

## **SAMPLE OF CONCEPTUAL FRAMEWORKS**

1. ALEXANDRA COLLEGE
  2. THE VIGIL
  3. BURNT OFFERINGS
  4. DREAMS- PRISON WINDOWS- ESCAPIST LITERATURE
  5. FEAST DAY OF IMMACULATE CONCEPTION
  6. KILMAINHAM GAOL WITH REFERENCE TO NORA CONNOLLY & WIFE BETTY
  7. PSYCHOLOGY OF DREAMS
  8. KILMAINHAM TORTURES
  9. INTERLUDE: TRANSITION
- NOET EXTRAPOLATED DIARY ENTRIES RELATING TO EACH SECTION IN LEFT MARGINS

**FRAMEWORKS NOT INCLUDED HERE CONSIST OF CHARACTERS- PAUDEEN O KEEFE, MACSWINEY SISTERS & HUNGER STRIKES, HOME-MAKING IN KILMAINHAM, FAMILIES & RELATIONSHIPS, DISSENT & PROTESTS & OTHERS...**

## **1. ALEXANDRA COLLEGE**

**Stimuli:** Victorian ghost-like portraits of Alexandra staff along corridors, Queen Alexandra strangled in her own pearls, Dorothy's love of literature, Pre-Raphaelite, Keats 'beauty is truth', Rossetti painting & Yeats Countess Cathleen, Caesar & Tyranny, Injustice of Dismissal & Flashback dreamy Memories, juxtaposing luxurious surroundings of Alexandra College & conditions at Mountjoy prison.

*\*Sharon's Reflections On visiting Alexandra College: Portraits along corridors looming over you like Victorian ghosts. Their eyes following you as you walked along the corridor. An eerie experience. Portrait of Miss White by Irish War Artist William Orpen.*

### **Background Alexandra College (Irish Times)**

Founded 1897. Modelled on Cheltenham College. Politically Anglo British – though small pockets of rebellion. Opposite the college- the first Dail was held in what was then the National University. One could watch notables arriving from the windows over the great staircase outside Jellicoe Hall. Prominent portraits such as Queen Alexandra, looking as if she was strangled in her own pearls. Note Pdraig Pease taught briefly here.



*Photos: Alexandra College, Earlsfort Terrace & Queen Alexandra. Framed Portrait of Dorothy MacArdle at Alexandra College.*

**STAFF:** Imagine them coming to life from their Victorian portraits hanging along the college corridor.

**Dorothy Macardle (Nicknamed by her students as Tassie???)** Appointed Deputy Pfeiffer Lecturer in English Literature. Dorothy Macardle was a most intriguing and fascinating personality...Macardle was tall and thin with a pale bony face heavy lidded eyes and an expression of burning intensity. She was rumoured to be hopelessly in love with de Valera and could never look at another man...She taught English like an angel. (Mary Manning, Student)

**Dr. Henrietta White:** Principal (1890 – 1932) Suffragist, educationalist and advocate for women's education.

Majestic. No one heard or imagined she had a first name. 1<sup>st</sup> woman graduate of Gorton College, Cambridge. Immensely learned but her large face revealed little- Face resembled a map of the desert. Portrait of Miss White by Irish War Artist William Orpen.

**Mrs Preston (Mrs P. ):** Second in command. Widow who wore black and flitted uneasily here, there and everywhere like a restless crow. Was given to appearing suddenly, as if from under a table, during study hours in the Jellico Hall. A Ruskinite (monastic secret service?)

**[ASIDE] Naughty Moriarty, the College Gardener:** Flashed at students. Mary Manning: 'Excuse me, Mrs Preston, but Moriarty the gardener, you know Mrs Preston, well he does seem to have his trousers open quite often Mrs Preston, in front, Mrs Preston.' In no time at all the poor man was nabbed by Mrs. P. and her flying squad. The rest was silence. ] ;-)

### Overview

There are a number of inputs from Alexandra College that may be woven / montaged together, allowing Dorothy to take us out of the prison walls. It may also allow us meet her colleagues. The key moment is her Dismissal which is broken into the following;

1. Council meeting Minutes – Agenda no. 8 (see minutes below)
2. Lili has cross words about Dorothy's complacency
3. Dorothy's journal details anger and Injustice of Dismissal (see journal entries below)
4. Dorothy takes action: Writes Letter to Council from Mountjoy (see letter below)
5. Dorothy grieves the loss of her post and has dreamy flashbacks lecturing;
  - Ode to Grecian Urn
  - Isabel of the pot of basil
  - NB. Julius Caesar (see journal entry below)
  - Countess Cathleen and Yeats.

Other moments:

- Dreamscape: Parole visit to college meeting staff & students.
- Flash Forward: Address to Guild Reunion (London, February 22, 1952)

### SCENE/EPISODE/ MOMENT IDEAS

### V/O secretary

*Minutes are read by Council Secretary at Alexandra College. Friday Dec 8<sup>th</sup> 1922. And Action taken.*

Secretary: Referring to the minutes, Dorothy's letter informed the council that It was her intention to 'undertake premeditated public political work' is read out at the meeting. We look now at Item 8 on the Agenda. *Arrest of Miss Macardle.*

Action: The council to send following letter to Miss Macardle and a copy to her father 'that inasmuch as Miss Macardle has been unable to perform her duties this term, and has been absent without leave from the council, the council have regretfully been obliged to declare her position vacant as from the 16<sup>th</sup> of November and will proceed to make another appointment.

OR

### Miss White

Dr. Henrietta White (Principal) dictates dismissal letter to secretary. Her large face resembling nothing but a map of the desert. She sits majestically in her chaise long, as though posing for a William Orpen painting. It is as though she is a portrait come to life. She is conflicted and feels uncomfortable having to send this letter to Dorothy. The correspondence flits from the luxury of Alexandra to Dorothy in Mountjoy.

We may witness Miss White's reaction as receives the letter from Dorothy re: injustice of her dismissal.

OR

### Dorothy & Lili

Dorothy hears about her dismissal second hand (possibly her father informs her). Dorothy writes angrily in her journal. She flits in and out of flashbacks of her memories as lecturer and grieves the loss of her post. Lily has cross words with her saying she is too complacent and accepts things too easily. She composes herself and writes *a letter from Mountjoy Prison to Miss White (or Cook).*

### FLASHBACK's (x4): Dorothy as Lecturer at Alexandra.

Ode to Grecian Urn

Isabel of the pot of basil

NB. Julius Caesar

Countess Cathleen and Yeats.

Perhaps these can be embroidered through the play as they really give us a sense of her love of literature, truth and beauty. Romantic poetry, Shakespeare. How she draws from poets and writers for political reasoning. But for Act 1, perhaps the Caesar moment fits best (see below).

1. **Ode to a Grecian Urn (Irish Times, 1978)** Representing Dorothy's quest for truth and beauty and love for Romantic poetry.



Dorothy as lecturer: Open your Keats, girls, the 'Ode to a Grecian Urn.' Pay particular attention to the four last lines, often quoted, but seldom understood:

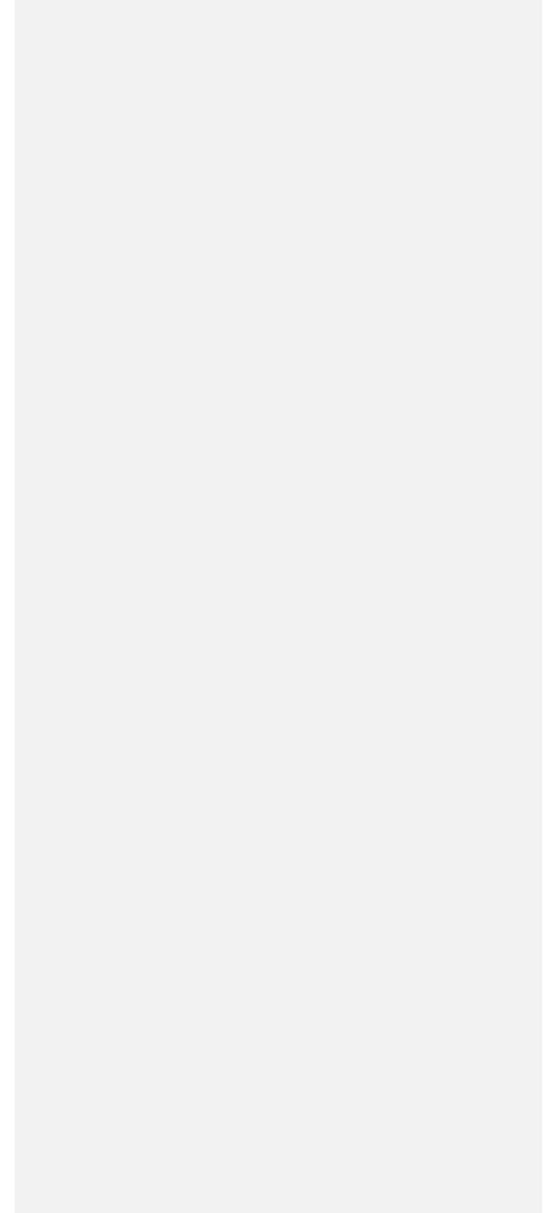
When old age shall this generation waste,  
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe  
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,  
Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is all  
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

Mary Manning (student): The voices fade: the speaker is long since dead, as are many of her young listeners.

Ghost of Dorothy: Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe, than ours

## 2. Isabella or the Pot of Basil (Irish Times, 1978)

Such a beautiful moment where we see Dorothy's intriguing and fascinating personality, her burning intensity for romantic poetry and how she taught English like an 'Angel'.





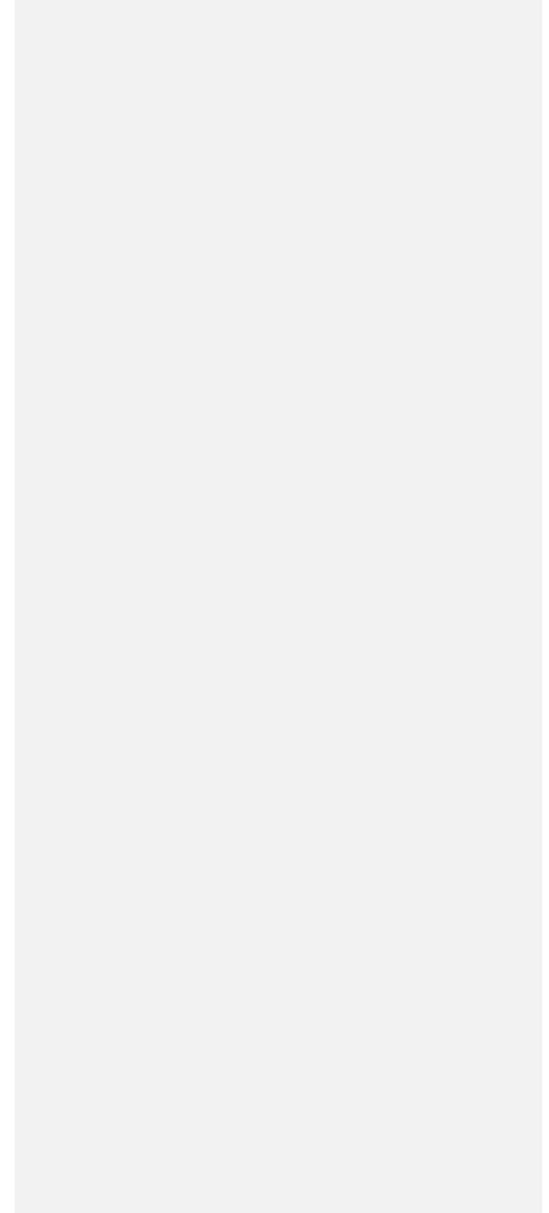
*Isabella, or the Pot of Basil* (1818) is a narrative poem by John Keats adapted from a story in **Boccaccio's** Decameron (IV, 5). It tells the tale of a young woman whose family intend to marry her to "some high noble and his olive trees", but who falls for Lorenzo, one of her brothers' employees.  
 "With every morn their love grew tenderer, with every eve deeper and tender still;"

Dorothy: Now today we will begin our course on Keats. Keats, I will remind you, is a child of the English Renaissance; an Elizabethan, born too late, as Matthew Arnold says. We will read 'Isabella or the Pot of Basil', a story from Boccaccio. I'm holding up to you a mediaeval tapestry worked in muted colours. It is a sad and bloodstained story. There. You see the beautiful young Isabella seated by the window and below in the garden, looking joyously up at her, is her lover Lorenzo. I'll explain more about the unicorn later. Those two figures hidden behind the trees are Isabella's brothers. They plan to murder Lorenzo.'

Mary Manning Thirty five pairs of eyes were riveted on Macardle, and thirty five pairs of eyes actually saw that imaginary tapestry.

### 3. Shakespeare's Julius Caesar (Gaul Journal)

This moment is possibly the most apt example for fusing together her conflict between her teaching post and politics.





Dorothy: While she (Mary MacSwiney) was on her first hunger strike, I was teaching in Alexandra College, I pledged not to let my Sinn Fein Sympathies colour my lesson on English Literature! I intended to keep that pledge. But that morning, reading aloud from Julius Caesar, my mind turned to what was happening in Mountjoy, I came to this passage:

**No stony tower, no brass walls, no airless dungeon,  
no iron chains can contain a strong mind.**

*But if a man becomes weary of these obstacles, he can always kill himself.*

*Let everyone beware: I can shake off the tyranny that now oppresses me whenever I choose.*

Fire ran through me, my voice failed and a swift illumination rippled over the class. Those girls saw the Irish course in a new light.

#### 4. Yeat's *Countess Cathleen*

Her Connection with Yeats and Gonne and how she shared this with her students. It also allows us to see how she became Radicalised through literary movement. It's light and comic and yet they are rehearsing the politically charged, *Countess Cathleen*. It almost feels like a scene from 'picnic at hanging rock'. Terrible beauty!



Images: Rossetti's Pre-Raphaelite, *Countess Cathleen*, Alexandra cast, May 1922. Picnic at Hanging Rock, 1978. Yeats & Gonne.

Mary Manning: We rehearsed frequently in Miss Macardle's flat, which was at the top of Mme. MacBride's house in Stephen's Green. We had to keep quiet about this, because some of the girls' parents would have been horrified if they had known: "All that crowd, very close to the Sein Feiners you know!". The day of epic triumph came when Mr. Yeats himself came to give us some hints on our acting. For this unique occasion Madame MacBride brought up a large plum cake and tea was brewed in Macardle's little kitchenette. Meanwhile the poet concentrated on the girl who was playing the Angel. She was a beautiful girl with, Rossetti hair...It was the wings, it seemed, which worried Mr Yeats.

Yeats Just a gentle flapping should do it.  
*Yeats demonstrates and knocks two flower pots off the windowsill.*

Maud Gonne (sighing) Oh Willie, Willie.

Mary Manning Then we all sat round on the floor in a semicircle, munching cake and staring bemused at the poet who was generous enough to read some of the more difficult passages aloud and interpret them for us. Lucky girls! We didn't know honoured we were.

JOURNAL MATERIAL HIGHLIGHTED  
 LETTER TO ALEXANDRA COLLEGE

- Gaol Journal Entry
- DREAM (Gaol Journal)
- FLASH-FORWARD Dorothy addresses Guild Reunion (London, February 22, 1952)

I am not seeing how flashforward could work as well as her flashbacks. Although it is a great quote.

Dorothy: I was suddenly translated from the position of lecturer in Alexandra College to that of a military prisoner in Mountjoy Jail. It looks, in truth like a simple Garden of Eden, open to sunlight and sheltered from storm. It looks like a citadel of a golden age. It looks like the microcosm of that world of the Anglo-Irish ascendancy, with all its social conscience, its grace, vigour and charm. The tide of change, the surge of revolution, was gathering and beating about the walls- but we did not know...We lived in a dream of security; I and my fellow students believed we had only to equip ourselves well and do our work earnestly and we were bound to be rewarded with a life of expanding interest, opportunity and delight. The woman's cause was advancing and we meant to be in the vanguard; our inherited privileges were ours by some divine right but had to be justified by service, and we were more than willing to serve. Confidently we looked forward to honourable, progressive and happy lives.

**Commented [SM1]:** Dear Mr Cook,  
 I have heard indirectly the decision of the council with regard to my post and am surprised that you have not written to me as you knew my address. I feel some, however, that no discourtesy was intended. I also heard indirectly that members of the college staff have received the impression that I failed to keep my promise to inform the council before undertaking public political work. I cannot believe that either, you or Miss White would be a party to a deliberate mean misrepresentation and feel confident that you will take steps as soon as college re-opens to make my position clear. I must ask you to ... [1]

**Commented [SM2]:** College has dismissed me 'for being absent from college without leave!'. The more I see of that class of Irish people the more pitifully slavish they seem- afraid to keep a Republican on their staff and afraid to give the real reason for dismissing me!  
 I knew of course, since I wrote and told the council I was helping with a campaign for prisoners, that this would come- it had to be accepted. And though I have been long enough tied to sessions and the conventions of their ... [2]

**Commented [SM3]:** I am not seeing how this Dream could work as well as her flashbacks  
 Dorothy: →An interesting dream, I had last night. I was out for one day on parole and had gone into college. The attitudes of all the different people were as unexpected as you would expect them to be- Miss \_\_\_\_\_intensely thought shyly sorry; the girls almost tragic, lovingly kind. Miss White when I said goodbye gave me a firm hand-clasp at arm's length- the dream! [3]

**Commented [SM4]:** I am not seeing how flashforward could work as well as her flashbacks. Although it is a great quote.  
 Dorothy: → I was suddenly translated from the position of lecturer in Alexandra College to that of a military prisoner in Mountjoy Jail. It looks, in truth like a simple Garden of Eden, open to sunlight and sheltered from storm. It looks like a citadel of a golden age. It looks like the microcosm of that ... [4]

## UNTOUCHED: ALL EXTRAPOLATED ENTRIES FROM GAOL JOURNAL & SECONDARY SOURCES RELATING TO ALEXANDRA COLLEGE – SEE COMMENT SECTION

### 2. THE VIGIL

Looking into the text, she uses words to describe her spiritual belief;

Heretic, Shut the like of me outside (RC), unseen powers, magic, image her (Miss MacSwiney) release, call on invisible, beneficent powers...

As opposed to how she describes Roman Catholicism,

Quaint child-likeness, mother Catholic (Mrs Humphries), sweet, pious ingenuity, murmur, shepherds, purification, sacrifice...

I am drawn to the fact that Dorothy refers to the Roman Catholic church shutting 'the like of me outside'. Dorothy once again is the 'outsider' and yet is surrounded by RC's, and the 'murmurs' of rosary, shepherded to kneel on the bare stairwell, praying 3 times daily.

I am drawn to the Dorothy who can 'image' up things. Dorothy who can 'call on invisible, beneficent powers...' I am drawn to the notion of 'magic' and 'ritual' being used as portals to the otherworld. The practice of incantations, I find fascinating and primal there is something spell bounding, enchanting and bewitching about it. (I've been listening to Louth Singer Pádraigín Ní Uallacháin- Songs of the Scribe – Incantations)

**THEME: Purification** - spiritual purification (see also dictionary- purification of the mind through reflection and contemplation.)

Possible References in the scene as follows:

1. Terence MacSwiney, who sacrificed his life for Ireland's Freedom.
2. Mrs MacSwiney receiving Holy Sacrament (Body and Blood of Christ- Purification)
3. Lili 'understands the spiritual bearings of things... No small thing I think can darken her mind, and even the death of our noblest, I believe would seem bearable to her- death for this faith. She understands the spiritual bearings of things'.

Commented [SMS]: [ALEXANDRA COLLEGE](#)  
[GAOL JOURNAL ENTRIES](#)

Alexandra College:  
injustice  
afraid to give the real reason for dismissing me! ... [5]

**Symbolism with light:** Lili is compared to a light/candle several times by Dorothy. Her faith 'unflickering', she came down from the vigil 'glowing'. later diary entries, Dorothy describes Lili as 'bound like a little light' 'worn to a ghost of a faery' 'burning faith'.... Lili tells Dorothy about the guttering candle & melting wax figures.



image of Lili at Vigil watching candle guttering as she has a spritual experience.

**Vigil Scene Rough Ideas:** (Declan, you gave me idea of the dark blacked out stage)

Dorothy at her desk writing by candlelight.

1. Dorothy the outsider/shut out from Roman Catholicism rituals yet taking part in them (Mother Catholic- Mrs Humpries may feature- calling the women to pray on the bare stone steps 3 times daily as Gaelige). She looks into her own spiritual faith- her power to 'image' up things and 'call on beneficent powers'. She talks about Lili's 'rare spiritual power' ...unflickering. Possible sfx of incantations. As she talks about Lili, the light fades to black. Perhaps Dorothy Images her up. We observe Lili under candle light, 'quiet and glowing' (see image above) kneeling in prayer at Ms MacSwiney Vigil. She is transfixed by a candle guttering smoke. We watch her as she experiences an apparition. At first she buries her head (unworthy of this apparition). A Possible Voice over of Our lady of Perpetual Succour – speaking to Lili 'you're not frightened now are you? Lili slowly raises her head to look at the image.... It speaks to her 'Do you wish to offer yourself to god- to endure all the suffering...to help atone for the sins by which he is offended (PURIFICATION THEME) ....to ask for the conversion of sinners....'yes I do' ... Then you will have much to suffer...Grace of god will be your comfort....Lilli 'I love you Blessed Sacrament...'

Golden Lights radiate, like blessed sacrament- maybe lili has left the vigil at this point, but there is a light remains ] after she leaves. Dorothy and Tessie come on to vigil. Dorothy steps into the light, 'there was a sense that surprised and subdued me of benign presences. It was as if it was leaning over us waiting for our prayers'. Perhaps Lil's prayers have Spiritually prepared Dorothy to receive the blessed spirit encounter (Terence McSwiney ghost) moments later. To add to this spiritual preparation for the blessed spirt (Terence ghost), we also know from Dorothy that 'Miss MacSwiney was very peaceful that evening, although wide awake (spiritually enlightened/strengthened perhaps?). 'There is no doubt that receiving the sacrament has given her fresh strength'. There seems to be a connection between Lili's experience (guttering candle apparition of Madonna/St Patrick), Miss MacSwiney's receiving the holy sacrament (where hunger strikers not denied holy communion at this time?), Dorothy's mystery (ghost) and the theme of purification (body and blood of Christ & Terence Macswiney's sacrifice for Ireland's freedom)



Image of Emmaus: Ghost appearing to Tessie and Dorothy. Light shining upon them. 2 Disciples encountering Christ figure. Blessed Sacrament.

**THEME OF PURIFICATION & MOTHER SACRIFICING HER SON (IRISH MOTHER SACRIFICING HER SON FOR IRELAND'S FREEDOM)**

PRAYER: THEME PURIFICATION Precious Blood Prayer

### 3. BURNT OFFERINGS

*British Auxilliary Raid at Maud Gonnas home : Bonfire of Macardles papers, 1922*

**Commented [SM6]:** *Our lady of perpetual succour. Sublime image. Being nothing less than a foreknowledge of God and the power of his blessed mother. From the 1<sup>st</sup> moment of his life on earth, Jesus Christ knew all the sins of the world, and the death he was to suffer for them. This foreknowledge of his sufferings is clearly brought out in the picture by the frightened attitude of the divine child at the vision of the instruments of his passion. It reminds us Mary is the mother of sorrows- sharing in the suffering of her son. There is yet a deeper cause for the child's fear at the sight of the cross and nails and the reed and the lance. It was the knowledge that in spite of his laying down of his life to atone for the sins of mankind, men would still go on sinning. The picture seems to show that our lady shares in this knowledge, for her eyes are turned not towards her son but towards us. She is looking at us with eyes full of sadness as if to say, sinners, spare my child your saviour, seek not still to crucify.*

**Commented [SM7]:** *May the most Precious Blood which flowed from the [Most Holy Wounds](#) of our loving Lord Jesus pour over us, to wash, cleanse, purify, heal, guide, and protect us from all evil, harm, sickness, and bless and make us as holy as we can be. We ask this in the [Holy Name of Jesus](#) and through His Most Precious Blood and His Most Holy Wounds. Amen.*

*Concept: Greek Tragedy- burning of her papers symbolising not only the back drop of the civil war but the death/sacrifice of her artistic creations – her papers (poetry book, play, lecture notes) and more specifically the death of her female characters – the tragic women in her plays. With special attention to the character of Dervoghilla.*



***Description of the Episode:***

Dorothy receives an underground letter from Sighle Hunphries outside MacSwineys door after the rosary. It is from Maud Gonne who details the raid at her home 23 St Stephens Green (where Dorothy was living up until her arrest).

The house was shot up. They painted skulls and cross bones on Dorothy's sitting room walls with green paint. They made a bonfire in the road with all her papers and manuscripts, her play, lecture notes and her book on language of poetry which was ready for publishing (she destroyed all her rough notes). Maud describes how Dorothy's pupils were foraging through the ashes of the bonfire the following day getting bits of lectures on Hamlet, bits of plays as souvenirs.

Dorothy finds the news shattering and wishes to cry out. She tries to console herself with the words 'Courage creates courage'. Lane (2019:39) Macardle attempts to rationalise her loss by referring once again to her lack of republican credentials, claiming that the sacrifice was necessary to bear witness to her commitment to the republic. Moreover, she admonished herself by noting the much greater losses endured by her fellow inmates, referring specifically to Mary MacSwiney: 'And I remembered that allegiance to the republic had cost me nothing at all; this was my baptism to the loss of brother? I felt ashamed and then it became a little enough thing.

She calls in to see Mary MacSwiney (on hunger strike) to tell her the news in 'a light-hearted way' so as not to upset her. However, Mary was too wise and too understanding and her distress at the news was greater than Dorothy's 'Shame to burn your manuscripts...'

Dorothy pines the loss of her Language of poetry book which took her 8 years to write and which she pined for all her life, as she considered it her best work.

Dorothy remembers the characters from her 'vanished' plays. They come to her one by one as she bids them farewell.

1. Cassandra is crying out to me from among the flames....(Greek style play)
2. Asthara (A fantasy set in the distant past) "I cannot believe is dead"...
3. Dervoghilla, (her master piece- Helen of Troy type character) she is gone...

She reconciles herself by saying 'They are burnt offerings to the Republic of Ireland's many tragic women; may the Gods be appeased'

#### Suggestions for Scene:

I imagine as Dorothy reads her letter from Maud Gonne, that she is suddenly transported to the aftermath scene in St Stephens Green. I imagine charred papers flying around her as she is walking through the ashes of these dead characters. It is as though she is at the cremation site. There is resonance of a Greek Tragedy – Eg: Antigone being buried alive / Antigone visits her dead brother Polynices who should be left unburied.

(image: [Antigone in front of the dead Polynices](#) by [Nikiforos Lytras](#) 1865)



Similarly, Dorothy visits her unburied characters (Eg: Dervoghilla) from her play and laments their loss and tries to make peace with their death. She bids them farewell. Perhaps she picks up scraps of charred paper which jolt her memory of a piece of work / character that has been

destroyed. Eg: other characters in her plays, her language of poetry book, her lecture notes on Hamlet etc. Whether she laments all of her lost works or simply one central character Eg: **Dervoghilla**.

I find Dervoghilla (known as '*Helen of Ireland*') the most intriguing character because of its resonance with political situation in Ireland at the time it was written (Dervoghilla running off with Dermott McMurrrough, thus allegedly triggering the first Norman Invasion of Ireland- leading to the marriage of Dermots daughter Aoife to Strongbow) It is interesting to note that Dorothy portrays Dervoghilla as 'innocent' which goes against Irish and Norman Accounts. Also, the play was never performed and so may add deeper grief that it was burned. (Asthara was premiered at Dublin's Little Theatre 1918 and ran for 3 nights and I am not sure about the character of Cassandra). (image: Ros tapestry: The abduction of Dervoghilla).



**Detail from *The marriage of Aife & Strongbow*** was imagined by Daniel Maclise (1806-70)

I am intrigued by the almost 'Greek Tragedy' style of the image depicting the marriage of Aoife and Strongbow (see above left) which came about because of Dervoghilla abduction episode.

As Dorothy's play was destroyed, we can only speculate what it may have been about. I found a poem written by Thomas Moore about Dervoghilla which is allegedly well known, particularly as it is supposedly taught to most school children in the Irish Republic (see full poem below). Here Dervoghilla is to blame as opposed to Dorothy's 'innocent' view of her.

**SCRIPT CONTENT FROM GAOL JOURNAL ENTRY (IN BLUE) And suggested stage directions in Black. I HAVE NOT TOUCHED THE WORDING FROM THE GAOL JOURNAL.**

Dorothy:

**Commented [SM8]: ..While now - O degenerate daughter  
Of Erin, how fallen is thy fame!  
And through ages of bondage and slaughter,  
Our country shall bleed for thy shame.**

**Already the curse is upon her,  
And strangers her valleys profane;  
They come to divide - to dishonour,  
And tyrants they long will remain..**

No letter had come to me from Madame[Maud]. Iseult \_\_\_\_was unhappy about them. Outside Miss MacSwiney's door after the rosary Sighle slipped into my hand a thin, closely folded close written note. It was from [Maeve] (or is it supposed to be Madame Maud Gonne?)? it has come underground- I was thrilled when I saw what it was, like Bernadette, rushed with it to the passage light (is this referring to Bernadette's Apparition at Lourdes when Mary appears to her in a ball of light.)

(reading Maeves letter):

There has been an appalling raid on [23] she wrote 'the house shot up- they made a bonfire in the road of all your papers and manuscripts- plays, even college lectures- your pupils were picking up fragments of lectures on hamlet in the street for souvenirs. They painted skulls and cross bones on your sitting room walls with green paint.

*Dorothy is transported to the site where the ashes of her work lies, charred papers fly over her head. She walks through the ashes picking up charred remains of papers, she bids farewell one by one to all her dead characters...and mourns their loss.*

Farewell to \_\_\_\_

One by one they thrust themselves into my memory, the people of my vanished plays- born out of the life my imagination, foredoomed ever and be given life.

1. **Poor Cassandra** is crying out me from among the flames. She was wild and beautiful and I loved her- she and I at the \_\_\_\_of her, were so young- I was \_\_\_\_tracted and all given up to poetry then and I wrote this ambitious drama in the Greek Style, with lyrical choruses between the acts. It was chaotic – a \_\_\_\_of slow, lyrical poetry and violent action it could never have been played on any stage- But poor Casandra was very loveable and sad.
2. **Asthara** I cannot believe dead- she had three nights of such rapturous, enchanted life. I had a free fantastic imagination then.and mingled Arabian Alchemy \_\_\_\_with old Gaelic Myth. There was poetry in it. James Stephen said- I do not believe Asthara can be dead.
3. And **Dervorgilla**- I am sure that she is gone. She was to be an Irish master piece. A great historical drama of the beginning of this endless war, Dervorgilla was to be innocent, infinitely tragic, (a more complete and massive work than any Irish dramatist has done)- noble and adorable as Maeve. How wonderfully the events of that dreadful history grouped themselves for the dramatic scenes. \_\_\_\_the movement of any play was fierce and inevitable and strong. I laboured serenely over those scene and over the verse. I will try again maybe to write and play of Devorgille. But I will have to write it in prose. My poetry is all over now.

**They are burnt offerings to the Republic of Ireland's many tragic women; may the Gods be appeased!**

Dorothy returns from the scene of the charred remains and arrives back in her prison cell. She is trying to come to terms with her loss.

Dorothy:

everything burnt, I had published nothing- all my work- it was a shattering thing to hear- it was well I had no one of my own there- I would have cried out.... And cried. It is true I know that courage creates courage- I clung to a vivid memory of Ms. [sceland] when she stood severely Watching the wrecking of cullens woods[house] \_\_\_\_it made this not so overwhelming and I remember that allegiance to the Republic had cost me nothing- nothing at all. This was my baptism perhaps. I had to learn to be an Irish republican What sort of a loss is this, compared to the loss of a brother...I felt ashamed and then it became a little enough thing. I was quite recovered by the time I went into Miss MacSwiney and gave her Maeve's message and told her quite light hearted about the raid. But she is too wise and too understanding! She said vehemently. Shame to burn your manuscripts! Shame! Furniture- other things, I would not mind....Her distress greater my own It is nothing to be very sad about' I said, convinced myself....it has hardly troubled me since, except in little moments my Rhythm book.... I can't write the Rhythm book again – it was studying and lecturing on English poetry that made it possible . I have been 8 years testing my heory and choosing quotations for it and when I finished the draft of it in June, I destroyed every scrap of my rough work. I must put it out of my head.

*Suggestion: Dorothy wishes to salvage Dervoghilla by writing it from memory (in prose not verse this time- however she has no pens of paper...*

All the time that I have been here no one has sent me pen and paper or ink- the hunger to lie writing is on me, these long slow days and I have to write this in pencil on Little miserable borrowed scraps. I have written to Iseult begging for my writing case and supplies of manuscript- paper. I shall be better able for prison when that comes. It is strange that she has not sent it yet- it will surely come tomorrow. Then I need not be idle any more. A dispatch came toady full of luxurious toilet things chosen by Iseult. Cream and expensive powder, \_-and perfumed soap. It made one feel a woman and not a mere prisoner – it was a great delight.

But what I am starving for now is paper and ink...I could write the little plan again from memory- escape- if it came in time.

## UNTOUCHED: ALL EXTRAPOLATED ENTRIES FROM GAOL JOURNAL & SECONDARY SOURCES RELATING TO SECTION – in comment section

Research Notes on Dervoghilla: See comment box

Commented [SM9]:

GAOL JOURNALS THE RAID AT 23

... [6]

**Commented [SM10]:** Famously known as the "Helen of Ireland" as her abduction from her husband Tigernán Ua Ruairc by Diarmait Mac Murchada, king of Leinster, played some part in bringing the Anglo-Normans to Irish shores- According to both the Irish and Norman accounts it was she who arranged the abduction. It is recorded that Dervoghilla, in accordance with Gaelic practice, brought 'her cattle and furniture' with her when she eloped with Diarmuid and when she returned again to Breifne a year later. She used her personal wealth to found the Nuns' Church at Clonmacnoise, reputedly in repentance for her sins and she died there in old age. Dermot's daughter, the yet unborn Aoife, who, because of this event would find herself at fifteen years of age the wife of one of the mighty Norman de Clares, Richard de Clare, commonly called Strongbow. As the Anglo-Normans advanced, often with Irish kings as allies, they eventually colonised large areas of Ireland. For protection they built mottes and baileys and castles. They organised manors and founded towns. Ireland was never again to be as Gaelic as it was before they came. They introduced feudalism and English common law, the basis of our present law, to the areas where they ruled. Common law differed in its treatment of women from early Irish laws.

\*Smith (2007: 28-29) *Asthara* premiered at Dublin's Little Theatre 1918. A fantasy set in the distant past. Dreamy Mystical play.

"Thorgyn a superman who prefers life's adventures to the wine of spirit life distilled by a supervoman (asthara), who in turn rails against her gods of nature and abandons herself to love" . High minded spiritual Asthara is "obedient to the teaching of god until the strong limbed Thorgyn came to teach her love".

\*On 10 December 1922, shortly before the first meeting of the Free State parliament, a fire was deliberately set by irregulars (anti-Treatyites) at his family home resulting in the death of his young son, Emmet. Seán McGarry was one of four targeted by anti-Treatyites during the December Free State executions

**THEME: Destruction of Macardles work against the back drop of war**

Not only were Dorothy's papers destroyed posthumously by her brother, but they were burned on two separate occasions during her lifetime, once, during an English Auxiliary Raid in 1922 at her home in St Stephen's Green, when she was living with Maud Gonne and then again in 1951, as a result of the Abbey Theatre fire, which damaged a number of her play scripts, namely *Ann Kavanagh* and *Atonement*. As a result of the loss of her papers, obvious gaps exist in her life story. Further to this, there is no significant archive collection dedicated to Macardle. It is also interesting to note that her entire stock of The Irish Republic was destroyed when a German bomb hit A London Warehouse which was housing the stock. Also, during the London Blitz, her house was hit by a bomb which destroyed her typewriter. She remarks how her typewriter was twisted scrap, while her new cups and saucers survived the London Bombing.

Research Notes on destruction of Macardles work

**THOMAS MOORE POEM ABOUT DERVORGILLA**

## 4. DREAMS- PRISON WINDOWS- ESCAPIST LITERATURE

Including England - house high walled garden. Hill and dark blue sea. Land of hearts desire: journey from deeper gloom to glory! Escaping prison. Nightmare- 'O Donald- the walls! The walls! Windows: To desire a window and find on all sides only a dead wall & visions – & Keats Ode to Nightingale – Walter de la Mere etc – also Burnt Offerings dream – but perhaps hold this until Kilmainham even though it occurs in December?

**Stimuli**

Spiritual Development, Celtic Shamanic journeys, Witchcraft, psychic, paganism, healing & mental health (she meets her Brother Donald regularly), Windows as portals: Inner Vision, Mantra, - De la Mare' apparitions, telepathy & psychedelic hallucinogen (LSD / Mescaline), Keats & Hemlock, De La Mare confined to 4 walls.; 'it is the inward life that matters'. Turner Painting -Gloom to Glory. Feminine Guide & Shapeshifting to all females she loves.

Dreams and Windows: Portals to the otherworld allowing Shamanic Journeys & meeting of guides. Questioning & Finding answers. Her window visions unlike when she looks out Kilmainham to outside world. The visions in Mountjoy are more inner visions, as she imagines the prison walls opening into psychic portals. Dorothy has ability to journey and meet her loved ones (particularly female- mother & Sister) or those in need of her help/healing (brother Donald). Journeys feature; Sunlight, Nature, Trees, Oceans (hope and beauty). She also clings to Poets (Keats & De la

Commented [SM11]: Lane (2019:39) NOTES

Raid at Maud Gonne's house: A bonfire on the road resulted in the destruction of all her papers including her college lectures, a play she had written and a book on the language of poetry close to publication. Her anguish was palpable. 'It was a shattering thing to hear...I can't write the book again... it was studying and lecturing on English poetry that made it possible. Eight years...and I have been choosing quotations for it; and when I finished the draft of it in June I destroyed every scrap of my rough work. I must put it out of my head.

In her memoir, Comerford stated that 'until she died' Macardle lamented the loss of her book, thinking it 'as the best thing she had done'. In a letter detailing the outrage, Gonne described how Macardle's pupils foraged through the ashes of the bonfire the following day 'getting bits of lectures on hamlet, bits of plays as souvenirs'. Macardle attempted to rationalise her loss by referring once again to her lack of republican credentials, claiming that the

Commented [SM12]:

**THE SONG OF O'RUARK**

Prince of Breffni

The valley lay smiling before me,  
Where lately I left her behind;  
Yet I trembled, and something hung o'er  
me  
That saddened the joy of my mind.

I looked for the lamp which, she told  
me,  
Should shine when her pilgrim returned;  
But though darkness began to enfold me,  
No lamp from the battlements burned."

I flew to her chamber - 'twas lonely,  
As if the loved tenant lay dead;-  
Ah, would it were death, and death  
only!  
But no, the young false one had fled.

... [8]

Mare) to help her make sense of things Eg: de la mare is confined to 4 walls later in life 'it is the inward life that matters'. Enlightenment: Journey from Deeper gloom to Glory At times. She may be led into these dreams by Eg; Erskine Childers in Dream 1 or Donald in Dream 2. Perhaps she is remembering sitting in DeLa Mares house having tea or V/O of his poem 'the listeners'...'Is there anybody there?' said the Traveller, Knocking on the moonlit door...' Perhaps the traveller is knocking on the cell door/ leading her into the dreams.

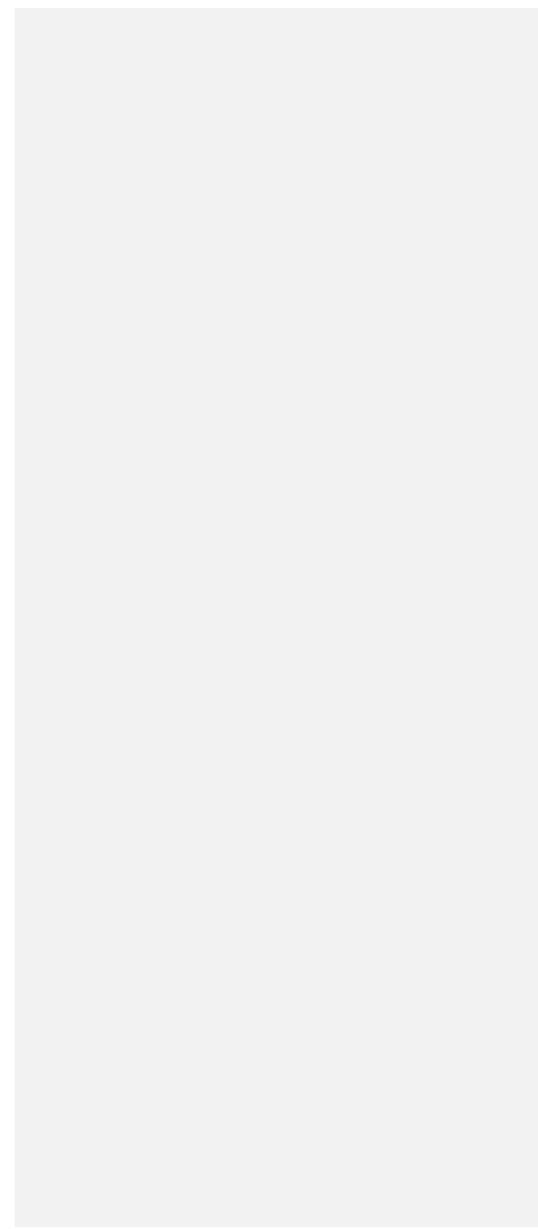


- Dream 1: Set in English Walled garden with mother & Cecilia- Erskine Childers Leads her in.
- Dream 2: Land of hearts desire: journey from deeper gloom to glory with Mona, Mother & friends. Donald's letter leads her in.
- Dream 3: Prison Dreams: 'The Walls' Donald in Westminster
- Dream 4: 'Do Listen Donald'
- Windows Visions: Buttercup lawn, City lights, flowery corner, Med Sea & Keats.

**DREAM 1:** House high walled garden in England with Shapeshifting female (Mother & Cecilia)



'England- no lovelier country in the world'



Donald ended letter wisely – ‘Goodnight and happy dream’

Last night I had a dream that gathered together all the happiest things of natural life. It was in England\_ ‘I love England and pray; Erskine Childers said – in his last message- “that her attitude to Ireland will change completely and finally” it was that saying perhaps that made all the lovely things that are peculiarly England’s haunt my mind: that and huge-Walpole’s Cathedral and a kind letter from [?CLT] who quarrels with me about Ireland whenever we meet. If England was innocent of Empire, there would be no lovelier country in the world.

I was in England in my dream, visiting some woman whom I greatly loved, - visiting her early in the morning because I was only for a few hours in her little town. It was her quiet little house that was so beautiful – hidden in a wide, high walled garden whose flowers over flowed into the low rooms. The rooms were softly lit, softly furnished and filled with treasures of beaten brass and carved ivory from the far east- and all fragrant and full of colour and peace. The dear woman was created, I think out of many women I have loved- Mother, who is friendlier to my imagination too than she has been for years and others - and then she changed into Cecelia Gallagher and she told me that the house was Franks and Frank was in Ireland, in Goal- that whenever he went to Ireland he was imprisoned, but that he would always be going again and again, in a forlorn hope to awaken the Republic, yet, I praised them in my dream, that possessing peace and [luxury?] -they kept the brave Republican virtue of poverty still. I have thought, sometimes that the Irish are so ready to sacrifice all they have because nothing that they have is very desirable....prosperity has made traitors and cowards of thousands now.

DREAM 2: Land of hearts desire: journey from deeper gloom to glory. Travelling with Mother, Mona & Friends.

(what is interesting about this is how she journeys through the deepest gloom- and discovers the path has been cut by someone who had gone before- if one was to interpret it- is it the Men of 1916 who have done this ground work for them to journey into deeper gloom only to gain freedom/enlightenment at end (Green daylight among ancient trees). The ancient trees also makes is sound like its from celtic folklore.



Turner

I am dreaming of steep airy places Night after night. It was on a rough hill path, last night, that I was travelling, and mother, I think was with me and dear friends, - I knew my love for them, but I do not know who they were. The path climbed up through a wood and golden broken sunlight

played on it falling through autumn boughs. We wear very eager, very happy, knowing that some miracle awaited us at the end. The summit was the grey-green, \_\_\_\_\_ shoulder of the hill, and we passed straight into a hospitable house which stood with all doors open, welcoming us. I went through the house alone and came out again through a doorway and stood on the stone threshold and there, leaving my feet, filling the whole valley, Lay a radiant, dark blue sea. The mountain peaks rose out of it, purple and sun-smitten, and the open ocean lay beyond and over my head was a clear Blue \_\_\_\_\_ of air *(after Donald's letter wishing me happy dreams)*  
I think Mona was with me and other friends and in some way the place we were was wonderful to us with forgotten memories, like a place, that has been now in childhood far off in another life. We knew that in a certain Direction if we could travel far enough lay some beauty of the land of hearts desire. The way by which we were going was while through a pathless meadow of long tangled grass and before us we saw dark trees. Our feet were drenched and \_\_\_\_\_ by the grass and suddenly I seemed to remember That there was an easier way- a path along a river under trees.  
We found the river but the path was on the other side and there was no bridge Because the river was widening towards the place of our desire. We hurried back then and took the difficult way again. Following it we were soon in a narrow tunnelled passage leading steeply upward into utter darkness. Steep it was that I cried out that to climb was impossible one would fall backwards with every step, *but then groping in the darkness we discovered that the path had been cut into shallow steps by some who had gone before, and it was possible though hard to mount. We went on them, into deeper and deeper gloom, yet no doubt assailed me that the glory we half remembered would open to us all at the end.* At last. We came out into a faint green daylight among ancient trees and Pressed through the thicket and stood out on the brow of a high hill. And There it lay open before us, Beauty and peace and grandeur satisfying to the heart- at Green World \_\_\_\_\_ cloudless heaven, the river flowing into the sea.

### Dream 3: Prison Dreams: 'The Walls' In Westminster with Donald



Claude Monet

In prison dreams, I find, the world has a charm and innocence that I never felt so poignantly before, streets and gardens and people's houses are like places in some exquisitely written tale, each pervaded with some gentle atmosphere, some delicate, harmonious mood. No heaven could be more sweetly habitable than the world of my prison dreams.

But it is very seldom in the dreams that come to me here that I am safe and free. Either, I am escaping dangerously, hunted, lurking and running as though for life, or I am free only on parole and a heavy dread of imprisonment is over me still.

Last night, for a little while, I was quite free in a dream, walking among narrow paths in Westminster with Donald, on a day of sun and seagulls when the Thames was blue. Westminster had lost, in my dream, all its sinister and evil power: only the beauty and ancientness of the great buildings remained and that grandeur standing in the airy, April sunshine, filled me with joy and Donald was there to share the delightful world I was talking to him about prison and prison dreams when suddenly, as we turned under a stone archway, a dread seized me and I caught his arm- "O Donald", I cried out, "I dreamt this so often, in prison- this place and you- I believe this is a dream!"

"It's not," he said, smiling "not this time" and then, laughing at me, "Are you going to cry?"

I was quite reassured then, and stopped to breathe in the gladness and relief of it, and days and months and years of freedom seemed to be opening like wide spaces before my mind. But then, swiftly the fear came again and I held him- "It is, I cried", O Donald- the walls! The walls! I woke up, then on my mattress on the floor, my hands pressed against the white wall of the cell, and Donald leagues away over the sea.

#### **Dream 4: 'Do Listen Donald'**

Last night I was with Donald in London in mothers little room, I think. There was something I was fearfully eager to explain to him – probably something about my unfortunate play, but I could not get him to attend- "Donald", I was saying, feverishly- "listen- do listen!...I must tell you this and we can't lose a moment- do listen" – Because this is a dream! Don't you understand, D, I'm dreaming, and in a minute I shall wake in gaol..."Do Listen, Donald!" And then I woke.

**Windows** Acting as portals into the otherworld: Inner Vision.



*There is a mysterious region, evasive as a mirage, in the dawn hours between sleep and wake. It is then that my soul, undisguised by the habits and manners of my days, lives its own secret life. Revelations, harmonious, powers flow into my being then of which, when I wake, not even a memory is left. I know this, though how I know it I could not tell.*

*So independent of place and time, brain and body, **this clear existence seems that it seems to me likely that it resembles the spirits existence after death...** I could not describe it....will not try.*

*It was in state nearer to waking that I lay this morning when the windows opening in the wall. The wide high windows of our cells are merciful. Through them the sunlight and moon light come and we can watch seagulls and the stars. But never to have any glimpse at all of earth or sea - that can become an intolerable, maddening frustration of sense and soul. I have thrust the first stirring of that hunger down a score of times. It is one of those wakings of [creature] in the heart and brain which no prisoner dare indulge. **To desire a window and find on all sides only a dead wall...that could Turn to agony in fever body and mind.***

*But this morning, no sooner did the first [perilous] stirring come, than windows opened before me in the wall to which my [fear] was turned as I lay on the cell floor....*

#### Window Vision 1: Buttercup Lawn

*A wide, long window, stretching from the ceiling almost to the floor opened first and outside that window it was day. About four o'clock on a blue August afternoon, and outside, there was a wide lawn with trees. The lawn was not closely clipped, buttercups grew in it and the trees were tall firs, straight and dark, yet, because there were borders of shrubs and flowers beds around it, I knew this was a garden lawn- a garden where tired men and women would be coming soon, from acting and lecturing or listening to lectures on the play, and we would be having tea...*

#### Window Vision 2: City Lights

*that window closed and the window that opened then looked down over the city, from a height. There were trees there too... marvellously varied...many bronze like beeches... some silver as willows...[one a Jure] stays scarlet, like flame. A pale blue sky was over them and everywhere sea-gulls wheeled - then, below the same window it became, suddenly, I [wish] the trees had lost all colour, only the dark; Soft, outlines of the tallest showed a cloudy sky, dim lit by an unseen moon, seemed to be moving over the still earth but beyond the green it was eerily lighted by a dull amber glow...there the city, full of lights... all around the green stood the black houses at the right rose up the college dome, the high street-lamps, richly yellow, seemed to be hanging from the trees...*

#### Window Vision 3: Flowery corner

Then it was daylight again- midday in April or in May and the Window looked out on a flowery corner, bounded by a rough stone archway and a grey wall- again the sky was blue with light white clouds and against the grey wall and the pale sky stood two sapling trees- one a rich lined copper beech and one an almond budded with pale pink flowers. Tall grey- green flags of \_\_\_-tulip; holly-hocks in blossom, wall flowers and carnations tufts crowded around the tree-roots and white starred mosses and purple periwinkles clustered up on the walls.

#### Window Vision 4: Med Sea and Keats 'Ode to Nightingale'



Turner: Master of the Ocean

The wall closed and opened once more on a dark- blue, Mediteranean sea, with white foam whirling round- sunken reef..." perilous seas"...forlorn....Forlorn! the very word is like a knell" I wakened then, in my cell staring at a white, dead wall...what windows shall I look out of when I am free?

\*My sense, **as** though of hemlock I had drunk,. Or emptied some dull ... Of perilous seas, in faery lands **forlorn**. **Forlorn!** the very word is **like** a bell. To toll me back... Keats Ode to Nightingale (**note: Hemlock** is also **used for** anxiety and mania)

#### Tea with Walter De La Mare: Fleshpots of Egypt



John Martin: Exodus



Walter de la Mare

Interestingly, la Mare talks about apparitions, Death, dreams, telepathy & effects of LSD which seem to be very much in line with Dorothy's Dreams and Window Vision journeys.

*I am feeling what [flo--] Fahy calls [Ma.....nourish] I long for the fleshpots of Egypt! Ms. Flourais tea table in the \_\_\_\_ at the sill -the lovely old Tudor Manor House where I met Walter de la Mare- the wide garden of St. S\_\_\_\_,and the room they gave me there, rich with books- all the luxurious peace which England has won for herself by her plunderous adventures and murderous conquests over the globe...*

Taking Tea with a Poet (Irish Press, 1957)

His subtle intellect, restlessly speculating about the human mind became ever more keen and questioning in those last years, when his physical world was bounded by four walls. **'it is the inward life that matters'**, he said.

...those quiet rooms, and the tea table under the curious chandelier, and the midgets's house, filled with miniature gifts; the plum tree in the garden, and the big mirror set into the bedroom bookcase so that the tree could be watched from the bed. We enter the room with him; we are there.

**The Listeners** BY WALTER DE LA MARE

**UNTOUCHED EXTRAPOLATED EXCERPTS FROM JOURNAL (note the journal entries have been edited and so you may find previous gaps now filled.)**

## 5. FEAST DAY OF IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

Lily O Brennan (Ni Bhraonain) (1878 –1948), Republican, writer and playwright

**Commented [SM13]:** 'Is there anybody there?' said the Traveller,

Knocking on the moonlit door;  
And his horse in the silence champed the grasses  
Of the forest's ferny floor:  
And a bird flew up out of the turret,  
Above the Traveller's head:  
And he smote upon the door again a second time;  
'Is there anybody there?' he said.  
But no one descended to the Traveller;  
No head from the leaf-fringed sill  
Leaned over and looked into his grey eyes,  
Where he stood perplexed and still.  
But only a host of phantom listeners  
That dwelt in the lone house then  
Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight  
To that voice from the world of men:  
Stood thronging the faint moonbeams on the dark stair,  
That goes down to the empty hall,  
Hearkening in an air stirred and shaken  
By the lonely Traveller's call.  
And he felt in his heart their strangeness,  
Their stillness answering his cry,  
While his horse moved, cropping the dark turf,  
'Neath the starred and leafy sky;  
For he suddenly smote on the door, even  
Louder, and lifted his head:—  
'Tell them I came, and no one answered,  
That I kept my word,' he said.  
Never the least stir made the listeners,  
Though every word he spake  
Fell echoing through the shadowiness of the still house  
From the one man left awake:  
Ay, they heard his foot upon the stirrup,  
And the sound of iron on stone,  
... [9]

**Commented [SM14]:**  
England- no lovelier country in the world

Dream: house high walled garden. Mother friendlier to  
my imagination- Cecilia  
... [10]



Research Notes:

Possible Scenes:

1. Feast of Immaculate Conception & Execution of Liam Mellows Rory O Connor, Dick Barrett, Jo Mc Kelvey a reprisal for Sean Hales.



(Background: Lily was imprisoned in Kilmainham in 1916 'when the leaders were shot outside her cell'. When the civil war female prisoners heard shots on 8 December 1922 it was to O'Brennan then that they turned to ascertain if the sounds signalled an execution.)

It is the Feast day of Immaculate Conception 8<sup>th</sup> December 1922 (possible pageantry – celebrations- singing - fires burning- outside)

**Commented [SM15]:** Éamonn Ceannt(brother in law) Attended the inaugural meeting of Cumann na mBan, Wynn's Hotel, involved in planning for the Easter rising-carried dispatches for Ceannt.arrested & held Richmond Barracks and Kilmainham Gaol. The day she was released was the day her brother in law was executed, 8 May 1916. O'Brennan worked as a clerk for the National Aid Association later the Prisoner's Dependents Fund as well as locating and marking the graves of those killed during the Rising. member of the Sinn Féin executive- worked for Arthur Griffith as his secretary- Despite being part of the treaty group, O'Brennan was on the Anti-treaty side during the civil war. She worked on the staff of the Republican headquarters, secretary to Erskine Childers. Lili 'she is the finest Republican of all'. Debating in Gaol. Spokesperson council. 2 sides to her: political and spiritual.



A young market seller (almost like *the little match girl* character) is selling religious souvenirs outside the Gaol Gate. She is innocent and full of hope.

Inside Mountjoy, the women (Dorothy) are restless in their beds. The atmosphere is one of a looming premonition. Ms. Humphries is hearing the sound of Pick-Axes (gravel/ grave sfx) at work through the night. It is still dark when all but Dorothy leave (shuffling) for early morning mass (like a scene in metropolis)

Returning from mass, they see a throng of officials behind the iron gate in the place of graves. The place where Kevin Barry was buried. Dorothy is drowsy in a half sleep when she hears the women return to the cell, talking in low voices... about who they think the victims might be for the reprisal of Sean Hales. The voices from the women weave in and out of Dorothy's half drowsy state- it sounds cacophonous as though they are speaking over one another as follows (inspiration - Becketts' 'not I'). Perhaps in her dream, the women are intently whispering into her ear.



Will they be chosen at random from among 900 prisoners? Would they dare to kill Rory O Connor or Liam Mellow's? Would it be four poor, obscure boys, like they executed two weeks ago? Would poor Cooney be one, the heroic boy who when the attempt at escape ended so disastrously with four deaths- took all the responsibility on himself? Would they kill Sean MacBride?

At this moment, Sean is conjured up in Dorothy's mind. We see him looking at her, laughing, with his dark, teasing face. (either Dorothy wakes up in a cold sweat Or ....

We hear shots, one after another (does it look like MacBride is shot?)- you could not tell whether they were single shots- Lili who was in Kilmainham when the leaders were shot outside her cell in 1916 said this was not the sound.

We went about our mornings work- washing the supper things, waiting for the sounds, making breakfast- we were sitting round the table at half past nine when suddenly shots rang out- not a single shot but a volley 'we looked at Lili...'that is an execution" she said.

Sheila Humphries saw the firing party coming back (there is a clue about the milk man)

At dinner time - A convict man had called out to them from the window- 'Four men executed this morning'.

After evening exercise in the [dusk] as we were coming in, nurse came to the passage soon and told us the news. \*Rory O Connor, Liam Mellows, Dick Barrett, Jo Mc Kelvey a reprisal for Sean Hales.

Feast of the immaculate Conception & Execution of Liam Mellows Rory O Connor, Dick Barrett, Jo Mc Kelvey a reprisal for Sean Hales.

We all slept badly; the others rose early and went to mass.' It will be today' Lili said when I looked up.

Ms. Humphries had heard the sound of Pick axes at work through the night. Coming from mass they had seen a throng of officials behind the iron gate in the place of graves. The place where Kevin Barry was buried – the place where Kevin Barry was shot, Lili said. shot? Kevin Barry? The others couldn't understand her.

We heard shots, one after another- you could not tell whether they were single shots. Lili who was in Kilmainham when the leaders were shot outside her cell- 1916 said thus was not the sound that we could not know.

Who their victims could be- any four, chosen at random from among their 900 prisoners would do, I suppose, for the vengeance they intend? Would they dare to kill Rory or Liam Mellow's? Would they kill Sean MacBride- Sean seemed to be looking at me, laughing, with his dark, teasing face- or would it be four poor, obscure boys caught latterly, like they executed two weeks ago? Would poor Cooney be one, the heroic boy who when the attempt at escape ended so disastrously with four deaths took all the responsibility on himself?



We went about our mornings work- washing the supper things, waiting for the sounds, making breakfast- we were sitting round the table at half past nine when suddenly shots rang out- not a single shot but a volley --

Sheila Humphries saw the firing party coming back.

At dinner time we heard the stop- press. After evening exercise in the [dusk] as we were coming in, nurse came to the passage soon and told us the news. \*Rory O Connor, Liam Mellows, Dick Barrett, Jo Mc Kelvey a reprisal for Sean Hales.

A convict man had called out to them from the window- 'Four men executed this morning'.

## 2. Vigil

Scene: We observe Lili kneeling in prayer. She is transfixed by a candle guttering smoke. We watch her as she experiences an apparition. At first she buries her head (unworthy of this apparition). A Possible Voice over of *Our lady of Perpetual Succour* – speaking to Lili 'you're not frightened now are you? Lili slowly raises her head to look at the image.... It speaks to her 'Do you wish to offer yourself to god- to endure all the suffering he...to help atone for the sins by which he is offended ....to ask for the conversion of sinners....'yes I do'... Then you will have much to suffer...Grace of god will be your comfort....Lilli 'I love you Blessed Sacrament...'  
Golden Lights radiate from Lili (like blessed sacrament).

*Our lady of perpetual succour. Sublime image. Being nothing less than a foreknowledge of God and the power of his blessed mother. From the 1<sup>st</sup> moment of his life on earth, Jesus Christ knew all the sins of the world, and the death he was to suffer for them. This foreknowledge of his sufferings is clearly brought out in the picture by the frightened attitude of the divine child at the vision of the instruments of his passion. It reminds us Mary is the mother of sorrows- sharing in the suffering of her son. There is*

*yet a deeper cause for the child's fear at the sight of the cross and nails and the reed and the lance. It was the knowledge that in spite of his laying down of his life to atone for the sins of mankind, men would still go on sinning. The picture seems to show that our lady shares in this knowledge, for her eyes are turned not towards her son but towards us. She is looking at us with eyes full of sadness as if to say, sinners, spare my child your saviour, seek not still to crucify.*

Notes:

I think Lili has a \_\_\_\_\_spiritual power. Her faith in her religion in her friends, heroes and the Republic is unflickering, imaginative and joyous. No small thing I think can darken her mind, and even the \_\_\_\_\_I believe would seem bearable to her- \_\_\_\_\_for this faith. She understands the spiritual bearings of things. Tonight, when I came on Vigil after her, there was a sense that surprised and subdued me of the benign presences. It was as if it was leaning over us waiting for our prayers.

Lili [sic] came down from her vigil quiet and glowing, her little white face like a child saint's. She sat in a crowd telling the strangest, fantastical things about her vigil with such sweet wonder that it is certain she believed it in the depths of her heart.

She told us the candle was guttering soot and that the melting wax as it fell formed \_\_\_\_\_one figure after another if the Madonna and the saints- St. Patrick was there. The holy mother and child. Quite evidently this little mystery had filled her with happiness and hope.

**Sharon Notes: Atonement- purification for Ireland's Freedom...**

3. Hunger Strike

Re: Hunger strike: Lili was the first. I knew, when I knew her better, that she was bound like a little light, [faery] like being she is worn to a ghost of a faery by her burning faith and intense work; a gentle eager- hearted loving woman, she would not urge it on any others, but she would do it herself. It would not be long for her; she was ill...

4. Death of Erskine Childers

'He is her leader and hero and most precious friend'.

Commented [SM16]: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=P9InLusZ6h0> the miracle of our lady of Fatima (1952) – Blessed mother's 1<sup>st</sup> appearance.

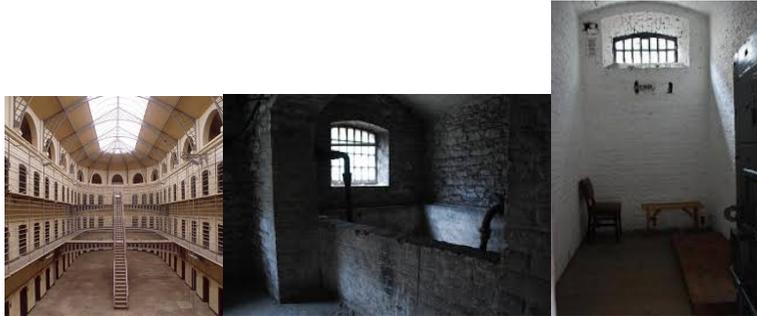
## 6. KILMAINHAM GAOL WITH REFERENCE TO NORA CONNOLLY & WIFE BETTY

1. **Bleak conditions:** Dorothy describes the cold and misery of Kilmainham jail. She shares dark cell with her new friend, her 'wife' Betty. She declares prison will not break her spirit: nonetheless, she has moments of despair and belief the war and

her imprisonment will never end. She gives a class to other prisoners on McMurrough – reminding her of her play heroine Dervogilla. She mentions another story from Earthbound, De Profundis.

Symbolism of sunlight - Hope. Ray of silvery light gives her strength to write De Profundis. Hunger striking vs Hunger for beams of sunlight. Iron cage. Thrust living into a Tomb. Mortuary chapel smell.  
Nora Connolly mental health. Great leaders- mountain peaks (something zen like/ sacred/enlightened)

**Dorothy describes the cold and misery of Kilmainham jail. Features her 'wife' Betty:**



It is altogether unlike our little prison hospital at Mountjoy. A long, high building shaped like a narrow horse shoe with a concrete floor. Around the floor and around two iron galleries above are the iron doors of the cells. An iron staircase and iron gangway and an iron grating enclosing the galleries from roof to floor give the impression of a great cage. Cells on the first gallery were allocated to Betty and me – we could not tell whether we would be facing north, south, east or west. I went into mine and put down my bag. I felt as if I had been thrust living into a tomb. It was partly the narrowness of the cell and the curved ceiling. Perhaps and the tiny barred window out of reach- partly it was the chill, underground smell- a mortuary chapel or a white sepulchre night smell like that. It was lit by a single flaring gas jet, and ventilated by iron gratings in the wall, communication presumably with some dark pipe

or shaft. the window doesn't open at all and there were no hot pipes-. Inside was an iron bedstead, with sheets like Dail cloths- black blankets, all new, a striped pillow and a high narrow mattress about half the size of the little bed. There were also a new bed stool and table, an enamelled basin, a plate, knife, fork, spoon and mug. 'The [.....] the better' is a good [.....] for Republicans now - a -days- The first dismayed moment was instantly followed by the mutual grins of amused resignation with which such things are most easily met. For Company's sake, I slept with Betty, on the edge of her bed.

**G60:** Surely all dismalness is in this place. The cells are tiny, with tiny windows. My windows looks on a close prison wall and no sunlight ever shines through it. There is no room big enough for a group to gather in – only the cold, concrete floor. There are no hot pipes, no stove, there is no hot water. All washing has to be done in icy water in a place without sinks of basins, where the water drains away in open channels on a concrete floor and where one has to stand always in the wet. There is no way anywhere of warming oneself, however sick or chilled one may feel - no way of heating something to drink- no place where one can sit in a ray of the sun. There is no green grass or tree or weed to be seen. The only recreation found in the stone paved high-walled little square- the execution yard. There is a concrete slab in the wall- it was against this that Pearse and Connolly and Plunkett and the others were made stand. The bullets would go through the stone walls, perhaps but not through the concrete - striking it, they would enter the men's bodies again. There is still the window of the wash-house, there are gas jets in the evening. There is a little can of hot water sent up to wash greasy dishes in after dinner. These are all the sweet amenities of this life. 'A life of iron' since that was said to me in a dream, this cold and darkness have no power over me at all. I am tired here, but that is all. All the prisoners seem well able to bear it- they would be hard, especially the young one, to break soon.

### **Mind haunted by young soldier (mothers letter) and others like him:**

It was hardly sleep-My mind was haunted with thoughts of that poor young soldier and the terrible trap he and others like him are in. Forced either to kill the old comrades, or to be miserably killed. In Ms Humphries cell the names of five \_ free State Soldiers are written and 'awaiting our execution' is written below 'for refusing to execute orders to murder Republicans'. Those soldiers who have intimated to F.S HQ that they will not re-join when their time is up, are now, Betty told me, being sent into all the most dangerous work. This means that just now our men are killing those who in a few weeks, won't be their comrades again-

The thought of mother getting my long letter was pleasant. I hope she will enjoy it as much as I think she will.

### **Exploring The Gaol with Betty: window view of Chualann & inscriptions**



Breakfast was brought in the morning by wardresses; bread, butter and mugs of tea, hot and strong. We got up then and explored our new house. It was full of dull, stale air- not a breath seemed to come into it out of the sky. The sense of enclosure was very oppressive. There was no sign of any heating management, no bath, no hot Water, no means of heating a mug of milk – even the gas jet was turned off at the mains.

Our exploration of the landing was rewarded by two discoveries. At the apex of the horse shoe there is a cold wash house with a concrete floor where the water lies in pools and a wooden ledge with the taps running round. In the window of this all the glass had been broken and a blast of heavens air came through. By climbing on the ledge we could see- see a wide wonderful, living world. At the left, on a roof stood a sentry, protected by a pile of sand bags. He looked at us and looked away. Beyond the prison wall were streets, streets busy with

shops. Day carts passed, people in motors, people walking- one or two looked at our faces peering through the bars. Beyond are green slopes where new houses are being built. Away to the right, a sight dangerous to look upon from prison, are the Dublin Mountains 'path of Chualann' Dearest in all the world. One very quickly has as much of this as a prisoner can bear, I climbed down and

went round the gallery, examining the doors of the cells. Betty followed me, very quiet her splendid brother was once here. Prison killed him he died afterwards in France.

Funny little names the men prisoners had carved over the doors- 'Wood Bine Villa' 'Plain People' 'Barry's Hotel', 'The better ole' 'Howth Gunmen' 'Mutineers' 'Dev's Own' 'The Sons of Dawn'

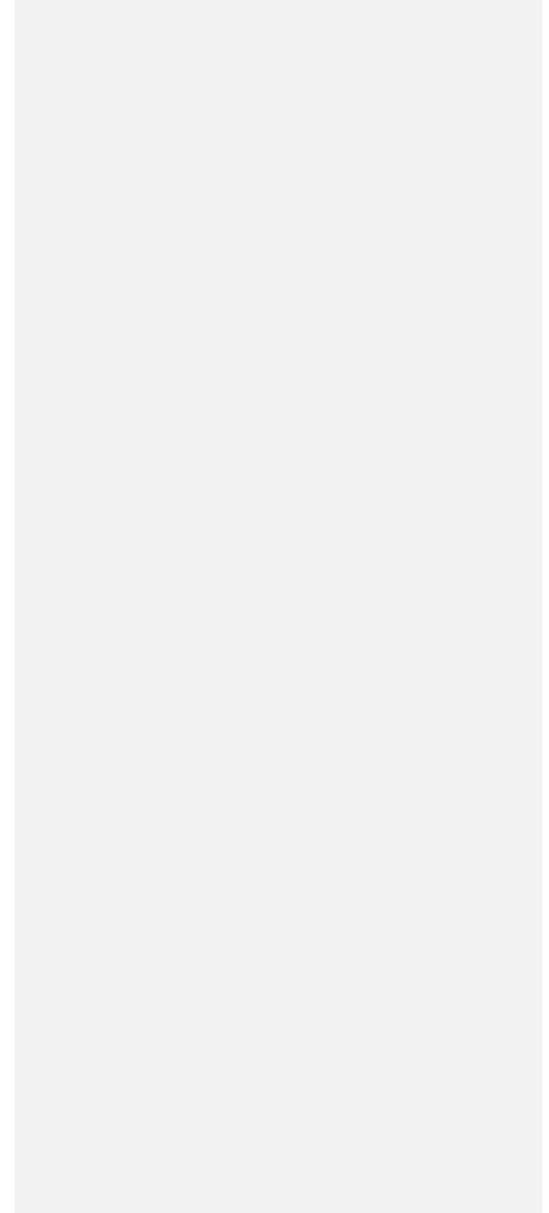
We came to one suddenly that sobered our amusement: on it was written Joseph Plunkett's cell in 1916!

Here, then that brave man had awaited execution- in that cell poor Grace had been married to him the night before.

We found no sign of Conolly's cell. Before one door, Betty stopped. The name of her old house, was carved on it- her brother's name. He lay there after the Four Courts fight, wounded in the left left lung. No doctor came to him all the six weeks. He was helped only by his fellow prisoners he was released only to die.

\*Cualu or Cuala (genitive C[h]ualann) was a territory in Gaelic Ireland south of the River Liffey encompassing the Wicklow **Mountains**.

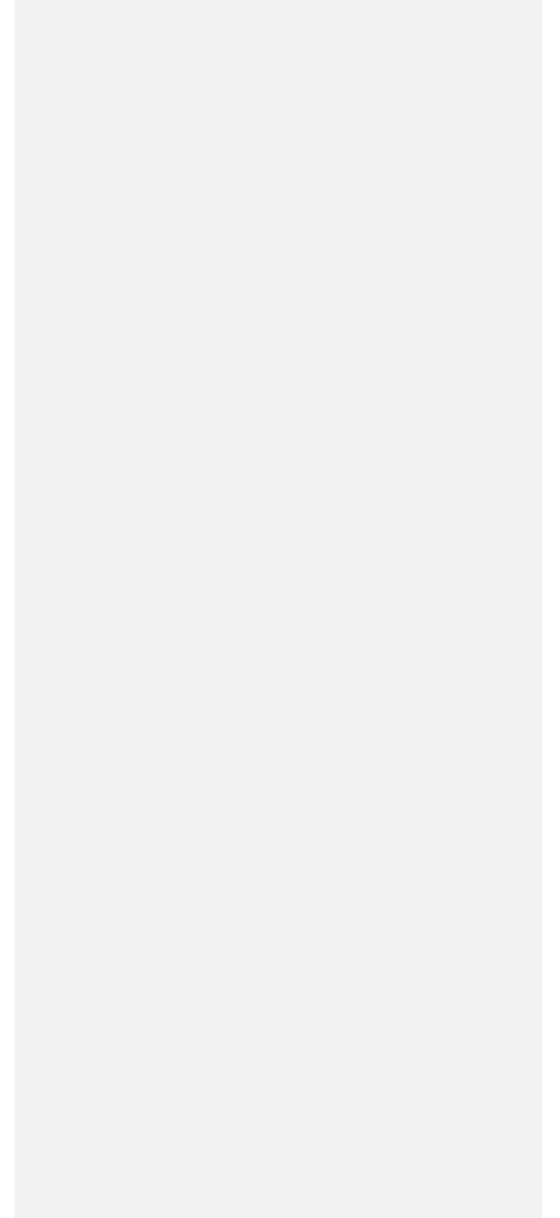
**Nora Connolly & Grace Plunkett: Political reflections**



Lowering down again to our own gallery we met Nora Conolly talking to a new-comer. It was Grace Plunkett. She had been seized in her own house and brought here



In the night, by men in the uniform that Joseph Plunkett and James Connolly wore- it made me feel it cannot go on long - England has done a thing so monstrous, so abnormal to us- all



nature is against and nature must win- They looked happy those two women – it must be a bitter and proud thing for them, to be here.

### **Betty & Shaun**

It was very chill. Betty and I wrapped ourselves in blankets and sat on my bed trying to get warm I would have given much for a hot drink. Betty talked about her brother - the splendid Shawn. She told me of a man Shawn had met in 1916. He was a soldier in the [Munster's] and an Irishman, and the Munster's were sent to crush the rising here. During the fighting in Dublin, he saw a dead rebel lying in his green uniform on the road. His rifle lay by his side and the soldier went over to take it and saw the dead rebels face- It was his own brother. The soldier took the green uniform of the dead man and went away and stripped off the khaki and put the green uniform on and went out to fight for the freedom of his own country. Shawn did not know what became of him in the end.

Freedom is justice and justice is a law of nature. Justice will surely win- What matter, then, how long we are here, 'on the cold paving stones of hell'.

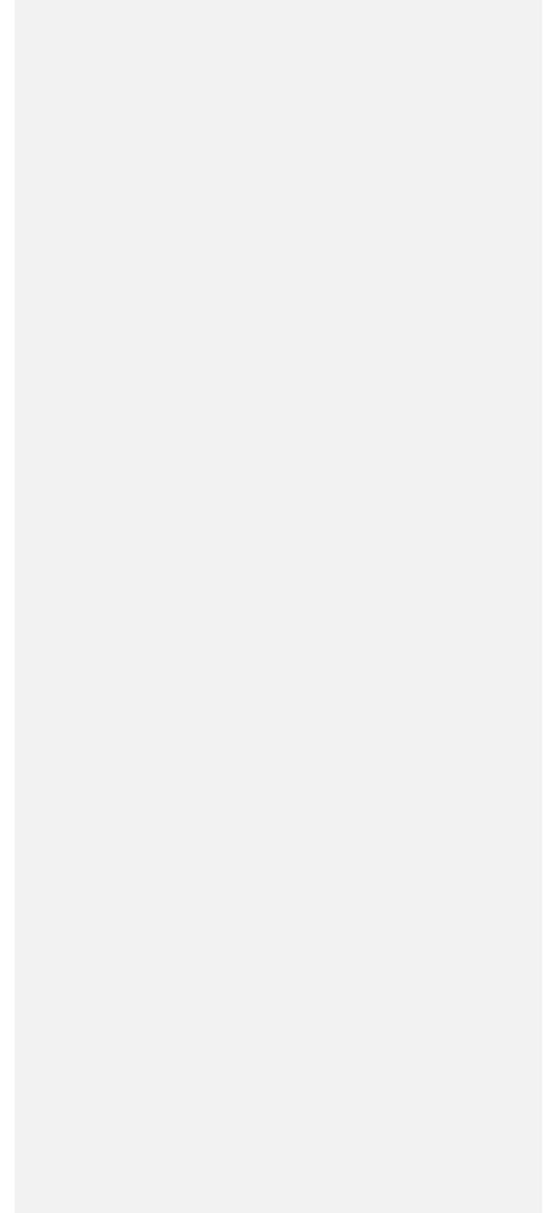
### **Nora Connolly**



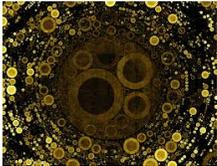
I have been talking to Nora Connolly. Her father was her hero. I think I asked her whether she was glad or sorry that he died here as he did. 'When I see the blunders that the leaders make' she answered, 'I am tempted to be sorry he is not alive now - he was so far seeing'. But she knows that we should never have had the Republic – we should have had something like the treaty, long ago, if he had not died-

### **Window & Sunlight**

*Klimt sunlight- lighting ideas*



Wed Feb: This morning through the open doors on the opposite side I could see white gleams of sunlight. We dashed across the bridge and went in to Miss Meagher's. Sure enough, sunshine was streaming through the window and gleaming in a white square on the wall. The cell was sweet with it and bright and warm. Through the window when you climbed up there is a far glimpse of the hills- the hills shrouded in a haze of silver light. Betty and I went back in dismal silence to our tomb like cells. They face north and look only on the prison wall.

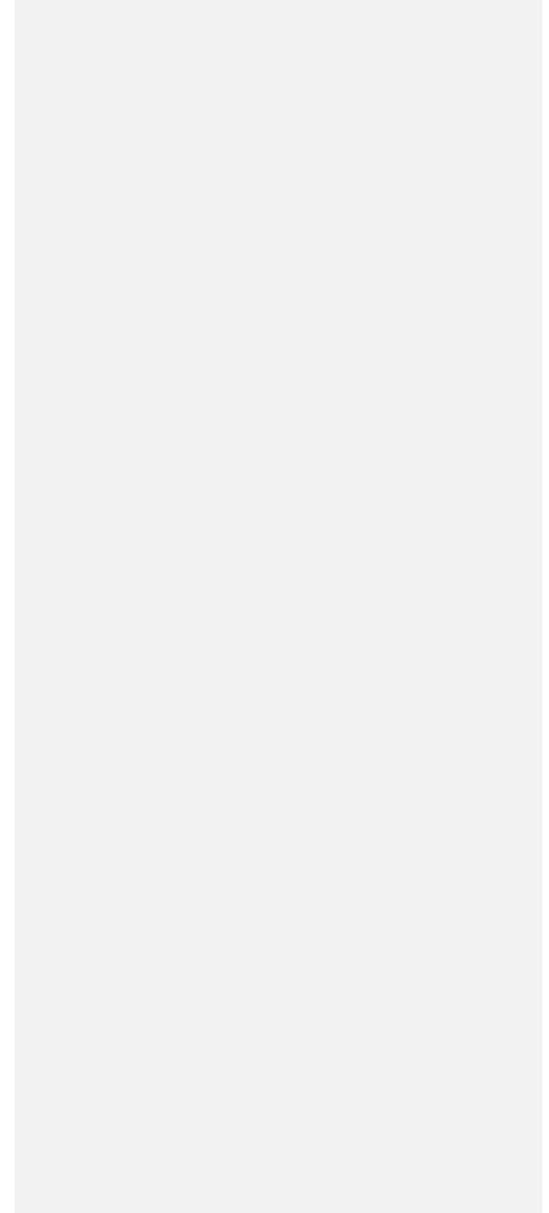


### **Governor re: Parcels & letters**

A note has come from the governor. We are to send and receive only one letter a week – No parcels will be allowed. [redacted] prison without [news] paper without books without letters- without sewing materials- idle days. This is not political treatment. It must be a hunger strike at last. A general meeting is to be held after the rosary [faint sentence ASIDE on top of page]. We have had a meeting – a letter is to be written to the Governor making demands for political treatment - ‘prisoners to send out three letters a week. No restrictions on in-coming letters and parcels’. The question what action we shall take if this is refused has not yet been discussed.

### **Hunger for Sunlight**

Such a nervous hunger is on me for sunlight that I think if I can't find one ray to stand in... what will happen? I shall become miserable, I suppose - nothing more terrible than that - and lose all power to write or work. All day I have been watching for the sun, to see if the light is going to fall in my accessible place. It came through the glass roof and fell on the top of the walls all round, but even by walking all about the upper gallery, it cannot be reached. It fell on a wall of our exercise yard, but you go down steps there and are below its level as hopelessly under those [...] walls, as though you lived at the bottom of a well. I went to the matron and asked that when the upper cells were opened, Betty and I should be moved to two of them. It



is an [...] those cells are [not to be opened]. They have shut us altogether away from the sun [...] thinking we are [...] Some of the 'Heavenly Host', have been shouting out of the wash house windows. It is going to be boarded up- We shall never be able to look again at the hills.

### Political reflections

After this war, there will be, it seems likely, 'War of the Orangemen' and the Great War with England after that. I wonder whether I shall be Kilmainham all the time and all the twelve thousand men still in gaol? These seems no reason why any of us should be released- there seems [to come /care] for justice left in the people who have any power. Please God, it will not all end in something as poor as the Treaty after all.

### Making life habitable : tea & teaching irish History

Dermot MacMurrough was the King of Leinster during the twelfth century and is most remembered as the man who invited the English into Ireland.



When the gas lit the cell begins to look habitable - I think from 5 to 11 o'clock, here I could exist cheerfully enough. Golden syrups for tea, too , was an episode worthy of record- poor betty has toothache, and her eyes have given out from the bad light in her cell. I have little to grumble bout in comparison so long as I can read.

I gave history lessons to five of the prisoners who were keen enough about studying to be content to hear teacher as ignorant as themselves giving a \_\_\_\_out of book. It was the study of Diarmuid Mc Morrogh- the first cause of all our troubles- a wretched story enough. But to be learning and teaching were to be alive again.

### Nora Connolly: Nervous breakdown & leaders on mountain peaks



Sacred mountain peaks & James Connolly

Afterwards Nora Connolly strolled in. I have felt a little afraid of her as of someone who has been tortured . someone who has travelled very far into the unknown. I have felt a very strong desire to come close to her personality and mind. After the long, dreamy/dreary talk this evening. I see that it was natural to feel so. The relation there was between her and her father was tender, heroic beyond any I have heard of between father and child and her psychic experiences have been unique. She is full of imagination- her phrases, her way of seeing things are intense and strangely true . But she is ill now and suffering. The heroes are too much alive. She was trying to recover from a breakdown when she was arrested and brought here. She is going to try to write. She is writing a book about her father and a book of Psychic stories - If she can keep alive enough her book about James Connolly might to prosper here. It was not here, but at the castle that she saw him last. He was brought here only at the very end, a few hours before execution.

I have known, of course, that the great leaders and martyrs of Ireland must have lived on the mountain peaks of life always, not only at the moment before death and that the storm-winds of beauty and delight blow there as well as hurricanes of anguish. Nora Connolly has lived always, with her father, on those heights Since she was a child of seven he trained her to his own ardour and she is filled with it still. He sent her, while she was still a young girl, on missions that, if they had failed, would have meant her death. She helped him to prepare the great insurrection that cost and was almost certain to cost his life and after that storm was over, she went to America, because the people there wanted to hear the truth and she went about telling it, telling it with all her heart and all her imagination, until the long, reiterated torture of recalling it almost broke her down.

Days consecrated to that labour, nights abandoned to tears of utter desolation, until a mysterious comfort came from her father out of the dark...of all there these things she told me in a tired, sad voice, not as things of which she is proud. But as things which she was not quite strong enough to do well.

Her appearance is very childlike- some say she is like a Japanese, with her small brown face and the oriental moulding of cheek and chin and straight, black hair. But I think Japanese women do not have eyes like hers, - wide dark pupils, a dark brown- looking into them is like looking into deep pools in the bottom of which lies some mysterious gleaming thing.

I think there would be few companions for such a spirit of her in the Ireland of this time- far, indeed, in the world. She says the sun left the world for her when her father died. The things she told me will be in her book.

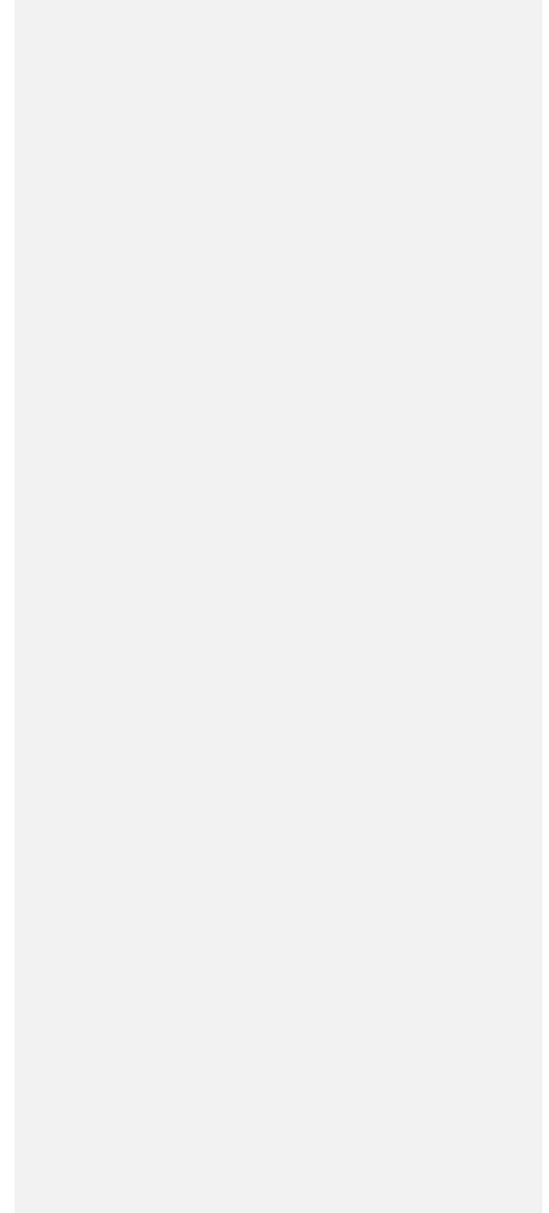
### **Waking up at dawn: no colour in prison – no sunlight- losing hope – lost God**



*Klimt paintings: Lighting ideas- Golden sunlight.*

I woke in the black dawn light this morning. It is a bad time to wake in gaol. Then, life & courage are ebbed away and the day lies before one, so intolerably long. One knows that the sun will be rising and the colours waking and the birds singing in the world and the knowledge falls like a chilling shadow over body, mind and spirit that in prison there will be no colours, no bird-song, not even the light of the sun. And there seems no reason why this imprisonment should ever end.

It is not over those miseries themselves I was despairing, but that, something that made me feel able to hear much greater misery has gone. It is as if some open rift into light and beauty



and holiness had been boarded up by the governor of the gaol. It may be the [...] physical loss of the sunlight that has so disastrously affected even ones spirit. More likely it is a loss of hope, because no good news of the fight has come from anywhere, and if the republic is defeated there will be no light or holiness of beauty in Ireland for a long while. May be it is a loss of hope...it feels as if I had lost God...As if he was forbidden, by the Free State Government to visit this gaol.

'It is only for a month', some strong, brave presence seemed to be saying...someone standing beside my bed.

'The life of iron for a month, you must manage to endure this little thing. As for God, God made this Gaol'. Then it went far away from me saying, 'You will always be too small a spirit for Irelands fight'. It was my own fancy, Of course, working on Nora Connolly's talk. It was nothing but my own fancy. It has comforted me, and humbled me, all the same.

The sun rose and over our ceiling stole a very faint, silvery light. It stayed about an hour, then stole away. It was scarcely light – the shadow of the light only, but it came from the sun.

I have written my last story *De Profundis*. I can live this 'life of iron now'. All's well.

## UNTOUCHED: ALL EXTRAPOLATED ENTRIES FROM GAOL JOURNAL & SECONDARY SOURCES RELATING TO SECTION

Commented [SM17]:

Arriving in Kilmainham

... [11]

## 7. PSYCHOLOGY OF DREAMS

**Dreams:** She develops a deepening awareness - and gives vivid descriptions - of her dreams – notably one in which she sees Devalera reunited with Miss Mc Swiney , only for them to be separated and for the dream to become a bloody nightmare of a whirligig accident. This dream prefigures an event a few weeks later when a letter is leaked revealing the beginnings of a McSwiney/Dev split that will culminate in subsequent years. Her other dreams include a “brain sick” nightmare of childhood

and entrapment. She reads a dream psychology book and takes an avid and deeply compassionate interest in Betty's dreams about her soldier boy, Tom – seeing in her images of a cart, a sheet and an unreachable green field, portents of hangings, premature death and a lost Republic

Key Ideas:

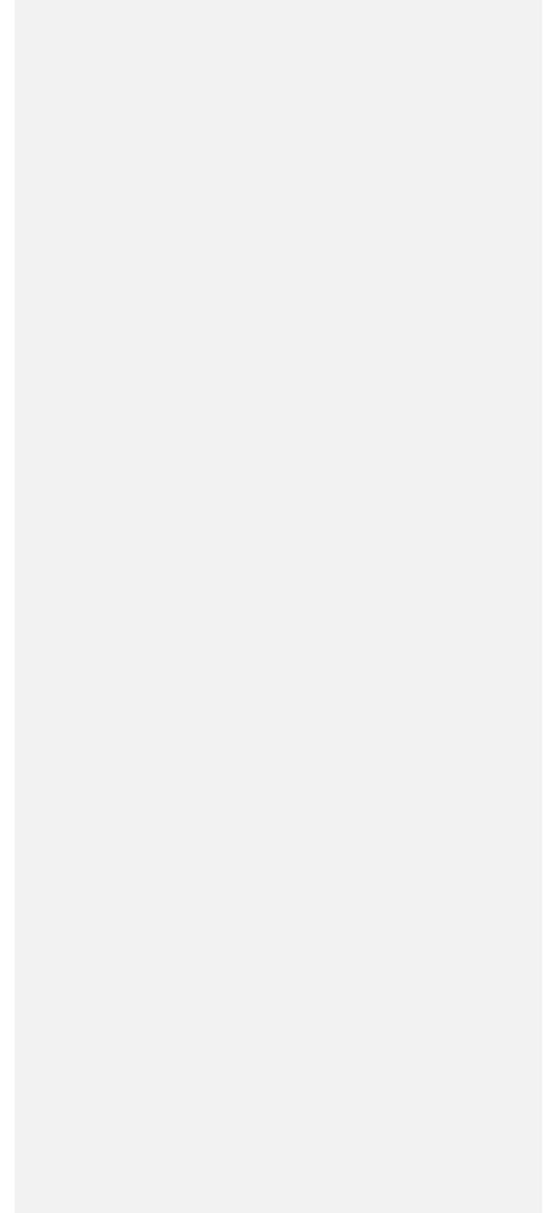
Image & symbolism of Whirligig: Mechanical, Doll like characters (Mary MacSwiney & Devalera) – characters out of proportion, Victorian, Who is puppeteer? Nadia Smith makes reference to Dorothy playing with a toy theatre in the nursery in Dundalk when she was a child. Idea of puppet master manipulating dolls, political puppeteering etc... Whirligig: Entire scene trapped in a whirligig set: Uphill down hill- Carriage...



#### **Dreams: Prison Phobia**

It is melancholy that I can never dream that I have been released and am free. I have dreams sometimes, not very often, in which there is no thought of prison at all, but almost every night I have some dream in which I am free or a moment, but prison is closing on me again- and in my dreams I have a fear- a 'phobia'- of prison, which, the Gods be praised has never touched me awake.

#### **Mountjoy Dreams**



My first dream of all in Mountjoy, I remember vividly- I was driving in sunny, mountainous country on a car, but I was on hunger strike and I had to return to Gaol.

In Mountjoy too, I dreamed too that I escaped from church on the way back from mass. We had been taken out to [redacted] church and I ran down side streets by [thumark] House, quite unnoticed and realised that there was nothing at all to prevent my going home. But instantly, quelling my heart, just as it lightened ecstatically with that thought, came a doubt- surely before they let us out to church some body- Lily or another of the prisoners council, had given parole for us all? I did not know and had no way of knowing. I could not decide what to do. If I went straight back to gaol, it might be only to find that no parole had been given and I should lose the only chance of escape. We might be there, after that, for years. I could perhaps run home and write to Lili, and if she replied that parole had been given, I could return and no harm would have been done... I can't remember how the dream ended. I think I went straight back. Then there was the dream in which I was in Westminster with Donald, asking him, terrified 'is this a dream?' And the other in which I told him to let me tell him everything, quickly- "listen, quick! Because this is only a dream and in a minute, I'll wake up in gaol! But last nights was the most brain sick and heart sickening of all. I was back in child hood places- in the boys room in Seatown Place, on a radiant spring day in the Demesne, others were with me – friends, brothers, I think- I was wild with the idea of escape. I believed there must be a secret way out by the caves. or there was a mysterious path along the river – I had never been to the end....and surely, surely if you went through the wood, right through- you would come out... And then I remembered, bewilderedly, that there was no need for secrecy, no need to steal away, or run...The world was all before me .....nobody watching, nobody trying to put me in gaol. Yet the panic craving remained and the frantic haste...to escape, to escape...to escape prison.....if I did not do something, I should be in prison again soon- quite soon...now...but I couldn't find out how and why or how to escape....I awoke then in Kilmainham Gaol.

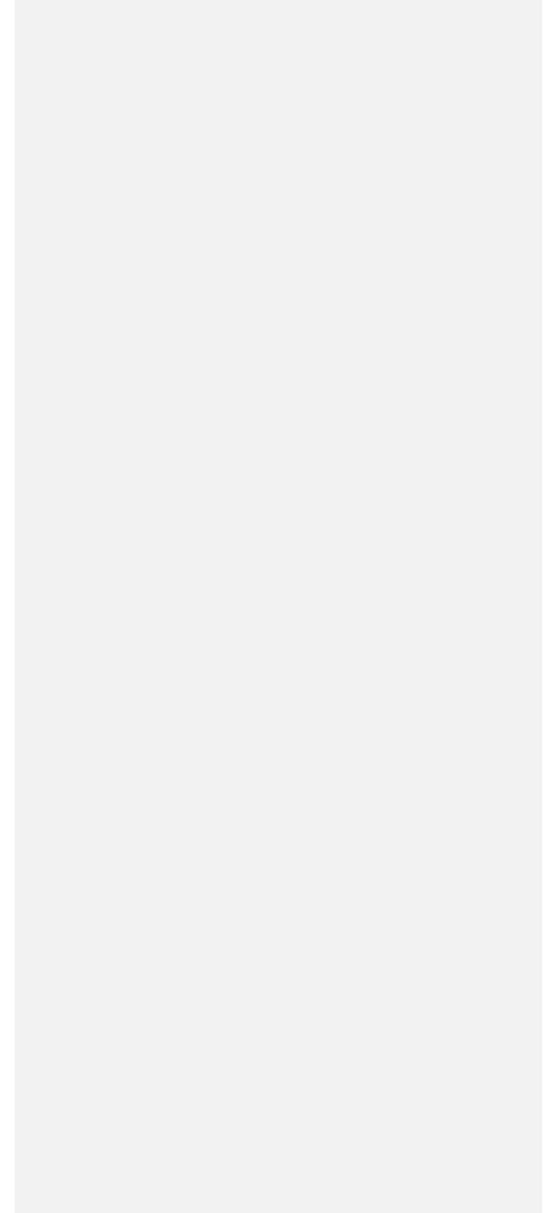
**Book: Psychology of Dreams**

Miss Cunningham has sent me books - four that I chose out of a list she offered me. What a blessed thing to do for a prisoner was that! One is about the psychology of dreams. The writers' symbolism seems to me saner than that of most psychologists. But how ignorant these students are of all true spiritual knowledge! The communion of one mind with another: inspiration from the dead; that mysterious knowledge that comes of what is unknown or of what is yet to come- these things that happened day and night in Ireland seem to be undreamed of in their philosophy. What would Gustavus – Miller- make, I wonder, of a dream I had a night or two ago?

**Dream: Mary Macswiney & DeValera in Dundalk- Whirligig**



I I was going through a great, rejoicing crowd- in Dundalk, I think- to meet Miss Mary MacSwiney and the Chief. I believe it is the first time I have dreamed of her, in spite of the way my imagination was obsessed with her, while we nursed her in Mountjoy. The Chief seemed, in the dream, to



have arrived quietly, alone- I saw him in a carriage driving away from the market place up-hill then away from town. The crowd was gone.

But when the carriage was half way up the hill, the Chief jumped down and began to walk back saying to the people in it that he would like to meet Mary MacSwiney.

She appeared, stepping out of a railway carriage. I received her alone. The emotion of meeting her again after all the suspense, all the suffering, all the terrible reconciliation to her death of those days in Mountjoy, over-came me so much that I forgot everything else, but put her into the carriage I had waiting and drove with her into town.

It was not until we had driven some way that I remembered the Chief, walking down to meet her alone. We had driven away from him. I was stricken with remorse and fear. He was [...ted] and I had forgotten him- left him wandering in the open street, the inconsiderate unkindness of it. I was wretchedly afraid and ashamed...she went back then, I think and drove away with him up the hill and I came down alone- the dream turned into something quite different then- a ghastly vision on the roadside of a man and a boy caught in a whirligig which had got out of control, gaining mad impetus before my eyes, whirled them horribly to death. The horror of the dead boy's body woke me up.

**Interpretation of Dream: Mary MacSwiney & DeValera republican split.**



I hate to think about this dream...that whirligig wound up and out of control on the roadside, after I had met Miss MacSwiney and the Chief had gone...is it this mad, ghastly war?

And what does it mean that Miss Mac Swiney forgets the Chief----and turns a different way... leaves him in peril, alone? Pray Heaven there is no interpretation of this dream except that my mind is full, now-a days, of compassion for DeValera, and of wondering where and when I shall meet Miss MacSwiney again.

Monday Night: An unthought of disaster has happened. They have arrested Miss MacSwiney again and brought her here. She was outside the barred window in the passage and asked for me. I heard the prisoners, crowded there, calling my name, I ran down and clinked on the window sill and saw her there "now" she said, 'I have to begin all over again' ..

When Mary Mac Swiney came here, the night after my dream of her and the Chief, I was afraid the dream might be coming true- This morning the papers have great headings- 'Miss MacSwiney and De Valera' – 'Republican split'. She has written him a letter refusing to support a statement a statement he has made, - proposing the opposite course- 'I consider your action rumours', she says and the enemy have captured her letter and published it.

The Chiefs own statement is like all of his – firm, rooted- to the formulations; pleading for a lasting peace- I think if de Valera were not one of the noblest leaders any Revolution has had,- as noble as \*Mazzini, even- he would have surrendered, or deserted, or let his heart break long ago, such obstruction he suffers from his own. If his patience and heroic gentleness endure a few months longer I believe, the Republic will be saved- but it is hard to see how any man could endure much more.

My dream frightens it. In it Miss MacSwiney went back again to join the Chief, and walked with him on his uphill road. But that ghastly whirligig rushed on.

Sunday 18- The amnesty ends today. And the war goes on.

### **Betty's Dreams**

### 1. *Green Field:*



Betty dreamed again last night about Tom- her friend in the F. S army. She was in a dark, tangled place among terrifying wild beasts, one of which had fiery breath and innumerable horns. She could escape from them only by crossing a dark turbid stream. Tom was standing, waiting for her with his arms folded calm and stern. The place where he was standing was a wide, green, sunlight field. Betty rushed to the water, trying to cross, but there were no stepping-stones and thrusting up from it everywhere, piercing her feet, were the sharp points of spears. She had not succeeded in crossing when she awoke. A wide green field is of course, to all children of Kathleen Ni Houlihan, Ireland free. How is it that Tom is always there? The tangled, dark place, full of evil and peril is like Ireland now- 'The Irish Free State' – What is the painful water full of spears that has still to be crossed? And why is it turbid? Is there some ignominy as well as suffering yet to come?

### 2. *Cart:*



*Death cart by Edith Birkin*

Betty showed me a photo a while ago of a man in Free State uniform. He used to be in the IRA and was fond of her, but since he joined the Free State army, she could not be friendly to him at all. This made him terribly sad and at last he hinted to her, that she would be satisfied if she understood. Two weeks ago his officers discovered among his things a plan and code prepared for the IRA. He was, of course, placed under arrest. She dreamed last night that he sprang onto a cart on which she was sitting and gripped her hand, gasping, as if with pain. A friend has written to her today to say that there is bad news of him but did not tell what it is. Aside: I was afraid about the cart in the dream. Carts were used for executions in the old days Betty tells me now that an ancestor of this man was hanged from a cart.

**Sheets:** Betty wrote to a friend begging for definite news of her soldier, Tom. I am afraid the news will be very bad. Tish Casey was tying my dress on for me in Betty's room and Betty suddenly asked light-heartedly- 'what is it to dream of white sheets? I dreamt last night I was sewing away at beautiful white sheets. Is that good to dream of white?' Tish Casey looked across at me warningly and I said vaguely it should be good. Betty cannot know that in her own orthodoxy, the surest dream-presage of news of death is to dream that you are making a shroud.

#### **Languishing in Prison reading 'The logic of the Unconscious mind'**

Certainly there is nothing another like a threat of unbearable things to make us hear those ills we have contentedly! After the nightmare dread of watching Miss MacSwiney through another hunger strike and hunger striking oneself, simple imprisonment appears a wholly endurable fate. All to say I have felt lifeless, quite inert- the proper languishing in prison. I suppose of the history books. It is a natural result. I am sure of being without fresh air, without sight or sound of freshness, without space for movement , without [warmth], without sunlight. But there is nothing alarming in it at all. I have lain in bed and let Betty bring me meals and sit talking to me in her charming, grave yet light – hearted way. I have lain looking at a jar of long stemmed single daffodils and at these tulips; pink and white in another jar and

the hunger for something beautiful that was over me is satisfied. And I have read. as much as seems interesting of one of Miss Cunningham's big Books, 'The logic of the Unconscious mind', and drowned the rest of the hours away. Now the gas is lit and we have had tea, not prison tea. Betty contrived to boil a mug of water on the gas and make home-made tea- and I am lazily alive again. Certainly there are worse things than to be in gaol.

## UNTOUCHED: ALL EXTRAPOLATED ENTRIES FROM GAOL JOURNAL & SECONDARY SOURCES RELATING TO SECTION (in comment section LHS)

Commented [SM18]:  
Dream:  
Prison Phobia

... [12]

### 8. KILMAINHAM TORTURES

#### FACTS:

The Irish Free state soldiers conducted the forcible removal of women from Kilmainham to the NDU on 30 April 1923. Dorothy wrote 'The Kilmainham tortures' from NDU on May 1<sup>st</sup> 1923. They gave the prisoners 5 minutes to make up their minds to cooperate or be forcibly removed. The power sisters recalled how Mary Bourke Dowlins, 'a deep voiced ex militant- suffragette' advocated a technique that had been used by Irish Suffragettes in resisting removal- 'in mass formation, 4 deep with linked arms'.

The charge of 'mutiny' was laid against the women prisoners in the official report of proceedings. The women prisoners were represented as having 'viciously attacked the female attendants', leading to injury, with one 'rendered unconscious'. Troops had to be called in to assist transfer. Removed by the CID and women from cuman na Saoirse, known by the inmates as 'Cumann na Searchers'.

Mary Macswiney was released the following day and the government resolved that the next prisoner on hunger strike would be allowed to die. Removal began 11.30pm and completed at 4.30am.

When the women arrived at NDU - Some Inmates had to sleep in the open when they arrived at NDU as 'first batch of prisoners' 'barricaded the doors leading to the dormitories and had thrown out the bedding and they refused admission to the fresh arrivals' (74)

McCooile (2015: 122-123)

**PHILOSOPHICAL THEORY:** Agamben's 'State of Exception', which flows through the veins of Macardles life. From her own experience of being Prisoner and hunger striker, she describes her involvement in the Kilmainham tortures during the hunger strikes of 1923;

*When my own turn came, after I had been dragged from the railings, a great hand closed on my face, blinding and stifling me, and thrust me back down to the ground among trampling feet...Some soldiers who were on guard there looked wretched...the prison doctor looked on smiling, smoking a cigarette, he seemed to have come for entertainment; he did nothing for the injured girls.*

It is interesting to note that the prison doctor looked on smiling and smoking a cigarette. The women, deprived of rights were, as Agamben describes in *Homosacer*, placed outside the law, where the state of exception becomes the rule.

#### **KEY CONCEPTS:**

##### **1. 'STATE OF EXCEPTION':**

Eg Doctor looked on smiling, smoking a cigarette, he seemed to have come for entertainment; he did nothing for the injured girls.

Eg: The account noted that under British Government prison regime, no man other than the governor, his deputy, the doctor and the chaplain was allowed in a female prison: 'the Free State is not so particular' (Lane, 2019: 102..)

##### **2. DANTES HELL: GOTHIC –**

Described by DMA (Dorothy) in *Eire*. (Lane, 2019)

Free state soldiers are represented as looking 'avidy for victims' what then followed was 'a scene from Dante's Hell- flickering gaslight far below serving to exaggerate the horrors'.

**(Macardle; Kilmainham Tortures): One of the matrons came; she had seen the men who were to do the work; she was agitated and distressed; had come... 'you have no idea...what horrible men they are...god pity you girls..you are going into the hands of men worse than devils'...'blackened face...great hand closed on my face, blinding and stifling me.....'**



### 3. SOLDIERS described AS ANIMALISTIC – SAVAGES & Females as JACKALS

MALE SOLDIERS: 'hungry wild beastS' descending on 'defenceless women'.

The soldiers involved were 'huge, hulking renegade Irishmen' dragging the women from the railings to which they clung'

Lane (2019: 75) Mr Begley was asked 'whether woman beating was a soldiers work' 'I don't mind that, I have beaten my wife'.

(MC Coole 2015) Hanna O Connor recalled 'like ravening wolves they rushed upstairs- guns in hand- ordering us down' some of them were drunk and cursing.

FEMALE OFFICIALS: Lane (2019: 102-103) Dorothy depicted the female officials also in animalistic terms – they were 'waiting like jackals outside the gates to batter out what strength was left to the Republicans'.



These women were also depicted as engaging in a form of violence which bordered on sexual assault. As they 'pulled the clothes off republican women' (70) women who refused to be searched by females found themselves 'searched with the help of one of the men'. 'one of the women searchers was screaming at them like a drunkard in Camden street on a Saturday night; she struck Mrs Gordon in the face. In spite of a few violent efforts to pinion us they did not persist in searching us'. (72)

#### 4. WAR PROPAGANDA: The transfer was perfect opportunity for both sides to intensify the Propaganda war

Lane (2019:77-78) Dorothy depicts the women as passively resisting (forming human chain) – playing into a gendered narrative of women's innate weakness that worked to downplay the reality of women such as O Mullane who she herself detailed that She had 'a poker and some other weapons hidden on me, and I created such a racket that I was not searched, and so arrived safely at the NDU with my weapons'.

Lane (2019: 78). Richard Mulcahy responded to a question in the Dail re: incident

'on that night Miss MacDermott, with others, was being removed from Mountjoy Prison to the NDU. The prisoners were searched- said that she was going to kill whoever would lay hands on her; and when an attempt was made by one woman to search her, she aught this woman by the hair, threw her on the ground and rendered her unconscious by banging her head against the ground before she could be disentangled. She was ultimately restrained by three women searchers while being searched by a fourth'.

(Mc COole 2015) Teenager Hannah Moynihan commented dryly in her diary 'not sure which side had the toughest part!'

McCooole (2015: 122-123) A cheer was raised when Nora Brick used her suitcase to hit her attacker as she was pulled down the stairs.

#### LINKS WITH EARTHBOUND:

Macardle portrays soldiers and officials of the Free State as morally reprehensible in the fiction 'a story without an end' occurs before the treaty split- nesta mcallister dreams of soldiers carrying a dying IRA man on a stretcher into her house. In a later dream her husband is executed by that same man. The Firing squad in the dream all wore green uniforms- it couldn't come true- the idea of revolutionary comrades turning against each other was inconceivable..."

ADDITIONAL NOTES (not directly to do with this incident)

Commented [SM19]: NOTE Lane (2019: 103..) From Eire – possibly Dorothy- 'The courage that rushes to attack unarmed women is not the courage that reveals itself in the face of a well-armed adversary and the hirelings of the Free State have displayed an astounding amount of the oriel house brand of valour'. (66)  
Lane (2019:102-103) Note the 'Soliders GAZE' on women. Lengthy quote on a separate episode where she is stripped and pushed out into the passage in stockinged feet- holding garments as best I could as means of my overcoat....  
MOUNTJOY: Moving from Mountjoy to Kilmainham, 'they Shot over us as we left... in trucks'  
MIRROR Note: Annie described how outside the gates of the jail the soldiers 'attacked her like savages' in a letter to her sister which was relayed to DMA by Mary.  
(DMA JJ)  
Lane, (2019) pg 106. The prison doctor in mountjoy was described as one who was 'afriad to be human- afraid to be concerned and kind as a doctor talking to his patient would naturally be- he forces himself to keep an air of indifference ...he is afraid of his government, afraid for his position....what a vile, craven, slavery of the soul.' (85)

## 9. INTERLUDE: TRANSITION

### INTERLUDE/TRANSITION TO ACT 5



*Declan's Notes: The grating opening riff and verse of a 1960's rock song plays. <sup>1</sup> Dorothy suffers a physical convulsion. Her body begins gradually to heave and she is beset by the symptoms of a panic attack. She hears the crackle of fire again. Lighting turns gaudy, psychedelic, surreal. She finds herself pinioned to the wall by some terrible psychic force. She issues a scream of horror and shouts out (words along the lines...) "Donald. Gone insane! Burning my books, my manuscripts, my records, my diaries, all of me .... I gaze .... And cannot shout for I am in my tomb - nor act to stop it..... Stop it, Donald..... Stop it!". She is flung from the wall and begins what seems like a manic or possessed "St Vitus" dance. On the music track we hear snippets of radio news: "Obituary of broadcaster, historian, novelist, Hollywood writer and humanitarian Dorothy Macardle as spoken by Eamon DeValera...."; "Obituary of stalwart Republican Mary McSwiney as written down by Dorothy MacArdle; Winston Churchill declaring war on Germany; Dorothy announcing that German bombers have destroyed her London apartment and left her typewriter a smoking mangled wreck; Lines from The Children of*

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*Europe, written by Miss Macardle in 1948; Lennox Robinson declaring that in the great Abbey Theatre fire of 1951, several original playscripts have been fire damaged including work by Miss Dorothy Macardle. ...." The music fades, the dance ends, Dorothy falls onto her bed, spent.*

### **Suggested Sound Effects/Voice overs (some links provided below)**

***Fire, bombs, air raid sirens, walking on broken glass, crackling radio, military marching feet, yeat's reciting cloth of dreams (unavailable- so lake isle of inisfree instead), Churchill, Chamberlain, Maud Gonne, Yiddish Songs from Holocaust, prayer St. Patrick's Breastplate, Faery tales narrated, The Uninvited trailer, whirligig fairground music, melodeon, Noreen's singing, execution shots etc.***

***Suggested Sound Clips to be recorded: Eamon DeValera Obituary, Radio report of Funeral details- reported, BBC broadcaster re: Dorothy's Children of Eurpoe scripts, bombing of her Irish Republic, Mary MacSwiney Obituary, Imprisonment file: family & Cosgrave & Mulcahy, Dorothy broadcasting for RTE and BBC etc.***

### **Montage of memories from past & future that may come through as sound clips, voice over or woven into dance**

**Fairy Tales** Perrault's, Hans Andersen's and Grimm's and that 'no legends enchanted for us the Irish scene'.

**Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee.** 'A blaze of red, white and blue...we spent our pennies on pins and buttons containing tiny portraits of Queen Victoria...' 'I saw the Queen! Victoria came on a visit to Ireland and, sitting on a scaffolding in Dublin with my mother, I watched that glittering royal procession and, at last, the Queen in her carriage go by. Dublin seemed one long, ecstatic roar...But the whispers followed...The Queen had been insulted. A woman- tall, beautiful, they said she was- had followed her procession, dressed all in black, mourning and had hung out black flags. I heard her name and it was Maud Gonne.' RTÉ written archives: radio talk scripts includes file; The Whirligig of Time, 1956.

**Brother Kenneth** (killed on the Somme 1916) never found body

**Dorothy's Head Operation:** surgery- instruments opening her head, her great mind escaping into the world.

***Early days: Dorothy V/O broadcasting with RTE***



Mother...a little soldier, every fragile inch of her.

My brothers played with lead soldiers and guns and forts. Our favourite regiment, of course, was our English grandpa's the Scots Greys.

Military funeral...great union jack shrouding the coffin, then drum draped in black, the soldiers with their rifles held at the trail, most touching of all, the dead officer's horse with his boots in the stirrups reversed.

A Cow, fallen from exhaustion, would lie there, being beaten methodically by two men.

A girl who stood in the gutter, filling a bucket from a pump. Upset by the sight of her feet, bluish from cold, I offered her my penny. She refused with a gentle smile.

I remember confronting my mother, in whose talk with her relatives the Irish were still 'they' and the English were 'we', with the blunt question, 'but aren't we Irish?'

**Radicalisation:**

1. 'Tolstoi records that he remembered from earliest infancy the constraint of the swaddling bands, immobilizing baby limbs, and his helpless infantile striving to break those bonds. Did that memory give him, for life, the burning compassion of a revolutionist?'
2. The moment when I crossed Maud Gonne's threshold is still alive in my mind. Her Bonne Josephine, had led me upstairs and left me at the door of the lighted room. Voices were arguing, laughing and protesting. I heard a woman say, gently, - I think it must have been Helena Maloney say- "But we mustn't be intolerant: you must remember that some of the best people in Ireland have never been in Jail."

**Julius Caesar** 'that part of tyranny which I do bear, I can shake off at will'

**Yeats:** ...the woman, worn with sorrows, yet lovely and undefeated, before whose wandering feet spread his dreams...Perhaps some ancestral chord was touched and unconscious racial allegiance wakened by the genius of Yeats...Ireland possess my imagination and my heart. Yeats: 'And don't try to imitate me, I am a bad dramatist'

**Silly phrases from Kensington hotel- (RTÉ scripts The whirligig of time- )**

'it would be a shame to deprive the irish of their grievance. They live on it'

'they are a nation of children. They shouldn't be trusted with edged tools'

'If Ireland could just be held under the sea for ten minutes we might have some peace'

Sir Frank Benson (Shakespeare): 'England will never part with Ireland, for England loves Ireland as a man loves his wife'

Paul (actor): 'A Man who beats his wife'

**Maud Gonne:** A relief worker, Maud gonne taught me, must learn to throw off emotional distress. Otherwise she could not stay the course. How we used to laugh in her house. But I remember a French man's protest: 'Madame, I come to report Ireland's tragedy. I come to you and you make me laugh. What am I to say?'

**Alexandra File:** 'that inasmuch as Miss Macardle has been unable to perform her duties this term, and has been absent without leave from the council, the council have regretfully been obliged to declare her position vacant as from the 15<sup>th</sup> of November, and will proceed to make another appointment'.

### **Imprisonment File (See NLA file)**

Father to Secretary, 9<sup>th</sup> Jan.

Dear Mr Baker..... I don't like to be giving you trouble but I am naturally very anxious, and perhaps you would be good enough to push on the matter of her release. I would personally undertake, that as far as a father's influence could go, let her understand that I am under a moral obligation that she will not, under any circumstances do anything that will militate against the interests of the Free State. Most Probably she will go to her mother in London at once. Yours faithfully, T. Callan Macardle.

Presidents Office to Father 18<sup>th</sup> Jan

...the form of undertaking has not been signed- that it has in fact been rejected. In these circumstances it is difficult to see what can be done. As you know, the matter is altogether in the hand of the military authorities.

Commented [SM20]: Characters

Father- Thomas Callan Macardle, St Margaret's. Dundalk  
Brewary

Mother- Minnie Macardle, Stanhope Court Hotel

President Cosgrave

Commander -in- chief

Mr Baker: Cosgrave's Secretary

General Richard Mulcahy: Minister for Defence

Military authorities- Department of Defence, Portobello  
Barracks, Dublin.

J.J. O'Neill: Editor of the Manchester Guardian, Fleet Street

Mother to President 19<sup>th</sup> Jan

I believe she wrote harmless articles in a paper...my daughter has been foolish, but she and other girls, have been influenced and led astray by the woman released last week after 24 hours in jail- she and the Comerford woman must do untold harm to these girls who are just following ideals- it is useless asking my girl to sign anything, she is too loyal to her friends to do that but she is [...] gentler nature and violence of any sort would be quite impossible to her... Sir Thomas Macardle and myself will do our best to keep her out of Ireland and I pray you to consider her case and relieve my fear and distress. Yours truly, M. Macardle.

Father to president, 30<sup>th</sup> April

My dear president,

I also enclosed him my daughter, Mona's letter and one from Madame Gonne MacBride who says she does not like Dorothy's health...For god's sake do something.

With much respect...

#### **Dorothy Quotes:**

'My last love is my first love, the Theatre...'

'The story of one man, is the story of ten thousand men of his own time and of millions of men since struggle and battle began'.

(Irish Press- strange, vivid tale' 1938)

'much cruelty is due to lack of imagination, the inability to put oneself in another's place...it is the only magic gift which can, to some extent, replace experience.'

'It looks, in truth like a simple Garden of Eden, open to sunlight and sheltered from storm. It looks like a citadel of a golden age. It looks like the microcosm of that world of the Anglo-Irish ascendancy, with all its social conscience, its grace, vigour and charm. The tide of change, the surge of revolution, was gathering and beating about the walls- but we did not know...We lived in a dream of security: I am my fellow students believed we had only to equip ourselves well and do our work earnestly and we were bound to be rewarded with a life of expanding interest, opportunity and delight. The woman's cause was advancing and we meant to be in the vanguard; our inherited privileges were ours by some divine right but had to be justified by service, and we were more than willing to serve. Confidently we looked forward to honourable, progressive and happy lives''.

***Obituary of Mary McSwiney - I remember reading this somewhere outside of the journal***

**TO BE INSERTED HERE**

### ***Dorothy & ww11 & destruction of her typewriter & Irish Republic***

(Eg: BBC BROADCASTER VOICE OVER) Miss Dorothy Macardle has been living in England since the war began. The entire publishers stock of her book 'The Irish republic', which took 8 years to write was destroyed in an air raid' (Irish Press)

(DOROTHY BROADCASTING)

1. The choking dust and smell of debris hung in the sunlit air. All day we laboured, salvaging small possessions which would never be themselves again. Fantastic, how the piano and typewriter were twisted scrap, while my new cups and saucers survived! I was glad I had not been there when the bomb fell. (Irish Press: London Night, 1940)
2. 'the cool freshness of the night, under a sky full of stars...I walked along the path, splintered glass crackling under my feet. Where had I done that before? When? Long Ago: Balbriggan...The streets were soon emptied; only one figure, in front of me, went on. I overtook her quickly: a very old lady, walking unsteadily, her shawl dragging on the ground. I drew her hand under my arm and we walked slowly on. Her house was destroyed, she told me. She thought she would go and sit in a church...' 'London Night' Irish Press 17.10.40
3. 'I went back to my borrowed lodging, made tea, undressed and, as the siren cried again, pulled the blankets over my head and fell asleep.
4. 'Ah, yes! It was as Wordsworth had seen it, the bomb damage not to be seen. The mother of Parliaments, mother though she is, of many iniquities, is gracious and delicate to behold, her spires and traceries rising out of the mist; this river flowing under her walls. A pearly lustre was flooding over the sky, now: the air was soft; London, which has had little unravaged rest, lately, seemed profoundly asleep... "And all that mighty heart is lying still" (Wordsworth)

### ***Lines from The Children of Europe, 1948: Dorothy V/O broadcasting with BBC***

1. The fears of a healthy protected child are half fantastical. A piece of him know, all the time, that there is not really a bogey man lurking in the alley with a sack on his back...but it was an enormous sack, with kicking children in it, and room for more...
2. There was a huge black dog, too, in the shrubery, who might leap out any minute, but he never did...it was only in dreams that a giant used to come tramping, near and nearer, his footsteps shaking the ground, to carry a naughty child away. And I

think we all doubted that a burning furnace waited in the next world to devour disobedient children, however vividly our nurse made us see the flames and however loudly they howled...the well brought up modern English child would probably laugh at such stories today.

3. ...there were men who tore children away from their homes; and mother did disappear; and those furnaces did exist...
4. Story of Judith: When Judith came up again to the sunlight the world dazzled her with its beauty; it was Spring. She told herself, passionately, that she was going to escape from hatred and fear, and live in the daylight, and be free; that everybody must be free.'
5. Baby Rudi: ...he was plucking daisies to toss up at the aeroplanes...(bomber planes)
6. War Babies: Some of them lie in cots- poor little anatomies- clutching at the air with claw like hands...war babies are often born tiny, with big, scared – looking eyes. Some as pretty and fragile as wax dolls...
7. One wishes that millions, not hundreds, could be carried by St. Christopher across the torrent of war.

**(BBC radio broadcaster)** That was Miss Dorothy Macardle, the Irish Historian and novelist, talking about the Children in Europe. The programme was brought to you by the British Broadcasting Cooperation.

### ***Obituary & Funeral details***

**Eamon DeValera** "Dorothy Macardle was one of the noble, valiant women of our time, an active champion of every cause that seemed to her to be good. I have never met anyone more intellectually honest. She had a horror of hypocrisy or pretence in any form. She worked incessantly. Of her, indeed, it could truly be said: She was a lover of labour and truth. Suaimhneas sioraí dá h-anam dílis.

**Funeral:** At the express wish of the late Miss Macardle, 'St. Patrick's Breastplate' was read at the graveside.

Chief mourners: major J.R. Macardle, Mr. Donald F. Macarlds (brothers), Miss Mona Macardle (Sister).... The attendance included Mr. Aiken, Minister for External Affairs; Mr Childers, Minister for Lands, Mr. G. Boland, T.D etc..... The committee of the four courts garrison was represented by.....All the Dublin IRA battlaions were represented...Old IRA men re requested to mobiles at 10.45am today at St. Finians Cemetery....

The president, the Taoiseach, members of the Government and of both houses of the Oireachtas, were present at the funeral of DMA. Coffin draped in the tricolour...Carried to the cemetery by members of the four courts garrison, I.R.A (1922).

**Commented [SM21]:** Christ with me,  
Christ before me,  
Christ behind me,  
Christ in me,  
Christ beneath me,  
Christ above me,  
Christ on my right,  
Christ on my left...

Mrs Christie (obituary notice) 'she was fearless as well as nonconformist in her views, and her hatred of cruelty drove her, when the '39 war started, to England: 'The war against Hitler should be everyone's war'...

'The last time I saw her she said sadly that the Irish government, which she had given her young womanhood to help bring to birth, had no work for her now, because she was unorthodox and, more bitterly, she deplored the *trahison des clercs* (her very phrase) which had clamped down the censorship and given the *coup de grâce* to the Irish literary movement.

### Suggested Sound Clips/Voice Overs/ SFX

### Additional Sources



Commented [SM22]: **Yeats**

[http://www.openculture.com/2012/06/rare\\_1930s\\_audio\\_wb\\_yeats\\_reads\\_four\\_of\\_his\\_poems.html](http://www.openculture.com/2012/06/rare_1930s_audio_wb_yeats_reads_four_of_his_poems.html)

The Lake Isle of Innisfree 2.23

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FJ3N\\_2r6R-o](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FJ3N_2r6R-o)

**Churchill** 'we shall fight on the beaches'

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MkTw3\\_PmKtc](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MkTw3_PmKtc)

**Chamberlain:** war

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xcSnKArKz8E>

**Maud Gonne**

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=AMW8M\\_Xn4O4](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=AMW8M_Xn4O4)

**Nuremberg trials**

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=BA7JRx14GNg>

**Lennox Robinson & Abbey Theatre fire of 1951**

<https://www.rte.ie/archives/2016/0714/802414-tragedy-at-the-abbey-theatre/>

The Uninvited (1944) trailer

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=o90Rrwx8o2g>

**Grimm's fairy tales**

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=yJg0cF09Cw>

**Music from Holocaust**

Holocaust memorial museum: Music

<https://www.ushmm.org/collections/the-museums-collections/collections-highlights/music-of-the-holocaust-highlights-from-the-collection/music-of-the-holocaust/the-soldiers-of-the-moor>

1 minute in for choral song.

Yiddish- 'we long for a home'- songs of Jewish displaced persons

<https://www.ushmm.org/collections/the-museums-collections/collections-highlights/music-of-the-holocaust>

Commented [SM23]: <https://www.theguardian.com/stage/2018/jul/05/bizarre-dance-epidemic-of-summer-1518-strasbourg>

Dear Mr Cook,

I have heard indirectly the decision of the council with regard to my post and am surprised that you have not written to me as you knew my address. I feel some, however, that no discourtesy was intended. I also heard indirectly that members of the college staff have received the impression that I failed to keep my promise to inform the council before undertaking public political work.

I cannot believe that either, you or Miss White would be a party to a deliberate mean misrepresentation and feel confident that you will take steps as soon as college re-opens to make my position clear. I must ask you to circulate to the staff a copy of my letter to the council and the following note-

‘Having promised to inform the council of college before undertaking ‘premeditated public political work’ I wrote this letter without one days delay as soon as it became clear to me that activities in which I felt bound to take part could be so described, altogether hostile to the republic, I would very likely be pre-empting my own arrest. I was further \_\_\_\_\_ to write in the way to the council, (although this consideration was outside my promise) because I knew that secret political work on which I was engaged- the editing of ‘freedom’- might at any moment become known to the agents of the provisional government.

I am certain that Miss White will bear witness to the fact that I insisted on writing to the council without delay and without any pressure from her or for Mr Guinness.

I have kept both the letter and the spirit of my promise to the council scrupulously, and demand only that you should act with equally fairness to me’.

I shall be glad to have your assurance, when college has re-opened, that this note and my letter have been circulated to the staff. I would not trouble to justify myself against so mean a suspicion to any but people whose opinion I still respect.

I remain

Yours very truly

Dorothy Macardle

College has dismissed me ‘for being absent from college without leave!’. The more I see of that class of Irish people the more pitifully slavish they seem- afraid to keep a Republican on their staff and afraid to give the real reason for dismissing me!

I knew of course, since I wrote and told the council I was helping with a campaign for prisoners, that this would come- it had to be accepted. And though I have been long enough tied to sessions and the conventions of their narrow world there is real loss in the loss of my lecturing work. To be working at glorious poetry with people like my girls, whose lives are lost for these years in the studious world- and to feel their quick response and intelligent enquiry and their vivid love of it all, and to have that channel for all the criticism of poetry and drama that never quite stops buzzing in my mind. It was very pleasant and good- all that I am as a teacher and interpreter of literature- all that I planned and trained myself to be will be nothing always to my comrades in republican

work. It is the death of a happy part of one's personality. May it rest in peace and not be waiting to come alive again!

They are pretending I hear in college that I broke my promise- concealing my letter to the council. Injustice is very bitter. There is even injustice here- Lily, even says bitter things to me about taking all this too easily – not feeling it enough.

Page 8: [3] Commented [SM3]

Sharon McArdle

05/06/2020 12:02:00

I am not seeing how this Dream could work as well as her flashbacks

Dorothy: An interesting dream, I had last night. I was out for one day on parole and had gone into college. The attitudes of all the different people were as unexpected as you would expect them to be- Miss \_\_\_\_ intensely thought shyly sorry; the girls almost tragic, lovingly kind. Miss White when I said goodbye gave me a firm hand-clasp at arm's length- the dream was not fair to her – Miss Webb clung to me and kissed me with an affection not remembered everything. My only letter was given from Sir Robert Woods as skilled and formal as though we had never been friends, saying the swelling above the old scar need not worry me at all. He disapproved of me I suppose

Page 8: [4] Commented [SM4]

Sharon McArdle

05/06/2020 12:02:00

I am not seeing how flashforward could work as well as her flashbacks. Although it is a great quote.

Dorothy: I was suddenly translated from the position of lecturer in Alexandra College to that of a military prisoner in Mountjoy Jail. It looks, in truth like a simple Garden of Eden, open to sunlight and sheltered from storm. It looks like a citadel of a golden age. It looks like the microcosm of that world of the Anglo-Irish ascendancy, with all its social conscience, its grace, vigour and charm. The tide of change, the surge of revolution, was gathering and beating about the walls- but we did not know...We lived in a dream of security: I and my fellow students believed we had only to equip ourselves well and do our work earnestly and we were bound to be rewarded with a life of expanding interest, opportunity and delight. The woman's cause was advancing and we meant to be in the vanguard; our inherited privileges were ours by some divine right but had to be justified by service, and we were more than willing to serve. Confidently we looked forward to honourable, progressive and happy lives.

Page 9: [5] Commented [SM5]

Sharon McArdle

05/06/2020 11:46:00

## ALEXANDRA COLLEGE

### GAOL JOURNAL ENTRIES

Alexandra College:  
injustice

College has dismissed me 'for being absent from college without leave!'. The class of Irish people the more pitiably slavish they seem- afraid to keep a Rep and afraid to give the real reason for dismissing me!

<p>afraid to give the real reason for dismissing me!</p>	<p>I knew of course, since I wrote and told the council I was helping with a camp this would come- it had to be accepted.          And though I have been long enough tied to sessions and the conventions of there is real loss in the loss of my lecturing work.          To be working at glorious poetry with people like my girls, whose lives are</p>
	<p>Lost for these years in the studious world-and to feel their quick response and their vivid love of it all, and to have that channel for all the criticism of poetry quite stops buzzing in my mind. It was very pleasant and good- all that I am an interpreter of literature- all that I planned and trained myself to be will be nothing but comrades in republican work. It is the death of a happy part of one's personal life and not be waiting to come alive again!</p> <p>They are pretending I hear in college that I broke my promise- concealing my injustice is very bitter. There is even injustice here- Lily, even says bitter things this too easily – not feeling it enough.</p> <p>Aside: There is Erskine Childers and his unconquerable gentleness and remorseless injustice that would have driven me insane.</p>

**Alexandra college File: minutes of her dismissal**

Friday Dec 8<sup>th</sup> 1922: The secretary read for the council miss macardle's letter informing them that It was her intention to 'undertake premeditated public political work'. As no. 8 on agenda list was 'arrest of miss macardle' the council decided that the following letter should be sent to miss macardle and a copy to her father. 'that inasmuch as miss macardle has been unable to perform her duties this term, and has been absent without leave from the council, the council have regretfully been obliged to declare her position vacant as from the 16<sup>th</sup> of November and will proceed to make another appointment.

**LETTER TO COUNCIL: JOURNAL FILE**

<p>A letter to Alexandra college</p> <p>Mountjoy Prison, Dublin Dec 29<sup>th</sup> 1922</p>	<p>A letter</p> <p>Mountjoy Prison, Dublin Dec 29<sup>th</sup> 1922</p> <p>Dear Mr Crook,</p> <p>I have heard indirectly the decision of the council with regard to my post and am surprised that you have not written ____ to me as you knew my address. I feel some, however, that no discourtesy was intended. I also hear indirectly that members of the college staff have recived the impression that I failed to keep my promise to inform the council before undertaking public political work.</p> <p>I cannot believe that either, you or Miss White would be a party to a deliberate mean misrepresentation</p>	<p>Pg G101-102</p> <p>Not available in scanned journals secondary</p>
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	<p>and fell confident that you will take steps as soon as college re-opens to make my position clear. I must ask you to circulate to the staff a copy of my letter to the council and the following note-</p> <p>'having promised to inform the council of college before undertaking 'premeditated public political work' I wrote this letter without one days delay as soon as it became clear to me that activities in which I felt bound to take part could be so described, altogether hostile to the republic, I would very likely be pre-empting my own arrest. I was further _____ to write in the way to the council, (although this consideration was outside my promise) because I knew that secret political work on which I was engaged- the editing of 'freedom'- might at any moment become known to the agents of the provisional government.</p> <p>I am certain that Miss White will bear witness to the fact that I insisted on writing to the council without delay and without any pressure from her or for Mr Guinness.</p> <p>I have kept both the letter and the spirit of my promise to the council scrupulously, and demand only that you should act with equally fairness to me'.</p> <p>I shall be glad to have your assurance, when college has re-opened, that this note and my letter have been circulated to the staff. I would not trouble to justify myself against so mean a suspicion to any but people whose opinion I still respect.</p> <p>I remain Yours very truly Dorothy Macardle</p>	

**FLASHBACKS** TO CLASSROOM – RECITING POEM

<p>Alexandra College: English lesson</p> <p>"no strong wall, nor towers of beaten brass can be ----to</p>	<p>While she was on her first hunger strike, I was teaching in Alexandra College, [pledged Fein Sympathies colour my lesson on English Literature! I intended to keep that pledge reading aloud from *Julius Caesar, my [mind]_____and turned to what was happening] came to this passage:</p>
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<p>the strength of spirit that part of tyranny that I so hear I can shake off at will' Julius Caesar</p>	<p>"no strong wall, nor towers of beaten brass can be ----to the strength of spirit that part hear I can shake off at will'</p> <p>*[quote on google- No stony tower, no brass walls, no airless dungeon, no iron chains can contain a man becomes weary of these obstacles, he can always kill himself. Let everyone beware: I can shake o oppresses me whenever I choose.]</p> <p>Fire ran through me, my voice failed and a swift illumination rippled over the class. The Irish course in a new light.</p>
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<p>POSSIBLE FLASHBACKS;</p> <p>Alexandra Student – Mary Manning- remembering rehearsing Dorothy and Yeats in Maud Gones House.</p>	<p>"Dorothy Macardle was a most intriguing and fascinating personality...Macardle was tall and thin with a pale bony face heavy lidded eyes and an expression of burning intensity. She was rumoured to be hopelessly in love with de Valera and could never look at another man...She taught English like an angel...(gives example of medieval tapestry)".</p> <p>'now today we will begin our course on Keats. Keats, I will remind you, is a child of the English Renaissance; an Elizabethan, born too late, as Matthew Arnold says. We will read 'Isabella or the Pot of Basil', a story from Boccaccio. I'm holding up to you a mediaeval tapestry workin in muted colours. It is a sad and bloodstained story. There. You see the beautiduyl young Isabella seated by the window and below in the garden, looking joyously up at her, is her lover Lorenzo. I'll explain more about the unicorn later. Those two figures hidden behind the trees are Isabella's brothers. They plan to murder Lorenzo.'</p> <p>Thirty five pairs of eyes were riveted on Macardle, and thirty five pairs of eyes actually saw that imaginary tapestry.</p> <p>"For her drama offering that year she chose Yeat's "Countess Cathleen"...We rehearsed frequently in Miss Macardle's flat, which was at the top of Mme. MacBride's house in Stephen's Green. We had to keep quiet about this, because some of the girls' parents would have been horrified if they had known: "All that crowd, very close to the Sein Feiners you know!". The day of epic triumph came when Mr. Yeats himself came to give us some hints on our acting. For this unique occasion Madame MacBride brought up a large plum cake and tea was brewed in</p>	<p>Times. Mary Manning. Student at Alexandra.</p>
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	<p>Macardle’s little kitchenette...Meanwhile the poet concentrated on the girl who was playing the Angel. She was a beautiful girl with, Rossetti hair...It was the wings, it seemed, which worries Mr Yeats: “Just a gentle flapping should do it,” he suggested. He then demonstrated and knocked two flower pots off the windowsill. “Oh Willie, Willie, “ sighed Madame. Then we all sat round on the floor in a semicircle, munching cake and staring bemused at the poet who was generous enough to read some of the more difficult passages aloud and interpret them for us. Lucky girls! We didn’t know honoured we were”.</p> <p>‘Open your Keats, girls, a the ‘Ode to a Grecian Urn.’ Pay particular attention to the four last lines, often quoted, but seldom understood:</p> <p>When old age shall this generation waste,                    Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe  Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,                    Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is all                    Ye know on earth, and all ye need to  know.</p> <p>The voices face: the speaker is long since dead, as are many of her young listeners. ‘Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe, than ours’</p>	
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**FLASHFORWARD**

<p>FLASH FORWARD  Address by Miss Dorothy Macardle</p>	<p>She looks back her time at Alexandra College when she was ‘suddenly translated from the position of lecturer in Alexandra College to that of a military prisoner in Mountjoy Jail. ‘It looks, in truth like a simple Garden of Eden, open to sunlight and sheltered from storm. It looks like a citadel of a golden age. It looks like the microcosm of that world of the Anglo-Irish ascendancy, with all its social conscience, its grace, vigour and charm. The tide of change, the surge of revolution, was gathering and beating about the walls- but we did not know...We lived in a dream of security: I am my fellow students believed we had only</p>	<p>Alexandra College Guild Reunion (London, February 22, 1952)</p>
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	to equip ourselves well and do our work earnestly and we were bound to be rewarded with a life of expanding interest, opportunity and delight. The woman's cause was advancing and we meant to be in the vanguard; our inherited privileges were ours by some divine right but had to be justified by service, and we were more than willing to serve. Confidently we looked forward to honourable, progressive and happy lives".	
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**DREAM (Gael Journal)**

dream: on Parole visiting Alexandra College	An interesting dream, I had last night. I was out for one day on parole and had gone in. The attitudes of all the different people were as unexpected as you would expect them. _____ intensely thought shyly sorry; the girls almost tragic, lovingly kind. Miss White when she said goodbye gave me a firm hand-clasp at arm's length- the dream was not fair to her – Miss White clung to me and kissed me with an affection not remembered everything. My only letter was given from Sir Robert Woods as skilled and formal as though we had never been friends, saying the swelling above the old scar need not worry me at all. He disappeared from me I suppose.
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GAOL JOURNALS THE RAID AT 23	NOTE: Alexandra students saw papers flying over Stephens Green- <b>AMENDED _ REREAD JOURNAL AND ADDED IN MISSING WORDS</b>
Underground note from Maud Gonne	No letter had come to me from Madame[Maud]. Iseult _____ was unhappy about them. Outside _____ after the rosary Sighle slipped into my hand a thin, closely folded close written note. It was from _____ underground- I was thrilled when I saw what it was, like Bernadette, rushed with it to the passage.
Bonfire of papers skulls and cross bones	There has been an appalling raid on [23] she wrote 'the house shot up- they made a bonfire in _____ papers and manuscripts- plays, even college lectures- your pupils were picking up fragments of _____ the street for souvenirs. They painted skulls and cross bones on your sitting room walls with green _____ Plays and my book- everything burnt, I had published nothing- all my work- it was a shattering _____ I had no one of my own there- I would have cried out.... And cried. It is true I know that courage _____ clung to a vivid memory of Ms. [scheidung] when she stood severely
Allegiance to the Republic had cost me nothing Shame to burn your manuscripts!	Watching the wrecking of Cullens Woods[house] _____ it made this not so overwhelming and I realised _____ to the Republic had cost me nothing- nothing at all. This was my baptism perhaps. I had to learn _____ republican What sort of a loss is this, compared to the loss of a brother...I felt ashamed and that _____ enough thing. I was quite recovered by the time I went into Miss MacSwiney and gave her Mae _____ her quite light hearted about the raid. But she is too wise and too understanding! She said vehemently _____ your manuscripts! Shame! Furniture- other things, I would not mind....Her distress greater my own

<p>Loss of papers.</p>	<p>'It is nothing to be very sad about' I said, convinced myself....it has hardly troubled me since, e my Rhythm book.... I can't write the Rhythm book again – it was studying and lecturing on English poetry that made been 8 years testing my heory and choosing quotations for it and when I finished the draft of i every scrap of my rough work. I must put it out of my head. All the time that I have been here no one has sent me pen and paper or ink- the hunger to lie w long slow days and I have to write this in pencil on</p>
<p>Little miserable borrowed scraps- Starving for paper and ink.</p> <p>Luxurious toiletries – feel like a woman</p>	<p>Little miserable borrowed scraps. I have written to Iseult begging for my writing case and suppl I shall be better able for prison when that comes. It is strange that she has not sent it yet- it will Then I need not be idle any more. A dispatch came toady full of luxurious toilet things chosen b expensive powder, _-and perfumed soap. It made one feel a woman and not a mere prisoner – But it what I am starving for now is paper and ink...I could write the little plan again from memo time.</p>
<p>Greek Drama Anthara</p> <p>Cassandra &amp; Dervorgilla</p> <p>burnt offerings to the Republic of Ireland's many tragic women</p>	<p>Farewell to ____ One by one they thrust themselves into my memory, the people of my vanished plays- imagination, foredoomed ever and be given life. Poor Cassandra is crying out me from among the flames. She was wild and beautiful a and I at the ____ of her, were so young- I was ____ tracted and all given up to poetry t ambitious drama in the Greek Style, with lyrical choruses between the acts. It was cha lyrical poetry and violent action it could never have been played on any stage- But poor loveable and sad. Asthara I cannot believe dead- she had three nights of such rapturo had a free fantastic imagination then.</p>
	<p>and mingled Arabian Alchemy ____ with old Gaelic Myth. There was poetry in it. Jame not believe Asthara can be dead. And Dervorgilla- I am sure that she is gone. She was piece. A great historical drama of the beginning of this endless war, Dervorgilla was to tragic, (a more complete and massive work than any Irish dramatist has done)- noble a Maeve. How wonderfully the events of that dreadful history grouped themselves for the ____ the movement of any play was fierce and inevitable and strong. I laboured serene and over the verse. I will try again maybe to write and play of Devorgille. But I will have poetry is all over now. They are burnt offerings to the Republic of Ireland's many tragic women; may the Gods</p>

Lane (2019:39) NOTES

Raid at Maud Gonne's house: A bonfire on the road resulted in the destruction of all her papers including her college lectures, A play she had written and a book on the language of poetry close to publication. Her anguish was palpable.

'It was a shattering thing to hear...I can't write the book again... it was studying and lecturing on English poetry that made it possible. Eight years...and I have been choosing quotations for it; and when I finished the draft of it in June I destroyed every scrap of my rough work. I must put it out of my head.

In her memoir, Comerford stated that 'until she died' Macardle lamented the loss of her book, thinking it 'as the best thing she had done'. In a letter detailing the outrage, Gonne described how Macardle's pupils foraged through the ashes of the bonfire the following day 'getting bits of lectures on Hamlet, bits of plays as souvenirs'.

Macardle attempted to rationalise her loss by referring once again to her lack of republican credentials, claiming that the sacrifice was necessary to bear witness to her commitment to the republic. Moreover, she admonished herself by noting the much greater losses endured by her fellow inmates, referring specifically to Mary MacSwiney:

'And I remembered that allegiance to the republic had cost me nothing at all; this was my baptism to the loss of brother? I felt ashamed and then it became a little enough thing.

Macardle was forced to confront a vastly alternative future for herself than the one she had previously imagined. Loss of her job meant denial of a certain autonomous lifestyle....'there is no pleasure or travel or adventure before me after this, even if I am free'. 'life without my students will be emptier of a most precious thing'..

## THE SONG OF O'RUARK

### Prince of Breffni

The valley lay smiling before me,  
Where lately I left her behind;  
Yet I trembled, and something hung o'er me  
That saddened the joy of my mind.

I looked for the lamp which, she told me,  
Should shine when her pilgrim returned;  
But though darkness began to enfold me,  
No lamp from the battlements burned."

I flew to her chamber - 'twas lonely,  
As if the loved tenant lay dead;-  
Ah, would it were death, and death only!  
But no, the young false one had fled.

And there hung the lute that could soften  
My very worst pains into bliss,  
While the hand that had waked it so often  
Now throbbed to a proud rival's kiss.

There was a time, falsest of women!  
When Breffni's good sword would have sought  
That man, through a million of foe-men,  
Who dared to wrong thee in thought!

While now - O degenerate daughter  
Of Erin, how fallen is thy fame!  
And through ages of bondage and slaughter,  
Our country shall bleed for thy shame.

Already the curse is upon her,  
And strangers her valleys profane;  
They come to divide - to dishonour,  
And tyrants they long will remain.

But onward! - the green banner rearing,  
Go, flesh every sword to the hilt  
On our side is Virtue and Erin,  
On theirs is the Saxon and Guilt..."

'Is there anybody there?' said the Traveller,  
 Knocking on the moonlit door;  
 And his horse in the silence champed the grasses  
 Of the forest's ferny floor:  
 And a bird flew up out of the turret,  
 Above the Traveller's head:  
 And he smote upon the door again a second time;  
 'Is there anybody there?' he said.  
 But no one descended to the Traveller;  
 No head from the leaf-fringed sill  
 Leaned over and looked into his grey eyes,  
 Where he stood perplexed and still.  
 But only a host of phantom listeners  
 That dwelt in the lone house then  
 Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight  
 To that voice from the world of men:  
 Stood thronging the faint moonbeams on the dark stair,  
 That goes down to the empty hall,  
 Harkening in an air stirred and shaken  
 By the lonely Traveller's call.  
 And he felt in his heart their strangeness,  
 Their stillness answering his cry,  
 While his horse moved, cropping the dark turf,  
 'Neath the starred and leafy sky;  
 For he suddenly smote on the door, even  
 Louder, and lifted his head:—  
 'Tell them I came, and no one answered,  
 That I kept my word,' he said.  
 Never the least stir made the listeners,  
 Though every word he spake  
 Fell echoing through the shadowiness of the still house  
 From the one man left awake:  
 Ay, they heard his foot upon the stirrup,  
 And the sound of iron on stone,  
 And how the silence surged softly backward,  
 When the plunging hoofs were gone.

England- no lovelier country in the world

Dream: house high walled garden. Mother friendlier to my imagination- Cecilia

Tuesday 5<sup>th</sup>/ 6<sup>th</sup>. Donald ended letter wisely – 'Goodnight and happy dream' Last night I had a dream that gathered together all the happiest things of nature in England\_ 'I love England and pray; Erskine Childers said – in his last message to Ireland will change completely and finally" it was that saying perhaps that made me think of those things that are peculiarly England's haunt my mind: that and huge-Walpole's Cathedral from [?CLT] who quarrels with me about Ireland whenever we meet. If England were the only Empire, there would be no lovelier country in the world. [I was in England in my dream with a woman whom I greatly loved, - visiting her early in the morning because I was in her little town. It was her quiet little house that was so beautiful – hidden in a](#)

	garden whose flowers over flowed into the low rooms. The rooms were softly filled with treasures
	Of beaten brass and carved ivory from the far east- and all fragrant and full of life. The dear woman was Created, I think out of many women I have loved- More than my imagination too than she has been for years and others - and then she chatted with Gallagher and she told me that the house was Franks and Frank was in Ireland whenever he went to Ireland he was imprisoned, but that he would always be in a forlorn hope to awaken the Republic, yet, I praised them in my dream, that they and [luxury?] -they kept the brave Republican virtue of poverty still. I have thought that the Irish are so ready to sacrifice all they have because nothing that they have is desirable....prosperity has made traitors and cowards of thousands now.

A dream	I am dreaming of steep airy places Night after night. It was on a rough hill path travelling, and mother, I think was with me and dear friends, - I knew my loved ones but I know who they were. The path climbed up through a wood and golden broken leaves falling through autumn boughs. We were very eager, very happy, knowing that beauty awaited us at the end. The summit was the grey-green, _____ shoulder of the mountain straight into a hospitable house which stood with all doors open, welcoming us. I went into the house alone and came out again through a doorway and stood on the stone steps, leaving my feet, filling the whole valley, Lay a radiant, dark blue sea. The moon shone on it, purple and sun-smitten, and the open ocean lay beyond and over my head in a sea of air (after Donald's letter wishing me happy dreams)
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Land of hearts desire: journey from deeper gloom to glory!	A Dream I think Mona was with me and other friends and in some way the place we were going to was with forgotten memories, like a place, that has been now in childhood far off from us that in a certain Direction if we could travel far enough lay some beauty of the world. The way by which we were going was while through a pathless meadow of low hills before us we saw dark trees. Our feet were drenched and _____ by the ground and it seemed to remember That there was an easier way- a path along a river under the trees. We found the river but the path was on the other side and there was no bridge across it widening towards the place of our desire. We hurried back then and took the path. Following it we were soon in an narrow tunnelled passage leading steeply up into the darkness. Steep it was that I cried out that to climb was impossible one would have to take every step, but then groping in the darkness we discovered that the path had been made by steps by some who had gone before, and it was possible though hard to mount the path into deeper and deeper gloom, yet no doubt assailed me that the glory we had sought was open to us all at the end. At last. We came out into a faint green daylight among the trees. Pressed through the thicket and stood out on the brow of a high hill. And There was Beauty and peace and grandeur satisfying to the heart- at Green World _____ the river flowing into the sea.
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<p>Dreams: Escaping prison. Nightmare- Donald. 'O Donald- the walls! The walls!'</p>	<p>A Dream In prison dreams, I find, the world has a charm and innocence that I never felt so po and gardens and people's houses are like places in some exquisitely written tale, ea gentle atmosphere, some delicate, harmonious mood. No heaven could be more sw world of my prison dreams. But it is very seldom in the dreams that come to me here that I am safe and free. Eit dangerously, hunted, lurking and running as though for life, or I am free only on par imprisonment is over me still. Last night, for a little while, I was quite free in a dream, walking among narrow path Donald, on a day of sun and seagulls when the Thames was blue. Westminster had l sinister and evil power: only the beauty and ancientness of the great buildings rema standing in the airy, April sunshine, filled me with joy and Donald was there to share</p>
<p>Dream: Nightmare- Donald. I cried", O Donald- the walls! The walls!</p>	<p>I was talking to him about prison and prison dreams when suddenly, as we turned u dread seized me and I caught his arm- "O Donald", I cried out, "I dreamt this so often, in prison- this place and you- I believ "It's not," he said, smiling "not this time" and then, laughing at me, "Are you going t I was quite reassured then, and stopped to breathe in the gladness and relief of it, a years of freedom seemed to be opening like wide spaces before my mind. But then, again and I held him- "It is, I cried", O Donald- the walls! The walls! I woke up, then on my mattress on the floor, my hands pressed against the white w leagues away over the sea.</p>
<p>Dream: Nightmare with Donald</p>	<p>A Dream A Dream Last night I was with Donald in London in mothers little room, I think. There w fearfully eager to explain to him – probably something about my unfortunate a get him to attend- "Donald", I was saying, feverishly- "listen- do listen!...I mus can't lose a moment- do listen" – Because this is a dream! Don't you understa and in a minute I shall wake in gaol...."Do Listen, Donald!" And then I woke.</p>
<p>Windows To desire a window and find on all sides only a dead wall...</p>	<p>Windows There is a mysterious region, evasive as a mirage, in the dawn hours between then that my soul, undisguised by the habits and manners of my days, lives it Revelations, harmonious, powers flow into my being then of which, when I w is left. I know this, though how I know it I could not tell. So independent of place and time, brain and body, this clear existence seem likely that it resembles the spirits existence after death...I could not describe  It was in state nearer to waking that I lay this morning when the windows ope wide high windows of our cells are merciful. Through them the sunlight and m can watch seagulls and the stars. But never to have any glimpse at all of ear become an intolerable, maddening frustration of sense and soul. I have thrus hunger down a score of times. It is one of those wakings of [creature] in the h prisoner dare indulge. To desire a window and find on all sides only a dead w</p>

<p>Window: visions &amp; Keats Ode to Nightingale</p>	<p>Turn to agony in fever body and mind.          But this morning, no sooner did the first [perilous] stirring come, than window the wall to which my [fear] was turned as I lay on the cell floor....A wide, long stretching from the ceiling almost to the floor opened first and outside that window four o'clock on a blue August afternoon, and outside, there was a wide lawn was not closely clipped, buttercups grew in it and the trees were tall firs, straight because there were borders of shrubs and flowers beds around it, I knew this garden where tired men and women would be coming soon, from acting and lectures on the play, and we would be having tea...that window closed and then I then looked down over the city, from a height. There were trees there too... many varied....many bronze like beeches... some silver as willows...[one a Jure] straight A pale blue sky was over them and everywhere sea-gulls wheeled – then, before I became, suddenly, I [wish] the trees had lost all colour, only the dark;</p>
	<p>Soft, outlines of the tallest showed a cloudy sky, dim lit by an unseen moon, shining over the still earth but beyond the green it was eerily lighted by a dull amber glow of lights... all around the green stood the black houses at the right rose up the high street-lamps, richly yellow, seemed to be hanging from the trees...          Then it was daylight again- midday in April or in May and the Window looked bounded by a rough stone archway and a grey wall- again the sky was blue white and against the grey wall and the pale sky stood two sapling trees- one a rich red and one an almond budded with pale pink flowers. Tall grey- green flags of __ blossom, wall flowers and carnations tufts crowded around the tree-roots and and purple periwinkles clustered up on the walls.          The wall closed and opened once more on a dark- blue, Mediterranean sea, with round- sunken reef..." perilous seas" ...forlorn....Forlorn! the very word is like then, in my cell staring at a white, dead wall...what windows shall I look out of</p> <p>*My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,. Or emptied some dull ... Of perilous seas, in faery land the word is <b>like</b> a bell. To toll me back... Keats Ode to Nightingale</p>

fleshpots of Egypt

Tudor Manor House where I met Walter de la Mar (also see newspaper article on this)

I am feeling what [flo--] Fahy calls [Ma.....nourish] I long for the fleshpots tea table in the \_\_\_ at the sill -the lovely old Tudor Manor House where I the wide garden of St. S\_\_\_, and the room they gave me there, rich with peace which England has won for herself by her plunderous adventures and conquests over the globe...

<p>Arriving in Kilmainham</p>	<p>It is altogether unlike our little prison hospital at Mountjoy. A long, high but narrow horse shoe with a concrete floor.</p> <p>Around the floor and around two iron galleries above are the iron doors of staircase and iron gangway and an iron grating enclosing the galleries from the impression of a great cage. Cells on the first gallery were allocated to Betty. I tell whether we would be facing north, south, east or west. I went into my bag. I felt as if I had been thrust living into a tomb. It was partly the narrow curved ceiling.</p>
<p>Betty my wife</p>	<p>Perhaps and the tiny barred window out of reach- partly it was the chill, un- mortuary chapel or a white sepulchre night smell like that. It was lit by a small ventilated by iron gratings in the wall, communication presumably with some the window doesn't open at all and there were no hot pipes-. Inside was a sheets like Dail cloths- black blankets, all new, a striped pillow and a high rug half the size of the little bed. There were also a new bed stool and table, a plate, knife, fork, spoon and mug. 'The [.....] the better' is a good [.....] for days- The first dismayed moment was instantly followed by the mutual grim resignation with which such things are most easily met. For Company's sake the edge of her bed. It was hardly sleep-My mind was haunted with thoughts of a soldier and the terrible trap he and others like him are in. Forced either to or to be</p>
<p>KILMAINHAM 1<sup>ST</sup> DAY</p>	<p>Miserably killed. In Ms Humphries cell the names of five _ free State Soldiers 'awaiting our execution' is written below 'for refusing to execute orders to Those soldiers who have intimated to F.S HQ that they will not re-join when now, Betty told me, being sent into all the most dangerous work. This means men are killing those who in a few weeks, won't be their comrades again- getting my long letter was pleasant. I hope she will enjoy it as much as I thought Breakfast was brought in the morning by wardresses; bread, butter and milk strong. We got up then and explored our new house. It was full of dull, stale seemed to come into it out of the sky. The sense of enclosure was very oppressive sign of any heating management, no bath, no hot</p>
<p>CLIMBING WINDOW LEDGE</p>	<p>Water, no means of heating a mug of milk – even the gas jet was turned off Our exploration of the landing was rewarded by two discoveries. At the top there is a cold wash house with a concrete floor where the water lies in pools with the taps running round. In the window of this all the glass had been broken heavens air came through. By climbing on the ledge we could see- see a wide world. At the left, on a roof stood a sentry, protected by a pile of sand bags looked away. Beyond the prison wall were streets, streets busy with shops people in motors, people walking- one or two looked at our faces peering</p>

	<p>Beyond are green slopes where new houses are being built. Away to the right, the view look upon from prison, are the Dublin Mountains 'path of [cualainn?]' Dear Betty, I have very quickly had as much of this as a prisoner can bear, I climbed down and</p>
<p>INSCRIPTIONS ON CELL DOORS</p>	<p>went round the gallery, examining the doors of the cells. Betty followed me. My splendid brother was once here. Prison killed him he died afterwards in Fr. I found many funny little names the men prisoners had carved over the doors- 'Wood B', 'Barry's Hotel', 'The better ole', 'Howth Gunmen', 'Mutineers', 'Dev's Own', 'The We came to one suddenly that sobered our amusement: on it was written 'Joseph Plunkett's cell in 1916! Here, then that brave man had awaited execution- in that cell poor Grace Plunkett lay with him the night before. We found no sign of Conolly's cell. Before one door, Betty stopped. The name was carved on it- her brother's name. He lay there after the Four Courts fight with a left lung. No doctor came to him all the six weeks. He was helped only by his brother. He was released only to die. Lowering down again to our own gallery we met a new-comer. It was Grace Plunkett. She had been seized in her own house</p>
	<p>In the night, by men in the uniform that Joseph Plunkett and James Conolly wore, I feel it cannot go on long - England has done a thing so monstrous, so abominable against nature and nature must win- They looked happy those two women - it must be a bitter and proud thing. The night was very chill. Betty and I wrapped ourselves in blankets and sat on my bed. I would have given much for a hot drink. Betty talked about her brother - the man she told me of a man Shawn had met in 1916. He was a soldier in the [Munster's] and an Irishman, and the Munster's were fighting here. During the fighting in Dublin, he saw a dead rebel lying in his green uniform and lay by his side and the soldier went</p>
	<p>over to take it and saw the dead rebel's face- It was his own brother. The soldier in the uniform of the dead man and went away and stripped off the khaki and put on his own and went out to fight for the freedom of his own country. Shawn did not know him in the end. Freedom is justice and justice is a law of nature. Justice will surely win- When long we are here, 'on the cold paving stones of hell'. I have been talking to Nora Conolly. Her father was her hero. I think I asked her if she was glad or sorry that he died here as he did. 'When I see the blunders that the British have answered, 'I am tempted to be sorry he is not alive now - he was so far seen that we should never have had the Republic - we should have had something else long ago, if he had not died-</p>

Sunlight on the Hills VS Tomb like Cell.  
  
Parcels are not allowed

Wed Feb: This morning through the open doors on the opposite side I could see the sunlight. We dashed across the bridge and went in to Miss Meagher's. Sunlight streaming through the window and gleaming in a white square on the wall. The air was warm with it and bright and warm. Through the window when you climbed up the hills- the hills shrouded in a haze of silver light. Betty and I went back in to the tomb like cells. They face north and look only on the prison wall. A note has come from the governor. We are to send and receive only one parcel. Only one parcel will be allowed. [redacted] prison without [news] paper without books without sewing materials- idle days. This is not political treatment. It must last. A general meeting is to be held after the rosary

Hunger for Sunlight

[faint sentence ASIDE on top of page]. We have had a meeting – a letter is being sent to the Governor making demands for political treatment - ‘prisoners to send out letters and parcels. No restrictions on in-coming letters and parcels’. The question what action the prisoners refused has not yet been discussed.  
  
Such a nervous hunger is on me for sunlight that I think if I can't find one ray of light will happen? I shall become miserable, I suppose - nothing more terrible than this power to write or work.  
All day I have been watching for the sun, to see if the light is going to fall in. It came through the glass roof and fell on the top of the walls all round, but not on the upper gallery, it cannot be reached. It fell on a wall of our exercise yard. The steps down steps there and are below its level as hopelessly under those [redacted] walls as at the bottom of a well. I went to the matron and asked that when the upper gallery was built Betty and I should be moved to two of them. It is an [redacted] those cells are [redacted] and have shut us altogether away from the sun [redacted] thinking we are [redacted]

Some of the ‘Heavenly Host’, have been shouting out of the wash house window that they will be boarded up- We shall never be able to look again at the hills. After this war, there will be, it seems likely, ‘War of the Orangemen’ and then the war in England after that. I wonder whether I shall be Kilmainham all the time and whether a thousand men still in gaol? These seems no reason why any of us should be [to come /care] for justice left in the people who have any power. Please God do something as poor as the Treaty after all.

Nora Connolly's personality:  
Psychic

When the gas lit the cell begins to look habitable - I think from 5 to 11 o'clock I was cheerful enough. Golden syrups for tea, too , was an episode worthy of my life. I had a toothache, and her eyes have given out from the bad light in her cell. I had to rest in comparison so long as I can read.  
I gave history lessons to five of the prisoners who were keen enough about their studies to hear teacher as ignorant as themselves giving a \_\_\_\_\_ out of book. It was

	<p>Mc Morrogh- the first cause of all our troubles- a wretched story enough. teaching were to be alive again.</p> <p>Afterwards Nora Connolly strolled in. I have felt a little afraid of her as of someone tortured . someone who has travelled very far into the unknown. I have become close to her personality and mind. After the long, dreamy/dreary talk it was natural to feel so. The relation there was between her and her father beyond any I have heard of between father and child and her psychic experience unique. She is full of imagination- her phrases, her way of seeing things are true . But she is ill now</p>
<p>... the great leaders and martyrs of Ireland must have lived on the mountain peaks of life always, not only at the moment before death and that the storm- winds of beauty and delight blow there as well as hurricanes of anguish...</p>	<p>And suffering. The heroes are too much alive. She was trying to recover from she was arrested and brought here. She is going to try to write. She is writing her father and a book of Psychic stories - If she can keep alive enough her book might to prosper here.</p> <p>It was not here, but at the castle that she saw him last. He was brought here a few hours before execution.</p> <p>I have known, of course, that the great leaders and martyrs of Ireland must live on the mountain peaks of life always, not only at the moment before death and that beauty and delight blow there as well as hurricanes of anguish. Nora Connolly with her father, on those heights Since she was a child of seven he trained her and she is filled with it still. He sent her, while she was still a young girl, on a mission that had failed, would have meant her death. She helped him to prepare the ground at great cost and was almost certain to cost his life and after that storm was over,</p>
<p>Nora Connolly</p>	<p>she went to America, because the people there wanted to hear the truth and she was telling it, telling it with all her heart and all her imagination, until the long, long, recalling it almost broke her down. Days consecrated to that labour, night after night utter desolation, until a mysterious comfort came from her father out of the darkness. These things she told me in a tired, sad voice, not as things of which she is proud, which she was not quite strong enough to do well.</p> <p>Her appearance is very childlike- some say she is like a Japanese, with her delicate the oriental moulding of cheek and chin and straight, black hair. But I think she does not have eyes like hers, - wide dark pupils, a dark brown- looking into their deep pools in the bottom of which lies some mysterious gleaming thing.</p> <p>I think there would be few companions for such a spirit of her in the Ireland of today indeed, in the world. She says the sun left the world for her when her father told me will be in her book</p>
<p>Loss of hope for Republic</p>	<p>I woke in the black dawn light this morning. It is a bad time to wake in gaol when the days are ebbed away and the day lies before one, so intolerably long. One knows</p>

rising and the colours waking and the birds singing in the world and the kn  
 chilling shadow over body, mind and spirit that in prison there will be no c  
 not even the light of the sun. And there seems no reason why this impriso  
 It is not over those miseries themselves I was despairing, but that, someth  
 able to hear much greater misery has gone. It is as if some open rift into lig  
 holiness had been boarded up by the governor of the gaol. It may be the [  
 sunlight that has so disastrously affected even ones spirit. More likely it is  
 no good news of the fight has come from

You will always be too small a spirit for Irelands fight.

Anywhere, and if the republic is defeated there will be no light or holiness  
 a long while. May be it is a loss of hope...it feels as if I had lost God...As if h  
 Free State Government to visit this gaol.  
 'It is only for a month', some strong, brave presence seemed to be saying.  
 beside my bed.  
 'The life of iron for a month, you must manage to endure this little thing. A  
 this Gaol'. Then it went far away from me saying, 'You will always be too s  
 fight'. It was my own fancy, Of course, working on Nora Connolly's talk. It t  
 fancy. It has comforted me, and humbled me, all the same.  
 The sun rose and over our ceiling stole a very faint, silvery light. It stayed a  
 stole away. It was scarcely light – the shadow of the light only, but it came  
 I have written my last story *De Profundis*. I can live this 'life of iron now'. A

Description of cell

...I awoke then in Kilmainham Gaol.

Surely all dismalness is in this place. The cells are tiny, with tiny windows. I  
 close prison wall and no sunlight ever shines through it. There is no room f  
 to gather in – only the cold, concrete floor. There are no hot pipes, no stov  
 water. All washing has to be done in icy water in a place without sinks of b  
 drains away in open channels on a concrete floor and where one has to sta  
 There is no way anywhere of

A LIFE OF IRON

Warming oneself, however sick or chilled one may feel - no way of heating  
 place where one can sit in a ray of the sun. There is no green grass or tree  
 only recreation found in the stone paved high-walled little square- the exe  
 concrete slab in the wall- it was against this that Pearse and Connolly and  
 were made stand. The bullets would go through the stone walls, perhaps b  
 concrete - striking it, they would enter the men's bodies again. There is sti  
 wash-house, there are gas jets in the evening. There is a little can of hot w  
 greasy dishes in after dinner. These are all the sweet amenities of this life.

was said to me in a dream, this cold and darkness have no power over me but that is all. All the prisoners seem well able to bear it- they would be here one, to break soon.

Dream:  
Prison Phobia

Dreams  
It is melancholy that I can never dream that I have been released and am free sometimes, not very often, in which there is no thought of prison at all, but I do have some dream in which I am free for a moment, but prison is closing on me. In dreams I have a fear- a 'phobia'- of prison, which, the Gods be praised has been put away. I wake awake.  
My first dream of all in Mountjoy, I remember vividly- I was driving in sunlight on a car, but I was on hunger strike and I had to return to Gaol.  
In Mountjoy too, I dreamed too that I escaped from church on the way back. I had been taken out to [redacted] church and I ran down side streets by [thumark] [redacted] unnoticed and realised that there was nothing at all to prevent my going home. I was quelling my heart, just as it lightened ecstatically with that thought, came to me. They let us out to church some body- Lily or another of the prisoners could have done it for us all? I did not know and had no way.

Dream:  
Escape from prison

Of knowing. I could not decide what to do. If I went straight back to gaol, I knew that no parole had been given and I should lose the only chance of escape I had after that, for years. I could perhaps run home and write to Lily, and if she had been given, I could return and no harm would have been done... I can't remember the dream ended. I think I went straight back. Then there was the dream in which I was in Westminster with Donald, asking him, terrified 'is this a dream?' And the only way to let me tell him everything, quickly- "listen, quick! Because this is only a dream, I'll wake up in gaol!  
But last nights was the most brain sick and heart sickening of all. I was back in the boys room in Seatown Place, on a radiant spring day in the Demenses. My friends, brothers, I think- I was wild with the idea of escape. I believed there was a way out by the caves. or there was a mysterious path along the river – I had

Description of cell	<p>never been to the end....and surely, surely if you went through the wood, you would come out... And then I remembered, bewilderedly, that there was no need to steal away, or run...The world was all before me .....nobody watching me put me in gaol. Yet the panic craving remained and the frantic haste...to escape prison.....if I did not do something, I should be in prison again soon...I couldn't find out how and why or how to escape....I awoke then in Kilmain</p>
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Dream: Ms. MacSwiney & the Chief	<p>Miss Cunningham has sent me books - four that I chose out of a list she offered. The blessed thing to do for a prisoner was that! One is about the psychology of symbolism seems to me saner than most psychologists. But how ignorant of all true spiritual knowledge! The communion of one mind with another: in life and dead; that mysterious knowledge that comes of what is unknown or of what is things that happened day and night in Ireland seem to be undreamed of in my mind would Miller [Gustavus Hindman Miller?] born 1856-1929. Author 10,000 books. I wonder, of a dream I had a night or two ago?</p> <p>I was going through a great, rejoicing crowd- in Dundalk, I think- to meet Mary MacSwiney and the Chief. I believe it is the first time I have dreamed of her, in spite of the fact my imagination was obsessed with her, while we nursed her in Mountjoy. The dream, to have arrived quietly, alone- I saw him in a carriage driving away from the up-hill then away from town. The crowd was gone.</p>
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Whirligig death	<p>But when the carriage was half way up the hill, the Chief jumped down and ran saying to the people in it that he would like to meet Mary MacSwiney. She appeared, stepping out of a railway carriage. I received her alone. After meeting her again after all the suspense, all the suffering, all the terrible recollection of the death of those days in Mountjoy, over-came me so much that I forgot everything and ran into the carriage I had waiting and drove with her into town.</p> <p>It was not until we had driven some way that I remembered the chief, walking alone. We had driven away from him. I was stricken with remorse and fear. I had forgotten him- left him wandering in the open street, the inconsiderate, wretchedly afraid and ashamed...she went back then, I think and drove away and I came down alone- the dream turned into something quite different than the roadside of a man and a boy caught in a whirligig which had got out of control with impetus before my eyes, whirled them horribly to death. The horror of the dream came up.</p>
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Ms. MacSwiney in prison again.

I hate to think about this dream...that whirligig wound up and out of control  
I had met Miss MacSwiney and the Chief had gone...is it this mad, ghastly  
And what does it mean that Miss Mac Swiney forgets the Chief----and turns  
leaves him in peril, alone?  
Pray Heaven there is no interpretation of this dream except that my mind  
of compassion for DeValera, and of wondering where and when I shall meet  
again.  
  
Monday Night  
An unthought of disaster has happened. They have arrested Miss MacSwiney  
her here. She was outside the barred window in the passage and asked for  
prisoners, crowded there, calling my name, I ran down and clinked on the  
there "now" she said, 'I have to begin all over again'.  
The thought is altogether unbearable, we can't let her do it...she must do it

Hunger Strike  
  
Betty's male friend- IRA- Free State

But we can't let her do it alone. Thank God, this time, I am not afraid. If a  
strike they will hardly dare to keep her...she has cried out against our support  
think we must do it in spite of her. I spoke to many of the girls and they agreed  
anything could be decided we were locked in.  
It will be hard on Mother, but perhaps it will all be over before she hears.  
think, it must be done-  
I think even before we hold a meeting, I must begin, I will take no breakfast  
  
Betty showed me a photo a while ago of a man in Free State uniform. He used  
was fond of her, but since he joined the Free State army, she could not be  
This made him terribly sad and at last he hinted to her, that she would be  
understood.  
Two weeks ago his officers discovered among his things a plan and code page  
was, of course, placed under arrest. She dreamed last night that he sprang  
she was sitting and gripped her hand, gasping, as if with pain. A friend has  
say that there is bad news of him but did not tell what it is.  
  
Aside: I was afraid about the cart in the dream. Carts were used for executing  
Betty tells me now that an ancestor of this man was hanged from a cart.

Interpreting Betty's Dream of  
Tom: Kathleen Ni Houlihan

**A Dream**

Betty dreamed again last night about Tom- her friend in the F. S army. She place among terrifying wild beasts, one of which had fiery breath and innu could escape from them only by crossing a dark turbid stream. Tom was st with his arms folded calm and stern. The place where he was standing was field. Betty rushed to the water, trying to cross, but there were no stepping up from it everywhere, piercing her feet, were the sharp points of spears. in crossing when she awoke.

A wide green field is of course, to all children of Kathleen Ni Houlihan, Irele Tom is always there? The tangled, dark place, full of evil and peril is like Ire Free State’ – What is the painful water full of spears that has still to be cro turbid? Is there some ignominy as well as suffering yet to come?

Betty bringing me meals...reading...tea...chats... flowers

Certainly there is nothing another like a threat of unbearable things to ma have contentedly! After the nightmare dread of watching Miss MacSwiney hunger strike and hunger striking oneself, simple imprisonment appears a All to say I have felt lifeless, quite inert- the proper languishing in prison. I books. It is a natural result. I am sure of being without fresh air, without si freshness, without space for movement , without [warmth], without sunlig But there is nothing alarming in it at all. I have lain in bed and let Betty bri talking to me in her charming, grave yet light – hearted way. I have lain lo stemmed single daffodils and at these tulips; pink and white in another jar something beautiful that was over me is satisfied. And I have read. as muc of one of Miss Cunningham’s big Books, ‘The logic of the Unconscious min rest of the hours away.

Now the gas is lit and we have had tea, not prison tea. Betty contrived to b the gas and make home-made tea- and I am lazily alive again. Certainly the than to be in gaol.

Betty Dreams of Sewing White Sheets:  
Interpretation- Death Shroud

Betty wrote to a friend begging for definite news of her soldier, Tom. I am very bad.

Tish Casey was tying my dress on for me in Betty’s room and Betty sudden heartedly- ‘what is it to dream of white sheets? I dreamt last night I was se white sheets. Is that good to dream of white?’ Tish Casey looked across at vaguely it should be good. Betty cannot know that in her own orthodoxy, t presage of news of death is to dream that you are making a shroud.

The unhappiest blunders of the world come from man trying to be clever. If out of Good he compromises with evil, out of compassion, he surrenders to cruelty with falsehood that he may live longer and tell the truth, and always, when evil and cruelty and falsehood are made strong. There is no wisdom wiser than this. The signing of the treaty has turned brave, honourable Irish men into meek, hypocritical slaves; the surrender of the Four Courts has flung ten thousand lives to be broken, tortured and the best surrendered there. Liam Deasy's surrender is a hope of peace.

God drives his chariot wildly, zig zag to right and left- over the road yet it is towards the goal.  
It is in a spiral that we ascend – in a spiral movement, quick, giddy and violent, moving upwards to freedom now. And for us, in the rush of the movement, scarcely perceptible, only we feel, dismayed, the sharp fling side-ways, to nothing is what it seems to us to be-  
The surrender of 1916, broke the hearts of those who survived it, seemed to those who surrounded and who were executed knew better. 'Let no one tell you that it was a strong life upward- it made a heroic. The republican elections followed that- a magnificent victory. Then Independence came and we believed that extermination was before us, until the curve suddenly and England called a truce. But too soon- we went too far- came the treaty- intolerable surrender- then Rory Connor's occupation of the city- a perilous defiance again. Then the bombardment- danger and agony to Republic.

Saturday 17  
Our letters and parcels are being stopped. We dare not let the standard of the Republic fall. The men are beaten, but women can still fight this, and for the sake of all Ireland, a hunger strike must be done. For this I will hunger strike if need be- even I.  
  
Brigid has seen the governor. For the present he will accede to our demands.  
  
Volunteers for a sympathetic, hunger strike are to give in their names. Miriam  
-----  
When Mary Mac Swiney came here, the night after my dream of her and the dream might be coming true- This morning the papers have great headlines about 'De Valera' – 'Republican split'. She has written him a letter refusing to accept his statement he has made, - proposing the opposite course- 'I consider your proposal a betrayal. The British and the enemy have captured her letter and published it.

De Valera - Mazzini	<p>The Chiefs own statement is like all of his – firm, rooted- to the formulation of peace- I think if de Valera were not one of the noblest leaders any Revolution would have been as *Mazzini, even- he would have surrendered, or deserted, or let his heart be an obstruction he suffers from his own. If his patience and heroic gentleness were no longer I believe, the Republic will be saved- but it is hard to see how any more.</p> <p>My dream frightens it. In it Miss MacSwiney went back again to join the Chief and him on his uphill road. But that ghastly whirligig rushed on.</p> <p>Sunday 18 The amnesty ends today. And the war goes on.</p>
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**Yeats**

[http://www.openculture.com/2012/06/rare\\_1930s\\_audio\\_wb\\_yeats\\_reads\\_four\\_of\\_his\\_poems.html](http://www.openculture.com/2012/06/rare_1930s_audio_wb_yeats_reads_four_of_his_poems.html)

**The Lake Isle of Innisfree 2.23**

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FJ3N\\_2r6R-o](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FJ3N_2r6R-o)

**Churchill 'we shall fight on the beaches'**

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MkTw3\\_PmKtc](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MkTw3_PmKtc)

**Chamberlain: war**

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xcSnKArKz8E>

**Maud Gonne**

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=AMW8M\\_Xn4O4](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=AMW8M_Xn4O4)

**Nuremberg trials**

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=BA7JRx14GNg>

**Lennox Robinson & Abbey Theatre fire of 1951**

<https://www.rte.ie/archives/2016/0714/802414-tragedy-at-the-abbey-theatre/>

**The Uninvited (1944) trailer**

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=o90Rrwx8o2g>

## **Grimm's fairy tales**

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=yjJg0cFO9Cw>

## **Music from Holocaust**

Holocaust memorial museum: Music

<https://www.ushmm.org/collections/the-museums-collections/collections-highlights/music-of-the-holocaust-highlights-from-the-collection/music-of-the-holocaust/the-soldiers-of-the-moor>

1 minute in for choral song.

Yiddish- 'we long for a home'- songs of Jewish displaced persons

<https://www.ushmm.org/collections/the-museums-collections/collections-highlights/music-of-the-holocaust-highlights-from-the-collection/music-of-the-holocaust/we-long-for-a-home>

<https://www.newyorker.com/culture/culture-desk/the-devastating-resonances-of-yiddish-songs-recovered-from-the-second-world-war>

"My Mother's Grave," from 1945, was written by a ten-year-old child from Bratslav, Ukraine: "Oh, mama, who will tuck me in at night?" the narrator wonders. The piece is performed on the album by Isaac Rosenberg, who is just twelve himself, and who sings in a pure, plaintive voice. He sounds bewildered, as mourning children often do.

<https://soundcloud.com/yiddishglory/mames-gruv-my-mothers-grave>

Music of the holocaust

<https://www.yadvashem.org/yv/en/exhibitions/music/jewish-child.asp>

## **World war ii Sounds**

air raid sirens ww11

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=SJ5Q\\_uLcDA](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=SJ5Q_uLcDA)

Various scenes of German bombers on airfields. Take offs. In Flight. Shooting up. Stukas Dropping bombs etc., German troops through war torn towns.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XM010Sad11l>

A list with some of the most terrifying sounds of World War II. This list is not ranked in in a way like the higher the more terrifying.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=izcl4YKpQSk>

Imperial war museum: Sound Archive

<https://www.iwm.org.uk/collections/sound>

## **Psychedelic**

Declan link:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fBTT3VPriV8>

Aldo Link:

The United States of America'

American Metaphysical

Circus <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=sb8Q4EHozjU&feature=share>

Garden of Earthly delights

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=RH5Cl60S-8k&feature=share>

chocolate angel

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=ZA1qPf1LnxA&feature=share>

De Valera, Éamon, "The Ireland That We Dreamed Of," 17 March 1943, Ireland, Radio Éireann, 2:50, <https://www.rte.ie/archives/exhibitions/eamon-de-valera/719124-address-by-mr-de-valera/>. 5

"...The Ireland that we dreamed of would be the home of a people who valued material wealth only as a basis for right living, of a people who, satisfied with frugal comfort, devoted their leisure to the things of the spirit - a land whose countryside would be bright with cosy homesteads, whose fields and villages would be joyous with the sounds of industry, with the romping of sturdy children, the contest of athletic youths and the laughter of happy maidens, whose fire sides would be forums for the wisdom of serene old age. The home, in short, of a people living the life that God desires that me should live..."