



An Nuacht

Irish Canadian Club Newsletter
September 2018

A word (or two) from the President

Hello everyone.

It's hard to believe the summer has passed so quickly and here we are in September in 30 degree heat.

As the fall approaches I would like to remind all members that the ladies and men's snooker will be starting up. If you are interested in coming out to play let John O'Gorman know and he will put you in contact with the right person. Or come out on a Wednesday night for ladies or Friday night for men's snooker and see what it's all about.

We had an excellent turn out at the Family picnic in early August, many thanks to the members and their families for coming out to enjoy the event. Of course a huge thank you to John O'Gorman and the rest of the executive for their hard work in making the event a success. Thank you for the many members who donated their time in coming out to help as well.

As we approach the winter season we have a few events coming up starting in October with Alexander Keith's Birthday, a trivia night, a horse race night, Sunday movie nights and of course our Christmas festivities. I would like to invite all our members to come out and show your support at these events as the executive works hard to bring them to you.

If you are interested in helping out at an event please contact John O'Gorman or one of the other members of the executive who can point you in the right direction. I would also like to point out that the work on the interior and exterior of the club has been completed over the summer thanks in part to the grant from the Irish government. Thank you all for your continued support...see you down at the club.

Gary

PARTY TIME

The 223rd birthday of Alexander Keith may not be foremost in your mind but it's a great excuse to come out and enjoy some of his famous brew. The Scotsman and former Mayor of Halifax is now known more for his beer than anything else. The Irish Club is celebrating with a night of Down Home East Coast music on Friday October 5th and who better to lead the singing than our local Haligonian Bonnie Whyte, with the Quinn family band.

Hope to see many of our own club members out that night. Doors open 8pm. No cover charge!

Other events coming up for you, yes, you. These events are organized for your enjoyment.

Saturday Oct 20 7:30pm **Trivia**, led again by Jeopardy contestant, Steve, who promises easier questions.

Saturday Nov 17 7:30pm **Race Night**, always a favourite, your chance to be a big winner.

Friday Dec 7 7:30pm **Turkey Roll**, our annual fundraiser, that is fun for everyone.

Sunday Dec 9 **Christmas Luncheon** at the Waterfront, a relaxing time to reacquaint with old friends.

Sunday Dec **16 Children's Annual Christmas party**, a chance for the next generation join in on a great club party.

John O'Gorman
Entertainment Chair

Sunday, August 12

Irish Club family picnic



What a great day at the Irish Club Picnic, the weather was perfect and we had about 76 people from all generations there.

There were Mooneys, McNabs and Mullens, Byrnes including Fergal and family from Dublin, and Darren Gavin and family from Dublin. The reputation of the ICC picnic must be great over there. There were also Venemas, Allens, Hardenbrooks, Hogans, Synnotts, Estabrooks, Ignazis, O’Gormans, Deans, and newer members like Shane and Greg with their families and I’m sure I’ve missed others.



Soaking it up

Thanks to Bob McE for setting up the VIP tent, to our club president Gary for toiling at the barbecue, to Colleen, Kathy, Margaret and Mary Ellen for the kids games, and to all the other members who brought stuff to share and helped clean up at the end.

With so many doing a little bit, no one had a lot of work. Thanks again, it all contributed to a fun day for all.

John



Black '47: Great Irish Famine revenge thriller

Review: Lance Daly’s movie rattles along at the pace of a hungry dog pursuing a healthy rabbit

“It is the most significant moment in Irish history,” Stephen Rea said at the Berlin premiere of Lance Daly’s gloomy revenge drama. “We all live with it. We feel a sense of shame about it.”

Maybe it’s the Great Famine’s very significance that has kept it off cinema screens for so long. Every interested film-maker feels pressure to make the definitive gesture. It is more likely that directors have been scared away by the fear of disrespecting such unimaginable horror. There is no proper way of representing starvation in a dramatic movie.



Stephen Rea in Black 47

Feeney (the persuasive, unexpectedly Australian James Frecheville) plays an Irish Ranger who returns from wars in Afghanistan to find his family caught in the cogs of the developing holocaust. Heaving around a head like an Easter Island statue decorated

Daly accepts that and has made no effort to slim his actors down to offensive faux-skeletons. The bodies pile up in the corners. The living, breathing performers invite an indulgence that audiences will surely allow.

The film-makers have done something a little riskier. The first widely released feature to focus on the Famine is an unmistakable genre piece. It's a western. It's a revenge thriller.

The pompous Lord Kilmichael (Jim Broadbent) references that comparison with the American frontier by repeating a much-quoted line – famously found in *Ulysses* – whose source remains obscure. “Soon a Celt will be as rare in Ireland as a Red Indian on the shores of Manhattan,” he says with an offhand smirk.

Elsewhere, the picture works hard to include all the notorious injustices that sprang from that attitude. We actually see food being placed under armed guard. Emigration to America is a constant. We are so accustomed to jocular use of the phrase “taking the soup” that it comes as a shock to be reminded that broth really was offered as an inducement to conversion (however temporary).

None of this would be enough to sustain attention if the film did not have dramatic momentum, and the screenplay rattles along at the pace of a hungry dog in pursuit of a healthy rabbit.

with weeds, Feeney soon encounters even worse outrages and, setting aside ideas of emigration, vows to pursue a war against the administrators and colonialist bandits.

The forces ranged against him are nicely varied. Stephen Rea is excellent in the part originally listed (I'm guessing) as “Stephen Rea Type”: the articulate, canny chancer who knows more than all the better-dressed snoots. Freddie Fox is sufficiently entitled as the young British officer who expects the oppressed to thank their oppressors.

The reliable Barry Keoghan brings crushed sadness to a young private who, at first, has no understanding of the enormities around him. At their head is the hollowed-out Hugo Weaving as Hannah, a former colleague of Feeney's whose career as a policeman has been characterised by overzealous use of the fists.

You probably don't need to be told that Hannah and Feeney are “two sides of the same coin”. Like Javert and Jean Valjean, they are locked into endless pursuit by the iniquities of the system. Both speak in subterranean monosyllables. Neither is much at home to levity.

The story does sometimes meander. A few of the action sequences give in to confusion. At times, the determination to include every historical detail causes the package to strain uncomfortably at the corners. But the grey pools of Declan Quinn's

cinematography and the evocative strains of Brian Byrne's score – keening traditional flourishes balanced by angular melodies – keep the brain twitching in even the glummost moments.

Worth attending.

News from Comhaltas

Beginner HIA Irish Language Lessons with a Qualified Irish Language Teacher!!

Mondays, starting September 17, 7 pm - 9 pm at Irish Club of Hamilton, 389 Concession St..

We are excited to welcome a **Qualified Irish Teacher, Louise Harding**, who has been in Canada for 10 years and lives in Burlington and will be at our next get together.

No knowledge of Irish is required. A few reasonably fluent speakers will attend.

Please email norahrosen@hotmail.com for more information.

CCÉ Canada East Regional AGM and Canada East Music Hall of Fame honouring **Des Quinn and Family** - to be held at the Homewood Suites Hotel by Hilton - 40 Bay St. S., Hamilton on **Saturday, October 13th.**

Hamilton Irish Arts is offering a day of music and dance workshops to coincide with our hosting of the Comhaltas Ceoltoíri Éireann Canada East Annual General Meeting and Music Hall of Fame Dinner & Ceilí.

Workshop Saturday is October 13th - morning ones 10am to noon and afternoon ones 1pm to 3pm while the AGM is taking place. It's going to be a two-day wonderful celebration for us and a great way to start celebrating 10 years of keeping the traditions of Ireland alive here in Hamilton and the surrounding area!

To register/pre-pay email hamiltonirisharts@gmail.com

Tickets for the Dinner and Ceili gala will also be ready within the next week, so let us know how many your family needs and drop

down to the Corktown Pub to purchase! Let's show Bonnie, Des and all the Quinns a great time!

Go raibh mile maith agat!

Ann Gorman-McKinney

CCÉ-Hamilton Irish Arts Runaí-Secretary
905-549-9867

Please note: this event has been cancelled: **Christmas in Killarney dinner and ceilí dance.**



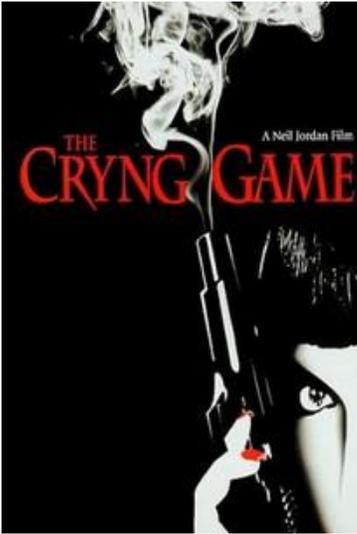
Club Contacts

For all those who have enquiries about the Club, Club events, or items for the newsletter here are the names and contacts to call:

Gary Gouldsbrough, President, 905 869 1656
Pauline Venema, Past President, 905-536-1963
Margaret Moran, Vice-President, 905-527-7993
Jack Murphy, Treasurer, 905-869-4174
Mary-Ellen Cole, Membership, 905-906-1127
Paul Deane, Secretary, 905-524-4954
John O’Gorman, Entertainment, 905-383-9376
Kathy McNab, Social Convener, 905-515-9947
Michael Quigley, Publicity, 905-544-1401
Jennie O’Gorman, Trustee, 905-929-9376
Rita Hardenbrook, Trustee, 905-627-1176
Colleen Eastabrook, Trustee, 289-389-4971

The Club, 905-389-3222 or www.irishclubhamilton.ca

MOVIES AT THE CLUB – 7.00 pm Sunday September 30: The Crying Game



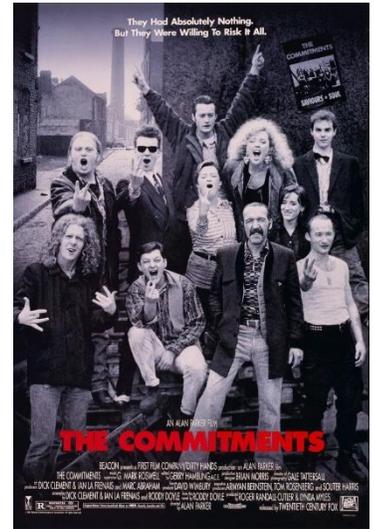
In this successful psychological thriller, a reluctant agent of the Irish Republican Army discovers that some people just aren't who you expect them to be. Fergus (Stephen Rea) is an IRA "volunteer" who, despite personal misgivings, takes part in the kidnapping of a black British soldier, Jody (Forest Whitaker), stationed in Northern Ireland. The IRA hopes

to use Jody as a bargaining chip to win the release of IRA operatives behind bars, but, while guarding Jody, Fergus becomes fast friends with his prisoner. Jody makes Fergus promise him that if he dies, Fergus will look in on his girlfriend, Dil (Jaye Davidson), and see if she's all right. Jody escapes, and Fergus doesn't have the heart to shoot him; as fate would have it, Jody runs from the woods into a street only to be run over by a British police vehicle, which then flushes out the IRA compound. Fergus escapes to London, where he's wanted by the law for Jody's kidnapping and by his former girlfriend, IRA operative Jude (Miranda Richardson), who thinks he knows too much to fall into the hands of the British authorities. Good to his word, Fergus tracks down Dil, and soon the two outcasts find themselves entering into a love affair, although Fergus discovers that Dil is not the sort of woman he thought she was.

Sunday October 28: The Commitments

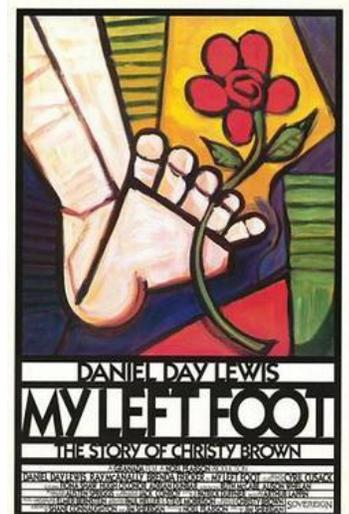
"The Irish are the blacks of Europe, Dubliners are the blacks of Ireland, and the North Siders are the blacks of Dublin ... so say it loud -- I'm black and I'm proud!" Or so Jimmy Rabbitte (Robert Arkins) tells his slightly puzzled friends as he tries to assemble a rhythm & blues show band in a Dublin working class community. Jimmy is a

would-be music business wheeler and dealer, and he's decided what Dublin needs is a top-shelf soul band. However, top-shelf soul musicians are hard to find in Dublin, so he has to make do with what he can find. However, after a long round of auditions, Jimmy makes two inspired discoveries: Deco (Andrew Strong), an abrasive and alcoholic streetcar conductor who nevertheless has a voice like the risen ghost of Otis Redding, and Joey "The Lips" Fagan (Johnny Murphy), a horn player who knows soul music backwards and forwards and claims to have played with everyone from Wilson Pickett to Elvis Presley. Before long, the band -- called the Commitments -- is packing them in at local clubs. But do they have what it takes to make the big time?



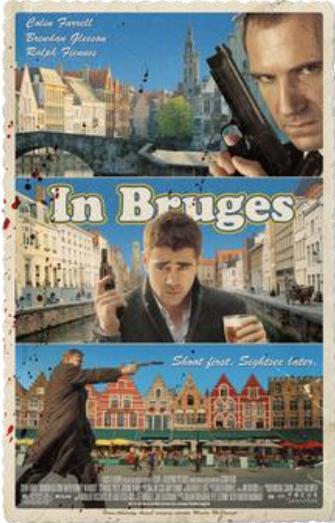
Sunday December 2: My Left Foot

My Left Foot is the true story of Irish cerebral palsy victim Christy Brown. Paralyzed from birth, Brown (played by Hugh O'Connor as child and Daniel Day-Lewis as an adult) is written off as retarded and helpless. But Christy's indomitable mother (Brenda Fricker) never gives up on the boy. Using his left foot, the only part of his body not afflicted, Brown learns to write. He grows up to become a well-known author, painter, and fundraiser, and along the way falls in love with nurse Mary Carr (Ruth McCabe). There's no sugarcoating in My Left Foot: Brown, a heavy drinker, was by no means lovable. Day-Lewis and Fricker both won Academy Awards for their performances,



and the film was nominated for Best Picture, Best Director, and Best Adapted Screenplay. Also notable are the late Ray McAnally in his next-to-last film role as Christy's father, and venerable Cyril Cusack as Lord Castlewelland.

Sunday January 13: In Bruges



Bruges, the most well-preserved medieval city in the whole of Belgium, is a welcoming destination for travelers from all over the world. But, for hit men Ray and Ken, it could be their final destination. A difficult job has resulted in the pair being ordered right before Christmas by their London boss Harry to go and cool their heels in the storybook Flemish city

for a couple of weeks. Very much out of place amidst the gothic architecture, canals, and cobbled streets, the two hit men fill their days living the lives of tourists. Ray, still haunted by the bloodshed in London, hates the place, while Ken, even as he keeps a fatherly eye on Ray's often profanely funny exploits, finds his mind and soul being expanded by the beauty and serenity of the city. But, the longer they stay waiting for Harry's call, the more surreal their experience becomes, as they find themselves in weird encounters with locals, tourists, violent medieval art, a dwarf American actor shooting a European art film, Dutch prostitutes, and a potential romance for Ray in the form of Chloë, who may have some dark secrets of her own. And, when the call from Harry does finally come, Ken and Ray's vacation becomes a life-and-death struggle of darkly comic proportions and surprisingly emotional consequences.

Sunday February 10: Leap Year

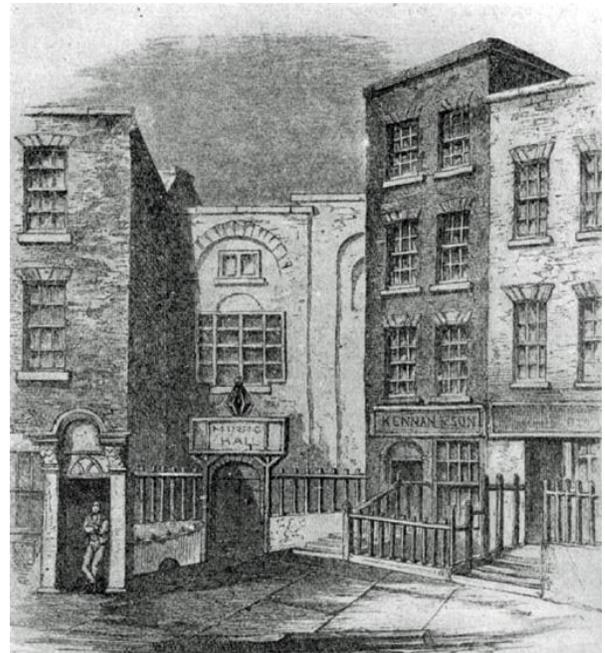
A woman who has an elaborate scheme to propose to her boyfriend on Leap Day, an Irish tradition which occurs every time the date February 29 rolls around, faces a major setback when bad weather threatens to derail her planned trip to Dublin. With the help of an innkeeper, however, her cross-

country odyssey just might result in her getting engaged.



Christmas Concert

Handel's Messiah will be performed at St. Patrick's Church on **Monday, December 10**, as part of the Boris Brott and National Academy Orchestra of Canada series. Tickets \$30, seniors \$26.



Handel's decision to give a season of concerts in Dublin in the winter of 1741–42 arose from an invitation from the Duke of Devonshire, then serving as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. After arriving in Dublin on 18 November 1741, Handel arranged a subscription series of six concerts, to be held between December 1741 and February 1742 at the

Great Music Hall, Fishamble Street. These concerts were so popular that a second series was quickly arranged; *Messiah* figured in neither series.

In early March Handel began discussions with the appropriate committees for a charity concert, to be given in April, at which he intended to present *Messiah*. He sought and was given permission from Christ Church and St Patrick's cathedrals to use their choirs for this occasion. These forces amounted to 16 men and 16 boy choristers; several of the men were allocated solo parts. The performance, also in the Fishamble Street hall, was originally announced for 12 April, but was deferred for a day "at the request of persons of Distinction". Handel had his own organ shipped to Ireland for the performances; a harpsichord was probably also used.

The three charities that were to benefit were prisoners' debt relief, the Mercer's Hospital, and the Charitable Infirmary. In its report on a public rehearsal, the *Dublin News-Letter* described the oratorio as "... far surpass[ing] anything of that Nature which has been performed in this or any other Kingdom". Seven hundred people attended the premiere on 13 April. So that the largest possible audience could be admitted to the concert, gentlemen were requested to remove their swords, and ladies were asked not to wear hoops in their dresses. The performance earned unanimous praise from the assembled press: "Words are wanting to express the exquisite delight it afforded to the admiring and crowded Audience". A Dublin clergyman, Rev. Delaney, was so overcome by Susanna Cibber's rendering of "He was despised" that reportedly he leapt to his feet and cried: "Woman, for this be all thy sins forgiven thee!" The takings amounted to around £400, providing about £127 to each of the three nominated charities and securing the release of 142 indebted prisoners.

Disturbing Remains: A story of Black '47

By Breandán Mac Suibhne

It was, he thought, "as if the grave had that moment vomited her forth". It was Friday, January 22nd, 1847, cold and wet, with a gale rising. Her married name was Keating. She was from Letter, two miles outside Skibbereen. And she had "crawled" those two miles to the house of Daniel Donovan, a 39-year-old dispensary doctor, on North Street. She was suffering from "malignant fever" and "emaciated to the utmost degree", and Donovan, though a compassionate man, was afraid that she would infect his own young family. He handed her a shilling and told her to leave his door.

"I don't want this," she said of the doctor's shilling; "But I want to get my boy buried; he is dead these 11 days, he died two days after his father; I got the sickness myself; my two children are dying; no person will go to give them or me a drink of the cold water, and I got up in the fever today and put the corpse in a ditch, and I came to you to get it put in the grave, that the dogs may not eat it."

That evening, Donovan and Jerry Crowley, the town apothecary, went out to Letter. The "scene of misery" appalled them.

The mud floor of the hovel was one mass of filth, the rain pouring down freely through the rotten thatch; on the ground, which was a perfect cloaca [sewer], lay two children upon whose bodies the anatomy of the bones could be studied as perfectly as on a dried skeleton; and in the ditch in front of the door was a coffin, containing the putrid body of a dead boy of seven years old.

Donovan asked the woman how she had procured the coffin. She told him that it was the shilling that he had given her to buy food that paid for it. Neither she nor her other two children, she said, "cared about the victuals now, as they forgot the taste of them".

Donovan and Crowley began to dig a grave in the corner of a "kitchen garden", a vegetable patch. None of the woman's neighbours came near them.

And so alone they finished the grave, “or rather the hole”, as Crowley phrased it, and there they buried the seven-year-old boy who had been 11 days dead in that hovel with his mother and siblings.

It was 11 o’clock that night when they got back to Skibbereen. Four days later, on Tuesday January 26th, Donovan was going up High Street to attend a family in fever. Someone caught him by the coat and turning around he recognised the Widow Keating. She had come into town to bury her daughter, Mary, who had died the previous morning. But she had something else on her mind.

“Doctor,” she said, “Won’t you send for my boy? The pigs got into the field where you put him, and I fear they will root the grave, and as no Christian would come near me, I brought in little Mary myself to lay her alongside of her father in the Chapel-yard.”

Donovan hired two men to remove the coffined corpse of the seven-year-old from the garden and reinter it in consecrated ground. However, on going out to Letter, they found that the body of the boy, then over two weeks dead, was “in such an advanced state of decomposition as not to admit of its being raised by them”. The next day, the Widow Keating herself exhumed the putrid corpse, brought it into Skibbereen, and buried it with the remains of her husband and daughter.

Seven days later, on Tuesday February 2nd, the widow again met Donovan in the street and “accosted” him with “a demand for another coffin for the last of her children and family, who was then lying dead”. She perceived a certain hesitation on his part – he had already purchased coffins for two of her children and contributed towards the burial of her husband. And so she implored him, “in the name of the great God, not to let her fine boy, that would be her help and support if he lived, be thrown into the grave like a dog”.

“There was something so impressive in the manner and so awe-inspiring in the death-like appearance of this spectre-looking woman,” wrote Donovan, now calling her Mrs Keating, “that I yielded to her entreaties; the coffin was purchased; she placed it on her head, and was about to leave the town when I again saw her. I remonstrated with this dying creature, who was during the whole of these melancholy scenes labouring under famine-fever,

and pointed out the risk that would attend her undertaking such a task in her weakly state.”

But the Widow Keating disregarded his advice and walked home with the “heavy coffin” on her head. She reached her cabin door, fell to the ground before entering it, and died “a victim”, as Donovan put it, “to her fondness for her family, and reverential respect for their remains” (emphasis in original).

In Letter, Keating’s neighbours, dreading contagion, would not go near her body and so it lay outside her cabin door until the next day, when Donovan heard of her fate and sent a car for her remains and those of her son. He had the two of them laid with her husband, her daughter, Little Mary, and her other son, “to sleep in death with those whom she had so much loved in life”. And he promised himself that when he had time he would have a headstone raised to this “martyr to maternal duty”, this “humble heroine”, so that, “Her sad tale shall one speaking stone declare/From future eyes to draw a pitying tear”.

Daniel Donovan was to live another 30 years. Through the doctor’s account, the Widow Keating’s determination, in extremis, to see her children buried with some semblance of decency, her clutching at that which marks us out as human, survives the wreck of time. And so too does the doctor’s compassion. But no less conspicuous is the refusal of her neighbours to assist in the removal and interment of her dead.

That refusal shook Donovan as it did Crowley, who remarked on it in a letter to a friend in Cork. Yet it is difficult to judge those neighbours. Malignant typhoid fever, which extinguished that starving family, was highly contagious. Indeed, two leading physicians would later calculate that in the year 1847 alone, 131 Irish medical men succumbed to “epidemic and contagious disease”, with the vast majority (123) dying of fever. It is an extraordinary toll in a single year of a more protracted crisis on a profession that numbered some 2,600 male practitioners, and it is all the more extraordinary as it excludes women working as matrons and nurses. Donovan himself later remarked, of west Cork, “that almost every person actively engaged in the administration of relief to the poor was attacked with fever”.