed eight years later in attempting to waylay and make off with a distinguished compatriot of Mr. Shaw’s and one whose only crime was that he preferred the “other Island” to John Bull’s pay, pension and honors. The details of the attack on the British officers by the villagers of Denshawi are well-known. I need not go into them. The attack was wholly unpremeditated, wantonly provoked and richly deserved by these “officers and gentlemen.”

But Sir Edward Grey and Lord Cromer determined to “strike terror.” And they did. Four of the villagers were hanged, two were sentenced to penal servitude for life, one to 15 years’ penal servitude, six to seven years’ penal servitude, three to prison for a year with hard labor and fifty lashes, and five to fifty lashes.

But this is only an outline of the shambles. *The hanged men were first flogged*; and the relations of all the executed and flogged men and lads were forced in from the surrounding countryside and compelled to witness, with a ring of British bayonets round them, the laceration, mutilation and death agonies of their fathers, brothers and husbands.

“Such was the chivalry of the conquerors!” And the presiding hangman, Mr. M. de C. Findlay, wrote officially to the Foreign Office of this day’s work — “*The Egyptian, being a fatalist, does not greatly fear death and there is, therefore, much to be said for flogging as a judicial punishment in Egypt.*”

There is, also, much to be said for flogging as an extra-judicial punishment in Norway!

Some few years ago English officers used to flog each other—across the dinner-table after mess. It was held as a necessary part of the discipline required to produce “an officer and a gentleman”, and a considerable outcry was raised when public discussion turned on this time-honored custom and it had to be given up.

But flogging could be introduced in British diplomacy with great benefit to the peace of the world.

I trust that the first witness to the civilizing influence of the lash may be the gentleman who applied it with vicarious vigour to the bared backs of the Egyptian peasantry, and that the strong hands to administer the tonic may be those of Sir Roger Casement and his Irish friends.

What a case of poetic justice that would be, could a “special court” of Irish Nationalists try the sedentary occupants of the Foreign Office and the sitting members of the “Home Rule” government and apply to their persons, with a special eye to the right quarter on which to lay it, the merciless logic of the lash!

I hope when the Huns get to London they will bear this hint in mind and give the Irish the chance of their lives.

My next letter will be from Norway, by special messenger.

Respectfully

(Signed) John Quincy Emerson, L. L. D.





## “German Gold”

To the Editor:

I have read the letters to the open-minded of Dr. J. Quincy Emerson, dealing with the methods of British diplomacy, with great interest. Some may think Dr. Emerson is too hard on that charming type of British diplomat, Mr. M. de Cardonnal Findlay. I don't. I know him. And the Egyptian people know him. The Denshaw murders in 1906 will never be forgotten in Egypt. Mr. Findlay was the fit tool of English imperialism in that crime.

It was entirely English. First, the British officers wantonly fire into the Egyptian village in their pursuit of “sport”. They kill the tame pigeons of the villagers and they wound, with their scattered aim, the villagers. The men gather to protect their women and children from this lawless assault of a band of foreigners, and, quite naturally, they meet an attack of shot guns with a defence of sticks and cudgels.

The English officers run away, and one of them, in his haste to get off, dies of sunstroke. Mr. Findlay is in charge, temporarily, of the British Consulate General in Cairo. Acting on orders from Sir Edward Grey, he directs a “Special Court” to try the unarmed Egyptians charged with the outrageous offence of defending their wives and children against a wanton attack by armed British officers. The result we know: a regular shambles of horror follows in Denshaw—and Mr. Findlay not only directs the massacre but in his reports to the Foreign Office he lies with true British unscrupulousness. Some people tell lies because they do not know the truth.

As Mr. Gladstone put it, it is a case of “untruth by defect”. Mr. Findlay's dispatches were “untruth by defect”.

He writes to Sir E. Grey that these murdered Egyptian villagers were “*convicted of a brutal and premeditated murder*” – and complains that the Egyptian press “*disregarded the fact!*”

He even went on to say that the native press “*is being conducted with an absolute disregard for truth, so as to make it evident that large sums of money have been expended.*”

This was, clearly, a forerunner of “German gold” that is now corrupting the press of every land not in league with England.

How widespread are the ramifications of German gold!

It was German gold that induced Baron Greindl, Count de Lalaing and the Belgian Minister in Paris to write those damning impeachments of English policy from 1905-1914 that we have all been reading lately from the Belgian archives.

And it was German gold that induced Mr. Bryan to resign; just as it was German gold induced Mr. Archibald to carry a letter. That letter, by the way, I see the English Under Secretary of State for Foreign affairs describes as having “been found” on Mr. Archibald!

If I knock you down and take your watch and purse may I say I have “found” them?

An even more delightful euphemism for theft and pocket-picking I find in the *Times* report on the same debate—it represents Lord R. Cecil as speaking of the documents stolen from Mr. Archibald as the papers that “*have come into our possession*”!

I see the *New York World*, copying its Masters and Employers in London, has “copyrighted” the papers stolen from Dr. Albert's portfolio!

“Untruth by defect” and “copyrighted” thefts are the mainstays of British diplomacy.

We know it was German gold induced the Turks to refuse to surrender their independence to England, Russia and France; and I presume it is German gold that has now led to the retirement of the Grand Duke Nicholas, and the substitution of the Tzar as Commander-in-Chief of the Russian retreat. How widespread are the ramifications of German gold!

When “the Allies” are driven off the Gallipoli peninsula it will be German gold has done it; when the English are driven out of Calais, again it will be German gold has debauched the right, and when England is ejected from Egypt it will be “*evident that large sums of foreign money have been expended.*”

I suppose the next Presidential Election in America will be run entirely on German gold and that poor Mr. Wilson's retirement to private life and the enjoyment of a Carnegie pension will be the apotheosis of German gold.

What a very rich country Germany must be! And what a very poor country England, spending only £5,000,000 per day – “much of it,” or Mr. Asquith said last week “*to meet our obligations to our Allies.*”

I see the British “Secret Service Fund” which before the war amounted to some £35,000 per annum is now officially put at £350,000.

I wonder how much of it is spent in America, and what are the exact figures of the cable transactions between this Fund and the New York press?

It would be a very interesting study in international economics to know just how much “an ally” costs Great Britain. I suppose we never shall know; but I should much like to know the differential tariff that applies to the procuring of “an ally”. So many factors have to be taken into account. There is the colour scheme of the ally for instance. What is the scale for a pure White ally, a Half-Caste ally, a Yellow ally, a Black ally, a Black and White ally, a Piebald ally, and a Neutral ally? Will Mr. Asquith not tell us?

Speaking for myself I believe the dearest of these is the Neutral ally. He knows his value, and charges accordingly.

Yours obediently,  
Geneva Henry Prescott

CORRECTION: Editorial of issue of September 2016

Page 6, Line 178, the Irish quotation should read:

O chuir mé im cheann é / Ní stoppaidh mé choiche. /  
Go seasfaidh mé siar I lar / Chonntae Mhaigh Eo.

## STILL FURTHER NORTH

Dr. John Quincy Emerson Grows Warmer in his Revelations  
Another Open Letter to the Open-minded

Trondjheim, 6<sup>th</sup> October, 1915

To the Editor

I see Sir Edward Grey has been accusing the German Government again of bad faith—this time in the Balkans.

England planned that “the principle of nationality” should be respected in the New Balkans and Near East that was to come under her aegis—Germany desires only domination. Germany will respect nothing—England would have built up a Federation of “Nationalities” each founded on racial unity. To emphasize her respect for this principle she promptly annexed Cyprus (to say nothing of her “protectorate” over Egypt) the population of which is wholly Greek. She will not return Cyprus to Greece at any call of racial unity— but I will return shortly to Cyprus, for it exemplifies in a double way the falsity of England’s professions— that she respects either racial unity or the sanctity of treaties. She outrages both by her presence in Cyprus.

I want for the moment to deal with my friend Sir Edward Grey. It was Napoleon, I think, who said that the falsification of official documents was more common with the English than with any other nation. Sir Edward Grey is claimed by his friends to be thoroughly English, and no one who has read his famous White Paper, giving his version of the origin of the war, or his speeches in Parliament explaining what the White Paper omitted to make clear, can doubt for a moment his nationality. The White Paper has already been revised twice, I think, certain *lacunae* having been discovered, even after a triple editing, that gave the mockers occasion to revive Napoleon’s calumny. There were dates that had gone astray and curious discrepancies that showed a later hand at work than that ostensibly penning the despatch. At the second revision it was hoped that the present edition (the 3<sup>rd</sup> edition let us call it, second million, cheap or popular issue at 1d.) was above detection even by an expert. The most careful revising eye in the Foreign Office could find no opening for attack. Alas, for the reputation of the experts!—one still remains, and perhaps a worse break than any of those that have brought the previous editions back to the printer’s hands. And this time it is Sir Edward Grey himself who is caught out by his revising staff—but certainly not before he had run up a good score. I wonder which of the junior clerks is responsible this time for the last, and let up hope final, revise of the English account of how they did not begin the war.

The British White Book (Revised Version) opens on July 20<sup>th</sup>, with a despatch dated that day from Sir E. Grey to the British Ambassador in Berlin in which Sir Edward Grey states that he had told the German Ambassador that day that “*he had not heard anything recently*” from Vienna on the Servian situation, “*except that Count Berchtold in speaking to the Italian Ambassador in Vienna had deprecated the suggestion that the situation was grave.*”

To more fully confirm the statement that he had no information from Vienna, on July 20<sup>th</sup>, Sir E. Grey begins his first despatch of the White Book with an enquiry addressed to Prince Lichnowsky: “I asked the German Ambassador to-day (July 20<sup>th</sup>) if he had any news of what was going on in Vienna with regard to Servia,” and then went on to confess his own ignorance in the words quoted. I fear Sir Edward Grey’s reputation as a simple English country gentleman will be hard to sustain in face of the 1d White Book now issued for

popular consumption throughout the English speaking world. In this cheaper form of the British case we find a despatch, No. 161, from sir Maurice de Bunsen, to Sir Edward Grey, dated the 1<sup>st</sup> September, that convicts the British Secretary of something more than the *suppresio veri* in his statement to the German Ambassador on July 20<sup>th</sup>. In this dispatch the British Ambassador at Vienna says:

“As for myself, no indication was given me by Count Berchtold of the impending storm, and it was from a private source that *I received on July 15<sup>th</sup> the forecast of what was about to happen which I telegraphed you on the following day.*”

Thus on July 16<sup>th</sup> Sir Edward Grey was in receipt of a telegraphic despatch from His Majesty’s Ambassador at Vienna informing him of the impending ultimatum to Servia, *information on which His Majesty’s Government took instant action, as I shall proceed to show.*

When, therefore, on July 20<sup>th</sup>, Sir Edward Grey said to the German Ambassador: “I had not heard anything recently,” there was not only a deliberate falsehood – we must call the thing by its right name – but there was the clear intention to mislead the German Government into believing that the English Government did not feel the situation to be grave, whereas they had just taken an unprecedented step to meet the “impending storm,” transcending in constitutional importance anything done by a British Cabinet since the days of James II.

On receipt of the British ambassador’s despatch of July 16<sup>th</sup>, announcing the forthcoming Austrian ultimatum to Servia, the cabinet had immediately gathered (July 16<sup>th</sup>) and at once decided that war was, if not inevitable, so exceedingly probable, that at all costs the home-field of English politics must be put straight. The Irish question, complicated by the threatened Ulster “rebellion,” had to be got out of the way if the decks were to be cleared for action. And the decks *were* cleared for action: for the whole Fleet was already mobilized, awaiting the visit of King George V, arranged for that very day. Instead of going to Portsmouth the King remained at Buckingham Palace, where on July 17<sup>th</sup>, an Emergency Council of Ministers was summoned *and held under the Presidency of the Sovereign*—a step that had not been taken since the Hanoverians came to the throne in 1715.

Not only was the Constitution, as observed for two centuries, violated in this extraordinary proceeding but a still more extraordinary step was taken.

Not content with holding a Council in the presence of the King, the Ministers invited the leaders of the Ulster “rebellion” and the leaders of the Irish Nationalist Party into counsel with the Sovereign. Sir E. Carson and his principal lieutenant from Ulster and Messrs. Redmond and Dillon, were summoned to Buckingham Palace to learn from the lips of the Monarch the exceeding gravity of the situation, and were urged, in the name of the national safety, to put aside the Home Rule question for the time so that the United Kingdom might face the tremendous issue before it with no internal dissension to weaken its forces.

This accomplished, the King proceeded to “review” the Grand Fleet mobilized to its strongest war strength—an array of battleships such as the world had never seen—and Sir Edward Grey proceeded to wait for three days to “ring up” the German Ambassador and then nonchalantly ask if his Excellency had

“any news of what is going on in Vienna” since he, poor Sir Edward, “*had not heard anything recently.*”

It is clear that if the English Foreign Office does not require a new Foreign Secretary, it certainly needs a new Blue Book department for the stricter editing and revision of the official utterances of its chief. I would suggest that the Archbishop of Canterbury be taken into the Cabinet for this purpose. The clear eye of the Church, fortified by a profound study of Holy Writ, might strengthen English diplomacy just in that very particular where Napoleon pointed out its weakness.

And now to return to Cyprus.

This island, inhabited by a Greek population, was occupied by England as the pledge of the “Peace with honor” negotiations concluded between the late Lord Salisbury and the Sultan in 1878. England pledged her national word and honour “to defend the Asiatic dominions of the Sultan” from Russian attack, and in return for this guarantee, the island of Cyprus was to be “occupied” by her, Turkish sovereignty remaining legally intact, so that a *point d’appui* for the defence of Asia Minor might be in the hands of the defending power.

In 1914 Russia declared war upon Turkey and the Asiatic dominions of the Sultan are invaded. England, although she was under no treaty obligation to Russia or bound by any agreement to that Power, her hands being “perfectly free,” as Sir Edward Grey assures Parliament repeatedly, and although she was bound to defend Turkey from this very attack, proceeds to violate her treaty with Turkey and commits a double act of national dishonor.

She not only does not fulfil her promise to defend the invaded region she has taken under her protection, but she seizes the very gage entrusted to her keeping to assure the fulfillment of that promise and she co-operates with the invader by herself assailing the Asiatic dominions of the Sultan. She annexes Cyprus and joins Russia in the assault on Asia Minor.

So much for the sanctity of treaties when British interests call for their violation.

She next proceeds to stir up the Balkan states against Turkey, assuring them, though the mouth of Sir William Tyrrell, Sir Edward Grey’s special envoy and *fidus achates*, that if they will enter the field she will see that the Turkish corpse is cut up handsomely. She goes further. If they will side with England respect for their “racial integrity” will be the guiding factor in the forming of a New East. Servia will be “induced” to restore to Bulgaria the Macedonian districts she had seized in the second Balkan War, whose inhabitants were overwhelmingly Bulgar.

Greece would be “prevailed on” to rectify the frontier towards Drama and Kavalla, regions that Bulgaria had been robbed of in the same conflict.

Italy was promised the whole of Northern Dalmatia, despite the fact that this territory belonged to the Austro-Hungarian Crown for centuries, and that it contained only three per cent of an Italian population, 97% of its people being Croatian Slavs.

To Greece I know not what Sir William Tyrrell offered; but I do know that he did *not* offer to give Cyprus. Large tracts of the Asiatic dominions of the Sultan England was pledged to defend were assuredly offered to Mr. Venizelos, always as part of the scheme of “racial unity and integrity” on which England desired to found a Moral Balkan Federation in opposition to the immoral aims of German diplomacy.

From Athens, Nish and Sofia Sir William Tyrrell journeyed to Bucharest. Just beyond Bucharest lies Bessarabia, a Romanian territory inhabited by Romanians, that Holy Russia seized in 1878 when England was accomplishing her Peace with Honour occupation of Cyprus.

That Russia agreed to give back Bessarabia to Romania or that Sir William Tyrrell “offered” it in return for Romanian help is nowhere indicated.

The principle of “racial unity” becomes something else when it has to be gratified at the expense of Russia—or of England.

Islands, Capes, Peninsulas, Kingdoms, Principalities and Powers—all these are freely offered by England to secure an ally—when they belong to somebody else.

It is on such conceptions as these of legality, morality, and national right that Sir Edward Grey, a few days ago, founded a charge against Germany of disregard for the principles of nationality and of an unscrupulous policy in the Balkans.

I am really getting tired of Sir Edward Grey and his high moral aims. They are directed everywhere, and they miss no mark however small.

A man who shoots off a revolver in the street is arrested; but a statesman who fires off high moral aims in every direction, regardless of who they hit, sits in judgment on the whole of mankind.

Dr. Dumba’s case is the worst, in all truth, I have ever heard of. His letter to Mr. Lansing showing how shamefully he had been treated will not be forgotten in America.

Nor, I hope, will the case of Mr. Gaffney be forgotten. Our Bullmooses may roar and bellow; but the American people will listen, I am convinced, to the still small voice of reason, justice and truth when the time comes at the next election to say who shall interpret our national ideals to the world.

Before I close a somewhat discursive letter and move still further northward in search of a safe route home, I cannot refrain from interpolating an amusing story in this somewhat irate communication. For I really am incensed at Sir Edward Grey and his continued appearances in the part of the English Country Gentleman.

It appears that in the recent grand offensive of the English forces at Loos, an English Brigadier-General and his staff, believing that the day was won and the enemy entirely driven off the field entered a farmhouse and began a game of bridge. So engrossed were they in the game they forgot to look out the window.

The first intimation they had of the retreat of the English forces and the return of the routed enemy was when a young German officer *Freiwilliger* appeared at the doorway with a grenade in each hand and shouted: “Hands up!”

And so the Brigadier-General became a “Bridge-adier”-General and is now finishing his game at Crefeld! It is by such little ironies as these that the tragedy of the trench becomes a comedy where “spades are trumps.”

Our Brigadier-General will be much less dangerous to his own army in a German fortress than at the head of the storming columns he led with such a hand as this.

By the way, the position of the Count de Lalaing, the Belgian Minister in London, cannot be a very agreeable one since the publication by the German Government of the despatches they have selected from the Belgian archives in Brussels.

Among these very compromising documents there are some thirty of Count de Lalaing to his government. It is true Count de Lalaing does not go quite so far as his colleagues at Paris and Berlin in fixing the blame for the World War on England, but he none the less speaks very frankly and for one who was *persona gratissima* at the English Court his guarded words have great significance. Here is how Count de Lalaing wrote of the *Daily Mail* and its famous proprietor ten years ago.

Writing to the Belgian Minister of Foreign Affairs on May 24<sup>th</sup>, 1907, (my birthday by the way) he thus deals with that portion of the press controlled by Lord Northcliffe.



"A certain category of the press, known here under the title of the 'Yellow Press', is largely responsible for the bad feeling that is seen to exist between the two peoples. What indeed can one expect from a journalist like Mr. Harmsworth, to-day become Lord Northcliffe, Editor of the *Daily Mail*, *Daily Mirror*, *Daily Graphic*, *Daily Express*, *Evening News*, and *Weekly Dispatch*, and who in an interview he has just given to the *Matin*, exclaims:-

"Yes, we cordially detest the Germans. They have become hateful to all Europe. I will not allow that the least thing is printed in my paper that could wound France, but I would not have anything inserted there, no matter what it might be, that could give the least pleasure to Germany."

And in 1899 this same editor attacked France with the same violence, wished to boycott the Paris Exhibition, and wrote thus:

"The French have succeeded in convincing John Bull that they are his determined enemies. England has for a long time hesitated between France and Germany; but it has always respected the German character, while it has come to have only contempt for France.

A cordial understanding (*une entente cordiale*) cannot exist between England and her nearest neighbor. We have had enough of France. She has neither courage or any political understanding."

(The Belgian Minister in London to his Foreign Minister, No. 30 of the despatches from the Belgian Archives.)

And to-day it is the German character, Lord Northcliffe and the English "always respected", has become that of "human beasts", of "Huns", of "manwolves."

When I was in London the Belgian Minister used to go much into society. One of his brothers, the artist, I frequently met. I wonder how Count de Lalaing and Lord Northcliffe now greet each other—or for that matter how Count de Lalaing and Sir Edward Grey now meet? It must be rather hard for them, I should think, to keep their faces.

But "diplomacy" is a weird and wonderful thing; as these successive issues of English White Papers abundantly show. Probably Sir Edward greets the Belgian Minister to-day just as formerly and *vice versa*.

I suppose the great question before the world to-day is how we should be governed. It is clear there is no people fit to govern themselves and somebody must do it for them. How is the task to be assumed and discharged? That is the question.

Just at present the conflict rages between those who stand for government by the *Daily Mail* and *New York World*, and those who maintain that "Prussian bureaucracy" provides the higher result. In neither case are the People consulted, but if we judge by results, the verdict, I think, must be given not to the press rule, but to its opponent.

There can be no question that law, order, method and manhood prevail in "Prussia," things we shall certainly not find in the great communities subject to the London and New York yellow press.

Summing it up, I prefer as an instrument of human culture the bayonet of the Pomeranian grenadier to the pen of the Fleet Street editor. The one embroils two worlds with ink—the other fights to save his own country with his blood.

I hope shortly, like great Orion, to go, "slowly sloping to the West."

Whether I shall land at New York or San Francisco is not yet certain. It depends on the route taken; and just as the stars in their courses are sometimes assailed by human perversity, so I, too may be forced to travel East in order to get West.

It is possible I shall proceed by way of Spitzbergen or Franz Josef Land, as in winter, I am assured, not even British cruisers can violate the neutrality of the Arctic Circle.

In that case I shall travel via Behring's Straits, with the bells of my dog sleigh making happy music amid those vast solitudes of ice, my path illumined faintly by the Zodiacal Lights, so much more cheering to one like me than the keen searchlights of the British Admiralty.

In any case I am determined that my little *dossier* shall not share the fate of Dr. Dumba's letter, and become a "copyright" theft for the *New York World*, after Sir Edward Grey, (with high moral aims and a false key) has abstracted the papers bearing on Mr. Findlay's strict observance of Norwegian neutrality.

I know my worth; and it will be cheaper to invest \$20,000 in an Arctic expedition of my own to putting the English treasury to double that expense in a fruitless effort to prevent me enjoying the "personal immunity" of my own homeland.

Very respectfully, John Quincy Emerson, L.L.D.

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### The forged "Irish Bulletin"

The "Irish Bulletin" was the daily paper of the Irish Government established on the basis of the 1918 General election, the first Dáil Éireann. It was a hugely influential publication and played a crucial role in winning the War of Independence.

The highest compliment possible was paid to it by the British Government when it set out to discredit it by forging a run of the paper. It was an audacious and desperate project and is proof of how concerned the Government had become about its effect on political opinion in Britain itself and internationally.

This pamphlet is a collection of all the extant copies of the forgery and we are pretty sure that it is the complete run of what was published.

**Aubane Historical Society**

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a Commentary

by

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