Tintean

THE AUSTRALIAN IRISH HERITAGE NETWORK

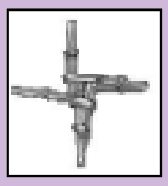
No 10, December 2009

PRINT POST APPROVED PP 336663/00047

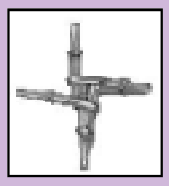
On the riddle of Father Hackett

Patrick Morgan

Seventh Annual BrigidFest



Féile Bríde



Sunday 7 February 2010

12.30 pm at the Celtic Club

Two-course lunch, $40 per person, Drinks at bar prices

Guest of honour: **Orla Tunney, first secretary, Embassy of Ireland**

Guest speaker: **Celia Scott**

Topic: **Humour and early Irish women saints**

Celia Scott is a research scholar at the University of Melbourne

Guest artists: **Catherine Connelly and Greg Hunt**
Celtic harpist and violinist

Also BrigidMart

Your opportunity to buy CDs, books, Brigid crosses, and other items

BrigidMart open from 12.00 midday

Open to the public from 3.00 pm

Enquiries and bookings: Helen Mohan

t 03 9670 6472 f 03 9670 5153

e <info@celticdub.com.au> w <www.celticclub.com.au>

316-320 Queen St cnr LaTrobe St, Melbourne, 3000

***Tinteán* No 10, December 2009**
Tinteán is a publication of the Australian Irish Heritage Network

PO Box 13095, Law Courts,
Melbourne, 8010
Tel 03 9670 8865
Email info@tintean.org.au
Web tintean.org.au
Published four times per annum
ABN 13643653067
ISSN 1835-1093

Editor: Liz McKenzie
Deputy Editor: Felicity Allen
Business Manager: Rob Butler
Advertising: Rob Butler
Production: Andrew Macdermid
Printing: Arena Printing
2-14 Kerr St Fitzroy Vic
Other workers on this issue:
Peter Kiernan, Frances Devlin-Glass, Bob Glass, Catherine Arthur, Meg McNena, Kate Clifford, Patrick McNamara, Don McKenzie, John McMahon, Maureen Pollard, Elizabeth Benfell, Joan Moloney, Mary Curley, Stuart Traill

Cover: 'Willie' Hackett and friends
Hackett: oil portrait by James Quinn courtesy Jesuit Publications and National Library of Australia. Mannix: © MDHC Catholic Archdiocese of Melbourne

Contents

Regulars

Features

Reviews

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

News

Irish Economic Outlook

The Irish economic news is mixed at this point with some commentators detecting 'green shoots' and others saying that things will improve in the second half of 2009, but only in the sense that the shrinkage of the economy will be slightly less than the earlier forecast. The Central Bank's new governor, Patrick Honohan, said that the economy would only shrink by 7.8% compared to earlier forecasts of an 8.4% shrinkage. These comments follow the positive signs that have emerged in global growth with economies beginning to recover around the world.

The Central Bank is the most hopeful prophet; suggesting that economic shrinkage of only 2.3% would continue in 2010 with a return to 'modest' growth in 2011, but this relatively positive short-term future would be dependent on the economic recovery of Ireland's major trading partners (especially England). There is no comment about what will happen to Ireland if their trading partners do not recover, but the forecast for Irish unemployment in 2010 is 14%.

The expected high unemployment levels are not due to poor export performance: Irish exports have been robust given the weakness of world demand and their performance compares well with that of their major trading partners. The collapse of the housing market has meant that the production of new houses will decline by almost 60% this year to only 22,000 units; this has flowed on to affect all employment connected with the building industry.

Some of the comments and explanations in the financial columns suggest that the blame game is in full swing, with the Central Bank spokespeople commenting that both public sector pay and social welfare payments doubled in size in the 2001 to 2007 period. At the same time, they complained about the excessively high fees charged by professionals such as dentists, general practitioners and accountants, which they said had reached 'ridiculous levels'. As the Irish government has a near monopoly on buying many professional services, Bank spokesman Mr. O'Connell suggested that 'If times are tough, they should drive a really hard bargain.' The Central Bank admitted that economic practices in Ireland before 2007 were largely to blame for the recession, but said that, in case, the country could not have escaped the impact of the global downturn. Economist Colm McCarthy has argued in favour of cuts to the public sector, which are almost inevitable given that the Irish government is now borrowing €20 billion a year.

Felicity Allen

Compiled from The Irish Times and Finfacts Ireland

AFI Awards 2009

Congratulations to Felix Meagher – no stranger to the pages of *Tinteán* – and his associates for their six nominations in this year's AFI awards.

The Screen Music awards presented by APRA (Australasian Performing Right Association) and the AGSC (Australian Guild of Screen Composers) recognise excellence in screen composition, and this year's nominees were no exception.

Music compositions for Baz Luhrmann's epic blockbuster Australia and Robert Connolly's political thriller Balibo featured heavily across this year's nominations. Distinguished composers David Hirschfelder and Lisa Gerrard were both nominated for their work in the category of Best Feature Film Score for Australia and Balibo respectively. Music compositions for Balibo and Australia appeared again in the category of Best Soundtrack Album. They also appear in the category of Best Original Song Composed for the Screen with composer Ego Lemos acknowledged for the Balibo title track, and composers Angela Little, Baz Luhrmann, Felix Meagher, Anton Monsted and Schuyler Weiss for their song 'By the Boab Tree' from Australia.

The Tara Symposium

Following the publication by Wordwell of reports on Seán P. Ó Ríordáin's excavations at the Mound of the Hostages (Muiris O'Sullivan 2005) and Rath of the Synods (Eoin Grogan 2008), the UCD School of Archaeology, in association with the John Hume Institute for Global Irish Studies, hosted a symposium entitled Tara – From the Past to the Future. Featuring approximately forty papers by an international group of scholars, the symposium was the most extensive review of the archaeology of Tara undertaken to date, focussing on the data from the two excavation volumes but extends to a wider consideration of research undertaken at Tara over the past twenty years.

http://www.ucd.ie/archaeology/tara-symposium2009/livestream/

AIHN AGM

The following office bearers were elected at the annual general meeting of the Australian Irish Heritage Network on 30 August 2009:
President: Peter Kiernan
Vice President: Frances Devlin-Glass
Secretary: Bob Glass
Treasurer: Patrick McNamara
Committee members: Catherine Arthur, Felicity Allen, Don McKenzie and Elizabeth McKenzie was also re-appointed Editor of *Tinteán*.

Obituary

Dr. Gerald Gardner, the statistician who demonstrated the discriminatory effect of dividing job advertisements by gender, has died aged 83. Born in Tullamore, Gardner studied mathematics and theoretical physics at Trinity College, Dublin. He emigrated to America when he was headhunted by the Carnegie Institute of Technology. He was a formidable social activist especially for women's rights. He and his wife were early members of the Pittsburgh Chapter of NOW (National Organisation for Women) formed in 1966. When NOW filed a complaint with the Pittsburgh Commission on Human Relations claiming that The Pittsburgh Press' custom of advertising 'Male Help Wanted' and 'Female Help Wanted', Gardner calculated the probability of a woman getting a job in a male category. He also calculated the pay differentials and apparently the pay differentials just flabbergasted him. Pittsburgh NOW won its case in the Supreme Court in 1973. As well as working as a geophysicist for Gulf Oil, Gardner acted for several civil rights groups. According to his wife Evansgardner, her husband was most of all fired up by principle. 'He was an activities atheist, a proselytising atheist.'
The Age, 12.10.2009

A perspective

The article on republicanism in *Tinteán* No. 9 of August by David McKenna and Val Noone was timely. It set out the history of the Australian support for a republic represented by the majority of Australians and made valuable suggestions regarding the relevance of the Irish Constitution. It was interesting also in that it raised the whole question again after a prolonged dormant period. After the defeat of the republican side at the Howard referendum in 1999 we can recall how many sighed, 'wait until we have a Prime Minister who supports a republic'. John Howard, the consummate politician, easily out-smarted his opponents. Like Sir Robert Menzies and most monarchists he was Britannically Australian, interested only in retaining the status quo. He won the day, so where to from here? With a Prime Minister and a Leader of the Opposition both declared republicans, will the next step be taken?

There are so many hurdles facing the Australian republican movement that it is difficult to be sanguine about its future. One puzzling and discouraging aspect is the present status of the monarchy vis-à-vis the Australian public. The Queen is bound by English statutes including the Act of Settlement of 1701 which still obtains even with its quaint 17th century language.

The 1701 Act is rarely quoted, let alone discussed in polite society, so it is useful to revisit it again. After providing that the throne would pass to the Electress Sophia of Hanover and her Protestant descendants who had not married a Roman Catholic, 'it was thereby further enacted that all or any person or persons that then were, or afterwards should be reconciled to or shall hold communion with the see or Church of Rome, or should profess the popish religion, or marry a papist, should be excluded… to inherit, possess, or enjoy the Crown and government of this realm, and Ireland, and the dominions thereunto belonging'. As in all study of history, it is vital to view the subject under study in contemporaneous terms. McKenna and Noone describe that situation succinctly – the bitter sectarian wars and conflicts of the post-reformation period and the fear of James II challenging again. Even so, three hundred years is a long time in which to refine and polish up the language of that period. It seems a strange situation when we reflect that Australia has appointed, so successfully and recently, Catholics to the highest positions in the land: a Governor General (Deane), a Prime Minister (Keating) and a Chief Justice of the High Court (Brennan).

Since Federation and the establishment of the Australian Constitution, the Crown has been placed in a conflicting situation. That Constitution precluded any establishment of a religion. The Church of England was not named as the established religion in Australia nor was any other. Muslims, Anglicans, Scientologists, Jews and Roman Catholics, are all equal under the law and free of discrimination. Why is there such apathy in the Australian body politic to such blatant discrimination in this 21st century? Why wasn't it debated at the referendum? The fear is that such indifference is symptomatic of the population when facing a major decision, such as in the election of a Head of State in an Australian Republic or in the terms of succession for an Australian monarch. We are frozen.

There have been several instances recently of royals surrendering their rights of succession because of 'marrying out', but there has been minimal debate in this country as to its significance in the light of our constitution. One staple argument of monarchists, is that of a conflict of loyalty as between monarch and pope facing a Roman Catholic – the argument that John F Kennedy had to overcome in his campaign for the presidency. It is a long time since any Papal armies were waging war. The separation of church and state is a precious and embedded element of our democratic principles and the Queen of Australia has no authority over any denomination or grouping in our population.

There are so many more hurdles to the stumbling march towards an Australian republic – the alterations to the constitution, the relationships to other member states of the Commonwealth, the powers of the future Head of State, the mode of his/her election and so on. In the light of the apathy and indifference already discussed with respect to the question of the Act of Settlement 1701 and the conflict between its provisions and the Australian Constitution, wheretofore the republic?

As for our flag and its dominating Union flag in its quarter, now enshrined in our statutes, what are the chances of a new design? Seinfeld has described the Australian flag – 'Britain, at night'.

Peter Kiernan

TINTEÁN NEEDS YOUR HELP

The *Tinteán* office requires the service of rostered volunteers to undertake approximately two hours unpaid clerical work per week. Tasks include checking and forwarding of emails, basic data entry and credit card processing.

Training will be provided.

Enquiries to the *Tinteán* office: info@tintean.org.au or 9670 8865

What's on

The Lake School of Celtic Music, Song & Dance

3–8 January 2010, Koroit, Victoria

Daily tuition in tin whistle, flute, guitar, DADGAD, mandolin, bodhran, uilleann pipes, fiddle, songwriting, Irish set dancing, Irish Language, banjo sessions, with kids and youth programs and a tutors' concert

Adult, children and family rates
Felix Meagher 0413 801 294 felix@bushwahzee.com

Daonscoil

3–10 January 2010,
Lady Northcote Recreation Camp, Rowsley, Victoria

A residential course in the Irish language, for beginners to fluent speakers

Weekly rates for adults, students and children; also daily rate
Contact: 0405 210 149 feedback@gaeilgesanastrail.com

17th Australasian Irish Studies Conference

Transnational Ireland: migration, conflict, representations

1–4 July 2010, Queen's University, Belfast, Northern Ireland

An interdisciplinary conference with contributions from areas of history, migration studies, sociology, politics, literature, the arts, gender, geography, anthropology and economics.
Papers are invited on topics especially relating to the Irish experience in Australia and New Zealand, influences and experiences of Australians / New Zealanders in Ireland, Irish and Australasian sports, and comparative experiences of emigration and conflict.
Proposals by 29 January 2010.

Contact: Elaine McKay,
Irish Studies International Research Initiative, Queen's University, 53-67 University Road, Belfast, NI, BT7 1NN e.mckay@qub.ac.uk

Wolfe Tones Concerts 2010

The Wolfe Tones' last ever Australian tour
Melbourne concert: Forum Theatre, Friday, 22 January 2010

Tickets available from PJ O'Brien's Irish Pub, Southbank
Contact: Katrina katrina@pjobriens.com.au pjobriens.com.au

Also: Sydney, 16 January; Brisbane, 23 January; Perth, 29 January

Connolly Association Radio Program

09:30 every Saturday – 3CR [855 AM]
Delivers Irish nationalist and republican news, current affairs and comment. Charts the involvement of modern Melbourne's community in Irish politics and affairs. Examines local issues for their implications for the local Irish community, as well as the broader Melbourne community.

Contact: Jim Cusack 0407 521 432 www.3CR.org.au

Celtic Folk Radio Program

09:00 every Monday – 3CR [855 AM]
Community Radio, Melbourne

Contact: Anne McAllister 0423 397 051 www.3CR.org.au

Melbourne Irish Community Radio Program

11:00 every Saturday and 18:00 every Sunday – 3ZZZ [92.5 FM]

Supported by the Melbourne Irish community and coordinated by Eugene O'Rourke, the program covers Irish music, news, interviews and Irish language items

Brigidfest

12:30, Sunday, 7 February 2010, at the Celtic Club, Melbourne

The annual lunch to celebrate Brigid and the women of Ireland and Irish-Australia. Celia Scott will give the annual address on *Humour and Early Irish Saints.* Music by Catherine Connolly and Greg Hunt. The popular Brigidmart, selling Brigid crosses, books and much more, will also operate.

Contact: Helen Mohan 03 9670 6472 www.celticclub.com.au

The Importance of Being Earnest

Friday 26 & Sunday 28 February 2010, at the Celtic Club, Melbourne

A moved playreading of Oscar Wilde's *The Importance of Being Earnest* will be staged as Bloomsday in Melbourne's second fundraiser for Bloomsday 2010. For more details see www.bloomsdayinmelbourne.org.au

Contact: Helen Mohan 03 9670 6472 info@celticclub.com.au

Letters

A busy week in Ireland

Spent a wonderful week on the Beara Peninsula, before heading to Galway for a talk. I had dinner at Tadhg Foley's with Louis and Shirley de Paor. Tintean was discussed in detail, over several pints of Guinness and it came out of the Guinness fairly well I thought! Now in Dublin attending a conference on the Plantation. Maurice Regan, whom I met at Dublin Castle at the grand conference opening on Friday evening, lives in Co Meath and has offered to take me to Tara and Newgrange. He'll meet me tomorrow at The Grasshopper Inn and take me to sites he knows in that area.

The conference panels focused on Ireland in the 1640s and on its European and Atlantic contexts and I gave two presentations. Yesterday I did a walking tour of Trinity College and today I've just spent a very edifying morning at the National Gallery of Ireland. The current Jack Yeats exhibition is terrific and I spent three hours viewing the big European collection. It includes a marvellous portrait of Roger Casement from c1914 which had a particular interest for me.

The Dublin Marathon has taken over the streets today, so everything is closed including the spectacular Archaeology Museum. But I'm heading for the Viking Dublinia theme park and then tomorrow, Tara!

Looking forward to your next issue.

Ben Kiernan,
New Haven, Connecticut

Consequences of change

I thoroughly enjoyed the recent AIHN evening *Rod Quantock: Mannix in Mebourne* at the Celtic Club. Quantock's genius completely surpassed my expectations. I knew Mannix loomed large in local history, but I had no idea of the extent of his genius and achievements. It was a good reminder of the benefits of living a celibate life without accumulation of personal possessions. He had the 'freedom' to focus his dedication, and his 'arch' compassionate embrace gave him plenty of opportunity to develop a cutting wit and fearless oratory capacity. Mannix was free to let his massive energy and charisma express itself because the needs of the time called for passionate commitment. Even more so today, devilish dark forces require able-bodied people to work together in good faith – encouraging each other with loving kindness and compassion.

Another thing came to mind. When we were all discussing the history afterwards, Brian Gillespie said Mannix became extremely conservative later in life.

On the way home, I remembered that major revolutionary changes have always led to more. Usually courageous, spiritually uplifting political unity led to major political change, but was followed by ruthless power-plays and terrible civil wars, over approaches to re-building, setting brother against brother, as in Ireland in the early 1920s. We are witnessing the same political phenomenon in the USA right now.

Mairéid Sullivan,
North Ringwood, Vic.

Celtic Dance Association

I am writing on behalf of the Celtic Dance Association of which I am Secretary. The Association is a relatively new Irish dance group which has Highland Dancing teachers amongst its membership. We welcome anyone who is keen to learn everything there is about Irish dancing.

Is it possible to have an article placed in your publication? We are keen to gain new members in Victoria – an article advertising our existence may achieve this!

Kendon McMahon,
Secretary, Celtic Dance Association
1 Hunter Cres, Salisbury North, SA 5108

Australian Irish Welfare Bureau

Afternoon Tea & Dance

14:00–17:30 on the last Sunday of each month
at the Celtic Club, Melbourne

Contact: Marion O'Hagan 03 9482 3865

Irish History Circle

20:00 on the third Monday of every month
at the Celtic Club, Melbourne

Interesting range of speakers of various aspects of Irish history

Contact: Dr Dan O'Connor 03 5978 6326
or Nell McGettigan 03 9419 6882

Port Fairy Folk Festival

March 5 – 8, 2010, Port Fairy, Victoria

The international line-up will include: Brian Kennedy, Chris Smither, Colin Hay, Eilen Jewell, Charlie Parr, The Greencards, Uncle Earl
Nationals will include: Bonjah, Archie Roach, Blue Shaddy, Pigram Brothers, Vulgargrad, Jaimi Faulkner, Mick Thomas & The Sure Thing

www.portfairyfolkfestival.com

Celtica Festival

5–6 December 2009, Mundy Street, Port Adelaide
Music, workshops, visual arts. Free entry

www.celticafestival.com.au

For inclusion in the What's On column, please submit items to editorial@tintean.org.au

Oideas Gael: 25 Bliain faoi Bhláth

In this article Bearnaí Ó Doibhlin reflects upon the history of Oideas Gael, which recently celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary. Oideas Gael is located in Glencolumbkille, in the south-west Donegal Gaeltacht, and offers a wide range of Irish language and cultural courses to adults each year. A large number of Australians have been amongst the overseas students who have attended courses there over its quarter century history and that connection is set to be extended next year.

Foilsíodh an leabhar, *Oideas Gael: 25 Bliain faoi Bhláth*, níos luaithe i mbliana mar chuid de chomóradh a bhí ar siúl i nGleann Cholm Cille le ceathrú chéid na heagraíochta, Oideas Gael, a cheiliúradh. Cé go bhfuil Oideas Gael lonnaithe i mbreac-Ghaeltacht atá lag ó thaobh labhairt na teanga de, tá an t-eagras ag dul ó neart go neart le blianta anuas. Agus tá baint láidir ag muintir na Gaeilge san Astráil leis an nGleann.

Cuireadh tús le hOideas Gael mar gheall ar íomhá a bhí ag beirt fhear eis-ceachtúla, Liam Ó Cuinneagáin agus an tOllamh Seosamh Watson.

Duine de mhuintir na háite is ea Liam agus bhí baint nach beag ag a thuismitheoirí le caomhnú na teanga sa cheantar, go háirithe sa tréimhse sular bunaíodh Oideas Gael. Mar a dúirt Liam, agus é ag caint faoin tréimhse seo liom cúpla bliain ó shin, bhí muintir na háite "ag caitheamh na teanga thar a nguaillí" mar nach bhfaca siad aon bhuntáiste inti.

Rugadh agus tógadh Seosamh i mBéal Feirste, ach is Protastúnach é agus dá bharr sin ní raibh aon bhaint aige leis an teanga agus é ag fás suas. Ag caint dó faoina óige ar an gclár *Comhrá* ar TG4 níos luaithe i mbliana, dúirt Seosamh nach raibh a fhios aige go raibh a leithéid de theanga na Gaeilge ann go dtí go ndeachaigh sé ar thuras scoile chuig an mBun Beag agus é cúig bliana déag d'aois. Le deich mbliana anuas tá sé ina ollamh leis an Nua-Ghaeilge i gColáiste na hOllscoile i mBaile Átha Cliath, agus tá ocht gcinn de leabhar foilsithe aige i dtaobh na Gaeilge nó Gaeilge na hAlban.

Léiríonn an t-alt a scríobh Seosamh sa leabhar thuas an íomhá a bhí ag beirt bhunaitheoirí Oideas Gael:

> *Ceann de na príomhaidhmeanna a bhí i gceist sa mhéid sin tacú i bhfad na haimsire le Gaeilge an cheantair a bhí faoi bhrú i nGaeltacht bheag scoite dá leithéid trí acmhainní nua a chur ar fáil inti i gcruth daoine tiomanta a thabhairt isteach ón bpobal lasmuigh, a raibh scileanna acu, taithí agus an t-eolas riachtanach acu le buanna an phobail a chothú.*

Is ríléir go bhfuair siad na "daoine tiomanta" thar na blianta ó shin i leith nuair a léitear sa leabhar thuasluaite na haltanna a scríobh cuid acu ann. Ina measc tá daoine den scoth i dtaca le dul chun cinn na teanga agus litríocht na Gaeilge agus dá bhrí sin soláthraíodh cúrsaí éagsúla sa Ghleann gach bliain a mheall mic léinn ó gach cúinne an domhain.

Nuair a bhuaigh Cumann Gaeilge na hAstráile an tríú háit i gComórtas Domhanda de chuid Ghlór na nGael trí bliana ó shin, mar shampla, d'fhreastail Cait Ní Mhúdaigh agus Stú Traill ar chúrsaí ann. Ní amháin gur chuir siad dís go mór lena gcuid Gaeilge le linn a gcuid ama ann, ach d'fhoghlaim siad go leor faoi theagasc na teanga do dhaoine fásta. Ar fhilleadh chun na hAstráile dóibh chuir siad i bhfeidhm cur chuige múinteoireachta nua sa chéad Daonscoil eile abhus.

D'fhreastail mé féin ar chúrsaí ann dhá uair agus bhí dúshláin mhóra i gceist leis an dá chúrsa. Dhírigh an chéad chúrsa ar theoiric agus ar mhodheolaíocht a bhain le múineadh agus foghlaim dara teanga do dhaoine fásta. Sa chúrsa eile chaith mé seachtain ag obair go dian ar an ngramadach, arís faoi stiúir Éamonn Ó Dónaill, duine de na teangeolaithe is cáiliúla in Éirinn.

Beidh baint an-tábhachtach ag muintir na Gaeilge san Astráil le hOideas Gael an bhliain seo chugainn nuair a eagrófar an chéad turas grúpa chuig an Ghaeltacht óna Fritíortha. Táthar ag súil go rachaidh daoine as gach cearn den tír seo go dtí Gleann Cholm Cille i mí Lúnasa – cinnte beidh mise páirteach ann! Níl aon amhras agam, agus mise go díreach i ndiaidh *Oideas Gael: 25 Bliain faoi Bhláth* a léamh, go mbeidh cúrsaí den chéad scoth ar leibhéil éagsúla ar fáil dúinn go léir agus go mbeidh am ar dóigh againn sa Sean-Ghleann.

Bearnaí Ó Doibhlin

Is féidir eolas sa bhreis i dtaoibh Oideas Gael a fháil ar a suíomh idirlín: www.oideas-gael.com

Bolg an tSoláthair / Odds & Ends

Land, spuds, cows and education

I write this column just a few hours after taking part in a stimulating two-hour session at St Brigid's, Crossley, on the planned 2011 Irish exhibition at the National Museum in Canberra. That exhibition which will open on St Patrick's Day and run for four or five months will be the first ever exhibition on the Irish in Australia. It will be huge, taking up 1000 square metres and spanning the story from 1788 to the present, from Kimberleys to Cairns, from Perth to Tasmania.

St Brigid's, Crossley, as you will remember, is where a community group led by Teresa O'Brien and others have fought for, and won, ownership of the disused Catholic church and hall. Of course, they have a sizeable debt and need your support.

Dr Richard Reid, curator of the forthcoming exhibition, was conducting a workshop there on what will be in on display in 2011. The meeting discussed what sort of objects might represent the strongly Irish Koroit-Port Fairy-Warrnambool district of which Crossley is part. This area, Kiama in New South Wales and Kapunda in South Australia are currently scheduled to be given special attention as samples of Irish settlements in Australia.

While planning is not finalised, I can report that in regard to the Koroit area the Canberra exhibition is likely to give special attention to land sales and selection, success in growing potatoes commercially, ups and downs of dairying and the constant thread of Irish Australians wanting better education for their children.

Mary Robinson on climate justice

During October, Mary Robinson, former president of Ireland, gave a strongly worded talk in Brisbane on global warming and social justice. Delivering the Griffith lecture, Robinson said that decades of carbon emissions in rich countries, such as Ireland and Australia, the United States, Korea and so on, have led to the global warming which is threatening our world. The *Irish Echo* reports that she said, 'The challenge of climate change is not just a moral and ethical one, it is an issue of justice ... Polluters must pay for the environmental damage they cause.'

Orthodoxy and orthopraxis

Like Patrick Morgan (*Tinteán,* September 2009) I was interested in the press reports that Fr Peter Kennedy of South Brisbane does not believe in the divinity of Christ. However, my reaction differed from his. Over the past few years, friends have been bringing back positive and hopeful reports from St Mary's, South Brisbane. Not just friends but also, and perhaps more importantly, children of friends, have recounted experiences of thoughtful Masses, selfless good works and social justice actions. The late Fr Ted Kennedy of Redfern (no relation) used to say that in discussions about belief too many people are concerned about orthodoxy, that is, reciting formulas of faith, and not enough people worry about orthopraxis, that is, doing the Christian things in life. A biblical saying comes to mind: 'By their fruits you shall know them.' I hear that the South Brisbane group is preparing a publication about its story. I look forward to finding out more about their beliefs and practices.

Inside St Brigid's, Crossley: Mick Lane and Helen Doyle ponder the building's future as an Irish Australian cultural centre

Storytellers and Vikings

The MISS series of talks at Newman College continues to provide high-level speakers. Earlier in the year Professor Cormac Ó Gráda from Dublin drew attention to the way in which poets, singers and storytellers can fill in gaps not covered by documentary history. In particular, he spoke of Irish-language sources which have been too long neglected. A CD of his talk is available from e.malcolm@unimelb.edu.au. In a humorous ending he quoted songs and sayings in Irish which puncture the myth that Guinness stout is, and always has been, of central importance to the Irish. (See Frances Devlin-Glass' extended review of Ó Gráda's address in *Tinteán*, June 2009.)

MISS stands for Melbourne Irish Studies Seminars, which run throughout the year at Newman College. They are held on selected Tuesday evenings at 6.00 pm. Incidentally, that puts a lot of pressure on the handful of us who go to Irish language classes at the Celtic Club which begin at 7.30 pm, also on Tuesdays.

In October Dr Katrina Burge of Melbourne drew on her scholarly knowledge of Old Norse texts to paint a fascinating picture of the hermits, settlers, slaves and concubines who went, or were taken, from Ireland to Iceland more than 1000 years ago. Her presentation added much more detail to some short but accurate remarks about this matter in Tim Severin's 1970s book on the Brendan voyage.

Val Noone

Miscellany

'Abandon all hope ye who enter here.' This was my thought as I looked at the original gates of Wicklow Gaol. The prisoners called them The Gates of Hell because each man knew that once he went through them he hadn't much hope of ever coming out alive.

Wicklow Gaol, a formidable edifice, with a large courtyard in front (now a car park), was built in 1702 as a place of punishment and incarceration. It has a three hundred year history of punishment, confinement, transportation and execution. For many convicted felons this was their last stop before being transported to Australia.

I stand in the hold of HMS Hercules, a transportation ship, bound for New South Wales, out of Cove, under the psychotic captain Luckyn Betts. A fierce Atlantic storm is battering the ship and I am surrounded by the tortured sound of straining timbers. I can almost feel the cutting wind tearing at the riggings and the stinging rain on my face as I imagine sailors on the decks, in stygian darkness, battling the elements on dangerously slippery planks, fighting to keep the ship on course. Through the turmoil I hear voices,

"I think yer man in the chains has died. Maybe I can eat his food if the awful stink doesn't keep me away. Oh! I'm so hungry I could eat the rations of four men." A baby cries followed by the wailing of its anguished mother,

"Water, water, I need water for my child."

In the simulated transportation ship a visitor travels back to 1801 and can vividly imagine the horrors experienced by the prisoners. Many died through sickness or simply being physically unable to withstand the rigours of the difficult, hungry, sea journey, often of over six months duration. When they arrived in their new land, the survivors faced other dangers such as venomous spiders, reptiles, crocodiles, and poisonous fish, to name but a few, and many died of heat stroke. Their gruelling journey to Australia, their traumatic introduction to their new land and the experiences of these men and women who made new lives for themselves in a strange and foreign country, thousands of miles from home, is retold in dramatic detail.

An exhibition on the ground floor records the lives and fates of the 1798 rebels. Over 600 Irishmen were transported. Of these, 105 were Wicklowmen. The most well known of the rebels were Michael Dwyer and his companions John Mernagh, Hugh Vesty Byrne, Martin Burke and Arthur Devlin who were all transported to the penal colony of New South Wales in 1805 on *HMS Tellicherry* under Captain Thomas Cuzens. None of them ever returned to Ireland.

John Mernagh was the great, great, great uncle of Fr. Michael Mernagh OSA who was featured in Miscellany in *Tinteán* No. 8 and who told me,

John was one of the last of the rebels to be captured in a so-called safe house in the village of Athgoe near Rathcoole. He was one of the most sidelined heroes of the rebellion; his great achievements were overshadowed by those of the more flamboyant Michael Dwyer.

(John Mernagh's story is one that I'll return to in more detail in a later Miscellany.)

The Military Road connecting Rathfarnham in Dublin to the Glen of Immal in West Wicklow was commenced in 1800 in an attempt to capture Michael Dwyer and his men. It was finally completed in 1809 at a cost of £44,000. Five barracks were built along its thirty five mile route at Glencree, Laragh, Drumcliff, Aughavanagh and Leitrim. There is a story that the naming of Stocking Lane in Rathfarnham originated from the time when the women of the area would knit stockings and sell them to the soldiers who were building the military road and the soldiers would throw their old stockings onto the hedgerows. That's just one of the stories, there are others, less salubrious, to do with the possible existence of a red light district in the area.

The battles fought in Wicklow are recorded where thousands of lives were forfeited in the cause of Irish Freedom. These battles are all part of the long, troubled, history of Ireland's struggle for freedom that led to the famous line *A Terrible Beauty is Born* in the poem *Easter 1916* by WB Yeats.

The terrible hardships suffered by the Irish people during the dark years of the Great Famine from 1845 to 1849, when the potato crop failed are also reflected here. The population was drastically reduced as starvation, disease, poverty and death pervaded the country. Those who could took to the emigrant ships to America or, as second choice, Australia. The measures taken by the British Government, to alleviate the horror of the situation by providing soup kitchens and workhouses proved pitifully inadequate and, as the population of the country imploded, the population of Wicklow Gaol exploded. In 1846, the worst year of the famine, the number of prisoners increased to 780 as desperate people resorted more and more to larceny in their fight for survival. Even if they were captured and imprisoned then at least they wouldn't starve to death.

I met Richard Hoey, the Gaoler, whose kindly appearance belies his cruel and corrupt character and who, for sufficient monetary consideration, could arrange for a prisoner to *'escape'* and even avoid an appointment with the hangman. He took great pleasure in showing me one particular cell.

That's the cell where I slung Patrick Rogers in 1794. He was a thief and a highwayman. Joseph Holt received 100 guineas reward from the crown for his capture. Later Holt fell foul of a local landlord and he joined the rebels. He lived near Roundwood but he was never fully trusted by Michael Dwyer, not only because he had worked for the crown, but also because he was a Protestant. Holt surrendered in 1798 and was later transported to NSW. 'What happened to Patrick Rogers?'

He was a convicted felon so I hung him.

'Where? In Wicklow town?'

No, from the gibbet in front of the Gaol.

He smiled,

That was a great day that was. They came from miles around to see it. I charged 'em a penny. You might think that was a lot but everyone had a good time. There was eatin' and drinkin' and carousin'. And Rogers put on a good show. Cursin' and swearin', clawin' at the rope an kickin'. Oh! Yes a very good show.

In the prison yard Hoey showed me the stocks and told me,

They were originally located in

the town, in Market Square. I would drag the felons down and clamp them in. The townspeople loved it. They would mock the wretches and throw all manner of rotten stuff at them for two whole days.

He saw me looking at the treadmill, a machine for mindless punishment.

Ah! Yes, he said, I made them walk on that for five hours a day. It made them think twice about disobeying the rules I can tell you. And of course I could always prescribe ten lashes.

It was time for me to move on.

It was no surprise to learn that this is one of the most haunted buildings in Ireland. As I stood with Marie Comerford, who has worked here for seven years, in the schoolroom where the prisoners were taught she told me how she, other members of staff, and visitors too, have experienced strange goings on in the prison. Here are just two of the stories of Ghostly Sightings Maria recounted,

A small child, dressed in rags, has been sighted here on several occasions. The visitors who saw the child thought that he was one of our actors. We don't have an actor who is a small child.

One day, on two separate occasions, on the deck of the prison ship Hercules, two visitors, one of them, a child, described seeing a man, dressed in old clothes, like a prisoner. The child said,

"The actor you have in the ship is a lovely man, he smiled at me".

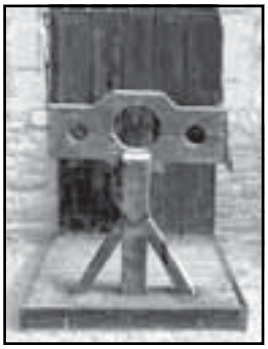
The fact is that there was no actor on the ship that day so both these people saw something else.

However the story of Wicklow Gaol is not all one of unremitting horror. There are success stories too as these quotations from the cell walls show,

I learned my trade in Gaol, I was taught shoe–making by the turnkey and here I am now with my own shop in Dublin.

I was a fisherman but the turnkey taught me to be a tailor. Learning quickly and doing a little informing on the side earned me a cut in my sentence. No Botany Bay for me. When I leave gaol I have a choice of trades, as Patrick Reilly, free man.

I could neither read nor write when I entered the Gaol. Although I am a woman of sixty years, the matron learned me to read and write my name.



The Gaol, The Gates of Hell, Wanted Poster, The Stocks, The Treadmill, The Cells

The lives of transportees and of Irish emigrants and their descendants who made important contributions to modern Australia are also documented. John Joseph Curtin leader of the Australian Labour Party and war-time Prime Minister from 1941 until his death in 1945 had Irish parents. Bushrangers and outlaws such as Jack Duggan The Wild Colonial Boy and Ned Kelly are not forgotten either.My five-hour visit gave me only enough time to glimpse small snippets of the wealth of history contained here, a history, not just of the gaol itself but of Wicklow, the United Irishmen and the turbulent story of Ireland's past.

As I walked out of Wicklow Gaol, glad to be back in 2009, I looked back at the Gates of Hell and reflected on the various fates of the prisoners who were incarcerated here.

Sin a bhfuil go fóill ó Seósamh Ó Murchú. Slán agus beannacht. Nollag shóna libh go léir.

Joseph Murphy

Sources: 'Aspects of Wicklow Gaol' published by County Wicklow VEC. Various brochures and leaflets available at the Gaol, 'The Tellicherry Five' by Kieran Sheedy, A Rum Story by Joseph Holt, and Wicklow County Libraries.
Special thanks to Martina Robinson of The Wicklow Enterprise Centre, and to all of the actors and everyone involved at Wicklow Gaol for their help and patience and especially to the Gaoler (Actor John Alvey) who allowed me to escape the hangman and walk free into the sunshine. www.wicklowhistoricgaol.com

A tale of two singers

Two roads in Belfast produced two very well known singers of the 1950s. Did you manage to identify them from the clues in the last issue?

First we had Ruby Florence Murray, to give her full name, born on the Donegall Road in 1935. Altogether Ruby had nine top-twenty entries over a five-year period in the British charts. They were *Heartbeat (Dec'54), Softly, Softly (Jan'55), Happy Days and Lonely Nights (Feb'55), If Anyone Finds This (Mar'55), Let Me Go Lover (Mar'55), Evermore (Jul'55), I'll Come When You Call (Oct'55), Real Love (Dec'58) and Goodbye Jimmy Goodbye (Jul'59).* All were issued on the Columbia label and at one point she had five entries in the top 20 at the same time, a feat that has never been equalled since. A rival version of *LMGL* by American singer Teresa Brewer also charted around the same time but overall it was Ruby who won the day. The papers loved her and the music business publicity machine responded by going into overdrive about the young Irish colleen with the captivating voice.

Although in her day she was one of the biggest female artists in pop, nowadays it's actually easier to get hold of her 'Irish' material including a number of duets with Brendan O'Dowda. These consist mainly of standards and the occasional gem like *Trottin' to the Fair*. Her 'pop' material has seemingly found it harder to survive the test of time and usually needs a bit of digging. Recently I found an MP3 of *Softly, Softly* on the internet and was surprised at how fresh it sounded. For the curious, you can even hear the Donegall Road break through when she sings the line 'for ev-vurr and ev-vurrr'.

The general wisdom these days is that in 1963 the Beatles cleared away from the charts anything that was linked to the past, but the truth is even more brutal. By 1960 anything from the fifties was already looking decidedly old hat and new artists like Adam Faith, Emile Ford, Bobby Rydell and Brenda Lee were charting for the first time. Some stalwarts from the previous decade, notably Cliff Richard, survived and prospered but for the likes of Ruby it was time to think about new horizons.

Ruby died in 1996 aged only 61 at a convalescent home in Torquay. Read more about the remainder of her career at www.rubymurray.org

The Great Depression hit Belfast badly and in the thirties things were about as bad as they could get, but across town the Cleghorn family were welcoming their new baby boy. He was born in August 1934 and christened Ronald but when a career in music beckoned he changed his name to Ronnie Carroll.

His first hit *Walk Hand In Hand* was in August 1956 on the Philips label but then he dropped out of the charts for some years although remaining very popular on the variety circuit. This undoubtedly helped in what was to happen next. In a stunning vote of confidence the TV execs in London chose him as the UK entry in the Eurovision Song contest for two years running. Again this feat has never been equalled in Britain so Ronnie has scored himself a place in history.

The 1962 contest was held in Luxembourg and Ronnie's song, *Ring-a-Ding Girl,* was a pleasant enough tune which managed to come a respectable fourth but failed to chart even on home turf. His next single release *Roses are Red* (August 1962) did quite well in the charts despite a rival version from Bobbie Vinton who had earlier taken the song right to number one in the USA.

The next year's contest was held in London and the invited audience included a delegation from fledgling broadcaster RTÉ. No doubt they took copious notes on how it all worked and were gearing up for Ireland's own Eurovision debut which was still two years in the future.

For his second Euro stab, Ronnie recorded *Say Wonderful Things* (March 1963), again coming fourth in the contest but this time hitting the UK charts and even entering the lower reaches of the US charts, but the fact that it was in waltz time probably meant that only people over thirty bought it, even though young Ronnie himself was still only 29. Like they say, that's showbiz. In every respect it was definitely a watershed year in music tastes and Ronnie's new found success died a quick death along with that of a good many other artists. Check out the charts for 1963 and you'll see he had some serious competition.

His ups and downs since then have

included marriage to and then divorce from singer/actress Millicent Martin, of TW3 fame. A spell followed working on cruise ships and then the cabaret circuit. But Ronnie still managed to get into the papers regularly. 'All I need is a big break,' he told a reporter in 1983, after being declared bankrupt for a second time with liabilities of £31,000 and assets of nothing whatsoever.

Ronnie is still 'alive and kickin' - these days he lives in London. He has no website of his own but the Wikipedia entry is quite informative, especially about his occasional forays into politics, and his material is still readily available for purchase or download through the usual channels. Look out for the 26 track compilation set called 'The Ronnie Carroll Story' on Diamond Records, or see him on YouTube performing *If Only Tomorrow* and other rarities.

The Irish charts began on 1 October 1962 and a very good historical website can be found at www.irishcharts.ie. The first national Australian record charts were published on 5 October 1966 in a new magazine called Go-Set. This replaced the various state-based charts which had been used up to that point and which were often unreliable.

Since 1966 there have been some name changes along the way. The original magazine folded and the Kent Music Report took over sales reporting in 1974. Then in 1988 the Australian Record Industry Association took charge and it has remained with ARIA ever since.

Stuart Traill

TEAR OFF ALONG HERE

Australian Irish Heritage Network

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

SUBSCRIBE TODAY TO Tinteán

Only $55 per year
(4 issues)

Australian Irish history • books • CDs • genealogy • travellers' tales
politics • family history • reviews • sport • current events

Just fill in the form below and post it to:
Australian Irish Heritage Network, PO Box 13095, Law Courts, Vic, 8010

Yes, I want to become a member of AIHN		
$5	☐	_____
Yes, I want to subscribe to Tinteán (four issues per year)		
1 year: $55	☐	_____
2 years: $100	☐	_____
Concession (1 year): $40	☐	_____
Overseas Airmail (1 year): $75AUD	☐	_____
Yes, I wish to make a donation		
$1000	☐	_____
$500	☐	_____
$250	☐	_____
$100	☐	_____
Other	☐	_____
TOTAL:		**$**_____

☐ Please find enclosed my cheque made payable to **Australian Irish Heritage Network** for $_____

☐ I have transferred the total amount of $_____ to the AIHN bank account:
BSB: 083 256 Account: 87 481 3344
In the *To Account Description* or *Remitter Name* field, please include your surname so that it appears on our account statement

☐ Please charge my credit card: ☐ Visa ☐ Mastercard

Amount: $ _____

Card no: _____ Expiry date: __ /_____

Signature: _____

Name: _____

Address: _____

Suburb: _____ State: _____ Postcode _____

Phone: _____ Mobile: _____

Email: _____

Please send your order to: Australian Irish Heritage Network
PO Box 13095, Law Courts, Vic, 8010

Tinteán
Australian Irish Heritage Network
PO Box 13095, Law Courts, Vic. 8010
+61 3 9670 8865
info@tintean.org.au

Dear Readers and Friends,

Tinteán magazine is the journal of AIHN, which is a not-for-profit organisation established to encourage the growth of the social, cultural, historical, literary and sporting consciousness of Irish Australians. *Tinteán* is reliant for its production on the work and support of volunteers, readers and writers and, in particular, of subscribers, donors and advertisers.

If you are already a subscriber, donor or advertiser, thank you for your support.

If you are reading a friend's copy of *Tinteán*, please consider subscribing. Subscriptions are the lifeblood of magazines such as ours. Without them, the efforts of our volunteers will be in vain.

So we are asking you for help, please. If you write on the form below the names of people who, you think, might be interested in subscribing to *Tinteán*, we will post them a free copy.

To advise us of just one or two prospects will be fine. If you have a longer list, that will be most welcome also.

Very many thanks.

The following might be interested in receiving a free copy of Tinteán:

Name: _____

Address: _____

Suburb: _____ State: _____ Postcode: _____

Name: _____

Address: _____

Suburb: _____ State: _____ Postcode: _____

Name: _____

Address: _____

Suburb: _____ State: _____ Postcode: _____

Name: _____

Address: _____

Suburb: _____ State: _____ Postcode: _____

Please complete this page, tear it out and post it to Tinteán, PO Box 13095, Law Courts, Vic. 8010.

Northern Ireland commentary

Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose…

So much has been written about change in Northern Ireland in the last twenty years that one would be forgiven for thinking that the political processes of recent years had put to rest the conflict at the heart of society. But, arguably, Northern Ireland has changed very little. Indeed, just this year we have seen events which remind us not only of the continued conflict at the heart of that society, but also the limited capacity of *political* change in addressing wider social and cultural schisms.

Two events, in particular, have demonstrated how little movement there has been in ameliorating sectarian division and the capacity of fringe groups to unsettle the political developments that have taken place since 1997: the murder of Kevin McDaid in May, and the attacks on the security forces by republican splinter groups earlier in the year. Both were reminders that life in Northern Ireland is at least partially constituted by conflict and, as such, that it is virtually impossible for political agreements to overcome the ingrained nature of social and cultural division.

The murder of McDaid took place against the backdrop of a not untypical context in Northern Ireland in early summer. The early stages of the marching season were under way and tensions were raised especially in towns like Coleraine (which are largely unionist but contain a sizeable nationalist minority many of whom live in identifiable enclaves). Adding fuel to the fire was the culmination of the Scottish football season with both Glasgow Rangers and Glasgow Celtic playing games which would decide which team won the premiership. Throw in some decent weather and a lot of alcohol and a series of events unfolded which reminded Northern Ireland how close it is to what is supposedly its past.

Following the march and a few drinks to celebrate Glasgow Rangers' triumph, word reached Coleraine loyalists that nationalists in The Heights district were displaying an Irish tricolour. Rumours were later to emerge that this tip-off came from a text message sent by a police officer. As a result, a gang of loyalists invaded The Heights and set upon McDaid and his friend, Damian Fleming. McDaid was beaten to death and Fleming ended up on a life support machine. As shocking as the murder was, some events that took place afterwards were even more disturbing.

The Guardian reported on the hate messages that were sent to the McDaid family and some of the comments on a website supporting the local loyalist band, 'The Pride of the Bann'. Although 'The Pride of the Bann' decided to reroute a march away from The Heights the following week, the supporters of the band posted comments including 'Congrats! The McDaid family could hear you loud and clear as the coffin returned home. I think they (and the world) got your message. No surrender! Hate is all we have left!!!!'.

While this may be construed as just another grubby incident in the long history of such events in Northern Ireland, it is a stark reminder of the difficulties of leaving behind the behaviours of the past when practices are so deeply ingrained in the social fabric. Much of the dominant political rhetoric on Northern Ireland talks of peace and progress when what it really refers to is the reduction in paramilitary violence. Important as this may be, the events surrounding the murder of Kevin McDaid alert us to the continuation of social and cultural practices which create an environment in which such murders take place. No amount of tinkering with the institutional architecture of the political system can overcome the constitutive role that conflict plays in the very fabric of Northern Ireland.

Of course, this is not to say that this inherent conflict must be manifest in either sectarian violence or paramilitary activity. Although I would suggest that sectarianism is reflected in many continuing aspects of life in Northern Ireland, most inhabitants have welcomed the reduction of sectarian violence. Two paradoxical trends are at work in this area. One is that we are witnessing many groups including loyalist paramilitaries and, just last month, the Irish National Liberation Army announcing the end of violence. On the other hand, many authoritative sources have spent much of this year identifying an increasing threat from fringe republican groups such as the Real IRA and the Continuity IRA.

This year, along with the usual claims of paramilitary involvement in petty crime, drugs, punishment beatings and so forth, has seen the murder of two soldiers near Antrim, the murder of a police officer in Craigavon, and numerous bomb incidents such as those in Belfast and South Armagh. This month the Independent Monitoring Commission (IMC) has warned again of the increased capacity of dissident republicans to threaten the progress that has been made in recent years and the likelihood that they are gaining some expertise in areas such as bomb-making from former members of the Provisional IRA.

All of this throws a sharp light on the current political discussions about the devolution of policing and justice issues to the Northern Ireland Assembly. The IMC warns that further hesitancy in proceeding with devolution will play into the hands of dissident republicans in terms of recruitment. This may be the case but it also needs to be recognised that people join paramilitary organisations for a variety of reasons and not just as a response to political initiatives. The case of Kevin McDaid demonstrates the depth of sentiment that helps to generate the conditions in which shocking events like McDaid's murder can take place.

These conditions are not merely reflective of political progress or a lack thereof but also the prevailing emotions and attachments which constitute Northern Irish society. Until more serious inroads are made into addressing cultures of sectarianism, then Northern Ireland will continue to be permeated by conflict and violence. The starting point for that project is for political actors and institutions to engage more directly with the communities that have been most marginalised and benefitted least from the peace dividend.

Adrian Little

Associate Professor Adrian Little is Head of the School of Social and Political Sciences at the University of Melbourne

St Brigid's merry dance

Above: She who leads the merry dance, Brigid of Kildare, in the stained glass window at the eponymous church in Crossley.
Top right: Jim and Loretta Lane, key campaigners for Crossley whose associations with the church goes back generations.
Middle right: Nostalgia and fond memories of good times in the Hall, the mecca for dances and sessions in Crossley.
Bottom right: Mischievous but supportive headline in the Warrnambool Standard.

If you pray to St Brigid, she will lead you a merry dance before granting the miracle. The saint was true to her reputation, according to Teresa O'Brien, who led the campaign to return St Brigid's church and hall to the community. Until the eleventh hour, Friday 31 July, the church at Crossley (near Koroit in the Western District) was to be sold by the parish, sight-unseen, to wedding planners from Melbourne. The *Warrnambool Standard* reported that Realtors, L J Hooker even offered the property to the Rebels Bikie Gang; who, although pleased to be considered, declined the offer. Late on Sunday 2 August, after a frantic week of fund-raising, and a long series of strategic interventions, by Sr Adele Howard (Shane Howard's sister,) who talked to the parish priest, Fr Van de Camp, negotiations were completed in favour of the community.

Losing the church was a devastating prospect to the Crossley parishioners. Why did a broken down, decommissioned church and an ancient hall mean so much? As we talked to the locals, several things became obvious. The Church on the Hill symbolised the faith, hope, money and toil of their potato-farming, dairying forebears, who raised the original £6000 to build the church and donate it to the parish. Back when a good wage was £2 a week, and families were large, this was an astonishing sacrifice on the part of hundreds of the community's ancestors. Their descendants' sense of place was still strong. Tales were told of a 95 year old woman who had desperately wanted to be buried from the church but could not, and of a still-born child buried elsewhere with a clod of clay from Tower Hill in a locally sourced white coffin. Such small comforts matter to the grieving. It mattered because the people construed the link to the soil as sacred.

The return of those educated elsewhere to join their 'Elders' (the term they used) in the battle to keep the community asset was also striking. In other communities, educated children forget their past in the bright city lights, but not the Teresa O'Briens or the Regina Lanes of this story. The Church and Hall constituted a social investment for them, so that walking away would have betrayed history and their community.

The sense of having invested much not only in monetary terms, but more in social terms was strong. 'I Had a Ball in the Crossley Hall' stickers proliferated in the district. The people who fought for it, wanted a keeping place for their memories and those of their ancestors. Aboriginal people, like Archie Roach and Ruby Hunter, who stood beside them in the fight, see the church as marking an important sacred site. Standing magnificently astride the western slopes of Tower Hill, it commands views to Killarney Beach. Lit up at night, it would be a beacon for miles, especially from the sea, where many of their ancestors landed in the decades after the Great Famine.

Other visions for the church is for it to become the first diaspora Gaeltacht, a focus for Irish language and culture in the most concentrated settlement of Irish in Australia. Even if that dream is utopian, St Brigid's is likely to become an important centre for events such as the Lake School of Irish Music.

The sense of community in Crossley is striking and multi-generational. 'Elders' had instilled in their families that community members take turns in giving and receiving; indeed, this mutual reciprocity is the nature of community. If you sweep the church and arrange the floral decorations for weddings, then the time will come when others will do it for yours. This is more than an investment which bears interest; it defines the community as a sacred entity in its own right, in which giving and receiving are the currency of exchange.

Those parishioners who could see the logic of selling the church to fund the more viable churches in Koroit (only 8 km distant from Crossley) were angry that the Friends of St Brigid's made offers for the property at less than the estimated commercial value. One priest notoriously denounced them from the pulpit as 'Fenians', a term that in retrospect they might wear with pride, but at the time hurt deeply and still rankles. The priest before the current incumbent was shocked that his community questioned his decisions and Koroit parishioners on the finance committee were unhappy with the resistance to the sale when so much needed to be done closer to home. Other parishioners derided the 'Friends'

as those who no longer went to church or engaged in plan-giving, as if these things defined what Christianity meant. In fact, many were and are still church-goers. It became a struggle between different kinds of communities: one orthodox, exclusive and excluding ('you're not practising, not plan-giving, not obedient to your priests') and another more tolerant of difference, who are educated and questioning.

The campaign reignited community spirit. 'Elders' learned what they thought they never could – how to use email and work mobile phones. Older skills still proved as useful in later life as the nuns and brothers always said that they would. The ability to write a neat hand proved to have enduring value as one campaigner sent handwritten letters to television stations, the Archbishop and even the Pope. His handwritten protest caught the attention of the 7.30 Report on ABC television. It was something producers had not seen in years. Talents were put to use: Shane Howard's song, *The Church on the Hill*, was so often sung that the typed words were no longer necessary to the impromptu choir of people of all ages who sang it with passion at the Friday night celebration. A fund-raising concert was convened in Melbourne. $100,000 was gathered within a week from sources well beyond Moyne shire. Many were small donors; some large; and some from overseas. Confidence is high that the remaining $100,000 will be raised. One contributor from Dingle noted that Irish parishes will look to Crossley to find versions of community which have been lost in Ireland, as wealth undermined the buttresses of community and modernity brings increasing anomie and alienation.

St Brigid, the patron of this enterprise, loves her brinkmanship. So many timely interventions, over several years of campaigning, only just averted disaster, but achieved the miracle of persuading a community-minded priest to accept a bid a little lower than the one offered by the stranger and to give the Friends of St Brigid a year to find the remaining $100,000. A community is rejoicing but they still need help and support to achieve their aim of full ownership.

Felicity Allen and Frances Devlin-Glass

The Church on the Hill, and interior.

Bottom right: The Crossley Hall, long past its 100th year, once a school, and always a community centre.

Irish cultural heritage values of the St Brigid's precinct

The threat of losing a place that is considered important to a local community and the wider population not only galvanises critical support but forces an in-depth examination into why that place is significant. This was certainly the case with St Brigid's church and hall. For nearly one hundred years the red brick church had stood perched on a ridge overlooking rich farming land. The adjacent hall (and former school) had stood for longer, since 1878. These two buildings perhaps appear as fairly modest and typical of church and hall buildings. Looking more closely, however, at the context of these buildings—their location, their history, and their social and cultural importance—reveals a place of exceptional importance to the history of the Irish in Victoria, and indeed Australia.

Putting forward a case for the heritage significance of St Brigid's Church and Hall was important in practical terms—in protecting the site from inappropriate development, but also in gaining recognition for the significance of the place. In the municipal heritage study of Moyne Shire, which I co-authored with Context Pty Ltd in 2006, St Brigid's was proposed as being of State significance. A subsequent nomination of the site to Heritage Victoria, however, was unsuccessful. The impending sale of the building, announced in May 2009, prompted further research into the history of the site, which led to a stronger case for its listing as State significance. The resulting re-nomination is currently with Heritage Victoria; a final decision is yet to be made.

Various categories of significance are recognised by government heritage bodies. The case for St Brigid's church and hall has identified architectural, historical, spiritual, and social and cultural significance. The Federation Romanesque church, completed in 1914, is of architectural significance as one of the earliest, largest and most intact churches designed by the prolific Catholic architect A.A. Fritsch. Set dramatically on an elevated site on the Crossley hill, the buildings form an integral part of the recognised 'Irish landscape' of Crossley, Killarney and Koroit. The historical significance of the Crossley Hall is particularly rich and colourful. As the social centre for the densest Irish Catholic community in Victoria, it played a part in many of the key political struggles of Irish Catholics, including opposition to secular state education in 1878; opposition to conscription in 1916; and strong support for the Democratic Labor Party into the 1970s. The Crossley Hall, as an important centre for social life in south-west Victoria, represents a rich heritage of memories, music, stories and folkore. The social and cultural values of this site, however, as well as its spiritual values, are difficult to quantify and to set within the prescribed 'comparative analysis' of heritage assessments. While these values are highly pertinent they have not been well recognised for relatively 'ordinary' places, such as a local church and hall. Despite the deep spiritual value that St Brigid's evidently holds for so many, this is in many respects an unquantifiable, intangible, abstract concept—hidden in the untapped oral traditions and private memories of generations of local families.

The long and difficult struggle by the people of Crossley and Killarney to retain St Brigid's church and hall as community buildings is now part of the site's significance. That story should strengthen the case for its social and cultural importance not only to the present-day descendants of Irish settlers in south-west Victoria, but to the wider Irish diaspora.

Helen Doyle

Helen Doyle is an historian and heritage consultant.

Reading in tongues

The people of Crossley, a rural locality on the road between Tower Hill and Koroit, have endured a long struggle to keep St. Brigid's Church, hall and surrounding plot of land within the community. It is only in the last few weeks they have been able to successfully tender for purchase. Recently, I received an e-mail (from Deirdre Gillespie) soliciting my interest in setting up a conference to discuss the concept and foundation of an Irish-Australian Cutural Centre at Crossley.

One can immediately sense the possibilities, dream of outcomes, and wonder just how a founding committee could raise the monies needed to implement any of these. Areas of concern include; security of tenure in an appropriate site, finding suitable and properly qualified teaching staff and cultural activists, supervision of children and adults, catering for the social, spiritual and even political aspirations of participants.

Over six years or so, Felix Meagher and friends have conducted a summer camp, the Lake School of Celtic Music, Song and Dance, at Koroit. Tuition is given in a range of musical instruments, from whistles and guitars to the pipes, in set dancing, singing and basic Irish (Gaelic) language. This program may not be as well known as the annual Port Fairy Folk festival, but is part of the cultural renaissance that the whole of the Barwon South Western Region is experiencing. Drawing on the success of the program, Felix and his associates in Koroit are now considering how to extend the range and depth of Irish language programs. An initial meeting to discuss his proposal was conducted on Sunday 20 September at the St. Brigid's Community Hall. We were fully briefed on the epic battle to save the site for the local community. While there were no formal outcomes other than M. Scanlon and C. Mooney declaring, perhaps with more than lighthearted intent, a *Gaeltacht* for the lands around Crossley, Koroit and Killarney, further meetings and a conference in early 2011 are being planned. If the good work of the Lake School is to be extended into the teaching of the Irish language and further enrichment of local culture, there are many practical issues to be addressed, not the least how to use the new technologies.

Whatever our hopes may be for the future, such as the creation of an effective Gaeltacht, the proposal can be best realised by creating a small core group of teachers and students who will persist with learning, and then using, the Irish language. Attracting students and also the qualified and dedicated teachers is only the first step. Methodologies will need to be discussed, teaching resources will need to be found and purchased, workspaces created. Then, the project is in a good position to take advantage of the development of new technologies in communication for pedagogic purposes. Distance need not be the barrier it once was. Certainly, there is the need for face-to-face interaction, as all language is embedded in society, and regularly scheduled conversation groups, teaching sessions for explicit purposes, and cultural events conducted in Irish will be part and parcel of the developmental program. But we can use websites holding caches of freely available interactive and dedicated software for students to download to mobile devices, such as MP3 players, iPods and mobile telephones. Their capacity to record and play back large audio-visual files, in effect acting as small, portable computers, would facilitate the development of pedagogic models. We can consult with colleagues who have been working in allied linguistic fields, for example, L Mahon at Victoria University, has developed a computer-aided program for assisting literacy skills in Arrernte youth, and D Carroll has been using these devices at NMIT for some time in trades education.

> "Sure, the brogue can pull the girls, but it's not the real thing!"

As a teacher, I am stubbornly interested in the project, especially in just how the processes of language teaching will proceed. Staff and facilities aside, it is the nature of the Irish (Gaelic) language that is so fascinating. It is an Indo-European language, as evidenced by just a small sample: *aon*, *do*, *trí* (one, two and three), *fear* (man, analogous to Latin *vir).* but unlike Latin, nominal inflexions have been much reduced and something peculiar has happened to the personal pronouns in the presence of a preposition, e.g., 'to thee', which would be constructed as *do* + *tú* is realised as *duit*, that is, the preposition has become fused to the pronominal. There are lists of 150 or so such combinations to learn by heart: e.g., *do* 'to, for' > *dom, duit, dó, di, dúinn, daoiḃ* and *dóiḃ, et cetera*, so that an expression such as 'give + a book + to me' is *tabhair leabhair dom*. To make matters even more interesting, there's the spelling system which needs to be assimilated by the student. The Irish orthography has had to deal with a number of phenomena that the basic Latin alphabet was not suited to handling. First, consonants undergo significant and meaningful pronunciation shifts according to position and function, e.g., the adjective *maith* means good, and in the expression *ar mhaith leat?,* 'would you like?, the initial 'm' changes to a 'w'. Secondly, Irish has a full range of palatised consonants: these are indicated by use of the letter 'i', as in *clois*, 'to hear', pronounced as 'kliš'. This leads to an important orthographic rule for the representation of vowels, *broad on broad, slender on slender*, where *broad* indicates a velar or unpalatised consonant and *slender* indicates a palatalised consonant. In *fear*, 'man', the first consonant is palatised and the second is not, thus 'fjer'. Then, because of constraints imposed by the standard typewriter keyboard and general laziness of computer programmers, this shift process is indicated by the use of 'h', and leads to a rather inelegant appearance. A much better style is to use the ancient *punctum delens*, so that in Mac OSX [US Extended keyboard] one can now rewrite *bh ch dh fh gh mh ph rh sh th* far more elegantly as dotted characters, ḃ ċ ḋ ḟ ġ ṁ ṗ ṙ ṡ ṫ: to achieve these forms, type a letter, say *c*, then press OPTION+SHIFT+W to yield the dotted letter ċ. (It should be noted that the process does not work with all Mac OS X fonts.) Like any language it will require more than a few weekends for a workshop participant to acquire

basic familiarity, and this is where specifically tailored workbooks and audio-visual materials will need to be produced and distributed.

But why bother? After all, Gaelic is currently spoken only by so few in comparison to the major languages (maybe 2,000,000 in the whole of Hibernia, 60,000 in Scotland and a mere 1000 in Nova Scotia, plus a few thousand within the Irish Diaspora). The temptation is give it up in favour of English as a major commercial language, but then, Estonian is spoken by 1,250,000 and Icelandic by only 320,000 people, yet no one really questions whether Estonian or Icelandic should be taught and maintained as viable languages in the world community. It becomes for the Irish, whether in Ireland or elsewhere in the world, a matter of identity. Sure, the brogue can pull the girls, but it's not the real thing! Apart from that aspect, there's the literature; from the grand tales of CuĊullain and his heroic struggles told in the pages of the *Táin* (*The Cattle Raid at Cooley)* to the earthy and subversive poetry of Nuala Ní Ḋomhnáill (O'Donnell b. 1952) who has dedicated herself to the language. Here's just the first verse of her beautiful poem, 'Mo Mhíle Stór' ('My Great Love'),

Mo mhíle stór

I dtús mo shaoil do mheallais mé
i dtráth m'óige, trí mo bhige.
Tuigis go maith
go fbhéadfaí mo cheann a chasadh le trácht
ar chúirteanna aoldaite,
ar chodladh go socair i gcuilteanna
de chlúmh lachan,
ar lámhainní de chraiceann éisc…

My great love

I was under your spell from the start:
I was young, I was soft,
and you well knew you could turn my head
with your talk about whitewashed courts
and big long sleeps on a duck-down bed
and gloves made out of the skins of fish…

(Ní Ḋomhnáill can also be found reading her moving poem 'Athair' ('Father') on YouTube, produced in 2008 as part of a series of six short Irish language poetry films, *Nead an Dreoilín (The Wren's Nest),* and if the reader wishes to further explore the glories of Irish poetry, the best introduction would be Kinsella's and Ó Tuama's fine volume, *An Duanaire 1600 – 1900: Poems of the Dispossessed*.)

The loom of language, to borrow Bodmer's memorable phrase, is deeply imbedded in history. As more and more relics of the distant past become available, we realise that humans were making music, creating art and speaking coherent, complex languages well before the Australian continent was separated from Austronesia. Given our natural desire to communicate with our neighbours and curiosity about the actual process of communication, we in Australia should have made much more of the opportunities open to us by the very nature of our multi-national society, and especially our geographical position.

Whether out of curiosity, economic necessity or even plain self-respect, for no one can claim to be educated and not speak at least one other language than English, we need to move away from this dull monolingual state. I am not calling for some grand government-funded plan, rather a renaissance of the values of scholarship and graciousness, which ought be the hallmarks of our institutions of education, from primary through to tertiary level, and most importantly in all organs of public discourse.

I have been encouraged by the ongoing debates concerning the value of teaching LOTEs as reported in recent issues of *The Australian*, (see 'News' *Tinteán* Issue 7*)* J. Lo Bianco is one of the most noticeable advocates of a rational approach to planning for implementation of policy in schools and Universities. Certainly mainstream Asian (Japanese, Chinese) and Romantic (Spanish and French) languages need to be taught for very good economic reasons, but we must remember there are many smaller communities speaking languages such as Vietnamese, Russian and the other Slavonic languages, as well as German, Lithuanian, and even Gaelic.

For our ancestral language, whether called *Irish* or *Gaelic*, the initiative proposed by Felix Meagher is important and deserves wide support, if only because, as P. Keating had once observed, 'Australia without the Irish would be unthinkable… unimaginable…unspeakable'. We owe this to ourselves if not to the ghosts of generations past.

Edward Reilly MA PhD

A reflection on the Ryan Report

The problem in writing about the Ryan Report is in finding a place to start. There are so many issues raised there, and they are so densely intertwined that finding an entry point seems almost impossible.

One commentator tells the story of overhearing a conversation in the West of Ireland between a group of elderly women who were unstinting in their condemnation of the *victims* for the trouble they had caused the Church. The *victims*. Those generations of traumatised, troubled, righteously angry people who had, at last, found a voice and a forum. As a starting point this has the feel of an endpoint as well. What can be said that could penetrate that mindset?

To be fair, this does seem to be a minority response, out of step with the national uproar which followed publication. The troubling aspect is that the generation to which those women belong were the silent witnesses in the towns near the industrial schools and orphanages, the 'good' who stood by as evil flourished. Freed by Ryan from the constraint of silence, these most proximate keepers of the open secret of abuse ought now surely to be among the most visible and vocal in condemnation of the perpetrators. But that is logic – and this is a saga of human perversity.

Bystanders and onlookers may argue that, at the time, they were powerless to intervene – and there may be some substance to that claim – but they are now surely in the position where any response but overwhelming compassion is unthinkable. And overwhelming outrage at the perpetrators.

Perversely, here, the perpetrators are transformed into victims of the un-elect, of the 'raggy' boys and girls for whom Irish society had no regard then and to whom, in this view, no regard should be paid now. This is moral panic of an alarming order, an inversion with the potential to paralyse thoughtful reflection on the events, the culture and the protagonists.

The human capacity for shame ought to be an instrument of transformation. It throws up limits and guides reflection, ultimately showing a way forward. It cannot, however, do its work until or unless the shameful acts or events are faced squarely and understood for what they are. The Ryan Report has played its part; the facts are now known. The commentary and the debate have interpreted the circumstances. It is time now for the perpetrators to make the amends they are capable of and for the victims to have the dignity and respect of acknowledgement. There is no place in this process for wilful blindness, tone-deafness or ignorant denial. Nor for castigating the victims. That would be truly shameful.

The victims themselves have seized some of the initiative for restoring their own dignity by resisting victimhood; they have named themselves 'survivors'. By changing the vocabulary they have, at a stroke, rebranded themselves in positive terms, and by implication destroyed the capacity of the perpetrators to define their status. 'Victims' are helpless; 'survivors' are powerful. The perpetrators have much to learn from the newly-minted power of these survivors.

Much has been written about the circumstances which allowed the physical, sexual and psychological abuse of the children of the industrial schools system and orphanages. Some factors quoted are:

- The grim, demoralised state of Ireland after centuries of British rule
- Population increase after the Famine
- Pressure, especially in large, rural families, on sons and daughters to enter religious life for reasons of status and security
- The poor standard and quality of 'formation' within the religious orders
- The 'Cullenisation' of Ireland's social fabric by Cardinal Cullen's influence on the health and education systems
- The identification of Irish nationalism with Catholicism during the latter part of the nineteenth century and the consequent increase in the power of the Church in public life
- The primitive state of understanding of sexuality and psychology both within and outside the religious orders
- The perceived anti-intellectualism of the Irish Church
- Class-consciousness which identified the poor as un-elect, unworthy and distasteful
- Capitation grants as incentives to institutionalise greater numbers of children
- The enmeshment of Church and State at Independence, and subsequently
- The deferential attitude of a civil service largely educated by the religious orders
- The relative poverty of Ireland in general throughout much of the twentieth century

Taken together, and with other factors, these may provide a partial explanation of some of the unenlightened tendencies of the society in general and of the Church's dominance of the public and social agendas. They can, however, never amount to an excuse for the excesses of the institutional culture of the industrial schools and orphanages (identified in the Report as 'endemic' and 'systemic'). There is something more....

In all of the perversities which infect the Ryan story none is so troubling, in the spectacle of an institution claiming divine inspiration and modelling itself on the figure of Christ, as the viciousness of its treatment of the weakest and most vulnerable in its care. Every bit as disturbing is the figure of the State, morally and historically bound (by the Easter Proclamation 1916) to 'cherish all the children of the nation equally', compromised by its relationship with the Church, playing facilitator. By its own lights the Church, aided and abetted by the State, failed in its own most basic mission.

Institutional messianic certainty and raw, inappropriate power combined to create a monster, more or less intoxicated by itself, incapable of compassion or shame. Like those women of the West. That is the key and the lesson of the Irish industrial schools and orphanages as revealed by the Ryan Report.

A national conversation has begun – and that conversation continues as the nation waits for the publication of the report on priestly abuse in the Dioceses of Dublin and Cloyne. Though not overtly framed in these terms, it is about the national psyche, about shame and about reinvention.

Let's hope that 'clerical abuse fatigue' does not weaken the impact of the forthcoming report, robbing the priestly abuse survivors of their moment of acknowledgement. And let's hope that there is not one voice raised against those survivors for 'the trouble they have caused the Church'. That, too, would be truly shameful.

Genevieve Rogers

The Report of the Commission to Inquire into Child Abuse (the Ryan Report) is available at www.childabusecommission.ie

Genevieve Rogers is a retired teacher and lawyer, and the author of Territory Kids: A Memoir

Limiting liability

The Irish Gulag
Bruce Arnold
Gill and Macmillan, Dublin, 2009
ISBN: 9780717146147; RRP €16.99

Much of the recent publicity about the appalling treatment of Irish children in need of care and protection has been concerned with the role of the Catholic Church. Given that various orders of the Church ran most of the orphanages, homes and industrial schools where the children lived and suffered, this seems reasonable until Arnold asks a more profound question; why were the children there in the first place? Arnold points his finger squarely at the responsibility of the Irish State, firstly in allowing the children to be taken into care, and secondly, in failing to supervise those who 'cared' for them. He also traces the shortcomings in the State's response to the revelations about how its citizens were treated and its persistent abrogation of their legal rights.

Some persistent myths justify firstly the consignment of children to care and their subsequent neglect. The first myth is that they were 'wayward children' who were either orphans or from families who were unable to control or care for them. Apparently, many were committed to care as small babies or toddlers; very few were orphans; and most came from caring families which did not measure up to the exacting standards of the Irish State. They might have been of mixed religion or headed by single mothers, for example. The subsequent inadequate diet and clothing, forced labour, lack of education and absent medical and dental care is blamed on Church poverty. This myth is revealed when Arnold points out that each child consigned to care received the equivalent of a labourer's wage from the Irish government to keep him or her. Finally there is a common view that the main harm to the children was sexual abuse perpetrated by a small number of deviants in the system. Arnold reveals the overwhelming level of sheer physical neglect in a system which denied children toothbrushes and overcoats, let alone any education. Finally, it is constantly asserted that the Irish State did not know what was happening; a myth with ominous undertones of other oppressive regimes, and hard to assert in the face of reports as early as 1962 which were suppressed.

The State's involvement in setting up, and currently defending a system of widespread child imprisonment is traced through the original legislation and series of reports, enquiries and Taoiseach Ahern's famous Apology. Arnold is relentless in his emphasis on the leading role taken by the various governments of the day firstly in setting up a child 'protection' system virtually devoid of any safeguards against the misuse of corporal punishment, failing to demand information about the children's welfare from those in charge of it and then in ignoring the reports from the few inspectors who did go out and make unscheduled visits. He makes a very good case that even during the recent inquiries, the State has continued to collude with the Church in covering up and minimising all wrong doing and limiting the Church's liabilities to the survivors of abuse as far as possible. Given that Artane had a mortuary but no library, the word 'survivors' is appropriate.

Recent efforts to limit church liability and minimise the extent of the abuse began with a secret deal in 1999 between church and State organised by Micheál Martin, then Minister for Education. Signed without any public debate, this provided that the Church's contribution to any recompense for survivors would be fixed, at a time when the number of claims was unknown. It also protected individual members of the orders (who had run the schools) from prosecution, but provided for the survivors to be penalised if they provided wrong information.

Several enquiries have been held, culminating in the Ryan Report, but the structure of these bodies of enquiry has invariably been flawed. The conflict of interest posed when the Department of Education participated in the LaFoy enquiry, for example, is heavily criticised. Ms Justice LaFoy ultimately resigned her commission partly because the Department of Education simply refused to provide either sufficient information or the funding she needed to conduct her enquiry; yet no one was called to account for this behaviour. Ms Justice LaFoy was simply replaced by Mr Justice Ryan without any real consideration of the proper constitution of a committee of enquiry. Arnold points out that Ryan was in a position of major ethical conflict given that he was the chairperson-designate of the body he was supposed to be investigating. It's hard not to wonder whether his less than enthusiastic conduct of the enquiry reflects his ambiguous position.

While this book is a brilliant account of what happened and how it came about, it's weaker on the question of why it happened. The Church's justification of semi-starvation and forced employment on the grounds of inadequate funds is exposed as nonsense, but little is heard about how much money was paid to the various orders and where it went. The money the children brought in annually might have been a major motivator for keeping the system going, so it's surprising when Arnold accepts the Church's claim that there are no records of the monies paid over; this amount of money would have been paid through banks and they keep archives. Given that Ireland is the country which brought us the Criminal Assets Bureau and its ferocious approach to financial records, it's hard to see why the money trail could not have been followed in considerably more detail.

The State's total abrogation of responsibility for the children's welfare is also startling given the idealism and upwelling of national feeling which attended the founding of the Irish nation. Surely former revolutionaries like Tomás Derrig, then Minister for Education, who began the system in its current form, would have had a lively respect for citizens' rights? Arnold fails to query this. Similarly it's puzzling to see Catholic orders whose educational achievements in other contexts were legendary simply denying an education to the children in their care.

Nevertheless this book is a very powerful indictment of the systematic imprisonment of Irish children and leaves the reader with many uncomfortable images. As one example, boys in Artane were inadequately dressed e.g. 'Overcoats are not supplied except where a boy can pay £3 or £4 in advance which must come from his own pocket. It is pathetic to observe hundreds of boys walking the roads of the district on Sunday morning in deep winter without overcoats.' (p.280). During this winter temperatures in Ireland were as low as -8°C and the quote is taken from the McQuaid report sent to the Department of Education in 1962, but completely ignored.

Felicity Allen

Incidental Irish

Prominent Irish-born achievers in British history

Steve Duke explores the incidence of prominent figures in British history whose names belie the fact that they were actually Irish born.

Leaving aside the more obvious cases such as Arthur Wellesley (the Duke of Wellington) and Ernest Shackleton, British History is awash with such people who had a personal link with Ireland and the Irish, yet are considered English by the rest of the world.

Most of us would know that the 'HCE' mentioned in *The Dubliners* is based on an English politician, but would you know this HCE Childers was a relative of Erskine Childers and was Chief Secretary in the Victorian Government in colonial days? A torpedo boat of the Victorian Navy (Australia) was named for him after he had left Victoria to return to Britain. Eventually this boat was handed over to the fledgling Australian Navy.

Another example is Cecil Frances Alexander, the hymn writer. It is something of a shock for most people to realise that CF was a woman – not to mention the fact that she was Irish! She was from Wicklow after all.

The celebrated Bishops George Berkeley (1685-1753) and James Ussher (1581-1656) were two such Irishmen. Bishop Berkeley was born and educated in Kilkenny, became a Fellow of Trinity College Dublin, Dean of Derry and later Bishop of Cloyne, but the English speak of him as the greatest philosopher of his age without telling anyone that he is IrishBishop Ussher was born in Dublin, was also a Fellow of TCD, Bishop of Meath and Archbishop of Armagh but you do not hear much about that from English mouths. The good bishop was in England during the Civil War. Ussher sided with Charles I yet, amazingly, did not suffer for that under the subsequent Cromwell Commonwealth. He is famous as the man who figured out the world was made in 4004 BC and the enemies of Charles Darwin never let anyone forget this. They did hush up the Bishop's Irishness however.

Several British generals in the 19th Century were also Irish. Among Britain's empire builders were such paddies as Lord Kitchener of Khartoum, Viscount Gough, Sir H M Lawrence, his brother John Lawrence, Sir Garnet Wolseley and a man whose name is very topical due to Pakistan being constantly in the news – John Nicolson from Lurgan. All of these 'incidental' Irishmen were actually born in Ireland, save the Lawrence brothers who were from a Protestant Irish family living in, what is now, Sri Lanka. Of course the Army was not the only English institution to be awash with Irish. Forty per cent of all officers in the Royal Navy who were of Irish extraction were Corkmen. There is no shortage of 'Born Ireland' or the Irish county named (refer the British National Archives website) on the list of sailors who fought at Trafalgar.

One of the more topical of these 'incidental' Irishmen is Sir Hugh Lane, the art collector, whose collection is now on display in The Hugh Lane Gallery in Dublin after years of legal wrangling. The English said he was English so his collection belonged to them. No sooner was this solved than the last remnants of his collection were located in a watertight case amidst the wreckage of the Lusitania, off the Old Head of Kinsale. One of the paintings is said to be a Rubens. When the art is recovered we can expect another court case. But in the end we shall be able to enjoy the fruits of this particular 'incidental' Irishman's hard work, even if the English think the paintings incidentally belong to the English.

Steve Duke

Steve Duke is a Melbourne historian and vexillologist. He would be pleased to hear from readers with knowledge of other 'incidental' Irish. He can be contacted at PO Box 340, Reservoir, Victoria 3073

Letter from an emigrant

To: Kealkill National School Centenary Committee
Kealkill N.S, Kealkill Co. Cork

Dear Kealkill National School Centenary Committee,

I want to wish you all congratulations and best wishes for the centenary celebrations for Kealkill National School to be held this year. Kealkill National School has a great tradition of serving the people of Kealkill and its surrounding townlands so well over the last hundred years. I am happy to be a past pupil of such a wonderful school.

I was born in Lisheens in Kealkill, daughter of Mary Sullivan (nee Hurley) of Lisheens and Pearsons Bridge and John (Jack) Francis Sullivan, born in Lackareagh. I vividly remember hiding behind my mother, clutching her skirt, on my first day at Kealkill National School. I remember the fear I felt when she left me there. I am the first of seven children (Mairéid, John, Jerry, Noreen, Carmel, Genevieve and the late Daniel) all born within eight years, so my brothers and sisters followed me to school each consecutive year.

We moved from the farm to Pearson's Bridge when I was in Class 1. My brother John and I joined the other boys and girls on the two mile walk to school, and learned from them how to catch rides on the milk cart, from Coomhola, which usually caught up with us near the McCarthy's house, on its way to the Kealkill Creamery. The driver didn't like us climbing on the cart, so he always sped up when he got to our clutch of youngsters. Only the most determined runners got a ride. I became a good sprinter because I ran fast enough to be able to hop on the back of that milk cart. Sometimes a few of us were given a ride by Master Vaughan. He had a rule, though: when we heard his Morris Minor coming along the road, we were not allowed to turn our heads to look at him, or beg a ride. Then, maybe, he would stop and give us a ride.

In summer, we picked blackberries and raspberries along the roadside, especially on the way home from school. As winter approached, I loved the crackling sound of crisp dry autumn leaves, when I stepped on them, hopping from one to the other along the roadside, or, later in winter, popping ice sheets on the potholes.

I usually arrived at school before the others. Mrs. Manning gave me the job of dusting the tables and windowsills, being especially careful when dusting statues and shrines. Mrs. Manning taught Infants to Class 3, in the partitioned one-room building; I remember the high ceilings and tall narrow windows, and the rows of desks, a row for each class. As I write, I remember very clearly the intense concentration I needed to apply to learning stitching – making neat rows, and embroidering simple patterns. The emphasis was on making each stitch the same size as the last, so that all the stitches were even. This skill has stood me in good stead over the years, as I still love sewing. I believe the early training in maintaining focus and concentration on whatever project we were working on was the most important skill we developed.

The other skill I most value, practised especially in the higher classes, is rote learning. We learned songs, poems, and prayers or catechism, spelling, and arithmetic by rote and we learned to speak 'Irish'. We learned history in the form of adventure stories. We also learned step-dancing. All of these skills, – memorising movement, words and melodies, strengthened our capacity to concentrate over long periods.

We were called upon at random to stand up and recite or sing or tell a story, and we had better be prepared, or else we got a hard slap of the cane across the hand. Master Vaughan was a strict teacher. He took classes 4 through 8 in turn.

Master Vaughan also lived in Pearson's Bridge. He and his wife and daughter lived in the last house in the row of ivy-covered houses, which included the pub. The truly elegant and marvellous local midwife, Nurse Creedon, lived with her brother across the road, until she retired to a house just across the road from Kealkill NS, where I imagine she loved seeing all the children she helped bring into the world. She delivered all of my brothers and sisters. Being the first-born, my mother had me at Bantry hospital.

Our family left Ireland when I was 11½ years old. Richard (o/w Dickie) O' Sullivan who I understand has been working on the Centenary Committee, was a school friend of mine, we sat at the same desk. He reminded me a few years ago after my brother Daniel died, that just before we left the school to go to America, our teacher Master Vaughan lined us up and every student in the school shook our hands to wish us well on our journey. Before we left Ireland, the priest warned my mother, Mary who thankfully is still living near me in Melbourne, that by emigrating with her seven children, she was removing seven future families from the parish.

I returned for the first time when I was 25. I had been living in Australia for 4 years at that stage and I had just spent a year teaching English in Thailand, and exploring other S.E. Asian countries, Malaysia, Cambodia, Laos, Hong Kong. I met my sister Noreen who joined me for the trip back to Ireland, to join our father John (Jack) Sullivan, who visited every year, and who is now buried in Bantry cemetery.

As soon as I arrived in Kealkill, I arranged to visit Mrs. Manning. That was a very special experience for me. I remember I was directed by a neighbour to her house and I knocked on the door, and when she answered Mrs. Manning welcomed me warmly. She ushered me to her parlour, where she served tea and barnbrack. We talked awhile, and then she pointed to the statue of the Infant of Prague on her mantelpiece, and told me that she says her evening prayers in front of the statue, and that she always says a prayer for me, because it was I who broke the crucifix off the globe when I dusted the class room, so long ago. I was dumbfounded – joyous! The impact of learning that someone so important in my life prayed for me every evening was, and still is breathtakingly wondrous. I have always been grateful and deeply thankful for Mrs. Manning's professional caring kindness as my first ever Teacher. I wish everyone associated with the School the most special of celebrations.

With kindest regards,
Mairéid Sullivan
Lyrebird Media Studio,Melbourne, Australia

Poetry

Oidhreacht

Ni féidir é a bhogadh,
an braon fola a doirteadh
ó thaobh mo mháthar ionam,
a d'fhág starrfhiacail chlaon
im charball uachtair
bollán tochais i ngort
mo mharana, oghamchloch
a bhodhraíonn m'aigne
lena haibítir bhallbh.

Cuirim ordóg ramhar
fé fhiacail an fheasa
is labhrann an gallán
as íochtar comhfheasa amach:
Cúl le cine, cúl le cine
mar is dual cine ded shórt,
focail chomh crua
le gráinne gainimhe
fé chaipín súile
atá iata chomh dlúth le sliogán oisre.

Nuair a osclaíonn scian an tsolais
a bhéal ar maidin,
tá fiacail ar sceabha i ndrad mo mhic,
gléas chomh hard le niamh an phéarla
ar a gháire neamhbhoirfe gan teimheal.

Heredity

There's no denying
the blood that goes through me
from my mother's side,
leaving one snarled tooth
in the roof of my moth,
an itching post in the field
of my thoughts, an ogham stone
that shouts me down
with its unintelligible alphabet.

I put my swollen thumb
under the tooth of knowledge,
and the stone speaks up
from the underworld of my thoughts:
You were always a black sheep
Like all belonging to you,
Hard words like grains of sand
in the corner of an eyelid
shut tight as an oyster.

When a blade of light prises it open,
there's a tooth askew
in my son's mouth.
It shines like a pearl
in his perfectly crooked smile.

Louis de Paor *was born in Cork and lived in Australia 1987-96, where his first bi-lingual collection,* Aimsir Bhreichneach / Freckled Weather *was short-listed for the Victorian Premier's Award. In 2000 he won the Lawrence O'Shaunessy Award and in 2003 the Orireachtas prize for the best collection of poems in Irish.*

The Suitcase

This is the Kilburn High Road
running up towards Cricklewood
away from England's Edgeware Road
where the homeless Irish come
carrying their father's battered suitcase,
though their father may have never left home.
They used to buy them at the summer fairs
for that day when their time would come,
or get them off a friend who died,
his lifelong journey finally done.
That's how my father stayed in his fields.
His suitcase travelled to him
from an Irish woman with a soft Kerry voice,
whose children's eyes were Irish blue
and accents East End Cockney.
She had married three times in England
and returned sadly widowed again.
The locals said "she deserved what she got
the saintless, unGodly woman."
Yet they listened discreetly to the stories she told
of how one husband left in a blitz of booze,
Another in a blitz of bombs,
the last one dying on a beach outside Calais
his toes barely touching French soil.
She used to giggle at the thought,
said it reminded her of once
when he danced on Brighton beach
in nothing but his cotton drawers.
When she died the priest brought round her suitcase.
My father left it by the door.
In our kitchen someone was always leaving home.

Tony Curtis *was born in Dublin, studied literature at Essex University & Trinity College and is a member of Aosdana, the Irish academy of arts. Of six acclaimed collections Arc published the most recent,* The Well in the Rain: New & Selected Poems *in 2006. He gained a Varuna Fellowship in 2003, The Robert Horne Award in 2007 and the National Poetry Prize. In 2008 Brooding Heron Press, Washington, published* Days Like These. *His new collection 'Folk' and a book of poems for children 'An Elephant Called Rex' are eagerly awaited.*

The Poor Commissioners

In 1849 a group of 150 famine victims were denied sustenance at the poorhouse in Westport, County Mayo, Ireland, until they had registered with the so-called "Poor Commissioners", based 14 miles away at Delphi House. In the depths of winter they walked there through the valley by Croagh Patrick, Ireland's Holy Mountain, only to find that the commissioners were having dinner and would not see them. Dozens froze to death in the snow. A stone monument on the place today reads: TO COMMEMORATE THE HUNGRY POOR WHO WALKED HERE IN 1849, AND WALK THE THIRD WORLD TODAY.

And what were they thinking, finally, as they sank down,
hope extinguished,
or was it a relief to stop thinking
only reeling, drifting in and out in the whirling sleet
glimpsing your father there, huddled, vanishing
so that the snow at last
a misjudged enemy
invited you down to rest,
muffling each voice
and a faint half-dreamed comfort
in closing your eyes on your knees in the shadow of the Croagh
named for the saint who fasted,
like Our Saviour,
only both from choice.

Beyond bitter curses, then, or did they die raging,
snot and tears freezing on their faces?
Who was chosen to muster
a semblance of dignity
to approach the house,
and how to return
to break the news to the others
and with what words?
And the men in the house, never dreaming
That this would be the moment seized by fate
To expose them
This, which was commonplace, no doubt;
They were Commissioners, only that, righteous with due process,
stamps and nibs put away for the day, and now
dealing with a nuisance, irritable,
pushing the last of the bread
around their plate.

Would they have behaved better
If they knew they were to be judged
Jump to stoke the fire,
Order a tureen of soup made,
Swing open those doors,
be exemplary?
History catches us like this,
buttons undone and disguises off
aggrieved with burdensome paperwork
maintaining order in some godforsaken outpost
and, frankly, the poor always with us
as so these hundred and fifty,
unnamed,
condemned to white oblivion
by a flat refusal,
one stone, no, suffices for them all.

It is the past we find containable
folded along old certainties
like a map or a card
a stone to mark distance,
reduced to well-worn lines,
observed through a square glass pane:
the Hungry Poor, outside the gates at Delphi House
the villains and the victims
the snow soaked with amnesia,
frozen here and rendered into monochrome
by this driving rain

but they are with us
trudging with the last of their energy,
thousands of miles now, from poorhouses and famine fields
chilled and exiled,
holding pitchforks or children or unsigned paperwork,
forged, faded identifications,
the wrong currencies,
they are with us and we will not see them
as they come through the valley
spurred by a mirage of lit windows
and laughable hopes of some borrowed hearth,
they are with us, and we are done with them
we ill not meet their eye.

Tomorrow we will draw a red line in the ledger
pious and put-upon, holding this burden like a full plate
against our memory of the cold.

This is Delphi of the silenced, unrecognisable stone
Delphi where witness is a frozen and thawed and refrozen thin
Delphi, where the oracle speaks, and we do not listen.

Cate Kennedy *has published two poetry collections,* Signs of Other Fires *(2001, Five Islands Press) and* Joyflight *(2004, Interactive Publications), a travel memoir* Sing, and Don't Cry *(Transit Lounge, 2005) recalling time in Mexico with Australian Volunteers International, a short story collection* Dark Roots *(Scribe 2006) and a novel* The World Beneath *(Scribe, 2009). She lives on a farm in north east Victoria with her family.*

Epiphanies in Ulster

Words of the Grey Wind: Family and Epiphany in Ulster
Chris Arthur
The Blackstaff Press, Belfast, 2009
ISBN 978-0-85640-843-4. RRP £12.99

As a child, I enjoyed reading essays, glimpsing into serious minds on subjects that the writers thought mattered. Today, that genre is not often published. Newspaper and magazine opinion pieces are not at all the same beast. The essay freewheels, may meander, can scintillate and amuse, or provoke to thought. It is not required to march in orderly or predictable ways. But it should be an invitation to share and to ponder, and Chris Arthur does exactly that, and locates himself in a little bit of Ireland – Ulster – that invites our compassion because it has in the last thirty years been so fraught a place to inhabit.

Two years ago, I reviewed Chris Arthur's *Irish Haiku* for an academic journal, and fell in love with a very superior essayist. This current volume is a selected collection, containing some of the same essays (which were a joy to re-read) and some ones that are new, or new to me. Arthur's mind is uncommonly probing, one given to meditation. He pivots gently around words and their associations, but always corrals the apparently errant thoughts into an elegant whole.

He has an eye for the emotional depth-charges that take one deeply into experiences of family, place and event – for example, his father's book on the birds of Ulster connects him to a memory of his first flashlight glimpse of the exotic plumage of a kingfisher in the ground of Armagh's asylum where as a child he was visiting his aunt, a limping, broken woman. It was his first experience of the world of the insane. The unpredictability of both bird and aunt, and a bomb explosion in Lisburn which he narrowly escaped just before his second sighting of a kingfisher, all crowd into the essay, and are made to speak to each other. He helps the reader understand how, for the individual, the accidental changes in the rhythms of life catapult into activity the workings of the symbolic imagination, that which makes meaning out of chaos. The loss of her son on the Lusitania and its impact on the mad aunt are made abundantly clear in the image of her pacing as if in an invisible cage and the facial contortions she made at each turn. Violence and unpredictability are at the heart of life itself. The kingfisher is paradigmatic of his own imagination as an essayist – 'weav[ing] a wordy mesh between me, now, the boy who perished in the sea just off Kinsale, and his grief-maddened mother' (p.23). How stories overlap and interconnect fascinate him.

It is especially significant that these reflections come from a mind that knows Ulster intimately (he has also lived in Scotland). He has come close to a terrorist, accidentally overhearing a 'pathetic' exchange in a Lisburn bookshop. He deliberately sought out the book fingered by the terrorist (it was on Buddhist meditation, and it sat in a space that was previously occupied by one on Australian finches!), but such exceptional events are not given any more reality than their accidental quality warrants: they are deployed as soundings, for thinking about culture and history, and in particular what deserves memorialising from Ulster's violent years.

What Arthur, a religious studies academic, seeks to do is to find (or is it create?) the epiphanic moment, the moment that reveals significance, that marks events as meaningful beyond their mundaneness. Little things – bones, ferrules, pieces of linen – can flesh out character, changes in lifestyle, major historical shifts, and give rise to speculations on the big questions of life and mortality, the sacred and religion. And these meditations take their life from the history and culture of Ulster. Arthur's is a well-stocked mind and his journeying is full of electrical frissons, and gifts garnered along the winding paths. He may take his bearings from Ulster, and derive his sense of self and family from there, but he also moves confidently among the great religions of the world, and the minor ones too, and treats them with reverence if they enrich his understandings. We move in heady arcs from Leakey's discovery of hominid footsteps in Tanzania, to the Buddha, to Norse Eddas, to Sir James Frazer, to Virgil and back to a garden swing in Ulster in 1932, when in Arthur's company we hear about mistletoe.

For literary readers, Arthur's love affair with language is infectious – and it perhaps owes something to his mother's strict English Trinity-trained teacher who loved Shakespeare. Language he describes as being picked up like a dog running through a field of burrs. It sticks, and he disarmingly claims it is both empowering and imprisoning. How it might imprison (though I *know* it can and does) is not clear to me in his use of it. He often shares the process of essay-smithing with us, teasing, consciously shaping emotional responses to what has moved him, and moving in associative leaps. A fine example of this is his essay on a room in a house that is emptied for sale, denuded of its furniture, narratives, its prompts to memories, its capacity to become a second womb for a family. It works as an allegory in reverse of the process of writing on a blank page, and maybe even of the inevitable progress to plain casket. The stripping away to the raw physicality of the room enables thinking about the lives we lead as 'temporary enclosure within the void,' but he does not invalidate the energy that most of us put into creating and decorating nests, making them homely and defying the inevitable moment of sloughing off – of minds, cells, bodies, belongings.

My favourite essay by far is his elegy, 'Swan Song', for his stillborn son, Boll. It is the most exquisite account of grief, of finding a way to memorialise and make sacred a life that the wider world is inclined to overlook, even disrespect. The symbol he finds almost adequate for his grief is furnished by an exhibit in the Ulster Museum in Belfast of an image of a Danish burial of a young woman buried alongside an infant lying on a swan's wing. What Arthur does with that swan's wing opens up a whole new vocabulary for grief and finding expressive correlates for it. And it is, of course, predicated by every other essay in the volume. It is poetry, pure and simple.

Chris Arthur's prose is meditative magic.

Frances Devlin-Glass

Neutrality no protection

Bombs Over Dublin
Sean McMahon
Currach Press, Dublin, 2009
ISBN 9781856079839; RRP: $33.95

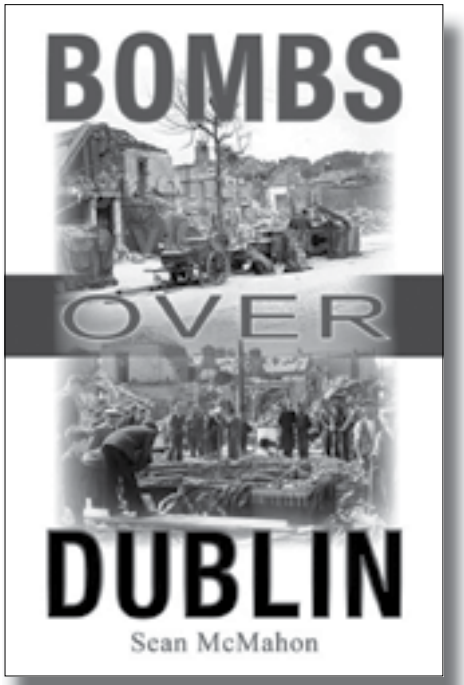
Despite its neutrality during the Second World War, Ireland was not unaffected. In this short but detailed outline, the author analyses the background and true situation of the neutrality adopted during the War and, using many eye-witness and press reports of the time, gives considerable detail about German bombing of Ireland.

McMahon's treatment of Irish neutrality reveals that, despite the vituperation of the pompous and imperialist Churchill, the de Valera Government made many concessions in favour of the Allies, which were unable to be revealed publicly. He outlines the relationships, both good and bad, that the Irish Government had with a number of key figures during these times and the book gives an excellent historical review of the position of neutrality and related matters. It is worth reading for this alone.

Ireland's neutrality did not spare it from the privations of wartime. White flour, tea and petrol rationing were severe although there was plenty of meat, liquor and dairy products. Unfortunately, the shortages tended to affect mostly the poor who depended on their bread and tea and couldn't afford these other items much anyway. It is also worth noting that some 50,000 Irish citizens fought in Britain's forces during the War and many of its merchant ships were attacked by German forces.

Much detail is given about the emergency mobilisation of Ireland's defences and its air raid precaution measures. McMahon describes each bombing incident, giving exact locations and consequences in terms of damage and casualties. The involvement of volunteer fire fighters from the southern counties, including Dublin, in assisting after the Great Fire of Belfast is most fascinating and includes some examination of the reluctance of Northern authorities to eat humble pie by requesting this aid and the circuitous routes that were followed in seeking it. It is a pity that the diminution of sectarianism in Belfast that resulted (Catholics from the Falls Rd and Protestants from the Shankill Rd slept side by side in the cellar of the Redemptorist monastery in Clonard during these events) did not last beyond the next decade.

The bombing of Belfast, and the death toll over 1000, is relatively well-remembered. However, few now realise that there were a number of bombing incidents in Ireland preceding any attack on Belfast. Most of these – in Wexford. Wicklow, Dublin, Kildare, Meath and Monaghan – occurred before the Belfast attacks. Furthermore, following the Belfast raids, the bombing of the North Strand Road area of Dublin resulted in the destruction of some 70 houses with around 300 more severely damaged. Just under 40 people were killed and over 300 injured – 45 of them seriously. The author examines the arguments supporting the various reasons given for these bombings, ranging from the bizarre allegations of British pilots using German aircraft to suggestions of them being either deliberate or unintentional. His conclusions support the latter.



Sean McMahon, a Derryman, has published many literary and historical books, including the best-selling *A Short History of Ireland* and his style of writing is both authoritative and readable, albeit occasionally punctuated by gratuitous opinion (he refers more than once to the current 'nanny state'). I would commend this book to any reader interested in modern Irish history.

Robert J F Butler
Part-time clerk and reader of Irish History

A life in two hemispheres

The Riddle of Father Hackett: A Life in Ireland and Australia
Brenda Niall
The National Library of Australia, Canberra, 2009
ISBN: 9780642276858 (pbk.); RRP $39.95

Like his close friend Archbishop Mannix, the Jesuit priest Fr William Hackett came to Australia in his late forties after a significant church career in Ireland, and spent the rest of his life here. Sometime between his ordination and Easter 1916 he moved to the republican position, opposing all British involvement in his country. He knew personally many of the people who determined events in Ireland at the time, among them Padraig Pearse, Michael Collins, Eamon de Valera and Erskine Childers. During the war of independence from Britain he supported the insurrectionists, acting as a sort of courier ferrying messages, information and supplies around Ireland, often at considerable danger to himself. After the signing of the Treaty, he sided with de Valera and those who opposed it. Michael Collins wrote to Hackett on the evening before Collins was assassinated in Cork in 1922. Things were getting too hot for him in Ireland, and soon afterwards the Jesuit order moved him to Australia.

His life here was also influential, though not as exciting and dangerous. He soon became close to Dr Mannix, both anti-Treaty Irishmen, traditionalist but political priests, and men of high intelligence and wit. They relaxed in each other's company in a friendship of thirty years. He was Mannix's closest friend in Australia. Fr Hackett founded the Catholic Central Library in Melbourne, mentored the influential Campion Society, served an unhappy term as Rector of Xavier College, and was chaplain to both Catholic Action and the controversial Industrial Movement of Bob Santamaria. He moved in elevated non-religious circles, being a friend of Prime Ministers Scullin, Lyons and Menzies, the Governor of Victoria, Lord Somers, and other grandees. He died after being after being hit by a car in Kew, a few months before the great Labor Split of 1954.

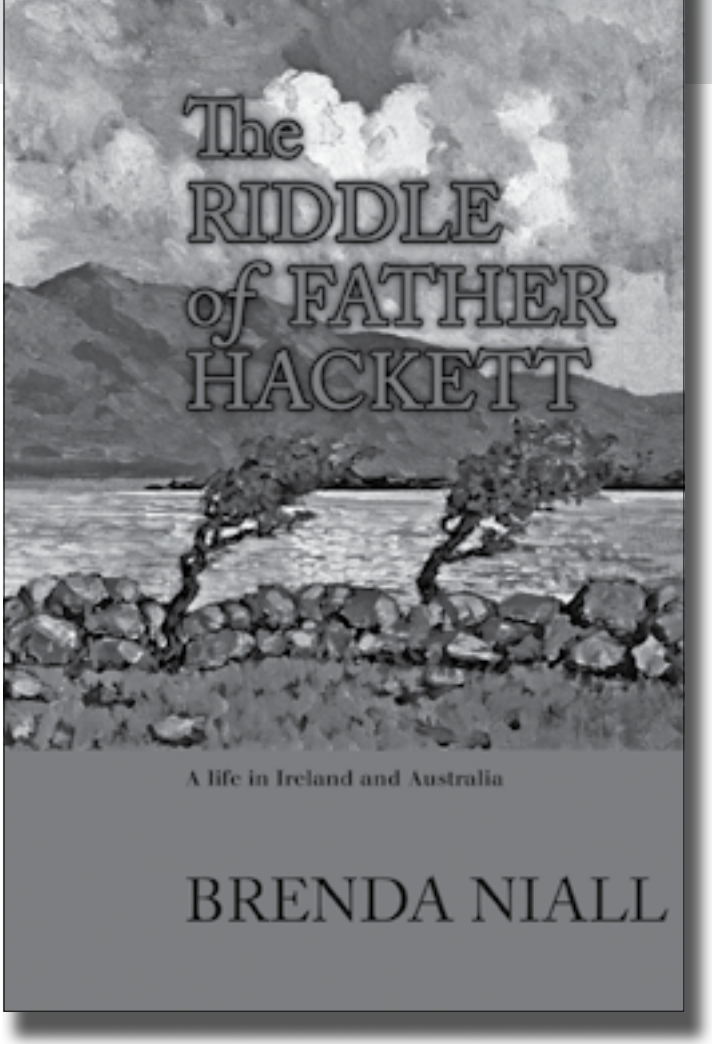
The above is an outline of the known events of his life, but beneath the surface there are conundrums. Brenda Niall, one of Australia's best-known biographers, has successfully explored the many disputed interpretations of events in his life. She has utilised to the full Hackett's papers preserved in the Jesuit archives, but even with this material there are huge gaps in the record where the author has inevitably to speculate about events. For example, though Mannix and Hackett met regularly for three decades, there is almost nothing recorded of their conversations. The Irish events in Fr Hackett's life have equally great lacunae. But the author has managed to weave the disparate material together into a convincing portrait. This book, best read in a couple of sittings, tells an engrossing story.The title refers to *The Riddle of the Sands*, the best known book of Hackett's executed friend Erskine Childers. There are riddles in Hackett's life. How did a non-political young priest get so involved in politics? Why did he take up the rebel cause after 1916, and the anti-Treaty cause in 1922, in such a direct and dangerous way? How much did his Jesuit superiors know of, and approve of, his involvements? Did he ask to leave Ireland or did the Jesuits make the decision to move him, willingly or unwillingly? How close was he to the Movement? The author teases out plausible answers to these questions, with the evidence disclosed in such a way that the reader can come to different conclusions.Hackett called himself Mannix's court jester, but he is more accurately described as a confidante, one who can share innermost thoughts with a friend in a serious way. Both can, as equals in private, think out loud in each other's company with their guards down. The ageing Mannix comes across in Niall's portrait as remote, superior and demanding. Hackett did express to his sister his boredom on long summer holidays with Mannix at Portsea, but this is not the full story – he obviously found Mannix's company enjoyable.

Though Hackett was chaplain to the Movement, Niall claims he was sympathetic to the viewpoint of the *Catholic Worker* group, who opposed Santamaria. Hackett attended a day-long meeting on Movement problems at Belloc House in 1953. Niall quotes him ruling that Movement activity was a political not religious commitment, but his main contribution to that meeting was as follows:

> The opposition is not merely confined to a few people. It is to a large extent organised. Ramifications pretty great and pretty malignant – all sorts of statements uttered utterly untrue.
>
> All facts should be put before the Bishops. I should think it would be the wisest thing to do. We are in a strong position

Hackett oil portrait by James Quinn

Courtesy Jesuit Publications and National Library of Australia



> at the moment. Though the fight has gone a good way it is far from finished. I think that they [the Bishops] could be quite prepared to restore the Mandate and give us a new Mandate as you suggest.

He may have retained his personal friendships with the *Catholic Worker* people, but this statement shows he was a dyed-in-the-wool believer in the Movement's activities, which should not surprise us, as in Ireland he had had no qualms about being involved as a priest in undercover missions of a much more dangerous and unconstitutional nature. After risking his life carrying and dodging bullets in a war zone, local cloak-and-dagger Movement activities wouldn't have knocked a feather off him.

Brenda Niall perceptively says of Hackett: 'Knowing two Australian prime ministers might be an accident; three looks like a habit'. Hackett comes across in this biography as a recognisable personality type – a person who is not a natural leader, but close to powerful figures in public life, as their tic-tac man, counsellor, confidante and courier, a personality naturally drawn to the world of background activity. Such people enjoy playing an important role unknown to the public. They are usually motivated more by personal loyalty to those they admire than by strong ideological drives. They are the opposite of extremists, being interested in arranging compromises and deals between contending parties. Hackett had admirable qualities – a great gift for personal friendship, courage and insight. He puts me in mind of Alec Guinness, huddled inconspicuously in an overcoat, playing the role of a poker-faced agent in Ealing Studios films of the 1950s. Niall reveals that during the Anglo-Irish war Hackett once found himself in a rebel house in which ammunition was hidden. With the house about to be raided, Hackett calmly put the bullets in his pockets and walked out. The police waved him on because he was a priest, a great cover for a courier.

This is a brilliant biography, where the subject comes to life for those who did not experience the pleasure of his company.

Patrick Morgan

Loretos Downunder, a stirring institutional history

Loreto in Australia
Mary Ryllis Clark
University of New South Wales Press, Kensington (NSW)
ISBN 978 1 74223 031 3; RRP $49.95

> 'He congratulated Dr. O'Connor on getting us for his Diocese, said he was not so fortunate, though he asked years ago.'

In 1875 Mother Gonzaga Barry recorded in her diary the rueful words of Melbourne's Archbishop as he welcomed her and her sisters from the Loreto Institute in Ireland. The sisters had come to Australia at the invitation of the Bishop of Ballarat. Nothing had come of Archbishop Goold's own approaches to the Mother General.

> 'I suppose she did not think Australia was within the pale of the civilized world'

The Bishop of Ballarat, it seems, had better connections.

Contrary to what the sisters had expected, they found Melbourne and Ballarat to be prosperous and sophisticated cities.

The story of the Order in Australia is told by Mary Clark in a wonderfully engaging and sympathetic narrative enhanced by archival photographs and personal reminiscences of members and friends.

The cover photograph shows two sisters, in traditional habit, walking under umbrellas in the rain, wind whipping their cloaks and long skirts. There is a liveliness in their steps and their faces have an expression of such good cheer one might be excused for imagining them being borne aloft by their magical umbrellas.

There *is* a touch of magic in their story. From the very beginning, in Australia, the schools and convents they established flourished. There was much hard work, but their endeavours seem blessed; their faith directing them just as strongly as their astute financial decisions. There is a delightful story – and I'm sure it must be already famous at Mary's Mount – about a lady who appeared at the Ballarat convent one day, asking if she might be permitted to stay a while. It wasn't long before they discovered that the European stranger was a countess. She came to love the sisters and at her death they received a large bequest. The bequest came at the very time when funds were most needed to complete an ambitious building project. In Ballarat and in most of the major cities, their schools, established as much for the poor as for the privileged, became synonymous with excellence; the sisters themselves renowned for their personal accomplishments. They drew many of their own talented pupils to their congregations.

Mary Ryllis Clark's account is, for the most part, a chronological history. It is mostly a history of success, but there are some darker elements in the story which she does not ignore. Mary Ward, the seventeenth century English founder, inspired other women to a religious way of life based on the spirituality of Saint Ignatius of Loyola. Ahead of her time, misunderstood and censured by the Vatican, she saw her congregations condemned, her houses shut down and herself cruelly excommunicated. She called her exile 'the long loneliness' but she never lost her certainty of the call she had first received.

Mary Ward was finally reinstated in 1909, much to the joy of those sisters devoted to her memory. Initially, I knew little of Mary Ward but reading this story I have been strangely drawn to her. It is as if her spirit walks through these pages.

What may not be known about Mary Ward's congregation is the rift which developed within the order itself in the earlier part of the twentieth century, and which, according to this account, lasted for decades. It was surrounded by issues of jurisdiction and authority; it existed between those who wanted to continue to honour the memory of Mary Ward as their founder and those who acknowledged only the later Irish origins. It was a situation which involved Australian sisters in a struggle with forces of control in Ireland, a struggle, which was exacerbated by the political situation existing between Ireland and England. It was a long and painful episode – one which the sisters, once it was resolved, never spoke of again.

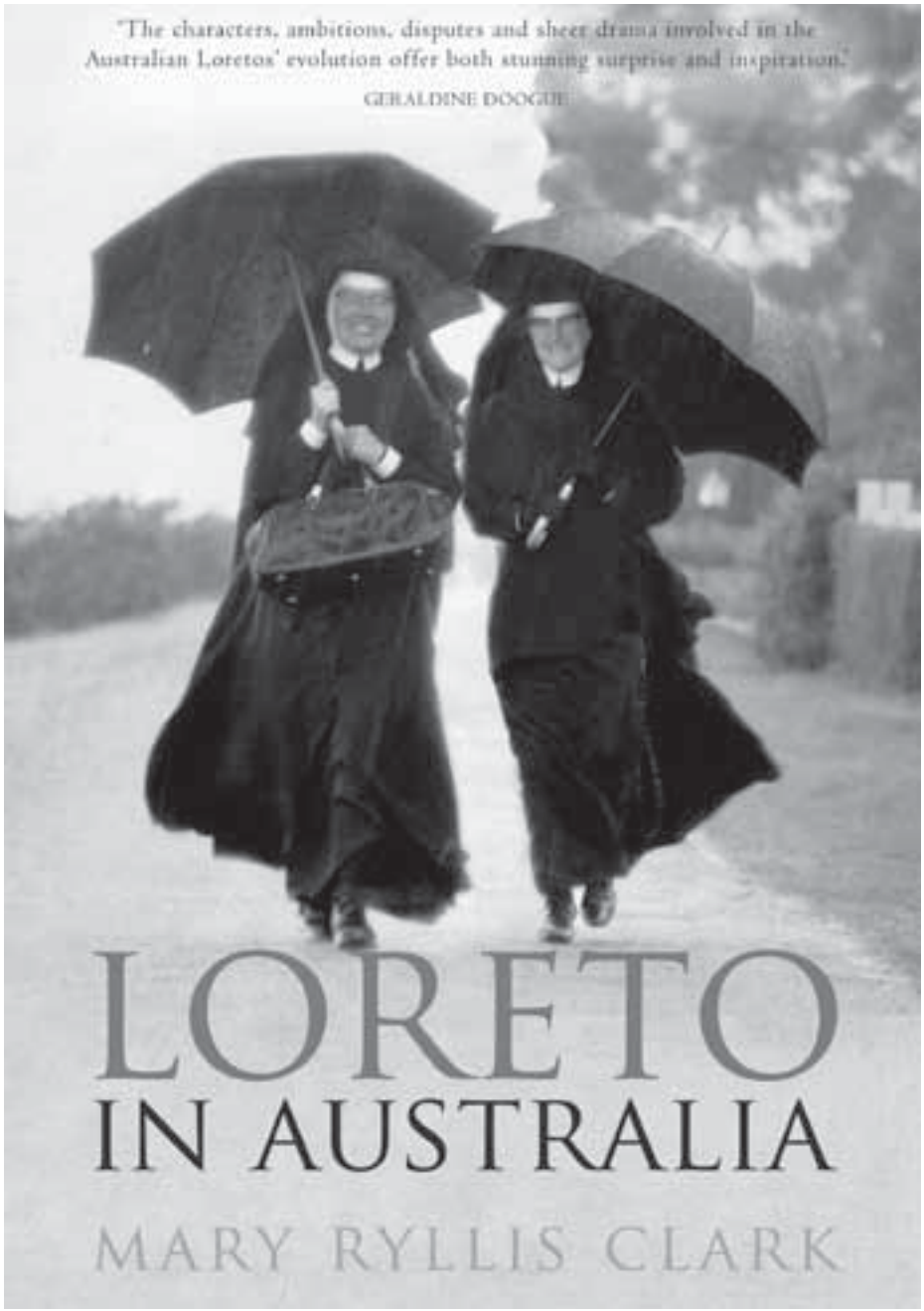
The source for the story is a elderly Loreto sister, in her eighties, who finally felt the need to speak and who did so, apparently, through tears. It is one of the most gripping episodes in the book. According to this sister's account, there was a time when those in power sought to erase all trace of the name of Mary Ward. Sisters loyal to her were removed from positions of influence and replaced with those who conformed. It became a matter of obedience. Sisters, in fidelity to their vows suffered alone and in silence.

Mary Clark allows us to glimpse a story that is much larger than an internal religious squabble. A sense of nationhood was at stake. Ireland was suffering under English oppression, but, in a different way, the Australian sisters, too, were concerned about their own national identity and their own independence from an imperious Irish hierarchy. The author, always courteous, manages, somehow, to transmit the effect of this tension. The name 'Rathfarnham' looms less as a place and more as an oppressive presence. In the words of the sister who told her story, the chapter is headed 'The terrible years'.

Amongst themselves, however, there was much personal regard, mutual respect and support for one another. One of the personal reminiscences is worth quoting from. It is an account of a young sister who was in the process of leaving the Order. She had been to the bishop's office to sign the release papers and, returning in the taxi, found herself in a state of shock. She had been accompanied by Mother Dympna, the Provincial. She writes:

> And Mother Dympna reached out to take my hand. In that Order at that time, where the rulesaid that 'they touch not one another, so much as in jest', this dear woman reached out andI took her hand and held it as though my life depended on it, as indeed perhaps it did.

One cannot read this book without feeling affection. An unruly undergraduate in my year at St. Mary's Hall in 1964, I recall with gratitude that it was Mother Francis Frewin who introduced me to the poetry of Gerard Manley Hopkins and read aloud to me one evening, as though it was a part of her, the beautiful Middle English poem, *The Pearl,* which I had been studying.



The Second Vatican Council brought major changes. In 1968, (the year in which the cover photo of the sisters in the rain was taken) a general council of the Institute was held to re-assess its mission in the light of the new horizons. Mary Ward's original vision had come full circle. Her words are clear. The vision never wavered.

> I saw him immediately and very clearly go into my heart, and little and little hide himself in it,and there I perceive him still to be….

Rosemary Keegan Blake

Rosemary Keegan Blake did post-graduate studies at Regis College at the University of Toronto.

Happy sailing on the edge

Close to the Wind
John Braniff
David Lovell Publishing, Melbourne, 2009
ISBN 978-1-86355-128-1 RRP$24.95

Tinteán readers may already be familiar with the work of John Braniff – his history of the Marist Brothers in Australia, *And Gladly Teach*, having been favourably reviewed by Patrick McNamara in *Tinteán* No.2 (p.28). *Close to the Wind* which, Braniff notes, was transformed from a memoir into 'almost a fully-fledged autobiography' in the writing process (p.266) concentrates primarily (in ten of its fifteen chapters) on Braniff's own time (34 years) as a Marist. During that time he taught at and, from 1974 onwards until his departure from the Order in 1995, was principal of schools in places as diverse as Forbes (NSW), Sale, Brunswick, and Wangaratta (Vic) and Churchlands (WA). In breaks from these major duties, he found time to write a couple of institutional histories – of the Marist Brothers schools at New Norcia (WA) and of Assumption College, Kilmore (Vic). The earlier chapters provide a summary of his early life in Port Melbourne (his parents later moved to Newborough in the Latrobe Valley), and his time as a boarder at St Patrick's College, Sale, in the late 1950s.

This is a fascinating book at several levels. At the macro-level, it is a story of an ongoing conflict within the Catholic Church about the reforms instituted by Vatican II. As Braniff writes, as he was concluding the Assumption College history, 'it dawned on me that the Marist Brothers had nailed their colours to the Vatican II mast but the Melbourne archdiocese .... [was] in the process of forcing a u-turn , away from almost all that the Council had decreed'(pp.234-235). Conflict about the direction of the Church, the 'conservative reaction' to Vatican II (p.123), seems also to have underpinned some of the local battles Braniff faced when principal of schools in Wangaratta (Chapter 9) and Sale (Chapter 14).

At a second level, the book provides a fascinating insight into the challenges faced by principals and teaching staff in Catholic schools in the 1960s and 1970s – challenges arising from the wide differences in the socio-economic character of the schools, and the attitude of parents and students–many still clinging to 'old ways.' It is instructive to compare Red Bend in Forbes 'in 1967 ... still running in exactly the same style as St Pat's Sale had been in 1957' (p.119), and St Joseph's College in East Brunswick, with its substantial population of children of Italian extraction (p.129).

Pervading the book is the narrative of Braniff's own personal journey from relatively conservative Irish-Catholic upbringing (his parents were born in Scotland (p.19) after his grandparents had migrated there from Ireland), to a more questioning involvement in Catholic life, informed by the thinking in the Vatican II documents (p.267). His apparently natural inclination to question the *status quo* was undoubtedly reinforced by his 'unsettling' experiences at Sydney University where investigation and argument was preferred to passive learning (p.99). He resisted the early doubts about his vocation represented by Kathy Ireland, a student in his honours class (p.104), found his early teaching experiences challenging (p.110), and then progressively engaged in a constructive way in the debates about pedagogy and school management faced by religious teachers in Catholic schools in the 1970s and 1980s. Braniff tells the story of these personal challenges and growth in simple accessible language. It is no surprise, however, when he eventually decides to leave the Order to marry Jenny, a long-term friend, whom he first met in 1974 when she was a nun in Brisbane, and who almost immediately challenged him with the question, 'Are you happy?'(p.136).

This book is an engaging read. There is no sense as Braniff said in answer to Jenny's question that he was ever actually unhappy. And if he always seemed to be sailing close to the wind in his religious community and teaching life, there is no doubting his commitment and sincerity.

Bob Glass

Bob Glass was educated in a Christian Brothers' boarding school in Charters Towers (Qld), with uncanny parallels to St Pat's Sale, down to the patterns of chapel attendance and the unlimited bread and jam.

Legendary Pastor of Redfern

Ted Kennedy, Priest of Redfern
Edmund Campion
David Lovell Publishing,
K ew East, 2009
ISBN 9781-86355-129-8; RRP $24.95

Edmund Campion has produced a highly readable account of the life of Ted Kennedy. As Parish Priest of Redfern in Sydney for over thirty years, Kennedy became part of modern Aboriginal history in Australia, largely by applying the hands-on style of Christianity recommended by the second Vatican Council. Kennedy committed his life to Aborigines and they gave him an honoured place in their story.

Campion, an author with intimate knowledge of the Catholic Church, traces Kennedy's growth into legendary status, describing in detail his early formative influences, his struggles with the hierarchy as he sought to give practical effect to his own understanding of the Christian faith. Campion also documents the contribution of Kennedy's co-workers at Redfern, most importantly Shirley Smith, known as Mum Shirl, an epileptic illiterate Wiradjiuri woman revered for her care of those in need, herself something of a legend. Without her, Kennedy's story would have been considerably diminished.

What I found particularly interesting is Campion's analysis of the various influences on Kennedy, the personal and the intellectual. The former included his father, at whose medical practice in Marrickville, Sydney, 'poor people were always given a personal welcome... and they were never charged fees' (p.12) (perhaps this is the source of Kennedy's social justice agendas); his Irish born maternal grandmother, 'Wowie', who gave him 'a love of the Irish and their poetry that lasted all his life' (p.14); and Roger Pryke, chaplain at the University of Sydney since 1951 (who sounds very much like Jerry Golden . Pryke, Campion reports,' was closest to Ted on a deep level,' being 'the mentor to whom he acknowledged his inner poisons' (p.177). The most important broad intellectual influence seems to have been John Henry Newman – Campion comments that 'we cannot understand Ted Kennedy without taking into account his reliance on Newman' (pp 134-135), though Dorothy Day, Maisie Ward, Cardinal Suhard, archbishop of Paris, and Georges Michonmeau's *Revolution in a City Parish,* in Campion's view, 'may be the most significant' influences (p. 22).

Three final points:

- The promotional blurb accompanying *Ted Kennedy, Priest of Redfern,* concludes that 'this book adds a necessary and hopeful chapter to our history'. I agree. It seems to me that we have ongoing grounds for hope as parts of Ted Kennedy's story are being repeated currently by another Kennedy in Brisbane and by Bob Maguire in South Melbourne;
- Campion acknowledges the role of 'the Melbourne connections' in Kennedy's life: Val Noone cooperated with Kennedy in the late 1960s (pp 51-52), and Val's recently published *Golden Years* gets honourable mention (p.178);
- The account of Kennedy's funeral in the last chapter of Campion's work runs for twelve pages. It is one of the most remarkable accounts of a funeral one could ever hope to read.

But *Tinteán* readers who came to us from *Táin* know all this: Val Noone gave us his own eulogy on Kennedy in *Táin* 37 (June – July 2005) after attending Kennedy's funeral. On the front cover of that issue under his full-page portrait, Kennedy was described 'as a bit of a legend'. Campion's book suggests that 'the bit' bit is an understatement, as it sympathetically and elegantly fills in the details of Kennedy's life.

Bob Glass

No time to be idle

Plunkett's Legacy
Tony Earls
Australian Scholarly Publishing, Melbourne, 2009
ISBN: 978 1 921509 03 2 RRP: $39.95

Like many contributors to this Journal I have my fair share of Irish ancestry. It is therefore amazing that, until reading this biography by Tony Earls, I knew very little about John Hubert Plunkett (1802–69), and his involvement in the early history of NSW. By any standard he was a remarkable man. Plunkett came from that section of the old Irish gentry which remained loyal to Catholicism despite centuries of persecution and dispossession. In 1819 he attended Trinity College where he obtained a Bachelor of Arts Degree. He then read law at King's Inns, leading to his admission to the Bar in 1826.

In his formative years in Ireland, Plunkett was inspired by the lawyer – activist, Daniel O'Connell, who campaigned sucessfully for Catholic Emancipation, and he was a friend of Dan's son, Maurice. With his gentry background Plunkett moved comfortably in O'Connell's Catholic/Whig circles. We are reminded of Benjamin Disraeli's witticism: 'Damn it! The Whigs are all cousins!!' The Whigs were committed to civil rights and to a modest extension of the electoral franchise, commitments close to Plunkett's heart. So barrister Plunkett had the background and training to have a fruitful career when he emigrated to NSW. in 1832.

Plunkett arrived just after Governor Bourke took office. Bourke was an enlightened Anglican fellow Irishman and landowner, who was soon to be greatly respected by the country at large. He had a humane attitude towards emancipists (note the tribute to him below his statue outside the Public Library of Sydney). Bourke was also decidedly Whiggish, so it comes as no surprise that Irish 'cousins' Plunkett and Bourke got along famously. In the very first year of Plunkett's arrival Bourke made him Solicitor-General; he was soon to become Attorney-General, an office he held right up to 1856 when responsible government came to the colony. Plunkett was also of course a member of the Legislative Council, and in 1852 a member of the Executive Council. By 1835, He had become an important friend and confidante of the Governor, and would frequently spend congenial weekends at Bourke's Parramatta residence. Tony Earls outlines the colossal load of administrative and legal work which such important positions entailed, and we need to keep in mind that Sydney was a fast growing city, soon to be freed from the shackles of Transportation in 1840. The Attorney-General had no time to be idle. Even so, in 1835 Plunkett earned the distinction of being the author of Australia's first published legal text, *An Australian Magistrate*, specifically to instruct the magistracy. *An Australian Magistrate* was in everyday use until the end of the 19th century, providing a uniform reference among a vast jurisdiction. Earls sums up Plunkett's achievements in the 1830s:

> He had proven his capacity by establishing himself as a man to whom duty was paramount. His Catholicism still troubled some people, but he was well respected. Most importantly he had won the trust of the Governor and the Bench. The next twenty years would see the most profound changes in the history of New South Wales. Throughout this period, Plunkett the administrator would ensure that there was stable legal administration by the government. As prosecuting counsel he would be highly principled and fearless, and in the Legislative Council he would be a voice for civil liberties and an egalitarian society.

The Church Act of 1836 was one of the most memorable achievements of Bourke and Plunkett. It was obvious to these two Whigs that there should not be an established church in the colony with such a religiously mixed community. Australia was not Britain, and churches in general were in financial difficulties because of dispersed congregations over wide distances. The Act tackled the problem by an equal formula for the funding of Anglican, Catholic and Presbyterian Churches (mainly for ministerial stipends and assistance in building churches). By 1839 Methodists had been brought under the Act, followed shortly by other dissenting religions. Plunkett lived long enough to see the inclusion of Jews.

A non-denominational education system was another cause dear to Plunkett's heart. Here his Irish background came very much into play with his familiarity with the successful Irish National School system which funded non-denominational religious education. The need for education legislation was indeed pressing, with so many poor and illiterate children in a widely scattered population. So by 1847 there were dual education systems, denominational and non-denominational. The churches maintained and developed their schools with government funding. The National Education Board was modelled on the (Irish) National School System. Plunkett's interest in education was attested by his Chairmanship of the National Education Board. Eventually his championship of non-denominational education got him into trouble with the Catholic hierarchy in NSW.

Plunkett's commitment to justice for all is well exemplified by his determination to prosecute the white murderers of natives in 1838 at Myall Creek in northern NSW. After a second trial – Plunkett was a stubborn man when it came to principle – bushmen were sent to the gallows. Understandably a significant percentage of colonists did not agree with his aggresive legal pursuit of the murderers. Quite often Plunkett's humanitarianism illuminates his actions. For example, he deplored the conflict between exclusives and emancipists, and in 1848 he was in the forefront of a campaign opposing any attempt to re-introduce transportation.

Plunkett was a consistent and true Whig to the end. With the advent of reponsible government he opposed, unsuccessfully, full manhood suffrage and the secret ballot. After 1856 he was out of sympathy with an advancing democracy and gradually dropped out of public life.

We realise what a busy life Plunkett led when his biographer lists the many issues he does not have space to consider. They include his efforts to ensure the proper administration of trial by jury, the development of circuit courts, his supervision of magistrates and regulation of assigned labour, support for the freedom of the press, supervision and structure of the legal profession, land law reform and state registration of births, deaths and marriages.

I congratulate Tony Earls on this very readable, well-researched and scholarly biography.

Sidney Ingham

Sidney Ingham is a retired academic historian.

Nationalist dreams

Fugitive Ireland. European Minority Nationalists and Irish Political Asylum, 1937-2008
Daniel Leach
Four Courts Press, 2009
ISBN: 978-1-84682-164-6; RRP $76.95

During the Second World War one of the best known British posters of the day questioned anyone who entered a railway station: 'Is your journey really necessary?' In his introduction Daniel Leach describes a conversation in which he was asked a similar question about the need for his research into the treatment of minority nationalists who sought sympathy and a place of refuge in the newly independent Irish state. Wasn't it obvious that Ireland's struggle for freedom would predispose the governments of the Free State and the Republic towards nationalist sentiments when they were devising their political asylum procedures?

Leach's deep research shows that his journey was indeed necessary. Far from being carried away by surges of nationalism and anti-British feelings, the Irish state behaved like other states: its policies were guided by *raison d'état*, pragmatism and a changing international scene. This thesis is developed over the years between 1937 and 2008. It focuses on groups that arrived, or attempted to arrive, claiming political refugee status in Ireland: Scottish, Breton and Flemish nationalists, Basques, Croatians and Ukrainians, always in small numbers. Some were wanted for collaboration with the Nazis and for war crimes. Oswald Mosley thought of coming at one stage. Leach shows that even for those who were counting on pan-Celtic sympathies there was a cold response. Militant Scottish nationalists were 'unwelcome brothers'. 'We could have been two-headed ducks, for all [the Irish] knew about us', a Breton nationalist lamented.

Irish politicians and civil servants showed little sympathy for asylum seekers. They responded to the needs of national security when Ireland was vindicating its status as a sovereign state. During the Second World War these sovereign rights revolved around the vexed issue of Ireland's neutrality which was widely construed in Britain as pro-Axis. In the magisterial volumes of Winston Churchill's *The Second World War* readers learned that Irish governments had done their best to harm the British war effort by pursuing a pro-Axis policy that Churchill denounced as 'the so-called neutrality of the so-called Eire'. In fact, Leach shows that Ireland's policy favoured the Allies. The Irish military service agency, G2, co-operated with MI5, and Irish diplomats gathered intelligence for the Americans. In these circumstances the numbers of those given political asylum were small; Ireland's policy was 'discreet, deniable and limited'.

An unmistakable ideological element did emerge in Ireland's asylum policy, but it was Catholic anti-Communism, not nationalism. Although Ireland remained outside NATO, she was not neutral during the Cold War. The numbers were small, but Leach shows Irish involvement in a northern version of the infamous 'Ratline' which assisted the flight of former Nazis and collaborators who were noteworthy for their anti-Communism. At times this book reads like a spy story set in post-war Europe where intelligence agencies of various countries, former Axis officials, collaborators, leading clerics and the Vatican itself take part in a *danse macabre* of sinister shame. Croatian nationalists escape through a network of monasteries dressed as priests; Americans bug the Vatican's coding department; and Ustase militants take 'truckloads' of loot to Rome for laundering by the Vatican bank. The Catholic Church appears in a bad light, a sign of the times in a book commissioned by a Dublin publishing house. Ugly aspects of Irish history also emerge, notably the anti-semitism of some government officials.

Amongst the asylum seekers there were those who belonged to a theatre of the absurd such as the demented Scottish nationalist who referred to the Act of Union as 'the Anschluss of 1707, whereby the former nation of Scotland was incorporated into the English Reich'. In some parts of Europe, as in Brittany, Flanders and Croatia, the minority nationalists were fascists who had donned German uniforms and committed atrocities. The Abwehr, Germany's military intelligence organisation, was adept at spinning nationalist dreams for those who were prepared to clamber aboard the Nazi bandwagon.

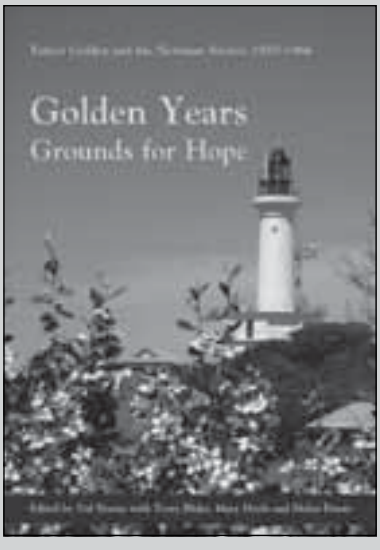
Leach denies us the luxury of an easy rush to judgment on these people. His research reinforces important lessons that need to be learned now, not least by the journalist in a prominent French newspaper who in 2007 lampooned Flemings, Walloons, Catalans, Northern Italians, former Yugoslavs and Scots as Europe's 'confettis' – people with outdated regional identities that should be brushed aside by the great nations. This book shows why some minority nationalists were so incensed against their governments that they saw an opportunity in the turmoil of war. Discrimination against Flemish-speakers had created bitter memories that shape Belgian politics to the present day and in France official policy had required the assimilation of national minorities to 'the republic one and indivisible'. Leach quotes a Breton nationalist of the 1930s who viewed Hitler's Germany 'as one examines a viper likely to bite one's enemy'. The tragedy of people such as this is that they were themselves bitten by the viper and destroyed by its poison. Some were executed after the war; others were imprisoned; some sought flight; and a few of the Bretons escaped through Ireland. In 1946 an observer found forlorn groups sharing their misery in Paris hideouts: 'Bretons fraternised with escaped Flemings from Belgium, Basques fleeing Spain and Alsatians who didn't know where to hide anymore'.

In 1966, when the Irish government was planning the 50th anniversary of the Easter Rising, it was dismayed to learn that self-styled fraternal groups intended to thrust their own national narratives into this celebration of Irish history: the Free Wales Army, the Scottish Liberation Army, the Breton Liberation movement, the Flemish, Manx and Cornish independence movements and, not least, a group of Glasgow Celtic supporters. The organisers had to display some fancy footwork to indulge these people without giving offence to the British, French and other governments. Doubtless the Irish government is doomed to experience similar headaches in 2016.

This is a scholarly book that draws on a rich secondary source bibliography and an impressive array of primary materials including interviews and translations from Breton, French, Dutch, Irish and Spanish. It is also a rattling good read.

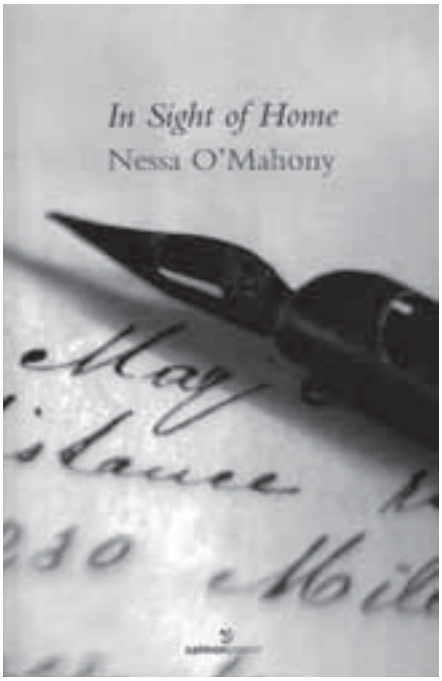
Alex Tyrrell

Alex Tyrrell is an associate of the School of Historical Studies at La Trobe University.



Giving heart to the diaspora

In Sight of Home
Nessa O'Mahony,
Salmon Poetry, Co Clare, 2009
ISBN: 978-1-907056 RRP: €15



An evocative blend of fact, fiction, letters, prose, poetry, and of place and time, Nessa O'Mahony's verse novel, *In Sight of Home*, is an enjoyable, well-written and layered yarn of leaving a birthplace and loved ones. The Dublin-born poet was inspired by letters to relatives in Ireland from the Butler family, who left Kilkenny in 1854 to sail on the Lancaster to Australia. These are augmented by poems in three female Irish voices: Margaret Butler, the emigrant mistress; Lizzie, her orphan servant; and Fiona, a modern Dublin writer, who finds the letter archive and romance on her own journey across the water.

A book generated in Ireland which considers Australia heartens the Diaspora. For too long the one-way vision from here to the old country was only broken by rare visits from Irish poets like Louis de Paor and Neil McCarthy, who performed in Melbourne's lively spoken word scene and wrote of living here. O'Mahony contributes significantly to this dialogue.

The telling from multiple points of view, time zones and styles is innovative in expanding the verse novel genre. However, the contemporary love story contrasts thinly with the lyricism, higher stakes, rich scene setting and emotion of the nineteenth-century tale.

Margaret writes, 'I think that letters are my life's blood now, the current that will keep me tied to home.' Yet, the unilateral mail to Ireland lacks the humour and expectancy of reciprocal correspondences like *84, Charing Cross Road* or *The Guernsey Literary and Potato Peel Pie Society*. Letters home report the sailing, land purchases, deaths, loneliness and the gold-rush in an authentic style similar to *The Letters of Rachel Henning*, from the same era and area but by a young English settler. Details like the clothing a workhouse migrant brings to the boat, or the price of passage of 18 guineas, enrich the text. Such facts and the Acknowledgements reflect a researched account but I would have appreciated references and sources (besides the shipping list). A book which refracts history can then channel curiosity and further reading.

In the poem, Orphan, Lizzie describes her Loughrea Workhouse plight: 'I wasn't born here; / but don't remember any other home. / Ma brought us in one winter / when our stomachs got too loud, / she died soon after. / Then it was just me.' This stanza's simple language distils a child's voice in poignant rawness. Though there are parallels in the modern girl's travel to Wales, a ferry hop cannot equal the hardship of fifteen weeks' passage to the ends of the earth and surviving far from the familiar. However, when fathers die in the Colony and in Dublin, Fiona's story reveals that distance of intention can separate loved ones more sadly than nautical miles: 'I was busy, didn't have time / to run that errand, fetch the paper. / In truth, I couldn't face my spectre father.' So an effective palimpsest is created, where the mistress of the orphan servant is orphaned and both are parted from their mother country, while the writer composing her tale of bygone leave-taking grieves her own losses.

Entwining past and present, this is a good read in tender language from a fine and pioneering poet. I look forward to Nessa O'Mahony's third poetry collection, *The Side Road to Star.*

Meg McNena

The last taboo

Van Diemen's Land
Jonathan auf der Heide

This film depicts the life of Alexander Pearce; an infamous Irish Australian, best known as the only survivor of a group of seven fellow convicts who began a remarkable trek from Port Macquarie to Hobart in 1822. Unfortunately five of them were eaten in the course of the journey, two left the group, and Pearce alone reached the settled districts. Auf der Heide resists the temptation to sensationalise his material, or to present the men as depraved villains, and shows instead how extreme privation can reduce quite ordinary men to this level of savagery. Pearce, the anti-hero, was no hardened mass murderer; he was transported from Fermanagh for the theft of six pairs of shoes. After landing in Van Diemen's land, he committed further thefts and was transported to Macquarie Harbour, a place specifically designed to deny the convicts all hope.

One of the most fascinating parts of the film are the excerpts in Irish, taken from Pearce's confession to an Irish speaking priest in Hobart. Some of the comments about the scenery or reflections on his own life are at the level of free verse and remind the viewer how much potential and talent was crushed in the convict system. It's also exciting to make out a word or two of the very clear pronunciation (courtesy of Mossie Scanlon), although predictably 'an tacras' (hunger) figures quite prominently.

Early in the film we see a group of free men, triumphant and happy, helping each other along through the relentlessly beautiful but (to them) empty wilderness. The skilled and creative cinematography reveals the Tasmanian wilderness in its pitiless glory. Lashed with freezing rain, they stumble up and down the rugged slopes of Western Tasmania in their pitifully inadequate convict uniforms and bare feet. As long as the food lasts, they can resist the hardships, but as hunger mounts the social fabric begins to fray. The casual chit-chat in Irish between three of the escapees begins to trouble the others and fault lines emerge in the camaraderie. This is no place to show the slightest weakness, however momentary, for fear of being targeted to be the night's meal. Did this experience and others like it shape the Australian ban on 'whinging'? Without ever sinking to the gruesome, auf der Heide depicts the awful relentlessness of the need to eat – if necessary your best mate.

The closing scene shows Pearce killing the last of his companions and his subsequent fate is only related in sentences on the screen. As the middle part of the story began to drag a little, it might have been better to depict his ultimate success in reaching the settled parts, where he was sheltered and restored to health in secret by convict shepherds. Once he recovered, he resumed life as a bushranger only to be caught once more. He made a full confession of his crimes and gave an account of his journey to an Irish-speaking priest from Monaghan.The original transcripts of this confession still exist and suggested the idea of the film. At the time the authorities dismissed the confession as a fiction designed to cover up for the seven others believed to be still at large.

Well worth seeing.

Felicity Allen

A terminal thriller

***Terminus* by Mark O'Rowe**
Performed at the Merlyn Theatre, Malthouse, October 2009
by the Abbey Theatre Company

The curtain goes up. You are mentally propelled through a shattered proscenium size mirror. Ear splitting noise and blinding white lights rivet you to the edge of your seat, and there you stay for the next hour and forty minutes. Welcome to *Terminus*, Mark O'Rowe's latest play, in Melbourne courtesy of the Abbey Theatre Dublin, for the Melbourne Arts Festival.

It is not just the string of familiar place names that identifies the setting of this surreal roller coaster odyssey, but rather the raw familiar language of Dublin's streets that O'Rowe knows, and has honed and transformed into a series of brilliantly performed, gradually interlocking monologues linking events of a single night.

A telephone counsellor, a mother herself (Andrea Irvine), having mishandled a call, embarks on a violence filled night journey, to try to trace a caller seeking help. A young woman (Kate Brennan), following an alcohol and drug fuelled party, climbs to the outer limits of a construction site crane, and falls. A supernatural twist emerges when her fate intermingles with that of a serial killer (Karl Shiels) who has sold his soul to the devil. The mayhem of the night interlinks all the characters by the end of it.

The climax of the play is in the gut wrenching sadness of the lonely young girl who doesn't want to die (Brennan). This is a sublime piece of theatre:

> 'She walks into the river alone. The water fills her lungs as she yields to death, in a void that is as black as pitch. She views the kaleidoscope of her life which she sees as a sorry mess from start to finish. This is the terminus. She reaches the end of life and brings you with her to the other side. She even draws you into glimpses of your own kaleidoscope.'

This is theatre pared back to the bare essentials. It is raw, horrific, intriguing and repelling. Yet at times it is also funny, and this cushions the impact. Its poetic structure of language with its rhyming soliloquies and fierce energy keep you engaged and spellbound.

O'Rowe is also the director, and the balance between outright direction and giving leeway to actors to employ their own interpretation, especially in timing, shows a great respect for their mastery of their craft, and works beautifully.

O'Rowe's rhyming approach initially suggests comparisons to the metre of 'The Hound of Heaven' or 'Paradise Lost'. Are there shades of Beckett here? Comparisons are quickly dispelled by the sheer impetus and rawness of plot and language that demand total concentration to comprehend and enjoy the moment.

The crane filled skyline of a Dublin littered with construction sites at the height of the 'Celtic Tiger' boom years inspired the original idea. The Tiger has now lost some of his energy, but will we ever again be able to walk sedately through the streets of Dublin with Leopold Bloom without looking over our shoulders to see if a Big Mack is approaching at breakneck speed in a mind bending land and air chase by gardaí from the direction of Inchicore. Perhaps it's time Joyce and O'Rowe met on their common turf!

Renee Huish

Mixed marriages – another era

Between Two Worlds
Presented by Siobhan McHugh for Hindsight, ABC Radio National

This beautifully presented two-part programme on mixed marriages in Australia through the 19th century and up to the 1960s was broadcast on ABC Radio National on 11 and 18 October 2009. Soaring hymns and psalms and serene prayers supplied a background soundtrack which contrasted tellingly with the appalling bigotry of the behaviours recounted. Child of a mixed marriage myself, I had not known half of what went on in the name of religion and I cannot remember a programme which aroused such fury in me.

Siobhan McHugh sets the behaviour of individuals and their families into the cultural context of the time in which Catholics and Protestants were distinct tribes, with very different histories, expectations and, above all, chances in life. Australian Catholics were strongly identified with an Irish heritage, Labor vote and working class occupation, while Protestants were most definitely not. Protestants were pro-Empire and monarchy, while Catholics were most definitely not. Both groups were encouraged to do business only within the tribe as indicated by the wonderfully titled 'Protestant Guide to Shopping in Rockhampton' and the often encountered line in employment advertisements 'Catholics need not apply'. As a result, there were some very real social and economic consequences of 'marrying out' and parents reasonably feared these for their children, but their emotional reaction was clearly an objection to their children's change in tribal loyalties. The persistent creativity that people devoted to their religious bigotry at this time was truly astonishing, with the New South Wales police, for example, always entering a prisoner's religion as 'Catholic', whatever it really was, to suggest a link between Catholicism and crime.

The first episode is entitled '*Not in Front of the Altar*', after the Catholic Church's rule, rescinded only in 1966, that mixed marriages could not be performed there. Many couples never reached the Lady Chapel at all, with priests preventing a lot of mixed marriages in the 19th century by demanding 'Love! Do you think that's all marriage is about?' Not everyone buckled under pressure even then with the redoubtable Richard Higgins firing his rosary beads down the main street of Braidwood when told by the priest that he should not marry a Protestant girl. By the 20th century, about 20% of all marriages were between spouses of different faiths. Twentieth century interviewees recounted, in eerily calm tones, the disastrous effect on their 'big day' of being hustled away to one side in the church and denied a nuptial mass. One woman recalled the injustice of watching other girls have the full splendour of a Catholic wedding, although they were pregnant and she had not been. The alternative, marrying in a Protestant church, brought excommunication for the Catholic partner, as in the case of Ben Chifley. The Protestant churches did not have specific rulings to match this one, but their members reacted by refusing to come to children's weddings, refusing to give away the bride or even, in extreme cases, to speak to the new son or daughter-in-law for years. One woman recounted how her father-in-law refused to eat with her or even speak to her. She reacted to this treatment by continuing to visit her husband's family and greeting her father-in-law politely. After four years of marriage and the loss of a baby, he finally muttered 'Sorry about the baby.' She burst into tears with relief that he had broken his silence at last.

The effects on the children of these marriages could be even more devastating as indicated in the title of the second episode '*Between Two Worlds'*. The real battlefield of the faiths was over the children's upbringing, enshrined in the doctrine of *Ne Temere* – all children of a mixed marriage had to be brought up Catholic, according to the Church. Brides and grooms were expected to sign an agreement to do this. Protestant churches, of course, opposed this and families exerted all the pressure that they could to have the grandchildren brought up as Protestants.

The impending birth of a baby was often greeted with dismay instead of joy – one prospective grandmother burst into tears at the news – because everyone knew that the struggle would then intensify. Another grandmother persistently told her daughter-in-law that her children were ugly. Some parents calmly agreed to their children being reared in a faith which was not their own, others organised secret baptisms. In some families, sons followed the father's religion while daughters followed the mother's. Customs such as praying together divided the family rather than uniting it when one parent quietly got up and did something else.

Contributors to the program who were children of mixed marriages often described their puzzlement at the hostility they encountered towards their parents. This could range from innocent childish questions about why one parent did not attend Sunday service to various clerics assuring them that the parent of the other religion would burn in hell. One child became so distressed that she asked her mother whether she was going to burn in hell. Her mother told her 'God decides that'. Many children were inducted into a world of secrets, silence and keeping quiet in front of one or other parent about things that had been said at school or by grandparents on visits.

Some children and parents of mixed marriages completely turned against religion. Some were excluded by their own families to the point where they never set foot in the family home again, not even for funerals, and they were disinherited. One contributor wept as she recalled how her Protestant father's family disowned him to the extent that when her mother died, he had to put his children in an orphanage, because he could not work and look after them and his family refused to help him. After 40 years an uncle from that side of the family made contact and they all went out to dinner together. This woman wept as she recalled asking him whether he and his family had ever thought what would happen to the children who had been rejected like this. She was the only contributor to describe confronting the bigots directly and calling them to account. The other great contrast of this programme was the astonishing gentleness and calm that people showed in the face of their in-laws' persecution.

Siobhan McHugh is too good a scholar to leave anyone with the comfortable view that this is all in the past. At a direct level, she points out that the new outsiders are Muslims, but indirectly the acknowledgements remind listeners that this is still 'today' for many people. While some of the contributors are named and thanked, others are thanked but cannot be named 'due to ongoing family sensitivities'.

Felicity Allen

The big guns on Iveragh

The Iveragh Peninsula: A Cultural Atlas of the Ring of Kerry
John Crowley and John Sheehan (Eds)
Cork University Press, Cork, 2009.
ISBN 978-185918-430-1. RRP €59.

Cork University Press has a long and glorious history of documenting the parish and the county, and this book is perhaps the apogee of such enterprises. It looks like a very handsome coffee-table book, but is much more. It is a very digestible summary of research on every aspect of the physical topography, social and cultural life of the Iveragh Peninsula in West Munster. It brings out big guns in geology, archaeology, botany, biology, myth, literary, musical, visual arts and folklore scholarship, historians of all periods, food, sports of many varieties, economists and toponymists (experts on placenames). The text is enlivened by high quality photos and information-rich maps and diagrams. There are 52 contributors.

Forget the trivialising sub-title (this book reliably informs us that the Ring of Kerry is a 19th century and tourism-driven nomenclature). The contributors help one understand much about the lives of people who built such amazing hermitages as Skellig Michael, and also how they fed themselves (something I've wanted to know for a whole – the answer is on p.260); it tells of the 'conquest' of the peninsula by William Petty and explains the planned landlord townships that eventuated in the 17th century; and also minutely records in fascinating small-grained maps the battlegrounds of the years 1914-1922, when the RIC and the IRA inflicted violence on one another. The dottings around the map of abandoned RIC barracks tells its own dramatic story of guerrilla warfare.

The lowland areas of the region are extremely rich, having been fed by glaciers during the Ice Age, which also created the scenic wonders in the form of glacially scoured troughs in the highlands of Iveragh. These lowland areas have been settled since the Neolithic. Small black Kerry and Dexter cows have grazed the hillsides since medieval times and they move lightly on its soils and make good use of the available rough pastures, producing milk that at first was taken into Cork across rugged passes by donkeys, and later by the railway that would bring the tourists. It is intriguing to note how recent these developments were – Valentia Harbour was connected by rail as late as 1890. The book charts the shift from sea to land transport, and the rise and fall of the Great Southern and Western Railway, and makes the case for why Cork became the centre for Atlantic shipping rather than Valentia with its safe and beautiful harbour.

Readers are also helped to understand the mild Gulf-Stream-stroked climate of the place as a result of Nigel Everett's account of the Landlord's garden at Derreen on the Bay of Kilmakilloge (23k from Kenmare), built in the late 18th century. He describes it as anti-provincial and speculates that it came about as the expression of resistance to the culture. He cites as evidence for his theory the fact that the garden boasted eucalypts and treeferns from Tasmania (they still survive), as well as trees and vines from the US and Japan, and around the world. It was, of course, the age of Linnaeus and taxonomies, and Ireland was not exempt from horticultural curiosity and experimentation. This exotic garden was not spared the wrath of the IRA, with long bamboo canes being used to thrash the roses and rhododendrons in 1922. The book is replete with such intimate local stories – it's astonishing to be told that Iveragh's most important saint, St.Fíonán, was held to be buried with his dog. It's a humanising touch.

Historical articles form the spine of the book, and roughly half of its contents. Popular culture also gets space: there are articles on food, a variety of sports (including seine boat-racing), the Puck Fair (and careful speculations about its origins), and of course the long and rich musical and dancing traditions of Iveragh.

The lavishly illustrated articles on art traverse quite a range from Jack B Yeats (who did some expressionist paintings of the landscapes and people of the area) to the botanical romanticism of Pauline Bewick's almost New Age style. Invited to make flower wreaths for a neighbour who died not long after she had moved to the area, and considering herself a privileged 'blow-in', she has painted her first wake. The dead woman is uncompromisingly still and cadaverous; the religious icons proliferate around her, while people chat and children eat cakes nearby and hide under a table, and adults casually pass drinks. It is astonishing social history with the stink of reality about it. It tells a rich story of life in death, and death in life.

What is also exciting about the book is the quality of the writing, especially in the early chapters. I started reading quite sceptically an account by a hyper-active mountain climber who made a television series about the high ground of Ireland, carting his heavy equipment up the knife-edged arêtes of Macgillicuddy's Reeks and Carauntouhill while pretending to the camera it all happened effortlessly. The man is a bewitching wordsmith, a gift evident in every paragraph. His account of a failed run (from a sickbed no less) communicates his obsession with climbing:

> As I crawled towards the cross, I prayed for the hand of God – the one in the Sistine Chapel – to reach down from the sky, flex the cross like a schoolboy's ruler and fire me all the way to the finish at Lough Acoose…. To me, there is something final about the highest summit of the Reeks, of Iveragh, of Ireland itself, as if – for the time being at least – there is nowhere else to go and one might as well descend. (p.64)

Several other writers, among them Paddy Bushe (on myth and the bards, but he is a wonderful poet in his own right), Sinead Joy (on the 19th – 20th century political struggle – a period in which 'violence had not yet outstripped insolence'), Fergus O'Ferrell (who gives Daniel O'Connell a human face), manage to combine good story-telling with serious scholarship.

This book is a model for documenting a region. Would that The Darling Downs or Western District, or many another region, had such a devoted team of experts to draw on. Anyone with any connection to Iveragh, past and present, would want to have this book on their bedside table. It is the 21st century's equivalent of the 19th century books on Picturesque Ireland or the History of Ireland, but it's so much more informative. It's a handsome object, overbrimming with saints, scholars and poets. It is heartening that even in a time of economic downturn that Cork University Press can get funding support for such a luxurious and useful artefact.

Frances Devlin-Glass

Bursting with good health….and why we aren't

Health Psychology and Behaviour in Australia
Felicity Allen
McGraw Hill Australia, Sydney, 2010
ISBN13: 9780070146266
RRP $107.95

This weighty tome by *Tinteán's* Deputy Editor, Felicity Allen, is not strictly a work about Irish Australia, but does cast some light occasionally on the subject. If one compares pure alcohol consumption rates per person in selected OECD countries in 2003, it is not very cheering to find that Irish lead the field with 14.3 litres per annum, with British at 11.1 and Australians 9.8. Irish rates of asthma are, however, lower. And I learnt that James Joyce might have survived his terminal illness (perforated duodenal ulcer) if he'd had the benefit of Australian Nobel laureates, Warren and Marshall's identification and treatment of the causes of most peptic ulcers as due to the bacterium, *H.pylori*.

This book is designed as a textbook for use in Health Promotion and Health Psychology courses. It deals in a sane and practical fashion with the psychological impediments and contributions to good health, paying due attention to the variations by region, gender, social class, ethnicity and risk factors of particular pathologies. It ponders why it is that we don't act according to our best interests in matters of health, and what the obstacles might be.

Allen takes the cognitive behavioural therapy approach of providing much information about existing research into the biological, social and psychological bases for health, in the hope of achieving behavioural change where that is possible and desirable. When she tackles illnesses such as fibromyalgia, where the mind might govern physiological responses, for example, she carefully demonstrates why the subject remains controversial and unresolved. One gets a picture of how hard it is to research these conditions or Post Traumatic Stress Disorder which rely so heavily on the testimony of distressed persons after the event, especially when those who go into remission (with PTSD) report traumatic events so differently from those in the throes of enduring it.

The book dispels some myths. Epidemiological studies, for example, give food for thought about the relationship between stressors and coronary heart disease. They suggest, counter-intuitively, that only depression, social isolation and lack of social support are risk factors, and discount acute and chronic life-events, and aggressive workplaces. Despite the proliferation of vocabulary and metaphors connecting stress and heart attacks, acute mental distress does not so much cause heart attack as exacerbate an already diseased organ.

The book provides many aids to understanding: lots of charts, tables and diagrams, definitions of medical terms as well as a glossary, and most human of all, text boxes containing short case-studies. One textbox, *The Tall Man* (2009), will need revision in the second edition, in the light of Chloë Hooper's excellent history of the Cameron Doomadgee case. The author's inclusion of Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander data, abstracted from the mainstream, makes for sober reading. More use of such data from other ethnic and cultural communities would have been welcome.

A useful and learned addition to the bookcase, written in an accessible style.

Frances Devlin-Glass

Australian Irish Heritage Network

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

SUBSCRIBE TODAY TO Tinteán

Only $55 per year
(4 issues)

Australian Irish history • books • CDs • genealogy • travellers' tales
politics • family history • reviews • sport • current events

Just fill in the form inside and post it to:
Australian Irish Heritage Network, PO Box 13095, Law Courts, Vic, 8010

CELTIC CLUB

NEW MEMBERS WELCOME

Membership, Restaurant and Function bookings
contact Helen or Kim on 03 9670 6472 or info@celticclub.com.au

Bar menu only $12.50

Lunch
12 noon – 2.30pm 7 days a week
Dinner
Thursday – Saturday 5pm – 9pm

Shamrock Restaurant

Lunch
12 noon – 2.30pm Tuesday – Friday
Dinner
Friday 5.30pm – 9pm,
Saturday – bookings only

Function Room

Capacity 250 standing, 150 seated

Meeting Rooms

Available 7 days a week

Giant Screens, Live Sport

Setanta Sports, Fox Sports and TVN
The Melbourne Home to Celtic, Liverpool, Arsenal Supporters
and The Green and Gold Army

Free Live Music every Friday

Traditional session with the Fitzgerald Family 5pm – 8pm
followed by live band 8.30pm – late

The Celtic Club Melbourne
Founded 1887

t 03 9670 6472 f 9670 5153
info@celticclub.com.au www.celticclub.com.au
316-320 Queen St cnr Latrobe St, Melbourne

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