

Tinteán

THE AUSTRALIAN IRISH HERITAGE NETWORK

No 16, June 2011

PRINT POST APPROVED PP 336663/00047



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Tinteán No 16, June 2011

Tinteán is a publication of the Australian Irish Heritage Network

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Melbourne, 8010

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Published four times per annum

ABN 13643653067

ISSN 1835-1093

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Views expressed in the articles, letters and advertisements are those of the contributors and not necessarily those of the Australian Irish Heritage Network or of the editor.

Cover

The Charlotte Medal, 1788, (obverse)
attributed to Thomas Barrett

Photo: Andrew Frolows, Australian
National Maritime Museum. See page 5.

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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

President: Frances Devlin-Glass

Vice-President: Peter Kiernan

Secretary: Bob Glass

Treasurer: Patrick McNamara

Committee Members: Felicity Allen, Catherine Arthur, Liz McKenzie, Debra Vaughan

What's on

Farewell Reception Ambassador Máirtín Ó Fainín

Monday, 6 June 2011, 6:30 pm
Celtic Club, Melbourne
Current financial members welcome.

Contact: kim@celticclub.com.au
or helen@celticclub.com.au

Irish Studies Seminars

The Oratory, Newman College, Melbourne
Tuesday, 7 June 2011, 6:00 pm
Frank O'Shea (Canberra): John Betjeman in Dublin during WWII

Scoil Gheimhridh Sydney 2011 The 9th Scoil Gheimhridh

10-13 June 2011, Kensington, NSW

The Scoil Gheimhridh, or winter school, brings adults together from across Australia to learn and polish up their Irish language skills. Suitable for all levels, from complete beginners upwards. Language classes plus talks, dancing, music and singing.

Contact: Éilís Hurst 0424 718 538 eilis@internode.on.net
www.IrishLanguageSchoolSydney.org.au

National Celtic Festival 2011

10-13 June 2011, Portarlinton, Vic.

Featuring acclaimed USA supergroup Solas, together with singer/songwriter Eleanor McEvoy (Ireland), the brilliant Scottish fiddle of Hanneke Cassel Trio (USA), the dynamic duo Sophie & Fiachra (Canada/Ireland), and the Gaelic songstress Christine Primrose (Isle of Skye).

Australian favourites include The Bushwackers, the Brisbane group Sunas, Jimmy Moore and Claddagh with Mary McEvilly, the renowned fiddle player Catherine Fraser, Blackbird, Maria Forde, the Badja River Quartet, McAlpine's Fusiliers and Cath Connelly.

Contact: GPAC 03 5225 1200
www.nationalcelticfestival.com

Bloomsday in Melbourne 2011 *Joyce and the Nation*

16-17 June 2011

The 18th Bloomsday microfestival features:
the **play** based on Joyce's most 'Irish' chapter (Cyclops, Ch 12 of *Ulysses*): 'An Irishman and a Jew go into a pub'.

Directed by Brenda Addie.

1:00 pm, 8:00 pm, 16 June, and 8:00 pm, 17 June.
Open Stage, University of Melbourne,
757 Swanston Street (\$35 & \$25).

the **seminar**: 'Joyce and Nationalism',
featuring Val Noone and Frances Devlin-Glass.
3:30 pm, 16 June, Open Stage (\$20 & \$15).

the Bloomsday **dinner**.

6:00 pm, 16 June, Cafe La Notte,
140 Lygon Street, Carlton (\$45),
with entertainment focussed on Joyce's death
and its aftermath, 70 years ago this year.

Whole day ticket for 3 events \$90.

Bookings essential: Bob Glass 03 9898 2900 www.bloomsdayinmelbourne.org.au

15th Annual Kilmore Celtic Festival

24-26 June 2011

A weekend of music, dance and entertainment with
good old-fashioned country hospitality.

Friday: welcome dinner at the Old Town Hall Restaurant, with
live music accompaniment.

Saturday: present a poem or a reading at the Poet's Breakfast,
or just be entertained, followed by dance displays, the
Highland Dance competition, and live Celtic music all day in
three venues.

Sunday: a Celtic Mass, a Celtic Banquet and an afternoon of
feasting and entertainment.

Artists include Clan MacLeod Pipe Band, Claymore, St Patrick's
Breton Dancers, Fianna, Irish Pipers, Myra McCrae Band,
O'Shea-Ryan Irish Dancers, Ricketty Bridge and Saoirse.

Contact: 03 5781 1711 www.kilmore.info/celticfestival

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

Australasian Irish Studies Conference

National Museum of Australia, Canberra

30 June to 3 July 2011

The 18th ISAANZ conference, to be held in conjunction with the National Museum's major Not just Ned exhibition, showcasing the presence of the Irish in Australia, 1788 to the present.

Includes contributions from areas of history, migration studies, sociology, politics, literature, the arts, gender, geography, anthropology and economics.

The final day, Sunday, 3 July, will be staged at St Clement's Conference Centre, Galong, NSW.

Contact: Richard Reid, National Museum
rreid@nma.gov.au

Lake School

Launch of the 2012 program

Friday, 9 July 2011, from 5:00 pm
Micky Bourke's Hotel, Koroit

AGM and induction of Mark & Lisa McDonnell
as 'Legends of the Lake'.

Contact: 0413 801 294 felix@bushwahzee.com

Doneraile Literary & Arts Festival

Creagh Castle, Doneraile, Co Cork

5-7 August 2011

A festival of poetry, theatre, readings, workshops, music and fun, including competitions:

Canon Sheehan Short Story (prize €1000)

Edmund Spenser Poetry (prize €500)

Closing date: 15 June 2011.

Contact: Diarmuid Hudner or Mattie Lennon
+353 87 9196942 www.historicdoneraile.ie

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

In Sight of Raftery

Raftery Festival, Kiltimagh, Co Mayo

7-13 November 2011

A festival of poetry, theatre, readings, film, writers' workshops, music, singing and fun, including a new poetry competition,

The Raftery Award, and a schools' poetry competition.

Terry McDonagh will facilitate writing workshops for the region's schools.

Contact: info@kiltimaghwriters.com

The Importance of Being Earnest

Melbourne Theatre Company

12 November - 30 December 2011

Oscar Wilde's timeless classic. Geoffrey Rush as Lady Bracknell, with Bob Hornery as both the butlers.

Contact: MTC 03 8688 0800

Australian Irish Heritage Network Annual General Meeting

The Annual General Meeting of the Australian Irish Heritage Network will be held in the *Tinteán* office in the basement of the Celtic Club, 316 Queen St, Melbourne on Sunday 28 August 2011 at 3 pm

Agenda items will be confined to approval of the minutes of the 2010 Annual General Meeting, receipt of reports, approval of applications for membership and election of office holders for 2011-2012.

Nominations for the positions of President, Vice-President, Treasurer, Secretary and two Committee members should be submitted in writing to the Secretary, AIHN, PO Box 13095, Law Courts, Melbourne 8010. Nominations must be signed by two AIHN members and accompanied by the written consent of the nominee. A pro forma for the nominations is available from the *Tinteán* office at the Celtic Club (info@tintean.org.au or 03 9670 8865).

Robert Glass, Secretary, 31 May 2011

Famine Rock Commemoration

Sunday, 20 November 2011

2.30 p.m. at the Strand, Williamstown

For further information: debonairdv@iinet.net.au

Letters

An Irish genetic disorder

Googling my lounge-room print of the *Lady Kennaway*, I came across your interesting website. My mum was Valerie Thompson who wrote *Poverty to Promise* and other books. She reunited with each other lots of the families whose ancestors came out on the *Aliquis*. Irish ancestry was a huge interest in the life of my mother, who passed away in 2006 at home with me.

Not surprisingly our family is afflicted with haemochromatosis, the genetic 'disorder of the Irish'. Mum died of pancreatic cancer – as is so common with those who do not get to find out about this disorder until it is too late to save their organs from the effects of iron overload. I am a registered nurse and am somewhat passionate about sharing this message with anyone Irish who wants to know about this disorder. If discovered early enough it does not have to have bad outcomes. My older brother and I are testimony to early intervention! Our younger brother did not get it, as is often the case with these genetic disorders.

I would love to hear where your passion for the Irish arises, and if you are aware of this disorder, or would be keen to learn more about it. We have about 20 known cases diagnosed and staying well, through monitoring and blood donations. All of these are of Irish or northern European descent.

I hope that this email is of interest.

Pamela Schuberg, Jindabyne, NSW
Valerie Thompson's seminal Irish ancestry and emigration works are: Christopher O'Mahony and Valerie Thompson, Poverty to Promise: the Montegale emigrants 1838-58, Crossing Press, Darlinghurst, 1994; Kate Press and Valerie Thompson, West Limerick Families Abroad, Malvern, 2001. In their article, 'Blood and Iron', in Tinteán issue 6 (December 2008), Felicity Allen and Brenda Lindeman discuss the incidence of haemochromatosis in Australia.

In search of Bernard Henry's descendants

I am writing to ask Australians surnamed 'Henry' or who may be descended from an Irish Catholic family called 'Henry' to check your attics.



What I am interested in is finding the original of the well-known 19th century lithograph of Owen Roe O'Neill (c1590-1649), a renowned Irish general. The lithograph was executed in 1856 by the *Ulster Journal of Archaeology* from an alleged contemporary portrait of him held by the Henry family of Maghera, County Derry.

I thought the portrait, the only one of Owen Roe we know of, was lost and could not be traced. However I recently discovered that the last remaining male of the family in Ireland, Bernard Henry, emigrated to Australia and that he died in Carlton, Melbourne, in 1906.

Bernard Henry is supposed to have taken two family heirlooms with him, the portrait of Owen Roe and a signet ring which Napoleon had given his grandfather who attended the Emperor as a doctor during his last days on St Helena. Whether these items are genuine I am not sure.

However, I would like to hear from anyone who might know their whereabouts, particularly the portrait of Owen Roe. The *UJA* described it as being 16 x 12 inches on wood panel with a half-obliterated inscription on the back attributing it to an obscure Flemish painter called Van Brugens. It is an idealised portrait of the chieftain who in the painting wears a blue bonnet.

By this stage these items may not look like much but they are in their own way important fragments of Irish heritage. I enclose an image of lithograph.

**Hiram Morgan, Department of History
University College, Ireland
h.morgan@ucc.ie**

Celtic Concert with a Difference

John Clancy of Bendigo is preparing to present a Celtic concert with a difference in September. His aim is to weave a tapestry, presenting the overall story of the Celtic races, Irish, Scottish, Welsh, Cornish, Bretons, and Galicians – all races who make up the Celtic fabric.

The concert will present the story of the Celtic races in narrative (which will be minimal), poetry, some prose sections, music and song. It will represent the journey, struggle, survival, and triumphs of the Celtic races from their emergence until the Celtic diasporas of more recent centuries. The concert will be divided into four self-contained sections:

- The Celtic way of life;
- Love;
- Celtic Stories, Myths and Legends;
- the Celtic diaspora to the United States, Canada, Argentina, and Australasia.

Poetry dating back to the pre Christian era will be read. Instrumental music on the harp, tin whistle, some ensemble music, and some classical arrangements of traditional music arranged for piano will feature. The main part of the story, however, will be told through the medium of song – folk songs, ballads, as well as "art song" arrangements of songs by Irish, Scottish, and other poets. A number of the songs will be sung in their original Celtic languages, mainly Irish and Scottish, and possibly some in Gallego, the dialect of Galicia, (although strictly speaking this is not a Celtic dialect).

Professional harpist Meryl Wilkinson will be one of the leading performers. The concert will also feature amateur singers and musicians. John Clancy himself will also perform both as a solo pianist and accompanist, harpist, and singer of songs in Gaelic (Irish). He is also writing the script and directing the concert! (He is scheduled to sing in two Spanish operas (zarzuelas) with the Lyric Opera of Melbourne in June).

'A Celtic Odyssey' will take place on Saturday 3rd and Sunday 4th September at 8 pm and 5.30 pm respectively at the Old Fire Station (part of the Capital Complex) in Bendigo. Further information can be obtained and bookings made by emailing John Clancy during August on ovens.town@hotmail.com or by phoning him on 54426649.

John Clancy

News

Irish General Election

On Friday 25 February, the ruling Fianna Fáil party lost 51 seats after a 24.2% swing against it, now holding only 20 in the new government. This is the worst defeat of a sitting government since the Irish State began in 1921 and among the worst ever suffered by any Western European governing party. The new Taoiseach, Enda Kenny won a total of 76 seats after an 8.8% swing towards Fine Gael. Although the Labour Party recorded a swing of 9.3%, almost doubling its share of the vote, it only won a total of 37 seats and has now entered a coalition with Fine Gael. The party with the largest swing towards it was Sinn Féin with 9.9% so that it is now the fourth largest party in the 31st Dáil. The Green party, which precipitated an early election by withdrawing from coalition with Fianna Fáil, had their Dáil representation wiped out when they lost all six of their seats.

The background to the election results was Fianna Fáil's decision to take a bailout from the European Union and the IMF to avert a wider European sovereign debt crisis. This decision was widely condemned as diminishing Ireland's sovereign status and reducing the ideals of the republican part to tatters. These sentiments may underlie the large swing to Sinn Féin.

The election campaign saw a number of 'firsts' including the first televised election debate in Irish, the election of the first two openly gay members (Dominic Hannigan and John Lyons) and a record number of people entering parliament for the first time (76 new TDs). Enda Kenny refused to participate in any debate involving TV broadcaster Vincent Browne despite his apology for remarking in 2010 that Kenny 'should go into a dark room with a gun and bottle of whisky.'

Kenny campaigned on a promise to amend the unpopular bailout, by negotiating a lower interest rate. The result was read internationally as a harsh judgement on the terms of the bailout and are widely considered to be a preview of difficulties ahead for other European governments who are attempting to implement austerity measures.

**From: Wikipedia, The Australian
1.3.2011**

Is an apology enough?

In 1976, British Army private Michael Williams used a heavy duty general machine-gun to shoot 12-year-old Majella O'Hare twice in the back as she was walking to confession with some friends in county Armagh. Williams' weapon was cocked and ready but would have needed about 12lb of pressure to fire it. When Majella's father ran to his dying child, Williams' mates abused him, shouting 'What do you think you're doing? You're only the fucking caretaker!' Bystanders included a qualified nurse, but it was five minutes before the soldiers allowed her to attempt to treat the child and ten minutes after the shooting that they signalled to a helicopter overhead to land in order to take her to hospital.

Although Williams claimed that he had shot in response to an IRA sniper attack, the RUC charged him with murder. By the time of the trial, the charge had been reduced to manslaughter and Lord Justice Maurice Gibson, sitting without a jury, accepted that there probably had been another gunman, though there was no evidence of anyone hearing any other shots. Gibson, who was killed by the IRA 11 years later acquitted Williams. After the trial, asked by Majella's mother, 'Why did you do it?', Williams shrugged his shoulders.

After the PSNI's Historical Enquiries Team found no evidence for an IRA gunman, they called on the British Army to apologise for Majella's death. Mary's father died in 1992, but her 88-year-old mother will be handed a formal letter of apology from the Ministry of Defence. Majella's brother said that he would like to meet with Michael Williams to see whether there was any genuine regret about what had happened. This is only the second apology issued by the Ministry of Defence and the first concerned with an individual case.

From: The Guardian 28.3.2011

The third man

A love letter from Alfred, Lord Douglas, to his lover Maurice Schwabe has been discovered in the State Library of New South Wales by curator Margot Riley. Alfred is better known to fame as Oscar Wilde's lover 'Bosie' but apparently had an affair with Schwabe as well. Both men experienced blackmail attempts from the impoverished 'rent boys' who worked in

London's male brothels. Before he was exiled to Australia, Schwabe accompanied Wilde and a rent boy to Paris, but when the scandal broke Schwabe's uncle, the Solicitor-General, made sure that his nephew's name was omitted from the record.

From: Sydney Morning Herald, 2.3.2011

Irish cricket

Ireland currently has only six professional cricket players, but Kevin O'Brien has just hit the fastest century in World Cup history against England and his side obtained the highest winning total in the tournament. Before the game, bookies offered odds of 400-1 against the Irish team, but English cricket has now become an Irish joke. O'Brien now has a contract with Cricket Ireland and will train full-time for his country. His parents, who went to the West Indies to watch him put Irish cricket on the map, regret missing their chance to bet on their national team.

From: The Australian 6.3.2011

See article on p14 of this issue.

Good news

The Hobsons Bay City Council has provided \$500 for the reprinting of the booklet 'Melbourne and the Irish Famine'. Published and edited by Val Noone and Mary Doyle in 1998 for the unveiling of the Famine Rock, it is now an important historical document. The Irish Famine Commemoration Committee is deeply grateful to the Council and in particular to Cr. Angela Altair of the Williamstown Ward, for her good offices and persistent support and also to Cr. John Hogg.

The cover

The *Charlotte* medal is regarded as Australia's first colonial work of art. It celebrates the ship's safe arrival in Botany Bay on 20 January 1788. Irishman John White, surgeon-general of the First Fleet, commissioned the forger Thomas Barrett who sailed with him in the convict transport *Charlotte* to engrave a medal depicting the ship resting at anchor in Botany Bay on one side and, on the other, precise details of latitude and longitude of the major places they either passed or stopped at during the eight-month voyage.



Miscellany – A Pint of Plain

'The Workman's Friend'

When things go wrong and will not come right,
Though you do the best you can,
When life looks black as the hour of night –
A pint of plain is your only man.
Flann O'Brien/Myles na gCopaleen/Brian O'Nolan
(b 5 Oct 1911 – d 1 April 1966)

Arthur Guinness was born in 1725 near Celbridge, county Kildare where his father, Richard Guinness, was Land Steward to Dr Arthur Price, Archbishop of Cashel. Part of Richard's duties was to supervise the brewing of beer for the workers on the estate and it is probable that young Arthur first learned the art of brewing from his father. The Archbishop, Arthur's godfather, left Arthur £100 in his will and with this money Arthur was able to run a small brewery in nearby Leixlip.

In 1759 a very optimistic Arthur Guinness, who was then 34, left the Leixlip brewery to his younger brother and he signed a 9000-year lease on St James Gate, the birthplace of the Pint of Plain. Testimony that his optimism was well justified is the fact that by the early part of the 20th century the company employees numbered about 5000 people or one in every ten men who were employed in the Dublin area.

Right across the city of Dublin during the 1940s, 50s and 60s the presence of Guinness was plainly to be seen. A person could hardly walk for more than a few streets without seeing the famous advertisements on billboards proclaiming that '*Guinness is good for you*', '*Guinness for Strength*', and '*My Goodness My Guinness*'. Though such claims are not permitted today there are many who would swear that they still contain more than a grain of truth, especially after a couple of pints.

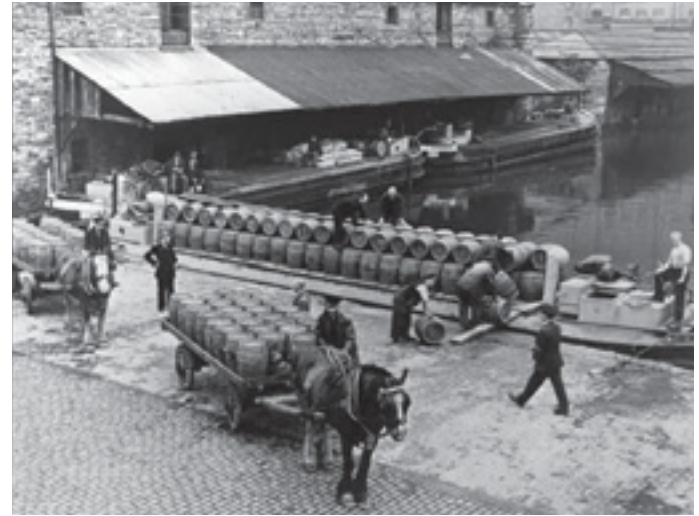
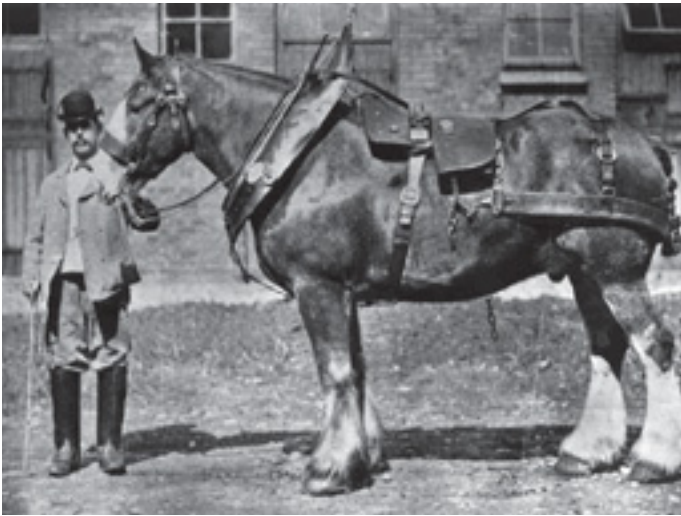
A common sight in Dublin in the early decades of the 20th century was the horse drawn dray delivering barrels of Guinness to the pubs – of which there are many. The draymen wore stout boots and huge gloves. They would stop opposite a public house beside open manholes in the pavement. They would then roll the barrels of Guinness from the dray onto a cushion on the pavement and steer them through the manhole to bounce onto another cushion on the floor of the cellar. Often while this was going on the horse would be contentedly munching oats from his nosebag. Sometimes, if the horse performed, a child with a bucket would collect the manure for his father's allotment, for

extra pocket money, of course. Guinness was obviously good for you in more ways than one. Along the route that the drays travelled there were stone drinking troughs. These were also resting places for the horses and a place for the draymen to meet and chat. They were also good collection points for the kids with their buckets.

Described as '*a city within a city*' St James's Gate had its own internal railway, fire brigade, electrical power station, a postal system and even its own uniformed police force. In the 1930s, about 500 craftsmen were employed including plumbers, fitters and carpenters. All of these tradesmen were necessary in order to maintain machinery and buildings. Other trades and professions included brewers, chemists, catering staff, waitresses, medical staff stable workers and coopers.

For miles around St James's Gate the distinctive smell of the fermentation process pervaded the streets. Miscellany has fond memories of growing up in Dublin and seeing the barges on the grand canal carrying coal, timber, merchandise of all descriptions and, of course, barrels of Guinness to the thirsty folk of the midlands and beyond. We knew the bargemen and the lock – keepers well. Sometimes we assisted in opening or closing the sluice gates to fill or empty the lock. Then we would open and close the lock gates to allow the passage of the barges to a higher or a lower level. During the summer holidays from school we could travel for miles into the country on those barges without our parents worrying about our safety.

A narrow gauge railway was used to transport the barrels of export Guinness from St James's Gate to river barges at the Guinness jetty on the River Liffey. The early barges were steam operated and were all named after rivers around Ireland. In 1927, a new fleet of replacement barges were each named after places around Dublin. The funnels on these new barges could be lowered to allow the barges to travel under the Liffey bridges. Often, at high tide, lines of people could be seen standing on the quays, close to O'Connell Bridge, watching the approach of a Guinness barge with its funnel belching black smoke. The captain would align the barge with the centre of one of the openings under the bridge while the bargemen lowered the funnel to enable its safe passage. So another consignment of '*the black stuff*' would be on the first leg of its journey to meet the Guinness ship waiting to carry it to an eager world.



Traditionally, St James's Gate was the location of one of the outer gates of the walled city of Dublin. Merchants and farmers from the south had to pass through this gate to enter the city of Dublin. The front gate of the Guinness Brewery stands adjacent to the old medieval St James's Gate. Visitors wishing to travel in the footsteps of this ancient pilgrimage route still today have their 'passports' stamped at the St James's Gate Brewery, marking the start of their pilgrimage from Ireland.

A job with Guinness was very much prized and a bachelor with such a job was considered very eligible indeed. Apart from job security where trades such as coopers were handed down from father to son a job in Guinness provided financial, medical, recreational and other benefits for its employees. Wages were always 10 to 20% above the Dublin average. The other main financial benefit was the famous Guinness pension. It is no wonder then that mothers of marriageable daughters regarded a man with a job in Guinness as a 'good catch'.

The impact of Guinness in Dublin reached far beyond St James's Gate. Edward Cecil Guinness, who was the first Lord Iveagh, set up The Guinness Trust in 1890. He began building houses for his employees to rent from 1872, constructing housing on a site close to the Brewery for nearly 300 Brewery families. Housing projects included Kevin Street, Bull Alley and Terenure. Guinness has also maintained a strong sense of its own social responsibility and supported many initiatives, not just for the benefit of its own employees, but also for the community at large.

In 1876, Arthur Edward Guinness purchased St Stephen's Green which was then in private ownership. He remodelled

and redesigned the park which was reopened to the public on 27th July 1892. St Stephen's Green is now managed by the Office of Public Works on behalf of the Irish State. Iveagh House, which dates back to 1736, and is located on the south side of St Stephen's Green, was purchased by Sir Benjamin Lee Guinness in May 1856. The house remained in the ownership of the Guinness Family until the 1930s when Rupert Guinness, the second Lord Iveagh offered the house to the Irish State. Today, Iveagh House is occupied by the Department of Foreign Affairs.

During the 1880s, Guinness Brewery at St James's Gate became the largest brewery in the world. In 1892, a third of all Guinness Foreign Extra Stout sales were to Australia, principally to Victoria. In 1936 Guinness opened its first brewery outside Ireland in Park Royal, London, and in 1976, Guinness Draught was launched in Australia. Arthur's Day, 24 September 2009, celebrated a 250-year history of Guinness, the most famous beer in the world, with 10 million pints consumed daily in 150 countries.

When money's tight and hard to get
And your horse has also ran,
When all you have is a heap of debt –
A pint of plain is your only man.

Flann O'Brien/Myles na gCopaleen/Brian O'Nolan

Sin a bhfuil go fóill ó Seósamh Ó Murchu. Slán agaibh go leir.

Happy Bloomsday everyone!

Joseph Murphy, Dublin

Sources: Lisa McCarthy, Guinness Archive, Diageo, Ireland.

Run For Cover – the music of Gary Moore

Plenty of tributes have flowed for Gary Moore, who died of a suspected heart attack in Spain at the start of February. Just about anyone who ever held a guitar has rushed to be interviewed and acknowledge his talent. Gary's playing of blues material was phenomenal but for me the real icing was his extraordinary lyrical quality. Just a couple of notes thrown in here and there that other guitarists would not normally think of, but in his hands they enhanced the entire expression.

For some of the best of Gary's work get hold of 'BBM', the 1994 album. Strong songs, powerhouse playing and top shelf production. The standout track here has to be *Glory Days*. There was even rumoured to be a BBM vol 2 in the works but it never surfaced, so for now this is about as good as it gets. Meanwhile fans can get set for the release of a biographical doco on Gary, tentatively titled *White Knuckles and Blue Moods*.

Gary's entire discography is on Wikipedia. It runs to 14 pages and shows that his most successful period, in terms of record sales, was from 1985's *Run for Cover* through to the 1994 compilation *Ballads and Blues*. He sold very strongly in Germany, Austria and Scandinavia as well as in Britain and Australia. Major US success eluded him but he remains well known there after six of his albums scored top ten positions in the Blues album charts.

The TV coverage of his death made much of the Thin Lizzy connection and while he toured and recorded with them he only ever did one complete TL studio album; *Black Rose* in 1979. This material has been endlessly recycled by record companies giving the appearance that he was a long term member of the band when that was not the case. Musically, it all counts in the long run; a friend of mine bought the *Night Life* album just to learn that particular guitar solo. If you listen to it, you'll hear why. You can see Gary in the DVD of Lizzy's Sydney Opera House forecourt gig from 1978.

The aforementioned discography includes his collaborations with other artists, notably John Hiseman in Colosseum II, for a four album stretch in the late 70s, and then with Greg Lake, but omits the fact Gary is featured on one track of John

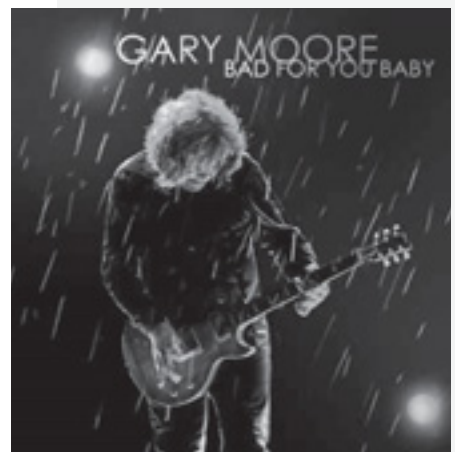
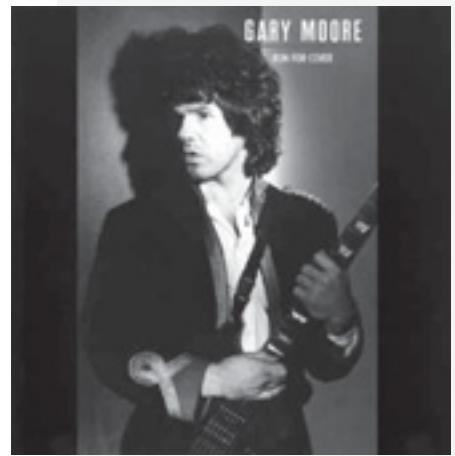
Mayall's 40th anniversary album *Along For The Ride*. John himself is credited with almost single-handedly starting the Blues boom of the sixties and launching the careers of many artists. Of Gary's studio technique he said 'he just heard the song once through, plugged in his guitar and bang it was done.'

To complete the historical record you would have to include the two albums released by the Irish trio Skid Row where Gary played alongside Brush Shiels on bass and Noel Bridgeman on drums. These were *Skid* in 1970 and *34 Hours* in 1971. I recently discovered they are available on the net and retired my old vinyl copies after many years faithful service. It's a matter of taste how well the music has aged, but listening to them now one thing stands out above all else and that's how much of Brush Shiels' bass playing and singing style later found expression via Phil Lynott. Phil was in the band until he was 'relieved' of his duties by band-leader Brush, but to hear now how much he absorbed in that time is uncanny. On YouTube there are a couple of clips featuring the band's later three piece lineup taken from a TV show. The sound and picture quality are quite good for 40 year old material, and Gary's playing is instantly recognisable.

Over the years Gary featured in a number of DVDs and VHS videos, notably the *One Night In Dublin* tribute to Phil where he handled lead guitar and lead vocals on a swag of Lizzy's material. The show also features guest spots from Brian Robertson and Scott Gorham, although separately, but it was a tribute after all and not a resurrection. Fine camera work with lots of good close-ups. Other releases to look out for are Gary's concerts with American Blues legends BB King, Albert Collins and Albert King.

All great performances, to be sure, but there is one more special treat in store for ageing baby-boomers. You can get a front row seat at a major European music festival and luxuriate in surround sound comfort. Fire up your home theatre, grab your chocpop and ease your behind into your favourite recliner. Where are we going? Easy, just google Gary's name along with one word – Montreaux.

Stuart Traill



Bolg an tSoláthair / Odds & Ends

Pleasant surprises in Canberra

One of my many pleasant surprises at the very well attended opening of the exhibition on the Irish in Australia at the National Museum in Canberra was meeting up with Jim Ryan, the great-grandson of Captain George Anthony of *Catalpa* fame. At the age of seven Jim discovered in the attic of his family home a box from the ship including its banner. These can be seen at the exhibition. Jim, who lives in Captain Anthony's home port of New Bedford, Massachusetts, USA, works as a psychotherapist with a household of young men who have mental health issues. Travelling with him was his son Peter. You can see a good clip about Jim, and about Jim Fegan, a great-grandson of one of the republicans interned by Billy Hughes in 1918, on the ABC's website. Although I had been involved in some of the historical background work, when I went around and took notes on the *Catalpa* flag and the 500 or so other objects, I learned much about Australia, not just Irish Australia, much that is often hidden in mainstream media. I plan to go back again, next time hoping to write a detailed assessment of the whole exhibition.

New book on the WA Fenians

The six who escaped on the *Catalpa* were part of a larger group of 62 members of the secret Irish Republican Brotherhood, usually called Fenians, who were transported as prisoners after the failed uprising of 1867. By a nice piece of timing, a few weeks before the Canberra exhibition opened, Ormonde Waters' new book on the West Australian Fenians went on sale.

Ormonde's book, *The Fenian Wild Geese*, gives about half its 380 pages to well chosen extracts from the prisoners' own accounts of the voyage out on the

Hougoumont, drawing on diaries and their remarkable shipboard paper, *Wild Goose*. The remaining pages include a biographical register of the 62 and special attention to the redoubtable John Boyle O'Reilly. After losing a year of what he called 'messing with prospective publishers', Ormonde has published it himself. At \$30 it is great value. You can order it from Ormonde Waters, 35 Vellgrove Ave, Parkwood WA 6147, or by telephoning him at 08 9354 1348.

Bird lover, Spanish scholar and Irish speaker

On 20 November 2010, a remarkable linguist named Wally Thompson died in Melbourne aged 88. With enthusiasm and skill he taught Spanish to generations of students at La Trobe University. The booklet for his funeral service highlighted another aspect of his reputation: it had a colour photograph of Wally with some glorious local parrots. Indeed, at the entrance to La Trobe University there is a plaque commemorating Wally's contribution to saving endangered habitats of native birds.

Coming from an Ulster Protestant background, Wally was remarkable for being a fluent speaker of the Irish language. His good friend Chris Watson recalled that Wally's father, a strict Presbyterian minister, would not let the Orange Order use his church; and that Wally had grown up with an outlook that saw Irish Catholics and Scots Presbyterians as having a common bond by virtue of having a common enemy. Wally learned his Irish from his neighbours where he grew up and went on to study it, even going so far as to meet Peig Sayers, legendary storyteller from the Blasket Islands.

I saw him last at a solstice party at the Watsons' place at Korweinguboora near



Di Gardiner and Jim Ryan in front of the *Catalpa* display at the Not Just Ned exhibition. Di, formerly community access manager at Public Record Office of Victoria, worked with Richard Reid to have the Gavan Duffy map displayed in Canberra. Jim is the great-grandson of Captain Anthony



Wally Thompson, 1922-2010

Daylesford. We reminisced about the day in the 1990s when he had joined Rowan Ireland, Paul Rule and me for lunch with Gary MacEoin, a famous American-based but Irish-born writer, who was then visiting friends in Melbourne. Gary was writing a book about the Zapatista radicals in Mexico and, granted Wally's knowledge of the Spanish-speaking world, the conversation centred on Latin America. At one point Wally and Gary found out that they were both speakers of Irish. The rest of us enjoyed listening to their obviously animated exchanges. A person of great skill, wit and humour, Wally will be sadly missed.

Val Noone

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Technologies for Teaching Irish: Crossley (Bán na Cròise)

In the post-Sputnik years, great efforts were made to build upon insights gained from WW2 language teaching experiences and more recent studies in Linguistics. As Anglophone students were, and still are, notoriously inept in learning how to articulate new phonetic and grammatical patterns, much effort was given over to such exercises before communication between learners and native (target) speakers could be effected. Some adult students may have familiarity with Irish (Gaelic) words and expressions through fossilised phrases in their sociolect, though with standardisation of Australian English this is unlikely, or through their reading of Irish authors such as Joyce. Investigations into Irish language learning by Anglophones, and others, is being carried out by such researchers as Prof Sheila Scott, at the Official Languages and Bilingualism Institute at Ottawa University, and also Máire Owens has discussed how her young daughter went about the process of acquiring the Irish language in her primary school and domestic settings from the age of three: both the linguistic and social processes involved make for instructive reading.

Even today, schools and adult education centres still indulge in *chalk-and-talk* as a primary pedagogy. This may be understandable, even desirable, if the social processes are being considered. However, the Crossley situation calls for a reconsideration of teaching methodology. There has been so much development in technological assistance for language teachers in the past forty years that we should be prepared to take advantage of the examples discussed below as a program is constructed for the teaching of Irish in the Crossley Gaeltacht, and possibly for other regions of Victoria.

Audio laboratories (Drill and Skill) provided patterning and audio-motor practice in an unfamiliar language. Such exercises were supplemented by carefully designed text-books explaining the grammatical points being learned and also contained short passages of prose, poetry and lyrics to enrich the laboratory cycle. However, this approach is now criticised for being inefficient and lacking in providing social context for communication,

but if audio drills are supplemented by social interaction between learners, much of that criticism could be countered. A quick search has shown that language tapes and CDs are readily available, but also with the advent of digital recorders, it would be possible for the teachers at Crossley to produce and disseminate their materials specifically tailored for their particular programs.

Computers can be effective to assist with language learning. Programs are now used built upon Chomsky's radical assertion that language is a function of how the brain is constructed in that all language processes are essentially binary. That is, all utterances can be formulated as a combination of a nominal phrase and a verbal phrase, symbolised as: $S = NP + VP$. That being the case, the devil is in the detail of how each NP and VP is constructed to create consistent patterns, as students of Gaelic (Irish) will soon discover!

Pattern-recognition leads to greater cognition and the relatively new cognitive approaches to language learning encourage students create a **mental map** of the target language. These approaches are supported by a new generation of computer software enabling construction of vocabulary lists, assist in word-association and text-reconstruction, concordance, as well as situation simulation and communication between distant learners.

Some worthwhile **examples of social interaction**: mid-level students correspond with counterparts in Kraków to produce an information-rich Polish language webpage, students watch French news programs and then engage in debates concerning specific issues and ESL students using computer-aided writing programs and e-mail to gain facility in self-expression. One could envisage the Crossley students, having gained basic proficiency, engaging in such on-line activities as interactive vocabulary and sentence quizzes, highly structured e-mail exchanges and mutual construction of web-pages.

Vocabulary programs that build upon the facts, rather than perceptions and beliefs, of a language have greater chance of being effective. For example, whilst the aim of many language pro-

grams has been to enable students to rapidly reach a basic communicative level they have failed by not paying attention to discourse analysis. Early last century, studies demonstrated that in English language use some 350 words constituted three-quarters of all discourse this was confirmed by Cook and O'Shea in 1914 who demonstrated that in their American sample only 9 words constituted a quarter of common discourse, 43 for a half and 763 words made up some 90% of the whole text. Similar studies have been undertaken in Spanish and French.

Word association programs such as the *Edinburgh Word Association Thesaurus* is a set of empirical words association norms showing the counts of word associations as collected from subjects. For example, the word *cat* generated some 90 responses, ranging from *dog* and *mouse*, to *black* and *Cheshire*, to *kittens* and *pussy*. Concordance software extends those electronic dictionaries that are often supplied along with language-learning software, and allow students and teachers to search texts for uses of specified words and phrases, providing insights into variations in tone and colloquial usage: *MonoConc* is such a program. There are positive implications for language teaching in terms vocabulary mapping and extension exercises.

The challenge is to find **vocabulary frequency and word association lists for Irish** (Gaelic), as the above examples draw principally upon Anglophone examples. Wilson and Worth have produced an introductory account of the various corpora available for the Celtic languages, many of the resources now being available on-line. As yet, I have not found an on-line vocabulary frequency list or concordance program for Irish (Gaelic), and this situation indicates that perhaps there is ground for the conduct of a series of productive workshops by those with a knowledge of Irish language or of linguistics. A graded list of the 100 – 200 most frequently used words, and their permutations in context, would be a most valuable teaching and learning instrument.

Technologies have advanced over the past decade, and this is of high importance to teachers and students. Most Australian

Universal Healthcare

The Fine Gael government's health reform plans offer free General Practice care for all Irish citizens and free access to hospital care for people of all income levels. Existing public hospitals will become not-for-profit independent trusts, the Health Service Executive (HSE) will be phased out and a new network of primary care centres will be established.

The details of this proposal require substantial clarification. It poses the danger of cost blowouts unless stringent cost controls are imposed. It is unclear how the system will be funded in a time of stringency, especially given the government's undertaking not to increase income tax rates or thresholds.

Other difficulties include serious shortages of junior doctors. Senior HSE officials recently confirmed that there is a shortage of 300 to 400 doctors. Donal Duffy of the consultants' association said that training bodies were now unable to fill the training posts that they had available in a range of specialties. He criticised the HSE for not starting the centralised recruitment process earlier. Increasing access by providing universal health care will put even greater strain on the Irish medical system.

In addition to difficulties recruiting and retaining junior doctors, health concerns have also surfaced. Jacky Jones, former regional manager of health promotion within the HSE, pointed out that going to hospital is markedly more dangerous than flying, with only one passenger life lost per 10 million flights, but one iatrogenic death for 100 to 300 hospital admissions. Some safety measures, such as checklists for common procedures, have entered medicine from aviation, but others have been vigorously resisted. These include flattening hierarchies, introducing a 'common knowledge' culture in which all staff know what should be done and improving safety by standardising all procedures. Promoting a non-deferential workplace culture by using first names rather than titles has definitely not caught on in medicine. The relative lack of commitment to safety among the Irish health services may be explained because the consequences for health professionals and pilots are so different; pilots die along with the passengers if something goes wrong in aviation, in medicine only the patients die.

Felicity Allen

From: irishhealth.com, 24.03.2011, The Irish Times, 12.04.2011 and 18.04.2011

students have ready access to one or more of the following hardware: a computer, be it a desktop or laptop, an MP3 player or iPod, and a mobile telephone. Associated computer software includes advanced secure web browsers such as *Mozilla* (PC) and *Safari* (Mac), electronic mail, file sharing programs such as *YouTube*, and social networking programs such as *Facebook* and also the ability to create *blogs* (both open and closed). The newest mobile telephones incorporate both still and movie cameras, and have the ability to transmit and receive audio and visual files to both single and multiple receivers at a modest cost to the user. These highly efficient devices are rapidly displacing still-bulky laptops in specific teaching and learning situations, especially in remote communities.

Were it possible to organise, all teachers and participating long-term students ought invest in a compatible technological framework, such as the Apple series of laptops, iPhone and iPod. This would enable the organisation to build a secure network that could exhibit both closed (encrypted) and open (public) manifestations on the Internet. Content could be safely cached and transmitted, alleviating potential intrusions and malfunctions.

Reviewing available Irish language teaching software currently available over the Internet has been an interesting exercise. There are some that ought be avoided. For example, the **Pimsleur Language Program** produces a 4 CD set devoted to Irish, amongst others, claiming it is focused on the living language, not the official standard version. It turns out that its basic audio material draws upon speakers of the Munster dialect, and that there are unexplained variations in pronunciation between some speakers, e.g., *anseo*, 'here', properly [anšò], being articulated with an unpalatised *s*, as a meaningless [ansò]. Further, there is no textbook to accompany the set of CDs. As foreign learners of Irish require access to the standard language, that is, the equivalent to HochDeutsch rather than Bavarian, so that any audio-visual material employed must be

clearly marked in its linguistic orientation towards the official language, *An Caighdeán Oifigiúil*.

The organisation **Gael-Linn** produces a wide range of audio-visual materials for teachers and school students, and also for adults, beginners to advanced. Other on-line resources noted include a set of 8 basic lessons adapted by N. Murphy at TCD from M. Ó Siadhail's *Learning Irish*. These come as text and audio (Real Audio format) files that are readily accessible on-line. Once the audio files have been learned off by heart, these items are then used to provide the building blocks for extended dialogues. Students' vocabulary acquisition in the following lessons is very rapid, and no guideline to the timeframe for learning is given. Further, there is no readily available explication in Ó Siadhail's text of the relationship between orthography and pronunciation, a stumbling point that would need early attention in any syllabus.

The first step, perhaps, in adapting to the new technologies of this century would be to establish a dedicated *web-nest* for those interested in participating in the Crossley language program, with costs alleviated by commercial sponsorship and by cooperation with local authorities. It would contain at least introductory vocabularies, dialogues, and audio-visual language files. It could also showcase social and scout groups, music and dance. The *web-nest* could also be the site through which students exchanged Irish language files, e-mails and their own YouTube clips, as has been arranged for the Sydney Lithuanian Community website. (*SLIC*)

Even this would be a major undertaking, as a competent webmaster would be needed, the content carefully designed and operational parameters established for safe and successful conduct. But such activities would bring potential students and the St. Brigid's community into direct contact with each other, and prepare participants for participation in expanded language courses.

E. Reilly

(a full bibliography can be supplied upon request)

Brother against brother: the Civil War in an Irish town

Frank O'Shea relates how the enmity engendered within families and communities in Co Kerry during the Irish Civil War was overcome by the comradeship and success of the county GAA football team.

The Dáil debate on the Anglo-Irish treaty started in December 1921 and ended almost a month later with a 64-57 vote in favour of acceptance. Many contributions were bitter and divisive and led to a split in the volunteers and a walkout by de Valera and his supporters. An election later in the year saw the anti-treaty (Republican) side win only 36 of the 128 seats in the Dáil.

In June 1922, Michael Collins began a bombardment of the Four Courts which had been occupied by Rory O'Connor, the most intractable of the military men opposed to the treaty. Two days later, the garrison surrendered and were led away to prison in Mountjoy. The Irish army quickly mopped up Republican resistance in Dublin and then in Leinster. However, Munster was more of a problem, particularly Limerick, Cork and Kerry.

After the recapture of the Four Courts, Collins commandeered a civilian boat to send a task force of 450 into Fenit Harbour near Tralee. Made up of members of the Dublin Guard under Brigadier General Paddy O'Daly, they captured the main barracks in Tralee and sent out companies to take over other barracks in the county. Meanwhile, the First Westerns from Clare, under Michael Hogan, landed 240 men at Tarbert. Between them these two groups quickly established a foothold in Kerry. But the local is never far from the political and the Kerry Republicans were easily roused to anger against these outsiders who dared to come in and try to run their county.

On 11 August, Tom O'Connor Scarteen, aged 20, the only significant IRA leader from the War of Independence to take the Free State side in Kerry, took a company of 200 raw recruits by sea from Limerick to Kenmare. The Republicans in Kenmare did not put up a fight and the Free State soldiers were welcomed by the locals, including by the PP Archdeacon Marshall. Coincidentally, the day they took over Kenmare, Michael Collins was in Tralee addressing a crowd

and sending out feelers for peace; he returned quickly to Dublin when word came through that Arthur Griffith had died. A week later, Collins himself was killed at the Beal na mBláth ambush and Richard Mulcahy took over as commander-in-chief of the army.

One of the tactics used by the Republicans was to attack the military who were escorting food supplies. It appears that the decision to attack Kenmare in early September was intended to capture the provisions and stores and ammunition which were

Without their leader, the Free State garrison put up a poor resistance

being shipped into the port for the Free State garrison. The attack on the town was led by John Joe Rice with men from Kilgarvan and Loo Bridge and 17 from Ballyvourney who had rifle grenades, the equivalent of modern rocket-propelled grenades.

The O'Connor brothers had been out with a reconnaissance party until late the previous night and had gone to bed in their family home on Main Street without posting a sentry. Johnny, the older of the two, was shot on the stairs in his night attire; Tom was dragged from his bed and shot in the head. The official account was that they were shot when they refused to surrender, but the more likely story is that the shootings were executions. Without their leader, the Free State garrison put up a poor resistance. After surrendering, they were guarded for a few days in the railway station, but were then marched out of town and told to disperse.

The taking of Kenmare happened on 9 September 1922, coincidentally the day of the first meeting of the

Provisional Government elected three months earlier. And it was retaken by a concerted three-pronged action on 6 December, again a coincidence as it was the day that the Provisional Government ceased to exist and was replaced by the Irish Free State. The town was retaken without a shot being fired, but it was significant that the two senior Free State officers in Kerry (Paddy O'Daly of the Dublin Guard and Michael Hogan of the First Westerns) led two of the three groups that were involved. In itself, the town had little strategic importance, apart from the fact that it could be used to land supplies and ammunition for the rebels; more significantly, however, the new Irish Free State would lack legitimacy if a small part was outside its control. Moreover, there was a simmering fury among the Free State soldiers at the way the O'Connor Scarteen brothers had been killed.

The following day, 7 December, a directive went out to the Republicans that members of the Free State government were legitimate targets. Two TDs, Sean Hales and Pdraig O Máille, were ambushed in Dublin; Hales was killed and O'Máille wounded. In retaliation, the government woke four prisoners who had surrendered at the Four Courts and told them they were to be shot in the morning. One man was chosen from each province: Rory O'Connor from Leinster, Liam Mellows from Connaught, Dick Barrett from Munster and Joe McKelvey from Ulster. *'You have murdered our brave Liam and Rory / You've slaughtered young Richard and Joe.'* The order for the execution was signed by the Minister for Justice, Kevin O'Higgins. The previous year, Rory O'Connor had been best man at his wedding. Sean Hales, the TD who was killed, had a brother Tom who was a leader in the Republican side in Cork. This was what civil war could mean.

The brother-against-brother, friend-against-friend conflict was particularly unforgiving in Kerry. The killings and subsequent reprisals at Ballyseedy

outside Tralee, at Cahirciveen and at Countess Bridge near Killarney would today lead to charges of war crimes. Though they were the most egregious incidents, there were other examples of criminality throughout Kerry even after an instruction to dump arms came from Frank Aiken in May 1923.

In 1932, de Valera led his Fianna Fáil party into government, winning five of the seven Kerry seats in the Dáil; they took the oath of allegiance to the king, one of the things which had led to the civil war in the first place, Dev declaring that it was just a form of words. In time, he would be even more harsh in his treatment of former comrades who still maintained the Republican rage.

How did local communities in a county isolated by mountains manage to get back to normality? I highlight one reason in particular: football. In Ireland, Gaelic sport is amateur and local: if you were born in Kenmare, you played for Kenmare; if you were born in Kerry, you could only play for Kerry. By right, with this system, counties with larger populations should have an advantage – Dublin for example or Cork or Galway. But since the Gaelic Athletic Association held the first All Ireland championship in 1887, Kerry have been champions 36 times, roughly one in every three of the those years. It is not easy to explain why one of the lowest population counties should have the greatest success.

Now we go back to the civil war of 1921-22. Kerry were All Ireland champions in 1924, 1926, 1929, 1930, 1931 and 1932 – six times in the decade after a civil war in which some who were involved in that war would have thought it their duty to kill the very team mates they were now playing with.

One example illustrates my point. The captain of the county team comes from the club which won the county championship in the previous year. The winning Kerry captain in 1929 was Joe Barrett, in 1930 it was John Joe Sheehy, both belonging to Tralee clubs and both involved on the Republican side in the

civil war. For 1930, the captain was again to be Joe Barrett but he gave over the captaincy to their midfield player Con Brosnan who came from a different club and was not entitled to the honour. More significantly, he had been a senior officer in the Free State army eight years earlier and would have been a deadly enemy to Barrett and Sheehy. Barrett's gesture did not meet with universal approval among his team mates, but he stuck by his guns and in due course Con Brosnan captained the Kerry team to their third successive title.

Barrett's gesture did not meet with universal approval among his team mates

Joe Barrett's son has written about these events in his book *In the Name of the Game*. His father died at the age of 50 and he tells how Con Brosnan would visit him in his final illness, often sitting in silence for hours, two former enemies brought together not by the colours of a national flag but the colours of a football team.

And if you want irony, here is irony: Joe Barrett's six All Ireland medals were donated by his family to the GAA museum in Croke Park in Dublin. When some years ago, that fine stadium was handed over – at considerable profit – for a rugby international, the author of *In the Name of the Game* felt so strongly about 'a foreign game' being played there that he asked that his father's medals be returned.

Frank O'Shea, a native of Kenmare, Co Kerry and a retired Canberra teacher, contributes regularly to The Canberra Times and Eureka Street. This article was presented first as a paper at the Shamrock in the Bush seminar, Galong, NSW, in August 2010.

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The state of play in Irish cricket

The celebrated match in which Ireland defeated England in the recent World Cup Cricket series prompted Patrick McNamara to take a check of Ireland's international cricket record.

The recent celebrated match was, by its own records, Ireland's 763rd international cricket match. In its first match, commenced on 10 September 1855, Ireland played the Gentlemen of England in Phoenix Park, Dublin, and won by 107 runs.

In the intervening 761 games, Ireland has played many English county teams, occasionally the Marylebone Cricket Club, often Scotland and often Wales – and more often than not beaten them both – and also, especially since the formal broadening of the scope of the International Cricket Council in the 1980s and 90s, and Ireland's participation in the World Cup, many other countries including test-playing nations, and also the Netherlands, Denmark, Norway, Canada, Kenya, Namibia, the UAE, Afghanistan, and even Italy, inter alia – but not France. At the turn of the 19th century, Ireland even played Philadelphia and the quaintly named All New York. Ireland played no international cricket of any form between July 1914 and July 1920, and no game was played against any sort of English team from 1914 until 1924.

By the time of Ireland's seventh international, commenced 28 September 1859, the Gentlemen of England had renamed themselves I Zingari, which, from dialectalised Italian *i zingari* means 'the Gypsies'. Representing I Zingari on this occasion were Hon WS Fiennes, Hon CB Fiennes, Capt L Denne, Hon EC Leigh, Lord Garlies, Capt F Marshall, Lord Skelmersdale, Rev W Creyke and Hon J Leigh. Ireland's team included Capt JN Coddington and CWCN Guinness.

The English I Zingari club was formed on 4 July 1845 by a group of Old Harrovians at a dinner party and thus is one of the oldest cricket clubs still in existence. The English team still plays around 20 matches each year. As a nomadic club, I Zingari has no home ground. It was founded by John Loraine Baldwin, Sir Spencer Ponsonby-Fane, Richard Penruddocke Long and the Earl of Bessborough who, while dining at the Blenheim Hotel in London's Bond Street after a match against Harrow School, decided to form a club to foster the spirit of amateur cricket. The club rules are famously idiosyncratic. William Boland, a barrister, was appointed the Perpetual President, and remains in post after his death. As a result, the leader of the club is termed its Governor. Recent Governors include Viscount Cobham and Alec Douglas-Home. The club played matches against the Australians in 1882 and 1884.

An Australian I Zingari club was formed in 1888 and claims to be the oldest social cricket club in Australia. It first played on 29 September 1888, defeating Newington College (Sydney) Past and Present by 37 runs. The Australian club was recognised by the English club in 1891 and given permission to wear its colours. The Australian team still plays fixtures each year against other club, school and representative sides. [*Quelle joie!*]

Also in Australia, an I Zingari Rowing Club was established in Adelaide in 1882. It was renamed Adelaide Rowing Club shortly afterwards, but retains the same colours and motto as the English cricket club and the club's eight-oared boats have all been named 'I Zingari'.

The seeds of Ireland's recent defeat of England were sown in 1904

The seeds of Ireland's recent defeat of England were sown in 1904 on a dairy farm in the Sandymount area of Dublin, where Valentine Whelan, the owner, allowed railway workers to form a sports club. The star player in the 1960s for Railway Union Cricket Club was Brendan 'Ginger' O'Brien, a tax inspector from Galway. O'Brien played more than 700 matches for the club until retiring in 2001, but to much of Ireland, and now the world, because of the notorious century made by his son, Kevin, he will just be known as Kevin's Dad. Kevin O'Brien is the youngest of Ginger's six children. The five brothers, including Niall, the Ireland wicket-keeper, have played for Railway Union and their sister, Ciara, has played more than 150 hockey matches for Ireland.

It could perhaps be observed that the 2011 Irish and English teams both comprised entirely different class and stock from their 1859 counterparts.

The Australians visited Ireland first in 1938, when they played games in both Belfast and Dublin. Overall Australia has visited Ireland nine times and played 12 matches there, including six in Dublin. In 1998, an Australia 'A' team visited Ireland and played six matches – in Dublin (2), Waringstown (2), Downpatrick and Eglinton. In the 2007 World Cup, Australia and Ireland met in Kensington, Barbados. The details of these 19 encounters are set out in the table here.

As in most avenues of Australian life, the Irish, Irish-Australians and their descendants have made a significant contribution to Australian cricket. One such, Thomas Patrick Horan, played in 15 test matches against England during the years 1876-85, including the first test match, and as the third of Australia's 43 test captains led Australia in two tests in 1885. Horan, who played for the East Melbourne club and later wrote on cricket under the pen-name of 'Felix' in the *Australasian* journal, was born on 8 March 1854 in Midleton, Co Cork.

Meanwhile, in a setback to Ireland's progress in international cricket, the ICC has determined that the next World Cup to be held in Australia and New Zealand in 2015 is to be contested only by the ten cricket test-playing nations. The most obviously aggrieved victim of these recent machinations in the shady corridors of the ICC is Ireland which has such a competitive record in one-day internationals that it is currently ranked 10th in the world in that form of cricket. The leading sports columnist Greg Baum has critically described this snub as 'another Irish joke'. Baum suggests that Ireland is at least as deserving of 'membership' of the one-day club as Bangladesh or Zimbabwe but has the wrong breeding. Of course, that has been said before of the Irish.

Patrick McNamara

Sources: web pages (various); *The Age*, 6 April 2011; other contemporary newspaper reports, personal collection.

Note: Keen Tinteán readers might recall our article on Dan Farrelly, the Dublin-based Australian expatriate academic and writer (see Tinteán issue 9, September 2009), who, as we wrote, for many seasons played senior grade cricket for the Railway Union Cricket Club where, as it transpires, he was a team-mate of Ginger O'Brien.

Australia and Ireland Cricket Matches

Date	Venue	Australia	Ireland	
17.6.2010	Castle, Dublin	9/231	10/192	Pakistan Tour (UK)
13.4.2007	Kensington, Barbados	1/92	10/91	World Cup
12.8.2001	Ormeau, Belfast	1/86	dnb	Ashes Tour
29.8.1998	Beechgrove, Derry	6/131	8/128	Aus 'A' Tour *
28.8.1998	Downpatrick	8/268	10/98	Aus 'A' Tour *
27.8.1998	Waringstown	2/140	10/138	Aus 'A' Tour *
26.8.1998	Waringstown	7/195	6/192	Aus 'A' Tour *
23.8.1998	Castle, Dublin	dnb	7/168	Aus 'A' Tour *
20-22.8.1998	Rathmines, Dublin	6/309, 5/169	10/132, 10/196	Aus 'A' Tour *
14.8.1997	Eglinton	7/303	10/164	Ashes Tour (J Langer 57, R Ponting 117)
10.7.1993	Clontarf, Dublin	3/361	10/89	Ashes Tour (A Border 111, M Hayden 133)
8.8.1985	Downpatrick	4/154	dnb	Ashes Tour
9-10.6.1977	Rathmines, Dublin	10/291, 5/65	4/200, 3/104	Ashes Tour
4.7.1968	Ormeau, Belfast	10/213	10/92	Ashes Tour
3.7.1968	Castle, Dublin	7/190	10/106	Ashes Tour
18-19.9.1961	College, Dublin	10/291, 6/233	10/76, 10/166	Ashes Tour
15-16.9.1961	Ormeau, Belfast	10/209, 7/142	10/126, 6/138	Ashes Tour
16-17.9.1938	College, Dublin	10/239	10/100, 10/106	Ashes Tour (S Barnes 53, S McCabe 62)
15.9.1938	Ormeau, Belfast	10/145	10/84	Ashes Tour

* In spite of the redoubtable SR Waugh playing for Ireland as the visiting international in each of these games, it was unable to overcome Australia's second side on any occasion.

Irish Monsters, Great Danes and Giant Wolfhounds

The Guardian, on 3 March 2011, reported the findings of a Cambridge PhD thesis by Lisa Collinson, a specialist in medieval Norse, who argued that the name of Hamlet may not be Danish in origin but Irish, from *Admlithi* (the 'd' is silent), the Irish word for *grinding*. She theorises that a minor character in the Old Irish story of the Destruction of Da Derga's Hostel (8th or 9th century) was the source, and that Norse sailors carried the word, associated with grinding by the sea of cliffs, to their homeland. Hamlet's reputation as a man who is 'as mad as the sea' or threatened by a 'sea of troubles' gains a new valency in this new provenance. What, one wonders, would Jimmy Joyce, so in love with Hamlet as to model his Stephen Dedalus on him, have done with such intelligence?

Perhaps Joyce, in *Cyclops*, the most Irish section of *Ulysses*, has already been there? In one of the 34 parodies that populate the chapter which mainly centres on a dispute between fire-breathing Fenians and the pacifist Jewish-Irish Bloom, Joyce creates a list of Irish heroes, which get more and more delectably improbable. They include some

over-the-top appropriations to Irish ranks: Cleopatra, Napoleon, Goliath, the Bride of Lammermoor, the Last of the Mohicans. Among them is a suite of 'Irished-up' celebrities: *Brian* Confucius, *Murtagh* Gutenberg, Michelangelo *Hayes* and, yes, *Patrick W. Shakespeare*. Scholars in the 19th century did in fact attempt to enrol Shakespeare as an Irishman. Such hilarious, but also abject, hypernationalist spin is just a part of his armoury when Joyce anatomises nationalism. But there's much more, and he's typically complex in his own loyalties. Fenian violence comes in for a serve, but he did have a view on colonialism in Ireland which had its base in two different knowledge systems which are paraded in the chapter: economic history and ancient Irish literature, about which he was more formidably knowledgeable than many of his peers, including Yeats and Lady Gregory.

Bloomsday 2011 will explore Joyce's take on Irish Nationalism. A play based on the *Cyclops* chapter, *An Irishman and a Jew Go into a Pub*, is currently in preparation by Brenda Addie (director)

and a cast of professional actors: Phil Roberts as the snaky narrator, and, opposite him, Susannah Frith as the ameliorating Celtic giant/narrator, Jase Cavanagh as The Citizen and his immense poetry-spruiking wolfhound Garryowen, and Dave Watton as Bloom. As ever, the challenges of bringing Joyce to the stage are huge, and more so in this chapter, one of Joyce's last and most experimental, because it involves both naturalism and a form of hyperbole which owes much to its ancient Celtic originals, and because it is a drench of the best vernacular and poetic language in Joyce.

The play will be supplemented by a seminar in which Val Noone and Frances Devlin-Glass will examine the political, historical and literary contexts of the chapter. The year in which *Ulysses* is set, 1904, was a watershed year for Irish politics, and Joyce knew it. The dinner at La Notte's Restaurant in Carlton will honour the 70th anniversary of Joyce's death.

For bookings and more information, phone Bob on 03 9898 2900, and see www.bloomsdayinmelbourne.org.au

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Not Just Béarla: fíorstair na nÉireannach san Astráil

In this article Bearnaí Ó Doibhlin describes his participation in three components of the exhibition, Not Just Ned: a true history of the Irish in Australia, involving the Irish language.

Bhí an deis agam anuraidh, i gcuideachta le daoine eile a bhíonn bainteach le cúrsaí Éireannacha-Astrálacha in Canberra, bualadh leis na coimeádaithe i Músaem Náisiúnta na hAstráile a bhí ag cur le chéile an taispeántais ollmhóir, *Not Just Ned*. Thug an coimeadaí sinsearach, an Dochtúir Richard Reid, arb as Port Róis dó, léargas dúinn ar an réimse leathan réad a bheadh ar taispeáint ann agus bhuaile an smaoinemh mé ag an am nach mbeadh mórán faoin nGaeilge sa taispeántas.

Luaigh mé leis na coimeádaithe go raibh Gaeilge ag cuid nach beag de na hÉireannaigh a tháinig chun na hAstráile i luathstair na tíre agus, dá bhrí sin, go mbeadh sé oriúnach dá mbeadh réada sa taispeántas i dtaca leis an teanga. Luaigh mé an leabhar, *Sounds Irish: The Irish Language in Australia*, le Dymphna Lonergan, a léirigh go raibh tionchar na Gaeilge ar Bhéarla na hAstráile, agus gheall Richard dom go mbeadh cóip den leabhar sin ar fáil sa taispeántas. Dúirt sé freisin go mbeadh cóip den leabhar, *Táin Bó Cúailnge*, a ba leis an scoláire Gaeilge, an Dochtúir Nicholas O'Donnell, sa taispeántas.

Nílím cinnte go ndeachaigh mo 'ghearán' i bhfeidhm orthu, ach fuair mé trí chuireadh ó eagraithe an taispeántais i ndiaidh an chruinnithe le Gaeilge sa bhreis a bhrú isteach ann.

Sa chéad dul síos bhí mé féin – agus mo bhean chéile, dár ndóigh – i measc na cúig dhuine dhéag a roghnaíodh lena scéalta féin a thairneadh mar chuid den taispeántas. Bhí meascán idir Éireannaigh dála mé féin a chuir fúthu abhus agus Astrálaigh de shliocht Éireannach roghnaithe, agus iar-radh orainn an bhaint atá againn le hÉirinn, nó le cúrsaí Éireannacha/Astrálacha, a phlé sna taifeadtaí, a mhair suas le cúig nóiméad an duine.

Chinn mé go labhróinn faoin áit is ansa liom in Éirinn, Gleann Cholm Cille, agus rinne mé go dátheangach é. Tá seomra in aice leis an mbealach amach ina bhfuil na cuairteoirí in inmhe breathnú ar na scéalta. Agus is féidir breathnú ar mo scéal agus scéalta go leor eile ag goo.gl/FyVM5

Anuas ar sin reáchtáladh réimse leathan imeachtaí poiblí mar chuid den Fhéile sa Mhúsaem ar 10 Aibreán agus iarradh orm

léacht a thabhairt i ndáil leis an nGaeilge, agus scéal as Gaeilge a rá/léamh. Bhí cúig nóiméad is fiche agam don léacht agus cúig nóiméad déag don scéal.

Thapaigh mé an deis sa léacht a mhíniú don lucht éisteachta go raibh an Ghaeilge mar chuid de scéal na nÉireannach abhus agus, dá bhrí sin, go raibh sé cuí agus cóir go raibh mo léacht ghairid ar a laghad mar chuid den taispeántas. Luaigh mé an taighde atá déanta ag Dymphna thuas agus thug mé sampla dóibh den chineál focail i mBéarla na hAstráile a cheapann Dymphna atá bunaithe ar an nGaeilge. Dhírigh mé a n-aird ar an gcóip den *Táin* thuas freisin agus ar an ról a bhí agus atá ag grúpaí áirithe san Astráil san fheachtas domhanda an teanga a choimeád beo.

Ag deireadh an tseisiúin thug mé blaisín beag dóibh den teanga agus rinne siad a ndícheall na frásaí is coitianta a fhoghlaim. Cuireadh cúpla ceist shuimiúil orm sular chríochnaigh mé agus, mar a tharla dom go minic cheana féin, b'ionadh liom a fheiceáil nach raibh ar eolas ag daoine áirithe ann go bhfuil a leithéid de theanga na Gaeilge ann.

Caithfear a rá nach raibh eagraithe an lae róshoiléir faoi cad a bhí ar intinn acu i dtaca leis an scéal a bhí le hinsint/léamh agam. Mhol mé dóibh go léifinn an scéal, *An Chircin Bheag Rua*, ag baint úsáide as an leabhar mór a d'fhoilsigh An Áisaonad Lán-Ghaeilge sa bhliain 2003. Bhí páistí mar lucht féachana agam agus caithfear a rá go raibh an chearthaí orm os comhair a leithéid de lucht féachana. Chuidigh na léaráidí áille sa leabhar go mór liom agus rinne m'ínion, a bhí ina múinteoir ciondargairdín tráth, puipéid de na hainmhithe éagsúla sa scéal. Bhí na páistí lán toilteanach a bpáirteanna a 'léamh', ar an dea-uair, agus tháinig mé slán as.

Agus an focal scoir: Beidh an taispeántas gan sárú seo ar siúl sa Mhúsaem in Canberra go dtí deireadh mhí Iúil agus molaim go hard na spéire é. Ná cail an deis iontach seo léargas den chéad scoth a fháil, ní amháin ar scéal na nÉireannach san Astráil a fheiceáil, ach ar stair na hAstráile. Ní bheidh a leithéid arís ann, mar a dúirt an Criomhthainneach tráth.

Bearnaí Ó Doibhlin



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Not Just Ned and the other Melbourne Cup

William Smith O'Brien (1803-1864) has been an enigma, a controversial figure to many, in the web of Irish history. He was a privileged, upper-class conservative Protestant (Harrow and Cambridge), a highly principled Irish nationalist and a leading member of the revolutionary Young Irelanders. Before his transportation he was deemed a failed revolutionary leader, having been arrested after the skirmish in Mrs McCormack's cabbage garden in Co Tipperary (her house is now a national monument) which brought the Rising of 1848 to an inglorious end. However, during his imprisonment in Van Diemen's Land and by the time of his release in 1854, he was an acclaimed hero world-wide.

Having read his *Tasmanian Journal*, meticulously edited by Richard Davis, I made a truly magical mystery tour to Maria Island off Tasmania's east coast where O'Brien had been 'to solitude consigned'. The beauty of that island and the charm and classical erudition of his prolific writings combined to cast a sympathetic spell for me. Of course his triumphant world tour, his exclusion from his beloved Ireland under the terms of his release in Van Diemen's Land which was finally lifted in 1856, the death of his wife, Lucy, in 1861, which broke him, all struck more sympathetic chords for me. He died on 18 June 1864 when on a visit in Wales, his son having denied him occupation of his Cahirmoyle estate, Co Limerick. The source of this dispute went back to 1848 when O'Brien created a trust for his wife and children to protect them and his assets. His revolutionary activities put them in jeopardy. But this precaution rebounded when the trustees he appointed – his brother, Lucius (Lord Inchiquin), and his friend, Greig – refused to transfer Cahirmoyle back to him on his return, but did so in favour of his eldest son, Edward. In lieu, O'Brien was given an annuity of 2000 pounds, so he took up residence in Killiney, near Dublin, with the younger children.

Following his death, his remains were transported to Ireland and thousands attended the progress of his coffin back to Limerick for burial. A fine statue of him now stands close to that of the Liberator O'Connell, in O'Connell Street, Dublin, having been unveiled in December 1870. Patsy Adam-Smith quotes a delicious comment in the British press of the day: 'For whom has the corporation assigned the very best site in Dublin, while they refused to grant a spot where may be set up a statue of the Prince Consort? To Smith O'Brien, the Traitor. To Smith O'Brien, the Rebel. The man who led an ignorant crowd of rustics to an attack on the authorities. Smith O'Brien, the convicted felon.'

So, in keen anticipation, I walked into the *Not Just Ned* Exhibition at the National Museum. Immediately, in the second glass case, I saw this glowing, brilliant gold cup intricately sculptured. It was highly burnished and screamed GOLD! It had been promised but unfortunately was not completed for presentation to O'Brien at a packed meeting in Melbourne following his release in 1854. It was later delivered to Ireland via the Paris Exhibition of 1855. The cup was made by an Irish goldsmith, Mr Hackett, at a cost of 1000 guineas, and was crafted of 100 ounces of 9 carat gold at 7 pounds an ounce, weighs 125oz and stands about 40 cm high. Today, it is valued at a figure in the order of 5 million euros



Two handed gold cup presented to William Smith O'Brien in Melbourne 1854 Courtesy National Museum of Ireland

and Richard Reid, Senior Curator, understands it to be one of the National Museum of Ireland's most valued objects. In this magnificent and inspiring exhibition, the O'Brien Melbourne Cup stood out for me, but I was ready and easy prey.

Peter Kiernan

William Smith O'Brien is also featured in William Smith O'Brien in Victoria by Richard Davis on pages 28–29 of this issue.

Not Just Ned: a true history of the Irish in Australia

Enter with the words of Patrick O'Farrell (who better?): 'our selves are not only where we are, but where we have come from'. 'Not Just Ned' is all about what we are today, because of where we were once, and what happened in between.

Irish-Australians have the best understanding of who we are of any group in multicultural Australia. Our presence, our gifts, make us the most widely-studied, best-documented (most envied?) constituent of the Australian People. As minorities go, we are the longest, largest and loudest in Australian history. Yet – is it our flaws or our critics? – stereotype stalks the land.

'Not Just Ned' is the exhibition we had to have. It affirms that we are more than the Kelly Gang. More than convicts, we are free. More than men, we are women. More than priests, we are parsons. More than battler-farmers, we are bully-squatters. More than bushrangers and orphan girls, we are governors and their wives, takers and carers, fighters and peace-makers. In fact, we display as much, if not more, diversity, novelty, energy, celebrity and iniquity as any other population group in Australia. Everything in this exhibition tells us so.

Every-thing is the key. How do you tell the story of a people of such diversity and interest in a museum? Historians distil many documents to make one new one. Objects have to stand and deliver on their own. Can a mute object tell a story about a woman, a man, a time, a place? How loudly does it speak? What must be left to the mundane caption?

Consider the O'Brien Cup. Classic in form (like Smith O'Brien's formation), made of Australian gold (fossicked by Irish diggers, surely), 'Celtic Revival' in detail (more than just shamrocks), bearing his coat-of-arms (marking his descent from Gaelic kings), it shouts 'Hero of his People' – just as his myth tells us to do. It's opulent, breathtaking, patrician. Loud.

Now consider the Christian Brothers' strap from Adelaide. (At my South Australian CBC, we called it a 'bomb', and I can testify to its explosive effect.) It comes from the exhibition's treatment of Irish-Australia pursuit of education. From the harsher end; brutal, breathtaking, plebeian. Loud.

Hardly the exhibition's alpha and omega, these are just two of hundreds of objects, large and small, arranged into broad themes, set one against another for comparison and contrast. Australia's biggest map, the cue for Gavan Duffy's Land Act, hangs mere metres from the slender golden needle that probed the 'Fenian' bullet from Prince Alfred's back. Each tells a unique story. Most tell it loud and clear. Part of the message is in the object, part in the visitor's response to each. Every one contains a memory; each evokes a memory.

There's irony, too: the Irish who were committed to stay in the land of hope gave that that golden cup to O'Brien as he was about to abandon it. And whimsy in the presentation: a fanfare of silver trowels, used to lay the foundation stones of churches, schools and halls during the edifying episcopate of Adelaide's Robert Spence, is labelled 'Bob the Builder'.

The big themes begin with an anteroom devoted to St Patrick's Day. Then follow arriving, settling, building a new

life, and a continuing presence, expressed through work, exploration, governance, religion, politics, law, literature, learning, music, rebellion and family.

The journey ends in a sitting room devoted to 'reconnecting with Ireland', with books on Ireland and the Irish in Australia and a continuing slide-show of a hundred-odd glorious views of Ireland, balanced with family history facilities and capped by Butlers' chocolates (just the cure for museum back).

Interspersed within the thematic pathway, a 'story circle' ('druid ring', *rath*, or High Cross?) presents sixteen people by way of an image and an object or two – from gentry to governors, Prime Ministers to priests, suffragettes and spider dancers. Gathered in its heart's core, easy-chairs with touch-screens express the 'voices of Irish Australia' in poetry, songs, emigrant letters and interviews.

Clips of Chips Rafferty's classic film of Eureka flicker in black and white beside fragments of the blue and white 'Southern Cross' banner. A Melbourne *saisún* presents the 'Irish' instruments, with Jimeoin 'interviewing' their players. A *bodhrán* and spoons are on hand for visitors to 'have a go'.

Further items from 'Not Just Ned' are to be found in the foyer, and also in the permanent exhibition and it's all packaged into a lavish book-cum-catalogue. Its keenly observed overview panders to neither shibboleth nor myth.

The cultural achievement (administrative nightmare?) here was to assemble, interpret and display the range and rarity of a host of objects in order to let them tell our stories authoritatively and authentically. Why stop there? Let's have more! More? But what was missing? More on lawyers, less on bishops? Would that do it? More on Presbyterians, less on politicians? Would that make it a better exhibition? Objects might have been added to add more stories... cost permitting; or omitted to make way for others ... space permitting. Different, perhaps, but not better? For sweep and verve, 'Not Just Ned' stands up, as proud, solid, exclusive and emblematic as all four pieces of Kelly Gang armour.

If there must be questions, a better one might be: why not follow up with state and regional exhibitions to explore the local, the particular (the peculiar?) about the national Irish presence proclaimed so tellingly at the National Museum?

Another (not necessarily better) is: why so dark? Museologists today do love a black space. Sure, it puts all the focus on the objects but it also means some captions are hard to read. Overheard: it also disorients. I also found a few labels that failed to meet the mark. Like most Irish-Australians, I took my baggage, intellectual and folkloric, into the chamber, merging my memories with the tales told by the objects. But an end to quibbles.

Here is some-thing for everyone. Every-thing for each of us.

'Not Just Ned' is the exhibition we needed. We have waited for it. You must see it. (And buy the book.)

Peter Moore

Peter Moore is South Australian by birth, an historian, archivist, lawyer, editor and tour guide. Not in that order, not all of them every day.

'Not Just Ned'
is the exhibition
we had to have

The opening of a great exhibition

Address of the Ambassador for Ireland in opening the *Not Just Ned: a true history of the Irish in Australia*, on the 17th March 2011 at the Museum of Australia, Canberra

Fáiltim go fonnmhar roimh an taispeántas seo ar na Gaeil san Astráil.

I very much welcome this Exhibition on the Irish in Australia by the National Museum.

It is a tangible and fascinating acknowledgement and tribute to what has been a distinctive and defining contribution by the Irish to the building of the Australian nation. Nowhere in the Irish diaspora have our people so influenced the personality of a nation than here in Australia.

I remember, from my first arrival, seeing so many familiar Irish faces looking back at me from the crowd, reflecting the enormous contribution we have made to the gene pool. They came in huge numbers comprising in the region of 30% of the settlement during the formative first 150 years. They came as convicts – including the captive patriots of several Irish rebellions and of agrarian dissent- free settlers and refugees from famine and oppression. They were determined to make their way in this lucky land of opportunity and escape from marginalisation in their homeland. Not always welcomed by an establishment harbouring old country prejudices, the greater number came in at the lower rungs of society and to their great credit went on to triumph and advance over the years. Retaining a residual unease with the empire and connections with Britain, they grew in confidence and comfort in their adopted land in tandem with the growth of Australian nationalism and a distinctive Australian identity.

In Australian history the Irish were very much to the fore in opposing injustice and championing freedom and the rights of man. Wherever the action was, wherever injustice was challenged, there you would find the Irish.

The home-sick convict rebellion at Castle Hill in New South Wales in 1804 was essentially the final battle of the great Irish rebellion of 1798. An equally violent but more substantive event with enduring consequential reforms was the Eureka Stockade, involving many nationalities but Irish led and comprising largely Irish diggers. In subsequent years the Irish demand for fair play under the Southern Cross would be advanced through the Trade Union Movement and the Labor Party both of which were strongly influenced by Irish Australia.

As one of the Irish who stayed at home to push the boats out to Australia, Britain, the US, Canada, Argentina and the other diaspora countries, home today of more than 70 million people of Irish descent, I value highly and acknowledge with pride the continuing links between Ireland and the global Irish family. Over two centuries the cause of Ireland has had its faithful supporters here in Australia. The major events in the Irish struggle for freedom have had their parallels here. The 1798 rebels, the Young Ireland intellectuals William Smith O'Brien, John Mitchell and Thomas Francis Meagher, and the Fenians, who arrived aboard the Hougoumont, were transported to Australia and went on to form part of the Australian and the Irish stories. The escapes of Young Irelander John Mitchel and later of John Boyle O'Reilly and of the military Fenians on the Catalpa were sweet victories which served to sustain the Irish spirit at home in years of near despair and helped inspire new generations in the renewed struggle for Irish freedom. The Irish cultural and



'Chif's Chair', a chair used by Prime Minister Ben Chifley in church in the 1940s, St Christopher's Cathedral, Canberra

Republican revival of the early 20th century had its strong adherents here where men like Albert Dryer and Archbishop Mannix were real players in the Irish struggle. Irish-Australian engagement with the Irish national question continued into the present time with Australia and Irish-Australians having played a key role in the search for peace and reconciliation in modern Ireland.

Today ties of kinship and other links between Ireland and Australia remain vibrant. More than 20,000 Irish backpackers are in Australia at any time. Even in the days of prosperity in Ireland the Australian lifestyle, climate and culture continued to tempt Irish immigrants. A vibrant two-way tourism and a strong and growing economic relationship further strengthen the ties of kinship between our two countries.

This exhibition will help rekindle or reinforce the sense of Irish heritage in Australians of Irish background. Arís fáiltim roimhe agus tá súil agam go mbeidh Gaeil na hAstrála ag freastail ar ina sluaite móra.

Máirtín Ó Fainín
Ambassador of Ireland





Clockwise from above: 'The Australia House', doll's house presented to the children of Lord Belmore, governor of New South Wales, by the citizens of Sydney, about 1871 *On loan from the Earl of Belmore, photo Bryan Rutledge*
The Irish Minister for Children, Miss Frances Fitzgerald and the author Thomas Keneally *George Serras, National Museum of Australia*
Entrance to: Not Just Ned Exhibition, NMA Canberra *Jason McCarthy, National Museum of Australia*
The Rajah quilt, 1841 *National Gallery of Australia*



Irish-Australian history exhibited and recorded

Richard Reid, *Not just Ned: a true history of the Irish in Australia*
Canberra, National Museum of Australia Press, 2011, 128 pp.
ISBN: 9781876944827; \$29.95.

The National Museum of Australia is currently presenting (through to 31 July 2011) a major exhibition on the Irish presence in Australia over the 220 years from European settlement to the present time.

A grand aggregation of exhibits and objects, the exhibition relates the history of free and assisted migration, journeys, arrivals and settlements, and of the subsequent careers of settlers as farmers, industrialists, pastoralists, writers, lawyers, teachers, academics, politicians and sports people.

In preparing the exhibition, the NMA curatorial team led by the prominent Irish-Australian historian, Richard Reid, used its network of national and international museum partners and forensically scoured all corners of the land to track down archival treasures and objects of interest as manifestation of Irish settlement in all its forms.

Regular visitors to special exhibitions at galleries and museums are aware that no such visit is complete without the mandatory stroll with whetted appetite through the gallery shop to sift through souvenir key rings and pens, copies of featured prints, learned tomes and other *objets d'art*. Often the exhibition can only be exited via the gallery shop and this one is no exception.

But reward awaits the satiated visitor. Please yourself about the other items for sale but be sure to consider *Not just Ned*, the book that Reid and his colleagues have written to complement the exhibition, and to provide an historical record and souvenir.

The *Not just Ned* book comprises an overview of the exhibition by Richard Reid and two other principal sections: the first, Featured Objects, contains 36 mini-biographies, anecdotes and narratives, with accompanying photographs, of objects especially chosen and featured in the exhibition; the second, Object List, is the comprehensive

list by category of all of the objects and treasures assembled. In search of material the curators met with the great national institutions, local collectors in small museums and individuals in their homes. The Object List represents the willingness of these people to share their stories and entrust their objects and treasures to the exhibition.

The *Not just Ned* book comprises an overview of the exhibition by Richard Reid

In his overview, Reid simply and successfully masters the daunting task of summarising the history of the Irish contribution in Australia over the 220 years from European settlement, ranging through the transported exiles; the Famine orphan immigrant girls; the Eureka rebellion; the Kelly gang; Robert O'Hara Burke; Richard Bourke, John Madden and Redmond Barry; Cardinal Moran and Archbishop Mannix; the education debates and the growth of the independent Catholic schools systems; sectarian conflict; the conscription debates; the Irish-Australian prime ministers Scullin, Lyons, Curtin and Chifley; and the celebration of St Patrick's Day over the years. There is plenty of religion and Catholicism in both the exhibition and the book but, as the overview records, Irish Australia is not all Catholic nor is the book. In this respect Reid is scrupulously neutral.

The Featured Objects section is the

highlight of the book. With clarity and style it presents the known, the less well known and the new. Amongst its 36 items, it recounts the stories of the Young Ireland of Smith O'Brien and Meagher, of Lola Montez and her spider dance, of the Catalpa escape, the full set of Kelly armour, St Patrick's cathedral, the Durack family, Les Darcy, Vincent Buckley, Claire Dunne, Fr Ted Kennedy, Vintage Crop, Jim Stynes and Tadgh Kennelly.

The Object List effectively serves as a catalogue for the more than 300 objects in the exhibition. It comprises the **Hall display** list of seven items, together with the six groups of **Arriving**, with the Transportation subgroup (23 entries) and the Immigration subgroup (22); **Settling**, with Agriculture and pastoralism (15), Exploration and rural settlement (8), Contact (18), and Cities (7); **Building a new life**, with Power and politics (19), Irish nationalism (25), Religion (31), Education (12), Medicine (4), Arts and culture (6), Industry and business (8), and Literature (10); **A continuing presence**, with The craic (28), and Irish in sport (12); **Reconnecting with Ireland** including St Patrick's day (22); and Story circle including Prime ministers (29).

As this book is essentially a reflection of the exhibition, it is a history book with a difference. In preparing their exhibition the curators would seem more likely to have had a problem about what to exclude rather than having insufficient material. For example, in the Irish in sport subgroup, the exhibition seems to rely more on the obvious and recent 'Irish experiment' and to ignore some of the legends of old of either Irish or Irish-Australian stock, including the notable case of an Irishman who captained the Australian test cricket team. Thus, in reflecting the exhibition and so discussing in any

detail only the objects selected to be featured, the book crafts an accurate but necessarily compact and limited history of the Irish in Australia. If it's a more expansive and detailed narrative you want, then see Patrick O'Farrell.

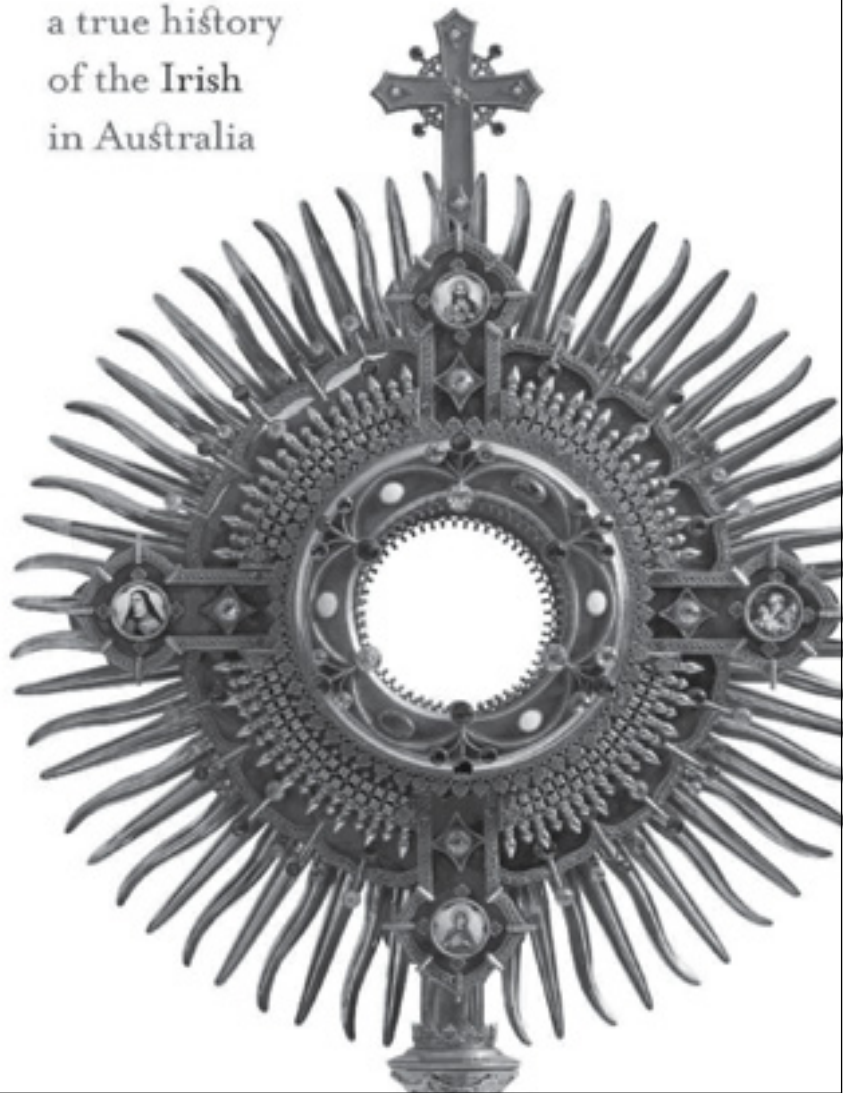
While the book is subtitled 'a true history of the Irish in Australia', on its back cover it extends the claim to be telling 'the true history'. Just as CMH Clark's oft-challenged *A History of Australia* was as claimed in its title 'a history' rather than 'the history', so this fine volume, albeit replete with truth, is, as its subtitle claims, 'a...history' of the Irish in Australia rather than 'the...history'.

Setting aside these quibbles, the volume is clearly written, very well arranged and beautifully presented, with its pages taller than the regular A4, presumably to cater for many of the excellent full-page, high-quality photographs and reproductions. Among the more spectacular of these are 'Eureka Stockade' (pp 40-41), from the canvas by Izett Watson and Thaddeus Welch originally exhibited in the Cyclorama building in Fitzroy (also reproduced in *Tinteán* issue 15, March 2011, pp 24-25), and the map (pp 50-51) of the land reformer, Charles Gavan Duffy, of the distribution of land in Victoria in the 1850s. The reader might pause to contrast the countenances of the serious and studious Mary's Mount Loreto Convent orchestra of 1903 (pp 12-13) and the smiling Sisters of Mercy in Tamborine, Queensland, in 1924 (pp 96-97). Perhaps the Mercy order is more given to mirth than the Loreto order, perhaps there is more levity among teachers than among students, perhaps it was simply another very cold day in Ballarat, or perhaps it simply reflects the respective times and the relative familiarity with the technology of the camera.

The objective of presenting a major

not just ned

a true history
of the Irish
in Australia



exhibition on the Irish presence in Australia has been achieved and a mission accomplished in style, and this book represents a fine documentary record and memento of the event. As Andrew Sayers, the NMA director, says, 'It recounts areas of national life in which Irish Australians have been significant and links these areas of activity to people and objects.'

Apart from its intrinsic value as an historical record, *Not just Ned* will make a fine coffee-table complementary volume to Richard Reid and Brendan Kelson's recently published grand exhibition appetiser, *Sinners, Saints & Settlers: a journey through Irish Australia* (see review in *Tinteán* issue 14, December 2010).

Patrick McNamara



ESCAPE OF FENIAN CONVICTS FROM FREMANTLE, WESTERN AUSTRALIA.



WHEEL SHANT.

WHEEL SHANT WITH THE SHIP'S CREW.

WHEEL SHANT WITH THE SHIP'S CREW.

BARK CATALPA OF NEW BEDFORD.

REG. NO. 1018
Capt. George A. Hathorn

JOHN T. RICHARDSON, SHIP'S AGENT.

DRAWN BY E. H. HUBBELL,
 of New Bedford, Mass.

JOHN J. BRISLIN, CHIEF OF THE RESCUING PARTY.

Stole six bold Fenians away

There's nothing quite like a good yarn. The *Catalpa* adventure, featured in the *Not Just Ned* exhibition in Canberra, would leave any good Hollywood script for dead. It is a true story that deserves its important place in Australia's colonial history. The tale certainly bears repeating, even for those of us who are familiar with it.

The museum's *Catalpa* exhibit, relates the story of the successful plot to free six Fenian prisoners from Fremantle Gaol in 1876 and their escape to the USA. A seventh Fenian, James Keilley, was excluded from the escape by vote of the other prisoners, as he was suspected of being an informer. Organised by Clan na Gael, under the leadership of John Devoy in New York, the necessary funds were raised to purchase a whaling vessel, the *Catalpa*. A competent and discreet master, Captain John Anthony, was recruited on the recommendation of New Bedford shipowner, John Richardson, who had assisted Devoy to locate a suitable vessel.

The promotion of the Canberra exhibition was enhanced by the presence of a descendant of John Anthony who was visiting Australia from the USA and who provided material from the personal archives of his illustrious ancestor.

Neither Richardson, whose fleet's house flag is also displayed, nor Anthony had Irish heritage but were proved trustworthy and preserved the plot's integrity.

After fitting out, *Catalpa* set out for Western Australia on 29 April 1875, under the guise of carrying out whaling in the Atlantic, its true purpose hidden from the crew until the first mate was briefed half way through the voyage. The multinational crew also included a Clan na Gael representative, posing as a seaman. Two agents, John Breslin and Tom Desmond, had been sent on ahead to WA where they assumed false identities. Breslin posed as a wealthy investor by the name of Collins and was accepted into the West's higher echelons of society. He was entertained by the Governor and received a guided tour of the Fremantle Gaol by the Superintendent himself, an act of hospitality that provided valuable reconnaissance but rather destroyed the career of this official after the escape had taken place!

Serendipitously, two Irish Fenians, Denis McCarthy and John Walsh, had arrived in Fremantle just before the escape attempt, bent on arranging their own liberation of the prisoners. After their *bona fides* had been established by a local contact, Breslin was introduced to them. Indeed, these two men cut the telegraph wires running from Fremantle to Perth and Bunbury at the appropriate time, to prevent the necessary alarms being raised. Father McCabe, the Catholic chaplain to the prison, not only assisted in communication with the prisoners but had arranged for one of them to be allocated to a working post which would assist his escape. The authorities were so confident that there was no risk in these Fenians being employed in various working parties outside the prison walls as Fremantle was bounded by desert on three sides and the ocean on the other. After a moderately successful whaling journey, some crew desertions, navigational equipment malfunctions and unfavourable weather, *Catalpa* finally reached Bunbury, around 150 km south of Fremantle on 27 March 1876. Breslin was advised by code that all was ready for the escape attempt and suitable weather was awaited. On Easter Sunday, 16 April, *Catalpa* had reached the waters off Rockingham, just south of Fremantle. Anthony was lowered over the side in a whaleboat with five crew,

equipped with both sails and oars. They proceeded ashore to a predetermined site on the coast of what is now Cockburn Sound. Meanwhile, Breslin had arranged for a trap and horses to convey the escapees, together with their escorts, to the beach rendezvous with Captain Anthony.

The next morning, Walsh and McCarthy set out with wire-cutters and severed the vital communication links from Fremantle. They took no further part in the escape. Breslin, Desmond and two accomplices were in two wagonettes with their luggage. The party was armed. The prisoners had wandered away from observation at their work sites and were picked up and conveyed to the beach rendezvous where they embarked in the whaler and set out for *Catalpa*. Unfortunately, they were observed by a local who rode off to give the alarm.

A passenger steamer, *Georgette*, was commissioned as a gunboat and, armed and carrying troops, was despatched from Fremantle to intercept the escapees. Bad weather and heavy seas delayed the progress of Anthony's whaler and they narrowly escaped detection by the *Georgette*. The latter approached *Catalpa* and demanded, unsuccessfully, to board and search for the prisoners, before having to return to Fremantle for refuelling. Finally, on the Tuesday afternoon, the whaler came alongside *Catalpa*, after almost being cut off by a police cutter. The newly coaled-up *Georgette* returned, fired a shot across the escaping *Catalpa's* bows and demanded surrender of the prisoners. Captain Anthony, who had hoisted the US ensign (the actual item being featured in the *Not Just Ned* exhibition) earlier, informed his British adversaries that, if they fired on *Catalpa*, they would be committing an unprovoked attack on a US vessel on the high seas. *Georgette* returned to Fremantle, rather than breach international law, and *Catalpa* reached New York on 19 August 1876, where the liberated Fenians were greeted with numerous celebrations.

On 9 September 2005, a *Catalpa* memorial, created in the form of six wild geese by Australian sculptors Charlie Smith and Joan Walsh Smith, was unveiled in Rockingham. The Fenians transported to Fremantle had adopted this symbolic representation for themselves, the original descriptor being applied to exiled Irish soldiers who served in European armies. This wonderful escape story was the subject of an exhibition in Fremantle in 2006. It has been commemorated in music, in print and in film and theatre but remains a likely subject for further exposure. There are many angles to explore, including the troubled life of James Keilley, the Fenian suspected of being an informer and left behind. He was pardoned a year after the escape and died in his eighties in Perth in 1918. A Hollywood version would feature, no doubt, the romantic involvement of John Breslin. He had become involved with the daughter of a Perth winemaker and left her pregnant and with funds to join him in America. Alas, after giving birth to a son, named John Joseph after his father, she subsequently married another and stayed in Australia.

It was pleasing to see the *Catalpa* story being given such a prominent place in the exhibition. It is hoped that knowledge of this important event in Australia's colonial history will become better known.

Rob Butler

(Just another sailor)

Escape of Fenian convicts from Fremantle, Western Australia Australian National Maritime Museum
Bark *Catalpa* of New Bedford 1876, by EN Russell New Bedford Whaling Museum

William Smith O'Brien in Victoria

The unfinished Tasmanian journal of William Smith O'Brien, transported leader of the failed Irish Rising of 1848, was published in 1995, when information on the remainder of his exile was scanty. However, the National Library of Ireland has recently acquired an important cache of additional papers, neglected for over a century in a descendant's loft. We now have O'Brien's account of his visit to Victoria, 6 to 25 July 1854, on his way back to Europe after receiving a conditional pardon.

Enjoying an 'excellent' thirty-hour passage from Launceston to Melbourne on the steamer *Lady Bird*, O'Brien was the house guest of Dr James Motherwell, a Sligo man educated at the Dublin College of Surgeons and the University of Glasgow. Motherwell, once a medical officer at Van Diemen's Land's Port Arthur, had given evidence on convictism to the Molesworth Committee of 1838. A distant cousin of Captain Michael Fenton, Tasmanian settler and legislative councillor, with whom O'Brien had frequently stayed, Motherwell was well known for his work in mesmerism and hypnotic recall.

As hosts, Motherwell, his two sisters and mother (Elizabeth Fenton), provided 'the most friendly welcome'. A constant stream of visitors kept 'the [door] knocker in perpetual motion' in their efforts to meet the Irish rebel, and the doctor endured the interruptions stoically. Most of the visitors were Irish sympathisers, many from O'Brien's home counties of Clare and Limerick. A number had arrived penniless in the colony but were now 'in possession of large incomes' derived from industry and frugality'. One was the future Premier, John O'Shanassy, originally an assisted immigrant. An erstwhile under-gardener at the O'Brien home Dromoland Castle, Mr Gallagher was currently worth £30,000. Ever the aristocrat, O'Brien was glad to find many Irish raising their status without becoming 'upstarts'. Others, who had enjoyed 'comfort or opulence' at home, accepted occupations 'which a false pride would characterise as degrading', such as keeping a public house or joining the horse police.

Intending to visit Sydney on the mail steamship *Norna* before it returned to Melbourne to carry him to Ceylon,

O'Brien was diverted by a visit to Geelong. He thus missed the opportunity of thanking Sydney friends for supporting his escape attempt from Van Diemen's Land. Geelong appeared very flourishing with an Irish Mayor (Dr William H Baylie) and eight out of sixteen Irish councillors. A deputation eager to provide a public banquet was politely turned down. O'Brien wanted 'as little ostentation as possible' (Morning Herald 13 June 1854). Had he wished, he wrote, he could have raised a monster meeting and 'gathered a rich tribute of nuggets and gold ornaments', but spurned 'the

Here in Melbourne O'Brien was again surrounded by enthusiastic Irishmen

idea of converting popularity into gold'. Again he met many people formerly connected with the Dromoland estate as tenants or labourers. His feeling that these were to him 'a sort of kindred' was reciprocated in their 'glistening eyes and eager gestures'.

Upon returning to Melbourne, Patrick O'Brien, MLC, offered him a horse. A wine merchant and property-holder in Melbourne, the MLC came from Co Limerick where he would have heard much of his famous namesake. Frederick Fenton, Dr Motherwell's cousin, invited the exile to his squatter's run at Ravenswood, which incorporated part of the Bendigo gold diggings. With Fenton as his guide, O'Brien rode 55 miles to Kyneton on the first day. After his horse stumbled, O'Brien did not continue to Castlemaine as intended but spent his second night at Fenton's *Ravenswood*. They then rode for seven or eight miles over land 'turned up in every direction', looking like 'a track in which fifty or sixty thousand graves had been dug up'. Auriferous gravel appeared identical to ordinary gravel. Of particular interest were the miners, 'almost every variety of the human species'. A party of New Zealanders (Maori), whose 'fine forms and expressive countenances bespeak

them to be of a noble race' fascinated the exile.

Thomas Littleton, inspector of police and Fenton's brother-in-law, also accompanied O'Brien on his ride and the former convict met several officials. Due to leave early the next day, O'Brien turned down a request to attend a public meeting. The subsequent meeting nevertheless raised £100 for a testimonial. Before his departure a group of working diggers assured O'Brien that thousands of Irish would surround him if he spent a day at the diggings. Appropriately, O'Brien stayed at the inn of John Harney who had participated with him in the 1848 Rising.

Returning with Fenton to *Ravenswood*, they next rode to Kyneton, where the innkeeper, a prosperous Irishman John Fahy, treated him as a guest, and waived the 30s forage for his horse. As Fenton was required elsewhere, a new guide, Mr McCullough took over. Originally a smith, McCullough, after working as innkeeper, squatter and auctioneer in Victoria, was capable of returning to Ireland with several thousand pounds. Though 'a rough self educated man', O'Brien found McCullough full of information, with a strong intellect, and intensely Irish.

Escorted by McCullough, O'Brien rode 35 miles to Kilmore where he stayed as a guest at the Royal Oak Hotel, maintained by Patrick O'Brien who had been one of his supporters in Limerick. Here O'Brien was again surrounded by enthusiastic Irishmen, reflecting that, had he not known his own imperfections, he might be 'puffed up by the incense of popular homage'. On the way back to Melbourne another Irish innkeeper named Gleeson foraged the horses of O'Brien's four-man party gratuitously. Such actions the exile considered 'extremely honorable to the national character of Irishmen.'

Back in Melbourne after six days, O'Brien had ridden 220 miles. He considered the outback soil even more fertile than he had been led to expect. Melbourne, however, was more disagreeable than anticipated. At first the streets had been a sea of mud, but on returning from the country he found the mud converted into a hateful dust. 'Nevertheless there is a bustle and a vivacity everywhere prevalent which impresses a stranger with a feeling of excitement that is akin

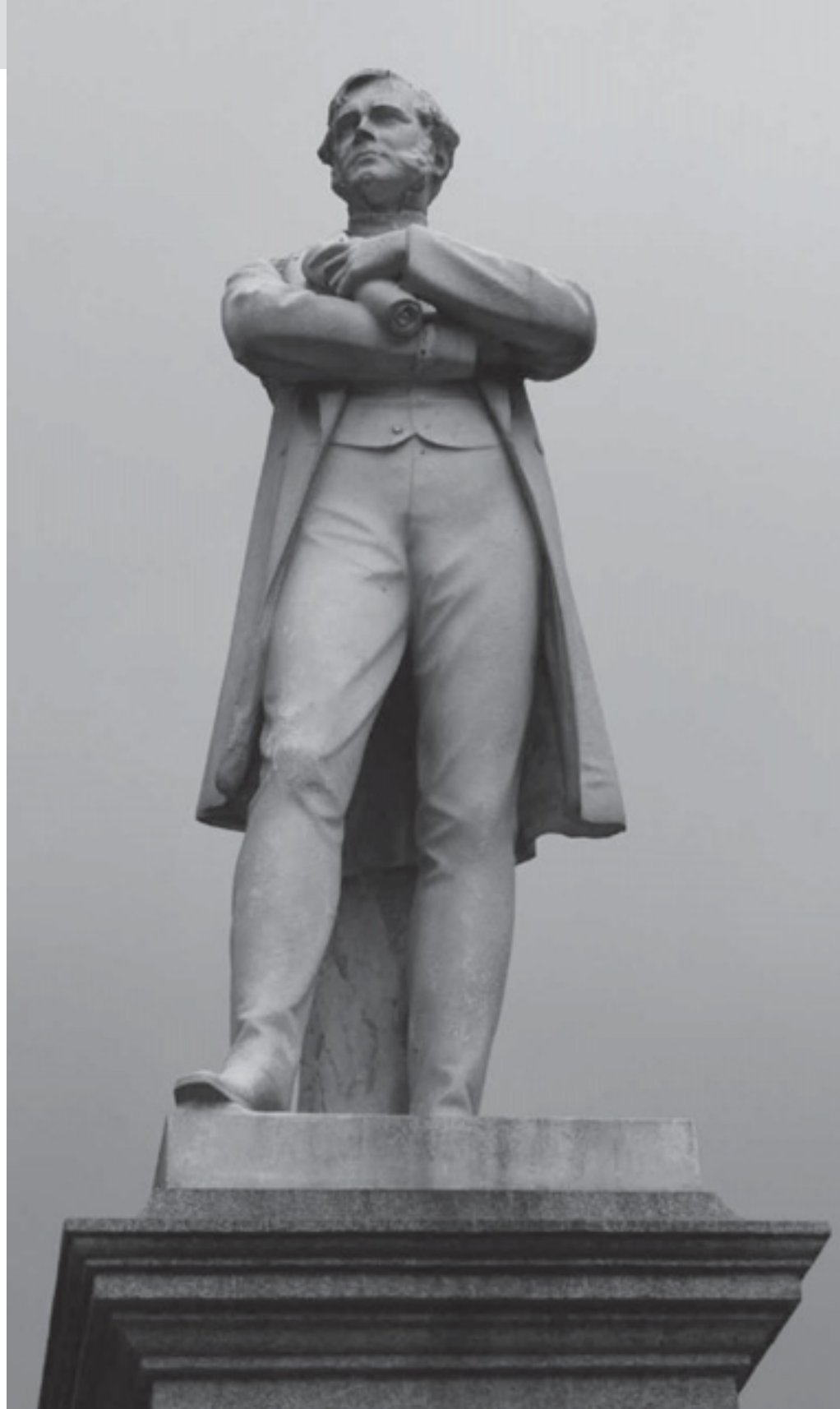
to pleasure.’ The forest of masts in the port and the rapid growth of the town and suburbs allowed imagination to picture it ‘as the future seat of one of the greatest empires that the world has yet seen.’

The press detailed the Melbourne reception at the Criterion Hotel. O’Brien and his fellow exiles were duly honoured. O’Brien was promised the celebrated gold cup, now held in the Irish Museum in Dublin and on loan to the Irish exhibition in Canberra, while his colleagues received 200 sovereigns each. One of the speakers was O’Brien’s friend, RD Ireland, ‘kindly, social, generous and warmhearted’, whom he had left at home earning £200 or £300 at the Bar, a figure now increased to £6000 per annum in Victoria. The ‘intensity of emotion’ which O’Brien experienced from the Irish in Victoria had, he considered, rarely been surpassed in Ireland.

With John Martin, O’Brien embarked on the *Norna* for Ceylon in 1854. They were able to disembark briefly at Albany, then ‘little more than a large village’, but surrounded by ‘picturesque’ hills. O’Brien’s only encounter with Aborigines, whose treatment in Van Diemen’s Land he had deplored, was not favourable. He was repulsed by their ‘ochre or grease or oil’, and even their skill in throwing spears and boomerangs did not impress but when he saw an Aborigine gaoled for casting his boomerang in town, O’Brien denounced the cruelty of seizing a country and then punishing its inhabitants ‘for amusing themselves in innocent sports upon the soil on which they were born’. At a picnic arranged by the ship’s captain, O’Brien, finding an Aboriginal corroboree monotonous, left before the end.

Invited with John Martin to lunch by the local gaoler’s wife, Mrs Burrell, O’Brien was embarrassed when she prostrated herself before him. On hearing that her father had kept a hotel at Newmarket near Dromoland, and that she had known him as a boy, O’Brien with tears in his eyes was ‘almost overpowered’ by her ‘affectionate enthusiasm’.

The next day the *Norna* sailed. O’Brien continued his sightseeing in India, Egypt, Spain, France, Italy and Greece before Lord Palmerston’s government in 1856 accorded him a free pardon to return to Ireland, but the taste for travel had taken hold and before his death in 1864 O’Brien had traversed much of Canada



O’Brien’s statue in O’Connell Street 1870

and the United States. He never returned to Australia, but advised Charles Gavan Duffy, who visited him in Brussels, on the prospects of life in Victoria. As the son of a baronet O’Brien had been brought up to be scrupulous about his intimate associates. Even at the Melbourne banquet in his honour, he was relieved that ‘no unpleasant incident’ occurred and that the party separated in ‘a state of

hilarity but not inebriation.’ Experience at the Antipodes demonstrated that in a new world men who worked with their hands often proved fitter companions than the well heeled ‘vermin’ and ‘reptiles’ of Van Diemen’s Land who ‘kept aloof from me’.

Richard Davis

Emeritus Professor of History, University of Tasmania

Tales of mixed marriage refute the myth of 'Anglo-Celtic' Australia

If you were a Lebanese Muslim at Cronulla Beach in 2005, being beaten up by a sandy-haired youth draped in an Australian flag, you might well see the meaning of the term 'Anglo-Celtic'. In that context it means Them not Us, where They hold sway and We are the perceived low-life.

In broader usage, 'Anglo-Celtic' has become glib shorthand for non-indigenous Old Australia - a polite way of saying White Australia-before-the-wogs. But while it may make sense as a way of denoting ethnic composition (the noted demographer Charles Price used it in 1991, describing the Australian population in 1947 as being 89.82% 'Anglo-Celtic'), it has been appropriated by the media and others to imply a core Australian settler stock comprised of harmoniously blended British and Irish - an airbrushed representation that is an insidious distortion of our past and a galling denial of the struggle by an earlier minority group in Australia against oppression and demonisation.

From the First Fleet to the 1960s, Irish Catholics were a discriminated-against underclass, openly barred from employment in much of the private sector and accused of disloyalty for putting Australia before the British Empire. In what we now cosily term 'Anglo-Celtic' Australia, a virtual social apartheid existed at times between Catholics and Protestants. But the divisions were not about religion. They derived from England's colonial oppression of Ireland, grievances transplanted to Australia and nurtured with bitterness by both sides.

'This is a Protestant country and it is our pride that we have absolute liberty under the Union Jack,' declared E.K Bowden, Minister for Defence, in 1922. Four years earlier, in late 1918, an Irish Catholic priest in Sydney, one Dr Patrick Tuomey, was fined £30 for sedition for criticising the British presence in Ireland; he thereby 'by word of mouth encouraged disloyalty to the British Empire'.

Religion in 'Anglo-Celtic' Australia was code for identity: it branded you as part of the Protestant Ascendancy or the Catholic 'Bog Irish'. To marry across these entrenched divides was nothing short of consorting with the enemy for many - yet one in five did, from the 1890s to the 1960s. Many of these couples were ostracised, sometimes by both sides of the family, to the grave and beyond. Take Heather and Cliff Shepherd, who married in Marulan, a small town near Goulburn, New South Wales, in 1961. Cliff was Catholic, Heather had been raised Presbyterian; they met at the Agriculture Bureau. Heather's father, a Mason, told her he would disinherit her if the wedding proceeded. Such were the tensions that when they left St Patrick's Catholic Church in their honeymoon utility, a wheel came off: someone had sabotaged the vehicle, loosening the nuts on one wheel. Heather and Cliff remained happily married for nearly fifty years, though with four children, they were not well off and had to take on casual fencing to supplement income from their small property. Heather's father grew to like Cliff and as Heather nursed him at the end of his life, he wanted to reinstate her in his will. 'I wouldn't let him. I said, 'no', because I thought - he's not in his right mind now.' The house was left to Heather's brother. She did get a small sum, 'which was very handy at the time.'

Such deathbed reconciliation was not available to John Haynes, from Randwick, NSW, who was cut out of three wills (his father's, mother's and uncle's) for marrying a Catholic in 1962. What perplexed him about their obdurate rejection of his wife Helen was that his nominally Anglican parents did not even attend church regularly. It was, he surmised, more about upholding Englishness and Empire, about fealty not faith. 'My father was very much an Empire man. I think in those days Robert Menzies was the epitome of an Empire man and everything that came out of Great Britain, including I presume the Church of England, was to be admired and followed and was to be preserved.' Helen Haynes believes her father-in-law's antipathy was reinforced by the sectarian divide in his workplace, the NSW Egg Marketing Board. 'It was a stigma to have a Catholic in the family,' she suggests. John Haynes acknowledges that the Egg Marketing Board was in those days 'a Protestant enclave ... If you were a Catholic you could get up to a certain level but not beyond.' He believes that the nub of his father's antagonism to his mixed marriage lay with the Catholic Church's stipulation that any children be brought up Catholic. '... You were somehow letting the family lineage and history down if you changed that through bringing up children as Catholics.'

The Haynes family boycotted the wedding and John's father 'never really got to know' his two grandchildren. He died unaware of a terrible irony - his grandchildren had been raised in a secular environment.

On the Catholic side, the hatred was just as strong, fuelled by memories of the Irish famine of the 1840s, which halved the population through death, disease and emigration, as the English exported food from Ireland. The O'Briens of Tipperary emigrated to Australia in the 1860s to escape the famine aftermath, ending up in Maitland, NSW, where they had a general store. After Julia O'Brien eloped with her Protestant lover, Errol White, in the late 1920s, her father forbade the mention of her name and spurned her deathbed visit. When Julia died in childbirth, neither side would help with the two children, who had to be placed in an orphanage.

Susan Timmins, the elder child, recalls living for a time with a Presbyterian aunt who railed at her for being 'Bog Irish'. Forty years on, when an O'Brien relative made contact, Susan's father tried to facilitate a reunion. Susan Timmins was shocked at how much bitterness surfaced so many decades later. Re-telling the story aged 65, she broke down in tears: 'It was hunky-dory enough and a polite situation until I'd had a few drinks and I suppose I then had to ask the question, just 'Why?' I said, 'You'll have to forgive me but I'm antagonistic towards my mother's family. ... It's all right for you to swan in from overseas and say 'hi' to my father, but did you ever care about what happened to us children? Did you ever care that my father was in such a dire situation that he had to put his children into an orphanage?' He described that as being the most terrible, terrible time of his life. He said it was bad enough when his wife died, but to have to put his two children in an orphanage because he couldn't support them. It was after the war and widows were getting war widows' pensions and things, but he got nothing. Susan Timmins

was raised Anglican, converted to Catholicism on marrying a Catholic, and has gone on to reject all religion.

'Mixed' couples sometimes had to cope with bullying, authoritarian priests who sought to intimidate them into raising their children as Catholics, and who humiliated and berated Catholics for marrying 'out'. Prime minister Ben Chifley was not immune. He always stayed at the back of the church at Sunday Mass; having married a Presbyterian, he was unable to receive Communion. The chair he used is part of the Not Just Ned exhibition currently at the National Museum of Australia. The Catholic Church was quick to claim Chifley for the glory of a prime ministerial funeral, however. But some priests did their best to accommodate mixed marriages – one, Irish-born Fr William Crahan, who ministered in rural New South Wales and the ACT for over fifty years, has great admiration for the Protestant spouses who supported their partner in raising their children as Catholics, for instance driving the family to church and waiting patiently outside till Mass ended. Others flouted the discriminatory not-in-front-of-the-altar rule: the seditious Dr Tuomey of Dulwich Hill 'decided that that wasn't a good rule, we needn't obey it', says his curate of the 1950s, Fr John McSweeney, now 90. All couples at Dulwich Hill parish were married in the same way at the main altar. 'Probably the bishop knew about it', Fr McSweeney observes, 'but he was wise enough not to do anything about it.'

In a polarised society, children of these mixed marriages had a strange hybrid identity. Although most were raised Catholic, the family was inherently less parochial, a de facto middle ground. As the children of these later mixed marriages in the '40s and '50s grew up, they mingled not just with the Irish Catholics or English and Scottish Protestants of old, but with Italians, Greeks, Germans, Dutch, Poles and Yugoslavs arriving in their thousands after WWII. These 'New Australians' supplanted Irish Catholics at the bottom of the ladder. To them, anyone who spoke native English was Australian (Aboriginal Australians were distinct — and usually invisible — in such discussions). By the '90s, European migrants had moved up a rung, as Vietnamese and Lebanese refugees took their place and by 1999, Price's 'Anglo-Celtic' component was down to 70% (and projected to fall to 62% by 2025). A few years earlier, Irish-Australian Catholics, astonishingly, had reached the apex of power: Paul Keating was prime minister, Sir William Deane was governor-general and Gerard Brennan was chief justice of the High Court. It was around then that the term 'Anglo-Celtic' became common, conferring a retrospective respectability on the once-despised Bog Irish. But as historian Patrick O'Farrell warns us, the term is 'a grossly misleading, false and patronising convenience, one crassly present-oriented. Its use removes from consciousness and recognition a major conflict fundamental to any comprehension not only of Australian history but of our present core culture.'

Many Anglo-Protestant Australians are unaware of the extent to which Irish Catholic Australians were undermined and demeaned. When you are of the Establishment, you do not know what it's like in the ghetto — just as most non-indigenous



Heather and Cliff Shepherd on their wedding day, 22 April 1961, at St Patrick's Church, Marulan, NSW *Heather Shepherd*

Australians did not know that Aboriginal children were being systematically removed from their parents. That mixed marriages occurred in such numbers and often thrived, despite parental objections, was ultimately a force for reconciliation and as such, something to be celebrated. But to gloss over the sometimes subtle, sometimes overt, putting down of Irish-Australian Catholics for almost 200 years, is to misrepresent the evolution of Australia. Only by acknowledging previous inequities can we hope to understand current hierarchies, and engage usefully with contemporary intolerance towards Lebanese Muslims, Middle Eastern refugees and other marginalised or disparaged groups.

Siobhan McHugh, *University of Wollongong*. *Dublin-born Dr Siobhan McHugh is an award-winning writer, oral historian and broadcaster who emigrated to Sydney in 1985. She is the author of six books, including The Snowy – The People Behind the Power (winner of the New South Wales Premier's prize for non-fiction), and Minefields and Miniskirts, about Australian women's involvement in the Vietnam war, which was adapted for the stage. On Irish-Australian themes, she made a seminal radio series for the ABC in 1986, The Irish In Australia Past and Present, co-scripted the television history series Echo of a Distant Drum (ABC 1988) and The Irish Empire (SBS 1999), and wrote a column for The Irish Echo (2000-1). Marrying Out, broadcast on ABC Radio National, New Zealand public radio and RTE (Irish national radio), won a gold medal at the 2010 New York Radio Festival and forms part of Siobhan's recent doctoral thesis. Siobhan lectures in Journalism at the University of Wollongong. See www.mchugh.org*

Captain Francis Crozier – Death in the ice

*Far from this spot
In some unknown but not unhonoured
resting place lie all that was mortal of
Francis Rawdon Moira Crozier Capt'n R.N*

So reads the commemorative plaque in Holy Trinity Parish Church, Banbridge (Co Down). In the square, his monument stands opposite the house where he was born. Snapping around his feet are the polar bears reputed to have taken his life. His was a remarkable existence, full of adventure, exploration, bravery and – disappointment. While Irishmen have always been in the vanguard of polar exploration – Shackleton, Crean, McClure, McClintock, Kellett – Crozier's feats are the most remarkable. He was engaged in the three great quests of the nineteenth century – finding the North West Passage, reaching the North Pole and mapping Antarctica. His seafaring involved six expeditions to the Arctic and Antarctic during an era of sailing ships. He was truly an extraordinary cold water warrior.

Crozier met his death searching for the North West Passage. This lucrative shortcut between the Atlantic and the Pacific had long been an obsession of Europe's seafaring powers. During the previous twenty years, Sir John Barrow, Secretary of the Admiralty, had dispatched eight Royal Navy expeditions without success. In 1845, amidst competition from other nations, Barrow commissioned another attempt.

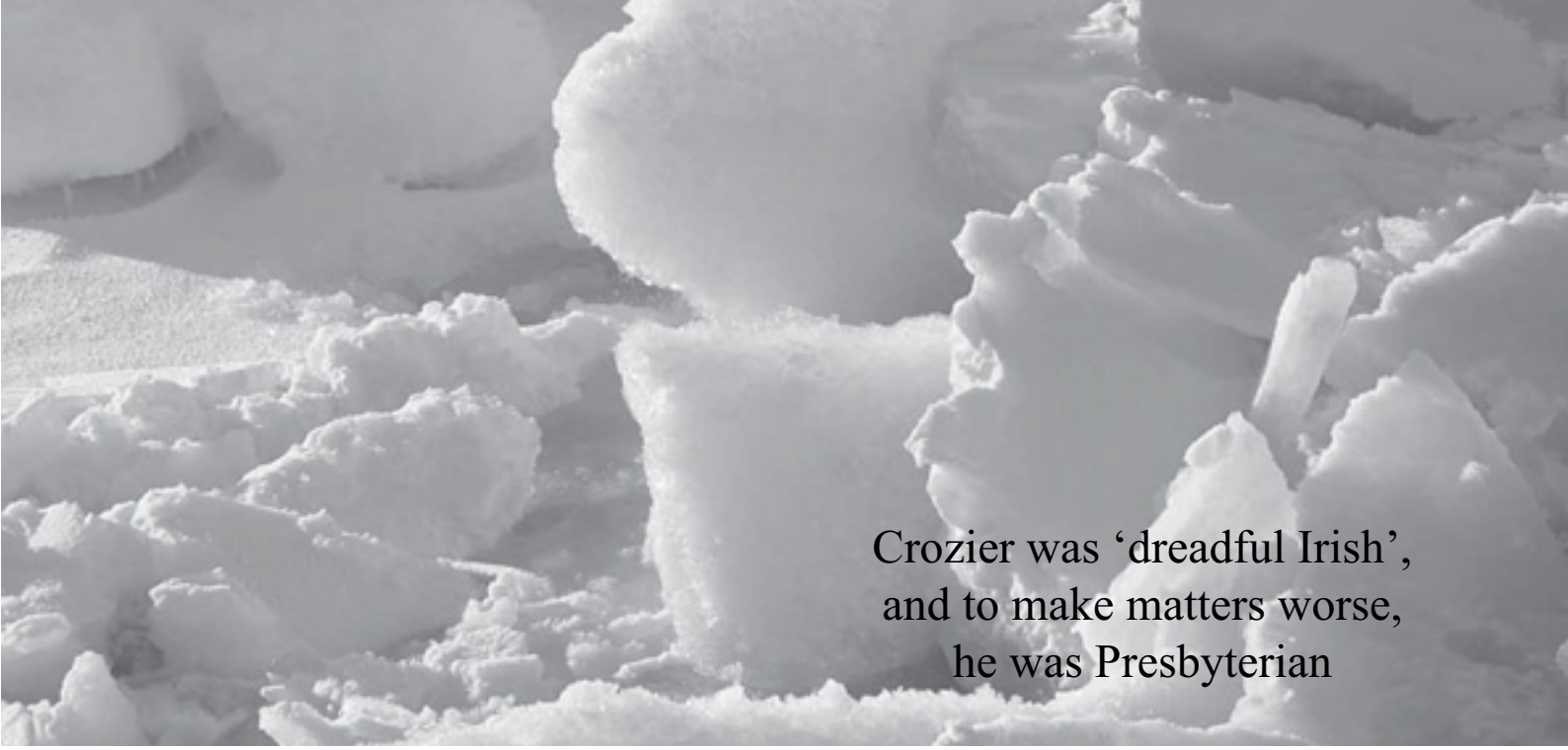
It was the largest, best-equipped polar expedition ever mounted. The two ships, HMS *Erebus* and HMS *Terror*, were the most technologically advanced vessels on the planet. Their bows and bottoms were specially reinforced, internal heating

systems were installed, and each had retractable screw propellers. They carried their own desalinators and were provisioned with a recent innovation – canned food. The nation's most renowned Arctic adventurer, Sir John Franklin, led the handpicked crew. It was the Apollo programme of its day. Yet, it was lost without trace. After 150 years, the mystery of the 1845 expedition still remains largely unsolved.

Crozier was a dedicated sailor. He went to sea aged

Photos: U.S. Geological Survey





Crozier was ‘dreadful Irish’, and to make matters worse, he was Presbyterian

thirteen and worked his way up to captain. In 1819, when 22, he made his first expedition in search of the Passage as midshipman with Captain William Parry. By the time of the Franklin Expedition, he had more experience sailing amongst ice than any other serving officer. Few in the British navy were his equal on the quarterdeck. He knew what it was to suffer the deprivations of a polar winter – imprisoned in claustrophobic darkness and pack ice for years on end amidst howling gales.

Given his knowledge and experience, Crozier should have been offered command of the 1845 voyage, but he was passed over for Franklin. His background was the sole impediment. Crozier was ‘dreadful Irish’, and to make matters worse, he was Presbyterian, not Church of England. He may have been ‘an officer’, but he was certainly, in the eyes of his peers, not ‘a gentleman’. He was considered as rough as the country he came from, crudely educated and with none of the required social graces of the day. It seemed his station in life, to follow, not to lead.

Watched by a cheering crowd of 10,000, *Erebus* and *Terror*, were farewelled, with due ceremony on 19 May 1845. Aboard *Terror*, facing another three years of polar hardship, his heart broken that his proposal of marriage had been rebuffed, which compounded the Admiralty’s slight over leadership, Crozier was morose and pessimistic. He wrote to his friend James Ross, ‘I am sadly alone, not a soul in either ship that I can go and talk to – I am generally very busy but it is a very hermitlike life’. Unlike the Admiralty, Crozier had little confidence in Franklin, who, he considered as being, ‘Very decided in his own views but has not good judgement’. As he sailed he reportedly told a fellow officer that he did not expect to see Ireland again.

Six weeks after departure, the ships reached Disco Bay in Greenland, where they offloaded supplies. On 12 July they struck west across Baffin Bay, and on 26 July 1845 were seen for the very last time by two Arctic whalers. During the next two years the expedition was entombed in darkness for nineteen months by monstrous ice packs pouring off the Pole. Temperatures of -50° Celsius cracked bolts. Blizzards, lasting for weeks on end, buried *Erebus* and *Terror* in 20-foot snowdrifts.

Life in this frozen prison was brutal. Each man had a space 14 inches wide for his hammock; quarters were always damp and bedding, often shared with rats, froze in the numbing cold. Rations and heating were in short supply. The incessant grinding of ice against the hull, and the shrieking of the polar wind

completed the torment. Isolation, loneliness, privation and fear were unremitting.

Debilitation and death stalked the officers and crew. On 11 June 1847, Franklin died and Crozier assumed command for the first and last time. For 10 months, the body count mounted. With stores low and no thaw imminent, Crozier decided to attempt to reach the Hudson’s Bay Company outpost on Great Slave Lake. Accompanied by the 104 survivors, he set out on the 400 kilometre trek in search of Back’s River which he intended to navigate to Fort Resolution on Great Slave Lake.

Blinded by snow glare, numbed with cold, dehydrated and tortured by hunger, the emaciated men moved painfully southwards on gangrenous and frost bitten feet. Starvation, scurvy and exposure decimated the company. To save the living, Crozier was forced to cannibalise the dead. Remains found along the route of this ‘death march’ attest to the dismemberment of corpses. The expedition may have foundered, but the courage and camaraderie of the crew remained resolute in face of the most horrific Arctic conditions and deprivations.

Although Crozier may have been devoured by polar bears, it has been suggested he spent his last days amongst the nomadic Chippewyan Inuit of northern Canada. Certainly his previous forays into the polar regions endowed him with the necessary skills to cope in the environment. Like these Eskimo herders, Crozier had been a polar wanderer for most of his life. Perhaps with them, he finally found contentment and acceptance for what he was.

In keeping with his renown as an explorer, the name Crozier is attributed to eight of the world’s landmarks including three Cape Croziers, a Crozier Channel, and a Crozier River. In 1862 the citizens of Banbridge unveiled a statue to commemorate their most famous son. However, the most significant memorial to Francis Rawdon Moira Crozier lies on the surface of the moon. In naming ‘Crozier Crater’ in the lunar sea of Mare Fecunditas, the humble sea captain from Banbridge is now recognised amongst the great polar explorers, including Amundsen, Shackleton, Scott, and Nansen who are also commemorated on the lunar landscape.

John Hagan

Further reading: Michael Smith (2006) Captain Francis Crozier: Last Man Standing? and Great Endeavour: Ireland’s Antarctic Explorers (2010). Both, Collins Press, Cork.

Listening To My Father

A short story

I didn't know my father had gone deaf until coming home after eight years in Sydney. Beloved Mummy was dead. Mummy who spoke to me every Sunday night by phone: *Your father says, your father says, your father thinks...* was always what she was saying but she never prepared me for this.

The rest of the family have found ways of dealing with it, but here I am now, the only son alone with him the day after Mummy's burial. Mummy's things are still around the house. It was always Mummy's house; Dad lives here too and I lived here once, but it was Mummy's house.

The sister has left a meal for us; we eat in silence. He rarely speaks. When he does it's just a roar. Someone has taught him to lip read so I say stuff as clear as I can. I wonder if accents make a difference to lip reading, the bit of Australian I have picked up might be tough for him.

The sister's instructed me in what pills to give him, for his diabetes, before going to bed and the one for the morning. It is so cruel of them all, leaving me here alone with him like this. I am a different son to the young son of twenty-one who left eight years ago.

It's not like we had a feud or something, or that he had anything like the cliché of a farm he wanted me to take over, no; but still I went away, I could have found a decent enough job locally, but there you go.

I wonder how hereditary this is, I mean, the decibels of Sydney sure are higher than rural Ireland. The job left him like this. Forty-four years at a cursed machine, no mufflers or ear protection. When they did introduce them, Dad thought they were for sissies and he'd miss the banter and dirty jokes with his work-mates.

I look at him and speak slowly: 'What's

your bed-time?' That comes out naff, so I say, 'do you want to go on up now, Dad?' There is no reply. 'Just tell me when you wanna go to bed, Daddy, okay.' My life is in Sydney now. He doesn't know what it's like, he hasn't been over, like Mummy has. She came twice and baked for me special cakes with ingredients she brought with her from Ireland, packed my freezer before she left.

At first I thought the fact that Dad is deaf would be no huge problem to me. He never had had much to say anyway, as far as *I* can remember. When

Thank God! Some emotion at last

he took me fishing there were two subjects: the weather and the fish. He was depressed then and he's depressed now. Then I didn't know what depression was. Now I do. We are in the parlour facing the TV, but it's switched off of course, in respect for Mummy. Hell, in the Sydney they'd *use* the TV to console the bereaved. I wish I could find out what's happening on CNN (well maybe I can switch it on low when he's retired). Shit! There I go again.

I pick up the bottle of whiskey I brought and offer it towards him. There is no motion anywhere in his face or body, but I know he's ready for another measure. I push the jug of tap water to his side of the table, but he shoves it away, it smashes on the floor and I see there's anger on his face. Thank God! *Some* emotion at last. I look away.

I remember teasing a ladybird around my hand and onto the other hand and

back again, on the way from... well in the car from somewhere. I was about ten at the time. He chastised me, said it was a childish things to do: '*But, hang on a minute*', I'd said, *I am a child, am I not.*' He'd laughed then and I hear that laugh now and for the first time I am sad for him, wish he'd seen Sydney in his good health like she had had. Behind his back I talk to him now, I am boiling the kettle and he can't see my face: 'They never told me Dad. Depressed. They never told me, so that's why I find it hard. Deaf. You expect everyone to remain the same back home, it's eight years Dad since I seen ya, but it could be twenty.' Mummy told me he'd *had a bit of a stroke* that was it, *a bit of a stroke*. I let a few more tears for Mummy fall onto the range. She always wanted to update her equipment but he 'wouldn't hear of it' (excusing the pun). Nothing was ever replaced in this house unless the original was gone beyond repair. Repair, repair, repair and if the in-house handyman couldn't do it, then we had to bring someone in to do it, but we always patched it up, no matter what, a new model was ever the last resort.

I see a tree outside; it's a lost tree now. We used to play in every way around it, the sisters and I. We had a swing from its branches. It seems forlorn and fetlocked, missing us. I crush the tablet the sister left and drop it in his cup of tea. Pressing it into his hands, my skin touches his. We'd shook hands of course when I'd arrived, but there is something more in this touch. My skin is his, his is mine. There is a slight motion to grasp my hand again but I've turned away, lighting a cigarette.

Every language invented has its way of communication, how on earth am I to find a language to communicate with *him*? When I get back to Sydney I can't phone cause he can't talk, I can't email, am no good at handwriting letters. Shit! My boss

would sure be challenged by this among his bullshit *team building* and *effective communication* talks he bores the pants off us every Monday morning with. I burn my hand on the range and shout an expletive and grimace cause he hates bad language. But he can't hear so I laugh, laugh so loud I reckon even the neighbours in our semi-detached can hear me. For a moment I am ashamed, then remember that the Keane family have long since moved on. Everything in our family was always gauged by how perfect the Keane family were in comparison to our own. The Keane patriarch and matriarch are long since dead and the young Keane's are gone to God knows where. I've never met the new people living there, or maybe I have at the funeral and maybe they peered with curiosity at me; the fella home from Sydney, the fella the mother was always raving about, the one she hoped would come home and *settle down*.

I bring out my pack of Aussie brand cigarettes again but he refuses. I take it he doesn't like this brand. I wish I had bought him some Duty Free but was in such a daze with Mummy dead. I find it quite incredible that you can't smoke anywhere in Ireland now. It's like that in Sydney too, but Sydney is Sydney, it's so weird in Ireland. He intimates something and I reckon it's that there might be Silk Cut Purple in the house somewhere, or is it Blue he smokes? I go on a mission. Everywhere are memories of Mummy, but no Silk Cut anything, no Silk Cut anywhere, not even Ultra damn it. The sister would kill me for giving him smokes but he tries another of mine. This time he seems to like it more.

He flicks the half-finished cigarette in the fire, drains his glass and rises, pulling the car-rug closer around his shoulder before the cold hallway and landing. Christ I remember it now, the same car-rug

we've had in the house since I was a kid. Taking his arm I wonder what happens next. Mummy did this every night obviously and the sister did since Mummy fell ill. At the bedroom he motions me to wait outside, seems to take an age to undress. I go in, follow the sister's instructions: electric blanket off, water by the bed, a chamber pot underneath, the lamp switch in reach, the central heating to go down two notches, the window ever so slightly open. I turn away, oh and one more thing, I don't know how, but he has communicated the reminder to me. Yes, open the

Pressing it into his hands, my skin touches his

curtains, odd that, but open the curtains, that was the final thing I had to do.

'Good night, Dad,' I say and attempt a smile. He sighs and closes his eyes. The sisters told me I must help our father to wash and shave in the morning, that Mummy always did that. That we will be applying for a Home Help, but in the meantime – for as long as I'm here, I must do it.

Under funeral veils there is a lot one can get away with, I am drunk tonight as I was last night and the night I arrived. My body has a constant tremble inside it and I burst into sobs every little while.

I watch CNN and open a second bottle, look around the room, see their picture, 50th wedding anniversary that I never came home for. I want to ask her why she didn't tell me, but know the answer without asking – everything was always perfect at home, all my older siblings had *terrific jobs, wonderful marriages, the*

most beautiful children you ever saw; so different to the reality I saw in the last two days. It was her way of course, her simple way in trying to lure me home. God, I wish there was a computer in this house, I could look up the net, Google deafness, how to hope, a crash course, advise, anything ... there is a banging, a knock, knock on the floor. I rush to Dad's bedroom and he's up, dressed again, fire in his eyes.

The lake reflects electric when we drive out, my father and I, to glance over it, we are three miles from home and here we fished, father and son, until I was fourteen and it wasn't cool anymore. It's four o'clock in the morning, he couldn't sleep and I couldn't sleep, so I took his car keys and we drove out here. I'm way over 'the limit' of course, but no matter, it's worth the risk to me. Why we're here I don't know, just a whim, we've no fishing rods with us. We hear a siren in the distance, I don't know how but I know he senses a Garda presence. Can't figure that one out! In Sydney I hear the sirens all the time through my treble glazed glass from my 39th floor. I begin to talk, talk more and more. His eyes fix on my lips. I don't know how much he is taking in – in lip-reading. All is received without the flick of an eyelid. The sister says he has only been at it for nine months or so. But still I talk, talking is getting easier now, here by the lake, talking to my father. It's his inner ear; I am inside his inner ear.

Noel King

Noel King was born and lives in Co Kerry, Ireland. His poems, haiku, short stories, reviews and articles have appeared in magazines and journals in over thirty countries. His debut collection, Prophesying the Past, was published by Salmon Poetry in 2010. His second, The Stern Wave is due in 2012. His poem Hot Collar appears in the Poetry section of this issue.

Poetry

Hands

Some grow before my eyes
and seem to creep like spider-plants
deep into memories.

Others, sculptured and filed,
lie flat like a heap of stones
talking to themselves.

This morning I watched
a pair of hands chattering
like busy beaks among berries

Raftery's Pebble

In time and imagination
some poems
and things to do with poets
become free
like gossip bursting
into newer shape and colour,
like secret codes or
rootless tarot messages
that we pass on
by the day, year – century.

I kept a singing pebble
from Raftery's grave in Killeeneen
in my pocket.

It was my word – my song
– a brushstroke in the sky
and, even if it never promised
to be faithful, I was sad
when it dropped into a gully
as I was walking about

near Flinder's Street Station in Melbourne.
Later I was glad – I had passed it on.

Editor's note: The gestation of this poem, like the pebble in Melbourne's belly, was incubated in email correspondence between the poet and Tinteán's editorial team. Nice to publish the offspring of the poet's idea and effort and the editor's enthusiasm.

From Cill Aodain to Killeenin

Mise Raifteiri an file / I am Raftery the poet
No house. Nothing, but the hearthstone remains.
A whitethorn has become Raftery's bush. Child,
Run and tell your teacher, before the flame dies!

Old and young on their knees - along lines of
rosary beads – would sing Cill Aodain between
decades to lessen the nausea of weak faight, or
the strut of a red-eyed schoolmaster.

His name is there: Anthony Raftery
in The Poet's Graveyard in County Galway.
Years ago, my father planted saplings from
Cill Aodain in Craughwell and a small group sang

to the vision of the blind bard. They were
respectful, as if waiting for tales
of his withered eyes. Taffe's horse, Mary Hunes,
or even a long song to fill in the long scar from

his hearthstone in Cill Aodain
to his gravestone in Killeenin.

Terry McDonagh, www.terry-mcdonagh.com, poet and dramatist, from Cill Aodain, Kiltimagh, has published six poetry collections; a play; book of letters; a novel and poetry for children. Twelve poems were put to music by the late Eberhard Reichel; and his recent poetry collection is, *The Truth in Mustard* – 2010, Arlen House. His work has been translated into German and Indonesian. With piper Diarmaid Moynihan, he forms poet/piper duo, *Raithneach*. Runner-up in 2010 Fish poetry prize, he lives in Hamburg and Mayo.

Hot Collar

The morning of my First Holy Communion,
I asked my Mammy how they made shirts?
How they got the collars hard?
Why there was another button inside?

Then I asked my Granny, but she didn't know either.
*That's not our jobs, she said, we women wash, dry, iron,
hang 'em on our men, your grandfather 'll know.*

*Girls in shirt factories are poor girls, he said,
who didn't do good at school,
they're not married, they think of men
while one sews, one collars, another
puts the buttons on. They imagine
film star men in their shirts, he supposed,
keeps 'em goin', the boredom y'know.*

When I grew up I wanted to go with a girl
from a shirt factory. A shirt factory girl wouldn't
expect as much as a colleged girl would.
But there was no shirt factory in our town,
so my wife-to-be works in the ball bearing factory.

She's here now in Clancy's with me,
getting my wedding shirt,
and one for the 'goin'-away' outfit,
*yellow, to pick up the yellow in my dress, she says,
nice for the photos, she says, and kisses me.*
I can't wait for her to unbutton me, and for the rest
of my life I can think no more of girls in shirt factories.

Noel King was born and lives in Co Kerry, Ireland. His poems, haiku, short stories, reviews and articles have appeared in magazines and journals in over thirty countries. His debut collection, *Prophesying the Past*, was published by Salmon Poetry in 2010. His second, *The Stern Wave is due* in 2012.

Over This, Your White Grave

Over this, your white grave
the flowers of life in white—
so many years without you—
how many have passed out of sight?
Over this your white grave
covered for years, there is a stir
in the air, something uplifting
and, like death, beyond comprehension.
Over this your white grave
oh, mother, can such loving cease?
for all his filial adoration
a prayer:
Give her eternal peace—

[Kraków, spring 1939, penned in his twenties]

John Beseches Her

Don't lower the wave of my heart,
it swells to your eyes, mother;
don't alter love, but bring the wave to me
in your translucent hands.
He asked for this.
I am John the fisherman. There isn't much
in me to love.
I feel I am still on that lake shore,
gravel crunching under my feet—
and, suddenly—Him.
You will embrace his mystery in me no more,
yet quietly I spread round your thoughts like myrtle.
And calling you Mother—His wish—
I beseech you: may this word
never grow less for you.
True, it's not easy to measure the meaning
of the words he breathed into us both
so that all earlier love in those words
should be concealed.

[Written while a parish priest and auxiliary bishop of Kraków]

Karol Wojtyła from *The Place Within- The Poetry of Pope John Paul II*, translation by Jerry Peterkiewicz, Random House, 1979. Copyright 1982 by Liberia Editrice, Vaticana, Vatican City. At 21 Karol studied secretly during WWII for the priesthood; in 1978 became pope; and died on 2/4/05. He was beatified in Rome on 1 May 2011.

Family Reunion: A saving grace of 'the System'

Perry McIntyre

Free Passage: The Reunion of Irish Convicts and Their Families in Australia,

Irish Academic Press, Dublin, 2011

ISBN: 978 0 7165 3100 5;

RRP: \$141.95

There is an eerie quality to this book, firmly focussed as it is on family reunion; one of the few positive aspects of 'The System'. Direct cruelties are never mentioned, but every so often there is a dizzying glimpse of the convicts' vulnerability to official inhumanity or total lack of empathy. James Carroll and his family were separated for 25 years, even though he first applied in 1837 for them to join him after he had been in New South Wales for only five years. McIntyre comments 'there is no official annotation on his petition to indicate the result, but it seems he was punished for being absent after hours' (p 61). So for coming in late, he was separated from his family for an extra 20 years.

Whether convicts' families should be permitted to join them in Australia divided contemporary public opinion and your view on this question indicated your vision of a nation's future. Despite Whitehall's initial plans to develop the country as a giant penal colony, Australia always had free settlers. Nursing infants were usually allowed to accompany their mothers and early political prisoners, such as Hugh Byrne and Michael Dwyer, were accompanied by their families. Gazetting an official policy on convict family reunion in 1817, however, required explicit decisions to be taken about whether Australia was to become a settlement or continue as a convict dumping ground. McIntyre gives a clear exposition of the differing views on this point, with the tolerant Governor Macquarie in one corner and hardliners like Commissioner John Thomas Bigge in the other.

Given that family reunion did become possible, how many convicts applied? Irish convicts were markedly more likely to request reunion than English or Scots; they were 61.6% of the convicts who petitioned, although only about one-third of transported convicts were Irish. Most applicants were husbands requesting wives and children, but some parents applied to be reunited with children. Why applicants were in a minority is not entirely clear, although some barriers are identified, including, as a public notice about the scheme explained, a requirement to produce 'Testimonials of their good con-

duct; and the certainty of their being able to maintain their Family if they arrive.' (p 105). Convicts were also required to nominate at least three 'respectable persons' who could identify their families in their home districts. This last requirement may have been impossible to meet for many of the transported urban poor.

Even though applications were received from only a minority, many were refused, usually for misconduct or because the convict had not served sufficient time before applying. Even when a free passage was finally offered, it might then be refused by the family member. Margaret Buchanan did not take up the offer because of 'want of funds' (p 113) for her and six children to travel from Country Antrim to the port of embarkation in Dublin. Other relatives were too ill, had been evicted from their last known address, were unable to walk many miles to the nearest port, or simply could not be found. In some particularly tragic cases, families drowned on the voyage out, notably in the *Neva* which sank in Bass Strait, almost in sight of the mainland. With all these difficulties to surmount, it is surprising that 41% of applicants succeeded in bringing at least some family members to the colony. McIntyre comments on the high proportion of Irish among successful applicants, speculating that the lack of parish relief schemes to support the poor in Ireland might have contributed to this by giving both transported spouses and destitute families considerable motive for reunification.

Transportation of (usually) a husband or father intensified the economic stress on families left behind everywhere in the British Isles, but poverty in Ireland was particularly widespread even pre-Famine. Employment outside an agrarian family setting was rare, and women left to survive alone with young children, or elderly people without family support, were at grave risk of destitution as described in many of the surviving petitions to the government from these families. Patrick Moylan's wife – mother of seven – petitioned the government to be allowed free passage to join him stating that she was 'entirely

dependent on her husband's labour for support' and that the family were 'totally destitute' since his transportation (p 135). Evidence of the extreme destitution of many of these families was their inability to provide the basic clothing required for a long sea voyage.

Against this background of family suffering some of the reasons for refusing applications (not on the correct form was a popular one) and the apparently endless delays (David Crawford's petition for his wife and children in Belfast took nine months to travel 30 miles from Windsor to Sydney) seem horrible refinements in cruelty. In addition to demanding that uneducated or barely literate people negotiate complex formal requirements, the authorities began demanding payment of £1 or £2 from starving people to subsidise their bedding and crockery for the voyage. No one seems to have wondered where a destitute wife living in a remote townland might find £1 or £2!

Once families reached the colony, they usually succeeded in locating the lost spouse and started successful farms. Very few were implicated in further crime, but some were transported to places of secondary punishment such as Moreton Bay. Mostly, once they had succeeded in negotiating the maze of regulations, reunited families benefited from 'an ongoing level of apparent benevolence towards deserving and reunited convict families' (p 212).

In a brief review, it is hard to do justice to the painstaking and precise nature of McIntyre's work and her deep immersion in the available data. She provides a rich treasure-trove of case histories to illustrate the effects of the convict system on many different lives. Her chapter on 'The Historical Documents' clarifies the many difficulties of research in this area, including the ongoing demands of reading handwritten documents on micro-fiche, and gives much useful information about the location of essential data sources. This text is interesting in its own right but would be invaluable to an historian or anyone interested in tracing family histories.

Felicity Allen

Radical wish-list for Ireland after meltdown

Susannah Kingston ed., *Aspirations for Ireland, New Ways Forward*
Dublin, The Columba Press, 2010
\$29.95, ISBN 978-1-85607-720-0

Aspirations for Ireland is sixteen essays on the challenges facing Ireland. As the editor explains, the idea for the book derived from her unease at listening to media interviewees saying that it would be 'some considerable time before we were back to where we were'. Kingston argues that 'getting back to where we were is neither a desirable nor...viable option.' In the words of Father Harry Bohan, 'The problems... are very different from anything we faced in the past. In a sense we have nothing in history to guide us and no language to articulate it.' (p 47)

The essays range from possible energy futures through culture and the arts, justice, sport and fitness, spirituality and religion, landscape and heritage. The contributors are all qualified and experienced in their respective fields. Most chapters incorporate suggestions for policies and programs to meet the challenges. Some of these are quite detailed – see, for example:

- Sr Stanislaus Kennedy's proposed approach to determine whether to grant immigrants to Irish citizenship (Ch 6);
- Eamonn Henry and James Nolan's proposed program of annual fitness testing for children (Ch 10); and
- Mary Lee Rhodes' proposals for a new property tax (pp 179-80).

It is unfortunate that the editor did not write an overview, summarising the themes running through the contributions. Kingston acknowledges one – a future of reduced availability of fossil fuels – and three authors take this up, but there are three other themes. Ireland since the 1990s has experienced a series of historically radical changes:

- in response to global economic change, the current population became 'the best fed, best housed, best educated, most employed generation ever to have lived in Ireland' (p 48); immigration, now 'a permanent and positive reality' changed the make-up of Irish society 'forever' (p 78); and 'some schools in Dublin city now have a cultural mix of up to 100 nationalities' (p 132);
- 'many of (the) pillars of apparent certainty' in Irish society (especially the Church) collapsed (p 13);
- a corresponding crisis of confidence in Irish institutions. Whilst Sr Stanislaus Kennedy puts it most graphically (see textbox), her argument is echoed by Emily O'Reilly (p 39), Liam Herrick (pp 113-114), and Diarmuid Ó Murchú (p 135).

So there is a need for radical new approaches to policy and management of Irish institutions. The brief to the contributors was to propose these and propose them they do – starting with Emily O'Reilly's idea for parliamentary reform: 'tinker-

ing with the nuts and bolts of government, in the absence of reforming our parliament, is not enough; it is to overlook the elephant in the corner' (p 45). Michael Starrett argues for new legislation, specifically a 'Landscape Ireland Act', to empower and enable local communities to take landscape and conservation management initiatives (p 196).

Some of the ideas are novel in public policy discourse. For example, Paul O'Hara, writing on innovation and enterprise, notes that while the infrastructure of support for private sector innovation is relatively well established in Ireland, 'the infrastructure for social innovation is non-existent by comparison' (p 101). O'Hara never defines what he means by 'social innovation', but his discussion of the role of 'empathy, creativity, resourcefulness, teamwork and leadership',

the 'central skills for building an innovation society', challenges conventional modes of thinking on this issue. Similarly Fr Harry Bohan's discussion of the need for a new approach to community development incorporates the best from Irish village cultures of the past (pp 51-2).

The chapter on Spirituality and Religion is the most annotated in my copy. Possibly the darkest chapter in the book – Diarmuid Ó Murchú acknowledges that his outlook is 'gloomy' (p 136) – it is also the best written. He argues: 'On par with every other European country, Ireland will become ever more diverse in its cultural and religious make-up.' (p 134).

He suggests Ireland is entering 'a dark night of the soul', involving 'a dying to all we held precious, to that which we deemed to be immortal and impervious to change' (p 135). He is particularly concerned with Mother (the Catholic) Church, even though in the immediate future (her) 'wisdom...is not likely to be of much use' (p 143). This is partly because the Church remains focussed on teaching children in ways inappropriate in a world of mass information. If the Church is to remain relevant, Ó Murchú argues, it will need three initiatives: adult faith development, reclaiming the wisdom of 'ancient' ritual-making, and the promotion by the Church of ethical governance.

Whatever one concludes about Ó Murchú's view, he, along with many of the other contributors to this work, puts his case persuasively. His experience give him considerable credibility – a characteristic shared by most other contributors. For this reason, *Aspirations for Ireland* is worth reading.

Bob Glass

Bob, the AIHN Secretary, has a long-term interest in public policy.

'Everywhere...there is fear,
anger and distrust... Our sense of
security is mortally shaken and
the public mood is set on blame,
scape-goating and vengeance.
There is a deep and sudden rift
between the people and those we
see as having failed us.'

Grotesque Vengeance, Wild-West style or Irish?

Martin McDonagh: *A Behanding in Spokane*.

**Directed by Peter Evans for the Melbourne Theatre Company,
5 Feb. To 19 March 2010.**

Martin McDonagh is a playwright I have kept my eyes on for many years. He has been a favourite on both the professional and amateur circuit in this city and readers are likely to have come across *The Beauty Queen of Leenane* or *A Skull in Connemara*. Indeed, this magazine has reviewed two of his plays in recent years – Heidelberg Little Theatre's production of the latter play, and *The Pillow-Man*, performed at The Malthouse.

Most of his plays to date have been set in the west of Ireland, and they pick up subject-matter popularised by the Abbey Theatre in its hey-day, and extend and modernise it, and up the ante in brutality. Dark and funny, one finds oneself being forced to think about the body in quite elemental ways. The focus on the Gothic in its embodied (or violently ruptured from the body - in this case, amputated hands) is another continuity. This new play, his first in 15 years, looks at first sight like a departure from this pattern, but with its central focus on revenge for past personal injuries, one can see that Ireland might be in his thoughts even while the American remote west setting, with its evocation of wild west and road movies, suggests otherwise.

Christina Smith's brilliant set gave us a very seedy room in a motel that was suspended in space in a red curtained box. It created all the chilling suspense of the best Gothic with its suggestion of remoteness, of being detached from the world. It was truly grotty with its damp marks high on the walls and a much-used fire-escape. The red curtains, an imaginative variation on a proscenium curtain, suggested the theatrical and the melodramatic, which it delivered on in spades.

It was a suspenseful thriller to its final moments, but different from Gothic in its grim humour, and the humour was not at the expense of the genre either (which it sometimes is). You wouldn't want, though, to be too picky about a plausible plot, as this play continually trespassed against credibility. Why, for instance, would an ex-crim be placed in charge of a motel as part of his civic rehabilitation? How and why were there so many hands in the central character's suitcase, and why did

they include babies' hands? Our set designer gave us hands in superabundance, a nice grisly touch. Why would their odour not be perceptible to anyone until they are discovered? In such ways McDonagh plays with one's mind.

The characterisation was intriguing: it involved four losers, one who had been deliberately mutilated as a child by having his hand amputated by a gang who pinned his hand to the train tracks. This shocking crime and its victim's response to it was

the central focus of the play – a demented, obsessive search for the missing hand. Colin Moody as Carmichael put in a superb performance – the intensity never let up as he strode around his domain in his grubby trench coat and terrorised those who would deceive and fleece him. Two other characters, played by Nicole da Silva and Bert LaBonté, were kids on the make using petty crime and dumb lies to survive at a low level of amenity, but definitely out of their league in the hands of the grim amputee. The fourth character, the manager of the motel and played engagingly

by Tyler Coppin, was the most interesting, the least driven, and the most able to connect. His ability to transform the situation simply by his courage, his facility with language, and staring down those who could be considered adversaries made for a satisfying ending.

The play did not seem to have a lot to say, though I have to say it did it entertainingly, but insofar as it did, it was the humanity that Melvyn was able to draw out of his would-be assassin that in the end humanised this quest for revenge. There was a very bizarre subplot involving a mother's phonecalls that also unstitched the amputee's excessively black/white value system, and Melvyn and the kids served to implement elements of this plot.

Although the play was not, to me, deep or meaningful, it was compelling as an entertainment, and it nonetheless raised questions about how one processes such irrational and impersonal violence, and how isolating and desiccating it is.

Frances Devlin-Glass

One can see
that Ireland
might be in
his thoughts



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Martyrs for the Faith or Mercenaries?

Colm McNaughton (Producer)

Freedom Denied: the Story of St Patrick's Battalion

A documentary for Radio, created for the Australian Broadcasting Corporation, Radio National, and broadcast on 13 April, 2011, available as podcast at <http://goo.gl/4lzBt>

President James Polk provoked a war with Mexico in 1846 with a view to annexing enormous tracts of land to the United States. At this time, Irish immigration was at its height, because of the Famine, causing intense anti-Irish discrimination. The only way for many new arrivals to attain American citizenship was to serve in the Army and these men (mostly Catholics) were then ordered south to attack a Catholic nation. On their march, they saw churches despoiled and civilians murdered; what happened next is well established, but this programme is more concerned with *why* it happened.

Several thousand conscripts, largely Irish but with some Scots and Germans, deserted to the Mexican side and formed the St Patrick's Battalion. Many of these men were highly trained soldiers whose marksmanship was so accurate that they even won against superior American artillery. It would be reasonable to say that it was only their presence and heroism that gave the Mexicans any chance against a vastly larger, better equipped army, notably at the battle of Buena Vista. As Commander John Reilly noted, it was the first time that they had fought under the green flag and they came close to winning, but General Santa Ana insisted on a withdrawal because his troops were exhausted.

Cuchulainn in St Kilda

Howie the Rookie, a play by Mark O'Rowe, Directed by Greg Carroll for Red Stitch Actors Theatre, March–April 2011, and seen on 15 April 2011. Text available at Google Books.

This play was a gob-stopper – a portrait in two monologues of two Dublin bottom-of-the-barrel boyos, Howie Lee and Rookie Lee (played by Paul Ashcroft and Tim Ross). Despite their marginality, they do not completely lack self-respect, and under the pelvic-thrusting bravado, there lurks a humanity which surprises. These are boyos on the rampage, engaging in lethal urban street brawls over minor issues, such as who introduced scabies to a blanket, but they are transformed in this non-naturalistic theatre piece into giants reminiscent of the ritual battles of the boy heroes of *Táin bó Cuailgne*. It is street and domestic violence on steroids. And these boys are alarmingly misogynist, though maybe Avalanche, Howie's girlfriend, may be admired for the flesh that fills three seats. Like the boyos, she is a giant.

Director Greg Carroll revived this prize-winner to mark the tenth anniversary of Red Stitch, an independent theatre company which is one of the most esteemed in Melbourne. They don't repeat plays, so to return to this one is indeed a tribute to Mark O'Rowe's writing for the theatre, which is theatre on steroids.

From the point of view of its Irishness and its place in the literary tradition, this play has a great deal to recommend it. Plays, films and fiction dealing with Dublin's underclass have proliferated since the 80s, and much of it has a social protest dimension and has been quite grim. This, however, is a little different in that it is an affectionate portrait of boys whom one imagines are totally

Some commentators argue that the Irish particularly were appalled at the anti-Catholic prejudice of the American forces, directed both against them and against Mexican churches. They may also have sympathised strongly with the plight of another nation being oppressed by a larger power. Others are absolutely certain that these men were purely and simply mercenaries who had fought in European armies before joining up in America. On reaching Mexico, they learned that Mexico paid better and simply transferred to what they would see as a better job. The difficulty with this argument, it seems to me, is that no well-trained mercenary would have given the Mexicans much chance of winning and you have to win before you can pay off your troops. These men undoubtedly were well-trained and inspiring effective warriors, but their motives remain unclear, even though there are some surviving letters from them.

American retribution was savage once they had won, with 50 St Patrick's Battalion men hanged immediately after the battle of Churrubusco, which ended the war. Of those allowed to live, many were mutilated and branded on the face for having the nerve to decide against the American way of life. The names of the executed are read aloud annually at the commemoration ceremony. Mexico's defeat resulted in the loss of large tracts of land, including California, to America.

Accompanied by stirring martial music and folk songs, this programme is beautifully produced and very thought-provoking about issues of loyalty, ethnicity and martial courage.

Felicity Allen

Felicity is Deputy Editor of Tinteán.

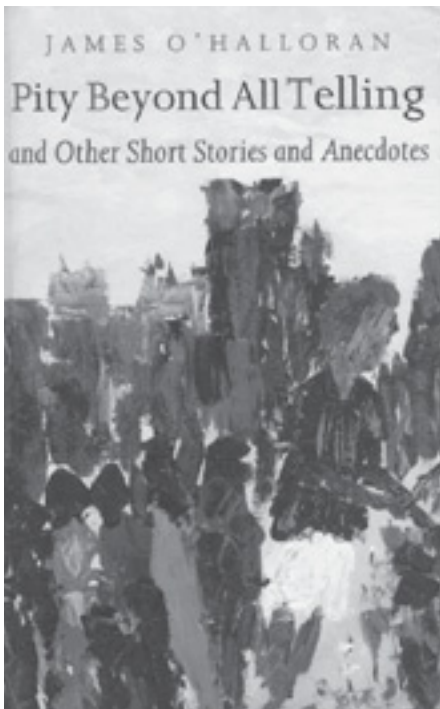
emotionally impoverished, only to be proved wrong. There's plenty of fun in the physical narcissism of the lads, both of whom were handsome and one an Elvis-lookalike (but brought into our own era), their plain but totally shocking vernacular, which often had the audience gasping at its audacity. I would dearly like to quote from the play, but would risk offence, so urge those readers who want to see Joyce and Beckett updated and recast in 90s language to have a look at the e-text (<http://goo.gl/dx3T9>).

The high-energy performance, with the boys leaping around in a highly choreographed way which amplified the hard-hitting text, was given sharpness and focus by Clare Springett's spit-spot lighting design. Ben Shaw's set was spartan but elegant for its purpose. It was easy to imagine both indoors and outdoors, loos and houses, with the use of just a few elements – a high wire fence, and an interior with a brutalist decorative motif of what looked like a spiky flower, which for me seemed to point to the boys' suppressed decency.

I was a tad critical of a lack of light and shade in delivery, and of accents. I often missed what Tim Ross was saying because the accent was so off the money, and enjoyed Paul Ashcroft's delivery a lot more because of its accuracy. Although totally in sympathy with the mock-heroic style, one needed more restful moments when the adrenalin levels were not quite as high. They rarely came. Nonetheless, a bold offering and one I'm very pleased to have seen. A day later, I was seeing a similar show at Malthouse, *Baal*, an early Brecht, and despite acres more money invested in it, it wasn't in the same class.

Frances Devlin-Glass

Frances has reviewed theatre since the early 1980s.



James O'Halloran
Pity Beyond All Telling and Other Short Stories and Anecdotes
 The Columba Press, Black Rock, Co Dublin, 2010
 (distributed by Rainbow Books, 303 Arthur Street, Fairfield, Vic 3078)
 ISBN: 9781856077088; RRP \$29.95.

Around the world in 80 compassions

If you don't like to look at the advertising when you choose a book, or give it only a cursory glance, since the spiel often spoils the unfolding of the story, or the surprises in between the pages, you will be free falling pleasantly into the unknown here. Without preamble, you find yourself down the rabbit hole, as it were, in the middle of James O'Halloran's reflections on his life experience thus far, and with no explanations as to how he arrived there.

As you wonder about who this man is proffering his insights, you find nuggets of his history sprinkled almost randomly through his series of vignettes. The book of 'snapshots in time' is set out in sections: Latin American Days, African Days, Avonree Days, Other Days. There are no dates, though the *mise-en-scène* often provides the clues.

The first story, 'Eccentrics All', begins 'I had only two encounters with Padre José Larumbe in my life, but each is etched graphically in my mind.' and ends with the reader developing a curiosity about the tale-teller; though not yet much the wiser, other than

presuming O'Halloran is a travelling priest. It is not until the last third of the book that O'Halloran reveals, almost as an aside, that his first priestly appointment was to Malta.

The tale, 'Ghosts II', has a well-observed and truly eerie first-hand experience of the spirit world. After an unruly scene in a friend's hotel, he blessed the building. Unfortunately, his technique meant the spirit followed him overseas as he began his new work. His matter-of-fact recounting of what his friend initially regarded as pishogues, before he bought the hotel, and the O'Halloran's family's exposure to the inexplicable, and his own experience, adds to the frisson.

Journeying along via the frame into these vivid snapshots, you discover James O'Halloran is an insightful, compassionate man with a well-developed social conscience. A fine discrimination takes the place of any harsh judgment re mores not his own. He exposes the foibles of his fellow humans, his leaders and church, and displays, moreover, a wit both gentle and mordant. His tale of walking out of the confession box, in response to a deaf and punitive priest, and back into view of a roomful of waiting penitents, draws a rueful shrinking and an admiring empathy from the reader.

Brendan Kenneally, in his introduction, considers Jim O'Halloran's pieces 'moving and authentic...coming from his own experience which is rich and deep.' Certainly, there is a real sense of authentic scene-setting and dialogue. Up mountains, down dales, inside the heads of beings from other cultures, as interpreted by our guide, you never know where the writer is going to immerse you next. At each tale end, you feel as if you had been there yourself.

The stories and their gentle pace certainly have their charm in his demonstrably calm, well-travelled and tolerant acceptance of every human foible, in his gentle rebellion against life's slings and arrows.

Debra Vaughan

Debra is a genealogist and a writer, and has an interest in local history. Her Irish interests are focussed on the famine orphan in her own family, Sarah O'Malley, who is one of many memorialised by the Famine Rock at Williamstown.



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A Performance to Cherish

***Celtic Thunder, The Show*, DVD of musical performance, recorded live in Mahony Hall, The Helix, Dublin, 2008. Recently shown on SBS and available through the ABC Shops and other good bookstores. ISBN: 0602517665637 : RRP: \$30.**

Every so often an absolutely first class music production appears on TV and, subsequently, a DVD of the show is released. As subscribers and other readers of *Tinteán* are interested in Ireland and matters Irish, this is a 'must-see' DVD.

On one Saturday afternoon late last year, by chance I selected the SBS channel midway through a spectacular performance of 'Celtic Thunder, The Show' featuring five male singers, completely unknown to me. I bought the DVD of the show and, subsequently, several more copies for family and friends.

The performance was conceived and created by Sharon Browne (Producer) and the famous Phil Coulter (Musical Director, and composer of the original material). They held several auditions in Dublin and Derry to choose five singers, each accomplished artists in their own right and each with a distinctive voice. The singers were Paul Byrom (Dublin), Ryan Kelly (Tyrone), Keith Harkin and Damian McGinty (both from Derry), and George Donaldson (Glasgow). Damian McGinty was fourteen when the show was recorded. Most of the time they sang solo, but there were a number of occasions when two or more sang together.

The song selection was a mixture of familiar Celtic numbers, including 'Steal Away', 'Mountains of Mourne', 'The Old Man', 'Yesterday's Men', 'Mull of Kintyre' and 'Caledonia',

and a number of more popular songs, such as 'Desperado', 'I Want to Know What Love Is', 'She' and 'Brothers in Arms', together with some original songs composed by Phil Coulter especially for the show. The latter included some haunting lyrics. For example, I particularly liked 'The Voyage', which included words such as 'Life is an ocean, love is a boat./In troubled waters it keeps us afloat' and 'When we started this voyage there was just me and you./Now gathered round us we have our own crew'. Also, there was the beautiful 'A Bird Without Wings' sung by Damian McGinty who later almost stole the show with his performance of the Neil Anka's 'Puppy Love'. The highlight of the show was the five singers giving a stirring rendition of the anthem song, 'Ireland's Call' (written by Phil Coulter), which is the theme song of Ireland's national rugby and cricket teams.

Clearly this was a performance which was enjoyed by both the participants and the audience. On a number of occasions even the musicians are seen to be admiring the performers. Their enjoyment is infectious.

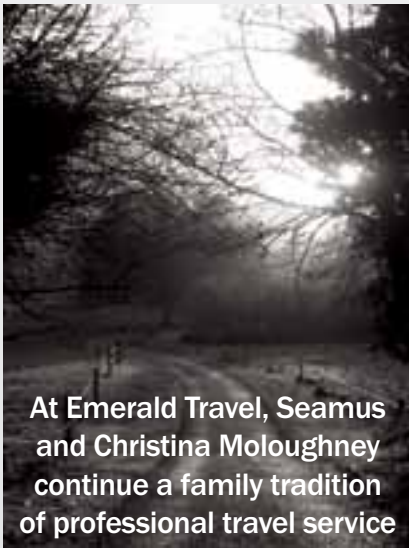
Subsequent to publishing this DVD, in 2010 Celtic Thunder held another performance live at the Casino Rama Entertainment Centre in Ontario, Canada. The DVD of this latter performance has just been released in Australia under the title 'Celtic Thunder, Take Me Home'. This DVD contains most of the songs from the original. Unfortunately, however, Damian McGinty's voice was breaking at the time and his contribution was not as strong on this occasion.

Kevin Ryan is a *Tinteán* subscriber with abiding interests in most things musical and most things Irish.



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Pink elephant?

An *Elephant Called Rex* is the first children's book written by Tony Curtis, a regular contributor to the poetry pages of *Tinteán*.

Chloe Elizabeth McNena is a grade-two student, who enjoys reading, writing, and playing with her sister Lily, her Granny, Meg, and her dog, who isn't called Dumbo.

Can (elifint
called Rex)
I think next
time it shod
have Some more
Colour In the
book Can the
called Rex elifint
just the front of
the Book But
I like the way
in the kite witen
and it was funny

Some of the
words are a bit
hard to read
I like the
front cover of
the book I like
the way it was
witen in poems
not just an story
abt an elephant
named Rex.
by Chloe McNena
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