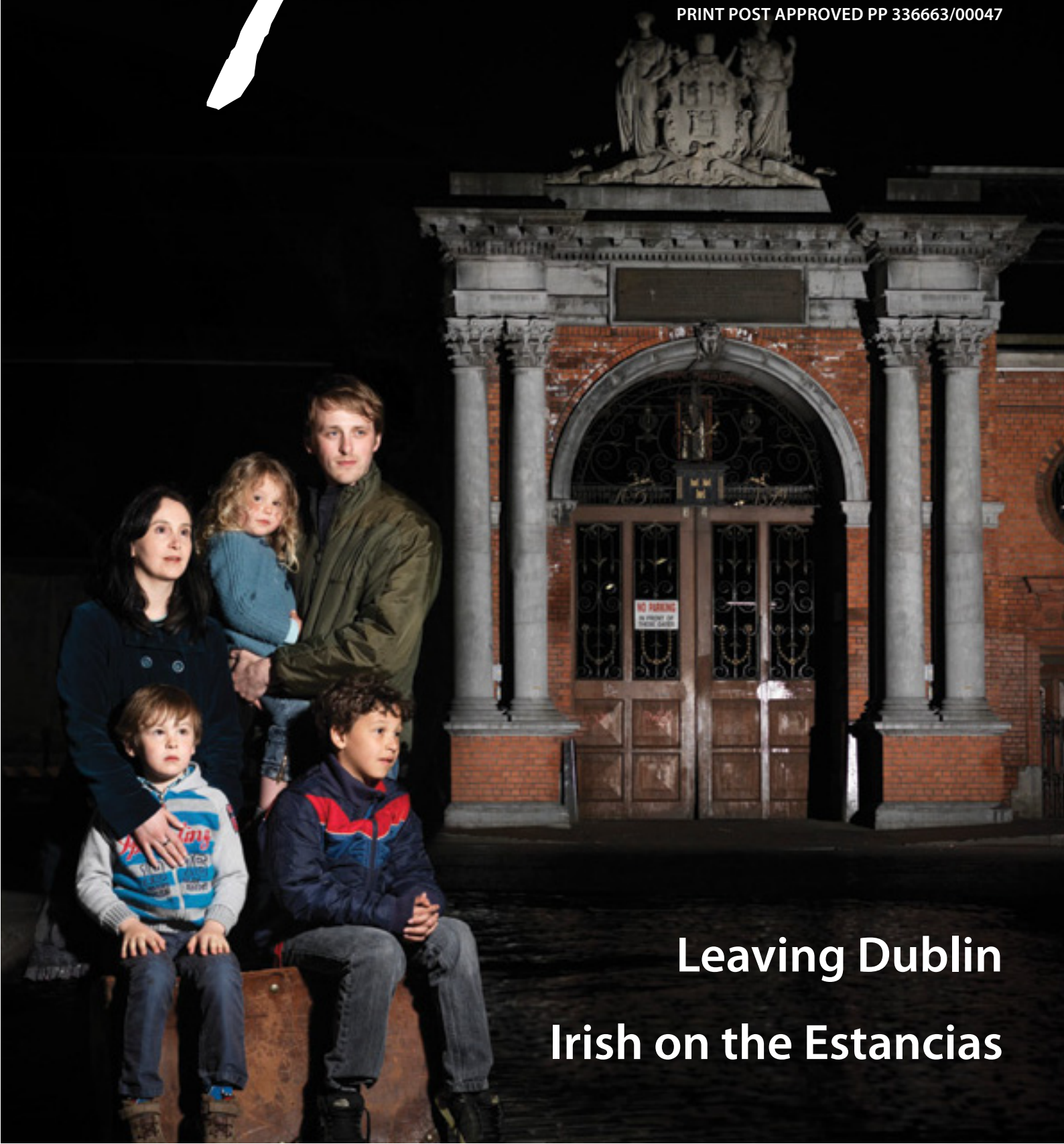


Tinteán

THE AUSTRALIAN IRISH HERITAGE NETWORK

No 19, March 2012

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Leaving Dublin

Irish on the Estancias

**CELEBRATE
ST. PATRICK'S DAY
SATURDAY
17 MARCH 2012
AT P.J.O'BRIEN'S**

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Tinteán No 19, March 2012

Tinteán is a publication of the Australian Irish Heritage Network

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Cover

Tom, Nina, Isaac, Kael and Sophia Scott: a family reluctantly making preparations to move to the U.K. Photo from David Monahan's 'Leaving Dublin' project.

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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-Aus-

tralian 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: Rob Butler

Committee Members: Felicity Allen, Liz McKenzie

Letters

Canon Turner

The present issue of *Tinteán* was probably the best I have read.

In the discussion of the presidential candidates, the comments in regard to Martin McGuinness were very insightful, someone who had experience of living there.

The book review of retired Canon Turner caught my attention, as I knew him well during my three years in Belfast at Columbans Community with Fr. Michael Hurley. Twice on Good Friday, I preached at the Seven Last Words of the Passion at Edgar's church, St. George's, High Street. And when he and Joan were returning from New Zealand, I met them in the Transit Lounge at Tullamarine. If possible, I'd like to read the book of essays on Edgar T. some time in the New Year.

F. Malcolm Crawford,

St. Finbar's Catholic Parish, Brighton East.

(We were glad to send to Fr. Crawford that book of essays- Ed.)

A gold mine of history

I received the December copy of *Tinteán* and have enjoyed reading it from cover to cover. Your review of the book on Canon Edgar Turner of Belfast was very interesting and informative. One rarely reads positive accounts of Church of Ireland pastors unfortunately.

Where do your contributors get such interesting topics? Ireland is a gold mine of history.

**Sr. Loretta Brennan, CSB,
Nairobi, Kenya.**

Thank you

I am writing to thank all at *Tinteán* for the wonderful coverage you gave 'Not Just Ned' in the pages of the last two editions. Naturally, I was more than grateful both on my own behalf and on behalf of the National Museum of Australia. We had excellent press coverage throughout the land (and great attendance figures) but such support from an Irish-Australian magazine of quality was something special.

It has been a big year for me. Not only did the exhibition, and two attendant publications, see the light, but Anchor Books published my doctoral thesis of twenty years ago – *Farewell My Children: Irish Assisted Emigration to Australia, 1848-1870*. I had a few more months with the NMA to see the end of the exhibition and I then returned to my old position as Senior Historian with the Department of Veterans' Affairs.

**Richard Reid
Farrer, ACT**

Concerts in Bendigo.

I feel that in the light of the review of 'A Celtic Odyssey' concert in the December edition of *Tinteán*, certain distinctions need to be clarified. In the past seven years I have presented seven concerts in Bendigo, some of them being presented for the Bendigo Irish Association. These concerts have represented a two-tier system: major event concerts and ordinary concerts. The 'major event concerts' were distinguished by specific features such as:

- being presented to commemorate the life and achievements of a particular Irish or Irish associated artist;
- being held in the spectacular surroundings of either The Shamrock Hotel, or the Bendigo Bank (Capitol) Theatre;
- featuring paid professional performers and some amateur/

student performers;

- receiving grants from the City of Greater Bendigo, the Irish Embassy, and other sponsors;
- employing the services of a paid stage manager;
- inviting VIPs to attend.

The ordinary concerts were distinguished by: being based on a theme (jazz, operetta, etc.) were held at the Old Fire Station, Bendigo; no performers or the stage manager were paid; no grants were applied for or received; no VIPS were invited to them. These events were fund raising concerts for certain charities, including: flood and bushfire appeals; the Sacred Heart Cathedral Pipe Organ Restoration Fund, and the Wallace Commemorations.

The concert 'A Celtic Odyssey' was an ordinary concert, and fulfilled all the above criteria. I must say that I forgot to tell Val Noone this before he attended the concert and wrote up his draft review. A couple of the performers, particularly Meryl Wilkinson, harpist and singer of songs in Irish and Scottish Gaelic, were professional. The use of a continuity person, rather than a paid stage manager, helped the concert to flow pretty seamlessly. So an audience member or a reviewer could be forgiven for thinking that it was more a major event concert! I trust this will clarify the situation regarding future concerts which I present.

**John Clancy
Bendigo**

William Vincent Wallace Bicentenary Concert

I was delighted to read in the December edition of *Tinteán* that John Clancy is presenting a William Vincent Wallace bicentenary concert in September. My husband and I attended a concert to honour my great, great aunt, Amy Sherwin, the Tasmanian Nightingale, in Bendigo in November 2009. It was a great occasion as no concert to honour her had ever been presented in Australia. Wallace's Maritana had been one of her great roles. My cousins, Lyall Duke and Kathleen Gilmour, who also attended, found it a marvellous tribute to her as so much planning and research had gone into the production. It involved acting, mime, narrative, music and song. It was presented as if Amy, then in a nursing home in London and at the end of her life, was recounting her past to a young nurse. John Clancy wove the characters and the music together in a most charming way.

It was a most professional production and the performance of soprano, Jennifer Schatzle, was wonderful. I understand the then Federal Member for Denison in Hobart wrote to the City of Greater Bendigo to thank it for this enterprise honouring a great Tasmanian. The Embassy of Ireland also generously supported it.

I understand that John Clancy is considering a similar semi-dramatic approach to the William Vincent Bicentenary Concert. I am sure that John's talents and expertise, as well as the singers, narrator, and musicians involved, will make it a great and fitting memorial concert for this most famous of Irish composers. I trust that the Irish and artistic communities in Melbourne will come out and support such an historic occasion. I will consider travelling from Tasmania to attend.

William Vincent Wallace could not ask for a more fitting tribute than this concert considering the several years he spent in NSW and Tasmania.

Judith A Bowler,
Author of 'Amy Sherwin, The Tasmanian Nightingale', Hobart, Tasmania

The end for *Tinteán*?

While *Tinteán* continues to attract praise from wide sources for the quality of the magazine and the enjoyment it provides to its readers, our financial position is precarious. Our subscription income and the support from our loyal advertisers is simply not enough to support our ongoing production beyond the next issue or so.

The production of a quality magazine, following the popularity of *Táin*, was made possible only by personal loans and donations from the small band of individuals who have brought the magazine to you, together with further generous donations from subscribers. Additionally, two years ago, we received a most generous grant from the Eldon Hogan Trust. The original loans to the *Tinteán* team have been repaid in full but we are surviving only on the generosity of our donors who continue to make valuable contributions to supplement our subscription income.

After receipt of advertising and

subscription income, our annual loss on production of the magazine is currently in the order of \$10,000. Although the full rate of subscription falls far short of meeting our actual costs, your committee has resisted the temptation to seek increases in subscription rates as this would disadvantage significant numbers of our readers. Clearly, this annual deficit cannot be overcome simply by an increase in the number of subscribers.

We pay no wages and our volunteers give up much of their time, not to mention travelling expenses to produce the magazine. The office, provided at no cost to us by the Melbourne Celtic Club, is staffed on an intermittent basis by two committee members, a couple of gentleman of advancing years who undertake not just essential clerical duties but the physical labour of lugging and loading heavy boxes of magazines and postal bins although they should know better!

So, why do we do it? The answer,

simply, is that we enjoy it. We feel privileged to be part of the community the magazine has created around the world, sharing a passion about Australian-Irish history and culture as well as contemporary issues in Ireland and of the Irish diaspora (*we have no shortage of contributors on these subjects! Ed.*). But however much we enjoy the intellectual and social stimulation of producing the magazine, financing it is becoming more and more difficult.

Your managing committee are currently examining ways of extending our life as the major publication for Australians of Irish heritage but it is possible that *Tinteán*, in its present printed form, could well cease after the next (June 2012) issue. Should this happen, provision has been made to refund unused portions of annual subscriptions paid as we are conscious of our debt to our loyal subscribers. We hope to bring you further news – unhappily not necessarily good – in the next issue.

The AIHN Editorial Committee

Betjeman in Ireland

Frank O'Shea's article on the English poet John Betjeman's time in Ireland during the Second World War (*Tinteán* December 2011) is filled with stuff about hanging out with writers and cardinals. He also conjectures on the paradoxical concept that Betjeman, an oft-times unworldly aesthete, was a British spy in neutral Ireland.

However, I am astonished to see that O'Shea makes no mention at all about one of the main tasks Betjeman fulfilled there at the time, which was to inspect the churches of the Church of Ireland for an official report. In his 1943 address to the clergymen of that church, 'Fabrics of the Church of Ireland', Betjeman says, 'There are, I suppose, about 1400 Church of Ireland places of worship here. Of these I have only had time to get at the history of 656.' He apologises to the Anglican clergymen that he has been unable therefore to classify 614 fabrics. This, it appears, is what the poet was doing when not drinking with Flann O'Brien at the Palace Bar, socialising with the Pakenhams, or politicking with Archbishop John McQuaid to speak out to protect the Polish Catholics from the Nazis.

Betjeman is already in full flight on subjects for which he is now renowned: church architecture, historical continuity, and heritage protection. Such is his passion for these buildings that he decries as tragic the fact that in every diocese 'at least one eighteenth-century church has been demolished within living memory and almost every other has been despoiled of its fittings i.e. 'improved' also within living memory.' He argues stridently for protection of High Anglican arrangement and design. Betjeman looked at churches from all periods, from Gothic to Gothic revival. As well as the fabric, i.e., the building materials, he is interested in furnishings, plate, woodwork, hangings, frontals, galleries, organs, and glass. He goes into elaborate detail,

leaving one with the impression that he did little else while in Ireland. The paper is reprinted in 'Coming Home: an anthology of prose', edited by his daughter Candida Lycett Green.

The best account of the poet's stay is found in 'Letters, Volume One', where the editor, again his daughter, explains that Betjeman's main job was as Press Attaché to the British Ambassador: 'His brief was to further the rather shaky relationship between the two countries, many of the Irish being pro-German.' In fact it was what has been called a 'charm offensive'. Much as I enjoy Frank O'Shea's portrait of the poet motoring around Ireland, it revisits the mistaken premise that John Betjeman was simply an English *littérateur* with the right connections. Whereas 'Fabrics of the Church of Ireland' shows him to be a man of acute observation, dedication and intelligence, working tirelessly on things he believed in, and for whom poetry was just one of many permanent preoccupations.

Why an IRA member was sent to shoot Betjeman is anyone's guess, including possibly the IRA man himself, who had later gone to the trouble of reading some of the poetry and decided Betjeman couldn't be a spy. A favourite story concerns Betjeman's determination to learn Gaelic while in Ireland. He became enthusiastic, as with most things, writing letters in the local language and trying out new phrases on people in the bus going to work. They would help him out and he became quite proficient, plainly the sort of behaviour we would expect from a top-level operator in espionage.

Philip Harvey, Macleod, Victoria

Philip Harvey is Poetry editor of Eureka Street, and the Librarian at the Carmelite Library in Middle Park.

Together with Dr William Johnston, Philip will give a public lecture on John Betjeman on 10th May 2012 at St Peter's Church, Eastern Hill, Melbourne.

What's on

The Echuca Moama Celtic Festival for 2012

16 -18 March 2012

The Echuca Moama Celtic Festival for 2012 will be held over the St Patrick's Day weekend – 16 -18 March.

With St. Patrick's Day in the middle of the Festival we will be making this a feature in our Festival.

The Chairman of the board and a board member of the St Patrick Centre in Down Patrick Ireland will be in attendance and will conduct a workshop on St Patrick and the work of the Centre. There will also be an exhibition on the Centre and the work it does. This will be the first time members of the Centre have visited Australia and we feel privileged to have them at our Festival.

Robert Arnold, Festival Coordinator
Phone 54823817 Mobile 0400563399

Scoil Gheimhridh Sydney 2012

8 -11 June 2012

Join us on the June long weekend for the Scoil Gheimhridh Sydney 2012, a weekend of Irish language and craic. Attend language classes, learn Irish dance, tin whistle, Irish songs and poetry during the day, and enjoy evenings with a table quiz, guest speakers and concert followed by late night sessions.

The live-in school is open to adults: complete newcomers to the Irish language; those who want to refresh their Irish, eg. those who learnt it at school; fluent people who want to converse in Irish and help others learn in small classes at five levels to suit everyone's skills.

The Scoil is generously supported by the Emigrant Support Program of the Department of Foreign Affairs in Ireland.

Áine McGeown, Rúnaí, 0419 842 686,
email: ilss@IrishLanguageSchoolSydney.org.au

Bloomsday in Melbourne presents Big Maggie

A classic of modern Irish Theatre
Two performances only: 7:30pm 27 April & 3pm 29 April
Celtic Club, Melbourne. Bookings essential.
Book online at www.bloomsdayinmelbourne.org.au

Wallace Commemorative Concert

09 September 2012

The William Vincent Wallace Bicentenary Concert will take place in Bendigo on Sunday 09 September 2012 at the Capitol Theatre. The Bendigo Concert has received a generous grant from the City of Greater Bendigo (CGB).

The CGB has also awarded the concert a generous Bendigo Bank Theatre subsidy, the Bendigo Bank Theatre being part of the Capitol complex. Among the features of this subsidy are the services of the professional Capitol staff as front of house staff and a professional lighting technician.

It is hoped to stage another performance at The Celtic Club Queen St Melbourne on Sunday 16 September 2012. However this will require a Melbourne based sub-committee to organise the concert. Volunteers needed!

John A Clancy, Artistic Director,
ovens.town@hotmail.com or tel: 54426649

Bloomsday 16 June, 2012

Emancipating Molly. Details to be confirmed.
www.bloomsdayinmelbourne.org.au

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 20 May 2012 at 3 pm

Agenda items will be confined to approval of the minutes of the 2011 Annual General Meeting, receipt of reports, approval of applications for membership and election of office holders for 2012–2013.

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, 22 February 2012

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

Irish economic news

Views on the immediate future for the Irish economy are mixed. In their publication, 'Economic Eye', the giant accounting firm Ernst and Young forecast that Ireland will slowly emerge from recession in 2012. Growth rates will be about 1% and job numbers will show little change. This recovery, in other words, will be the sort only detectable by trained accountants equipped with electron microscopes; average punters will think the recession is still on. That's Ernst and Young for you – optimists to their boot heels – John Drennan of the Independent is convinced that '.. the ongoing fiscal illiteracy..' of the Irish Department of Finance as revealed in Fine Gael's first budget will completely stymie Ireland's recovery.

The continuing need to service an enormous debt is the main drag on Irish economic growth. Ireland's national debt is over 100% of gross domestic production, far above the 60% required by the European Stability and Growth Pact. Only Italy and Greece have higher debt figures. The interest rate on the bailout package is 5% – markedly above the forecast growth rate of about 1% – so the government's ability to contain debt is dubious. The interest rate will probably be cut, accompanied by 'haircuts' on some of the debt, if only to prevent the country's entire income going on servicing debts.

Little job creation is expected in the longer term (2012-2020). Migration and early retirement have already reduced the Irish labour force by 100,000 people; not a good long term outlook.

Despite the day to day economic uncertainty, the search for scapegoats continues and the conclusions are as mixed as the predictions for the future. Enda Kenny let the cat out of the bag at last week's Davos economic summit saying that the Irish bubble had burst because '..people went mad with borrowing.' He continued 'The extent of personal credit, personal wealth created on credit, was done between people and banks – a system that spawned greed to a point where this went out of control completely with a spectacular crash.' These comments have led to uproar because they contradicted Kenny's televised speech last December assuring viewers that the crash was '.. not your fault.' Seeking support for an austerity budget, he was then content to blame the whole mess on the builders, speculators and bankers.

Debate continues on who was really to blame, but a loan requires two parties; a borrower as well as a lender, not to mention successive Fianna Fáil governments spending money like water and setting the scene for the good times to roll. Few voices were raised shouting 'Stop!' while Bertie Ahern created the most generous social welfare system in Europe. In his current job as politician, Kenny may find that speaking the truth is not an admired attribute, but it does not mean what he said is wrong. People probably have more right to be outraged with what the banks did after the boom than what they did before it happened. Despite receiving millions of taxpayer dollars, Irish banks continue to infuriate their customers (taxpayers mostly!) by refusing to lend to small and medium firms and charging high fees for small overdrafts.

There's certainly no sense of a people pulling together to get themselves out of the appalling economic difficulties they find themselves in.

Compiled from: guardian.co.uk, The Independent, www.accountancy.ireland

**Felicity Allen,
Deputy Editor, Tinteán**

Lalor Chieftan in Victoria

The Chieftain of the O Leatlobair Clan (Lalor/Lawlor/Lawler) exclaimed after her first day in Ballarat visiting the Eureka sites: "This is the happiest day of my life."

Margot Coogan, the first incumbent Lalor Chieftain ever to visit Australia, was born in Killeaney, near Shanahoe in County Laois. Her grandmother was Sarah Lalor, the daughter Patrick Lalor, a brother of Eureka's Peter Lalor. Unfortunately because all the early records were destroyed in Ireland, Margot knows very little about Patrick but is passionate about the history of James Fintan Lalor and the events of Eureka.

'I always wanted to come to Australia and follow Peter Lalor's footsteps to Eureka. Two days after being elected chieftain I made my travel arrangements for Australia,' Margot said. 'Ballarat has everything – it is just so beautiful. I had to stop and pause in the Commemorative Circle and reflect on the history created there.'

Ballarat was so beautiful that Margot spent six days there and met a number of people involved in the Eureka movement.

She also visited the Loreto Sisters Mary's Mount Convent where Peter Lalor's granddaughter, Dorothy Lalor (Mother Madeleine) was a nun and prominent music teacher and composer.

'I stood at the statue in Ballarat of the man with the one arm – the man I am so proud of,' Margot continued.

In Melbourne she laid a wreath on the Lalor grave at the Melbourne General Cemetery and placed three small pebbles on the grave from the Well of St Fintan (County Laois), a local shrine probably visited many times by Peter and James Fintan as children.

Speaking about the economic situation in Ireland the chieftain said that after the Celtic Tiger came, ran wild with money and produced so much greed, the ordinary people are now left to pay for the massive bail out.

'They are faced with a broken economy that they did not cause. People struggle to live. There is little employment and too many are immigrating to Australia and Canada. The ordinary people are suffering yet again. If James Fintan Lalor was alive today he would be angry about the injustice being suffered by the Irish people,' she said.

At home Margot is a keen walker, historian and lover of classical music. She organised the first ever performance of Handel's Messiah in St Fintan's Church Mountrath.

She recalls going to the parish church at Raheen, near Tinakill, the Lalor homestead, for the Corpus Christi Procession with her mum and dad in a trap pulled by a pony.

Peter Phips

Peter is a descendant of Peter Lalor and a regular contributor to Tinteán

News

New Irish Ambassador

The new Irish ambassador, Noel White, hails from Carlow. He has a law degree from Trinity College, Dublin and qualified as a barrister before embarking on a distinguished career in the Department of Foreign Affairs.

Mr White formerly served in Brussels and was one of the chief organisers of the state visits to Ireland by Britain's Queen Elizabeth and United States president Barack Obama in May 2011

He is married to Nessa Delaney and the couple have three children. As well as being Ambassador to Australia, Mr. White will also be responsible for diplomatic relations with New Zealand, Fiji, the Solomon Islands and Papua New Guinea.
Compiled from the Carlow Nationalist

Truth and reconciliation – can you have both?

Barra McGrory, Northern Ireland's director of public prosecutions, has joined in the long-running debate on how to deal with the legacy of the Troubles. Some victims want prosecutions in unsolved murders and others are asking how and why loved ones died. Before becoming director of public prosecutions, McGrory was a high profile defence lawyer and the son of Paddy McGrory who represented the families of the three unarmed IRA members shot dead by security forces in Gibraltar. McGrory himself represented the family of sectarian murder victim Robert Hamill, which raised questions of wrongdoing by the security forces.

He has argued strongly to the Northern Ireland human rights watchdog that the past must be dealt with. He believes that society needs to confront the past even though this may require allocation

of more resources to prosecutors and investigators and whether or not people are ready for a solution outside the prosecutorial system. McGrory believes that the will to confront the issues is lacking at the moment because of "... the enormity of the decisions that have to be taken."

Compiled from: The Irish Times 2.2.12

Ireland loses another generation

Lack of jobs in Ireland is once more leading to the loss of an entire generation of young workers. Rates of Irish settlement in Australia have been rising steadily since 2008. While we benefit from the inflow of highly educated skilled migrants, Ireland is once again becoming a land of old people. In contrast, Greek settlement has remained steady. Philomena Murray, an expert on Europe at the University of Melbourne said that, unlike Greece, Ireland had a highly efficient economy and a good education system before the crash. The change people experienced in moving suddenly from living in a country of high productivity to one of low employment was very shocking for them and motivated many to leave.

Compiled from: The Age 23.1.12

13th Lake School: it was fun!

About 180 students and their families descended on Koroit for the 13th Lake School. Very hot weather on the first two days may have deterred some people from making the trip and numbers were slightly down on 2011, although the smooth running of the event continued where it left off the previous year. The space in the program for socialising boosted the time available for dancing and the ceilidh dancing was a highlight of this year's event

with many people commenting, 'we loved the dancing, it was fun'.

Other highlights from the week included the *Op Shop Ball* at Crossley and the Concert with the *Simon Bradley Trio* (Scottish touring group) and *Six At The Crossroads* (Paddy O'Neill Award group), Brian Mooney's *Art Exhibition Launch*, Fiona McAlinden's *Irish Breadmaking Class*, *The Zombie Movie* by Ray and Lewis Argall with the Lake School Youth, Vince Brophy's *Pub Band*, and the *Spud Poets' Night* featuring the launch of Bill Clohesy's poems, *Just A Bit of Craic*. Once the breeze from the South West kicked in and the weather cooled, the sessions under the veranda at Mickey Bourke's Pub took off, and every night featured great sessions led by Paddy Fitzgerald (accordion), Tommy Carty (DADGAD guitar), Jack Brennan (uilleann pipes), Nicky Kramer (fiddle), Maria Forde (vocals). The *Songwriters' Concert* on the final night showcased eighteen songwriters including a song by Katy Addis (about raising her son) that had the audience in tears. *The Big Tune* this year was *Waltzing Matilda*, chosen to coincide with the release of songwriting tutor, Dennis O'Keeffe's book on the subject in April, and the photo below was taken just after the final chorus. *The Mogyum Award* went to Peter Daffy (Guitar Basics tutor) and Rachel Donovan who turned back from Panmure to look for Ewen Baker (fiddle tutor) mistakenly believed to have had car troubles in the heat!

Quote of the week: 'If you are looking for love, come to our slow sessions.' Mark McDonnell. Mark and Lisa McDonnell's slow sessions at the Commercial Hotel and the Kirkstall Hotel attracted big crowds to their three sessions during the week!

Felix Meagher

Come and Experience Our Irish Hospitality – Multi Award Winning Venue



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Friday & Saturday 12pm – 5pm, Sunday 11am – 5pm

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Friday & Saturday 5pm – 10pm, Sunday 5pm – 9pm

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Bolg an tSoláthair/ Odds & Ends

Centenary of Molly O'Donnell: craft worker, organiser & mother

On Friday 9 December 2011 my wife Mary Doyle and I, together with a group of her family and friends, held a low-key but heartfelt commemoration of the centenary of the death of Molly O'Donnell née Mary Anne Bruen, a remarkable leader of the Irish Australian community in Victoria.

Molly's Irish-born parents, Peter Bruen and Catherine Taylor, lived in Faraday Street, Carlton, and for some years had a hotel in Swanston Street opposite the old Queen Victoria hospital. For a short time they tried their luck on the Otago goldfields in New Zealand where Molly was born, the fourth of ten children. While Molly was still a baby they came back to Melbourne.

She excelled at school, trained as a singer, learned many craft skills, was an Irish-speaker and important in the Irish-language revival movement, as well as being a key organiser of Home Rule meetings, not to mention being a wife and mother. A glimpse of her role in Melbourne comes from knowing that she was the inaugural President of the past pupils' association of the Academy of Mary Immaculate, Fitzroy, a secondary school staffed by the Sisters of Mercy.

In 1884 she married Nicholas O'Donnell, a Bullengarook-born doctor, soon to become one of Australia's best known Gaelic scholars and community leaders. They had nine children, five of whom died as babies.

Throughout 1911 Molly and her husband Nicholas O'Donnell lived with the knowledge that she had a fatal illness. Nonetheless, they both laboured hard in organising a successful tour of Australia in May by Home Rule delegates Richard Hazelton, William Redmond and JT Donovan. Some 100 letters and 61 meetings were involved. She died at home on 9 December, aged 47. Her youngest child, Manus, was 11.

An *Advocate* obituary said in part: 'Born of a patriotic Roscommon father and a Galway mother, Mrs O'Donnell inherited many of the characteristic virtues of the Gael. She loved the traditions of Ireland's golden age. Her Celtic costume sets at various balls and socials were always unique and much admired. Her stalls at many bazaars portrayed the same national love for Celtic art and ornament. At one time she would be constructing an arch with a prayer in the Gaelic as a votive offering to the statue of St Patrick in St

Mary's for the saint's feast day. Again, we would find her engaged on bannerettes with Gaelic mottoes.'

Missing murals

A set of murals painted by John Hennessy, installed in her memory in the chapel of the Irish saints at St Mary's West Melbourne, have since been covered over. The paintings illustrated incidents in the lives of Saints Patrick, Brigid and Columcille. Co-Adjutor archbishop Daniel Mannix was among those present at the unveiling of the murals in December 1913. Morgan Jageurs read a message from William Redmond on behalf of the Irish Parliamentary Party. A number of her friends of other faiths joined her family and Catholic friends for the event. A plaque saying that 'in her memory the chapel has been dedicated by the Irish Nationalists of Melbourne' remains at the side of the chapel.

The *Advocate* report of her funeral says: 'She was admittedly one of the best exponents of Irish music in the State, and trained her daughter, Miss Sheila O'Donnell, and her three sons, Nicholas, Leo, and Manus, to emulate her love for Ireland's native music. Miss O'Donnell now worthily fills her mother's place on the public platform, and has rendered good service to many a Catholic and National entertainment. ...

'The church and grounds were thronged with people, whilst numerous vehicles were ranged along the roadside for a considerable distance away. Mr CJ Stebbing marshalled a large number of the men of the parish in processional order, who were followed by a fine body of the present and past pupils of the North Melbourne Christian Brothers' college, in charge of the Superior, Brother Geoghegan, and his assistant Brothers. After these came the clergy, the hearse and the mourning coaches, and about one hundred vehicles.' The *Advocate* gives a list of prominent people present: a bishop, some members of parliament, a future premier, representatives of many community organisations.

'As an evidence of the widespread sympathy felt for Dr O'Donnell, no less than three hundred telegrams and letters were received from all parts of the Commonwealth and abroad.'

On 9 December 2011 we visited three important sites, her grave in Melbourne General Cemetery, her former home in Victoria Street, North Melbourne, and the chapel dedicated to her memory in St



Mary's Catholic Church, West Melbourne. Then we adjourned for a meal at the Celtic Club. Molly's clan were represented by Brennans, Moyles, Heriots, Coles, Rosses, O'Donnells, Wilsons and Riccis with apologies from Neeshams, Woods, and more of the O'Donnells. The friends present included the 2012 Nicholas O'Donnell fellow, Dr Nicholas Wolf from Virginia, USA. We were privileged to join in honouring Molly O'Donnell, a fine Irish Australian.

Courtship and marriage: extracts from Nicholas O'Donnell's autobiography

About June 1880 I made the acquaintance of the girl whom I afterwards married. Jack McGlynn brought me to Bruens' in Faraday St Carlton on the evening of the day that Ned Kelly was captured at Glenrowan and there I was introduced to the mother, father and daughter. The boys of the family I had already met at St Patricks College. ...

Some time probably about 1882 I began to pay attention to a young lady also who lived in Faraday St Carlton, Miss Bruen, who afterwards became my wife. Probably about 1883 my visits to that hospitable home became more frequent and regular. My dearest girl Miss Bruen, or Molly as I now came to call her, went away for a trip to Gippsland with FC Mason MLA and his wife Josephine O'Brien and others on a concert tour for RC Church purposes sometime in the winter of this year. They were away over a fortnight. I corresponded with Molly while she was away.

So these years passed away on hard study, some jollification and the constant society of my only Molly till the end of the year when I passed my fifth year triumphantly and became a legally qualified medical man entitled to the degrees of Bachelor of Medicine and Bachelor of Surgery. My fiancée and I now decided to cross the Rubicon and get married, with that contempt for the future and the world that only lovers feel.

Val Noone

Miscellany visits Glasnevin Cemetary

Glasnevin Cemetery in North County Dublin, is a beautiful place, rivalling in reputation Arlington in Washington DC or Pere La Chaise in Paris. Recently restored, it has an impressive new Visitor's Centre which houses the Glasnevin Museum, the world's first cemetery museum.

It is the final resting place for hundreds who died during the Easter Rising, when, in the words of WB Yeats '*A terrible beauty is born*', amongst them Roger Casement, the only executed 1916 leader buried in Glasnevin.

In the company of a 1.3 million ordinary people of Dublin, 800,000 in unmarked graves, lie some of Ireland's most famous and illustrious citizens – politicians, poets, and playwrights. Amongst them, are Presidents of Ireland, Lord Mayors and archbishops of Dublin, literary men, the great railway-builder and founder of the National Gallery William Dargan, Countess Markievicz, Peadar Kearney who composed the National Anthem and Ireland's only honorary citizen, Alfred Chester Beatty.

Daniel O'Connell. The O'Connell Monument, marks the grave of Daniel O'Connell. (It was O'Connell who set up The Dublin Cemeteries Committee in 1828 to provide a service irrespective of religion. The first burial in Glasnevin took place in 1832.)

Born in 1775, he was called to the bar in 1798. Essentially a social reformer he believed in working for reform by non-violent means. Writing in *The Nation* newspaper in 1843 he said, 'The principle of my political life ... is, that all ameliorations and improvements in political institutions can be obtained by persevering in a perfectly peaceable and legal course, and cannot be obtained by forcible means...'

He campaigned for Catholic Emancipation and Repeal of the Union between Ireland and Great Britain. Known as The Liberator and The Emancipator he died in 1847 in Genoa, Italy aged 71. His heart was buried in Rome and the remainder of his body in Glasnevin according to his wishes.

Michael Collins was born 16 October 1890, and shot dead 22 August 1922 aged 31. An estimated 300,000 people lined the streets of Dublin as the funeral procession wound its way to Glasnevin Cemetery. The *Irish Independent* reported on 'the greatest pageant of sorrow ever seen in Dublin: a cortege three miles long'

Michael Collins fought in the GPO during the 1916 Rising. He was imprisoned and on his release in December 1916 he became prominent in Sinn Féin and the Volunteer movement as well as a member of the Supreme Council of the IR. In the 1918 General election, he was elected for Cork South and for Tyrone. He was appointed Minister for Home Affairs and, in April 1919, Minister for Finance. Collins was among the Irish delegation to negotiate the Treaty, authorised, and later rejected, by de Valera. He reluctantly signed the treaty on 6 December 1921.

The signing of the Treaty triggered a bitter and hugely divisive Civil War. On 20 August 1922 he was killed visiting troops in Cork, when his convoy was ambushed at Béal na mBláth.

Eamon de Valera. Revolutionary, Politician, President of Ireland. Born in New York on 14 October 1882, he was the son of a Spanish sculptor and a music teacher who died when he was two. He was sent to be reared and educated in Ireland by his grandmother Elizabeth Coll.



The O'Connell Monument

Photo Joseph Murphy



Tomb of Daniel O'Connell
Countess Markievicz



Image courtesy Glasnevin Trust
Image courtesy National Library of Ireland



Michael Collins' coffin enters Glasnevin Cemetery

Image courtesy National Library of Ireland

He joined the Irish Volunteers in 1913. In 1916, he commanded Boland's Mills and was sentenced to death, a sentence which was later commuted to life imprisonment. Released from prison in 1917 he was elected Sinn Féin MP for East Clare.

After the defeat of the Anti-Treaty forces in the Civil war, he founded the Fianna Fáil party in 1926 and became the Republic's first Taoiseach in 1937. On 25 June 1959 he was inaugurated as President of Ireland and remained in the job for fourteen years. Eamon de Valera died on 29 August 1975. **'The Resurrectionists'** were grave robbers of 19th century Dublin who dispatched bodies overseas in casks labelled 'Irish Cheese'. Working from behind the headstones they would prise a coffin open, work a hook around the neck and pull the corpse to the surface. The soil would then be replaced and the *'exhumed'* bodies put in sacks and carted off.

The grave-robbing story is told in vivid detail in the City of the Dead located below ground in the basement of the Glasnevin Museum.

Ireland's first revolutionary woman – Anne Devlin was

born in Co Wicklow. Her aunt was the mother of the Wicklow rebel Michael Dwyer. In 1800 Anne became Robert Emmet's housekeeper. As he became immersed in the planning of an uprising, she acted as his adviser, messenger and agent. After the collapse of the uprising, she was arrested and incarcerated in Kilmainham Goal. Effluent flowed past the door of her narrow cell as she lay on damp straw on the wet earth floor. Sores on her legs became infected and the infamous Dr Edward Trevor lanced the swellings then simply left her there in that stinking cell. Despite this brutality and bribery of £500, a substantial sum of money, Anne Devlin refused to become an informer. She was released in 1806. She married a man named Campbell and for a few years she knew peace and love. When Campbell died in 1845 she again fought, hunger, want and poverty until her death on 18 September 1851, aged 70 years. Her headstone states;

To the memory of Anne Devlin (Campbell)
The faithful servant of Robert Emmet,
Who possessed some rare and noble qualities
Who lived in obscurity and poverty, and so died.



Charles Stewart Parnell
Image courtesy Glasnevin Trust



Summer's Evening by Philip Ryan
Image courtesy Glasnevin Trust



The Angel's Plot
Photo Joseph Murphy

Constance Markievicz. – Revolutionary. Born in London on 4 February 1868 she was educated by a governess at Lissadell Co Sligo and later at the Slade School of Art London. In Paris, while studying painting, she married Count Casimir Markievicz. They settled in Dublin.

Entering politics in 1908 she joined Sinn Féin and Inghinidhe na hÉireann. During the Rising she served at the College of Surgeons and was condemned to death for her involvement. This sentence was commuted to life imprisonment. Released in 1920, she became the first woman to be elected to the British Parliament in 1920. In accordance with Sinn Féin policy she refused to take her seat. She was Minister for Labour in the first Dáil Éireann. Often on the run, she served two jail sentences in Dublin and Cork. She opposed the Treaty and in 1922 toured America to enlist support for the Anti-Treaty cause. Defeated in the General Election of 1922 she was returned again in August 1923. She was arrested in 1923 and went on hunger strike.

She joined Fianna Fáil in 1926 and died in Dublin on 15 July 1927.

The Uncrowned King of Ireland – Charles Stewart Parnell. – Parnell's funeral on 10 October 1891 was the largest ever seen at Glasnevin Cemetery. James Stewart Parnell enjoyed a successful and influential political career. He worked for the twin goals of Home Rule and the rights of tenants to their land. He was cited, in 1890, in a divorce case involving his long-time lover Kitty O'Shea which ended his political career and he was deposed as leader of his Parliamentary Party.

Parnell spent his last year trying to garner political support. He died suddenly on 6 October 1891 in Brighton at the age of forty-five, just five months after he married Kitty O'Shea.

His coffin arrived in Dún Laoghaire where vast crowds were gathered. Thousands of mourners lined the streets as the coffin made its way to City Hall. The coffin was followed by 60,000 people to Glasnevin where he was buried, as was his wish, with the 'the common men and women of Ireland'

Mourners took sprigs of ivy from the cemetery walls to wear as buttonholes, giving rise to the denoting of Parnell's Remembrance Day as Ivy day.

The Angel's Plot. – I did not die young. An inspiring poem by Christy Kenneally celebrates the brief lives of the young children; some who died at birth, who are interred in the Angel's plot in the cemetery.

I did not die young
I lived my span of life
Within your body
And with your love.
There are many
Who have lived long lives
And not been loved as me.
Then speak my name
And number me among your family.
If you would honour me
Then strive to live in love,
For in that love I live.
Never, ever doubt
That we will meet again.
Until that happy day
I will grow with God,
And wait for you. – Christy Kenneally

Celtic Motifs. Throughout the cemetery the use of Celtic motifs, particularly the Celtic Cross as a memorial is notable. James Pearse, the father of Patrick Pearse was a Celtic Cross designer.

Miscellany was surprised and delighted by the sheer breath and scope of what *Glasnevin – Ireland's Necropolis* has to offer. This tiny selection gives just a glimpse of the vast canvas of Irish History available to the visitor.

Sin a bhfuil go fóill ó Sheosamh Ó Murchú. Slán agaibh go léir.

Happy St. Patrick's Day everyone.

Joseph Murphy, Dublin

Sources: *Glasnevin – Ireland's Necropolis* by Shane Mac Thomais to whom special thanks is due for permission to reproduce many of the photographs accompanying *Miscellany*. Thanks also to Glasnevin Museum, a registered charity whose profits support the upkeep of Glasnevin. The book, *Ireland's Necropolis*, (excellent value) can be purchased by going to the website www.glasnevinmuseum.ie

Kickstarting a music collection

When CDs appeared on the scene around late 1982 they caused a sensation because of the improved sound quality over tape and vinyl. Buyers were keen but immediately faced a dilemma. Do you replace all your old material with these new fangled shiny things and will your old favourites even be available? The answer to both questions is now history but the record companies were also looking to the future for more ways to separate you from your money. It wasn't long before double CDs appeared, at first just tentative reissues of earlier big-selling double albums like *Electric Ladyland* or the *White Album*, but soon totally new compilations like *Molten Gold*, the anthology of Free. Booklets evolved too and became mini-books with proper binding instead of stapling and the overall value for money soared. It was definitely a good time for buyers.

Triple CD boxed sets appeared by the late 80's for classical music and opera, but also for an increasing number of popular releases. Around this time I splurged and bought *The Messiah* and *Carmen* among others, and enjoyed the booklets almost as much as the music. Four and five CD sets arrived in due course and allowed record companies to present a range of linked material. Anthologies across four CDs were an early favourite with such diverse acts as *Buffalo Springfield*, *Peter Paul and Mary* and also *The Mamas and the Papas* on offer. Even our very own *Thin Lizzy* can be found in a four disc boxed set which includes the tracks from the *New Day* EP. Moving up to five discs we encounter more specialist subjects such as *Acoustic Guitar Highlights*. All of these are goldmines for collectors looking for obscure tracks.

So where to next? Six disc sets came and went so take a deep breath and count to eight. Owl Records in Dublin put out an eight CD set called *The Celts* which was reviewed on these pages. Some say it doesn't count as a truly original set because each disc was previously available separately, so it's more of a marketing ploy but judge for yourself. Our old pal Cliff has also entered the fray with an eight CD set entitled *And They Said It Wouldn't Last*. As a set it is well thought out and works quite well. An unofficial eight disc bootleg series also exists of him performing duets with just about

everyone who ever sang in the shower. For a different take on contemporary music history look out for the US set *Rock and roll Piano*, which mainly dates from the mid to late fifties.

The next highest number you might think of is ten discs in a box and a good example of this is *200 Jukebox Hits*. But a little problem has emerged. The small print on the packaging says the vast majority of the tracks have been 're-recorded'. Same singer, same song but another version. This is generally done so that someone somewhere can get a bigger cut of the royalties and the musical results are definitely the poorer for it. It doesn't have to be this way. Motown records issued a series of 12 vinyl albums between 1967 and 1982 called *Motown Chartbusters*. They remain hugely popular with the entire set, using

All of these are goldmines for collectors looking for obscure tracks

the original recordings, still available as a 12 disc box.

By now the typical boxed set resembles a shoe box while, predictably, all sorts of companies are cashing in. Time-Life are not renowned as big players in the music business but what they do know is how to market a package. They excelled themselves with the 32 disc set *Spirit of the Sixties*. It was advertised widely on daytime TV and in magazines, and spawned a host of similar titles. The theme is obvious but the implementation has been well thought through. If you prefer a broader sweep of how music has developed have a look instead at the 40 CD set *Hit History*, covering each decade from the fifties to the nineties with eight discs per era.

We are now approaching Imelda Marcos territory because you'll need at least four shoe boxes for the mammoth 100 CD set *British Top 30 Charts (63-68)*. The entire package boasts over 1,500 tracks. There are quite a few Irish

acts in there as well as a slew of novelty records. One of my favourites was the Barron Knights taking off the Bachelors in their 1964 hit *Call Up The Groups*. The following year saw a watershed in public tastes. *See My Friend* by the Kinks opened up new horizons being the first chart hit dealing with same-sex relationships. Writer Ray Davies later downplayed the significance of what he had composed but the public rewarded Ray with a huge hit. Can you believe it was almost 50 years ago?

Moving beyond about 100 discs the numbers involved start to become astronomical so you have to rely on downloads and feed them straight to your iPod rather than even think about individual CDs. There is a very useful set available that would kick start any music collection. It contains all the number ones to date for the UK, USA, Australia and NZ. The Australian section was mined pretty heavily for the soundtrack of the 70's era TV miniseries about Kerry Packer and Ita Buttrose. The whole set weighs in at around 4000 tracks. Being comprised solely of number ones there is a fair amount of duplication across the different countries. Alternatively, the *Billboard Top 100 Charts*, at a healthy 6500 odd tracks, ranges from 1946 to 2011. It avoids the duplication problem but has a lot of stuff you probably never heard before.

So where's a good place to start? Don't mention this in polite company but you could try the much maligned *Eurovision Song Contest*, now in its 56th year and still moving steadily eastward. This is proving an ongoing challenge to Terry Wogan's grasp of geography but does have its compensations. As well as all the Irish entries and of course the various Irish artists (and even one Australian!) who represented the UK, you see how popular music has shifted over time and how quickly fads come and go.

Trivia time – who was the first Australian artist to have a hit record in the UK? – and it wasn't Rolf Harris or Frank Ifield although both of them were heavily promoted as hailing from 'the land down under'. Some clues, she was from Melbourne, played the zither and will reach the ripe old age of 82 in October this year.

Stuart Traill



Links in a Chain: The Great Famine, The Orphan Girls and The Rock Commemoration Day, Famine Rock, Burgoyne Reserve, Williamstown 20/11/2011

I'll start with a sensational headline: 'Commemoration Day 2011 at Famine Rock was a triumph!' says Peter Kiernan, Vice President of the Australian Irish Heritage Network, and member of the original 1998 Famine Rock Committee. It expresses our exuberant happiness at a moving ceremony to honour Famine Orphan Girls.

Earl Grey's scheme began four years after the beginning of the Great Famine. It was a better organised and supervised effort than what prevailed for migrants to the United States in the 'coffin ships.' Between 1848 and 1850, four thousand girls were sent to Australia, and over seventeen hundred of them arrived in Hobson's Bay, some being sent on to Geelong and Portland.

About 140 people gathered at Famine Rock, including many locals, an indication that awareness is growing of this historical event. It demonstrates our pity for the suffering of those poor refugee souls their plight as relevant today as ever. It also demonstrates the groundswell of interest people have in discovering the real stories of their forebears. After placing flowers at the foot of The Rock, it was great to inaugurate a picnic with the 'coffee cart' in attendance. A highlight was the discovery by Val Noone of a connection between three *Eliza Caroline* cousins seated coincidentally together – introductions all round. Especial thanks to Margie Brophy and her curried eggs, and the marvellous photographs from Vince Brophy, Sean Kenan and Trevor Code.

Mayor Michael Raffoul spoke well for us, opening with a salute to the Kulin Nation who had to make way for all of us, as incoming immigrants. We were also very happy to welcome again Councillor Altair, and the ex-Mayor, Brad Matheson. and to thank Hazel Finnie and the five libraries' support. Thanks

also to the Williamstown Historical Society.

We had a wonderful cast of guest performers: musicians, readers and historians told the Girls' story against the bigger picture of mourning for the death and dispossession of the Irish at this time. Our admiration is heartfelt for those who survived the workhouses and their journeys. Today, according to the Australian census records, about 35% of people count their origins as Irish.

Melbourne historian Dr Val Noone was our MC. He paid tribute to the Spirit of the Land, and to the First People for their stewardship, in a spirit of reconciliation and solidarity. The ceremony began and ended with Leo Kelly's uilleann pipes; he has been piping for Famine Rock since 1999. We heard his laments as our ancestors would have heard them, unamplified and haunting.

I read the poem by James Wallace, 'Welcome to Erin's Youthful Daughters', headmaster of St Mary's in Williamstown, and a steadfast supporter of the Orphan Girls. Janet Kelly sang unaccompanied, 'The Dawning of the Day,' a 17th Century Irish air. Next, Mary Kenneally, actor, Irish scholar, read two poems, one of them Brendan Kennelly's 'The Dark Fathers'. It was a chilling account of husband and wife victims of the Great Famine united in death. Mary reads this poem annually because it explains the horror, the shame and the grief-stricken silence fallen on Ireland for generations.

Sean Kenan, lively fiddle player and teacher, and Phil Cleary, activist and politician, moved from lament to fast-flying bowing, duetting with Irish airs. Peter Kiernan read chilling tales from ships' logs, written by those who had traversed the oceanic wilderness and the might of the Roaring Forties. Local Aydin



Clockwise from left: Commemoration Day; Kathleen Kiernan and Aindrias de Staic; Dr Val Noone and Mary Kenneally; the crowd at Burgoyne Reserve, Williamstown *Photos by Sean Kenan*

Abdullah, husband of a descendant, made a debut here with flute playing. Kathleen Kiernan played tin whistle with Aindrias de Staic's violin.

Dr Noone invited descendants of Orphan Girls to identify themselves and their ships. An always popular and instructive segment, with snippets of stories begging for elaboration, it also highlights how many of these Melbourne, and even Adelaide and Sydney, ships were represented.

The Committee has re-published 1998's booklet, *Melbourne and the Irish Famine*, edited by Dr Noone, available from me or the Williamstown Historical Society.

Debra Vaughan is a member of the Australian Irish Heritage Network. Researcher, writer and genealogist, she is a descendant of an Irish Famine Orphan, and a promoter and organiser of Commemoration Day.



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Ceathracha Bliain Faoi Bhláth Sa Tír Thíos Faoi

Bearnaí Ó Doibhlin and his family recently organised a party to celebrate the fortieth anniversary of their migration to Australia, an occasion which led him to reflect on the journey he and his family made to the other side of the world in January 1972.

Is cuimhin liom go soiléir an oíche sin, Déardaoin 13 Eanáir 1972, a d'fhág muid slán ar ár bhfód dúchais ar an gcé i mBéal Feirste chun aghaidh a thabhairt ar an Astráil. Tá áit bhrónach faoi leith i gcroí gach Éireannaigh don ché agus an bád bán á fhágáil.

Doimhneacht an gheimhridh a bhí ann agus ár ngaolta is ár gcairde cruinnithe thart ar an gceathrar againn ag bun an chloird. Dár ndóigh bhí an díle ag titim anuas orainn. Bhí seacht mbliana agus fiche bainte amach agam agus ag Angela, mo bhean chéile, ach ní raibh ár n-iníonacha beaga, Marcia agus Berenice, ach beagnach seacht mbliana agus cúig bliana d'aois faoi seach.

Ag sileadh na ndeor ach go háirithe bhí na seantuismitheoirí agus iad ag breathnú ar na garpháistí go léir a bhí acu ag imeacht go dtí an taobh eile den domhain. Ní raibh a fhios acu an bhfeicfidís go deo arís iad.

Ba thuras fada é. Thóg muid an bád farantóireachta thar oíche trasna na Mara Éireannaigh agus bíodh is go raibh an fharraige ciúin go leor is beag codlata a bhí agam. Sheas mé achar fada ar an deic ag breathnú siar ar na soilse timpeall ar Loch Lao agus ar chósta Chontae an Dúin go dtí go raibh soilse ar Oileán Mhanann le feiceáil.

Bhain muid Learpholl amach go moch ar maidin agus bhí an t-ádh dearg linn nuair a d'éirigh liom póirtéir a fháil le cuidiú linn ár mbagáiste a iompar ón mbád go dtí an traein. Bhí beagnach gach a bhí againn sa saol sna cásanna a thóg muid linn.

Ní cuimhin liom cén stáisiún traenach a bhain muid amach i Londain sa tráthnóna, ach b'éigean dúinn tacsáí a fháil leis an turas go hoifig BOAC a dhéanamh mar gheall ar ár mbagáiste trom. Níorbh ionadh é nuair a insíodh dúinn ann go raibh i bhfad an iomarca meáchain sna cásanna agus go mbeadh orainn cuid a sheoladh chun na hAstráile ní ba dhéanaí.

Agus titim na hoíche ar an Aoine thosaigh ár n-eilt ar Boeing 707 de chuid

Qantas. Thuirling muid in Amstardam na hÍsiltíre, Vín na hOstaire, Tehran na hIaráine, Deilí Nua na hIndia, Hong Cong na Síne agus Mainile na nOileán Filipíneach. Faoi dheireadh thiar thall, go luath ar an Domhnach, 16 Eanáir, bhain muid Sydney na hAstráile amach.

Bhí muid go léir scriosta mar gheall ar thuirse aerthuais. Bhí muid ag bárcadh allais agus sinn gléasta in éadaí a bhí oiriúnach don gheimhreadh in Éirinn fad is bhí orainn seasamh sa scuaine fhada san aerfort.

Ní raibh ár gcuid taistil i gcrích fós mar go raibh orainn tacsáí a thógáil trasna na cathrach go hóstallán inimirceach. Villawood! Ar a laghad ní raibh aon sreang rásúir timpeall air um an dtaca sin.

Tháinig muid chun na hAstráile de bharr gur thairg an Roinn Oideachais in NSW post dom mar mheánmhúinteoir. Thug siad post dom in Young, baile beag tuairim is céad go leith ciliméadar siar ó thuaidh ó Canberra.

Shroich muid Young ar 31 Eanáir, 1972, agus an oíche sin nuair a bhí na páistí ina luí d'fhéach muid ar an Nuacht ar an teilifís san Astráil den chéad uair. Baineadh siar as an mbeirt againn nuair a chuala muid an chéad mhír: scaoileadh chun báis trí fhear déag i gcathair Dhoire an lá roimhe sin. Domhnach na Fola a thugtar ar an lá sin ó shin i leith.

Is cuimhin liom ag smaoinreamh, agus sinn ag plé drochscéala an uafáis, go raibh faoiseamh orm go mbeadh ár n-iníonacha ag fás aníos i dtír ina bhfuil síocháin agus suáilceas. Tír atá saor ón saghas gránach a bhí – is atá ar an drochuair – le sonrú inár stáitín beag amaideach.

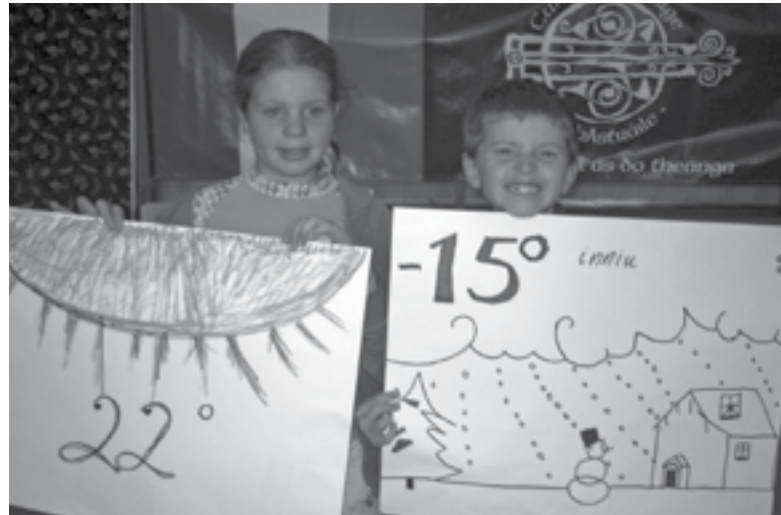
Sin an scéal a d'inis mé dár n-aíonna ag an gcóisir a réachtáladh lenár ndaichhead bliain abhus a cheiliúradh. Tá mé sásta gur thréig muid ár ndúiche ceathracha bliain ó shin, cé go mothaím fós saghas cumha faoin gcinneadh. Thug an triúr eile sa teaghlach óráidíní freisin agus bhí faoiseamh orm a chloisteáil go bhfuil an triúr acu den tuairim chéanna.

Bearnaí Ó Doibhlin

Daonscoil 2012



Maggie Brady with level 1 students Pamela and Patrick O'Neill.



For the seventeenth year in a row, the Irish Language Association of Australia held a highly successful Summer School, and what a great week it was. Among the highlights were three guest speakers covering a range of topics, a quiz night, debate, céilí and a range of electives to suit all tastes.

The guest speaker on opening night was Dr Nicholas Wolf from the University of Wisconsin-Madison who discussed examples of people in the 18th – 20th centuries who learned Irish late in life. The examples he gave were Charlotte Brooke (c.1740-1793), Éadbhard Ó Raghallaigh (1765-1830) and Pádraig MacPiarais (1876-1916). Charlotte Brooke, who not only overcame the usual barriers to female education, also went on to translate and publish one of the earliest literary collections of Irish poetry (*Reliques of Irish Poetry 1789*).

Father Micheal O'Sullivan gave a presentation on Celtic Crosses in Ireland from the 7th century onwards. These crosses were Ireland's biggest contribution to Western European Art of the Middle Ages. Some were probably used as meeting points for religious ceremonies and others were used to mark boundaries.

Frances Devlin-Glass presented James Joyce to an audience that had, more or less, one thing in common. They all agreed *Ulysses* was very difficult to read! Frances enlightened them by talking about the chapter in *Ulysses* that most uses ancient Irish materials, and in response to questions further suggested that the first three chapters be ignored and to commence read-

ing at Chapter 4. If it was still tough going, Bloomsday will be running a workshop *Ulysses* for Beginners on 19 February and 4 March.

As the week progressed further intellectual activity took place during which the blood pressure was sorely tested at both the Quiz Night and the Debate, which posed the question, 'Would new technology would be the death of books and conversation?' Fortunately, it was proved beyond reasonable doubt that conversation was not and would not be affected by new technology, especially at Daonscoil!

The summer school was very fortunate this year to have a visiting teacher, Megann Raggett from Co. Waterford. Little did she realise that, after such a short time in the country, she would be teaching Irish to Australians! It was a fantastic bonus as Megan is not only a qualified teacher but fluent in Irish as well.

Most people are unaware that formal classes at Daonscoil cater for all levels of ability and are conducted both morning and afternoon for six days out of seven. As well as the formal class, each day there are two electives to choose from with this year's choices ranging from choir practice to bush walking, to tin whistle practice, to grammar and old Irish. For information about the Association and its activities please visit our website at www.gaeilgesanastral.com or phone 0405 210 149.

Deirdre Gillespie

Deirdre is President of Cumann Gaeilge nAstráile.

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Poetry

The Blackbirds

There are blackbirds on the street
every other day.
The type that grow the gourds,
and by all that is renowned and good
these self-same birds teach netting
to the nestlings
and while away time
knitting into place the niceties.
They stalk the pathways looking
for worm-wood-sin,
and the girls who beam at bother-boys
are set to swing after the lunch break...
There they are,
lined up, by the great gate.
Don't look... I must not look at them,
so I look at my pink, scabby, nimble-knees
as they replace each other,
trouncing up and down.
Part and parcel... pace.
I *cannot* look at the girls in disgrace
nor see if their ghastly gymslips are in place.
I can, however, imagine the power
of their sin...
Part and parcel, pace...
Oh God... pace.

Mary O'Byrne

Mary's poem has won a high commendation from the judges of the annual Jageurs Literary Award.

Patrick and the Bees

Patrick saw sails of the moon
unfurl their power from clouds,
stringing manes of blue horses
that galloped sky's waterfalls.

Perched high in the child's head,
a warrior with fleecy hair, piercing cries
filled the silence of the youthful gaze.
Then music sweeter than his father's bees,

sounds, savage as a wild boar
hunted to the foot of steep incline,
songs of a hunting day resounded.
Patrick heard his father telling
the bees trials of his own hunting time,
wild ways he had tackled chasms
of the Cambrian Mountains, gentle lays
of valleys where he watched new beliefs

take body, gather gold and incense,
silver bells that rang purple tones,
hymns echoed from strand to hill.
To the humming of busy creatures,

the curious listening of his son,
he spoke of three great men,
strange as language of other worlds,
who gathered their sweetest treasures,

wrapped them in cloths of gold,
their servants packed provisions,
for a journey guided by a star.
And when they saw this star's light,

as prophesied by their scribes,
three strangers set off together,
travelled by night, reading the sky,
slept by day, dreaming the story,

journeyed from their peoples' minds,
arrived on a frozen hillside where
their star rested in eternal light.
Bees stood on air, all toil suspended,

a son listened, magic of the tale
flew around him, chanted him
to blessed places, to learned people.
He felt his heart would leave his body.

Just as he saw this sky ship and
the pilot of wildness, heard songs'
echoes and bees' music that evening
of his father's telling, his listening,

Patrick thought the sands rustled
the eerie silence of a shadow's footfall.
Racing in time to his head's drone,
he skimmed his star stone at the sea.

Ann Egan

Clane, Co. Kildare,

Patrick and the Bird

Patrick wandered the furious beach,
flotsam of the sea's belted dunes,
he hid behind a rock pile when
rain and sleet piled on hills

fletches of oars, flitters of sails.
A golden circlet lassoed a crag,
he watched it mesmerise the wind,
back and forth, clattering the grey face.

A shadow descended from ragged clouds,
a bird, big as a ship, came crashing
down like a medley of broken moons,
fell through lightning's purple and red,

bore onwards by weight and span.
He waited quaking for the crash.
It's flight changed to swallow's grace
as it glided close to the shining ring,

hovered on the hurricane's temper.
A moment Patrick saw this sky monster
whip the circlet from the pinnacle,
clamp it to his beak, fly upwards,

battling wind, rain, hellish noise,
to disappear into murky colours
like a faltering light quenching.
The boy gaped in his shelter,

wondered had he dreamed the bird,
the circlet, or was the tempest
playing with his mind's fear?

Ann Egan

Clane, Co. Kildare,

Patrick and the Ship

The sea was calm as a sleeping infant,
well fed, winded and loved.
Patrick built his sea shell boat,
collected in morning's solitude

when old reeds fluttered music
as shawled women peer out to sea
for menfolk's return, laden with
mackerel shoals and moon fatigue.

Shanties of breeze filled his hope,
he spun fantasy's sails on ropes
all spindled together by sand's rustles.
Master of his ship, the boy sailed

beyond his clifftops' allure.
Strong sails slapped winds
in lulls of play, he screamed.
Imagining himself at the prow,

a golden chain about his neck,
to show his hearties he was skipper.
He shouted childish Latin of
his twelve proud years, broken words

plundered from family prayers.
He scattered plainsong to the four winds
in master form, preached to people
of lands fallen off his strand's horizon,

humankind of strange speech.
Thrice he exhorted them to come forth,
pay respects, give homage to him,
Palladius's son, this prayerful one

who commanded in his spirit sea tribes
of a golden island where his dreams played,
ships crafted of seashells, sailed eternally.
Sea winds coloured by mother of pearl,

whispered to him in old Latin hymns.

Ann Egan

Clane Co Kildare

Ann Egan, a multi-award winning Irish poet, has held many residencies in counties, hospitals, schools, secure residencies and prisons.

Her books are: Landing the Sea (Bradshaw Books); The Wren Women (The Black Mountain Press); Brigit of Kildare (Kildare Library and Arts Services)

Widely published in Ireland and abroad, editor of twenty one books, guest editor of, 'The Midlands Arts and Culture Review,' 2010. Her next poetry collection, 'Telling Time,' will be published in 2012 by Bradshaw Books.

The Imperial origins of Ireland's National Museum

The opening of the Dublin Museum of Science and Art on 29 August, 1890 symbolised the high noon of British Rule in Ireland. Timed to coincide with Horse Show week at the Royal Dublin Society grounds in Ballsbridge, the summer-season high-point of Anglo-Irish social life in Ireland, it was an occasion of celebration for the ruling Anglo-Irish ascendancy. The Earl of Zetland, who had been appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1889, presided. The Commander of the Forces in Ireland, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, was in attendance, a Highland regiment formed a guard of honour outside Leinster House, and the band of the Gloucester regiment provided the music for the occasion.

Of the 200 or so invited guests listed in the following day's *Irish Times*, not a single Irish Parliamentary Party member was among them—not even Charles Stewart Parnell, whose political career would only begin to unravel later that year, but who was still the undisputed leader of the Party.

The Museum's Director, Valentine Ball, stressed the Museum's role in fostering the links between art, design and industry: 'The new Museum,' he said, 'with its collections of standard examples, illustrative of the industrial applications of art, should do much for the promotion of art and industry in this country.'

Lord Powerscourt, President of the Board of Visitors of the Museum, struck a similar note in his address. He stressed those uniquely Irish strengths in commerce and culture which the collections of the museum would highlight. 'If Ireland' he said 'is not favoured like England with abundant mineral resources, and may not therefore hope to rival the Sister Isle in the extent of its manufactures,' the new museum nevertheless contained 'many splendid specimens of what Celtic genius has accomplished'. He pointed in particular to 'the marvellous designs and workmanship of the ancient silversmiths of Ireland, to the beauty of its antique furniture, and the excellence of its textile manufactures'.

This stress on the link between ethnic ornamentation, traditional handcrafts and the development of indigenous industry was a hallmark of British colonial thinking in the nineteenth century,

and museums were a key educational technology used to inculcate a sense of indigenous craft-based industries as complementing rather than competing with or displacing the mass-productive power of British industry.

The setting up of schools of art to complement museums centred on collections that emphasised the links between 'art and industry' (one of the four collection categories of the National Museum of Ireland to this day) was part of what became known as the 'South Kensington System'. This system owed its origins to Henry Cole, the guiding genius behind the Great Exhibition of 1851 and the emergence from it of the South Kensington Museum (now the Victoria and Albert Museum). Cole, in his role as Director of the Department of Science and Art in London, sought to implement an imperial system of art and design education that combined art school training with the inspiration of the best design specimens drawn together from the cultures of the world in a museum. Giving evidence before a special commission to enquire into art education in Ireland in 1869, Cole was emphatic that the ambitious museum then being planned for Dublin should be directly answerable to his London Department.

And he got his way. When the new Dublin Museum of Science and Art was established following the passing of the Science and Art Museum Act of 1877, it was run as an annex of the South Kensington Museum.

Despite the stress aristocrats like Powescourt placed on the unique genius of Irish craftsmanship, nationalists were sensitive to the homogenising implications of this kind of development. George Coffey, honorary secretary of the City of Dublin Working Men's Club, declared in 1888 that 'The South Kensington system is an attempt to administer art as a department of government, controlled from an Imperial centre'.

It is not surprising then that a kind of imperial reciprocity in collecting and exhibiting characterised the first decades of the Dublin Museum's operation and its links with the Art School. Naturally enough, when the Premier of South Australia, CC Kingston, visited



Ireland in the summer of 1897, a visit to the Museum was *de rigueur*. Kingston and his wife showed a particular interest in the natural history collections, and especially in its Australian specimens (*Irish Times*, 24 July, 1897). During these years, the *Irish Times* dutifully recorded new acquisitions to the collections, among which specimens from the colonies figured large. Meanwhile, the Museum's director, Count Plunkett, offered three scholarships to students at the Metropolitan School of Art for studies done on objects in the Museum. One of the winners was Bertha Dawes, who had made illustrations of 'the harp in all ages'. Her drawings travelled to Australia, where they were exhibited in several cities. (*Irish Times*, 23 February, 1910)

George Noble Count Plunkett, who became the Director of the Museum in 1907, was a Home Rule nationalist and a Parnellite, who had unsuccessfully contested elections in 1892, 1895 and 1898. He has been credited with giving a significant nationalist turn to the Museum. However, his modest move of referring to 'The National Museum of Ireland' in his introduction to the Museum's Annual Report for 1907 should not be seen as a



Photo by flickr.com/doyland

radically nationalist assertion. In 1914, while emphasising that his main goal was to make the Dublin museum the 'Museum of Ireland', he was still enthusiastically working on 'enriching it as much as possible from the resources of the empire'. To this end, he had set up a system of exchange with colonial museums. He acknowledged in particular the help of Lords Plunkett (Governor of New Zealand, 1904-10) and Dudley (Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, 1902-05 and Governor-General of Australia, 1908-11). In return for natural history specimens Plunkett had sent facsimiles of Irish antiquities to the colonies. (*Irish Times*, 11 April, 1914).

Plunkett's career as Director of the National Museum, and with it the fate of the institution itself, was thrown into turmoil by the 1916 Rising. His son Joseph Mary, one of the seven signatories to the 1916 Proclamation, was executed on 3 May, 1916. Plunkett was dismissed from his job as Director of the Museum. During the ensuing years of conflict that eventually led to the establishment of the Free State in 1921, the Museum remained leaderless.

Following independence, the National Museum suffered several decades of

neglect as nationalist Ireland struggled to come to terms with an institution whose origins and founding collections had been so deeply interwoven with imperial and unionist ambitions. In 1936, for example, one nationalist commentator, the art critic John Dowling, described not only the National Museum but its sister institution the National Gallery of Ireland as 'potential enemies...as alien now as the day we inherited them'.

For at least a generation the Museum's ethnographic collection, the greater part of which it had acquired from that bastion of Anglo-Irish Ireland, Trinity College Dublin, and which contained a splendid collection of material from Captain Cook's voyages to the Antipodes in the 1770s, suffered almost complete neglect. Only recently, with Ireland's rapid modernisation and globalisation, has the museum begun to bring to the fore many valuable items acquired at a time when the Museum symbolised an Ireland globally networked through empire.

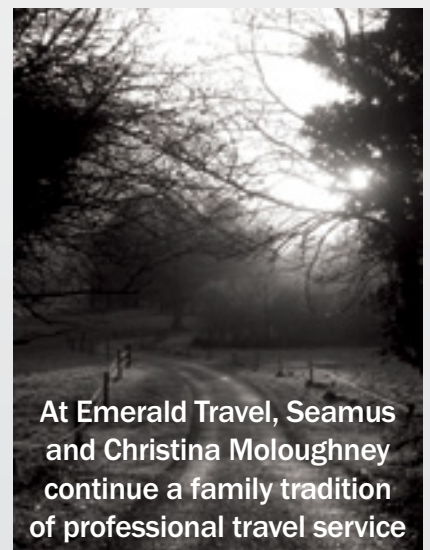
Pat Cooke

Pat Cooke is director of the MA in Cultural Policy and Arts Management at UCD Dublin. Previously he was director of both Kilmainham Gaol and the Pearse Museum in Dublin.



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Alan Pentony has spent two years in Canada, and now leaves for Perth, Australia

Leaving Dublin

It is well known that Ireland has suffered critical periods of emigration *en masse* since the 1700s. Whether motivated by economic or political reasons, or by famine, emigration has shaped the Irish psyche for generations and has brought with it one of the largest diasporas, said to be thirteen times the population of Ireland. Even in the 1980s it was a norm to emigrate after university graduation, as the opportunities to find a job and prosper were few.

But between 1995 and 2007, while enjoying an unprecedented economic growth, the situation reverted and the then called Celtic Tiger was left to deal with a relentless influx of immigration, both of Irish and individuals of many other nationalities. Emigration during this period was not the favoured option as prosperity at home seemed assured.

Unfortunately, the said growth proved to be unsustainable if not, in fact, and indeed was artificially maintained globally. Many multinationals packed and left to greener lands, the construction sector collapsed, and the financial sector was brought to bankruptcy, engendering ultimately the economic crash and the subsequent IMF bailouts. Emigration became once again the most persuasive option for many, unable to find local jobs.

You can tell Emigration has become a big issue again when the *Irish Times* starts a special feature in their web site, entitled 'Generation Emigration'.

While an intrinsic aspect of that constructed idea of *Irishness*, there is a lack of engagement with Emigration in the Irish visual arts. Rarely have these periods of population shifts been docu-

mented visually. David Monahan's 'Leaving Dublin' defined as an 'art project with no intention other than to immortalise what is being lost to our country' sets out to complete the hard task of accounting for as many of these contemporary Irish emigrants as possible. It is a visual record of a generation that is leaving Ireland and do not know if or when they will come back.

The visual strategy chosen by David consists of low-light cityscapes carefully lit, traditional studio poses, with a suitcase as the only prop, and the solemn sitters looking away from us. It is a carefully constructed image that wants to remain as a document. The photographer also records important data relating to the current situation of the sitters, and their immediate future: plans, hopes, and expectations.

'Leaving Dublin' is a project that invites self-reflection; it informs us of the present circumstances, the complexity of its agency, and requires participation from us, because a solution can only come from the conversation.

It has gained international exposure on the back of the media interest on Ireland's current situation, and has been featured in newspapers worldwide including the *New York Times* and the *Wall Street Journal* and the *Age*, as much as TV channels like the CBS.

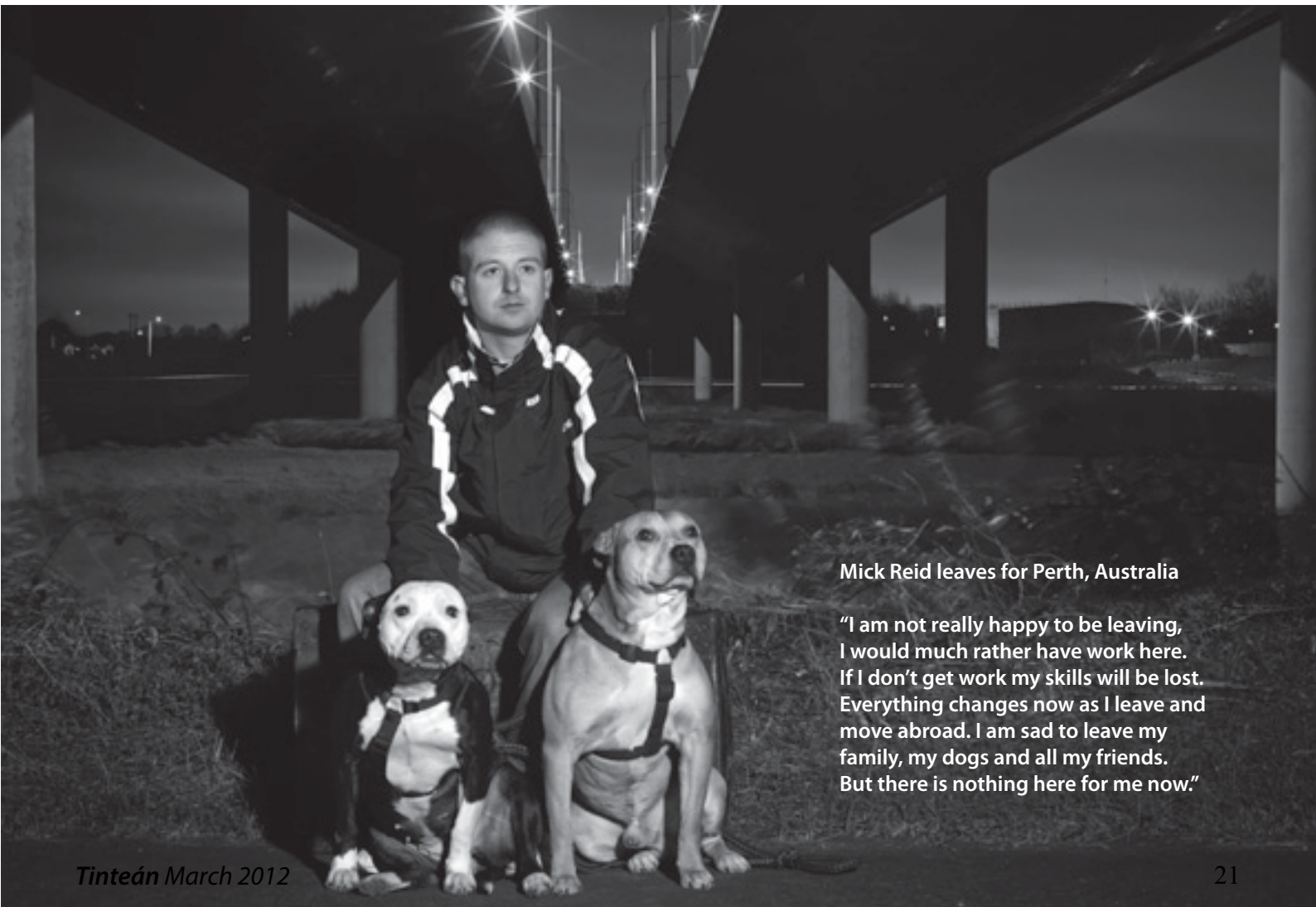
The project will be exhibited during July 2012 in the third edition of PhotoIreland Festival, that this year investigates the theme 'Migrations: Diaspora and Cultural Identity'. Find out more at www.photoireland.org

Ángel Luis González, Director of PhotoIreland Festival
See David Monahan's photos at thelillipution.blogspot.com



Aoife Mooney is working in New York

"I had never lived anywhere but Dublin, so moving to NY was a big leap for me."



Mick Reid leaves for Perth, Australia

"I am not really happy to be leaving, I would much rather have work here. If I don't get work my skills will be lost. Everything changes now as I leave and move abroad. I am sad to leave my family, my dogs and all my friends. But there is nothing here for me now."



Milena and Tady Walsh are leaving for Quimper in Brittany (France)



Elaine Bannon, a youth worker on her way to Australia

Arson on the Essex

The *Essex* hulk lay at Dún Laoghaire harbour from 1824 to 1837 as a prison for Irish convicted men awaiting transportation to Sydney. Previously she had been a 32 gun frigate of 850 tons which had given honourable service for the American navy before being captured by the British at Valparaiso, Chile during 1814. She was at anchorage at Portsmouth for some years before being de-masted and moved to Dublin to be converted to a convict hulk.

On the 13 June 1830 the *Hercules II*, a vessel of 482 tons chartered as an English convict transport, sailed into Dublin harbour flying the colours of a merchantman. She had completed the sixteen day journey from Deptford naval base on the Thames where surgeon superintendent William Martin had come on board. The military guard consisting of soldiers of the 4th regiment of the line was accompanied by some wives. The prisoners on board the *Essex* had been mustered by Dr Edward Trevor, superintendent of Irish prisoners and hulks accompanied by the medical officer and surgeon Martin, to declare them fit for the journey to Sydney in *Hercules II*.

On the morning of 14 June 1830 about 9 o'clock the *Essex* was seen to be on fire in three separate places. All were on the lee side of the hulk close to the water line. There were 308 convicted men in her at the time. As the prisoners were normally roused at seven bells for breakfast some men would have been below decks cleaning the prison when the alarm was raised. With a narrow doorway that allowed the exit of one man at a time these prisoners were placed at risk.

Marines and sailors stationed in the harbour came to the aid of the *Essex* and extinguished the flames. The commander, Mr Lamb, sent off a despatch to Dublin Castle to summon the horse police. They were on their way to Dún Laoghaire when the peace officer instructed them to turn back as the fires had been suppressed.

As the fires had been set in three separate places it was considered that they were not accidental. Suspicion fell on a prisoner named Edgeworth who had broken out of Naas jail in County Kildare before being re-captured and sent to the hulk.

There was no means of finding employment for the men on the *Essex* so they spent their days idle on the upper deck. In order to prevent escape, this deck was surrounded by a high bulwark covering its full length of 140 feet. It had been built with both sides and ends curving inwards which made it almost impossible to climb. As the prisoners were unable to observe the shipping movements in the harbour it was presumably through deliveries of stores to the hulk that they learned that a transport was expected shortly for their removal. As later revealed, the fires were started with the aim of attempting an escape during the confusion of their embarkation. Bored, discontented and without work or adequate food the prisoners were desperate to return to their families.

Immediately following the suspected arson on the hulk, officials decided to disperse the prisoners. In the evening of 14 June 200 men were embarked on the waiting *Hercules II*. Being a smaller ship she received her full complement. Of those sent on board, 60 were under 20 years of age including a boy of 15. Half the 200 were aged between 20 and 30 while a few men were considerably older. The majority were from Dublin city and the surrounding county. The *Hercules II* remained in harbour until 3 July 1830 while the investigation was being undertaken and to await the warrant for the transportation of the prisoners. Surgeon William Martin used the time to treat ailments such as ophthal-

mia and ulcers and to institute a routine of cleanliness and order before setting sail for Sydney.

The 108 male prisoners who remained in the damaged *Essex* were shipped to Cork on the deck of one of the government's brigs. They were to be held in the *Surprise* hulk which lay at Cobh abreast of Hawlbowlisland. Here they were to await the arrival of a further transport for their deportation, also to Sydney.

The *Edward II* was the next transport to arrive at Cobh. She was an older and smaller vessel of 406 tons. When 158 prisoners had been embarked, surgeon superintendent Thomas Bell found that those from the *Essex* were an older group who had been convicted at more remote county assizes. He remarked that 'the scenes they passed through since they became prisoners not at all contributed to their peace of mind.' So hostile were they as surgeon Bell reported 'they again ventured three times to commit the same horrid act at Cove.' These attempts at arson on the *Surprise* were unsuccessful.

While the prisoners awaited departure, the Lord Lieutenant, the 3rd Duke of Northumberland, and Her Grace the Duchess arrived at Cork on an official visit from 12 October 1830. His Lordship's carriage was drawn along the city streets by the populace. A dense crowd packed the route to the town hall where the Duke was presented with the keys to the city. A vice-regal indulgence was expected by the men in the *Surprise*. They were buoyed by the hope of a reprieve and they held this expectation until the *Edward II* sailed on 17 October.

According to surgeon Thomas Bell some of the prisoners on board had been involved in the plot to set fire to the *Essex* and were also implicated in the attempt on the *Surprise*. They were now in dread of the punishment which they expected would be inflicted upon their arrival in Sydney. Throughout the passage they remained so discontented and despondent that surgeon Bell found it necessary to force them on deck in fine weather to take exercise.

On these 1830s voyages to Sydney by the *Hercules II* and the *Edward II* the prisoners, on embarkation, were found in a similar state of deprivation. Extreme economy had been practised in both hulks in terms of hospital expenses and provisions. The men were sallow, emaciated and showed signs of scurvy from inadequate nutrition. They arrived on board dressed in clothes made of fustian stuff, a coarse cloth of cotton and flax which afforded insufficient protection against the chills of the Southern Ocean. The garments fell into rags after a month of use.

As a result of the more substantial shipboard diet, regular bathing in the tubs on deck and the maintenance of a dry prison, 197 Irish males arrived in Sydney aboard the *Hercules II* on 1 November 1830. Three deaths had occurred on the voyage. The *Edward II*, which had called at St Jago to replenish water supplies, sailed into Sydney harbour on 22 February 1831 with the loss of three men. One hundred and eighteen prisoners were disembarked.

Anne McMahon

Anne is a retired academic living in Canberra.

Further reading:

- D L Canney: *Sailing Warships of the US Navy*. London, Chatham, 2001, pp. 50-51.
- *Report by surgeon Andrew Henderson, Royal Admiral, AJCP PRO 3209 (1883).*
- *Edward (2)*, AJCP PRO 3103, 1830-1831.
- W B Johnson: *The English Prison Hulks*. Rev. ed., London, Phillimore, 1970, p. 159.

Beneath the Southern Cross: the Irish in Argentina

Ireland has a long history of emigration. The 17th and 18th centuries saw the wild geese emigration, a result of the marginalisation of the native Catholic population through penal laws which denied them access to land ownership, the professions and to education. As scholars the children of the impoverished elite sought education on the Continent and stayed there. This migration was mainly to France and Spain.

It was the 19th century which saw the mass migration of the Irish particularly during and subsequent to the Great Famine. With a million dead and another million emigrating, the famine triggered the birth of the modern diaspora. In 1845 the population of Ireland was 8 million compared to England with 16 million – Ireland now has 6 million with 50 million in England. Where did we all go?

Around the world 70 million people claim Irish ancestry. In the US 40 million – a destination where many arrived harbouring a great bitterness towards England which would endure longer there than anywhere else in the diaspora. The US would be the driving force of Irish nationalism during the Fenian period and would feature strongly in the struggle for independence at the beginning of the 20th century. Apart from the US, Irish emigration featured strongly in the British colonies. In Australia where the Irish formed a larger proportion of the overall population than anywhere else, including the US, New Zealand, South Africa, Zimbabwe where there is still an Irish population in Mashonaland and the British islands of the Caribbean, but you find a sprinkling of Irish most everywhere.

Argentina

There was only one major Irish settlement in a non-English speaking country during the period of post famine mass migration. When I first went as Irish Ambassador to Argentina in 2004, while aware of the community, I was still amazed to see the Celtic Crosses in the graveyards, the Churches, the Irish names on shop fronts and elsewhere, all marking our territory and proclaiming our presence. I was struck by the obvious Irish faces in the towns around Buenos Aires and on into Santé Fe Province. Towns like Mercedes (the capital of Irish settlement in the Pampas), San Antonio d'Areco, Carmen d'Areco, Arrecifes, Lujan, Capilla del Señor, Venuadu Tuerto as well as towns

with Irish names like Casey, Armstrong and Duggan, all have their Irish stories. Where did they come from?

The 18th century saw a beginning of Irish migration as part of Spanish colonisation process and included some from the British army, following their failed attempt to take over the colony, as well as migration by Catholics from Ireland – not the impoverished but rather the children of the Irish rural middle class. Argentina as a Catholic country was an attractive destination for a people who were marginalised at home. The early 19th century saw the settlement of many

**With a million
dead and another
million emigrating
the famine triggered
the birth of the
modern diaspora**

who would become major landholders in Argentina like the Duggans, Maguires, O'Farrells. These were mainly from the Irish midland counties of Longford and Westmeath, and from Wexford, and would give rise to a subsequent chain migration from these counties. Large sheep and cattle farmers, they looked to Ireland and the border area of Longford and Westmeath and to Wexford for their labour and tenants.

The total Irish migration to Argentina in the 19th century was 45,000 – about 15,000 of whom went on to other destinations mainly the US, leaving the core population for the settlement of around 30,000.

Fr Anthony Fahy from Galway was the key figure in ensuring the success of this settlement. He was sent as pastor to the Irish mission in Argentina in 1838. Another key figure was Thomas Armstrong who, although of Protestant landlord stock from Westmeath, was a close friend and partner of Fr Fahy. Fahy was the undisputed leader, matchmaker and guardian of the Irish community now scattered throughout

Buenos Aires Province and beyond. Together with Armstrong, himself a banker, they were the financial advisers to the community. Fahy lodged the community's money in Armstrong's Bank and advanced loans to buy and develop farms. The system of sheep farming by the large Irish landowners facilitated the emergence of a land owning Irish class. As payment for looking after herds of sheep, individual Irish farm workers were allowed a proportion of the sheep as well as having access to some land. By 1870 the Irish in Argentina were the most financially successful group of Irish emigrants anywhere in the world. By 1890 it was estimated that 5000 Irish families owned 40 million sheep and over 3 million acres of the Pampas. Later Irish communities of Palatine and Passionate priests as well as Sisters of Mercy and Irish Christian Brothers set up in Argentina to provide pastoral care and education for the Irish community

With the deaths of Fahy and Armstrong in 1870 this paternalistic community system ended and Irish migration to Argentina began to decline. Individual estancieros continued to import Irish labour but in declining numbers. As the pampas filled up fewer new Irish migrants became large holders of land.

The Golden Age was over and Irish migration would fade away to nothing by 1910.

The City of Dresden Steamship 1889, the last tragic hurrah

The last major event in Irish migration to Argentina was the tragic story of the *City of Dresden* Steamship. The Argentine government of the day encouraged migration through free passage schemes. Two Irish Argentinians (O'Meara and Dillon) were the agents for Ireland with per capita fees paid by the Argentine government. Through generous promises of land, houses and seeds etc. – none of which would materialise – they enticed largely working class and poor urban Irish to sign up for the Dresden voyage. Until then Irish emigrants to Argentina were drawn largely from the more prosperous farmer class.

There were 2000 on the *Dresden*. Some died en route due to a lack of food and water and the bulk landed in Buenos Aires where no preparations had been

made for them. Exploited, robbed and neglected, hundreds died over the following months. Late in responding to the catastrophe, the Irish Argentine community eventually placed some as workers in estancias. Significant numbers of the women and girls were located for care in convents, this after many girls had gone into prostitution, laying the basis for a tradition of Irish Madams and brothels in Buenos Aires. The Fahy Institute – a school for the less well off in the Irish community – received many of the orphan survivors.

Archbishop of Cashel Dr Croke wrote in a letter to the *Freeman's Journal* (Dublin) in 1889:

'Buenos Aires is a cosmopolitan city into which the revolution of 1848 has brought the scum of European scoundrelism. I most conjure my poorer countrymen, as they value their happiness hereafter, never to set foot on the Argentine soil however tempted to do so they may be by offers of passage and a comfortable home.'

This was essentially the end of Irish migration to Argentina.

Notable individuals in the Irish diaspora in Argentina

The Irish have made an important contribution to their adopted land. Almirante Guillermo Brown from Co Mayo was founder of the Argentine Navy and a naval hero in the wars against Brazil – a national figure second only to the Libertador San Martín. Julian Farrell was President of Argentina 1944 to 1946 (unfortunately a general rather than a democratic President) and was ousted by Peron. William Bulfin who wrote *Tales from the Pampas* and *Rambles in Erin* and founded the Irish-Argentine newspaper – *The Southern Cross/La*

Cruz Del Sur. His son Eamon Bulfin raised the flag over the GPO in the Irish rebellion of 1916 and indeed the Irish in Argentina have always supported the cause of nationalism in Ireland. Pacho O'Donnell is a famous modern Argentine writer. Ché Guevara (whose mother was Lynch) is well known. Lopez Murphy is a prominent politician and party leader. He was a candidate in the Presidential election 10 years ago.

Irish Argentina today

There are 600,000 of Irish descent in Argentina today. They are largely middle class with strong rural communities as well as a significant concentration in Buenos Aires city. They continue to have a close relationship with the Irish Embassy and a strong affinity with Ireland. They are a well organised and cohesive community. Very patriotic Argentines, they sought to distinguish themselves from the 'Ingleses' during the Malvinas/Falklands war. They were not entirely successful in this regard: the statue of Pádraig Pearse in Plaza Irlanda in Buenos Aires was vandalised during the Malvinas war in the mistaken belief that he was English.

There are a large number of Irish Societies in Argentina with the 'Federation of Irish Societies' as the umbrella representative body. The Irish Catholic Association runs Irish Catholic Schools in Buenos Aires (St Brigid's and Monsignors Dillon) as well having a number of estancias or large farms. Other Irish Schools include Newman College (Irish CBS) and St Brendan's. Las Senoras de San Jose, the Ladies of St Joseph, is the long established charitable organisation of the wealthy Irish and run the Fahy Institute School and

Hogar St Patricio for old people. There is a number of Irish Club premises scattered across the pampas in towns like Arricifes and Junin. The biggest clubs are in Buenos Aires. The Hurling Club used to play Irish Hurling up to 1945 when the game was finally abandoned due to difficulties in providing hurleys. The club today is an Irish community rugby club where over 2000 gather for the annual St Patrick's Asado (BBQ). The community newspaper, the oldest of the Irish diaspora newspapers, '*The Southern Cross/La Cruz del Sur*' is thriving and carries reports on the Irish community in Australia from Sydney – based Gabriel McCann, himself an Irish Argentinian. Most of its content is now in Spanish, reflecting the fact that the community is now essentially Spanish speaking. Nonetheless, most of the community speak English and, particularly in the case of the older members, with a strong Irish midland's brogue. Although they formally use Spanish Christian names, as they were legally required to do, many use an English name among friends and family. The annual community 'Encuentro' or gathering, held in a different town every year, is the great social and cultural event of the year for the scattered community. St Patrick's Day is of course a major celebration and an Irish Government Minister goes there each year to celebrate with them.

Unique in their Spanish South American experience, they are none-the-less a very familiar and very Irish part of our diaspora.

Mairtín O'Fáinín

Mairtín recently retired as the Irish Ambassador to Australia and has an ongoing interest in the Irish diaspora.

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Not a spontaneous adventure

An address at the Eureka Dinner by a former Ambassador for Ireland
Melbourne Celtic Club, 3 December 2011

‘I think it may be called the finest thing in Australian history. It was a revolution, small in size, but great politically; it was a strike for liberty, a struggle for a principle, a stand against injustice and oppression. It was the Barons and King John all over again; it was Hampden and Ship-Money; it was Concord and Lexington; small beginnings all of them, but all of them great in political thinking, all of them epoch-making. It is another instance of a victory won by a lost battle. It adds an honourable page to history; the people know it and are proud of it. They keep green the memory of the men who fell at the Eureka Stockade’.

These inspiring words of Mark Twain situate in their most appropriate historical context the glorious memory, the great sacrifice and above all the enduring legacy of this remarkable and resilient Australian democracy, which those who manned the Eureka Stockade, so courageously set out to establish in the early hours of the morning of 3 December 1854 – 157 years ago.

Of course the simmering unrest and disaffection on the goldfields around Ballarat and beyond that made inevitable the events at Eureka, were provoked by a series of developments ranging from the imposition of excessive taxation by authoritarian diktat, to the constant humiliations of intrusive bureaucracy and the ever present harassment of confrontational military and police personnel.

Nonetheless, the essential cause that was championed at the Eureka Stockade was the cause of democracy itself. That cause is proclaimed in the opening and historic words of the Ballarat Reform League Charter which assert ‘that it is the inalienable right of every citizen to have a voice in making the laws he is called upon to obey, that taxation without representation is tyranny’. What happened on the morning of 3 December 1854 has become an essential chapter in the democratic legendary of this great nation.

Eureka was a prime generator of Australian liberties. It was a forceful and for many an especially poignant demand for respect to the rights and dignity of the individual citizen and to put in place the simple dictates of natural justice. Those who manned the stockade and

the reported ten thousand who endorsed the Ballarat Reform League’s Charter at Bakery Hill less than a month earlier on 11 November 1854 advanced the view for all time and for all Australians that the rigidly authoritarian and class conscious structures of the old European order, which many of them had challenged in the countries of their birth, could find no place in this vast land filled with extraordinary promise, a place of freedom and fairness, of responsible and responsive government as well as of transparent and accountable administration which they were determined to see established under the Southern Cross.

While there has been some debate on the centrality of the Irish contribution to Eureka, what is clearly beyond dispute is that the Irish participation was both

Eureka was a prime generator of Australian liberties

substantive and significant. One half of those who took their positions within the Stockade, and more than one half of those who were killed were Irish. But equally beyond dispute is the fact that what happened at Eureka was the forging, in these unique circumstances and for the first time in this land, of a determined and dedicated multicultural Australia.

It is to those among the fifteen nationalities at the Stockade and specifically to Raffaello Carboni, citizen of Urbino, that we owe many of the detailed descriptions of what happened there. It is from Carboni’s writings that we get a sense of Eureka’s European heritage. As Australia’s internationally acclaimed Thomas Keneally has so rightly pointed out, Eureka was in that regard the last of the great European uprisings of 1848, all of which owed so much to the French Revolution and to the proclamation of the Rights of Man. One also gains a sense of the importance of the American presence at Eureka, the spirit of independence they brought from the sister country across the Pacific, where an understanding had

already been forged of how solidarity can contribute a powerful dynamic to human development and of how a new adventure can be advanced and enhanced by the bonds of freedom and democracy.

It is also from Carboni that we gain a special insight into the strong contribution made by the Irish revolutionary tradition in empowering those events which clearly struck fear into those who sanctioned the assault on the Stockade. It was, as Carboni told us, a revolutionary tradition embodied in the person of Peter Lalor, a son of a Home Rule Member of the Irish Parliamentary Party, who represented Laois in the British House of Commons and whose brother James Fintan Lalor was among the foremost intellectuals of the Young Ireland Movement of 1848. It was a revolutionary tradition similarly embodied in the person of the Irish born John Manning at the Ballarat Times who publicised the events at Eureka, as it was in all those who had been deprived of democratic representation in their own country through the abolition of the, albeit flawed, Irish Parliament through the notorious Act of Union of 1800 and against whose background the last 200 years and more of Irish history have unfolded.

In the vanguard at Eureka were the ‘Tipperary Boys’ who carried their pikes, fashioned by a German blacksmith. Pikes, the iconic weapons of rural Irish insurrections, were carried in all likelihood, as one commentator put it, ‘out of deference to an antique sentiment’. Seen in its Irish context Eureka was, as the late Patrick O’Farrell, the foremost historian of the Irish in Australia pointed out, a re-enactment of the great rising of the United Irishmen of 1798.

Like those at the Eureka Stockade, the United Irishmen envisaged a society that embraced the tolerant values of the enlightenment; the values that permitted a people to preserve their culture and their dignity; to promote their economic wellbeing; to establish the rule of law rather than to be ruled by the whim of an appointed official; to have strict accountability over the forces affecting their lives and to enable each person to fulfill his or her potential and to honour their inalienable rights as already proclaimed in the American Constitution, ‘to life, liberty

and the pursuit of happiness’.

Because of the events in the early hours of Sunday 3 December 1854 when much pain was inflicted and much blood was spilled, autocratic rule was to be abandoned, arbitrary regulations were to be set aside and the tide of Australian history was irrevocably altered. The sacrifice of the brave made Eureka the birthplace of Australian liberty, their dedication and solidarity inspired the acceptance of the rights they demanded and they became the founders of Australia’s accountable system of administration and ensured that Australia would be among the foremost of the nations of the world to chart the course of responsible and responsive government into the coming ‘age of democracy’.

Some years ago, with Professor John Molony, I visited the graves of those who died at Eureka and as we paused before those moving memorials we spoke of the little terrier and his master, the Pikeman’s Dog, and of how that story of love and loyalty reflected so much of the story of Eureka: the grieving of a small dog who clung to the person he knew, defended his dead master, was fiercely faithful to his provider and to all that he sensed as family and fraternity. We also recalled those who survived, those who worked on into the better days they had helped to create. Peter Lalor became twice a Minister and a Speaker of the Victorian Parliament. The Reform of the Franchise, to which Eureka was vital, paved the way for the Monaghan born Charles Gavan Duffy to blaze a Parliamentary trail in the new Victorian Parliament, serving as a reforming Minister with the legendary Tipperary born Premier John O’Shanassy and later as the Premiership of the State of Victoria.

But those memorials also remind us that what happened at Eureka was not some spontaneous adventure. It was not the product of a chance cavalier conspiracy but the determined action by a mass movement of people who asserted their civil liberties and claimed their fundamental freedoms. They were people who sensed the direction in the ever forward flowing tide of history; they led Australia into the new era of democracy; an era where absolute monarchies were to become part of antiquity; where fascism and totalitarian communism were

to be discredited and where state theocracy would thankfully appeal only to the fanatical few.

For the majority of modern states in today’s world the sole source of their governmental legitimacy derives from the freely expressed will of their peoples. Indeed many of the remaining dictatorships, some of which I saw at first hand in the Middle East, go to great lengths in attempting to associate themselves with our modern democratic narrative. They use the language of liberty while ruthlessly denying its reality; they organise elections from which they ever emerge victorious and they invariably plunder their countries resources for personal gain. Yet even in those terrible and often

Deep in our democratic tradition lies a profound commitment to protect the rights of the individual

terrifying circumstances there was ever the sense that the more the enemies of democracy imitated its language and aped its institutions the less firm was their grip on absolute power, as we have seen in this last year of the Arab Spring with the overthrow of Ben-Ali in Tunisia, Mubarak in Egypt and Gaddafi in Libya.

In fact the political story of the 21st Century is the story of ever increasing political participation in so many countries and across all continents, as we see, with increasing and often dramatic frequency, long entrenched centres of power shifting from robust and repressive authoritarian regimes towards responsible and responsive government, a transformation which is now commonly referred to as ‘the process of democratisation’. But this ‘process of democratisation’ has a more profound meaning than voting registration and electoral lists, it goes to the very heart of what we celebrate at Eureka. For the real victory of 3 December 1854 was not just the achievement of representative govern-

ment, it was the birth of our ‘democratic way of life’.

Over the last 100 years and more we have seen virtually every aspect of our way of life being transformed by this ‘process of democratisation’; aspects of our lives that reach well beyond the public and the political and reach into an understanding of culture which has been transformed, as we look beyond the ‘high culture’ of the elites and gain a new appreciation of ourselves in a world that is increasingly dominated by popular music, blockbuster movies, \$5 book stops and prime time television.

In the business world we have also seen a fundamental shift as economic power, once the preserve of bankers, businessmen and bureaucrats, has been overwhelmingly transferred to the control of national and international institutions and with so many in Ireland and elsewhere shouldering the enormous human cost of the socialisation of debt, the legacy of covert and unregulated free-market capitalism, as well as of cronyism and corruption assisted by incompetence and inefficiency. Clearly as national leaders from across the international community pick up the pieces of our damaged financial systems they will also have to provide the essential democratic transparency and accountability demanded by us their citizens, who have so needlessly suffered the cost of disastrous decisions and grave mismanagement.

Perhaps, in the longer term, the most far-reaching and fundamental of these processes of democratisation has been the revolution in communications. Gone is the era when the control of communication technologies were vital in reinforcing the authority of the establishment and in promoting the message of the governing elites. The critical transformation in this aspect of our lives is most graphically highlighted by the fact that the priority for today’s revolutionaries has shifted from the need to take over the local radio and tv stations to the need to get the message of the revolution onto the internet and to conduct the battle of ideas across the social media, the world in which, as Thomas Friedman has remarked ‘everyone is connected but no one is in control’.

All of this suggests that we are constantly under challenge to be clear about what we mean by political democracy and representative government. Citizens want to be assured that democracy is not just about elections, crucial as they are. It has to be about much more. As Jean-Jacques Rousseau said, 'the strongest is never strong enough to be master unless he translates strength into right and obedience into duty'. For deep in our democratic tradition lies a profound commitment to protect the rights of the individual, to defend the interests of the community and to guarantee the fundamental freedoms of religion, expression and assembly and to uphold and indeed to cherish the right to dissent.

Fundamentally we all appreciate that the history of our civilisation, our search for progress, is not just a reflection on the past. It is more crucially an inspiration and an instruction about the present, deepening the understanding of ourselves on

familiar ground and above all enabling us to look to the future with ambitious expectations grounded in hope and experience. Our modern democracy faces difficult challenges: combatting terrorism, adjusting to globalisation, embracing new technologies, rebuilding broken political and financial institutions but perhaps above all finding and forging new leadership that will be visionary and moral, that will protect liberty, advance freedom and ever enhance our common way of life – our inclusive democracy.

It was the Irish born parliamentarian Edmund Burke who once described society as a partnership between the dead, the living and the unborn. And in looking to the future, to the promise of Edmund Burke's yet unborn generations, those reflections lead me to welcome the impressive initiative which will see the establishment next year of the Australian Centre for Democracy at Eureka. I know that this initiative will strengthen the educational, historical and

civic significance of the Stockade site and recognise how the roots of Eureka lie deep in the soil of so many nations. But it will also and centrally be a place where this generation will reflect on the living legacy of the past and seek to add excellence and experience to our democratic political system into the future.

Just one hundred years ago, President Woodrow Wilson took the American people into the 20th Century with the commitment to make 'the world safe for democracy'. For those who feel especially close to the events of 3 December 1854 and for all those who will engage in discussion and research at the promised and promising Australian Centre for Democracy at the Eureka Stockade, their challenge and ours will be to make 'democracy safe for the world'!

Richard O'Brien

Richard O'Brien is the former Ambassador for Ireland to Australia, now retired and resident in Canberra.

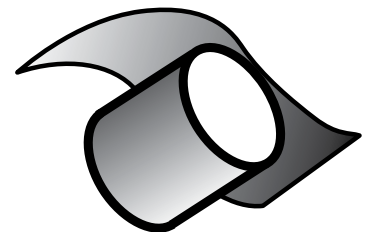


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Brigidfest 2012: servant-girls with tickets on themselves

After problems in 2011 that made it impossible for the organisers to stage Brigidfest, the revived annual luncheon at the Celtic Club, Melbourne, on 5 February was a resounding success. The after-dinner speech by Professor Elizabeth Malcolm, 'A Cartoon History of Brigid in Australia', examined late nineteenth century representations in cartoon form in the Sydney *Bulletin* and *Melbourne Punch* of a class of Irish domestic servants, collectively referred to as 'Bridgets'.

Elizabeth began by sketching the conditions under which domestic servants came to Australia and under which they worked. Migration of free, working class women, many of them Irish, greatly accelerated after the end of convict transportation in the 1840s, yet, curiously, the number of domestic servants in Australia didn't peak until the 1930s. Irish women faced overt discrimination, as employers often explicitly specified English or Scots girls in preference to Irish ones, complaining of their dietary habits on Fridays and inconvenient mass-attending habits. The predictable

raft of other complaints ('hard to get ... untrained ... unintelligent ... too costly to employ ... too inclined to ask for perks ... do not stay') were met by corresponding claims from the servant girls that they were forced to work long hours, had little leisure, too few visitors, were not paid at all, or not paid in a timely fashion, and were subject to physical, verbal and sexual abuse, and were forced to follow unfamiliar religious observances. The acts under which these women were employed were British in origin and gave much more power to the employer. Trade Unions for servants did not emerge until the late 1880s and were not securely in place until the 1890s. Despite this power imbalance, the women were not averse to taking action on their own account and some even sought redress through the courts. Labour shortages and gender imbalances in colonial Australia gave them more bargaining power than one would expect. Of the 4,100 Irish Famine orphans who arrived in 1848-50 and most of whom were employed as domestic servants 60 per cent had married older well established men within three years.

The lecture was an illustrated one, and the cartoons exhibited were complex in their meanings. The cartoonists had much malicious sport with the mistress/servant relationship, mocking the Irish women for their newness and incompetence, viewing their religious observances as comical and exaggerating their beefiness and forthrightness. They also construed them as uppity: the best cartoon was one which inverted the employment interview by having the servant judge the mistress as unworthy. The cartoonists occasionally dared to allude to the delicate fact that some free servant girls were working for prosperous descendants of convicts. Despite the malice of the cartoonists, what emerges from these eloquent cartoons is a class of women who were well able to defend themselves, demand their rights and who knew their own worth. These readings may not be what the cartoonists intended, but they constitute a fine reason to celebrate Brigid as an independent working woman and to celebrate egalitarianism in both its Irish and Australian manifestations.

Frances Devlin-Glass

Joe Creighton's 'Into the Mystic'

Belfast-born, Melbourne-based musician Joe Creighton is taking his tribute to Van Morrison 'Into the Mystic' on the road, in a series of intimate concerts, leading up to a major concert series production.

Since leaving Belfast aged eighteen, travelling the world and settling in Australia, Joe Creighton has become a highly sought-after bass-player, guitarist, singer/songwriter and recording artist. He is an integral part of the Australian music scene, touring and recording with great artists such as Olivia Newton-John, Kylie Minogue, John Farnham, Joe Camilleri and the Black Sorrows – to name just a few.

My partner and I attended the second sold-out performance of his new show on 20 January, at the beautiful state-of-the-art Burringa Cultural Centre, in Upwey.

As soon as his accompanists started playing, and Joe raised his voice, I felt in my bones this was going to be a special experience. The band was in top form, digging deep into Van's trademark Irish combo of jazz, R&B, blues, and pop, performing flawlessly on a wide cross-section of Van Morrison's enormous repertoire. Joe's concert program took us on a journey beginning in the 60s and continued through the decades encompassing Van Morrison's worldwide hits with a sprinkling of some of the more mystical poetic songs from the *Astral Weeks* album. When he invited the audience to sing along on 'Gloria', the excited crowd nearly raised the roof!

The *Astral Weeks* songs lost none of their sophisticated instrumental intensity onstage; the band's crack timing with tempo and volume proved they knew those melodies inside

out. On almost all the songs, Joe allowed the spotlight to turn on each band member, and not just for a few notes. The cumulative effect was a terrific concert with Creighton clearly enjoying the band members' individual contributions.

Creighton's quartet took Van Morrison's songs to new depths, with arrangements that are bold, exciting, provocative and totally refreshing. Listening to the performance, I was amazed at how Joe could completely transform his musical persona – yet retain what made Van's music so great in the first place. If you closed your eyes – you'd swear Van the Man was performing in front of you. To quote Brian Wise, music journalist and radio DJ, 'Joe Creighton gives one of the best readings of a Van Morrison song that I have heard'. High praise from an ardent Van Morrison fan and one who has seen Van performing live many times.

Through the Australian Business Arts Foundation (AbaF), Joe is offering tax-deductibility to all investors in his major concert production, which will feature a five-piece band, a four-piece string section, a three-piece brass section, and two backing vocalists. The backdrop will consist of images from the times when the songs were hits, the marches, Rev Ian Paisley, Bernadette Devlin, riots, IRA bombings, moving into a mood enhancing light show creating an all encompassing audio visual experience. If you would like to invest in this production, contact Joe directly: joe@joeCreighton.com

All in all, an outstanding concert. Here's hoping there will be another opportunity to see him again soon.

Mairéid Sullivan

Hobart's favoured guest

Captain Francis Crozier (born in Banbridge, Northern Ireland) was arguably Ireland's greatest polar explorer. He made five remarkable Polar voyages before disappearing on Sir John Franklin's ill-fated disaster of 1845 in search of the North West Passage. In 1839 Crozier was appointed second in command of an expedition led by James Clark Ross to map the unknown waters and coastline around Antarctica and to establish magnetic observatories in the Southern Hemisphere. John Hagan describes Crozier's exploits in Hobart, the capital of Van Diemen's Land, during the months he spent there.

In 1840 Hobart was indeed prosperous. According to historian Kathleen Fitzpatrick, 'large incomes and lack of ways of spending then led to conspicuous consumption.' There was apparently no shortage of 'dress coats, superfine cloths, superfine hats, Italian harps and French teachers' amongst the citizenry. Despite its far flung colonial location Hobart was also well renowned for its warmth and hospitality to visiting seafarers. French Antarctic explorer, Dumont d'Urville reported during his sojourn in 1839 that 'Invitations and entertainments came thick and fast'. It was into this environment that the British Antarctic Expedition of Sir James Clark Ross and Captain Francis Crozier arrived in August 1840.

The Admiralty had traditionally shown little curiosity in Antarctica, based on Cook's information that it was just a useless frozen wasteland. This mindset changed during the mid-1830s when it was decided to launch an expedition to find the South Magnetic Pole and to establish a series of magnetic observatories between Cape Horn and Australia to enhance accurate navigation. With this in mind, on 25 September 1839, *Erebus* and *Terror*, commanded by Ross and Crozier, set sail from Chatham for Hobart Town.

Buffeted by force ten gales and driving storms for most of their journey through the South Pacific and across the Roaring Forties, it was no doubt a great relief for the two captains to make landfall. In Hobart they were warmly greeted by the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir John Franklin, an old friend who was himself a noted veteran polar explorer. 'The arrival of Captains Ross and Crozier added much to Sir John's happiness,' recorded his wife, Jane, Lady Franklin.

The citizens of Hobart were also pleased to welcome *Erebus*, *Terror* and their crews, and the *Hobart Town Courier* (21 August, 1840) urged its readers to show, 'that Van Diemen's Land, which is the *maximum point of intensity* in magnetism, is not the *minimum* one of all that appertains to the social relations of life'. So it was not long before Crozier

and Ross were swept up in the local social whirl. Dinners, dances, lectures at the Mechanics' Institute, fraternising and dining with the 51st Regiment at the Barracks, all became part and parcel of their routine while ashore. According to polar historian and author, Michael Smith, 'Crozier and Ross were feted everywhere they went.' However, the principal reason for the visit, the construction of a new, functional, magnetic observatory, naturally dominated their time.

Having been alerted to their arrival Franklin had busily assembled all the materials and labour needed to build the observatory. A squad of 200 convicts worked daily from six in the morning until ten at night (with the exception of Sunday) and the observatory was completed in nine days. Crozier soon eagerly began taking magnetic readings; however, all did not progress as smoothly as expected. Many Hobartians were intrigued by all the activity and took the opportunity to visit the site of the observatory. The *Hobart Town Advertiser* reported (on 16 October 1840) that, 'one of the fashionable belles – on leaning over to obtain 'a sight', set the instrument vibrating. It is said the fair lady had on a steel bust, which did so much unintentional mischief'.

It had been planned to name the observatory *Gauss Villa*, after the eminent German mathematician and noted magnetism authority, Karl Frederich Gauss. However Lady Jane, mildly infatuated by the dashing Ross, persuaded her husband to call it *Rosbank*.

In order to mark the occasion, Lady Franklin requested artist Henry Mundy 'to paint a picture for me of Rosbank, with the Ob [observatory] – & Capn Ross & Crozier & Sir John in the foreground.' Unfortunately Mundy was unable to accept the commission, and, rather than see Lady Jane disappointed, Crozier asked John Davis, second master of *Terror*, to make a sketch which Crozier then presented. 'It is one of the prettiest thoughts that ever entered into Capt'n Crozier's head to send me this memorial', Lady Franklin later wrote to Captain

Ross. Davis' sketch formed the basis for ex-convict Thomas Bock's famous work, *Rosbank Observatory*, which depicts the recently constructed buildings, together with the three captains Ross (right), Crozier (centre) and Franklin (left). This illustration is now part of the collection of the Tasmanian Museum and Art Gallery.

An extravagant ball, in honour of Crozier and Ross, was held in Hobart on the evening of 29 October 1840. Charles Napoleon, the best French chef in the colony, officiated and the walls and windows of the Customs House (now Parliament House) were bedecked with flags, lights and ferns. Local delicacies were washed down with fine champagne with the 300 invited guests dancing through the night until dawn.

Before departing for Antarctic duties, Crozier was involved in two other important functions. On 5 November 1840, both he and Ross were invited to attend the laying of the foundation stone for the current Government House, and a description of the proceedings acknowledging the presence of the two captains was buried under the building. The 51st Regiment presented arms while in the harbour the guns of *Erebus* and *Terror* saluted the occasion.

Two days later, Crozier and Ross were present at another foundation event, this time at New Norfolk where a secondary college for boys was to be established. Following the official ceremony, the guests retreated to the Bush Inn (still in operation), where both captains were toasted with great enthusiasm. However, during the evening thieves moved the foundation stone and stole the coins which had been buried beneath. This was deemed a disturbing portent for the success of the development and, as a result, the school was never built.

On 12 November 1840, Crozier and Ross farewelled the Franklin household and Hobart Town, setting sail for Antarctica. Here they charted a considerable amount of the frozen continent, discovered Mount Erebus, set a new record for the extent of southern travel, and in April 1841, following some epic feats of

seamanship amongst the icebergs (especially by Crozier), *Erebus* and *Terror* reentered the Derwent.

Hobart was again in party mood to welcome them. To mark their exploits in Antarctica, the Royal Victorian Theatre (now the Theatre Royal), staged a ‘grand nautical drama’ entitled ‘The South Polar Expedition, or the Discoveries of Captains Ross and Crozier’. The *Hobart Town Courier* (14 May 1841), sardonically observed that the drama ‘was evidently much better written than it was played’, while Robert McCormick, surgeon on *Erebus*, described it as, ‘rather indifferently got up and not much better acted.’ Apparently, because of the seedy surroundings of the Theatre, and at the urging of Sir John and Lady Jane, neither of the two captains attended the production.

The return to Hobart allowed Francis Crozier more time to woo Sir John’s pretty niece, Sophy Cracroft, with whom he had fallen deeply in love. Despite his best efforts it was a relationship which was doomed from the start. Sophy, who was something of a flirt, had her eye on the dashing Ross, and considered the plain spoken, and reserved, Crozier ‘poor Irish’ and an ‘indifferent speller’. She twice rebuffed his offer of marriage.

While the school at New Norfolk never eventuated, Crozier was generously able to contribute to an enduring and prestigious educational establishment. On 4 June 1841, Archdeacon Hutchins died suddenly, and following the funeral a meeting was held to raise money for a public memorial in the form of a Church of England school. Ross contributed 10 guineas and Crozier £10 – donations only exceeded by the Franklins, Mr Justice Pedder, William Archer, and Colonial Secretary, John Montague. Five years later The Hutchins School was founded, and still maintains the reputation of being Hobart’s leading private school for boys.

Undoubtedly, the highlight of their return visit to Hobart was the Grand Ball, which Captains Crozier and Ross staged to thank the Franklins and the citizens of Hobart for their hospitality and assistance. It was the biggest naval ball



Crozier's statue in Church Square, Banbridge

Photo John Hagan

in Tasmanian colonial history. *Erebus* and *Terror* were lashed together in the Derwent, about 35 metres offshore from (the then) Government House.

Prior to the ball, Hobart was agog with excitement and the Town’s dressmakers and milliners were kept busy fitting and making new finery. To host the 350 guests, the decks of *Erebus* were transformed to resemble an elegant ballroom, with the introduction of red baize, chandeliers, mirrors and flowers. Music was provided by the band of the 51st Regiment and the Hobart Town Quadrille Band. In keeping with the quality of decorations, *Terror’s* dining tables groaned under the weight of French, English and local dishes, accompanied by the colony’s finest hock, claret, champagne, port and sherry. According to the *Hobart Town Advertiser* (4 June 1841), it was ‘quite impossible for any fete to have been more elegant and tasteful than the ball and supper which took place on Her Majesty’s ships *Erebus* and *Terror* on Tuesday last’. Despite not being a fluent Irish speaker, Crozier, in response to a toast, provided something of a surprise by addressing the gathering

with the words, ‘*cead mile fáilte*,’ meaning 100,000 welcomes. The whole event is very much a part of the island’s rich colonial history is proudly remembered, as ‘The Glorious First of June’.

On 7 July 1841, *Erebus* and *Terror* again left Hobart this time bound for Sydney where Crozier and Ross installed another observatory at Garden Island. The voyage formally drew to a close in England on 23 September 1843. It was almost four years to the day that Crozier and Ross had departed. So ended the last great journey of discovery to rely solely on sail.

On 19 May 1845, those same two ships, which in Hobart Town had echoed to the sounds of waltzes and quadrilles, reunited Crozier and Franklin, embroiling both in the worst disaster, and greatest mystery, in the history of Polar exploration.

John Hagan

John Hagan is a freelance journalist based in Hobart and a graduate of Trinity College Dublin and the University of Wales. He emigrated to Australia in 1976.

The first hurling game in Melbourne

Two accounts of the first hurling game in Melbourne in 1844 exist, one by the chronicler of early Melbourne, 'Garryowen' (Edmund Finn), and another in the memoir of John Howard, a prominent figure for many decades in Catholic societies. Garryowen, writing in 1879, begins the story:

In 1844 the Orangemen began to feel their strength, and it was resolved that on the 12 July, the anniversary of the battle of Aughrim, Melbourne should witness a grand spectacular display of an Orange procession through the streets.

John Howard then tells us: With his usual shrewdness and tact, without directly opposing an Orange demonstration, Sir John O'Shanassy caused it to be made public by advertisement that a grand hurling match would be held on the same day of the celebration of King William, the place of rendezvous being the foot, not of 'Slieve-na-mon', but of Batman's Hill. Mr O'Shanassy, then President of the St Patrick's Society, marching to the trysting ground in his green cloak, headed the procession, and captained his Tipperary legions; his opponent, Mr. McNamara, the ninth part of a man, doing the honour for the Limerick and Clare hurlers. The contrast between the captains in size and dress was grotesque, and became the source of attraction and merriment rather than the game, which in itself was secondary to the primary object of drawing away the crowd and possible contact with unbridled ruffianism.

'Garryowen': Batman's Hill was a picturesque eminence – green as a leek, with a spacious plateau around its base; but it has long since disappeared under the combined influence of pick and shovel, and forms the site of the now Spencer Street railway station. The hurlers had a glorious day of it, and footballing was added to the sport. The attendance was very numerous between ten o'clock and noon. But the best joke was that this hurling tournament not only quelled the threatened Orange procession, but its novelty, and the cleverness of the ruse, actually induced many of the worshippers of [King] William to flock to the convincing ground, and become excited spectators of the enlivening performances enacted before them. I cannot find any published report of the scoring and minutiae of the day's proceedings.

The Herald of 16 July, 1844, published a ballad on the match, 'The 'Hurling' at Batman's Hill', the last two stanzas of which are as follows:

Full may a time did each light-hearted soul
Lend his hurley to hurl the ball to the goal;
And many a time might the football be seen
Careering in eddies wide over the green.
But the bigoted Shoneens who hailed from the Boyne,
With their 'grand Orange' banner were not up to time,
For deuce take the ha'porth was there to be seen
But 'Sprigs of Shillelagh and Shamrocks so Green'.

'Garryowen': It seems they [the Orangemen] only 'nursed their wrath to keep it warm' – and they took so much of Oliver Cromwell's celebrated advice as 'to keep their powder dry' until the following year, where there occurred a disgraceful riot, attended with bloodshed at the anniversary celebration in Queen St.

John Howard describes the subsequent history of hurling in Victoria, when he was President of the Victorian Hurling Society in the 1870s:

The loss of our [Batman's Hill] ground and the urgent need



of possessing some such reserve for our people's amusements, impelled me to suggest the desirability of fencing in the Catholic College Reserve [at the University]. On our passing through that then open, unformed, and apparently neglected grant for the future building of a Catholic College, we saw the need for a substantial fence, which would effect a saving in the rent then paid for the use of holding pic-nics and annual reunion.

The hoardings of the city and suburbs, covered with green posters, announced the revival of a grand Hurling Match, which attracted some thousands, being new to a new generation. Mr. Fogarty captained his Tipperary legions, whilst I had the honour of leading the Garryowen boys into the field. Many adverse remarks were indulged in. When forty-two brave and active combatants appeared, dressed in green and gold, with their formidable hurleys, there surely must be bloodshed or many accidents, was generally expressed; but, to the disappointment of many, after a display of skill, the game resulted in a draw, the only casualty being the loss of Mr. Fogarty's new Sunday hat.

A new impetus was given to the national game. Clubs sprang into existence all over the colony. The first great match, Warrnambool v. Melbourne, attracted immense excitement. The preparations for the visitors were on a grand scale, they being met at the wharf, and driven through the city and suburbs in a drag and four greys. Some thousands assembled at the trysting ground. The late Sir John O'Shanassy, acting as central umpire, remarked to me, as captain of the home team, the pleasure it afforded him of witnessing the revival of the game, in which he himself had been the principal actor nearly forty years before.

From Guerrilla to Quaker

Terence O'Reilly: *Rebel Heart*,
Mercier Press, Cork, 2009
ISBN: 978 1 85635 649 7;
RRP: \$31.59.

The prologue of this account of George Lennon's life, throws up the terrible impacts on ordinary people of uprising and civil war, with an account of the death of Sergeant Michael Hickey at Lennon's hands. Lennon's flying column ambushed some Black and Tans, with deaths on both sides, but captured Hickey alive. As he was a member of the RIC and recognised his captors, he was shot to prevent him revealing their identities, despite the fact that he was well known and liked in the community. Before his death by firing squad, he reminded Lennon that he had known him as a child and said 'you are the only person who can save me'. Lennon replied 'I would give anything in the world to save you, but I cannot'. After the shooting, it was Lennon who stepped up to administer the *coup de grace*: a bullet through the head. To this day, Lennon's son Ivan is trying to put a marker on Hickey's grave to acknowledge the fact that Hickey was a victim of circumstances; a decent man in the wrong place at the wrong time.

After a heroic career as a Flying Column captain, Lennon emigrated to the United States, first in 1927 and then permanently in 1946, became a Quaker, opposed the war in Vietnam and helped found the Rochester Zen Centre. O'Reilly uses Lennon's diaries to discuss the contrasts between the Ireland of the Rising and 50 years later, making the point that social change, particularly where women were concerned, was glacially slow. Perhaps Yeats should have represented Parnell as saying to a cheering *woman* 'Ireland shall get her freedom and you will still break stone'.

The narrative returns abruptly to 1916, where the teenage George Lennon and his friend – the gloriously misnamed 'Pax' Whelan – were arrested for 'Entering a house disguised and carry away a gun'. At 5'8 ½" (173 cms) and 112 pounds (50 Kg) according to his arrest record, George sounds like a skinny kid rather than a formidable IRA gunman but his intention had been to carry off a Lee-Enfield rifle to help arm the local squad. Acquiring arms and then ammunition is a recurring theme in the early part of the book as the only reliable way the Waterford volunteers could arm themselves was to steal weapons from their owners – a risky proceeding.

On his release, Lennon returned to the fray, becoming part of the Waterford Brigade. At length, Lennon became the leader of a flying column in the Comeragh Mountains and O'Reilly gives a good account of the extent of the central control of these wild men exerted by the IRA in Dublin. George Plunkett – a staff officer from headquarters – came to inspect them and found that their occupational health and safety (OHS) practices were not up to his high standard. Plunkett objected to the column's 'habit of letting our small arms lie about any place' – very punctilious indeed as the Volunteers complained! Instead of remonstrating angrily, Plunkett would simply '...confront you with the gun saying urbanely "I believe you must have mislaid this." – it was one of his most exasperating habits' (p 115). Of course, he may have prolonged their active lives.

The descriptions of the actions are set amongst a background of extensive support from just about the entire countryside. Priests blessed them and heard confessions, doctors treated them (so far as they could) and even prison warders tried to comfort them within their limited powers.

While O'Reilly conveys to the reader very little about the motivation or personal experience of the fighters, the descriptions of the courage of both sides are quite remarkable. As far as the IRA were concerned, most battles came after long, exhausting marches (or bicycle rides) through the countryside to get into position at all, where those lucky few with Lee-Enfields took up a position a cautious distance away from the 'shotgun men' whose weapons were apt to explode when overheated. Death in battle was prepared for by confession before the attack and then taken very calmly; for example 'Padraig Ceitinn a good, tough, spirited mountainy man, with two bullets right through his body, managed to walk a few paces with help, [...] He told his comrade to take his belt and Parabellum [...] for he was going to

die.' (p 129). As is so typical in these stories, little is made of the extraordinary disparity of arms and resources between the two sides. The Volunteers with their rifles and shotguns apparently thought nothing of taking on a train packed with soldiers and escorted by a plane which was armed with a machine gun. Fortunately for the attackers, the plane turned back before they held up the train with a party of nine – 'most of the men had rifles – the remainder had shotguns' (p 138).

After the Treaty was signed, Lennon took over the Waterford military barracks and when the Civil War broke out, he joined the anti-Treaty side. While he participated in the defence of Waterford against Free State forces, he found it very difficult to fight against his own people and resigned his command to Liam Deasy in 1922. No insight is given into his decision to emigrate to America; all we know is that he was the last of his family to leave.

The Great Depression turned him into a communist briefly, but he returned to Ireland in 1935 to claim the IRA service pension on his own and his comrades' behalf. Subsequently he worked for the National Tourist Board until he became so disillusioned with post-Treaty Ireland that he returned to America with his wife and son in 1946. During this second period of settlement he became a Quaker. When the Vietnam war broke out, he opposed it. His opposition was based partly on the pacifist views he had developed with the Quakers and partly from personal experience as a guerrilla leader against an unpopular occupier. He had no difficulty in forecasting the outcome of American intervention.

It is a fascinating book, but perhaps too reliant on Lennon's unedited diaries. They reveal an acute observer with a sense of humour and a keen conscience. But the book itself might leave the reader confused as it presumes a knowledge of the background of the events it covers, particularly during the the days of the Flying Columns.

Felicity Allen,
Deputy Editor, Tinteán

'I would give
anything in the
world to save you,
but I cannot'

Ó Chogadh go Síocháin

Documentary/DVD

Director & Producer, Cormac Morel;
Editor & Co-Producer, Nicola Leddy;
Production Assistants, Sinead Nolan
& Karen Bracken; Sound, Sinead
Finnegan; Camera, Daithi O'Sullivan;
Lighting, Maria Delahunty;
Monastrevin Re-Enactment Group;
Archive by Waterford County Museum
& Sean Murphy;
Produced with the help of Nemeton
TV in 2011.

The documentary *Ó Chogadh go Síocháin – Saol George Lennon/From war to peace – a life of George Lennon* was made by Cormac Morel with the help of Nemeton TV in An Rinn, the Gaeltacht (Irish Speaking) area of Waterford.

My own father would have been a contemporary of George Lennon, although being four years younger, didn't achieve the status of being a Flying Column commander. There are many parallels between the saga of heroism Terry O'Reilly weaves around the dashing exploits of George Lennon's younger life and the stories of my father's adventures with which he regaled us as children – one of the reasons why I enjoyed O'Reilly's book so much and the documentary even more so. (George's son Ivan only discovered many of his father's youthful exploits after his father's death)

Ó Chogadh go Síocháin – Saol George Lennon was filmed as a final year project to produce a 30 minute documentary of high enough standard for TV without any budget! It certainly has succeeded as a project and has already been aired by TG4 Ireland. (SBS/ABC please note!)

While the documentary follows a well-used and successful formula for documentary making, one is never overtly aware that this is so. The storyline is chronological and depends heavily on Terence O'Reilly's account of the life and times of the hero of *Rebel Heart*. The voice over narrative is in English but segments of 'talking heads' interviews, with those who either knew George Lennon or who knew of him and the Flying Column he commanded in Waterford and the Comeragh mountains were 'as gaelige', although subtitled in English. The interviews were interspersed with grainy but wonderful



George Lennon and Roger McCorley (great grandson of Roddy McCorley), O'Connell St Dublin 1939

photos, mostly of the Flying Column days but also of his later life and the part he played in setting up a Buddhist Zen centre in Rochester NY in later life.

Perhaps the most successful aspects of the documentary were the 're-enactments'. These were reminiscent of scenes from the 2006 Ken Loach film *The Wind that Shakes the Barley*. These scenes (with an English language voice-over) captured the poignancy – co-lateral damage – that so often accompanies hostilities particularly between brothers and friends who are on the opposite sides of a conflict.

Even though I think that my prior reading of *Rebel Heart* enhanced my enjoyment of it – it was like meeting old friends to see the events and characters of the biography unfold on the screen, – nevertheless the documentary stands in its own right as an authentic account of George Lennon's life and deserves a wide audience.

**Elizabeth McKenzie,
Editor Tinteán**

For further information about the distribution of the documentary contact Joe Kelly: joepotato@earthlink.net

Glenstal Abbot looks to artists in ecclesiastical crisis

Underground Cathedrals

Mark Patrick Hederman OSB,

Columba Press, Dublin, 2010.

ISBN 978-1-85607-695-1;

RRP: €14.99

One of the major historical changes in Ireland over the past twenty years has been the withdrawal of popular involvement in the dominant Roman Catholic Church. This is not just disillusion with the Church but angry rejection of its place as a leading institution of Irish life, brought about distinctively but not solely by the clergy sex abuse scandals and episcopal failure to deal meaningfully with these outrages. There is an ongoing sea change, with a need to review its causes and reconsider the future. An impressive aspect of this book by the Abbot of Glenstal Abbey is its primary concern with the people of Ireland and the shape of their future, rather than with the woes of the Church.

Using the image of the cathedral to explain Christian history, Mark Patrick Hederman defines normative Catholicism as coming from two main sources: St Augustine's teachings, symbolised by the Romanesque cathedral, and St Thomas Aquinas, symbolised in the complete worldview expressed in Gothic cathedrals. Although both theologians developed systems that were open-ended, the Church adopted their work as definitive for Catholic doctrine, with a resulting rigidity that gave little scope for new ideas and discoveries, a rigidity by the way not found in the spirit of enquiry displayed by the saints themselves. Hederman shows how something was bound to give way. In one sweeping chapter he explains what happened to poverty, chastity, and obedience when addressed respectively by Marx, Freud, and Nietzsche. The Church's own self-restricting positions, as dictated by Augustine and Aquinas, had turned these affirmative virtues into rule-bound negotiations of life. Nor did the Church have the imaginative language or flexibility to engage with our changing knowledge of the universal, the social, or the personal. Such Catholicism was bound to be restrictive in such an isolated nation. Hederman writes:

From the very beginning of our history

as a newly formed independent twentieth century state in Ireland, our mental architecture was consciously designed and implemented. National identity was expressed in symbols representing our Celtic heritage, the Gaelic language, and the Roman Catholic religion. These received state and ecclesiastical support. The questionable authenticity

It is time for the Abbot and others to start developing an Irish liberation theology

of this cluster of symbols has much to do with our current problems.

Hederman is harsh in his description of the 1949 construction of Galway Cathedral. Dedicated in 1965, it was 'an object lesson in insularity,' and 'a gloomy monument ... to our refusal to emerge from the tomb of medieval Christianity.' The Vatican Council II, which ended in the same year, produced documents on liturgy that 'rendered the shape, style, arrangement and settings of such buildings obsolete and anachronistic.' Across Europe churches in new styles were being built with virtuosity and great theological awareness. This cathedral image is pivotal in his discussion, as it symbolises the unquestioned and unquestioning authority once enjoyed by the Church in Irish society, but also the inertia and even stagnation that can follow from such an overriding role. It also informs his thinking on the sensitive subject of the Ryan Report, where he argues that the power to act on abuse was impossible, while for decades no one would have been allowed to say anything against a priest, let alone question his integrity. For Hederman, the Church fulfilled

the role of 'removing from the people their freedom and responsibility for working out their own salvation, reducing them to infantilism and treating them like children.'

The Abbot has been a champion of artistic expression. He is important, in my view, for being the first reader of James Joyce inside Ireland to treat that literary master as fulfilling a religious vision of existence, i.e., explaining that satire of Catholicism does not make you an anti-religious or non-religious writer. It is Joyce who celebrated the human body, in contrast to the hatred of the body expressed by the Church, such that the Abbot calls it Manichean. So it is not surprising that Hederman's appeal to the Spirit, his solution to the impasse of the current Church crisis, and the problems of Irish identity, is through learning from artists, writers, and poets. That is the central argument of this book, that 'myopically cloistered Ireland' must become open to the Spirit as revealed through these explorers of the imagination. Interestingly, in this respect he offers the same advice given by Enda McDonagh when that moral theologian spoke at the Irish Studies Conference at Newman College in Melbourne some years ago on the subject 'Faith and the Cure of Poetry'. Both men are looking outside the church for those expressions whereby we may discern the activity of the Spirit.

As well as praising contemporary artists who dare to expose the difficult nature of Ireland today, or who attempt to present possibilities for the future, Hederman also identifies older artists who have become prophets recognised in their own country. Louis Le Brocq, for example, an artist vilified by the Dublin establishment in the 1950s, he says is 'revealing the divine face which is the fundamental reality of who we are at our most creative and at our most personal.' Brian Friel, that proclaimer and revealer in the underground cathedral known as the theatre, produces 'life-support machines' that may engender religious experience. Hederman even

Furphy Centenary

quotes Friel, who discovered that ‘this ritual, this wordless ceremony, was now the way to speak, to whisper private and sacred things, to be in touch with some otherness.’ Then Seamus Heaney, whom Hederman says is ‘developing an alphabet of metaphysical archaeology and a vocabulary to help us adapt to being in depth.’ The Abbot is realistic in saying that prophets before now have not been received in their own country, pointing to Yeats, Joyce and all who spoke in their generation of a more human religion and a more open Ireland, only to have their main message ignored by the majority. But Hederman praises and enables, getting us to see hope in a time of despair, for certainly he knows he belongs inside a church that is in permanent crisis mode. This book comes out of that understanding, informed though by a love both of church and of the Irish nation.

If questions must be asked of the Abbot’s arguments, they go back to first principles. There is, for example, no doubt that any church lacking an understanding and proclamation of the Gospel is not going to last long and cannot really be called a church. Missing through most of his discussion is any mention of Scripture, making one wonder just how removed Irish Catholics have become from the foundation of the written faith. Maybe it is time for the Abbot and others to start developing an Irish liberation theology. Beggars can’t be choosers, as those Latin Americans knew who went back to their Bibles and began applying the stories to their own conditions when adopting liberation theology practice. The Irish Church finds itself in a not dissimilar position, where those who remain do not trust hierarchies and crave the living sources that created a Celtic Church in the first place. Visiting Lough Derg is a good start and Hederman has an inspiring chapter on how modern writers (Carleton, McCarthy, Devlin, Kavanagh, Heaney) have used the famous pilgrimage site of Station Island as the place to reconnect with their Ireland, past and present.

But without individual discovery of the Scripture it is impossible properly to understand the sacraments, let alone the deeper religious meanings of our artists. Basic ecclesial communities deserve to be the subject of his next writings.

Listening to the people should be a first requirement of a priest and Mark Patrick Hederman is leading by example in this respect. He also understands better than most that art and its making are signs of the spirit, a view strangely out of fashion in the relativistic postmodern art world itself but not with those who look at human expression to explain meaning and existence. Yet it has to be asked how art in all its forms can alone change people’s sensibilities for the better or make them more charitable towards others. There is too an implication here that expressions of the Spirit in Irish art are certainly good not only for finding a national future, but a future inside the Church. Catholicism at its best has always gone to artists to explain faith and the whole book is written with this attitude, this sensibility in mind, but I ask if Hederman is not at times unconsciously equating the affirmative pursuits of Roman Catholicism in this regard with Irish national aspirations and hopes, in ways that replicate the same error he is accusing 20th century Ireland of having committed.

Still, the Abbot wants his reader to open her mind, to interpret her dreams. He wants reader to get in touch with his feminine side, to become aware of his unspoken desires to destroy that which speaks to his reality and to his hopes. He is writing not just to those still in the church, but very especially to those who have left. He is in pursuit of what is called in the three-page poem that opens the book, ‘The Truth of Poetry’, a poem written on the 3 February 2009 and handed to the Abbot by one Michael D Higgins.

Philip Harvey

Philip is poetry editor of Eureka Street, a Melbourne poet, librarian at the Carmelite Centre, and a scholar with a longstanding interest in Irish Literature.

Joseph Furphy, Australian novelist of Irish descent, died on 13 September in Fremantle (WA) 100 years ago. To mark that premature loss, two events will commemorate his achievement as one of the two great novelists of the c19, and early twentieth century. His works belong to the bush nationalist tradition but transcend it in many ways. He was an early modernist, had some striking views on the environment, on women, was a non-conformist in religious matters, spoke strongly against institutional religion. He was an utopian Christian socialist whose agenda on issues like race (especially in relation to the Irish, Chinese and Aborigines) was very different from his *Bulletin* peers. A man and a writer to celebrate.

The first event, a mini-conference run by the Association for the Study of Australian Literature, occurs over 12 days in late March when a posse of Furphy scholars will tour God’s Own Riverina, Furphy’s soul country, giving papers and no doubt learning the difference between lignum and mallee (if you don’t know, you don’t deserve to call yourself an Australian, according to Furphy, who was perhaps Australia’s first eco-novelist). On the principle that there is no better place to discuss *Such is Life* than in the midst of the landscapes portrayed in it, the conference will see the ‘Bend in the Lachlan’, stay at stations like ‘Runnymede’, and explore the Willandra Billabong, in its attempt to trace some of the routes Tom Collins would have taken driving his bullock wagon to Runnymede and beyond. Details of this event will be provided by Susan Lever (susan.plever@bigpond.com).

The second event is a one-day seminar on 14 September in Shepparton. Descendants of the Furphy family, who came originally from Tanderagee in Co. Armagh, are denizens of Shepparton. It was in the famous Furphy foundry, run by his more successful brother John, that Joe after an eventful variety of unsuccessful careers was employed, and found the leisure to write his three novels, only one of which was published in his lifetime. Information about this event can be had from Susan Martin, La Trobe University (S.Martin@latrobe.edu.au).

Frances Devlin-Glass



'Harvest Home' near Molong.

This photograph was brought by Mary Robinson, President of Ireland, as a gift on her state visit to Australia in 1992.

Capturing the soul of the moment

E.E. O'Donnell SJ (ed.): *Father Browne's Australia*, Wolfhound Press, Dublin, 1995.

ISBN: 0 86327 443 9

Our old friend Fr Frank Browne SJ, photographer, has turned up again. Reviews of his edited works have appeared in *Táin* 2005 (*Fr Browne's Limerick*,) and in *Tinteán* 2008 (*All our Yesterdays*) and 2009 (*The Annals of Dublin*). The Allen family of Dublin and Victoria, via our loyal contributor Patrick Morgan, has kindly made available to us this 1995 edition of another study of this Jesuit photographer. Francis Mary Hegarty Browne was born in Cork in 1880, died in Dublin in 1960 and is buried at Glasnevin. 42,000 of his negatives were discovered in Jesuit archives by Fr E E O'Donnell SJ and, with the help of Kodak, prints were developed and some twenty volumes of his pictures have been published.

At the outset, I feel compelled to repeat the story of the *Titanic* maiden voyage ticket that he was given by his uncle, the Bishop of Cloyne, in 1912, for Frank to board at Southampton, sail to Cherbourg and disembark at Cobh. The cruise was so successful and he was so popular that his fellow passengers pleaded with his Order to allow Frank to stay aboard for the Atlantic crossing, even offering to pay the expenses. But the Jesuit Provincial ordered his disembarkation with a cable: 'GET OFF THAT SHIP – PROVINCIAL'. I wonder if Frank ever forgave his boss.

In 1924 he was sent to Australia for health reasons, his gassing, in the war in 1918, affecting his lungs. He returned to Dublin in 1925 but in that time he travelled extensively in Australia and this wonderful book has reproduced some 900 copies of his pictures. They range from shipboard studies to images of Melbourne, Sydney and country New South Wales,

Brisbane and Queensland outback, Adelaide and Perth. As with all Fr Browne's photos, one's immediate impression is of the sharp definition, the beautifully balanced and intriguing composition and the novelty and variety of many studies. Of interest to Melburnians of a certain age, are pictures of the Yarra River at Williamstown, 1 May 1924, of Fr Hackett SJ and another of Fr Albert Power SJ at Werribee College, 1924. One of the most striking and meticulously composed photographs is of two six-horse teams pulling gigantic hay-loads in NSW (a world away from Monet's haystacks!). It was titled *Harvest Home* and was brought by Mary Robinson, President of Ireland, as a gift on her State visit to Australia in 1992. My favourite is of Fr Browne with a group of drovers which is of the essence of the times and of Australia's outback history. This talented Jesuit priest understood Australia's heart and soul and, like DH Lawrence, absorbed it all in a minimum of time. This is a gift of the true artist.

This collection shows a British and white Australia, struggling to recover from the slaughter of the First World War and yet still relying on the invigorating ride on the sheep's back. It is no fairy-tale and the pain and hardships are not avoided. It is a valuable historical document. There is an informative introduction and brief biography by the editor and a succinct summary and analysis of Australia 1924-1925 by Professor David Day, then of University College Dublin. We thank the Allen family for this privilege.

Peter Kiernan

Dreaming the Impossible Dream

Deirdre Irwin and Judith Perkins (eds): *They Dreamed of Gold: A Pioneer Keegan Family of Australia*,
Deirdre Irwin, Varsity Lakes, 2011
www.derbffhine.com/?page_id=13
ISBN: 978 0 64654 311 6;
RRP: see website above

As its subtitle suggests, this book is a collection of stories about a pioneer Keegan family in Australia.

After painstaking research, the editors assess John Walter Keegan, a shipwright, to have arrived in Melbourne, aged 24, from Dublin in 1851, but have been unable to establish how and exactly when he arrived. They are certain, however, that Mary Alice Flood arrived, aged 17, from Enniscorthy, Co Wexford, on the *New Liverpool* in 1849, as one of the 4000 Irish Famine Orphans. John and Mary married at St Francis' Cathedral in 1852. A first child, Elizabeth, was born in 1853 but died at six months.

The book takes as its theme the following quotation from AR Chisholm's translation of A Fauchery's *Letters from a Miner in Australia*: 'The gold mine: the goal of all hopes, the dreamland where the sun rises.' By 1854 the goldfields had lured John and Mary to the diggings of the Woody Yaloak district where for most of the next 20 years John worked as a digger, or as a carpenter for mining companies.

Except for brief stint in Ararat in 1858, they remained in the Pitfield and Rokewood areas of the district until the birth of their eleventh child in 1875. The children are recorded variously as being born at Brownsvale, Happy Valley, Western Creek, and Bulldog (later renamed, not Footscray, but Illabarook). Their twelfth and last child was born at Stawell in 1878.

Of the 12 children, only eight, whom the editors describe as 'the first generation', survived to adulthood. Sad as this might seem, it is a fortunate record for the age, given the tent-city accommodation and the primitive support facilities in those early days of settlement. *They Dreamed of Gold* is structured chronologically to focus on the fortunes of 'the first generation' and also on the lives and careers of their 41 children ('the second generation').

During the ensuing 15 years, as gold mining work declined, the Keegans moved as a tribe from place to place, usually coinciding with work to open or extend railway lines. During this period the family were at Shepparton, Narrandera, Carrathool, Dubbo, Molong, and Carcoar. John Senior's services were also in demand, as a contract carpenter to build stables, which often required travelling far from home. On one of these expeditions he died at Jerilderie in 1892. Mary Keegan survived her husband by 15 years.

With the discovery of gold at Wyalong in 1894, the Keegan tribe moved to a new 'dreamland where the sun rises', and remained for many years, working mining leases, without ever becoming extraordinarily successful or prosperous.

Two members of 'the first generation' became members of parliament. In 1925 the ALP caucus elected John Walter Keegan to the NSW Legislative Council where he served until 1934. John had an unfortunate record in matrimony. He mar-

ried happily three times only to have each wife succumb to serious illness. Finally in 1939, he married for a fourth time, only to die himself just three years later. In 1910, Thomas Michael Keegan won the seat of Glebe in the NSW Legislative Assembly and, except briefly in 1920-21, represented Glebe or Balmain until his retirement in 1935. In 1927, he was the Minister for Local Government in a Lang government.

Veronica Mabel Keegan, daughter of Peter Keegan of 'the first generation', became Sr Mary Berchmans of the OLSH order and died in 2008, in her 100th year. Keith Denis Keegan, a grandson of Peter Keegan, became a Franciscan friar. In marrying John Foster, for whom Slim Dusty recorded his song, 'The Old Time Travelling Showman', Eileen Keegan, daughter of Patrick Keegan of 'the first generation', joined the circus. Their family carries on the show business tradition to this day.

The book offers a warts-and-all picture of the inevitable misfortunes that befall most families of this size. John Keegan Senior was found guilty in Shepparton Court of using threatening language and Albert Keegan unfortunately died in the Maitland Gaol. There are war service records and war tragedies, as well as fatal industrial accidents. Interspersed between all of this are tales of an extended family of ordinary Australians going about their lives as miners, carpenters, labourers, gangers,

butchers and many other callings, including in particular, wives, mothers and homemakers.

The work has an extensive index and the liberal use of photographs is a welcome feature. As editors, Deirdre Irwin and Judith Perkins, great granddaughters of James Keegan of 'the first generation', have completed a herculean task in compiling and collating the contributions of their team of family correspondents. The recurrence of certain given names is distracting but inevitable, and at times the unfamiliar reader can be confused by the repetition of some detail, but given the multitude of contributing sources this inconvenience can be overlooked.

And all of this sprang from humble beginnings on the goldfields at Woody Yaloak. Woody where? The Woody Yaloak River rises near Haddon, about ten kilometres south-west of Ballarat, Victoria, and runs through Smythesdale, Scarsdale and Cressy before emptying into Lake Corangamite.

Gold was discovered in the Woody Yaloak Creek at Smythesdale in 1852. By 1859 the population in the Smythes Creek goldfields area was 20,000. Today the Woody Yaloak district has a primary school with campuses at Snake Valley, Smythesdale, Scarsdale and Ross Creek. The invaluable assistance of the Woody Yaloak Historical Society in producing this book, its editors have duly acknowledged.

Patrick McNamara

The Keegan tribe
moved to a
new 'dreamland
where the sun rises'

Sons milled to feed insatiable Killing Fields

Sebastian Barry: *On Canaan's Side*,
Faber and Faber, London, 2011
ISBN: 978-0-571-27363-8;
RRP: £16.99

It's a weird thing to describe a book about war as 'beautiful', but this novel, and Sebastian Barry's *A Long Long Way* are just that, as is David Malouf's masterpiece, *Fly Away Peter*. They are elegies that sing the praise of life. Like so many of Barry's novels, these two are linked. One senses that he draws on family history for many of his fictions. This particular novel is very gentle, spanning as it does three generations of war-fodder and five wars, and telling its story from the point of view of the woman who loses four men to different wars: the killing fields of Flanders which claim her brother and almost her husband; the Troubles which pursue her Black and Tan husband across the seas to Chicago; the Holocaust which only just spares her grocer; Vietnam which permanently traumatises a son, excluding him from social intercourse; and a grandson who is 'collateral damage' as a result of not only service in Iraq, but three generations of men who cannot express their emotions and who earn no honour from their involvement in wars they go to in good faith, and for what they see as good reasons. Ironically, the only male to survive the carnage is the remote IRA operative fingered to kill the heroine, Lilly.

This is a novel about emigrant life and about a woman who adapts to it because there are not many effective ways she can assert herself. She is a pawn in much bigger social movements which define her and which she barely comprehends. Her father serves as a policeman under the British, and this makes her vulnerable when the transition to self-government occurs. She has no natural place in the social order. When her husband-to-be becomes a Black and Tan after the Great War, it is because he needs work rather than because he adopts a self-conscious political stance. Being a Black and Tan is enough to condemn him in the eyes of ideologues several generations removed from Ireland.

The miracle is that until her death at close to 90, she is passive, and yielding, but nonetheless gathers sufficient support to survive and to continue to

serve, in the small ways many humble women do. It helps that she has a patron who resembles the Kennedy matriarch, in seeking to employ Irish exclusively. Luck and chance play a great part in Lilly's survival, but her dutifulness makes her a valuable contributor to social amenity in the menial roles she fulfils. The key word Barry uses to characterise her is 'assist'. In her eighties, she is called upon by a raddled and emotionally emptied-out son to mother his child. She does this lovingly, never for a moment imagining that she will be called upon to bury him. Despite the serial sadnesses of her life, Barry ensures that the reader grasps the dignity

She has no natural place in the social order.

of this émigré and the simple reasons she savours the milk and honey of the new Canaan.

There is much to celebrate in Lilly's America. Colour-blindness among the blue-collar workers is striking. When Lilly's bigamous husband's African blood manifests itself in the third generation, it is as if Lilly is unaware of it, and her friend Cassie's difference is stimulating and exciting, giving her access to ways of being that liberate her. Her love and acceptance of her bloodline is totally uncompromising, despite involving the hurt of abandonment. What this author so compellingly does is to build a case that life is an inevitable decline and loss of innocence from youth to maturity 'before...life takes darkness to it' (p 47), and that it is in the simple things of life that sacredness inheres – memories of the grey white of the hawthorn in April before its white-white blossoming in May, or the knowledge that fractious rooks mate for life, or the 'saving grace' of a perfectly executed Hollandaise sauce. To point this

out is not to suggest that this is a romantic novel. It is not. I am often struck reading Barry that he does women with such sympathy for the simplicities of domesticity which structure lives and give deep pleasure. Sentimentality is not in his repertoire. To live is to endure, without any consciousness of that as an heroic stance, or in any sense out of the ordinary. And to live the fulfilled life is to serve and to be able to take pleasure in simple graces like cooking. Compared with this, the mindless destruction of generations of men in successive wars in the twentieth century is insanity. It is in the world of women, not in the world of victors, that salvation is located.

Perhaps one of the most moving portraits in the book is that of Nolan, who comes to be a substitute husband for the ageing Lilly and grandfather to the grandson. At the point of his death, very graphically and symbolically described, he reveals his part in the second significant loss of her life. It functions as a powerful parable of the relatedness of one's enemy to oneself. It is impossible to demonise an individual who acts like a friend, who becomes a friend. Abstract hatred and ideology are nullified by familiarity. Accidents of positioning on either side of a political binary are not necessarily a life-script.

This is a book that I felt I wanted to re-read immediately on finishing. I was perhaps lucky that it was a summer read, as there seemed to be the leisure to indulge this whim. Re-reading hot on the heels of a first reading was well worth the investment of time. The novel is subtle and understated, and the story's twists are so unexpected that I needed to know to what extent they had been prepared for, for indeed they were. Whereas *A Long Long Way* was full of poetic virtuosity, this one is stylistically plainer (though not without its quotidian poetry), and all the more moving for that. It cumulates slowly; the central character's life of losses, none of her own making until the final one, is represented without melodrama or excess. I'd say, a must-read.

Frances Devlin-Glass



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