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University College Cork, Ireland
Coláiste na hOllscoile Corcaigh

Cín Lae An Bhailitheoir Béaloideasa, Michael J. Murphy

Staidéar cartlainne agus eitneagrafaíoch ar an méid a chuir Michael J. Murphy le Cnuasach Bhéaloideas Éireann, le béim faoi leith ar a chín lae i gcaitheamh na mblianta 1949-1952 agus 1969-1977

Tráchtas curtha isteach i gcomhair MPhil. Béaloideas faoi choimirce Roinn an Bhéaloidis, Coláiste na hOllscoile, Corcaigh.

Údar an Tráchtais:	Áine Ní Neachtain, B.A.
Feitheoir an Tráchtais:	An Dr Clíona O'Carroll, Roinn an Bhéaloidis, Coláiste na hOllscoile, Corcaigh.
Stiúrthóir na Roinne:	An Dr Stiofán Ó Cadhla
Imleabhar:	Imleabhar a hAon as Imleabhar Amháin.
Dáta:	6 Deireadh Fómhair, 2022

... the folklore collector knows he has to spend months, even years with one mind. So melt the wax around the wild honey with sympathy and patience and with questions framed in confidential conversational form based on a knowledge of the working of the mind - and the honey begins to flow. Stay with the flow lest it seal again - people do not really know what they know until the recesses of their memories had been worked on (Murphy, 1973:18).



An phortráid a bronnadh ar Michael J. Murphy ar son Choláiste Ollscoile, Baile Átha Cliath, agus é ag dul ar scor sa bhliain 1983. Taispeáineadh an phortráid mar chuid de thaispeántas griangraf ag an gComóradh Céad Bliain ar shaol Michael J. i dTí Chulainn, Mullach Bán, Co Ard Mhacha, ar an 14 Samhain, 2013. Bhronn Muintir Murphy an phortráid ar Tí Chulainn, áit ina bhfuil an phortráid ar crochadh faoi láthair.

Buíochas

Ba mhaith liom mo bhuíochas ó chroí a ghabháil dóibh siúd a bhí chomh cabhrach le linn an ama a bhíos i mbun na hoibre seo:

An Dr Clíona O'Carroll, as na hiliomad píosaí comhairle a chuir sí orm, agus as doimhneacht a saineolais féin a roinnt go fial liom. An Dr Stiofán Ó Cadhla, as mé a roghnú mar iar-chéimithe, agus as an spreagadh agus dea-chomhairle a chuir sé orm ó am go chéile. An Dr Ciarán Ó Gealbháin as an spreagadh agus dea-chomhairle, agus Bláthnaid Ní Bheaglaoi Uasal, Roinn an Bhéaloidis, Coláiste na hOllscoile, as an gcabhair agus an gcairdeas a thug sí dom thar na blianta. An Dr Seán Ó Duinnshléibhe a chuir comhairle orm an chéad lá riamh dul an treo seo le mo chuid staidéir. Mary Lombard agus foireann na leabharlainne, Coláiste na hOllscoile, as a gcuid dea-chomhairle agus cabhair.

Kevin Murphy, a thug an oiread sin eolais agus spreagadh dom narbh fhéídir luach a chur air. Foireann Tí Chulainn, Mullach Bán, Ard Mhacha Theas, a chuir fáilte agus fiche romham.

Peter Murphy agus Winifred Murphy, mac agus iníon le Michael J. Murphy, agus muintir Michael J., a bhí sásta labhairt liom mar gheall ar a n-athair agus a chuid oibre. Evelyn Ellison, Cartlannaí BBC Tuaisceart Éireann. Criostóir MacCárthaigh, Coláiste na hOllscoile, Baile Átha Cliath, as gach cabhair a thug sé dom. Michael Augustin, craoltóir agus file, as mé a spreagadh, agus an aithne a bhí aige ar Michael J., and taifead agallaimh dá chuid le Michael J., a roinnt liom. An Dr Pádraigh Ó Tiarnaigh, a chuir chugam a thráchtas féin chun go mbeadh fios na slí agam.

Albert agus an líon tí agam sa bhaile as a gcuid grá, foighne agus tacaíochta.

Gura fada buan sibh uilig.

Ráiteas

Deimhním gurb é seo mo chuid oibre féin go hiomlán. Aon uair go bhfuil trácht anseo thíos ar obair údair eile, tá creidiúnt na hoibre sin le feiscint sa leabharliosta ceangailte leis an tráchtas seo.

Deimhním nár cuireadh aon rian den tráchtas seo isteach i gcomhair aon chéim eile sa Choláiste Ollscoile, Corcaigh, ná in aon choláiste eile ach an oiread.

Deineadh an taighde seo faoi choimirce an Dr Clíona O'Carroll, Roinn an Bhéaloidis, Coláiste na hOllscoile, Corcaigh.

Síniú:

Uimhir: 104135687

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Abstract

Building on the work of Michael Briody in his 2007 publication *The Irish Folklore Commission 1935-1970 History, ideology, methodology,* in which he proffered the opinion that the journals of the field collectors may be the jewel in the crown of the National Folklore Collection, I put forward the thesis that Michael J. Murphy's field journal is an important archival resource that merits in-depth study across a wide range of academic disciplines.

Over the course of more than 40 years' service as a professional Folklore Collector, Michael J. Murphy contributed more than 30,000 pages of folklore material, including some 4,000 pages of field journal, and 1,100 photographs to the collection now known as the National Folklore Collection, housed in University College Dublin. Murphy collected folklore throughout the nine counties of Ulster, from a broad range of communities that not only had a rich store of folklore material, but were also troubled by political strife. Michael J. Murphy's accounts of his life and work in these communities provide a unique insight into their everyday lives.

This study of Murphy's field journal seeks to keep important developments in the area of folklore archives in view throughout. It can be said that some scholars have turned their backs somewhat on archival study of pre-modern culture, in favour of the study of contemporary culture, as well as the role of archival structures and practices in the generation of knowledge, resulting in a paradigm shift which changed how folklore archives are viewed in the research community. In tandem with that, the way general archives are viewed has been evolving, thereby generating openness for the type of material stored in folklore archives. Michael J. Murphy had a strong belief in the potential of the material deposited in the archive of the Irish Folklore Commission to provide a valuable archival resource for those seeking a better understanding of who we are as people, and the ongoing provision of digital access to the National Folklore Collection creates a context that supports such a use of this material. In this context, Murphy's thoughts on the confidential trust relationship between collector and storyteller, brought to light in this study of his field journal, provide valuable food for thought for those making difficult decisions in their efforts to balance the provision of access with the need to respect the intentions of those whose words populate the archives.

This thesis posits that Michael J. Murphy fulfils several key research requirements in his field journal, in so far as he supplies a wide-ranging context for his folklore collection, with clear insights into the methodology, ethics and function of the work. As well as that, he supplies a wide-ranging, contemporary, authoritative, unedited account of his life and his work, in an area overshadowed by conflict, and about which so much has been written by reporters and historians, during the second half of the twentieth century. Michael J. Murphy was strongly of the opinion that it is on the word of the insider we should depend for an insight in people's everyday lives. It is the word of the insider that is presented in his own field journal, brought to light in this thesis.

Coimriú

Ag tógaint ar shaothar Mícheál Briody ina leabhar *The Irish Folklore Commission 1935-1970 History, ideology, methodology* (2007), ina chuir sé cíona lae na mbailitheoirí lán-aimseartha chun tosaigh mar sheodra na corónach de Chnuasach Bhéaloideas Éireann, arbh fhiú tuilleadh taighde a dhéanamh orthu, áitím go bhfuil cín lae Michael J. Murphy ar cheann dóibh siúd gur chóir taighde domhain a dhéanamh uirthi. Chaith Michael J. Murphy breis agus daichead bliain mar bhailitheoir proifisiúnta, agus chnuasaigh sé níos mó ná 30,000 leathanach de bhéaloideas, le 4,000 leathanach de chín lae agus 1,100 grianghraf san áireamh, atá i dtaisce anois sa chartlann ar a nglaotar Cnuasach Bhéaloidis Éireann in Ollscoil Bhaile Átha Cliath. Bhailigh Murphy ar fud na naoi gcontaetha d'Uladh, agus ní amháin go raibh stór béaloidis ríshaibhir le cnuasach ann, ach bhí na pobail sin ciapaithe ag coimhlint pholaitíochta chomh maith. Sholáthar Murphy tuairisc ar a shaol agus a shaothar a thugann radharc faoi leith dúinn ar an saol laethúil a chaith pobal na Teorann le linn an ama a bhí seisean gníomhach mar bhailitheoir.

Tá athruithe in earnáil an bhéaloidis maidir le cartlann comeádta in aigne le linn an tráchtais seo. Le roinnt blianta anuas, thug scoláirí áirithe cúl láimhe don taighde cartlainne a bhain le hábhar réamh-nua-aimseartha. Chas siad ar an mbéaloideas comhaimseartha, chomh maith le structúirí agus modhanna oibre cartlainne, mar ábhar taighde, agus d'athraíodh dearcadh scoláirí áirithe i dtaobh na gcartlann. Chomh maith leis sin, d'athraíodh dearcadh scoláirí ar an gcartlann thipiciúil, athrú a d'oscail doras don saghas ábhair atá caomhnaithe i gcartlann béaloidis. Bhí muinín ag Michael J. Murphy go raibh fiúntas tábhachtach ina chnuasach mar ábhar taighde dóibh siúd a bhí ar thóir tuiscintí maidir le cé muid féin mar dhaoine, agus is iontach an rud é go bhfuil obair ar siúl ag Cnuasach Bhéaloideas Éireann chun go mbeadh teacht ag scoláirí ar ábhar na cartlainne ar bhonn digiteach. Tá tuairimí Murphy nochtaithe sa tráchtas seo maidir leis an gcaidreamh agus iontaoibh idir bailitheoir agus faisnéiseoir, agus ba cheart an méid atá le rá aige a chur san áireamh nuair a bhíonn cartlannaithe ag machnamh ar an gcaoi agus ar an méid agus ar an saghas ábhair cartlainne gur chóir a chur ar fáil go digiteach agus ar líne, gan feall a dhéanamh orthu siúd a sholáthar an t-ábhar ar an gcéad dul síos.

D'áitigh Michael J. Murphy gurb ar fhocal na ndaoine ar an taobh istigh den phobal gur chóir dúinn brath chun fíorscéal na ndaoine a chloisint, agus is é sin atá i gceist lena chín lae féin. Léiróidh an tráchtas seo go gcomhlíonann a chín lae réimhse riachtannais taighde tábhachtacha sa mhéid is go soláthríonn sé comhthéacs fairsing dá chnuasach béaloidis, le lánléargas maidir le cur chuige, eiticí, agus feidhm na hoibre. Chomh maith leis sin, soláthríonn sé tuairisc fhairsing, chomhaimseartha, shainiúil agus ionraic dá shaol is dá chuid oibre, i gceantar a bhí fé scáth coimhlinte, agus ar a bhfuil an oiread sin scríte ag iriseoirí agus staraithe acadúla, i gcaitheamh an dara leath den fichiú aois.

Modh Eagarthóireachta

An Chín Lae: Tá na míreanna as cín lae Michael J. Murphy tras-scríofa as cóipeanna atá ar fís i Leabharlann Boole in Ollscoil Éireann, Corcaigh. Deineadh ceartúcháin ar an litriú uaireanta nuair a bhí sé soléir gur dearmad a bhí i gceist.

An Chín Lae: Tá na tagarthaí leagaithe amach de réir comhairle Chnuasach Bhéaloideas Éireann ar an suíomh idirlín:

http://www.ucd.ie/irishfolklore/en/t4cms/Citing_the_NFC_2009.doc

Nodanna:

C.B.É. Cnuasach Bhéaloideas Éireann

PRONI Public Records Office Northern Ireland

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1 Réamhrá

> Tradition can be either a dead weight on a nation or an incentive to constructive thinking, and should be part of our education if only to make the spirit fight it. A convulsion of time has shuffled our values; and our future depends on whether we do the sifting and allocation ourselves or permit others to do it for us, as before.
> (Michael J. Murphy, Method in their Myths. Irish Press 16th June, 1942)

Rinne an scoláire Mícheál Briody (2007), dianstaidéar ar Choimisiún Bhéaloideas Éireann, agus áitíonn seiseann gur chóir tuilleadh staidéir a dhéanamh ar obair na mbailitheoirí éagsúla, chun an ról lárnach a bhí acu siúd san fheachtas bailiúcháin, as a d'eascar Cnuasach Bhéaloideas Éireann, a thabhairt chun solais. Luann sé nár tugadh a gceart dóibh ar shlí, agus fiú aon uair ar foilsíodh míreanna san iris *Béaloideas,* iris an Chumainn le Béaloideas Éireann, ní bhíodh sé de nós ag na heagarthóirí tagairt ar bith a dhéanamh don bhailitheoir, rud a threisigh íomhá na mbailitheoirí mar 'mere hewers of wood and drawers of water' (Briody, 2007: 424). D'fhan pearsantacht na mbailitheoirí beagáinín faoi cheilt, agus chuir sé sceitimíní orm mar thaighdeoir an chaoi a tháinig dath agus toirt ar an mbailitheoir, Michael J. Murphy, de réir agus a ndeachaigh mé in aithne air agus ar a scéal pearsanta. Cífear cruthúnas sa tráchtas seo go bhfuil Michael J. Murphy ina dhuine de na bailitheoirí siúd a thuilleann an tuilleadh taighde a luann Briody. Ní raibh Michael J. Murphy dall ar an éacht a bhain sé amach ar son na n-Ultach, ach is é téis an tráchtais seo ná gur dociméad atá gach oiread chomh tábhachtach leis an gcnuasach féin atá i gcín lae Murphy.

Trí thimpist a tháinig mé ar shaothar Michael J. Murphy an chéad lá riamh. Ag iarraidh teacht ar eolas mar gheall ar an mbanghlúine thraidisiúnta i gCnuasach Bhéaloideas Éireann a bhíos, nuair a mhol an Dr Clíona O'Carroll cnuasach Michael J. Murphy mar ábhar taighde. Tá ainm Murphy in airde mar bhailitheoir a d'éirigh leis ana-chuid eolais a bhaineann le saol príobháideach na ngnáthdhaoine a bhailiú, fad is a bhí sé i mbun oibre mar bhailitheoir lán-aimseartha ón mbliain 1949 go 1983. Bhí an ceart ar fad ag an Dr O'Carroll, ach thóg mé faoi ndeara chomh maith go raibh an fear féin gach oiread chomh suimiúil leis an ábhar a bhailigh

sé, agus gur fhág sé cín lae atá thar a bheith cuimsitheach agus tábhachtach mar dhoiciméad comhthéacsúil dá chnuasach agus mar bhunfhoinse tábhachach maidir leis a shaol féin, le saol an bhailitheora béaloidis; agus an saol laethúil ar an teorainn idir Éire agus an Ríocht Aontaithe le linn a ré.

Údar, drámadóir, iriseoir, colúnaí, grianghrafadóir, agus craoltóir proifisiúnta ba ea Michael J. Murphy. Thosaigh sé mar bhailitheoir béaloidis go lán-aimseartha sa bhliain 1949, cé go raibh sé de nós aige a bheith ag breacadh síos béaloideas ón uair a bhí sé ina bhuachaill, agus bhí sé ag obair go páirt-aimseartha leis an gCoimisiún ón mbliain 1941 ar aghaidh. Bhí sé mar chúram ar na bailitheoirí lán-aimseartha cín lae a líonadh agus a chur ar aghaidh go Ceannáras an Choimisiúin i mBaile Átha Cliath. B'é feidhm na cíne lae ná comhthéacs na hoibre a sholáthar, chomh maith le tuairisc mar gheall ar an gcaoi a bhí gach bailitheoir ag cur a chuid oibre chun cinn. Gnáthchóipleabhar a bhí ann, agus ba bheag an treoir a bhí i gceist maidir le hionchur, ach moladh an oiread agus arbh fhéidir a scríobh síos ann go rialta. Dá bhrí sin, bhí saoirse áirithe ag an mbailitheoir maidir leis an gcín lae, agus cé go raibh cuid de na cíona lae leamh agus meicniúil go leor, bhain Michael J. Murphy úsáid fhairsing agus scaoilte as a chín lae féin, agus is saibhre go mór í dá bharr. D'áitigh sé féin nár dhein sé aon eagarthóireacht ar a chín lae; gur theastaigh uaidh a bheith chomh ionraic agus tuairisciúil agus arbh fhéidir leis agus é á scríobh. Ba léir, chomh maith, gur bhain sé faoiseamh as a bheith ag scríobh na cíne lae, agus gur sórt sruth smaointe atá intí go mion minic, go háirithe nuair a bhí rudaí ag cur tinnis air. Ciallaíonn seo gur doiciméad leanúnach, fairsing, neamhbhalbh, atá i gceist anseo, trí mhéan an Bhéarla, ar chóir é a thabhairt chun solais mar fhoinse taighde ina gcuirfeadh scoláirí as réimhse disciplíní éagsúla suim. Is iad na ceisteanna a chuireas romham ná cé hé Michael J. Murphy féin, cad é a chúlra, a shaoldearcadh, a chur chuige oibre, agus a oidhreacht. Cuireadh cúlra Choimisiún Béaloideasa Éireann san áireamh, agus cá sheasann an chartlann sin anois i gcomhthéacs an

athrú pairidíme a thit amach le linn na 1960í nuair a chas scoláirí áirithe i dtreo an chultúir comhaimseartha, cur chuige na cartlainne, agus stair an mheanmanra, gan trácht ar thionchar na ré nuatheicneolaíochta ar obair na cartlainne béaloideasa. Theastaigh uaim codanna den chín lae féin a iniúchadh ionas go bhféadfainn samplaí a roghnú chun an téis a bhí agam a chruthú, is é sin le rá, go bhfuil luach thar cuimse i gcín lae Murphy toisc í a bheith chomh cuimsitheach, ealaíonta, agus pearsanta sin, agus go mbaineann an chín lae le ceantar agus le ré a sheasann amach i stair shóisialta agus pholaitiúil na hÉireann, agus toisc go bhfuil eolas inti maidir le réimse leathan topaicí, curtha in iúl le fealsúnacht mhaorga agus mothúcháin phearsanta, nach bhfuil a leithéid le fáil in aon áit eile, go bhfios dom.

Is mór an rud é go bhfuil tús curtha le staidéar ar chín lae Murphy toisc go raibh béim leagtha ar a chnuasach agus a stór fótagrafaíochta suas go dtí seo. Tá súil agam go gcuirfidh doimhneacht agus fairsingeacht na dtopaicí atá luaite aige ina chín lae ionadh ar an léitheoir, go háirithe éinne a chuireann suim i stair shóisialta agus pholaitiúil an Tuaiscirt, nó i scéal na mbailitheoirí éagsúla.

I gCaibidil a hAon, déanfar cur síos ar an modheolaíocht a d'úsáid mé agus mé ag iarraidh eolas a fháil mar gheall ar Michael J. Murphy, agus ag iarraidh an chreidiúint a mheasaim atá tuillte aige a chruthú. Rinne mé staidéar ar chnuasach agus ar chín lae Michael J. Murphy i leabharlann Ollscoil Chorcaí agus i gCnuasach Bhéaloideas Éireann, agus chuir mé an chín lae i gcomparáid le roinnt cíona lae eile de chuid na mbailitheoirí. Seasann cín lae Murphy amach de bharr an oiread eolais a chuireann sé san áireamh, agus an cumas a bhí aige pictiúr cineamatagrafic a léiriú lena pheann.

Tá tagairt ghairid i gCaibidil a hAon don Chartlann Náisiúnta agus do PRONI (Public Records Office Northern Ireland) chomh maith mar fhoinsí taighde maidir le comhfhreagras Michael J. Murphy leis an údar Benedict Kiely agus leis an bhfile John Hewitt, beirt de

mhórlaochra litríochta Ulaidh, agus bhíos fiosrach mar gheall ar an gcaidreamh a bhí acu lena chéile. Chabhraigh an taighde sin liom aithne a chur ar Michael J. mar fhear, agus lean mé orm ag cur aithne air trí nascanna a fhorbairt leo siúd i mBaile Átha Cliath agus ó thuaidh a raibh aithne mhaith acu air, ar bhonn pearsanta agus gairmiúil. Cuifear síos ar na camchuairteanna a thug mé ó thuaidh chun bualadh leis na daoine éagsúla a raibh nasc cothaithe agam leo, agus conas a ndeachaigh na turasanna go ceantar dúchais Michael J. agus go dtí na háiteanna timpeall an Chúige inar chónaigh sé, agus inar dhein sé a chuid oibre, i bhfeidhm orm.

I gCaibidil a Dó, déanfar cur síos gairid ar chúlra Chnuasach Bhéaloideas Éireann, ag brath mórán ar an dianstaidéar atá déanta cheanna ag mórscoláirí na linne seo ar nós Mícheál Briody agus Diarmuid Ó Giolláin, i measc eile. Pléifear an tionchar a bhí ag Séamus Ó Duilearga, an Stiúrthóir Oinigh Choimisiún Béaloideasa Éireann, agus Seán Ó Súilleabháin, Príomhchartlannaí Choimisiún Béaloideasa Éireann, ar obair na cartlainne, agus ar an gcaidreamh a bhí idir iad agus Michael J. Murphy.

N'fheadar an raibh aon chuimhneamh acu siúd a bhí mar cheannairí agus mar shaothraithe sa ghort go mbeadh lá ann ina ndéanfaí breithniú criticiúil ar an gcartlann béaloidis, nó go dtiocfadh a leithéid agus digitiú ar an saol, ach ní féidir féachaint ar aon chartlann anois gan smaointe iar-nua-aimseartha a chur san áireamh. Bhí tionchar riamh ag saineolaithe Lochlannacha ar an bhfeachtas bailiúcháin anseo in Éirinn, agus déanfar cur síos sa chaibidil seo ar an athrú pairidíme a thit amach sna tíortha sin de bharr an bhreithniú thuasluaite, agus conas a bhaineann sin le hobair Murphy. Déanfar cur síos chomh maith ar na hiarrachtaí atá idir láimhe ag feidhmitheoirí Chnuasach Bhéaloideas Éireann chun dul i ngleic leis na féidearthachtaí agus na deacrachtaí a chothaíonn an nuatheicneolaíocht maidir le hábhar cartlainne ar líne.

Cuirfear próifíl Michael J. Murphy faoi bhráid an léitheora i **gCaibidil a Trí**. Duine ana-neamhchoitianta ba ea é, agus ag an am céanna, duine de chosmhuintir Ard Mhacha Theas ba ea é chomh maith. Tráchtann Murphy go minic ina chín lae ar laethanta a óige, agus a mhuintir, agus bainfear úsáid sa chaibidil seo as an bhfoinse sin chun cur síos a dhéanamh ar a chúlra sóisialta agus polaitiúil. Pléifear an léiriú atá againn uaidh mar gheall ar mhuintir Ard Mhacha Theas mar fhaisnéiseoirí. Déanfar cur síos sa chaibidil seo ar mhuintir Murphy, ar na cuinsí a d'imir tionchar air agus é ina fhear óg, agus ar na cúinsí a chuir i dtreo an bhailiú proifisiúnta é. Léireofar gur fhear le meon aigne scaoilte agus réabhlóideach ó dhúchas ba ea Murphy, agus dúil a chroí aige sa scríbhneoireacht. Bhí sé go hiomlán nádúrtha dó úsáid fhairsing a bhaint as an gcín lae chun nithe a bhain leis go pearsanta, agus go gairmiúil, a chur in iúl. Gheobhaidh an léitheoir cur amach ar dhearcadh Murphy maidir leis an gcaidreamh idir é féin agus a fhaisnéiseoirí, and cad iad na tuiscintí a bhí eatarthu maidir le meas agus rúndacht.

Beidh cur síos agus plé ar an seal a chaith Michael J. i nGleann Choll, Co Thír Eoghain i **gCaibidil a Ceathair**. D'iarr Séamus Ó Duilearga air teoiric nua a thriail, agus séard a bhí i gceist ná go ndeachaigh an bailitheoir chun cónaithe ar feadh tréimhse ama fada i bpobal áirithe chun béaloideas an phobail sin a bhailiú. Dá bhrí sin, thuirling Murphy agus a bhean, Alice, agus a chlann ar Ghleann Choll i lár an gheimhridh 1949-1950, agus d'fhan siad ann go deireadh na bliana 1951. Ní rud beag a bhí i gceist toisc go raibh clann óg acu, agus bhí sé beagnach dodhéanta teach a fháil ar cíos. Ach, i ndáiríre, bhí Michael J. bocht dearóil ag an am, agus ní raibh mórán deiseanna ar fáil dó agus, rud ana-thábhachtach, theastaigh uaidh an obair a dhéanamh agus bhí Alice sásta dul leis. Insíonn sé scéal dúinn ina chín lae mar gheall ar an tréimhse seo dá shaol, a thugann radharc thar a bheith suimiúil agus taitneamhach don léitheoir. Gheobhaidh an léitheoir radharc sa chaibidil seo ar an mbailitheoir ag teacht in inmhe, agus é ag fáil tuiscint air féin agus ar an tasc a bhí idir lámha aige sa cheantar seo,

ceantar ina raibh béaloideas gach oiread chomh saibhir is a bhí in aon áit eile ar fud na tíre, dar le Murphy féin. Cé nach raibh an Ghaeilge ag Michael J., bhailigh sé ó na cainteoirí dúchasacha deireannacha sa cheantar sin, agus d'fheidhmigh sé mar threoraí nuair a thug an teangeolaí iomráiteach, Heinrich Wagner, cuairt ar na daoine úd chun ábhar a bhailiú dá shaothar féin. Saothar teangeolaíoch teicniúil a bhí idir chúraim ag Wagner (1981), ach thug Murphy aghaidh daonna do na cainteoirí deireannacha, nach mbeadh ar fáil, murach é. Déanfar cur síos ar an gcaoi ina ndeachaigh muintir na háite agus Murphy i bhfeidhm ar a chéile, chomh maith leis an gcumas a bhí aige comhthéacs a sholáthar don ábhar a bhí á bhailiú aige. Léireofar an cumas a bhí aige duine a chur in iúl don léitheoir, ionas go ndéanfá amach go raibh aithne phearsanta agat an an bhfaisnéiseoir.

Nuair a d'fhág Murphy Gleann Choll, d'aistrigh sé go dtí na Glinnte Aontroma, agus ba cheantar é sin a bhí an-difriúil ó Ghleann Choll. Nuair a d'fhág Murphy na Glinnte, d'aistrigh sé cúpla babtha go dtí gur shocraigh sé síos arís ina cheantar dúchais i nDroimeann Tí. Bhí an nós aige as sin amach imeacht as baile ag bailiú, agus úsáid a bhaint as lóistín ar feadh cúpla lá nó ar feadh seachtaine. Níor dhein Murphy dearmad ar a chín lae riamh le linn na mblianta idir 1951 agus 1969. Tugann sé cúntas ana-shuimiúil ar a shaol agus ar mhuintir na nGlinnte Aontroma, agus conas a d'éirigh sé leo go pearsanta, agus an tionchar a bhí ag an obair a bhí idir láimhe aige ar a scríbhneoireacht chruthaitheach. Bhí nascanna aige leo siúd a bhí gníomhach san fheachtas chaomhnú béaloidis ó Thuaidh agus cuireann sé leis an eolas a nochtann Briody (2007) ina shaothar féin mar gheall ar an gcaidreamh idir na gníomhaithe ó Thuaidh agus ceannairí Choimisiún Béaloideasa Éireann i mBaile Átha Cliath. Gan aon amhras, b'fhiú go mór filleadh ar na cáipéisí sin mar ábhar taighde. Bhailigh Michael J. Murphy béaloideas i Reachlainn; An Phointe; Co an Chabháin; agus i gCo Sligeach, agus choimeád sé cín lae chuimsitheach mar gheall ar a chuid oibre i gcaitheamh na mblianta sin

chomh maith. B'fhiú go mór staidéar a dhéanamh ar na cáipéisí sin mar ábhar taighde, dar ndóigh.

Roghnaigh mé an tréimhse 1969 to 1977, Aimsir na dTrioblóidí i dTuaisceart Éireann, mar ábhar don chéad chaibidil eile, **Caibidil a Cúig**, den tráchtas seo, toisc go bhfuilim den tuairim gur uaithúil an tuairisc seo mar gheall ar an tréimhse seo de stair na hÉireann. Duine polaitiúil ba ea Murphy, nach raibh aon drogall air labhairt amach i gcoinne na héagóra, agus dá bhrí sin bhí a shaol agus saol a mhuintire go hiomlán curtha bun ós cionn le linn na dTrioblóidí. Chomh maith leis sin, bhí cónaí air i gcroílár chrios míleata, agus ní raibh aon lá saor aige ón strus agus ón mbuairt ó thús na 1970í go lá a bháis. Déanfar cur síos gairid ag tús na caibidle seo ar chúlra na coimhlinte, agus conas a tharla sé go raibh ceantar Murphy ina chroílár. Baineadh an rialtas agus na Paraimílitigh úsáid as na sochraidí polaitiúla ar mhaithe a bhfeachtas féin, agus díreofar ar na tuairiscí a sholáthar Michael J. ar na hócáidí seo go háirithe, díreach toisc go bhfuil ana-bhaint ag na hocáidí seo leis an mbéaloideas agus le saineolaíocht Michael J..

Smaointeoir domhain ba ea Murphy, agus bhíodh sé de shíor ag macnamh ar an gcodarsnacht idir áilleacht an bhéaloidis a bhí á bhailiú aige agus an scrios a bhí ag dul ar aghaigh taobh timpeall air, agus léiríonn sé an chodarsnacht sin arís agus arís eile ina chín lae le linn na dTrioblóidí. D'éirigh cúrsaí taistil an-chontúirteach sa tréimhse corraitheach seo agus ní raibh aon dul as ag Murphy ach taisteal ó áit go háit ag bailiú. Toisc nár éirigh leis an gCoimisiún mótar a chur faoi (Briody, 2007: 247), bhíodh sé amuigh go poiblí ón nóiméad a d'fhág sé a theach féin, agus gheobhaidh an léitheoir radharc glinn ar an taobh sin dá eispéireas mar bhailitheoir, eispéireas uathúil i measc na mbailitheoirí, dar ndóigh.

Uaireanta, ní raibh aon dul as aige ach dul ag bailiú níos cóngairí dá bhaile féin, agus faoi mar a tharla sé, bhí seoid de sheanchaí ar leac a dhorais, darbh ainm Frank 'Wings'

Campbell. Bhailigh Murphy ana-chuid béaloidis uaidh, agus iad suite i gcúinne i dtigh tábhairne i bForchill, Co Ard Mhacha. Is suimiúil an caidreamh idir Murphy agus Campbell atá léirithe sa chín lae, agus conas a d'éirigh le Murphy cnuasach Campbell a mhealladh uaidh, fad is a bhí scrios na coimhlinte ar siúl taobh timpeall orthu.

Faoi mar a tharla sé, cuireadh teach Michael J. Murphy féin faoi ruathar go mion minic i gcaitheamh an ama sin, agus roinneann sé an t-eispéaras sin linn sa chín lae. Bhí air an dlí a chur ar Rialtas na Breataine toisc gur dhein an tArm scrios ar a chnuasach páipéirí le linn ruathair amháin, agus bhuaigh sé cúiteamh. Is dócha go bhfuil tráchtas eile sa chás sin. Chuirfeadh sé ag gol tú an méid a d'fhulaing sé, agus tá an oiread sin le staidéar insan chuid sin den chín lae nach bhfuil spás sa tráchtas seo chuige, faraor. D'aistrigh Michael J. agus a bhean chéile go Baile Bhailtéir, Co an Chabháin, ag deireadh na 1980í, chun faoiseamh a fháil ó na ruathair ar a theach, agus b'shin an áit a fuair sé bás sa bhliain 1996.

Fathach ba ea é Michael J. Murphy i measc na mbailitheoirí, agus tá mórchuid le foghlaim againn as a bheith ag díriú ar an gcín lae a sholáthar sé don chartlann. Áitím i gCaibidil 5 gur chomhlíonn Michael J. Murphy a chuid dualgaisí oibre ar bhonn proifisiúnta agus sainiúil. Ag an am chéanna, nocht sé a chroí ina chín lae, ionas gur éirigh leis saothar le luach breise a bhronnadh ar Chnuasach Bhéaloideas Éireann, atá ar fáil anois ar mhaithe le taighdeoirí as an iliomad disciplíní acadúla. B'shin é an aidhm a bhí ag Michael J. Murphy féin riamh, agus bhí sé chun tosaigh ar chuid dá lucht comhaimsire nuair a bhain sé leas as teicneolaíocht nua a linne féin, ar nós an clóscríobhán, an ceamara, an raidió, agus an teilifís, mar áiseanna chun suim a chothú sa chultúr traidisiúnta. Déanfar machnamh ar an turas taighde a bhí agam féin go pearsanta agus conas a ndeachaigh an turas i bhfeidhm orm: Míneofar conas a d'oscail an taighde doras dom nach rabhas riamh ag súil leis, agus go bhfuilim ana-bhuíoch as an eispéaras sin a chuir go mór leis an tuiscint atá agam ar an mbéaloideas mar léann, agus orm féin mar shaoránach na tíre seo.

An Mhodheolaíocht

1.1 Seoladh Isteach

Tá cur síos anseo thíos ar an modheolaíocht a bhain mé úsaid as chun tábhacht chín lae Michael J. Murphy a thabhairt chun solais. Chuige sin, bhí taighde leabharlainne, cartlainne agus taighde sa ghort le déanamh. Bhí cuid de na foinsí leabharlainne agus cartlainne in aice láimhe i Leabharlann Boole in Ollscoil Chorcaí, agus cuid eile i gCnuasach Bhéaloideas Éireann in Áras John Henry Newman in Ollscoil Bhaile Átha Cliath. Thug mé cuairt ar an Leabharlann Náisiúnta i mBaile Átha Cliath ar thóir cuid de shaothar cruthaitheach Michael J. agus a chomhfhreagras leis an údar, Benedict Kiely, an duine a bhaist 'The Last Druid' air. Thug mé cuairt ar chartlann BBC Northern Ireland, i mBéal Feirste, áit ina bhfuil cnuasach den mhéid a chraol Michael J. Murphy i dtaisce, agus thug mé cuairt ar PRONI i mBéal Feirste chun go léifinn cuid de chomhfhreagras Michael J. Murphy leis an bfile John Hewitt, a luaigh sé ina chín lae. Chuir mé aithne ar roinnt daoine gairmiúla sna heagraíochtaí thuasluaite a raibh aithne phroifisiúnta acu ar Michael J. Murphy. Rinneadh taighde i gceantar dúchais Murphy in Ard Mhacha Theas agus chuir mé aithne ar a mhac agus a iníon, agus ar chuid de na baill de Chuimhneamh, an eagraíocht oidhreachta atá lonnaithe i dTí Chulainn, Mullach Bán, Co. Ard Mhacha. Thugas cuairt ar roinnt mhaith de bhailte agus sráidbhailte atá luaite aige sa chín lae, ar nós Gleann Choll, an Ómaigh, Crois Mhic Lionnáin, Cathair Ard Mhacha, an t-Iúr, an Pointe, Inis Ceithleann, agus An Blaic i gCo. Chabháin. Rinne Michael J. Murphy a lán dá chuid oibre i dtithe tábhairne, agus bhuaileas isteach chuig roinnt de na tithe tábhairne a luann sé agus labhair mé leis na tábhairneoirí agus daoine áitiúla, i dtreo is gur bhuail mé le roinnt mhaith daoine a raibh aithne phearsanta acu ar Michael J..

Taighde coinbhinsiúnach a bhí i gceist leis an taighde leabharlainne dar ndóigh, agus is dócha go bhféadfainn an tráchtas a scríobh gan aon chuairt a thabhairt ar Thuaisceart Éireann, ach

chuir na turasanna sin go mór leis an tuiscint a fuaireas ar inspreagadh Michael J. Murphy, agus ar a phobal agus ar chúrsaí polaitíochta Thuaisceart Éireann. Le linn mo shaoil ar fad bhí mé ag brath ar na leabhair staire agus ar an earnáil iriseoireachta i gcomhair an eolais a bhí agam maidir le Cúige Uladh, ach is bocht iad na foinsí sin suas leis an tuiscint atá le fáil as tamall a chaitheamh in áit agus aithne a fháil ar mhuintir na háite.

1.2 Taighde Leabharlainne

Dar ndóigh, bhí mórán le léamh ó phinn na laochra a raibh baint acu le dul chun cinn an Léann Dúchais in Éirinn ó thús, ionas go bhfuaireas radharc ar chúlra an léinn, agus cur amach ar fhealsúnacht na ndaoine sin a bhí mar fhostóirí ag Michael J. Murphy. Chomh maith leis sin, bhí corpas fairsing litríochta a bhaineann le béaloideas, agus go háirithe le béaloideas an Tuaiscirt, le cíoradh, ionas go bhféadfainn Michael J. a lonnú i bhfráma an léinn.

Ní féidir saoldearcadh agus inspreagadh Michael J. Murphy a thuiscint gan cúlra polaitiúil Thuaisceart Éireann a chur san áireamh. Dá bhrí sin níor mhór dom mo chuid machnaimh agus léimh a dhéanamh ar an Tuaisceart mar spás polaitiúil faoi leith. Fad is a bhíos ag dul ar aghaidh le léamh na gcíona lae, bhí orm na heachtraí ar dhein Murphy tagairt dóibh a nascadh le míreanna nuachta an lae sin, ní hamháin mar gheall ar aimsir na dTrioblóidí, ach le linn an ama ar fad a bhí Michael J. gníomhach mar bhailitheoir. Sa tslí seo bhíos in ann na heachtraí a luaigh Michael J. a chur i gcomhthéacs, agus go bunúsach, tuiscint níos fearr a fháil ar an méid a bhí á rá aige, cur i gcás mórthéamaí na dTrioblóidí, an Ghluaiseacht Cearta Síbhialta, feachtas an *IRA*, forghabháil Airm na Breataine, agus an Polasaí Scaoileadh Chun Marú. Chuige seo, bhí an suíomh de chuid Ollscoil Uladh ar a nglaotar CAIN (Conflict Archive on the Internet) thar a bheith áisiúil, go háirithe maidir le ré na dTrioblóidí.

1.3 Taighde Cartlainne

Tá Cnuasach Bhéaloideas Éireann caomhnaithe in Ollscoil Bhaile Átha Cliath, mar a bhfuil bunfhoinsí agus foinsí tánaisteacha a bhaineann le béaloideas agus nósanna na nGael ar fáil. Tá an Cnuasach cláraithe ar Chlár Chuimhne an Domhain UNESCO, mar aitheantas ar an tábhacht domhanda a bhaineann leis. Ar an dea-uair, bhí mé in ann na cíona lae agus ana-chuid de chnuasach Murphy i gCnuasach Bhéaloideas Éireann a léamh ar mhicrifíseanna sna Bailiúcháin Speisialta i Leabharlann Boole, in Ollscoil Chorcaí.

Maidir leis an gcín lae, bhíos ag faire amach le míreanna a thaispeánann cumas Murphy comhthéacs a chur in iúl, a thugann a chur chuige mar bhailitheoir chun solais, agus a léiríonn a shaoldearcadh féin. Bhíos ag faire amach chomh maith le tuairiscí mar gheall ar imeachtaí a bhí ag titim amach sa tsochaí le linn an ama a bhí Murphy gníomhach mar bhailitheoir proifisiúnta.

De réir mar a chuireas aithne ar Michael J., fuaireas tuiscint níos doimhne ar an ábhar sa chín lae. Níor mhór na leathanaigh den chín lae a léamh cúig nó sé bhabhta thar tréimhse ama chun tuiscint cheart a fháil ar an luach sa bhreis a chuireann sé leis an gCnuasach, agus thugas gnéithe úra faoi deara le gach athléamh.

Léigh mé cuid de na cíona lae a sholáthar roinnt bailitheoirí lánaimseartha eile a bhí ag treabhadh an ghoirt in áiteanna éagsúla den tír le linn ré Murphy, chomh maith le cuid den mhéid atá foilsithe ag scolairí eile mar gheall orthu, chun go bhfaighfinn cur amach ar na difríochtaí a bhí le feiscint idir na cíona lae éagsúla, go háirithe i gcomparáid le cín lae Murphy. Tá na cíona lae an-éagsúil óna chéile, agus is amhlaidh go raibh saoirse áirithe ag na bailitheoirí maidir leis an méid a chuir siad san áireamh iontu. Cuireann an éagsúlacht seo le

saibhreas an Chnuasaigh, mar a léirítear i gcín lae Murphy. Ba mhinic é ag déanamh iontais ina chín lae an raibh an méid a bhí á scríobh aige féin oiriúnach do chín lae in aon chor, ach bheartaigh sé leanúint ar aghaigh ar aon chuma. Má bhain an tuairisc le Murphy féin mar bhailitheoir, bhí an tuairisc ábharach don Chnuasach, dar leis. Ritheann sé liom go bhfuil an saibhreas seo ábhairín faoi cheilt dá mbeadh duine ag brath ar an gcatagóiriú a deineadh ar an gCnuasach chun teacht ar ábhar. I mo chás féin, is tré thimpist a tháinig mé ar chín lae Murphy agus ar an saibhreas a bhaineann léi.

1.4 Taighde sa Ghort

Cé gur deineadh formhór den taighde cartlainne i Leabharlann Boole in Ollscoil Chorcaí, ag baint úsáide as na micrifíseanna d'ábhar Chnuasach Bhéaloideas Éireann, mheasas go raibh sé tábhachtach turas a thabhairt ar an gcartlann i mBaile Átha Cliath, chun na bunchóipeanna a fheiscint, agus cur amach a fháil ar an Ionad ina bhuil bunchóipeanna de shaothar Murphy i dtaisce. Theastaigh uaim blaiseadh d'aitmeasféar an Chnuasaigh a fháil, agus chuir an turas crot ar an méid a bhí foghlamtha agam mar fhochéimí mar gheall ar an gcartlann áirithe seo, agus ar an gcartlann béaloidis mar choincheap. Fuaireas cur amach ar na prótacail a leanann taighde i gcartlann. Thugas faoi deara cur chuige na gcartlannaithe, atá ag iarraidh bóthar an taighde a réiteach don taighdeoir, agus atá ag iarraidh ag an am chéanna an t-ábhar a chaomhnú, le meas don ábhar féin agus dóibh siúd a sholáthar an t-ábhar. Tá Cnuasach Bhéaloideas Éireann ábhairín faoi cheilt istigh in Ollscoil Bhaile Átha Cliath. Tá an dealramh air go bhfuil easpa foirne ag cur isteach ar an méid gur mhaith le foireann an Ionaid a chur i gcrích, agus ar an teacht atá ag taighdeoirí ar an ábhar. Is amhlaidh go mbeidh ról lárnach amach anseo ag an digitiú maidir le taighde agus scaipeadh ábhar na cartlainne seo, mar a pléifear níos déanaí i gCaibidil a Trí.

Toisc go bhfuil trácht ina chín lae ar na drámaí a d'eisigh Michael J. Murphy, agus ar an gcomhfhreagras agus ar an gcaidreamh idir é agus scríbhneoirí iomráiteacha ar nós Benedict Kiely agus John Hewitt, bheartaíos dul go Leabharlann Náisiúnta na hÉireann i mBaile Átha Cliath, áit ina bhfuil cóipéanna de chuid mhaith dá shaothar cruthaitheach, atá as cló anois, ar fáil, chomh maith le cuid dá chomhfhreagras le Benedict Kiely, ón mbliain 1971 go 1984 (Murphy, n.d). Theastaigh uaim cuid den ábhar sin a fheiscint agus a léamh, go háirithe *Men on the Wall* (Murphy, 1956). Is dráma é seo a luann sé go mion minic ina chín lae i gcomhthéacs na dTrioblóidí i dTuaisceart Éireann. Is léir ón gcín lae go raibh Michael J. Murphy cráite mar gheall ar an dráma sin le linn aimsir na dTrioblóidí, toisc go raibh an dráma ag tuar na dTrioblóidí na déaga de bhlianta sular bhris siad amach.

Chuaigh mé go PRONI i mBéal Feirste chomh maith, áit ina bhfuil breis agus trí chéad go leith litir idir Murphy agus an file iomráiteach, John Hewitt, i dtaisce (Murphy, n.d.), ach ní bhfuair mé ach blas den ábhar sin. Is é mo bharúil gur fiú go mór tuilleadh taighde a dhéanamh ar an gcomhfhreagras áirithe seo.

B'fhiú na turasanna thuasluaite toisc gur chuir mé aithne níos doimhe ar Michael J. Murphy féin agus ar na rudaí a bhíodh ag cur tinnis air. Chuir na turasanna seo le mo chuid eolais mar gheall ar an gcartlann i gcoitinne, agus ar Michael J. Murphy mar scríbhneoir cruthaitheach agus mar chomhfhreagraí, dhá rud a bhí ana-lárnach ina shaol.

1.5 Cartlann BBC Uladh

Thugas turas eile ar an Tuaisceart i Mí Lúnasa, 2013, chun cuairt a thabhairt ar Chartlann Fuaime BBC Uladh, atá suite taobh le Daonpháirc Uladh i gCultrá, Béal Feirste. Is léir gur thuig Michael J. Murphy tábhacht na n-áiseanna nua-aimseartha chun an béaloideas a chaomhnú agus a scaipeadh, agus d'aithin sé na deiseanna úra a tháinig ar an bhfód leis an raidió agus an teilifís. Ní coincheap suntasach sin dúinne sa lá atá inniú ann, ach

d'fhéadfaimís a rá gur machnamh ceannródaíoch a bhí ann don ré sin - na 1950í/1960í/1970í nuair a bhí Michael J. ag craoladh go rialta leis an BBC Uladh, le Raidió Éireann, agus eile.

Chaitheas lá i gCartlann BBC Uladh, ag éisteacht leis na cláracha raidió a chraol Michael J., agus ag breathnú ar dhá chlár teilifíse dá chuid. Ba dheas liom a ghuth a chloisint agus é a fheiscint ar an scáileán, toisc go gcuireann sin leis an nasc pearsanta atá agam mar thaighdeoir le Michael J. Murphy mar ábhar taighde. Chuaigh an stíl shoiléir inar éirigh leis tábhacht a cheirde a chur trasna, agus an tuiscint dhomhain a bhí aige ar a cheird, i bhfeidhm orm. Anuas air sin, b'eispéireas faoi leith é an chuairt a thugas ar an gcartlann fuaime, BBC Uladh, agus an léiriú a fuaireas ar na noirm a fheidhmíonn san earnáil chraoltóireachta maidir le taighde agus le smacht a choiméad ar an ábhar cartlainne.

1.6 An Chartlann mar Choincheap

Go dtí le déanaí, deineadh talamh slán de gur ábhar siocaithe neamhchorraithe, le húdarás docheistithe ba ea an t-ábhar atá caomhnaithe i gcartlann, agus ba chuma cad é bunús na heagraise a chuir pé cartlann atá i gceist ar bun. Anois, áfach, is iomaí scoláire atá ag ardú ceisteanna maidir le coincheap na cartlainne i gcoitinne, agus cé go bhfuil difríochtaí bunúsacha idir gnáthchartlann agus cartlann béaloidis, baineann cuid de na ceisteanna agus dúshláin le cartlann béaloidis gach oiread chomh maith le haon chartlann eile.

Bhí sé riachtannach domsa a bheith feasach mar gheall ar roinnt de na ceisteanna agus na dúshláin atá ardaithe ag scoláirí maidir leis an gcartlann béaloidis, agus machnamh agus taighde a dhéanamh ar an gcartlann mar choincheap. Bhí ceisteanna ar nós cad is cartlann ann, cad chuige cartlann, cad é atá curtha san áireamh, cad atá fágtha ar lár agus cén fáth, agus staid/stádas na gcartlann éagsúla. Níor mhór dom mo chuid machnaimh a dhéanamh ar an gcartlann ina bhfuil cnuasach Michael J. Murphy caomhnaithe, i gcomhthéacs roinnt de na ceisteanna seo, agus an tábhacht a bhaineann leis an gcartlann a iniúchadh i gcomhthéacs

roinnt de na heilimintí a imríonn tionchar ar an ábhar cartlainne féin a chur san áireamh. Dá bhrí sin, ba mhór an rud é go raibh na turasanna thuasluaite déanta agam roimh ré, ionas go mbeinn in ann na ceisteanna atá ardaithe mar gheall ar an gcartlann a nascadh leis an eispéireas atá agam fhéin den chartlann mar thaighdeoir.

1.7 Forbairt ar an Obair Pháirce

Mar fhorbairt ar an aithe a bhí á chur agam ar Michael J. Murphy, a d'imigh ar shlí na fírinne sa bhliain 1996, bheartaigh mé ar thuiscint a fháil ar na ceantair agus na daoine a bhí lárnach ina shaol laethúil pearsanta agus proifisiúnta. Theastaigh uaim aithne a chur ar Murphy mar bhailitheoir, mar fhear teaghlaigh, agus mar bhall dá phobal féin.

Is féidir iarracht a dhéanamh aithne a chur ar dhuine tríd an méid atá scríofa aige, agus scríofa mar gheall air, a léamh, ach anuas air sin, b'iontach an rud é blaiseadh a fháil de na háiteanna inar chónaigh sé, inar ól sé, agus inar bhailigh sé. Bhain mé úsáid as an teileafón agus thug mé cuairteanna go Tuaisceart Éireann chun an t-eolas a bhí riachtannach dom a fháil. Chuir mé aithne ar dhaoine a raibh gaol acu le Michael J. Murphy, agus daoine eile a bhí mór leis as aicmí éagsúla, idir a mhuintir, scoláirí, agus a chomharsana. Rinne mé iarracht cur amach a fháil ar an sochaí inar mhair seisean agus a scéalaithe trí roinnt ama a chaitheamh ó thuaidh, agus as a bheith ag caint le daoine. Sa chaoi sin, d'éirigh liom blaiseadh a fháil den oidhreacht a d'fhág sé ina dhiaidh ina cheantar féin chomh maith.

Faoi mar atá luaite cheanna, bhíodh Michael J. ag craoladh go rialta le BBC Uladh. Tá Cartlann Fuaime BBC Uladh suite i gCultrá, Béal Feirste, agus b'é an chéad nasc a bhí agam le héinne i dTuairsceart Éireann ná an glaoch gutháin a chuireas ar an gCartlann, a dheimhnigh dom go bhfuil cnuasach sách mór sa Chartlann a bhaineann le Michael J. Murphy. An lá céanna sin, luaigh an Cartlannaí go raibh ócáid le heagrú i dTí Chulainn, ag deireadh na bliana 2013, chun Michael J. a chomóradh, céad bliain cothrom lena bhreith.

Chuaigh mé i dteagmháil gutháin le Tí Chulainn, agus fuair mé cuireadh cuairt a thabhairt ar an Ionad.

1.8 Oidhreacht Michael J. Murphy ina Cheantar Féin.

Ionad Pobail is ea Tí Chulainn, atá mar áis don phobal áitiúil agus do thurasóirí araon, suite ag bun Shliabh gCuilinn, áit dhúchais Michael J. Murphy. Tá ionad comhdhála, seomraí cruinnithe, agus ceithre sheomra lóistín déag, ann. Tá eagraíocht lonnaithe i dTí Chulainn ar a nglaotar Cuimhneamh, agus aidhm acu cnuasach béaloidis as cuimhní na ndaoine áitiúla a chur le chéile as caipéisí, griangraif, agallaimh agus físeáin. Saol agus obair Michael J. Murphy atá mar inspreagadh acu, agus b'iad siúd a d'eagraigh an chéad chomóradh ar shaol Michael J. Murphy ar 15-17 Samhain 2013, agus a leanann ar aghaidh le Scoil Gheimhridh agus le suíomh idirlíne tiomnaithe dó.

Cuireadh fáilte agus fiche romham i dTí Chulainn. Chaitheas cúpla lá i dteannta Kevin Murphy, cara, ní gaol, le Michael J., agus ball de Chuimhneamh. Thiomáin Kevin Murphy timpeall an cheantair ar fad im' theannta. Tá cur amach cuimsitheach ag Kevin mar gheall ar shaoldearcadh mhuintir Shliabh gCuillinn, ar an tírdhreach in Ard Mhacha Theas, ar chúlra polaitiúil an cheantair, agus ar Michael J. Murphy féin agus a mhuintir. Bhí brat Phoblacht na hÉireann ar chrocadh in áiteanna áirithe ó Thuaidh, agus leachtanna cuimhneacháin na Stailceoirí Ocrais agus na nÓglach Éireann le feiscint go forleathan. Bhí brat na Ríochta Aontaithe ar crocadh i tsráidbhailte eile, fiú in airde ar spuaic an tséipéil i gcuid acu. Ní bhíonn a leithéid sin le feiscint i ndeisceart na tíre agus baineadh geit bheag asam nuair a thrasnaigh mé an teorann, ní mór dom a admháil.

Is ceantar AONB (Area of Outstanding Natural Beauty) de chuid Rialtas na Breataine é Sliabh gCuillinn, agus tráchtann Murphy arís agus arís eile ina chín lae ar an gcaidreamh fisiciúil agus spioradálta a bhraith sé idir é féin agus an sliabh. Rinne mé ana-chuid den

taighde páirce faoi scáth an tsléibhe chéanna, agus níl aon amhras ach gurb é an sliabh croílár fisiciúil an cheantair, lán d'éagsúlacht solais agus dathanna, agus bainteach go lárnach le miotaseolaíocht ársa na hÉireann. Thaispeáin Kevin na háiteanna agus na tithe dom inar chónaigh Michael J.. Chonaic mé na tithe ar Shliabh gCuillinn inar bhailigh sé béaloideas, iad tréigithe anois, agus na tithe tábhairne inar ól sé. Labhair Kevin mar gheall ar an bhfear féin agus cuid den mheonaigne a bhí aige i dtaobh an tsaoil. Thiomáineamar timpeall chuig na suíomhanna sa cheantar atá tábhachtach ó thaobh chúrsaí polaitiúla agus cultúrtha araon. Chuir sé ina luí orm cé chomh neamhchoitianta is a bhí Michael J. Murphy mar fhear: Duine neamhspléach, ríchruthraitheach, nach raibh mórán foighne aige le míchothromaíocht, bréagchrábhadh ná caolaigeantacht.

Chaitheas cúpla lá eile thart ar Dhomainn Tí i m'aonar, ag tiomáint ar ais chuig na háiteanna a thaispeáin Kevin Murphy dom, agus ag caint le daoine gan choinne mar gheall ar Michael J.: Fear ar thaobh an bhóthair ag tabhairt fios na slí dom, mar shampla, a raibh aithne aige ar Michael J., nó an tábhairneoir sa teach tábhairne iomráiteach i nDromainn Tí, an Three Steps, a bhí gaolta leis, agus a thóg isteach i leithreas na bhfear mé chun dhá ghriangraf an-deas de Michael J., a bhí crochta ar an bhfalla, a thaispeáint dom.

Déanann Ray Cashman cur síos ina shaothar dar teideal *Visions of Irish Nationalism* (2008), ar an gcaoi ina bhfuil múrphictiúir chomh feiceálach sna bailte sa Tuaisceart mar thaispeántas polaitiúil. Cé nach bhfuil múrphictiúir le feiscint amuigh fén tuath, bíonn siombailí ceannsmachta agus frithbheartaíochta neadaithe sa ghnáth tírdhreach, atá dofheiceithe don strainséar.

> What appears to the outsider as a picturesque roadside setting is in fact, to local nationalists, the spot where a Protestant paramilitary, in collusion with the security forces, gunned down local Sinn Fein activist Patrick Shanaghan. What appears to the outsider as a welcoming pub in the one-shop village of Killeter is in fact, to local

> nationalists, the spot where a Protestant paramilitary detonated a car bomb that killed a young Catholic woman crossing the street to mail her wedding invitations.
>
> … Nothing on the surface tips us off to the fact that for many rural nationalists the categories of politics, ethnicity, locality, and sacred power are utterly collapsed. (Cashman 2008: 373-376)

Fuaireas tuiscint ar an gcoincheap thuas luaite ón méid eolais a roinn Kevin Murphy liom agus muid ag taisteal timpeall Ard Mhacha Theas. Léirigh sé an bhrí infheistithe i ngach teach, crosbhóthar, bealach, teach tábhairne, agus araile, atá mar chuid de chultúr na háite, nithe nach bhfuil soléir don strainséir. Chuaigh an coincheap seo go mór ina luí orm, agus taobh istigh den chomhthéas seo, chuir an turas seo go mór leis an tuiscint atá agam ar an saol a chaith Michael J. Murphy, agus ar an méid a bhí le rá aige ina chín lae.

Chuir Kevin ina luí orm gur mhór go deo aige féin go mbeadh an chín lae tugtha chun solais, agus thug sé cuireadh dom mo chuid oibre a chur faoi bhráid an phobail ag an gcomóradh deireadh seachtaine i Mí na Samhna, 2013, agus arís i 2015, rud a dheineas. I measc na ndaoine a d'fhreastal ar an scoil bhí daoine áitiúla, muintir Murphy, baill foirne de Chnuasach Bhéaloidis Éireann, daoine ó Ghleann Choill, na Glinnte Aontroma, An Blaic, agus Rachlainn. An chéad bhabtha, dhíríos isteach ar an gcín lae féin, agus giotaí a thaispeáin cén saghas doiciméid atá ann. Go bhfios dom, b'é sin an chéad uair gur pléadh an chín lae go poiblí.

Le linn na Scoile 2013, thug an file, craoltóir, agus iriseoir Gearmánach, Michael Augustin, léacht mar gheall ar an tréimhse a chaith sé i dteannta Michael J. agus é ina mhac léinn ag Coláiste Ollscoile Bhaile Átha Cliath le linn na 1970í. Rugadh Michael Augustin in Lubeck na Gearmáine sa bhliain 1953. Rinne sé staidéar ar Litríocht Angla-Éireannach agus an Béaloideas in Ollscoil Bhaile Átha Cliath agus Ollscoil Kiel. Is scríbhneoir agus craoltóir é. File, drámadóir, údar, agus aistritheoir is ea é chomh maith. Bronnadh Gradamh Friedrich-Hebbel agus Gradam Kurt-Magnus air. Cuireadh ó thuaidh é chun tréimhse a chaitheamh le

Michael J. Murphy chun go bhfaigheadh sé taithí ar an saghas oibre a bhí á dhéanamh aige. D'éirigh an bheirt ana-mhór lena chéile, agus roinn sé taifead d'agallamh a chuir sé ar Michael J. leis an lucht éisteachta, ina bhfuil cur síos ar an bhfeachtas bailiúcháin, agus léiriú ar an meon aigne a bhí ag Michael J. i dtaobh a chuid oibre.

Bhronn Michael Augustin cóip den agallamh sin orm, agus thug sé cead dom é a chur leis an tráchtas seo mar aguisín, ar mhaithe le scoláirí eile. Bhí an t-agallamh ana-chabhrach domsa mar thaighdeoir toisc gur chuir sé leis an eolas a bhí agam, ní hamháin mar gheall ar chur chuige oibre Michael J. Murphy, ach ar a phearsantacht chomh maith. Is agallamh é seo a bheadh an-áisiúil d'éinne atá ag iarraidh blas a fháil ar imeachtaí na mbailitheoirí le linn na 1970í, nó d'éinne atá ag lorg sampla d'agallamh eitneagrafaíoch mar áis teagaisc ar mhaithe le fochchéimithe.

'A Sense of Place' a bhí mar théama na scoile 2015. Dhíríos isteach i mo chur i láthair féin ar an bhféiniúlacht a léirigh M.J. Murphy ina chín lae agus i gcuid dá cholúin nuachtáin, agus léiríos an tuiscint a bhí agamsa maidir le feidhm chomhaimseartha a chuid smaointe maidir le bánú na tuaithe, rialtas lárnaithe, agus buntáistí an rialtais cheantraigh.

Maidir leis an dá chur i láthair sin, chuir an réamhobair agus an dianmhachnamh a bhí le déanamh agam go mór leis an tuisint a bhí agam ar Michael J. Murphy agus cé chomh tábhachtach is atá a chín lae mar fhoinse eolais maidir le Cnuasach Bhéaloideas Éireann, maidir leis féin, agus maidir leis an bpobal as a dtáinig sé.

1.9 Cnuasach Príobháideach Murphy

Chuir Kevin Murphy mé in aithne do mhac le Michael J., Peter Murphy, a bhfuil cónaí air i mBaile Átha Cliath, agus bhuaileas isteach chuige Lá na Craoibhe Iomána, 2013. Chuir sé an-fháilte romham, agus labhair sé mar gheall ar an saghas athar ba ea Michael J., agus an

saol teaghlaigh a bhí acu fad is a bhí Peter ag fás aníos. Thug sé le fios go mbeadh fáilte romham dul ag breathnú ar chnuasach príobháideach Michael J. a bhí fós i dtaisce i dteach a mhic, Micheal, i mBaile Átha Cliath an uair sin, rud a dheineas an bhliain dar gcionn, i dteannta le Kevin Murphy thuasluaite, ball de Chuimhneamh. Tá beagnach 40,000 leathanach sa chnuasach céanna, é bronnta ar PRONI agus ina seilbh anois.

Is é atá sa mhéid seo thíos ná achoimre Kevin Murphy do PRONI dá bhfuil i gcnuasach príobháideach Michael J. Murphy. Chuir Kevin an liosta chugham ar ríomhphost.

FILE CONTENTS	NUMBER OF ITEMS	NUMBER OF PAGES
Plays	39	5158
Radio and TV Scripts	55	4350
Diary/Journal/Notes	15	3570
Poems	3	172
Social Cultural	394	9129
Newspapers	12	12
Letters	38	2573
Photographs (Rathlin)		28
Short Stories & Prose Poems	8	4042
Folklore Collections	4	1450
Legal Documents	1	40
Miscellaneous	3	1330
Books	31	5695
Local History	2	200
Total Number	644	39147

D'fhéadfaí a rá go bhfuil ana-chuid anseo gurb fhéidir staidéar a dhéanamh air, cé go bhfuil an obair sin taobh amuigh de scóip an tráchtais seo.

1.10 Conclúid

Cé go bhfuil an taighde leabharlainne agus cartlainne mar chuid lárnach den tráchtas seo, ghlan an taighde sa ghort rian na teibíochta den ábhar a bhí faoi chaibidil agam. Thuigeas ón tús go raibh eilimintí bainteach leis an staidéar seo a chuir taobh amuigh dem' chrios compórd mé, go háirithe maidir le cúrsaí polaitíochta, toisc go dtagann Michael J. Murphy as

ceantar a bhí go mór i mbéal an phobail ar bhonn diúltach le linn na dTrioblóidí i dTuaisceart Éireann. Bíonn dhá insint ar gach scéal, agus bhí orm a admháil go rabhas aineolach agus claonta nuair a thosaigh mé amach ar an staidéar seo. Bhraith mé ábhairín náireach ós chomhair na ndaoine ar bhuail mé leo ó thuaidh, toisc go raibh ana-chuid bearnaí i mo chuid eolais mar gheall ar an méid a ghabh siad tríd leis na blianta fada anuas, fad is a bhí saol breá compórdach agamsa ó dheas. Chuimhníos ar an méid a dúirt Michael J. Murphy mar gheall ar mheon aigne cóir an bhailitheora agus é ag dul i measc an phobail: 'He must know how to tread delicately: he is intruding on the souls of a people' (1973:16).

Toisc gur chín lae atá i gceist agam mar phríomhfhoinse don tráchtas seo, ní haon ionadh go bhfuil inbhreathnú láidir le braiscint sna hiontrálaithe. Cothaíonn sin suim, agus tugann sin údarás don cháipéis mar fhoinse taighde. D'áitigh Murphy go tréan go gcaithfear gnáthshaol agus cuntais phearsanta na ndaoine a iniúchadh chun stair shóisialta an phobail sin a thuiscint. Is éard a d'fhág seisean féin ina dhiaidh ina chín lae ná bunfhoinse phearsanta, ghlinn, lánbhrí, maidir le stair shóisialta d'áit áirithe agus i dtréimhse áirithe, is é sin le rá, pobal na Teorann i lár an 20ú haois. Ní féidir an méid a scríobh sé a thuiscint i gceart gan cur amach a bheith ag an taighdeoir ar shaoldhearcadh an scríbhneora agus ar an gceantar a thug an t-inspreagadh dó.

2 Cnuasach Bhéaloideas Éireann (C.B.É.): Cúlra, inspreagadh, agus nodanna faoi cad atá i ndán do chnuasach Michael J. sa ré dhigiteach

2.1 Seoladh Isteach

> Folklore archives document and fill the gaps in the cultural memory of humanity ... Folklore archives are collections of unpublished research materials created during fieldwork (including fieldwork in the digital world), through correspondence or in cooperation with private collectors in order to document cultural expressions; and institutions whose main goal is to collect, preserve and provide public access to such materials. (Chernyavska, 2018: 29)

Tá tuairisc chuimsitheach mar gheall ar chúlra agus ar mhodh oibriúcháin Choimisiún Bhéaloideas Éireann ar fáil i saothar Mícheál Briody, den teideal *The Irish Folklore Commission 1935-1970 History, ideology, methodology* (2007), a chabhraíonn linn cúlra C.B.É. a thuiscint. Sin ráite, ba mhaith an rud é radharc creatlach a thabhairt ar C.B.É. agus na dúshláin agus ceisteanna iar-nua-aimseartha atá ardaithe le tamall anuas maidir le feidhm agus todhchaí na gcartlann béaloidis agus ról an digitiú in earnáil na cartlainne, toisc an diospóireacht seo a bheith ábharach do chnuasach agus do chín lae Murphy. Déanfar trácht freisin ar an obair atá ar siúl ag stiúrthóirí C.B.É. chun an t-ábhar atá ann a chur ar fáil mar áis eolais agus taighde i gcomhthéacs ré na nua-theicneolaíochta, agus cad iad na himpleachtaí a bhaineann leis an obair seo i gcomhthéacs chín lae Murphy. Ní mór na nithe seo a choimeád ós ár gcomhair agus muid ag déanamh measúnú ar obair agus chín lae Murphy.

2.2 C.B.É. - Fréamh Fhealsúnach agus Borradh na hOibre

Bunaíodh an chéad eagraíocht san fheachtas chaomhnú béaloidis, an Cumann le Béaloideas Éireann, sa bhliain 1927 agus b'é an mana a bhí acu ná *Colligite quae superaverunt*

fragmenta, ne pereant. Eoin 6.12. B'é aidhm an Chumainn ná oidhreacht cultúrtha na hÉireann a chaomhnú agus a scaipeadh, agus féiniúlachas na n-Eireannach a chur chun cinn mar phobal ársa, léannta, le cultúr maorga faoi leith dá gcuid féin acu. Bhí práinn áirithe ann ar fud na cruinne ó thaobh bailiú béaloideasa, toisc go raibh an ré nua-aimseartha ag teacht chun cinn, ach bhí práinn sa bhreis in Éirinn toisc go raibh ag teip ar an nGaeilge, agus bhí ana-chuid den scéalaíocht, seanchas agus araile fréamhaithe i measc lucht labhartha na Gaeilge. Tar éis cúpla bliain, d'aithin bunatheoirí an Chumainn go raibh gá le heagraíocht níos foirmeáilte, agus d'éirigh leo maoiniú áirithe a fháil le haghaidh na hoibre ón Rialtas, agus cuireadh tús oifigiuil le heagraíocht nua, Institiúid Bhéaloideas Éireann, i Mí Aibreáin na bliana 1930 (Ó Catháin 2005: 85-100). Bhí obair na hInstitiúide sin srianta, áfach, de cheal dóthain maoiniú agus neamhspleáchais ó thionchar an Rialtais, agus ní go dtí an bhliain 1935, nuair a bunaíodh Coimisiún Béaloideasa Éireann, le foireann buan, agus stádas oifigiúil fé chúram Roinn an Oideachais, go raibh an feachtas bailiúcháin, inar ghlac Michael J. Murphy ról, faoi lán seoil (Briody 2007: 76 & 92-101). Fós féin, bhíodh fadbhanna de shíor le sárú maidir le heaspa maoine, agus easpa foirne a bhí oilte don obair a bhí idir lámha. Saorstát nua a bhí in Éirinn, dírithe ar stát le féiniúlachas cultúrtha agus géilleagar neamhspléach a fhorbairt. Bhíodh lucht an Choimisiúin ag brath ar pé rialtas agus pé aire a bhíodh i gcumhacht ag an am maidir le tacaíocht agus maoiniú, agus cé gur leag lucht an rialtais béim ar chultúr na nGael agus caomhnú teangan, bhí fadbhanna tromchúiseacha polaitiúla agus eacnamaíochta le réiteach acu chomh maith. Dá bhrí sin, bhíodh sé deacair maoiniú agus tacaíocht a fháil le haghaidh na hoibre a bhí ar siúl ag an Stiúrthóir Oinigh, Séamus Ó Duilearga, agus a chomhghleacaithe (Briody, 2007: 107-126, 129-131, 151-174, 177-182).

2.3 Séamus Ó Duilearga (1899-1980) agus Seán Ó Súilleabháin (1903-1996)

Séamus Ó Duilearga a d'aimsigh Michael J. Murphy mar bhailitheoir, agus is léir ón gcomhfhreagras go raibh ana-chuid teagmhála idir é féin, an Cartlannaí, Seán Ó Súilleabháin,

agus Michael J. Murphy i gcaitheamh na mblianta. Is léir go raibh ardmheas acu ar Murphy agus gur bhain sé an-spreagadh as an tacaíocht a thug an bheirt thuasluaite dá chuid oibre.

Scoláire Ceilteach agus duine de bhunaitheoirí an Chumainn le Béaloideas Éireann ba ea Ó Duilearga. Rugadh é i mBun Abhann Dalla, Co Aontroime, agus cuireadh oideachas 3ú leibhéal air i mBaile Átha Cliath. Tháinig sé in inmhe faoi scáth Chogadh na Saoirse agus thosaigh sé a shaol acadúil mar léachtóir cúnta ag Dúbhghas de hÍde in Ollscoil Bhaile Átha Cliath (Ó Catháin, 2008: 85).

Is mar seo a léirigh Diarmuid Ó Giolláin an ról lárnach a bhí ag Ó Duilearga san fheachtas bailiúcháin agus caomhnaithe ó thosach deiridh, agus an meon aigne a bhí aige i dtaobh na hoibre:

> The influence of Ó Duilearga, the key figure in Irish folklore studies for half a century, is crucial, both from his formal position and from his charismatic personality. With knowledge of many European languages, he was well versed in international folklore and philological scholarship and his contacts with other countries were extensive. A cultural pessimism regarding the future of Gaelic culture informs much of his work, and he was preoccupied with rescuing the remnants of the Gaelic past. (Ó Giolláin, 2017:81)

Seán Ó Súilleabháin (1903-1996) ab ainm don phríomhchartlannaí, a d'oibrigh leis an gCoimisiún ón tús go dtí go ndeachaigh sé ar scor sa bhliain 1974, agus is iomaí litir idir Ó Súilleabháin agus Michael J. Murphy atá caomhnaithe sa chartlann. Ba é Séamus Ó Catháin a lean Ó Súilleabháin mar Chartlannaí sa bhliain 1974, agus is mar seo a labhair seisean mar gheall air:

> He acquired a practically unrivalled overview of every aspect of Irish folk tradition which, allied to his knowledge of the Uppsala system, facilitated the production of *A Handbook of Irish Folklore* (1942), the *vade mecum* of field workers and an indispensable source, not only for students of folklore in Ireland, but for research workers in folklore and kindred studies in many parts of the world. (Ó Catháin, 1997: 106)

Arís agus arís eile, tráchtann Michael J. Murphy cé chomh tábhachtach is a bhí sé go raibh lucht an Choimisiúin buíoch de as a chnuasach, agus cé chomh uaigneach nó aonaránach is a bhí an obair sa ghort, faoi mar a léiríonn an mhír seo a luann litir ó Sheán Ó Súilleabháin, ar an 9 Feabhra, 1954:

> A letter arrives just now from Sean. It is always so good, and necessary to me, to know the material continues to please and impress: I sometimes get the extraordinary impression that I am collecting, inquiring and writing as a solitary soul. In a way that notion could be good, too: it maintains the sense of urgency subconsciously.
> (C.B.É. 1388: 38. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

2.4 Na Bailitheoirí

Luann Briody ionchur na mbailitheoirí mar ghné den fheachtas bailiúcháin gur chóir tuilleadh oibre a dhéanamh air, agus iarracht is ea an tráchtas seo chun cuid den bhearna sin a líonadh, as aird a tharraingt ar chín lae Michael J. Murphy.

Fostaíodh bailitheoirí lán-aimseartha agus páirt-aimseartha chun béaloideas a bhailiú ar son C.B.É. Bhí cearthar is fiche bailitheoirí lán-aimseartha ag an gCoimisiún i gcaitheamh na mblianta, cé nár fhan cearthar déag acu siúd níos faide ná cúig bliana (Briody, 2007: 227-307, 526, 527). B'iad na bailitheoirí lán-aimseartha agus fad-sheirbhíseacha ar nós Seán Ó'hEochaidh (Ó Tiarnaigh, 2015), Tadhg Ó Murchú (Ó hAilín, 1975), Seosamh Ó Dálaigh (Tyers, 1999), Seán Ó Cróinín (Ó Duinnshléibhe, 2012), Michael J. Murphy (Murphy, K, 1998), agus Michael J. Murphy (Ó Tiarnaigh, 2015), a rinne obair na gcapall thar na blianta fada chun go mbeadh, mar a dheimhníonn Ríonach uí Ógáin (2010), cnuasach béaloideasa ar cheann de na cnuasaigh is fairsinge agus is fearr ar dhroim an domhain caomhnaithe in Éirinn.

Bhí sé mar chúram ar na bailitheoirí lán-aimseartha a gcuid oibre a chur i gcrích, agus chomh maith leis sin, cín lae a líonadh. B'é príomhfheidhm na cíne lae an chéad lá riamh ná tuairisc maidir le comhthéacs an ábhair agus dul chun cinn na hoibre ó lá go lá a sholáthar (Briody

2007: 434-443). Anois go bhfuil scoláirí ag déanamh staidéir ar Chnuasach Bhéaloideas Éireann mar chorpas oibre le mórán taobhanna éagsúla, tá tábhacht na gcíona lae mar fhoinse luachmhar agus údarásach ag teacht chun solais, mar a áitíonn Briody: *'*The diaries of the full-time collectors must be considered among the gems in the Commission's crown*'* (Briody 2007: 443).

B'iomaí cor ar an mbóthar a lean Michael J. Murphy agus a chomhbhádóirí san fheachtas bailiúcháin, arbh fhiú tuilleadh taighde a dhéanamh orthu, ach is éard atá mar thoradh ar an obair ar fad thuasluaite ná Cnuasach Bhéaloideas Éireann, atá, maraon leis an Leabhar Cheanannais, cláraithe mar shuíomh aitheanta ag an Eagraíocht Oideachais Eolaíochta agus Chultúir na Náisiún Aontaithe (UNESCO) Memory of the World Register - clár atá dírithe ar oidhreacht dhoiciméadach an domhain a chaomhnú, agus a chur chun cinn.

2.5 Dúshláin agus Ceisteanna atá Ábharach don C.B.É.

Cabhraíonn Kolovos linn an chartlann béaloidis a lonnú in earnáil na gcartlann, nuair a thráchtann sé ar na hocht gcoincheap atá le cur san áireamh. Léiríonn na coincheapanna sin go bhfuil bunús an-éagsúil ag an gcartlann béaloidis, taobh leis an gcartlann choitianta:

> These concepts include group, art, text, genre, performance, context, tradition and identity. Taken collectively these ideas situate folklore as creative action (art), grounded in a social base (group, context, identity, tradition), and shaped by formal rules (text, genre, performance). Folklore archives act as repositories for folklore by serving as sites for the preservation, organization and continued accessibility of discrete representations of this specific class of human creative behaviour. (Kolovos, 2010: 15)

Cur síos maorga ar an gcartlann béaloidis atá thuas, gan amhras, a nascann le chéile gnéithe éagsúla den Léann Dúchais, agus a fhreagraíonn go maith do C.B.É. mar chur síos. Le roinnt mhaith blianta anuas, tá scoláirí ar fud na cruinne ag athbhreithniú ar an gcartlann béaloidis, agus tá an t-athrú paraidíme a lean an t-athbhreithniú sin ábharach do C.B.É. maraon le gach

aon chartlann béaloidis eile. Bhí dlúthbhaint agus dlúthchaidreamh riamh idir ceannairí an fheachtais bailiúcháin anseo in Éirinn agus scoláirí sna tíortha Lochlannacha. Cuireadh oiliúint ar Ó Duilearga, Ó Súilleabháin, agus a thuilleadh nach iad, sna tíortha sin maidir le cur chuige na hoibre. Bhí tionchar tábhachtach ag modhanna oibre a bhí i bhfeidhm acu siúd thall ar an gcóras bailiúcháin in Éirinn, agus ar an saghas cnuasaigh atá i dtaisce inniu, toisc gur bhrath ceannairí an Choimisiúin go mór ar chomhairle a gcomhghleacaithe thar lear (Briody 2007: 86-95, 116-119, 241-243, 272-274, 318-321, 336-337, 375-403, 430-440). Dá bhrí sin, ní mór dúinn aird a thabhairt ar scéal na Lochlannach agus an méid atá ag titim amach anois ó thaobh na cartlannaíochta ansin nuair atáimid ag machnamh ar scéal C.B.É. agus ag déanamh measúnú ar ionchur Murphy.

Déanann an tIoruach, Heide, cur síos ar an athrú paridíme a thit amach le linn na 1970í nuair a thosaigh scoláirí agus taighdeoirí ag tabhairt cúl láimhe don taighde traidisiúnta ar an ábhar cartlainne béaloidis. Chas scoláirí i dtreo staidéar ar chultúr comhaimseartha agus topaicí nua, mar shampla, modhanna oibre, comhthéacs an bhailithe, ról na scéalaithe, cur chuige na hoibre, agus araile. Bhí roinnt scoláirí míshásta leis an méid a bhí fágtha ar lár, agus leis an iarracht a d'aithin siad chun íomhá ideálach a chruthú don saol a bhí imithe:

> ... folkloristics/ethnology/cultural studies have been less interested in pre-modern folk tradition since the 1970s, particularly in Scandinavia ... The focus up until then had been on collecting the oldest traditions in rural communities, ones that were on the verge of being forgotten ... But the factor that led directly to new orientation in the 1970s was 'the New Perspectives' in American folkloristics in the 1960s and 1970s, which shifted the focus of folkloristics/ethnology in the direction of contemporary culture and modern mass culture. (Heide, 2018: 241)

Bíodh sin mar atá, chonaic Michael J. Murphy feidhm sa bhreis, atá fós le meas, don ábhar a sholáthar seisean, mar a léiríonn sé ina chín lae ar 1 Samhain 1949:

> After all, I have lived by free-lance writing and broadcasting alone since February 1946 when I ceased working for the Commission. I could still do so. Why take up folklore collecting then in Tyrone? Sometimes I cannot rightly say why: Some curiosity maybe to get at their lore, to compare it, to gauge its depths. And because I

> want to collect it. I tell myself now and then that, if for a moment, I thought the collections were for statistical records on a shelf; and not bearing the power to awaken a real sense of national being and awareness when related to modern cultural trends. Then I tell myself that if I thought I was helping merely to fill shelves I would stop – and perhaps help to fill second hand book barrows with my own efforts instead. But in my heart I feel that, when materialism lets us down – as it must – this seed of a peoples' mind will be right for sowing. If I thought that none ever would I wonder would I go on with this work?
> (C.B.É. 1466: 13. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

Ag trácht ar staid cúrsaí sa tSualainn, léiríonn Heide nach raibh dul amú ar Murphy:

> Visitors to the archives are largely schoolchildren, local history groups or people with a general interest, and to an increasing extent, academics from disciplines other than folkloristics/ethnology/cultural studies, such as comparative literature, religious history, and particularly general history. (Heide, 2018: 242)

Ag filleadh ar an athrú paraidíme, ní mór a aithint go bhfuil ceisteanna ann maidir le comhthéacs ábhair i gcartlann, agus tráchtann Geiger et al. ar an topaic seo, go háirithe maidir le hábhar taifeadta agus an fheidhm a bhaintear as an ábhar seo mar fhoinse taighde:

> A key concern is that archived data has lost its context, or that even if some contextual information is provided, that this will not quite be enough, that in any case the transcript of an interview, with no matter how much metadata attached, will never have all its context, that a transcript is not an interview, and of course, indeed, it never can be. It is something else, perhaps an artefact of the research process. Elsewhere it has been argued that the data has been recontextualised in a new project. (Geiger et al. 2001: 26)

Luíonn an méid seo thuas le ciall, agus tagann sé le modh smaointe níos forbartha ná mar a bhí an cás ag tús an fheachtais bailiúcháin. Idirghníomhaíocht idir bailitheoir agus faisnéiseoir is ea bunús an ábhair i gcartlann béaloidis. Nuair a bhaintear ath-úsáid as an ábhar céanna mar fhoinse taighde tar éis dó a bheith caomhnaithe sa chartlann, ní mór a bheith feasach mar gheall ar cad é atá i gceist san ábhar sin, agus na láidreachtaí agus na laigí a bhaineann leis, ar a laghad. Is gné é seo den taighde cartlainne atá ana-thráthúil maidir le hobair Michael J. Murphy agus C.B.É.

Mar a áitíonn Chernyavska (2018: 25), ní rud siocaithe atá i gceist le cartlanna béaloidis, agus bíonn ábhar iontu ina chuireann a leithéidí agus antraipeolaithe, eitnicheolaithe, socheolaithe, staraithe, éiceolaithe daonna, lucht staidéar inscne, cine, agus an gnáthphobal suim, maraon le béaloideasóirí. Is sampla iontach cín lae Murphy sa chomhthéacs seo, toisc an cumas atá inti taighdeoirí ó réimse leathan disciplíní a mhealladh, rud a ghineann tuilleadh ábhar taighde.

Molann Chernyavska go gcuirfeadh cartlannaithe atá i bhfeighil na gcartlann tipiciúla agus na gcartlann béaloidis suim in obair a chéile, ionas, ar thaobh amháin, go leigheasfaí cuid de na fadhbanna atá ag an gcartlann béaloidis maidir le cur chuige cartlannaíochta rianúil, agus go gcloisfí a nguth, agus ar an taobh eile, go bhféadfadh le cartlannaithe nach bhfuil baint acu le béaloideas radharc úr a fháil ar luach na cartlainne béaloidis sa chomhthéacs foriomlán:

> ... to test emerging postmodern definitions of archives, and thus move towards inclusivity of forms, genres, media, as well as context of archival records creation. By entering the current discussions in archival theory, the folklore archives could sharpen their self-reflection, and because they are equipped differently, they could provide alternative solutions to some of the present day archival challenges. (Chernyavska, 2018: 24-25)

Maidir leis an digitiú, agus, dar ndóigh, scaipeadh oscailte ar an idirlín, níl aon amhras ach go bhfuil gnéithe agus ceisteanna úrnua tábhachtacha le cur san áireamh mar atá ráite ag Geiger, et al:

> For some, the internet increasingly approximates the Foucauldian notion of the archive as the collection of all potential statements, constantly being transformed and recast (Foucault 1972: 126-131). While often seen as an extremely versatile depository of documents, facts and information, the internet constantly changes and transforms the information posted. While some suggest that the internet will never become 'more than a place to begin and end the research journey' (Sentilles 2005: 155), and that the internet cannot replace the laborious process of research whether in the field collecting information, interviewing subjects or visiting archives or organised depositories of documents and artefacts, for others a thorough appreciation of the impact of the internet, digitisation projects and web 2.0 technologies necessitate a rethinking of the archive, making it a subject of social and historical inquiry. (Geiger et al: 2010:10)

Athróidh áiseanna taighde uilíoch ar nós digitiú agus teicneolaíocht faisnéise, a bhainfidh úsáid as digitiú, clibeáil agus logartaim, an bóthar don chartlann béaloidis amach anseo, agus tá an diospóireacht maidir leis na buntáistí agus míbhuntáistí a bhaineann leis an topaic seo faoi lán tseoil anois.

> Rather than being limited by the classification systems and organisational or collection principles that informed the creation of a collection, a multimodal representation of the data allows for shifting perspectives on the archive. Consequently, the questions we can ask – and answer – are different from those of the past. (Tangherline, 2013b luaite ag Heide, 2018: 244)

Cuireann O'Carroll (2018: 337-359) i gcuimhne orainn, áfach, nach n-oireann scaipeadh ar líne, agus go háirithe scaipeadh oscailte, le gach saghas ábhair cartlainne, agus go bhfuil ana-chuid fadhbanna ag baint leis an gcur chuige seo. Cuireann sí comhairle an-tábhachtach orainn seasamh siar beagáinín ón deifir atá orainn ábhar cartlainne a scaipeadh ar líne, agus an-chuid dianmhachnaimh a dhéanamh maidir le heiticí, príomháideachas, meas, agus muinín, sula thosóimid ar scaipeadh sa tslí seo.

Bhí Michael J. Murphy féin agus a fhaisnéiseoirí ana-fheasach mar gheall ar an gceist ceannan céanna, cé go raibh siad ag deáileáil le tírdhreach teicneolaíochta an-difriúil. Bunús an chaidrimh idir an bailitheoir agus an faisnéiseoir ba ea rúndacht agus discréid. Deir Murphy ina chín lae go mbíodh sé de shíor ag athdheimhniú leis na faisnéiseoirí go gcuirfí an t-eolas a thug siad dó i dtaisce i gcartlann, ar mhaithe le staidéar acadúil amháin, agus nach gcraolfaí ná foilseofaí é choíche. Murach an tuiscint sin, bhí a fhios ag Murphy narbh fhiú a bheith ag labhairt leis na faisnéiseoirí:

> [The collector] must nevertheless have that extraordinary patience and the ability of an actor: he must arrange for people to get to know him rather than he getting to know the people: he must assure them by behaviour as well as by word of an absolute respect for secrecy. (Murphy, 1973: 16)

Tráchtann sé ar an gcoincheap seo go mion minic ina chín lae, mar shampla sa mhír seo thíos nuair a chuireann sé dearcadh na bhfaisnéiseoirí in iúl:

> ... "only the sort of a man you are and the way you have of putting the thing I'd never dream of mentioning some of the things I told you: I'd never admit them to a stranger."
>
> A stranger…! But there it is again: The secret folklife that sustained the people. The 'outsider' who gets what he believes is 'intimate' never even scrapes the surface of the soul of the people...
>
> "Ten minutes talking to you I knew you were right; I wondered at first, but then I seen you knew. Now I know I was right, too. I wouldn't whisper to another."
>
> If my phrasing and context implies a somewhat sardonic spirit behind the impulse of this writing it is not so: I am grateful for the above, the confidence. But then---I know.
> (C.B.É. 1388: 169. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

Más idirghníomhaíocht idir an bailitheoir agus an faisnéiseoir atá i gceist, is é ceist na linne seo ná cad é an tionchar a d'imreodh feasacht go mbeadh ábhar curtha ar fáil ar líne ar ionchur na mbailitheoirí agus na bhfaisnéiseoirí?

Maidir le digitiú agus scaipeadh leictreonach, ní mór a chur san áireamh gurb é an duine a dhéanann an cinneadh mar gheall ar na hiarsmaí ba cheart a chur ar fáil go leictreonach atá i gceannas ar an sraith eolais, go háirithe anois nuair atá daoine ag déanamh an oiread sin taighde ar líne in ionad cuairt fhisiciúil a thabhairt ar an gcartlann. Ciallaíonn seo go gcruthaíonn an ré dhigiteach an oiread céanna fadhbanna is a réitíonn sí. Ní bhaineann seo le hábhar cartlainne agus taighdeoirí cartlainne amháin, áfach, mar is ceist uilíoch í.

Tá stiúrthóirí Chnuasach Bhéaloideas Éireann ag iarraidh córas eagrú eolais a fhorbairt a éascaíonn taighde ar an gCnuasach chomh maith (Ryan agus MacCárthaigh (2018: 297-322). Tá C.B.É. páirteach i scéim le tamall anuas faoi choimirce Thaisclann Dhigiteach Éireann 2021, chun córas taighde bunaithe ar teasárais mar uirlis chuardaigh éifeachtach a fhorbairt. Cruthaíodh téasaras píolótach bunaithe ar 350 téarma ó *A Handbook of Irish Folklore* (Ó

Súilleabháin, 1942), ach áitíonn Ryan agus MacCárthaigh go bhfuil gá le hionchur saineolaithe béaloidis, teangeolaithe, agus saineolaithe eagrú eolais, ionas go n-eagrófaí córas chuardú eolais fairsing: '... which take into consideration the characteristics of collections in Ireland and elsewhere, as well as the needs of all the folklore community, both now and in the future*'* (Ryan and Mac Cárthaigh, 2018: 320). Is dócha go bhfuil bóthar mór fada amach rompu san obair seo.

2.6 Conclúid

Ina leabhar *The Archive Project: Archival Research in the Social Sciences* (2017), áitíonn na socheolaithe acadúla, Moore, Salter, Stanley agus Tamboukou, go bhfuil éabhlóid ag titim amach maidir le teoiric, modheolaíocht agus cur chuige na cartlannaíochta maidir leis na hathruithe atá ag tarlúint de réir a chéile mar thoradh ar ré na teicneolaíochta. Tráchtann siad ar díreach an saghas ábhair atá caomhnaithe i gC.B.É. mar ábhar cartlainne atá inghlactha anois mar fhoinse taighde ag disciplíní acadúla éagsúla: '... other sources (including oral recordings, photographs, organisational records, census data, leaflets and ephemera)' (2017: 3). Ag trácht ar an gcartlann béaloidis, d'fhéadfaimis a rá gurb é atá i gceist ná próiséas éabhlóide ón gcóras a bhí, nuair a leagadh béim ar shéanraí, foshéanraí agus araile, ar mhaithe leis an staidéar comparáideach, go córas a aithníonn agus a éascaíonn taighde ar thopaicí réamh-nua-aimseartha agus nua-aimseartha araon.

Maidir le Cnuasach Bhéaloideas Éireann, bhí, agus tá, tionchar ag réimse leathan de chuinsí ar an gcnuasach atá in Áras John Henry Newman inniu, ach i ndeireadh na dála níl aon amhras ach go raibh scil nó easpa scile na mbailitheoirí amuigh sa ghort mar chuid lárnach den fheachtas a líon an chartlann. D'fheidhmnigh Michael J. Murphy i gceantar agus in atmaisféar a bhí éagsúil go leor i gcomparáid leis na bailitheoirí eile a bhí gníomhach lena linn. Lean a thréimhse oibre thar daichead bliain, agus tá cur síos ina chín lae ar na hathruithe

sochaí agus ar na cuinsí sóisialta a bhain le ceantar na Teorann lena linn. Duine ba ea é le cur chuige oibre sofaisticiúil agus dea-fhorbartha, agus dea-scríbhneoir ealaíonta ba ea é, agus dá bhrí sin, sholáthar sé cnuasach agus tuairisc faoi leith, nach bhfuil a leithéid le fáil in aon fhoinse eile, go bhfios dom. Measaim gur éirigh le Murphy an dá thrá a fhreastal: Sholáthar sé cnuasach breá béaloidis, le comhthéacs fairsing, ar mhaithe leo siúd a chuireann suim sa chultúr réamh-nua-aimseartha; ag an am céanna, sholáthar sé cuntas tábhachtach comhaimseartha ina chín lae, ar mhaithe leo siúd a dhíríonn a n-aird ar an gcultúr comhaimseartha agus/nó i bpróiséas na hoibre trí chéile.

Mar fhocal scoir ag an gcaibidil seo, áitím go bhfuil C.B.É. agus na cíonna lae, go háirithe cín lae Murphy, ábhartha don taighde comhaimseartha. Tá fiainise againn gur thuig Michael J. Murphy an ábharthacht sin, mar atá mínithe aige ina ráiteas le linn an chláir BBC Northern Ireland, den teideal Profile of Michael J. Murphy: "You see, what you could say is this: That we are working in the present, on the products of the past, for the purposes of the future" (23.55 Community Archive. BBC Northern Ireland. Profile of Michael J. Murphy). B'fhéidir go dtagann an ráiteas sin leis an méid atá le rá ag Moore et al nuair a deir siad: '... the contents of all archives are always read and understood within the present moment because of the particular concerns that lead researchers to investigate a particular collection or set' (2017: 3).

Is mór an rud é go bhfuil scoláirí na linne seo ag breathnú ar an gcartlann béaloidis agus ar gach a thit amach in earnáil Léann an Dúchais, go háirithe ón uair a tharla an t-athrú paraidíme go dtí an lá atá inniu ann, le himpleachtaí na ré teicneolaíochta curtha san áireamh (Harvilahi et al., 2018). Is mór an rud é chomh maith go bhfuil suim á chur ag scoláirí sna seoda atá sna cíona lae atá i dtaisce i gCnuasach Bhéaloideas Éireann, toisc go líonann na cíonna lae bearnaí áirithe maidir le comhthéacs, cur chuige na hoibre, stair smaointeachais, agus scéal comhaimseartha na mbailitheoirí. Tá cín lae Michael J. Murphy thar a bheith

tábhachtach sa chomhthéacs seo mar is í an t-aon chín lae sa Chnuasach atá scríte as Béarla - agus dá bhrí sin, tá teacht uirthi ag scoláirí nach bhfuil an Ghaeilge ar a dtoil acu - agus dar ndóigh, toisc í a bheith chomh cuimsitheach agus nádúrtha agus atá. Maidir le féidearachtaí digiteacha na linne seo, áfach, ní mór cuimhneamh go gcaithfear a bheith discréideach maidir le cín lae Murphy, mar is tuairisc phearsanta atá inti, agus tá rudaí luaite inti nach bhfuil oiriúnach le bheith scaipthe go hoscailte ar líne. Dá mba rud é go raibh a fhios ag Murphy to dtiocfadh an lá go mbeadh an cumas ann chun an méid atá sa chín lae a scaipeadh sa tslí seo, an ndéanfadh sé athmhachnamh maidir leis an méid a chuir sé inti, nó an dtabharfadh sé cead é a scaipeadh? Sin rud ná fíos, agus dá bhrí sin, b'fhearra bheith cáiréiseach, gan feall a imirt air. Dar le O'Carroll, tá mórán le plé fós, agus cé go bhfuil sí ag caint go háirithe mar gheall ar thaifeadtaí digiteacha, tá an méid a deir sí ábharach maidir le cín lae Murphy agus a leithéid gach oiread chomh maith:

> Is truly informed consent attainable in the context of potential online access, particularly in the case of interviews that explore everyday life in a conversational style? It is at this point beyond us to know, let alone communicate, the uses that might be made of interview content, in research, politically, artistically, or commercially, when material is discoverable and easily replicated and manipulated. (O'Carroll, 2018: 341)

3 ‘The Last Druid’ – Próifíl Michael J. Murphy (1913-1996)

3.1 Seoladh Isteach

Sa chaibidil seo, déanfar cur síos ar chúlra pearsanta Murphy, agus ar na cúinsí a mhúnlaigh é agus é ag fás aníos. Míneofar cúiseanna cén fáth nach raibh móran deiseanna aige maidir le hoideachas foirmiúil agus maidir le fostaíocht. Déanfar cur síos air mar scríbhneoir cruthaitheach, agus beidh tagairt do roinnt dá ábhar foilsithe, chomh maith le blaiseadh den chomhfhreagras idir é agus a chomhghleacaithe liteartha agus gairmiúla. Déanfar cur síos freisin ar a mheon aigne agus ar a chur chuige i dtaobh a chuid oibre. Féachfaimid ar an tuiscint a bhí ag Murphy maidir le bailiú ábhair, agus ar a dhearcadh i dtaobh na scéalaithe agus na cíne lae. Léireofar na cleasanna as a bhain sé úsáid agus na bunphrionsaibil a bhí ina aigne agus é i mbun oibre.

3.2 Óige Michael J. Murphy

Rugadh Michael J. Murphy i Learpholl i Mí an Mheithimh, 1913, agus cailleadh é an 18ú lá de Mhí na Bealtaine, 1996, ag Baile Bhailtéir, Baile an Ghearláinigh, Co an Lú. Imircigh de bhunadh Dhromainn Tí, Deisceart Ard Mhacha, ba ea a thuismitheoirí, Susan Campbell agus Michael Murphy, beirt a cuireadh amach in aimsir nuair nach raibh ach deich mbliana d’aois sáraithe acu. Chuaigh scéalta a dtuismitheoirí mar gheall ar an drochshaol a bhí acu mar sclabhaithe feirme go mór i bhfeidhm ar Michael J., agus feictear sa mhír síos anseo as alt a scríobh sé don nuachtán *Hibernia* sa bhliain 1939, mar gheall ar na haonaigh haidhreála, go raibh coinsias sóisialta dea-fhorbartha aige ón uair a bhí sé ina dhuine óg:

> If anyone doubts that the hiring fair is not a fundamental factor in bringing disdain and contempt upon labour in the land, a visit to a hiring ground will provide an enlightening study. The hiring fair is the only channel through which farm labour of both sexes must trudge to seek work in districts outside their own locality: about them, on the hiring grounds, rests the embarrassment of the slave. (Murphy, 1939: 5)

Tá cóip den alt iomlán ceangailte mar Augisín a hAon ag deireadh an thráchtais seo.

Bhog an teaghlach ar ais go Paróiste Dhromainn Tí in Ard Mhacha Theas, nuair a bhí Michael J. in aois a hocht mbliana agus d'fhreastal sé ar an mbunscoil áitiúil. Sular fhill siad ó Learpholl, bhíodh an nós ag a mhuintir thall a bheith ag reacaireacht timpeall na tine istoíche:

> ... I had been born into the cult across the Irish Sea in Liverpool. My parents and relatives, all Irish emigrants, used to gather in for a fireside céillí: I had heard that word. No one deliberately urged that I should listen. But from a seat on our fender around the range of our hearth in Eden Street in Liverpool I heard other idioms and had them explained later by my mother. (Murphy, 1973: 9)

Nuair a d'fhill siad ar Ard Mhacha Theas, d'fhill siad ar phobal ina raibh an airneán mar chuid lárnach den saol, agus thosaigh Michael J. ag foghlaim na nósanna agus deasghnátha a bhí riachtannach chun feidhmiú sa phobal sin. Scéalaithe den chéad scoth a bhí ina thuismitheoirí araon (Murphy, 1988:77), agus is mar seo a thiomnaíon sé a leabhar *Now You're Talking* dóibh: 'To the Memory of My Mother and Father. My First Storytellers' (1975: 3).

Mairnéalach ba ea a athair, a raibh an domhan siúlta aige, agus ba chara é le Séamas Ó Conghaile agus Jim Larkin. Lean Michael J. é ar bhóthar an Dhaonlathais Shóisialta. Reibiliúnaigh a bhí iontu aroan, mar atá léirithe sa chín lae ar an 2/11/1949:

> My father is always nervous of initial meetings with officials – he has a great respect for all sorts of authority – I have none. My school-master, Patrick Hearty, who said before all the classes one day, that if he had anything to do with me he would "stand me on Newry Hiring Ground" also added that "I was a born rebel from the feet up". Then he mimicked my gammy, limping walk "before the people when serving Mass". So I prepared to fire an ink-well at him. At which he reminded me that my father once might have killed Barney Larkin, the master, when he fired a slate at him! Good on my father! He was a rebel, too ... But what has this to do with Folklore collecting in Tyrone? Well, not much, unless it indirectly shows up something of the man who is going there.
> (C.B.É. 1446: 7-8. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

Scríobhaí agus file Gaelach ba ea sin-sheanathair Michael J. Murphy. WilliaM.J.ordan ab ainm dó, ó Tiffcrum, Foirceal, Co Ard Mhacha. Bhí cistin anraithe aige le linn an Ghorta Mhóir, chun chur i gcoinne na cistine a bhí ag an Reactaire Protastúnach áitiúil (Murphy 1998: 77), comhartha eile gur de shliocht shaor smaointeoirí ba ea Murphy.

Thosnaigh Michael J. ag obair mar sclábhaí feirme nuair nach raibh sé ach trí bliana déag d'aois, sa bhliain 1926, agus ní dócha go raibh mórán rogha aige. Ní róshaibhir a bhí a theaghlach, agus ní rófhlúirseach na deiseanna a bhí ag Caitliceach óg gan oideachas foirmeálta sa Tuaisceart agus Michael J. ina fhear óg. D'fhéadfaí a rá go raibh tionscalaíocht an Tuaiscirt lonnaithe ar an móramh sna ceantair san oirthear, agus, mar atá áitithe ag scoláirí éagsúla, claonta i gcoinne na náisiúnaithe; claonadh a ndeachaigh go fada siar, agus a dheimhnigh go bhfanfadh cumhacht pholaitiúil na nAontachtaithe i réim (Hoare, 1981: 152-175). Anuas air sin, nascann Hoare na polasaithe eacnamaíochta agus polaitíochta seo le bunús na dTrioblóidí sa Tuaisceart: 'it contributed to Catholic feelings of economic discrimination ... and thus the civil ferment that ultimately overwhelmed Stormont and the monolithic Unionist party' (Ibid., 1981: 173). Léireofar an tionchar tábhachtach a d'imir na Trioblóidí ar shaol Murphy níos déanaí i gCaibidil a Sé.

3.3 Michael J. Murphy in Inmhe Fir

Bailitheoir béaloideasa, gearrscéalaí, úrscéalaí, drámadóir, iriseoir, colúnaí, griangrafadóir, agus craoltóir ba ea Murphy. Bailitheoir neamhchoitianta ba ea é toisc gur fhoilsigh sé ana-chuid dá shaothar scríbhneoireachta féin le linn an ama a bhí sé ag feidhmiú mar bhailitheoir gairmiúil. Go bhfios do Briody, ba é Murphy an t-aon duine amháin a choimeád cóipeanna dá chín lae, agus an t-aon bhailitheoir amháin a d'fhoilsigh leabhar bunaithe ar a chín lae, saothar den teideal *Tyrone Folk Quest* (Murphy, 1973), (Briody, 2007: 423). Is amhlaidh go mbaineadh sé úsáid as clóscríobhán agus páipéar carbóin, agus murach go raibh na cóipeanna

sin aige, ní dócha go n-éireodh leis an leabhar sin a fhoilsiú, nó ar a laghad bheadh sé i bhfad níos deacra, toisc nach mbíodh mórán teagmháil ag na bailitheoirí lena gcuid lámhscríbhínní ón uair a chuirtí ar aghaidh chuig an gCeannáras iad, de ghnáth. Luann Murphy ina chín lae nach raibh cead ag na bailitheoirí an t-ábhar a bhailíodar a fhoilsiú ná a úsáid ina gcuid scríbhneoireachta féin, agus leagann sé béim ar an muinín agus ar an iontaobhas a bhí riachtannach idir an bailitheoir agus an scéalaí nó an seanchaí ionas go mbeidís compórdach agus oscailte leis an mbailitheoir.

Bhí caidreamh agus comhfhreagras ag Michael J. Murphy le lucht litríochta ar fud na tíre, daoine ar nós John Hewitt, Paddy Kavanagh, Benedict Kiely agus Roy McFadden, gan trácht ar Maud Gonne McBride agus L.A.G. Strong, a mhol a chuid scríbhneoireachta agus é ina fhear fíor-óg (Murphy K, 1998: 80). Scríobh Maude Gonne chuig Michael J. Murphy ag deireadh na 1940í, á spreagadh mar scríbhneoir, rud a ndeachaigh i bhfeidhm go mór air:

> The strange mood of Slieve Gullion and the land it influenced began to intrigue me. I tried to interpret this amid work in the bog and mountain fields in terms of tradition heard or in evocative prose-poems, especially at harvent which particularly moved and excited me. I was thrilled when one such piece brought me a letter from Maud Gonne MacBride who wrote: '... I have read your article "The Eve of Harvest" and I think we share many thoughts, though you are young and I am so old and tired. I understand so well how some little thing like your head of shot grain can evoke a dream more vivid than what we sometimes call reality, and take one into the World where Time is not, and you have the rare power of describing it ...' (Murphy, 1973: 9)

Bliain chinniúnach ba ea 1941 do Michael J. Murphy, toisc gur foilsíodh a chéad leabhar *At Slieve Gullions Foot* (Murphy, 1941), sa bhliain sin, agus fostaíodh é mar bhailitheoir páirtaimseartha le Coimisiún Béaloideasa Éireann:

> I was working late at a threshing mill in Padgey O'Hare's in Dromintee in 1941 when news was brought that I was urgently wanted at home. Of course, I feared the worst: my mother knew one was expected to stay at a threshing until the job was finished, even if it went on past midnight.

> At home I got the surprise of my life to learn why my mother had been unable to restrain sharing her sheer delight as she held up a copy of *At Slieve Gullions Foot*, her voice silent, her eyes brimming ...
>
> Next morning's post brought a letter from a Dr. Séamus Delargy, Hon. Director of the Irish Folklore Commission at University College in Dublin, inviting me to join the collecting staff of the Folklore Commission. (Murphy, 1983: 2)

Chuir Harry Tempest, Dungalgan Press, profa den leabhar *At Slieve Gullion's Foot* (Murphy, 1941), chuig Séamus Ó Duilearga, agus faightear éachtaint éigin ar an meas a bhí ag Ó Duilearga ar chumas Michael J. i litir dár dáta 1/10/1941, a sheol sé ar ais chuig Tempest leis an bprofa. Tá an litir seo caomhnaithe i gcartlann i dTí Chulainn:

> I congratulate both yourself and the author on this most interesting and valuable book. Indeed the work is unique in the country. Can you think of any Irish book, or rather a book of such a kind in English dealing with the folk-culture of a district such as Slieve Gullion: The nearest is, of course, The Islandman – I had forgotten that! It is a book which you will find will be referred to as a Source. (Cnuasach Michael J. Murphy i gcartlann Thí Chulainn).

Thosaigh Murphy mar bhailitheoir lánaimseartha leis an gCoimisiún sa bhliain 1949, agus níor stad sé go dtí go ndeachaigh sé ar scor sa bhliain 1983. D'aithin Ó Duilearga féith na scríbhneoireachta i Michael J. Murphy, a lig dá léitheoirí dul ar thuras ina theannta. Maidir leis an gcín lae, nochtann Michael J. a anam inti. Tuigimid as a bheith á léamh cén saghas duine é, feicimid inár n-aigne aghaidheanna a chlainne agus a mhná chéile. Feicimid an tírdhreach trína shúile, agus cuirimid aithne ar na scéalaithe, a gcrot agus saoldhearcadh. Mothaimíd chomh maith an fhuacht, an taise, an fhearg, an frustrachas, an t-imní, an strus, an t-iontas agus an greann. Mothaimíd an phian fhisiciúil a bhíodh aige féin; (d'fhulaing sé i gcaitheamh a shaoil le cos tinn agus crampaí ina mhéaranna, mar shampla, gan trácht ar an tréimhse nuair a bhíodh sé ag úsáid gluaisrothair gan éadaí cearta chun é a chosaint ón aimsir agus ón ngaoth, rud a chuireadh tinneas millteach air.)

Bhuail an t-údar iomráiteach, Benefict Kiely le Michael J. Murphy den chéad uair thart ar an mbliain 1949, agus d'éirigh comhfhreagras eatarthu a lean ar feadh suas le daichead bliain. Is amhlaidh gur aithin Kiely é mar thobar na gaoise, mar is léir ón bpíosa seo thíos ó pheann Kiely:

> He treated us to a long talk on the history and the ground of Ireland, the ways of her people, the folk tradition and, in the end he came to the destiny of our young people in the world we live in today.
>
> He was informative and most moving, and suddenly I thought: This man here beside me is a druid, as much a part of this ancient land as the stone he sits on. He could have been here on this hillside under this oak before Patrick came. For such close wisdom could only come from centuries of meditation ... A druid from the land around Fionn MacCumhaill's mountain in south Armagh. (Murphy 1989: 8)

Cuireann friotal na míre seo thíos, ó chín lae Murphy, leis an íomhá seo de mar dhraoi:

> 17/9/1950. Just remember I haven't written one line about Harvest; and writing on it spiritually, interpretively and reminiscently each year has become with me ritualistic almost, my homage in print to the old gods of Harvest as it were.
> (C.B.É. 1724: 78 An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

Is mar seo thíos a léiríonn Michael J. cad é an caighdeán a bhí á lorg aige féin in iriseoir nó scríbhneoir gairmiúil, agus is dócha go raibh seisean ar thóir an chaighdeáin chéanna sin nuair a chuir sé peann le pár:

> Diary June, 1968. A dilapidated news-cutting gives a fine opinion on the creed of a journalist (and indeed on any and all kind of writer) and is worth repeating: "To seek and to chronicle all that is good of humanity; to seek and to expose all that which is not; and to do this, not necessarily without fear, but without regard to person, pocket or prestige".
> (C.B.É. 1748: 128. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

Bhí Michael J. pósta ina luathfhicidí ar bhean de bhunadh Fhoirceal, Co an Lú, darbh ainm Alice Daly, agus saolaíodh triúr mac agus iníon amháin dóibh. Deimhníonn Briody gur oibrigh Michael J. agus Alice as lámha a chéile go mion minic chun eolas, go háirithe mar gheall ar saol príobháideach na mban, a mhealladh ó na banscéalaithe (2007: 255-256). Bhí

Alice Murphy sásta na seolta a ardú agus dul chun cónaithe in áiteanna éagsúla ar fud an Tuaiscirt ar mhaithe leis an obair a bhí idir lámha ag a fear céile, agus is mór an chreidiúint atá tuillte aicisean dá bharr sin, dar ndóigh. Thosaigh siad a saol pósta i nDroimeann Tí, agus chaith siad seal i nGleann Choll, Co Thír Eoghain; na Glinnte Aontroime; ag an bPointe, Contae an Dúin; agus ar ais go Droimeann Tí, Co Ard Mhacha. Bhailigh Murphy cnuasach fairsing ar Reachlainn, agus i gCo. An Chabháin, agus Co. Shligigh chomh maith. Bhíodh sé as baile go mion minic chomh maith ag fanacht i lóistín agus é ag bailiú sna ceantair éagsúla.

Ní bhfuaireas aon tuairisc sa chín lae ná in aon áit eile ach go raibh ardmheas go deo ag ceannairí an Choimisiúin agus ag Roinn an Bhéaloidis, Ollscoil Bhaile Átha Cliath, ar Michael J. Murphy, agus gur aithin siad ardchaighdeán agus tábhacht a ionchur. Is mar seo thíos a scríobh an tOllamh le Béaloideas, Bo Almqvist, i gcuimhne iarbháis mar gheall ar Michael J:

> The fruit of this collecting work – some 250 large bound manuscript volumes, amounting to in excess of 30,000 typed pages ... constitutes an invaluable body of data, covering all aspects of spiritual and material folk culture ...
>
> His manuscripts contain hundreds of lists of Ulster expressions and idioms which have already been widely used by dialectologists and will form an invaluable source for future scholars in that field ...
>
> The outspokenness and directness which were characteristic of Michael J.'s charachter are also reflected in his collections in that he did not shun from taking down and publishing expressions and stories of a kind that may have been avoided by other more puritanical collectors ... Another 'sensitive' subject that Michael J. did much to illuminate was traditions about pregnancy and childbirth as well as other aspects of women's lore ...
>
> The journals he faithfully kept throughout his career are also particularly valuable ... These detailed journals from the sixties and seventies will prove rich sources for future social historians and other scholars when it comes to drawing a true picture of the difficult conditions under which his work on folk culture had to be undertaken in those tempestuous and troubled times ...
>
> He was a totally devoted, loyal and unselfish man, with enormous courage and a hearty laugh ... (Almqvist, 1997: 362-365)

Ba bheag an tsuaimhneas a bhí ag Michael J. agus Alice le linn na dTrioblóidí i dTuaisceart Éireann, agus ba mhinic a thug Arm na Breataine ruathar fén dtigh acu. Dá dheasca sin, d'aistrigh siad go Baile Bhailtéar, Co an Lú, thart ar an mbliain 1984, mar a dheimhníonn sé ina litir chuig Benedict Kiely atá le feiscint i gcnuasach príobháideach Kiely i Leabharlann Náisiúnta na hÉireann: 'Dear Ben, herewith above is now our permanent address ... Enough was more than enough for us in the Slieve Gullion abode; I'll talk about it sometime when I'm fit ... and the quietude and peace is unbelieveable ... ' (Murphy, n.d.).

3.4 Fealsúnacht Murphy i dTaobh a Chuid Oibre.

Ón uair a thosaigh sé mar sclábhaí feirme agus é ina dhéagóir, bhí nós ag Michael J. Murphy a bheith ag breacadh síos míreanna a chuala sé ó na daoine ar chas sé orthu go laethúil, cé nach raibh faic cloiste aige ag an am sin mar gheall ar an bhfocal '*folklore*' ná ar aon fheachtas bailiúcháin.

> Yet no one ever mentioned the word 'folklore'. I don't even remember having heard it in school. When I left school and went to work for local farmers there was the attraction of new lore to be heard from men and women who were my work companions. I began to note it all down, still unaware of the term 'folklore'. (Murphy, 1973: 9)

Míníonn Murphy conas a ndeachaigh sé ar an eolas maidir leis an mbéaloideas mar léann nuair a thosaigh sé ag bailiú ar bhonn proifisiúnta, agus is amhlaidh go ndeachaigh an tuiscint nua seo go mór i bhfeidhm air:

> It was only then that I began to believe I understood a profound truth. More by instinct than analysis I was convinced that the thing folk enshrined the seminal strains fundamental to the essential philosophy of the people; that it retained and motivated a mental blue-print of much contemporary impulse and idea. (Murphy, 1973: 11)

Is mar seo a léiríonn sé an tuiscint a bhí aige ar a chomharsana fhéin mar fhaisnéiseoirí ag tosach a leabhair *At Sliabh Gullion's Foot*:

> The quaint, frank and even graphic phrasing of their idiomatic speech, the simple but deep faith which marks their activities and contacts, and the old sayings and traditions remain … Their sincerity is genuine and infectious and does one good. Although they are not Gaelic speakers here, the influence of the native tongue and tradition is yet strong enough to give their speech an air and a feeling of old worth and dignity. It is at once charming and pleasant, devoid of self-consciousness; and it breathes such a freedom that one cannot but instinctively contrast it with the barren inhibitions which cripple conventional conversation. Together with this they are a very human people, ready to express and admit their feelings. Whatever conventions they respect are dictated by the heart. These people, and their contemporaries, are the real and vital keepers of tradition. When they tell one "some o'thim oul tales" they are not aware that they are doing a service to the nation and an honour to the listener. One veritably hears a breath from down the centuries, and an important breath. One hears something that has been handed down from family to family, and is yet sweetly alive for all its age. (Murphy, 1941: 9-10)

Bhí ardmheas aige ar na scéalaithe agus na seanchaithe, agus ar an saoldearcadh agus na nósanna a mhínigh conas a d'oibrigh pobal áirithe i gcuinsí áirithe. Sa mhír thíos, taispeánann Michael J. Murphy an tuiscint a bhí aige maidir le tábhacht saoldearcadh na ndaoine a nochtadh, maraon leis na mionshonraí a bhaineann lena saolta laethúla:

> He wants not only the tales people can remember and narrate but just as important the details of their lives and living as well, their very thoughts and attitudes to all kinds of human, social and religious concepts – and the same of their peoples' people as far back as the human memory can reach. (Murphy, 1973: 16)

Léiríonn sé feasacht, chomh maith, mar gheall ar an éabhlóid aigne agus nósanna a bhíonn de shíor ar siúl ag an gcine daonna:

> He must know how to tread delicately: He is intruding on the souls of a people. A Christian people have to be induced to confess to a knowledge and unspoken respect for essentially pagan beliefs and practices, even concepts sometimes in conflict with established religious authority: in conflict indeed with contemporary social norms and practices: often in confused conflict with evolving attitudes of their own. Sex beliefs and practices, for instance, aphrodisiacs, contraceptive and abortion information known and practised covertly comprise only one sub-section of the Hidden Mind of the real Hidden Ireland: the so-called Preserve of the Simple-Minded Peasant. (Murphy, 1973: 16)

Léiríonn Murphy go beacht cad é a bhí ag teastáil chun cnuasach rathúil a bhailiú. Cé gur thuig sé an drogall a bhíodh ar dhaoine a mbéaloideas a roinnt toisc go raibh drochíomhá ag

baint leis an ábhar i measc an phobail mar rud diúltach, seanfhaiseanta, gan baint le saol na tuisceana, bhraith sé féin áilleacht agus uaisleacht san ábhar. Thuig sé cé chomh tábhachtach is a bhí sé teacht, ní amháin ar na scéalaithe agus a gcuid scéalta, ach ar na nithe a bhí mar bhunchloc dá saoldearcadh.

Áitíonn Dundes (1971: 95-96), go bhfuil bunús an tsaoldearcaidh le fáil sa bhéaloideas, agus b'fhéidir gur mheas Michael J. Murphy go raibh saoldearcadh a phobail féin le tógaint faoi deara ina gcaint agus ina saol laethúil, agus bhí claonadh inmheánach i Michael J. an méid sin a thaifead.

Thuig Murphy nar mhór don bhailitheoir a bheith feasach narbh aon mhaith a bheith ag iarraidh go hoscailte ar dhaoine muinín a bheith acu as, ach a ligint don mhuinín sin teacht chucu le himeacht aimsire, agus a chur san áireamh go mbaineann náire agus rúndacht le roinnt mhaith den eolas a bhí á nochtadh acu:

> He has to win the confidence of people adroitly, and patiently be able to ask them to confess to a knowledge which, if breathed abroad, can bring down the wrath of friend and neighbour, of priest or parson – even policeman. (Murphy, 1973: 16)

Léirítear meon aigne Murphy agus an tuiscint a bhí aige ar a fhaisnéiseoirí, chomh maith lena chumas mar scríbhneoir ealaíonta san alt thíos:

> 'like a wild bees' nest: the probings as delicate as a surgeon's fingers; the initial stings of rebuttal and denial of information; the indignant or ridiculed disavowal of knowledge of such information; the buzzing sallies one endures or evades – until the first layer of inhibiting wax is reached … the folklore collector knows he has to spend months, even years with one mind. So melt the wax around the wild honey with sympathy and patience and with questions framed in confidential conversational form based on a knowledge of the working of the mind – and the honey begins to flow. Stay with the flow lest it seal again … people do not really know what they know until the recesses of their memories had been worked on. (Murphy, 1973: 18)

Arís agus arís eile i gcaitheamh a shaoil bhí ar Murphy a chuid oibre a chosaint i gcoinne an dearcadh nach raibh aon mhaith sa bhéaloideas, agus nach raibh ann ach baothchreideamh

agus seanaimsearacht. Ba cheist í seo a chuir ag machnamh é go mion minic, mar a fheicimid anseo tar éis eachtra dá leithéid i dteach tabhairne in Iúr Chín Trá:

> 2/11/49 ... I think of the men in the pub: of how the young people leer and deride at tales and the rest of it. Who is the wiser? I know the tradition is dying, but I doubt if such a tradition, with such an ageless heritage, can really die. A sound tradition is like a seed: It goes underground in apparent death, but bursts forth a thousand fold – in green, in stalk – and back to its original. Somewhere there is a pattern shaping which will earth the seeds of the traditions I and others are collecting. A sower will arise – many sowers perhaps. One will be the inspired hand; and the old seed will produce anew. If I thought that none ever would I wonder would I go on with this work? (C.B.É. 1466: 13. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

Níos déanaí sa mhír chéanna, tá sé ag scríobh mar gheall ar thuras a bhí aige ar an mbus, agus feicimid níos mó den dearcadh a bhí ag Murphy i dtaobh an aineolais a d'aimsigh sé i ndaoine áirithe. Tabhair faoi deara an claonadh a bhíonn aige a chumas mar scríbhneoir ealaíonta a thaispeáint, rud a chuireann go mór le suimiúlacht na míre:

> 2/11/1949 ... Meanwhile, the rich hillocks of country go by. I get a view of distant plains to the North, and mountains so faint that they seem to appear and disappear like cigarette smoke in lamplight.
>
> I had been thinking of the inarticulate derision a folklorist must endure to-day; as if one was a sort of half-wit. I understand it, of course, and am amused: It flows off ignorance; that pathetic ignorance tutored by glossy magazines and films. (C.B.É. 1466: 14. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

Ba mhinic i gcaitheamh a shaoil a bhíodh Murphy ag plé ina aigne féin cad é an t-inspreagadh a choimeád ag imeacht é. Feicimid sa mhír seo thíos, as alt a bhí aige sa nuachtán *Scéala Éireann* ar an 16ú Meitheamh1942, go bhfaca sé an gá a bhí ann daoine a chur ag machnamh mar gheall ar a gcuinsí féin, agus bhí sé dóchasach go bhfaigheadh muintir na hÉireann inspioráid agus misneach ón gcultúr ársa chun smacht a fháil ar a gciniúint féin:

> Method in their Myths.

> Tradition can be either a dead weight on a nation or an incentive to constructive thinking, and should be part of our education, if only to make the spirit fight it. A convulsion of Time has shuffled our values; and our future depends on whether we do the sifting and allocation ourselves or permit others to do it for us, as before. (Murphy in *Irish Press* newspaper, 15 June1942: 2)

Feicimid arís agus arís eile an cumas a bhí ag Murphy radharc cineamatagrafach ar a chuid oibre a sholáthar dúinn. Anseo thíos soláthraítear dhá mhír óna chín lae a bhaineann le scéalaí de bhunadh Ard Mhacha Theas, fear darbh ainm Mickey Gormley. Tabhair faoi deara an cur síos a thugtar ar an gcultúr ábhartha agus úsáid spáis agus uirlisí. Chun chur leis sin, muna bhuil ceacht ann ar chonas comhthéacs a chur in iúl, ní lá fós é:

> I remember I've forgotten another fruitful visit to Mickey Gormley the blacksmith. I watched him take his meal. He had a whole loaf – 2 lbs – sliced, and took a pot of jam. He took a bit of board, pared it at one end, and used it as a knife, while he sat in his hearth, the jam beside him in the ashes, the pile of bread on his knee, the tea in a fire stained, six-pint can which he put on the fire between mouthfuls. (C.B.É. 1466: 17-18. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)
>
> I went to Mickey Gormley's forge one night. He was alone. I watched him wash and shave in the forge. He had a vessel, which looked to me as if it were originally the cap or cover of a great wheel; an aluminium article as big as a six-pint tin. He filled it with rain water outside; then from his hearth he took half of a rusted can with handle still attached and pulled it up over the other; it did not slip through. He set it on the fire and worked the bellows. Off came apron and coat and vest. Out of a crevice he took a hook-razor of the familiar, straight type. Then he got a block of white washing soap and patiently searched for a tri-angular section of a reaper-blade. With this he cut the soap. He tested the water, found it satisfactory and took it off. He strapped the razor on a strap alongside the hearth. And next he dipped soap into water in his great fist. Sat on the edge of the hearth, and began to rub it like a lather on his face.
>
> All the time he talked, illustrating his stories with similes drawn from something immediate. "Its like me and that plough. You think its hard work. When you're reared to it it doesn't come odd or awkward. So he ..."
>
> I hardly listened. I was very intent watching this feat; so-intrigued by the way he brought towel and all out of another can. Then he began to shave, without a glass, still sitting, still talking – now with puffed cheeks, now as he took another swipe. (C.B.É. 1466: 116-117. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

Níos déanaí san iontrál céanna, luann Murphy an deacracht a bhíodh aige le tinneas ina mhéaranna agus ina chosa. Bhí saghas polaimiailíteas ag Murphy ón uair a bhí sé ina bhuachaill óg, ach ní dhearna tátal air riamh. Is amhlaidh gur luaigh dochtúir éigin an galar uair éigin, ag déanamh talamh slán de go raibh a fhios ag Murphy go raibh an galar air. Ach b'shin an uair a thuig Murphy gurbh é riain an pholaimialítis a bhí air. Ba mhinic a chuireadh an tinneas seo isteach ar an obair agus ar a mhisneach:

> 2/12/49 I haven't written here since the finger cramp attacked me. A peculiar sensation which I have known before. It makes me extraordinarily irritable. I cannot sit, as the tautening sensation revives in my forearm and fingers. I have to walk. Even if I think of holding a pen it seems to return: evidently, a nervous natured thing. Seems rather petty in description but never the less intensely uncomfortable. It seems to twitch again now that I am writing of it.
> (C.B.É. 1466: 105-106. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

Bhí fadbh eile ag Michael J. Murphy a bhí neamhchoitianta i measc na mbailitheoirí: Bhí mí-iontaobh áirithe ag daoine as, toisc go raibh a ainm in airde mar scríbhneoir agus chraoltóir. Léiríonn sé sa sliocht seo a leanas conas a láimhseáil sé an fhadhb sin fad is a bhí sé ag eachtra mar gheall ar chuairt a thug sé ar scéalaí áirithe:

> We were welcomed, and I could see they were a bit self-conscious of me. Later I learned the reason. From Sean Gallagher, Anti-Partition Organiser whom I know well, and who covers this area. They had heard of me. Grogan said later on, rather as if expecting me to contradict the rumour: "You write books and plays?" That may sound like stinking vanity on my part; but it merely illustrates a peculiar difficulty of mine: People are afraid of print naturally – afraid of their own words appearing. I could, in a new area like this, never hint that I broadcast, etc. But when they heard of it later, as inevitably they must by the usual sifting, inquiring gossip of the countryside [originating perhaps in the post office], I should be more suspect than ever: I might publish or broadcast all they had said! So I help them all to understand this position thoroughly, and assure them I will not betray their trust.
>
> That's by the way. Grogan was a quiet man, gentle voiced; hair thinning, and a Gaelic speaker.
> (C.B.É. 1466: 111-112. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

Cuireadh drámaí Murphy ar stáitse i mBaile Átha Cliath, Béal Feirste agus Londain, agus duine ba ea é nach raibh drogall ar bith air teachtaireacht láidir a chur trasna ina chuid scríbhneoireachta, cé gur íoc sé as an misneach sin ó am go chéile. Is amhlaidh go mbíodh an dá thaobh b'ansaí leis dá shaol, an bailiúchán agus an scríbhneoireacht chruthaitheach, ag teacht salach ar a chéile. Thiteadh smál an amhrais timpeall air in aigne na scéalaithe toisc iad a bheith scanraithe go gcraolfadh sé rud éigin nár theastaigh uathu go gcraolfaí. Faoi mar atá luaite agam cheanna, duine ba ea é Michael J. a bhain leas as a chuid scríbhneoireachta chun teachtaireacht shóisialta láidir a chur faoi bhráid an phobail, agus is amhlaidh go raibh air díol as an gcleachtadh seo ó thaobh an bhailithe de chomh maith. Léirítear seo ina dhialann le linn a thréimhse i mBun Abhann Dalla:

> 26 September, 1953: I came home from London after the production of my play *Dust Under Our Feet* and felt completely out of sorts, in a world that wouldn't adjust, flummoxed. The same thing happened me at Slieve Gullion when I first went to do a broadcast …
>
> I felt, too, a subtle change in the attitude of the people among whom I work. This I anticipated and understood. Even at Slieve I detected the same kind of withdrawal, as it were, after an intimate folky article had been published. Here, I know, the Play has shocked people, some of them anyway. So did a radio play. I know the reaction generally before I hear it---if one ever does hear a truthful reaction.
>
> This has a relation to the work. But I overcome it. I know I can make people talk in spite of any determination not to.
> (C.B.É. 1388: 3. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

Tagann Michael J. ar ais chuig an téama seo mí níos déanaí agus is léir nach raibh aon bhiseach ar chúrsaí i gcaitheamh an gheimhridh sin:

> 27th November, 1953. Since the children took whooping-cough six weeks ago we have had no visitor except Frank McAuley. As all local children have it there is no fear that, say, Mrs McKay was afraid of spreading infection. I think it is, as I may have said, of the plays, something I've said, something Alice has said. The sense of humour here is poor, and the outlook much overcast by Presbyterian shadow. I remarked, indeed, that in my play I make Anne say (when locals suspect she is the mother of the murdered child) that neighbours refuse to give her milk: I had a purpose in that but wondered if it were too strong, though I knew it were or could be true.

> Alice reminded me that we had been severely left alone lately, and I said yes, and wondered, sadly.
> (C.B.É. 1388: 17. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

Arís eile tráchtann sé ar an bhfadhb seo leis an scríbhneoireacht chruthaitheach ag teacht salach ar an mbailiúchán, agus an claonadh a bhí aige míchothromaíocht agus bréagchrábhadh a léiriú ina chuid scríbhneoireachta.

> 27th November, 1953. Since the play was produced in London; indeed since the radio play "*Culprit of the Shadows*" (dealing with the possessiveness of the Irish mother frustrating her son in marriage) I think I detect a change in the attitude of many people: a withdrawing from confidence: a gentle suspicion; a thrusting off more by sense, instinct, than by any overt gesture or intonation of voice. I understand this. But I am somewhat upset by it. Up at Slieve Gullion when I began to get material printed I saw and felt the same secretive ostracising of myself: as if you had betrayed some ritual and inner secrets of some cult.
> (C.B.É. 1388: 16. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

Agus arís ar an 27 Samhain, deir sé:

> One day our landlord Pat McCambidge got 'nettled' and blurted at me: "That radio play---Half Cushendall didn't like it." I laughed. He had previously said otherwise: he simply didn't like how it presented the scene himself.
>
> When the mob hate you you're significant in a culture pattern like ours, and I say that sympathetically: They are not to blame. Father forgive them.
> (C.B.É. 1388: 18. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

Thagair sé dá dhráma *Men on the Wall* (Murphy, 1956) go mion minic sa chín lae toisc an oiread de a bhí fáidhiúil maidir le gach a thit amach thart ar an Teorainn sna 1960í agus 1970í. Dráma atá ann mar gheall ar theaghlach atá deighilte toisc mac amháin a bheith ag tuilleadh airgid as an smuigléireacht ar an teorainn, agus mac eile a bhí ina rebiliúnaí agus fuath aige don saint. I measc na ndrámaí eile de chuid Michael J. Murphy, tá: *The Hard Man* (1950), *Culprit of the Shadows* (1955), agus *'Dust Under our Feet'* (1953).

D'fhoilsigh Michael J. Murphy thart ar leathchéad gearrscéalta, cuid acu le léamh ina leabhar *The Rising of Yella Ned and Other Short Stories* (1992). I measc na leabhar eile a d'fhoilsigh

sé, tá: *At Slieve Gullion's Foot* (1940), *Mountain Year* (1965), *Tyrone Folk Quest* (1973), *Mountainy Crack* (1976), *Ulster Folk of Field and Fireside* (1983), agus *Now You're Talking* (1975). Foilsíodh altanna de chuid Michael J. Murphy in irisí agus nuachtáin le linn a shaoil, go háirithe in *Hibernia*, *The Bell*, agus *Scéala Éireann*. Bhíodh sé ag craoladh leis an BBC agus Raidió Éireann, agus le linn na '40í, '50í agus '60í, ba ghuth aitheanta é ar fud na hÉireann.

Bhíodh an-chuid cúraimí ar an mbailitheoir béaloideasa agus níorbh aon mhaith fear a fhostú murach é a bheith ina ghnáthbhall den phobal ar an dromchla, agus go bhféadfadh daoine ionannú leis. Bhíodh air faisnéiseoirí a aimsiú, an t-eolas a mhealladh astu, agus a chinntiú gur fíorbhéaloideas a bhí ann. Bhíodh air an t-ábhar a thaifead ar phár nó leis an Edifón nó ar téip agus é a thrascríobh níos déanaí. Anuas air sin ar fad, bhíodh cín lae le líonadh.

Bhíodh ar an mbailitheoir a bheith as baile go mion minic, uaireanta ar feadh tréimhsí fada, ag fanacht i dtigh lóistín b'fhéidir. Ba dheacair teach a fháil ar cíos an uair sin, agus i gcás Michael J., ba mhinic a thrácht sé ar na seantithe tréigithe a bhí air a chur in oiriúint dá theaghlach. Bhíodh ar an mbailitheoir a bheith tíriúil leis, é amuigh sna tithe nó sna tábhairní istoíche, agus b'fhéidir é ag ól dí agus tobac, agus préachta leis an bhfuacht uaireanta. Ní róshláintiúil an tslí beatha a bhí ann ar chor ar bith. Ní nach ionadh mar sin nár fhan roinnt mhaith de na bailitheoirí leis an gCoimisiún go fadtéarmach (Briody, 2007: 229-233, 526).

3.5 An Chín Lae Mar Chuid Lárnach d'Obair Murphy

'The diaries of the full-time collectors must be considered among the gems in the Commission's crown' (Briody 2007: 443).

Bhí Michael J., maraon leis na bailitheoirí lán-aimseartha eile, i dtaithí ar chín lae a choimeád mar chuid dá dhualgas oibre. Is foinse eitneagrafaíoch iontu féin iad dar ndóigh, agus is anois

atá scoláirí ag cur suim cheart iontu (O'Tiarnaigh 2015; Ó hÉalaí, 2010; Ó'Dúinnshléitbhe, 2012; uí Ógáin, 2010; Nic Craith, 1991), agus cuireann Briody léirmheas cuimsitheach ar choincheap na gcíona lae faoinár mbráid (2007: 434-443). Áitíonn sé nach raibh aon chuimhneamh ag an Duileargach go mbeadh na bailitheoirí árdaidhmeannach dóibh féin mar bhéaloideasóirí: 'Hewers of wood and drawers of water' (Briody, 2007: 428), a bhí iontu, agus leagadh an bhéim ar na bailiúcháin, ní ar an mbailitheoir ná ar an gcín lae. Slí a bhí sa chín lae, chomh maith, chun eolas a sholáthar mar gheall ar an méid oibre a bhí á déanamh ag na bailitheoirí, agus deimhniú go raibh a gcur chuige oibre mar a bhí ag teastáil ó na ceannairí. Níl aon leid i gcatalóg na Cartlainne mar gheall ar aon toipic áirithe a bheith pléite in aon chín lae. Is é 'Dialann' an t-aon lipéad amháin atá ar an gcuid seo de chnuasaigh na mbailitheoirí, ach dá mba rud é go raibh mion-chlárú déanta orthu, b'fhéidir go bhféadfadh le duine teacht ar fhoinsí suimiúla éagsúla a bhaineann le go leor ábhar éagsúil.

Bhí sé mar chúram ar na bailitheoirí na mionsonraí a bhain lena saolta bailiúcháin a bhreacadh isteach sna leabhair nótaí faoi leith a tugadh dóibh, mar shampla an dáta, an ceantar, an aimsir, an méid taistil a dheineadar, uaireanta a'chloig caite ag bailiú, cé a bhí ag reacaireacht, conas mar a bhí ag na scéalaithe/seanchaithe agus ag na bailitheoirí féin, cur síos ar na tithe, agus aon rud eile a rith leo ag an am. Anuas air sin, ní cín lae phearsanta a bhí i gceist, agus ar an mbonn sin, bíonn blas fuarchúiseach go leor ar roinnt acu, cé go bhfuil ana-chuid eolais iontu, agus iad breac le blúiríní seanchais, le hainmneacha agus le háiteanna; cad a bhíodh ar siúl acu ó lá go lá, agus de shíor, conas mar a bhí an aimsir, mar bhí tionchar ag an aimsir ar an obair chomh maith, dar ndóigh.

Thuig Michael J. Murphy go beacht an tábhacht a bhain le húdarásacht an ábhair a bhailigh sé mar fhíorbhéaloideas, agus is amhlaidh go raibh an dearcadh céanna aige i dtaobh na cíne lae, rud atá le tuiscint ón mír thíos as litir dár dáta 22 Aibreán 22 1955, chuig Seán Ó Shúilleabháin, Cartlannaí an Choimisiúin:

> I shall not say much about the Diary, but want to stress that I have not attempted to correct it. As I wrote I sometimes glanced over a sheet. Perhaps I may correct it up there sometime; because I believe it is very frank, uninhibited, and I've tried to be very honest, however successfully.
> (C.B.É. 1388: 2. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

Nochtann sé a dhearcadh ar stiúrthóir nua an Choimisiúin, Bo Almqvist, i dtuairis eile, agus ar an slí gur mhór aige aitheantas ceart a thabhairt do na bailitheoirí agus an obair chasta a bhí ar siúl acu. Tá nod sa mhír seo, chomh maith, gur mhór aige an stádas a ghabh leis an teideal *journal* in ionad *diary*:

> 21st March, 1972. First time I have used the new title: 'Journal'--- which as well as being more accurate nowadays has something of a psychological sense of satisfaction as well: never suggested it before.
>
> Everyone I think very satisfied with the pleasant first meeting under Professor Almqvist; and not least because it is the first time that all the collectors (although Sean Haughey was absent) have been together for such a discussion: often mooted but somehow never achieved.
>
> (Or is it that in the end the folklore collector must still be, as I've said, like a poteen-maker working in the dark, beyond the notice of publicity, to distil the pure spirit. By the way: Roy McFadden in his new book of poems includes the one he has dedicated to me (in Antrim) *FOLKMINDER* ('The Garryowen.').
>
> I recall that when Professor Delargy gave me permission to type the Diaries---and which then had more deserved the title 'Journal'---he also agreed that I would not correct the sheets: I wrote so fast and often so intimately that I am sure I would have discarded many pages. So I will continue to do so---not even reading back: any mistakes corrected have been noted as I type. Presumptuous?
> (C.B.É. 801: 3 An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

Tá an dán, *Folkminder*, le Roy McFadden, ceangailte mar Augisín a Trí ag deireadh an thráchtais seo.

3.6 Conclúid

Deimhníonn Briody (2007: 290-293), gur thóg sé tamall ar Ó Duilearga agus a chomhghleacaithe cinneadh a dhéanamh tabhairt fén mbailiú ó thuaidh, agus is trí thimpist a tharla sé gur aimsigh sé Michael J. Murphy. Mar a scríobh Benedict Kiely ina sheoladh isteach chuig *My Man Jack. Bawdy Tales from Irish Folklore:* '... Michael J. Murphy, as his

first book revealed and as Delargy immediately saw, had a natural gift for intently observing and noting down the way of life of people on the land' (Murphy, 1989: 9-10). Chuir Murphy saoldearcadh a scéalaithe faoinár mbráid trí na seánraí béaloidis ar fad, nó mar a deir sé féin 'the entire conspectus of the folk norm' (Profile: Michael J. Murphy talks to Sam Hanna Bell, Courtesy of BBCNI Community Archive). Duine ba ea é a tharraing an clóscríobh, an grianghrafadóireacht, agus an craoladh sna meáin chuige fhéin; i bhfocal eile, gach áis nuatheicneolaíoch a linne, agus d'aithin sé na buntáistí a bhain leo ó thaobh a chuid oibre féin. Ag an am céanna, thuig sé an dualgas a bhí air meas a thaispeáint dá fhaisnéiseoirí agus don iontaoibh a bhí acu as, agus a bheith discréideach i dtaobh an ábhair a roinn siad leis. Thuig sé chomh maith go raibh fadbh le sárú aige maidir le hiontaoibh, toisc é a bheith ina chraoltóir aitheanta, agus ina scríbhneoir cruthaitheach. Tugann an saghas duine a bhí ann, agus a chúlra, agus na buanna scríbhneoireachta a bhí aige údarás dá chnuasach agus dá chín lae. Bíonn an cumas ag an scríbhneoir proifisiúnta scríobh gan urchoillte, agus tá an rian sin le braiscint i gcín lae Murphy. Bhí sé ina bheirt phearsan i ndáiríre: Gnáthbhall den phobal agus breathnóir/fear taifid proifisiúnta, agus ní féidir an fear féin ná a shaothar a scoilt óna chéile, agus dá bhrí sin, ní mór don taighdeoir a bheith ar an eolas mar gheall ar an saghas duine é agus cad iad na rudaí a thug inspreagadh dó. Sholáthar Michael J. foinse eolais thar a bheith luachmhar ina chín lae, agus áitím gurb é cúis leis sin ná go raibh tuiscint inmheánach aige ar an ábhar, ar a phobal féin, agus ar na dualgaisí a bhí air maidir le cur i gcrích na hoibre. Ní féidir nádúr agus meoin aigne an fhir féin, ná a chúlra, a scoilt ó thoradh na hoibre a dhein Michael J. Murphy thar daichead bliain. An fear ceart san áit ceart a bhí ann.

4 Cín Lae 1949-1951. An tréimhse i nGleann Choll, Co. Tír Eoghain

4.1 Seoladh Isteach

Cé gur leagadh béim ar na ceantair Gaeltachta maidir le bailiú béaloidis, níor dhein Séamus Ó Duilearga dearmad ar na ceantair taobh thuaidh den Teorainn. Faoi mar atá luaite cheanna, thóg sé roinnt ama air tacú agus maoiniú a fháil chun an obair ó thuaidh a thosnú, ach i ndeireadh thiar d'éirigh leis, agus ba mhór an chéim ar aghaidh é nuair a fostaíodh Michael J. Murphy go lánaimseartha sa bhliain 1949 (Briody, 2007: 290-293). Maidir le saol oibre Michael J. Murphy, is fiú díriú go háirithe ar an gcín lae a bhain leis na blianta 1949-1951 toisc gurb iad siúd na blianta inar tosaíodh i gceart ar an gcuid de C.B.É. a bhaineann le Tuaisceart, agus is iad siúd na blianta inar chuir Michael J. Murphy snas ar a scileanna bailiúcháin. De réir na cíne lae, bhí dua agus diongbháilteacht ag teastáil, agus tháinig sé in inmhe mar bhailitheoir le linn an ama a chaith sé mar bhailitheoir i nGleann Choll. Díreofar ar chín lae na tréimhse sin chun radharc cuimsitheach a fháil ar an saghas saoil a chaith sé i nGleann Choll, agus conas a d'éirigh leis an cnuasach sin a chur le chéile, ar a raibh ardmheas ag ceannairí na hardoifige. Beidh cur síos ar na constaicí éagsúla a bhí ina choinne mar bhailitheoir agus a mheon aigne ina dtaobh sa chaibidil seo. Léireofar a chumas comhthéacs a chuid oibre a chur in iúl, agus léarmheas a thabhairt air féin mar bhailitheoir agus ar na daoine a bhuail sé leo fad is a bhí sé lonnaithe i nGleann Choll. Tosóimid le cur síos Murphy ar an gceantar:

> Glenhull was really an irregular basin divided by the meandering Owenkillew and bounded by low, peat-crested heights. To the west and north Coneyglen opened in shrubbery. Further on, severe and steep, Glenlark, one of the wildest glens I've ever seen, ending in mountain heath. A curtain of rain the colour of slow-blown ash usually blotted it out … Glenhull was the heart of an almost forgotten Folk Kingdom. It was an area of ancient territorial lineage. (Murphy, 1973: 18)

Ghlac Murphy le toil an Choimisiúin go mbogfadh sé féin agus a theaghlach go Gleann Choll i Mí Eanáir, 1950, ‘as a cultural intelligence officer, as Seamus Delargy had put it’(Murphy, 1973: 7). Theastaigh ón gCoimisiún seift nua a thriail, is é sin le rá, bailitheoir proifisiúnta a lonnú go fadtéarmach i gceantar áirithe, ionas go bhféadfadh sé agus muintir na háite aithne cheart a chur ar a chéile, sa chaoi is go bhféadfadh leis an mbailitheoir cnuasach níos luachmhaire a bhailiú.

4.2 Ag réiteach an bhóthair chun imeacht go Gleann Choll

D’éirigh le Murphy a chuid oibre a chur i gcrích i nGleann Choll, in ainneoin na bhfadbhanna ina choinne, agus de réir agus a ndeachaigh sé i dtaithí ar a phost mar bhailitheoir lánaimseartha, tháinig forbairt ar a mheon aigne agus a chur chuige i dtaobh a chuid oibre. Bhí fadhbanna bainteach leis an bpost nua seo. Bheadh air Sliabh gCuillinn a fhágaint, imeacht chuig áit nach raibh aithne aige ar éinne agus nach raibh aithne ag éinne air. Bheadh ar mhuintir na háite aithne a chur air mar fhear strainséara le teideal poist gan dealramh, é a thógaint dáiríre, agus an cinne a dhéanamh an t-eolas a bhí acu a roinnt leis. Chuirtí iontas an domhain ar dhaoine go bhfostófar duine chun traidisiúin na ngnáthdhaoine a thaifead. Bhí creideamh sna síoga, orthaí, piseoga, leigheasanna, agus mar sin de damnaithe agus samhailte le haineolas, iargúltacht, agus neamhréasúnacht, go háirithe ag an Eaglais, ag an gCóras Oideachais, agus ag an nGairm Leighis. Pé scéal é, lean Murphy ar aghaidh, agus is mar seo thíos a thosaíonn sé ar an gcín lae mar gheall ar an tréimhse seo dá shaol:

> 1/11/49. Today I begin my new appointment in Tyrone: But I write this in Dromintee. I got a bad chest cold, got a bottle from the doctor, who said I should delay my journey for a day or so, unless I knew where I was going. But I never know, in events like this, where I am going.
>
> So I stay at home and think. It annoys me for a while to remember that I am in bed in Dromintee when instead I should be footing around Omagh and getting acclimatized, to to speak. This is not a new reaction with me: I was aware of it even when working for wages - or when I wasn’t. If I stayed at home a day to write I had a troubled

> conscience because Oweny ‘Heer or Tom Dunne were expecting me.
> (C.B.É. 1466: 4-5. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

Rith sé le Michael J. gur chóir dó roinnt réamhoibre a dhéanamh roimh imeacht dó chuig Co Thír Eoghain, agus sa mhír thíos agus é ag déanamh cur síos ar an réamhobair seo a dhein sé, léiríonn sé cuid de na bunphrionsaibil a bhaineann le bailiú béaloidis:

> Later the same day. I’ve been thinking. Charity begins at home: So does this work. Is there anyone in this area who knows Tyrone, or more particularly Omagh? The Pahvees, or packmen, obviously. But they wouldn’t know it in any useful sense – Meeting a person, selling them a suit length, passing on... Then - the priests. Many of our priests are Tyrone men. Who should, or could, know people so well as a priest; and yet I’m wary of their introductions; same with schoolmasters: Neither can ever know the intimate side of people. They are on a different social level. People act, speak, and manoeuvre self-consciously, usually ingratiatingly, when conversing with priests and schoolmasters.
>
> Still, thinking of schoolmasters reminded me that Owen Jordan of Faughil, though a retired teacher, had taught in Tyrone. I must see him.
> (C.B.É. 1466:4-5. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

Méadaíonn Murphy ar a thuiscint agus a chur chuige féin, maidir leis an ábhar agus a chaidreamh leis na scéalaithe ar bhuail sé leo i gcaitheamh a shaoil oibre. Is amhlaidh gur thuig sé cumhacht na meán mar uirlis chun meon aigne na ndaoine a mhúnlú:

> I’m tempted again to dilate on the point of the attitude of country people to ‘educated’ persons. In this I draw rather smugly on my experience as a collector in the Mournes. (The Mourne country of Hilltown was my first attempt to gather folklore among people who were strangers to me). Whenever I talked to a person I never attempted to record their tradition until I had, rather bluffly, persuaded them to stop calling me “Mister” or “Sir”.
>
> Real folklore is a sort of personal confession of a peculiar kind; and until one establishes oneself on a real intimate footing of sympathy and understanding and neighbourliness with a narrator, one is not going to get the tradition freely.
> (C.B.É. 1466: 5-6. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

Ní mór cuimhneamh go raibh Michael J. Murphy fós ina fhear óg ag an am sin, ach taispeánann sé críonnacht a bhréagnaíonn a aois. Sa chéad mhír eile ón gcín lae, címid a thuiscint ar dhaoine, a shuim i gcúrsaí polaitíochta, agus an t-achmhainn grinn a bhí aige,

nuair a eachtraíonn sé mar gheall ar an gcaoi a d'éirigh leis cabhair a fháil, nuair a bhuail sé leis an iar-mhúinteoir atá luaite thuas mar dhuine gurbh fhéidir leis cabhrú leis an obair i nGleann Choll:

> The gods are with me. Oweny Jordan got on our bus at Meigh. I meet him in Newry at the bus stop. When I accost him, he is very cautious, and I smile; because he is a Rural Councillor, and I've been keeping our Council in a hell of a silence with letters in our paper attacking their dead-end tactics. Jordan maybe thought I was starting something else.
>
> I told him what I wanted. No, he knew very little. He taught for 33 years in Ballygawley, Holy God, he must know something – someone, I thought. I let him thaw. He did, slowly.
>
> And then he told me of two people in Newry from Tyrone.
> (C.B.É. 1466: 18. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

Lean Murphy ar aghaidh ar feadh cúpla lá ag iarraidh nascanna a chothú le scéalaithe i nGleann Choll ionas go mbeadh sé ag tuirlint ar an gceantar le cúpla ainm aige chun tosnú leis an obair.

An córas taistil poiblí a bhí mar chóras iompair ag Murphy de ghnáth, agus is minic sa chín lae a dhéanann sé cur síos ar a shruth smaointe agus é ar an mbóthar. Cur i gcás, bhí air taisteal go Cathair Ard Mhacha chun bualadh le daoine a mhol Séamus Ó Duilearga dó mar chabhair roimh imeacht dó chuig Gleann Choll, agus sa mhír thíos címid é ar an mbus agus é ag machnamh ar luach na hoibre atá idir láimhe aige, agus na constaicí ina choinne:

> I go to Armagh. A splendid day and Autumn's flume is pitched on the trees and woods out the Armagh Road. I like this mood of pageant and colourful farewell of season. I think of the men in the pub; of how the younger people leer and deride at tales and the rest of it. Who is the wiser...? I know the tradition is dying, but I doubt if such a tradition, with such an ageless heritage, can really die. A sound tradition is like a seed: It goes underground in apparent death, but bursts forth a thousand fold – in green, in stalk – and back to its original.
>
> Somewhere there is a pattern shaping which will earth the seeds of the traditions I and others are collecting. A sower will arise – Many sowers perhaps. One will be the inspired hand, and the old seed will produce anew.

> If I thought that none ever would, I wonder would I go on with this work?
>
> Meanwhile, the rich hillocks of country go by. I get a view of distant plains to the North, and mountains so faint that they seem to appear and disappear like cigarette smoke in lamplight.
>
> I had been thinking of the inarticulate derision a folklorist must endure to-day; as if one was a sort of half-wit. I understand it, of course, and am amused: It flows off ignorance; that pathetic ignorance tutored by glossy magazines and films.
> (C.B.É. 1466: 14. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

Siar sa bhliain 1949, thuig Murphy cumhacht na meán mar uirlis chun meon na ndaoine a mhúnlú. Ní mór cuimhneamh gurb iad na bailitheoirí a bhuail leis an meon diúltach a bhí coitianta i dtaobh na hoibre, agus go raibh foireann na hardoifige cosanta ó na maslaithe agus an meon diúltach a bhí le fulaingt acu siúd a bhí ag treabhadh leo amuigh sa ghort, díreach toisc go raibh na bailitheoirí ina gcuid de na gnáthdhaoine iad féin, agus bhí daoine níos dána leo.

4.3 '**Flitting'**[1]**agus ag Socrú Isteach i nGleann Choll**

Bhí Murphy idir dhá chomhairle go dtí an noiméad deireannach an mbogfadh sé a líon tí go Gleann Choll nó nach mbogfadh, ach mhol a bhean chéile, Alice, go mbogfaidís, agus d'imíodar maidin ghránna gheimhriúil ag tús Mhí na Nollag, 1949:

> This writing gone awry. Find I have neglected, indeed forgotten it, very badly. For I write this in New Year 1950. I write in Glenhull, to where we moved - myself, Alice, Patrick, Michael and Peter aged 3 months just now, about 3 weeks ago. A filthy morning when we left. I was up at 6.0. o'clock, in and out of the rain, half-praying it would'nt fui(sic). Why - god alone knows. Maybe because I felt the house of Dan McCrea's in Glenhull, County Tyrone, should be in better shape - Been empty and closed, without fires for 2 years; plaster perished and trickling at the touch like meal from a hole in a bag. But Alice, my wife, said 'Go'. [Our house in Dromintee wasn't much good anyway; rain came in. However...] Connolly arrived at about 7.30a.m. His headlights fired the mist and rain as my father came up the loanan. It was now spilling. Connolly said he mightn't be going down towards Cookstown until Spring again. I had written the Transport for a quotation, but they hadn't replied; and

[1] Ciallaíonn 'Flitting' Aistriú Tí

> Alice wanted to get down before Christmas and the expected snows. Hurried conferences: I run up and down from the lorry to the house. I was irritable. I didn't want to go on a day like this ... The lorry tries to get up the muddy loanan. I run to loose down beds, clothes, take down furniture. Children already up and bewildered.
>
> We ploughed through banks of snow on the road here and there: It lay white behind the ditches too. "Look! – Look – Snow!" The Connollys cried. I almost felt responsible for it.
>
> On to Glenhull. Still some rain. We rushed in the bed-clothes; and the sight of the flaked gables inside much dismayed me. I cleaned the debris of jackdaws' nests from the kitchen when the Connollys had gone. Got a fire going. Found the room chimney stuffed - Smoke came out through window sashes and slates. I swore.
> (C.B.É. 1466: 117-124. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

Tarlaíonn eipeafáine gan choinne uaireanta, agus mar sin a bhí, go luath tar éis dóibh socrú i nGleann Choll, nuair a tháinig scéalaí darbh ainm Pádraig Phelimy Ladger McCullagh chomh fada le teach Murphy i gcomhair céilí. Bhí Pádraig, chomh maith leis na scéalaithe Michael Morris agus Francis McBride, ina gcainteoirí dúchasacha, agus lean an scéalaíocht ar feadh sé huaire an chloig an chéad oíche sin, agus Michael J. ag breacadh síos an oiread arbh fhéidir leis. Chuir na luathchuairteoirí seo misneach ar Murphy agus cuireadh é faoi gheasa, faoi mar a léiríonn sé féin sa chín lae:

> 10/1/1950. All day I have been writing hard; writing material taken down last night from Patrick McCullagh and Michael Morris and Francis McBride. It was a great ceilidh. McBride came first, shortly after six; and as I was getting some points of the Handbook fixed in my head I got some further items from him and took them down... The back door opens; a man's foot sounds. I hear Alice talk quietly to someone; and a man about 68 comes in, glances at me, and looks terribly shy and self-conscious. McBride greets him: 'How are you Thomas Patrick'... I get a chair and get him seated, not thinking at all it is McCullagh; for Morris was to accompany him. He wears a loose rain coat buttoned up, and I ask him to take it off. He won't. Suddenly I remember I haven't welcomed him, haven't even shaken his hand. I see him fling quick glances at me, for I hold pen and notebook... I am terribly annoyed. I see the man is awed. As usual he expected me to be, well, not an ordinary fellow who spoke as he did himself- in English that is. For in a moment Morris and McCullagh were chatting in Irish. McCullagh still gave me glances. They laughed – McBride threw in a word or two, also in Irish. Then McCullagh turned to me, still laughing quietly and talking in Irish, and very evidently carried part of their talk to me. Pitifully

> embarrassed [it was now my turn!] I said I hadn't Irish. That was how I remember meeting Patrick McCullagh, 'Patrick Ladger' as McBride referred to him...
>
> I felt it at the moment, and realize it now, that for me it was a momentous incident and occasion. He was the first native speaker of Irish I had heard in actual conversation...
>
> Morris got him talking, and he was eager to talk. He spoke quietly, sometimes quickly and hurried naturally over his Gaelic names and places, and I couldn't catch them. Nor did he seem now to be affrighted by my notebook. He gave a long piece in Irish fluently, and then, with some difficulty, gave me the gist in English, which I took down. That was about 6.30. Apart from a break for some tea [and I had to write even then' I wrote for 6 hours – until 12.30. Checking some items and phrases after they had gone, I got to bed at 2.0 a.m., very happy and gratified.... It was a memorable night, and the feelings it left in me of the grandeur of the speech and people kept me awake and pondering till four o'clock I'm sure.
>
> So ended one grand, profitable and enjoyable night, which stirred me peculiarly; much as a man might feel when greeting after years relations he never hoped to see again. Just because of McCullagh's fluent, natural Irish.
> (C.B.É. 1466: 138-142. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

Is amhlaidh gur oibrigh Murphy go crua le linn a thréimhse i nGleann Choll, agus deimhníonn sé sa mhír thíos nach rud neamhchoitianta é go mbeadh teagmháil aige le cúigear nó seisear scéalaithe in aon lá amháin:

> 30/7/50. Raining still this morning. Spent the evening with Patrick Felimy Laadger (McCullagh) of Altacamcossy. Main purpose: For data on survey on Marriage. Very successful, and of course he reeled off general material as well. Saw McBride & Morris, Anne McCrea & Francis and Mrs McAleer.
> (C.B.É. 1726: 60-61. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

Chomh maith leis sin, bhí an t-ábhar le trascríobh:

> 2/8/50. Writing – From 10.0.am as usual with one break until 5.30p.m., and data not exhausted. But I am. I stop. I usually write on until dark.
>
> 4/8/50. Yesterday and today until 6.0pm from 10.0a.m writing. Finished it.
> (C.B.É. 1724: 62. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

Ar aon chuma, agus de réir a chéile, d'éirigh le Michael J. Murphy agus a bhean chéile, Alice, snaidhm na muiníne a chothú idir iad féin agus a gcomharsana i nGleann Choll, agus

faoi mar a luann sé arís agus arís eile sa chín lae, ligint do na daoine aithne a chur air, sa chaoi is gur éirigh leis cnuasach béaloidis an-éagsúil a chur le chéile.

4.4 Michael J. Murphy ag feidhmiú mar threoraí le Heinrich Wagner

Le linn na tréimhse a chaith sé i nGleann Choll, thit sé mar chúram ar Murphy na cainteoirí dúchasacha sa cheantar a aimsiú ionas gur féidir leis an scoláire iomráiteach, Heinrich Wagner (1823-1988), a chuid oibre i dtaobh an *Linguistic Atlas and Survey of Irish* (Wagner and O'Boyle, 1958), a chur chun cinn. Saothar is ea seo atá molta go hard na spéire ag Seosamh Watson: 'Is í an tsuirbhéireacht seo an chéad radharc iomlán a gheibhimid ar chanúintí na Gaeilge uile go léir agus tá scoláirí teanga agus canúintí faoi chomaoin mhór aige féin agus ag a fhoireann dhúthrachtach' (Watson, 1972). Bhí béaloideas bailithe ag Murphy ó chuid de na cainteoirí cheanna féin, McCullagh thuas luaite san áireamh, agus dá bhrí sin bhí a fhios aige roimh ré conas mar a bheadh an scéal ag na cainteoirí éagsúla, agus d'fheimhnigh sé mar éascathóir ins an obair seo le Wagner. Ní mór cuimhneamh nach raibh aon stádas ag an nGaelainn i dTuaisceart Éireann, agus nach raibh aon pholasaí ag Rialtas na Breataine maidir lena caomhnú. Ba bheag an idirghníomhaíocht idir na cainteoirí dúchasacha seo agus údarás an Rialtais, dar ndóigh, agus is dócha gur baineadh geit uafásach astu nuair a thug Murphy agus Wagner cuairt orthu gan choinne. Bhí cuid de na cainteoirí faiteach maidir le hobair Wagner, agus bhí ar Murphy a scileanna féin a chur in úsáid chun iad a mhealladh uaireanta. Saothar teicniúil is ea saothar Wagner, dírithe ar chaint na ndaoine, agus ní chuireann an saothar aghaidh ná guth ar na daoine a sholáthar ábhar dó, mar ní chuige sin an saothar, ach éiríonn le Murphy aghaidh, guth, agus meon aigne na gcainteoirí a chur in iúl ina chín lae:

> 1/10/50 ... Annie McCrea I expected to be shy - and she was. But she had some interesting words. She also told some prayers in Irish, and I imagined her holy embarrassment if she ever hears the "Gail" was a Protestant.

> We tried to get in touch with Patrick McCullagh of Currinalta, but he was absent. We saw his sister – inside a wire netting barrier above the halfdoor, and which keeps the fowl out of the kitchen [a familiar construction here] and she was as black as the Ace of Spades. She answered monosyllabically - simple mindedly.
>
> On to Bradleys, which I warned would be as bad. Luckily, Bradley was crossing to his house with a few stone of potatoes in a bag as we arrived. He tried to hurry, but so did we. I knew that if he got inside we might not see him for 20 minutes - if at all. But he was trapped. Wagner spoke to him in Irish. Peter replied, then seemed to get shy or self-conscious again, threw his wet bag on the ditch beside wet sods of turf inside the gateway [there is no gate] and leaned with his belly against the ditch. They spoke in Irish. Peter was continually pulling at a rod, a sod, at his fingers. Occasionally he 'warmed' up and smiled, but always became self-conscious again. He was his usual nondescript self, the old bag round his shoulders over the kaiki jacked. I persuaded him in the usual way to go inside and we followed. Or did I lead the way? The house was as usual, and still no fire. Peter attempted to light one. They talked Irish, and Wagner wrote at a chair by the window. Peter said "Write on the table." It was littered and dirty. We had a few bottles of stout. It was damn cold – even Peter stamped his feet. But Peter wouldn't believe Wagner was Swiss: said he was bred born and reared in Ireland somewhere. And that he must be a Catholic! It was dark when we left, on two bikes.At the foot of the Glen we got a lift in a tractor-trailer to Glenhull. But as we left Wagner asked Peter his name and address in Irish. "Ah, that means you're not coming back". I remember saying to Wagner that in Peter and his house and surroundings we had tragedy that symbolised the state and health of Irish and Irish culture.
> (C.B.É. 1726: 88-90. An Bailitheoir, M.J.Murphy)

Bhí cultúr saibhir ársa ag na cainteoirí a bhuail Murphy agus Wagner leo, ach bhí ualach coscrach na staire á n-iompar acu chomh maith, ina raibh a gcultúr agus an teanga samhailte le bochtannas, iargúltacht, agus coimhlint. Éiríonn le Murphy tuairisc bheoga den teannas seo a léiriú, agus conas mar a bhí air féin a dhánacht agus a scileanna a chur in úsáid chun an obair a chur i gcrích:

> Near the first thatched house a little man in black, stinking of turf smoke, came towards us carrying a can of water... I hurried to catch up before he got into the house on us. He kept moving, answering obliquely... Wagner spoke in Irish, and he replied: "that he had as much Irish as would do him"...
>
> I went to look, and through the thatch of the roof, level with the road, heard a shrill reference to us inside. A row seemed to have started. I came back, and went into the street, followed by Wagner. I swear I heard a conversation inside the house, from

> which smoke and slush seemed to ooze through the door, which appeared itself to be placed lengthways, projecting over the threshold, as a sort of windshield. An old woman on the dunghill answered me:
>
> "There's no Irish here then."
>
> The row appeared to be warming up inside.
>
> "Away you go!" cried the woman on the dunghill.
>
> Out through the doorway trundled another little woman, still wraithed in smoke and stinking of turf. She swept by, but by blarney [God! How I act with people in this job...!] I swung her around as on a tether: Small, her two eyes swollen and scalded, a crown of an old felt hat on her head, tattered garments.
>
> "Here," I said, "dammitskin, you're bound to know Irish"
>
> "Oh, only a little"...
>
> ... "Come on out to the barn", she said. "That Americee woman doesn't like the Irish". [Her sister who had been to America]. She led us to the loft over the barn.
> (C.B.É. 1724: 98-99. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

Léiríonn an tuairisc thuas meon aigne iad siúd a chaith tréimhse thar lear mar eisimircigh. Míbhuntáiste ba ea an Ghaelainn mar theanga i Sasana agus Meiriceá, agus bac ar dhul chun cinn na n-Éireannach thar lear, agus bhí an gráin ag roinnt daoine ar an teanga dá bhrí sin. D'éirigh le Murphy léiriú a thabairt dúinn thuas, ní amháin ar obair Wagner, ach ar a chur chuige féin chomh maith. Níorbh aon mhaith dó glacadh le diúltiú ná séanadh ó na daoine a chas sé orthu, mar ní bheadh sé in ann a chuid oibre a chur i gcrích sa chaoi sin, Bhí gá le buanseasmhacht, bladar, agus dánacht uaireanta, agus cé gur áitigh Michael J. gur duine cúthalach ba ea é i ndáiríre, d'éirigh leis na cainteoirí a mhealladh, de ghnáth. Tugann an caimeo thuas blaiseadh de na cuinsí inar mhair na cainteoirí deireannacha seo, agus na coimhlintí a bhain le bás an chultúir ársa agus teacht chun cinn an tsaoil nua-aimseartha.

4.5 'The Delicate Thread of Sex' (Murphy, 1974: 38).

I gcaitheamh na mblianta ina raibh Murphy ag obair mar bhailitheoir, d'éirigh leis corpas eolais ana-thábhachtach mar gheall ar nósanna torthúlachta agus collaíochta na nGael a chur

leis an gCnuasach Bhéaloideas Éireann, agus thosaigh sé ar an gcnuasach sin agus é lonnaithe i nGleann Cholll. Thug Alice Murphy, a bhean chéile, lámh cúnta dó san obair sin, mar a dheimhníonn sé féin (Murphy, 1974: 38-39).

Faoi mar a tharla sé, bhí corpas eolais ana-fhairsing ag cuid dá chomharsana i nGleann Cholll a bhain le saol príobháideach teaghlaigh agus le seanchas gáirsiúil. De réir is a d'éirigh siad muiníneach as Michael J., d'éirigh siad sásta an t-eolas sin a roinnt leis. Tá an t-ádh linn gur aithin Murphy luach an ábhair sin, agus nár sheachain sé é, mar a lua Bó Almquist:

> The outspokenness and directness which were characteristic of Michael J.'s character are also reflected in his collections in that he did not shun from taking down and publishing expressions and stories of a kind that may have been avoided by other more puritanical collectors ... Another 'sensitive' subject that Michael J. did much to illuminate was traditions about pregnancy and child birth as well as other aspects of women's lore. (Almqvist, 1997: 362-365)

Chuir Michael J. litir chuig ceannáras an Choimisiúin ina ndúirt sé 'My own pet vanity about it is that, although at first knowledge was denied or dismissed, their manner of doing so led me to surmise that it did exist: and I have got some interesting data I think' (C.B.É. 1220: 2, An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy).

Ag scríobh seoladh isteach don topaic seo le linn Mhí Iúil na bliana 1951, deir sé:

> There is little to be said in this, except to add a note which may explain the somewhat disjointed nature and form and even the repetition in this survey. The reason is due to the innate risqué nature of the subject. When I began this particular inquiry I had little success: replies - except in isolated instances - were all negative and dismissive. But from the inflection of the expressions I felt that (as I expected indeed) the people would be especially reluctant to talk on these topics.
> (C.B.É. 1220: 3. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

> The ‘Human Life’ material revolves so much around the intimate sexual angle that I (like my good narrator who took some months of cultivation before I could induce him to reveal the data) felt at times I was propagating pornography! Verifying some of the points was difficult, as the inquiry had to be indirect of course.
> (C.B.É. 1389: 2. An Bhailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

Tá cabidil ina leabhar *Tyrone Folk Quest*, atá as chló anois, leis an teideal *The Delicate Thread of Sex,* ina dhéanann Murphy cur síos ar an gcaoi a d’éirigh leis cnuasach d’ábhair a chur le chéile a bhain le gnéas, torthúlacht agus cleachtaí collaíochta an cheantair, ar bhonn eolaíochta, siceolaíochta, agus dar ndóigh, ról an ghrinn timpeall ar na topaicí príobáideacha seo, is é sin le rá, an cuid Rabelaisian den saol. Sheachain bailitheoirí an seanchas seo uaireanta, mar bhí mórán topaicí eile le clúdach, agus toisc go mbíodh náire nó cúthail ar na bailitheoirí féin agus ar na faisnéiseoirí, go háirithe na banfhaisnéiseoirí, an stuif príobháideach seo a roinnt. Cé nach bhfuil an cuma ar an scéal go raibh Michael J. ana-churtha as maidir le náire, thuig sé an scéal, agus bhrath sé ar a bhean chéile, Alice, mar chomhghuaillithe, nuair a bhí sé ar thóir an tseanchais seo.

> The folklore collector, like the journalist, makes use of the topical tag. A wedding or wake or a christening, any event or calamity could provide the opening for long and deep inquiry on all such events in the past, the beliefs, practices, customs associated with each and so on. Some such event in the locality while I was collecting general tradition from Annie McCrae revealed the possibility of a body of tradition in Human Life on sex beliefs of all kinds. I knew I was still very much a stranger - intruder in this sense; all the tradition would centre around some Glenhull person dead or still living...Here was a chore for Alice to give a hand. We had often discussed the possibility of co-operation on such delicate topics and had formulated the plan of approach. It required shrewdness, perfect timing, and a kind of astuteness actually close to the cynical. Glenhull I now saw as a green urn laden with the secrets, the mysteries and characters of the past; but an urn suspended over an abyss by tapes of old roads held in delicate, frail hands. Anything could cause them to snap; the urn would tip; unknown wealth would sink out of sight forever. (Murphy, 1973: 38)

Is spéisiúil an rud é mar sin díriú isteach ar thuairisc Michael J. maidir leis an ngné sin dá chuid oibre le linn an ama a chaith sé sa Gleann Choll, toisc gurb é ansan a chuir sé tús ceart lena chnuasach a bhaineann leis an ábhar seo. Is spéisiúil chomh maith an cur síos a

dhéanann sé ar na faisnéiseoirí a thug an t-ábhar dó, agus na snáitheanna a nasc an pobal áirithe seo le chéile, mar a léireofar thíos:

Annie McCrae an t-ainm a bhí ar chomharsa béaldorais Michael J., agus d'éirigh siad an-mhór lena chéile, *"*a native Gaelic speaker, a woman loaded with tradition in all shades of strength and delicacy in terms of social and human life material" (Murphy, 1973: 20). agus bean ba ea í "who could act at a birth*"* (C.B.É. 1220: 28. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy). Beanghlúine thraidisiúnta, i bhfocal eile, agus duine a bhí tréith na mbanghlúine go smior inti; faisnéiseoir neamhbhalbh gan náire, a bhí discréideach ag an am chéanna. Sin ráite, bhí ar Murphy seift a cheapadh chun an t-eolas a mhealladh: 'Annie is a woman who doesn't "take well" to direct questioning: few do: I have evolved a technique of incorporating the Handbook questions into a conversation piece' (C.B.É. 1724: 107. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy). Sholáthar Annie ana-chuid béaloidis agus bhíodh a fhios ag Murphy nuair a chloisfeadh sé an ráiteas seo a leanas go mbeadh seod de shaghas éigin le nochtach ag Annie McCrae agus go raibh muinín aici as*:* 'I "was not to tell where or from who I heard this from - or I might leave the country"' (Murphy, 1973: 38).

Bhí comharsa eile acu, an scéalaí, Francis Daniel McAleer, agus beanghlúine ba ea a mháthair, agus fear cleamhnais ba ea a athair. Fear cleamhnais pósta le beanghlúine - gairmeacha comhghuaillithe - ba bheag an t-eolas príobháideach nach mbeadh acu siúd maidir le cleachtaí collaíocta agus torthúlachta na ndaoine áitiúla, dar ndóigh. Ní haon ionadh mar sin go raibh an oiread sin seanchais ag Francis Daniel, leis an gcúlra a bhí aige, agus é, mar a deir Murphy: 'one of the ablest folk storytellers I have ever met in twenty-five years work of collecting (Murphy, 1973: 26).

Bhí fear áitiúil eile, darbh ainm dó James Netchy McRory, uncail le hAnnie McCrea, agus a ainm in airde mar sheilbhideoir sheanchais an-saibhir agus an-fhairsing bunaithe ar chúrsaí

gnéise, i measc eile, agus é go maith in ann é a insint. Bhí an fear sin imithe ar shlí na fírinne faoin tráth go raibh Michael J. i nGleann Choll, ach bhí an-chuid dá sheanchais ag Francis Daniel McAleer. Deimhníonn Francis Daniel go raibh cumas ag Netchy feimhniú mar bhean ghlúine é féin, agus fios a cheirde go maith aige:"The old man that told me all the story, Netchy, or James McCrory to give him his right name, he acted as a midwife to his own wife" (C.B.É. 1220:30. An Faisnéiseoir, F.D. McAleer. An Bailitheoir M.J. Murphy). Dár le Francis bhí an oiread sin scéalta ag Netchy "as would fill a fodder bag" (C.B.É. 1215:291 An Faisnéiseoir, F.D. McAleer. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy). Léiríonn caint Francis Daniel thíos go raibh an cumas ag Michael J. an seanchas risqué a mhealladh ón bhfaisnéiseoir agus go raibh cumas aige duine a chur ar a shuaimhneas, rud a bhí riachtannach chun béaloideas le blas Rabelasian a nochtú; "Netchy had them rough and smooth, but it mightn't do to tell the rough (coarse or bawdy incident etc) ones. But sure as you say, what odds: it's only ourselves is in it" (C.B.É. 1219: 324. An Faisnéiseoir, F.D. McAleer. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy).

B'fhiú tuilleadh taighde a dhéanamh ar an ngné thuasluaite de chnuasach Murphy. Toisc é a bheith scríte i mBéarla, is foinse taighde é atá ar fáil do thaighdeoirí nach bhfuil an Ghaeilge ar a dtoil acu, agus do thaighdeoirí as disciplíní éagsúla ar nós na staire, na siceolaíochta, an leighis, an staidéar sóisialta, agus araile. Anois leis an bhforbairt ar digitiú ábhar cartlainne, tá féidireachtaí taighde i bhfad níos leithne ag taighdeoirí, agus is mór an rud é nár ghéill Murphy don chúthalacht a bhí coitianta maidir leis na topaicí áirithe seo.

4.6 An 'Cultural Intelligence Officer' ag Fágaint Slán

De réir an mhéid atá sa chín lae, bhí geimhreadh ana-chrua ag Michael J. agus a theaghlach i nGleann Choll i gcaitheamh na tréimhse 1950/1951, de dheasca na drochaimsire agus an cuma dearóil a bhí ar an teach, gan trácht cé chomh dian is a bhí an obair: '14/1/51. At least four inches of snow the morning. Fuel low. Depressing. We swear: "no more winters here for

us" (C.B.É. 1724: 145. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy). Fós féin, agus faoi mar a tharla sé, rinne sé obair na gcapall toisc go raibh caidreamh ana-mhaith cothaithe aige le muintir na háite. Sa chéad mhír eile óna chín lae, taispeántar cé chomh sáite is a bhí sé i saol na ndaoine as a bhailigh sé ábhar, agus cé chomh cheanúil is a d'éirigh sé orthu, ar nós gur bhall dá mhuintir féin ba ea iad. Baineann an mhír le breoiteacht agus bás scéalaí dá chuid, Francis McBride, agus éiríonn le Murphy ana-chuid gnéithe de shaol, de shaoldearcadh, agus d'idirghníomhaíocht na ndaoine a sháith isteach ina thuairisc thíos, chomh maith leis an gcaoi a ndeachaigh a fhaisnéiseoirí i bhfeidhm air:

> 3/3/51. Francis McBride cuts my hair. He is very failed in condition. We heard the doctor has been with him, but that Francis didn't want the incidence known - a common, revealing attitude of mind here. He came to cut my hair. We noticed very much his poor condition; worse still, his loss of his usual jovial spirit. And he whispered to me as he clipped: "This might be the last time I might cut your hair... I may have to go into the hospital again for a while." We were very sorry indeed to hear that news about our friend, Francis McBride.
>
> 4/3/51. Doctor with McBride. Had to lance abdomen. We hear "he's lying and only middling." And it is a grey, misty Sunday, been so for past few days...
>
> On my way to Pat McCullagh's at Greencastle, a car passed me near the Nine Pipe.It was McBride on his way to hospital. He waved his hand quietly, his face taut, his eyes full of tears. I remembered now that he had first taken me to Pat McCullagh. I murmured a prayer for poor Francis, and didn't quite feel in humour for work. The car went along above me, along Muninameale. Teebane was spread below. I knew he was looking at his home - and the spring work not yet begun.
> (C.B.É. 1724: 157-158 An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

Fuair an fear bocht bás go luath ina dhiaidh sin, agus tháinig a mhac chun an droch scéal a chur in iúl dá chomharsa. D'éirigh le Murphy radharc gléineach den fhear trombhuartha a thabhairt dúinn, a thaispeánann an fhearúlacht agus an ghoilliúnacht a bhí oiriúnach sa chuinse sin, sa chultúr sin.

> 25/3/51. Easter Sunday. I rise at 8.45. A knock. Francis Henry McBride comes in at 9.0. He won't sit. He has nicked himself several times shaving. Again he refused to sit. Outside rain pours. He says, his back to the fire: "I won't sit. I have to go to Francis Morris' shop." I am making a mouthful of tea. "I have bad news", he says.

> I connect the name Morris with the bad news. He says: “My father is dead, Mick.”
>
> Francis McBride is dead. I had been up a few times inquiring, and heard he was recovering, but slowly. He died last night at 9.0 o’clock. Francis Henry won’t take tea. “I’m drinking tea all night. I must go.” Poor lad, I see how shocked he is. I am stunned. Francis dead.
>
> “And the grand letter you wrote to him in the hospital.” Francis Henry says. “It done him a world of good. An’ he sent it home for us to see, an’ to keep. He thought a lot of it, and of you, Mick, and Mrs Murphy. ”There are tears behind his eyes; tears plucking at the chords of his voice. He goes. I tell Alice. I cannot eat. Neither can Alice. God rest your gay soul Francis: This glen will never be the same without you. I feel now as I did on that wet day when, on my way to see my sister’s first baby, I had to go to Newry Hospital instead, in a downpour, and watch her die, and three days later, watch my mother die of grief. God rest them. Poor Francis.
> (C.B.É. 1724: 169-171. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

Cúpla lá ina dhiaidh sin, tarraingíonn Murphy radharc eile dúinn a bhaineann le tóramh a chara, Francis McBride, a ligeann dúinn aistear ársa a thaisteal inár gcuid samhlaíochta:

> 25/3/51. Evening. A cold, gloomy day; a north wind in draperies of grey cloud; a great sadness on this glen and everyone I’m sure; a real spirit has been extinguished...
>
> Figures in the rain cross the glen, cross the river below Bradleys at his own land - where he crossed often on his stilts - their coats flapping in the rainy wind, going to his wake. In pairs, black-shawled women come up the road from Glenhull; they give sweets to Patrick and Michael. Alice has gone to the wake; I went this morning as soon as I’d heard - swallowed some tea; called into Annie McCrea’s; she was on her knees with her beads. I will not write for days. But I will write an obituary of my incoherent thoughts as my farewell tribute to my friend, Francis McBride.
> (C.B.É. 1724: 171-172. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

Pé scéal é, agus cé go raibh caidreamh láidir cothaithe ag Murphy le muintir Ghleann Cholll, bheartaigh sé bogadh chuig na Gleannta Aontroma, ar thóir goirt úir, nuair a bhí dhá bhliain caite aige i nGleann Cholll. Bhí dhá gheimhreadh ana-chrua curtha díobh ann leis an aimsir ghránna i dteach a bhí thar a bheith dearóil. Bhí thart ar mhilliún focal bailithe acu, agus is amhlaidh go raibh athrú nó sos éigin ag teastáil uaigh féin agus a bhean chéile araon:

> 23/7/51. Either we are depressed by the return to the remote; the effects of ‘the fairy” turn; the overflow of the religious; the revival of miracle belief; or, as Dr. McCann says, I’ve written too much and am browned off. Anyway, it seems a helluva spot

> right now; and we've just decided that while we might be queer Catholics - not fanatical and not sentimental - we wouldn't stay another winter here.
>
> 25/7/51. I am absolutely 'browned off'. I don't want to write - don't feel I'll ever do so again (but have felt like that before) talk, walk, or sleep.
>
> 21/10/51. To-day snow on the heights and hills. Same routine as last year - open door to let out chimney smoke and prevent remainder coming back. Famished. We swear and fulminate that we were asses to stay on. Alice says she spits black; my throat is raw, and I get irritable with everyone.
> (C.B.É.1724: 200-201, 210 An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

Bhí athrú á theacht ar chuinsí cuid de na scéalaithe chomh maith, rud a chur isteach go mór ar Murphy, mar shampla faoi mar atá le feiscint san iontrál thíos:

> We hear (and confirm by a glance at local paper) that my best storyteller, Francis McAleer of Muninameal, is selling out his farm and going to England. Sad to see the roots of a family being pulled; the mother, recently dead, was the withering stem holding the leaves together. Imagine all that stuff withering and being whittled by the ogre of a great industrial city in England. Its tragic. Just heard Professor Delargy introduce a Clare storyteller, Paddy Sherlock; heard his story. He is not a good storyteller; not a patch on the artistry of McAleer, who retained some of the Gaelic flourishes and made his tales glow with living human interest. What a tragedy; his emigration is a sort of fantastic death: The soul gone from a dying but not extinct cultural body: A trance from one of his stories...? Maybe. I feel that the man will come back - soul reunite and expire naturally. Or is it to be Ireland's tragedy that now her spiritual life is to undergo a prolonged fantasy of agony and expiration! Maybe I'm just depressed - What the hell.
> (C.B.É. 1724: 181-182 & 202. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

Nílimid fágtha in aon amhras ach go bhfaca Murphy an t-athrú i tsochaí na hÉireann, agus go raibh an seanchultúr ag sceitheadh na gcos i ndáiríre. Ghoill sin go mór air, agus chuir an léamh a bhí aige ar staid cúrsaí leis an bpráinn a bhraith sé san obair a bhí idir láimhe aige. Cé go raibh sé sásta Gleann Choll a fhágaint, bhí sé feasach chomh maith go mbeadh sé deacair ar chuid de mhuintir na háite slán a fhágaint leis. Bhíodar tar éis éirí ceannúil air, dar ndóigh, agus bhí teachtaireacht ann dóibh ina fhágaint chomh maith. Bhí deireadh lena chuid oibre leo, agus leid eile ba ea sin go raibh deireadh leis an saol a chleacht siad, agus nach

raibh iontu ach iontaisí agus ábhar staidéir acadúil. Ghoill sé go mór ar a chomharsa agus scéalaí, Annie McCrea, nuair a fuair sí an scéal go rabhadar chun imeacht:

> 21/3/52. I sadly neglect this diary writing. But what to record? I've been touring 'my people' for information; they have all heard I am probably leaving, and they lament instead of giving lore. Mrs McCrea is very upset. She said she would pray we wouldn't get a house, and if we did - that we would get a good one and have luck. She can narrate nothing; only laments and is ill she says. She laments for the children as if we had already gone. She told me today; when I said I had got a house: "I'll go into the Home in Derry. I won't live long now anyway".
> (C.B.É. 1724: 226. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

Thuig Murphy go raibh tréimhse oibre ana-neamhchoitianta caite aige i nGleann Cholm mar oifigeach faisnéise cultúrtha, ach go raibh an t-am tagtha dó imeacht. Bhraith sé athrú áirithe i ndearcadh na ndaoine ina thaobh toisc go raibh sé chun imeacht; b'fhéidir gur bhraith siad go raibh feall imeartha orthu i tslí amháin, agus bhí ag teip ar iontaobh a bhí acu as, agus, ag an am céanna, bhíodar suaite ina dhiaidh:

> Maybe it is truly time I pushed on elsewhere. People who had been cautious with me at first (as they might towards gypsies) eventually called me "Mister Murphy"; then I managed in my own indirect way to have them call me "Mick" or "Michael", even "Mike" - Well, they have again begun to call me "Mr Murphy". So...!
>
> We left Glenhull 1st May 1952. NTA Furniture van took everything except the alarm-clock; and this we carried in our hand. From the hill of Crock Bridge we stopped and looked back at Glenhull under a level sunlight. And all the events of my collections seemed to charge through my mind at once - that last parting with Patrick McCullagh the day before when he seemed either indifferent or over-stressed - the latter I'll swear. Old Annie McCrea at her door, watching us go, waving only once. People brought us gifts. I wondered about many things - would I ever be back? Would I be remembered? And it seemed I had been a lifetime in Glenhull (as, in a sense via the lore I had of course). In some ways, considering all the events, folk and otherwise, my two years and a half had been an odyssey.
> (C.B.É. 1724: 242-243, 248-249, An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

Thug Murphy cuairt ar ais ar Ghleann Cholm deich mbliana ina dhiaidh sin, agus thart ar an am céanna, léigh sé an chóip den chín lae a bhain lena thréimhse sa cheantar agus chuir sé píosa sa bhreis leis. Míníonn sé stádas an bhailitheora i measc na ndaoine; duine sáite sa

phobal agus ag an am céanna duine ar an imeall; fíorbhall den phobal agus ag an am céanna duine a chleacht bréagacht de shórt:

> End Piece (penultimate!)
>
> For the first time I have read back a Diary ... Reading this Diary gives me the oddest yet strongest feeling of the transmigrated impression: A life not only in and among a new community of people, but above and below it. I still cannot wholly believe that I was really there and did what I have done.
>
> End Piece Final (I hope)
>
> Reading parts of this Diary again, particularly the end, evokes to the sound and scents of the day on that 1st of May 1952 when we left Glenhull: I can even feel in a remote way the surge of the enthusiasm I had then, and the sweet-sour sense of achievement commingled with departure. Odyssey it surely was. And I sometimes feel like an actor who has taken a leading character part in a long running play.
> (C.B.É.1724: 260-261. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

Cuireann Murphy in iúl cé chomh oscailte is a bhí sé féin agus a bhean chéile, agus dá bhrí sin bhain siad éacht amach ó thaobh bailiúcháin, mar a áitíonn sé féin thíos: Thaisteal sé féin agus a bhean chéile bóthar an-neamhchoitianta díreach toisc nár lig siad dóibh féin a bheith srianta ag aon phlean amháin:

> When I went to Tyrone I remember writing something like this: That if I felt I was going merely to transcribe inscriptions, as it were, from articulate stones in a cultural graveyard, I would quit. No comment now on that. One last remark. We planned nothing, Alice and I. Our going from Dromintee in the dark of that pouring December morning - the pan still warm from breakfast, nor the walk up the road from Glenhull with - I see - the alarm-clock in our hands. All had just happened to occur like that. I'm now convinced that these accounts are good, if not unique: Who has done what we have done...?
>
> ... I really doubt if any other collector has put down data so personal as this: There was a reason for that too: Our going to Tyrone as we did was highly unusual; and I believe now, soberly, that in Tyrone and Antrim at any rate I have put into the work and the results, such as they are, at least three times the period in time occupied on the quest.
>
> A final postscript: Reading the book over, and reading of the conditions under which I compelled my wife and family to live in Glenhull, I feel very embarrassed, very ashamed and very guilty; very puzzled as to why: For I do not remember Alice once

> remonstrating with me on the conditions into which I had brought her to do this quest as I believed it should - and could onlybe - done in areas where I am a stranger. (C.B.É.1724: 273, 274, An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

4.7 Conclúid

D'fhéadfaí a rá gur tháinig Michael J. in inmhe mar bhailitheoir proifisiúnta i gcaitheamh an ama a chaith sé i nGleann Choll. D'éirigh leis an teoiric a bhí á dtriail ag an gCoimisiún a chruthú, is é sin le rá gur fearr an cnuasach nuair a bhíonn aithne ag an mbailitheoir ar na scéalaithe agus go mbíonn na scéalaithe in ann ionnanú leis an mbailitheoir. Le linn an ama a chaith sé i nGleann Choll, chuir sé tús lena chnuasach a bhain le cúrsaí gnéise agus torthúlachta na nGael; gné dá mhórchnuasach atá aitheanta ag scoláirí ar nós Almqvist, mar atá luaite thuas. Taobh amuigh den ábhar béaloidis a chnuasaigh Murphy le linn a ama i nGleann Choll, soláthraíonn sé foinse taighde sa bhreis maidir le hobair Wagner agus tugann sé aghaidheanna daonna do chainteoirí Gaelainne deireanacha an cheantair sin, rud nach bhfuil ar fáil in aon áit eile, dá bhfios domsa.

De réir an mhéid atá ina chín lae, ní raibh tosú ná críoch ar a lá oibre, agus bhí constaicí le sárú aige nárbh fhéidir linn ach a shamhlú. Tugann a chín lae blaiseadh den mheon aigne a bhí ag Michael J. Murphy i dtaobh a chuid oibre, agus an cumas a bhí aige cur síos ealaíonta a dhéanamh ar a imeachtaí laethúil agus ar a scéalaithe. Soláthraíonn sé cur síos ar an teicníocht agus ar an modh oibre as a bhain Murphy úsáid chun muinín na ndaoine as a bhailigh sé an t-ábhar a chothú, agus cé chomh míchompordach is a bhíodh an obair sin in amanta, go fisiciúil agus go síceolaíoch. Mairimidne i ré na nua-theicneolaíochta, ina bhfuil teacht ar gach eolas, áis, agus áit, taobh istigh de thréimhse fhíorghairid. Ré go hiomlán éagsúl ó ré Michael J. Murphy, agus is fiú féachaint ar a chuinsí maireachtála, agus cad a bhí i gceist chun a chuid oibre a chur i gcrích, chun luach a chuid oibre a mheas. D'fhan sé dílis dá chín lae i gcaitheamh na mblianta agus níl aon áireamh ar an méid atá le hiniúchadh inti.

Bogfaimíd ar adhaidh, áfach, go dtí an chuid dá chín lae a bhain leis na blianta 1960-1977, an tréimhse a bhain le hAimsir na dTrioblóidí i dTuaisceart Éireann.

5 Cín Lae Aimsir na dTrioblóidí i dTuaisceart Éireann

5.1 Seoladh Isteach

Duine ba ea Michael J. Murphy a chuir an-suim i gcúrsaí polaitíochta, agus dá bhrí sin, tá an chín lae ar fad breacaithe le tagairtí do chúrsaí polaitíochta agus don chaoi a chuireadar isteach ar Michael J. Murphy féin agus ar an obair bailiúcháin. Le linn Aimsir na dTrioblóidí, mar a thugtar ar an gcoimhlint a bhí ar siúl i dTuaisceart Éireann i gcaitheamh na mblianta 1968-1996, áfach, d'éirigh na tagairtí a bhain le cúrsaí polaitíochta níos comónta agus níos duairce. Cín lae ón taobh istigh atá i gceist anseo, gan aon eagarthóireacht, agus dá bhrí sin, is tuairisc agus foinse eolais an-luachmhar atá inti maidir leis an tréimhse seo.

Bhí ceantar Michael J. Murphy in Ard Mhacha Theas go hiomlán corraithe le linn na dTrioblóidí, mar a dheimhníonn Clonan:

> At the height of the Troubles, there were almost 3,000 British troops based between Bessbrook, Crossmaglen, and Newtownhamilton. With a population of just 23,000 this made South Armagh one of the most heavily militarised zones in the world with an astonishing ratio of over one armed soldier per eight civilians. (Clonan, 2006)

D'aithin a fhostóirí na cuinsí deacra sa bhreis a bhí le sárú ag Murphy. Scríobh Séamus Ó Duilearga chuig Michael J. ar an 19/11/1972, uair a bhí an Duileargach ag imeacht ar scor, agus is mar seo thíos a aithníonn sé go raibh deacrachtaí sa bhreis le sárú ag Michael J. Murphy, agus in ainneoin sin, gur fhan a chuid oibre ar ardchaighdeán:

> …but it is but right and proper – *vere dignum et justum est* – that I should thank you from my heart for the unselfish and dedicated work – often under most difficult circumstances - to which you gave of your best over so many years. I think that in years to come the outstanding merit of your work will be appreciated as it so richly deserves. But the time has not yet come. (Ó Duilearga, 1972. Cnuasach Tí Chulainn)

Aithníonn Bo Almqvist (1931-2013), an Stiúrthóir a lean Ó Duilearga, luach na cíne lae chomh maith, san alt ómóis a scríobh seisean an uair a fuair Michael J. bás, luaite cheana i gCaibidil a 3, ach luaite in athuair anseo:

> These detailed journals from the sixties and seventies will prove rich sources for future social historians and other scholars when it comes to drawing a true picture of the difficult conditions under which his work on folk culture had to be undertaken in those tempestuous and troubled times. (Almqvist, 1996: 364-365)

Ardmholadh, gan aon amhras, agus ní mór cuimhneamh gurb é Murphy an t-aon bhailitheoir amháin a bhí ag feidhmiú i gcrios míleata ar feadh na mblianta fada, agus ní amháin go raibh cuinsí deacra le sárú aige, ach dainséarach chomh maith. Ach Lean Michael J. ag bailiú béaloidis le linn na dTrioblóidí, thart ar a pharóiste féin in Ard Mhacha Theas, agus sa Bhlaic, Co an Chabháin, agus Sumhaí, Co Sligeach.

Tá mórán le clúdach sa Chaibidil seo, agus dá bhrí sin, níl aon dul as ach go mbeadh sé i bhfad níos faide ná na caibidlí eile ionas go bhféadfaimis an chín lae a phlé ar bhonn croineolaíoch ar an móramh. Féachfaimid go gasta ar dtús ar Ard Mhacha Theas i gcomhthéacs chúlra na coimhlinte, agus ar theacht chun cinn Ghluaiseacht na gCearta Síbhialta Thuaisceart Éireann. Léireoidh na hiontrálacha ón gcín lae an tionchar a bhí ag na Trioblóidí ar Michael J. Murphy féin agus ar a chuid oibre. Bhí cónaí air i gcroílár chrios míleata agus chuir na Trioblóidí brú pearsanta agus proifisiúnta air. Bhí deacrachtaí maidir le taisteal, luí isteach ar an obair, agus aird na scéalaithe a tharraingt ar na ceisteanna a bhí á bplé acu.

Léireofar go ndearna Michael J. Murphy cur síos ar na straitéisí coimhlinte a d'úsáid Rialtas na Breataine chun na daoine áitiúla a chur faoi bhrú, agus conas a bhain siad úsáid as na báid spéire chun na daoine a chiapadh. Léireofar cuid de na cúiseanna cén fáth gur tharla sé go raibh an oiread sin daoine óga ón gceantar ina mbaill d'Óglaigh Éireann. Bhí deachrachtaí sa bhreis le sárú ag Michael J. toisc go raibh taisteal ó áit go háit i bhfad níos contúirtí le linn na dTrioblóidí, agus ina chín lae éiríonn leis muid a thógaint ar an mbóthar ina éinneacht, ionas go dtuigimid cad a bhí i gceist. Maidir leis féin go pearsanta agus a theaghlach, bhí mórán le fulaingt acu toisc go raibh daoine dá ghaolta sáite sa choimhlint, agus bhí na fórsaí slándála

in amhras mar gheall ar Michael J. féin, mar bhí post neamhchoitianta aige leis an Saorstát, agus bhí sé aitheanta mar dhuine nach raibh drogall air labhairt amach i gcoinne na héagóra.

Aithnítear go bhfuil leas teiripeach le baint as an scríbhneoireacht mar fhaoiseamh, agus mar chaoi a ligeann don léitheoir blaiseadh a fháil de bhuairt an scríbhneora (Cooper, 2014: 619-622) agus (Yoko, 2017). Seasann an scríbhneoireacht mar fhianaise, agus nochtar scéal agus guth iad siúd nach bhfuil a scéal ná a nguth cloiste cheanna. Feidhmíonn an chín lae sa chaoi seo i tslí thábhachtach sa chaibidil seo.

5.2 Ard Mhacha Theas i gComhthéacs Chúlra na Coimhlinte

Faoi mar atá luaite cheanna, fear de bhunadh Ard Mhacha Theas ba ea Michael J. Murphy, áit a d'fhan taobh thuaidh den teorainn idir an Saorstát agus Tuaisceart Éireann mar thoradh ar an gConradh Angla-Éireannach (Documents on Irish Foreign Policy – Volume 1, 1921). Áitíonn Paul Murray (2011: 97-110), agus Rankin (2001: 950), gur shíl Mícheál Ó Coileáin agus Art Ó Gríobhtha nach bhfágfaí an teorainn mar a bhí, ach go ndéanfadh Coimisiún na Teorann, molta faoi Airteagal XII den Chonradh, athruithe a gcuirfeadh Tír Eoghain, Fear Manach, cuideanna de Dhoire, den Dúin, agus Árd Mhacha Theas leis an Saorstát, is é sin le rá, na ceantair ina raibh tromlach suntasach Caitliceach/Náisiúnaithe.

Cuireadh próiseas comhairliúcháin ar bun mar chuid d'obair Choimisiún na Teorann, agus léiríonn Rankin cuid de na haragóintí a chuir ionadaithe Ard Mhacha Theas chun tosaigh i bhfábhar cuimsiú sa Deisceart, mar shampla:

> South Armagh has not been uncontested by a Unionist since 1909 and the current state of affairs amounted to the coercion of nationalists. Transfer would relieve the North of the expense of administering and policing an area whose inhabitants withheld their allegiance. With savings outweighing transfer costs, the net effect would also negate the need for an 'armed force to coerce people against their wills, to obey laws which they do not desire and in the making of which they have taken no part.' (Rankin, 2001: 970)

Bhí triúr ar an gCoimisiún, Eoin Mac Néill ceapaithe ar cheann an tSaorstáit, Joseph Fisher ceapaithe ar cheann Rialtais an Tuaiscirt, agus Richard Feetham, ceapaithe mar chathaoirleach ag Rialtas na Breataine, agus is mar seo thíos a scríobh Fisher chuig Príomhaire an Tuiscirt, James Craig, ag deireadh 1922 mar gheall ar na hathruithe a bhí in aigne acu:

> Northern Monaghan in Ulster and South Armagh out, we should have a solid ethnographic and strategic frontier to the South … A Southern frontier from the end of Lough Erne to Bessbrook or thereabouts would be ideal: it would take in a fair share of the people we want and leave out those we don't want. (Rankin 2001: 952)

Faoi mar a thit cúrsaí amach agus ar chúiseanna nach bhfuil le plé anseo, theip ar an gCoimisiún na hathruithe a bhí molta sa tuairisc *Report of the Irish Boundary Commission* (03 December 1925 Boundary Commission its final recommendations/Irish News Archives, 1925), a chur i gcrích, agus i ndeireadh thiar deineadh beart gan aon athrú a dhéanamh ar an teorainn; go gcuirfí an tuairisc faoi cheilt; agus go nglanfaí na dliteanais airgeadais a gearadh ar Rialtas an tSaorstáit faoi Artigeal V den Chonradh Angla-Éireannach (Cain: The Anglo-Irish Treaty, December 1921). Mar thoradh ar na socraithe a deineadh, fágadh muintir Michael J. Murphy agus lear mór náisiúnaithe ag maireachtaint i gceantar a bhí corraithe ar bhonn polaitiúla, agus i gcroílár chrios míleataithe ón mbliain 1969 ar aghaidh de dheasca na dTrioblóidí (Cain: Chronology of the Conflict, 2021).

5.3 Gluaiseacht na gCearta Síbhialta Thuaisceart Éireann

Cé go raibh feachtas ar bun dírithe ar aontú na hÉireann ó cuireadh an Teorainn i bhfeidhm sa bhliain 1921, tháinig athrú ar an scéal le bunú Ghluaiseacht na gCearta Síbhialta Thuaisceart Éireann sa bhliain 1968. Bochtannas, cothrom na féine, easpa fostaíochta, agus easpa tithíochta ba ea iad na fadbhanna sóisialta ba mhó a bhí mar bhunús den Ghluaiseacht. Chuaigh na baill i muinín agóid shíochánta, ach de réir a chéile, thosaigh coimhlint sheicteach fhoréigneach a bhain le haontú na tíre. Maraíodh 3466 agus níl aon áireamh ar iad

a bhí gortaithe agus goillte, ná ar an scrios a deineadh ar an bpobal agus ar an eacnamaíocht ó thuaidh, fén uair gur síneadh Comhaontú an Chéasta ar an 10 Aibreán, 1998. Bhí Michael J. Murphy imithe ar shlí na fírinne le dhá bhliain fén tráth sin.

Faoi mar atá luaite thuas, agóid shíochánta a bhí san fheachtas cearta síbhialta sa Tuaisceart, agus d'éirigh leis an bhfeachtas aird an domhain a tharraingt ar an míchothromaíocht a bhí le fulaingt ag pobail áirithe i dTuaisceart Éireann. Ní coincheap as an nua é an agóid shíochánta in Éirinn, agus modh agóide ba ea é a mhol Michael J., mar a dheimhníonn sé ina chín lae sa bhliain 1966, nuair a rinne sé cur síos ar an modh agóide as a bhain feirmeoirí na hÉiréann úsáid i mBaile Átha Cliath ag deireadh na bliana sin:

> Diary 6th November, 1966. Saw the farmers in the gutter at the Department of Agriculture. A cold night, and they sat in a row like paupers on the furom along the wall of a poorhouse. I felt like congratulating each of the sitters on his endurance and meek acceptance of his role.Well, I wrote about ten years ago that the rural peoples should do exactly what those men are doing: Rise like a flock of crows and descend on the cities and squat on Town and City Hall and Government building steps. (C.B.É. 1746, 4-6 An Bhailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

Tá nodanna ina chín lae go raibh Michael J. dóchasach go mbeadh toradh dearfach ar an nGluaiseacht Cearta Síbhíalta i dTuaisceart Éireann. Bhí sé bródúil as na mic léinn a bhí ag léirsiú, agus mar atá le sonrú thíos nuair a dhéanann sé trácht ar an léacht a thug sé féin in Ollscoil na Banríona tamall gairid roimh thosnú an fheachtais, deir sé go m'fhéidir go raibh tionchar aige féin orthu:

> And since I am on the political setup, and the statements now being accepted that the students of Queens University Belfast really began the marching and sit-downs: I think I had a hand in it too!
>
> When I gave a talk to the students last summer on some aspect of folklore and was answering questions afterwards, one student asked about an article I had written some years back. In it I had made two (fictional statements, real men) re Flight from the Land: That it was the insidious seepage that was the menace: A whole town land should arise and descend like a flock of crows on municipal and parliament buildings and squat until something done.

> I had forgotten the piece: Published in 'Belfast Telegraph.' I have it of course. A few weeks later the students arose and squatted in Stormont and on the streets.
>
> And so began the beginning of the end of the treachery of a British Treay(sic)---I hope.
> (C.B.É. 1788: 20-22. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

Léiríonn Murphy acmhainn polaitíochta ardfhorbartha ina chur síos ar na príomhchúiseanna a bhí mar bhunús na míchothromaíochta i dTuaisceart Éireann, agus go raibh sé dóchasach ag tús na bliana 1970 go raibh dul chun cinn á ndéanamh ag an bhfeachtas:

> 20th January, 1970. Supposed Civil Right gathering in Newry and Peter and I, in nephew Patrick O Hare's car, toured Newry one night: Inquiring here and there and in pubs: No one had heard. The protest meeting next day.
>
> Ah well….
>
> So as matter of passing interest---now---might be as well to state what the original aims here when the idea formulated in the not-all-that recent past... Enough said:
>
> Firstly: To create such conditions as would compel the reigning British Government to display moral courge(sic): To dispel their evading this issue by retreating into the phrase "a domestic issue for Northern Ireland or Stormont." This has been achieved.
>
> Secondly: To expose the fact that the Royal Ulster Constabulary was---without any change of abbreviations in intentions---really 'the Royal Unionist Constabulary' and therefore at the behest and under the influence of all grades of The Orange Order. This has been achieved.
>
> Thirdly: As a direct result of the implementation of the two premises above to have The Orange Order reveal itself as a breeding-ground of sheer political and religious bigotry and favouritism, cynically preserving the poorer and more gullible and ignorant of the Protestant members and cynically exploiting their manipulated prejudices for the purposes of the Orange hierarchy. This has been achieved.
>
> Next stop….?
> (C.B.É. 1788:20-21. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

I ndeireadh na dála, áfach, ní fada go dtí go raibh na pobail i dTuaisceart Éireann in adharcha a chéile, agus go raibh an choimhlint dulta in olcas ar fad. D'éirigh fórsaí paramíleata náisiúnaithe agus aontachtaithe gníomhach san aighneas, agus d'iompaigh sé amach ina

choimhlint uafásach. Is amhlaidh gur bheag an suaimhneas a bhí ag Michael J. Murphy, ar bhonn pearsanta agus gairmiúil araon, as sin amach.

Bhí tionchar na coimhlinte le brath i ngach cearn den Chúige. D'éirigh Briogáid Ard Mhacha Theas d'Óglaigh Éireann Sealadaigh an-ghníomhach sa choimhlint, agus chuaigh an caidreamh idir an pobal áitiúil agus Arm na Breataine chun donais ar fad, cé go raibh caidreamh cuíosach maith ag an bpobal leis an Royal Ulster Constabulary ar dtús, de réir dealraimh:

> 15th March, 1970. The British Army lands indiscriminately out of helicopters, holds up people and cars, asks now for tax and insurance: exceeding their duty and job. One fellow here, Flynn, went to the barracks. Sergeant White got angry, needless to say, at such excess.
> (C.B.É. 1788: 62. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

5.4 Cur Isteach ar Shocraidí mar Uirlis Catha i dTuaisceart Éireann

Bhí Michael J. ag déaláil le tórraimh agus sochraidí, ar bhonn pearsanta agus proifisiúnta, ar feadh a shaoil, agus is iomaí iad na tuairiscí atá ina chnuasach mar gheall ar na hócáidí seo mar dheasghnátha cultúrtha ríthábhachtacha i gcultúr na ndaoine. Míníonn Grainger go gonta an tábhacht a bhaineann leis na deasghnátha seo:

> Ritual is used to clear a pathway into the future. The wake embodies the symbolism of ritual transformations, implicit in actions beyond the narrow definition of religion as a doctrinal system requiring intellectual assent. The sacredness of these lies simply in their ability to make sense of who we are, in relationship to the Universe and those living and dying in it, and to witness to the deep transcendental truth of the human soul. Rites undermine the struture of explicit religion by working at a level which defies analysis and requires no explanation, only involvement in the event itself.
> (Grainger: 2011, 97)

De réir na cíne lae, bhí sé de nós ag Arm na Breataine leas a bhaint as sochraidí mar ghléas catha chun brú a chur ar mhuintir na háite, agus tuairiscíonn Michael J. Murphy ar roinnt sochraidí ina cheantar fhéin ina raibh an cur isteach sin ón Arm le sonrú.

> And at a wake on a cousin of mine here---he died suddenly in England last week---the door in the early hours got the sound of a rifle butt. My eldest son, Patrick, and a son of the house, Peter Mulholland, went at once to the door, and found themselves staring into rifles held at the ready. The British Army: Looking for a telephone.
>
> And could they not have 'observed' that no wires led to the house. And had they not radio contact in their jeeps? And did not their maps indicate the local phone booths? Were told where it was. Left. But did not call at that house.
>
> No doubt that carrying of the Tricolour on Micky (RIP) has set 'em agog.
>
> (C.B.É. 1788: 62. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

Déanann Murphy cur síos ar an tórramh agus sochraid sin thuasluaite sa chéad iontráil eile. Cara buan agus gaol dá chuid, Michael O'Hare, nó Mickey the Racker, mar ab fhearr aithne air, a bhí i gceist. Ar dtús, tugann Murphy creidiúint don mharbhán, Michael O'Hare, mar dhuine a chuir Michael J. ar bhóthar a leasa ón uair a bhí sé ina fhear óg. Nuair a dhéanann Murphy cur síos ar O'Hare, déanann sé cur síos ar fhear ideálach, dar leis: Fear ábalta, téagartha, a bhí in ann troid, gan a bheith trodach. Fear séimh, intleachtúil, spraoiúil, misniúil, dílis, agus saoi maidir le béaloideas agus deasghnátha i measc a phobail féin. Léiríonn Murphy gurb air féin a thit an cúram sin toisc O'Hare a bheith marbh.Tarraingíonn sé radharc de mhuintir na háite ag feidhmiú mar phobal aontaithe, agus iad ag faire i ndiaidh na marbh i tslite simplí a bhí forbartha leis na glúinte anuas. Tráchtann sé ar an oiread daoine a d'fhreastal ar an sochraid, comhartha omóis tábhactach i gcultúr na nGael. Léiríonn sé dignit na ndeasghnátha a bhaineann leis an gcorpán agus é á n-ardú agus á n-iompar mar ba chóir de réir nóis.

Ansin, tráchtann sé ar an gcaoi a chuireann Arm na Breataine isteach ar an ócáid naofa seo, agus iad tuirlingte ón spéir i gculaith a chuir na Dúchrónaigh i gcuimhne air. Eachtrannaigh ba ea iad, ag brú isteach ar an bpobal i tslí mhaslach bhagartach, cé gur saoránaigh na Breataine iad an pobal sin agus na saighdiúirí araon:

2nd March, 1970. On Sunday last we buried my brother-in-law and great friend, Michael O'Hare (Micky the Racker) of Dromintee, in St Patrick's cemetery in Dromintee. May the good genial soul rest in peace.

He was a narrator also: Almost in every volume of South Armagh material I've written from the very first. He was aged 69.

Throughout these Journals his name appears in many contexts and I could write much: But I'll content the record with brief recapitulation: One of the ablest and strongest in the parish or any other for that matter: The man who could break six inch nails with his hands. (That Berkinhead market scene I'm bound to have mentioned): But gentle as a nurse and so fond of children: A singer too---Larkin's pub in Forkhill on a Christmas Eve: Intelligent: Humorous: Could banter in the idiom. We expected his wake to be well-attended; but it transpired that he had the biggest seen in this parish since I don't know when, or will again: Scores were unable to get inside the house and those inside changed frequently.

On Saturday, under the Tricolour, he was carried to Dromintee chapel: A rare sight these days: Owen Grogan, his cousin, and I, had to instruct the pall-bearers how to go about it---the movements, from front to back, the men who gave relief 'lifts' and the custom of 'The First Lift' and 'The Last' to be borne by the same men in the same order: All this new to the young men who carried him.

He himself was a man who would have been instinctively consulted on all such matters: Now who does one consult…?

He died on Thursday, the 26th February, was brought to the chapel Saturday, buried after second Mass on Sunday; an immense congregation and all went to the graveside, the coffin again under the colours. And whether because of the Tricolour draping of the afternoon of the day before the whole area on Sunday was infested with British troops, heavily armed: Some were as usual dropped off here and there by helicopter. And most wore a new headdress: A Black and Tan type Glengarry replete with tassel, though in Khaki: They moved in single file up and down the roads past the house, the chapel, at McGuill's (where his brother Paddy, now in a wheel chair, was badly wounded: I must have recorded the incident re Micky himself). It struck me as appropriate that such headdress should reappear for the first time here on the funeral of a man who, as a man in his late teens, defied the Tans in Carrickastricken Hall here, refused to put his hands up to their rifles, himself and John McNaWall (as we call him).

If I linger on this account I know I write much. Not that he does not deserve it. For without him---it is more than probably that I should not be writing this Journal at all; have gone collecting, as I have with my country-wise knowledge. I earned my first wages in the land alongside Micky working with the late Tom Dunne, storyteller and traditionalist, here in Dromintee; what I knew Micky had taught me. And in his house "on the mountain" which we helped to restore, "Slieve Gullion's Foot" was

> conceived---and typed---and from that book came my association with the Commission.
>
> Able ploughman, mower, fighter if necessary, friend and a good father and husband to his family; his younger brother Peter died at Christmas; that affected him, because neither he nor Paddy, the only surviving brothers, were able to "give him a lift" as he said. Peace to Micky's soul.
> (C.B.É. 1788: 51-53 An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

Cuireann Murphy srian leis an méid a scríobhann sé, ach éiríonn leis spotsholas a dhíriú ar an gcodarsnacht idir cultúr a mhuintire féin agus cultúr gallda Arm na Breataine agus conas a sháraigh an t-Arm na coinbhinsiúin catha a ligfeadh do dhaoine a muintir a adhlacadh le dínit.

Má bhogaimid ar aghaidh go lár 1971, címid go raibh cúrsaí ag dul in olchas. Bhí naimhdeas oscailte idir muintir na háite agus Arm na Breataine i gceantar Michael J. Murphy. Bhí an Chúige go hiomlán trína chéile le teannas agus bagairt, agus ba bheag an suaimhneas a bhí ag Murphy chun a chuid oibre a chur i gcrích. Ar chuma éigin, lean sé ag bailiú, agus lean sé ag taifead imeachtaí na coimhlinte agus a chuid smaointí féin mar gheall ar an tionchar a bhí ag an gcoimhlint ar a shaol. Ag leanúint le téama na sochraide, seo trácht ar an Arm ag cur isteach ar thórramh agus adhlacadh eile sa cheantar:

> Diary: 9th August, 1971.
>
> ... The town and countryside tense because of the shooting, on wrong suspicion, in Belfast of a young worker named Thornton; shot by British soldiers.
>
> In Forkhill that evening; Larkin's pub. Three men entering---I know one since we both shared a room when I was in Bothwell's in Lisnaskea: A heavy British army armed car went by with a soldier---one beyond the age of a bewildered British boy (Lynch) --- went by. I saw him make the obscene, lewd finger gesture, saw him turn and shout at the men who had turned at the doorway to look at the heavy vehicle. They quietly said that as well as making the gesture the soldier had yelled a mouthful of obscenities in conformity with his gesture. And after the terrible events of the morning in Belfast involving their own forces.
>
> This is maybe provocative. Don't look good. And I see Russia is about to put pressure on Rumania: shades of 1914 when Kaiser Bill (as they said colloquially) used the prospects of Irish troubles to launch his own ambitious moves.

> Hope not.
>
> But if this develops how about moving through the North...? Dim.
> (C.B.É. 1788: 174 An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)
>
> Diary: 15th August 1971---cont'd.
>
> At the wake on Harry Thornton was a niece of mine. Soldiers roughly banged the door with gun butts and loud cries: To remove a car: Were told where they were. They knew. The car---the widow went to the door in fact to ask them to respect her dead husband---she can't drive---was not in the way: Men sprang up---reluctantly angry in a wake house---and asked the soldiers to leave their weapons aside and each man would "take on three of them at a time."
>
> They then left quietly.
>
> I have recorded the other incident I was present at when they hoped to have a bus topple into the bog below McCreesh's.
>
> I can only think; as a writer I had forewarned of this---as other writers have done--- and got jeered and sneered at as naive--- and worse---in print.
> (C.B.É. 1788: 176. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

Sa mhír thuas, címid tuaraisc mar gheall ar an eachtra ó thaobh na ndaoine i gceantar Michael J. Murphy: Cuireadh saoránach chun báis go mídleathach, agus méadaíonn iompar an Airm an damáiste. Aimsíonn Murphy cuid de na cúiseanna cén fáth gur thug daoine óga idéalacha aghaidh ar Óglaigh na hÉireann ag an am sin:

> Especially in my Abbey play: '*Men on the Wall'* to which I must have referred in this journal. And now I read in the Irish Times of 13th August last a quote from a former editor of the London 'Sunday Telegraph', a Donald McLackan, that English and especially English newspapers will never be able to forgive the Irish and Ireland for beginning the demolition of their Empire. Exactly as I had put it into the mouth of The Slab Falloon (and in London drew the incoherent ire of the Observor's Ivor Brown---who had however extra reason for prejudice) and in Dublin of most of the critics and some friends when the young idealist, sick of the corruption and sham in the country amid the unholy greed for money, even blood money, is impulsively compelled to join the IRA.
> (C.B.É. 1788: 176. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

5.5 Sainmhíniú a Ghairm Féin Ionchollaithe ina Chín lae

Baineann an tórramh le traidisiúin ársa, ócáid nuair a thagann an pobal le chéile chun deasghnáthanna tábhachtacha a chur i gcrích a éascaíonn aistear an mharbháin ón saol seo go dtí an saol eile, agus a ligeann don phobal agus don teaghlach dul i ngleic le bás a muintire. Cuirtear an saol a chaith an marbhán ar leathaobh i tslí, toisc go bhfuil aistear agus tús nua i ndán dó/di anois, agus is é an gaol atá ag an bpobal le teaghlach an mharbháin atá chun tosaigh sa tórramh. Dá bhrí sin, is cuma cad é an saghas saoil a chaith an marbhán, ba chóir freastal ar an tórramh ar mhaithe leo siúd a bhí fágtha ina dhiaidh.

Deimhníonn Cowley (1992), an difir i dtuiscint Chaitliceach agus tuiscint Phrotastúnach maidir le freastal ar shochraidí, mar chléireach agus mar bhall den phobal. Gabhtar buíochas as saol an mharbháin sa tsearmanas Protastúnach, ach guítear trócaire agus suaimhneas ar anam an mharbháin sa tsearmanas Caitliceach. Seanmóir, ní adhmholadh, a bhíonn ag an sagart le linn Aifreann na Sochraide. Is difir cultúrtha bunúsach é seo idir an dhá phobal. Baineann searmanas Caitliceach na sochraide, nuair a thógtar an marbhán go dtí an séipéal, le trócaire agus le súil go mbeadh suaimhneas síoraí i bPárthas na nGrást ag an marbhán. Cuirtear anam an mharbháin faoi chúram Dé, cuma cad iad na peacaí a bhí aige/aici, is é Dia an breitheamh anois. Maidir leis an adhlacadh, titeann an cúram sin ar an bpobal arís, le cabhair ón sagart, agus bíonn deasghnátha tábhachtacha traidisiúnta agus cráifeacha le comhlíonadh ionas go bhféadfaí críoch a chur leis an bpróiséas, ar mhaithe leis an marbhán, le muintir an mharbháin, agus leis an bpobal i gcoitinne. Saineolaí ba ea Murphy maidir leis an bpróiséas thuas luaite, dar ndóigh, de dheasca a chúlra agus a chuid oibre araon.

Is tábhachtach iad na tuairiscí a d'fhág Murphy ina chín lae mar gheall ar na sochraidí polaitiúla a lean an scrios a thit amach le linn na dTrioblóidí. Anuas ar imeachtaí na sochraide atá luaite thuas, bhain na paramíleataithe féin úsáid as sochraidí mar ócáid pholaitiúil

(Cowley, 1992). Seo cuntas mar gheall ar an mbás áirithe seo ar an suíomh idirlíne *Chronology of the Troubles*: 'Two members of the IRA were killed when the land mine they were preparing exploded prematurely near Killeen, County Armagh' (http://cain.ulst.ac.uk/othelem/chron/ch75.htm).

D'áitigh Murphy go gcaitear brath ar thuairisc na ngnáthdhaoine chun stair shóisialta na ngnáthdhaoine a aimsiú. Léiríonn a thuairisc mar gheall ar an sochraid a lean an marú thuasluaite cad a bhí i gcesit aige. Cé go mbíodh na meáin ar an láthair ag na sochraidí de ghnáth, rud a chuir brú sa bhreis ar na teaghlaigh, ar an bpobal, ar na sagairt, agus ar na fórsaí slándála, cuireann Michael J. aghaidh daonna ar staitisticí agus ar thuairiscí iriseoireachta neamhbhalba na dTrioblóidí. Ag deireadh na hiontrála 10 Nollaig tá tagairt do dhuine dá ghaol féin a bhí ar a choimeád ag an am sin agus níl aon amhras mar gheall ar an bhfaitíos a bhí ar Murphy dá bharr sin:

> 7th December, 1975. Transcribing the Cavan tapes:
>
> But very little heart to-day to make a proper record. The nineteen year old son of my neighbour, Jim Loughrey, has been killed in an explosion, along with another young fellow, on a landmine. A quiet, unassuming, intelligent and self-effacing lad I am astounded to realise that he was a leader in the Provo IRA. He is one of a family of six or seven, with one brother, a mannerly pleasant and bright family, although the mother---who is from Forkhill---has been deserted by her husband many years back.
>
> The gloom of such an event falls like the ash of a great mountain fire on everyone.
>
> I am particularly disturbed: Because as I may have written before all these and such events are a reliving on the predictions and scenes in my play: '*Men on the Wall'*. (C.B.É. 1387: 121. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)
>
> 10th December, 1975. Difficult still to concentrate on the work: Because of the tragedy of my young neighbour, Jim Loughrey.
>
> Even so, because of the ever present tension, especially when helicopters hovered and land and you expect another visit, and events involuntarily steal across one's mind, interrupt thought, depress and concern one a hundred times a day.
>
> We call on the young boy's mother for a chat to try to comfort her, although she has borne up with astonishing courage and fortitude. And the morning before the lad was

> buried---here in Dromintee---with marching columns of young men and teenagers in dark berets and dark glasses and dark suits, and the firing of shots, and led by a piper---the mother and her son were stopped at the foot of the lane by a party of British troops. She was verbally abused and her son physically assaulted and his clothes torn, and they mentioned that they could "provide souvenirs". The bodies of the two boys were literally blown to pieces and human bones and tissue and flesh were collected in plastic bags.
>
> How brutalised human beings can become.
>
> In the house the mother later showed me a piece of a grey pullover or cardigan about four inches square: It was part of the garment worn by her dead son. She had gone to the field to pick up what she could see: And this the day or so after the funeral.
>
> So all that and what it implies doesn't help one to settle down to write.
> (C.B.É. 1387: 122. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

Maidir leis an tsochraid pholaitiúil le linn na dTrioblóidí, deis a bhí iontú taispeántas míleata a léiriú, le bratacha, gárda onóra agus cúirtéis mhíleata. Deis a bhí iontu cás polaitiúil a chur chun cinn agus baill úra a fháil, agus a thaispeáint do na baill an glór a bhain lena n-íobairt. D'éirigh le Murphy na coincheapanna seo a léiriú le ciall agus tuiscint.

5.6 An Dráma *Men on the Wall* le Michael J. Murphy.

Faoi mar atá luaite cheanna, scríbhneoir, drámadóir, colúnaí, agus craoltóir ba ea Murphy, chomh maith le bailitheoir béaloidis, agus bhí gach gné dá shaol fite fuaite lena chéile. Is minic a thagraíonn sé dá scríbhneoireacht chruthaitheach ina chín lae, agus go háirithe le linn na dTrioblóide, luann sé dráma amháin, *Men On The Wall*, scríofa aige thart ar an mbliain 1956. Pléann an dráma seo an choimhlint idir an náisiúnachas agus an saint maidir leis an airgead a bhí le tuilleamh as an smuglaeireacht ar an Teorainn. Ba í an aincheist a bhí ag muintir na teorann ná gur daoine bochta a bhí iontu, agus bhí ana-chuid airgid le tuilleamh as an smuglaeireacht. Ar an taobh eile den scéal, más náisiúnaí an duine, dílis agus tiomanta don phoblacht, níor chóir an t-airgead sin a thuilleamh in aon chor, agus in ionad sin, ba chóir troid chun fáil réidh leis an Teorainn.

Chuireas ceist ar Kevin Murphy, luaite cheanna mar bhall de Chuimhneamh agus mar chara dílis Michael J., mar gheall ar shainbhrí *Men on the Wall*, agus tagairtí sa chín lae, mar gheall ar 'people behind the wall', agus is mar seo thíos a mhínigh sé i ríomhphost chugham ar an 7/11/2013:

> The play, *'Men on The Wall'* was prophesying the troubles to come in the North. The title refers to the custom in Ireland of putting pictures of martyred patriots on the walls of their cabins. People like Wolfe Tone, Robert Emmett, Patrick Sarsfield etc. were popular and mass produced for the purpose. After 1916 new figures appeared on the walls----Pearse and Connolly were particularly popular.
>
> Michael's play was foretelling other people on the walls from a new conflict and, of course, this happened and we have Bobby Sands and the other hunger strikers on many walls. In 'sticky' circles you had Joe McCann too.
>
> In South Armagh you have Michael McVerry's picture on many walls. When people were 'behind the wall', they were in jail—usually Crumlin Road, Belfast. Later, in Long Kesh, they were 'behind the wire'.

Ghoill sé go mór ar Michael J. go raibh sé in ann an mhíchinniúint a bhí i ndán don Tuaisceart a thuar ina chuid drámaíochta, agus ag deireadh 1971, ní raibh feabhas ar bith ag teacht ar chúrsaí. Cé gur lean Michael J. ar aghaidh lena chuid oibre, mar ba dhual dó, is léir narbh fhada riamh óna smaointe an choimhlint, agus an ghéarchéim shóisialta agus pholaitíúil Léiríonn an mhír thíos cad é atá i gceist agam:

> Diary: 24th October 1971
>
> Transcribing still (Sunday or not) Michael Rooney continues to turn up excellent material ... Three young men shot dead in Newry last night: Another almost killed at a funeral near here. None of this helps work or thought of any kind.
> (C.B.E. 1788: 188-189. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)
>
> Diary: November 1971
>
> There have been angry and tense days in Newry over the shootings and savage beatings of Newry young men in the Long Kesh camp: Two men I know have had sons killed or burned to death in the fires in the town; One, Joe Henry---ex British Soldier and Gaelic speaker---who gave me information, now dismissed from his post as Meat Inspector because of Civil Rights associations.

> And there is an odd but persistent air of unreality about it all: Maybe because in a year or so all will be integrated with Europe proper and frontiers will carry little or no significance.
> (C.B.E. 1788: 202. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

5.7 Cúrsaí Taistil le linn na dTriblóidí i dTuaisceart Éireann

D'éirigh cúrsaí taistil níos contúirtí agus níos ciotaí le linn na tréimhse faoi chaibidil, agus toisc nach raibh mótor dá chuid féin ag Michael J., bhíodh sé amuigh sa spás poiblí ón nóiméad a d'fhág sé a theach féin.Thit smál an amhrais timpeall air riamh anall maidir leis an teideal poist a bhí aige, agus maidir leis an gceantar gurb as dó, ach d'éirigh an t-amhras sin níos contúirtí le linn na dTrioblóidí. Léiríonn an chín lae na dúschláin cholanda, shíceolaíochta agus intinne a bhíodh le sárú ag Michael J. Murphy agus é ag iarraidh leanúint ar aghaidh leis an obair. Téimid ar an mbóthar in éineacht leis toisc go n-éiríonn leis feidhmiú mar lionsa fotagrafach, ag díriú isteach agus amach ar radharcanna áirithe, agus ag nochtadh conas a bhraith sé féin i dtaobh na radharcanna éagsúla sin.

Tá tuairisc thíos mar gheall ar Shéisiúr an Mháirseáil, 1971, a léiríonn an teannas millteach timpeall an Tuaiscirt thart ar an am sin. Déanann Murphy cur síos ar an gcaoi ina mbaineadh úsáid as bratacha mar uirlisí coimhlinte chun áiteanna a bhí contúirteach do phobal amháin agus gan chontúirt do phobal eile a chur in iúl. Sa mhír seo tá Michael J. ag machnamh ar an lá atá amach roimhe, agus is féidir linn an frustrachas a fhulaingíonn sé a mhothú. Tá sé ar nós priosiúnach ina thír féin; nuair a thaistealaíonn sé chun a chuid oibre a chur i gcrích, cuireann sé é féin i mbaol:

> Diary: 11th July 1971
>
> The Twelfth tomorrow: No hope of getting through their damned arrogance processions anyway: Obstruct traffic and what not; and this year with death by bullet and riot flaming. I notice amid the festoonery of Union Jacks two new flags: A white flag bearing a red cross with the Red Hand in the centre: The 'Ulster' flag: On church and meeting house---sometimes four, one at each corner and one in the centre. Killylea near Armagh swathed in the bluddy stuff; and flags, triangular, yellow and

> blue. Almost Papal! Still hot today. Enervating.
> (C.B.É. 1788: 168. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

I gcaitheamh na mblianta seo, bhí gabháil gan choinne, coinneáil gan triail agus céasadh coitianta, faoi mar atá deimhnithe ag Cúirt na hEorpa um Chearta Daonna (European Court of Human Rights, 1978), le linn fianaise na n-Aithreacha Faul agus Murray nuair a labhair siad le Feisirí in Washington na Stáit Aontaithe, sa bhliain 1978 :

> ... that the police in Northern Ireland and the British Army keep the law – that they keep within the very wide confines of the sweeping emergency powers that the British Government has allowed them to use in Ireland. They have signally failed to keep within these boundaries. Daily they have broken the law and in many cases broken it with the full approval and with orders of their superiors up to the rank of Cabinet Minister. (Faul and Murray, 1978: 1)

Maidir leis an méid thuas, mhínigh Murphy ina fhocail féin cad a bhí gceist:

> Diary: 28th August 1971
>
> Returned the other day after a short ---and much unsuccessful---quest for follow-up data on Glengevlin lore in Blacklion: The reason: The Northern Troubles, as the present insurrection (and that is what it really is) is euphemistically referred to by person and newspaper.
>
> Because I am from the North---and the hot spot of Newry---all talk lapses to this theme; and each newcomer who knows me launches into it. In the end I found myself talking to tiredness with them on the same topics---Internment, the brutality of the British Army-RUC (and there is incontrovertible evidence to support the truth of that charge, not to speak of personal factors such as young Murphy who, arrested after the Army's hysterical shooting of Harry Thornton in Belfast, when on his way to work) and all the rest. My friend Kevin Murphy, neighbour, says Murphy---a slightly built, gentle, far from robust or tall young man---is still a nervous wreck. Another neighbour named Garvey, a CID man in Springfield Road Barracks where the shooting and beating up took place, finally rescued him, took him to his own home, and then to hospital, where he was retained for a week.
>
> In the strained atmosphere of the few days I forgot to arrange for the holding of a few sheaves of oaten straw to make, we hope, a 'Torch' for Tony Lucas: Am writing Frank Maguire to do so for me,
>
> I did not return via Armagh or Enniskillen. Peter was in the West on the motor business, having come through Dundalk and I went home with him.

> I now take annual leave till late in September. The tenseness remains with one. Work of some sort---writing---the only antidote. Activity.
> (C.B.É. 1788:180-181. An Bailitheoir M.J. Murphy)[2]

Is amhlaidh go mbíodh gach éinne ar tinneall le linn na mblianta sin, ar gach taobh den Teorainn. Pobal measca ó thaobh reiligiúin a bhí ann, agus bhíodh ar dhaoine a bheith ana-chúramach mar gheall ar a gcuid cainte agus iompair. Oibrí de chuid an tSaorstáit ba ea Murphy, agus chuir fiú an méid sin i mbaol é. Bhí air brath ar phíosa páipéir a bheith aige a dheimhnigh go raibh sé ag íoc cáineach sa Ríocht Aontaithe, chun a thaispeáint do na fórsaí slándála nó don Vanguard, chun é féin a chosaint dá mba rud é gur bhuail sé leo ar an mbóthar. In ainneoin sin, lean sé ar aghaidh leis an obair:

> Diary: 16th October 1971
>
> A very successful session in Co. Cavan. This centred mainly on Blacklion with narrators native to Glangevlin (not Glengevlin) and Doobally the parish adjoining and close to Dowra in County Leitrim.
>
> The 'Northern Troubles' nevertheless continue to interfere, indirectly: in moments of 'break' in narrations the people tend to lapse into speculation, or denunciation, of this and that of the conflicts, and all seemed concerned and even apprehensive.
>
> "How or when will it all end?"
>
> Most use the phrase.
>
> Road blocks hold up buses and one misses connections.
> (C.B.É. 1788: 181. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)
>
> Diary: 21st November, 1971.
>
> Another fruitful sojourn in Co. Cavan, in Blacklion actually, with most of the information concerning Glangevlin---Doobally---and one remarkable eviction account from Moneygashel, near Blacklion, in the Killinagh Parish: Details as I go along.
>
> The weather fairly good, indeed remarkable for this time of year.
>
> There is the overall apprehension of British Army searches, and the inability of their personnel to understand the exact nature of my work. I lack identification, but have been carrying just now a letter from the British Tax Authorities here: This arrived via

[2] Peter ab ainm don mhac ab óige a bhí ag Michael J. Murphy.

request, specially, from the office for a statement to verify that I was paying British Tax---in fact liable to, a fact which in fact galls me.

However:

The bus from Newry arrives Armagh; one has a wait here of two hours; I have exhausted viewing both cathedrals, the museum, and the libraries aren't open at those hours, nor the usual cafes, and of course the pubs don't open till 11.30 and the bus leaves at 12.00 for Enniskillen. This time when leaving in my bag, as I expected, left luggage was refused (and haul it and the tape recorder inside): A fellow with a bag! In the end, when I had opened it for examination, they agreed, and the official remarked:

"You know why we have to do this?"

"Perfectly" I replied (fear of a secret bomb).
(C.B.É. 1788: 190-191. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

5.8 1972 – An Bhliain ba Mheasa den Choimhlint

Cuireadh Imtheorannú Gan Triail i bhfeidhm i mí Lúnasa, 1971, mar fhreagra ar an bhforéigean paramíleata a bhí ar siúl sa Tuaisceart, agus in ionad aon mhaith a dhéanamh, d'éirigh cúrsaí i bhfad níos measa. Cuireadh an straitéis i bhfeidhm i gcoinne na gCaitliceach amháin, rinneadh feall ar na himtheorannaithe, agus tháinig méadú ar an bhforéigean. Tháinig méadú ar líon na mball sna heagraíochtaí paramíleata. D'éirigh an Feachtas Cearta Síbhialta níos gníomhaí, agus leis sin, na hagóidí sráide a bhí mar straitéis acu, cé go raibh cosc ar léirsiú ag an am (Bew agus Gillespie, 1999: 37) agus (Coogan, 1995: 126).

Cuireadh Parlaimint Stormont ar ceal sa bhliain 1972, agus cuireadh Riail Dhíreach ó Westminister i bhfeidhm in athuair. Bhí feachtas buamaí cairr, néascaireacht, agus feallmharú ag dul ar aghaigh. Maraíodh beagnach cúig chéad agus phléasc suas le míle buama – an méid ba mhó le linn na dTrioblóidi go léir. Bhí teannas uafásach le braith sa chúige, agus an baol ann go mbrisfeadh sé amach ina chogadh chathartha. Ar an Domhnach, 30 Eanáir, 1972, lámhaigh Arm na Breataine ochtar is fiche i gCathair Doire le linn léirsiú sráide. Maraíodh ceathrar déag, agus gortaíodh scóranna, agus b'shin tús den bhliain ba mheasa ó thaobh scrios

agus marú sa choimhlint i dTuaisceart Éireann (Sutton, 1994). Tá Domhnach na Fola fós i mbéal na ndaoine mar cheann de na laethanta ba chinniúnaí i stair nua-aimseartha an Tuaiscirt, agus níl aon áireamh ar an méid atá scríofa agus craolta mar gheall ar an lá sin. Thaifead Michael J. Murphy chonas a ndeachaigh an lá agus na seachtainí a lean an lá sin i bhfeidhm air féin agus mhuintir ina chín lae. Tuairisc phearsanta, chomhaimseartha is ea seo, gan eagarthóireacht, ná aon chur isteach ó scoláirí ná iriseoirí ná údair. Eachtraíonn Murphy conas a cuireadh an gnáthshaol ar ceall. Chuaigh an pobal i muinín an aifrinn, agus ansin bhí orthu aghaidh a thabhairt ar léirsiú i gcoinne Rialtas na Breataine:

> Diary: 3rd February 1972
>
> Following a short sojourn in Co Cavan I was about to write this Journal on Sunday evening when the first news came of two deaths by shooting in Derry. One had expected trouble and arrest. On the heels of it youngsters came in shouting that ten people had been shot in the Civil Rights march in Derry.
>
> I could write nothing: we sat by the radio.
>
> What a week of winter winds and downpours. To match the mood of the people.
>
> There is much better organisation here than I had known. People were requested to attend protests. No work---No matter what one's work comprised. No shops to sell goods to anyone. On Wednesday the day of the funerals in Derry I walked to a special Requiem Mass in Dromintee at 11.0 o'clock. I cannot recall such a day of biting gale driving sleet and rain from the east. I was 'happed' in many coats. The church almost full.
>
> Even yet people are stunned; too shocked to realise fully the extent of the murderous legal massacre by British troops, acting it appears on orders.
>
> On Sunday there is to be a Civil Rights march (in defiance again of the ban) in Newry. Everyone seems prepared to attend, and everyone expects 'trouble' and perhaps more shooting.
>
> ---0---
>
> Diary: 7th February 1972
>
> Yesterday, Sunday, attended the Civil Rights March and Rally in Newry. Was driven to assembly point---rather some miles from it---by my nephew Patrick O'Hare;

> accompanied by my eldest son Patrick. Michael and Peter left to join the Southern contingents walking from the Border at Killeen.
>
> A vast concourse - orderly: In rows of seven, west of the Egyptian Arch on the Camlough Road, British troops with blackened and smudged faces searched each man individually. Empty one's pockets. I removed specs case and pipe and matches. Hands on wall, back to the soldiers. I was then ordered to turn round, back to the wall. Two other soldiers, from the road, advanced, rifles pointing. My searcher feeling my pocket asked:
>
> "What is that?"
>
> I felt also; damn me if I could tell; was certain it was a soggy toffee bar for some child which had slipped through a hole in the lining. (Two weeks ago a wallet slipped out of another hole). But then I was wearing a new coat, short-length. Turned it up – felt - couldn't tell. I knew that some Civil Rights steward had observed and had gone down to the formation point. And then---put hand in my jacket pocket: My tobacco pouch, in the pocket: Those rifles, with a cartridge in every breech...
>
> I know the soldier was certain I was smart Paddy pulling his leg deliberately.
>
> Excellent marshalling and stewarding; all who felt unable to control passion were asked to withdraw. I saw no one do so. Got home in the dark.
> (C.B.É. 1788: 212-213. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

Cuireann an méid thuas an teannas a bhí idir na saoránaigh agus an t-Arm in iúl. Bhí a fhios go maith ag Murphy go bhféadfadh anordú a bhriseadh amach de bharr rud ana-bheag, agus go raibh na saighdiúirí réidh le gunnaí ar tinneall. Deacair dúinn an teannas sin a shamhlú.

5.9 An Vanguard (The Vanguard Progressive Unionist Party 1972-1978)

Ag filleadh ar chúrsaí taistil, tráchtann Murphy ar 'Bill Craig's Vanguard Bully Boys', mar a thug sé féin ar na dílseoirí paraimíleata a bhí ag feidhmiú sa Tuaisceart, de réir dealraimh le cúnamh na bhfórsaí póilíneachta ó Thuaidh. Bhí Michael J. scanraithe ós a gcomhair, agus ní nach ionadh. Is mar seo a labhair William Craig (1924-2011), le linn léirsiúil dá gcuid i bPáirc Ormeau, Béal Feirste, sa bhliain 1972: "We must build up the dossiers on the men and women who are a menace to this country, because one day, ladies and gentlemen, if the politicians fail, it will be our duty to liquidate the enemy," http://www.bbc.co.uk/news/uk-

northern-ireland-13191551 agus (Ryder 2011, de réir tuairiscí. Daichead bliain níos déanaí, nochtann Cadwaller (2013) fianaise inchreidte mar gheall ar an gclaonpháirteachas idir Constáblacht Ríoga Uladh, an Oifig Thuaisceart Éireann, Reisiment Cosanta Uladh, Cumann Cosanta Uladh, agus dílseoirí paraimíleata, go háirithe an Glenanne Gang, grúpa antoisceach paraimíleata dílseacha a bhí ag feidhmiú i gCo. Ard Mhacha agus Lár Uladh. Ón bhfianaise sin, is amhlaidh nach caint san aer a bhí ar siúl ag Craig. D'eagraigh an Vanguard stailceanna ginearálta le linn Mhí an Mhárta, 1972, rud a chuir go mór leis an gcoraíl shíbhialta ar fud an Tuaiscirt, agus a chuir buairt an domhain ar Michael J. agus é ag dul ag bailiú i bhfad ó bhaile. Chomh maith leis sin, thuig sé go maith an bhuairt a bhí ar a scéalaithe de dheasca na haeráide polaitiúla, rud eile a chuir bac ar a chuid oibre.

> Diary: 19th February 1972. I have most of two hours to wait in Armagh City before departure of the bus for Enniskillen: Passing those hours---10.15 to 12.10 becoming boring: Cafes, the two cathedrals, the County Museum, and the famous library not open until after.12.00. And in these times, even in Armagh---not a very noticeably populous centre---a stranger draws attention: And with bomb blasts occurring anywhere and everywhere the situation could be compromising, to say the least. Only when one's bag is open for examination will it be stored in the bus stations: An understandable precaution---although they waive this request now because they know me. But a new face hesitates.
> (C.B.É. 1788: 219. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)
>
> 27th March, 1972. To Newry on way, hopefully, for Lisnaskea to acquire items of Tony Lucas: But aware that Bill Craig's Vanguard Strike could intervene: It did: No guarantee as to whether buses running from Armagh or not---and then anyhow could be dangerous to travel.
> (C.B.É. 1801: 11. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)
>
> 17th April, 1972. Killylea ouside of Armagh is, as they used to say "one of the blackest holes in the North." That is, staunchly Protestant and Orange. It's merely a hamlet of one street built on a steep hill. A church or two and the Orange Hall, outside of which a Union Jack flew at all times of the year. Now the Union Jack lies as if jaded, colour washed, worn, beginning to flitter: And bright and new on a higher pole the new Ulster Flag---since the Take Over by Britain of course. And one time they used proudly proclaim that they nailed up their Union Jack.
>
> The Troubles add a strain and a strange dimension to the work however. There is tension: And old men living alone, like Robbie Doonan and Willie Morton do not care

> to answer the calls of strangers: Several old people have been robbed and even murdered over the past few years.
> (C.B.É. 1801: 14-15. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

5.10 Tionchar na Coimhlinte ar an obair ar an taobh ó dheas den Teorainn

Chaith Michael J. Murphy ana-chuid ama ag bailiú béaloidis ar an taobh ó dheas den Teorainn le linn na dTrioblóidí, go háirithe timpeall ar an mBlaic, Co an Chabháin, áit i ngiorracht scread asail den Teorainn, ach áit níos ciúine ó thaobh cúrsaí míleata de. Chuaigh an choimhlint in olchas, agus cuireadh bac ar an suaimhneas a bhíodh sa cheantar sin chomh maith. Bhí muintir na háite de shíor ar tineall, gan trácht ar na bacanna a bhí le sárú chun An Blaic a bhaint amach ar an gcéad dul síos. Léiríonn Murphy cad a bhí i gceist chun a chuid oibre a chur chin cinn le linn an tsamhraidh 1972:

> 4th May, 1972. The surprise to me was old Paddy Pat Curnyn of Tuam, near Blacklion. Paddy, a sound source of lore, and a native of Glangevlin himself ... But while the mind seems bright enough his infirmities get worse I notice.
>
> His wife is equally crippled. They live alone of course just a matter of a few perches from the border. The current troubles have upset and alarmed such people, and then a vehicle was bombed or burned on the road at the Border beside them. There are tales, some of them true enough, of gangs of raiders robbing and threatening such people under the guise of being IRA men. All this not help such people as Paddy Pat to recall and expand and tell his folklore: And there is always the talk of the 'Troubles' intruding and discussion about the ultimate outcome, the fears, the apprehensions. ("The other side won't give in easy" - that is the Unionist Protestant: And of course there is folklore which claims to 'predict' such onslaughts; and to people like Paddy Pat such folklore is gospel truth.).
> (C.B.É. 1801: 20. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)
>
> 29th May, 1972. Returning home from Blacklion to here:
>
> On the previous occasion the British Army put us all out of the bus, searched it, then us, then our baggage; my tape-recorder: What for? Folklore? Pondered over that. But said no more. No search at all on the last occasion.
>
> But in Armagh city in the Orange quarter, by which the bus passes and where one hears and sees the fanatical Orange Lambeg drummers in sweat, bowed back, and blooded knuckles in action: Young fellows in blue denims so washed that the bones showed white-ish; floppy brimmed British Army jungle hats, and with cave-men

cudgels; and each lunging after the other in a loutish deliberate provocative and arrogant swagger. Police and Army around but do not interfere. On the pavement outside the pubs middle-aged well-dressed men, with coaxing women, drunkenly resist some appeals or implications.

Wouldn't do to have to explain to that outfit what one was doing.
(C.B.É. 1801:39 An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

24th June, 1972 … And in Enniskillen Town, no longer bouncing with market-making people since the bombings and bomb scares: Three long iron gates erected on steel pillars across the main street, guarded by armed British soldiers and an RUC man: Only after a searching inquiry and examination is a vehicle allowed through; all other traffic take the diversion.

Said one old man in Blake's where I await the Sligo bus:

"Gates on the street of Enniskillen. I never thought I'd see the likes of that."

Says his crony:

"They're going to turn it into grass and throw a lock of cattle on it."

"Anything," says the manager, "blast or bomb or strangulation would be better than this."

Business bad.
(C.B.É. 1801: 57. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

7th July, 1972 Had hoped to be back in Co. Cavan by now. (The Twelfth of July next week notwithstanding: Though in view of our Dublin connections this is a factor must be seriously considered in view of the passage via Armagh, that long route down the Clogher Valley, Enniskillen, and out by Letterbreen to the Border at Blacklion: Not the 'Security Forces' to be concerned about; but Bill Craig's Bully Boys in masks and paramilitary outfits, cudgels and a raging sectarian complex.)
(C.B.É. 1801: 67. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

8th July 1972 Intended going to Blacklion Monday - Bill Craig's Bully Boys permitting: Killylae and that route under the Orange fervour of these days…!
(C.B.É. 1801: 69. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

14th July 1972 Discretion being (the something) part of valour I decided---with the aid of some chastisement and domestic persuasion---to abandon intentions to return West. I had hoped to go Monday (but the unexpected run to the office delayed that date) and had meant to stop off at Lisnaskea on the way. Lisnaskea I now learn has been much wrecked by a car bomb. It could be risky enough meeting suspicious queries from police and British soldiers: But I wouldn't relish trying to explain and assure a trio of Bill Craig's Bully Boy Hoodlums that my Dublin associations were innocuous in any form. So I had then intended to try the long round about---Dundalk

(mean taxi from here) - Cavan Town - Bawnboy or Swad - and taxi again to Glan or The Black.

Then I remembered the many notes I had not transcribed, and have been working on those.
(C.B.É. 1801: 70. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

5.11 Éalú ón Tubaist

Lean Michael J. leis an mbailiúcháin, in ainneoin na ndeachrachtaí. Fear oibre ba ea é i ndeireadh an lae, agus bheadh ceannáras ag tnúth le hábhar uaidh. Bhí an baol ann an t-am ar fad, d'éinne a bhí ag obair agus ag taisteal i measc an phobail, go mbeidís gortaithe nó níos measa ná sin, maraithe. Eachtraíonn sé sa chéad mhír eile cé chomh éasca is a bhí sé a bheith san áit mícheart ag an am mícheart le linn na tréimhse sin. In ainneoin gach rud, áfach, faigheann sé slí chun brú ar aghaidh leis an mbailiú béaloidis:

29th July 1972. Back Thursday from Blacklion in Cavan and maybe lucky to have got there at all!

Usually, I go on the early bus from Newry via Armagh - Enniskillen - Blacklion: Unable to make it, but believed I could get a later one which would leave me in Enniskillen, and then a taxi call to The Bushman in Blacklion. So off to Newry. A brave hot day. Throngs around, as it was market day.

Hill Street of course still blocked off. I went to the Post Office in Hill Street; four queues of people. I stood at the end. Eventually got my P.O. and stamps. Outside to post a letter had to reach over a pram containing a naked infant, stripped in the heat. Meet Jemmy Dowey of Meigh. And then the world erupted in smoke and dust and blotted out the sun.

Well, the world and its mother had been evacuated to the Mall - where the buses leave. No buses. Bomb scares. No pubs open. But the Hibernia Club nearby and fellows flying in and out. Jemmy was dazed and white. We go in. We learn that a warning of a bomb had been given the P.O. an hour before, but someone had failed to act: And we learned later - much later - that five minutes before a young fellow had bounded into the Post Office and told everyone to get out. I saw or heard no one.

The baby in the pram was a doll and it was loaded with explosives. Am now told a bomb in a pram had been placed inside. Saw the Post Office on return the other evening. It has been blasted out of existence and must be rebuilt.

So…..

> So I scuttled home here, much shaken, maybe more than I realised (certainly so afterwards) and got Peter to run me to Dundalk and made the trip the circuitous way – Clones - Cavan and next day Bawnboy, nearest point on the bus route to Blacklion. (C.B.É. 1801: 79-80. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

Éiríonn le Murphy pictiúr a tharraingt a thaispeánann an chaoi ina mbíonn daoine ag iarraidh leanúint ar aghaidh leis an ngnáthshaol taobh le taobh le coimhlint, foréigean agus bagairt leanúnach; ag bualadh le chéile, ag siopadóireacht, ag cur litir so phost, agus mar sin de. B'shin mar a bhí gach lá ag Murphy le linn na tréimhse sin.

5.12 Buaireamh, Crá agus Ruathair Maidine

Is léir ón gcín lae ag deireadh 1972 go raibh an t-anórd ag luí go trom ar Michael J. Le himeacht aimsire d'éirigh an caidreamh idir muintir Ard Mhacha Theas agus Arm na Breataine an-searbhasach, agus cuireadh teach Michael J. faoi ruathar go rialta. Bhí sé ag feidhmiú i gcroílár chrios míleata agus ní raibh cosc ar an teannas, ba chuma lá nó oíche a bheith ann. Bhí deacrachtaí le taisteal, leis an leictreachas, an teilifón, agus an post. Bhí sé róchontúirteach do na fórsaí slándála taisteal ar na bóithre de ghnáth in Ard Mhacha Theas, agus báid spéire ar an móramh a bhí in úsáid acu. Bhaintí úsáid as na báid spéire go han-íseal sa spéir mar uirlis chun cur isteach ar mhuintir na háite, agus ciapadh sa bhreis ba ea sin a bhí le fulaingt ag Michael J., go háirithe toisc é a bheith ag obair le téipeanna fuaime go rialta:

> 20th November, 1972. Damn poor form. Ould cough persisting. Crock. Age I suppose.
>
> Typing data.
>
> That is, when you can: Lights and heating uncertain here. Blasts down a transformer or a line - and you've had it. Don't have to wait now on gales to uproot a tree and bring down a line.
>
> The North news bad, very bad. Hard to concentrate on work. One is aware of tension now, and the army and that whine of the Saracens and the incessant thunder of the low-flying 'copters - which drop and disgorge troops and police here and there.

> But we can't really grumble. But there is the underlying concern for all in this situation.
> (C.B.É. 1801: 18 An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

5.13 Seoid ar Leac a Dhorais Féin i bhFoircil, Ard Mhacha Theas

Lean Murphy leis an mbailiúcháin ar chuma éigin, agus cé go raibh sé ag bailiú go rialta ar an taobh dheas den Teorainn, ní raibh aon fhaoiseamh aige ón strus, agus is amhlaidh go raibh a ghiúmar ag éirí níos duairce:

> Diary: 14th February 1972 ... The Northern and Border Troubles upsetting the people. Strangers suspect they tell me, and one can feel the tension. British troops edgy with loaded rifles in and outside their wire cages at Belcoo: On the Cavan side an Irish officer, in white trench coat and uniform cap (no beret or steel helmet such as the British wear) and a soldier beside him, in a kit and steel helmet: Note this is a new design distinguishable from the British, being really dish-shaped and coloured bluish-grey.
>
> The work not being pursued so happily: With so much apprehension impending, the work appears sometimes to be, like the times, somewhat out of joint. Or is the man?
> (C.B.É. 1788: 214-215. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

Bhí bac ar thaisteal i gcaitheamh na mblianta sin, agus cé gur lean sé air ag taisteal ó bhaile go háiteanna ar nós An Blaic, Co an Chabháin, dhírigh Michael J. Murphy a aird níos cóngairí dá bhaile féin. Tharla an rud céanna cúpla bliain níos luaithe nuair a bhuail an galar Crúb agus Béal an Tuaisceart, agus bhí air scéalaithe a aimsiú níos cóngairí dá bhaile féin:

> 5th February, 1968. In a way the Foot and Mouth restrictions have blown a good wind to me and the archives in the hearty personality of Denis McGowan.
>
> 12th February 1968. Working on the Denis McGowan material and convinced more so, in transcription of its value: A great man. And I think his memory is expanding: The old image of the warmed wax: When it begins to run, stay with the flowing honey lest it seal up again - or be sealed for one by the uncertainties of mortality.
> (C.B.É. 1748:40, 48. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

An babhta seo, ar ábhairín an tsaoil, tharla sé go raibh seoid ar leac a dhorais fhéin in Frank "Wings" Campbell, scéalaí de bhunadh Fhoircil, cúpla míle de shiúl na gcos ó theach Michael J. I ndeireadh thiar, chuir béaloideas Frank 'Wings' Campbell go mór leis an gcorpas

iomlán a bhailigh Michael J., agus leis an mbéaloideas atá i dtaisce óna pharóiste féin. Cé go bhfuil dianstaidéar ar an gcoincheap seo taobh amuigh de scóip an tráchtais seo, is dealraitheach go bhfuil dealramh idir Frank 'Wings' Campbell mar charactar agus Paky Jim McGrath, ar a dhein Ray Cashman dianstaidéar, ní amháin mar reacaire, ach mar léiriú ar ról an bhéaloidis mar chroílár shaoldearcadh an duine:

> Attending to a specific individual and his or her range of expression, I seek a window into attitudes, orientations, aesthetics, values, morality, beliefs, ideologies, epistemologies, cosmologies – in other words, into worldview, a sometimes vexing and difficult-to-define concept that nonetheless remains useful ... how traditional communicative resources, texts and genres, play a role in the construction and development of a person's sense of self. (Cashman, 2017: 5)

Bhí Frank corraithe go maith de bharr cúrsaí reatha le linn aimsir na dTrioblóidí, agus é ag fáil críona freisin. Tá fianaise sa chín lae go raibh Michael J. corraithe chomh maith, ach d'fhan sé dírithe ar an mbailiúchán, agus taispeántar scil an bhailitheora proifisiúnta sa chaoi ina d'éirigh leis Frank a láimhseáil, agus an béaloideas a mhealladh uaidh. Suarach go leor a bhí an teach ag Frank, mar a deir Michael J. sa chín lae, agus dá bhrí sin, istigh i dteach tábhairne Larkin, i bhFoircil, a deineadh an chuid is mó den obair le Frank. Dá bhrí sin, cítear tuairiscí sa chín lae ní amháin mar gheall ar Frank féin, an saoldearcadh a bhí aige, agus an caidreamh a bhí idir eisean agus Michael J., ach cítear tuairiscí mar gheall ar an atmaisféar a bhí ar marthain in Ard Mhacha Theas le linn na laethanta sin, agus an tionchar a bhí ag an atmaisféar sin ar an obair. Tá léiriú sa chuid seo den chín lae chomh maith ar an gcaoi a ndeachaigh an caidreamh idir na fórsaí slandála agus muintir na háite chun donais. Tá sé soléir nach raibh aon ghrá ag na gnáthshaighdiúirí ar an obair a bhí ar siúl acu in Ard Mhacha Theas. Ag tosach na míre seo, tagraíonn Murphy don mhí-iontaoibh a bhí aige as na fórsaí slándála, agus an ghabháil a bhí mar bhagairt ina shaol laethúil féin le linn na tréimhse sin:

Diary 13th August, 1971

There was no hope of course of my attempting to get to Leitrim or Cavan this week: This would immediately mean custody if not internment too. I had typing to do, and went to see Frank Campbell of Forkhill. A curious incident. Pubs don't open now till 11.30. I walked over hoping to see Frank to arrange for a recording, though fearing – correctly - that the mind and emotion would be bound up like everyone's for most of the time with the frightening, brutal situation here: The British Army, already more hated than the Black and Tans - because the latter did NOT pretend to be a peace-keeping force - patrol regularly in their armoured cars and once the sound is recognised the people swear and damn, especially Frank, who had been a British soldier himself.
(C.B.É. 1788: 177. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

Diary: 18th August, 1971

Because of the situation here - and en route to the West - have not got off as I had hoped: People still in tension and talk veers eternally, inevitably, to the troubles, the ambushes, the fears, the anger and denunciations. Have been doing some postponed inquiry here -with Frank 'Wings' Campbell and Peter Toal.

Frank has a cold, but he talked - old soldier that he is - denouncing the reports which have come out about the detainees, especially those released: How come these 'violent' men were taken in the swoop? But then, since the British and RUC also took a four year old girl, Marie Davey, along with her father - sentenced a youth with mental deficiencies (and supported by proper medical evidence) to six months, and shot a deaf and dumb mute despite appeals by locals that he could not hear.

And the fear in the Protestants. Real enough as I know however now misguided. But there is a worse element: Fear of a fear. I hope I am wrong.

Intend to get back to Blacklion this week. Fine Weather.
(C.B.É. 1788: 179. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

Diary: November 1971. My friend John Hewitt writes often from Coventry: Sees Forkhill village here on his TV because of the snipings at the barracks and the ambushes and crater-filling. Oddly enough again, we hear about it first off the radio: Never heard a shot.Yet in 1922 we seemed to hear every shot fired and almost every day.

Two incidents may be worth noting. IRA had sniped at Forkhill barracks while British soldiers were erecting a sandbag barricade. The soldier flung himself down and crawled backwards into the barrack to his companions: Villagers stood by watching: As they later watched the hour long ambush on TV while viewing it in actuality early that day! After the first sniping a man from Borea, near Forkhill, came to present his driving licence at the barracks, having been stopped by police who found him without his licence and ordered him to present it at the barracks within a definite number of

> hours. The time limit was about expiring when the snipings took place; and he waited in Begley's pub until all was quiet, and despite advice decided to attend at the barracks; he was worried about the subsequent fine if he failed.
>
> He went: At the door an English voice cried out to him what the F'n so-and-so hell he wanted. He said all the soldiers, cradling their guns, were lying on their backs on the floor. He said he wanted to present his licence.
>
> He was told in unison, to get to so-and-so Capital letter out with his licence before he got shot and got them shot along with him. He went.
>
> Owen Smyth, the Forkhill postman, told me this. After another sniping. Went next morning, timidly and tentatively to deliver letters at the barracks. Whistled - as announcing himself - and calling out as he went. Inside said:
>
> "That's a brave good morning."
>
> Cockney voice asked him what the so-and-so hell was good about it: A British soldier.
>
> Owen sensed trouble and was silent. Added another soldier:
>
> "Tomorrow morning be a damn sight better morning."
>
> Fearing silence might be misunderstood Owen asked why. They said:
>
> "Because tomorrow we're getting out of this capital letter country."
> (C.B.É. 1788: 202. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

Fear ba ea Michael J. nach raibh drogall air labhairt amach, agus an fód a sheasamh, agus a acmhainn pholaitiúil agus shóisialta a léiriú, go háirithe nuair a bhraith sé rian den chaitheamh anuas ar an iachtarán, mar atá le feiscint nuair a thagann sé i gcabhair ar a scéalaí, Frank 'Wings'. Taispeántar daonnacht agus misneach Michael J. Murphy sna míreanna thíos, agus an tuiscint a bhí aige ar a phobal féin, idir chraiceann agus chnámha:

> 30th June, 1972. I saw old Frank 'Wings" Campbell yesterday when at the post in Forkhill: He was so clean, and so pale, that for a moment (in Larkin's) I hardly know him. I was glad to see him.
>
> (Before he came in a few 'primitives' annoyed me over the man: Over the Civil Disobedience campaign and the No Rents Strike, in which all take part. I had been concerned initially as to how Old Age Pensioners and widows drawing Welfare Benefit would fare if the government took retaliatory action: We were then assured that they could not do so, that it would be "unconstitutional" (!) to pass the necessary

> legislation. As we know they have. Frank asked our local MP, Paddy O Hanlon, about his position, and he apparently made what he thought was a witty rejoinder to gain popular favour: As they said "Frank rounded on him" and they were re-enjoying the repartee: Frank likes an argument, but this is an old lone man with no other means of support, and none of the big salaried men in the campaign have been touched. So I, justifiably I think, "rounded" on them and explained why Frank was correct, and reminded them of my early fears of such. They were silent then. It is a trait we have I'm afraid – still.
> (C.B.É. 1801: 62-63. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

Fear uamhal ba ea Murphy, a thug tús áite dá fhaisnéiseoirí. D'aithin sé an mhaorgacht a bhain leo agus a mbéaloideas, agus d'aithin sé go raibh sé de phribhléid aige féin a mbéaloideas a chaomhnú:

> 1st July, 1972. The thought occurred to me as I wrote this morning: We who collect take so much for granted, the talents and abilities and personalities of our storytellers and informants: It can be a stunning thing to realise just what they are in this day and age. I think of Frank 'Wings" Campbell (and that making the butt of him), Barney Larkin and above all Michael Rooney. Does one good to realise the point sometimes. They are all now unique truly.
> (C.B.É. 1788: 65. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

Ní raibh feabhas ar bith tagtha ar an scéal ó thuaidh fén mbliain 1973, ach déanann Michael J. iarrachtaí cloí le húsáid na cíne lae mar dhoiciméad a thug comhthéacs don ábhar béaloidis. Címid thíos tuairisc bháúil mar gheall ar an scéalaí Frank 'Wings' Campbell a chuireann i gcuimhne orainn cé chomh cumasach agus proifisiúnta is a bhí Michael J. ina chuid oibre nuair a thógann sé leis muid ar a chuairt go teach Frank. Ní fada óna smaointí riamh an scrios a bhí ag titim amach, áfach.

> Journal: 4th March 1973. Frank was not in his usual seat along the wall in Larkin's bar. Found him at home. Had been there most of the day and "he's away home to a meal of chicken if you don't mind."
>
> Well, that was true. He had the door closed and bolted. Bright evening still. Saracen armoured cars with that shrill whine up and down, and the elevated sand-bagged posts like a stork's neck near the barracks roof. I had been told that one of the McGuigan brothers of Carriffe, motor-scrap dealers, held up at gunpoint, wife and family made

> lie on the floor, and three thousand pounds taken. His brother held up earlier; shots fired. So Frank and old men like him, hopefully keep the door bolted.
>
> "Who is it?"
>
> Then he recognised the voice, and I am always "Mickey" to him. Welcome in. Frank has only one old wearied worn armchair. This, before a small fire in an old open range, he left vacant for me, telling me to sit. I sat on the bed beside him.
>
> The bed, help him, is a mound of old clothes, nothing really clean. We talk. Eventually I wait a chance to broach the object of the visit.
>
> The remains of chicken bones lie on the earthen floor near the hearth: I think of a fox's den. The room door is open. I see a heap of coal. (This was familiar in the old days, even when the room was used for sleeping too.) I remember Eddie Casey the rebel cobbler of Dromintee with his coal in the room, where he slept.
>
> Sitting on the edge of the bed Frank confirmed he had heard the story.
> (C.B.É. 1788:147-148. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

Filleann Murphy ar an scrios arís gan mhoill, agus admhaíonn sé go bhfuil an choimhlint ag cur isteach go mór air:

> Hope to see Frank Campbell of Forkhill later to-day for the inquiry. I hear he has been asking "if I am still in the land of the living." (With events as they are here now the supposition is more valid than a mere piece of folk vocabulary: Daily we hear - and read though not in the national press - of attacks by the British Par-Tans (Paratroopers; my term) on people; holding families at gunpoint in byres for hours, threatening, using foul language, and so on. Newry is always full of new accounts or young men giving personal accounts. The terrible thing is now, however, that one is almost becoming blasé to such manifestations of the Nazi-Fascists tactics).
>
> Not quite so 'bright' of late at all; and damn finger cramps interfere with the typing.
> (C.B.É. 1788: 214-215. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

Cé gur thuig Murphy feidhm oifigiúil na cíne lae, déanann sé cinne a thuairiscí mar gheall ar na Trioblóidí a chur san áireamh toisc gur aithin sé go raibh a shaol, a chuid oibre agus na heachtraí a bhí ag titim amach sa phobal comhcheangailte le chéile. Áitíonn Murphy sa mhír thíos gur bhain Arm na Breataine úsáid as imeaglú mar straitéis cogaíochta ina cheantar féin le linn na dTrioblóidí, agus tugann sé sampla thíos. Tuigeann sé féin cé chomh dainséireach

is atá an straitéis cailgeach sin, agus na himpleachtaí a leanfadh aon fhrithghníomhú ag muintir na háite:

> Journal: 4th March 1973. Early bus at 9.15 to Forkhill. Leave the recorder in Larkin's. Get the newspaper in McCreesh's. Talk and tension over the murder in Newry of a schoolboy shot by a British soldier who cried: "Who's next?" They fear for a new wide upsurge of trouble in Newry. And elsewhere.
>
> Donal tells me that each night the soldiers demand to get into the pub. They do so, but not to drink: They walk through and look at the customers. What if some character has a few too many - and is unable to restrain his feelings? They fear that.
>
> Journal: 4th March 1973
>
> Recording in Larkin's
>
> ... but the man was too tired and I think upset and weary. But he brightened: In the end even sang a snatch of a ballad on Frank Aiken, in his old IRA days in Dundalk. Never heard of it before ... And I must mention the other interference: Two British Army helicopters roared at just above roof-level around the village for almost two hours. They spoiled a few attempts. In the end we recorded in between, in the quiet spells.
>
> Ah well.
>
> Not strictly 'Journal' but...
> (C.B.É. 1788: 150-152. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

D'aithin sé chomh maith an neamhréaltacht a bhain leis an saol a bhí á chaitheamh ag pobal an Tuiscirt, agus léirionn sé an cumas a bhí ag daoine an scrios a bhí ag titim amach timpeall orthu agus gnáthimeachtaí an lae a normalú, rian de phobal a bhí caite traochta ag an gcoimhlint.

> In Newry for batteries: In a pub. A man says casually to another:
>
> "Did you hear who it was shot last night at O'Neill Avenue?"
>
> Was shot from a passing car.
>
> And other references...
>
> 1973: Not 1873 in some Wild West cowtown: Casually. Then on to talk about horse-racing, and the "great value" to be had from 'The Weekly News' - " I always get it"---

> an English low-standard sensational bits-and-pieces with low calibre humour and cartoons; and then on to discuss the shooting of a schoolboy by the British Army.
>
> When one reflects, calmly, the total cumulative effect of all this is stunning enough to stop a clock.
>
> Sunday: 25th March 1973. Glad to have delivered the full collections: Still annoyance from the low overhead noises: Tension when the choppers spill troops, though they mount road-blocks and have not again interfered with the people.
> (C.B.É. 1788: 152, 155. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

Maidir lena theaghlach féin, bhí an teannas ag teacht níos cóngairí dó de réir a chéile. Bhí triúr mac agus iníon le Michael J. Murphy ag teacht in aois le linn na 1970aidí, agus dá bhrí sin bhí cúis imní sa bhreis aige:

> Diary: 20th April, 1973. I think perhaps the undercurrent of tension and apprehension here must have some effect. Peter, my youngest son, works late. One finds oneself waiting for the sound of the car before sleep will really come, or wakening, looking out: Ease if the car is there, morbid thoughts and imaginings if not.
>
> The Paras are here now. Daily we hear of incidents, some verified, of abuse and assault and threats by them. ("We'll finish off what the Tans left, yous Fenian bastards.")
>
> All week however a Tricolour has been flying here - I can see it through the window. Two helicopters circled it most of Sunday, but have not interfered, nor any foot troops. It flies from a light pole nailed on top of a pole carrying four electricity high tension wires. How in hell it was erected I haven't an idea, or by who.
> (C.B.É. 1788: 170-172. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)
>
> Journal: 20th April 1973. I have mentioned the startling and stark atmosphere which can leap out of casual talk in Newry over the prevailing troubles:
>
> "Who was shot last night at O'Neill Avenue?"
>
> So-and-so, was it?
>
> "No; he was shot on The Mall. Did you hear?"
>
> In McLogan's wee bar last Saturday. (opening time is legally 11.30, but doors open it seems when a customer is around. All law and order on these levels has completely broken down and police do not bother to enforce them at the moment. Have too much to do on other levels of activity.)

A man with a North accent came in. Mrs McLogan was there, and her husband and a customer as well as myself. He was an aged man, and I knew he was Unionist when he made this request:

"Mrs McLogan? Doesn't the rate man come here?"

"Sure he was shot," she replied casually.

No comment on this. (Pat O'Rourke of Meigh village between here and Newry is the rate-collector: Armed men burst into his home recently and severely wounded him in the legs, his daughter also being wounded in the arm when she intervened to protect her father. It was said in a statement published later that he was exceeding his duties in compelling people to pay rates: As a protest against Internment rates and rent are being withheld - as I do. Naturally, Unionists ignore this.)

Says Pat McLogan:

"Is it much?"

"Ock, a trifle only."

"Ah, don't worry about it."

The man left. Normal talk resumed.

But to reflect - as now - these little vignettes can startle and shock.

How will normality ever re-settle - With youngsters involved? And antipathies built up? Hope I'm pessimistic.
(C.B.É. 1788: 171-172. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

Is amhlaidh go bhfuair Michael J. faoiseamh éigean ón strus a bhí le fulaingt aige lá i ndiaidh lae as a chuid smaointí a bhreacadh síos ina chín lae. Thuig sé go raibh an méid a bhí sa chín lae mar gheall ar na blianta sin tábhachtach agus luachmhar, agus go raibh feidhm ag na hiontrálacha mar chomhthéacs agus mar thaifead na hoibre araon. B'fhéidir go raibh sé dóchasach, ar leibhéal áirithe, go dtabharfadh duine éigin, uair éigin, an t-ábhar faoi deara agus chun solais mar fhoinse thábhachtach:

Journal: 29th July 1973. Sunday: Transcribing all day.

Odd thing, which recurs: and related I suppose to the sight of the high-flung abandoned fields or ridges on a hillside seen from a bus: the unwritten story and the yearning to find out.

> When transcribing, and more so when reading the collection for correction, the moment again: Spontaneously one is transported to the eras ahead, and one is aware of some vague mind reading one's stuff. Speculation not so frequent. Smug I suppose: Not quite a sense of satisfaction however. But it passes quickly now. (C.B.É. 1788: 239. An Bailitheoir, M.J Murphy)

Léiríonn an chéad iontráil eile atá luaite nach raibh Michael J. Murphy dall ar an bhforéigin mar fhórsa diúltach, agus ar an gcaoi ina thiteann daoine faoi draíocht na híobartha nuair a bhíonn coimhlint ar siúl:

> Journal: 7th June, 1973. Jimmy Joe McKiernan, as well as being a traditional fiddler, is also a self-taught (so he stated) stone-cutter and sculptor. He was working around his workshop: In "shirt and trousers", a bit of a noticeable stomach, not a tall man, free-and-easy and ready manner. A ready welcome.
>
> Well, he thought folklore should be music. He is a good talker, with no lack of speech. Agile. Showed us specimens of his work, which is good. Named the various stones, marbles, etc. He has done as he put it "many of the IRA stones", that is, memorials to IRA men killed in ambushes or by accident with explosive, both in the early Tan Wars and the later troubles- such as Frank McManus MP for Fermanagh - his brother killed by an explosion. He reeled off many others, and had photographs.
>
> Lord: I cannot help at interludes such as this getting a weird feeling for some moments that death in such a manner is glorified, adulated, sublimated as an end. There is other comment somewhere joking in my head on this topic - and maybe its as well it is elusive now. I admire the courage of all these men, but I still wonder... (C.B.É. 1788: 202. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

Cuid lárnach den saol laethúil ba ea na Trioblóidí de réir dealraimh fén tráth seo, agus ní raibh aon chosc ar an bhforéigin. Bhí tuairiscí a bhain le daoine áitiúla ag teacht chuig Michael J. Murphy lá i ndiaidh lae. Ní raibh suaimhneas ag éinne, agus chuir barbaracht agus cruálacht na n-eachtraí alltacht air. Fós lean sé ag obair, agus lean sé ag déanamh cur síos sa chín lae ar an saol a bhí á chaitheamh aige féin agus ag a mhuintir:

> Journal: 18th June 1973. In Forkhill: Incident relevant to our current so-called 'Troubles': Upset me grievously:
>
> I know the young man but cannot recall his name; he is from Mullabawn. Looking for our local M.P. Paddy O'Hanlon: Had called for him in Mullabawn, told he should be in 'Larkin's Forkhill' (pub): Was told he must be at The Imperial in Dundalk. Para-

> troopers, or Para-Tans - except that they excel them in barbarity - arrested again a young fellow, named Murphy I think (the man and his companion excited, swearing at Hanlon) Held in the barracks: On the "broad of his back". Teeth bashed in with blow from rifle butt: Then, with feet on his arms and legs, tang of a file rammed up his nostrils: "He bled for three hours." Then they called their Alsatian dog to lop up his blood while he watched.
>
> Jesus. No Nazi ever thought of that depth of human debasement.
> (C.B.É. 1788: 219. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)
>
> Journal: 26th June 1973
>
> Awaiting Frank. More tales of the misbehaviour (to put it mildly) of the Paratroopers or Para-Tans.
>
> No Frank appears. The time reaches 10.30. Almost 11.00. Then the Paratroopers appear outside. One sits on the window; I sit in a corner inside. He peers in. Don't believe he seen me. Others line the ditch across the road, rifles levelled towards the steep-thust hills and new forest overlooking Forkhill. They stop cars going south over and towards the Border to Dundalk: 'Unapproved Road' of course, but no one minds that any more.
>
> Later three young men in their shirts knock; are admitted: Work clothes and dung-stained boots.
>
> More accounts of beatings and threats by the Paratroopers, and these later confirmed on the radio news, with a protest by our local MP, Paddy O'Hanlon over the air. I learned that they have taken people from Larkin's and threatened to burn the pub before their term of duty expires.
> (C.B.É. 1788: 222. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

Arís, ní mór cuimhneamh gur tuairisc údarásach, ón taobh istigh, atá sna hiontrálacha seo, fad is a bhí an choimhlint i mbarr a réime agus eachtraí míleata ag titim amach ar leac a dhorais. Filleann Murphy arís ar an gcontúirt maidir lena mhuintir, agus an strus agus an brú a bhí le fulaingt aige féin agus a bhean chéile, Alice. Caithfidh go raibh sé ana-dheacair díriú isteach ar a chuid oibre:

> 28th June, 1973. Upset. Peter absent for two nights. He often went south after car parts, or with them. But nowadays when a young fails to turn up one gets apprehensive. Have the Paras picked him up: You don't inquire in the barracks either

unless you are sure: Otherwise, if the person is elsewhere, your inquiry brings unwelcome attention to him.

29th June 1973. No damn sleep for either of us. But around 3.0 am Peter sped home. Now in bed. (C.B.É. 1788: 225. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

Journal: 5th August 1973. Checking over the data late the other night (about 11.30): Winifred without much notice to me has upped and gone off to London to look for a job, and as I read and checked and noted idioms and vernacular sayings I had failed to explain in the text, or inadequately - Up goes the balloon! The house shook and I rose a few feet - as on the occasion of that Sunday bomb blast at Dromintee: The whole houses (as we used say) spewed people: A bomb in a scrap yard over the fields. Then the helicopters with searchlights and someone with a shortwave listening to the two crews talking as they circled overhead here.

Next day they roared at roof level again. Work impossible.
(C.B.É. 1788: 242. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

Journal: 27th February 1974. In Larkins at Forkhill

Again I decided against bringing the recorder: Wanted to ask Owen and Donal about the tale of The Ugly Foot. Neither had any information. But there was other data. And the soldiers skulking about the place and two British Army helicopters "lifting the roof" off the place - almost literally:

"Can't hear your bleddy ears with the bastards"

No hope of recording in that thunder.

Later went to Frank Campbell again. Same thunder. Frank swore at them. And adds:

"They have every slate loose on the house - the drop's coming in. The place shakes with the whore's gets."

And indeed he was not over-stating. The sound is shattering; tends to leave headaches. And as one heavy helicopter thundered towards the mountain a bit of roof plasters slithered down Frank's old slates.
(C.B.É. 1850: 5. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

Journal 26th September 1974. The weather horrid bad, as they'd say in Cavan. Hay in ruins. People lamenting and in poor humour. (For other reasons not in good humour myself and a prey to recurrent bouts of depression - The North and all that implies.) One can't leave one's mind behind, though the idea of getting to Cavan so fast was partly to try to head off this feeling: Tension and concern.
(C.B.É. 1850: 39. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

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Ní Neachtain, Á. 2022. Cín lae an bhailitheoir béaloideasa, Michael J. Murphy: staidéar cartlainne agus eitneagrafaíoch ar an méid a chuir Michael J. Murphy le Cnuasach Bhéaloideas Éireann, le béim faoi leith ar a chín lae i gcaitheamh na mblianta 1949-1952 agus 1969-1977. MPhil Thesis, University College Cork.

Please note that pages 123-125 are unavailable due to a request by the author.

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“Where is he? When did you last see him? What is he doing? Etc, Etc.”

Latterly - me? I’ve been in the West of course, but it gives me concern and when out there I ring each night. I have learned that as well as his photo they have one of mine and stop the youngsters and school-children - with mine:

“Who’s that?”

“Mike Murphy.”

“Who’s that?”

“We don’t know.” (A ha…!)

Then

“Did you ever see that fellow call with Mike Murphy?”

Okay:

A squad from a ‘chopter here with Alice, including a so-called policeman, RUC (Will they ever learn?)

Where was I? What did I do? Do I make much money out of my writings (Enough to live on? - Subsidised by subversives).

He is paid by Dublin. (He’s a Republican too you know and as she once told them at the beginning:

‘I saw Black and Tans raid my father’s house in Faught:

I saw B-Specials who crossed the Border: I saw Free State troops seeking Republicans we shelter: But I never saw the likes of etc.”)

So.

“He is a folklorist employed by University College Dublin.”

“What is a folklorist…?”

Illiterates: As the morning of the raid here at 4.30. With dogs: Twenty-seven of them: And in the end Alice and I compelled - after a search of two-and-a-half hours - to sit apart while a rifle was held to her head and a sub-machine gun to mine: By British soldiers wearing different attire: We were not permitted to make tea or go to the toilet.

Holy Jasus…It’s good my father is dead.

And he is twenty-five.

To-day. I’ve recorded much of them in the Journals.
(C.B.É. 1851: 53-54. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

5.15 An t-Órd agus an t-Anórd; An Sonas neas-suite leis an Donas

Fós i measc an anóird ar fad ba mhór ag Michael J. áilleacht a chuid oibre. Ní nach ionadh gur cuireadh an obair bailiúcháin neas-suite i gcoinne an scrios millteach sa Tuaisceart le linn na 1970í é ina stad glan inbhreathnaitheach uaireanta, mar a chímíd thíos sa tarna leath den bhliain 1974:

> 12th August, 1974. Annual Leave officially ends to-day, but as I went to Cavan to record old Michael McGovern, I have another week.
>
> Yesterday (Sunday): Month's Mind of my old boss, Oweny O'Hare. I went later up to the house (Susie, his wife, who is my first cousin) came to invite us: This was an old custom.
>
> There was Owney's niece, Sally Larkin: She recalled my working with them when she was a youngster and the rides in the cart with Polly I took them on; tea in the field and all the rest. Much reminiscence. (I must have recorded much of this ages ago) Oweny's father, Long Barney A'Heer: Remember have used an incident re him in an RTE script on 'Runaways'. This also recalled.
>
> Susie recapitulated the incidents on the morning of the British Army raid: The obscene language used to her, how she pleaded that Oweny - who had heart trouble - be left in peace: She said they put him out of bed with the butts of rifles. (He died of course in the following week.)
>
> And then she went to the room (where I recalled having 'sat up' with Barney on his death bed) and brought up a two-ounce plug of Erinmore tobacco wrapped in the gold coloured tinfoil. She said:
>
> "It was for Oweny but he wasn't fit to smoke it after the soldiers. Many's the time he talked of yous smoking in the fields."
>
> Yes, indeed: That time we both smoked the black hard bar known as War Horse (at eight pence an ounce: Old Barney was forbidden to smoke much but I used sneak an ounce or two to him from Paddy Campbell's wee shop.)
>
> Later, I walked to the Three Steps Pub. McCreesh's (formerly McGuill's in Dromintee).
>
> Three concrete steps lead to the door: But I remember the tradition: Three Steps of Mercy (after a funeral you've met accidentally): Three Steps of Courtesy (leaving a

> friend from your house): Three Steps of Joy (after a wedding you could go with). Well well. Happy accident. Not that that will appeal to them now…
>
> Walking up the road I looked at Oweny's mountain fields: The two old hawthorn bushes. There we had sat and smoked in shelter from summer rain and winter hail: The ditch itself from stones extirpated out of the land and as wide as a lane. We shared the plug:
>
> "Fill your pipe, Mike."
>
> And Oweny then still had the American pouch with the then new zip fastener.
>
> And one day sheltering there, with Barney also, I found an old short clay pipe with rusted clif(sic) accidentally; Barney examined it:
>
> "Johnny Tilley's (Murphy)."
>
> And he recalled the day Johnny, helping to get those stones out of the ground, had mislaid that pipe. Years and years before.
>
> Yes, I look at those two long bushes growing out of that ditch. Personality?
>
> "To them you were "Our Mick"", Sally said.
>
> Did it all happen? Or did I dream it?
>
> I think now the truest answer, in a creative and realistic fashion would be to say: Both.
>
> Ah well: Alice and I under house arrest that morning for over an hour, with guns pointed at us from less than two feet away.
>
> Oh Britain… Why?
> (C.B.É. 1851: 30-31. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

Níor tháinig feabhas ar bith ar an gcoimhlint sa Tuaisceart le himeacht na mblianta, agus ag tús 1975, tá sé soléir ón gcín lae gur fhan Michael J. agus a theaghlach thíos mar gheall ar an scéal ar fad, agus go raibh sé faoi bhrú millteach. Bhí an scrios agus an marú fós ag dul ar aghaidh. Bhí fórsaí an Rialtais ag baint úsáid as na báid spéartha i bhfad ró-íseal sa spéir mar ghléas Catha ós chionn na dtithe. Aithníonn Michael J. an drochthionchar síceolaíoch a bhí ag imeachtaí na coimhlinte air féin agus ar a chuid oibre, ach fós leanann sé ar aghaidh leis an obair, agus feidhmíonn sé mar bhealoideasóir, smaointeoir, agus scéalaí iontach, faoi mar atá

le feiscint taobh istigh d'aon iontráil amháin thíos. Níl a achmhainn grinn caillte aige ach an oiread:

> 12th January, 1975. Transcribing the Cavan Tapes
>
> The work however suffers from the effects of the conditions in this area: Mayhem and murder running amok. A hundred times a day the undisciplined imagination is off on an anticipatory flight of event, often morbidly, especially when the low-flying helicopters skimming the roves "lift", as we used say, "the roof off my head."
>
> Reflections intrude: Like: How ironical that the basest metal, lead, is almost invariably the means of annihilating the most precious, life and limb.
> (C.B.É. 1851: 123. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)
>
> 11th June, 1975. We are in a spell of blisteringly hot June weather. (Wonder what Mick Rooney thinks now as he often laments: No summers like used to be.) And only last week or so - sleet here and snow elsewhere. (Shades of Old Moore of the Almanac on his deathbed and his son trying to compile the weather predictions - common folk item here one time:
>
> > 'June? What do I put down for June?
> >
> > 'Whatever you like.'
> >
> > 'Any snow?'
> >
> > 'Just a little.' (Barney A'Heer used tell that.)
>
> But that is not my preoccupation this morning: I've been transcribing each morning from sometimes 4.30, as this morning. One part deals per Michael Rooney with the rooting out of the nest of wild bees during haymaking and securing the honey. I often did this myself (always in the same wee field of Minnie McGuill's, now Danny O'Hanlon of Dromintee, although we used a different method than did Michael Rooney.)
>
> And the words and the scene as depicted by Michael brought a wonderful sense of joy as the two accounts, his and my own memories, commingled; and as I've said in the Journals many times I'm sure there comes to the mind and feelings and imagination a sense of exquisite pleasure, of satisfaction, of fulfilment of a purpose in the work.
>
> And then, these times, comes a sudden blighting chill: The fact of the continuing Troubles here in the country - death sudden and undignifying by bomb or bullet or the assassin's knife, the latter once unheard of; the initials of the organisations carved with the knife blade, or a broken bottle, on to the face or body of the person captured, usually UVF 'Ulster Volunteer Force', (a secret Loyalist organisation.) The chill is partly because of the feeling that the material which a moment before has warmed

> heart and sensitive mind no longer seems as if it can have any future relation to the people, even though it must now be in an academic mode or manner.
>
> The chill brings a deading effect, deeper than depression, closer to a despair. (C.B.É. 1851: 190. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

Filleann Michael J. Murphy ar théama na sochraide arís sa chéad iontráil eile atá le cur san áireamh. Fén tráth seo den choimhlint, bhí feidhm pholaitíúil ag sochraidí, le taispeántais oscailte míleata ar thaobh na ndaoine, agus cur isteach ó Arm na Breataine ar an taobh eile. Feidhmíonn Michael J. mar iriseoir ag tús na míre thíos, sa chaoi is nach gcuireann sé a thuairim féin san áireamh:

> But perhaps I am being too subjective in this impression. On Saturday last, in great sunshine, I attended in Jonesboro here the funeral of a young IRA man named Jordan. (I don't know if the family is related to our own Jordan's) killed in an exchange of fire with British troops after a bomb had been exploded at a Protestant owned public house in Bessbrook a few miles north-west of Newry: The local British Army headquarters are sited in Bessbrook.
>
> A vast concourse of people attended the funeral. I did not, like very many others, try to get into the church, but sat with neighbours on a wall. Overhead a British Army helicopter patrolled, and while not too low the sound impaired conversation as much as these damn jazz bands they have introduced into week-end pubs when you "can't hear your ears." (People don't appear to listen either; but it seems the modern function demands noise, noise.)
>
> The helicopter kept overhead during the cortege, marshalled into fours by young stewards all clad in black with black berets: Others in anoraks (I think they're called) and disguised with dark glasses and also in berets escorted the coffin which was draped with the Irish Tricolour. In the cemetery at Jonesboro it was impossible to follow the burial service or hear the oration because of the noise. Shots were fired. (C.B.É. 1851: 104-106. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy)

Níos déanaí san iontráil, áfach, nochtann sé a chuid smaointí féin, agus is amhlaidh go bhfuil sé go hiomlán thíos de dheasca cúrsaí sa Tuaisceart. Chuaigh sé dian air glacadh leis an bhforéigean, go háirithe suas le háilleacht a chuid oibre féin. Tá sé corraithe agus tá a chuid mothúcháin trína chéile nuair a chuimhníonn sé ar staid na coimhinte agus ar fháighiúileacht a chuid drámaíochta féin maidir le coimhlint sa Tuaisceart:

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Cartlann Taighde Oscailte Chorcaí

Ní Neachtain, Á. 2022. Cín lae an bhailitheoir béaloideasa, Michael J. Murphy: staidéar cartlainne agus eitneagrafaíoch ar an méid a chuir Michael J. Murphy le Cnuasach Bhéaloideas Éireann, le béim faoi leith ar a chín lae i gcaitheamh na mblianta 1949-1952 agus 1969-1977. MPhil Thesis, University College Cork.

Please note that pages 131-134 are unavailable due to a request by the author.

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Chuir Michael J. Murphy an dlí ar Rialtas na Breataine mar thoradh ar an ruathar a deineadh ar a theach. Bhuaigh sé an cás agus fuair sé cúiteamh airgid dá bharr. Bhí misneach ag teastáil chun a leithéid de chás a thógaint, dar ndóígh, agus léiríonn an cás dlí seo miotal agus cnámh droma an fhir.

5.18 Focal Scor ar na Trioblóidí

'Some Journal for a folklorist….Still, I was the fellow involved and it all affected my work' (C.B.É. 1851: 56. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy).

B'fhéidir ag an am a scríobh sé an méid thuas go raibh sé ag smaoineamh go mbeadh rudaí go hiomlán éagsúil á scríobh ag na bailitheoirí eile ina gcíona lae, nó bhí sé ag cuimhneamh ar an saghas ruda a mbeifear ag súil leis go hiondúil i gcín lae. Ach bhí féith na scríbhneoireachta go smior i Michael J., bua nach mbeadh ag na héinne, agus an cumas aige cur síos cuimsitheach agus ó chroí a chur faoinár mbráid mar gheall ar na laethanta fíor-chorraithe sin. Éiríonn leis muid a thógaint leis ar a thuras pearsanta nuair a dhíríonn sé isteach ar mhionshonraí a thugann fíorbhlaiseadh den saghas saoil a chaith sé féin agus na daoine a chas sé orthu go laethúil. Tá blas na féineitneagrafaíochta ar ana-chuid dá chín lae, agus tá a thuairisc phearsanta ar an tréimhse seo de stair na hÉireann, ní amháin an-tábhachtach, ach an-neamhchoitianta chomh maith.

Tá an t-ádh linn gur bheartaigh Michael J. an oiread sin eolais a chur san áireamh ina chín lae, agus is ábhar machnaimh é cad é an chúis gur bheartaigh sé é seo a dhéanamh. Is léir go raibh claonadh inbheirthe aige an saol timpeall air a thaifead go beacht agus go rialta. Seans go bhfuair sé faoiseamh as tuairisc mar gheall ar an anord a chur síos ar phár. Fear fíor-chumasach, ealaíonta agus polaitiúil a bhí ann, agus bhí bunfheidhm eispriseach ag a chuid scríbhneoireachta na nithe a ndeachaigh i bhfeidhm air a roinnt leis an saol. Is dócha go mbeidh scoláirí éagsúla, idir Gael agus Gall, ag obair ar ghnéithe den choimhlint i

dTuaisceart Éireann go fada an lá, agus toisc go bhfuil an chín lae seo scríte as Béarla, is doiciméad so-aimsithe é. Níl aon áireamh ar an méid atá scríofa, agus éagsúlacht na n-ábhar agus na dtuairimí, mar gheall ar an tréimhse chorraithe sin i stair na hÉireann, mar shampla in Ó'Dochartaigh (1997), Byrne (2014), Parkinson (2010), Hennessy (2005), Flynn, (2009), Patterson (2007), Patterson (2010), Lee (1989), agus níl ansan ach blaiseadh fíorbheag den chorpas litríochta agus anailíse a bhaineann leis an ábhar seo. Mar a dúirt Murphy go mion minic maidir leis an mbéaloideas, ní sna leabhair staire a bhíonn fíorstair na ndaoine ar fáil, ach i gcaint na ngnáthdhaoine, agus is éard atá againn i gcín lae Michael J. Murphy ná tuairisc phearsanta mar gheall ar an tréimhse sin, le blas féineitneagrafaíochta air, agus is foinse luachmhar agus neamhchoitianta é sin gur fiú tuilleadh taighde a dhéanamh air.

6 Conclúid

Faoi mar atá luaite ag Briody, seodra is ea cíonna lae na mbailitheoirí agus b'fhiú go mór tuilleadh taighde a dhéanamh orthu (2007: 443). Is sampla ríthábhachtach í cín lae Murphy sa chomhthéacs seo. Is léir ón méid a scríobh sé ina chín lae go raibh sé go hiomlán tiomanta don obair, in ainneoin na ndeacrachtaí a bhí le sárú aige. Bhí sé an-fheiliúnach don phost de bharr a chúlra mar dhuine áitiúil, agus an meas a bhí aige ar na faisnéiseoirí agus ar an ábhar, gan trácht ar an gcumas a bhí aige an t-ábhar a mhealladh uathu. Bhí sé ag obair faoi stiúr Cheannárais ach ag an am céanna d'fhág sé rian pearsanta ar a chnuasach agus ina chín lae. Mar a dúirt sé féin ag deireadh an agallaimh leis an bhfile, Michael Augustin, atá ceangailte leis an tráchtas seo mar Augisín a Dó, 'a vast and intricate social survey*'* a bhí ann. Ar an mbonn sin, ba chóir staidéar a dhéanamh ar a mhodhanna oibre agus a dhearcadh i dtaobh na hoibre, agus is bunfhoinse thábhachtach í a chín lae. Anuas ar an méid atá le feiscint ina chín lae agus a chnuasach i gC.B.É., ba léir ó na turais a thug mé ó thuaidh go bhfuil clú agus cáil air mar bhailitheoir ríthábhachtach agus mar mhórlaoch na hoidhreachta. Bhí Murphy ar comhchéim le lucht litríochta a linne, mar atá le feiscint sa chomhfhreagras atá i dtaisce i gcartlanna ar fud na tíre ar fad, agus tá cnuasach príobháideach Murphy, atá i dtaisce i *bPRONI* anois, fós le meas sa chomhthéacs seo.

I ndáiríre, bhí Michael J. Murphy ar an mbóthar fén mbailiú proifisiúnta ón lá a rugadh é. Ba bheag de mhaoin an tsaoil a bhí ag a thuismitheoirí, ach bhí eispéireas saoil éagsúil acu, sa mhéid is go raibh an domhain siúlta ag a athair, bhí taithí acu ar an eisimirce agus ar an mbochtannas, agus bhíodar sáite i ndeasghnátha, scéalaíocht, seanchas agus cultúr traidisiúnta na nGael. Saorsmaointeoirí ba ea a thuismitheoirí agus a shinsear, agus saorsmaointeoirí ba ea Murphy féin agus a bhean chéile, Alice. Bhí tuiscint inmheánach ag Murphy, agus ag Alice, ar an obair a bhí idir láimhe aige, agus chomh maith leis sin, bhí an-mheas aige ar na gnáthdhaoine agus ar mhaorgacht an mhéid a roinn siad leis. Ag an am

céanna, áfach, ní raibh sé dall ar an taobh diúltach dá shochaí, mar a léiríonn sé arís agus arís eile ina scríbhneoireacht chruthaitheach agus ina chín lae. Bhí an córas bailiúcháin in Éirinn bunaithe ar chóras agus ar chomhairle scoláirí Lochlannacha, agus fréamhaithe sa náisiúnachas cultúrtha a bhí i mbarr a réime in Éirinn ag tús an 20ú haois. I gcás Murphy, níor aithin sé an Teorainn, maraon le hana-chuid dá fhaisnéiseoirí, agus is dócha gur goinbhlasta an obair a bhí ar siúl aige dá bhrí sin, toisc é féin agus alán dá fhaisnéiseoirí a bheith ina saoránaigh den Ríocht Aontaithe.

Ba mhór an rud é na ceisteanna agus na dúschláin atá ardaithe ag scoláire na linne seo a choimeád ós ár gcomhair maidir leis an gcartlann béaloidis agus muid ag déanamh staidéir ar obair Murphy, féachaint conas a bhaineann na ceisteanna agus na dúschláin seo le C.B.É., agus cá sheasann M.J. Murphy sa mhórphictiúr. A bhuíoch dá mheon aigne scaoilte agus d'fhairsingeacht a chnuasaigh agus a chín lae araon, d'fhág Murphy corpas oibre linn atá ábharach don ré taighde nua-aimseartha seo a thrasnaíonn disciplíní, is cuma an gcuireann an taighdeoir suim sa chultúr réamh-nua-aimseartha nó sa chultúr comhaimseartha, nó i modheolaíochtaí na mbailitheoirí agus na gcartlann. Maidir leis an gcartlann béaloidis féin mar choincheap, duine ba ea é a bhíodh i dteagmháil le scoláirí Eorpacha agus Meiriceánacha, agus a chuir dúil i ngach aon saghas léitheoireachta. Cé nach ndeir sé go díreach in aon áit go raibh sé feasach mar gheall ar an gcorraíocht agus ceistiú a bhí sa tsiúil san earnáil bhéaloidis agus chartlainne ar fud na cruinne, as a d'eascar an t-athrú pairidíme atá luaite i gCaibidil a 3 den tráchtas seo, léirigh sé tuiscint inmheánach ar an ábhar agus ar a ról féin mar bhailitheoir a sheas teist an ama. Is léir chomh maith dar ndóigh gur thuig sé tábhacht na n-áiseanna nua-aimseartha chun an béaloideas a chaomhnú agus a scaipeadh, agus d'aimsigh sé an raidió agus an teilifíseán mar deiseanna nuálacha a linne. Ní coincheap suntasach sin dúinne sa lá atá inniú ann, ach d'fhéadfaimís a rá gur machnamh ceannródach a bhí ann don ré sin sna 1950/1960/1970idí nuair a bhí Michael J. ag craoladh go rialta leis an

BBCUladh agus eile. Sin ráite, léirigh sé ina chín lae go raibh caighdeáin proifisiúnta an-ard i bhfeidhm aige maidir le rúndacht agus meas, agus cé chomh cáiréiseach is a bhí sé maidir le scaipeadh ábhair go poiblí, gan a fhaisnéiseoirí a náiriú. Anois go bhfuil scaipeadh oscailte ar líne indéanta, tá ceisteanna eitice go mór chun tosaigh maidir le hábhar cartlainne, agus, ní mó ná ré Murphy, bíonn machnamh ana-chúramach ag teastáil, gan feall a dhéanamh ar fhaisnéiseoirí, agus ag an am céanna, deiseanna taighde cuí a éascú.

Chaith Michael J. go flaithiúil leis an Léann Dúchais nuair a bheartaigh sé a chín lae a ligint isteach gan eagarthóireacht. Is amhlaidh gur thuig sé an tábhacht a bhain leis an méid a scríobh sé, go háirithe nuair a chuirtear san áireamh an t-athrú ginerálta a bhí ag dul ar aghaidh sa tsochaí le linn an ama a bhí sé ag bailiú, gan trácht ar aimsir na dTrioblóidí sa Tuaisceart. Thuig sé go gcuirfeadh eagarthóireacht an chín lae ar neamhní, agus a bhuí leis, tá an tuairisc seo ar fáil ag scoláirí mar gheall ar an saol fíor éagsúil a bhí aige féin agus ag muintir na Teorann le linn na tréimhse a d'oibrigh sé sa ghort.

I nGleann Choll, Co Tír Eoghain, a chaith Murphy a chéad tréimhse oibre ina raibh sé dírithe go hiomlán ar an mbailiú béaloideasa. Bhí sé ag triail teoiric nua: An bailitheoir a bheith lonnaithe i gceantar áirithe ar feadh tréimhse fhada ionas go rachadh an bailitheoir agus muintir na háite in aithne cheart ar a chéile, ionas go bhféadfaí cnuasach níos fearr agus níos doimhne a chur le chéile. Choiméad Murphy cín lae fhairsing maidir lena thréimhse i nGleann Choll, ar a bhunaigh sé leabhar níos déanaí, atá as cló anois, faraoir (Murphy,1973). D'éirigh sé ana-mhór le muintir na háite, agus bhí rath ar an obair agus cruthúnas inti go raibh maitheas agus fiúntas ins an teoiric. Tháining sé in inmhe mar bhailitheoir le linn an ama sin, agus chuir sé tús lena chnuasach a bhain le cúrsaí collaíochta agus le taobh Rabelesian na ndaoine. Maidir lena chín lae le linn na tréimhse sin, níl aon áireamh ar a tábhacht ó thaobh radharc iontach a sholáthar ar an gceantar, a bhí á bhánú ag an am, agus ar na faisnéiseoirí mór-le-rá ar nós Annie McCrea, Pádraig Félime Láidir, Francis Daniel

McAleer, agus araile. D'fheidhmigh Murphy mar threoraí don teangeolaí iomráiteach, Heinrich Wagner, agus b'é Murphy a thug aghaidh daonna do na cainteoirí dúchasacha deireannacha seo, rud nach bhfuil ar fáil in aon áit eile, dá bhfios dom.

Bhí cumas iontach aige comhthéacs a sholáthar don ábhar a chnuasaigh sé, rud a bhí lárnach don obair, dar ndóigh, agus tá neart samplái den chumas sin le feiscint sa chéad chín lae seo. Is truamhéileach an tuairisc a chuireann Murphy faoinár mbráid mar gheall ar an ísle bhrí a bhí air féin agus ar a fhaisnéiseoirí nuair a chin sé bogadh ar aghaidh tar éis cúpla bliain chun dul ag bailiú sna Glinnte Aontroime. Cuireadh na comharsana bun ós chionn nuair a thuirling sé ar an gceantar mar strainséir, díreach mar a tharla nuair a chin sé ar an áit a fhágaint cúpla bliain níos déanaí. Léiriú a bhí ina fhágaint ar cé chomh bréagach is a bhí an caidreamh a bhí cothaithe eatarthu, agus ag an am céanna, ba léir go raibh meas agus gean dílis cothaithe eatarthu. Chomh maith leis an suim a gcuirfeadh scoláirí as réimhse disciplíní ina chín lae den tréimse sin, níl aon amhras ach go bhfuil mórán le feiscint inti ag muintir Ghleann Cholll agus sliocht a sleachta chomh maith.

Admhaím go bhfuil an chaibidil a bhaineann le cín lae na mblianta 1969-1977 thar a bheith fada, suas leis na caibidlí eile den tráchtas seo. Ní raibh an dara rogha agam toisc an oiread a bhí le cur san áireamh, agus fós bhí orm roinnt mhaith a fhágaint ar leathaobh. Le linn na mblianta sin, bhí an tír ar fad faoi néal dorcha, agus ba bheag an méid cláir nuachta in Éirinn nach raibh tagairt éigin iontu mar gheall ar an gcoimhlint sa Tuaisceart. Bhí áit dúchais Murphy ar cheann de na háiteanna ba mheasa ó thaobh trioblóide de. Bhí, agus tá fós, gach éinne taobh amuigh den áit sin ag brath ar thuairiscí triú duine chun go mbeadh a fhios acu cad a bhí ar siúl. Tá athrú ar an scéal sin anois, áfach, le teacht chun solais chín lae Michael J. Murphy a bhaineann leis an tréimhse sin, agus dá bhrí sin, is dociméad thar a bheith tábhachtach atá inti.

Ón uair a tháinig Gluaiseacht na gCearta Síbhialta ar an bhfód, go ceann deich mbliana, tá fianaise Murphy againn mar ghuth údarásach, ón taobh istigh, gan eagrú. Noiméad amháin bíonn sé ar nós iriseoir proifisiúnta ag scríobh tuairisce, agus an chéad noiméad eile, cuireann sé aghaidh daonna agus freagairt phearsanta ar an méid atá á léiriú aige.

Déanann Michael J. cur síos cuimsitheach ar roinnt sochraidí polaitiúla ina cheantar féin le linn na dTrioblóidí, agus ar an gcaoi ar bhain an dá thaobh úsáid as na sochraidí chun a gcúis féin a chur chin cinn. Éiríonn leis tábhacht na n-ocáidí seo i gcultúr na nGael a chur ina luí orainn, agus i gcodarsnacht leis sin, léiríonn sé an chaoi a chuir an Rialtas agus Arm na Breataine isteach ar na sochraidí mar straitéis catha. Cuireann Murphy in iúl chomh maith an tionchar a bhí ag na hócáidí seo ar na gnáthdhaoine, agus an t-aos óg go háirithe, agus conas a d'fheidhmnigh na sochraidí mar ocáidí earcaíochta.

Bhí fadbhanna praiticiúla le sárú ag Murphy le linn na dTrioblóidí maidir le taisteal, agus éiríonn leis muid a thabhairt ar an mbóthar leis agus é ag taisteal timpeall an Tuaiscirt i mbun oibre. Arís, is tuairisc shainiúil atá i gceist. Ní raibh mótor aige riamh, agus ag brath ar an gcóras poiblí agus síobanna a bhíodh sé. Bhí teannas millteach i gceist, de bharr é a bheith de bhunadh Ard Mhacha Theas, é a bheith fostaithe le hOllscoil Bhaile Átha Cliath, agus é a bheith dírithe ar chultúr na ndaoine a chaomhnú - cultúr nach raibh aon mheas ag na húdaráis air ag an am sin. Maidir le taisteal, ní amháin na fórsaí slándála a bhí mar bhagairt, ach bhí lucht an chlaonpháirteachais agus eite phara-mhíleata na nAontacthaithe mar bhuairt sa bhreis aige.

Le himeacht aimsire, is amhlaidh go raibh gaolta Murphy gníomhach sa choimhlint agus dá bhrí sin méadaíodh ar an mbuairt agus ar an méid a bhí le fulaingt aige féin agus a theaghlach. Tosaíodh ar ruathar airme féna thig go rialta, agus tá a thuairiscí mar gheall ar an gciapadh sin taifeadta ina chín lae. Deineadh scrios ar a pháipéirí príobháideacha agus cuid

dá chnuasach pearsanta le linn ceann amháin de na ruathair sin, agus chuir sé an dlí ar Rialtas na Breataine dá bharr, cás arbh fhiú tuilleadh taighde a dhéanamh air. I ndeireadh na dála, bhí air aistriú go dtí an taobh ó dheas den Teorann chun go bhfaighfeadh sé suaimhneas éigin.

Le linn an ama sin ar fad, lean Michael J. Murphy ag bailiú. D'aimsigh sé faisnéiseoirí in aice láimhe nuair nach raibh sé in ann taisteal, agus is iontach an cur síos atá ina chín lae maidir le faisnéiseoir amháin, i measc alán eile, arbh ainm Frank 'Wings' Campbell, duine a roinn ana-chuid béaloidis le Michael J. Ní amháin go solathraíonn Murphy comhthéacs d'ábhar Campbell, ach léiríonn sé meas ar an bhfear uamhal seo, a raibh cuma an bhochtannais air, ach bhí Murphy in ann an tsaibhreas cultúrtha a bhí ann a fheiscint, agus a ainm agus a chnuasach seanchais agus scéalta a chaomhnú. Chomh maith leis sin, éiríonn le Murphy tionchar na dTrioblóidí ar a leithéid agus Frank 'Wings' Campbell, agus muintir Fhoircill, Ard Mhacha Theas, a chur in iúl, chomh maith le cur síos a dhéanamh ar an díchairdeas idir na daoine áitiúla agus Arm na Breataine.

Maidir le hAimsir na dTrioblóidí, is tuairisc phearsanta, fhairsing agus chumasach mar gheall ar thréimhse stairiúil ina chuireann a lán daoine suim atá ina chín lae, nach bhfuil a leithéid feicithe agamsa in aon áit eile. Frithnimh atá inti don íomhá anordúil, foréigneach, a bhí ar marthain le linn na dTrioblóidí, nach ligeann dúinn dul i bhfolach taobh thiar de na míreanna nuachta, an reitric pholaitiúil agus an bladhmann a bhaineann le haon pobal neamhshocair.

Éiríonn le Michael J. a dhualgas oibre maidir leis an gcín lae a chur i gcrích. Is é sin le rá, a imeachtaí oibre féin a thaifead, comhthéacs cuimsitheach a chur leis an gcnuasach, agus chomh maith leis sin, tuairisc ríthábhachtach phearsanta ar a shaol, mar chuid den chomhthéacs sin, a sholáthar – mar a dúirt sé féin, agus mar atá luaite cheanna ar leathannach 134: *'Some Journal for a folklorist. Still, I was the fellow involved and it all affected my work'* (C.B.É. 1851: 56. An Bailitheoir, M.J. Murphy).

D’áitigh Murphy go mbeadh an t-ábhar a bhailigh seisean mar fhoinse thábhachach dóibh súid atá ar thóir freagraí mar gheall ar an saol roimh an ré nua-aimseartha, nó atá ag lorg inspreagadh chun deacrachtaí an tsaoil sa lá atá inniu ann a shárú. Cuireann a chín lae, mar dhoiciméad fairsing cuimsitheach comhaimseartha, go mór leis an bhfoinse sin. Bhí Murphy ar oilithreacht de shórt ar feadh a shaoil, agus bhí ana-chuid dúschláin le sárú agus spriocanna le baint amach aige chun saoldearcadh a phobail féin a thaifead, agus an saghas saoil a chaith sé féin a chur in iúl. I gcaitheamh an chéid go leith sular thosaigh sé ag bailiú, chaill a mhuintir agus a phobal a mbailte agus a dtailte, a gcóras oideachais, agus a dteanga, gan trácht ar na miliúin a cailleadh de dheasca an ghorta agus na heisimirce. D’fhanadar bocht dearóil, scriosta ag deachúna agus cíosanna, agus comhghríosiú in aghaidh an éigeartais. Cuireadh an Caitliceachas, lán le deasgnátha pagánacha agus baothchreideamh, faoi chos mar chreideamh barbartha agus neamhreasúnach. Bhí an mhuinín a bhí ag na daoine as a gcultúr agus an saol ársa caillte acu ar an móramh, agus an seansaol samhailte le náire agus teip. Fós féin, bhí sé de chrógacht ag Murphy tabhairt fén obair agus bhí a chroí istigh inti. D’aistrigh sé ó áit go háit, le peann, clóscríobhán, ceamara agus gléas taifeada, ag cothú cairdis, agus ag cur béaloideas ársa ar thaifead, a bheadh caillte go deo, murach é a thabhairt fé. D’íobair sé mórán, agus ba bheag de mhaoin an tsaoil a thuill sé as. Tugadh cúl láimhe dó go mion minic agus é ag déanamh tarrthála ar stair shóisialta na n-Ultach. Bhain Murphy úsáid as an bpeann chun croí na ngnáthdaoine, mar a thuig sé féin iad, agus a scéal pearsanta féin, a nochtadh, agus bhí sé toilteannach glacadh leis an gciapadh sóisialta a lean a chuid oibre agus a chuid scríbhneoireachta ó am go chéile.

Is iomaí iad na huaireanta síos tríd an tráchtas seo ina bhfuil sé ráite agam gur chóir tuilleadh taighde a dhéanamh ar réimhse topaicí atá ardaithe, agus níl aon amhras ach go bhfuil an oiread sin fágtha ar lár agamsa gur chóir filleadh ar ais agus iad a thabhairt chun solais. Táim ag cuimhneamh ar ghnéithe dá shaol i nGleann Choll, agus ar an gcín lae a d’fhág sé mar

gheall ar a sheal sna Glinnte, ina bhfuil tuairimí suimiúla nochtaithe aige maidir leis na daoine iad féin, agus maidir leis an gcaidreamh idir na ceannairí ó thuaidh a bhí ag dul i mbun caomhnú béaloideasa agus na ceannairí ó dheas a bhí ar an mbóthar céanna. Dar ndóigh, d'fhéadfaí aon chuid dá chín lae a roghnú, agus neart staidéir a dhéanamh uirthi.

Is tuairisc phríobháideach, mhaorga ón taobh istigh atá sa chín lae seo, agus is gann go leor an méid ábhair atá ar fáil mar gheall ar cheantar na Teorann, gan inchur, frithluaileach nó neamh-fhrithluaileach, ó iriseoirí ná scríbhneoirí proifisiúnta. Cuireann saothar Michael J. an Teorainn ar ceal, agus cuireann sé i gcuimhne orainn, ó dheas agus ó thuaidh, gur an dream céanna sinn, le modh cainte agus scéalaíochta comónta againn, agus le hoidhreacht chomónta, rud a bhí an-éasca a dhearmad ó cuireadh an Chríochdheighilt i bhfeidhm.

De réir mar a thuigim é, bhí Michael J. sáite ina fheachtas féin chun oidhreacht agus croí a phobail féin a nochtadh. Léiríonn a chín lae gur duine ba ea Murphy a bhí suaimhneach ina oidhreacht féin, agus a thuig cé chomh tábhachtach is a bhí sé go gcuirfí oidhreacht na sinsear ar taifead. Ní hé sin le rá go raibh radharc rómánsiúil aige ar a phobal féin. Ní raibh sé dall ar neamhchothromaíocht an tsochaí i dTuaisceart Éireann, ná ar dhúschláin an tsaoil le linn a ré féin. Colúnaí nuachta ba ea Murphy, a dhírigh isteach ar cheisteanna tromchúiseacha go rialta, agus údar agus drámadóir ba ea é a bhain úsáid as a scríbhneoireacht chun dúschláin a thabhairt don sochaí cúngaigeanta agus corraithe a chonaic sé timpeall air, agus tá an tréith seo le braiscint go soléir sa mhéid a scríobh sé sa chín lae. Faoi mar atá léirithe sa tráchtas seo, duine ildánach ba ea Michael J. Murphy nár thaitin leis an t-hollábharachas agus uirbiú mar thionchar ar shaol na ndaoine. Ardaíonn sé ceisteanna ina chín lae agus tugann sé an dúschláin don léitheoir a cuid machnaimh féin a dhéanamh ar na topaicí éagsúla a chuir tinneas ar Michael J. Is amhlaidh nach raibh sé ar a chumas tuairisc bhalbh mheicniúil a scríobh, agus ba luachmhaire a chín lae dá bhrí sin. Tá fiainise sa chín lae go mbíodh sé ina shuí i gcaitheamh na hoíche ag obair ar an gcnuasach agus ar an gcín lae. Samhlaítear domsa

gur mhodh ba ea an chín lae chun an dúil a bhí aige sa scríbhneoireacht a ligean saor, agus is fearr go mór í dá bhrí sin. Roinneann sé a fhealsúnacht, a dhígnit, a mheas ar dhaoine agus a lochtanna follasacha ina chín lae, rud a chuireann go hollmhór le fiúntacht agus taitneamhacht an ábhair mar fhoinse taighde. Taobh amuigh ar fad den eolas atá ar fáil sa chín lae, is féidir a rá gur obair ealaíona is ea an chín lae de bharr go n-éiríonn leis radharc cinemagraifíoch a thabhairt dúinn ar mhórán gnéithe dá shaol.

Caithfear obair Murphy a mheas i gcomhthéacs na nduschláin a bhí le sárú aige mar bhailitheoir proifisiúnta, agus ní féidir nádúr, meoin aigne, agus taithí saoil Michael J., ná a chúlra, ná a áit dhúchais, a scoilt ó thoradh na hoibre a dhein sé thar daichead bliain, agus seasann a chín lae mar chrann taca dá chuid oibre ar fad, i mo thuairimse. Ardaíonn cur chuige agus fealsúnacht Murphy ceisteanna dúinne ó thaobh an eolais a shlogaimid, i gcomhthéacs na linne seo ina bhfuil béim ollmhór leagtha ar thuairiscí iriseoireachta agus ar thráchtaireachtaí nuachta agus polaitíochta mar fhoinsí fíor, neamhspleách, docheistithe. Cruthúnas is ea cín lae Murphy go mbíonn dhá insint ar gach scéal, agus díreach mar a deir sé maidir leis an ábhar a bhailigh sé i gcaitheamh na mblianta fada, is fearr an tuairisc a fhaighimid ó bhall den phobal féin.

Chun clahbsúr a chur leis an tráchtas seo, fágfaidh mé an focal scor ag Michael J. Murphy féin le ráiteas atá le feiscint ag tús a leabhair *Ulster Folk of Field and Fireside* (1983). Ní féidir leis a bheith níos féinmhuiníní ná soléire maidir leis an éacht a bhain sé amach. Tá sé ró-umhal, áfach, nuair a chuireann sé a chín lae ábhairín ar leathaobh, toisc nach bhfuil aon amhras ach gur eipic inti féin atá sa chín lae, a sheasann gualainn ar ghualainn lena chnuasach mar fhianaise de luach Michael J. Murphy mar mhórlaoch an Léann Dúchais:

> Indebted, too, must be the social historians and students of folklife studies for the hundreds of volumes I have contributed to the archives of the Department of Irish Folklore in UCD. Because I know I have written one of the greatest, if not *the*

greatest, stories to have come out of Ulster. I can make that claim unblushingly. Apart from my journals they represent the story of the people told by the people themselves for the first and, no doubt, for the last time. (Murphy, 1983: 11)

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Aguisíní

A. Abolish the Hiring Fair by Michael J. Murphy



November, 1939 HIBERNIA 5

ABOLISH THE HIRING FAIR

By MICHAEL J. MURPHY

BECAUSE farm-workers are an apathetic, leaderless and disorganised sect of industry, the month of November will usher in more hiring fairs throughout the country towns of Ireland. Superficially, it is the scene of mild, easy-flowing humour to the bystander; for human nature is inclined to smile first and skim over the tragedy afterwards.

The tragedy of the hiring fair is in the fact that, in this era of organised labour, it is a slave market. It may conjure up wistful thoughts and reminiscences of the stage Irishman type; but its reaction on the trouble in rural Ireland of the present day is so evident that to dwell on the details seems superfluous.

If anyone doubts that the hiring fair is not a fundamental factor in bringing disdain and contempt upon labour in the land, a visit to a hiring ground will provide an enlightening study. The hiring fair is the only channel through which farm labour of both sexes must trudge to seek work in districts outside their own locality; about them, on the hiring grounds, rests the embarrassment of the slave.

No other sect of industry would tolerate such a state of affairs. Look in on a hiring ground. The first thought that strikes one is its similarity to a cattle fair —without the cattle. Whispering groups of men, young and old, youths and boys; hovering at the outskirts of the groups are the women. The girls, waiting to be hired stand along the walls of the houses, of the shops and pubs. Nowadays, many of them carry their few belongings in a suitcase, but others hold their bundles wrapped in brown paper under their arms.

"Are you for hirin'?" Assent to that question brings a group around the central figures. The prospective employer asks what wages are expected for the six months; what work the other can do and other queries as to capability. The would-be employer extolls the advantages — too often mythical — and leisured nature of his home at great length; he studies the other's face to see how his story is being received. A glance of indecision from the hired one to the parent—and the bargaining begins!

There may be nothing uncouth or demoralising about splitting a pound, a ten shilling note or five shillings in a bargain which concerns cattle; but when it affects the profit of human labour it has an unsavoury atmosphere about it which becomes more repugnant as one endeavours, abortively, to analyse its peculiar sense of sordidness. The open air, the gabble of many voices, and the eyes of staring onlookers increase that feeling of the sordid about these hiring fairs of Ireland.

In the case of young boys and girls, this bargaining business is transacted by the parent. Can any city parent imagine having to take his boy or girl into O'Connell Street in broad daylight, to trade the labour of his offspring to some stranger for six months; and all this in the view and publicity of anyone who cared to stop and listen, and be amused? Is this not degrading in this supposedly enlightened era?

The hired one sometimes meets with a Christian employer who recognises his or her responsibilities and his attitude as one human being to a less fortunate one — especially a comparative innocent. But, often, callous and mercenary-minded employers verily strangle their human charges. This fact can be proved only too easily.

Proper sleeping conditions, regular hours of work and sometimes decent food and surroundings are neglected. There are no half-holidays, Bank holidays, or Sunday freedom on the farms. I know there are Inspectors; but one can still drive a carriage and four through an Act of Parliament. The new Acts passed regarding farm-labourers have not eliminated the hiring fair, nor have they shown signs of eradicating the cause of our flight from the land. Pick up any Irish newspaper and read the advertisement columns, in which you can still see items like this: "General Farm Worker. Indoor. Good milker. Wages £—10/- per week."

The hired ones go out for their "first or second term" endure the rigours of this veritable slavery because of conditions at home; because they feel that such a state is inevitable. And because, in rural Ireland, there is a soul-searing undercurrent of contempt for one who has, in the vernacular, "left their place."

The system of the hiring fair must be abolished. It is the evil genius behind much of our rural troubles. The hiring fair is a relic of the times of rapacious landlordism; and, in an ironic sense, it can bring back much of that chaos and injustice. If there is dignity in this labour, give it a dignified recognition; and receive it with dignity.

I may be told that there are such hiring fairs in England. I do not need to be told that. Our aim in this verily reborn nation must not limit itself at imitation; it must supersede into the superlative.

Fixed rate of wages for workers of respective ages and distinct capabilities can do much, of course. But why not eliminate that cattle-fair atmosphere by providing Farm Workers' Exchanges similar to the ordinary Labour Exchanges? If none are convenient, build them. Let the farm labour organise into a Christian unified body to secure their rights, or if we wish to retain them, why not organise it for them? Regular hours, with an understanding regarding overtime when seasonal work is on; references similar to those required in other occupations; and an unreserved recognition of equality in common with other occupations, together with a complete abolition of that cattle-fair atmosphere about their labour contracts, are factors incumbent on any social and Christian regime.

A. Agallamh Michael J. Murphy le Michael Augustin (Circa 1975)

Nóta: Rugadh Michael Augustin in Lubeck na Gearmáine sa bhliain 1953. Rinne sé staidéar ar Litríocht Angla-Éireannach agus Béaloideas in Ollscoil Bhaile Átha Cliath agus Ollscoil Kiel. Scríbhneoir, craoltóir, file, drámadóir, údar agus aistritheoir is ea é. Cuireadh ó thuaidh é chun tréimhse a chaitheamh le Michael J. Murphy chun go bhfaigheadh sé taithí ar an saghas oibre a bhí á dhéanamh aige agus d'éirigh an bheirt acu ana-mhór lena chéile. Thug sé léacht mar gheall ar Michael J. le linn Scoil Gheimhridh na bliana 2013 i dTí Chulainn, tiomanta le saol Michael J. agus roinn sé taifead d'agallamh a chuir sé ar Michael J. leis an lucht éisteachta. Thug sé cóip domsa, le cead é a chur leis an tráchtas seo. Táim thar a bheith buíoch do Michael Augustin. Síos anseo tá trascríobh ar an agallamh. Mise a dhein an trascríobh.

Agallamh Michael J. Murphy le Michael Augustin (Circa 1975)

Nodanna. M.A. = Michael Augustin. M.J. – Michael J. Murphy

M.A: You started to gather folk material long before you became associated with the Irish Folklore Commission. What were the initial impulses that led you to these activities?

M.J. Well I would think it was listening to my father and mother talk about traditions, You see I was born in Liverpool, although all my people came from south Armagh, and, around the firesides at night, with uncles and aunts, they'd talk about these traditions from at home, and it seems to have whetted my interest in it. Then we came home, shall I say, to South Armagh in 1922, and, even when I was at school, you know, in the late years, I left school about 14 years of age, and ah, we had what we called céilís at night, now the céilí meant just a gathering of neighbours sitting round a fire talking, telling tales, gossiping and chatting, but in between this folk material would be mentioned, and I'd come back and check it with my mother.

You see, my father was a seaman, and he'd be absent for most of the year. Then when he'd come home I'd mention this to him again, and it must have been from that.

Then I became a farm labourer, and you'd hear this thing in the fields, and I'd write it down, note it down, and then write it up at night, fill notebooks of it, and in the early 40s was it, or thereabouts, d'you see, I used to publish little bits in papers, and do some radio work on these folk pieces I'd been collecting, and a book called *At Slieve Gullions Foot*. Slieve Gullion is a famous mountain in south Armagh. It was published, and Professor Delargy of the Irish Folklore Commission asked me would I collect. That was 1942. So I hadn't heard of the Irish Folklore Commission until then. So I've been collecting since, all over the north of Ireland, all over in fact what we know as Old Ulster. Now that wouldn't confine itself to the present six counties of course, Oh yes, nine counties in Ulster, and even into Meath, you know, you'd extend that way. I've collected all through that area, and at the moment, I'm in Co Cavan.

M.A. Ah yea.

M.J: Yes, which although it's in the Republic, it's still an Ulster County; you see when they partitioned, as they say, Ireland, they forgot they also partitioned Ulster as well.

M.A: Yea, and many people seem to have forgotten that as well.

M.J: Yea, that's true, yes.

M.A: What was the reaction of your fellow farm labourers, when you started to write down, and you not only listened with your ears, but you listened with your hands, you know.

M.J: Yes, Oh, very suspicious. Well, it became a joke really, d'you see, I used to carry, ah, a notebook always, matter of fact I still do. There's a black cover on it. Particularly idioms. I was very interested also in idioms, in idiomatic expressions, and things like that, and it'd be impossible to remember those accurately by night time, so I'd write them down immediately. And the joke was 'Oh, Murphy has the black book out again, watch, don't say anything!' And particularly when I began to get some things published, and do a little on the air, they were very cautious, because they were afraid that something they had said… A lot of this material would be confidential, in a local sense, you see, and you could have social repercussions; they were very afraid that this thing would come out. But even then, I had the instinct, you know, being reared in the country, not to use that material, not in a particular way, certainly. I could use it generally, but without identifying anybody. (Soft laughter)

M.A. You have since collected an enormous amount of folklore material, not only stories I believe, but, well, as you said, idioms, and ah...

MJM: Yes

M.A: Well, folk material, home and beliefs, and so on.

MJM: Oh yes, the entire run, the entire conspectus of the folk norm. Everything in it. Idioms, by the way, Professor Delargy, once he found I had been collecting these, asked me to keep a special record of these, so that we could compile an Anglo-Irish Glossary of Anglo-Irish speech, and I've been doing that since, d'you know, and there are volumes of the thing. These expressions now are dying out; you don't hear many of them at all in use. Well yes, I have collected everything, oh every category that's in Sean O'Sullivan's "*Handbook of Irish Folklore"*, and what, 700 pages of questions, from beginning to end. Everything.

M.A: And Sean O'Sullivan's handbook is your guide

MJM: That's the guide, yes

MA: For all the collectors in Ireland.

MJM: That's true, yes, that's right.

MA: Do you have the feeling that collecting could be learned, like every other job.

MJM: Well, it's a wee bit difficult to answer that. I think, I used to say, you'd almost have to be born into it. To understand the people. Because even yet, the people are very reluctant and

diffident about telling this thing; until you can assure them that this thing isn't going to be made public immediately. I mean, made public round their area. One often gets the simplest things, which, if they were known, could cause trouble. A nickname, for instance.

M.A: Oh yea

MJM: A nickname could, because it goes back to something that happened to these people. For instance, now, it, ah, it's ridiculous too; ah 'Padgie Beag', that the name for 'small' or 'little' Padgie, now that's regarded as an insult today. Or, well that wouldn't be a nickname of course, but you get the name now, like ahm.., 'The Pluck'. That was resented. What happened was this: Some of their forebears used to... were feather men, used to collect feathers, that meant they plucked the feathers live off geese for use in pillows and ticks and things like that. But the present generation doesn't know that. They don't know what is derived from, or how it was arrived at. Once they hear it, of course, they take a different attitude. Another one, ahm, is, we'll say, 'Mickey the Hackler' or 'Peter the Hackler'. That was resented; until it was explained to them that 'Hackling' was a process in the manufacture of flax at one time, and then it was quite different once they got to understand. (Soft laughter)

MA: Which are the main difficulties doing your field work, and how do you get people to talk to you? And who are those people who provide you with material? If you can generalise it.

MJM: Yea, well, mainly the country people, and people in the villages and... First of all, when I'd go in as a stranger into these areas, the important thing, I think, is to let the people get to know me, as I am, first, and that, they are assured of my confidence, a bond of confidence between us. And also, that I understand this material. Each area, you see, thinks its traditions, the general tradition, is peculiar to itself, whereas it isn't, it's only a variant of the main thread, which runs right through the whole Celtic belt, not only Ireland, but Scotland, Isle of Man, Wales and Brittany. But once you can talk back to them; tell them instances from your own area, or complete a little thing that they are hesitant over, of course the bond is established at once, so then you go ahead.

M.A: Yes

MJM: Well, the people would be farmers, farm labourers, blacksmiths were always good, you know, cobblers or shoemakers, ah, a few schoolteachers; not many, because the schoolmaster and the priest, although they were from the area, were actually excluded from, shall I say, the folk circle; they withheld this information from them. It really is subsidiary faith, d'you know, the belief in all this thing. And while they would deny themselves that they had any belief in it, secretly they did. It was like, ah, you know the story of the old woman, that was asked did she believe in fairies. She said 'I do not! But they're there just the same'. (Laughing)

MA: What was the attitude of the Church towards folk beliefs and...?

MJM: Oh they denounced it, most of them, Oh, very much so. Yes. And one would have to… it was one of the inhibitions in the people one would have to get over. They misunderstood it

completely d'you see, because again, while they were from the countryside, they were excluded from the talk of the parents, etc., about the area. They denounced witchcraft and things like that. Although strangely enough, for instance, there is a belief that, by means of witchcraft you could take the butter off another man's cow; he could churn but he'd get no butter, but you'd get it; one of the remedies was to consult the priest; to get blessed salt and all this sort of thing. But generally, they didn't like it; they denounced it as Pistreog, Superstition, and all this sort of thing. Sometimes openly would denounce it as Paganism. (Laughing). It still happens, occasionally, you still get the odd cleric who would erect an impediment between me and the people (laughing)

MA: Yes, one example, I believe, is Kevin Danaher, was talking about the business of the Holy Wells.

MJM: Yes

MA: Which are in some parts accepted by the Church.

MJM: Yes

M.A: They even have official pilgrimages to Holy Wells in some parts of Ireland.

MJM: They have, yes

M.A: I believe in other parts, Holy Wells have been talked about as being pagan beliefs to an extent. Is that true?

MJM; Well, the Patron, as we'd say, that was a day in the year when all the people in the Parish congregated at the Holy Well, and they made certain religious rounds of the wells, saying prayers by walking round the well, and drinking some of the water, and all this sort of thing, and putting coins and bits of rags on the bush, like votive offerings; that was denounced. Well then, there was also the day of prayer, and then there was the day of sport around it. You see, you'd have sports at this place, and there would be a plentiful supply of poteen, that's the illicit whiskey, and the thing got out of hand, you see, and got unruly, and that was another reason why the Church denounced it. But, the Holy Well patrons or pilgrimages still go on certainly in certain places.

MA: I believe that no working day in your life as a collector looks like the other, but could you try to give an account of the typical working day.

MJM: Well, ah, yes, ah. Well of course you run into the usual disappointments. You might meet some man or some woman the night before and chat away with them, and say, well, what time will I come tomorrow, and things like that. Well, you'd usually about... it depends on the person, the age they are, if they don't have too many household chores to do, you see, you could come earlier, but about 11 o clock, and maybe spend the whole afternoon with them, and just go through the material that you were.. I record all this thing now; at the beginning I didn't, I didn't have a tape recorder. And until I suppose I would exhaust them, till they'd get tired of me, I would stay with them. Well then again, they might say I was

speaking to someone who said they had stories, and maybe you should call with them, and I'd go on to them, and this thing could take the whole evening. If the person would accept me, you know, when I'd go in for the first time; but I'd be known in the district by that time, and it could on until night, twelve, half-twelve, and one o clock in the morning, you see. I'd get tired first sometimes, rather than they would.

M.A: And they are not afraid of the tape recorder, or?

MJM: Not now. Oh a few people are, oh yes. I still know a few people in Cavan, very hesitant about it. I think there are two reasons; one reason was when the tape recorder became... when it was new rather, when it was introduced first, in the public houses, it was secretly turned on, and some joker with a few drinks in him, and in high spirits. Next day when he was sober, they played this over to him, and he wasn't at all pleased, naturally. Now that's gone. I think the other reason is for purposes of beliefs in sympathetic magic, that whereas you could use anything that represented the person, for instance a photograph, I've met storytellers who absolutely refused to have their photograph taken. So, more so the voice, it's more intimately connected with the personality of the person, and if it were used in this... I'm not too sure, but I'm almost certain that that is one of the reasons why they refuse to record.

M.A: Really

MJM: Yea

M.A: Well, what would you say are the main difficulties during your field work?

MJM: Well I think it's just getting the people first of all to accept one, first, in a new area, because until I'd up till I'd say about ten years ago, the idea of collecting material was something strange, new, do you know; somebody coming in to write it down! Ah, for instance, I would have to leave off about two months, just going round an area, talking to the people, without a notebook or anything. And I'd explain to them what I was doing. Now I wouldn't mention the word Folklore, do you see, because they hadn't heard of it, most of them? Ah, I'd say I want to listen to the old stories, old craics, that used to be told at the Ceillies, round the fire; I'm sure you were there. And I'd tell them what we are doing it for, and it's not for radio, it's not for publication, it's going to be stored in Dublin for study in the future by students and people like that. Well, they didn't accept that at the beginning; I was ah, a broken down schoolmaster, you see, that had to clear out of his area; expelled for some reason by the Parish Priest, or I was a clerk who'd put his hand into the till and absconded with the contents, and even, ah, an IRA man on the run, that too. (Laughing)

M.A: In Germany, Ireland is known to have a living Folk Tradition, that even has a future perspective, would you share this point of view, and what would you say is the main difference between the 1940s, 1930s, when you started your work, and our present days, regards collecting?

MJM: Well yes, in the 1940s I would say it was a living tradition, but I don't think that is any longer so. Not in areas I cover. The people tell it to me now because I have assured them and

convinced them of its worth; that it should go down, and then they're very happy about that. But, people no longer sit around a fireside and talk, in terms of the pure folk tradition. Someone will say, 'ah, that old stuff', that's out, d'you know. Well I think there has been some publicity due to radio programmes, some books and things published, and a little bit in local papers, and people have realised that there is actually a value in it. They were told it was valuable, but they didn't believe it. But I think they do now, and I think its future will be academic, really. More people are being educated in Ireland, you see, and coming up here, particularly now with the Department of Irish Folklore, and people will discuss it without jeering at it. I still meet good storytellers and good tradition bearers who want, first of all to take up a social stance that they want to disassociate themselves from this type of belief, that it all belongs to backward minds. Nevertheless, when they get that over, it flows from them.

MA: Well yes, here we are with this theme. Collecting seems to a very large extent depend on the work and enthusiasm of a few individuals, like yourself. Yet, you are fighting against time, as you said, and it is hardly in your power to save a folk culture from dying out. Do you think that the Government or other official institutions should become more active than they are now to save this culture, and what could they do?

MJM: Well, I think first of all, radio, and ah, more so radio, I think, than television. More programs on it, treated in a serious way. Too many people who use folklore subjects, do you know, on radio, treat it as, oh, what shall I say, something to be jocose about, do you know, quaint, quaint. 'It was a quaint belief' that type of thing. Well, that's passing out. I think that could be extended. And, television, certainly, you know, you could show visually, for instance, some of the work that's being done in the Department, that type of thing. Yes, Government Departments, particularly the Department of Agriculture, I think their officers through the country should be made more aware of the importance of this folk material, so that, occasionally, in their work, it's bound to come up, and they could talk about it and show these people of its importance, so that when some collector comes around 'Don't be hesitant, tell him everything that you know'. I think they could help, and there must be other ways too. But they are, I think, on the whole, they are sympathetic to it now, whereas they weren't, we'll say, oh, twenty years ago, these Departments, do you see, and people like that.

MA: Some so-called traditionalists are mourning the loss of the folk culture and want to save tradition by any means. On the other hand, ruthless progressives would like to abolish the people's past completely. Do you see a possible link between tradition and progress?

MJM: Oh I do yes, but this will be on the academic level.

MA: Only on the academic level?

MJM: I would think so. I don't think you can really revive a custom, you know, so that it'll become a living culture again. I don't think that is possible. The people will hold onto this while they believe in it or while it has some force or directive in their lives, but once it dies out, I don't think they'll take to it again. It'd be only self-conscious. But I think the progressive powers will help to keep it alive but only on this academic level. Just as they sponsor drama now, and things like that, I think they will sponsor something of the folk

norm. So, rather than a conflict, I think it will be complimentary. I think, I hope it does anyway. (Laughs)

MA: What's the attitude of the young people, who are mainly meeting older people who are revealing their secrets?

MJM: Yes, that is true, from the mid-fifties. The younger people are outside of the scope of it. It isn't taught naturally round the firesides anymore. I suppose the impact of radio and TV, that they've been reared up with, d'ye see, has dominated. That's why there should be more of it on radio, treated in this way. Well I find they no longer ridicule it, as they used to five or six years ago, the younger people, because they'll come up to me, ahm, they'll say, 'Michael, I heard a thing with such a fella the other night. Did you ever hear this?' Well, of course I have, but I want to hear it from them. Well this is happening more and more and more, yes.

MA: Well, that's quite nice. For example the rising interest in traditional music.

MJM: Oh, that's it, yes.

MA: It's amazing isn't it?

MJM: Yes, it is.

MA: During the past five years or so.

MJM: That is true.

MA: An awful lot of people decided to learn one of the old traditional instruments, like the uilleann pipes, or the fiddle, or

MJM: The tin whistle even, yes (laughs)

MA: Not all perfectionists but

MJM: That's right, but never the less. That's true.

MA: It's very strange, I don't know if you know that, in Germany, for example, the interest in Irish folk music is incredible.

MJM: Oh, is that so.

MA: Yea, in the little city where I live, in Kiel, in Northern Germany, we had about twenty concerts during the past four or five years with Irish musicians.

MJM: Oh, that's interesting. Yes.

MA: Perhaps that explains a lot, because we lost a lot of our own folk traditions

MJM: Oh, I see.

MA: Because during the time of fascism, folk culture was being put into the foreground all the time, everything was focusing on the Germanic features, and how great a folk culture we

have, so after the war, interest completely died out, people didn't want to have anything to do with that.

MJM: With that, I understand, yes.

MA: So, perhaps, by this revival of Irish folklore in Ireland, when people are brought up to appreciate their own folklore...

MJM: Well, it is true, because, we'll say now in bars, in big towns, oh, when I'm talking about big towns, I'm talking about, we'll say, Cavan town, it wouldn't be big in comparison to the Continent or anything. Once they know me now, they will say, 'that's the folklore man, the man after folklore'. Well, five years ago, this would be a joke, great hilarity, d'ye know. 'Oh, is that so? And how is it going? And there was a man now, I left word, you should go and see.' This type of thing is happening now. (Laugh)

MA: Yea, I have a few more questions.

MJM: Good, yes.

MA: If you are not getting tired.

MJM: Not at all, Ah, not at all.

MA: You are collecting in Northern Ireland, as you said. Northern Ireland is known to have these Troubles.

MJM: Yes

MA: At present, and in the past.

MJM: Yes

MA: Have these Troubles had any influence on contemporary folklore in Ireland? Do they appear, in stories, in later stories, in new stories?

MJM: Ah, they do, yes, they do. Ah, even from the origins of it. D'ye know, to put it in a very simplistic way. I suppose this would be accepted outside of Ireland, and indeed accepted in parts of Ireland. (Unclear...) It would be a conflict between the Nationalists and the Orangemen. Well now, they appear. These stories appear in tradition. Orangemen versus Nationalists. And of course in the Orange areas, it's the Orangemen versus the Nationalists, you see, who are successful. In accounts of their meeting, ah, secret passwords, and all that type of thing comes into it. But right down to the present day, with this, as frightful as it is, there are still tales told about it. It's not so long ago in Co. Cavan, I heard one about this notorious place called Long Kesh, you know, it's really, what do they call it today, they try to juggle the nomenclature your know, call it the Maze Prison, but actually 'kesh' is a Gaelic word for an improvised bridge thrown over a river in a stream in a bog or a swamp, so it's not a place where you'd hold any men in cages. Anyway, this is told: Someone from the Falls Road, well now that would be a Republican area, was in Long Kesh. And to be brief about it,

he got an infected arm, and he was told he'd have to get the arm amputated. Well, he said he didn't mind so long as it was sent to his mother in the Falls. That's the Republican area. So, that happened. Sometime later, the other arm became infected. So, on the same conditions, he agreed to an amputation. Then later one of his legs became infected, and they amputated it and sent it back, and then finally, the other one. Until this doctor came in this morning and said to him 'Look, we've copped on to this trick that you're at. But you're not going to smuggle yourself out of Long Kesh in pieces. (Laughter). It's very callous, but that's it.

MA: Black humour

MJM: Oh really black, yea.

MA: The two communities in the North are known to be politically divided, but you say that there is a common folk tradition, and are the people aware of this common tradition, if it exists?

MJM: Oh yes, in parts, because I've collected folk material from, as we phrase it here, both sides of the house, d'you see. (Laughter). Oh, very much so, they believe in it. Well, they would have inherited it from some of their Scots ancestors, it's still the Celtic belt, and then observed it from their neighbours, d'you know, I found fervent belief. There was one man in the Glens of Antrim who was a strict Presbyterian, he was a wonderful storyteller, fervent believer in fairies, and a fervent believer in all these particular aspects of popular belief, witchcraft, etc., etc., etc., Oh yes, all that. And then the music, d'you know that they play, they'd call it 'soirées' and these would be held in Orange Halls, and I've been at one, and I went, I was brought by a rabid republican to it, from the Glens. He's since dead, and in his time, he'd been imprisoned in one of the prison ships on Belfast Lough in the 20s, and he was a fiddler, and he was always invited to it, and they just played traditional music, Irish traditional music. As a matter of fact, in some of the Orange tunes that they play, ah, which are indeed, the words are provocative of course, I know, but they have preserved old Irish airs which would have been lost only for that reason, so... (Soft laughter)

MA: There is a bit of hope in that.

MJM: Oh, yea.

MA: Well, to conclude the questions, I'd like to ask you, I suppose a very difficult question: What was the funniest incident in your career as a collector (laughter)

MJM: (Laughter) As I said, that would be one of the most difficult to answer. Well, I do remember when I was in the Mourne Mountains, that's in Co. Down, and that was in 1944, and I was just beginning to collect, into the area, you see walking around, as I said, getting to know the people and all that. But they told me about this man who should have stories, the blacksmith. The blacksmith's forge was always a great source, d'you know, he could direct you to people. But anyhow, this man would refuse to talk, he was courteous and polite enough, but no. I was still walking around, and I had an ash plant. I have never driven a car, you see, I just walked, or used a bicycle later. Eventually, when I was there about six weeks, I was on the road, and he called after me, and he said, 'You're here now a good while', I said 'I

am', 'You must be here nearly two months'. 'I would say about that, yea'. 'And will you be longer here?' 'Oh, I expect to be here maybe eighteen months, or two years'. 'Anamea'. Monamon, as he's say to you in the North of Ireland accent. So, he began all these questions, what I was and what I wasn't. Eventually, he says, 'And there's somebody paying you now, to go round and collect this material?' 'Oh yea, I'm getting paid by the Irish Folklore Commission in Dublin', that was the forerunner of the Department. of Irish Folklore in UCD. Well, he says, 'You know, I've been over a good part of the world, I was in Butte Montana in the Mines, and I was on the Barbary Coast, I was in Australia, but you're the first man ever I've met making a living out of the fairies'. (Laughter) The reason is, you see, all folklore, at the beginning is equated purely with fairy lore and beliefs and customs, whereas of course today it is a vast an intricate social survey, on a scale that was unheard of ever.

END

B. Folkminder by Ray McFadden For Michael J.. Murphy

Folkminder by Ray McFadden for Michael J.. Murphy

That time in Cushendall

When sun tompeeped through slatted drizzle at the hills

Stretched like Pegeen Mike or Molly Bloom

Back to the tide's necklace, the wet mouthed *yes* of the sea:

Then birds flashed; and tutting hens fretted past foundering gates.

Summer then. Yes, fuchsias set red bonnets at the bees.

That summer in the Glens

When you charmed memory back to somnolent minds

Of painbright births, toil, copulation, deaths;

Exploring culverted streams, you groped for life

For love, for neverafter.

Summer then, quick gossip in the hedges.

What eyes snapped then I mind:

Your lovebright kitchen, glowing glancing children;

Small Winifred asleep, world clutched with doll in pram:

Yourself, burdened with silence, padding roads to poach

A shadowy thought from old polluted streams;

Yourself, good man at home, inching buckets past

Her limpid dream, her waterpale limp palm.

(McFadden, 1971: 28)