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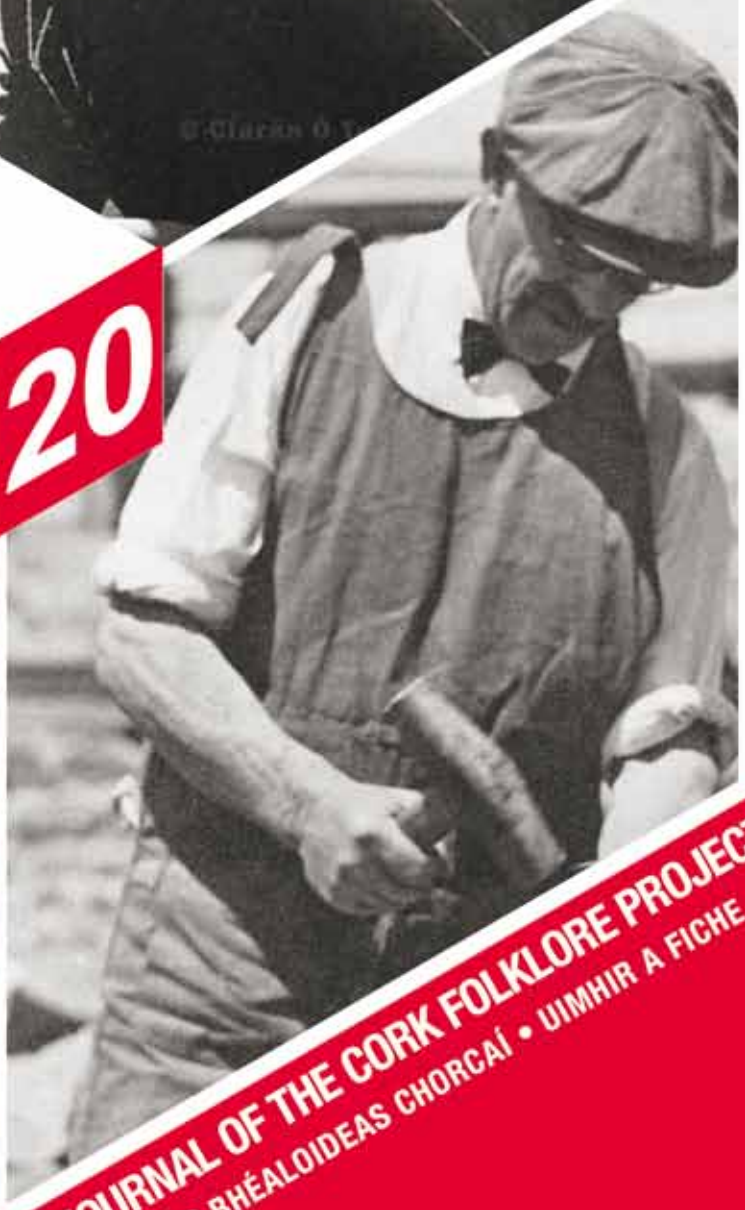

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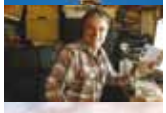
Contents








Note from the Project Manager

The twentieth edition of *The Archive* is a milestone in the Cork Folklore Project. In the previous nineteen editions, almost 300 articles have explored aspects of Cork folklore, both by researchers on the project and contributors from across Cork and beyond. *Archive 20* builds on that commitment to reflect, examine and present for the people of Cork, their folklore, heritage and history.

The content of this year's journal has retained its expected high level of scholarship. However, the layout and design, carefully undertaken by our graphic designer Dermot Casey, deserves special mention. His creativity, dedication and skill have ensured that the quality of presentation mirrors fully the substance of our journal.

Tomás Mac Conmara

The Archive

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Cover Images
Mick Lynch. Photo by Ciarán Ó Tuama
A view of Cork from Audley Place By John Butts, c.1750 Courtesy of The Crawford Art Gallery
John Barr chiseling a stone. Photo by James Walter Chapman-Taylor via Wikimedia Commons.

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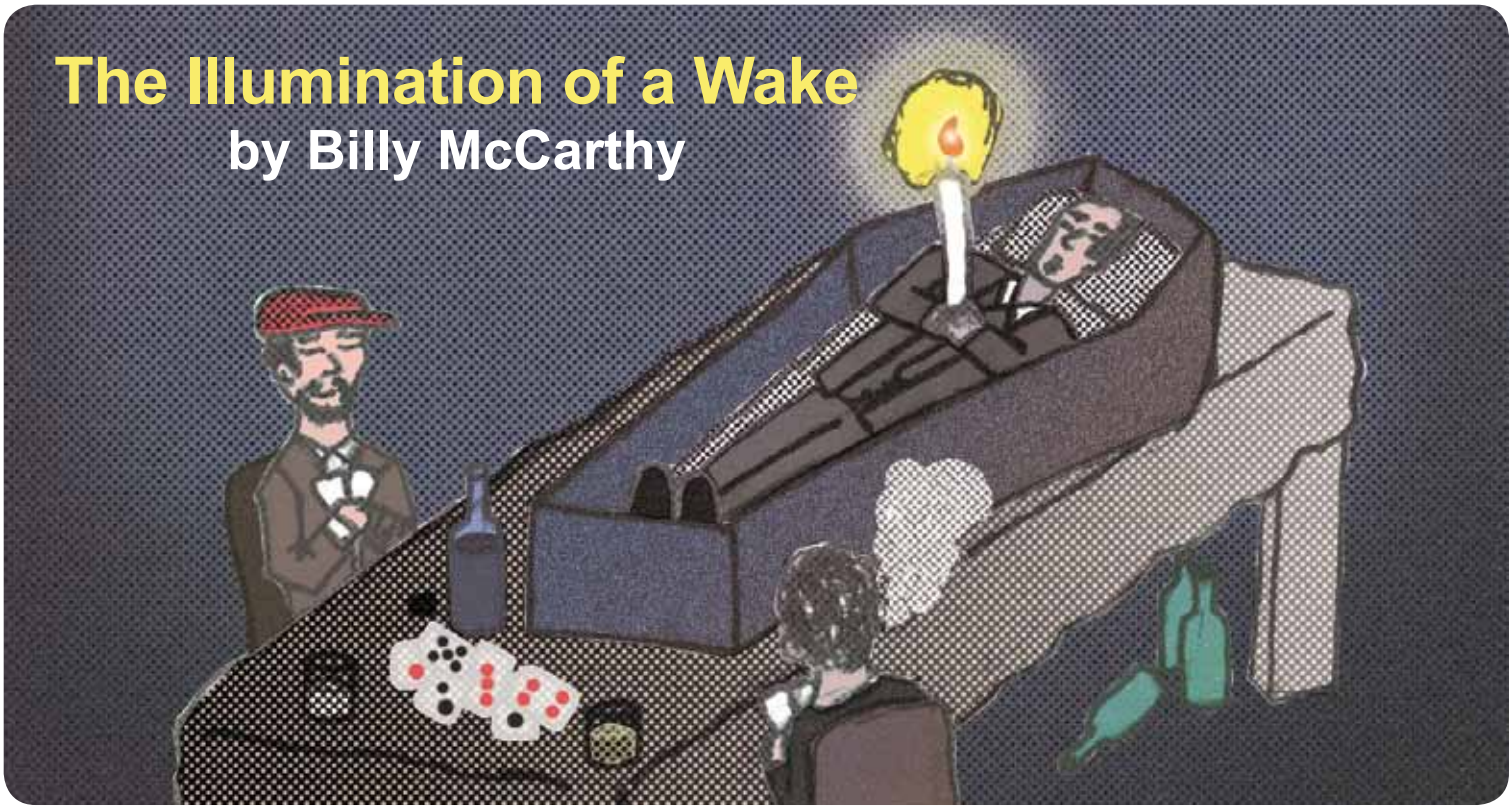
The Illumination of a Wake

by Billy McCarthy



The graphic above was drawn by Ciara Murphy studying Arts at U.C.C. and coloured by Dermot Casey of the Cork Folklore Project. Ciara Murphy is the granddaughter of the author and the great-granddaughter of Patrick McCarthy, who was the original bearer of the story, drawing three generations of McCarthys into the telling of the story.

The townland of Ballygurteen is located in the quiet countryside between Clonakilty and Dunmanway, West Cork. Here in the year of 1904 was born Patrick McCarthy (later to become my father), the youngest of thirteen children who as a teenager, moved to Cork city. There he claimed to be older than he really was, securing a job as a tram conductor. Working at various jobs throughout his lifetime he died unexpectedly in 1985, in his eighty-second year.

Throughout my childhood years and into my adult life, I recall my Dad and his brothers, Johnny and Dan, relating tales of fairies and the Banshee. We heard stories of strange happenings in and around fairy forts and of people being unable to find their way out of a certain field at night, even though they had the benefit of a bright starry sky and a full moon, and had lived in the locality all their lives.

From an early age, I had a morbid fascination with all matters supernatural, and I enjoyed so much the long winter nights sitting before an open log fire listening to stories from past generations. It seemed to me that life in the old days was far more exciting than it is now, despite the perceived benefit of comfortable surroundings with central heating, hot and cold water and indoor bathrooms.

One of the yarns I heard back then has stayed in my memory to the present day – a yarn I still love to tell. The story relates to the early years of the twentieth century, following the death of a member of the Protestant community, an elderly man who never married and who lived alone for many years, having no known relatives or close friends. The local vicar was experiencing some difficulty finding even one volunteer who was willing to spend a night minding the corpse. Normally one would expect most of the men of the parish, and some women, to visit the home of the deceased in the course of the night discussing, and indeed sometimes greatly exaggerating the virtues of the poor man. Glasses of whiskey and porter would be drunk as a matter of respect for the dead. Boxes of snuff were passed around and pipes of tobacco smoked. This practice was all part of the normal custom, but no such rituals were to be observed on this occasion.

Having abandoned all hope of recruiting someone from his own flock, he approached a local man by the name of Shamus Ó'Braonáin with a proposition, that he wake the corpse offering the princely sum of 2/6 (that's two shillings & six pence, old money), should he accept this singular honour. Not one to pass up an opportunity to earn some extra cash, Ó'Braonáin admitted to being interested in watching over the deceased throughout the night, but he could not forfeit a full night's sleep for anything less than 7/6. After much debate and haggling, the vicar offered to pay 4/-, prompting Ó'Braonáin to suggest that 6/- would be closer the mark. It appeared at this stage of negotiations that the Vicar was standing firm on his final offer, so Shamus suggested the names of some dubious characters in the parish who might be anxious to earn a little extra money. Ultimately, a compromise was reached and a figure of 5/- was agreed.

Shamus set out immediately to prepare his programme for the night ahead. First and foremost was to visit his friendly publican where he purchased a dozen pint bottles of porter and a packet of twenty Woodbines. Next he called on his close pal, Jimmy Casey, and together they laid out their plans.

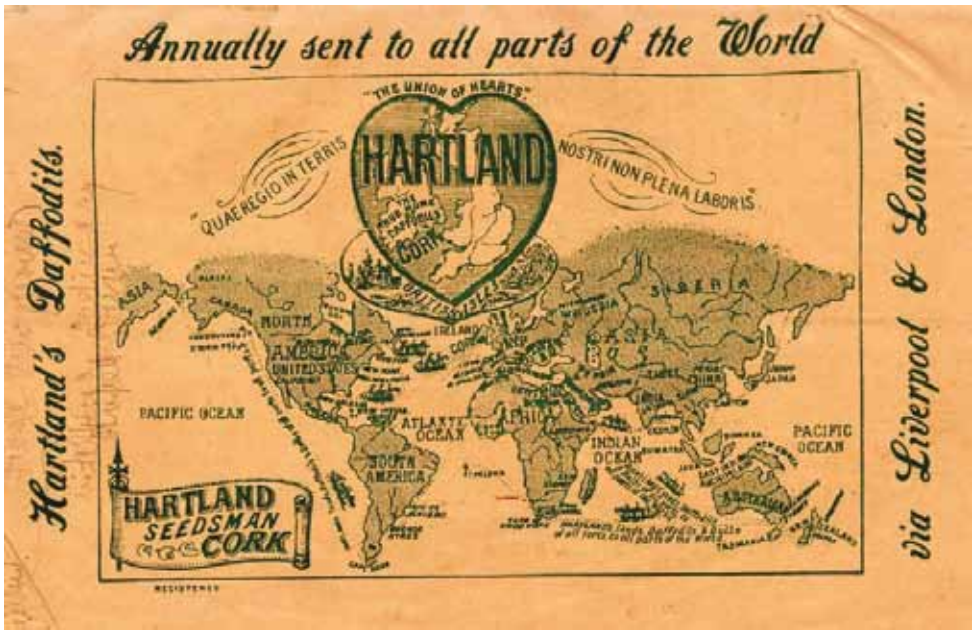
At about 9 o'clock that night they went to the home of the deceased. They placed two chairs close to the table on which the corpse was laid out and stood a lighted candle near the right shoulder of the man they referred to as the guest of honour. When they had pulled the corks from the first two bottles they proceeded to deal the cards for a marathon session of '25'.

Almost unnoticed, the witching hour passed, and by the early hours of the morning when six or eight empties had been consigned to a corner of the room, the game took on a new momentum as the cards were played with growing enthusiasm: in keeping with regular custom, when a participant plays a trump card he allows his knuckles to strike the table with some force and, as the game progressed and the porter was having its effect the force of the blows increased accordingly. When the table was struck in such a manner, the candle would keel over causing great consternation between the two men, until Shamus found a simple but effective solution to the problem. Utilising the corpse, Shamus wedged the candle between the deceased fingers, allowing the card game to continue to its conclusion at sunrise, with the guest of honour providing a steady hand to illuminate the proceedings!

Billy McCarthy is a former researcher with the Cork Folklore Project.

‘Very great plantations’ – A Garden History of Cork City

By Seán Moraghan



Postcard for Hartland’s Seed Cork. [Public Domain], via Wikimedia Commons.

Garden history is a relatively under-examined aspect of Irish history. Old buildings and streets survive for long periods of time along with the folklore and the history associated with them. However, gardens, as fragile living things, fade far quicker into oblivion, taking their stories with them. One way of beginning to reclaim our garden history is through the examination of old maps in addition to conventional written sources. This article aims to demonstrate the merit of this approach in relation to Cork.

The first gardens in Cork City and its environs that we would recognise as such – enclosed sites used to raise plants and trees – were those attached to local monasteries. Religious communities grew fruit and vegetables to feed themselves. In the mid sixteenth century, the Dominican Friary, Crosse’s Green, had ‘three small gardens, containing two acres’ and the Franciscan Friary (at what was later North Mall) had ‘one little orchard, and three gardens’.[1] Upon the dissolution of the religious houses, their lands and gardens were granted to various English planters.

Gardens were also a feature of Cork’s early civil life. A map of the city from 1545 shows an area marked as ‘Gardens’ inside the city’s Western wall, behind North Main Street, and in the 1620s there were grounds known as ‘Dominick Roche’s Garden’, the property of a former Lord Mayor. The Speed map of Cork from 1610, shows the city as several different groups of houses surrounding large green areas some of which are shown with tree plantations (probably soft-fruit trees), with ornamental gardens laid out in geometric shapes which were standard in garden design until the mid-eighteenth century. The Blue Coat School, founded in 1699 for boys of Protestant families in reduced circumstances, had a garden, which may have supplied some of the green peas and potatoes which are known to have formed the pupils’ diet.

Gardens attached to religious buildings survived in the Protestant denomination, with ornamental gardens at the Bishop’s Court near St Finbarr’s Church clearly visible in John Carty’s map of the city, drawn in 1726; and at Bishopstown House, an eighteenth century demesne of the Bishops of Cork and Ross. The latter featured a kitchen garden, a flower garden, and an orchard (which, despite its name, may have grown a variety of fruit). There was also landscaped parkland and a shell-house (a small garden building decorated entirely with shells) which was a distinct feature of contemporary garden design, probably inspired by the decorative work of Mrs Delany of Dublin. Of the kitchen gardens at Bishopstown, James P McCarthy commented;

‘It was a common feature of landed estates from the late 17th century onwards and it is indicative of a style of living which was largely self-sufficient. The kitchen garden was a place in which to grow fruit, vegetables, and flowers at a time when the idea of local shops was non-existent and when the three-mile journey by horse or carriage to Cork city was a time-consuming event.’ [2]

From the earliest times, Cork was, above all, a place of trade, and merchant wealth carried a house and garden as a privilege, such as that enjoyed by the Coppingers’ of Old Bridewell Lane. As time went by and the city became busier and more crowded, merchants moved to the outskirts of the city. In 1750, Charles Smith observed how the banks of the Lee presented the eye ‘with plain neat houses, small pleasant gardens and pretty plantations’. Nearer Cork, John Dennis, merchant, had a good house ‘and neat gardens with an aviary while’ Daniel Vorster, a Dutchman, had a garden ‘with fountains, statues, and canals’.[3]

Many citizens also had gardens. John Windele noted that documents from 1666 listed fourteen thatched cabins with gardens attached on what is now Barrack Street, and five houses, fourteen cabins and thirteen gardens in Forte Street. The Civil Survey of the 1650s recorded that Ellinor Persey, a widow, had a garden, 60 by 60 feet, bounded by mud walls and ‘quicksetts’ (hedging grown by propagating cuttings, usually of hawthorn) in Mallow Street.[4] Most gardens were recorded as merely bounded by banks of earth. Poorer city residents held gardens in common (probably for growing food, rather than plants for ornament). Such as was the case with Edward Goble and others, who lived in several cabins in Spittle Street and shared a garden called Garynagraune.

Commercial gardening took place in and around the city. Hugh Kemplin, a nursery grower, flourished during the 1740s, as did Garret Ahern, another nurseryman who worked between the 1760s and the 1780s. In the mid-1700s, at Sunday’s Well, there were “very great plantations of strawberries of the largest and finest kind [as well as] the Chili and the Hautboy Strawberry.[5] The planters of those fruit pay considerable rents for their gardens, by the profits arising from them alone; and they have also great plantations of them round other parts of the city.”[6]

Large-scale commercial gardening was carried out from the 1720s, if not earlier: John

Carty's map shows extensive gardens south of Gallows Green Lane, opposite St Finbarr's Church, which do not have the geometrical shapes associated with ornamental or pleasure gardens. By 1759, the Rocque map of the city makes no note of them but, instead shows even more extensive gardens planted with trees, north of Gallows Green lane, part of which is marked as 'The Old Gardens' the greater part being labelled as 'Sullivan's Gardens'. This may be the commercial property of a Mr Sullivan, a nurseryman who is known to have operated between the 1740s and 1760s. These gardens continued to be named on the Beuford map from 1801, along with a part of the garden marked 'Nurseries' but by 1832 they were no longer mapped and must have ceased to exist in this interim.

The longest serving commercial gardeners of the city were the Hartland family. An ancestor of the family had come over from England, having worked at Kew Gardens, London. He served as a gardener on various Munster estates, and established a nursery at Mallow in 1774. The business was moved to a location near the Western Road in the city in 1810, but the family seem also to have had nurseries at various times at Ballyphehane, Temple Hill, Glasheen, and The Lough, as well as operating various shops in the city, including one at 24 St Patrick's Street. William Baylor Hartland (1836-1912) was able to freight flowers from Cork to Dublin and on to London, so that he could have them for sale at Covent Garden market the next morning. He specialised in daffodils and published *Ye Little Book of Daffodils* in 1885. A scion of the family, Oliver (d. 1938), operated a nursery at Croughtamore, specialising in Begonias.

James Drummond, Cork Botanic gardner. [Public Domain], via Wikimedia Commons

Gardening for the purposes of scientific research led to the establishment of various botanic gardens in the British Isles, such as Kew Gardens, and the National Botanic Gardens, Dublin. A Cork Botanic Garden was begun in 1810, under the auspices of the Royal Cork Institution. A site was chosen in Ballyphehane, and named 'Lilliput', the garden going on to consist of six acres and a glasshouse. Access was available to members who paid an extra fee, while a gate-keeper kept others out. A gardener, James Drummond (d. 1869) from Scotland, was appointed; as well as tending the garden, he guided worthy visitors about. Unfortunately, the venture was not long-lived: night-time thefts of numerous plants, including valuable apple trees, exasperated Drummond and he accidentally shot dead a young thief while he was trying to catch him one night. In 1828 state funding for the garden was withdrawn and an offer by a member of the Hartland family to continue the garden was not taken up. Drummond subsequently emigrated to Australia, where he became a leading botanist. The garden was later to become St Joseph's cemetery, Ballyphehane. It was not until 1877 that another botanic garden was established in Cork, this time in the grounds of Queen's College, later UCC.

St Joseph's Cemetery, 1875, formerly Cork Botanic Gardens. [Public Domain], via Wikimedia Commons.

Several Cork horticulturists have made contributions to garden knowledge. Rev Thomas Dix Hincks (1767-1857), Presbyterian minister of Cork, a founder member the Royal Cork Institution, wrote about native Irish plants, and discovered a variety of St John's Wort (*Hypericum linariifolium*) in 1838. William Edward Gumbleton (1840-1911), who gathered plants from all over the world for his garden at Great Island, used his garden for fruit trials and as a botanic garden, and kept an extensive library of horticultural books. His friend, William Horatio Crawford, had a garden at Lakelands (now buried by the Jack Lynch Tunnel) where he grew many rare trees and *Brownea* species, and where he was the first to flower Campbell's Magnolia (*Magnolia campbelli*) in cultivation. Ebenezer Pike was noted for his collection of Chilean Holly (*Desfontainia spinosa*) at Besborough, Blackrock (later a mother and baby home). James Drummond discovered the large-flowered Butterwort (*Pinguicula grandiflora*) and Irish Lady's-tresses (*Spiranthes romanzoffiana*). Drummond also produced a catalogue of plants of County Cork, and wrote to magazines on botanical and gardening matters.

Urban gardens continue in Cork, not simply in privately owned residences, but in community gardens and city allotments. Churchfield garden is located at the former Assumption Convent site, where seasonal produce is supplied to the wonderful café – a restored Victorian greenhouse. At Knocknaheeny, local people volunteer in the community garden, and Horticulture students from CityNorth College, nearby, learn practical growing skills. A culture of Grow-It-Yourself has been created nationally in recent years, and allotments are available in several locations around the city, while that modern rarity, a city gardening shop, has been kept going by Deep Route Gardening on George's quay. Cork's urban garden tradition continues.

Seán Moraghan worked with the Cork Folklore Project, and afterwards studied Horticulture at CityNorth College and currently at the Adult Education Centre, Kenmare.

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End notes

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2 James P McCarthy, *Bishopstown House, A Summer Residence for the Bishops of Cork and Ross* (Cork City Libraries, Cork, 2011) page 39.

3 Charles Smith, *The Antient and Present State of the County and City of Cork* (Dublin, 1750) pages 363-364.

4 *The Civil Survey: County of Waterford Vol VI […] valuations for Waterford and Cork Cities* (Irish Manuscripts Commission, Dublin, 1942) page 445.

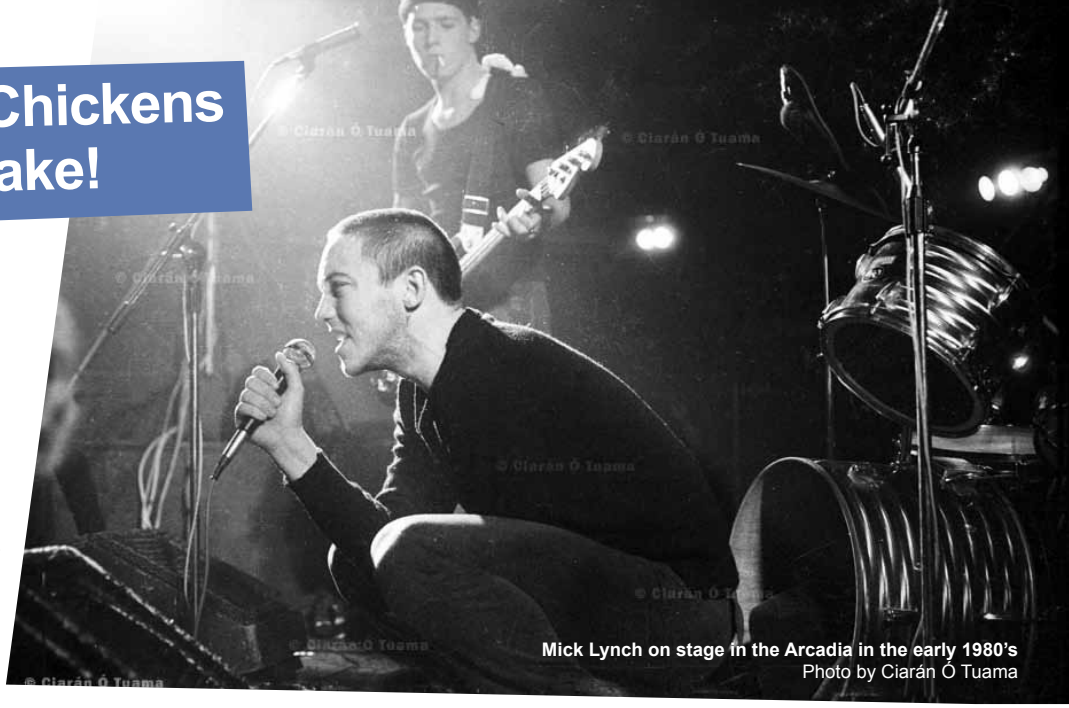
5 Chilli Peppers arrived in Europe following their discovery in the New World during the 15th Century. The Hautbois Strawberry (*Fragaria moschata*) was a popular small variety of Strawberry, among the oldest cultivated in Europe.

6 Charles Smith, *The Antient and Present State of the County and City of Cork* (Dublin, 1750) page 363.

Pigeons, Don for Chickens and a Fierce Pancake!

A personal memory of Mick Lynch

By Mark Wilkins



Mick Lynch on stage in the Arcadia in the early 1980's
Photo by Ciarán Ó Tuama

In December 2015 the arts community in Cork were saddened to hear of the passing of influential singer, actor, puppeteer, writer and satirist Mick Lynch. Cork musician and regular Archive contributor Mark Wilkins remembers him as a neighbour growing up.

A back-garden off the South Douglas Road, sometime late 1979 ... 'Ma can I go out to the back shed?' 'Leave your older brother and his friend alone, anyway it's late and past your bedtime.' 'It's OK, he can come out and sit in the shed with us ... but only for a short while.'

The shed in question was a pigeon shed we had in our suburban back garden. It was built by my brother Mick, then an art student in the Crawford School of Art, as a loft for his kit of homing pigeons. His friend in question was another Mick: Mick Lynch, then known as Micky Lynch, who lived behind us on the South Douglas Road, a regular visitor at our house during the late 1970s and early 1980s. Micky was another art school 'upstart' and had helped the brother* build the shed.

I wandered over from our tiny kitchen, past the coal house where the washing machine could be heard ricketing and spluttering, across the garden to the pigeon shed; the sound of coos getting louder and the intoxicating smell of cigarette smoke getting stronger as I neared. Stepping in from the darkness, the inside of the shed was lit by a lone paraffin lamp which dangled from one of the cross-beams upon which perched a row of pigeons. Sometimes when the paraffin oil ran out, the brother would wheel his Honda 50 across the garden and turn on the headlights so they could see what they were doing. I remember the seemingly perennial stains of dried bird shite dotted across the shed floor.

Both Micks were usually engrossed in sketching, smoking and banter about the day's proceedings in art school. The brother smoked roll-your-owns, usually Old Holborn, while Micky Lynch smoked Marlboro. I would have been handed a blank sheet of drawing paper and a crayon and told to sit down and keep quiet. I didn't object as it was enough of a thrill for a small child to be allowed out after dark into the bird shed with the older boys. Both Micks would have looked tall to me, but Micky Lynch was extremely tall, towering over the brother and stooping his head every time he stepped in and out of the shed. The almost esoteric concoction of pigeon song, art student spiel, tobacco smoke and paraffin oil made me feel I had been initiated into a masonic pigeon-lodge, my membership of which was cut short by the familiar cry from the pantry of 'suppers ready' at which point I was ordered in home again.

One evening the brother arrived home with a live compilation album of Cork bands, *Kaught at the Kampus*, under his arm. He informed us that Micky Lynch was now the singer in a punk band called *Mean Features* and one of their songs had been included on the album. I was fascinated that someone who frequently called to our house was on a record as I believed it was only the likes of Phil Lynott and Rory Gallagher that appeared on albums. The song was called 'Summer Holidays' and featured a boisterous intro from Micky before shards of post-punk guitar squall, underscored by a rumbling rhythm section, propelled the song to life. I remember not liking the song at the time, although I loved 'White Cortina' by *Nun Attax*, another Cork band featured on the album. I was impressed by Micky and *Mean Features* achievement nonetheless.

The next time I heard about Mick Lynch was when I came across him being interviewed on television some years later. By then I was a music-mad teenager and had begun playing a small black second hand bass bought from Crowley's Music Centre. My long-suffering mother had recently relented to pressure from myself and an older sibling to get the multi-channel (BBC, ITV and S4C) in a desperate bid to enhance our TV viewing which up to then was limited to RTE1and 2. One of the channels which came with the multi-channel package was a European channel called Super which ran an afternoon music programme called *Music Box*. Whilst watching it one afternoon I recognised a tall thin Corkman, with a bizarre Tin-Tin-like haircut, being interviewed along with another Cork musician, a drummer named Rob McKahey. They were introduced by the programme's presenter as being one half of a rising, experimental pop group called *Stump*. My mother, who was ironing in the corner of the room, looked up and declared: 'Is that Micky Lynch from around the corner? Bless us and save us, what is he like with that hair?'

The presenter announced their new single, 'Chaos', and I immediately turned up the sound. I had often listened to the declaration 'I have never heard anything like this before ...' uttered by music journalists, reviewers and commentators, even when describing the most mediocre and unoriginal of acts but it is fair to say that I had never heard anything like the music of *Stump* upon listening to 'Chaos' for the first time. It was angular, fractured and discordant, yet there was something definitely rhythmic and curiously melodic in there at the same time. Music that was ugly-beautiful. The lyrics and vocal line bounced off the music in a striking manner and the whole thing seemed to meld and work in a head-scratching fashion. I couldn't decide whether I liked it or not only that I wanted to hear more. The accompanying video was playfully theatrical and humorous, traits sadly lacking from in the works of over earnest Irish bands emerging from Dublin in the late 1980s.

I borrowed a copy of their album, *A Fierce Pancake,* from a local music anorak and took it home for a proper listen. The whole piece struck me as 'other'. The front cover featured a beautiful green-tinted grainy photograph by the iconic Irish photographer Fergus Bourke. The inner sleeve had an image of the band dressed as characters from the book *The Third Policeman* (from which they got the album's title), and the back of the sleeve featured a dedication to its author Flann O'Brien, as well as to the renegade psychoanalyst Wilhelm Reich. *Something Happens* these boys were not!

Dowtcha's Irish language puppet show 'Eachtraí ó Oileán Aráin', which Mick wrote. (l to r) Terry Dineen, Diní, Sean and Mick. Photo by Claire Ryan courtesy of Dowtcha.

***Kaught at the Kampus* Compilation Cover**
Courtesy of Reekus Records.

The music on the album was equally striking. From the opening bar of 'Living it Down', a tale of a wayward Irish squatter in London, to the closing strains of 'Boggy Home', which found the song's disillusioned homesick expat singing 'when will I ever get back to my beautiful, beautiful boggy home?', it drew the listener into a bizarre and curiously playful musical landscape. It was punctuated by humorous and at times poignant lyrics, laced with an intelligent wordplay. It was quirky without ever lapsing into mere novelty. At times warmly atmospheric, at others difficult and discordant, *Stump* delivered their songs with a combined punk energy and dexterous musical virtuosity. The startling basslines of Kev Hopper in particular, which weaved their way through the music, blew me away. And beneath Mick Lynch's lyrical humour lay a sharp intelligence. It was the assured sound of a band that had created something that was uniquely their own and knew it. There was a strong sense of Irishness to the album, albeit one distilled through an equally strong sense of displacement. This was probably due to half of the London based outfit being from Cork and the other half from England, or perhaps because the album itself had been recorded in the legendary Hansa Studios in Berlin. It was Anglo-Irish, avant garde, pop-rock-folk-dance music (if such a genre exists!) and the more I listened to it the more it got under my skin. I waited for them to release another full length album but it wasn't to be. The band disbanded a year later in 1989 and I regretted never getting to see them play live.

A couple of years later when I was a regular gig-goer around Cork, I saw Mick sing and perform with another London-based band called *Bernard*. Shortly before he took to the stage, I introduced myself and he immediately shook my hand and asked how my brother Mick was doing. *Bernard* were a good live act and he was a terrific frontman but I felt they missed the uniqueness of *Stump*. Not long after in the mid-1990s, he moved back to Cork from London and I would often see him acting in various *Corcadorca* theatre productions or in a series of TV commercials for Smithwick's Ale. Around this time he had also begun performing his own self-penned, humorously observational, urban ballads under the characteristically unusual moniker *Don for Chickens* (named after the Cork card game Don). One of the most memorable performances of his that I witnessed was when he opened for the legendary Lancastrian punk-poet John Cooper Clarke in front of a packed Pavilion, a perfect double-bill!

In 2002 he co-founded the highly inventive Cork puppetry company *Dowtcha Puppets* for whom he wrote and performed. Indeed the last time I saw him, he was busking with one of his creations. Walking along Oliver Plunkett Street one busy Saturday afternoon last summer, I heard a strong male voice loudly singing the 'Boys of Fairhill'. When I ventured to see who it was, I was greeted by the sight of an unusual looking puppet, perched on top of a tall wooden box on the corner of Princess Street. A small group of enthralled and inquisitive children, along with their smiling parents, were standing around the crooning puppet as it belted out the onetime Jimmy Crowley hit. On closer inspection I noticed that the puppeteer was Mick Lynch, who had somehow managed to crouch and contort his tall, gangly frame out of view inside the box, his hands and voice animating the figurine. Whether he was busking out of financial necessity or out of a compulsion to publicly perform seemed irrelevant, it was obvious that he still wanted to engage with people through his art.

In early 2015, a rumour began circulating that *Stump* were to reform in the wake of a recently released and critically well received 'best-of' compilation, *Does the Fish Have Chips?* They played a secret gig, to a select audience, in Fred Zeppelins pub on Cork's Parliament Street and were due to tour festivals. Tragically Mick Lynch fell terminally ill later in the year and passed away peacefully in Marymount Hospice a week before Christmas.

There was a huge response to the news of his passing, both online and in the mainstream media, with the *Sunday Independent* and *Irish Examiner* carrying full page tributes. The *Irish Times* included a piece in their obituary section. Various musicians, actors and performers who knew and had worked with him, as well as high profile broadcasters from around the country, paid tribute. It was clearly evident that he had made an impact with his unique voice, writing and creativity. Whether that voice found an outlet through the clumsy punk of *Mean Features*, the innovative music of Stump, the offbeat humour of *Don for Chickens* or through his theatre work with *Corcadorca* and *Dowtcha Puppets*, it was strikingly singular. A genuine one-off, who made a unique contribution to the culture of our city and beyond. He will be missed.

Postscript

A week after his passing, I was speaking with some people who attended his funeral, and they each remarked on a poem, written by Mick, which his sister had read at the ceremony. The poem was called 'Crows' and those present said it was quite an affecting moment. Its title reminded me of my oldest memories of a youthful Mick Lynch, sitting by a paraffin lamp in the bird shed in our back garden, smoking fags and sketching pigeons all those years ago.

Rest in peace Mick.

Mark Wilkins is a former researcher at the Cork Folklore Project.

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* 'The brother', sometimes spelt 'de brudder', is a colloquialism for 'my brother'

A Tale of Two Masons

By Michael Moore

John Barr chiseling a stone. Photo by James Walter Chapman-Taylor via Wikimedia Commons.

Stonemasonry is a craft which quietly resonates throughout the landscape. In Ireland we have built with stone for roughly six thousand years (Donnelly 2010). It is a substance which was found in abundance by simply tilling the land. Our ancestors built dwellings, walls and steps with local stone, turned by the land. This is why localities can have differing colours, shapes and textures in their stonework. People built with whatever came to hand.

Historically, we built with stone for functionality. It was cheap, accessible and abundant. In the late twentieth century, as Irish society shifted toward increased urbanisation and economic development, stonemasonry evolved from a trade of necessity to one of vogue. Unfortunately, there is a litany of crafts which have all but died out in Ireland. The decline of coopers, thatchers and blacksmiths bear testament to this. There may always be a coterie of stonemasons on these shores, but it is important that their voices are not extinguished completely.

This is why in 2015 the Cork Folklore Project began to capture a snapshot of the lives of masons to record their insular world for posterity. There is a need to document the living tradition of stonemasonry by recording people who work or have worked in masonry, particularly those born into it as part of familial ties. The material gathered from two interviews in 2015 will be explored in this article. The men interviewed were Jim Fahy and Murty O'Sullivan.

Each mason has a unique story to tell and it is simply our role to record the subjective meanings of their lives. Some themes which have emerged from the project to date are of a changing trade which has devolved from a patient, skilful and considered job, to one encumbered by low-pricing and decreased timescales. Stonemasonry, like many other occupations, has had to carve out a niche in the modern, consumerist era of the late twentieth/early twenty-first century.

The masons interviewed recounted how first they were trained to be able to do the job properly; and only then did speed come into the equation. For generations this was how they learned their craft. High quality work was the expected standard, which is reflected in the quality of historical buildings replete throughout Cork. The present home of the Cork Folklore Project in St Finbarrs, Farrenferris, is one such stunning and imposing building. According to the National Inventory of Architectural Heritage (www.buildingsofireland.ie) it was built in 1883 in the late gothic revival style, it is a fitting tribute to the skill and knowledge of all the tradesmen involved in its construction.

The measured articulation of this craft is not lost on Jim Fahy, originally from the north side of Cork City. He felt a great sense of pride when he looked at work finished to a high standard and said, 'Well, I did that.' Jim believed that it was of great importance to work to the best of one's ability. Murty O'Sullivan from Killeens, just outside Cork City, echoed that sentiment when he declared, 'You must be able to look the person in the eye, be honest with people and give them good service.' Builders of their generation placed integrity, honesty and quality as the staples of a healthy and vibrant trade.

Many of their era believe that the Celtic Tiger damaged the trades, as developers became fixated on lowering cost and increasing profitability by whatever means necessary. This led to a lower standard of workmanship, as sub-contracting and deregulation took hold. This was a sea-change from the masonry circle that existed throughout most of the twentieth century, where a tightly knit fraternity self-regulated to ensure high quality work. Their ethos centred on building for generations to come, rather than for short-sighted profit.

A downside to the masonry guild was that it was virtually a 'closed shop' to outsiders. In the norm, to become a mason you had to be born into a family of masons. Jim, a fourth generation mason, recounted how when he started his apprenticeship in the 1970s, it was one of the first years that the trade was opened up to people not connected by kinship ties. He noted that the trade needed to be opened up to accommodate the economic development taking place in Ireland at the time.

Murty, a third generation mason, also recognised that he was born into a family steeped in the building tradition and it was simply expected that he would become a builder. Although, he observed with a smile how his mother used to say in jest, 'Not another fella going into the building line.' This is in stark contrast to today in 2016, where the children of tradesmen have a multitude of career options and most will not follow in their parents' footsteps, as Jim poignantly expressed:

'You see the thing about it is, I'm the last of my family as a mason. Once I die, there'll be nobody to take it up after me. That'll be the end of my family's time in the masonry trade which goes back generations, and it's a sad thing really like at the end of the day, like.'

Presently, the lineage of stonemasonry has weakened considerably, however, a facet of the trade which still remains in evidence today is the migratory tendencies of masons. The migratory worker is a figure long known

Murty O'Sullivan, Mason
Photo Courtesy of Murty O'Sullivan

Jim Fahy, Mason Photo Courtesy of Cork Mason's Historical Society

in Ireland and the journeys made by many masons reinforced this trend. In his memoir, *Stone Mad,* Seamus Murphy, the renowned sculptor, painted a scene in the early 1900s where it was commonplace for masons to wrap up their scant belongings and tools and travel the length of the country and beyond in search of work. Times were tough and many were more than willing to do a days work for food, and board in a shed or barnyard.

The end of the twentieth century saw this trend continue, albeit under better conditions, as many people, tradesmen among them, left for destinations such as Britain and America to forge better lives. It was within this context in 1986 that Murty O'Sullivan departed for America, travelling with his younger brother in search of adventure and new experiences. They landed in Foxborough, a suburb south of Boston, and stayed with their uncle's family. Murty said that the welcome he received from his extended family has stayed with him to this day.

Initially, he worked for an older cousin, who he recalled fondly. Murty explained how his cousin insisted that they wake up at 4 am to make the most of the day. The young emigrants were baffled, they had never been up at this time in their lives, and it took them a while to adapt to another culture. He maintained that America was the making of him as 'You simply had to survive.' Although it was a challenging experience, to offset this, there was a vibrant Irish community in Boston where Murty made friends easily and encountered some wonderful characters.

Jim Fahy travelled to Australia for a period in his early twenties and reminisced how it was a positive and enlightening experience. He explained how travelling brought you out of yourself because everything and everybody was new to you. It is interesting to note how so many masons and other tradesmen have a similar arc in their stories. They learned their trades in Ireland and then travelled abroad in search of better opportunities. After a few years some migrants repatriated, but countless others stayed on in their new homes, as the lives they had built for themselves were simply too hard to walk away from.

Wherever the work of a mason may take them, you can be sure that that an abundance of lively characters, anecdotes and apocryphal stories will follow. When asked if he enjoyed his work as a mason, Jim smiled and his voice became animated as he said that they were the best days of his life. Even though the work was tough, the people he met and the craic on site more than made up for it. Something which resonated with Jim is that nearly everybody had a nickname: 'You had the Screw, you had Pearls, you had the Pilot, you had the Blocker, the Blacker, oh, I could go on and on.'

He also explained the origins of a widely known saying on sites, still used today, which is, 'Was it a mason or a dog that stole your lunch?' Jim recounted how it began with a story about two journeymen masons who agreed a deal with a farmer to do some work in exchange for a small amount of money and some lunch. The farmer had cooked a delicious piece of bacon and the masons were so impressed with it that one of them immediately declared in the *Béarlagair na Saor*, the ancient masons' language (A combination of old Irish, English and gibberish, according to Jim) that they would rob the bacon when the farmer was gone. This, they duly did, and the tale of their exploits spread far and wide. Hence the expression, be careful or the masons will rob your lunch.

Murty remembered that during his apprenticeship back in Cork, soccer matches were a big feature at lunchtime, involving men from all trades. There was a fair amount of rivalry and banter attached to these matches. He said there were some very good players, including men who would go on to manage Cork City Football Club, who were treated no differently to the others. Although, he concluded that some of the tackles would have been on the tough side to say the least!

Of the characters he met, Murty recalled a story in Boston where a mason he worked with was driving along the highway:

'He had a habit of twitching the cigarette behind the back, and didn't the cigarette light the seat behind him and the truck was pulled over on the 128 [A motorway in Boston] and there was the fire engine hosing it down and he standing out in the motorway going "Jeez what happened that?" and that's a true story.'

It is characters like this that leave a mark as deep and as meaningful as the score of chisel on stone. The imprint of the mason can be seen in vivid clarity throughout the cities and rural hinterlands of Ireland, but does anybody ever step back to remember the people who built all of these structures and what kind of life, customs and traditions they represented? This article opens up a small window into the lives of two masons from Cork as they reflected on their experiences in the world of masonry. The Cork Folklore Project is committed to interviewing more and more people to record their stories amid the passage of time. Please do not hesitate to contact us if you have a story you would like to share with us.

Micheal Moore is a researcher at the Cork Folklore Project.

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‘Irreplaceable and precious’: A reflection on architectural conservation in 2016

By Aisling Byron

Sackville Street (Dublin) after the 1916 Easter Rising [Public Domain], via Wikimedia Commons

The question as to why and how we should preserve aspects of our past is not a new one. In the centenary year of the 1916 Easter Rising, it is once again very much to the fore, with the ongoing debate and demonstrations relating to the associated houses on Moore Street in Dublin, which date from 1763.[1] Following the shelling of the GPO, as many as three hundred Irish Volunteers and members of Cumann na mBan retreated to Moore Street, tunnelling from No. 5, Dunne’s Butchers, to Plunket’s Poultry Shop at No. 16, establishing it as their headquarters. It was in this building that the Irish Volunteers spent their final hours before the decision to surrender was taken on 29 April 1916.

While the Easter Rising caused the destruction of many buildings in Dublin, it was not their physical alteration which resulted in their increased importance. Their association with the above events have evidently deepened the meaning and value of the buildings to the people. The recent narrative around the conservation of Moore Street presents a fitting opportunity through which a broader discussion on conservation can now be framed. This article examines how critically important it is that we conserve our heritage but also that the appropriate principles and procedures are adopted in that process.

Considerable elements of the policies which govern the conservation of our built heritage are informed by the Burra Charter. The charter states that ‘Places of cultural significance enrich people’s lives, often providing a deep and inspirational sense of connection to community and landscape, to the past and to lived experiences. They are historical records that are important expressions of identity and experience. Places of cultural significance reflect the diversity of our communities, telling us about who we are and the past that has formed us. They are irreplaceable and precious, and must be conserved for present and future generations’ (Burra Charter).

The Burra Charter provides a guiding philosophy for the care of heritage and has been widely adopted internationally as the standard guidelines for heritage conservation practice. It promotes a cautious approach to change, and advocates doing only that which is deemed necessary to care for the place and make it useable, but otherwise alter as little as possible so that its cultural significance is retained. It must constantly be kept in mind that the purpose of conservation is to pass to future generations the maximum possible quantity of historic fabric, as it is our duty to ensure the survival of our cultural and architectural heritage in the full richness of its authenticity.

The principles and policies which guide the conservation and protection of cultural heritage are laid down in a series of international charters issued by ICOMOS.[2] If we are to fully recognise their philosophies within the framework of our own cultures and traditions, then it is perhaps worth considering Article 1 of the Venice Charter in relation to Moore Street, which provides that ‘The concept of a historic monument embraces not only the single architectural work, but also the urban or rural setting’. This would strongly suggest that the fabric of Moore Street and surrounding area should also be retained.

It is a debate that is both complex and contentious in nature, as attitudes to the conservation of our architectural heritage are entirely subject to the value system of a society at a given moment in time. Campaigners to save Moore Street have argued the need to save these buildings due to their cultural and historical significance. This of course can be directly contrasted with the attitudes of republicans in the early 1920s, who selected to deliberately destroy many of the fine country houses of the landed gentry, partially because of what they represented historically and culturally. This strongly illustrates how one generation can hold certain cultural and political viewpoints owing to the values of the time, and yet only one hundred years later entirely the opposite perspective is held as a result of changes in the cultural standpoint. Ironically those which escaped destruction are now considered among the most valued elements of our architectural inheritance.

The controversy surrounding the Moore Street buildings has raised some very important questions in relation to our attitude to the conservation of our historic structures. If these buildings and surrounding areas are of such national importance, why was it not until 2007, after plans emerged to demolish the terrace that this was recognised and they were finally designated national monuments? The question must also be asked as to why the surrounding battlefield area of Moore Street only received recognition as a national monument weeks before the 1916 celebrations were due to take place?

Conservation philosophy is centred on awareness and appreciation of the value of structures and artefacts, and particularly those strongly connected with historical events and imbued with history. Monuments, including buildings, are cultural artefacts and these elements of our built heritage are witnesses to shared values. However the degree to which we should intervene in their retention is highly debateable.

Conservation in Ireland has its roots in the conservation movement as it developed in England in the latter part of the nineteenth century, where the philosophy of minimal repair has widely been adopted as a result of the lessons learned from the observation of work carried out during the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. This was a period of over drastic restoration and radical rebuilding, resulting in church after church being destroyed, as genuine medieval work disappeared in favour of a speculative notion as to what was correct.

As Paul Oliver (1988) the historian and famed folklorist has observed, the extreme concept of

restoration is often associated with the idea of 'stylistic purity'. This can result in the removal of original elements of a building which do not conform to the particular date to which it is being restored, even if they happen to be earlier, and their replacement by elements judged to be more appropriate. This form of restoration can be undertaken in the name of a supposed 'idealistic' authenticity, even when there is known to be little accuracy to the intended alterations to the structure. Quite often considerable changes will also be made to the surface of a building, removing the signs of aging. This patina of age is one of the greatest characteristics of our architecture, and its destruction is almost always to be lamented. Thus through the process of restoration much of the authenticity of a building may be destroyed.

In 1877 William Morris, the English designer and poet founded the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings and published its Manifesto, which strongly advocated conservative repair on a minimum intervention basis, while emphasising the need for careful and consistent maintenance. He stressed, too, the need to preserve the patina of age. One of the greatest benefits of minimal repair is that of preserving intact as many of the original materials and features of a structure as possible. It is through their retention that the special character and historic value of a structure may be retained.

Perhaps the greatest lesson to be learned from the observation of work carried out during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries is that the least possible amount of renewal makes for the fewest problems and greatest preservation of historic material. The decision to renew must in every case be taken on an individual basis, and only after close inspection and careful consideration. The minimal repair approach seeks always to retain every old element that can possibly continue to do its job, and it is this concept of being 'fit for purpose' that is one of its greatest strengths, yet one which many other approaches to conversation neglect to consider fully, to detrimental effect. In preserving the use of original material, not only is the authenticity and historical integrity of the surviving structure retained for as long as possible, but costs are also kept to a minimum, which is vitally important as funding is a very real issue in conservation today.

It is essential to retain links and continuity with the past. We owe it to previous and future generations to protect and maintain what remains of our architectural and cultural heritage. It is therefore incumbent on us to ensure that the appropriate conservation principles and methodologies are employed in order to ensure the survival of the special significance and historic value embodied within our historic structures.

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End notes

1 On 18 March 2016 a High Court ruling designated that the buildings on the eastern side of Moore Street, as well as laneways leading into it, collectively constitute a national monument.

2 The International Council on Monuments and Sites (ICOMOS) is a professional association that works for the conservation and protection of cultural heritage places around the world.

Supporting The Cork Folklore Project

As a not-for-profit organisation, the development of the Cork Folklore Project is dependent on funding we receive from relevant agencies and sponsors. We are grateful to Dr. Stiofán Ó Cadhla and the Department of Folklore and Ethnology UCC, for their continued support. We are also hugely indebted to Fr. John O'Donovan, Noreen Hegarty and everyone at Northside Community Enterprises for their ongoing commitment to the long-term health of the project. In addition, the project has received support from other organisations across Cork, who recognise the work we are doing for the benefit of current and future generations of Cork people. You can support our work by becoming a patron of the Cork Folklore Project on www.ucc.ie/en/cfp

The Outsider Perspective

by Dr Tomás Mac Conmara

In April 2010, oral historians from across Ireland assembled at the University of Limerick to discuss the state of the discipline in the country and to consider ways to improve its status and position in Irish academic and community circles. Among the assembly were members of the Cork Folklore Project, who had by then, been in existence for fourteen years. As a relatively young and enthusiastic oral historian, who had already spent considerable time building a countywide organisation in my native county Clare, I gravitated towards the Cork project, as both a concept and example. The robust declaration from one of its members that not enough time had been set aside for community groups in the discussion, further encouraged that gravitation. I had previously been aware of the work of the Cork Folklore Project, but was now impressed by the personal ethos and commitment of two of its then leaders Mary O'Driscoll and Dr. Cliona O'Carroll.

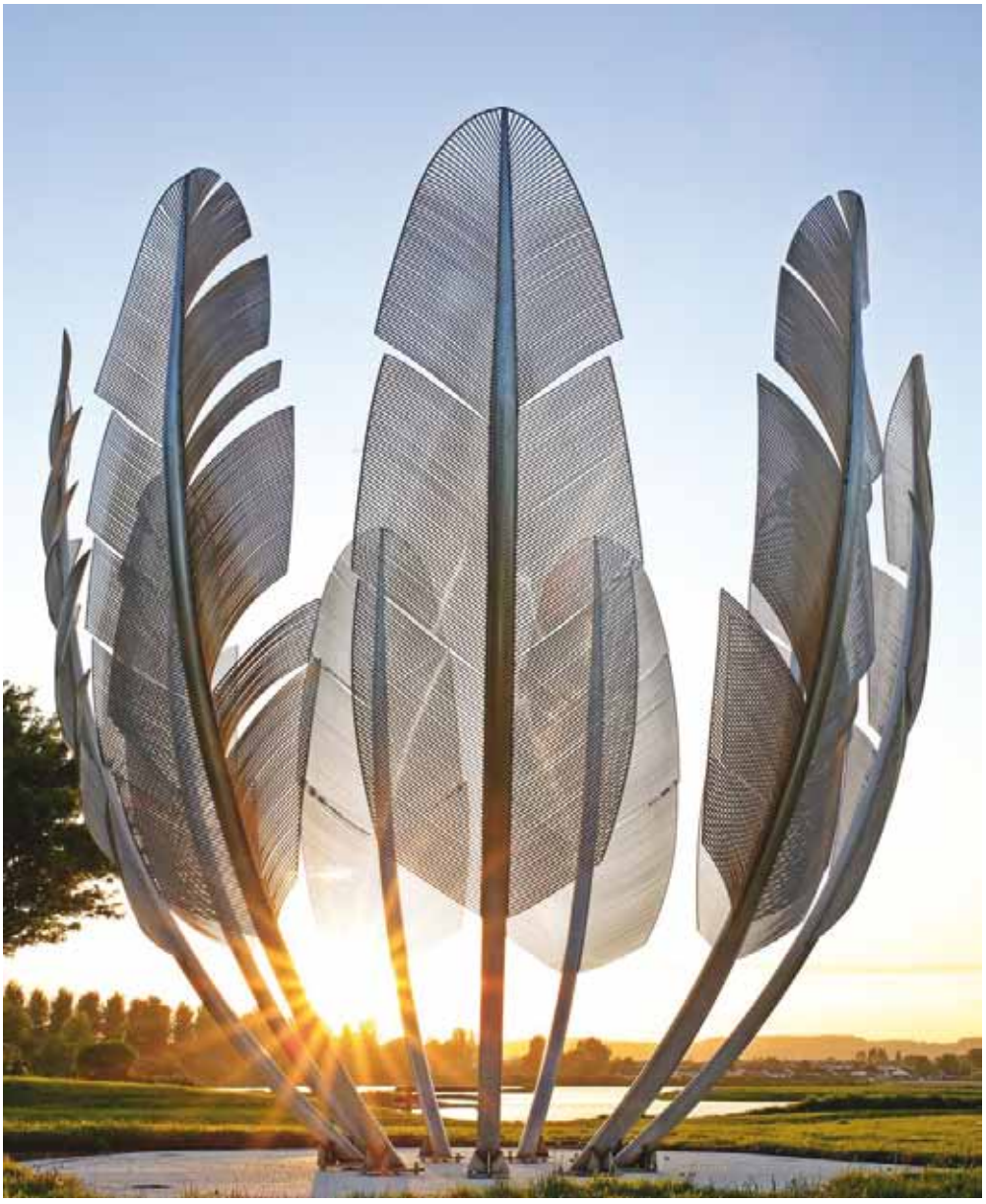
From an outside perspective, it was easy to see that the Cork Folklore Project had achieved considerable success and had delivered repeatedly on its mission to serve the people of Cork. However, meeting those involved brought me closer to the depth of commitment and the intense feeling for their project and community.

A view from the outside can only observe the exterior, the outer layer of a thing. To truly know something you must engage more deeply and go to its centre, to visit its internal world. The Cork Folklore Project has always been a product of its environment and like Cork, to understand it, one must journey to its core, passing through a series of concentric circles, each of which form part of the story of Cork and its people. As Project Manager, I have already begun that journey. Although aware that I will never be a Corkman, I intend, while here, to immerse myself in its story and to listen to its people. In digitally recording almost 600 interviews, the Cork Folklore Project has carefully collected and preserved memories and experiences which help to represent the story of Cork. In this way the project creates a unique opportunity for outsiders to know Cork and, in addition, for insiders to considerably deepen their knowledge, connection and understanding. These layers of experience and memory have been documented by those who share in that experience and whose inheritance that memory is. They offer to current generations a precious opportunity to deepen their identity, and bequeath to future generations a powerful resource, to reconnect and engage with who they are and where they live. I know that at the end of my own journey, I will remain a Clareman, but now with a deepened understanding of what it is to be from Cork. An outsider who has seen the inside.

The Choctaw Nation's Donation to the Irish People

By Dr Jenny Butler

The Choctaw are a Native American people who formerly inhabited areas of central and southern Mississippi and southwest Alabama in the United States. In the 1830s, many of these native peoples were removed from their homeland and made to settle in the state of Oklahoma, so that now they self-identify as the 'Choctaw Nation of Oklahoma', while some resettled in their original lands. There are two recognised Choctaw tribes today – Oklahoma and Mississippi. The Choctaw Nation are the third largest Indian tribal people in the United States. Few are aware of the interesting links that exist between the Choctaw and the Irish.



'Kindred Spirits' Sculpture, Midleton Photographer: Erich Stack

Not long after what was probably the worst point in the history of the Choctaws, they banded together in sympathy to send a donation to the starving Irish. The phrase 'Trail of Tears' originated during the initial ejection of the Choctaw people from their lands in 1831 by the US government, to make the 500-mile trek to Oklahoma. It later came to be used in relation to the forcible removal of a number of different tribal peoples – Cherokee, Creek, Chickasaw, and Seminole – from their traditional homelands at different stages between the years 1831 and 1839. In the authorisation and enforcement of the Indian Removal Act of 1830, Native American lands in the east were exchanged for lands west of the Mississippi River and the eastern lands were cleared to make way for Euro-American settlements. Thousands of each tribal group died during this mandatory dislodgement, including an estimated 2,500 of the 21,000 Choctaw on the forced march, at the gunpoint of American soldiers. Many perished from exposure to harsh weather conditions – one of the coldest winters on record for this part of the world – while others starved or dropped and died from malnutrition, disease or exhaustion. There was no provision made for them, no food provided, no shelter and no rest stops. Ironically, the man who was instrumental in removing the Choctaw from their ancestral land was a son of Irish immigrants (themselves of colonial heritage), President Andrew Jackson, who passed the Trail of Tears initiative. Even though the Choctaw had been loyal to General Jackson during the war of 1812, he turned on them and the Treaty of Dancing Rabbit Creek was signed on 27 September 1830, wherein the Choctaw signed away their native soil.

Those who managed to stay in their homelands had to deal with a high level of racism, intimidation, physical abuse and other forms of harassment. Those Choctaw trying to re-stitch the threads of their cultural life together in Oklahoma faced similar hostility and hardship. Many had their homes burned down, fences torn up and their livestock let loose or stolen. Although the stereotypical portrayal of Native Americans is of a generic hunter-gatherer culture, the Choctaw were predominantly farmers (as many other native peoples were before being ejected from their lands), many being very prosperous with large land holdings, and records from the eighteenth century reflect their status and power. Many of these tribulations mirrored the Irish situation. In fact, like the Irish, the Choctaw cultivated the potato, as former Irish President Mary Robinson pointed out:

'I learned recently when I went to Oklahoma, to formally thank the Choctaw people for having supported the Irish people in our time of terrible famine and trouble, that some of the Choctaw people were in fact potato-eating, so they had a direct link. They knew from their own displacement from their tribal lands what it was to suffer that kind of loss. But also they knew what it would be to have a failure of the potato crop, to be deprived of that staple diet' (1995, 293).

Similarly, Ireland was principally a country of farmers, from large prosperous ones to small landholders, who during the Plantations of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries faced eviction and the confiscation of their lands by the English Crown, and their replacement with the Protestant Ascendancy, originating largely from England and Scotland. Comparably, in the process of subjugating of a native people, which almost always accompanies this type of conquest, the Irish experienced persecution, coercion, and the burning of

The Trail of Tears by Robert Lindneux (1942) Image courtesy of PBS.org

lands to smoke-out the non-compliant, as well as the stealing or turning loose of their animals. These parallels are reflected in both historical accounts and stories passed down through the generations.

Both peoples have experienced a long history of social, political, and economic domination, under the rule of a power originating in foreign lands and cultures. Both underwent the intentional agenda of cultural suppression, which included attempts to eradicate their native language – people, especially the children, were forbidden to speak the Choctaw language, a part of the Muskogean family, as were the Irish forbidden to utter their native tongue. Amazingly, only sixteen years after the misery and despair of the Trail of Tears began, the Choctaw decided to make a collection for the Irish during their 'Great Hunger' (*An Gorta Mór*), 1845-1852. At a time when their peoples were still experiencing the devastation of forced eviction, they found it in their hearts to send a monetary gift to people almost 7,000km away that they had never met. On 23 March 1847, the Choctaw sent $710, a considerable sum for the in aid to those suffering during the Irish Famine. Due to a misprint in Angie Elbertha Debo's book, *The Rise and Fall of the Choctaw Republic* (1935), many sources now state that the donation amounted to $170. Regardless of the monetary sum involved, the gesture was huge in compassion and spirit at a time when the Choctaw were themselves destitute. Perhaps the stories of enforced displacement, cultural suppression, starvation and wretchedness of the Irish made them hold their own needs in abeyance. Having gone through similar experiences themselves, they knew first-hand the consequential distress and horrors, and memories of the awful events led them to make this empathetic and generous donation. In feeling such affinity with the Irish, they collected the money and sent it to an American Famine relief organisation for Ireland. The money arrived at the peak of the Famine, when almost a million Irish were starving to death, the winter known as 'Black 47'. The story the Choctaw first heard of Ireland is said to be an account of the deaths of 600 Irish people while crossing the mountains in an attempt to reach the workhouse in Westport, county Mayo (McMahon and O'Donoghue 2004, 166).

Links between the two nations have continued through time. Choctaw Chief, Hollis Roberts, joined the Mayo Famine memorial walk in 1990. The Choctaw activist Gary White Deer has done much to raise awareness of the Choctaw-Irish connection and now lives in Donegal, moving over in 1995, first living in Cork and then Dublin. He has participated in many events in remembrance of the Famine over the years, including the annual Action from Ireland (Afri) Famine Walk – a re-enactment of a march on their landlord's dwelling undertaken in desperation by a certain Mayo community in 1848 – and more recently taking part in Derry's Famine Walk on 31 July 2015. On coming to Ireland for the first time, Gary White Deer described it as being like 'an arrow shot through time' (Watson, 2015).

In 2015, a giant monument created by Alex Pentek and entitled 'Kindred Spirits' was installed in Bailic Park in the town of Midleton in east Cork. The stainless steel sculpture consists of nine eagle feathers. Each one was hand-welded and tapered individually in the National Sculpture Factory in Cork City to make it unique. Pentek is from Grenagh and graduated from the Crawford College of Art and Design, Cork, in 1996. He was touched by the story and was commissioned to create the monument, intended as a permanent reminder and a 'thank you' to the Choctaw.

One colonised and dispossessed people reached out to another and now the various groups and individuals aiming to keep the Choctaw Nation's links with Ireland alive also work to ease the suffering and to stand in solidarity with those who suffer in similar ways around the world.

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SOUND EXCERPTS

The following are excerpts taken from The LGBT (lesbian, gay, bisexual, transgender) Archive Collection. This collection is comprised of interviews from the late 1990s down to the present, the majority of which were collected in the past three years by Cork Folklore Project researchers, Stephen Dee and Dermot Casey who launched the oral history project by flyering and chatting with people at the Cork Pride march, 2014.

The primary aim of the iniative is to document and preserve stories and memories of past LGBT life in Cork. Our interviews have aimed to explore three main aspects: personal stories including but not limited to identity, coming out and experiences of homophobia; community stories based on certain areas, streets, and forms of social interaction within the LGBT community; and the chronicling political events, motivations, and outcomes. The projects initial point of reference was the period before and after decriminalisation in 1993 but it has now broadened its focus to include the events and changes of recent years, the legalisation of same sex marriage in 2015, for example.

From the interviews printed here it may be evident that it only consists of a few female voices. This is due to the fact that most of our contacts and referrals so far have been men. We have found it challenging in our fieldwork to find female interviewees but plans are afoot to improve on this situation and to enrich our archive and achieve a fairer, more balanced oral history. If you would like to help us and are interested in contributing your voice and memories to our collection you can contact us at facebook.com/FolkloreLGBTarchivecollection **T** 021 422 8100.

'People can, I suppose, always kind of tell me smile, but there is nothing wrong with me, I was, you know, smiling on the inside. I was fine but I just didn't get it, I didn't understand it, until I met my partner now but I just didn't get it. I dated guys, I did all the normal things, but then when I, when I did meet somebody it was kind of [makes ahhh sound] that's what it was. I remember explaining it to somebody, that like, imagining your heart, and feeling kind of a ton weight just kind of pulling down on it, that's what it was for me. But I didn't, I still didn't know what it was, that time.' **C. Browne**

'We learned to behave in secret, you know, and so we knew to say as little as possible and to be very careful about what we did. So while there might be a little bit of talk there wouldn't be too much talk either in case we would be found out. And I know I said I wasn't afraid of the law but I was afraid of much deeper forces, like I was terrified of what might my parents would say, or what if it got back to the school I was attending, what they might say, that there was this overall fear of anybody finding out what you were at. There was an awful lot of fear attached to my early sexual years, … years of sexual awareness. Daniel Corkery a great cork writer wrote about Irish culture that was repressed by the foreign invader and called his book *The Hidden Ireland*, well em there are lots of hidden Ireland, the people who fought in World War One from this country been part of another hidden Ireland but I think gay history, gay and lesbian history in Ireland has very much been a mystery, and its no harm to start talking about it. A lot of it has not been pleasant, some of it has been sordid, but its part of our history and as a nation it is important that it be recognised.' **Padraig McCarthy**

'A lot of your time in the Other Place was spent tidying and cleaning and talking to people. Like it was a café, but for me it was more to sit down and talk to the older generation, who were only gay when they opened the door; when they stood inside that building they were gay then, they weren't gay outside. they …, and you know that was quite, that was quite sad in a way too, you had people who only were themselves when they walked in through the door' **Clive Davis**

'Talking about the early days: when eventually Loafers became known as kind of a gay place, things became quite problematic for me, because myself and Seamus, we lived over the bar, yeah? So we were very accessible in terms of people getting at us. So we would have phone calls in the middle of the night. Really unpleasant phone calls telling us that we would be burned out and that we were perverts and all of that sort of stuff. People would pee in the letterbox. People would put burning paper in the letter box. That was quite regular. We would get poison pen, letters all that kind of stuff.' **Derrick Gerrety**

'I also liked when it was a little bit more underground and a little bit more … when there wasn't so many gay bars on the high street, on the main street. I kind of liked it when it was a little bit more, "not okay" to be gay, because it kind of like brought out of a lot more kind of characters and kind of fun, and a lot more interesting nights and club nights. And you know, the music seemed to be better. Now it is just like … personally I feel like, when you go into a gay bar you could be just going into any bar. The music is the same as, you're, you know, the music is the exact same as any other regular club night that you go to, so there isn't anything really diverse.' **Eddie Kay**

'I heard of something recently called 'Post gay'. For instance someone who is like that, they kind of come out, and have no issues with anybody and their family. And friends come out, maybe, in school and they are confident and it's just as easy as someone who likes girls, as a straight guy who likes girls, and they don't have any connection, to any gay activism

or anything. Which is a positive thing. We would all want that, really, when we were growing up, to be totally normal. I was terrified of being found out, it was just this terror, and like even, it kind of went into my psyche, that I was kind of watching how I behaved, how I walked and everything and … it kind of created this paranoia, I think, which I still have to some extent today. I chose jobs because I knew the type of people that were in those types of field were kind of more open. Your life is going down a certain path then, because you are avoiding others, other areas in life or other challenges, maybe, that you might face.

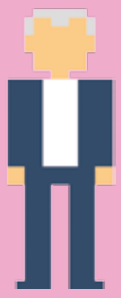
But then, at the same time, there was still real excitement. There was this feeling of being like part of this underground movement and there was this kind of rebelling against society, which I loved as well. And when you did meet someone, if you were walking maybe you might hold hands with them for a couple of seconds, outside a club. You had to be careful, you felt this real like, you are taking on the world or something, or you're doing something really counter cultural.'
Dermot Casey

'If you're not true to yourself you have to, something has to go: if its not drink and drugs , something has to suffer, mental health. In my case it was physical health but it was from mental to physical. All the stomach problems, the ulcers, the perforated ulcers and the hospital visits — that was definitely linked to being not happy. I was hiding myself away, so I internalised everything. And instead of going mad on drink and drugging, I obviously got ill. Now I didn't make myself ill, but I think not living my life all that stress and angst gave me an ulcer, which then perforated. So the years you are meant to be out clubbing between 18 and 24, I was kind of in hospital. I internalised straight to my stomach, it was a weak spot and it just plagued me. Being gay was always going to be problematic. I just didn't see it very positively. In my case, I think I was closeted away so much, for years, and didn't speak or do anything, I just progressed to be camp, I don't know if camp is in my nature or is more, it's not an act, but I created it. So I don't know if I'm actually creating a monster that I hate, or am I naturally going to be camp anyway, but I got these traits of all that's camp that I hated all my life, which is a worry.'
Paul McAllister

'Being gay: in my experience it was, hiding, denying, feeling down, why, why am I gay? I don't want to be gay. You know, my self esteem was shattered for most of my twenties because of it, just you know hiding things like that really does take a lot of energy. The fear was there, that was why I hid it, you know. But the fact that I was tall and, you know, not very camp, you could say it was easier for me to hide it, but I have a lot of sympathy for guys who would have looked and acted camp, through no fault of their own, they had it much harder than I ever had. So I had an advantage in that regard,'cause a lot of people were shocked when I told them I was gay, they just didn't expect me to be gay. When you're gay insecurities tend to be greater and so the confrontations tend to be greater. Like it's never mentioned, but people do fight on the gay community, people take more drugs in the gay community, there is more suicides attributed to being gay. There is some survey, I cant quote the exact figures, but younger gay people are more attributed to suicide attempts and self harming. You know, these things aren't being mentioned that much, being gay does mess you up more in the sense that you have a lot more fighting to do to be content with yourself. I think an important lesson to a lot of people when they are young: they should be taught about loving yourself, …people laugh at the fact, 'oh you are getting counselling' or whatever, 'you must be mad'? but there is a lot to be said for seeking help; there is a lot to be said for feeling happy in yourself. Let's go back to that commandment we hear, which you know, love one another, love your neighbour as yourself. Yes it is a religious commandment, but what is it saying? Love your neighbour as yourself. Like we were taught to love the neighbour, but nothing about 'as yourself', I never heard that message growing up, loving yourself at all, not from any church.'
Jonathan Neville

'When I put bisexual onto myself there would have been more fears. So now there is the heterosexual people who would consider the homosexual different, and then you throw bisexual into the mix — now your just messing with it altogether but as I got older it makes me that little bit more unique, and when people ask me are you in the mood then for a woman one day and a man the next day, it's nothing like that at all. You know, its always, I'll always go for the person themselves. It has actually been gay people that have had more of a problem with me being bisexual where as you get the questions say from heterosexual people, it would be kind of like, right well that's interesting. If we integrate in with the heterosexuals, they'll have to start being more acceptable and that's not across the border I don't mean to put every heterosexual is homophobic because they are not. I suppose pulling ourselves away and putting ourselves in our own little group doesn't really help the situation, we are making ourselves different by doing that but if we kind of integrate and get in there, there should be more acceptance then.'
Tara Whelan

'I never had a chip, once I told my parents. I told my parents back about '74, … '75 when I was going out to found the gay movement, I told my mother and father I was gay, and they said we don't understand it, but we accept you that you are our son. I didn't have to get out of the house or anything, so I have never had leave my home. I have always lived in the same house and I have never moved. And I don't think it is even necessary to be separate from our community, because we are the community, we are part of the community. I think it is foolish, if we let ourselves be isolated.'
Edmund Lynch



'Ireland has changed. First, you have had the divorce referendums. You have had the various abortion referendums, and in all those cases, you obviously had the church opposing them. But sure you had a lot of political parties opposing as well, so this was actually the first referendum where the church was on one side and all the political parties were on the other. There might have been individuals in all the parties who didn't like it, but they kept their mouth shut. They mightn't have canvassed, but they didn't go out publically and say anything. So it was the first real direct conflict between church and state where there was a vote and a lot of people, I think, used that as an opportunity because of all that has happened and the abuse scandals and everything else. It was the first opportunity they had, and I think that played a part. Plus the other thing, as society's gotten more open, I don't think you could find a person in this country who hasn't some relation who is gay and I think that made a huge difference as well. And it was quiet interesting, now, talking to straight friends of mine, there was also debate, real debate in families for the first time and normally referendums nobody gives a shit about, a straight friend of mine said, who would have been known for religious reasons, he said "well I would have voted no but I didn't actually vote" he said, "because I would have felt ashamed for the republic if it hadn't passed". And that happened, you see, after the first divorce referendum, an awful a lot of people felt ashamed, because they realised they were condemning people to horrendous situations, and that is why it was passed a second time.'
Tony

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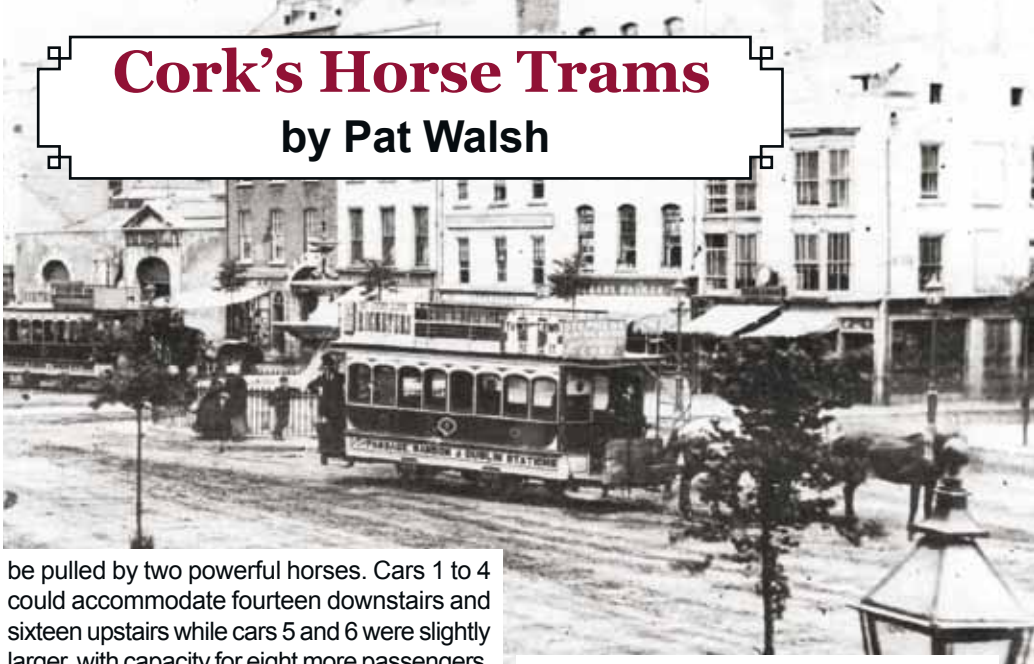
'You have your momentous initial coming out experience, which is a milestone in your life, but then you will always have the little ones, the little pebbles that will always just attach. That weight kind of falls back fairly quickly, because I don't think as gay people we ever really stop coming out and you know there is always a new job, there is always a new friend and you end up having to tell them, or not tell them, they find out, you know, they'll know or whatever, but you're always kind of on the defensive. I do think it's different for the younger generation. They have it much easier then we ever had it, not that I'm saying its ever going to be 100 percent easy, but the way society and the society's patterns and thoughts are formed now you know being gay is a "so what" kind of experience , as opposed to "oh my god you're anathema".'
Stephen Dee

'La Chateau was the bar on Patrick Street, still is, but at that stage it was the kind of liberal bar, the arty bar in Cork. There was another bar later on called The Green Room, where the people from the Opera House went, and the Everyman Theatre, which was located in a different place at the time. But that's where the art people and involved with theatre and arts would go to and Le Chateau was the to-go-for place at the time. The gay friendly thing …, hung around the whole idea of the theatre folk. Theatre folk were more liberal. It was where you could go. La Chateau was where there was a high quotient of people that went, who were involved in theatre. And also people who went to the theatre who were kind of regarded, you know, cultured people, people who thought of themselves at the cutting edge of Cork, so to speak, the intellectual edge, the middle class. It was a sort of middle class sort of thing, so it had that kind of feel to it. I didn't know about it, but half of Cork did. …. The other place, which was going at that time, and I heard nothing about, as well, was the Imperial Bar. The Imperial had two bars at the time and a back bar. Before I came on the scene in '74, there was a manager there who developed it into a kind of Persian Bar and it was, because again hotel bars tended to be kind of more anonymous, so… gay men tended to find that a safe enough place to sort of go to, because they could, the locals didn't go there as much. It was a little pricier so as long as they paid their way and kept quiet. …But there'd apparently been a little scandal. It had become known …, the manager was sort of let go and that bar was changed. That was in the early '70s. Cork was a nice controlled conservative, space so people lived very quiet lives and people lived at home. You moved out when you got married. People didn't have their own spaces. They didn't have their own cars and there was no e-mail or internet etc. There was just newspapers and contact ads in the newspapers, so gays couldn't do that. So the major part of gay life at the time was that you had these bars I mentioned but they were like the upper level. What you had is you had a few people who were independent, who were from outside of Cork, or who were older and were in senior positions, who were single, who had apartments or had their own houses. They were very few and far between. People could socialise there if they were invited back. So they were the kind of social scene. They had their own space and you could be invited back for a party, or for a drink, or whatever and people could mix and mingle, and that would be the safe space …This was 1975.'
Cathal Kerrigan

Sound Excerpts compiled by Cork Folklore Project Researchers Stephen Dee and Dermot Casey pictured above. Photo from CFP Archive.

Cork's Horse Trams

by Pat Walsh



Images courtesy of the National Library of Ireland and Belfast Museum

As the centre of Dublin experiences some disruption with construction of the LUAS tram system extension, Leesiders might be surprised to know that both Dublin and Cork had their first street trams as far back as the early 1870s. In an attempt to improve travel communications within Ireland, the British government passed a series of tramway acts through the 1860s and 1870s but they failed to win support from potential investors. It should be noted that by this time, most remunerative railway lines in Ireland had been built and Fenian activism was making capitalists hesitant, fearing political unrest in Ireland and poor returns on their investments. Also, unlike later tramway acts, this body of legislation lacked any local or state financial incentives.

Partial success was achieved however, following an act of 1870 enabling the construction of urban tramways. Throughout 1872, lines opened in the cities of Dublin, Belfast, Derry, Cork and Galway. As early as 1860, in fact, the year the first tramway act had been passed, Hugh Roche, son of a Cork-born captain, surveyed and promoted a line through Cork's principal streets. He was ably assisted in his work by a most colourful and aptly named American entrepreneur, George Francis Train. Train toured Ireland and Britain at this time and oversaw tram networks opening in London and Birkenhead. Ironically, Train, who is described by the late Walter McGrath as an eccentric, spent a period in detention for espousing the Fenian cause. The idea of street trams may have been a bit too revolutionary for Corkonians of the day and Roche's scheme failed. By 1866 there were four railway termini in Cork City, all unconnected to each other. As a consequence, the railway companies were to the fore in campaigning for some link, by whatever means. Prominent amongst these was a W. H. Williams, who had interests in the newly opened Kinsale line. He hoped a tram line with a connection to the Bandon railhead could be built, which would expedite transfer of fish across the city from Kinsale for onward railing to Dublin and across to London.

The breakthrough came in 1871 when the Cork Tramway Company was formed in London. The line, which opened on 12 September 1872, was along the exact route surveyed by Roche and Train twelve years earlier. It cost £10,000 to lay and equip and had the aforementioned Mr Williams as chairman, with an Englishman by the name of Robinson as manager. It is believed that Mr Robinson married a local lady, Edith Martin of Blackrock. Six double-deck open top tramcars were ordered from England, each to be pulled by two powerful horses. Cars 1 to 4 could accommodate fourteen downstairs and sixteen upstairs while cars 5 and 6 were slightly larger, with capacity for eight more passengers. All six were painted blue and white. The company's depot and stores were adjacent to the Cork Blackrock and Passage Railway's station at Victoria Road. The line was single but had several passing loops. It left Victoria Road, terminus of the Blackrock and Passageline, passed the Bandon and Kinsale terminus on Albert quay and the municipal buildings before swinging across Anglesea Bridge to the South Mall. Leaving the Mall, the line went down the Grand Parade, into Patricks Street, across Patricks bridge, into Bridge Street and finally turned into King (Mac Curtain) Street to run straight to the Dublin line station, which was then at Penrose Quay. A short loop ran from the South Mall down Warrens (Parnell) place onto Merchants Quay where it rejoined the main line at Patricks Bridge. This loop shortened the journey by some distance but bypassed the principal populated and commercial thoroughfares. Perhaps this loop was for goods, particularly the lucrative fish traffic referred to earlier. Wisely, the gauge of the line was five foot three inches, the same as all the surrounding railways. Weekday services ran at twenty minute intervals, starting from Victoria road at 8.40 a.m. and Penrose quay at 9.05am. Last trams left at 7.40 p.m. and 8.05pm respectfully.

In spite of a gala opening, with cheering crowds, flags and bunting, initial enthusiasm and good patronage faded after just a few months. The line became so lightly used that services ceased early in 1875. A spirited attempt to save the tramway was made by a Mr Cussins-O'Hea, whose company, the Cork Citizens Tramway Company, purchased the concern described as derelict, for £510, but to no avail. The tram line's fate was sealed on 22 October, 1875 when the city fathers ordered the City Surveyer to rip up the rails and reinstate the roadway. The six tram cars were bought by the Dublin Tramway Company early in 1876 and by the end of that year, no trace of the line was evident.

In many ways, the bad omens were there from the outset. Many strikes and a fatal accident at Anglesea bridge prolonged construction time. Two minor derailments on opening day doesn't seem to have shaken confidence in the enterprise too much, immediately anyway. Most serious however, was the company's poor relations with the Corporation. A costly stipulation of the 1871 Tramway Act required rails on public roadways to be flush, and not above, the road surface but it seems the tramway frequently breeched this condition during construction and maintenance. At a banquet held the night of the opening, a company guest, not in very good taste, chastised the city fathers for the friction, some of whom were in attendance. When a Mr Galvin attempted to give the corporations side, he was booed and hissed. The circuitous route also restricted the potential for growth though there were plans to lay spurs over to the North Mall and along Washington Street. Crucially, the tram line was never linked to any of the adjacent railways. For a tiny outlay, a short spur in to the Bandon yard would have allowed goods wagons to run across the city to Penrose quay without transferring to road vehicles, bringing in extra revenue for the tram company, but it was never laid. The Blackrock and Passage railway moved its terminus from Victoria road to Albert Street in 1873, doing the tram service no favours.

Cork's citizens had only to wait twenty three years though to avail of trams again. In 1898, A more extensive electric radial network commenced operation but in the intervening period, an American visitor to Cork, on learning that we had no tram service, asked, 'does this city really want to advance backwards?'.

Pat Walsh is a historian from Cork and a regular contributor to The Archive.

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Reflections on the Changing Spiritual Landscape of Cork

By Laura Ann Murphy

In 2016, Cork Folklore Project (CFP) celebrates its 20th year. Over the past two decades CFP has chronicled many of the city's changes, from the built heritage explored in our films, to the LGBT project of the past few years, in the lead up to marriage equality in 2015 and beyond. One of the alluring aspects of recording oral history is that an interview with an elderly person in 2016 can provide rich recollections of life from as early as the 1930s, as we record the living memories and oral histories of those around us.

An examination of our early interviews reveals a focus on religious topics and events, and many interviewees spoke of missionaries and religious education; the predominantly Catholic outlook of Corkonians in the latter years of the 20th century is marked. One need only take a stroll through the city in 2016 to notice that Cork's spiritual landscape has since diversified, and this is reflected in contemporary interviews. This article chronicles these changes by presenting snapshots of individual religious and spiritual perspectives extracted from CFP interviews.

20th Century Cork

Our recordings portray that in the first half of the 20th century Cork's Christian faith was strong and largely unchallenged. Religious missionaries were commonplace, leading people to travel far and wide, while the limited communications of the time meant that this often led to family members becoming estranged. Catholic rituals, perhaps largely unknown to today's youth, were widely practiced, including daily mass, prayers several times a day, and regular fasting or dietary restrictions, particularly regarding meat and dairy. The fear of a baby dying before baptism and being refused entry to Heaven led to an urgency to receive the sacrament. This meant a mother would often not be present, as she would still be recuperating from the birth. Certain customs that are engrained in Cork in the 21st century were once denounced by Christian faiths due to their pagan roots, for instance, Christmas trees were not seen in churches until towards the end of the 20th century. The ubiquity of Christian ritual is particularly well-reflected in one poignant image from a 1998 interview with Mary (born around the turn of the 20th century), in which she recalled a troop of Girl Guides reciting the Rosary outside the walls of a gaol during republican hunger strikes of the early 1920s.

One could be forgiven for believing that Cork was solely a Christian 'nation', however the interviews reveal a broader spectrum. The city's Jewish community originated in the 18th century and according to one interviewee had about 400 members and two synagogues at one point. Shalom Park, which opened in 1989, commemorates the once-flourishing Jewish community in the area colloquially known as 'Jew-town'. Also present since the 18th century are the Freemason Society and The Unitarian Church, while the Quaker Society's presence in Cork dates back to the 17th century.

Insights into the Jewish community from the early half of the 20th century can be gleaned from Lionel's interview from 2000. Lionel was born in Cork in 1922 and spoke of attending Catholic school, where he and the other Jewish boys participated in all aspects of schooling except for prayers. Later he worked for many years as a care officer for the Brothers of Charity in Lota House. He praised the Lota Brothers, who arranged for his qualification training in England, and was quick to emphasize the religious contribution to people in need at a time when 'the state didn't bother', but also declared that 'Ireland … was not a wonderful place to live' from a spiritual point of view. He was one of several interviewees of that time who mentioned the religious scandals making headlines in the 1990s, stating: 'Not that there weren't kind priests and all the rest, but it all came out in the open - which is a good thing.'

Lionel described the Cork Jewish community as having an Orthodox ethos, and as such, women did not mix in the general assembly but were seated in a balcony while the men prayed downstairs. He stressed that they were not 'Ultra-Orthodox', whom he likened to 'fanatics', and from whom he was eager to distance himself. He was aware of a subtle anti-Semitism in Cork in certain echelons of society, having experienced one direct incident as a child, however he felt that these were views held by a very small minority.

Testimonies from the archive reveal that it was not only Jewish people who were subjected to schoolboy bullies. One Catholic interviewee remembered giving Protestants a hard time. He believed this was not due to sectarianism, but because they were different and a 'soft target', putting it down to 'these terrible things you do when you're kids'. His remorse is evident as he looked back on this as an adult, particularly when he recalled that his mother was unaware of his involvement in such behaviour, and would never have approved. A Protestant interviewee mentioned that early school years were difficult being subject to name-calling and being beaten up by Catholic schoolboys, but these problems diminished as he grew up and a degree of integration was achieved through the shared cultural experience of hurling.

St Fin Barre's Angel photo by Grainne McGee

In the 1940s and '50s, growing up Protestant in Cork also had its advantages. One Protestant interviewee mentioned that many firms only hired Protestants, which benefitted him when he joined the workforce in the mid 1950s. At this time Catholics were still banned from entering Trinity College, Dublin, an aspect of religious segregation which an interview in 2004 drew attention to, in which Mícheál mentioned that in 1971 he was 'part of first tidal wave of Catholics who went into Trinity College after the mortal sin ban was done away with'.

By the time of the 'swinging sixties', the interviews inform us that the Jewish community was dwindling (hit harder by nationwide emigration due to their relatively smaller numbers), while historical norms were still in place: children were seen-but-not-heard, a woman's place was in the home, it seemed almost everyone was involved in the Catholic Church and religious leaders were afforded enormous power. Many of these leaders were genuinely spiritual and kind, and the Christian teachings were acknowledged as providing valuable guidance in how one lived one's life. However, the seeds of change were being planted in Christian religions; one interviewee mentioned that he was an avid reader, and on studying religious texts he and some of his friends began to perceive strong evidence of hypocrisy in the Church.

In the early CFP interviews, it seemed the older generation often maintained 'out-dated' or non-obligatory religious customs, whereas those of middle-age, who had grown up with a more questioning attitude, were more lax in their practices. One of our interviewees spoke of 'Reluctant Catholics' who, while they followed the rules and 'blindly' accepted the authority of religious leaders, may have lacked the spiritual faith of previous generations. This led to a decline in numbers called to religious life, which further dwindled in the 1990s with the emerging religious scandals. It became increasingly common that as priests, brothers and nuns retired or died, there was no one to step in to replace them, and the congregations also shrank. This trend does not seem to be unique to Catholicism as some Jewish interviewees stated they were not religious. Certain interviews suggest that an overall feeling of disillusionment in Catholicism spurred many to find alternative spiritual guidance, and Unitarian, Quaker and Freemason interviewees refer to their congregations consisting of reformed Christians, Muslims, Baha'i, etc., suggesting a growing desire for less dogmatic spiritual guidance.

The Turn of the Millennium

The 'Celtic Tiger' made Ireland an attractive place for many and, according to census information, between 2002 and 2006 the numbers of non-Irish born residents surged nationally from 10% to almost 15%. Cork's population was no exception and while the majority of these were from the EU, many others, of more diverse cultures, also arrived. Naturally, this has broadened the religious and spiritual horizons of the city, and this is reflected in many of the interviews carried out by CFP at that time. The examples which follow represent some perspectives which may differ from those of born and bred Corkonians.

Liz was interviewed in 2004, at which point she had lived in Cork for 30 years. She had witnessed many changes over that period. She identified as Jewish, but not very religious. Lamenting that the synagogue no longer had a large enough community to open for Jewish holy days, Liz objected to the Orthodox ethos, which she felt excluded her as a woman. She found this to be in stark contrast to the more inclusive Jewish community in which she was raised in New York. She did mix with local Jewish families outside of the synagogue, however, particularly to celebrate Passover and Hanukkah. The cultural norm of blending religion with other institutions was a strange and new experience for her and she commented: 'if you go into a state hospital I notice that they will have crucifixes and statues around, whereas an Irish person would walk right by that and they'd never even see it'.

Photo Courtesy of the Hammond Family

The family of Emeka were refugees who fled Nigeria during Christian-Muslim wars in 2000. They moved to Ireland in 2002 and settled in Cork. He knew little about Ireland before moving, declaring that, in Nigeria 'we consume a lot of Guinness, and we got to know that it's an Irish product, that's all. That's the little I knew before now about Ireland'. He soon got to know many of the parish priests who had worked in the Catholic parishes in Nigeria and, at the time of the interview, felt very much at home, particularly in certain areas of the city. Emeka often frequented the Baptist Church on MacCurtain Street and, as a member of the Cork Intercultural Group, also socialised at the Christian Brothers school on Sullivan's quay after Sunday's church service. He spoke of the difference between Irish and Nigerian weddings, commenting that Irish ceremonies were like a 'race', much briefer than the traditional weddings in Nigeria, which would be presided over by tribal elders instead of clergy. He also noted that in Nigeria the wedding night would be the couple's first night spent together.

Born and raised in Israel, Yossi met his Irish wife while travelling, and moved with her to Ireland in 1991 and to Cork 10 years later. In his 2004 interview he spoke of finding Cork to be very religious and, like Liz, also identified as Jewish but not religious. He spoke of the Jewish presence being well-integrated over the centuries in Cork and commented that they tended to strongly identify as Irish. Speaking of the changing culture in the city, he mused about how beautiful it will be to see second generation Romanians and Slovakians playing sport for Ireland.

Robert was born in 1969 in South Africa and raised Catholic. Robert's first impression of Cork was its predominantly white-European monoculture. While this had changed to an extent by the time of his interview in 2004, he mentioned feeling a sense of 'otherness', remarking that on the UCC campus he didn't see a lot of local people talking with students of Muslim, Chinese and African backgrounds. His concern was reflected in his words: 'coming from South Africa I'm particularly aware of that, that kind of racial division can cause havoc, and I think something active needs to be done about getting people to talk to each other, and to realise we're human, we're similar.' Robert also noted some of the differences between Catholicism in Cork and in his home country, where he attended a Christian Brothers school. He referred to the various sacraments as being 'very religiously focused' in South Africa, and was amazed to see the extent to which a fuss is made of them here, in particular regarding the money children receive for their First Holy Communion.

Contemporary Cork

Immigration has fallen in recent times and Cork is settling in to her new multi-faith society, with the second generation of our newer faiths blending in to the schools, some of whom may soon be representing our nation in sport as predicted by Yossi. Sadly the Jewish congregation has dwindled to the point where their synagogue was de-consecrated and closed in early 2016, marking the decline of what was once a thriving community, while

Mary Flynn Photo courtesy of Laura Murphy

non-denominational groups and reformed faiths are becoming more commonplace. A selection of interviews from the past few years includes members of the Quaker, Unitarian, Freemason and Buddhist constituents of Cork.

In 2014 Denise of the Cork Quakers was interviewed, during which she said their congregation was formed of approximately 150 members plus some regular 'attenders'. Quakerism was founded in the 17th century based on the principle that all humans are created equal. She explained that a manifestation of this belief is evident in their graveyards, where all headstones are of uniform appearance. Furthermore, they have no minister in their Meeting House, as a medium is not seen as a requirement to have contact with God. Fairness and equality are part of the bedrock of Quakerism, as Denise explained that it 'is very much based on the idea that each person may have a somewhat different spiritual path and that there's no single set of beliefs that is absolutely correct'. She spoke of the Quakers being open to beliefs evolving over time and, as a result, there is no written creed, which she said could lead to it becoming 'too rigid and it might be harder to actually let it change with time as it needs to.'

Fritz of the Unitarian Church was also interviewed in 2014. According to Fritz, the early 18th century was a time of 'tension between the Catholic Church and the established Anglican Church' and what is now the Unitarian Church 'was set up without specifying which theological point of view was to be espoused, just the worship of God'. The Unitarian congregation declined in the 1950s after the retirement of their minister, William Whetherall, but experienced a revival beginning in 1998. Fritz stated that many of their congregation experienced disenchantment in their Church of origin leading them to Unitarianism (and one may assume to other dissenting faiths), to fill the remaining spiritual void. Fritz describes the Unitarian Church as one of liberal faith, with no creed or tests of faith. In his words: 'we believe that everybody has their personal journey, and the function of the Church or a religious community is to support that journey … without pressure and judgment and conformity'. The Unitarian Church on Prince Street celebrates 300 years of service in 2017.

The provincial Grand Lodge of the Munster Freemasons, built in 1925, is located on Tuckey Street. The Freemason records in Cork, however, go back to the early 18th century. Their society is comprised of men over the age of 21, from all walks of life, who have a belief in a God of some description, and aims to make 'good men better', according to David, who was interviewed in 2013. David spoke of the multi-denominational membership of the Cork Freemasons. They are comprised mainly of men from a reformed Christian or Jewish background, but also include reformed Hindu, Muslim, and Bahá'í men.

A growing Buddhist community in Cork is evidenced by the existence of the Tibetan Buddhist Meditation Centre in West Cork (Dzogchen Beara), the Chinese Buddhist Centre in the city (Cork Hanmi Esoteric Buddhist Centre), and several Buddhist meditation groups held weekly throughout the city. Early in 2016 Con was interviewed by CFP. He spoke of being a practicing Nichiren Buddhist since the 1980s. Originally from Bray, he was raised Catholic and had strong faith in his youth which lapsed as an adult. He explained that for a long time he carried with him the fear of Hell and Purgatory, instilled by his religious education, and in his own words went 'pretty wild' in the late 1960s. During this time he was briefly exposed to Tibetan Buddhism on a superficial level. Widely travelled, he settled in Cork in the early 1980s and shortly afterwards discovered Nichiren Buddhism. He began his spiritual journey within this tradition, which he describes as a lay-Buddhist organisation which originated in the 13th century. He attends regular Buddhist meetings, in which they chant together to support each other in the practicalities of daily living. Con spoke of changing the self through Buddhism to become a better person, thus 'changing society from the inside'.

Conclusion

Researching through 20 years of CFP interviews, it is evident that the spiritual landscape of Cork has altered significantly in recent decades. What also becomes apparent, however, are the many ways in which it has been constantly changing, if slowly, over the centuries. Shifting patterns in global migration, disillusionment with Church of origin, an increase in available options and the growing desire for people to live spiritually, without identifying as religious, have all played their part in bringing about these changes.

This brief overview reflecting the changing spiritual landscape of Cork is limited by the content held within the CFP database. If you feel your own community's outlook on spirituality is not represented and would like to contribute to the project, please feel free to get in touch. We would love to hear from you.

Laura Murphy is a researcher at the Cork Folklore Project

‘Ag trácht dom ar Amhránnaíocht Dúchas na nGaeil’

Peadar Ó Riada

Photo courtesy of Peadar Ó Riada

Tá morán ball ag an gcorp. An láimh, an chos, an croí, na duáin agus mar sin de. Ach níl sa bhall coirp ach ball amháin den nduine iomlán. In éineacht leis tá baill eile ar nós na mothúcháin, an spiorad, creidimh éagsúla, laigí is neartanna agus mar sin de. Cultúr a choiníonn iad seo go léir in éanacht.

Tá an cultúr préamhaithe san pobal ina maireann sí agus tá sí cúmtha de iomlán na mball sa phobal sin agus iad in iomláine a n-éagsúlachta agus a staire. Tagann an teanga ós na mianta agus na dúileanna a oireann don bpobal sin do chur in iúil dá chéile. Ós rud é go ndeirtear linn go bhfuil a cheithre oiread focal i bhfoclóir laethiúil an Ghaeilgeora seachas an Bhéarlóra, is fuirist a aithint an gá atá acu le teangabháil chruinn agus leathan do bheith eatarthu. Léiríonn an foclóir sin cad iad príomhshuimeanna an phobail atá dá úsáid.

Tá cultúr láidir amhránaíochta is filíochta i Múscraighe mar aon le dúil sa scéalaíocht agus meas ar dheisbhéalaíocht. Ach is daoine rinn iad chomh maith. Agus ós rud é gur macasamhail an cultúr de ghnáthdhéanamh na ndaoine a mhaireann innte, tá na tréithe sin le fiscint i ngach gnéith eile den gcultúr chomh maith. Cosnaíonn Muintir Mhúsraighe pé rud a bhíonn acu. Dhein Naomh Gobnait é fadó le cabhair a cuid beacha.

Ansan bíonn dornán beag chun tosaigh ag déanamh ceannródaíochta, a leithéid is Seán Ó Riada le ceol nó Seán Ó Ríordáin le filíocht abair. Ach cuimhnigh ar na céadta is na mílte ceoltóirí is filí atá cuirthe i reilig Ghobnatan le cianta fada ag cosaint an traidisiúin ceoil is rinnce, nó éigse is filíochta as ar fuinneadh na ceannródaithe – pé iad féin.

Tá Múscraí suite ina Gaeltacht i measc cnoc is sléibhte ar theorainn iarthuaisceart Chorcaí le Ciarraí. Tá daoine ann le 10,000 bliain agus a rian coitianta ar an dtalamh, maraon le fia-dhulra agus ballaibh spriodáltha.

Tá cultúr na nGael sruthach ar nós abhann, ag rith de shíor agus é go léir ar chomh leithead, le cumhacht ag brath ar an dtírdhreach trína dtaistealaíonn sé. Sa chas seo is í an meoin atá ag na daoine, trína sníonn an sruth, a chumann an ‘tírdhreach’. Ní raibh rialtas lárnach le smacht iomlán ar oileán na hÉireann riamh. Fiú in aimsir an Árd Rí Ruairí Ó Concubhair, an duine is mó ‘sway’ le linn stair na tíre seo, bhí freasúra láidir aige ins an cúinne thiar thuaidh den oileán mar a bhfuil Tír Chonaill is Tír Eoghain inniu. Go deimhin féin tá sé chontae an oileáin seo faoi riail ag rialtas éagsúil ar fad seachas rialtas Éireann na linne seo.

Nuair a bhí Londain i gceannas go díreach, nó trí mheán a gcaptaéiní áitiúla, ba le láimh láidir é agus níor lean sé sin de dheascaibh toil na ndaoine do bheith ar lár.

Ach ní hé sin an córas gaelach ar aon chumadh – smacht ó lárphointe cumhachta. Is amhlaidh a bhí brat cultúr ag rialthú na tíre. ’Sé sin, bhí dlithe agus nósanna nó ‘ciall chomónta’ (common sense) na ndaoine mar stiúir ag na daoinibh. Bhí morán rithe nó taoisigh bheaga, nó ceannairí pobail le teideal amháin nó teideal eile, agus bhídís seo a d’iarraidh an saoghal do stiúiriú timpeall orthu. Gan dabht ba mhinic duine acu a’ d’iarraidh an láimh in uachtar d’fháil ar a chomharsana. Ach bhí córas dlithe na mbreithiún mar bhunchloch chun an riar do choimeád. Bhíodh na breithiúna ag taisteal timpeall ó cheantar go ceantar do réir mar a bhí gá no glaoch orthu. Ní raibh arm nó gárda acu mar gur thoiligh na daoine an smacht chuchu. Bhí a gcuid dlithe de ghlan mheabhair ag na breithiúna agus is acu a bhí an focal deireanach. Cé go raibh luach acu san ar gach ní chomh maith, is amhlaidh a bhí an áireamh go léir déanta idir nithe éagsúla, ar chomhluach, seachas abhar neamhspleách comónta mar airgead. Abair gurbh fhiú beithíoch trí chruiceog, agus trí bheithíoch cumal. Chiallaigh seo nách raibh abhar amháin ar leith a bhí thar aon rud eile maidir le luach. Sa chóras eorpach tá airgead mar an abhar speisialta sin. B’í an bheithíoch an rud ba chomhgaraí a bhí sa tír seo anallód, a bhí ionchurtha le seasamh an airgid sa chultúr eachtrannach.

Nílim ag moladh córais thar córas eile, ach táim á luadh mar go bhfuil sé tábhachtach a thuiscint nách ionann an meas nó an luach atá ag an dá chultúr, Cultúr na hEorpa/Iartharach agus Cultúr na nGael, ar abhair. Agus tá tábhacht ar leith ag an eolas seo nuair atáimid ag pléadh amhránaíocht Duchasach na nGael. Tá laigí móra ag baint leis an gcóras amhránaíochta dhúchasaigh, nó ‘sean-nós’ faoi mar atá sé inniu. Níl sé iomlán, folláin ann féin a thuilleadh. Tá mórán tionchar tar éis sníomh tríd mar dhúchas leis na cianta. Chuir na manaigh agus a gcuid eolais agus oideachais agus coraisí is eagraíochtaí éagsúla mórán leis an ndath atá ar inniu. Bhí tionchar ag na Lochlannaigh is na Normánaigh agus níos déanaí fós ag na Sasanaigh is na Francaigh. Tionchair i bhfuirm rithimí nó crotaibh áirithe ó thaobh an cheoil de agus tuairimí is nósmhaireacht ó thaobh téamaí agus patrúin ar thaobh na bhfocal agus filíochta dhe.

Sin cuid amháin den gnó ach cuimhnigh ar an samhail, nó an tuairim, nó an nós seo, nótaí do roinnt i scálaíbh nó ‘modes’. Ní féidir linn aon slí eile a shamhlú. Bíonn scálaí againn ar scoil, ag foghlaim uirlise nó amhráin, ag staidéar ceoil d’aon tsaghas, ag cur uirlis ceoil le chéile fiú. Tá na cnaipí nó eochracha i ndiaidh a chéile, i bhfuirm na 12 tón nó ‘tone’ atá againn sa Domhan Iartharach. Dar linn nách bhféadfá déanamh gan iad. Bhídís eagartha againn fadó mar ‘modes’ agus b’iad na manaigh ar fuaid Eorpa is mó d’fhorbair an córas agus, diaidh ar ndiaidh, le roinnt beag céadta bliain anuas, d’aistrigh an téarmaíocht agus an crot go córas scálaí an lae inniu. Níl ann ach san. Ní smaoineamh maidir le ceol é seo a bheadh ag daoinibh eile sa domhan seo, murach go raibh sé cloiste acu ó chultúr an fhir bháin. Ach pléifear iad san ar ball. Tá nithe níos a bhunúsaí ar lár leis an gcorp ealaíona seo inniu.

An phríomh glaedh idir chreatlach agus fheoil atá in easnamh is ea an córas foghlama. Bhí sé seo do réir béil i gcultúr na nGael ach tá sé anois bunaithe ar chóras súl. Úsáideann an inchinn ball nó ionad difriúil sa chloigeann chun eolas atá cruinnithe le súil do chur i dtaisce, seachas mar a dtaiscíonn sé eolas bailithe trí dheoin na cluaise. Tá sé ráite gur mó d’aclaíocht cuimhne atá ag an té go bhfuil a chuid ceoil foghlamtha, is i dtreo aige, trí mheán na fuaime seachas an té go bhfuil taisce folaithe aige le húsáid radhairc. Is dócha gur de dheascaibh forbairt na céadfaidhe le linn eascairt an chine dhaonna faoi ndeara seo. Pé acu an áis chun fiaigh is foghlaeireachta, nó ag faire amach do dhainséar is baoil ag teacht ’na dtreo, a thug na neartaibh éagsúla do sna céadfaidhe, is é bun agus barr an scéil ná go bhfuil difríocht eatarthu ina módh oibre agus a mbuanseasamhacht le úsáidibh éagsúla. Mar sin inniu, folaítear an t-eolas go fisiciúil i gcuid éagsúil den innchinn seachas mar a deintí cheana. Sid é an chéad difríocht idir seachadadh an traidisiúin ó ghlúin go glúin na blianta ó shoin sa tír seo agus an modh chun an eolais chéanna do chur ó ghlúin go glúin inniu.

Sea, tá dóthain ráite agam ansa ach chun an scéal a chíoradh níos faide, tá leabhar foilsithe agam ar an abhar faoin dteideal Amhránaíocht Dúchas na nGael agus is féidir é fháil ag www.peadaroriada.ie/amhranaiocht-duchas-na-ngael

A view of Cork from Audley Place By John Butts, c.1750

By Geraldine Healy

A view of Cork from Audley Place By John Butts, c.1750 Courtesy of The Crawford Art Gallery

'A view of Cork from Audley Place' is a magnificent and uniquely important painting in the history of the development of Cork city, housed in the collection in the Crawford Art Gallery in Emmet Place. Visiting the gallery, time and time again I gravitate towards this depiction of the city in the mid-1800s. At first glance one is struck by the sheer beauty of the picture. The delicate shades of green, brown, white and gold, captured on a fine morning, give credence to the words of the song 'beautiful city, charming and pretty', which we sing in praise of our dear city today. The artist has put this alluring atmosphere of our city rendered on canvas and this special character is all there before our eyes. The centuries have gone by, yet the timeless essence of our home town is there for us to see. It is indeed a vision of Cork in the eighteenth century, through which we can better visualise and understand the historical development of Cork over the last three centuries.

On closer study, it becomes apparent that this portrait of our embryonic town has the exactitude of a photograph. In this lies its hidden strength, for this picture was painted in the time before the advent of photography. We are indebted to the landscape painter John Butts for such a detailed and faithful representation of what the city of Cork looked like c.1750, approximately fourteen years before his death in 1864. It is a snapshot of Cork taken at a crucial and pivotal point in its long history.

In the mid eighteenth century, Cork was at the threshold of a major transformation, from its position as a small trading town on the edge of north-west Europe to a major maritime port in the European commercial network. The port of Cork was strategically placed along the shipping lines from England to her newly founded colonies on the eastern seaboard of the North American continent. The natural physical shape of our harbour which gave protection from the vicissitudes of the North Atlantic weather meant that ships could assemble there in convoy for the long journey across the ocean. In addition, Cork city has a very rich agricultural hinterland that provided surplus products for trading overseas. The city grew as major infrastructural development took place following this economic success. Increased wealth meant more money for investment in building projects and land reclamation. In Butts' painting, the emerging outline of the city was already in situ, but here we get a glimpse of an earlier Cork before its transformation.

In the painting we can clearly see that the present day St. Patrick's Street has not yet covered in. It is easy to imagine the busy scene on St. Patrick's Street quays at the time. Exotic goods such as coffee, sugar and pineapples were unloaded for distribution among the city's merchants. Salted beef, pork, butter and herrings were dispatched for destinations across the Atlantic. Timber cuttings from Norway and the Baltic regions were often piled high on the quaysides. Greetings echoed on the breeze on all sides in foreign tongues.

At the time of this painting, ships no longer sailed up the waterway to the enclosed city dock at King's and Queen's Castles (present day Castle Street). It has been suggested that the original city dock was filled in c.1685 (Bradley et al. 1985, 32). Shipping then subsequently began to use the newly developed quays of the North Eastern marsh (close to Emmet Place) as the main area for commercial intercourse. When John Butts was painting this transfer of trading activity from the earlier location along the old St. Patrick's Street quays had not yet fully taken place.

In 1690 the city was besieged by the Williamite commander John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough (1650-1722). The siege lasted only five days when the city walls were breached by the canons of the attackers. From then on, the stone walls could no longer provide protection for the citizens of Cork. From its original medieval core, the city began to spread out beyond the walls. There are in existence, several cartographic representations John Carty (1726) and Charles Smith (1750) of the expansion of the city at this time. Here, however we have a pictorial depiction of the burgeoning city. By 1750, the marsh area from the present day Opera House and Paul Street area had been filled in. Over to the west of the city walls, the 'Marsh area' of the Pike, Hammond and Fenn families had been drained. The city no longer comprised a central area with a north/south axis contained within the old walls. Much of this new land usage can be seen from the painting.

From the 'View of Cork' it is clear that a visitor to the city at that time would have seen a lot of water and would have been aware of a strong maritime tradition within the city. St. Patrick's Bridge is missing from the painting as it was not completed until September 1789. Here is a glimpse of a very different Cork city, but one yet recognisable from the painting. In the centre of a 'View of Cork' we can see the newly built Custom House (Crawford Art Gallery) built in 1724, a testament to Cork's rich trading status on both sides of the Atlantic. Dutch architecture is very noticeable around the adjacent area.

One final glance at the painting shows the steeple of St. Anne's Church, Shandon, completed in 1722. The building of this edifice indicates the prominent position of the Protestant class in the commercial, legal and social echelons of the city at that time. On this northern slope, also we observe the development of the Shandon Street area, where the slaughtering of animals and ancillary industries such as tanning and coopering took place.

'A View of Cork from Audley Place' by John Butts is a wonderful painting which reveals to us a lot about the early history of our city. It has inspired me to take pen to paper in an attempt to paint a picture in words of the scene before me. Coming down from the gallery, I am very grateful that it possesses this special piece of art which forms part of our rich artistic legacy. Refreshed, I pass out through the main doors of the old building and slip away among the passing crowds.

Geraldine Healy is a folklorist who has written on many aspects of Cork's past.

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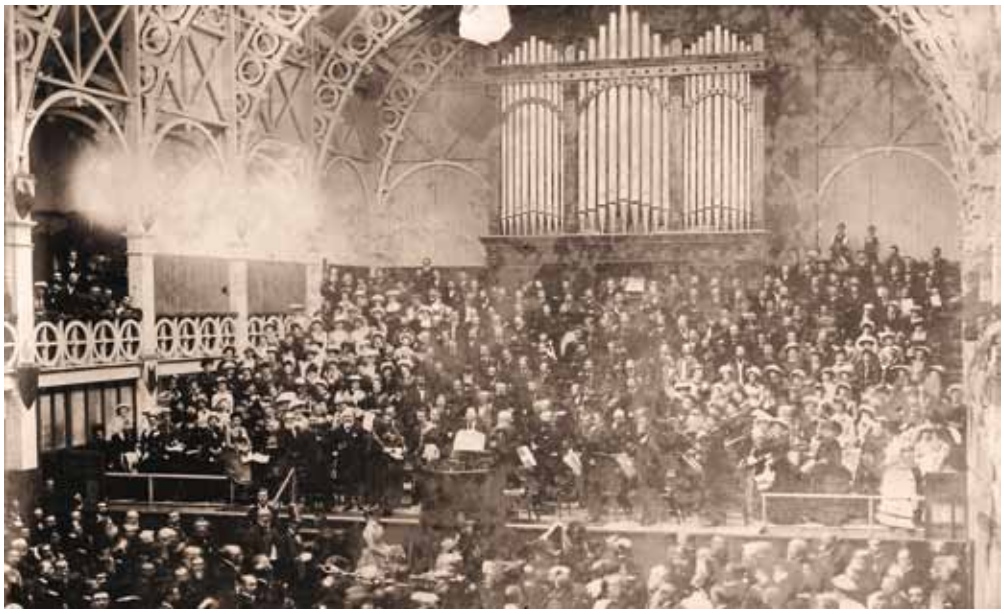
Cork City Hall: A historical reflection

By Louise Madden O'Shea

The City Hall is an iconic building, with beautiful stonework facing on to the River Lee. It was built in the early part of the twentieth century after the burning of Cork in December 1920. The site where the City Hall is located however has a very interesting history which precedes its construction. Its beginnings go as far back as the mid nineteenth century when in 1847 Thomas Deane built the Corn Exchange, a building designed by Henry Hill.[1] As a young man Henry Hill won a competition in 1827 for his design but was unable to finance the build until 1843. This was a fine building famed in the pages of the *Illustrated London News* a respected newspaper founded in 1843. [2]



Cork Industrial Exhibition photo, 1883 Courtesy of Cork City and County Archives, Merchant Princes

Inspired by the success of the 1851 Great Exhibition at Crystal Palace, London, a Cork Merchant by the name of Daniel Corbett and *Cork Examiner* proprietor John Francis Maguire set about putting together the idea of an exhibition in Cork. The Great Exhibition was the first international event of manufactured products. It was organised by Prince Albert, husband of Queen Victoria and Henry Cole, inventor.[3] Maguire and Corbett believed that this sort of exhibition would be ideal for the promotion of Munster, hoping that an exhibition would promote growth in the wake of the Famine. The National Exhibition was held in Cork from the 10th of June to the 11th of September 1852, with nearly 140,000 attending the event. Most of the main merchants in the city were involved in the exhibition.[4]

It was at this time that Sir John Benson redesigned the 1843 Corn Exchange for the Exhibition. According to O'Dwyer the main change was a huge 'barrel vaulted hall which was 225 feet long … it was constructed of glass on timber frames supported on iron columns' it was also decided to add a second hall, to be called the Fine Arts Court. Remarkably, these buildings were 'designed and completed within twenty-four days'. [5] Within the Exchange many of the sections displayed 'amongst other things, whiskey, ale, porter, pearl barley, 'Norton's Projectile Shells', hydraulic presses, Valentia Slate, stuffed birds, wax flowers and Cork Ginghams'.[6] Most of the major Cork businesses and manufacturers participated. The Fine Art Hall of the Exhibition, in the southern section, contained paintings and sculptures by prominent Irish artists. It has been noted by the former Cork City architect

T.F. McNamara, that the materials used in the construction of the National Exhibition building were soon after reused in the construction of the Athenaeum Theatre (the Cork Opera House) which is now situated on this site.[7] It seems that the front of the building remained and the buildings behind were removed. This was common practice at the time where these exhibition buildings were temporary structures built solely for use as exhibition spaces and then the materials reused in other buildings.

Interestingly, the double arched entrance to Bishop Lucey Park is the former entrance to the corn market known as the Corn Exchange from Anglesea Street, having been disassembled and later reassembled at the park entrance.[8]

The Corn Exchange continued to serve the people of Cork for many more years and was once again called upon to house a second Exhibition in 1883. Once more an exhibition hall was erected to the rear of the Corn Exchange. Architect Robert Walker designed the building and John Delany constructed it at a cost of £13,000.[9]

This rare photograph (on the previous page) may depict the official opening of the Cork Industrial Exhibition on 3rd July 1883 by the Earl of Bandon. The presence of the silver maces (below the podium) suggests that the mayor of Cork was also present. This event, with its band and impressive organ, clearly attracted members of the leading merchant and professional families in Cork.

This is a photograph (above) of the Cork Exhibition Hall formerly the Corn Exchange in 1883; one can see it has been extended in the back once more to house the exhibition. Following the end of the exhibition it is unclear what use the building had. It wasn't until the 1890's with the changes to local government that it became known as the City Hall. The back of the premises were converted into offices. This building served the city of Cork until the 11th of December 1920 when, during the War of Independence it was completely destroyed by fire. The Auxiliaries and the Black and Tans were blamed for the burning of Cork as part of an unofficial reprisal campaign and as revenge for an earlier attack on British troops in Dillon's Cross.

The rebuilding of the City Hall took many years, following the end of the Civil War. In 1923 architects Alfred Jones and Stephen Kelly had the winning entry for the design of the new City Hall.[10] Tenders to build were invited in November 1924 and again in January 1932. The estimated cost to build was £139,870 (Irish Pounds) and the building company of John Sisk won the bid for construction. The foundation was laid on the 9th of July 1932 by Eamon De Valera, the recently elected Taoiseach. Some departments of Cork Corporation opened in the new building in March 1935 and on the 24th April 1935 the Cork Corporation held a meeting in the new hall for the first time. The City Hall was officially opened by Eamon De Valera on the 8th of September 1936.

Corn Exchange 1883 Courtesy of Cork City Libraries

The building is designed on classic lines to harmonise with the examples of eighteenth and nineteenth century architecture. Fundamentally Georgian in character, it mirrors the architecture that so richly endows Cork City. The building is faced with dressed limestone quarried in Little Island and incorporates an elegant concert hall. The main entrance to the offices is from Anglesea Street through a marble paved vestibule which leads to the main staircase. The City Hall contains works by Seamus Murphy, R.H.A., which include busts of the Republician Lord Mayors Tomás MacCurtain and Terence McSwiney and a profile of the late US President John F. Kennedy erected over the main entrance door commemorating his visit to Cork in 1963. The Millennium Hall was added to the City Hall as a multifunctional events venue in 2001. It was designed by the City Architect, Neil Hegarty FRIAI, and was constructed by O'Shea's of Cork. It was built in the former courtyard of the existing building. A time capsule was placed in the foyer of this Hall on the 16th of March 2001 by the Right Honourable P.J. Hourican, Lord Mayor. The Millennium Hall was officially opened on the 28th of June 2001.

A major extension to the City Hall was opened in 2007. It had taken two years to build. It houses all the departments of the City Council, some of which had been located in different buildings around the city prior to this. The new section of the City Hall was designed by architects Ahrends Burton Koralek, a firm based in Dublin. The extension was designed to work in harmony with the existing building. The new building seems to wrap around the older building, using the external outer wall as the interior to the new section. The extension is faced in Italian Carrara marble, a white marble with flecks of grey; which blends well with the limestone of the older building. The New Civic Building is very bright and spacious, it has four floors and stretches from Anglesea Street through to Eglinton Street. The new building offers significant space which enables the public to conduct their civic business but it also offers an area for frequent displays, public notices, planning and development information and exhibitions by artists and historians. With the combination of old and new, the building that is now the City Hall in Cork, sits overlooking the city, ready to serve the population well into this century and beyond.

Louise Madden O'Shea is a researcher at the Cork Folklore Project

Endnotes

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4 Merchant Princes, Online Exhibition, Cork City and County Archives. J B O Brien, *Cork Society in the 1850's, Cork Historical and Archaeological Society,*(101), 1996, p. 15 - 25
5 O Dwyer, *Architecture,* p. 128
6 Crawford Art Gallery, *Corn Exchange Cork,* www.crawfordartgallery.ie/ResearchCentre3.html. Cork Ginghams had displayed in the Great Exhibition of 1851 in Crystal Palace and won a medal for the exhibition. See www.corkpastandpresent.ie/history/corktradeexhibitions/uploadexhibition/fillingbooks/1852Exhibitionbook/#174-178
7 Crawford Art Gallery, *Corn Exchange Cork,* www.crawfordartgallery.ie/ResearchCentre3.html
8 Cork Past and Present, Cork City Libraries
9 Dictionaries of Irish Architects www.dia.ie/architects
10 Dictionaries of Irish Architects www.dia.ie/architects

Ireland 1518: Archduke Ferdinand's visit to Kinsale and the DÜRER Connection

Hiram Morgan

Crawford Art Gallery

2015 |128 Pages |ISBN 978-1-874756-24-8

This is the type of book you buy as a treat, it is something to be cherished and savoured again and again. *Ireland 1518* allows the reader to travel back in time and to be thoroughly immersed within the time frame of sixteenth century Ireland, a task that is difficult to accomplish. This book is also accessible and informative for the historical novice. It is exquisitely illustrated drawing on the historical work of the German Renaissance painter, Albrecht Dürer. Hiram Morgan uses his passion to illuminate a new perspective on this time in Irish history. As a lecturer who likes to bring to life the pop culture of the sixteenth century, this book is a success.

The translation from old French is beautifully done and the reader is immediately enraptured by the words of Laurent Vital (it is his account, which has been translated), from which this book emerges. The vivid descriptions Vital provides of the locals in Kinsale at the time of the Archduke's visit invite the reader on an anthropological journey, which provides a different view of the Irish, quite unlike the traditional descriptions already known to us.

Louise Madden O'Shea

Wells, Graves, and Statues

Dr Louise Nugent and Dr Richard Scriven

CreateSpace Independent Publishing Platform

2015 | 76 pages | ISBN-13: 978-1518834868

This publication on pilgrimage, Wells, Graves, and Statues: Exploring the heritage and culture of pilgrimage in medieval and modern Cork city, by Dr. Louise Nugent and Dr. Richard Scriven, is a delightful collection of stories and facts showing the importance of religious places and practices throughout the history of Cork, while simultaneously highlighting its cultural richness.

The presentation of the book is clear and pleasant, and its size makes for a nice introductory read for those interested in pilgrimage heritage or culture in a broader sense. It may also appeal to the casual reader as a coffee table book to dip in and out of. Whilst the city map provided is perhaps too small to be useful in locating the monuments, the colour photographs give a good representation. It is disappointing, however, that more care was not taken to finalise this cultural artefact, as a more careful treatment at proof-reading stage would have better reflected the depth of research within.

Beginning with the ecclesiastical origins of Cork city at the founding of St. Finbarr's monastery in the sixth century, Dr Nugent and Dr Scriven present some noteworthy and carefully researched stories of Cork. These are interlaced with interesting morsels of detail such as: the spiritual significance of the labyrinth and Pattern (pátrún) Days; the origins of placenames and the Society of St Vincent de Paul; and why in modern times Roman Catholic children receive Communion at a young age and take 'the pledge' at Confirmation.

Wells, Graves & Statues was funded by Cork City Council's Heritage Publication Grant Scheme. For those who wish to get involved in protecting and preserving holy places, there is a very useful section providing relevant information and resources. A full bibliography is also provided for researchers seeking more in-depth information on any of the topics.

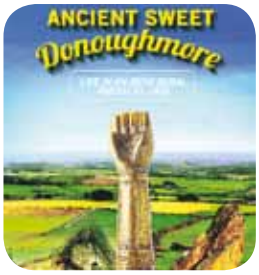
Laura Murphy

Ancient Sweet Donoughmore: Life in an Irish Rural Parish to 1900

Gerard O' Rourke

Redmond Grove Publications

2015 | 460 pages | ISBN Paperback Edition: 978-0-9933867-1-8



This is a comprehensive, fastidiously researched book. It takes the reader back in time to pre- history in stunning detail and follows with a wide ranging journey from paganism to 1900. O'Rourke looks to each chapter with a diligence that must be complimented. His ability to investigate what seems to be a national issue and condense this at a local level is amazing. He illustrates each of the chapters with carefully selected and interpreted maps, drawings and or photographs. O'Rourke's in-depth topographical details reflect a deep knowledge and connection which he has for this parish. It is beautifully and engagingly written which allows the reader to dip in and out as they please. Not only are there anecdotal passages that delight, there are also fascinating nuggets of history that would be otherwise lost in a general tome.

For those that have the same love of history as Gerard O' Rourke this book is a must, for those that are passionate about local history it is essential and for those that are part of the landscape of Donoughmore it should be sitting on your bookshelf.

Louise Madden O'Shea

Mind That 'tis My Brother

Gaye Shortland

Poolbeg Press Ltd.

1995 |208 Pages | ISBN 978-1853714214

Mind that 'tis my brother is a rare read in that it stands as both a work of fiction and an ethnographic window into early nineties gay life in Cork city. From anecdotes to Northside speak the book seamlessly subverts what could have been another sad story about aids and turns it into a rich kaleidoscope of diverse memorable characters that emote many facets of Northside city life still evident today. The plot follows Tony who has already died and been brought back home by his brother to have his ashes spread in a local convent. As his urn is passed around his group of friends we get a snapshot of their lives as Tony realises what he missed by being away.

Dec nearly exploded. "Right! So twould be alright if we just scattured him up the Lough to feed the swans?"

"On the south side?" said Liam. "Jaysis, at least we'd bring him ovur to the North Gate Bridge an feed our own swans!"

The book was initially published in 1995 and many of the pubs and other places mentioned within are no longer there and reflect the changing urban landscape. Gaye Shortland uses her outsider perspective as fag hag extraordinaire to create a snapshot of a group of extroverts that could easily challenge Armistead Maupin's 'Tales of the City' in the LGBT literary stakes.

'Mind that 'tis my brother' is a highly recommended read.

Stephen Dee

Reflections on 20 years of THE CORK FOLKLORE PROJECT

The Cork Folklore Project back in 1996 and with Professor Gearóid Ó Crualaoich (centre) in 2016 Photos by Catherine Fray & CFP Archive

The Cork Folklore Project (previously the Northside Folklore Project) turns twenty in August 2016, and is unique in its longevity as a community-based folklore centre and archive. Over 100 Northside Community Enterprise-based researchers have worked with the Project, and we have interviewed over 550 individuals and worked with many community groups. This is a period of great change for the Project. Technological change has opened up the ways in which we can share stories from the archive and information about our holdings. Our online Memory Map serves as a pilot for things to come: we hope to make more information about our interview collection available in an online catalogue, and to integrate a new Memory Map into this system. 2015/16 also brought about a fundamental change in the Project's personnel: Mary O'Driscoll, Project Manager for fifteen years, retired in late 2015, and our new Manager, Tomás Mac Conmara came on board in January 2016.

Mary O'Driscoll was the face and voice of the CFP for one and a half decades, providing continuity and a welcoming contact-point for the public, the Project's friends and collaborators, and the Project staff. Her good sense and good humour were central aspects of how she dealt with challenges and opportunities alike. Mary 'got' the mission of the Project in a very profound way, and had a keen understanding of the nature of community folklore and the role of a community archive. Duty of care towards interviewees and the community were central in every decision she made about the safeguarding and use of interview material, and she revelled in the great stories, fun and human creativity that is to be found in our holdings. She also regarded as central the role of the Project as a Community Employment workplace, and put constant effort into creating a working and training environment that supported individual researchers in their careers and personal development. Mary's enduring friendships and contact with former project researchers are a testament to this attribute, as is the way in which project researchers have continued to contribute to the *Archive* journal, to keep in contact with the project, and, in some cases, to return to work with the project years later. Friendly and supportive contact with other oral history groups and interested individuals and researchers, collaboration with UCC and NCE colleagues, support of researchers, the management of a folklore archive: all of these things Mary managed to excel at while keeping her interactions infused with human warmth and humour. She is greatly missed here in Northside Community Enterprises, and her legacy will be felt here at the project for a long time.

To celebrate our 20-year anniversary, we have asked Mary, along with Project co-founders Marie-Annick Desplanques and Gearóid Ó Crualaoich, to write short reflections about the project.

Gearóid Ó Crualaoich: co-founder and long-term supporter, Professor Emeritus, Department of Béaloideas/Folklore and Ethnology, UCC

Looking back now after twenty years, I realise that the Northside Folklore Project served to re-ground and to expand my own identity as Corkonian. I have written elsewhere of my growing up on the Southside, near the Lough, with an allegiance to 'The Barr's' but very conscious also of an alternate Corkonian allegiance to the Red City, to Blackpool and to 'The Glen' transmitted to me through stories of my father's work experience across North Gate Bridge. I have written of this binary Corkonian allegiance in an earlier number of *The Archive* (Archive 8, 2004: 'Barracka agus Shandona', pp. 20-21, available on our website) in terms of the two cultural highways of 'Barracka' and Shandona' that symbolized for me the immediate constituents of Cork City identity.

I cannot recall how we hit on Ballymacthomas as an initial focus of our deliberations on Northside vernacular cultural process and of our preparations for the NFP. I suspect it came about through a combination of reasons to do with local history, location, and chance encounters with former residents. I know that we were extraordinarily lucky in being able to have a small number of Ballmacthomas 'natives' coming to our Seminar Room on College Road over two academic years to tutor us on Ballymacthomas identity within the wider nexus of Northside identity and its ever-transforming dynamic.

My memory of taking small parties of young students to 'walk the field' through the side streets and lanes of Shandon and Blackpool is a memory of both retracing my father's footsteps and sharing the joys of discovery with the students as we encountered the material and aesthetic expressions and representations of Northside vernacular identity – in such things as street-names, house decoration styles, jostle stones and corner shops. On such walkabouts – generally on Wednesday afternoons – we were attempting to immerse ourselves in the ethnography of the Northside and breathe in its atmosphere at first hand.

A surprise was the degree of suspicion and resistance towards the carrying out of the project encountered at a meeting of Béaloideas staff with representatives of as many local Northside community groups and organizations as we were able to muster. This was the legacy of previous not-well-thought-out social research exercises by investigators who had antagonized the community in a number of ways. Through drawing on our own 'insider' vernacular Cork identities as well as observing the fundamental requirements of ethical ethnological fieldwork we were able gradually to dissolve this hostility and convey something of the collaborative and empowering nature of the project we wished to promote.

The people at Northside Community enterprises seemed to understand straight away what we were about and to understand its potential. It was their support that enabled the practical realisation of the project work in terms of premises and community scheme employees. The Northside Folklore Project quickly became a real going concern at the Sunbeam and I have happy memories of being personally enriched during tutorial sessions there with the earliest cohorts of

project workers. It is a real pleasure to see all their names and the names of those who followed them listed on the UCC/CFP website.

In the valuable work it has undertaken over the years and in the varied publications to which it has given rise Northside Folklore – now Cork Folklore - has clearly gone from strength to strength. On the regrettably few occasions that, in recent years, I have visited the Project, I have been immensely impressed by the warm and friendly atmosphere with which the work still proceeds and the pride which people take in what they continue to achieve in relation to honouring and safeguarding the authentic record of creative local tradition. I am very proud to have been involved in the early days.

Marie-Annick Desplanques: co-founder, Research Director, 1996-2010, Lecturer, Department of Béaloideas/Folklore and Ethnology, UCC

The first issue of *The Archive* came out in 1997. Here I am in 2016, nineteen years later, writing for number 20 of the annual publication. Most definitely a journal ahead of its time! A true sign of the continuing healthy ethos which drove the founding team to establish, a couple of years earlier, in 1995, a *pilot project* then known as the Northside Project, a city-based Folklore initiative with its own archive. We wanted a living archive, almost an oxymoron yet an attempt to conjugate the past and the present, by making the results of the researches immediately available and preserved for the future. Far from being nostalgic, with maybe a little exception for the weather, I came across a letter the academic team of the time wrote to the community partners.

After an incredibly warm summer, the time has come again to resume our research and academic activities. We would therefore like to meet with members of the Northside community groups again and set a research agenda for the year 95/96.

Within a year we had a scheme going employing 10 people, details of which I described in number 10 of *The Archive.* It is now five years and a bit since I 'left' the Project. My colleague Clíona O'Carroll asked me to write about the early days, and in the spirit of the twentieth anniversary of our publication, I can now reveal that the 1995 pilot initiative was only given funding for a three year period, although my own dream, soon shared by everyone involved, was to see it take a life of its own and defy the passing of time and outlive it! Our collective struggle proved us right. It is therefore timely to celebrate this achievement and thank all who have contributed to *The Archive* since its first issue, and the Project more generally, now successfully expanding its primary boundaries to city and county.

Nowadays, one goes back in time at the click of a button and I invite you all to try it out and look again at the first issue, which had no number… Confidence in longevity came in May 1998 with issue number 2 which came out a month after the Good Friday Agreement. Fortuitous coincidence.

The topics and photographs which composed the content of the 1997 issue are still vibrant in people's memories, kept alive through records of many kinds (including the Dixies') and continuous practices to this day. *The Archive* is the living proof that the collection and documentation of the rich and ever expanding diversity of the Folklore of the many communities that contribute to the dynamic of our contemporary society is essential to its well-being. Time has served us well and long may it last!

(l-r) Mary O' Driscoll and Dr Marie-Annick Desplanques
CFP Archive

Mary O'Driscoll, CFP Project Manager, 2001-2015

Looking back over my fifteen years as Project Manager of the Cork Folklore Project, the evolution and achievements are quite amazing. Founded in 1996 with a few tape recorders, cameras and computers for the brand new Community Employment Scheme staff, the CFP now has an impressive list of books, films, radio programmes, digital projects and 20 issues of *The Archive* to its name. What could have been a brief experimental collaboration between the people of the Northside and UCC has become an established entity, recognized not just in Cork but nationally, and even internationally, as an innovative and cutting-edge community oral history project.

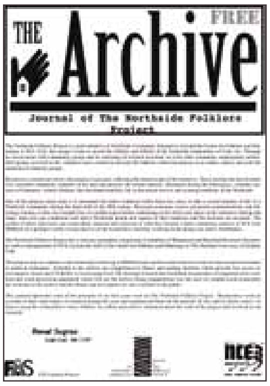
My role as the Project Manager was always challenging, never dull and mostly fun, as well as a constant reminder of just how much Cork people love Cork. Of course there were frustrations; trying to balance the demands of best practice and constantly changing technology with the high turnover of Community Employment and Outreach staff, and the constant struggle of insufficient funding. But despite any of the numerous challenges, we continued to collect and preserve the fascinating, poignant, vivid and often laugh-out-loud stories and memories of the people of our city.

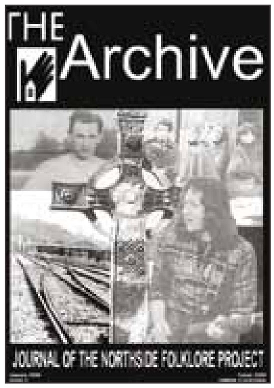
My favourite CFP endeavour, and the one of which I am most proud, is the ambitious project for Cork's year as the European Capital of Culture in 2005. We undertook to conduct 45 in-depth oral history interviews to create a picture of the people of Cork at that point in time. These wonderful interviews revealed the amazing breadth of diversity, as well as the essential human similarities in our community. This source material was used to create *How's it goin', boy?* both a series of radio programmes and a book, and it was this project that really made me an oral history true believer. You can buy the radio series from CFP for a mere €10, and though the book is harder to find, it should be in your local library and I cannot recommend either highly enough; the material is still as fresh and relevant today as when it was collected.

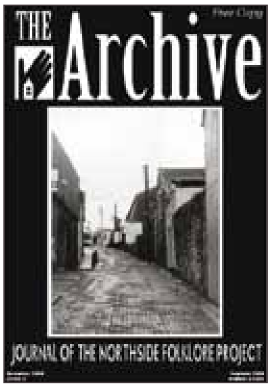
My other more personal sense of accomplishment is represented by the many CFP staff who were helped to find and develop new interests and skills; for many a path towards a new career, and for quite a number, satisfying paid employment. You all made my job feel worthwhile.

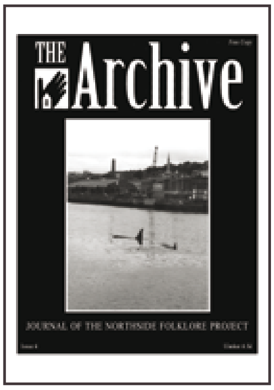
But now it's time for new energy and enthusiasm – and the Folklore Project has found that, and more, with Dr Tomás Mac Conmara, one of the founders of *Cuimhneamh an Chláir*, the innovative Clare oral history group. I can't imagine there is anyone in the country more passionate about oral history and its importance than Tomás; the Cork Folklore Project is in very safe hands.

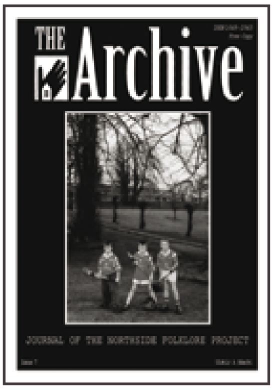
As I head off into the freedom of retirement, there are a number of people I would like to thank: Marie-Annick Desplanques and Gearóid Ó Crualaioch without whom the Project would not exist; Clíona O'Carroll, CFP's hardworking Research Director; Ciarán Ó Gealbháin, the journal's generous Editorial Advisor; Bláthnaid Ní Bheaglaoí, for her ever present support and good humour; the more than 150 staff, volunteers and interns that gave of their skills and energies; the local historians and Cork enthusiasts who donated articles and images to the journal; my many friends among the Northside Community Enterprises staff; and the numerous great people I met over the years in the close-knit community of heritage, folklore and oral history. Thanks one and all for your contributions and your friendship – it was quite a journey.

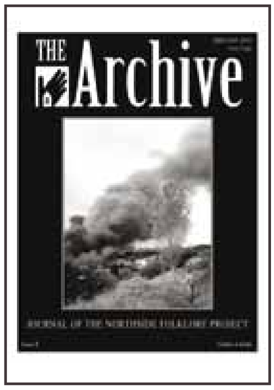


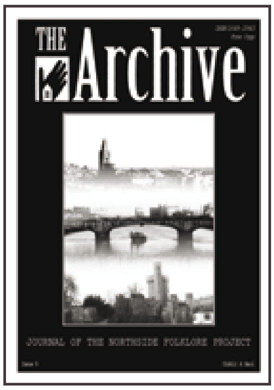


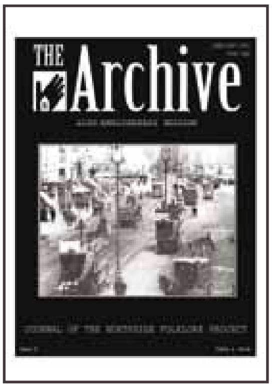


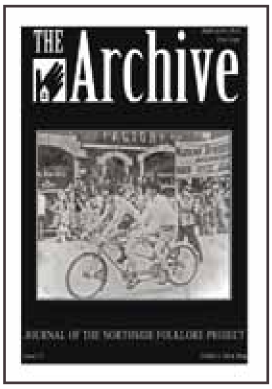


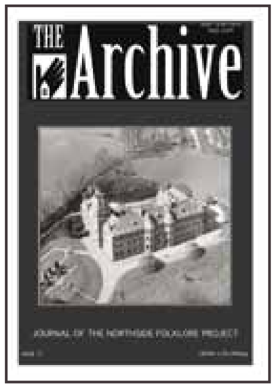


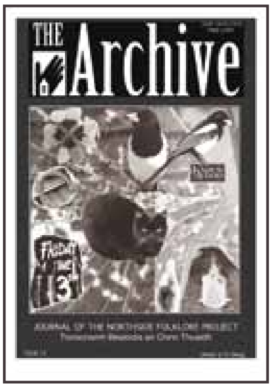


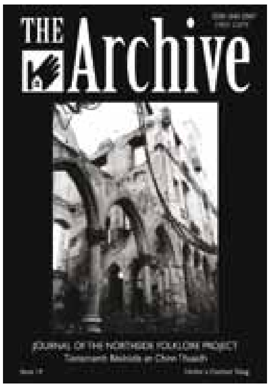


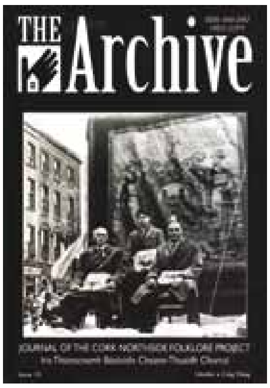


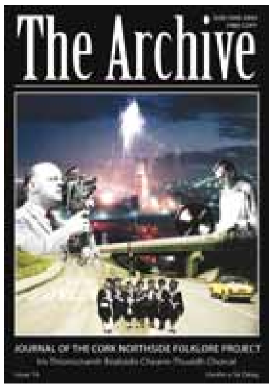


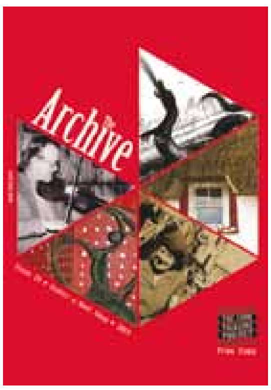


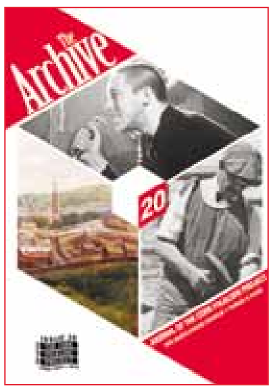












20 Years of The Cork Folklore Project - 20 Issues of *The Archive*