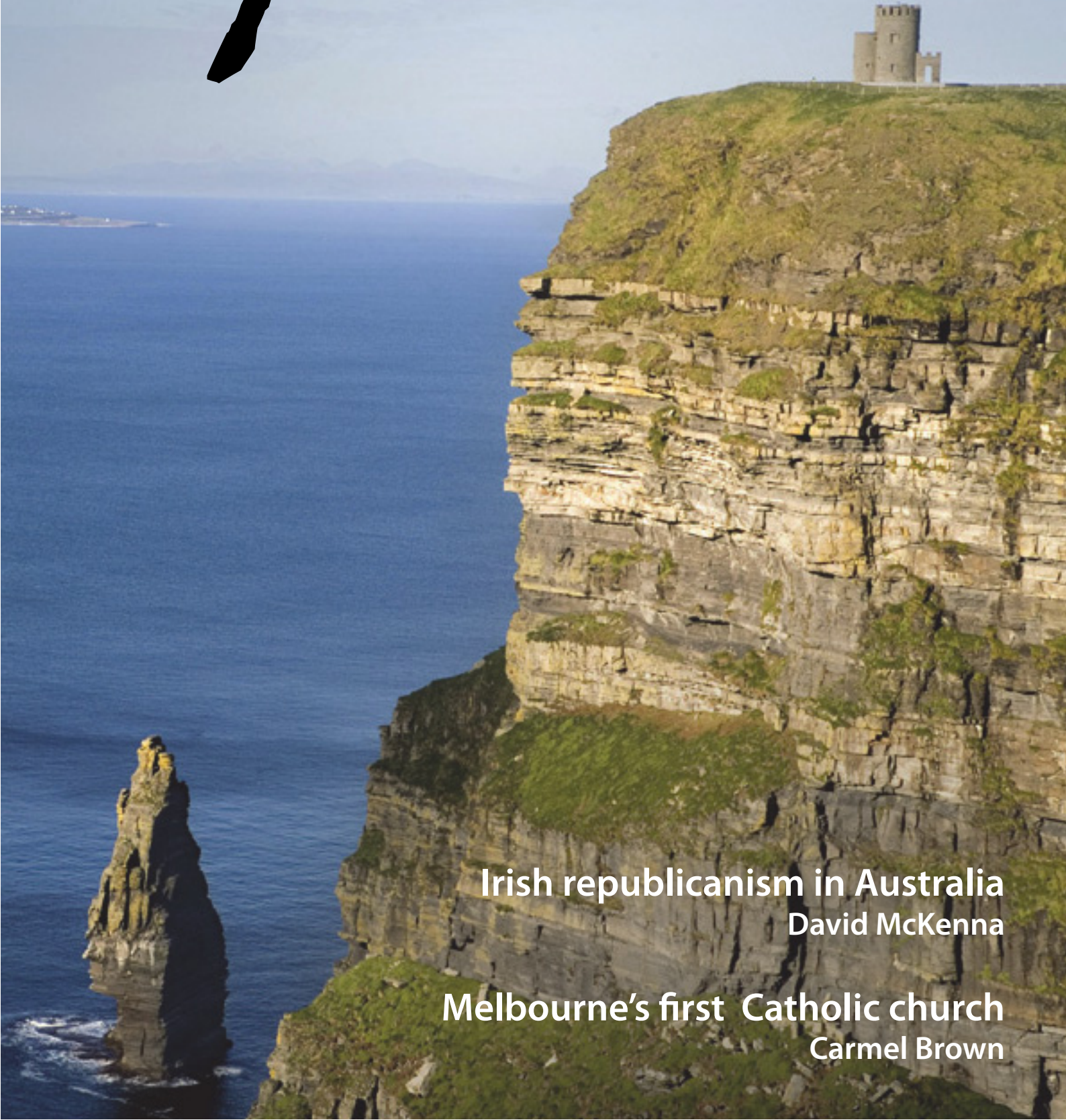


Tinteán

THE AUSTRALIAN IRISH HERITAGE NETWORK

No 9, September 2009

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Irish republicanism in Australia

David McKenna

Melbourne's first Catholic church

Carmel Brown

QUANTOCK AND MANNIX

AN INVITATION

THE AUSTRALIAN IRISH
HERITAGE NETWORK
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AND TINTEÁN SUBSCRIBERS
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FREE ENTRY FOR MEMBERS OF THE NETWORK AND SUBSCRIBERS TO TINTEÁN
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Tinteán No 9, September 2009

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Editor:

Liz McKenzie

Deputy Editor:

Felicity Allen

Business Manager:

Rob Butler

Advertising:

Rob Butler, tel 03 9670 8865

Production:

Andrew Macdermid

Other workers on this issue:

Peter Kiernan, Frances Devlin-Glass, Bob Glass, Catherine Arthur, Meg McNena, Kate Clifford, Patrick McNamara, Don McKenzie, John McMahan, Maureen Pollard, Elizabeth Benfell

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Contents

Regulars

- 2 **Letters and What's on:** Irish History Circle; Jageurs and Redmond...
- 4 **News:** A worthy cause; Irish Dancing competition; Irish History Group SA...
- 7 **Editorial:** An ongoing dynamic, *Elizabeth McKenzie*
- 8 **Music:** In a neat little town they call Belfast, *Stuart Trail*
- 9 **Bolg an tSoláthair / Odds & Ends,** *Val Noone*
- 10 **Dublin miscellany,** *Joseph Murphy*
- 12 **Word Watch:** The Fairy Headland, *Felicity Allen*
- 15 **Irish language:** Eilís ní cheallacháin, *Criostóir Ó Maonaigh*
- 16 **Profile:** The resounding echo, *Catherine Arthur*
- 32 **Poetry,** *Maria Wallace*
- 44 **Traveller's tales:** Twenty years later, *Robert J F Butler*

Features

- 13 Save St Joe's Collingwood, *Val Noone*
- 14 Irish economy shrinking, *Felicity Allen*
- 19 Irish republicanism in Australia, *David McKenna (with Dr Val Noone OAM)*
- 20 Active Christianity in the secular state, *Mary Elizabeth Calwell*
- 22 Calwell: an addendum, *Peter Kiernan*
- 24 A Finishing School for the Irish, *Bruce Kenna*
- 25 The Australian diaspora, *Patrick McNamara*
- 26 No more memoirs, *Chris Ashton*
- 28 The Irish Law Reform Commission, *Kevin Cahill (with Mairéid Sullivan)*
- 30 The Irish summer, *Chris Ashton*
- 31 John B Keane crossed the Ivy Bridge, *Mattie Lennon*

Reviews

- 34 Academics and poets, *Chris Watson*
- 36 Voices from the land: food for thought, *Jan Watson*
- 37 An ascetic in the midst of turmoil, *Peter Kiernan*
- 37 Luscious, sensuous London, *Frances Devlin-Glass*
- 38 A long, winding and busy road, *Carmel Brown*
- 39 A steady hand on the tiller, *P R Wilkinson*
- 40 Joyce and Wilde, *Adrian Beavis*
- 41 Informed insiders in critical mode, *Bob Glass*
- 42 Grave humour, *Frances Devlin-Glass*

The Australian Irish Heritage Network

Objectives

The Australian Irish Heritage Network aims to build the social, cultural, sporting, historical and literary consciousness of Irish Australians and to explore and celebrate the development of Irish heritage and culture in Australia.

Principal Activity

As its first priority, AIHN produces the literary magazine *Tinteán* (meaning hearth in Gaelic and pronounced 'Tintawne' – the fada on the á giving the syllable the dominant stress and the 'augh' sound, as in 'taught'). The focus of the magazine is to build and explore the Australian Irish identity. The magazine welcomes material which explores the big themes of exile, diaspora and settlement. It also encourages 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, AIHN plans to conduct social and educational events; disseminate news and information via the internet; offer recognition for service to literary and historical endeavours; issue cultural and political comment; and research and record our heritage.

Membership

Anyone identifying with Irish heritage is welcome to join.

AIHN Committee 2008–2009

President: Peter Kiernan

Vice-President: Frances Devlin-Glass

Secretary: Bob Glass

Treasurer: Patrick McNamara

Committee Members: Felicity Allen, Catherine Arthur, Rob Butler, Don McKenzie, Liz McKenzie

Letters

Irish History Circle

Many thanks for your magazine. A very praiseworthy effort indeed.

In Issue 8, you were kind enough to mention the Irish History Circle. The information stated was fundamentally sound, but my phone number was incorrect.

Should you wish to include mention of us in future issues (and we would be grateful if you did), please include my correct number which is: 03 5978 6326

Thanking you,
Yours sincerely,

Dan O'Connor,
Convenor, Irish History Circle

Jageurs and Redmond

I would like to comment on a couple of items in your last, very interesting issue.

Firstly, the impressive promotion of the Jageurs Literary Award included a brief biographical sketch which is seriously erroneous in several aspects. Morgan Jageurs' achievements in the promotion of Irish culture in Australia were indeed remarkable and it is fitting that a prestigious literary award bears his name. However, he did not introduce the Celtic cross to Australia or assist in the building of St Patrick's Cathedral. Nor did he host the Redmond brothers when they visited Melbourne in 1883 (he would have been twenty at the time). Also the quote from Patrick O'Farrell that Jageurs "personally sustained virtually all Irish organisations in Melbourne" ignores contemporaries such as Nicholas O'Donnell. Jageurs himself, in his own extensive writing, insisted on historical accuracy and he would not have been impressed by any misinformation falsely flattering him. If required, I can assist with more accurate biographical details.

The second item that I would like to comment on is Bill Anderson's well-written review of the recent biography of John Redmond. Morgan Jageurs was a great admirer of Redmond and, after the latter's death in 1918, Jageurs wrote to John Dillon that some day Redmond's achievements would be acknowledged with a monument. Still to this day, however, the only commemoration of John Redmond's name in Ireland is in Wexford town on the Redmond family

memorial, which was built during his lifetime and is now in a sad state of disrepair. I happened to be in Dublin on 1 September 2006, the 150th anniversary of Redmond's birth, where the only acknowledgement was a couple of brief newspaper items, one protesting that Redmond had been 'unjustly airbrushed from Irish history'. Later, though, while researching the massive Redmond papers at the National Library in Dublin, I briefly met Dermot Meleady, the author of the recent Redmond biography. When I informed him that I had also met two other researchers planning to publish on Redmond, Dermot's comment was 'Yes, it's like the Dublin buses ... nothing for ages and then they all come at once!' There may never be any statues of John Redmond in Ireland but there certainly is renewed interest among historians in this important leader.

Pat Naughtin
Beechworth

Dodgy theology at St Mary's

Frances Devlin-Glass predictably presents the events at St Mary's Brisbane as a clash between liberal and conservative versions of Catholicism (*Tinteán*, June, 2009). It is in fact a clash between those who hold Christian beliefs and those who don't. Fr Kennedy has revealed (see *The Australian*, May 30th) that he does not believe in Christ nor the Resurrection, and that until recently he kept these positions 'beneath the radar'. But it has been clear for many months, by his abjuring of the Sign of the Cross and the Christian baptismal formula, that he was a non-believer. For him personally this is OK; what is not proper is that he tried to continue to be a Catholic priest. Worse still, he practised a deception on his large congregation of believing Christians over a long period of time. It is mischievous that this deception is being continued in the pages of *Tinteán*.

Patrick Morgan,
Boolarra, Vic

Taking issue with Ashton

I wish to comment on several aspects of the the article *No More Memoirs* on pages 30-31 of *Tinteán* No.8..

Firstly, Ashton claims in the article that in the early 1970s 'The world, it

seemed, no longer wanted stories of first contact' (in New Guinea). Yet in 1973, under their Arkon label, Angus and Robertson republished all but the first of the four accounts by Jack Gordon Hides, (my maternal grandfather's uncle), one of the earlier explorers in Papua and New Guinea (mostly in Papua), of his expeditions in 1930, 1931, 1933 and 1934 originally published in the 1930s – *Through Wildest Papua* (originally published in 1935), *Papuan Wonderland* (1936), *Savages in Serge* (1938), and *Beyond the Kubea* (1939)- the latter two originally published by Angus and Robertson. In addition in 1963, Melbourne-based publisher F. W Cheshire published *Patrol into Yesterday*, J K McCarthy's account of his explorations in the 1920s and 1930s, and reprinted it in 1964, 1965 and 1967. This is perhaps unsurprising, given that there was a considerable general interest in Papua New Guinea in Australia in the late 1960s and early 1970s, especially Cheshire. Hence this group

- in 1966 published Charles Rowley's *The New Guinea Villager*, reprinting it in 1972;

- in 1969, with the Australian Institute of International Affairs, published Peter Hastings' *New Guinea, Problems and Prospects*, and brought out a second edition in 1973;

- in 1970, published Albert Maori Kiki's *Ten Thousand Years in a Lifetime*.

Hardly evidence of the lack of interest claimed by Ashton.

In the concluding paragraph of the article, Ashton refers to the documentary and book *First Contact* by Bob Connolly and Robin Anderson. What Ashton fails to mention is that large parts of this book are taken from Mick Leahy's own account of these travels, *The Land That Time Forgot: Adventures and Discoveries in New Guinea*, written in conjunction with Maurice Crain, and published in New York and London by Funk and Wagnall in 1937. (Connolly and Anderson perform the useful additional role of recording some of the remembered reactions of the New Guineans to the advent of Europeans). Further confounding Ashton's claim of lack of interest of contact stories amongst publishers in Australia in recent times, in 1994, Crawford House Press in Bathurst published a

variant of Leahy's narrative of exploration, edited by Douglas E. Jones, with the title, *Michael J. Leahy, Explorations into Highland New Guinea 1930-1935*.

None of this to deny, as Ashton argues, that the Leahy brothers played an important part in the European discovery and settlement of New Guinea. Indeed, J P Sinclair, in his biography of Hides, *The Outside Man* (published

by Landsdowne Press in 1969, and reprinted in 1971) comments that 'the most significant discovery ever made in Papua or New Guinea was the penetration by the Leahys and J. L. Taylor of the Central Highlands, inhabited by half a million people,' (p.177), a story well recorded in Leahy's 1937 book. Indeed, according to Sinclair, the Leahy's corrected some of Hides' maps (p.175).

There was a controversy at the time about the relative merits of the efforts of the respective explorers, though it seems their efforts were complementary, a view first promulgated by R W Robson, editor of the *Pacific Islands Monthly* in 1935, and endorsed by Sinclair (*The Outside Man*, pp.176-177).

Bob Glass
Mont Albert North Vic

What's on

Australian Irish Welfare Bureau

Afternoon Tea & Dance

2pm-5:30pm

Last Sunday each month at the Celtic Club, Melbourne

Australian Catholic History Society

Conference: Catholics in Australian Public Life since 1788

9:30am - 5pm, Saturday, 12 September 2009
Catholic Institute of Sydney, Strathfield

John Luttrell 02 9752 9513 jluttrell@cis.catholic.edu.au

Melbourne Irish Studies Seminars

2nd Semester 2009 Program

6:15pm, Tuesdays as per schedule, Newman College, Melbourne

Contact: Dr Philip Bull p.j.bull@latrobe.edu.au

Famine Rock and Orphan Girls

Sunday 22 November 2009 at 2.30pm

The Annual gathering on the 2nd last Sunday of November will take place at The Famine Rock, The Strand, Williamstown.

All are invited to enjoy the history, music (uilleann pipes, fiddles and whistles) and readings of verse and diaries.

The first ship, Lady Kennaway, with 191 girls, arrived on the 6 December 1848 at Williamstown.

The Irish History Circle

Meets every third Monday at the Celtic Club.
Everyone welcome, there is no charge.

Dr Dan O'Connor 5978 6326 or Nell McGettigan 9419 6882.

Australian Irish Heritage Network

Quantock and Mannix

The Australian Irish Heritage Network presents a special performance by Rod Quantock: Mannix in Melbourne

Wednesday 7 October at 7pm at The Celtic Club

Free entry for members of the Network and subscribers to *Tinteán*, \$20 charge for others. Finger food provided, drinks at bar prices.

Bookings absolutely essential: info@tintean.org.au or 9670 8865

Amy Sherwin Commemorative Concert

The Story of Amy Sherwin ('The Tasmanian Nightingale') in Narrative, Drama, Music, and Song by John Clancy will be presented by the Bendigo Irish Association. Amy Sherwin (1855-1935) was Australia's first internationally acclaimed prima donna and a champion of Irish songs and the operas of Irish composers. All profits to the Bendigo Bushfire Relief Appeal via the St Vincent de Paul Society.

Sunday 1 November at 5.30pm and Friday 6 November at 8pm at The Bendigo Bank Theatre, Capital Theatre, Bendigo

Bookings: John Clancy 03 5442 6649 (after 8 pm)
or ovens.town@hotmail.com

News

A worthy cause

The Irish Australian Chamber of Commerce came out in force to support a worthy cause by attending the annual 'Mary of The Cross' dinner held at the San Remo Ballroom in Carlton. The value of items donated for auction by the chamber totaled nearly \$8000 thanks in part to Etihad Stadium which donated a catered corporate box for the August rematch of Essendon and St Kilda AFL clubs. Chamber supporter, Slav of SK Chairs, gave a fine replica Charles Eames recliner chair with foot stool, a true design icon from 1950's Americana.

'Mary of The Cross' is a charity of Centacare Catholic Family Services and provides help and counseling for sufferers of addiction and their families. IACC President Michael Keating said 'whilst this is not the most fashionable of causes, it is certainly one of great worth. Helping the families of people addicted to drugs and alcohol is a task which deserves greater recognition and the sisters, priests, volunteers and staff who do this on a daily basis cannot be praised enough for their efforts and deserves our support. It is wonderful to see the Irish once again out in force for not only their own, but for the greater community also'

IACC Vice President Christina Mologhney also presented a cheque for \$1000 to Marian O' Hagan of the Irish Welfare Bureau at the Celtic Club for the fund established to repatriate Siobhan Collins home to Ireland to continue her recovery.

Kim Morrison, Members Coordinator

Irish Dancing competition

The McAleer Irish Dancing Championship was held in the Dame Elizabeth Murdoch Performing Arts Centre in Langwarrin on the beautiful Mornington Peninsula over the Queen's Birthday long weekend. More than 2500 people watched dancers from Canada, New Zealand, Tasmania, New South Wales and Victoria perform in front of judges from America and Australia. The cream of Australian and New Zealand dance schools took part in this annual event, the lead in championship to the Australian National Championship to be held this year in Geelong, Victoria in September. The winners of each of the age groups were invited back to dance against each

other at the end of each day in the Champion of Champions. The Judges were tested even further in having to determine the dancer most advanced in each age category to determine the winner.

The Championships were sponsored by the Irish Australian Chamber of Commerce, Etihad Airways, international real estate firm AAB Global and Quest hotels. The junior Champion of Champions came from the AAB Global 13 years and under, Miss Shaelli Kelly from the McAleer school whilst the senior Champion of Champions went to Miss Erin McArthur of the Scoil Rince, Kilmurray school who had earlier taken out the Etihad Airways 15 years and under final. International judge Daren McGuire from America addressed the crowd stating that he was not at all surprised at the very high standard of competition as so many Irish dancers in his shows are from Australia and New Zealand. IACC president Michael Keating congratulated Fiona McAleer-Holmes and her many helpers on the continued staging of the championships and wished her and the other schools participating the very best of luck for the up coming nationals.

Kim Morrison

Irish History Group SA

The Irish History Group organised two very successful functions as part of SA History Week. The first was a bus tour to Kapunda, on 24th May. Over 40 participants left the Irish Club at 9.45am in pouring rain but by the time we reached the outskirts of Adelaide, the sun was shining and remained that way for the entire trip. At Kapunda we met local historian, Simon O'Reilley, who gave a most informative talk on the settlement of Kapunda with particular emphasis on the Irish in the community. We had guided tours around two Museums. Then it was time for lunch in the Sir John Franklin Hotel where we had a most delicious two-course meal. We then continued our tour of Kapunda and surrounding areas.

Kapunda Mine: Young Kildare-born Charles Bagot, who arrived on the *Birman* in 1840 with his family, first discovered copper here. His father, Charles Hervey Bagot from Kildare, bought the surrounding land and became the first mine manager.

Baker's Flat: The opening of the



Shaelli Kelly with Darren Maguire and Michael Keating

Stephen Watts

Kapunda copper mine in 1844 brought Irish labourers and their families to the district. Over time, around 500 settled on a flat piece of ground south of the mine and close to the River Light. The land was owned in part by the Bakers, who left the land lying idle and neglected. So the Irish squatted there digging into the riverbanks for shelter at first, then building wattle and daub cottages and later stone cottages, until Baker's Flat began to resemble a bit of the old country (some knew it as 'Little Dublin').

St John's Cemetery: The Cemetery Curator and Catholic archivist Peter Swann pointed out the many items of interest. There is a fascinating history attached to St John's, which people can revisit at any time to pay their respects to our pioneers.

St Rose of Lima Catholic Church: Simon's Dad and sister greeted us and provided a special tour of this impressive Church, built in 1938 and is still used by the Catholics of Kapunda and district today. The Sisters of St Joseph had a school at this site from 1868 to 1894.

After visiting the Church we returned to Adelaide. All had a really happy and informative day.

Open Doors in the Irish Australian Clubrooms

The afternoon's entertainment commenced with Ivy Kennedy playing Irish tunes on the organ. The donor of the organ, Mrs Elma Wylie, was thanked by IAA President, Malachy O'Reilly, who



Mary Bourke inducts Paddy Fitzgerald as Legend of the Lake

explained that a plaque commemorating her gift would be installed on the side of the organ. Mrs Wylie's husband, from Belfast, was the musician of the family and on his passing she donated the organ, music and other books.

The main feature was the play, *Cathleen ni Houliha* by Yeats and performed by the Irish Drama Group. Cast: Musicians: Malachy O'Reilly and Liam Thompson, Actors: Michael Perth, Geraldine O'Reilly, Cate Rogers, Ernie O'Neill, Caila Perth and David O'Keefe, Director: Richie Walsh and Assistant Director: Margaret Walsh, Sound: Neil Waller. The play was followed by lots of Irish music and craic! All present expressed their pleasure at being part of a lovely afternoon.

Margaret Walsh,
Convenor, Irish History Group

Legend of the Lake

The launch of the eleventh Lake School, at Micky Bourke's Hotel in Koroit, was attended by 120 people who witnessed an evening of great music. Mary Bourke made a moving speech as she inducted Paddy Fitzgerald as a Legend of the Lake. Mary compared Koroit during the Lake School to the musical life of Vienna and Salzburg – with music and musicians everywhere. She praised the selfless work of Paddy Fitzgerald and the Lake tutors who passed on musical traditions without the promise of riches in return. Paddy Fitzgerald accepted the award and delighted the audience with a few sets



Dram take a bow at Lake School Launch

of jigs and reels accompanied by Nicki Kramer (fiddle) and Geoff McArthur (guitar).

Earlier the Lake School said farewell to *Dram*, the Paddy O'Neill Award winning band. *Dram* is the third band to have been created under the auspices of the Paddy O'Neill Award. Tutor, Ade Kelly described the CD the band had made which sold out and the number of festivals at which they had played successfully.

Ade also thanked the Port Fairy Folk Festival for its support of the Paddy O'Neill Award program. *Dram* performed a forty-minute set including a number of original tunes and songs and received a standing ovation. Jenny McKechnie, singer/guitarist with *Dram*, is the winner of Maity Swallow Scholarship, with a cash prize of \$500 by the Maity Meeters from the Upwey/ Belgrave RSL. The Award will be presented at Upwey/ Belgrave in September.

The Lake School celebrated the hard work of some members by inducting Dennis Taberner, Margie Brophy and Christine Meagher as life members. Mary Bourke spoke about their work and the evolution of the Lake School since 2000. The Moyne Shire Mayor, Ken Gale, welcomed visitors to the Moyne Shire and Koroit, spoke about the many festivals in the Moyne Shire and about the refurbishment of the Koroit Stadium which he hoped would be finished in time for the Lake School event, 3-9 January 2010.

Felix Meagher, Lake School program

director, thanked the Moyne Shire for its support of every lake School event. The evening had a sad note as Jamie McKew spoke about the passing of Micky Bourke (legendary publican giving the hotel its name), and also Rick Merrigan, a good friend and committeeman on the Geelong Folk Music Club and Port Fairy Folk Festival, who had passed away in the Geelong shortly before.

The Lake School welcomed two new sponsors Tir na nOg Skin and Body Therapy from Warrnambool, and the The Quiet Man Hotel in Kensington, Victoria owned by Koroit native Tony Molan.

Felix Meagher

St. Brigid's, Crossley

As we go to press, hopes are freshly raised that the decommissioned Catholic Church and hall at Crossley (near Koroit), Victoria, will remain in the hands of the community. It may become what the 'Friends of St. Brigid' hope for, An (Australian) Gaeltacht, or at least a heritage centre and keeping place for the Australian Irish in the Western District of Victoria, and a focal point for community activities (sessions, dances, child-care). The Friends have been engaged in a successful, heavy-duty fundraising campaign to purchase it from the Catholic Church. Support has come from beyond the borders of Moyne Shire. There will be a more comprehensive report in the next issue of *Tinteán*. For details, see web.me.com/goanna/FOSB/Home_page.html

Pulses race to Celtic rhythm at Portarlington

It was a case of 'you take the high road, I'll take the low road and I'll see you back in Portarlington next year' as thousands of Celtic performers, fans, old and new-found friends bade a reluctant farewell as the National Celtic Festival closed in Portarlington today. About 10,000 people flocked to the picturesque seaside town on Victoria's Bellarine Peninsula over the long-weekend to pack out the many heated venues from morning till the wee small hours. The entertainment was non-stop as the cream of Celtic acts from around Australia and across the globe had revellers' hands clapping and toes tapping. Festival goers were treated to an amazing array of crossover styles including Celtic jazz, punk, rock, blues and folk. Of course, there were also plenty of traditional songs and driving Celtic rhythms played with passion on banjos, bodhráns, bouzoukis and fiddles.

Outside, the sea air was crisp and filled the senses with the smells, sights and sounds of the festival. Crowds browsing the Celtic market and food stalls were entertained with buskers aplenty, from cute Celtic kids playing a mean fiddle, to entire pipe bands in full Scottish regalia.

Exhausted but ecstatic festival director Una McAlinden said today that with record attendances and performers counting this as their favourite festival, she couldn't be happier. 'It could not possibly get better than this,' Ms McAlinden said. 'The feedback we have received from everyone at the festival is that this was the best one yet and definitely the best in Australia.' Among the many highlights at this year's festival was the first celebration on Aussie soil for Guinness's 250th birthday. Yes, many a sore head was nursed after the distinctly Irish-flavoured concert extravaganza on Sunday evening that featured visiting Irish acts *Gráda*, Derek Warfield and *The Young Wolfe Tones*, Gavin Moore and top-class Aussie bands *Trouble in the Kitchen*, *Squeebz* and *Claymore*. Scottish performer Gibb Todd hosted another 250th anniversary celebration for Scotland's favourite poet and lyricist Robbie Burns; families gathered together to take part in the *céili* group dance; and *Trouble in the Kitchen* band members hosted the festival's first 'trad-disco' on Saturday night, complete with mirror ball and smoke machine.

This was the seventh National Celtic Festival to be held in Portarlington and every year the entire community throws itself right behind the event with a huge team of local volunteers assisting with every facet and local families billeting the majority of the festival's performers. The town's pubs, The Grand Hotel and The Ol' Duke, again became music venues; while the local halls hosted workshops, dances and recitals. Even the local St Andrew's Uniting Church embraced the festive spirit with a special Celtic Christianity worship on Sunday morning.

But even before the sun set across the misty bay, the planning had begun for next year's National Celtic Festival. Will it be bigger and better than ever? Yes, of course!

Rochelle Smith, www.nationalcelticfestival.com.au



Trouble in the Kitchen's Ben Stephenson

Ferne Millen



The Bastard Children's Chris Winterton

Ferne Millen



**Festival-goers enjoy a Guinness
Derek Warfield and The Young Wolfe Tones**

Ferne Millen

Ferne Millen



Tinteán September 2009

An ongoing dynamic

We all love a good story, and the stories we like best are those that echo our own. We nod in agreement and/or empathy when we meet someone who has had similar or familiar experiences and we can hardly wait until they finish their account so that we too can share our common narrative. Telling our story is very important to us – witness the recent Victorian Bushfires Royal Commission. Heartrending story after heartrending story elicited our empathy because of the common fear of bushfires in our culture. We know now that recounting such experiences, that we are being listened to attentively, although there is little the listener can do to redress the tragic situation, is often the first step on the road to healing.

Perhaps this is why our history is so important. It is certainly our common story. It gives us a sense of community, establishes common values, grounds us in continuity, provides a context for our lives. We are moulded by it both as individuals and as a culture.

Perhaps this also explains the ongoing dynamic of *Tinteán*!

The initial motivation to take on producing a magazine where Val Noone and Mary Doyle left off seems to have been the *craic* we enjoyed as Val's unruly editorial committee. Great conversations, heated debate, food, wine and song (may be getting a bit carried away here!) under Val's benign dictatorship are my enduring memories of *Táin* editorial committee meetings. Giving it all up – not to mention giving up the magazine itself – was out of the question! So we launched into producing *Tinteán*, the magazine of the Australian Irish Heritage Network, with terrific support, great enthusiasm and even greater ignorance. We progressed from a 'gathering' to a comfortable group around 'the hearth', but other more noble aspirations soon emerged. Our 'mission statement' (see our website: www.tintean.org.au) is, if nothing else, ambitious!

Tinteán aims to build and explore the Australian Irish identity. The magazine welcomes material which explores the big themes of exile, diaspora and settlement. It also encourages the telling of the micro-stories that express narratives of individuals and families. The magazine is 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.

The exploration and celebration of the lives of the Australian-Irish has continued in subsequent issues of *Tinteán*. There seems to be an ongoing interest as well as a growing hunger to keep alive and vibrant the Australian-Irish cultural basis of our society. There is an eagerness, if not an anxiety to preserve and celebrate the contributions made by our forefathers in forging a uniquely Australian society. We have become aware of the vital importance of sustaining the connections with, and values of, our Irish-Australian heritage. But there is a danger that by emphasising the exotic and more recent aspects of multiculturalism, the wit and wisdom, the lessons learnt, the ancient roots of our own ethnicity will be subsumed. In the first editorial, Terry Monagle pointed out that perhaps the Australian-Irish are so integrated into the society-at-large that they are not perceived as contributing to the vibrant multiculturalism of Australia today. In the so called 'History Wars' waged over the content of the National History Curriculum, Greg Melleuish has observed that unlike the USA, whose cultural basis was formed by its Puritan/Protestant ascendancy, Australian society has from the outset been predominantly both

Irish-Catholic and Anglo-Protestant. I believe that it is within our Australian-Irish heritage that the seeds of multiculturalism, the welcoming and nurturing of other cultures entering our society, are found. Being part of a global and ongoing diaspora has made us experts in inclusivity.

Several patterns have emerged from the material that we receive for publication and which our readership obviously enjoys and indeed expects. 'Stories' as such, fall into two distinct categories. On the one hand are the personal, intimate, familial insights threading through the tapestry of our past, the micro view of history. In this category the wealth of stories, anecdotes, even epics thrown up by genealogies, letters, diaries, personal memories are included. Examples that spring to mind are 'Calwell: an addendum' by Peter Kiernan (p.22 Issue 9) which brings into focus a now little known (but in its day a hugely topical) political controversy which might otherwise have been consigned to the footnotes of historical scholarship. Another example is the personal reminiscence of Richard (Dick) Sullivan of North Carolina, ('A magnificent man' p.16/Issue 6) a close friend of many years, who in a casual conversation revealed his father's and uncle's 'reverential' regard for John Boyle O'Reilly, one of my own heroes and indeed a favourite subject in both the pages of *Táin* and *Tinteán*. Of course, these are just two examples plucked from the vast store of material which would qualify for the 'six degrees of connection' syndrome!

Other stories belong to a much broader canvas. Historic tales of failed rebellions, of tragic miscalculations or betrayals, of mindless or bloody-minded oppression, but there are also accounts of historic political initiatives, of successful negotiations, of adversities faced and overcome. Very often in the telling and retelling of such events comes a new perspective, an added insight into how things were and from that a new understanding of both the world of our ancestors and our own.

Providing a forum to debate and discuss current issues in which our contemporary society is engaged is another pattern which has emerged in the pages of *Tinteán*. Of ongoing interest are: Australia and the Republican debate, (see this issue); how Australian history is presented to the next generation; various controversies within the Catholic Church particularly in the Australian domestic scene; Indigenous Australians; and issues specifically concerned with contemporary Irish society: the demographics of present day immigration to Australia, the failing Irish economy; the ongoing problems and achievements of Northern Ireland. Another welcome development is the interest in the magazine and contributions to it emanating from a band of adherents in Ireland itself and the 'backbone' of the magazine – the regular columnists and our book reviewers must surely rate a mention.

Of course none of this would have been possible without the generosity of AIHN members and subscribers; of contributors, editors, clerks and accountants – often the same people! – who give of their time and expertise without recompense apart from the satisfaction of a job well done. Special mention must be made of our long suffering, ever patient and good humoured Production Manager, Andrew Macdermid, who manages to remain sane in a sea of geriatric eccentricities. Of course we remember Terry Monagle, without whose unfailing wisdom, encouragement and optimism we might not even be a footnote in history ourselves.

Elizabeth McKenzie

In a neat little town they call Belfast

Once described as ‘the only leading female exponent of bass guitar’, she was as Irish as they come. Pictured here in her heyday, but who was she? See the end of story, but meanwhile come on a trip. Two of the most interesting thoroughfares in Belfast are the Antrim road and the Donegall road. The former will take you from Carlisle Circus to Antrim Town some 25km away, but for most city folks the name conjures up images of only the first 10km which gets you to the Sandyknowes roundabout and the gateway to county Antrim. Travelling along those first 10km is a journey through Belfast’s history. Names like Cliftonville, Fortwilliam, Bellevue, and then Glengormley testify to the expansion of the city. Many landmarks along the route have become part of the collective subconscious. Every school child remembers a trip to the Zoo and the time they climbed all the steps at Hazelwood. The vista from Bellevue is lovely - naturally - and many families talk in glowing terms of a student who scored a place at St. Malachy’s or Belfast Royal Academy.

The Donegall Road is a more walk-

able 1.5km overall, suited to an afternoon stroll, but never will it get you to Donegal. It heads in the general direction and at its end will unceremoniously deposit you at Junction 1 of the M1 motorway. Raising your eyes here will reveal Black mountain, Divis and the television transmitters in the distance but no rural vista and no cottages with turf fires. To be fair, the Donegall road was never laid out as a road to Donegal. Its original name was Blackstaff Lane. In pre-electricity days the minor rivers, like Blackstaff, powered the old linen mills. These days the lower section of the Blackstaff has been mainly covered, but still emerges triumphantly into the Lagan near the site of the old Gasworks.

Walking the Donegall Road involves one hill, adjacent to the former public library which is now a listed building, built in 1909 and graciously funded by American philanthropist Andrew Carnegie. On the other side of the road is the City Hospital, built on the site of the old workhouse, and now big enough to have its own stop on the railway line. Even though the road runs reasonably straight it manages to bridge the same railway

line twice, but press on and you reach my favourite stretch. From Richview Street to Monarch Street we have character in bucketloads. Explore Donegall Avenue leading down to the football ground or see the real-life Broadway as immortalised in the song ‘Black Velvet Band’. Just don’t go flaunting your gold Rolex. A bit further and the industrial estate over on your right was the site of the old Monarch Laundry. Everyone over a certain age remembers the cartoon and song for the TV commercial that went ‘*the Monarch lion is your guar-an-tee, that their dry cleaning is the best you’ll see!*’ Once you hear it, it’s lodged in your brain forever. Right up there with the jingle for Kennedy’s Bread.

We digress. As usual there is a musical point to it all and it’s this. Those roads produced two singers who made quite an impact on the record buying public back in the fifties. From Belfast they moved on to fame, television appearances and successful careers, but who were they? See if anyone in your family knows, and all is revealed in the next issue.

The girl pictured above was of course Shirley Douglas, born in 1934 in Athlone ‘in a trunk’ as they say. With the family trio she toured variety theatre and concert halls all over Britain and Ireland. She joined the Chas McDevitt Skiffle group in 1957 as replacement for Nancy Whiskey, whose name sounds like enough material for a mini series. Shirley was auditioned over a link to the BBC studios in Belfast and topped the hundreds of hopefuls. She joined the group in the year they had their one and only hit with “Freight Train” a song destined to provide the soundtrack for a million coffee bars. She was very proficient on bass guitar and even paved the way for later stars Suzie Quatro and Chrissie Hynde. For a time, Shirley and Chas had their own publishing venture known as Beatnik music. Her “Easy guide to R&B for Bass Guitar” which originally sold for a modest seven and sixpence, is now a collectible. It contains very early photos of many big name acts including the Beatles, Shadows, Jaywalkers and Johnny and the Hurricanes (described in it as a ‘slick combo’).

Stuart Traill

Find out more at the website chasmcdevitt.com and even send an email to Chas who is now in his 75th year and still plugging away.



Bolg an tSoláthair / Odds & Ends

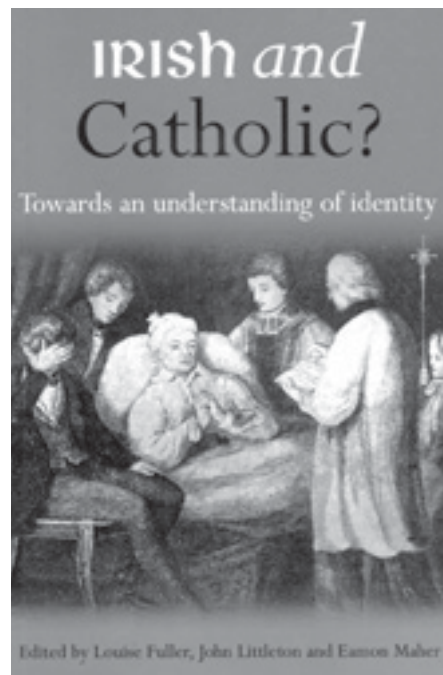
Between blind rage and blind faith

The Ryan commission's report in May on the abuse of thousands of children in Irish Catholic institutions has moved many people to justified anger and lament. Readers will know the details of these matters from the newspapers. In this column, I want to mention two recent books about Irish Catholicism which seem to me to lie between the extremes of irrational attack on one hand and blind defence of the church institutions on the other. In *Irish and Catholic?* Louise Fuller, John Littleton and Eamon Maher have collected essays from fifteen critical writers who try to separate the message of Jesus Christ and the Catholic church from the crimes of some of the messengers. This book is also about re-assessing Catholicism in the light of other recent changes in Irish society in recent decades. The second book is *Contemporary Catholicism in Ireland*, edited this time, by Littleton and Maher. Their collection heads further in the direction of re-thinking tradition in the light of our contemporary situation.

Both books discuss not only the sexual abuse scandals, but also the Celtic Tiger, Polish immigration, the end of Limbo, the loss of St Philomena and more. However, they give serious, critical and searching attention to the spiritual riches of Catholic culture. Overall, the volumes, which accept that the Catholic Church is in a crisis, allow a wide range of opinions to be heard. Several contributors put forward,

as alternatives to hierarchical leadership, selected contemporary artistic works, poems, paintings, novels and plays, as carriers of relevant spiritual teaching, even when their surface text seems anti-religious. Most people I meet are a mixture of believing and unbelieving, and these authors speak to such readers. Among the creative figures discussed are the Breton novelist Jean Sullivan, multi-media artist Dorothy Cross, poets Eiléan Ní Chuilleanáin and Brendan Kennelly, Dublin novelist Dermot Bolger, playwrights Frank McGuinness and Tom Murphy. Brian Cosgrave from Maynooth looks at James Joyce's renditions of hell-fire sermons and links them with themes from the Book of Job. There are also essays by social scientists, educationalists, media analysts, an historian of Irish America and others. The Fuller, Littleton and Maher book finishes with an essay by Timothy White on secularisation which seems ignorant of capitalism, war and global warming.

Nonetheless, interested in what people believe these days, and the related task of promoting something more than the pursuit of wealth and pleasure, will find both these books worth reading. A couple of the essays are heavy going but on the whole the books are outstanding in presenting challenging new ideas in accessible prose. Missing from both volumes, it seems to me, is a report on what, if anything, Irish people are doing day by day, or at Easter and Christmas, instead of going to Mass, to keep alive their critical understanding



A group of Irish writers are trying to separate the message from the crimes of messengers

of the tradition. Are there Irish equivalents of the Latin American base Christian communities, which offer practical guides for living out alternative ways of being Catholic? In past decades, many Catholics in Ireland and Australia, have been part of lay groups which equipped them to play a greater part in church life. It would be interesting to know whether they are conducting their own lay rituals, readings and discussions.

Both books are published by Columba Press in Dublin and are available from Rainbow Books at www.rainbowbooks.com.au or from their warehouse at 303 Arthur Street, Fairfield Vic 3078, or by phone at 03 9481 6611. Hugh McGinlay from Rainbow had a very good table of books about Irish topics on display at this year's BrigidFest at the Celtic Club.

Val Noone

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Dublin miscellany

I met Maria Wallace, a slim, elegant lady, casually dressed in sweater and jeans; an artist and a poet. We met in the foyer of the Plaza Hotel in Tallaght, Dublin, where she lives. This is her story.

I was raised on a hillside farm overlooking the sea, in Platja d'Aro, Costa Brava. It was a beautiful, calm, isolated place. I had very few friends, though my parents, being farmers, knew everyone. I believe I was a wild child, and I did not like school, a one-roomed class, where I was the youngest in it. When the Spanish Civil War erupted in 1936, there was an elected republican government in Madrid, but, in 1939, after three years of carnage and terrible atrocities by both camps, the extreme right, under Franco, took over.

How did the Civil War affect your family?

My father was called to the front, but after a few months he was sent home to recover from some gastric illness. He never went back to the army even knowing that, as a deserter, he could be shot on sight, and he very nearly was, but that is another story. Post-war years were years of repression, and a defeated population were exhausted, hungry, sick and diminished. I was born in a time of rationing and poverty when, even to speak Catalan, our own language, was considered sedition. After years of struggling in the farm, my parents, trying to find a better quality of life, emigrated to Chile. My mother had a brother living there. I was ten. My father sold a piece of land to pay for the passage.

Joe, just imagine a girl who, up to then, had hardly ever met any strangers, first taking a twenty-one day journey in a large ship, then landed wham! right in the middle of a noisy capital city, Santiago. A week after we arrived my sister and I were in school. We knew very little Spanish, and what we knew was spoken shyly. I remember how, at break time, we were in the centre of the yard, two small girls holding hands, in the middle of a circle formed by older, much taller girls who looked at us like two aliens who had come from Spain, sorry, from Europe. You see, when you were in South America, Europe is Europe, and people didn't distinguish between different European countries, that is, Spain, France, etc. For them, that long ago, the full continent

was a faraway, exotic land.

It must have been a very traumatic time for you and for your parents?

It was, but as children we soon adapted. Not so much my parents, who always talked about going back to Spain.

My uncle was a wine merchant, and my father had a job waiting for him when he arrived. We went to boarding school. Education opened a world to me that I never dreamed existed, a world I may never have discovered if I had remained in Spain. For that I will be forever grateful. We spent eight years there. I loved it. When I was eighteen we returned to Spain, and I began my working life. I had to readjust, try to forget the friends I had left behind. I pined for Chile for a long time.

What changes did you find in Spain?

Back home nothing was as I remembered it. Due to the influx of visitors, people were better off and, having been away for so long, again I felt like a foreigner, though this time it was worse because I was in my own country. I still get the feeling of not quite belonging, and to belong is a basic need. Perhaps that was the reason why I wanted to study Celtic culture, folklore and traditions; part of an unconscious effort to feel rooted somewhere.

Well, the extent to which you did absorb Irish culture and traditions is obvious in the number of prestigious awards you have won, and in competition with native Irish poets.

I think that having a different background gives me a different perspective. That said, I had to find my own voice as a poet before I could win any award. That is very important, and I believe that I have found my voice.

Now Maria, let us choose a few poems for Tinteán. First 'That hand painted plate behind glass,' your Hennessy Award winning poem.

Okay. Well, even though I have 'my father' in it, this is, completely, the work of my imagination. I wanted to put to poetry some of the myths in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. I used Orpheus and Eurydice, but in a modern context.

'The sound of an identity' is a very evocative poem.

Thanks. I read the English version of Peig Sayers' book. My children had

to translate it from the Irish in school. I loved it as much as they hated it. Peig was an old woman when she wrote about life on the Blasket Islands. She knew that theirs was a dying way of life, and knew that it had to be told for future generations.

I can certainly sympathise with your children because I also went through that purgatory. Peig's story is similar to the famous film Man of Aran which was also about the theme of identity. Peig was a very well known storyteller at a time when storytelling in Ireland was an important part of the social life of a community and was done around many a fireside, particularly in remote parts of the country. It must have been a welcome relief from the hard life on the Blaskets.

Yes! Life was so harsh. Their existence was so precarious that, when in bad weather a ship was wrecked around the islands, they searched the coastline for anything that could be of use to them: firewood, food, even the clothes of the drowned were sometimes taken. Joe, do you know about their Aran sweaters? Each clan or family had a different pattern so that, if one of them was lost at sea and the body smashed beyond recognition against the rocks, the pattern on that garment would identify the person.

It's extraordinary that a people would stay in such a place.

Young people began to leave the island, and those who stayed could no longer survive there. If memory serves me well, it was in the late 1950s that the last of the islanders were re-housed in the mainland.

How sad! Now, Maria, tell us about 'Cold Atlantic winds.'

When I visited the west for the first time, though it was spring, the cold was intense. The day was so bitter that the wind and the rain needled my face, and I kept on thinking about the people that had to settle there after being displaced by the Cromwellian invasion. It's a bleak, stony place with very poor soil. That's how the idea for the poem started. I was in a hurry to abandon sightseeing and go into a warm place. I could do that. They could not, condemned, as they were, to live there.

Let's talk about 'The Meenybradden Bog Woman.'

In 2003 I saw, in a museum, the photograph of the body of a woman found in a bog, in the Meenybradden bog, in Donegal. I was fascinated by her picture, and without knowing how or why, I felt a connection with her. Something passed between us. I learned that she was about 25 years of age and by her clothing the experts said she had died sometime in the late medieval period, but they did not know what had caused her death. I couldn't take my eyes off her face; I could see her eyelashes, her hair, and all her features so well preserved. Well, from then on I permanently felt her presence by me, like a shadow at my shoulder. I realised she wouldn't leave me till I wrote about her. She was probably ignored during her time, and then ignored for centuries. I was aware of giving her a smidgeon of life again. The poem has got many prizes and commendations. It even took me to Italy, where it got an award in an international poetry competition.

Tell me about 'Ogham.'

Ogham is the name of a very ancient writing. Cuts are, or were, carved on the edge of memorial stones. Little is known about the people who used this type of writing/carving. The poem is divided in two parts. The second one is the carver speaking his thought and questioning the afterlife.

And last but not least! 'Where the Erne meets the sea.'

I went to Ballyshannon, in Donegal, where this river meets the sea. Driving north-east the landscape changes so much, that I thought it didn't know if to exist above or below water, so many lakes pepper the land. I read about the



Maria Wallace – poet and artist

legend associated with the beginning of the Erne, and a poem shaped itself.

Maria, where do you feel that you belong?

I think I will always feel divided, loyal to Ireland and loyal to Catalonia. I belong to both, but I am happiest in the world of my imagination. If I am creating a piece, it makes no difference to me where I am. In fact, I believe that the creative spark is in the friction of

my divided loyalties. Writing is a need, a powerful need. And I write because I don't want to die silent.

Thank you for talking to me, Maria.

My pleasure Joe.

Sin a bhfuil go fóil ó Seosamh O' Murchu. Slán agus beannacht.

Joseph Murphy

Joseph Murphy is our Dublin correspondent.

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Word Watch: The Fairy Headland

Strontium, named after Strontian in Scotland, is a Gaelic word. The correct name of the village is Stron an t-Sithein meaning the fairy headland. 'Sith' [pronounced shee] is the Scots term for the fairies. Strontianite was first noticed as a strange yellowish powder in 1787 in the lead mines for which Strontian was once famous. Strontian is the only locality in the British isles to have an element named after it.

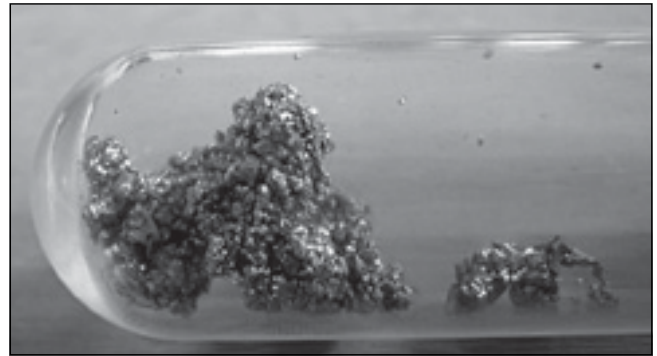
Metallic strontium was first isolated by Sir Humphry Davy (inventor of the miners' safety lamp) in 1808. Mainly used in various metallic alloys, it's also used as a trace element in archaeology. The ratios of the different isotopes help to pinpoint the origins of ancient archaeological materials such as timber and bone in sites in New Mexico and other places where the mineral is reasonably common.

For the 200th anniversary of Davy's discovery the school children of Strontian wrote 'The Strontium Song'. Sung to the tune of the 'Battle Hymn of the Republic', its lyrics are available on the net.

Felicity Allen

Top: Strontium

Bottom: Strontian flickr(LHOON)



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Save St Joe's Collingwood

Members of St Joseph's Catholic parish, Otter Street, Collingwood, have launched a campaign to save their historic church. In June this year Archbishop Denis Hart told the parish priest, Father Peter Varengo, that the church was to be demolished. This decision was taken without adequate consultation and in the face of nearly universal opposition from parishioners, past and present.

In April 2007, the church was burnt out leaving the brick walls standing. Insurance of \$2.2 million was available to restore roof and floor for a modest church. As requested architect Arthur Andronis produced initial drawings.

In the meantime the Archbishop's office have taken some \$600,000 of this fire insurance payment as payment for other outstanding debts incurred in the beautiful renovation of the church and repairs to the parish house led by Father Ernie Smith in the early 2000s. Parishioners regard the Archbishop's diversion of the parish's insurance money to diocesan funds as unfair.

St Joseph's, Collingwood, is one of Melbourne's oldest churches. The first part of the building was put up in 1861 and St Vincent de Paul society has been based there since 1888. Since 1979 a strong Vietnamese community have worshipped in the church alongside old Aussies, Italian and Maltese Australians and so on.

What looks like a ruin is indeed, a sacred place. Tens of thousands of mostly working-class people put in their pennies and their sixpences to build it; they worshipped and prayed there, were baptised, married or buried from there.

Some of the famous ones are Maude O'Connell, trade union organiser for women in the cigarette-making factories

and later founder of the Grey Sisters; Margaret Oats, mother, grandmother, war widow and known as the angel of Collingwood for her work with St Vincent de Paul society; Ted Regan and Charlie Utting who played football for Collingwood and Kevin Murray who played for Fitzroy; Norm Gallagher, trade union organiser for the builders labourers; but for each famous one there are a thousand others.

The parish school continues to offer good education to local children. The parish hall, known as the Wellington, is home to a variety of community services, some of them financially supported by Rotary. Part of the hall, known as the Cottage, is home to a lively Foodbank.

Regular attendances are in the 200 to 300 a week range, of whom the majority are Vietnamese. Archbishop Hart's plan is to pull down the church, replace the Cottage with a chapel for about 80 people, and link the chapel via sliding doors to part of the hall for feast days.

This adversely affects the present congregation, and causes problems for the Wellington and Cottage services. There is widespread suspicion that the Archbishop plans to sell off or lease for financial gain the land on which the church currently stands.

The diocesan policy seems to be aimed at providing a place of worship for the smaller English-language component of worshippers and at forcing the Vietnamese group to move away to some as yet unspecified other church.

A striking feature of the present group of Vietnamese parishioners is the large percentage of young marrieds with children who are actively involved. Incidentally, their 60-strong choir is worth coming to hear.

While parish finances are poor, the day-to-day life of the parish is good. The people in the Office of Housing estates are nearby and there is a pastoral opening to respond to the needs of the thousands of young professionals who have moved into the private apartment developments in renovated warehouses and so on.

Part of the problem is one familiar to many other parishes, namely that the diocese has too few priests and is not putting enough money and personnel into lay parish workers. Nor is the hierarchy willing to have married priests or women priests.

The present parish priest has to look after the Clifton Hill parish as well as St Joseph's; and he has other teaching duties around the diocese, leaving him little time for the tasks on hand in Collingwood.

A sensible diocesan policy decision would be to appoint an experienced lay pastoral worker with full-time duties. Such a person could assess the current pastoral needs of the parish and submit a plan for the most suitable restoration or redevelopment of the church.

Concerned parishioners have held a series of successful public meetings and formed a working group called "Save St Joe's". They are asking supporters to contact Archbishop Denis Hart and his Business Manager at Catholic Diocesan Office, 228 Victoria Parade, Melbourne 3002, or by phone on 9926 5677, or email at info@melbourne.catholic.org.au.

Further details about the campaign are available from 8415 1593 or email: savestjosephs@hotmail.com.

Val Noone

Val Noone has just this year retired after 20-years as one of the co-ordinators of St Joseph's parish Bible and Life Study Group.

TINTEÁN NEEDS YOUR HELP

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Irish economy shrinking

Australia recently had the assurance that the economy had 'dodged the bullet' of recession, but the same good news has not reached Ireland. The OECD gives a pessimistic assessment of Ireland's immediate future; unemployment may reach 14–15% while gross domestic product (GDP) will shrink by 14%. These assessments are matched by developments such as the announcement of the US computer giant Dell that it would shift its manufacturing plant to Poland, cutting 1,900 Irish jobs. Just 48 hours before, Waterford Crystal went into administration, ending another 800 jobs. In addition to rising unemployment, there is a large budget deficit (9.2% of GDP) and a perceived need to correct this by spending cuts and increased taxation. Changes to taxation rules sufficient to raise 10 billion euro may be needed if Eire is to return to the European Union's limit of 3% budget deficit.

Although most publicity about the recession has concerned America, according to the IMF, Ireland is now suffering the worst recession in the developed world, perhaps because it had been the most overheated of the advanced economies. An IMF report stated: 'The stress exceeds that being faced currently by any other advanced economy and matches episodes of the most severe economic distress in post World War II history.' The main cause of the economic stress is defaulting loans to property developers. In an effort to avoid nationalising the banks, Mr. Cowan's government will establish a new 'bad bank'. This bank, the National Assets Management Agency, will buy up an estimated 90 billion euro worth of failed property loans. The IMF have pointed to the difficulty of establishing a fair price for defaulting property portfolios

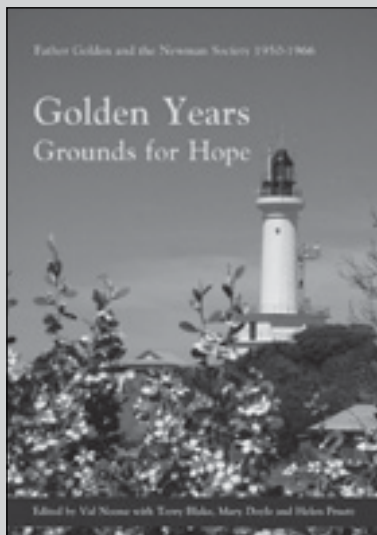
in a falling market. If an inflated price is paid, the taxpayer will be exposed to risk.

In the 'Celtic Tiger' days, Ireland succeeded economically by wooing foreign investment. Those days are gone as Ireland is the most expensive nation in the 16 member euro zone. The average wage in Eire is now 37,000 euro compared with 11,000 euro in Poland. The government now faces the need to cut wages, particularly in the state sector. Another, politically explosive move, could be reducing welfare benefits – a strategy not attempted since just after the formation of the Irish Free State.

One bright note in an otherwise gloomy outlook are the words of a former adviser to the US government, Dr. Robert E Kennedy. Kennedy advised Ireland to accept the loss of low paid manufacturing jobs to Eastern Europe and to focus instead on its great strength - its people. 'Where Ireland has an edge is in its highly skilled, educated workforce. What was interesting about the Dell decision was that its manufacturing arm is being shifted to Poland. Dell is keeping most of its service and administrative base in Ireland,' he wrote. He reminded readers that Ireland still has an excellent business environment and commended the country to turn its activity towards specialist fields such as financial expertise, biotechnology, innovation and design. Kennedy has offered to bet that in 10 years time, Ireland will bounce back to outperform larger economies such as Germany and France.

Felicity Allen

Compiled from The Irish Times, The Los Angeles Times, RTE News and The Guardian.

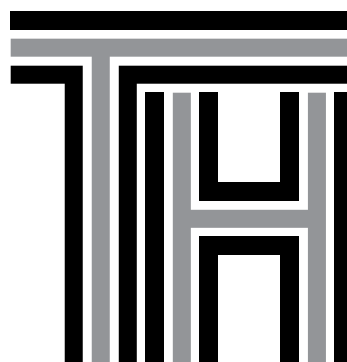


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Eilís ní cheallacháin

‘Chonaic mé chugam í trí lár an tslé,
Mar bheadh réiltean tríd an gceo,
Is bhíos ag caint is ag comhrá léi
Nó go ndeachamar go páirc na mbó.
Shuíomar síos le taobh an fháil
Go dtugas di scríofa faoim’ láimh
Nach raibh ní dá n-iarrfadh sí ná
triallfinn d’fhá
Do phlúirín na mban donn óg.’

‘*Sarah Thompson alias Eliza Callaghan*,’ arsa Breitheamh an *Old Bailey*, ‘fuarthas ciontach tú de bharr nota airgid lochtach a chuir tú i gcúrsaíocht, agus daoradh chun báis tú, ach in ionad sin, toisc d’óige, gearraim tréimhse ceithre bhlian déag i *Van Diemen’s Land* ort.’

Breithiúnas cruaidh ab ea é ar chailín óg ó Chondae An Chláir nach raibh os comhair na cúirte roimhe sin go bhfios dúinn, agus nach raibh ocht mbliana déag slánaithe aici fós sa bhliain úd 1821. Ní heol dúinn go cruinn caithin a tháinig Eilís Ní Cheallacháin go Londain nó cad a thug ann í, cé gur scríobh C P Billot i mbeathaisnéis John Batman [l.16] nach raibh sí ach cúpla mí ann nuair a gabhadh í. Ach muna raibh sí fós ina leanbh ag fágaint an cheantair úd a bhí chomh Gaelach i dtús na haoise sin, caithfeadh go raibh smut Gaeilge aici ar a laghad.

Shroich Eilís an baile *Hobart* i measc na mbandhaoránach eile ag deireadh Mí na Nollag 1821. Tá gach dealramh ar an scéal gur cailín an-tharraingteach ab ea í agus ar éigin a cos ar an gcaladh ná gur roghnaigh Ceannaire An Phríosúin í mar slábhaí nó cailín aimsire dá bhean féin. Níor thaitin an saol chruaidh sin leis an gcailín ceannána ar chor ar bith agus bhí sí i gcónaí i dtrioblóid.

Taca an ama sin lonnagh beirt dhearthaireacha *John agus Henry Batman* ó *Sydney* i *Van Diemen’s Land* chomh maith. Ní fada ina dhiaidh sin go raibh aithne ag an stócach John Batman agus Eilís ar a chéile. I gceann cúpla bliain d’éirigh cursaí go maith le John. Bhí sé gníomhach ar son rialtas an oileáin agus an-mhór leis na huaisle, agus de bharr sin, fuair sé 7,000 acra talún in áit dár b’ainm *Kingston* cois cnoic *Ben Lomond* san oir-thuaisceart. Deirtear go raibh áit choinne ag Eilís

agus John lámh le *Hobart* agus go mbíodh caidreamh eatarthu ó 1823 anuas, ach pé scéal é, tar éis cúpla iarracht nó trí, d’éirigh léi éalú ón a post, glan amach ón mbaile mór agus bhuaile na leannáin le chéile amuigh faoin dtuath. D’éalaíodar go dtí *Kingston* agus ar theacht na póilíní ar a tóir chuaigh sí i bhfolach sa siléar. D’imigh na póilíní agus is cosúil nár chuireadar isteach a thuile ar mhuintir Batman ina dhiadh sin. Le h-imeacht na mblianta rugadh ceathrar iníonacha do *John agus Eliza Batman* agus i 1828 fuarthas párdún do Eilís ó *Lieut. Governor Arthur* toisc na seirbhísí a bhí déanta ag John don rialtas. Phósadar annsan agus bhí a saol mar lánúin pósta ag dul i bhfeabhas i ngach slí. Déarfaí go bhféadfaidís socrú síos ar an bhfeirm ar a suaimhneas. Ach ní rabhadar sásta fós.

I 1835, mar is eol do chách anois, bhí John Batman, taiscealaí, fear coille agus féaránach, ag déanamh chonartha leis na mBundhúchasaigh ar 600,000 acra talún sa *Port Phillip District* agus ag roghnú láithreán na cathrach seo *Melbourne* nuair a bhreac sé síos ina dhialann ‘...*this will be the place for a village*’. Tá cáil ar Batman as an gaisce a dhein sé, agus é tuillte aige. Ach bhí a bhean chéile agus a seachtar iníonacha fós sa bhaile agus ba ghearr gur thug sé trasna *Bass Strait* leis go dtí a n-áit nua ar bhruach na h-abhann, An Yarra. Tháinig Eilís i dtír i *Melbourne* i Mí Aibreán 1836 go dtí tigh bhreá adhmaid a bhí socraithe cheana féin; mar bharr ar sin, saolaíodh a aonmhac John Charles gairid tar éis teacht Eilís go *Melbourne*. Le fairsinge talún ina seilbh agus na daoine a raibh fostaithe acu chun cabhrú leo, ceapfa gur saol bhreá a bheadh i ndán do mhuintir Batman. Bhí an sráidbhaile beag nua cois Yarra ag fás gach lá agus daoine nua ag lonnú ann an t-am ar fad. Déarfaí go mbeidís ar muin na muice faoi cheann cúpla bliain nó trí, iad ag saothrú go dian agus ag cuir gach rud i gceart, agus gur ‘neamh ar an dtalamh’ a bheadh acu mar thoraí ar a gcuid oibre. Ach ní mar a shíltear bítear.

Faoi thaca na bliana 1836 bhí saol muintir Batman ag titim as a chéile. Bhí John agus Eilís scartha, íse ag maireachtaint le *William Willoughby*, fear

a bhí ag obair le Batman. Bhí Batman féin breoite leis an sífilis, agus rian uafásach an ghalair ar a éadan; ní raibh siúl fiú amháin fágtha aige. Agus é ag fáil báis, dhein sé iarracht ar a estáit a fhágáil i seilbh a chlann agus Eilís a ghearradh amach ar fad as a uacht, ach de bhrí go raibh a chuid gnó trina chéile agus fiacha móra le n-íoch, i ndeireadh an lae ní raibh pingin rua le fáil. Thárla go raibh Eilís i Londain i mBealtaine 1839 nuair a fuair Batman bás; deirtear gur cursaí dlí a thug ann í, ach pé scéal é, níorbh eol di go raibh a fear céile marbh go dtí gur shroich sí Adelaide ar a taisteal ar ais go *Melbourne* i 1840. In 1841 phós Eilís agus *William Willoughby* agus níl aon tuairisc uirthi ina dhiaidh sin go dtí gur bádh a mac John Charles sa Yarra i dtosach na bliana 1845, le linn dó a bheith ag iascaireacht. Ní fada ina dhiaidh sin gur scair Eilís ó *Willoughby* agus scaipeadh na cailíní a bhí fós sa bhaile i Melbourne amach mar dílleachtaí i measc na gcomharsan. D’ainneoin sin is uile, scríobh Eilís litir dheas chun a h-iníon *Elizabeth*, an cailín ba shine sa chlann, á rá go raibh a deartháirín dhílis caillte. Fianaise é sin b’fhéidir, go raibh léamh agus scríobh ag Eilís – nó ar scríobh duine éigin eile di é?

Tar éis sin imíonn Eilís as radharc ar fad le tamall maith de bhlianta. Ach ní raibh deireadh fós léi, mar bhí casadh amháin eile sa scéal. I 1852 dúnmharaiodh bean mheánaosta darb ainm *Sarah Thompson* alias *Willoughby* i dtigh tabhairne in *Geelong*. Ní raibh sé ró-dheacair dá mba áil le éinne an fhírinne a nochtadh, gurb í Eilís bhocht a bhí i gceist.

B’in deireadh le scéal Eilís Ní Cheallacháin ó Iarthar An Chláir. Ní fhéadfaí ‘bean lán de stuaim’ a thabhairt uirthi ar ndóigh, ach, d’ainneoin a cuid lochtanna níorbh aon fhaiteachán eaglach í ach an oiread. Is mor an trua é nach bhfuil a scéal go h-iomlán againn, go mórmhór scéal a hóige in Éirinn, agus an mí-ádh a d’fhág ar sráideanna cruachróiocha Londain í an chéad lá. Seans maith gur thug sí a scéal go dtí an uaigh léi muna bhfuil sé faoi rún ag sliocht a sleachta atá fós sa chathair seo.

Criostóir Ó Maonaigh



The resounding echo

In 1989 to everyone's surprise, stacks of a new publication called 'The Irish Exile' appeared at various Irish venues around Australia. These complimentary copies were greeted with great enthusiasm and so the 'Exile' was launched. Two young Irish backpackers from Sydney, Billy Cantwell, a recent graduate in Communications and Seamus Maher, an accountant, had seen the need for news from Ireland and persuaded prominent Irish business owners to fund the first copy in return for advertising. The newspaper got off to a flying start.

In the days when individuals did not have personal computers and overseas phone calls were expensive, it was particularly difficult to access news from 'back home'. The lads embarked on a sharp learning curve. Neither had worked for a newspaper before and the preparation was labour intensive. Billy pounded out the copy on an old typewriter, and the layout was done tediously by hand using the old ems measurements. Billy still has his ems ruler as a souvenir!

These two lads, who were here on

a working holiday, realised they had stumbled on a project which filled a great need among Irish people in Australia. They were encouraged to continue and because of Irish business advertising in 'The Exile' were able to do so without debt, first as a monthly then eventually as a fortnightly publication in 1993. In 1991 Seamus decided to move on and Billy bought him out and the masthead, as we know it today became *The Irish Echo* or '*The Echo*' as it is fondly known as, was born. It was named after the first Irish publication in Australia produced by Patrick O'Donoghue of Tasmania in the 1880s.

Billy Cantwell, the editor, comes from Navan, Co. Meath and is second in a family of five boys. His parents, Pauline and Willie, still reside in Navan. After he graduated from the Dublin Institute of Technology, he helped in the family business before deciding, aged 22 years, to visit Australia. He married Cathie from Queensland in 1998 and they have three children, Liam, 9, Julia, 7 and Oisín 3 months. They live in Sydney. Like all expats he misses family in Ireland and

tries to return home every two years.

The Echo now has a full staff with contributions from every state and overseas news including social, political, sporting and musical events. In fact, any topic from both the north and south of Ireland, which would be of interest to Irish readers, is included. Most communication is done via the internet and email, printing is professionally produced by computer – a long way from the bromide and ems days with just Billy as editor, and Seamus as publisher! There are about 20,000 subscribers and a readership of 50,000 all of whom provide a great amount of feedback through the website.

The 20th anniversary of the paper's first regular issue will be celebrated in August this year and the occasion will be marked by a commemorative edition with a glossy cover. It is an enormous achievement for Billy and of which he can be justly proud. The committee of *Tinteán* congratulate him on this memorable occasion and wish all at *The Echo* every success in the future.

Catherine Arthur

Australian Irish Heritage Network

for lively and critical writing about the celebration of Ireland's heritage in Australia

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Irish republicanism in Australia

Ireland has a long history of republican struggle. This paper explores the link between Irish republicanism and its influence on the Australian republican movement.

Irish republicanism appeared in Australia at a very early stage. It is important to note that for a time the British had a policy of deporting and exiling Irish political prisoners to Botany Bay. So it is not surprising then that the two major nineteenth century rebellions in Australia were led by Irishmen.

One such rebellion is called the Castle Hill Rebellion or alternatively the Irish Rebellion. In the Colony of NSW in March 1804, a rebellion of 200 convicts against British colonial rule was led by two Irish republicans Philip Cunningham (a veteran of the 1798 uprising in Ireland) and William Johnston. Martial law was imposed for a time and nine of the rebels, including Cunningham, were executed. It should be conceded that the rebellion was more about harsh treatment rather than a call for an independent republic, although this was probably the unstated bed rock of the movement.

Two Irish nationalists, William O'Brien and Sir Charles Duffy, both came to Australia. O'Brien, a Protestant, was associated with an armed insurrection in Ireland in 1848 before he was transported to Hobart in 1849. Duffy was an Irish nationalist and a Dublin barrister. He was imprisoned under the Felon Treason Act but emigrated to Australia a free man in 1855. He was elected to the Victorian Legislative Assembly and rose to become the 8th Premier of Victoria. He was a vocal supporter of the move towards Federation and Irish Home Rule.

Our most famous rebellion was in December 1854 at Ballarat Victoria, where thousands of aggrieved gold diggers led by Irishman Peter Lalor formed the Ballarat Reform League and swore to 'endeavour to supersede such Royal prerogative by asserting that of the people, which is the most royal of all prerogatives, as the people are the only legitimate source of all political power'. Soon afterwards the Eureka Stockade at Ballarat was attacked by British soldiers early on Sunday morning December 3rd 1854 resulting in the death of 22 diggers. Lalor himself suffered an amputated arm and eventually rose to become Speaker of the Victorian House

of Assembly. A new, more democratic constitution was eventually adopted. Dr. H V Evatt, former Leader of the Australian Labor Party wrote, 'Australian democracy was born at Eureka'.

One of our most famous Irish-Australians was the bushranger Ned Kelly. His famous Jerilderie letter of 1879 had shades of republicanism throughout. For example, in his description of his nemesis Constable Fitzpatrick, he wrote 'And that Fitzpatrick will be the cause of greater slaughter to the Union Jack than Saint Patrick was to the snakes and toads of Ireland'. Kelly goes on to denigrate Irish policemen as having 'deserted the shamrock, the emblem of true wit and beauty to serve under a flag and nation that has destroyed massacred and murdered their fore-fathers by the greatest of torture ... many a blooming Irishman rather than subdue to the Saxon yoke were flogged to death and bravely died in servile chains but true to the shamrock and a credit to Paddy's land.'

In Ireland the bloody 1916 Easter Uprising brought Irish republicanism to a head. A treaty with Britain followed in 1922 which led to the establishment of the Irish Free State in the south. The constitution of the Irish Free State was replaced in 1937 with a new liberal democratic constitution and then Ireland declared itself a republic in 1949. Northern Ireland remains a part of the United Kingdom to this day.

More recently the Republic of Ireland itself has become a popular source of inspiration for Australian republicans. The Constitution of Ireland is touted as a good example of a modern democratic republican constitution. The Irish constitution establishes an independent state based on a system of representative democracy and guarantees certain fundamental rights, along with a popularly elected President, the separation of powers and judicial review. The constitution may only be amended by referendum.

In particular, the Irish direct election model is often cited as a good example for Australia. Direct election is where the people exercise their sovereignty and directly elect the Head of State, as opposed to parliament simply appointing the Head of State. The Irish President is largely a ceremonial position with seven year terms. Most notably there is a sensible process for vetting Presidential nominations which requires endorsement from the national

parliament or from four city councils. It is worth remembering that one of the main reasons the 1999 republic referendum failed in Australia was because the people did not support parliamentary appointment. Recent polling in Australia has shown that most people would support a directly elected Australian Head of State to replace the British monarch.

Interestingly, the British themselves are finally questioning the discriminatory laws governing their Royal Family. In March this year, the British parliament received a private members' bill aimed at giving women equal succession rights to the throne and lifting the ban on royal heirs marrying Catholics. At present, women are given second preference to men in the rules of succession to the throne and Catholics are barred from marrying a member of the Royal Family. This is a throwback to the 1700s when laws were passed to require the British monarch to be a member of the Church of England as a way of stopping the Catholic sympathiser James from returning to the throne.

So where has this history of Irish republicanism lead us? Today a majority of Australians support an Australian Head of State and many cannot see the benefit in having a foreign monarch as our national leader. Many feel it's time we were led by one of us. Many of us would support the Ballarat Reform League's oath that "the people are the only legitimate source of all political power".

We have reached a point in our history where we should become truly independent and democratic. We have matured as a nation since Federation in 1901. Since then we have volunteered in several major wars, survived the 1930s Depression, hosted the Olympics Games twice, hosted the Commonwealth Games on four occasions, presided over a relatively harmonious political system, and we scrupulously uphold the rule of law. Aren't we now mature enough to completely run our own affairs?

Saint Patrick is said to have rid Ireland of its poisonous snakes. Perhaps a prayer to Saint Patrick could help rid Australia of our constitutional ties to an undemocratic foreign monarchy.

**David McKenna
(with Dr Val Noone OAM)**

David McKenna is Victorian Convenor of the Australian Republican Movement

Active Christianity in the secular state

Calwell: defiantly true to his principles

In this second of her two articles, Mary Elizabeth Calwell discusses the life and times of her father, Arthur Calwell, and reflects on the importance of his religious convictions in his personal life and political career.

For many years, Calwell sent articles and books to clergy of various Christian denominations. When ALP Deputy Leader, he responded to arguments of Anglican Bishop Burgmann in 1951 and asserted the claims of contemporary Catholic theology. The Anglican bishop of Armidale, NSW, J S Moyes, thanked Calwell for an article by German Catholic theologian, Karl Adam, stating it would be helpful in promoting 'a better understanding between us'. Professor Paul Jurevics, a Latvian migrant, sent his article 'The Signs of Our Time' condemning Western decadence and observed that the starting point and first inspiration of the doctrine of socialism had been 'loftily ethical and we can say even Christian, namely the Christian conception of charity.' Moral Re-Armament, founded by an American Lutheran pastor, became active in Australia in 1945. It urged a moral and spiritual awakening to achieve peace. Calwell defended ALP politicians who joined, and sent an evaluation by Catholic German theologian, Werner Schollgen, to the Apostolic Delegate. As it carried an imprimatur, he urged the Vatican to end confusion about it. In 1968 the Australian bishops cautiously accepted it.

In 1953, Calwell wrote to Archbishop Mannix to ascertain 'what can be done, in your opinion, to heal the divisions that are taking place in Catholic Labor circles...' In 1954, Eris O'Brien was consecrated as Catholic Archbishop of Canberra-Goulburn and Archbishop Simonds observed: '...I am sure that he will set his face against any attempt to involve the Church in underground political intrigue.' Calwell tried unsuccessfully to avert 'The Split' in the ALP a year later. Immediately, the term 'communist' was applied by defecting Federal and State members to former colleagues. Soon afterwards the Catholic Bishops issued a Joint Pastoral stating that during the previous ten years Australian Catholics

...had tried to form a strong

public activity against communist activities... it is regretted that highly placed public men, including some Catholics, seem to have closed their eyes to the great issues in the present upheaval. ...they are forwarding the interests of communism.

This statement was used by B A Santamaria's supporters as a test of orthodoxy and the justification for extraordinary malice against ALP Catholics. Several bishops realised they were identified with a political party and dissociated themselves. A priest observed:

The Movement played on the loyalty of such men as Arthur Calwell to blast away their reputations...The Movement boys knew they were free as Crusaders of Christ to tear into their Catholic opponents with both hands, the recipient...had one hand tied behind his back.

A meeting of Catholic bishops sent a delegation to Rome and Calwell prepared a Memorandum, which stated: 'For the sake of the Church in this country, the Catholic soil is not yet deep enough in this new land to allow it to be scratched by clumsy tools'. The Sacred Congregation in Rome ruled 'The Movement' was to be reconstructed as a lay association under the control of the local bishop and not to intervene in politics or the unions or as a lay organisation that could not be identified with the Church. Santamaria chose the second category and the National Civic Council became officially a secular organisation in politics. Cardinal Agagianian arrived in Melbourne in late 1959 with a message from the Pope charging the hierarchy to achieve unity 'by complete obedience to the wishes of the Holy See.' Calwell wrote a letter on 'present bad relations' between ALP Catholics and some members of the hierarchy.

The Catholic Church emphasised 'ecclesiastical authority' as 'in the ultimate analysis the authority of Jesus Christ himself'. The 'Movement' supporters frequently invoked 'authority' to justify their arguments. American theologian, John L McKenzie SJ argued: 'Authority in the New Testament is conceived in a way that must be called democratic rather than absolute...a gift of the Spirit...which

is love'. Calwell was also familiar with arguments in encyclicals that, while promoting the rights of workers in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, reflected European values on church and state. Joseph Lecler gave an historical survey of that relationship and concluded: 'The Church of today has no idea of preparing on earth, ... for the transformation of her spiritual sovereignty into an absolute and universal supremacy...'

Calwell welcomed an analysis by American John Courtney Murray SJ. He appealed to the great medieval tradition of constitutionalism preserved and developed in Anglo-Saxon society. He drew three conclusions; that the 'indirect power' is a purely spiritual power that indirectly is productive of effects in the temporal order that has autonomy; a new accent on the argument of Gelasius I that the orderly relationship of church and state has always 'in view the inner unity and integral freedom' of the human personality; and as the human person is the end of the state, he or she is responsible for an order of justice and charity. While Murray was 'silenced', he eventually was involved in drafting the *Declaration on Religious Freedom* at Vatican II. It noted 'the recent rise of man's personal consciousness...' and 'the related rise of man's political consciousness...' left people unhindered in the free exercise of religion in society. Murray observed that, with the document *Gaudium et spes*, the Declaration opened the way to ecumenism and a new straightforwardness between the Church and the world.

Calwell reviewed *Church and state in Italy 1947-1957* by Leicester Webb. He contended that church-state relations were better in countries that accepted the Jeffersonian doctrine of separation of church and state based on early Christian teachings that suffered at the hands of the Reformation and Counter Reformation. He discussed activities of the Italian, Luigi Gedda, and claimed that there were Australians trying to influence members of the Labor Party 'to adopt a similar attitude'. He stated there was much that was admirable and to be cherished in European traditions but that others needed to be abandoned.

Articles distributed by Calwell

included 'Church, state and society' by Peter F Drucker, extracts from *Man and the State* by Jacques Maritain and 'The Vindication of Democratic Socialism' by Julius Braunthal, an article that castigated communism. He requested *American Catholics and the Intellectual Life* from Monsignor John Tracy Ellis, stating someone in Australia must do for Catholic education what he was doing and he also wrote to Fr John Cavanaugh who, in *American Catholics and Leadership*, deplored the absence of Catholics among eminent intellectual and social leaders. He sent these contributions to many Catholic educationalists.

Calwell was elected Federal Leader in March 1960 and affirmed Labor's philosophy of Democratic Socialism and support for working class movements. He often spoke against poverty and supported development of our North and Papua New Guinea. He welcomed the encyclical *Mater et magistra* forwarded by Apostolic Delegate, Maximilian de Furstenberg, as reflecting priorities similar to his own. He distributed 'Catholics and Communism' by Louis Twomey SJ and a 1963 article in *La Civiltà Cattolica*, which distinguished anti-communism from the protection of privilege.

In 1963, Calwell published *Labor's Role in Modern Society*. He mediated officially in a dispute within the Greek Orthodox Church. In 1964, he was awarded a high Papal Knighthood. After he resigned from the Leadership in 1967, he continued to campaign against the Vietnam War and defend Labor's heritage. He became a Privy Councillor, the only leader of the Opposition to receive that honour. The University of Melbourne gave him an honorary Doctor of Laws. Calwell was a prophet for a society where people of very different ethnicities and religious commitments could live together within a framework of broadly Judeo-Christian values, but where other religious viewpoints could also flourish.

Mary Elizabeth Calwell

Mary Elizabeth Calwell is the daughter of Arthur and Elizabeth Calwell. First published in the Australasian Catholic Record, volume 84, no. 2, 2007, 150-153. Reprinted with the approval of The Record and of the author.



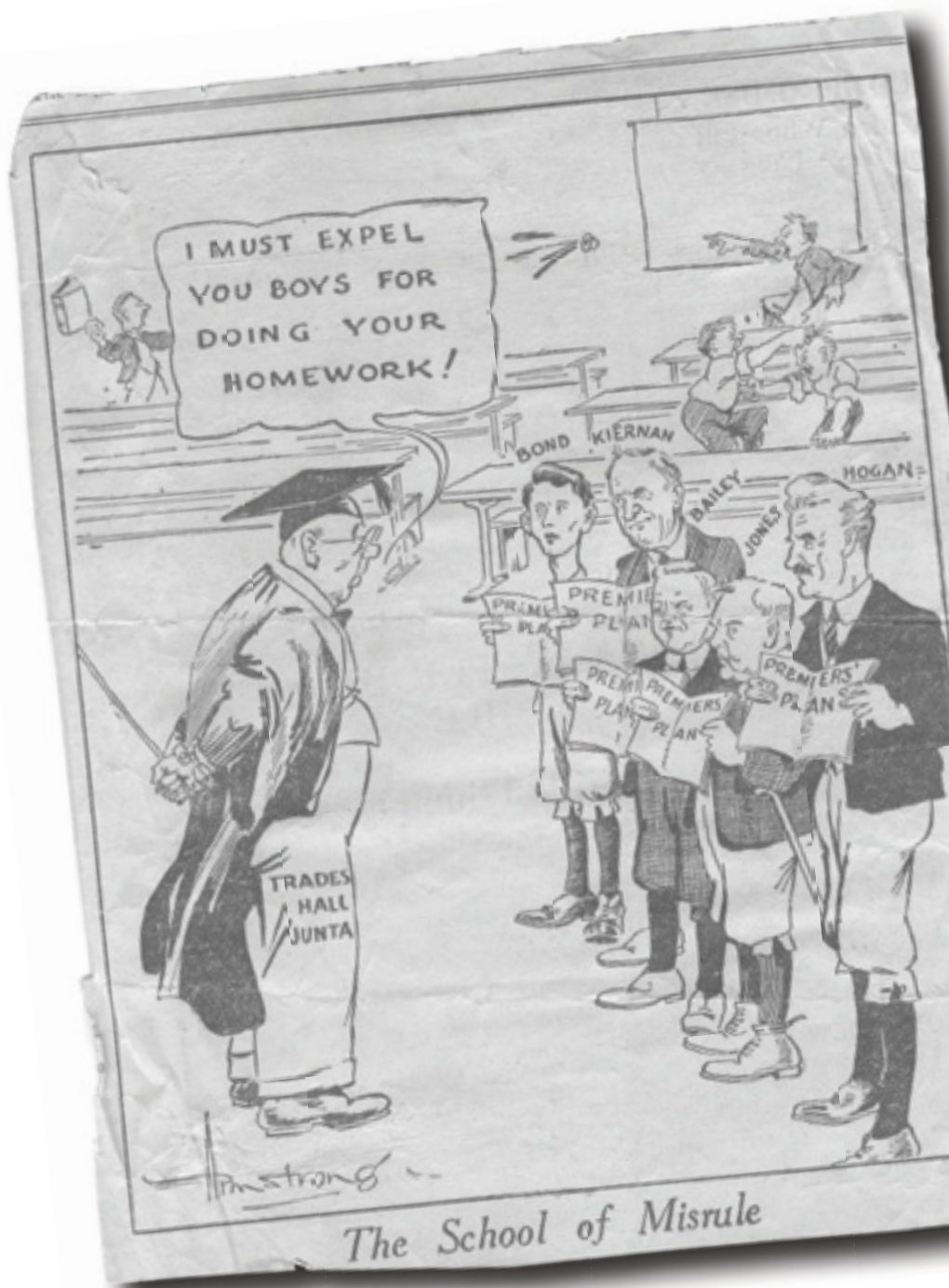
At his installation as a Papal Knight, Arthur Calwell with his wife Elizabeth and daughter Mary Elizabeth

Courtesy Mary Elizabeth Calwell

Calwell: an addendum

Mary Elizabeth Calwell makes a very important contribution to our history in her first part of her memoirs of her father Arthur Calwell. It is a first hand account of the life of her father and the extremely important contributions he made to this country and to its development. It was also personal and warm and for the reader, fascinating, to read of his growth, his education, his broad reading and forceful energy. In his role as first Australian Minister for Immigration, his impact on the culture and character of this country is inestimable. At the lowest common denominator, those of us of a certain age can still recall our first cup of espresso coffee! But this impact at its highest level is so broad it challenges our racist past, our bigotry, our reluctant acceptance of other cultures and mores, as well as nurturing our appreciation of other worlds across the seas. And so the impact goes on.

In her piece, Mary Elizabeth describes the role Arthur Calwell played as the President of the Victorian branch of the ALP in 1931, describing how he was responsible for the expulsion from the ALP of a Minister, and later, a former Minister and a former Premier of the Victorian Government. I would like to add further material to this episode, as my father, Esmond Kiernan (1881-1967) was the former Minister so described. He had resigned from the Hogan ministry in the Victorian Government because of the stand taken by the Victorian Central Executive of his party over the Premiers' Plan. This Plan was agreed to at the Premiers' Conference of 1931 under Prime Minister James Scullin. In attempting to meet the severe crisis of the Depression, it recommended to the States a cut in interest rates and a reduction in the wages of public servants. The Cabinet of the Hogan Government negotiated with the Central Executive of the Party in Victoria and agreed unanimously to a compromise: the salary deductions of public employees earning less than five hundred pounds (£500) annually would not have to face these wage cuts. Cabinet members Tom Tunnecliffe (acting Premier in the absence of the very ill Ned Hogan who was abroad) and John Cain Snr (Secretary to the Cabinet) were deputed to inform the Central Executive of the Victorian branch



The Argus 2 July 1932, cartoon by Armstrong

of the Party of that decision. But they reported back to the Cabinet that, to the contrary, they had agreed to the Executive's ultimatum that no public employees in Victoria, regardless of salary, would face any wage reduction whatsoever.

Kiernan's letter to his friend Ned Hogan, written in August 1964 and set out below, explains the development of that crisis at that time within the Cabinet. The *Argus* newspaper published a political cartoon by Armstrong commenting on this drama, which is also reproduced.

With the Depression at its worst and the State Government in disarray it was heavily defeated in the elections of 1932. Kiernan remained in parliament as an independent, was elected unopposed in 1934 but was narrowly defeated by his old party in 1941 after serving in the Legislative Council for twenty-one years. He died in 1967 aged 85 after a life of industry and integrity. He was a credit to his Irish heritage and to the young Australia he grew up in and loved.

Peter Kiernan

Esmond Kiernan
284 Williams Road
Toorak
24th August, 1964

The Hon. E.J. Hogan,
11 Lynedoch Ave,
East St. Kilda

Dear Ned,

I have been very interested in your memoirs and the events leading up to the defeat of the Hogan Labor Government in 1932.

As the Honorary Minister whom you appointed to organise the government's scheme of Sustenance during the financial depression of the thirties, I was connected intimately with the dispute between the Labor Government and the Victorian Central Executive.

Besides, Mr. McNamara and I were close personal friends. We sat together in the House and as we were both members of your cabinet I had an intimate understanding of his dilemma as a cabinet minister and as the secretary of the Central Victorian Executive. Mr. McNamara knew that the driving force behind the Central Executive was the Public Service Association which was not so much concerned with the financial situation or the financial sacrifices imposed by the Premiers' Plan on the rest of the community but objected to having to participate in those sacrifices.

He was anxious to find some satisfactory settlement of the dispute and discussed the matter privately with certain members of the Executive and also with me and other members of the cabinet. From these talks he felt assured that if the cabinet would agree to remove the deductions imposed under the Premiers' Plan on the lower-paid workers in the public service the Executive might accept such a compromise.

Mr. McNamara brought the subject before cabinet and after discussion it was agreed that cabinet would consider the restoration of salary deductions to employees earning less than £500 pounds but under no circumstances would cabinet agree to restorations to public servants earning more than £500 pounds per year.

A further resolution pledging every member of the cabinet to stand by this resolution was agreed to unanimously and Mr. Tunnecliffe and Mr. Cain were deputed to convey the cabinet's decision to the Central Executive.

To the surprise of everyone, Mr. Tunnecliffe informed the next cabinet meeting that the Executive had refused any compromise and he and Mr. Cain had agreed that all public service salaries would be restored.

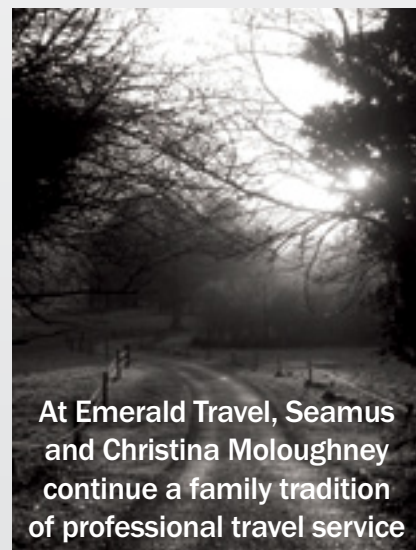
This wicked breach of faith with the rest of the cabinet was too much for many of us and I decided to hand in my resignation. Mr. J. P. Jones agreed to also resign but decided to send his resignation to you in London instead of to Mr. Tunnecliffe.

Yours sincerely,
Esmond L. Kiernan.



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A Finishing School for the Irish

Litigation concerning wills purporting to make charitable bequests is quite common. The question usually is whether the bequest came within one of the four 'heads' of charity and was thus a valid charitable bequest. Parties to the litigation usually included the potential charity and other beneficiaries, anxious mostly to see the charitable bequest fail.

Some of these cases are as dry as dust but every so often one excites more than normal interest. One such concerned the will of Charlotte Francis Shaw, wife of George Bernard Shaw. The issue was whether the bequest was for the advancement of education as defined by the courts, one of the established 'heads of charity'.

Charlotte Shaw (whose maiden name was Payne-Townshend and is described as an 'Irish heiress' in contemporary journals) made the will in 1937. She died in 1943 and GBS died in 1950. She asked that she be cremated and her ashes scattered on Irish ground. 'Ireland' was defined in the will to mean the existing Irish Free State and 'any future extension of it that might take place.' The case was heard in London in the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice in November 1951. The Shaws had lived all their married lives in England.

By the will a fund called the 'ultimate trust fund' was created to be provided to the special trustee, the National City Bank of Dublin Ltd. By the time of the litigation the fund had reached just short of £73,000. The bank was empowered to spend the fund on such body or institution as would meet Charlotte's expressed intentions of improving the Irish people. Establishing those intentions was the task before the court and which required a close examination of the terms of the will. This was not without difficulty.

In opening the judgment, Vaisey J posed the ultimate question:

Can I extract from this welter of words the intention of promoting the education of Irish men and women and children to be better citizens in the various departments of secular life, or has the verbosity of the testatrix vitiated her good intentions..?

He went on to say:

It was suggested in argument that the purposes which the testatrix

had in mind were those of a sort of finishing school for the Irish people and, on the whole, I think that is the right view to take.

Space does not permit us to set out this 'welter of words' in full but we can get some of the flavour with a few extracts.

There were two limbs to the process as Charlotte saw it. Least controversially the bequest was to bring the masterpieces of fine art (widely expressed to include all branches of the arts) within the reach of the Irish people. The second limb was the more vaguely expressed desire to provide a 'finish' to the Irish people.

She began this by saying:

In the course of a long life I have had many opportunities of observing the extent to which the most highly instructed and capable persons have their efficiency defeated and their influence limited for want of any organized instruction and training for the personal contacts...and how the authority which their abilities should give them is made derisory by their awkward manners and how their employment in positions for which they have valuable qualifications is made socially impossible by vulgarities of speech and other defects...and that social intercourse is a fine art with a technique which everybody can and should acquire.

Her remedy for this was expressed thus:

The teaching promotion and encouragement in Ireland of self control, elocution, oratory, deportment, the arts of personal contact, of social intercourse, and the other arts of public, private and professional and business life.

The court thought that the will contained excellent material for an address by a pragmatical headmistress at annual speech day and there was nothing in the will that 'lies outside the curriculum of an educational institution of a somewhat pedantic and precious type.' The court went on:

How the people of Ireland will react to such intensive treatment as the testatrix appears to envisage I ought not to speculate, nor am I concerned to consider how far its application to them will be considered to be, or be in

fact, beneficial...there are obviously many ways in which the trust income could usefully be applied, within the terms there laid down, and it is not, in my view, admissible to test the matter by presupposing perverse and unreasonable methods of applying it, as, for example, the method of devoting it entirely to the teaching and encouragement of 'deportment', though, after all, the word means nothing except 'manners', however much its significance may have been debased by its connexion with the character of Mr Turveydrop in *Bleak House*, in which the word is usually printed with a capital "D".

He concluded:

Whatever may be my personal views about this type of education, they have nothing to do with the case...I am prepared to declare that the trusts in question are valid charitable trusts under English law.

Clearly Vaisey J thought it was all a bit over the top but that Charlotte's heart was in the right place and effect should be given to her wishes. Had the trusts been declared invalid the estate would have passed to a niece, Cecily Charlotte Colthurst, who was represented at the hearing by senior and junior counsel.

Quite what we are to make of all this in 2009 is problematical. The Shaws and their circle were ardent social reformers and prominent Fabians. Perhaps Charlotte thought that the road to socialism would be paved by the acquisition of good manners, a 'nice' speaking voice and an appreciation of the fine arts? One would query though whether Charlotte knew much about the condition of Ireland in 1937 when she made her will, a time when the acquisition of such attributes were clearly not the most pressing national needs, and the tantalising question remains – just what did the Irish bank do to fulfil the terms of the trust? Are there generations of 1950s Irishmen and Irishwomen who have been 'finished' courtesy of Charlotte? Did any of them migrate to Australia? I am, of course, prepared to make a fully funded study tour of the Irish archives to get some answers to these vital questions.

Bruce Kenna

Bruce Kenna is a retired lawyer and writer, presently living in Canberra.

The Australian diaspora

Dan Farrelly: from Clifton Hill to Carysfort

Reversing our custom of discussing the Irish diaspora in Australia, Patrick McNamara spoke with Dan Farrelly, a Dublin-based Australian expatriate academic, on a recent visit to Melbourne.

Born and raised in Clifton Hill, Melbourne, Dan Farrelly attended primary and secondary schools in Melbourne, before taking honours in German and French at the University of Melbourne. Subsequently he did postgraduate German studies in Frankfurt and doctoral studies in Strasbourg and Paris.

Farrelly's academic career ultimately took him to University College Dublin where he became a senior lecturer in German, prior to becoming Director of the UCD Drama Studies Centre until his retirement from academia in 1999. Dan developed an international reputation for his German scholarship, in particular for his expertise on the German poet and dramatist, Goethe.

In 'retirement', Dan has undertaken the role of General Editor of Carysfort Press, which he and three other scholars from UCD (Eamonn Jordan, Cathy Leoney and Lilian Chambers) founded in 1998. Appropriately located in Scholarstown Road (Rathfarnham, Dublin), Carysfort aims to produce high quality publications relating to the arts in Ireland, which, though written and/or edited by academics, will be made accessible to a general readership. The organisation also provides a forum for critical thinking in the arts, again keeping the interests of the general public in view. With some financial assistance from the Arts Council of Ireland, it has published more than 50 titles to date. Two of its first titles, *Theatre Talk* and *Theatre Stuff* are broad, democratic texts that display a range of contemporary Irish theatre through conversations and essays.

When in the early 1900s the Abbey Theatre declared itself the national theatre of Ireland, its work, its purpose and its ideals were professed on the page as well as on stage. WB Yeats edited a journal proselytising the Abbey's mis-

sion while his sisters published beautiful editions of Abbey plays – self-conscious efforts to create a record of their work. Carysfort Press is attempting to do for Irish theatre in the 21st century something similar to what the Abbey's publishing projects did 100 years ago. Its directors believe that enjoyment of the theatre, both professional and amateur, currently plays a central part in Irish culture.

Carysfort publishes contemporary writing for and about the theatre, and about other performing arts. Some of its more recent publications include *Synge: A Celebration*, edited by Colm Toibin – a collection of essays by contemporary writers to pay homage to John Millington Synge or to argue with him; *The Dialogue of the Ancients of Ireland* – a translation by Maurice Harmon of the 12th century *Acallam na Senorach*, the largest surviving prose work in Old and Middle Irish; *Edna O'Brien 'New Critical Perspectives'* – a collection of essays illustrating some of the range, complexity and interest of Edna O'Brien as a fiction writer and dramatist; *Sean Keating in Context: Responses to Culture and Politics in Post – Civil War Ireland* – in which Eimear O'Connor examines the thoughts of Keating on culture, politics and economics in the context of his artistic output and the social conditions of the time; and *Out of History*, edited by Christina Mahoney – a collection of essays on the writings of Sebastian Barry, addressing his engagement with the contemporary cultural debate in Ireland.

Dan's personal publications include *Goethe and Inner Harmony* (1973), *Schöne Seele Studies: Essays on Goethe* (1978), and *Goethe in East Germany, 1949-1989. Towards A History of Goethe Reception in the GDR* (1998). His latest publication is *Goethe and Anna Amalia: A Forbidden Love?*, a translation of Ettore Ghibellino's *Goethe und Anna Amalia* (2007). This book attempts to uncover a hitherto closely guarded state secret. Ghibellino's hypothesis is that Goethe's platonic friendship between the



Dan Farrelly conferring at Weimar

lady-in-waiting to the Dowager Duchess of Weimar was used as part of a cover-up for his intense and prolonged relationship with the duchess herself.

Specialising in recent years in the translation of German texts, in particular Goethe, to English for the theatre, Dan's principal translations include three of Goethe's works, *Urfaust*, *Iphigenie auf Tauris* (*Under The Curse*), and *Singspiel: Claudine von Villa Bella* (*Act One*), as well as Büchner's *Woyzeck* and Wedekind's *Frühlings Erwachen*. Some of his translated works have been performed internationally. He currently has in preparation a new work, *Atatürk: Man of Tomorrow*.

But in spite of adopting Ireland as his home, all is not lost with this wandering son of Australia. As a boy in Melbourne, Dan developed a passion for the game of cricket, a passion that has stayed with him throughout his life. In Dublin, he played senior grade cricket for the Railway Union club for six seasons and as late as 2005 was still playing in regular competition for the Civil Service club. And from a distance he keeps a watchful eye on the fortunes of the Australian cricket team, especially in contests against England.

Patrick McNamara

Patrick McNamara is a member of the editorial committee of Tinteán and Treasurer of the Australian Irish Heritage Network

No more memoirs

The Leahy family, one or two generations removed from their Kilkenny and Limerick County-born forebears, was the single most important pioneer-settler family in Papua Guinea during Australian administration, which ended in 1975. In the second of a two-part series, Australian journalist and author Chris Ashton recalls his long association with successive generations of Leahys.

I first met 'Young' Tom (eldest son of 'Old' Tom, who was Mick's Leahy's brother) when I first visited Zenag in 1960, and in the 1970s we sometimes met in Port Moresby where I was then working as a freelance journalist. Following Papua New Guinean independence in 1975, I departed and we lost touch.

In 1998, while researching another family history set in Papua New Guinea, I had cause to contact 'Young' Tom, who by now was settled in the Darling Downs. He agreed to my request for an interview and invited me to stay. In the days which followed we traded memories of an era long gone. Months later he invited me to collaborate in writing his memoir, focused particularly on his 34 years in Papua New Guinea, and intended expressly for his children and grandchildren. We agreed on a fee and I returned to the Darling Downs to tape-record his story.

Head and shoulders taller than Mick, he mirrored his uncle's deep, resonant voice, his charm and way with words, his determination to get on in the world, his fierce pride and temper. No surprise, then, that they regarded one another with affection and respect. In Tom's words:

Mick was the greatest man I ever met...He had a philosophy, he held true to it, and he found it difficult to accept any change. In his last years he resisted any change because he foresaw the chaos after independence...As things turned out, he was fairly right. He was a warrior through and through...He was our Moses. He led us into the land of milk and honey.

Mick, as he grew older, was consumed by rage at how his world had changed.

Tom was temperamentally more placid. In his early 50s he married a second time, to one Pam Young. In this marriage Tom found a contentment which eluded his uncle in his winter years.

Born in 1930 and raised in Toowoomba, where his Irish grandparents had settled half a century before, he was a child of the Great Depression. One of eight children, he recalled their awe for their four uncles, who would sometimes return to the family home from New Guinea. As early as the law allowed him, 'Old' Tom removed his five sons from school to work his wheat farms. At 16 'Young' Tom quarreled with his father and, befriended by the father of Pam Young, found farm-work elsewhere. In 1947, his Uncle Mick, desperate for trustworthy staff, summoned Tom and his younger brother Dan to work for him at Zenag.

Tom drove trucks for Mick for two years, worked another two years managing and recruiting indentured labour for a gold-mining company and a further six months managing Zenag while Mick and Jeanette took leave. When New Guinea's Markham Valley was opened to commercial farming, he applied for, and was granted, a 3000 acre block. Without capital, he experimented with different breeds of livestock and cash crops amenable to the tropics. He married, fathered a family and prospered.

At intervals he would trek for days into the foothills of the Markham Valley, camping in the 'rest-houses' built by villagers to house visiting *kiaps*. The villagers responded to Tom's fascination and respect for their culture by electing him a councilor in the country's first local government election in 1964. He quickly acquired a taste for politics. Four years later he was elected to the House of Assembly. Impressed at Tom's fluency in Pidgin English and rapport with indigenous MPs, the Australian Administrator of Papua New Guinea, David Hay appointed him Spokesman for the Administrator's Executive Council. In effect, if not in name, he was chief minister of the country's first elected cabinet, with a mandate for the first time to initiate and enact legislation. This involved participation not only in the bear-pit of parliamentary

debate and question time, but a three-month posting to New York to monitor the United Nations General Assembly in session. He was also appointed to the House of Assembly constitutional planning committee, which toured newly independent African countries for the lessons they offered, for good or ill, as sovereign states.

He was narrowly defeated in the 1972 parliamentary election, after which he returned to his farm. Following Papua New Guinea independence in 1975 he was told, to his astonishment, that as a non-indigenous permanent resident and prospective citizen, he was banned by the constitution from growing certain crops including peanuts, which he had introduced to the Markham Valley twenty years before. In disgust, he sold up and returned to Queensland. He was 48 years old, divorced, grieving the loss of his adopted country and with no idea what lay ahead.

With Pam he decided to visit Ireland and research his family roots. One of his sisters, married to an Irishman living in Dublin, found him a cottage in the Wicklow Hills. From newspaper archives he found reports and pictures of the mayor of Dublin hosting a civic reception for his uncles, Mick and Dan. Wherever they went, Tom would ask after Leahy families who, for their part, would claim kinship, though without hard evidence. From advertisements in Irish newspapers he finally found Leahy kinsmen on the border between Cork and Limerick Counties. 'I was struck by the similarity of the Irish in their clannishness to the people of Papua New Guinea', he recalled.

As Tom recounted the story of his years in Papua New Guinea, I was enchanted, and convinced myself his memoir could command a readership far beyond his children and grandchildren. Nearly 30 years after his Uncle Mick had sent me packing, I put it to Tom that I should edit his long, sprawling memoir for publication. Sceptical of its prospects, his response was swift, wary and emphatic. I had done all he had asked of me, he said, and had been paid as agreed. If I wanted to edit the manuscript in my own time at my own expense, I was welcome to it, and

if I found a publisher, I was welcome to the royalties.

I accepted. I cut the 125,000-word manuscript by half, divided it into chapters, chose a title, *Markham Tom* and wrote a 2,000-word editor's preface, placing Tom and the Leahy clan in the wider context of Papua New Guinea. I then wrote captions for photographs, compiled an index and commissioned a preface from someone Tom much admired, Peter Ryan, the *Melbourne Age* columnist, and author of the wartime memoir set in New Guinea, *Fear Drive My Feet*.

Preparing *Markham Tom* for publication was child's play to what followed. Publishing houses to whom I presented the manuscript conceded its merit but no book set in Papua New Guinea, it seemed, could hope to recover its investment. Twenty-five years after independence, the hopes, expectations and goodwill of Australians had soured into scepticism towards a seemingly corrupt, venal and unstable succession of governments, mismanaging a broken-backed state. Australians, I was told, didn't want to know about it.

Finally a small publishing house owned and managed by a former university lecturer with an affinity for Papua New Guinea agreed to publish. In early 2002 I assigned to him the publishing rights of *Markham Tom*. Nine months later it was launched in a church hall, an annex of St. Patrick's Cathedral in Toowoomba where the Leahy family had settled 120 years before. With a captive audience of Darling Downs worthies, a legion of Leahy kinsmen and Tom's silver tongue, it was a triumph for Tom. The 200 copies of *Markham Tom* supplied for the launch were sold within the hour. In the weeks following, through word-of-mouth, Tom was inundated with inquiries as to where it might be bought. He was at once touched, humbled and fiercely proud. His struggles and setbacks and triumphs over adversity seemed vindicated by the publication of his story.

His euphoria was tempered – as was mine – because the publisher did not, indeed, *could not*, distribute *Markham Tom* to retail bookshops. Days after its launch the publishing house was

liquidated. I received a fax from him requesting that I reassign the rights to his new publishing house which had risen, Phoenix-like, from the ashes of the old. The liquidator, he assured me, knew nothing about *Markham Tom*. Convinced that, despite its Papua New Guinean backdrop, *Markham Tom* would find another publisher, I declined. But I had not reckoned with the former publisher's determination to claim *Markham Tom* for himself, nor Tom's susceptibility to the notion that he, and he alone, owned its copyright. When I protested to Tom that his claim breached our agreement, he sought advice from his Toowoomba solicitor and for a fee of nearly \$1,000, was advised that he was free to do with his memoir as he wished. He assigned the publishing rights to the previous publisher and started selling short print-runs of *Markham Tom* from his Darling Downs farmhouse.

24/05/2005: Chris—a little upset by your email, I'll answer it as best I can... I have had another 170 books in total published, 100 to pay our joint legal and other major costs including the launch...had you been able to find another publisher I would most certainly have agreed to go ahead, but nothing has happened... As I see where you and I stand, I am the author and publisher, you advise me and I have always agreed with your thoughts and very much value them, can't think of any time when I haven't...We are not equal partners, you are the editor and are entitled to be paid royalties, I own all rights, I hope you see it that way also...

The publisher failed to deliver on a promise of a print-run of 1,000 copies of the memoir for sale in Papua New Guinea. Tom then agreed that I could explore prospects for publishing *Markham Tom* elsewhere. On the issue of copyright ownership, however, he was immovable. It was his, and his alone. We went our separate ways.

Providing all the relevant correspondence and publishing contracts, I sought the advice of the Executive Director of the Australian Society of Authors, Dr Jeremy Fisher, who replied:

20/7/06: Christopher Ashton is

the author of this work...As the owner of the copyright, Mr. Ashton has the exclusive right to reproduce the work and to publish it (section 31 of the Copyright Act 1968)... The Australian Society of Authors is concerned to promote respect for copyright and to protect the interests of our members when their copyright is infringed...

I posted a copy of the letter to Tom, who replied:

5/10/06: I don't agree with a number of the statements contained in your letters and certain of the enclosures to your letter of 8 September 2006 raise concerns for me. I am not currently interested in securing a new publisher for *Markham Tom*. Should this change I will contact you. To avoid any further misunderstanding, I advise that you are not authorized by me to enter into any agreements regarding *Markham Tom*. I trust this resolves the matter.

To the charge that in collaborating in the memoirs of successive generations of Leahys I was a soft touch, I plead guilty. Are some wordsmiths putty in the hands of knockabout characters with unpublished memoirs? Undoubtedly. What of the idea that the Irish, or those of Irish descent, wreak havoc on themselves and those about them? I accept that national stereotypes carry more than a grain of truth. Epithets like *fighting Irish* aren't gratuitous; they must be earned. But they're pointers, not absolutes. Legions of Irish and their descendants, not least Mick Leahy's own children, are the antithesis of *fighting Irish*.

For the Collins-Leahy clan, Papua New Guinea was the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. That said, they risked everything and worked for it. They pioneered the commercial infrastructure for the purchase, processing and export of its coffee and built a chain of trade-stores across the Highlands, introducing its people into the wider world.

Do I regret my long association with the Leahy family? Not at all. To the contrary, I am indebted to them for their kindnesses and for the doors they opened to me.

But no more memoirs.

Chris Ashton

The Irish Law Reform Commission

The principle which enshrines feudal law and land tenure in Irish law and makes all Irish citizens feudal tenants of the State, is Article 10 of the current (1937) Irish Constitution. This states (10. 2) that: ‘All lands – which belonged to Saorstát Éireann immediately before the coming into operation of this constitution belong to the State to the same extent as they then belonged to Saorstát Éireann.’

The relevant Article in the Saorstát Éireann constitution, is Article 11: ‘All lands and waters – hitherto vested in the State shall, from and after the coming into operation of this constitution, belong to the Irish Free State’. Article 10.2 of the present constitution operates in conjunction with article 43.2 of the same constitution: ‘The state accordingly guarantees to pass no law attempting to abolish the right of private ownership or the general right to transfer, bequeath and inherit property.’ However ‘Property’ here does not include and cannot include land, since the state has taken possession of all land in the Republic in Article 10.2.

The constitution of Saorstát Éireann did not mention anywhere the issue of private rights to the ownership of land. The Irish document delegated ownership of land to the contents of the statute book, which vested all land in the monarch, a right that the Free State assumed in Article 11 of its constitution.

Into this situation came the Irish Law Reform Commission (2004). Their viewpoint was that the issue of feudal ownership is taken as read. The Law Reform team members were all lawyers. Their consultation paper states: ‘that what is “owned” under the current Irish land laws, is ‘the somewhat metaphysical notion of an estate or interest in the land’ (par 1.03. p.10). The Commission earlier in the same paragraph states, (erroneously) that; ‘In strict theory, no person or body owns “the land” (the physical entity comprising the surface of the earth), as well as buildings and other structures erected on it (par 1.03. p.10). Eventually they made two major recommendations for reforms to Irish land law:

One: The Law Reform commission provisionally recommends that ‘the concept of tenure should be abolished, and that old statutes relating to tenure should be repealed.’ (par 2.09 p. 41). There is no mention of the Constitution.

Two: contradicting the above recommendation, the Commission provisionally recommends that the concept of an estate in land should be retained (par 2.13 p.42). This is despite having observed that ‘The time has surely come to recognise that the feudal concept of tenure has no place in the Irish legal system of the 21st Century.’ (par 2.07 p. 36).

The Legal Researcher for the project, Professor Wylie, came to Ireland steeped

“The constitution of Saorstát Éireann did not mention anywhere the issue of private rights to the ownership of land”

in English concepts of tenure, and in England’s unwritten constitution. Faced with a familiar form of law but with a flanking attack from the Irish in the team, who assured him that feudal tenure had to go, he tried to retain the feudal concept of an estate – but agreed with the team that feudal ownership had to be replaced by direct ownership. The Irish Constitution’s underpinning of the feudal overlordship by the state was ignored so Professor Wylie has sent to the Irish Parliament a bill that cannot be enacted, and which fails to achieve any of its five goals. Much rubbish will be swept off the Irish statute book, but the thrust of the reform has been lost. This is why the Commission’s first recommendation cannot be implemented without two amendments, one to article 10, the other to Article 43 of the current Constitution. The second recommendation cannot logically be implemented, if the first recommendation is implemented.

The Commission produced its report without addressing how land, citizens, and the state itself, are defined and relate to each other in the modern world. Society and the key relationships between citizen, state and land, have changed. Now the people possess the entire land of the

Republic. It would seem logical to suppose that what is needed now is a body of new law that reflects this new reality, and not a rehash of the laws that were written to make the situation we now have – universal possession – impossible. On historic grounds alone, the assumption that any of these laws should be retained, in any form, is questionable in the extreme.

The Commission and land law in Ireland

The unstated assumptions in the Commission’s proposal is that existing land law is about land. It is not.

The Commission notes, ‘It is remarkable that much of our current law stems from the introduction of the Norman feudal system of landownership. That system was imposed on England and Wales following the Norman Conquest beginning in the 11th Century.’ That remark can be emphasised by this entry in the explanatory notes to the Land Registration Bill 2001, of the United Kingdom. ‘The Crown is the only absolute owner of land in England and Wales’

The purpose of those laws was to maintain a system in which the monarch, (or in this case, the Irish State) owned all the land and the population owned none. That is the key: that the population should own no land at all. It bears repetition. The purpose of all the feudal land laws, derived from the fundamental principle of the feudal system, including those currently extant in the Irish state, was to prevent the population owning land.

The feudal state is the antithesis of a people’s republic. The Irish Constitution (1937) is essentially feudal. It betrays the deepest motivation amongst the rebels who drove the creation of the state; the right of the people to own the land directly. In the feudal state the purpose of the person is to serve, not his or her own interests, but those of the master, which in the implications of the 1937 Constitution, is the state. The feudal tendency inherent in the Irish Constitution is exemplified in Article 10, in which the state is superior to the subject, in every key situation. The people, from whose hearts and souls have sprung the state, are its sovereign, and not, as the constitutional situation of the 1937 Irish Constitution implies, its servants.



The author, Kevin Cahill

In fairness, the 1922 Constitution was the best the Rebels were going to get, and it provided a workable start for the new state. Certainly, it was beyond the safe powers of the government of the Free State to make explicit the fact that it owned the physical land, while all the citizens owned was 'an interest in an estate'. While there is no mention of the right to own property in the 1922 constitution, a deceptive mention comes in the 1937 Constitution, in Article 43. Rather a long way down the line, after the TDs and the Judges, the Captains and the Commandants, comes the citizens' most basic right, the right to own land, except land is excluded. Article 10 narrows the meaning of 'property' in Article 43, to things which are not land.

As the occupants of a state, its citizens are the sole source of its authority, and the sole reason for the state's existence. The only existence a state can have is conferred on it by its citizens. They do this via a constitution. Both Irish constitutions acknowledge this. In the 1922 Treaty Article 2 states: 'All powers of Government and all authority, legislative, executive and judicial in Ireland are derived from the people of Ireland.' *By 1937 the role of the people dropped lower in things constitutional and God arrives. In article 6.1 the Constitution states that: 'All powers of Government, legislative, executive and judicial, derive under God, from the people.'*

The Commission first recommends the obvious: 'that this should be changed' and that 'statutory provision similar to those enacted in various states in the United States, should provide for its (feudal tenure) abolition and declare that all land in the state is allodial' (directly owned, in its physical form) (par 2.07 p. 33). Then the Commission gets cold

feet and recommends the retention of precisely that device which medieval lawyers constructed, in order to enable business to be done (section 2.10 p. 41). This is the concept of 'an interest in an estate'. The Commission argues 'It does not follow from the proposed abolition of tenure that the other fundamental concept which was part of the feudal system, the concept of 'estates' should also be abolished'. However, there is one sentence in the argument for the retention of 'estates', which goes to the heart of the Commission's contradictions. 'On balance the conclusion has been reached that at this stage replacement of a well established and understood concept is not justified and might do more harm than good' (par 2.11 p. 42).

A possible way out of the dilemma

Who in Ireland understands the principle of feudal tenure, of 'estates', underlying Irish freehold? The answer is no one in the general 'freeholding' population. Those who 'own' their homes 'freehold' believe that they actually have allodial ownership already, that they do own the land as well as the buildings, absolutely. The American Constitution, referred to by the Commission, points the way. That constitution locates the authors of the state, its architects and its constructors, in that most memorable of phrases. 'We the people.'

Any state that is real, logical and legal, must be so created that it addresses, as its first concern, the protection of the citizen's first right and its attendant rights. This is done initially and practically by recognising and defending the right of each individual in the state *to own land*. With that right secured constitutionally, all other rights can be logically derived, and a constitution can become what it should be; a statement of citizens' rights that the state is created to defend and enhance.

Kevin Cahill (with Mairéid Sullivan)
Kevin Cahill is an Irish born author and investigative journalist now based in Devon, England.

Who Owns the World by Kevin Cahill is published by Mainstream Publishing, Edinburgh, Scotland. Available from www.whoownstheworld.com and amazon.co.uk

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The Irish summer

‘The Irish summer continues to confound the citizenry with its uncanny ability to remain almost completely absent.’

‘It’s a cruel summer, teasing with a flash of blue sky, like a Victorian lady showing an ankle, tantalizing us with the odd scorching afternoon, and torturing us with its near-sadistic refusal to stick around for any reasonable length of time.’

Scientists monitoring the weather patterns in Ireland, and of the British Isles as a whole, predict that the region can expect wetter summers and more widespread flooding for the future. According to Kevin Courtney, writing in *The Irish Times*, 17th August on *The Irish Summer*: ‘There’s no point in blaming our messengers or blaming the government for our wet summers. Blame the Atlantic Ocean, which exerts the strongest influence on our summers. The Atlantic dumps a constant stream of depressions on our little island, keeping us well-watered, but also keeping our yearly temperatures from going to extremes so that we don’t get the hot summers and cold winters of other European countries.’ ‘We get an average of 150 wet days a year along the east and south-east coasts, and about 225 wet days in parts of the west. April is usually the driest month, while June is usually the driest month in the south.’

‘It’s little comfort to know that official data tallies with our perception that July was a particularly soggy month. According to Met Eireann, July started off wet and cool and ended wet and cool. With a drier, warmer patch in the middle. Total

rainfall for the month was above normal in most places and more than twice the July norm in the east and south, with Cork having its wettest July since 1975.’ ‘If you thought summer 2007 was bad, then the summer 2008 was—a little drier! The average rainfall round the country between 1 June and the August Bank Holiday weekend was down in almost all areas by more than a third. During the same period last year, rainfall recorded at Dublin airport was 349mm. This year it was 207mm. Limerick might be getting floods, but average rainfall for the past two months was 224mm compared with 302mm last year.’

Under the title, *Wettest August for 170 Years*, says *Met Eireann*, on 2 September *The Irish Times* reported: ‘The heavy rain last month led to flooding in many areas and misery for those hoping for late summer sunshine.’ ‘It is the second summer in a row where rainfall totals have broken records, the Met service said yesterday. The culprit was low pressure close to or over Ireland, which brought a succession of Atlantic frontal systems across the country, giving seemingly endless significant falls of rain throughout the month. It was the wettest August at Dublin’s Phoenix Park weather station, where rainfall records began 171 years ago in 1837.’ ‘A total of 42 to 48 wet days were recorded at most stations in June, July and August, compared with the normal summer ranges of 32 to 38 wet days. Sunshine totals for the season were below normal almost everywhere and were well below normal almost everywhere in the east and south.’

So what’s new? In the reign of King Henry II, Gerald of Wales, a descendant

of an eminent Norman family, presented to his monarch his account of his travels in Ireland, entitled *Topographia Hibernia*. ‘This country, more than any other, suffers from storms of wind and rain,’ he wrote. ‘There is such an ever present overhanging of clouds and fog that you will scarcely see even in summer three consecutive days of really fine weather.’

For my introduction to Gerald of Wales, I am indebted to Éilis O’Hanlon, columnist for Dublin’s *Sunday Independent*, for whom Gerald clearly also struck a chord, albeit qualified: ‘Gerald wasn’t averse to the occasional whopper in his journalistic career – he also informed Henry II that he’d personally seen a fish with three gold teeth, an island where the dead do not putrefy, a man who was half ox and a wolf that talked to a priest – but when it comes to the wetness of the place, not many people would argue with his observations.’

[Henry II reigned from 1154-89: King of England, Lord of Scotland, Ireland and Wales and Count of Anjou, Brittany, Poitou, Normandy, Maine, Gascony and Aquitaine]

Éilis O’Hanlon is in no doubt as to the truth of Gerald of Wales’ observation about Irish fecklessness in so far as it applies to contemporary Irish politics. He defined the Irish tendency not to keep one’s word as ‘the inborn vice of the country – a vice that is almost contagious,’ adding ‘People are concerned not with what is honorable but all of them only with what is expedient.’ In sum, she concludes, ‘Vice and virtue, regrettably, appear to be meaningless concepts to this Government, and honour even less so.’

Chris Ashton

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John B Keane crossed the Ivy Bridge

‘He’ll be elected all right
if he gets the Jewish vote
in Lyreacrompane’.

*One of the many memorable quotes
of the late John B.*

John B. Keane was born in Listowel, 81 years ago on Saturday 28th July 1928. He was fourth in a family of five boys and four girls. Those who knew him in later life were surprised to learn that he did not speak until he was three. As a town child, he had a great love of the countryside. In *Self-Portrait* he says, ‘Always as a small boy I had a longing to go to the mountains, particularly on sunny mornings when the air was fragrant and the skies were blue.’

Towards the end of his life I interviewed him for my radio programme, *The Story and The Song*. He told me how he was dispatched ‘on the Creamery lorry’ to his relatives in the Stacks Mountains during the summer holidays. ‘I was dropped off at the Ivy Bridge which for me was to turn out a magic bridge, because the minute I crossed over that bridge I became a new man. I began to know something about country people. And they had a beautiful language, all of their own - half Irish, half English and when that was fused with the language of Elizabeth it became a beautiful language altogether, with great range. You’d never be stuck for a phrase or a word. It’s such a beautiful language. I was never as happy as when I was up there. If I hadn’t crossed the Ivy Bridge on that day long ago, I wouldn’t have been a writer’.

He met and observed some very interesting characters in the Stacks. He told a story about a German named Karl Guttkind who acted as technical advisor to Bord na Móna and returned to Germany at the outbreak of the second World War. ‘The Russians, I’m sure, must have been surprised at his Lyreacrompane accent and wondered what strange business a Stacksmountainman might have in Stalin-grad. He gave me a small flashlight which I swapped a week later for ten Woodbines’.

Writing was to become his life. One early experience would probably have turned a lesser person against the pen. During an elocution class in school each pupil was asked to recite a poem. John B. recited *Church Street* which was his own composition. When asked who wrote it he

replied, ‘I did Father’. There followed the worst beating of all and ejection from the class. During school holidays he worked at many jobs from fowl buying to toiling on a farm in Wicklow. He wrote a one-act play, *The Ghost of Patrick Drury*, which was performed on the top floor of the Carnegie Library, Church Street, Listowel. After leaving school he worked as a chemist’s assistant in his native town for five years. When he said that he wanted to be a writer and that he was going to England his boss pointed out a fact that John B. was to fully agree with later in life, ‘It’s as easy to write here as there’.

It was about this time that, with Stan Kennedy, he started a local newspaper, *The Listowel Leader*. The first edition sold 960 copies. There was no second edition simply because the editorial, in the first, told the truth about some local councillors. Before the 1951 General Election he set up a fictitious political party, the Independent Coulogeous Party, complete with a fictitious candidate, Tom Doodle, who appeared in Listowel.

During Writers’ week 2007 a life-size statue of John B. was unveiled in the small Square, Listowel by his friend Niall Toibin. (John B’s son, Billy, told me, with true Keane solemnity, that ‘the statue moves at night’.) This year a limestone monument by Kerry sculptor, Pdraig Tarrant, was unveiled in the European Garden by Oscar-winner Brenda Fricker.

I was always fond of quoting from his works and once when I was spouting a piece from *The Chastitute* the motley gathering listening to me shooting my mouth off thought I was making a boastful autobiographical utterance. The line in question was, ‘I was seduced by a sixty-two year old deserted wife when I was fifteen. After that auspicious beginning I never looked back’. While he could be hot headed in matters such as Gaelic football, in the area of understanding the shortcomings of others and forgiveness he was out on his own. During Writer’s Week 2002 I walked behind the coffin of this, the humblest of men, who only wanted to be remembered as ‘the player who scored the winning point in the North Kerry Intermediate Football Final against Duagh in 1951’. I was moved to take up my pen and make an effort to commemorate him (see below)

Mattie Lennon

John B

Chorus:

Before you went you told us not to cry
On that sad night.
‘Let the show go on’ you said and
then ‘goodbye’.
We shouldn’t question why you had
to die
Before you went you told us not to cry

As Writer’s Week had opened,
For it’s thirty-second year,
Where poet and peasant mingle
To absorb Listowel’s good cheer.
A cloud crossed hill and valley
From Carnsore to Malin Head,
As news went ‘round our island
‘The great John. B. is dead’

Chorus

He who walked with King and beg-
gar
Will lift his pen no more,
To bring out the hidden Ireland
Like no one did before.
He banished inhibitions
To put insight in their stead.
The world stage is brighter
But The ‘Kingdom’s King’ is dead.
The dialogue of two Bococs
Is known in every town.
Now the Ivy Bridge links Broadway
To the hills of Renagown.
While men of twenty emigrate
And Sharon’s Grave is read,
Or a Chastitute ‘s forlorn
His memory won’t be dead.

Chorus

They stepped out from the pages
Of The Man From Clare and Sive
To walk behind his coffin
Each character alive.
His Soul, with One-Way Ticket
To The Highest House has sped,
And this world has lost a genius;
The great John. B. is dead.

Chorus

Copyright Mattie Lennon 2002
(Put to music by John Hoban)

Poetry

Maria Wallace is an artist and poet based in Dublin, Tallaght, where she has lived for the past thirty five years. In 1969 she came to Ireland, from Catalonia where she was born, and married Richard Wallace. They had two sons. Richard died in 2004.

Her poetry has won awards in Ireland, Scotland, Italy and Catalonia. She has been published extensively. She won the poetry section of the prestigious Hennessy Literary Awards, in 2006 for her poem *That hand painted plate behind glass*. The poet Mary O'Donnell commented that the choice had been the unanimous decision of the panel and that the poet showed a strong, individual and assured poetical voice.

Maria has a B.A. in English and Spanish Literature, an M.A. in Anglo-Irish Literature. She teaches French, Spanish and facilitates Virginia House Creative Writers, a group she

founded in 1996, and which today is as vibrant as ever. 'Feedback is very important to a writer,' she says talking about the group, 'especially in poetry where the images/writing should be distilled to its essence, and where one single word can make a difference.' As an editor she produced *Tallaght Sounding*, an anthology of the group's creative writing. She is a judge for writing competitions.

Irish culture, traditions and landscape are themes that often surface in her writing. At the presentation of another award, the judge said of the poem *Cold Atlantic Winds* that he was sure the piece had been written by somebody born and reared in the west Ireland, such seems to be her affinity with all things Irish.

A bilingual collection of poetry, English/Catalan, will come out in October from a Barcelona press.

That hand painted plate behind glass

I don't remember the plate ever being used.

Forever behind glass in the kitchen dresser.

Too delicate! father would say

if mother wanted to put cake or biscuits in it.

Orpheus and Eurydice. Greek mythology.

He always gave the same answer to

my childish questioning about

the painted figures, looking at me

from the top half of his reading glasses,

and me feeling he looked passed me, beyond,

to some unforgotten unfathomable.

At fourteen I learned from a library book

about the poet and lyre-player,

whose beloved said: *What is there*

to complain of, but that I have been loved?

before dying, for the second time.

The sense I had since childhood

that those figures trailed a past, uncovered

when my father's last sunset was approaching fast.

... some one... long ago

... painted that plate... the news... she had TB

... her first death... his voice, breaking.

Orpheus ready to meet his own Eurydice

Ogham

Names hewn

along foundation lines left

no sign of their thoughts,

what thrilled them,

the presences they felt

or the shapes they saw

looking at the clouds.

They left only lines

at both sides of a *druim*,

edge cuts

naming the dead,

an alphabet

adapting old Irish

to Latin spoken

when a curragh crossed eastwards.

Must finish this

before the moon's face

fattens to its fullest

Wood's easier to work,

but his name will last forever

on stone.

I wonder if he's now

like a sea anemone

at tide's ebb,

exhausted on the rocks;

perhaps he'll flower into colour,

he way it does,

when water flows over again.

(Druim: foundation line)

The Meenybradden Bog Woman

(from the late medieval period, uncovered in 1978 in county Donegal)

Peat-brown hours
turned to centuries,
toughened
your skin with the soft touch
of nature's forgatherings.
A lullaby the drip and squelch
of wet leavings,
the gossip of grasses,
the winnowing wind
and occasional birdsong
rippling over you
like the deepest, final note
of a cello.
And you listening
to all that muted music,
stilled in the hold of roots,
under the brown-veined roof
of your dark sky,
hating the silent tongue
of time.

The sound of an identity

... it puts great joy in my old heart to hear
the Gaelic language being spoken. Peig Sayers
We, island people,
were called the asses
of the island, sarcasm
in the mouth of the stranger
breathing a speech not ours,
while bailiffs pounded
on storm-weakened doors.
Still, Gaelic sounds rose
here, and on mainland
ditches, as we carried
scanty belongings
over the cross on our back,
music soaring, writing
tomorrow
with the tip of its wing.

Where the Erne meets the sea

Between inflow and outflow,
Inis Saimer sired at the point where the water,
once guarded by the magic calf of Rathbraken's cave,
meets the sea.
No memory now of the time
it had dry flanks,
as legend tells that someone
left the cave's door unlocked:
animal and water gleefully leaped
over stones, mapped a course
between hills, stopped awhile to form
Lough Erne, continued their happy journey
till they jumped into the sea,
a place where eddies dance the waters' meeting:
impatience, persistence,
marriage ceremony.

Cold Atlantic winds

The may, gorse and stones,
my travelling companions for miles
that stretch and fuse continually.
Cromwell's wrath herded
brave blood into the harsh west,
and timescattered stones were piled
by calloused hands that could unravel
the secrets of cold Atlantic winds,
unravel and clear a piece of land,
an awkward slope, to silence rumbling hunger.
Hardened by weather's wavering patterns,
hands to divide and subdivide,
and in hope,
survive.
Back-aching people scratched,
scoured, softened the corns and warts
of a rigid soil's crust,
tendered the frugal fruits of their fierce love.
In gale's score I hear ancient doleful songs,
its icy touch, calloused hands chafing my face,
calloused hands that shaped a land,
unravelled the secrets of cold Atlantic winds,
birthed this day.
White may, yellow gorse, grey stones for miles.
How much scar tissue have you seen?

Academics and poets

White Knight with Beebox

Peter Steele

Elwood: John Leonard Press, 2008.

ISBN: 9780980526905

344pp, pbk

RRP: \$24.95

Collected Poems

Vincent Buckley

Elwood: John Leonard Press, 2009

ISBN: 9780980526929

550pp, pbk

RRP: \$29.95

As an English student at the University Melbourne in the early sixties, Peter Steele seemed to have read everything that other students had heard of, and much more besides. His poems bore the same marks of deep erudition and thought. Like his fellow Jesuit, Hopkins, he is unafraid of stretching our vocabularies – annotations would be helpful.

Paintings and sculptures are an occasion for many of his poems. He enjoys putting himself into the minds of others and finding the words for what the artists have visualised. Here is St. Jerome as portrayed by Dürer: 'The creatures/ ramble and plouter, couch and rear,/ as I drift in memory over the sacred terrains.' Like Paul Durcan, whose reflections on pictures in the Irish National Portrait Gallery introduced me to the idea of whole books of poetry based on paintings, he responds to paintings in a way that is often whimsical and quirky, though less overtly subversive than Durcan's.

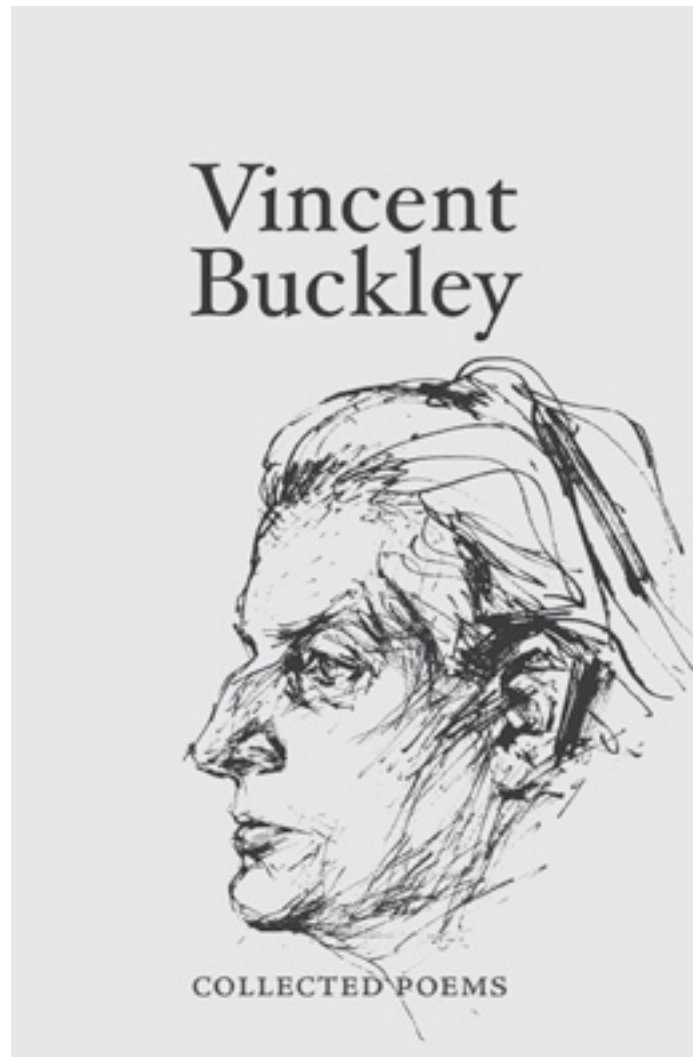
Though he is brilliant at finding words for others, I find myself warming more to more recent poems which remind me that, as well as being an empathetic observer, he is also a priest, good company, and a generous friend to many. In 'Comrades', the initial reference to an unnamed friend with a strong feeling for animals gives an immediate human context to his reflections on legendary figures who have charmed the very beasts:

'Mutual charities' she called them, 'between
saints and beasts', a wandering scholar
herself, with Japan and Bodley up her sleeve,
a bathed eye on our mute comrades
and half a mind to credit their affections.

Even the references to carvings in France are held in tension with his personal wonder at how such comradeship captures the human imagination.

The sequence, 'A Mass for Anglesea', is the high point of the collection. While displaying the familiar depth and breadth of his thought, it also shows him reflecting upon his own role as a priest and his own habits as a distinguished thinker; it reveals his affection for an actual location. The use of the Mass structure offers stimulus and shape while leaving freedom for the mind to roam:

In the end, as at the beginning, here's the Word,
Boxed away in its book, and light
As breath itself, but no wraith, and rising
To eye and ear and mouth. Its tale



Collected Poems, Vincent Buckley

Of good having the last word is a quaint one,
Given the plague and the camps, but I'll read it,
Heart a crosspatch often as not, and mind
Losing and finding the way.

If Peter Steele's poems sometimes seem to belong in a slightly specialised world, Vincent Buckley's feels closer to mine, drawing more openly on the mundane, unmediated by art or literature. Family references are evocative and he almost persuades me to appreciate the skills and physicality of horse-racing. His literary experience is indeed one point of reference, as we would expect of a distinguished academic. The roll-call of poets in the version of 'Lament for the Makers' which I first read in *Australian Poetry 1960*, offers an authentic and pithy appreciation of poets whose work he knew well, and it is good to see Chris Wallace-Crabbe, long time friend and colleague, now his editor, reprint this as well as the altered version which appeared in *Arcady*.

His poems can evoke a wonderful sense of inhabited place, whether it be in vivid memories of boyhood in Central Victoria,

Peter Steele

WHITE KNIGHT
WITH BEEBOX
NEW AND SELECTED POEMS

White Knight with Beebox, Peter Steele

in the use of inner Melbourne streetscapes in the *Golden Builders* sequence, or a summer night in Kew:

City heat, that closed noise system
Is clamped on you like canvas
While you stand after midnight
In your own garden, hosing
A leaf from the firestorm.

(‘A Leaf from the Firestorm.’)

The poems based on his time in Canada caught my attention very strongly. Some of the *Arcady* poems especially show someone enmeshed in resentments and disappointments that flow from his dealings in the public life of Melbourne and Australia; leaving this, as I learned myself, can have a liberating effect. Despite the strain of personal separation which we can learn more about after reading John McLaren’s admirable biography, he writes with a freshness perhaps symbolised by the prairie cold of Edmonton, a startling experience even for one who can write so vividly of the cold of his childhood in central Victoria.

Edmonton they had you listed
As humid continental but I found
Winds like ropes falling,
Walkable snow

As in this example, the writing of this period and later often uses a freer form than he had been accustomed to use. Later poems too, though religious in their own way, escape the awkwardness that his friend Gwen Harwood aptly parodied in her ‘Variations on a theme’: ‘Each in his private hell/ they ran. I heard a POP:/ Sweet Christ, the weasel burst.’

Though yearning for a ‘poetry without attitudes’, he was always willing to make political statements in his poems. His views were profoundly influenced by the Soviet crushing of the Hungarian Rising in 1956, his justified reaction distracting him from the cruelties and folly of other imperial ventures in subsequent decades. Though ‘arguing’ about Vietnam, he is clear in his support for those resisting the activities of the English ruling class in Ireland from Walter Raleigh to his own time. ‘Hunger Strike’ is a distinguished reflection on Bobby Sands and others who died in protest at the British Government’s refusal to recognise them as political prisoners. Never afraid of presenting forthright judgements in his poems, sometimes at the price of sounding irritable and unfair, he gets the tone pretty right in his reflections on these men, starting with its challenging introductory poem, ‘To redefine ‘Warrior’.’

Other poems inspired by Ireland touch on its landscapes, its people, its horses and their riders, and its musicians. The piper fascinates him, and becomes, I feel, a virtual symbol for that unattainable poetry without attitudes, the committed impersonality to which he aspires.

He is hearing touch. Eyes drawn right back
into the syndicate of our memories,
he sets the body lurching with music,
giving those small irregular
heavings, inch by inch forward,
as the whorls of his fingers
press to the whorls of the tune.
So little self ...

(‘Birthday Suite for Seamus Heaney’)

Much more could be said of this rich and varied body of work and I expect that major studies will come in due course. John Leonard Press does a service to Australian letters by producing such well-presented volumes at a reasonable price.

Chris Watson

Chris Watson is a former academic in Literary Studies and a student of Irish.

Voices from the land: food for thought

Living off the Land: Women Farmers of Today

Interviews by Josephine Russell

Photography and design by Lily Lenihan.

Currach Press, Dublin, 2008.

RRP \$38.95

ISBN978-1-85607-973-0

This is a book about people, the land and food production; a subject that everyone who eats might well find relevant. In collecting these interviews, the interviewer has done a service to the farmers, twelve Kerry farming women, and to readers. The farmers speak with freshness, clarity and authenticity about their chosen way of life. They speak briskly: there is no sentimentality and their connection to the land is strong and matter-of-fact. The voices are in everyday mode, conversational, clear and unequivocal, but reflective. The personal quality is highlighted and complemented by the photography, by excerpts in individual handwriting and by artwork that lifts the spirit. Thus, opening one page, we see a photo of a pair of well-worn and holey boots – a recurring theme throughout the book – opposite a farmer and her dog surrounded by drawings of flowers, leaves, water. Elsewhere a pair of gumboots looks ready to walk out unaided.

Starting the book, Kate Carmody's voice seems so strong that you wonder whether she has been deliberately chosen to go first. Then you realise that they are in alphabetical order, and that they all have equally strong voices. Among many points she makes is that, trail-blazing as an organic farmer, Kate Carmody has to import grain to feed her animals because there is not enough grain organically grown in Ireland. Organic farmers need other organic farmers.

They have many shared concerns, which will be familiar to farmers elsewhere: the small price paid to the food producer, the profits made by entrepreneurs, the need to boost their income by value-adding through sidelines such as cheese-making, and whether there is a future for small farms. Many, though enjoying farming life, acknowledge it as very hard work, not for the faint hearted or uncommitted. They do not expect that their offspring will choose the same way of life, and there is also the occasional hint about family issues over land.

Several mention detailed regulation by authorities (in this case the EU) which require what one calls 'farming by dates', actions that are only permitted on certain dates, when their judgement might be that on their land the time is not right: but inspections can occur at any time, and there are heavy fines for non-compliance.

The older farmers reflect on change. Ninety-year-old Mary Quilter gives a fascinating account of traditional farming methods including dairying, poultry keeping, planting potatoes, killing a pig, ploughing, bringing in the hay, threshing and the party (with strict supervision of the young by the clergy) when the work was finished. Fresh from working on the history of my farming forebears in Gippsland, I noticed strong similarities in the descriptions of rural life before the change and development heralded by electricity. One result of technological developments is that farmers can be quite isolated, and several mention the drink-driving laws as further contributing to social isolation. Seeking community, many mention community organisations in farming, organic farming or community education. References to these were often obscured for me by the unexplained use of acronyms.

As food producers, these farmers are all scathing about the additives in processed food, their concern about food quality having led many to growing their own vegetables as a domestic sideline. They eat their farm produce, some maintaining a matter-of-fact attitude to eating meat from animals they have known, often distancing themselves from the animals to do so. Caring for animals that are going to be killed for food is clearly a fraught enterprise: one who used to supervise the killing no longer does so, and some choose to be vegetarian. Living in a household where the dog is part of the family, I was startled by one farmer who referred to a particular dog as 'only a pet'. Her point about utility was not shared by all: another, Mary Lenihan, keeps a great variety of pets.

As women in what is traditionally a man's world, they have considerable political awareness, and experience of not being taken seriously either as farmers or as women. Countering this, Rita Foley finds it important to keep her nails nice and wear high heels to go out. Helen Ryan refers to the long unacknowledged

value to the economy of women's unpaid labour. Several mention the unfairness of being unable to contribute to the pension scheme in their own right, and having to be classified as the 'dependent spouse' of their husbands. Clearly, it rankles. Noreen Hanafin mentions getting a job outside the farm and thereby finding her own identity – not that she was short on identity: but now she can contribute to the pension scheme in her own right.

Many of the speakers mention their proficiency and pride in the Irish language, and it colours their use of English. So Breda Lynch, whose son never misses a day of school, says 'If I was dead he wouldn't stay at home to bury me!' Cattle farmer Rita Foley notices that 'You'd know the sadness in them since the calves were taken away.' Marie McEnery tells an interesting story, 'I kept hens but then the men couldn't have enough houses for cattle or calves! One day I had turkeys ready for Christmas and they wanted the house. Nothing would do them. They just wanted the house. So off I had to go and kill all the turkeys and pluck them and clean them and take them all off to Ballyroe Hotel in Tralee. I suppose there were twenty in it at that time and that was the end of poultry for me.' No wonder. In multicultural Australia where, in the interests of effective communication, poetic aspects of language such as metaphor and even traditional or proverbial sayings, are often neglected, we might reflect that preserving such aspects of heritage requires conscious effort, such as deliberately incorporating them into our speech. Merely functional language, without flights of words and fancy, can be very flat.

Many of the speakers mention wider social issues such as religion, often reflecting that, while it is still important to them, the young are not interested – a story that will be familiar here as many, especially the young, find their own spiritual paths. A book for reading and enjoying, this one also offers plenty of food for thought.

Jan Watson

Jan Watson runs Journal workshops, cares for a patch of land at Korweinguboora, and has been collecting the stories of her McNamara and Meany forebears during 150 years in Australia. She can be contacted at journalworkshops@netspace.net.au

An ascetic in the midst of turmoil

Where two traditions meet; John Sullivan S.J. 1861-1933
Thomas J. Morrissey S.J.
The Columba Press, 2009

This book, although fresh off the press, is steeped in the period of its subject, Fr. John Sullivan. Like Fr. Sullivan himself, it is enshrouded in an aura of holiness, and fervidly promotes his beatification. Many readers will find it nostalgic and be able to empathise with its world-view; younger readers may be somewhat bemused, if not disbelieving.

The Introduction sets out the project succinctly: 'John Sullivan's life, 1861-1933, had two distinct, almost equal parts. In the first, he was a favoured member of the privileged Protestant ascendancy. As Lord Chancellor, his father was one of the most powerful men in Ireland, and John was known as a barrister, a classics scholar and as possibly the most expensively dressed man in Dublin. In the second part of his life, he devoted himself to instructing schoolboys and to devoting every spare moment to prayer and the service of the sick and poor. During this time, his patched and threadbare attire signalled his lack of interest in material possessions and public appearance'.

The father, Edward, came from a long line of Gaelic Catholic O'Sullivans of Cork and Kerry. A grandfather, James, married Mary Fitzgerald, a Protestant, the O was dropped. He brought up his ten children Protestants. John's mother was Elizabeth Josephine Baily, a Catholic, who bore four sons and a daughter and under the practice common at the time, the sons were brought up in the religion of the father, and Anne in that of her mother. John was educated as a boarder at Portora Royal School, then Trinity College and finally Lincoln's Inn where he was admitted to the Bar. Portora (a derivation of the Gaelic 'Port of Tears') at Enniskillen, Co Fermanagh, has some illustrious sons: Oscar Wilde, Louis McNeice and Samuel Beckett included. At Trinity, young John Sullivan first attended a Catholic Mass at the invitation of a 'skip' (maid) and Morrissey conjectures that this could have been the beginning of a gradual interest in his mother's religion.

John Sullivan, barrister, 'the Dandy of Dublin', was received into the Catholic Church in 1896 aged thirty-six. Four years later he elected to join the Jesuit Order. He was attracted to the Capuchins and had a

strong devotion to St. Francis of Assisi but because of his broad and classic education he was guided towards a teaching order. He spent most of his subsequent years at Clongowes Wood College, Co Kildare. One is tempted at the end to ask why John Sullivan elected to follow in the steps of St. Ignatius of Loyola rather than St. Francis of Assisi. The consensus of opinion, as presented by Morrissey, is that Sullivan was not an outstanding teacher but his forte was his care and concern for his pupils and for the poor and the sick whom he took to visiting regularly.

He became an ascetic and strictly self-disciplined but to the point of neglecting himself both in nourishment and in his clothing and physical well-being. One acquaintance wrote: 'My chief picture of him is in his miserable, threadbare garments on a wintry day. I got the impression that he had nothing on underneath...I found him an utterly lovable person'. He spent hours in prayer and meditation and his reputation for his healing powers of the sick and dying grew to major proportions.

The author provides comments on the major political and social events that occurred throughout the life of Sullivan: the Land League, the post Famine years, the Parnell Irish Party, the Home Rule failures, the World War, The Easter Rising, the War of Independence and the Civil War. Two quotes on this history can illustrate the impressions that the biographer leaves with the reader: 'All these provided the occasions of prayer for Fr. Sullivan' and 'Meantime there had been an unpopular revolution in Dublin in 1916 which, largely thanks to the government's over-reaction and reprisals, led to a country-wide rejection of John Redmond's Parliamentary Party and growing public support for Sinn Fein. By 1918 the college felt the effects of the strong anti-government feeling in the country in the wake of the government's foiled plans to introduce conscription'.

After his death in 1933 aged seventy-two, John Sullivan was buried at Clongowes Wood College, but in 1960 his body was exhumed and removed to St. Francis Xavier's Church in Upper Gardiner Street, Dublin. It is visited by streams of devout people to offer prayers for his intercession. His cause for beatification has been presented to Rome.

A moving story, simply told in short chapters, it includes relevant illustrations.

Peter Kiernan

Luscious, sensuous London

Oscar Wilde and the Ring of Death
Gyles Brandreth
John Murray, London, 2008

Tinteán reviewed the first in this series, *Oscar Wilde and the Candlelight Murders* in issue 6. The second is even better – full of luscious sensuous detail about turn-of-the-century London.

The trade paperback version sports a map, to follow the action around London and seating plans for two dinner parties, to help eliminate suspects. Oscar is friend of and rival to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, but does a finer job in sorting out the mystery than either he or his more famous fictional detective, who is threatened with oblivion as part of this novel. Like most detective books, it is mechanical in form, triggered by a 'game' where the participants of 'a dinner party at the Cadogan Hotel' nominate the person they would most like to be murdered. They are murdered one by one, until the second last victim.

Brandreth's series offers more than detective fiction usually does, however, in being meticulously researched, so the journey through Wilde's London is the key feature rather than 'whodunit'. We traverse the social spectrum from cockfighting and circus boxing troupes, to melodrama in the counties, and from Tite Street to the Turkish bathhouse in Baker Street frequented by Bosie and his brother Drumlanrig. Another seamy side of London, the exploitation of underage sex slaves, is made visible.

New modes of sport and fashion are also important. Queensberry's Rules are vital to the plot, and Queensberry makes a less than genial guest appearance. What is to come in the Wilde/Bosie relationship with Queensberry is embryonic, and lightly sketched in. The Rational Dress Society is brought into it, giving a sense of a society in transition morally, physically, and in gender and social relationships. There are some very witty uses made of the butler, whom nobody but the democratic Wilde, notices.

It's a skilful evocation of an era and a promiscuous (in every sense) social set in which many a reader will be interested. Curiously, homosexuality is a very muted theme in the novel, though Wilde's equivocal love for Constance is frequently foregrounded. Another novel in the series is imminent. For details, see www.oscarwildemurdermysteries.com.

Frances Devlin-Glass

A long, winding and busy road

The Road to Emmaus – A history of the Congregation of the Blessed Sacrament Congregation in Australia
Damien Cash
The Congregation of the Blessed Sacrament in Australia,
in association with David Lovell Publishing

The back flap of *The Road to Emmaus* tells us that two of author Damien Cash's previous publications are: *The Clubs: The Complete history of Every Club in the VFL/AFL Clubs*, and *The Complete Story of Australian Racing*. Must have an Irish Catholic ancestry, I thought. I also thought: somewhat audacious titles ... – perhaps he has a sense of humour. Whatever the case, Damien Cash leaves no stone unturned in this history of the custodians of St Francis' Church; so much so that anyone interested in the early Melbourne Catholic Church in general, and the influence of the Irish dynamics (on that history) in particular, would do well to have a read.

Not that Cash explicitly covers the Irish theme, but it is there to excavate in chapters three and four, which cover the period from the arrival of the 'Blessed Sacraments' in 1929 to the 1934 Melbourne Eucharistic Congress, and involves Archbishop Daniel Mannix (the then leader of Melbourne's Catholics), the Congregation itself, and the Melbourne Catholic population.

The Blessed Sacrament Congregation is French-Canadian, not Irish, in origin. However, and although he does not say so, Cash's forensic history suggests that Mannix's invitation and support for this foreign order provided the wily man with the appropriate neutral grounds for advancing his version of Irish Catholicism, and especially at the expense of the contemporary Protestant leaders of the time. Interestingly, Cash tells us that Archbishop Mannix came to the monastery at St Francis' every Saturday afternoon to have the Congregation's superior hear his confession.

The strategic historical moment came with the 1934 Melbourne Eucharistic Congress. Being dedicated to devotion of the Eucharist, the Blessed Sacraments were key partners in the Congress, which was a local version of what was more usually an international event. Some local Protestants had strong misgivings about the purpose of the Congress leaders. Those reactions became complicated when the Anglican Archbishop of Melbourne apparently hit it off with the visiting Papal Legate – who happened to be the Irish Cardinal MacRory. The Congress was a big event. According to Cash's cited sources, the main procession was 'ten abreast and nearly four miles long' – hard to imagine. With a characteristic shrewdness that gradually dawns on the reader, Cash remarks that the media report of the procession 'never considered that



St Francis Cathedral, an engraving by J. Tingle, 1857, from a drawing by S. T. Gill

Melbourne Diocesan Historical Commission

[many of those]... watching may have been Protestants'. It thus could be read that the public display was a show of strength to the Protestant churches. If that was so, it was a multi-faceted show. Consider this: the theme of the Congress was Catholic Action; the central attraction was the emblem of the Blessed Sacrament Congregation – the Eucharist. The Congress twinning enabled the two strands of Irish Catholicism – devotion and social action – to meet on safe, common ground. Such talk is a mark of the impact of Cash's scholarly work. It's not what he was explicitly addressing. However, this reader notes that the same, sometimes conflicting, themes of devotion and action re-emerged in his more contemporary references to the direction of the Blessed Sacraments. In particular, in his depiction of the struggle of one seminarian (no doubt of Irish ancestry) to reconcile projects aimed at practical work of communities focused on people with disabilities with the institutional requirements of the Blessed Sacraments' congregational life.

For those readers who may want to follow up particular details, there are footnotes galore in this text. (Cash respects sources). His work is forensic. He combines a depth of archival research with a plain commentary that encouraged this reader to back-track and check what had been gleaned. Readers of *The Road to Emmaus* will include the St Francis' diaspora. (If the truth be known, it was my cousin who, knowing that I was one such member, lent me his Christmas present). The book is a large tome. After checking the jacket I flicked through the photos. Irish or not, there is something in those images for anyone who has ever darkened the doors of the Lonsdale St Church that is St Francis'. The broader readership will include anyone who wishes to understand the life of the of the Blessed Sacraments in Melbourne, the history and impact of St Francis' Church and, more generally, the Catholic Church. With regard to the latter, one of Cash's tellingly reports includes that, in 1930, 2,000 of the 2,500 members of the devotional 'Guards' of the Blessed Sacraments were women! A nice juxtapositional item of interest in a history of a male Catholic order.

Carmel Brown

Carmel Brown works in corrections policy and is a friend of St Francis' Church.

St Francis', Melbourne

In the beginning ...

The pioneer priest, Fr Patrick Geoghegan, an Irish Franciscan, arrived in Melbourne in May 1839, after petitions to Bishop Polding in Sydney. The first mass in the new St Francis' Church was said in May 1842. With the arrival of Bishop James Goold in 1848, St Francis' became the first Catholic 'cathedral' in Victoria. When, in 1869, St Patrick's became the Melbourne cathedral, St Francis' continued as a vibrant city parish, ministering to the booming Irish Catholic population of the inner city of Melbourne.

Growth and expansion ...

Their establishment at St Francis' became the launching place for the Blessed Sacraments to other parts of Australia and Asia. A novitiate was established at Bowral in the late 1940s. The Sydney Haymarket foundation opened in 1953. Two years later, under the leadership of Fr Len McKenna, and with the enthusiastic and generous support of the Melbourne Catholic community, the Seminary of Christ the King was dedicated at Lower Plenty. From its opening in 1955 to its completion in 1961, 24 priests were ordained. Between 1955 and 1967, 37 priests were ordained. Before long, the Australian province was establishing missionary foundations in India and Sri Lanka. Later, at home, a shrine and novitiate were opened at Toowoomba, a church was opened in the centre of Bunbury, and the Congregation operated a city chapel and two suburban parishes in Perth.

Distinguished visitors ...

In the 1930s, when Jim Scullin and Joe Lyons were Prime Ministers, they both regularly attended mass at St Francis'. A later Labor leader, Arthur Calwell, was also a regular attendee. When Fr Henri Lachance was the Congregation's superior, Archbishop Mannix came to the monastery on Saturday afternoons to have Lachance hear his confession.

A steady hand on the tiller

Matthew Beovich: A Biography
Josephine Laffin
Wakefield Press, South Australia

Within six weeks of arriving from Melbourne, the new archbishop of Adelaide got the first local seminary under way, the Diocesan Education Building, and became the first Director of Catholic Education. The time was April, 1940 – eight months into the Second World War – and the archbishop was Matthew Beovich, until then the first Director of Catholic Education in Melbourne.

In the previous decade, only three Australian-born priests had been ordained for the Adelaide archdiocese, which had been constrained by its existing bursaries in distant seminaries. I knew one young man considering priesthood at this time who had been told by the former archbishop, Andrew Killian, that Adelaide had no need of priests just then. The young man became a fine Benedictine. The only officially convict-free colony – it is never much mentioned that tens of thousands of convicts poured over the border, especially from Tasmania – South Australia had been a 'paradise of dissent' in the 19th century. In 1940 it was still conspicuously, rather peacefully, Protestant. SA Catholic numbers were half the national average and a long way behind Anglican and Methodist shares.

Bred in exuberantly Catholic Melbourne and young at 44, Matty Beovich was among Rome's first choices of Australian-born archbishops to succeed 150 years of Irish missionary leadership in Australia. He had been elevated straight from the rank of simple priest under Melbourne's fearless and fiercely Irish archbishop, Daniel Mannix, to archbishop of a place quite unlike Melbourne. The name Beovich came from his Croatian father, a fruiterer in Melbourne's Queen Victoria Market. But the dynamic influence in Matthew's formation was his Australian-born mother, Elizabeth, whose parents hailed from Ennis in County Clare.

Jo Laffin's excellent biography of Beovich shows Catholicism shifting seamlessly from its original Irish focus to Roman-centredness in Adelaide over his 30 years. The parallel with Sydney under Cardinal Gilroy was no coincidence; the archbishops had been seminarians together in Rome. The best-known phase of Matthew Beovich's episcopate was the split in the Australian Catholic church over Bob Santamaria in the '50s

and '60s. The Australian episcopate had given the young lawyer an extraordinary mandate to organise Catholics against the feared domination by the Communist Party of the nation's trade union movement. Over a decade, Santamaria built up and controlled the Movement, as it was known to its members, as a highly secret and effective group on the edges of official Catholic Action movements like the Young Christian Workers. Laffin had access to Beovich's diaries of a lifetime and uses them to correct some trends in ideological accounts of Beovich in this period. The diaries show Beovich to have been for many years an unqualified supporter of Santamaria, but the diaries also show something else – his growing conviction that Santamaria came to use bishops' backing beyond their intentions.

Santamaria's explanation of his fall from grace in Beovich's estimation in 1956 was that Beovich had been panicked into needless fear of sectarian reaction if the bishops backed the new Democratic Labor Party against the Australian Labor Party most Catholics followed. Laffin's work makes clear that if Beovich was indeed convinced of harmful reactions to a Catholic political party, he was mainly inspired in his policies by fidelity to new secret directives from Rome that the Catholic church should not be directly or indirectly involved in any political or industrial organising. Although Matthew Beovich was dismayed at Santamaria's attempts to continue his previous work in Adelaide regardless of the Roman directives (and blocked those attempts by making public his 'lack of approval'), the biography shows a bishop anguished at this disunity among his flock, but restrained by a great charity.

One of the features of this book is the self-effacing fidelity of its subject that shows constantly; Beovich's 30 years in office come across as a steady hand on the tiller through the decades of turmoil after World War Two, guided by a simple faith and shrewd judgement. Laffin's style is lucid, disciplined and touched with some dry humour in allowing issues their complexity; her academic background in philosophy comes through well. The history of the Australian Catholic church from 1940 to 1970 cannot be understood without the story she recounts.

P R Wilkinson

Fr. Wilkinson is a chaplain in Adelaide and an editor of Catholic publications.

Joyce and Wilde

Bloomsday in Melbourne, 2009, looked at Oscar Wilde, homosexuality and Joyce. This was done mainly through the play *Wilde about Joyce* by Frances Devlin-Glass, Roz Hames and Greg Rochlin, directed by Brenda Addie. In it, Joyce meets Wilde in an antechamber, which we soon learn is purgatory. Indeed it is Literary Purgatory, reserved for writers who must await there until they have become famous. Wilde has already been there some 40 years, when a perplexed Joyce joins him.

Once the preliminaries are established, Stephen Dedalus and Buck Mulligan enter, later to be joined by Haines. Their dialogue comes directly from Chapter 1 of *Ulysses* (Telemachus). Witticisms as commentary from Wilde are occasionally interspersed, along with rejoinders from Joyce. In Telemachus, reference is explicitly made to Wilde twice, and in *Ulysses* twenty times. Buck Mulligan says, as he withdraws his shaving mirror 'The rage of Caliban at not seeing his face in a mirror. If Wilde were only alive to see you!' and later, 'We have grown out of Wilde and paradoxes.' This provides an explicit textual connexion between Joyce, his characters and Wilde. So a dialogue between the Joyce and Wilde opens up, covering literary fame – the route out of purgatory – writing, literary manifestos and the like. To explore this theme the play turns to Chapter 9 of *Ulysses* (Scylla and Charybdis). This is a difficult chapter in the book. It remains difficult in the play, despite the interjections and commentary of Joyce and Wilde (perhaps designed in part to lighten it).

Buck Mulligan: *Lovely! I asked him what he thought of the charge of pederasty brought against the bard. He lifted his hands and said: All we can say is that life ran very high in those days. Lovely!*

The play's stated aim (see the Melbourne Bloomsday homepage) is to explore the extent to which Wilde inhabits or 'haunts' *Ulysses*. Is it Wilde's homosexuality and Joyce's reluctance to write about it that haunts *Ulysses*? The



Wilde (Paul David Goddard) quizzically interrogates new inmate of Purgatory, James Joyce (played by David Adamson)

Justin Batchelor

play's argument is that homosexuality haunts *Ulysses* in that Joyce refuses to incorporate it into the fabric of the story. Homosexuality only surfaces briefly in Chapter 9 in discussions of literary theory and Shakespeare.

In the play Wilde is thus led to accuse Joyce:

... You catalogue all the pathologies, bar one.... But, je t'accuse: the one 'pathology' you omit – you only ever flirt with it – is one the one of which I was accused. But in your novels, it's nudges and winks ...

He goes on to tell Joyce that it is in Buck Mulligan – hence the scenes from Telemachus, Scylla and Charybdis, Oxen of the Sun and Circe – that Wilde

is represented.

The irony is that at the play's conclusion, it is homosexual Wilde who is escorted from the writers' antechamber, famous despite (or perhaps partly because of) his homosexuality, while Joyce is left there.

For those of us who saw *Wilde about Joyce* in the afternoon, the evening concluded with a seminar. Both papers continued the theme around Joyce and homosexuality, and as if acknowledging Wilde's exit from purgatory, readings from *The Importance of Being Earnest* over a Celtic Club dinner.

Adrian Beavis

Adrian Beavis is a veteran of 12 Bloomsdays in Melbourne

Informed insiders in critical mode

Fragments of Reality, Collected Writings
Tony Flannery
Dublin, The Columba Press, 2008

Fragments of Reality is a collection of short essays by Irish Redemptorist, Tony Flannery, written mostly since 2000. Flannery's purpose is to redress the great 'disimprovement' (!) in the quality of media coverage in Ireland and elsewhere by attempting 'fair-minded and even-handed comment on society and church in Ireland today'.

Flannery's canvas is broad. The Thematic Index contains 53 items (more or less reflecting the titles of the essays) ranging from ageing clergy, euthanasia, gay priests, celibacy and the priesthood, the War in Iraq, the ordination of women and the purpose of education. Flannery sees the Church's problems in the context of the change in values in Ireland arising from the Celtic Tiger and 'the almost adolescent glee about the way we as a nation reacted to our newfound wealth'. He argues that it faces three major challenges: declines in church attendance and in candidates for the priesthood, and consequently an ageing

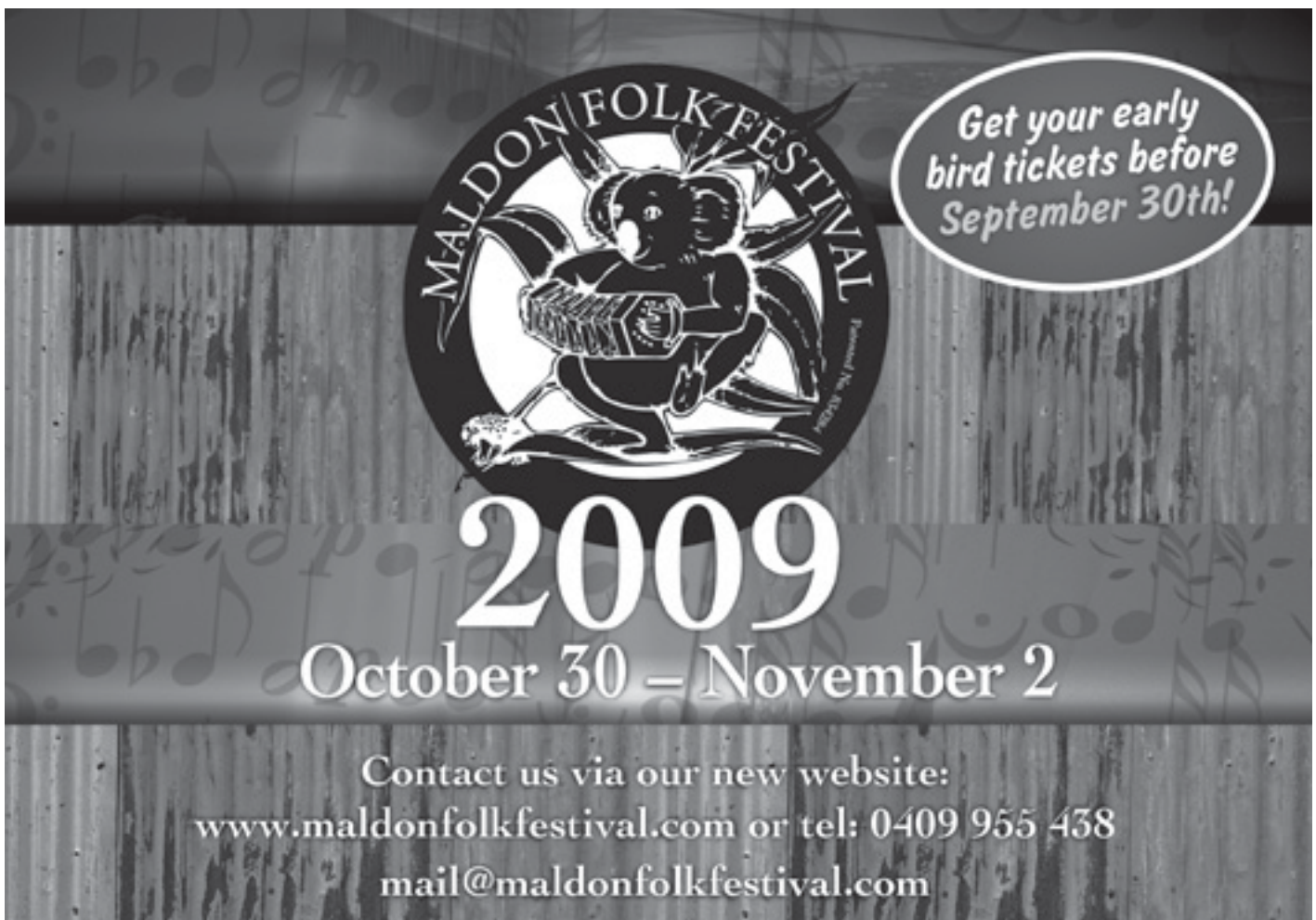
priesthood and a denial of any meaningful role for women in ministry. He claims these derive from the Vatican's disastrous appointments policy (under Pope John Paul II) when people were appointed on the basis of unquestioning obedience to 'Rome's orders'. He has numerous suggestions for improving the church: it needs to be 'on the side of the poor, the marginalized, those whom society rejects'; it must be more inclusive; and involve lay people fully. Flannery more often poses questions, rather than answers. He has some impressive summary lines. For example: 'celibacy for priesthood is wrong and oppressive'; on the war in Iraq: 'when people are proposing war they tend to call on God, rather than Jesus...It would not be easy to sound convincing while invoking the person of Jesus ("Blessed are the peacemakers") in favour of war'; and on the change in Irish society: 'We have come from the simplicity and relative poverty of a traditional rural society to the opportunity and excesses of the Celtic Tiger'.

Are its contents relevant to Australia? Or to persons other than practising Catholics? The answer to the first question

seems unambiguously yes. Paul Collins' book, *Believers, Does Australian Catholicism have a Future?* (University of New South Wales Press, 2008), almost exactly replicates Flannery for example on priest shortages and celibacy. 'By requiring celibacy as a requisite (for Church leadership), the Church simply sets itself an impossible task' (*Believers*). Both authors believe that the needed changes will not come from the Church hierarchy. There is much in Flannery which non-Catholics could usefully ponder: for example on attitudes towards Muslims, on 'blind patriotism', on 'confusion and double standards in our attitude to sexuality', on the absurdities of life (from McMansions to behaviour on the roads), on the purpose of education.

So this is a valuable book. The only downside is that the various articles aren't specifically dated and so lack a context. Nonetheless, the timing of its availability in Australia is somewhat serendipitous – given the coverage in the last two issues of *Tinteán* of the impact of Jerry Golden in the past and the current challenge posed to the Church by Peter Kennedy in Brisbane.

Bob Glass



The poster features a central circular logo for the Maldon Folk Festival. The logo depicts a stylized rabbit-like creature holding a book, surrounded by musical notes. The text 'MALDON FOLK FESTIVAL' is written around the top of the circle. Below the logo, the year '2009' is written in large, bold, white letters. Underneath '2009', the dates 'October 30 – November 2' are displayed. To the right of the logo, a speech bubble contains the text 'Get your early bird tickets before September 30th!'. At the bottom of the poster, contact information is provided: 'Contact us via our new website: www.maldonfolkfestival.com or tel: 0409 955 438 mail@maldonfolkfestival.com'. The background of the poster is a dark, textured surface with faint musical notes.

THE IRISH PROGRAM

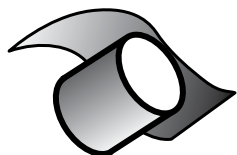
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Paul Kennedy and Brian Farrell in *Skull in Connemara*

Patricia Tyler

A Skull in Connemara
Martin McDonagh
Heidelberg Theatre Company,
9-25 July 2009

Martin McDonagh is famous/notorious for his unsettling, darkly comedic plays, which are in the tradition of Joyce and Beckett. The play is set in rural Galway and the four main characters are bored out of their brains – the one sustaining activity is story-telling. The *craic* is fantastic. McDonagh is totally unconstrained by codes of politeness, morality, propriety or good taste. I don't often guffaw in the theatre, but his grave humour really tickled me (I could be quite sick, of course). The play depicts what is actually a sad world where drinking to excess and vomiting, and drink-driving are macho sports, and where pounding skeletons to smithereens is deemed more fun than hamster cooking.

The central character is a bereaved husband (very likely a murderer) whose job is to free up space in the graveyard. He must dig up a wife whose death has been the subject of a great deal of speculation in the village. The body jokes this activity provokes are gross in the extreme, and the playwright revels in transgression in a way I think of as peculiarly Irish, though I did worry about McMahon reviving the stupid Paddy stereotype. However, in his defence, Australian and American cultures also have their fair share of such yokels. Such questions arise as what the grave-exhumer does with the remains he excavates, and he is a tease on this subject. The scene in which we find out was extravagant in its profligate destruction of three super-

skulls. Another related set of questions relates to what happens to intimate bits. The character who obsesses about this is a quite daft young man, so there is much mileage in the naiveté he displays.

The standout performer is a young man, Brian Farrell, newly arrived from Dublin, who, though a handsome chap, was able to look gormless, and whose timing was impeccable: an actor to watch. He's like a hyperactive kid, jumping about and quick to give and take offence. Sandy Green, much used to Irish comedy, gave a very animated performance as the fearless old woman who will do anything for some poteen and talk. Nick Walter as the foolish guard was skilful in milking the comedy of non-verbal business – tasting soil, fumbling with the skull. I was somewhat disappointed that Paul Kennedy in the central role was not as fluent in his part as his peers – a bad night for him?

The set was brilliant and richly detailed. The revolve had a cottage on one side, and the graveyard on the other. I'm glad the grim-reaper scythe was not used – there was enough blood as it was, but what a wonderfully menacing prop in a play that held the threat of violence over our heads. The set was atmospheric with suggestion of peaty haze from the hearth fire, but I thought the lighting in the graveyard scene directed too much attention to itself, and might have been a lot subtler.

Tinteán would like to hear in a timely fashion of just such productions as this one, so the pleasure of very fine Irish and Irish-Australian plays can be shared with our readers.

Frances Devlin-Glass

Glór na nGael launches Christmas Card competition

Glór na nGael is organising a Christmas card competition for Irish speakers who live abroad. With the support of the Department of Foreign Affairs Glór na nGael initiated Global Gaeilge in 2005, an annual competition to give recognition to the voluntary work overseas to promote the Irish language.

The competition encourages groups abroad that are involved in the development of the language and extends the hand of friendship to the Gael overseas, emphasising their importance in the broader Irish language community.

The Christmas card competition for 2009 builds on the success of Global Gaeilge. The criteria for the competition are:

- Greetings on the cards must be through the medium of Irish;
- Entrants must be resident outside Ireland;
- Entries must be received by the embassy of the country in which the entrant is living by 15 September 2009. Entries arriving later than this date will not be considered;
- Entries should be no larger than A4;
- Entries are limited to the following materials - paint, pencils, crayons, pastel/ chalk or ink, on paper or card;
- The competition has no age limit;
- The contact details of the entrant should be included with the entry;
- Entries will not be returned to the entrants;
- Entries will be judged by Glór na nGael.

Residents in Australia who would like to participate in the competition are asked to forward their entries to:

Comórtas Cártaí Nollag Ghlór na nGael
Embassy of Ireland
20 Arkana Street, Yarralumla A.C.T. 2600

A prize of €500.00 will be awarded to the four best cards. Further information about Comórtas na gCártaí Nollag and the participating countries is available from Glór na nGael on 00353 46 943 0974 or by email fiosru@glornangael.ie

Seolann Glór na nGael comórtas cártaí Nollag

Tá Glór na nGael le comórtas cártaí Nollag a eagrú do Ghaeilgeoirí a chónaíonn thar lear. Le tacaíocht ón Roinn Gnóthaí Eachtracha, thosaigh Glór na nGael comórtas bliantúil i 2005, Global Gaeilge, le haitheantas a thabhairt don obair a dhéantar thar lear leis an Ghaeilge a chur chun cinn.

Tugann sé spreagadh agus moladh do na grúpaí sin atá ag tabhairt faoi obair fhorbartha na Gaeilge agus síneann sé lámh an mhuintearais i dtreo na nGael thar lear agus dearbhóidh sé tábhacht na nGael sin i bpobal na Gaeilge.

Is mar fhorbairt ar Global Gaeilge atá Comórtas na gCártaí Nollag a eagrú do 2009. Is iad na critéir do Chomórtas na gCártaí Nollag:

- Caithfidh na beannachtaí ar na cártaí bheith trí mheán na Gaeilge;
- Caithfidh na hiontrálaithe bheith ina gcónaí taobh amuigh d'Éirinn;
- Caithfidh na cártaí bheith ag ambasáid na tíre ina bhfuil an iontrálaí ina chónaí le teacht 15 Meán Fómhair 2009. Ní mheasfar iontrálacha a thagann tar éis don dáta seo;
- Ní chóir go mbeidh iontrálacha níos mó ná A4;
- Ní ghlacfar le hiontrálacha ach leis na hábhair seo a leanas: péint, pinn luaidhe, criáin, pastail/caiic nó dúch ar pháipéar nó ar chárta;
- Níl aon aois-teorainn sa chomórtas;
- Ba chóir mionsonraí teagmhála an iontrálaí bheith leis an iontráil;
- Ní fhillfear na hiontrálacha chuig na hiontrálaithe;
- Glór na nGael a dhéanfaidh meastúchán ar na hiontrálacha.

Iarrtar ar dhaoine san Astráil ar suim leo páirt a ghlacadh san chomórtas, an iontráil a chur chuig:

Comórtas Cártaí Nollag Ghlór na nGael
Embassy of Ireland
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Twenty years later

I feel very much at home in most parts of Ireland, having first visited there twenty years ago and having returned several times since. A visit in July this year with my daughter and seven year old granddaughter, to show them the land of their ancestors, has provided an opportunity for some observations.

In Dublin, twenty years ago, I was able to park in the city on a Sunday afternoon and seek directions from the lone pedestrian within hailing distance. Now, the city is crowded and it is not so much a problem of finding a pedestrian as ensuring that the informant speaks English and is not a visitor. Parking, of course, is but a distant memory for all but those blessed with considerable luck. It would seem also that there are constant changes in traffic flow directions and the permissible turns at intersections. (The Hertz GPS was obviously last updated at the time of the 1916 uprising!) Having deliberately taken an illegal but very convenient left turn into Parliament St on the way back to my hotel, my naturally stupid look saved me from more than a mild chiding from the Garda who waved me in for a chat. He looked about the same age as my granddaughter and I'm sure it was his first day at work. Considering the relatively small size of the city, the traffic is very congested in peak periods and, getting out of Dublin, the M50 converts readily into a car park. Failure to spot the correct lane at roundabouts on a dark, wet night can lead to unscheduled visits to the western counties.

A day trip through Sally Gap in the Wicklow Mountains to Glendalough is even better than I remember it. Better still, make sure that you detour for a meal or a drink at the famous Johnnie Fox's pub in the hills south of Dublin. Weekdays are better as there is more chance of getting a seat. Before I left home, I had taken the precaution of being vaccinated against the effects of Guinness and I'm pleased to say that it was most effective.

I always seem to arrive in an election period and this time was no different, with European and local election placards decorating every available light pole. It proved a wonderful diversion for my granddaughter who formed her

own allegiances to particular candidates as she became familiar with their smiling faces. There was a deficiency in the photographic layout for one candidate's placards and the plastic ties which crossed the top of his forehead gave the illusion that he was wearing a yamulka. He obviously gained the Jewish vote and was successfully elected. The outcomes were disastrous for the ruling Fianna Fail/Green coalition and they were given a hammering at European and local government level. Labour appeared to be the only real winner.

Having spent a little over a week in Paris prior to arriving in Dublin, one might imagine that a visit to the National Gallery in Dublin would be a waste of time. However, there is a unique aspect to the Dublin gallery by way of the portraits of significant Irish historical and cultural figures – Casement, Markiewicz, Yeats etc. That aspect alone makes a visit essential as this is the only gallery in the world that one has a chance to see such a collection. Unfortunately, the National History Museum was closed for renovations during my visit but the National Museum in Kildare Street still provides a wonderful insight into this ancient land with its wonderful collection of artifacts, displayed magnificently in what is a very small space.

Ireland was in a poor economic state on my first visit, while clearly enjoying the fruits of its economic revival when I was there in 2004 and 2007. Now, I'm afraid, it's back to the bad old times. Many construction projects are in abeyance in several areas, the banks are very fragile, the Government is in political hot water and the employment situation is dire. On the surface, however, there is little evidence for this as restaurants are busy and there are plenty of tourists.

It was a long time since I'd ventured to the South West of the country and the twenty year comparisons were interesting. I was amazed to see the change in Dingle from a remote fishing port in the Gaeltacht to a major tourist venue. The Dingle and Beara Peninsulas fortunately remain unspoiled by this tourist activity and Kenmare is still a delightful place to stay with a number of good pubs and restaurants. For those exploring the Burren in Co. Clare, I would recommend

a lunch stop at the Burren Perfumery – a great opportunity to stock up with small gifts for those at home. The Lynch Clare Inn was described by my much-travelled granddaughter as the best hotel she'd ever stayed in – kids' disco, games room etc – but, be warned, childless or romantic couples should leave it off their itinerary!

Kilkenny is another Irish stopover that is worth considering. Kilkenny's mediaeval streets are a delight and I can recommend Kyteler's Inn for a good Irish meal. I tried to convince the granddaughter that I was related to the affluent Butlers whose home was Kilkenny Castle for some eight hundred years but she found this a little incongruous when I had to pay to get in. St Canice's Cathedral (Church of Ireland) also demands a fee to enter. Perhaps, I should have suggested that I was just there to pray. Nevertheless, the visit there was worthwhile and there were some interesting tombs therein. Perhaps, I should suggest that my lot commences to charge tourists at Notre Dame and St Peter's and donate the proceeds to the poor.

Our visit concluded with a visit to ancestral lands in South Armagh, now a scene of peace and tranquillity following the departure of the British Army. The tri-colour proudly flies over the villages in the area as a mark of defiance to the occupation of this land, albeit no longer enforced by arms. The absurdity of the partition is even more evident today with the absence of any indication of the actual border and the consistency of allegiance in the hearts of the people on both sides of this border.

The weather for all but a couple of days was hot and sunny and I even got a suntan. I trust that the increased production of Vitamin D, as a result, will help my liver to recover from the visit. My daughter enjoyed her first visit to Ireland and has a much more meaningful appreciation of her ancestry. The granddaughter misses the kids' disco, the hotel swimming pools and the election placards.

Robert J F Butler

Rob Butler is the assistant clerk in the Tinteán office and, now retired, runs a mosquito and possum stud on the Mornington Peninsula

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