

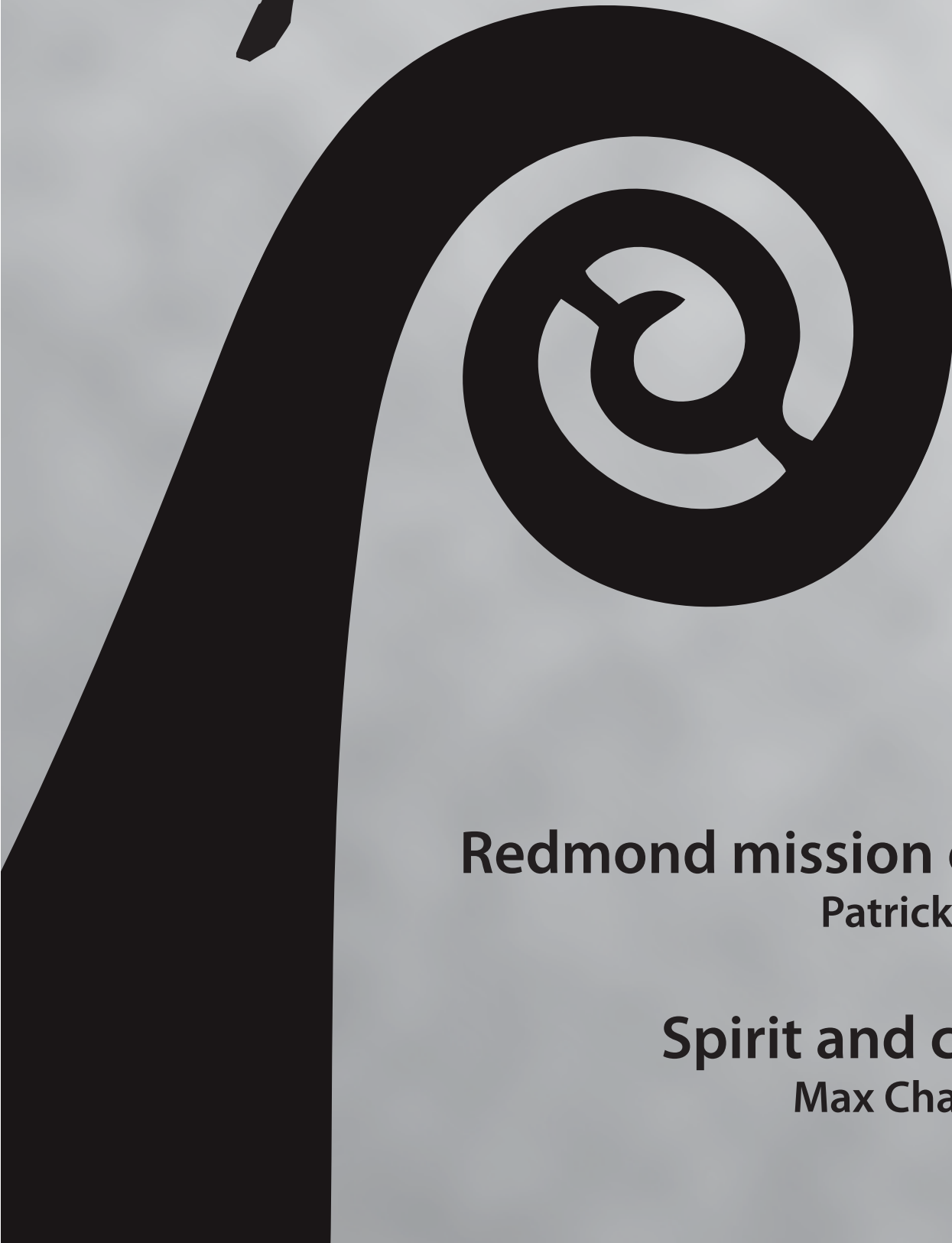
Tinteán

THE AUSTRALIAN IRISH HERITAGE NETWORK

No 2, November 2007

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\$6



Redmond mission of 1883

Patrick Naughtin

Spirit and courage

Max Charlesworth

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Tinteán No 2, November 2007

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editor.

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Cover: Illustration of the prow of the Oseberg ship in the The Viking Ship Museum at Bygdøy

The Australian Irish Heritage Network

Membership is open to all with an identification with Irish heritage. It was founded in 2007 to continue the spirit and work of Val Noone and Mary Doyle.

One of its activities is to publish the magazine *Tinteán* (meaning hearth in Gaelic and pronounced 'Tintoyne' – the fada on the final á giving the syllable the dominant stress and the "augh" sound).

The AIHN office is in the basement of the Celtic Club, 316 Queen St, Melbourne. We express our thanks to the Club for its generosity. People are welcome to drop in. However we are only there parttime so check first.

Objectives of the AIHN

This Association, as its primary objective, will produce a literary magazine called *Tinteán*. The focus of the magazine will be

to build and explore the Irish Australian identity. The magazine will welcome material which explores the big themes of exile, diaspora and settlement. It will also encourage the telling of the micro-stories that express narratives of individuals and families. There will be a continual study of the political and economic evolution of Ireland, and of the contribution which Irish-Australians have made to Australia. The intention is to explore and celebrate the playing out of the Irish heritage in Australia, past, present and future.

Activities

As well as the magazine, we hope to put on social and educational events; disseminate news and information via the internet to disseminate news and information; offer recognition for service to literary and historical endeavours; issue cultural and political comment, and research and record our heritage.

Letters

A bridge from *Táin* to *Tinteán*

Congratulations to all concerned with the production and distribution of *Tinteán*. It is great to know that a bridge has been built with *Táin* that will take us into the future. Best wishes and thanks.

Anne Dalton RGS, St Kilda, Vic.

Encouragement from Wollongong

I write to you on behalf of the Irish Australian Club (Wollongong) to inform you that we are very pleased to make a donation to become foundation members of the Australian Irish Heritage Network. We are very pleased to make this donation having had experience of the great work that Val Noone and Mary Doyle put into producing *Táin* previously. The Irish language Class (Teanga Gaeilge Wollongong), a group under the aegis of the Club here at Wollongong, will also be subscribing to the magazine.

We wish you continued success. Having seen a copy of the first issue, we can see that you are on the right road to success.

Go n-éiri an bhóthar libh.

**Cioth Mac Conraoi (Keith Conroy),
Dapto, NSW**

... and from Drogheda

We would like to take this opportunity to wish you all the best with the magazine. As good friends of Val Noone and Mary Doyle, we have enjoyed reading *Táin*, but are pleased that they are enjoying more free time, hopefully! Wishing you every success in the future.

**Collette & Sean O'Connor, Drogheda,
Co Meath**

... and from Heidelberg

Enclosed is my subscription. Best wishes and good luck with *Tinteán*.

Kevin Byrnes, Heidelberg, Vic.

Recalling 'our past'

I enclose my subscription form, having read with interest and enjoyment, your first issue. I am sure that it will continue the fine work started by *Táin*.

I was pleased to read the 'Buying back our past' article. My great uncle, Jim McInerney, was in the photo. My great grandfather was Matthew McInerney, whose second wife was Mary Ryan. They had ten children, with my grandfather,

Michael, being first born of the marriage. He moved away from Killarney (Vic.) to Williamstown in the 1880s and consequently I have not much first-hand information of my grandfather's siblings. Matthew's younger brother settled at Yambuk.

Good luck for your future editions.

**Kerry McInerney, Lower Templestowe,
Vic.**

Tradition in good hands

Today I received *Tinteán*. It is great. I am glad that the *Táin* tradition is in good hands and look forward to receiving many more and, hopefully, making the odd written contribution.

Tom Sinclair, Coalville, Vic.

Continuing the wonderful work

Just a quick note to say that I was delighted to receive the welcome news that you are going to continue Val Noone's and Mary Doyle's wonderful work. Your letter was among the pile waiting for us when we returned from Ireland and was a cheerful interlude in the midst of overdue bills!

Val sometimes published articles that I wrote in Irish and I would be happy to continue to contribute. I shall be contributing to the on-line Magazine *Beo!* and I would be delighted if they were reprinted in *Tinteán*.

Best wishes for the magazine.

Bearnaí Ó Doibhlin, Kambah, ACT

The first of many

Congratulations to everyone involved with the new magazine. May it be the first of many issues to come.

Chris Mooney, Hastings, Vic.

Waiting for Cromwell to say 'sorry'

It was touching to read the apologies by the Danish Culture Minister, Brian Mikkelson, for the Viking attacks and destruction of Ireland. Referring to the Danish people, he said, "We are not proud of the damages to the people of Ireland that followed in the footsteps of the Vikings."

Apparently the first Danish raiding parties arrived in 795AD. That is only a wait of 1200 years for an apology. Now that the Danes have shown the way, I guess we can now only expect the English Prime Minister to apologise for

Cromwell and 250 years of depredations in Ireland?

Gerry Fahey, Castlemaine, Vic.

Congratulations

We have just received your first issue. Congratulations to all involved and we are sure that it will be a worthy successor to *Táin*, as your editor hopes. Good luck and success with the new issue to our friends at *Tinteán* from all at the Pat Finucane Centre.

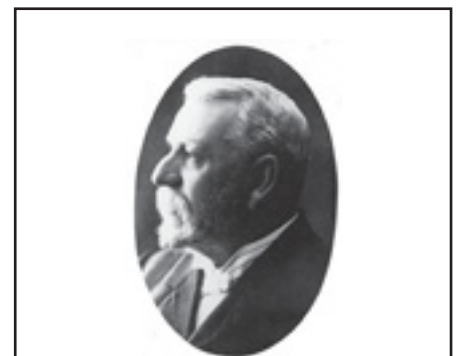
Though born and bred in Derry, I suppose I could reclaim my Irish Australian identity. My mother was born in Melbourne and lived there until she was ten. Then my homesick granda made the reverse trip to Donegal. And that in an age where there were no airlines!

**Paul O'Connor, Project Coordinator,
Pat Finucane Centre, Co Derry**

***Táin's* loss is *Tinteán's* gain**

While in Darwin I was pleasantly surprised to find a copy of your magazine hanging on the magazine rack in the Roma Bar. A few years ago I similarly discovered *Táin*, edited by my old friend Val Noone. After I contacted Val, he asked me to write a short piece on my great grandfather, George Throssell. By the time I had written the piece, *Táin* had folded and my email was returned. The Historical Society of Northam WA is restoring the Throssell grave in preparation for the commemoration, in 2010, of the 100th anniversary of his death. I will scan a small newspaper article on this.

Bill Day, Maylands, WA



A native of Fermoy, Co Cork, George Throssell, a prominent WA businessman and parliamentarian, became premier of WA in 1901. We look forward to the commemoration in 2010.

Beyond monocultures: thinking & living differently

As Irish-identified Australians, or as Irish people, we may find we have several points of identification with the First People of this continent. We know that our Irish ancestors were invaded, had land expropriated, forced to use a non-native language, told their culture was of no account, indeed that they were of no account, even biologically inferior in evolutionary terms. We know too the pleasures and lethal dangers of the bottle for those who feel hopeless and helpless about their own and their communal identities.

So given our common cultural memories it's not hard to imagine what people in the remote communities thought when the army and police marched in, after the 'Intervention' emergency legislation was rushed through Parliament some months ago. These are people with long memories of a police and 'welfare' regime and of the first intervention (after the quiet massacres and the aggressive disease onslaught), which took children away from parents, often violently. The stories that festered for years are on the public record in the *Bringing Them Home* report and they make grim reading, melt the heart. We have heard such stories before, of families torn apart by famine, crippling poverty, official intervention. They are embedded in our own history.

Perhaps because of these 'shared experiences' and the empathy generated by them, we are well able to query the efficacy – and humanitarianism – of the responses of successive federal governments in general and the incumbent government in particular to the plight of our indigenous people. The fate of children in remote communities has been the issue since the original *Gordon Report* was tabled in 2002. As the *Little Children are Sacred Report* (2006) makes clear, there have been many reports about sexual abuse in remote communities. However it took until the latter part of this year before the federal government responded. And then the response was not consistent with even one of the dozens of recommendations of that report.

Of course children's innocence should be preserved, they should be protected from violence, abuse, alcohol, petrol fumes, and their elders' despair. The shame that decent, anti-racist Australians feel about the third-world conditions in which our First People live motivates many to accept the stated reasons for the Government's intervention policy, but there are disturbing aspects of it which must give us pause.

There can be no doubt that the issues are complex – education, health and housing infrastructure which has been seriously substandard for generations, substance abuse (despite communities' pleas for control, for booze patrols). Such issues have in the past been used as strategies to keep peoples subjugated and unable to participate in their own self-determination. But they can hardly be used to explain why in this rich, first-world country some disadvantaged people live in worse than third-world conditions and with few expectations of improvement.

Perhaps our role is to ask the hard questions. Where is the infrastructure to buttress the intervention? Where are the detox units, the safe houses for women and children, the cool-off cells for the violently drunk? Where is the psychological counselling for damaged children and women? Where is the indigenous police force to negotiate with communities from a position of

cultural knowledge? Why is schooling so substandard, so out of touch with the needs of bicultural children and so blind to their very real abilities (brainpower, visual acuity, physical strength and grace)? Where is the acknowledgement that housing should be built consultatively with those who live in them (currently 30 to a small three-roomed house with no running water or electricity and dirt floors is common)? Where is the accountability for decades of neglect, of cumbersome bureaucracies such as the spawning one that oversees this second intervention?

Trust is the great casualty of this second invasion of the homelands. Indigenous people might be forgiven for attributing a more sinister motive for intervention. Why has country hard won under Land Rights legislation decades ago not yet passed into the hands of communities? Can Aboriginal people be blamed for harbouring the suspicion that this intervention is the thin end of the wedge to turn back the Northern Territory Land Rights legislation of 1976, and Mabo and Wik? The symbolic and actual significance of this will not be underestimated by the descendants of those who grievously suffered under Cromwell's land-grab in Ireland in the seventeenth century.

Perhaps another tragic aspect of what is happening is what it reveals of the mainstream society's inability to understand and embrace cultural difference and its persistent will to engulf and obliterate what will not be assimilated. How is it that Greek Australians or Irish Australians can have more freedom to learn Greek or Irish, feel pride in their cultures than indigenous Australians? What is it about Aboriginal cultures that so threatens Europeans? Is it because their deep ecological knowledge and attentiveness to the Land as a sentient and responsive Self is an impediment to the European instrumental attitudes to Land, and even more so to Western extractive industries? Or is it ignorance, about these highly complex cultures whose triumph was that they survived and made their promised land, their paradise, in the driest continent on earth?

A vast reservoir of goodwill and a groundswell towards reconciliation was generated in the 1990s, very much spurred on by then Prime Minister Keating's momentous Redfern address in which he articulated for the nation, white Australia's responsibility for the stolen children, the deaths in custody, the massacres and cultural genocide of the colonial era. *Bran Nue Day*, the first Aboriginal musical, seemed to embody that goodwill. What can we as bicultural people do to recover some of that lost ground?

We can for a start take heart from the success of reconciliation in Northern Ireland in what seemed to be the most intransigent of situations. And, of course, from the initiatives of Aboriginal people themselves who are pushing for such improvements in many committees and councils, telling us that what would materially assist their mental health and self assurance as communities, is acknowledgement of their culture, a genuine two-way respect for their different ways of being in the world.

Have a happy Christmas, all. Travel safely, and enjoy friends and relatives. Most of all, spare a thought for those who live their lives on this hallowed earth differently.

Frances Devlin-Glass

News

Thoroughbred of the Sea

I saw the report in *Tinteán* 1 about the Viking ship, Hahvingsten from Glendalough ('The Sea Stallion from Glendalough') which brought an apology from the Danes to Dublin in July this year for late Dark Ages Viking raids.

I was delighted by the serendipity that had me attending a conference on Australian Studies at Roskilde, one of the oldest towns in Denmark and home to the national Viking Museum (Vikingskibmuseet) on the edge of Roskilde Fjord. It houses the remains of five Viking boats which were sunk in the mid-eleventh century to restrict entry to the fjord and its town. The most magnificent of these is a warship which 70 oarsmen could sail to Dublin in 3 days, though the modern recreation of the vessel took much longer (about two weeks).

The marginal glosses of frightened monks like this one in Brendan Kennelly's translation from Old Irish:

*There's a wicked wind tonight,
Wild upheaval in the sea;
No fear now that the Viking hordes
Will terrify me.*

had taught me something of the reputation in Ireland of these Viking raiders, terrorists of their day. So it was with some bemusement that I noted the swelling chests of the Danes I spoke to about these magnificent ships and the Vikings' epic trading journeys throughout Europe, the Baltic, the North Sea, into the Mediterranean and northern Africa and to their colonies in Greenland and Newfoundland.

The original Glendalough timbers of the Hahvingsten have been preserved and recreated in a metal crate which gives a good sense of the size (some 30 metres) and magnificence of the craft. The trees had to have been immense. What a pity we do not have written records of this enterprise. Did the Vikings pillage the timbers from Glendalough? Or was this a trading exercise? Were the tradesmen who constructed her Liffey-side, I wonder, Vikings, or did they also involve Dubliners? What motivated the Danes to offer their apology after nearly eleven centuries?

Still pondering,

Frances Devlin-Glass



Frances Devlin-Glass

Crew wanted!

After the year's great success sailing from Roskilde to Dublin, the Sea Stallion needs new hands. So you can now enrol for next year's sea crossing when the ship is to sail home from Dublin to Roskilde.

Sailing the world's biggest reconstruction of a Viking ship puts great demands on both the social skills and the sailing skills of the crew. There is a long list of challenges faced by every member of the crew:

- Physical demands, with rowing and hard sailing for many hours at a time;
- Cold days and nights
- Loads of rain for days and days without shelter
- Lack of sleep for many hours
- Minimal privacy
- Primitive sleeping conditions
- Severe weather conditions
- Many days in harbour
- Etc., etc.

Despite all this, most of the current crew wants to take another spell anyway. But perhaps there are others out there who would like to grab the chance of spending six days a week in pouring rain?

"We hope there are, of course. Over the summer, there were a lot of people who wanted to join us. And there are undoubtedly more people who would fit perfectly into the project", concludes Carsten Hvid.

You can apply on the Sea Stallion website below. Details of how the Viking Ship Museum will decide the best qualified have not yet been worked out.

Source: www.havhingsten.dk

Second-hand smoke

As many readers will know the Republic of Ireland was well ahead of us here in banning smoking in pubs. While hotel staff enjoyed a health improvement

with the drop in exposure to secondhand smoke, other unexpected positives have also appeared.

Pub seisiúns where musicians play traditional music together are commonplace throughout the country. Instruments used include the accordion, concertina, melodeon and Uilleann pipes – all bellows driven and reliant on a good supply of air. Played regularly in smoky environments, these instruments get dirtied as a result of trapped contaminants circulating in the air going through the instrument. Contamination was so heavy at one time that an instrument's pitch could be affected requiring regular cleaning. A recent survey of Irish instrument cleaners has revealed that this problem has been greatly improved since the ban. The smoking ban has been music to the ears of the people of Ireland.

Felicity Allen

Source: Garvey et al. BMJ, 2007, 335, p.630.

120 years as the heart and focus of the Irish community

On Friday, 5 October, Melbourne's Celtic Club celebrated the anniversary of its foundation 120 years ago as the Celtic Home Rule Club with a grand dinner attended by more than 150 members and guests. The guest of honour was the Irish Ambassador, Máirtín Ó Fainín. (See Profile p.20)

As its Irish-Australian for 2007, the club honoured former president Brian Shanahan. Current club president, Seamus Moloughney, presented Brian with the Dr Michael O'Sullivan award. In November 2006, Brian retired from the club committee after many years of service, including six years as president of the club, during which he led the club out of a period of administrative turbulence

In *Táin* No. 44, Val Noone described the Shanahan years as president of the Celtic Club (2001–06) as being marked by a shift to a greater emphasis on the lived heritage of Irish culture. Brian's main achievement had been to open up the club and make it the home of Celtic languages, culture and tradition. Brian is focussing his future community activities on his duties as a councillor of the City of Melbourne. During the evening, guests were entertained with some delightful music and song from a fine new group, *Saoirse*, which comprises Bernadette O'Neill, Shile Coleman and Kerry McManus. Marion O'Hagan and Christina Moloughney joined the group to provide wonderful harmony.

Patrick McNamara

Saoirse has just released its new CD, 'Singin' in the Scullery'. Contact Bernadette on 0417 055 190.



Eureka and the Irish

The Eureka Commemoration Committee will hold its annual commemoration ceremonies this year in Ballarat from Thursday, 29 November, to Monday, 3 December.

The Irish were predominant at the Eureka Stockade Battle of 1854. The diggers' leader at the historic event was Peter Lalor who came from a famous Irish nationalist and revolutionary family. Eureka has special interest and importance to Australian Irish people.

The vice chairman of the Eureka Commemoration Committee, Phillip Moore, who is also chairman of the Melbourne Celtic Club's Cultural Heritage Committee and vice chairman of Eureka's Children, has been able this year to secure the involvement in the program of the Irish Ambassador, Máirtín Ó Fainín. The ambassador's appointments include:

- A civic reception at the Ballarat Town Hall,
- A presentation along the trail in the Diggers' March where it crosses the Eureka Lead Site, an important location for the Irish diggers and the approximate site of the Stockade,
- Being special guest at the Eureka Mass at St Alipius' Church and afterwards

making a presentation to the parishioners in the church hall,

- Being guest speaker at the Annual Eureka Luncheon at the Colonist Club.

The Commemoration Committee extended a broad invitation for all to attend, to show the flag, to support the cause of Eureka, to participate in its exciting and interesting program of events, and to meet the Irish Ambassador.

Irish Anglicans seek union with Catholics

Three Church of Ireland parishes have asked to be received into the Catholic Church – a move which could see more than 400,000 Anglicans become Catholics. The Catholic News Agency reported that the parishes are members of the traditional rite of the Church of Ireland, which emerged in 1991 after the House of Bishops of the Church of Ireland, decided to start ordaining women. Traditionalist Anglicans rejected this decision as a “defiance of both Scripture and Tradition.” While only a few hundred members of the Church of Ireland will be directly affected if an agreement is reached, the decision could see the 400,000 members of the Traditional Anglican Communion join the Church. According to a statement from the Traditional Anglican Communion, “the bishops and vicars-general unanimously agreed to the text of a letter to the See of Rome seeking full, corporate, sacramental union.” Other Primates of the Traditional Anglican Communion have agreed that no member of the College will give interviews until the Holy See has considered the letter and responded. This petition for corporate communion is very rare but there have been many individual conversions. Recently the wife of the Church of Ireland Bishop was received into the Church in a private ceremony.

Source: Three Church of Ireland parishes seek to become Catholic, move could bring in 400,000 Anglicans (Catholic News Agency, 26/10/07)

The Escape in the “Catalpa” on ABC Television.

An outstanding TV production of the saga of the six Fenians' escape in the American schooner “Catalpa” was shown on ABC Channel 2 on 25 October 2007. It was lavishly produced, expertly acted and written and gave an accurate portrayal of this most exciting triumph in the prolonged history of Irish resistance. In 1876, John Devoy in New York was the instigator of a planned rescue of his six

Fenian mates incarcerated in Fremantle Gaol. A whaling ship was acquired, a Massachusetts skipper appointed and agents sent to Perth to lay the groundwork for this audacious exercise. And it succeeded.

The film showed all the drama and intrigue that was part of the rescue. Perhaps the role and activities of the agent Breslin in Western Australia were not fully explained and there were certainly other significant characters not included. But in general the film was a great success and a tribute to the imaginative and courageous individuals involved. The final scenes of the escape by sea, the failed pursuit by the colonial forces (the gunboat ran out of fuel as it manoeuvred to come alongside the “Catalpa” or blow it out of the water) could not have been better done. The tension and excitement were marked.

Tinteán will always keep a close interest on this great Irish-Republican victory as did *Táin* our predecessor, which published two interesting articles in its issue No. 45. One was a review by Robert Butler of *The Catalpa Expedition* and the other, an article by Bernie Brophy on the 62 Fenians transported to Western Australia. The *Catalpa* is a tape to be treasured.

The producers were: The ABC; WNET of New York; RTE; NSW Film Corporation; Broadcasting Commission of Ireland.

Peter Kiernan



Gormley makes order to protect fort near Tara

Minister for the Environment John Gormley has used his powers under the National Monuments Acts to make a temporary preservation order for Rath Lugh, a prehistoric promontory fort associated with Tara alongside the route of the M3 motorway.

Opponents of the controversial road scheme had claimed last January that the

tree-covered site – a designated monument – was being “directly impacted” by preliminary levelling works carried out by the motorway contractors, SIAC-Ferrovial. “They were cutting further and further into it,” according to Dr Muireann Ní Bhrolcháin, of the Campaign to Save Tara. “Originally, the NRA [National Roads Authority] said the road was going to be 100 metres away from it, now it’s 20 metres.”

The Minister asked NUI Galway archaeologist and Tara expert Dr Conor Newman to examine the site and it was on his recommendation that the preservation order was made “to be absolutely sure that the monument is protected”, Mr Gormley said. In making the temporary order, which could become permanent, he said he was “acting in the best interests of heritage and also erring on the side of caution. It was not a ‘U-turn’, as some have claimed, but consistent with my approach since taking office.”

Vincent Salafia, of Tara Watch, said yesterday the order to protect Rath Lugh “indicates a major shift in policy by the Minister, who has claimed that no sites are being improperly interfered with, and that he has not power to act” in relation to the M3. According to the NRA, Rath Lugh is not being impacted by the motorway, which “skirts the base of the elevated promontory on which Rath Lugh is located, approximately 20 metres below, and will not interfere with the site itself or the view of this site from Tara”. Dr Ní Bhrolcháin noted that Coillte Teoranta, the State forestry company, owns Rath Lugh. “It was up to them to intervene at the planning stage, but they didn’t. At that stage, however, the motorway was to be constructed 100 metres away from the site.” Welcoming the Minister’s action, she said it showed that the claims made by those opposed to the route were correct.

Source: *The Irish Times*, 2 October 2007, Frank McDonald, Environment Editor

St Brigid’s wins \$5000

Over 100 people joined the colourful throng of the Melbourne Cup Carnival on Cup Eve at the festively decorated Celtic Club in Melbourne, to raise money for the Friends of St Brigid’s and the Lake School, which runs its annual summer school of Celtic music, song and dance, in Koroit.

A cross section of the Melbourne Irish community (many of whom had links to the St Brigid’s church) made up the numbers.

Typical spring carnival hats, frocks, suits and costumes provided a splash of colour, and the best hats won prizes and honourable mentions.

MC, Vince Brophy ably assisted by a terrific variety of performers and performances kept the guests laughing, singing and generally entertained.

The Silent Auction, organized by Christine Meagher, raised over \$1500. There was also a very successful raffle.

Teresa O’Brien, secretary of the Friends of St Brigid’s judged the evening to be a social and fundraising success with about \$5000 being raised. Teresa thanked and praised the Celtic Club for its hospitality and the many volunteers, donors, friends and helpers who contributed to the evening.

Source: *Felix Meagher and Teresa O’Brien*



Famine Commemoration 2007

Following the set arrangement – 2:30 p.m. on the second last Sunday of November – on 18-11-07 eight of us gathered at The Rock, Williamstown for the Eighth Annual Famine Commemoration.

Among our various contributions: Seán Kenan played on the fiddle a jig, The Hag with the Money; I played on the union pipes a slow air, The Currachs of Tra Bhan *Curracháí na Trá Báine*; Janet Kelly sang a song, My Lagan Love; Val Noone spoke on the Famine-site significance of Grosse Île and displayed a Canadian Banner commemorating it; Julie King spoke on contemporary hostility to the idea of Catholic Irish girls being brought into the colony; Peter Kiernan spoke on the dangers of sea travel in those days and read the translation of a poem, The Black Potatoes, by Maire na Dhroma (1845).

Let us remember.

Leo Kelly

We were wrong

In *Tinteán No 1* there were errors of attribution for which we are deeply sorry.

The review of the Bloomsday Seminar at Newman College on p9 carried the sub-heading “Lecture by Prof. Greg Dening”. However the article also reported the two other inspiring papers delivered by Prof. Richard O’Sullivan and Fr. Peter Steele S.J.

The review of the McDonald novel “*The Ballad of Desmond Kale*” on p26 was in fact written by Frank Molloy and not by Frances Devlin-Glass as attributed. Our thanks to Frank for his excellent review.

In the Paddy Morgan article, “The Irish Catholics of North-West Melbourne”, the following errors were noted:

p13: Patrick McGrath came from *Meath* not West Meath (correct spelling Westmeath).

p14: Caldwell should read *Calwell*. Keneally should read *Kennelly*.

In the Mary Kenneally article, “Saving the Hill of Tara” the following mistakes were noted:

In Ireland a freeway is referred to as a *motorway*.

Dr Muireann, NiB, is *Ní Bhrolcháin* to respectfully give her correct name. She teaches at NUI *Maynooth* not Cork. Our apologies to Dr Ní Bhrolcháin.

Laegaire should read *Laoghaire*. O’Cochobhair should read *Ó Conchobhair*.

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Bolg an tSoláthair

Named after Michael Dwyer's daughter

We have a new neighbour. Esther Thomson, a seventh-generation Australian descendent of the Wicklow rebel chieftain, Michael Dwyer (1772-1825) and his wife Mary Doyle (c 1775-1860), was born in Melbourne on 14 October 2007.

Baby Esther's parents, Rod Thomson and Emily nee Wooden, who grew up in Wagga Wagga, live opposite us in Fitzroy. The Dwyer connection is on Emily's side.

Michael Dwyer led a guerrilla force in the Wicklow hills for five years following the failed 1798 republican revolution. He was transported to Botany Bay and later Australian Irish groups erected a large, intricate memorial on the grave of Michael and wife Mary at Waverley Cemetery in Sydney.

The baby is named after Michael and Mary Dwyer's second daughter, Esther, who was born in 1804, possibly in Kilmainham Gaol, and from whom the baby is descended.

The arrival of beautiful Esther has brought great joy to the family combined with deep sadness as the baby has Edward's syndrome and is unlikely to live very long. Her birth and illness have had an electrifying effect in the neighbourhood. So many people have her and her parents in their hearts and minds.



At the Amy Castles concert in Bendigo: Michael Ryan, a grandnephew, Patricia Finn, a niece, and John Clancy, musical director

Val Noone

Amy Castles concert in Bendigo

The Bendigo Irish Association has had yet another concert success. On 14 and 16 September they presented *The Story of Amy Castles*, an entertaining mix of witty and informed narrative with beautiful poetry, music and song. Director John Clancy has taken a major step in redressing the neglect of Castles in her home town.

Amy Castles (1880-1951) was born in Bendigo and received her early education at St Killian's primary school. From 1900 to the outbreak of war in 1914 she sang opera and gave concerts in Australia and Europe, including Ireland.

Clancy's narrative presented Amy Castles' achievements in clear relief, leaving to one side the controversial points about Fr Robinson's role and Amy's relationship to Melba made by Jeff Brownrigg in his biography of the singer.

Performers represented Amy at all stages of her life and across her extraordinary repertoire. Schoolgirl Niamh Hassett

opened the evening with Thomas Moore's 'Oft in the Stilly Night', Laura Brannerman rendered 'Killarney' from the Irish operatic composer Michael Balfe and Jennifer Schatzle, a professional opera singer, took an enjoyable trip through Castles' preferences in Bizet, Bellini, Puccini and Gounod.

There were a dozen other accomplished singers. Hilary Guest's competent narrative threaded the show together and Peter Butler was a delight as accompanist.

Honoured guests included Patricia Finn, a niece of Amy Castles. The concert was sponsored by Regional Arts Victoria, the City of Bendigo and the Government of Ireland. Proceeds went to St Vincent de Paul Drought Appeal.

Need research in Ireland?

The 15th Irish Australian conference at La Trobe University 23-26 September was smaller than usual but well worth attending. There were three keynote speakers: Professor Bronwen Walter spoke on the "white Irish" in Britain, Professor Bridgid Laffan on Ireland in the European Union and Dr Rebecca Pelan spoke on the changing forms of university education in Europe.

Other visitors from Ireland included Larry Geary who spoke on Charles Gavan Duffy's presentation of memories of the Famine to an Australian audience and Danny Cusack who spoke on the political martyrdom of Hugh Mahon who was expelled from the Billy Hughes-led Australian parliament for expressing Irish nationalist views.

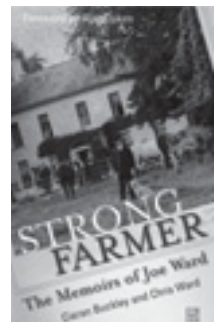
Danny Cusack, who stayed with us, used to live in Perth and Melbourne but is now in Kells (where the famous) book comes from. In WA, he wrote a history of rogue labour senator Paddy Lynch. On and off, he has lived for 16 years in Ireland and has written on topics such as the Famine in Meath.

Danny is available to do historical and other research in Ireland and I can recommend him. He has had plenty of experience in Ireland's National Archives and National Library. He would make a suitable assistant for family historians, writers and academics. His terms are negotiable. Contact details: Dr Danny Cusack, Flat 1 Carrick Schoolhouse, Kells, County Meath, Ireland, mobile 0857 396 938, dcusack@diginet.ie.

Unusual memoir by a "strong farmer"

Talking of County Meath, Gunnocks in that county was home to Joe Ward (1909-2000), "a strong farmer" who worked hard, made money farming cattle for export to England and provided backing for national causes. Through one of his daughters, Mary Haldun, who migrated to Melbourne, I am lucky to have an advance copy of his memoirs.

For over 20 years Joe Ward's daughter Chris recorded her father's memories, Ciarán Buckley helped edit them and together they have produced an unusual and interesting book called *Strong Farmer: the Memoirs of Joe Ward*. It deserves a proper review in a later issue and is available from James Bennett Pty Ltd, tel 02 9986 7000 or info@bennett.com.au.



Val Noone

Spotlight on Investor Psychology

In this article we look at the impact that human emotion can have on investment decisions. Given the turbulence we've witnessed in financial markets this is highly relevant. After all 'Investor Psychology' is one of the most significant factors behind the mis-pricing of assets. As such, it is incredibly important to understand the psychology, particularly for those investment processes that leave room for our emotions to contribute to the investment decision.

What drives investor thinking?

Active investment managers attempt to outperform the stock market by diligently seeking out stocks they believe are undervalued. The investment processes that lead to a buy or sell decision are built either on a black box programmed algorithm / mathematical model or, more commonly, on an interrogation of a stock's financial and business history. Either way, the process begins with an examination of hard data, be it information about a company's operational performance or the stock's valuation relative to the market at large or to comparative assets.

In the longer run the market is always right, but in the short term the market often errs by overpricing or underpricing assets. One of the most significant factors behind such mis-pricing is fluctuating investor psychology.

The 'black box fraternity' (eg Quant funds) attempt to neutralise the impact of fluctuating investor psychology by designing their algorithms to be psychologically neutral (ie they generate buy/sell decisions purely on the strength of the algorithm results). They are numbers driven. If the numbers say 'do this', then in most instances that's what they will do – even when that course of action might seem counter-intuitive.

The central belief is that any human interference is to be avoided. Basically they don't trust their own emotions.

They have a point. Our emotions drive our behaviour. We can be euphoric one day and miserable the next. We can swing, at a virtual drop of a hat, between optimism and pessimism. Just look at recent experience – where the press was heralding new multi-year highs for equities as recently as July, and expressing grave concern about a global liquidity crisis a mere four weeks later! Human emotions don't necessarily make for

bad investment decisions. In fact using those emotions – call it our gut feeling – can often lead to very good investment decisions.

The Fear Factor

Many companies have seen their share prices nosedive recently because of the general air of worry over a deteriorating economic outlook. But, as ever, there is opportunity in turmoil. The old adage of buy low, sell high is one that everyone is familiar with. But, when push comes to shove, at times when the stock market is under pressure, how many people let their fear get in the way of buying at lower prices? Why are we more inclined to buy an investment if someone tells us that it has performed very strongly?

Psychologists will tell us that we feel losses three to four times more than we value gains. Making money makes us feel good. Losing money, even if it is over the short term, makes us feel much, much worse.

Through our investment process, we try to leave room for our emotions (but maybe more importantly other investors' emotions) to contribute to our investment decisions. We recognise the potential pitfalls, but at the same time we believe that investment is never just about the numbers. We try to get investor psychology working for us. When markets are most euphoric, we know from experience that the stock market is likely to be riskier. When sentiment is at its poorest, then that is invariably the right time to buy and, perversely maybe, risk is lower. The reality is that to be successful we must always be somewhat uncomfortable in our positions. While it may sometimes be difficult, we must be willing to sell what is popular and buy what is unpopular.

Exploiting irrationality

So, whenever we read dire headlines of



Pat Lardner, Regional Director
BIAM Australia

calamity, we must remember another old adage: good news travels fast, bad news travels faster. Invariably reporting is one-sided and of the scaremongering variety. Starting with the numbers, we look at the company's drivers of real sustainable returns. We assess the company's strengths and weaknesses, its management and its industry in as dispassionate a way as possible. We then compare our views with those of the majority of investors to see if there is an irrational fear or greed to potentially exploit.

All of this is designed to help us turn adverse market conditions into an opportunity!

Pat Lardner

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Listen to the music, BYO choreography

Stop anyone in the street in Dublin and ask the way to the National Dance Company and chances are you will be met with a puzzled look. Even long-time residents would be hard put to come up with anything specific in the way of directions. Down by Kildare Street maybe? There's lots of national things down there isn't there?

Truth is, the National Dance Company Of Ireland, to use its full title, is a tad different from other dance troupes. They have no actual address, the only way to reach them is via a PO box number. They have no history either, so no books, films or documentaries will ever appear tracing their origins and exploits over the years. Because there were none. Look for them on the net and you will not find an NDCI website, but what you will find is Rhythm Of The Dance, and this is the clue to the mystery.

Readers will have twigged by now that the company name was basically invented out of thin air to lend an air of prestige to a commercial venture, music and dance production designed for continuous worldwide touring along the

lines of Riverdance and its successors, but this time carrying the authority of The National Dance Company. That should go down very nicely anywhere they don't ask too many questions.

This CD (the video was not available for review) contains 17 tracks 'chosen to bring you the authentic sound of Ireland's heart-stopping music culture'. Well after listening to it I can safely report that my heart is still beating. The material was all written as the music sound track for the stage show and has Irish tunes which in places develop into flamenco and other styles. The only dialog to be heard is a short historical piece about the famine.

My heart did skip a wee beat when I spotted *She Moved Through The Fair*. This turned out to a real gem. Just a solo voice with minimal accompaniment (would you believe one held bass note for the whole song?) The singer avoids the obvious dramatic temptations afforded by this and the end result is quite remarkable.

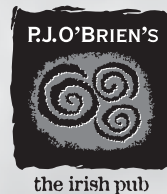
Unfortunately the liner notes contain no information at all about the identities or backgrounds of the various musicians

or singers involved. This would have to be very unusual for a CD, especially since we are assured they were all 'hand picked'. Perhaps they were all too shy. We do get a photo and blurb about the owner – Kieran Cavanagh (International Promoter of the Year 1995) who may just be a sort of Irish version of Harry M. Miller. We are also informed that all the music was composed and arranged by one Carl Hession.

The general standard of the musicianship and the recording is very high indeed. A lot of money was clearly spent in the studio. But the material relies a lot on instrumentals containing a fair amount of repetition (obviously to accompany whatever is going on on the stage) and so songs take a back seat. On that basis it seems hard to justify selling this as a CD when it really relies on something we are not being treated to.

Stuart Trail

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The Ambassador at The Celtic Club

The guest of honour at the Anniversary celebration dinner of the Celtic Club (see News), Ambassador Máirtín Ó Fainín praised the club for its efforts in promoting the Irish cultural inheritance of its members and in welcoming visitors from Ireland. "The club continues ...to welcome Irish visitors to Melbourne and in making us all feel very much at home and comfortable amongst our own."

The energetic and popular ambassador reflected on the history of the great club. Its roots – as the Celtic Home Rule Club – were steeped in the commitment of the Melbourne Irish community to Irish independence. The founders could be well satisfied with progress, not least in the past year which has seen the restoration of a power-sharing government in Northern Ireland and the reactivation of the North-South all-Ireland structures under the 1998 Good Friday Agreement.

Over the years the Celtic Club welcomed many Irish leaders, including the Redmond brothers, and Eamon de Valera (1948). More recently Presidents Hilary and McAleese had visited the club. The club was the very heart and focus of the Irish community in the city of Melbourne providing a base to many

Celtic groups and activities.

When Ireland first opened its embassy in Australia in 1946, it looked to Melbourne for support and friendship. The first ambassador, T J Kiernan, attended an annual dinner at the Celtic Club in 1952, at which the Labour parliamentarian, Arthur Calwell, proposed the toast to Ireland: "Today Ireland holds barely four million people of the eight million she once had. Tomorrow, with the application of man's inventive genius and the use of man's creative ability to the solution of Ireland's problems, that land of happy and unhappy memories will take its just place in the comity of nations and play its role in the maintenance of world peace and civilised wellbeing."

Ireland has come a long way since 1952, achieving economic prosperity, reversing the migration trend, and experiencing a lasting peace. But he reminded his audience that all is not new in Ireland: "We still retain our old values of patriotism, our openness, our céad míle failte to strangers, our sense of fair play, and our caring for the underprivileged and for the less fortunate in Africa and elsewhere."

Patrick McNamara



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Profile

His Excellency, The Irish Ambassador to Australia, Mr. Máirtín Ó Fáinín.



What do you see as your role/mission as an Irish Ambassador in general and as Irish Ambassador to Australia in particular?

The essential reason for the establishment of an Irish Embassy in Australia in 1946 was to reach out to and maintain our links with the Irish and Irish –Australian community. That remains a key and most rewarding part of my present role.

In the “New Ireland”, the economic work of the Embassy has assumed a much greater significance and the promotion of economic and commercial relations and support for Irish companies is now a major part of my work here in Australia as well as in my secondary – and also important – accreditation, New Zealand.

Ireland also follows with interest developments in the region and in the broader world and in this context I value very much the dialogue with the Australian Government in this regard.

What has been your most challenging diplomatic posting?

Present posting aside, my most challenging previous overseas posting has been in Uganda where Ireland continues to have very large bilateral aid programme. In a very real way, I see Ireland’s major engagement in Africa as a continuation of the extraordinary work of Irish missionaries down the decades in bringing education, health services and development to Africa.

On the domestic front my involvement in the Northern Ireland peace process over a period of six years between 1994

and 2000 was an honour and source of considerable satisfaction given the historic breakthrough achieved during that period.

What does the Irish Diaspora in general and in Australia in particular, contribute to the societies/cultures they are a part of?

In no other country is the Irish contribution to the personality of a nation more apparent than here in Australia where 35% of the population can claim Irish heritage. The Irish have given this country its humanity and its soul. That healthy questioning of authority, that holding to account of bad government and that demand for “a fair go” are all very much Irish characteristics.

Do you think the Irish Diaspora in Australia has anything to offer present day Ireland?

In the past the solidarity of the Irish diaspora with regard to the Northern Ireland situation as well as its practical contribution to economic development in Ireland has been a valued source of reassurance and practical support. This we hope will continue into the future. In the case of Australia, the growing numbers of young people – in both directions – on the one year working/holidays visas and the expanding tourism will ensure the continuation of the special relationship. Australia is also the only country with which Ireland now has a pattern of net – albeit small – emigration reflecting the continued attraction of the Australian lifestyle and climate for young Irish people.

We hear a lot of the changes in living standards in Ireland that the “Celtic Tiger” has wrought. Do you think these changes are always a good thing? What, in your opinion, do Irish people themselves think of the prosperity of today’s Ireland?

The Ireland I grew up in during the 1950s was an Ireland with considerable poverty and large-scale enforced emigration. Today’s Ireland is prosperous, at peace with itself and enjoying the best relations with its neighbour for 800 years. Today’s generation of young people is the most

confident, the most highly educated and the most proudly Irish in our history. Those aspects of our culture most associated with our distinctive Irishness – the language, music, dance and gaelic games – are stronger now than at any time since the foundation of the State. Most importantly, this new prosperity has not changed our inherent generosity as evidenced in our commitment as a people to development in the Third world, and our sense of solidarity with our neighbours at home. It has indeed been a win-win experience.

Ireland is now taking in a large number of migrants – what are the implications of this?

The New Ireland is an Ireland of immigration rather than emigration. As traditional emigrants ourselves we have a very real empathy with the aspirations of the “New Irish” as we now refer to them. As well as their invaluable contribution to the economy, they bring with them a cultural heritage which will enrich us all. In the modern Europe and indeed the modern world, emigration does not have the same ring of permanence as in previous times. More and more people are moving between countries in a process that will strengthen the sense of global family.

Finally, you have a great knowledge and love of the Irish Language and have worked with the Irish Government in securing its official status in Northern Ireland. Why do you think it is important for Irish to be revived and to thrive? What role do you think its revival could play in Irish communities across the globe?

Tá an Ghaeilge níos láidre inniu ná aon am eile ó bhunú an Stáit. Don chéad uair tá stádas oifigiúil ag an teanga i dTuaisceart na hÉireann agus ón mbliain seo ins an Aontas Eorpach. Tá úsáid agus eolas ar an teanga níos leithne and níos doimhne ná aon uair eile ó aimsear an Ghorta Mhóir i leith.

Tá na daoine óga ag teacht amach as an gcóras oideachais – agus go háirithe as the Gaelscoileanna – le líofacht teanga agus le meas ar an teanga.

D’fhéadfaí a rá faoi dheireadh gur tháinig ár lá.

Liz McKenzie

A warm welcome to our Foundation Members

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As we at AIHN attempt to bed the new *Tinteán* magazine down, we wish to thank all of our friends – members, subscribers and donors alike – for their support, encouragement and generosity. Our pledge is to do our very best to produce a magazine of very high quality and to justify the great faith that you have shown in us. As we strive to improve, we will welcome your comments, suggestions and criticisms. Please let us know what you think.

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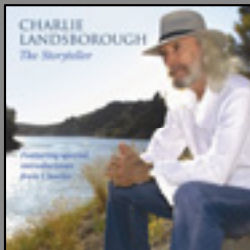
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A courageous Bishop

Confronting Power and Sex in the Catholic Church

Bishop Geoffrey Robinson was an Auxiliary Bishop in the Sydney Archdiocese from 1984 until his retirement in 2004. In 1994 he was appointed to a committee concerned with the Australian Catholic bishops' response to the scandal of the sexual abuse of minors by clergy and religious. Now in his seventies, his main interest has been in matters of Church law especially in marriage issues, but he also has a lively interest in theology, church history and philosophy.

His recently published book *Confronting Power and Sex in the Catholic Church: Reclaiming the Spirit of Jesus*, (John Garratt Publishing, 2007) is a bombshell, or rather a series of bombshells, in that it questions a number of the basic doctrines and practices and structures of the Catholic Church. Catholic bishops are usually very circumspect about airing their personal views concerning the doctrines and government of the Church because the Popes and the Roman Congregations exercise rigorous control over them. Robinson has, in fact, already received a severe reprimand from the Vatican powers-that-be and his new book will certainly cause much fluttering in the Roman dovecotes.

However, it is exactly this centralised control and power that Robinson sees as the root cause of the Church's lamentable failure to face up to the implications of the abuse of children by members of the clergy and religious orders in the U.S., Canada, Ireland and Australia. Just recently Cardinal Bertone, Secretary of State and right hand man to the Pope, claimed that the issue of sexual abuse in the Church had been exaggerated by the media and that 'the Church had faced this trial with great dignity and courage'. Not a word from the Cardinal about the victims of sexual abuse or the conditions that have led to this scandalous state of affairs in the Church, or what reforms must be put in place to prevent it. As Robinson notes, neither John Paul II nor Benedict XVI have ever said 'sorry' about this issue which is 'a total contradiction of everything that Jesus Christ stood for.'

To account for the Church's failure to face up to the scandal of sexual abuse Robinson embarks on a long and circu-

itous analysis of the beliefs, attitudes and structures of the post-Vatican II Church. This involves fundamental doctrinal matters, for example, whether the human nature of Jesus limited his knowledge, the interpretation of the Old Testament and the Gospels, the dangers of a literal understanding of biblical texts about 'Original Sin', the miracles of Jesus and his bodily ascension into heaven. Uncovering the sources of the Church's failure to face up to the crisis over sexual abuse also involves demystifying the doctrines of papal primacy and infallibility and the role of the Pope as an absolute monarch.

**“If the Church can't
be a democracy, it need
not be an autocracy.”**

Again, Robinson has an excellent chapter on sexual ethics. He discusses why the Church has become so fixated on sexuality and has laid down a network of absolute prohibitions about artificial contraception, in vitro fertilisation etc. No other area of human life has been subjected to the same scrutiny and regulation. In fact, assent to the ban on contraception has become the acid test of Catholic orthodoxy! It is worthwhile analysing what Robinson has to say about this subject since it exemplifies the way in which he argues. The official Catholic argument is that God created human sex for two reasons: as a means of expressing and fostering love between a couple (the unitive aspect) and as a means by which human life is brought into being (the procreative aspect). The argument then says that a sexual act is licit only when it serves both of these God-given purposes. It follows that the use of contraceptives is against God's will since it excludes the procreative aspect of the sexual act. Robinson's criticism of this position is as follows: 'There are always problems when human beings claim that they know the mind of God. So, is the statement that it is God's will, and indeed order, that both the unitive and procreative aspect

must necessarily be present in each act, a proven fact or a simple assertion?... If it is a proven fact, what are the proofs? Why do church documents not present such proofs? If it is no more than an assertion, does it really matter who it is who makes the assertion or how often it is made?'

In place of the official argument about the morality of sexual acts, Robinson proposes an ethics based upon persons and personal relationships: a sexual act is morally good when it leads to personal growth, and morally bad when it is destructive of personal relationships.

All that we can say is that 'our sexual desires must seek to help, not hinder, the personal relationships that give meaning to life and help people to grow.' And Robinson appears to suggest that this is a matter for a person's conscience.

Robinson's approach is thus a very 'broad brush' one and he is concerned with such a wide range of questions that he can't, in 300 pages, give them the detailed treatment they deserve. However, in the last chapters of his book he carefully discusses the practical measures that are needed for a rejuvenation of the structures necessary for making the Church more responsible, accountable and transparent. As he notes, the Church can't be a democracy in which its members vote for and elect their representatives. But there are nevertheless many ways in which we can ensure that the leaders of the Church – popes, bishops, curial officials, priests – are accountable for their acts. If the Church can't be a democracy, it need not be an autocracy. (It is a pity, by the way, that Robinson doesn't look at other churches, the Anglican Church and the Uniting Church of Australia for example, which have much more democratic structures than the Catholic Church.)

For example, Robinson suggests that all office-bearers in the Church – the Pope, curial officials, bishops, priests – should have to undergo an appraisal every six years to remind them that they are accountable to the whole Church. He also suggests that lay people should be present in significant numbers in the synods and even councils of the Church. Members of the Roman curia should not

be bishops or cardinals since it would then be clearer that they are simply civil servants or bureaucrats. Further, in local synods of bishops papal appointees should have limited authority in order to prevent curial control of the proceedings. At present all the findings of a synod meeting are handed over to the Pope and the curia who later produce a papal document that represents the official outcome of the synod!

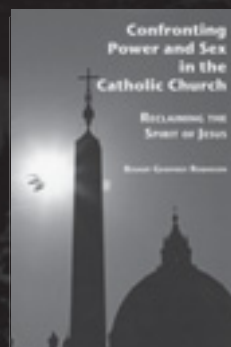
Robinson also has some interesting ideas on ecclesiastical dress. Bishops, he says, should consign their mitres, pectoral crosses, pastoral staffs, and rings to the dustbin of history. And priests should have 'a neat and distinctive dress', for example a tie that identifies them.

One finishes reading Bishop Robinson's work feeling slightly exhausted – so much theological territory having been covered at such a speed and in so short a space – but one also has a sense of exhilaration that an Australian bishop has had the courage to speak his mind about the Church, warts and all, and to be a good shepherd. One hopes that the Church will listen to him.

Max Charlesworth

Max Charlesworth is currently an Emeritus Professor of Philosophy at Deakin University, though a lot of readers will have known him during his many years as an Associate Professor of Psychology at the University of Melbourne. Max has written a great deal on the philosophy of religion and has edited two collections of articles on Aboriginal religions. His other major area of interest is bioethics and he gave a Boyer lecture entitled *Life, Genes and Ethics*.

He has been concerned for some time about the lack of democracy in Church structures and is now writing a short book entitled 'The Democratic Church' and is intending to discuss such contentious issues as the ordination of women in this text. He is also writing a children's book called *Philosophy for Beginners* which is intended for his grandchildren



Confronting Power and Sex in the Catholic Church: Reclaiming the Spirit of Jesus

John Garratt Publishing,
Melbourne, 2007

Championing Ireland: Redmond

In the first of a series of articles, Patrick Naughtin describes the spirited reception of the Redmond mission of 1883.

When Melbourne's Irish nationalist leaders cabled Charles Stewart Parnell in late 1882 to send an envoy from the Irish parliamentary party 'who was a good platform man', they were not to be disappointed. John Redmond, the youngest member of the House of Commons at the age of twenty-six, had already acquired a reputation for astute and eloquent debate. Redmond was to prove himself more than equal to the task facing his Australasian mission.

This task involved furthering the work of the Irish envoy, John W Walshe, cousin of Michael Davitt, who had successfully spread the Land League movement throughout south-eastern Australia, particularly in Victoria, since his arrival in mid 1881. However, with the formation of the Irish National League in October 1882 to replace the now illegal Land League in Ireland, the local Irish nationalist movement in the colonies needed to be re-organised along similar lines.

Deep divisions had developed within the nationalist movement between Parnell's Home Rule agenda and Davitt's priority of land reform. John Redmond, however, had the strong approval of both Parnell and Davitt. In fact, correspondence between Davitt and Redmond's younger brother William (who had accompanied Davitt on an American mission in June-July 1882 and would now join the Australian mission) indicated that Davitt was directly involved in the selection of John Redmond for the Australian mission.

The Redmonds, staunch Parnellites yet admirers of Davitt, would continue to present a united nationalist front in the colonies as Walshe had done. The nationalism preached by the Redmonds invoked both and was simple and compelling for colonial supporters whose Australian experience had led them to accept self-government and land proprietorship as basic rights.

John Redmond was a political moderate whose views would more likely be in accord with most Irish Australians who felt comfortable within the British Empire

and had no wish to seek divisions with their English neighbours. His speeches were carefully couched in the language of moderation.

His very first address in Adelaide, however, soon after his arrival in Australia, departed from this moderation when he blamed English misgovernment for Irish crime and asserted that upon England's head 'rests the primary responsibility of much of the innocent blood which has been spilt in Ireland'. The furious reaction of much of the colonial

“The *Argus* in Melbourne, which condemned the ‘Fenian rhetoric’ of Redmond’s Adelaide address provided the Redmonds with a foretaste of the powerful opposition they were facing.”

press, notably the *Argus* in Melbourne, which condemned the ‘Fenian rhetoric’ of Redmond's Adelaide address provided the Redmonds with a foretaste of the powerful opposition they were facing.

After establishing an Adelaide branch of the Irish National League, which the *Argus* regarded as a mere front for the ‘treasonable and seditious’ Land League, the Redmonds arrived in Melbourne on 15 February 1883.

Just a few days before their arrival in Melbourne, however, the Premier, the Irish Catholic Sir Bryan O’Loughlen, in the midst of a bitter election campaign, had advised Joseph Winter, the proprietor of the Irish Catholic newspaper, the *Advocate*, and the key organiser of the local Irish nationalist movement, to ‘keep them [the Redmonds] away as long as you can’. The influence that Winter possessed

in local Irish affairs at this time was particularly recognised by an Irish Premier struggling for his political survival.

The Redmonds heeded the advice to delay their mission in Victoria and with the *Age* accusing them of ‘skulking past Melbourne’, left quietly for Sydney just two days after their arrival in Melbourne. Their absence from Victoria, however, could not save the O’Loughlen government from a crushing defeat. The Redmonds may have barely set foot in Victoria but they, in combination with other Irish issues, were to have a decided influence on the outcome of the Victorian election.

A *Melbourne Punch* cartoon ‘The Lesson of the Election’ may have exaggerated the Irish issues in its caricatures of key personalities, but aptly summed up how these Irish issues were the catalyst (when linked to the Catholic education debate) to overthrow a government in the most bitter election that Victoria had seen.

The following three months had seen the Redmonds in New South Wales accompanied by well-publicised controversy and open hostility. By the time the Redmonds returned to Melbourne in late May, the climate of anti-Irish Catholic feeling had hardly thawed.

Apart from the opposition of the three main Melbourne daily newspapers, they had to contend with a coalition of opponents ranging from Protestant groups, notably the Loyal Orange Institute, to the majority of civic leaders. Writing many years later, Joseph Winter was particularly riled that the only place for John Redmond to lecture in was St Patrick's Hall as ‘the motto of the Tory councillors of the Melbourne City Council was “No Irish need apply” ... The renting of the Town Hall was the exclusive right of Protestants’.

Even the *Age* acknowledged that St Patrick's Hall was ‘densely crowded’ on 5 June 1883 for the first major Redmond address. While this attendance was encouraging, Irish dignitaries were conspicuous by their absence, notably Catholic political figures such as Sir Bryan O’Loughlen, John Gavan Duffy MP (son of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy) or Peter Lalor, the current parliamentary Speaker (whose brothers were the Young Ireland leader, James Fintan Lalor, and current Home Rule MP, Richard Lalor).

in Australia 1883

Only one senior Catholic churchman was present (Dean England), though there were seventeen other members of the clergy present, despite Archbishop Goold's coolness towards the Redmond mission. The absences prompted William Redmond to reproach the 'large number of cowardly Irishmen who hadn't the common manliness to stand by their side'. However, the press exploited such evidence of discord and disunity with the *Age* reporting that, as far as the Redmonds were concerned, 'so far every Irishman of repute or standing in the community has kept aloof from them'.

It had become apparent from the first Melbourne meetings, with the upper echelons of Irish society being conspicuously absent and deafeningly silent, as it had previously been in Sydney, that the success of the Redmond mission would depend on the support of the 'rank and file' among both laity and clergy. The *Advocate* argued that there was strong support from the quarters that mattered, mentioning specifically the 'professional and mercantile men' and the clergy, despite the glaring absence of the Catholic hierarchy.

The aged and ailing Archbishop Goold reputedly wrote home to Ireland with the blunt demand to 'keep your red hot politicians at home where they are much needed'. Despite this attitude, local parish clergy would generally be supportive of the mission but organisational work would continue to depend largely on a few laymen, notably Thomas Fogarty and Joseph Winter, the president and treasurer, respectively, of the Melbourne central committee of the Irish National League.

The continued support of the network of Irish societies (the Hibernians, Catholic Young Men's Society and St Patrick's Society) and the parish clergy was crucial and responses from the initial Redmond meetings indicated that this support seemed to be solid. If anything, the attempts by Melbourne's press to portray the local Irish as divided in regard to the Redmond mission may have succeeded in keeping most of the 'respectable classes' away but seem to have had the reverse effect on the Irish societies, and their generally working class membership, causing them to rally together more cohesively.

When at the beginning of August, the

Redmonds and Walshe left Victoria, their two-month tour of the colony had been, by any measure, a resounding success. In addition to raising very substantial sums for the Irish National League, many local branches of the League had been established and preparations were being made for an Irish Australian convention to restructure the League on a national basis.

After three months, during which time John Redmond married in Sydney before embarking on a tour of New Zealand, the Redmonds returned to Melbourne for the Irish Australian Convention of 7 November 1883.

The convention had been well promoted and aroused a great deal of interest, not only within the Irish community but inevitably in the press. The *Sydney Morning Herald* branded the convention 'anti-Australian', questioning the allegiances of such an organisation of Irishmen.

“The success of the Redmond mission would depend on the support of the ‘rank and file’ among both laity and clergy.”

In similar but stronger vein, an *Age* editorial attacked the disloyalty and foreignness of the colonial Irishmen at the convention:

‘They object to a foreign element in Ireland, represented by two or three hundred absentee landlords and we, with incomparably greater reason, object to a foreign element represented by a fourth of our resident population ... they must not complain if the rest of the community treats them as traitors and aliens.’

Undeterred by the derision of the press – the *Argus* referred to it as the ‘Redmond convention of nonentities’ – the mood in St Patrick's Hall among the large gathering of 167 delegates (from all the colonies except Western Australia but dominated by Victoria with 117

delegates) was conducive to achieve the main aims of the Convention, namely to put in place a structure to provide the national unity and solidarity for the League to survive.

Flanked by prominent portraits of Parnell and Davitt, the former Young Irelander Kevin Izod O'Doherty from Queensland assumed the chair. A series of resolutions, couched in moderate terms and agreed to without dissent, called for Home Rule for Ireland and other political reforms similar to those enjoyed in Australia, stressing, to counter the attacks of sedition in the press, that these could be achieved by constitutional means.

In more practical terms, a Federal Council of the League was established though distance constraints meant that essentially its administration would remain in Melbourne.

The excitement and controversy generated by the press that had accompanied the opening of the Redmond tour was markedly absent at the end. Their newsworthiness, or what John Redmond termed the 'unconscious kindness' of the press with its 'gratuitous' advertising, had largely gone. He had never anticipated an opposition 'so unscrupulous and determined in character' but, despite this, the mission had achieved its objectives and the Irish National League had been firmly established in the colonies. The base of its support, though lacking leading public and Catholic figures, was broad and solid.

At the same time, however, it was obvious that the local Irish nationalist movement faced immense challenges if it was to survive in a meaningful way. The Melbourne daily press, and the powerful interests it represented, had succeeded in separating the 'respectable class' of Irishmen, those with middle class aspirations, from supporting the movement, at least publicly.

All were only too aware that the Redmond mission, for all its successes, had demonstrated emphatically that the introduction of the Irish question, as it continued to be known, could be readily exploited politically to the detriment of the local Irish community.

Patrick Naughtin

Patrick Naughtin is a PhD candidate at Melbourne University writing a history of Irish nationalism in Australia.

The Ecstasy of Grief

Synge's Riders to the Sea – a performance worthy of its classic status

The initial production of *Riders to the Sea*, 100 years ago, met outrage for its unsentimentally honest depiction of rural Irish life. Nowadays it is almost an ethereal and stylised piece of drama. It was given a fine production, in September, as part of the Directors' Week at the Victorian College of the Arts, a production which enhances the reputation of Synge's play as a classic.

It is somehow deeply grounding for the Irish Diaspora in Australia to revisit the ways of life from which many of us have evolved.

The play is set on the Aran Islands off the Co Galway coast. The main character is a mother who has lost her husband and several sons to the sea. When the curtain rises another is missing, believed drowned. During the play she loses her last son.

The central power of the production, is the expression by Maura, beautifully played by Diana Greentree, of elemental loss and grief. Her rage lies in recognising that the relentless, implacable, merciless and vindictive sea has chosen her as its undeserving victim. I wonder if indigenous people of Australia's Gulf of Carpentaria have a similar sense of the power and determination of nature, when a cyclone descends upon them? Or when desert people face yet another implacable waterless sky?

In his prose description of the life on the island of Inishmann, Synge recalls the keening of the women as they waited while a grave was prepared. 'Each old woman, as she took her turn in the leading recitative, seemed possessed for the moment with a profound ecstasy of grief, swaying to and fro, and bending her forehead to the stone before her, while she called out to the dead with a perpetually recurring chant of sobs. All round the graveyard other wrinkled women, looking out from under the deep red petticoats that cloaked them rocked themselves with the same rhythm, and intoned the inarticulate chant that is sustained by all as an accompaniment'. This scene in the VCA production was well researched and carried out to the letter in the play.

The performance, under director Alex Papp's control, approaches a spiritual experience. This is a fine achievement of the cast and director. Papp has managed to imbue the story with a lovely measured liturgical pace – not so stylised as to be stilted, nor so garish as to be sensational. It is a carefully measured and sustained performance. The staging, blocking, costuming and design (by Emily Collett) maintains the simplicity and thus the force of the narrative. Within this context, each of the actors, notably, Sharon Davis as Kathleen, and Madeleine Harding as Nora, gave fine performances as the daughters fearful of the destructive grief they were witnessing in their mother. A delightful concordance of all the production elements was achieved giving a very satisfying artistic unity to the work.

We watched the play with an expert Irish speaker and he was relieved that the play had not descended into the mawkish. He had himself been instrumental in assisting in the research which had gone into ensuring that the keening and wailing of the village women was historically accurate in language and style.

The cast of the plays in this annual series are fully professional, and the directors are postgraduate students in theatre direction at the College. Congratulations to all involved.

Terry Monagle

Synge and the Aran Islands

Synge spent many months on the Aran Islands observing the way of life on those bleak islands. The verisimilitude of the material Synge had included in his play is indicated by the following quotation from his travelogue published as *The Aran Islands*:

'Now a man has been washed ashore in Donegal with one pampooty on him, and a striped shirt with a purse in one of the pockets, and a box for tobacco. For three days the people here have been trying to fix his identity. Tonight as we were returning from the slip we met the mother of the man who was drowned from this island, still weeping and looking out over the sea. She stopped the people who had come over from the south island to ask them with a terrified whisper what is thought over there.'

(A key element in the play is the identification, using clothing remnants, of a drowned son whose body is washed up as far north as Donegal.)

He suggests that 'In Inishmann one is forced to believe in the sympathy between man and nature', for though the day had been beautifully fine, thunder sounded overhead and hailstones hissed among the bracken as the body was lowered.

The personification of such a vengeful nature, might be common to people who live close to the elements, who

live in an animist world. But Synge wanted those who lived outside that sort of cosmology, to experience the raw and jagged vulnerability of being human in that world.

Synge again says in his prose that:

'This grief over the keen is no personal complaint for the death of one woman over eighty years, but seems to contain the whole passionate rage that lurks somewhere in every native of the island. In this cry of pain the inner consciousness of the people seems to lay itself bare for an instant, and to reveal the mood of beings who feel their isolation in the face of a universe that wars on them with winds and seas. They are usually silent, but in the presence of death all outward show of indifference or patience is forgotten, and they shriek with pitiable despair before the horror of the fate to which they are all doomed.'

We are dealing here with a pre-modern people. What makes them so important to us is their shared genetic closeness and common experience and the fact that at the beginning of the 20th century, they were so unusual in modern Europe.

To say that the production at the VCA was able to suggest all this in its tight scope is the best tribute one can pay to director and cast.

Terry Monagle



Poetry

Buckley Prize Night

Vincent Buckley liked to describe himself as an Irish Australian poet, and sometimes as an Irishman who just happened to be living in Australia. So he would have been delighted at the evening held recently in his honour in Canberra. About one hundred people turned up at the Irish Club in Weston Creek on Wednesday, 17 October, to hear a discussion of his life and work, and to hear readings of poetry by Aileen Kelly and Bronwyn Lea, two winners of the Vincent Buckley Poetry Prize. Since 1993 this prize has been awarded in alternate years to Australian and Irish poets. The evening was sponsored by the Friends of Ireland (Cairde ná hÉireánn), the Irish Embassy and the Club.

After a welcome from the Club, and the Deputy Head of the Irish Embassy, the evening started with a conversation about Buckley between Chris Wallace-Crabbe and John McLaren. Chris talked about Buckley's charisma, both as teacher and as reader, and about his later disillusion with the university and his steady dissociation from it. He read from 'Golden Builders', talking about the way it brought urban and suburban themes into Australian poetry at a time when it was still largely influenced by rural themes. John spoke of Buckley's concern for the lost connections with Ireland, and the lost Gaelic language. He expressed this concern particularly in his series of poems on the 'Gaeltacht', where he evokes the landscape of his Munster forebears and the loss felt by their descendants in both Australia and Ireland. In 'Two half languages' the loss becomes a symbol of the difficulty of communication between father and son. The failure of the English to listen to their unwilling Northern Irish subjects is at the heart of the tragedy he describes in 'Hunger-Strike'.

Aileen Kelly, winner of the prize in 1998, wrote many of the poems in *City and Stranger* including six 'Poems for Penelope and Vincent Buckley' during the time spent in Ireland made possible by the prizemoney. These deal with the possibilities of life that are opened and closed by circumstance, by history, by Ireland itself, or by personality. Aileen was not able to attend the evening, but she arranged for her friend Christine Burrows to read in her place. In parallel to Buckley's search in his poetry for the sacred in the ordinary, many of Kelly's poems show the numinous in the secular, to quote the blurb from her most recent book.

Bronwyn Lea, winner of the prize in 2006, gave a witty and entertaining performance where she wove readings of her poems into an account of her life as a poet. She talked of the burden she felt in being a representative Australian in Ireland, but the poems she read showed that she bore the burden lightly and worthily. Her work is representative in the picture it gives of contemporary life, individual in the light touch she brings to its seriousness.

John McLaren

From 'Gaeltacht', *The Pattern*, (1979)

They were from Munster, every part of Munster. But they would not talk about it: 'No, We're Australians now.' Really, a separate kind of Irish. From them came no cries of 'Up Tipp.' or 'Rebel Cork.' They kept their heads low, ploughing the snake-like roots out of the thin-grassed Australian soil. Yet they talked occasionally in tongues, in a world-defying wife-hating babble, drank Paddy, allowed a few books to insert themselves into the dour rooms, and leave a silver snail-trace everywhere over my childhood. Their silence was not only lock but key, to be turned sometime in the future, their sullenness a burden to be carried secretly and placed back whence it came. Now the hired cars bring us, full of effusion, to look, half-idly, at this still-soft body-scar from which we were leeches off so long ago. We wanted something to be proud of. This is a point of departure, not home for us, for anyone.

It was a people who
brought law to the level of custom,
showed themselves to be of the permanently
subject peoples (Armenians, pygmies,
foetuses) doomed
never to be refugees. Hence
the need for Gaeltachts, forelands
shouldering the common burden, where we come
to suffer that past, that enigma,
which will visit us
in the night-patterns, jeering
at our sleeplessness, while through the wrack
of their survival the land shines
in the distance, like a whetted stone.

Vincent Buckley

(Reprinted with the permission of Penelope Buckley)

Varuna Haiku

Ogham script incised
On the door jamb: J and G
Grow up behind me

'You' and 'Me' upon
The headboard; so many miles
Between me and you

Reading Soldatow's
Mayakovsky in Bondi
The Furber Steppes

Carrington Hotel:
Christmas carols in July
Titanic High Tea

Collecting kindling
Bent double, hope to meet one
Good, keen wench. Alas!

Two poets fighting?
Cherchez la femme: too gentle
Men of Varuna

Peter's photograph
Upside down in our group shot
mirrors Australia

Car-horn, rush the door
Pavlovian slaving
Sheila's Meals-on-Wheels

Cultural exchange:
G pours my malt on dessert
Tastes horribly good

Post-it on the fridge:
Bananas too expensive
Sorry, Lynn, sorry!

Iggy McGovern

*Iggy McGovern is Associate Professor of Physics at Trinity College, Dublin. His first collection *The King of Suburbia* (Daedalus Press) won the Ireland Chair of Poetry and the Glen Dimplex New Writers' Award. In 2006 he visited New Zealand and Australia, including a visit to Varuna.*

On The Fridge At Varuna

dear writers, bananas are too expensive, sorry
dear bananas, writers are too expensive, sorry
dear expensive bananas, writers are too sorry
dear expensive writers, bananas are too sorry
dear expensive bananas, are writers sorry too?
dear sorry writers, are bananas expensive too?
writers are bananas, expensive too, sorry dear
expensive bananas writers are too sorry, dear
sorry dear, expensive writers are too bananas
sorry writers, expensive bananas are dear, too
bananas are sorry writers, dear, too expensive.

Iggy McGovern

Near Ben Bulben

Drumcliff churchyard saw the ways
of William Butler Yeats, the poet
who walked this writer with his

collected leaves of trees and tears
towards the poplars of poetry.
Yeats' farewell was not seen

immediately, others too had written
forwarding fare for frowners,
friends, heirs. (One stone inscribed

with 'peace, perfect peace, at last'
smiled its ballast.) Suddenly there
was Yeats' grave; cut into its

marker, his epitaph 'Cast a cold eye/
On life, on death/Horseman pass by.'
Was the horseman a figure of privilege

who rode to allocate to peasants
their place, was the horseman an
autocrat or a rider without a face?

In the twenty first century,
is the rider a consumer who
neglects the primary producer?

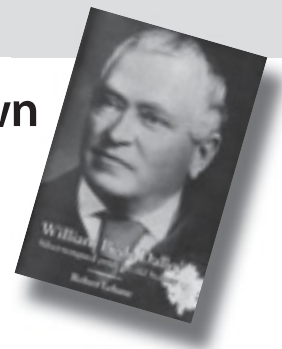
Joyce Parkes

Joyce Parkes is a member of the Australian Irish Heritage Association and WB Yeats Society in WA



Silver currency of Sydney town

Robert Lehane, *William Bede Dalley: Silver-tongued pride of old Sydney*, Ginninderra Press, Canberra, 2007 (978 1 74027 437 1)



The unlikely poet

Walking along Peel St opposite the Queen Victoria Market, one comes across this delightful, small Irish Bar called 'The Drunken Poet.'

Chatting with the charming young proprietor, Siobhán Dooley who hails from Ballycallan Co. Kilkenny, it soon becomes obvious why this unusual little Irish establishment is such a success. Although she studied economics and commerce, Siobhán always had a dream of setting up a small upmarket little Irish Bar abroad. Having worked in the US in events management and hospitality, she knew it would work. She felt strongly drawn to Melbourne and after arriving here about two years ago opened "The Poet" just over a year ago.

Why the name "The Drunken Poet"? Well Siobhán loved Irish poetry and Literature at school and decided to name it after her heroes. Around the Walls are large pictures of some of them – Yeats, Joyce, Kavanagh, Heaney, to mention a few, as well as other poets and songwriters from Australia, the US, and around the world.

Siobhán, who has a great regular clientele among Irish ex-pats and locals, is passionate about promoting musicians, songwriters and poets. There is live music several times a week, as well as Poetry Thursday and Traditional music. The first Wednesday of every month is dedicated to "Wine, Whisky and Women" poets. Chris Wilson from Wilson's Lane is one of the performers and Siobhán is always on the lookout for new artists and bands.

'The Drunken Poet' specialises in good Irish Whisky, cider and beer and of course those iconic Irish chips, Tatos. While Siobhán doesn't provide meals, her toasted tomato, ham & cheese sandwiches – and the coffee – are legendary. Catering for parties and group bookings can be arranged.

But do check out this lovely, little, Irish venue for yourself. I'm sure Siobhán's teetotaler parents would be justly proud of her achievements!

Catherine Arthur

Check out 'The Drunken Poet' at www.myspace.com/drunkenpoets

William Bede Dalley was a prominent figure in NSW politics and the law from the 1850s until the 1880s. There was little that happened in the public domain that he was not involved with. He moved in the highest circles in the colony. Yet he was the son of convicts and as a native son, born in Sydney in 1831, he had to overcome the disadvantage of being a 'currency lad'. Surely there is fascinating material here for a biography.

Dalley indeed lived in interesting times. As a young man of 25 he was already on the fringes of politics when the first elections took place for the Legislative Assembly in 1856. Before the end of the year he found himself a successful candidate at a by-election. Over the next thirty years he was never very far away from Parliament. He moved from the lower house to the upper, and back again, and was a minister on several occasions, even Acting Premier.

This book is fascinating for the insights it provides of the parliamentary system in its infancy. Today, politics and elections operate as well-oiled machines where everything is regulated and 'spin' is rampant. Very different was the situation a century and a half ago. Political parties did not really exist and governments sometimes lasted only a few months or even weeks. 'Getting the message across' was limited to public meetings and newspaper reports. Elections were spread over a week or two, and interestingly, if you failed to get elected in one seat, you could try your luck somewhere else, usually somewhere easier.

Members of Parliament were not paid so had to have a day job. In 1856 Dalley was admitted to the NSW bar, and for the rest of his life his time was spent between politics and the law. His first appearance at the bar was at the Circuit Court in Bathurst in 1857. Even getting there was an ordeal with bad roads and bushrangers to contend with. Dalley often found himself on the country circuit, and he appeared for numerous clients, nearly always defending.

His father was an English Protestant who became a Catholic when he married Catherine Dobbins, a Catholic nurse sentenced to seven years transportation at the Cork Assizes for stealing shirts.

All his life, Dalley was a fervent Catholic and was beloved by the Irish in Sydney and wherever he went. Not that he was an uncritical adherent of both groups. He opposed the hierarchy on divorce law reform, for instance and had no truck with those supporting violence in the cause of Irish independence. Indeed his involvement in Irish matters rarely extended beyond annual speeches on St Patrick's day and writing articles for the *Freeman's Journal*.

He did play a significant role in opposing sectarian outbursts on several occasions, for example when Henry Parkes played the Orange card after the attempted assassination of Prince Alfred in 1868 and when the matter of state aid for Catholic schools came before Parliament in 1879. Never given to partisan outbursts, Dalley's voice was always one of reasonableness and moderation, his speeches displaying erudition and often a dash of humour.

A public figure for more than three decades generated a great deal of interest in the press and Lehane has quoted extensively from newspaper reports of parliamentary sittings, court cases and public events where Dalley spoke. The *Empire*, *Sydney Morning Herald*, *Freeman's Journal* and other papers regularly devoted columns of print to his speeches, and there is no shortage of evidence to support the 'silver-tongued' epithet of the title.

There is much less evidence for the private life. As Lehane admits at one point, his subject was not 'the biographer's friend'. There are very few sources such as letters providing insights into family life. About the lives of his parents, or that of his wife and children, or even a day or a week at chez Dalley, we learn very little.

At nearly four hundred pages the book is too long. Lehane is overly assiduous in providing details of long-forgotten court cases and Dalley's speeches on some public occasion. Just because the information is there does not mean it all had to be used. For this reader at least, long before the final chapter I was wishing that Dalley had been a bit less 'silver-tongued'.

Frank Molloy

Seán MacBride's struggle

Seán MacBride: That Day's Struggle: A Memoir (1904 – 1951)

Edited by Caitriona Lawlor
Currach Press, Dublin, 2005
(1-85607-929-5)

In many ways, this story of MacBride's life (1904–1988), as a revolutionary, lawyer and politician is fascinating, and a real journey into that other country that is the past, but in other ways it defeats the reader. Written by MacBride in an almost conversational style and edited by his secretary, the memoirs leave many things unexplained. At times, that may be pure oversight, but at others it seems deliberate. Beginning dramatically with his father's execution when he was 12, for example, allows the author to dodge around the facts that his parents' marriage failed and that there were accusations of domestic violence and 'Hunnish practices' during the divorce proceedings.

If MacBride was given to introspection or discussion of more than the most fleeting feelings, he does not reveal this in his text. It's hard to believe that he never mourned his father nor missed him, particularly during the very turbulent and demanding young adulthood that he experienced. Yet if he did mourn, he does not discuss it.

Having said that, if you have ever muttered about the modern tendency to mollycoddle children, then the educational regime of Father Sweetman at Mount St Benedict will test you. Apart from requiring the boys to cut down and saw up a tree every term for fires in their rooms, the 'Holy Man' turned a blind eye to the young Seán and five other high spirited 12 year olds playing soldiers

by attacking the local RIC station with home made explosives. Certainly this education was a good preparation for later life in Seán's case since he joined the IRA at 14, overcoming objections to his youth by invoking family connections and rose to be a general at 24. It's not at all clear whether, why or when he left the IRA, because this is another matter that is left unexplained.

Throughout the memoirs, he mentions cases in which he either defended people accused of IRA membership or activities or describes the terrible conditions under which these people were held under de Valera's government. In 1946, a number of IRA men, 'went on the blanket', to use a later term, and were treated so harshly that several died. MacBride describes his attempts to intervene, mediate and soften the government's attitude to its prisoners, particularly in the case of the inquest on Seán McCaughey. A telling moment of the inquest was MacBride's question to the prison doctor as to whether he owned a dog. On hearing that he owned two, MacBride asked whether the doctor would allow his dogs to be treated as McCaughey had been, to which he replied no, he would not. The critical verdict of this inquest led to considerable publicity and an improvement in conditions.

In many places in this memoir, it's startling to find accounts of the many things, big and small, that a large powerful country can do to oppress a small weak one, without it being particularly obvious to anyone. In the opening pages, MacBride describes his mother's (Maude Gonno) efforts to persuade non-British liners to call to Ireland. As long as only British

liners called there, the movements of all passengers were open to scrutiny from the British government. Long after the Civil War was over, the Irish government continued to invest its money in England at very low rates of interest. As a result, there was insufficient money to build TB sanatoria, causing a waiting list of two years. The Department of Finance refused to release the money to build sanatoria, to keep the government's debt low while people became steadily sicker. MacBride's efforts to persuade people to release the funds and invest in health put him firmly into the Keynesian camp of economists. Years later, the bulk of Ireland's capital was still in sterling, despite rumours of devaluation of the currency. Even when asked officially by the Irish government, the British denied any intention of doing so, and that the Republic lost a great deal of its capital when it did happen. The manoeuvring behind the scenes during the abolition of the External Relations Act is highly instructive, with the British attempting to control the agenda and the publicity as well as the outcome.

An interesting read, particularly if you are interested in the personalities of those who set up the structure of modern Europe, but be prepared to be baffled at times.

Felicity Allen

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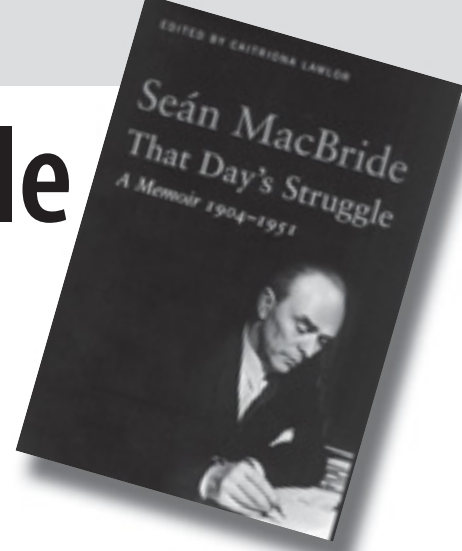
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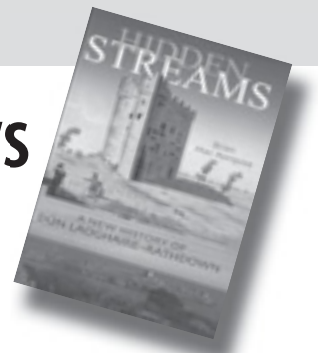
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History's Watery Ways

Brian Mac Aongusa,
Hidden Streams: A New History Of Dun Laoghaire-Rathdown,
Currach Press, 2007



This beautifully produced book is an eclectic study of this important area due south of Dublin. The author has done extensive research into its streams, both extant and hidden and numbering over thirty. This in turn has directed him to the history of Dun Laoghaire-Rathdown, its topography, geology, architecture and landscape. It makes a fascinating and most informative story, particularly in the tracing of social and political development of the area throughout the centuries.

The many maps included are extremely useful and are expertly and artistically reproduced. The first mapping of Ireland was done after the quelling of the 1641 rebellion when several million acres of land were apportioned to Cromwell's soldiers. The physician-general to the army, Sir William Petty, was appointed to map the estates to be confiscated under the land settlement. Petty's information was marked down on maps, hence the famous Down Survey. This led to the first atlas of Ireland published in 1685.

The early history of Ireland is succinctly and accurately outlined by Mac Aongusa. The first people to settle arrived about 5000 years ago and 3340 BC saw the inhabitation of Dalkey Island off the coast in the Mesolithic or Stone Age. In the Neolithic Age of 3000 BC, farming, hunting and fishing developed and forests began to be cleared of oak, pine, elm and ash trees. The population began to move inland to take up further land.

The Vikings get detailed attention, from their appearance at the end of the eighth century to the Battle of Clontarf in 1014. We read this imaginative comment: 'the initial impact of these raids was as ferocious as it was unexpected. The widespread fears felt throughout Ireland at that time were comparable to those experienced following the 9/11 terrorist outrage in New York in 2001.' Again, 'after the middle of the tenth century there is evidence that the Irish kings were learning the practice of slave-trading from the Vikings: the idea of Irish slaves for Irish households was spreading.' But then we leap into the more familiar and modern history and the author excels in condensing a complicated narrative down to clear, simple terms.

In 1166 when Diarmaid Mac Murchada, the High King of Ireland, was driven out he approached Henry II in France. He invited Strongbow and his Anglo-Normans to take Waterford and then Dublin. Thus Ireland's fate was fashioned. The Tudors and then Cromwell play their parts and the author carries us along, retaining the tension of that dramatic period of Irish history. To define 'The Pale', he quotes a 1435 report to Henry VI 'that out of the subjection of the said enemies (Irish) and rebels (Anglo-Normans) scarcely thirty miles in length and twenty miles in breadth there, as a man may surely ride or go in the said counties.' Both The Pale and the buffer zone known as the *marches* were to be found in Dun Laoghaire-Rathdown and Paleditches are being identified even today.

In the later chapters, Mac Aongusa covers the development and suburbanisation of his subject area in many different aspects including the villages, the parks, the influence of the rivers and streams and their uses, the use of water for industry, the building of a port at Dunleary (later to be named Kingstown after a visit of George IV in 1821), the Martello towers (only nine of sixteen surviving) and the upwardly-rising social status of the Black Rock and Kingstown suburbs. He describes dramatically a sea tragedy of November 1807 when the troopships *Prince of Wales* and *Rochdale* under sail, carrying volunteers for foreign service drawn from Irish militia regiments that were used to quell the 1798 and 1803 rebellions, left Dublin but ran into a severe gale and snowstorm. Both ships foundered on the rocks off Black Rock and over 400 persons were drowned and smashed beyond recognition on the rocks. This tragedy led to the building of the Kingstown port and later the railway to Dublin, to cope with the burgeoning trade and population. It became fashionable to live near the sea and travel to the city for business. The detailed analysis continues to modern times.

There are eight appendices and a bibliography closing this excellent work. Its writing and publication are first class and it is highly recommended.

Peter Kiernan



The underseas Aran the Islanders missed

John Collins, *Cool Waters, Emerald Seas: Diving Temperate Waters*, Atrium, Cork, 2006, (0-9535353-8-X)

When Émile Gagnan and Jacques Cousteau invented the aqualung in the early 1940s they released the diver from a cumbersome suit and created the underwater explorer who swam with weightless freedom.

A veteran diver with twenty years' experience and a prize-winning underwater photographer, John Collins is the heir of Cousteau and his associates. The cool waters are those between 4 and 20 degrees Celsius, which separate the tropics from the polar regions. They are emerald because they contain the well-nigh invisible plants or phytoplankton essential to sea life.

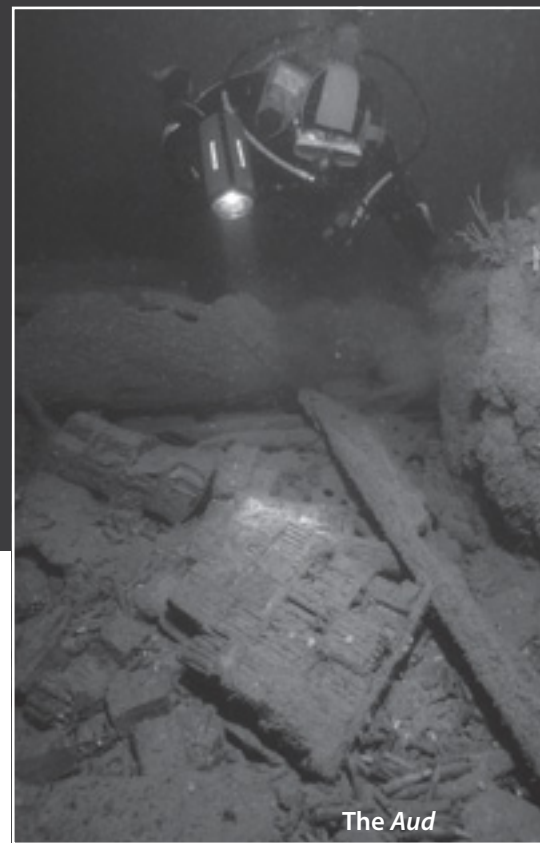
Cool Waters, Emerald Seas catches us by surprise. The Aran Islands of drowned fishermen and keening women are replaced with the alluring beauty of marine life, a photograph of a tompot blenny at Inishmeain, a John Dory at Inisheer, a rocky reef at Inishmore. The monks of the Skelligs yield to a red blenny, and the Ring of Kerry to a well-known bottlenose dolphin in Dingle harbour.

Australian readers, used to accounts of the exotic beauty of tropical fish and the menace beneath the surface, have more to discover. All the Australian photographs, a quarter of the total and the largest group of those outside Ireland, are from Tasmania. A red velvet fish from Fortescue Bay, which Collins compares to the bird of paradise, is the first fish we see. A sponge garden from Sisters Rocks and a hermit crab from Pirates Bay follow. A weedy

sea dragon, which plays 'a role reversal rare in the animal kingdom' as 'the male ... carries the eggs and gives birth' (p 56), is given prominence. A purple wrasse, a southern rock lobster and a pot-bellied seahorse are the subjects of the last three photographs. The dust jacket emphasises the beauty of southern jewel anemones from Port Arthur.

The mysterious beauty of submarine experience is a recurrent theme. Here is 'a mesmerising world of life and colour' which takes us 'to the seabed of childhood imaginings' (p 2). Philippe Diolé, Cousteau's contemporary, found an 'underwater baptism, in the freshness of the spring sea' (p 21) and Christopher Newbert, writing later, found his 'sense of time and self recreated' (p144). A new genre, on the experience of the marine world, emerged, culminating in the work of Rachel Carson, whose bestseller *The Sea Around Us* appeared in 1951. Collins is keenly aware of the continuities in this writing, which he traces through excerpts to his guiding spirits – in literature to Paul Valéry, who dreamed of a submarine poetry, and in science to Charles Darwin, whose poetic descriptions of the forests of kelp in the southern hemisphere are to be found in *The Voyage of the Beagle* (1839). The deepest continuities in the book, however, are with the reverence for natural life in early Irish poetry, where imagery of pristine flora and fauna abound.

Shakespeare, who used an older form of aqualung known as imagination, thought he 'saw a thousand fearful wrecks' in *Richard III* (p 128). Cousteau swam through layers of history in the Mediterranean and left what he saw for the marine archaeologists. Collins dives



The Aud

on wrecks and leaves them to the sea without inquiry. The sea, which we enter on its own terms, simply takes back what we have made. Twice, however, he cannot hold back, briefly telling the story of the U-260, which struck a mine off West Cork towards the end of World War II, and the *Aud*, which lies outside Cork with its cargo of German armaments intended for the 1916 Rising in one of the recurrent *what ifs* of Irish history.

Cool Waters, Emerald Seas is published with the support of the Heritage Council of Ireland. Beautifully produced, it commands more attention than armchair books usually do. Its disarming and confronting photographs cover, in order of frequency, the waters of Ireland, Australia, Canada, Scotland, South Africa and the Canary Islands. More attention to South Africa would offset the image that its waters are full of great white sharks. North Asia, South America and New Zealand are neglected. This book contrasts sharply with all those whose purpose is to help the reader identify what to destroy and where to find it. It is a pity, then, that there are no photographs from the waters of those countries whose mechanised plunder of the sea continues to be widely unacceptable.

Bryan Coleborne
Aichi Shukutoku University, Japan

And Gladly Teach

John Braniff, *And Gladly Teach: The Marist Experience in Australia 1872-2000*

David Lovell Publishing, Melbourne, 2006

And Gladly Teach is an abbreviated version of John Braniff's doctoral thesis of the Marist Brothers' mission in Australia. Charism originally meant a divine gift inspiring a Christian for the good of the Church. As a Marist Brother for 35 years, John Braniff was headmaster of five Marist schools and on educational advisory bodies. He was a provincial councillor and wrote the history of three of the order's schools.

In 1872 Archbishop Polding asked the Marists to found St Patrick's School at Church Hill in Sydney. Braniff examines whether these Marist pioneers were conscious bearers of a distinctive and enduring style of education. This work is not a time series of the foundation, relocation and closing of schools, or lists of significant members of the order. Those names and places are skilfully woven into the narrative to illustrate key aspects of the Marist pedagogical style in Australia. Braniff analyses the charism of the Marist founder, Fr (later St) Marcellin Champagnat (1789-1840) and his followers.

After the French Revolution decimated prominent orders of the church, Fr Champagnat and a group of young priests established the Marist order to restore the Catholic Church by 'doing good quietly'. More pragmatic than ideological, they espoused a group of teaching brothers to support the work of the priests. They aimed to educate good Christians in small rural communities.

By 1863, when Vatican recognition of the order was conditionally achieved, the Marist Brothers had developed a working rule of life. As well as serving mainly rural communes, it was also directed at a working-class or lower middle-class clientele.

Use of the strap was an early point of contention. Contrary to the founder's views, the strap was accepted. Its construction and dimensions were defined in the rule. Whatever the debate about eradicating corporal punishment in rural France, the strap was deployed regularly to manage the larrikin behaviour of unruly colonials in the early days at Church Hill. By 1872, Br Ludovic Laboureyras, a Frenchman aged 27 with little English, accompanied by Irishmen, Br Jarlath and Br Peter, both 25, and Br Augustine, a 21 year-old Scot, disembarked at Williamstown. Before going on to Sydney to found the Australian mission, they rested at Christian Brothers' College in Victoria Parade, East Melbourne, an ominous sign of things to come.

Br Ludovic faced enormous difficulties at Church Hill: the pioneer group's relative immaturity, poor training and inexperience as teachers; teacher illness and internal hostility; mistrust by Archbishop Vaughan, the parents, clergy and diocesan administrators; reluctance to accept teacher qualifications; interference from diocesan and government school inspectors; inadequate housing, school accommodation and funding; and the impact of funding ineligibility of denominational schools. It is a tribute to his perseverance that, in spite of his perceived inadequacies, he maintained his commitment to the Marist idea of Christian education, so that bishops, clergy and laity alike realised they were dealing with a formidable and resilient organisation.

The early history of the Australian Marists is concentrated on metropolitan Sydney, in the foundations of St Patrick's, Church

Hill, and St Joseph's, Hunters Hill. By 1893, Assumption College had been established at Kilmore, Victoria, as the first Australian house outside Sydney. The Archbishop of Melbourne, Dr Carr, supported this foundation, using competition with the Marists to convince the Christian Brothers to expand more rapidly.

By 1893 the Marists had established a two-tiered system of schools in Sydney that was believed to be authentically Marist in character. These were the secondary type of school directly under the order's control, like Hunters Hill, and the parochial schools controlled by the archdiocese. Braniff discusses these two streams in terms of the high road and the low road and finds both styles consistent with the founding principles.

The Australian Marist style of education evolved to meet changes in the NSW and Victorian education systems. They moved into an exam-centred, vocationally-oriented junior secondary syllabus. By 1940, Sydney had the world's highest concentration of Marist Brothers. By 1948, Australia had been divided into Northern and Southern Provinces to meet the nationwide demand for secondary education, and the order grew to about 650 brothers running some 50 schools by 1972.

In the 1950s, the religious orders considered the conflict between manpower needs and standards of teacher training in a period of increased demand. After reforms to the Marist scholasticate, most candidates undertook full-time study with no Marist content at a secular university and the remainder took shorter courses with little Marist content at the equivalent of today's Australian Catholic University. Braniff questions, with this degree of dilution, how much pedagogical continuity could be claimed with the Marist spirit?

Braniff alludes to the order's extensive soul-searching as it tried to maintain the Marist teaching tradition and deal with the new challenges of Vatican II. The decline in the number of teaching brothers was matched by the increasing influence of central administrators in the diocesan education offices. The Marist Brothers adopted co-education without demur. In 1970 Marist education could be described as education provided by Marist Brothers but by 2000 it no longer implied the involvement of any active brother.

To this reviewer, as an old CBC boy whose principal exposure to the Marist way hitherto was participating in the annual ding-dong football clashes between CBC Parade and Assumption College, Braniff's history is most instructive. He concludes that Fr Champagnat's followers brought his charismatic vision to Australia and subsequent generations strove to be faithful to its fundamental core. However dynamic the style, Braniff refutes the proposition that this educational philosophy could be reduced to a package – authentic, intact and continuing to evolve – to be utilised by lay teachers and handed to future generations. He suggests that lay teachers can honour the names of Fr Champagnat and the Marist Brothers but this is not a 'Marist education'.

This is a thorough, compelling and enlightening addition to the expanding body of works on Australian ecclesiastical history. The work and its extensive lists of sources are excellent starting points for those seeking a wider understanding of the formation of the Australian church, the development of Catholic education in Australia and the associated roles of the religious orders.

As Braniff himself has said, he came to analyse and stayed to praise.

Patrick McNamara



Connections in Cork

Surprise, is too tame a word for my nephew's reaction when I snuck up behind him on the morning of his wedding in Cork, on 4 September this year. My sister, Geraldine, her husband, Dennis, fiancée Laura and the whole wedding party had kept my arrival secret.

It was such a lovely ceremony with Canon Cotter officiating. At the reception in the Garryvoe Hotel the Canon sat next to me, after dancing the Hucklebuck. I praised him for being the first priest I'd seen dancing at a wedding and he praised me for coming such a long way to join my family. We discussed links between Cork and Australia, stretching back to days when many migrants had their last sight of Ireland at Cobh Harbour. He explained more recent links when he had shown Melbourne's archbishop, Dennis, around Mannix's homeplace.

Daniel Patrick Mannix (1864-1963), son of a tenant farmer, was ordained at Maynooth in 1890. He presided as an outspoken and influential Archbishop of Melbourne for 43 years.

In all my previous visits to my sister's family in Ballyhea, her two sons had even attended Mannix College, I didn't realise that the birthplace of such an important Melbournian was so near. Just as I was about to ask the Canon for more details another guest diverted him.

When things settled in my sister's house after the wedding hullabaloo, I asked her to help me to locate Daniel Mannix's homeplace. She suggested the local library to start with.

Jerry and Laura were on their New York honeymoon, so it would be handy enough for me to drive Jerry's car the few miles to Charleville the next day. "No problem," says I! That is until I parallel park in front of Mannix College and hop out to take a couple of photos of it. I hop back into the car and but can't get it into reverse. Along comes a young man who hops behind the wheel to find reverse for me. No luck! He had only passed his test three weeks earlier. He had a friend in a nearby garage, whom he would send to help me if he was on that day. A woman parked opposite wound down her window to sympathise. She offered to get the teacher parked in front of me to move her car and hurried into Mannix College.

So many rescuers off in different directions to help me find my way

forward! The red-haired teacher appeared. No problem that I'd disturbed her class, she zoomed her car away. With such ready help it really felt like the Land of Saints and Scholars. Yet, I feared that my calamity with the car would be a town joke when my nephew returned from America. I needed a drive-through parking spot because reverse still eluded me!

Relieved to be in the safety of a library where everyday things are not so easily lost, I searched for local texts on Mannix. The books offered were mainly published in Melbourne. My sister joined me on her lunch break. I showed her a reference to Deerpark as the Mannix homeplace. Geraldine asked librarian, Josephine Naughton, where the house was in Deerpark and was overheard by a lady supping tea at the check-out counter. The woman put down her mug and explained she knew exactly where Deerpark was because she was a far-off relation of those people.

And so I was introduced to Bridie O'Brien.

"Deerpark is owned by a bachelor farmer," she says. "Are you married yourself?"

"I'm not into long distance relationships."

"Right so!" She says with a matchmaker's twinkle, "We all like to keep them handy."

With Bridie's directions, my sister drove me to Deerpark. She tooted the



Charleville Library with Bridie O'Brien seated between the 2 librarians

Meg McNena

horn outside the entrance. With no one in sight, she drove down the curved track from the gate, between outbuildings and parked at the house. She tooted again but no one answered. Out came my camera then Geraldine drove me back to where I'd parked her son's car.

Reverse is found in his car by lifting the gear stick slightly. But it was better not to have known that setting out. Otherwise I would have returned home without a story to tell about losing reverse. Or a sense of friendly locals putting themselves out to help me on my way.

Meg McNena



Deerpark House

Meg McNena

Walsh Family in the Emerald Isle

Earlier this year, John Joseph Walsh of Watsonia, Victoria, and his genealogist wife, Anne Stewart, travelled to Ireland to visit various parts of the isle where their ancestors had lived.

My Christian names, John Joseph, are among the more frequent combinations in many of the Walsh clan's families, including those of my forebears, the Walsh's of King Street, Mitchelstown, Co Cork.

In the northern spring this year, my wife, Anne, and I toured various parts of Europe, including Ireland, where we had planned to visit the village of Streete (near Mullingar), the city of Limerick and the township of Mitchelstown, Co Cork. Shortly before we left, my first cousin, Br Doug Walsh of the Marist Order in Melbourne, received a letter from a John Joseph Walsh of Killimer, Co Clare, seeking details of the Australian division of the clan. This John Joseph is our third cousin. Br Doug passed the letter on to Anne whom he knew would relish the task.

What serendipity and synchronicity! Anne corresponded with cousin John who undertook to take us on a tour of the places where our ancestors 'sported and played'.

He advised us that the weather could be very cold and wet, or pleasant, that the public transport system in Ireland is a joke, that people are very careless with litter, that the public toilets are dirty, that the pubs can get noisy late at night, that timekeeping leaves a lot to be desired and that everything is now very expensive – all of this after telling us that Ireland has improved a lot in the last 15 years. Irish tourism authorities are unlikely to seek out cousin John to direct their marketing activities!

The tombstone in the Coburg (Melbourne) cemetery on the grave of my great grandfather, James Maloney (1829-1905), records him as a native of Street, Co Westmeath, Ireland. Having crossed the Irish Sea from Stranraer to Belfast, we headed south to Dundalk and then inland to Mullingar. James Maloney met his bride-to-be, Anne Eginton, while both were employed in the household of a large estate in Streete. Anne died young and James took his family to Australia where one of his daughters, Ellen, became my grandmother.

In Streete, we found one of the two grand houses that once existed, but it was derelict. We could find no gravestone for Anne Eginton but one might not have been erected. Nor could locals help us

in our search for clues about my great grandparents.

We pressed on to Galway and Anne fell in love with the place. She could not absorb enough of its history, its quaint streets with all their holy names, its red-haired people, its pubs and traditional music. Moving south we stopped with some thousands of other tourists to admire, at some expense, the Cliffs of Moher but then found the Cliffs of Kilkee almost as impressive and completely free of charge.

Kilkee is a superb beach resort on the Atlantic Ocean in Co Clare. From our window at The Strand guesthouse we had great views over Kilkee Bay. The Strand has been catering for visitors to Kilkee for practically 160 years. In an 1842 directory, the resort is listed under Thomas Keane. In the winter of 1846, as a famine relief scheme, work began on a road around the bay. The present day Strand Line where the guesthouse stands was part of that scheme. The Strand Line wall also provided grandstand viewing for the widely renowned Kilkee Strand Races. Johnny Redmond (not to be confused with the famed John Redmond of Co Wexford and Co Waterford), a descendant of Thomas Keane, is the owner, the chef and the fourth generation to run the business. Kilkee might just be one of Ireland's best-kept secrets.

Just a long stone's throw away, on the River Shannon estuary at Killimer, we met cousin John Joseph and his family. Cousin John had been planning for our arrival. We arranged to rendezvous at the Walsh clan's hub, Kildorrery, in Co Cork.

Meanwhile, Anne searched parish records in Limerick for her grandmother, Nora Murray, or Nora's parents, but to no avail. How disappointing to find that the Limerick ancestry facility had recently closed due to lack of funding! To the golfing enthusiast in the touring party this disappointment was partly redressed by the vista of the magnificent Adare Manor Golf Club – a real eye-opener. The Irish Open Championship was played there this year and will be played there again in 2008 and 2009.

As arranged, we met cousin John at Kildorrery, and started with the cemetery there. He tied us in knots as we scoured the countryside. We visited the Ballindangan church where my great grandparents were married, Mologga (Ahacross) cemetery where large numbers of Walsh's are buried, and several farms where relatives



JJ Walsh (Watsonia), Anne Stewart, Martina Walsh, JJ Walsh (Killimer) and the Killimer Walsh children, Jenna and Robert. Daniel, another son of Martina and John, was the photographer.



One of many of the Walsh headstones found at Mologga Cemetery

live or have lived – Rockmills, Kilgullane, Ballysurdane and Castleterry. We were introduced to more distant relatives and were regaled with stories of the clan. Cousin John has a great store of knowledge relating to my ancestors.

As we proceeded south to Killarney, the gorgeous expanse of gardens at Muckross House and the spectacular scenery of the Ring of Kerry delighted us. Moving on (again for the golf enthusiast) the Ryder Cup memorabilia at the Waterford crystal factory was a real fascination.

Ultimately we arrived in Dublin, more as genealogists than tourists. We were heavily engaged in family history research at the National Library of Ireland (NLI). The refusal of the Bishop of Cashel and Emily to allow access to the microfilms of diocesan records, though they are held at NLI along with many others that are freely available, frustrated us. By way of consolation, it was pleasing to see that the conversion of the ruins of Clontarf Castle into a five-star hotel has been done with wonderful regard for the preservation of the castle.

Notwithstanding the occasional frustration in our genealogical research, overall our time in the Emerald Isle was joyful and memorable. We would certainly love to return – perhaps in 2008 or 2009, to coincide with the playing of the Irish Open at Adare Manor.

John Joseph Walsh



Lissadell House

Meg McNena

Still at Lissadell

While living near Kinsale in 1994, and in Gweedore till 1999, I travelled the Bundoran-Sligo Road regularly on the trek between Mum's Owey Island relatives in The Rosses, and my sister, Geraldine Egan in Cork. At Drumcliffe I always paid my graveside respects to Yeats, who wrote my favourite line of poetry. But in September this year, a more thrilling pilgrimage came first. Just three kilometres off that road, overlooking Sligo Bay, I found Lissadell House, the newly restored childhood home of Constance Markievicz, whose courage, wit and pragmatism I admire.

Born in London, on 4 February 1868, she was the eldest daughter of Anglo-Irish landlord and adventurer, Sir Henry Gore-Booth. She was the sister of poet, suffragette and labour activist, Eva Gore-Booth; and childhood friend of W.B. Yeats. As a republican leader and revolutionary, Constance was the first woman elected to the British House of Commons, a Sinn Féin TD in forming the first Dáil Eireann and the first woman Minister of Labour in Europe (1919-1922).

It is a fitting tribute to one of Ireland's most significant patriots that the house and gardens of the 413 acre estate have been painstakingly restored since being sold by Sir Jocelyn Gore-Booth in 2003. The new private owners are to be congratulated on their historically sensitive renovation. This is particularly evident in the laborious replacement of the original damp-affected wallpapers with hand-blocked copies and meticulous

renewal of gasoliers, elaborate paintwork and artefacts.

Visitors enter downstairs through out-buildings, transformed into a shop and tea-rooms downstairs. First stop for me was coffee and delicious scones, with a candle and birthday wishes for my travelling companion. Then it was upstairs to peruse the gallery of paintings, photographs, letters and mementos about Constance and Irish independence.

The house is a short wooded walk from the entrance area. Daily tours of the 19th century grey limestone house (€6.00) and gardens (€5.00) from 10.30-18.00 Mar-Sept give fascinating insights into a working estate then and now. More information can be found at: www.lissadellhouse.com

With the light coming through the great south facing bow windows, viewing artworks by Constance, her husband, Casimir, sister Eva and contemporaries like AE Russell, was a highlight. In these rooms a hero learned to read, write, imagine and question. As I left through the service tunnel towards the stable yard, I pictured, Constance saddling up her stallion, Max, ready to win another point-to-point event or just galloping beyond the walled gardens of privilege and Ben Bulbin's shadow to a bold future, where she wished, 'Nature should provide me with something to live for, something to die for.'

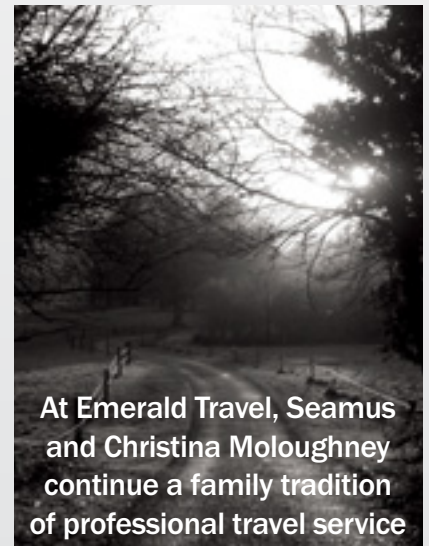
When my sister phoned to ask how near I was, I replied 'Still at Lissadell.'

Meg McNena



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Mulligan Tour Highlights

People came from all parts of Australia to join the James Venture Mulligan (1837–1907) Centenary tour in Mareeba earlier this year. Mulligans from New South Wales and Queensland came to learn about their famous ancestor, celebrate his life and commemorate his death. We were especially excited to welcome relatives of Fanny Buls from Sydney who married Mulligan in later life; his first marriage at 66 and her second at 47.

Several activities of the tour took place at Herberton. There was the opening of the restored mining shaft no. 5, and the launch of a book on Mulligan's 5th expedition which included his never before published map. There was also the dedication by the Mulligan family of the explorer's pathway at Mulligan's Cairn.

Saturday saw us at Mt. Molloy cemetery for services at Mulligan's grave. Lunch at Atherton was followed by an impromptu visit to Silver Valley, where Mulligan had discovered silver in the hill during target practice. This was a highlight of the tour.

At Mt. Molloy again on Sunday, the second dedication ceremony was followed by our second delicious morning tea provided by the CWA. The night was spent at the Mt. Molloy hotel catching our breath before venturing forth on day four.

After meeting in Mareeba, the group headed to Thornborough to visit 'Mayor' Vince Volkman and his lovely wife Helen for a tour, including the site of Mulligan's store and one of his mines. We visited Thornborough cemetery, where Keith Buls found his great-great-great grandfather's grave. We camped at Tyrconnell near Thornborough for the mine tour complete with

a demonstration of a fully working crusher. Some had a go at panning for gold in the creek. Then it was back to camp before venturing up to the look at the sunset whilst enjoying drinks and nibbles. The gourmet barbecue by hosts Cate, Andrew and their three little helpers was well received by all. It was then off to our comfy camp site and a restful sleep.

The following morning we went to Mt. Mulligan, the site of the worst mining disaster in Australian history. Seventy five miners died in a coal dust explosion in 1921. The cemetery visit was a very sobering experience.

Everyone was very interested in this historic part of Australia but we finally tore ourselves away for the final leg of our journey back to Cooktown via the Mulligan Highway. Dinner at the Bowls Club was a bitter sweet occasion as it was time to say goodbye to the relatives and friends, both old and new, that we had met on our journey. Our heartfelt thanks go to the sponsor of the dinner, Mr. Bill Ryan from Vital Metals, who flew from West Australia to attend, and to Mr. Bruce Gould from the Main Roads Department, our other major sponsor. Historian Dr. Ruth Kerr gave an informative talk on Mulligan and Mr. John Shay painted a vivid picture of life in Cooktown during Mulligan's time.

The highlight of the evening was, of course, the Mulligans singing the 'The Mulligan Song'.

Loretta Sullivan

Explorer and prospector, Mulligan was killed when he intervened to protect a woman from a drunkard.

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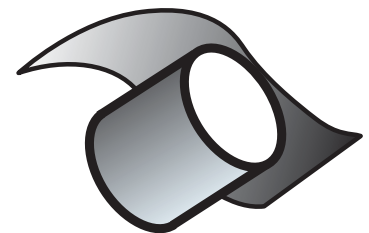
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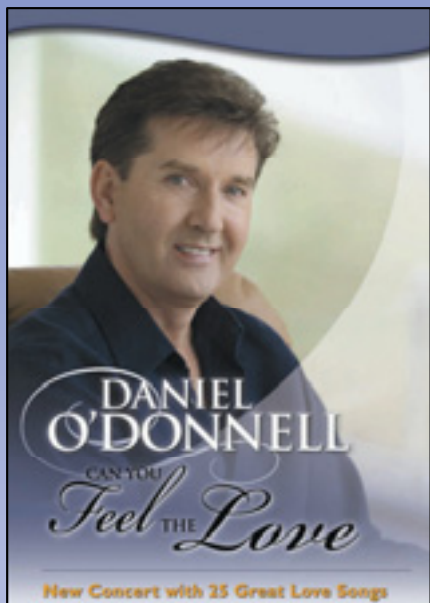
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DANIEL O'DONNELL

On Tour in Australia & New Zealand in August 2008



Cat#: RV0813

CAN YOU FEEL THE LOVE DVD

Filmed in a unique and intimate late night love setting 'Can You Feel The Love' is the brand new DVD from Daniel with 25 specially selected romantic songs.

17 tracks on the DVD have never previously been available on DVD or video before. Also featured are his hit singles from last year 'Crush On You' and the title song 'Can You Feel The Love'.

Includes: Can You Feel The Love / Just Lovin' You (Mary Duff) / Hey Good Lookin' (Duet with Mary Duff) / Harbour Lights (Duet with Mary Duff) / Have I Told You Lately That I Love You (Duet with Majella O'Donnell) / Never Ending Song Of Love / Hello Mary Lou / Mary From Dungloe / (Mi Carino) Maria / Roses Are Red & more!

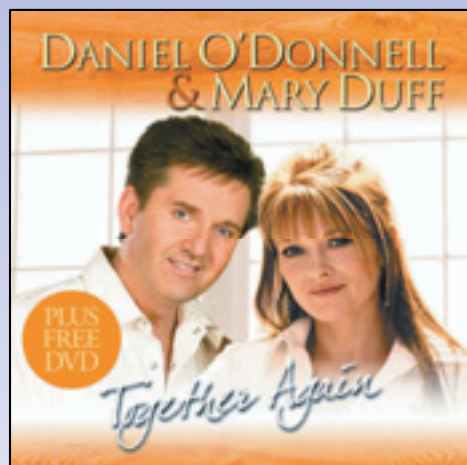
TOGETHER AGAIN (with Mary Duff) CD+ Bonus DVD

This year's new album celebrates the **20th Anniversary** of Daniel's collaboration on stage with his long time singing partner Mary Duff.

The stand out track on the album is undoubtedly 'Save Your Love' - the massive hit for Renee and Renato in the early 80's. Daniel and Mary have recently started including this song in their live show and the reception that it's been given by fans has been astounding.

Includes the Limited Edition 30 minute **Bonus DVD** of eight live tracks, five tracks of which have never been included on any DVD or Video release before.

Includes: Together Again / Top Of The World / The Carnival Is Over / My Happiness / Hey Good Lookin' / Harbour Lights / Yes Mr. Peters / Save Your Love & more!



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CELTIC CLUB

Coming events at the Celtic Club

DECEMBER ENTERTAINMENT

Every Friday, 5.30 – 8.30pm – Traditional Session: The Fitzgeralds

Fridays from 9pm – Live Bands

7 December: Pat McKernan, 14 December: The Colonials, 21 December: Sporting Paddy

BRIGIDFEST

Sunday, 3 February 2008

In 2008 BrigidFest will be celebrated as a luncheon. Guest speaker: Dr Patricia O'Connor (Melbourne University). Always popular. Book well in advance. Check www.celticclub.com.au for details.

CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR TRADING HOURS

Closed Christmas Day – New Years Day. Reopen Wednesday, 2 January, limited hours: 12 noon – 8pm.

Open for functions and sporting events during this time.

During January, the Shamrock Restaurant will open for functions and Friday lunch.

The Tara Bar will serve counter meals.

Closed Australia Day holiday, Monday, 28 January 2008.

Normal trading hours resume on Tuesday, 29 January 2008.

LIBRARY NEWS

Starting 1 December, our new library will be open 5 days a week

Monday: 11am – 5pm, Tuesday: 4 – 6.30 pm, Wednesday: 11am – 5pm,

Thursday: 11am – 5pm, Friday: 10.30am – 5pm

TRADING HOURS AT THE CLUB

Tara & Cuchulainn Bars

Monday–Thursday: 10am – 11pm, Friday: 10am – 1am, Saturday–Sunday: 11.30am – 11pm*

*depending on sporting fixtures

Shamrock Restaurant

Lunch (Monday–Friday): 12noon – 2.30pm, Dinner (Thursday–Saturday): 5.30 – 9pm

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The Celtic Club is a licensed club. Members should present their membership cards on request by a staff member. Non-members are requested to sign the visitors' book. Visitors and new members are always welcome. Please ask our friendly staff about becoming a member.