2005

An intimate monument (re)-narrating 'the troubles' in Northern Ireland: the Irish Linen Memorial 2001-2005

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APPENDIX A

Background to the peoples that settled in Ireland:

Notes from a Concise History of Ireland
Máire and Conor Cruise O’Brien.
Thames and Hudson, London, 1972

“This book brings out the tragic inevitability about Irish history with clarity, impartiality and compassion. From the first Protestant settlements in Elizabethan times to the barricades of the Bogside it has been, for the most part, ‘hatred answering hatred’ (Gregory)... ‘death answering death through the generations like clerks at the mass....... But in spite of the bloodshed in Ulster, the authors are not without hope that Catholic and Protestant may in the end be ‘able to work out ways of existing peacefully together in the island which they share and whose history they inherit’ (from book jacket).

The O’Briens say that their book is written in order to see Irish history, “as a common inheritance with multiple aspects” (173).

Prehistory/Pre-Celtic:

15,000 BC Mesolithic period

The people probably came from Scotland in coracles to the north east coast of Ireland called Antrim looking for flint for their tools. They are “believed to be the earliest ancestors, a continuing and considerable basic element in [the] physical stock and originators of some of the characteristics, [the] practices of [the] intensely conservative country life” (7) in Ireland.

3,000 BC New Stone Age

These people probably settled as families in extended groups. They “cultivated the soil and raised animals ... cooked their food and ground corn for bread; ... ... They developed a number of skills to build [with lumber] ... houses, defences, boats, weirs and causeways. They also knew how to spin, weave and make pottery. It is from this period there appeared massive stone edifices, burial places for the dead and temples places for their gods,” large standing stones, dolmens and stone circles can be seen in many areas in Ireland today (8). The decorated passage-graves are similar to those found in the Mediterranean area.

2,200 BC Bronze Age

This age lasted 1,500 years. Whilst no records of the people were left, “weapons of bronze...and exquisite distinctive personal ornaments of native gold” have been unearthed from this time period (15).

700 BC. Iron Age

“During this time the structures of kin and tribe ‘of king’: nobles and free commoners were laid down as shown in Irish laws... Evidence points to complex self-contained tribal units among whom warfare, internecine and external, was endemic” (15). The iron-using people were a part of the movement in Europe from east to west. Elements of their language were developed from the Indo-Germanic languages termed Celtic. During the later part of this age, Ireland became a Celtic speaking country. Epic tales of battles are recorded in myths of Finn and Cuchulain.
Christianity:

First century BC to fifth century AD

In the first century BC, north-eastern [invaders came] from Gaul to south east Britain and later Ireland, tribal conquests and migrations’ which continued into the fifth century AD (17-18). By the time Christianity arrived ‘a linguistic and dynastic ascendancy had been established over the continuing conflict’ (18). The customary law of the Celtic peoples was highly developed and transmitted orally… from generation to generation by professional jurists’ … codified as the ‘Brehon Law’ [see Glossary] and used by the natives until the Tudor times (18).

Fifth to Ninth centuries

The Celtic chieftains continued to establish their connections with each other using a common language and codified oral traditions. They were slave owners and cattle raiders. One of their most famous slaves, Patrick, was captured in a raid on Britain. At the same time ‘Pope Celestine in Rome appointed a bishop named Palladius to the care of the Irish ‘believing in Christ’ (23). The church Patrick brought to Ireland, with control in the hands of the Bishop, was organized on the Roman model’ (23). The missionary foundations of Patrick and others were slow to put in place. ‘The great material change effected by Christianity was the introduction of the written word’ (25). The practices and the old beliefs of pagan religions and that of the new religion Christianity were eventually reconciled. Columcille, St. Columba, also established the Irish Church in western Scotland and Northumberland in England. Missionaries from Ireland also brought their religious beliefs as far as the Alps, and Irish learning was widely recognized and revered. It was the light at the end of the Dark Ages in Europe.

Vikings:

Tenth century

Ireland had been free from invasion since prehistoric times and Christian for three hundred years, “Its material culture was not only literate and prosperous, it was extraordinarily creative artistically” (33). The Vikings from Scandinavia, arriving in their sea-faring boats, changed all this. The undefended Irish sanctuaries were pillaged and burned. One of the manuscripts to survive was the Book of Kells. After a period, the Irish recovered and built fleets against the invaders, the Norse settled and built towns like Dublin and Limerick. During this period of turmoil different kings or chiefs traded various alliances in order to sustain their power and line of allegiance. Dermott MacMurrough sought help from Plantagenet, Henry II. Henry II also had a bull from the Pope, Adrian IV, for a legitimate conquest of Ireland. In the end, Dermott obtained help from those in Wales, so the Norman dominance was increased. As the Normans went into the countryside, settled and fortified their positions by building stone castles, (remains of which can be seen today), Henry concentrated on keeping control of the towns and their spoils (43).

English Colony:

Thirteenth century

Many Irish chieftains and Irish hierarchy did homage to King Henry II in return for his guarantee of their interests! … “All seemed set for the establishment of a prosperous English colony. The defeat and retreats of the Irish lords did not interfere with their way of life too much, the nobles with their retainers, men-at-arms and … poets” (43)! The peasants or poor people continued to work “for their new masters” (63). However, the Irish chiefs began to think about a united struggle. “A dissident Ireland presented a direct threat to the English Crown and a ready source of comfort to the King’s foreign enemies” (44).

Tudor Plantation:
Fifteenth and Sixteenth century

The Hundred Years War and the War of the Roses occupied the English kings until the Tudors, Henry VII and Henry VIII became aware of the power vacuum in Ireland. The Normans had integrated and married into the Irish families. The issue of Pope against King [appeared] for the first time in Irish politics. Henry VIII got the Irish lords to give him the title to their lands and he gave it back to them in ‘feudal terms’ (52). Henry 8th was proclaimed ‘King of Ireland’ in 1541. Mary, though a Roman Catholic, established ‘a major plantation’ or colonization in Leix and Offaly “but England’s control continued to weaken” (56). Elizabeth I acceded to a weakened English throne. She did not wish to conquer Ireland but was forced to do so as she was aware her Continental enemies saw an opening to counteract the Reformation and to depose her. Men of noble birth were sent to be educated at the English court. Hugh O’Neill, Earl of Tyrone, became ruler, in effect King of Ulster, a part of Ireland which has not been dominated by the Normans and he dealt directly with Elizabeth I.
A series of rebellions the Irish failed to oust the English. In 1607, *The Flight of the Earls* took place when the last of the great earls left Ireland for ever, so the Irish were left without any real leadership to fight colonization (which W. B. Yeats wrote about in 'Four Bells'). "A pattern [was] now established that was to prove enduring: Catholic Ireland dominated by the superior force of Protestant England. Religion hardened, sharpened and preserved national animosities. Among the Irish, a persecuted Church fanned the resentment of a conquered people: the English were heretics, their power was illegitimate, rebellion against them lawful, and their enemies were the friends of Ireland and the Faith" (61).

Colonisation

Seventeenth century

To combat the instability in the country, and perceived treachery of the Irish population, the English decided to disperse the native population and create settlements with loyal Protestants from England, Scotland and Wales. The Ulster Plantation “was supposed to have the natives completely removed from their lands; but in practice they accepted Irish tenants” (62) … Ulster comprised not “a solidly Protestant province, but a province with two populations: Catholic and Protestant, mutually antagonistic, with religious animosity overlaying the bitterness of a dispute over land”. As a minority, the Protestants of Ulster, and the less numerous in the rest of Ireland often felt insecure … demanded strong measures for their security. “Two Irelands, a Catholic one, still Gaelic speaking, and a Protestant one, English speaking and of mainly settler stock, were coming into being” (62).

When Charles I came to the throne in Britain he was looked on with suspicion in Ireland, using an army of ‘Irish papists … towards the ruin of the royalist cause (63). “The relative religious tolerance which prevailed during this period was the result of state policy, not of any diminution in the mutual animosity of Catholic and Protestant. The Plantations in themselves were enough to ensure a great intensification of these feelings; religion was now identified on one side with the desire to recover a territory and on the other with the desire to hold it” (63).The different interests in Ireland – the native Catholic Irish, the ‘Old English’, the English Protestants, and the Ulster Scots, entered into shifting combinations among themselves, and with the contenders of the English Civil War… The native Irish… felt no loyalty to an English Protestant king” (65) [and] … went to Spain and the Pope for help. They were given “little help, some money, and much advice” in 1649 (66).

Republican England:

When England became a republic under Cromwell the Irish and ‘Old English’ were crushed by his Ironsides in 1649-52. Cromwell, as most Englishmen and all Puritans, were shocked by “what he had heard of his atrocities against the Protestants in the Rebellion of 1641”. So “Cromwell and his comrades… felt fully justified in treating the Irish rebels with great ruthlessness.” This would clear out the rebels and put English ex-soldiers in their stead – settling Ireland and removing “a potential source of turbulence from England” (68). “From a military point of view, the ferocity of Cromwell and his successors in Ireland … was not extraordinary by seventeenth–century standards,”(68) but his name is still widely held in great contempt and loathing. By 1653 the Cromwellian forces had subjugated all of Ireland (69).

The most important effect of transplantations … “was a great change in ownership of the land and in the distribution of political power” (69). Established over most of the Island … was a landed ruling class, mainly of English origin, professing some form of Protestantism and dominating a native Roman Catholic and still Gaelic-speaking peasantry.

The Protestant ascendancy “… lasted into the last quarter of the 19th century. In eastern Ulster and rested on the more secure base of a Protestant (settler) peasantry” (69).

James II acceded to the English throne. He was “an avowed Roman Catholic [who] raised the hopes of dispossessed and alarmed the Ascendancy” (70). Irish armed papists and Protestants refugees from Ireland were the most important factors in turning James’ English subjects against him. He arrived in Ireland from France but he received little support from the Pope or France as they were quarrelling among themselves. William, Prince of Orange landed in eastern Ulster in 1690 and defeated James’ forces at the Boyne. James left for France and William of Orange was established as the Protestant king on the English throne.
Eighteenth century

“The people of Ireland had been caught and crushed in the play of international and ideological forces: the English Reformation and its insecurity; the Counter-Revolution and its quasi-millennial hopes; the ambitions and fears of dynasties; the quickening consciousness of nationalism English and Irish, and economic interests and hopes both underlying and developed by this interplay of forces. English and Irish, pressed into closer contact by these forces, discovered how diversely history had formed them. Each side reacted to this discovery with that ethnocentric reflex of shock, disgust and anger, which is among the strongest and most terrible forces in human history. The weaker party was doomed to be oppressed; this weaker party was the native population of the smaller and more remote island” (76).

“Jacobites (James II’s followers) surrendered under terms that gave the Catholics rights of worship such as they had under Charles II. William was willing to abide by this but the Irish Parliament which was “representative of the Protestant interest so recently menaced” (77) ... “determined to treat the papists as a conquered people” (72) and should not have protection of the law. This was backed by Irish Protestant and English Protestant opinion. William introduced the Penal Laws which continued under Anne, George I and George II continued the policy.

Under these laws:

1) Irish Catholics could not sit in Parliament.
2) Irish Catholics could not vote in parliamentary elections.
3) Irish Catholics could be excluded from the bar, the bench, the university, the navy and all public bodies.
4) Irish Catholics were forbidden to possess arms, or own a horse more than five pounds sterling value.
5) No Catholic could keep a school, or send his child to be educated abroad.
6) The ownership of land “was subject of a complex branch of the penal code so most of “the remaining land still owned by Catholics passed to Protestant hands” (77). Irish families obtained extraordinary privileges on any member who became a Protestant.

Catholic bishops and other higher ecclesiastics were banished from the country, and were liable to be killed if they returned, though some registered priests were tolerated.

“The Penal Code was ... a necessary consequence of the form the conquest had taken.” (78) Native Irish were needed for their labour, ‘so were not altogether exterminated” 78. However, in the interests of the settlers, the Catholics were not to be allowed to repose their lands and not allowed ‘through education, political activity, arms of alliance’ to achieve a position where they might threaten the land settlement. ‘In England as long as Catholicism was felt as a real menace, Protestant opinion and parliament supported the settlers in this matter.

Historian, W.E. H. Lecky quoted that The Penal Code ... “was inspired more by rapacity than fanaticism ... less directed against the Catholic religion, than against the property and industry of its professors’. The Code perfected and maintained a system of caste domination ... ‘with superior and subordinate castes marked off by religious profession, with different systems of law applicable to them’. Three quarters of the population belonged to the conquered, so a system was needed to maintain the hierarchical lines.

In the 1760’s “ ... a ‘patriot’ element emerged in the Irish parliament, professing loyalty to the king (English), but demanding greater autonomy for Ireland, concessions to the Catholics, with support from the Protestant middle class, especially the Presbyterians of the North and from the Catholics generally” (84).

As trade was one of the few permitted outlets for Catholic activity, the Catholics now included a merchant interest, which shared with the Protestant middle class a desire to end restrictions imposed by the English on Irish Trade” (84).

“The 1770’s brought the first relaxation of the Penal Code and concessions to Ireland generally. The outbreak of the American War of Independence ‘made it expedient to appease public opinion in Ireland: Protestant and especially Presbyterian opinion was strongly pro-American” (86).

“Ireland was deemed to have acquired legislative independence ... Grattan’s Parliament (1782-1800)” (87). However, actual administration ‘remained in the hands of the Lord Lieutenant, appointed by the English Government” (87).
“The impact of the French Revolution transformed the situation in Ireland. The movement of the United Irishmen ... a leading spirit, Wolfe Tone (1763-98), sought to make Ireland a republic on French principles, and to break the connection with England. In the North of Ireland, as in industrial England, a strong radical movement favoured the Revolution, and there was wide support for the United Irishmen among the Presbyterians. Some Catholics also adhered to the movement and Tone [was successful in moving, ‘Defenderism’ from] a purely agrarian movement’ to ‘a revolutionary one’ " (90). Edmund Burke, the writer, felt the best way ‘of meeting’ the revolutionary cause was to make major concessions to the Catholics. Pitt, the prime minister, carried out a major reform that of Catholic emancipation to enfranchise the Catholics ‘though not ending their exclusion from parliament’ (90). As the rebellion escalated, the government met it with a policy of oppression, conciliation and oppression again. After the capture of many United Irishmen and the capture of Lord Edward Fitzgerald (1763-98) rebellion broke out again. Main centres of rebellion were in Ulster “where it was almost an entirely Protestant (Presbyterian) movement and in Co. Wexford, it was Catholic ... and ‘took on some character of a religious war against Protestants” (91).

Nineteenth Century: Terms of Union

In 1800, “the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland came into being. The Catholics favoured it with an understanding that emancipation would follow” (92).

The Orange Order (founded in 1795) to combat deferenderism and property was hostile to the Union because of emancipation of the Catholics. In England public opinion was also hostile and George III was against it as well. Pitt resigned in 1801 when a bill to support emancipation did not go through.

The fragile coalescing of people with diverse views and affiliations began to weaken in the late 18th century and early 19th century. Protestants began to accept dependence on England; the Catholics felt betrayed when emancipation did not follow. Lines became ‘clear and hard again’ (98) “Protestant ‘and ‘Unionist’ were to become virtually synonymous’ Words like ‘Rebel’, ‘Home Rule’ ‘Sinn Fein” appeared; “ ‘the Protestants were no longer champions ‘of the Irish Nation’ “(99). Emancipation was now under the leadership of Daniel O’Connell (1775-1847).

The Great Hunger

“In 1845, 1846, and 1847 Ireland was devastated by the famine brought about ‘... by the time of the failure of the potato crop. Ireland had increased its population from about five million, at the time of the Union, to eight million in 1841’ (103). At the time of the famine, Ireland was involved in ‘Subsistence Agriculture – the staple diet of the Irish being the potato. [there was] ... rural over- crowding and miserable conditions of work’ (103). ... since Ireland lack[ed] coal and iron, [essential in the age of the Industrial Revolution] which was transforming the neighbouring land, had largely passed Ireland, except for the north-east, where the Protestant population, increasingly re-emphasizing its difference from the rest of the country, was developing linen and shipbuilding industries. ... In the event of the failure of a crop (there was no outlet)... except in emigration or death’ (103). “In the Great Famine it is estimated a million people emigrated – mainly to the United States – and a million died” (105).

“Historians, both English and Irish, generally see the outbreak of the famine as inevitable... [but] could have been avoided by more determined government action” (105). “Some ... see the root cause of the failure to take action ... in the economic theory of the time: the doctrines of the Manchester School, forbidding state interference with the working laws of economics” (105). Whether the government would have done the same if the famine had broken out in another city in England is questionable. However, ‘governments and economists of that period were inclined to regard the suffering of the poor, of whatever nationality, as the natural order of things. But ... English governments never interested themselves energetically in the affairs of Ireland except [when there was perceived] a threat to the security of England” (106).

Modern Nation
“Before the famine Ireland was to a great extent Irish-speaking; afterwards, English was soon spoken almost everywhere, except in some parts of the western seaboard” (106). The political consequences … … and a new factor was … … the growth of [the] Irish community in America …This was to bring about a great weakening of England’s control of Ireland” (106). “The famine may not have been a threat to the security of Ireland, but it carried within itself the seeds of the destruction of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland” (107).

The Land League, 1878 “… through various ways was ‘determined to make it possible for the landlord (if resident) or his agent … … those who had grabbed land from which previous tenants had been evicted ‘to operate’ (112). James Parnell, a Protestant landlord adopted the Land League’s principles’ pressed for land reform, but not for succession or political revolution. In 1881 Prime Minster Gladstone carried out the Land Act which included … … “notably legal assessments of ‘fair rents’ and security against arbitrary eviction’ “ (113). This act transformed the conditions of land tenure in Ireland.

After his election, Gladstone introduced in 1886 a Bill granting Home Rule to Ireland. He was defeated in the next election so the incoming Tories did not pass the Bill. The following period, under the Tories, was a quiet one, though Gladstone (1893) introduced, and failed, once again to get a second Home Rule Bill through the House.

**Twentieth century: Home Rule**

The Home Rule Bill again was introduced “… to the Ulster Protestants - ‘Home Rule’ meant ‘Rome Rule’ – a majority of the population in the industrialized north-east. There was threat of civil was if the bill was passed. The Ulster Volunteers were formed to protect the interests of the majority. The Home Rule Bill was amended to allow Ulster counties to opt out for a period of six years – ‘but in practice indefinitely” (113). The Ulster Volunteers’ organization was copied, one that was nationalist and became the Irish Republican Brotherhood (IRB). In 1916 there was a ‘Rising’ or revolt in Dublin to inspire the nationalist aspirations in the population. A Republic was proclaimed. The rebels surrendered and a number of leaders were hanged. Though the Rising had been put down it ‘destroyed the political base of the Irish parliamentary party … … “The executions angered public support and it was given to Sinn Fein, it was to become the open political movement of the Republican revolutionaries” (141).

After World War 1, in 1918 the British government became committed to ‘Partition’, the six counties (from the nine in Ulster) were to be called Northern Ireland. However, Britain was ‘unprepared … to concede to the remaining twenty six counties any significantly wider autonomy than was contained in the Home Rule Bill of 1912. Guerrilla war ensued. The Irish Republican Army (the old IRB) were on one side and the Black-and-Tans and auxiliaries (pro- British) on the other side. In 1921 there was a conference convened for establishing peace, perhaps to bring Northern Ireland into the Irish Free State, depending on Sinn Fein cooperation.

In 1921 the **Irish Free State** was established. The Irishmen swore ‘an oath of allegiance to the Crown, and [accepted] control by Imperial Forces of certain ports in peacetime and unlimited powers for the same forces in the time of war, ‘or of strained relations with a Foreign Power’. The parliament of ‘Southern Ireland’ would become the parliament of the Irish Free State (147). While there was considerable resistance and another civil war, by 1923 resistance was abandoned.

Before World War II (1939 -1945) it was uncertain if Ireland could be neutral if Britain was at war. The former Free State now was known as Ireland (Eire). Some felt that Ireland should benefit from England’s difficulties and supported the Third Reich. De Valera, the prime minister of Ireland, decided that Ireland’s territory should not be a base of operations against England. Ireland’s neutrality was respected (159), but Ireland became isolated after the war, psychologically and intellectually’ (159), censure of literature and of the press … limited intellectual discussions and social issues [were limited]. ‘From 1951 to 1969 Irish politics and Irish life generally, followed a fairly humdrum course” (162).

**1949: The Republic of Ireland and Northern Ireland, U.K.**

In 1949, Ireland left the Commonwealth and became a Republic; Northern Ireland remained part of the United Kingdom. Northern Ireland’s population was not homogeneous like that of the Republic. For example in NI ‘the Catholic minority (33% of the population) did present a threat to a
settlement which they were known to oppose’. The Irish Catholics never repudiated Sinn Finn (167) “In these circumstances, and granted past history of the area, the Ulster Protestants felt that ‘precautions had to be taken’ (167) to protect their interests. IRA guerrillas could count on support from South as well as North of the border. ‘This situation had important political and social consequences (169). Protestant fears secured the Unionist interests. The Unionist Party was “a monopoly of political power, through the support of almost the whole Protestant population, since the foundation of Northern Ireland” (169). The use of power led to gerrymandering to establish preferences for Protestants at the expense of the Catholics. Thus the Catholics “were encouraged to emigrate in numbers adequate to compensate for their higher birth-rate” (169). The system continued from 1920 to 1968. Dublin only occasionally protested, and the authorities in London showed no interest. So a generation of Northern Catholics...became embittered, out numbered in the North and effectually abandoned by the South, prisoners in a system created against them” (165).

“It was from this generation, [in the 1960’s] and some Protestants, mainly students and graduates from Queens’ University Belfast, that the Civil Rights movement got its initial strength in the late 1960’s” (172). At the beginning it was non-violent and wanted equal rights for all in Northern Ireland. As most of those so affected were Catholic, the movement began to attract people from the IRA and extreme left. At the same time the movement caused fear in the Protestant majority, repression by the mainly Protestant police force (the Royal Ulster Constabulary, RUC) and Protestant activists. As a result sectarian violence erupted and the British government sent in the army to take control of the RUC. All this affected the lives of all the people in Northern Ireland and the Republic with deadly consequences. The revival of the armed Irish Republican Army (IRA) caused great alarm among the Protestants (172), and various ‘volunteer’ groups were created to protect the two groups from each other. Sectarian fighting broke out in Belfast. In the Bogside, in Derry, there was resistance to police intervention. The British government called in the army and placed the police under their control in order to control the fighting between the two factions. However the revival of the armed IRA caused great alarm especially among Protestants.

The Troubles

Between 1970 and 2000 during a period called ‘The Troubles’ ensued. The Parliament of Northern Ireland, in Stormont, was prorogued in 1972. Sectarian violence caused the death of over 3,500 people and ten times that were maimed or otherwise affected. Direct rule was established by the British government in Westminster, London. Both the British and Republic of Ireland governments, together with politicians in the North, are continuing their efforts to find a formula for peace and power-sharing. To date this has not been possible.
Irish History since 1920:

Transcription of opening speech for *The Irish Linen Memorial: Transformation of Tears* exhibition, Canberra Irish Club - February 18 2004.

Aidan Moore, Lecturer in Irish history for the U3A (University of the Third Age), in Canberra, ACT.

Personal Introduction:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>From</th>
<th>&quot;Aidan Moore&quot; <a href="mailto:aidanmoore1@bigpond.com">aidanmoore1@bigpond.com</a></th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>To</td>
<td>&quot;Lycia&quot; <a href="mailto:lyciadt@yahoo.com">lyciadt@yahoo.com</a></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Subject</td>
<td>Re: hi there-with thanks</td>
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<tr>
<td>Date</td>
<td>Fri, 28 Jan 2005 17:40:38 +1100</td>
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Hi, Lycia

Yes, I was born in 1938 in Ireland at Elphin, a few miles from Cruachan Ai, the capital of the legendary Queen Maeve. I was brought up in County Kerry. I was educated by Republican Irish-speaking teachers at primary school in Kerry, by European-oriented Jesuits at secondary school in Kildare, and by Anglicans and British Unionists at university in Dublin, so I got a very broad exposure to the Irish story. My mum was involved deeply in the national independence struggle. My dad was on the other side, a British officer from Ulster, so their story was a real Romeo and Juliet romance around 1919-20. That added to my interest in history, and gave me an appreciation of both sides of the story.

I came to Australia in 1964 to prospect for oil and gas, mainly in the central deserts. Soon after arrival in Canberra in 1987 to work as a marine geophysicist for the geological survey, I was conscripted to hold classes in Irish history at the Canberra Irish Club, under patronage of the international University of the Third Age, which provides mental fitness centres for people over 50 in many countries. My course now consists of fifteen fortnightly lectures over half a year, and nearly a hundred pages of notes. There is a great hunger for the Irish story in Australia, and I feel obliged to cater for it. The enrolment last year (2004) was seventy, of all
persuasions. I am pleased to note an increasing number of people of British as well as Australian and Irish education attending, and proud to believe they are not made to regret coming to the Irish Club to hear my telling of the deep and complex historical relationship between the two main British islands. The course does not rehash the primitive white-hat/black-hat moralistic version of history we were all taught in our various schools, and which has done us all great harm - this is an adult version in which human motivations are convoluted and compelling.

We won’t hold the history classes this year, 2005, because I will be in Ireland poring over rocks and stones at Brú na Bóinne (Newgrange) and An Emhain (Navan Fort) in Armagh (Cuchullain’s old stamping ground). If the demand exists we might hold it again in 2006.

Aidan

`Overview of political history since 1920`

“The Province of Northern Ireland was conceived in Westminster during the year 1920 by the Government of Ireland Bill, which made its way through the Houses of Parliament over several months and was enacted into law at the end of the year. The state was born in June 1921 when King George V opened the first session of the Northern Ireland Parliament in Belfast. So, the Province of Northern Ireland precedes the Irish Free State (later the Republic of Ireland) by twelve months.

When the state was created it solved a major problem for Westminster and, in a real sense, for the nationalist Irish outside the new state as well. In 1920 the War of Independence was in full swing, Ireland was racked by mayhem and murder. If the majority who sought a native Irish state were to be accommodated, the problem was the future of the British population of Ireland. They called ‘Unionists’ numbered nearly one million throughout the island, about a fifth of the whole population. They were concentrated around Belfast and the northeast counties, in Dublin and in Cork. If they lost their trust in Westminster (as they had in 1913) and were faced with political and cultural extinction in Ireland, they would fight their own war of independence, they would fight it to the bitter end, and the end would be bitter indeed. They had a formidable reputation as a military race. They could not be ignored or intimidated, and their last-ditch resistance would be very costly to both the United Kingdom and the nationalist Irish.

The solution devised by the UK Parliament was to set up a state for them in Ulster, where they were in the majority, so they would have a secure home. It was then possible to negotiate with the Nationalists in the rest of
Ireland, to end the war of secession with an Anglo Irish treaty. The Irish national independence of which southerners like myself are so proud, could not have been won without the prior existence of the Unionist state. The small numbers of Unionists in the south were left to accept the new order there, which most of them did. They faced considerable dangers during the Irish Civil War while the principled Republicans, who recognised neither the northern nor the southern state and fought for an all-Ireland Republic, contested in arms the legitimacy of the Irish Free State and its Treaty with the United Kingdom, and attacked the houses of Unionists among others, north and south. The southern state finally established its authority with merciless repression of the Republicans and their militia, the IRA. After that, the southern Unionists, being too few to threaten the southern state, were by and large left alone to adjust to Gaelic Ireland, while the Unionist government based at Stormont near Belfast created a Fortress Ulster, vigilantly guarded against Republican subversion.

In human affairs when you solve one problem you often create another. In the new Province of Northern Ireland there was a substantial population who did not identify with the British nation, who sympathised with the independence war and had taken part in all the struggles and actual fighting that preceded it for more than a century. This Nationalist population, as they were called, were overwhelmingly of Catholic faith and out of sympathy with the Protestant Monarchy of the UK. Most of them sympathised with Republican principles and some of them with continued IRA campaigning as well, in both north and south. They did not take kindly to the assertive British and Protestant identity of the new northern state, and the state did not conciliate them. Immediately the divisions neatly formed, based on the concurrence of politics with tribe and religion, a deadly combination.

Westminster was not completely oblivious to the plight of the minority Nationalist population in Northern Ireland; it did build some safeguards for them into the structure of the State. The principal safeguard was proportional representation, PR for short. At the time it was a system not used either in Britain or indeed in Australia. PR is designed to give ‘the losers’ in any democratic political contest a consolation prize, to give them some representation. They don’t get their hands on the levers of power but they get some consultation, which was the purpose of PR. In 1922 and again in 1929, the provincial government of Northern Ireland abolished PR and reverted to the system used in Britain, the ‘first past the post’ system, where winner takes all, loser gets nothing, there are no consolation prizes for being a runner-up! Now that doesn’t matter so much in Britain, the USA or Australia because it is expected that on occasion the political underdog will win power and then they will have control. In Northern Ireland that did not happen. Every election in the province centred on the issue of whether the state ought to exist, the so called ‘constitutional question’, border security was an election issue and every election had the same result. The Ulster Unionist Party always won.

For fifty years from the birth of the State until the provincial government was struck down by Westminster in 1972, the Ulster Unionist Party wielded unbroken power in the interest of their tribe. The Catholic population were marooned without a voice in Protestant Ulster. The Unionists denied them any influence in the province, on grounds of their disloyalty, and they rejected the State. Poverty was severe and widespread, and got worse
as traditional industries declined. The government handed out housing and jobs to those they considered ‘deserving’, which did not include many of the Nationalist population. Unrest grew and protests were common as 1969 approached.

The Catholics were not the only ones in the province enduring poverty, hardship, unemployment, homelessness. There was a poor working class population among the Unionists and they lived also in (Protestant) ghettos, like the Catholics, crammed together in miserable conditions. They heard the complaints of the Nationalists and were resentful of them. I imagine their attitude was “these people (Catholics) are protesting about not getting a fair share of the resources of the State. They don’t give allegiance to the State. Why should they get support that we loyal citizens aren’t getting?” Periodically, the armed wing of Republicanism – the IRA - attacked the State. In the 1950’s their last campaign was worn down and defeated, not just by the Ulster security forces, the RUC and the B-Specials. The Nationalist population, from whom they had sprung, turned its back on them – the IRA admitted as much in its statement of cessation in 1962 - and they were reduced to a small rump of old Republican families. The IRA was virtually extinct.

Catholic protest continued without them. In 1968-9, the civil rights movement started up, centring on the distribution of housing and jobs. Agitation grew, the Unionist population became increasingly resentful, and the agitation culminated in escalating street battles. One of the great battles of that time, ferocious street fighting, went on for three days in Londonderry, with thousands engaged on each side, and free exchange of missiles and gas canisters, but notwithstanding that, not a single gunshot was fired by either side, an extraordinary thing. The story in Belfast was the opposite. Official over-reaction to a small Catholic demonstration in the Falls Road produced instant escalation to full-scale communal inter-ghetto war with everything from fire-bombs, hatchets and axes to pistols, rifles and heavy-calibre machine guns mounted on armoured cars. The provincial government at Stormont surrendered the streets to the mob, and the province to anarchy.

Unrestrained sectarian civil war was aborted when the British Army deployed between the combatants around Catholic Free Derry and in burning Belfast. London took over administration of the province, 1972 – no-one’s first choice, no-one’s worst choice – and settled down to its long war with a rejuvenated IRA while all stakeholders inched painfully and rancorously toward a political settlement. British troops slaughtered demonstrators in Londonderry on Bloody Sunday, 1972; the IRA did the same to Belfast shoppers with its own Bloody Friday in the same year, and continued with other human disasters in Belfast, Enniskillen, Britain etc. Protestant paramilitaries replied to IRA bombs with gun assaults on bars, and bombs in southern towns. Mostly it is innocents who were done to death in these hideous attacks. The usual savage struggle of spies, assassins and assorted terrorists of all persuasions with ever-changing names and dubious origins burned in the ruins of civil society. Refined cruelty and ghastly martyrdom festered in the prisons.

I call it a civil war, some object to that term. Civil war begins in the hearts and minds of people, it was there, I’m convinced of it. Nearly all of the slain were deliberately deprived of life by someone in pursuit of his own
political obsessions. Eventually of course the final cease fire by the IRA in 1998 after prolonged persuasion by John Hume and the leaders of Sinn Fein was followed by a Protestant paramilitary ceasefire, determined intervention by the American President, the Unionist First Minister and the British and Irish Prime Ministers. Their dogged persistence produced the Good Friday Agreement. Stormy exchanges persist, fortunately over the table, not in the streets. Irreconcilable militants continue to try to resuscitate the war, but so far they have not succeeded.

I hope I’ve given you some understanding of what the current exhibition is memorialising so poignantly with linen, the historic trademark product of the province. In it, the dead are named, and arranged, not by affiliation, but by the date on which they were cruelly robbed of life. Let us hope the future is better than the past has been. Thank you for listening. I urge you to go and walk through those ribbons, filled with name after name each representing a life taken. Ponder their length. There is no waste of space, each has just enough for its own dignity to be respected. Consider some individual names. Ask yourself if the actions and attitudes that put them there were worth it, and if you share them. In the presence of the dead, in the privacy of your own head, dare you be other than honest. Is not shame the door to wisdom for our poor, benighted race?
Personal Maternal Family History:

This section comprises the following:

1. about my maternal grandfather’s parliamentary career

2. Interview with my mother, Maureen Ann Salus Trouton (nee McGladdery); b.1933, Belfast, Northern Ireland; spent the World War II years in Armagh; teacher: art, special education; emigrated to Canada, 1970.

3. Letter from my maternal aunt, (Helen Margaret Charlotte) Margot Damon (nee McGladdery); b.1937, Belfast, Northern Ireland; teacher, lecturer, and inspector: home economics; domicile: Surrey, England.


   Introduction from Ritchie: “Happy childhood spent in Armagh and Belfast; school and University in Belfast; studied engineering but moved into the rapidly expanding computer software industry during the early 1960’s. Established his own software business in the mid-1970’s and saw this grow into a successful international company; married in 1973, daughter and son; divorced in 1991.”

5. Family Photographs

The Ulster Tatter??

Maternal Grandfather

an accidental
politician . . .

Senator D. Ritchie McGladdery is a big man with quiet, humorous eyes and the kind of rich soft voice that one expects to turn equally to a warm chuckle or into authoritative seriousness. The kind of man indeed whom one could easily imagine as the Deputy Leader of the Northern Ireland Senate, as he is, the kind of man who might be expected to exercise a cautious restraint when this might be needed.

Not that he has ever, so far as he recalled to me, had to lay down the law. Discussions in the Senate do not appear to get out of hand; not, at any rate, when he has happened to be in control.

He smiled broadly as he admitted to the high sounding political rank—Parliamentary Secretary to the Department of the Prime Minister as well as Deputy Leader.

'It's rather funny really. An accident that I should be involved in politics in any way, I suppose you could say that members of the Senate are not politicians in the ordinary sense. We don't stand for elections—we're simply appointed. But I'm a political animal all right—now, and that's an accident.'

The 'accident' is both interesting and illuminating. Like many another Ulsterman of his generation he ended his formal education at the age of thirteen and a half and began working in Gallacher's. And it was in the engineering department of Gallacher's that he worked until his retirement, except for the war years. And it was the aftermath of the war years that made him a 'political animal'.

The war for him meant fighting in the Eighth Army in Italy and Africa and Tobruk was the worst of it. As a member of the T.A. (Royal Engineers) it was a matter of course that he should join up when war broke out. Mrs. McGladdery was abroad with her and small, young family had moved from Belfast to Armagh. His work was in Belfast; housing was no easier to come by then than it is now and so Mrs. McGladdery stayed on in Armagh with the children while he worked in Belfast. Involved though he was in the British Legion and the problems of the ex-servicemen he did not find enough to occupy all his leisure.

'One lucky day I happened on a WEA prospectus and I enrolled for a teacher's course, I was fascinated; it was a wonderful thing for me and I attended WEA courses for ten years altogether, studying economics and political history as well as sociology. It was one of the best things I ever did for myself', he said. They were studies that linked up wonderfully with his wife's interests. She, a Scotswoman from Border Darnsire, belonged to a family that had the deep Scottish love of education. 'Studied enough', said Mrs. McGladdery as she joined in the conversation. 'My mother was English—she was scarcely accepted by the folks at home and she believed that English schools were better than the Scottish. She sent me to a denominational school and when I was fighting politics much later I happened to meet Miss Emily Carson at that time there was a plan to establish a junior school over here to 'teach' girls. In a church and I asked if I'd like to come over and help. I wasn't a Quaker by the way, but I was interested and that is how I came to Northern Ireland to RIchardst.'

Dear Mrs. McGladdery is with very much involved in social work; though she does not claim any formal qualification these days as she is recovering from a serious illness. 'But if you are interested in your fellow human beings at all and even more if you happen to be married to a man who is involved in public affairs to any extent, you find that you are consulted and asked for help about all sorts of things,' she remarked. The McGladdery's live in Cliftonbelle Crescent in the midst of a large housing estate, there's is pretty much an ever-open door at which neighbours—and many who live much further away—knock to seek advice or help or both.

Their younger daughter, Margot, is the most politically concerned of their three children. She trained at the College of Domestic Economy here and later did social studies at Liverpool University. She taught at Ballinamore High School at one time and is now on the staff of one of the principal technical colleges in London. When she was at home she was very much interested in the Young Unemployed and now is very keen to go to America and study for a higher degree there. She was home for Christmas, and found that she still back into the old atmosphere very easily. Her sister was also a teacher—Mrs. McGladdery was a reader, and she was on the staff of the Lancana College of which she had been the principal before she was married. Her two young children occupy her full time nowadays.

John Ritchie, the only son in the family, has nothing on it. A computer engineer with I.C.L. he has been to Nigeria and Poland for his company and has recently returned from Trinidad. At the moment at any rate, says Senator McGladdery, he shows no inclination for political study. For himself politics remains an absorbing study, not just local politics but global politics and especially the situation of the Commonwealth countries. He is an enthusiast for the Commonwealth Parliamentary Association and is a great believer in interchange. An optimist by nature and essentially a friendly man he holds by a 'live and let live' philosophy; he feels there has been much to criticise in Ulster in the past, but also much to admire. Jobs and housing he sees as the greatest needs.
My mother, Maureen Ann Salus Trouton, about the loss of her father.


Preamble:

With death there’s a loss to those that are left behind, it seems to be a very self centred way that we go about it, maybe we don’t reflect on sometimes the loss for the person who has gone ahead or died, whatever euphemistic term you like. We don’t talk about how their lives have been cut short and what they might have done, so when we watch the rituals all over the world connected with the death of a person, they are very elaborate, there seems to be an inordinate amount of grief, yet there seems to be a connection worldwide to some religious group, these religions seem to think there is a life beyond death and that you often go to a much better life than you left behind. To me I have this difficulty in wondering why people are so grief stricken, especially perhaps if the person is older and has led a full life and why there is all this grief and we can’t just let the person go. Yet we talk about rejoicing about death because it’s taking you to a better place but our actions and what we do contradicts this.

So, when I talk about father (your grandfather) I’m talking from a time of forty years ago, we all have revisionist tendencies and what I felt perhaps at that time is not what I will relate now, not because I want to gloss over things but time changes things and my memories change, my discussions with my brother and sister things do change as to what I perhaps felt at the time.

I’ll start when my father was 34 and I was five years old. I began to feel that’s when my loss started, not 40 years hence when he died, and slipped away peacefully in a hospital bed with pneumonia, but when I was five. This loss commenced when he joined the army, he was in the Territorial Army and he was mobilized before the Second World War, in the middle of the summer in 1938. We decided to move away from Belfast into the country and I was left with this feeling of loss and insecurity. I still remember the day World War II was declared. We all sat around a radio and listened to a man talk firmly and quietly. (It was Lord Chamberlain, the Prime Minister), I didn’t understand why everyone was so serious and sombre. Something was going to happen – but what? When I look at the faces and into the eyes of children on TV experiencing war, I see bewilderment, hurt and I always see that look of insecurity, maybe bemused. This loss of support when my father left led to insecurity, a pervasive unhappiness. I suppose I got this partly from my mother as I didn’t really understand what was going on, but I was the eldest. I have a sister and a brother. Having to move meant I had to leave school, where I’d been for one year; the temporary home was pleasant where we went to live. Mother knew the people from when she was teaching before her marriage. She needed this emotional support as she had left her native Scotland, so had little support to raise her family in North Ireland. She wasn’t particularly close to my father’s family.

When we settled down in the town, I became aware that we could count on certain people, but there were other people who were quite cool to what was going on in the war and to us in particular. We were strangers from Belfast in my private school which I attended, I remember only two other sisters who also had a father in the army. (There was no conscription in Northern Ireland). I suppose being ignored was the townspeople’s way of dealing with their stress during the war. Looking back with hindsight maybe these people were nervous to what was happening. We were quite convinced that the
Germans were going to walk in anytime, take over, and everyone was very worried. Things were getting quite tough. Not like what was happening in Europe and other parts of Britain, but we certainly felt that insecurity when Belfast was bombed and hordes of people came down from the docks and had to be ‘put up’ in people’s homes. We even saw a German bomber overhead. Even on our road there was a blockade manned by a soldier who was supposed to stop any army, so there was a great feeling of insecurity. We certainly looked forward to getting letters from my Father but again he would have had to have been very circumspect as to what he wrote. Things would be blacked out in his letters, and we would often try to read ‘between the lines’.

I realise I’m not really talking about death as such, but I remember Mother putting the radio on at a certain time each day and listening to it. After she would often sing hymns like ‘Nearer my God to thee,’ so then I knew things weren’t good and I remember when Father was in two sieges of Tobruk and the battle of Alamenin (North Africa). Everyone assumed he was a prisoner of war. No one seemed to care, which didn’t make the family feel supported or loved. So the loss was just gradual and something to be expected. He did come back on leave before going to North Africa. He was torpedoed in a ship around the North of Ireland and the ship returned to Liverpool to be repaired and visit us for the last time until 1945. He held onto a big metal bolt in the cabin that protected him from being seriously injured. Our family still has the bolt!

Father was part of the 8th Army, who were called ‘The Desert Rats’. They fought many hard battles under General Montgomery of the Allied Troops, against the crack German troops, under General Rommel. Father never discussed much about his experiences only that his uniform was too thick and hot for the climate of North Africa. The soldiers were always dirty due to water rationing and they hated the ‘bully beef and biscuits’ rations. As he was in the engineer corps, he has only a pistol to protect himself as he and others were responsible for clearing the minefields. I don’t know whether he ever killed anyone. He never told me and we never asked. He subsequently went to Sicily, a horrendous slog, and then into Italy. By then, he said, the Italians were demoralised and wanted peace. Operas were performed in Rome and Naples for the troops – the first time he had ever heard opera, first-hand. As a person who enjoyed music (he met my mother when he was in the church choir, and she – the organist). It was the highlight of his time in Italy.

In the years that followed I never discussed with my Father the loss he felt when he left the family. My brother, Ritchie, was conceived on of his leaves, but my Father only saw him once as a little baby; and after that only when he was 5 years old. I don’t know what effect this had on my Father. My loss of innocence was further eroded by the newspapers and the images they contained of the war, especially the photographs taken in the concentration camps like Belsen. My Mother never joined in the celebrations of the end of the war in Europe. I did. I joined my friends dancing at the Armagh City Hall. It was great fun, but I was sorry my Mother didn’t come.

A man from our town returned home from being interned in a Japanese camp and he was in a very bad state, both physically and mentally. He was never able to run his business again and subsequently died a year later. An English teacher in our grammar school who was also interned died from his injuries a few years after returning, leaving behind a young wife and family. So, I began to lose my feeling of innocence and tried to make sense of what was happening in the world at large.

The family and the world seemed to be getting on without Father, so when he did return home, he felt awkward. He was no longer in line for promotion. Younger men were well up the ladder ahead of him. He was told he was lucky to get his job back, and he resented that very much. The lack of recognition for his part in the war effort was difficult for him to accept.
Our family could not find an appropriate house to rent. There was limited housing in Belfast. As a result, the family was not united for another two years. So, he would take the long journey down to where we were living in Armagh on the weekend and he had to live with his Mother and sister in Belfast. Finally, in 1947 the family was reunited, when he and another war veteran were allocated accommodation in a new housing estate in North Belfast. (My parents lived in that home, the rest of their lives.) During that time a lot of soldiers had come back who had fought in the war, and they were determined there would be a new social order and wished for people to be recognised for their service in Northern Ireland. He went to evening classes given by the Worker’s Education Association (WEA) and taught by people from the University, and my father became interested in political science. Education was being reorganised and expanded to be more inclusive to those of all walks of life (adult education was part of the new Education Act of 1947 in Northern Ireland). Father enjoyed the writing and dialogue with people his own age and who had similar wartime experiences to his own. So he channelled his energies into working positively to help change society and entered the political arena.

He had always wanted to go to university when young going through his apprenticeship, being one of eight there was no way his parents could afford to send him. He did go to Australia and New Zealand for a short time and enjoyed the outdoor life and sports, but he had met Mother by then, and her family dissuaded her from going so far away. This would have presented a lost opportunity for my father…so, there were little small deaths along the way.

In Belfast, when my Father was fifteen he told me he saw a young man of twenty being dragged off a tram and shot in front of him. The image of that act stayed with him all his life and it was the only time he discussed someone being killed. He related the story to me in the ‘50’s, and said he was happy that that sort of thing would never happen in Northern Ireland again. (He felt “Wasn’t that what he and others had fought for – a more peaceful world?”) He had obviously seen a lot during the Western Front, in Italy and Sicily, but when it was different when it was your own countryman?!

I realise I haven’t talked much specifically about death. To me, death in our family, was ‘one of a thousand cuts’ as it were. As a child, there was displacement from one’s home and friends, loss of trust and support, especially from adults. After the war, my parents were busy reconnecting and making a home for us all together. A diminishment of my father’s post-war income meant limited educational opportunities for us, his children (although we went to fee-paying, private elementary schools which were not funded by the state. Once I turned fourteen, in 1947, my secondary schools fees were covered by the state). Income was needed to provide for ‘extras’. The financial support for other returning servicemen received in other countries did not exist for people like my father in Northern Ireland.
My maternal aunt, Margot Damon, on the traumatic event of an escaped Belfast ‘doorstep murder,’ of her father.

Personal reflections: 18.02.02

Many suffer loss but perhaps fewer are victims of assassination attempts. Your grandfather was a senior politician in the Northern Ireland senate. His politics were middle-of-the-road. This tends to invoke the ire of extremists. [section omitted here]

It was a time of change in Northern Ireland. Your grandfather was instrumental in trying to arrange that this would be peaceful and planned. But many resist change or feel insecure; others seek change through chaos.

On the day in question, your uncle, then 32 years old, was expected home from London. On seeing a car drive up, your grandmother rushed to open the door in welcome. She faced a man with a gun. She called out a warning to my father who half rose from his armchair. Another gunman held a gun to your grandmother’s head to prevent her calling out again. When the first gunman reached your grandfather, he announced he was going to kill him as he represented British Imperialism (well, one excuse is as good as another). Luckily your grandfather had survived six years in World War II in North Africa. So, as the gunman rammed the gun in his stomach, your grandfather instinctively hit the gun away to one side and ran through the dining room, kitchen, cloakroom into the garden to hide. Three shots in all were fired; two narrowly missed their intended target.

The gunmen then sprinkled petrol everywhere and lit it. They dashed out. Your grandmother tried to fight through the flames to help your grandfather. She then retreated to a neighbour’s. Within a few minutes the police arrived, followed quickly by the television. Your grandfather was cross-questioned by the T.V. but, ever calm in a crisis, answered circumspectly. Your grandmother appeared and thought, at first, her husband was a ghost. Your uncle, whose plane fortunately was delayed, arrived. He might have died defending his parents. He arranged for some friends from the Territorial Army to guard the house.

This was near the beginning of the so-called ‘troubles’ in Northern Ireland. Your grandfather believed that those who represent others should continue to live among that community, use public transport, etc. They did consider moving subsequently but liked the mixed community and friends of thirty years. Yes, they were afraid. It is impossible to protect anyone completely in that situation. [sentence omitted].

The above led, in part, to your grandmother’s illness some years later. Asleep in her bed, and unseen for two days following your grandfather’s funeral, neighbours broke in; but your grandma mistook the noise, lowered herself out the window and dropped onto the patio. The blow to her head as she landed put her in a coma for over a month. [sentences omitted]
You, Lycia, ask how it affected me? At the time, I accepted it as the downside of being well-known and the risk of public office. We were brought up to be quite resilient, disciplined and controlled. [sentence omitted] I felt a bit sad at the time. Now, the sorrow and horror is more apparent to me. If it happened now, I think all three children would persuade their parents to leave; but we tried. [sentence omitted]

You know how determinedly moderate your mother, uncle and I are. [sentence omitted] We are all proud of your grandparent’s courage and grateful that it [this episode] did not end in death and are hopeful for the future of our beloved Ireland.

Margot is embroidering the handkerchiefs

Margot (Margaret Helen Charlotte) Damon (née McGladdery) was born 1937 Belfast N. Ireland and grew up in Armagh and Belfast.

- Three years full time teacher training in Home Economics in Belfast, followed by a post-graduate year in Glasgow.
- Subsequently took further post-graduate training in Liverpool. Following this became a lecturer, senior lecturer then principal lecturer in further and higher education.
- Took an M.A. in London; was recruited as an Inspector for Schools and Colleges for the Inner London Education Authority.
- In 1985, she went to Singapore and Malaysia with her husband and worked part-time for the Curriculum Development Unit in Singapore.
My uncle Ritchie McGladdery: Reflections on Death

February 2002

--- Reflections on Death --- a view by Ritchie ---

(draft 32/2002)

Death comes to us all - it comes in many shapes and
in many forms - it comes expected and it comes unexpected.
Death comes to us all - But we view it very differently.

How we view it depends very much on personal circumstances -

I have witnessed a peaceful and painless death.
In the case of mother the sadness of the loving family
surrounding my mother and the presence of us
mitigated and eased the transformation from this world
to the next - whatever that may be or if there be one.

I have witnessed a violent and painful death which
until the very last moments greatly heightened the
distress of both the dying and the living.
I have been close to death on at least 3 occasions,
the most I know about a split second before and as I cried
I thought was my death I called out "Goodbye all".
The other occasion was the IRA attack on our
family home. I was saved by a delayed flight. The third was
a bomb in London - I was saved by the purchase of a diary.

I have not witnessed slow mass starvation of deprived
peoples.
I have not witnessed mass slaughter on the battlefield.
I have not witnessed the death of children.

But I have had the great benefit of a long and
mostly healthy and mostly happy life ---
Many people have had similar experiences to me but many would probably feel different to me about death.

Death worldwide is very common though rarely seen in public. It's considered by most to be a very private affair which only close family members should witness.

Death is usually in our society considered to be a somber and sad occasion - a "celebration of life" is still a death - I have been to some 100 plus funerals - . Death in some societies is however considered to be a joyful and happy occasion.

One's religious and cultural outlook is perhaps the greatest determinant in how we view death.

Is it progress to a better place - a paradise? Is it the end of all? Who knows - no one has ever come back to tell all.

The closeness of the person dying is also of considerable influence. Ten thousand dying in a far away remote place may mean little whereas the death of a person very close in family terms as well as in location may mean far far more - and cause us much more concern.

But also great remote leaders can affect one in emotional as well as religious terms - their death can sometimes have a massive effect on large communities, not just on oneself.

The great sacrifices made by some in their self imposed death can be of great import to how one views their death.

But perhaps one's religious outlook is the most relevant -
The death of my father was no great surprise to me nor to him.

He told me several months before that he had not long to live. We had, my mother was not present, at his instigation, discussed his dying and the after effect on our family. His main concern was for his wife, my mother, as she was somewhat frail and in need of considerable support.

Our discussion, which lasted an hour or so, was difficult but he (and I) did occasionally lighten the conversation with a few jokes. He faced his forthcoming death with a quiet acceptance and in the knowledge that he had generally had a good successful adult life. He did not (and never had) discussed his childhood which led me to believe it was not altogether a happy one. His adulthood was however a happy and fulfilled one.

We talked about life in general, past successes and past failures. We talked about politics, national and international. We talked about family members, hopes.

We talked about dying but not about death.

When I say we talked, I really mean he talked and I did most of the listening.

It was a sombre but not a sad discussion.

At the time I was married and living in London. My father and mother were living in our family home in Belfast. I usually visited them about once a month.

The last time I saw him alive was when he was in hospital where he died one week later—I remember well but its difficult to remember details 30 years later.
The death of my father did not initially affect me emotionally - I was for several days very busy arranging the funeral arrangements and answering the many calls from his relatives and friends. Little time for reflection -

Even the funeral gave little time for reflection -

The next day began for me, the slow process of dealing with death - the death of a very close family member. The man, along with my mother, who created me and who was now no longer physically with me.

I use the word physically because I never thought he had been emotionally separated from me - except even in the physical sense his genes live on in my and have partly shaped my life and my outlook.

As my father had rightfully predicted my mother had considerable needs to be attended to - now compounded by losing her loving partner of over 40 years.

I was deeply moved by the simplicity of their material lives. In many I was living the material good life heaven as I painfully sorted through my father's few personal effects. I now fully realised how little material goods and little material wealth he had - or had wanted. He had little of them and had a reflective, little need of them and in that way and at that time his death began to influence me more.

Sitting in the family home and sitting through all was one of my most moving experiences - it brought many, many (mostly good) memories back to my mind. It was not a sad time this sitting time but it was most revealing not just of my feelings for my father but also with myself.
The death of my mother was a different experience. As her physical and mental condition slowly deteriorated over the months she came to stay with my sister in England. Then later as my mother's condition got even worse she moved to a care hospital home. She was happy there and enjoyed the company but she did not really know what was going on - Marge had looked after her well...

Her death was preceded by a slow decline and a telephone call from the home warned my sister that our mother had probably just a few days to live.

We went to the home and spent the remaining few days at mother's bedside. We talked to her, reassured her, held her hand and stroked her. She was generally calm and the staff very good at looking after her and after us. There was even a small bedroom in which I could rest.

Whilst mother never regained full consciousness it was apparent that she knew we were with her and she slept.

In her final hours I asked the doctor if she would regain consciousness. He said probably not naturally and her current medication assisted in her sedation. To prolong life was also possible by taking her off this medication but he said this would probably induce considerable stress in her. What did I want to have done he asked me?

After much thought I told him to continue with the usual medication - I thus chose the time of my mother's death and in that sense I was responsible for her going - to where?

Moments before she died, she opened her eyes and smiled. In her dying moments her face suddenly became relaxed and much less stressed - she looked years younger.
The death of my mother was much more a process than an event. My father's death was very fast and I was not present but my mother's death was very slow and I was there.

I felt more content at my mother's passing. I felt that I had helped her through this most difficult and most moving time and thus I felt I relieved that she had passed peacefully away surrounded by loved ones and that she knew this and that she appreciated this ...

I did not have to go through the settling process of her personal belongings - this had already been done by my sister and me.

Again haven as with my father the next few days left little time for reflection. Funeral arrangements and family and friends to talk to.

At the burial in Northern Ireland in the family grave where my father already rested I did experience a most dramatic reawakening of all the many, many generations which went into my creation. As the bag piper played the heart rending 
Flowers of the Forest the sun suddenly broke through the clouds - a few minutes later I left the grave side crowd to go to a quiet corner and as I looked heaven wards a great peace came to me - a calmness I have rarely felt before or since.

My sister and I went back to one of my mother's favorite friends house and as we talked in his study about my mother's life a little bird flew in through the window rested and appeared to listen, stayed a while and then flew away. The reincarnation or what? Probably not but what?
Reflections came later and were of a different nature to those after my father's death.

My mother was the only parent I knew from birth to ages 5. My father away with World War II and I did not see him during that time.

My mother thus was initially my main source of care and love and also was a different caring parent to that of my father. The female and the male approach in parents.

It was these thoughts that came to mind after my mother's death - I made comparisons.

I also now had lost both parents and thus this also induced reflections of a different nature.

One main reflection was - I was next in line -

In philosophical terms, my mother's Quaker outlook has had a great influence on my spiritual views and my father has had a great influence on my political views - and the two, in my life, overlap.

My reflections on my mother's death (and thus including my father's death i.e. both parents now dead) caused me to reflect on a generally happy childhood and a generally happy adulthood.

And thus to reflect how fortunate I was to have had them.
The attack by the IRA on our family home in North Belfast was most terrifying - especially the after effects and especially for my mother.

Why did the IRA want to attack our family home? Why did the IRA choose that time and that day? Which “Bitchie” did the IRA wish to kill?

My parents lived by themselves in our family home in a North Belfast estate for many years. My father was active in the Trade Union movement and in Unionist politics for many years - he was a Senator and Parliamentary Private Secretary to 4 N.I. Prime Ministers. He was ex-Army and a leading member of the Orange Order. My mother greatly assisted my father but in addition she was very heavily involved in both Catholic and Protestant family social type work. She was very well known and very well liked by both communities and did much good work for both.

I lived in Manchester but visited my parents every month. I was involved in the Territorial Army for many years. I would usually arrive in a hire car at my parents' house and stay a few hours. My travel plans were known by various local people.

On that day my plane from Manchester was delayed by several hours and thus I was late at arriving at my parents' house.

About one hour before I arrived (but about one hour after I had been due to arrive) the IRA attack took place...
My parents were at home expecting me. My father was watching TV and my mother resting on the couch. When a car drew up outside our house my father woke my mother and said "son has arrived". My mother got up and opened the front door - she was pulled aside as the IRA gunman rushed in shouting "Where is Ritchie?" – An interesting question to shout at my mother (my father was in the other room).

My father and I share the same first name "Ritchie". I have always been called "Ritchie". He was called "Ritchie" and also "Dick" (being short for Richard). Sometimes when we were together and someone would say "Ritchie" neither of us would know who was to answer.

So the IRA demanded "Where is Ritchie" was that whom?

In any event they then burst into the sitting room and my father was at that stage up and going at the shooter in the hall tackled the gunman. Gun shots were fired by then (my father was not armed). The shots missed my father and the gunman threw a fire-bomb and fled back out to the awaiting car. It raced away.

The room burst into flames - my mother and father dashed outside. Neighbors arrived and the police army called as well as the fire brigade.

My mother and father escaped physical injury but the house was (basically) badly damaged - upstairs smoke damage. All our water damage.

I arrive on the scene — A distressing scene.
much to sort out - my parents in a state of shock -

the media arrive and more confusion -

eventually after a few hours all settles down.
with an overloaded police and army they do not have a
permanent guard readily available. i get armed and
stay together with another army friend to watch and
to reassure my parents.

the father is better shape than my mother so next day
i send them off to scotland for a holiday while i
sort out the mess.

the i.e.a. gunmen (one was a lady - the driver) were
never caught - an attempted murder failed -

the long term consequences were severe on my
parents. they refused to move from the family home
but they became very unsettled. they double locked
all doors - inside as well as outside.

i was given permission to carry a automatic pistol and spent
years watching all -

several years later (and after the death of my father)
it was my practice to call my mother each day
at about 9:00 am to see she was up and about.
a neighbor also looked in each day to see that all
was well. one morning my mother did not answer.

i phoned the neighbor who called and rang back to say
there was no answer. i asked her to call the police
and ask them to go into the house. they did so.

my mother on hearing the noise thought the i.e.a. had
come again. she jumped out of the first floor bedroom
window, cracked her skull and spent weeks in hospital -
My own inevitable death - in 1 day, 1 year or 20 years - causes me no great concern - after the event I shall be dead and presumably beyond this life - the great opportunities of life on earth no longer my concern.

My forthcoming death - it is forthcoming - also causes me no great concern because I have been very fortunate to have lead a generally happy and generally fulfilled life - I feel the need to still drive ever forward in many matters however I do strongly feel (maybe wrongly!) that I have achieved some minor, very minor perhaps, forward movements in the long, long, long road towards a better world.

I believe that through my words and through my actions I have contributed a very small group of ideas and combining with the brilliance of others more competent than myself to help build a better society and a better world.

Perhaps I deceive myself in this thought but it's how I feel and with this feeling comes a lack of fear of death.

I am also very fortunate that I am in good physical and good mental health - partly as a result of great genes passed down over many tens of thousands of years and partly as a result of my lifestyle -

Perhaps however I face the prospect of my forthcoming death as I shall leave behind two great young people who are my direct descendants.

Caireena and Shane are the torch bearers of the future and can carry on good works and I can rest in peace — in the meanwhile I have still much to do.
I have noticed a great self-reflecting mood in many people at many funerals (and especially at many "wakes"). It is a very special occasion which seems to bring home to many people what is life all about - what about their life. My sisters Maureen and Margaret have been very supportive with the dying and also in dealing with death and in the grieving process.

These special occasions are certainly a time of deep reflection about myself - perhaps maybe selfish self-indulgence - We have time to question our values, our goals and our beliefs.

In that sense the death of a close family member can become a very positive as well as a very negative process. Sadness for the loss of a loved one but a determination to lead a better life.

We can learn much from life - and also learn much from death.

Will death come a great relief - as it did with my parents -

In life there is death — in death there is life —

Is there a God (or Goddess) - a Supreme Being?

I do not believe in reincarnation - I do have a strong belief that we carry not just the genes of our parents (and our ancestors) but also we carry and are surrounded by their spiritual presence - thus they and we live on — My own remains will help nourish the rose garden and bring some marvels of nature alive.

I also believe there is a great natural force —

Even if we do not have children our good deeds and good works live on. There are billions of people in the world so how can one person make a difference? Well there are also billions of stars in the skies and a single one can always shine and brighten all lives that follow —
Family Photographs

(L) My maternal grandfather with my mother and her brother (baby).
(R) Grandfather with my mother, as a teenager in the 1950s.
Grandfather in World War II

Postcard to my grandmother, Eva.
Grandfather in World War II
Grandparent’s Home

Home of maternal grandparents. Picture of self (centre) with mother (front right) and uncle (far back at door), Cliftondene Cres. north Belfast, 1999.

Letter to Grandparents from Canada

written by my sister, Konia, and I.
Doorstep Murders in Belfast, late 1960s to 1970s


(L) This article in *The Vancouver Sun* newspaper. Saturday, July 29th 1972, alerted my mother to the unsuccessful attempted doorstep murder of my grandfather and/or her brother, also named Ritchie.
Ulster carnage flares amid IRA crackdown

United Press International

BELFAST — Gunmen kidnapped and then shot to death a 51-year-old hotel executive on Friday, police said, and others forced their way into the home of provincial Sen. Ritchie McAlderry, fired a shot at him and then set the house ablaze.

The death of the hotel executive, Phillip McGuire, a Catholic and father of six children, plus that of another Catholic shot Thursday, raised to 479 the toll in three years of political and sectarian violence in Northern Ireland. Of these, 67 have been killed since a brief Irish Republican Army truce ended less than three weeks ago.

Police said McGuire disappeared while carrying a $2,500 payroll for the Midland Hotel group and was later found with a bullet in his head in east Belfast. James Cassidy, a 22-year-old Catholic, died in a Belfast hospital from wounds suffered Thursday in an incident in which British soldiers said they had shot a man carrying a machinegun in the New Lodge Road area.

Police said McAlderry's home was invaded by three men and a woman, all armed, but that the senator and his wife escaped unhurt despite a shot being fired. A blaze ignited by the gunmen, however, caused extensive damage to the house.

Units of the biggest army force ever assembled in Northern Ireland seized more explosives and weapons Friday in raids on suspected strongholds of the outlawed IRA. "We appear to be discovering these arm dumps at a fast and furious rate," said a military spokesman.

Most of the 4,000 reinforcements ordered into Northern Ireland on Thursday arrived by plane during the day. They boosted total British military strength in the province to a record 21,000 men, including 6,000 militiamen of the Ulster Defence Regiment.

William Whitelaw, Britain's secretary of state for Northern Ireland, has left little doubt that reinforcements were brought in to intensify the crackdown on the militant Provisional wing of the IRA.

Whitelaw promised "very resolute and determined action" against the IRA in the wake of Belfast's "Bloody Friday" bombings last week in which nine persons were killed and 130 injured.

The massive British security force kept busy with sweeps of suspected IRA strongholds in search of arms, explosives and bomb factories which assemble the weapons of death and destruction.
Mr. Stratton Mills (Belfast, North): To ask the Secretary of State for Northern Ireland, if he will make a statement on the attack on the homes of Senator McGladdery and Mr. Catherwood on Friday 28th July.

* The IRA call — and missed — my father, my mother, myself, my uncle

MR. DAVID HOWELL

At 2.55 p.m. on Friday, 28th July 1972, Senator McGladdery answered a call at the front door of his home, from a number of men, one of whom was armed. The Senator escaped from the house through the back door; he was fired on but not injured. Inflammable liquid was sprinkled throughout the house and set alight. In the subsequent fire the house was extensively damaged. The men escaped in a car which had been hi-jacked earlier that day in the Ardoyne area.
Dear Lycia,

I am writing in support your memorial of almost 4,000 Irish Names of the Dead on 400 Linen handkerchiefs. I have also reviewed your excellent Website, www.linenmemorial.org.

This letter also confirms our agreement that I will contribute my services as a hand embroiderer on behalf of the project. At present, I have received in the mail the handkerchiefs with the printed names in black in order to embroider the numbers of the years in scarlet red (as you suggested to symbolize life blood).

There may be a stage of your design where you might be ready for me to visit Canberra, Australia (on my holidays with my husband) if you consider that it would be appropriate and would support your project. I would like to meet with the ladies of the ACT Embroiderer’s Guild who were responsible for that monumental achievement of the 15 metre embroidery panel depicting the history of Australia at Parliament House, 1988. I understand you will be enlisting the assistance of some of the Irish members of such a guild as contributors to your memorial, and I would be happy to continue to contribute from my experience. A short summary of relevant background and skills is appended to the end of this letter.

Although I do not have current knowledge of the Brother digital embroidery machine, with my husband’s assistance on the computer, I would be willing to help oversee your designed text for the names to be embroidered properly (and give advice on types of thread, archival material and sewing tension/settings etc.) for a larger memorial, on 4000 individual linen handies this time, using this machine.

As someone who was born and grew up in Ireland, I have always wished for a peaceful solution to the socio-political problems there. My father was a well-known moderate politician who was involved in public life from the late 1950s to the early 1970s (when Parliament was prorogued). My mother was a
Scottish educationalist who came to Ireland to establish a school for the Quakers.

Both my father and mother worked for peace in Ireland. As an example, my father attempted to establish links and cooperation between the North and South of Ireland with the then Prime Minister of Northern Ireland, Terence O'Neill. Subsequently in the early 1970s these approaches were frustrated and the Troubles followed.

I support your project as someone who believes that the undervalued skills of the arts, such as fabric design, embroidery, and food preparation, as well as drawing inspiration from the Celtic traditions. The Celtic traditions speak to those non-materialist values of nurturing and caring for the home and the land. For example, many indigenous peoples from different countries emphasize the contribution of these traditions in the universal idea of the care of the human spirit. Your project is an imaginative example of using traditional skills to highlight important contemporary issues.

I wish your multi-disciplinary team much success in your endeavours!

Yours truly,

[Signature]

Mrs. Margot Damon (née McGladdery)

* Experienced hand embroiderer
* Past Inspector of Education for schools and colleges including degree submissions for Home Economics
* Past Advisory Board member for restructuring the curricula in Home Economics in Inner London and Singapore
* Principal lecturer in Home Economics, Croydon College, Outer London
* Qualifications: Diploma in Home Economics; Advanced qualification in textiles and dress, food. MA in Further and Higher Education.
7th April 2003

PO Box U278
Woolongong University
Woolongong
New South Wales 2500
Australia

My dear Lycia

I am enclosing just over half your hankie-chiefs with the date embroidered. Let me know what you think of the effect.

I have done it in three strands of chain stitch as that covers the black lettering most effectively.

Just as a guide, if one were to embroider all the lettering on the hankie-chiefs, I estimate it would take me 6 hours a week (ie one day) for a year. You could take one hankie-chief to a company or person familiar with machine embroidery for a price estimate, before deciding on your next move. This would enable you to gauge the standard and cost versus hand embroidery and time.

I will have a go at your friend’s hankie-chief and the one for you on your grandfather’s assassination attempt when I complete the remaining years on your hankie-chiefs.

Can you remind me of the colours you want for each one?

I am also enclosing some make up samples with the hankies.

Hope all is going well with you. Bright skies here but turned chilly.

Much love

Lloyd
From: Tony Damon [tonydamon@btinternet.com]
Sent: 05 October 2003 19:34
To: "Lycia"
Subject: RE: Hankies

Dear Lycia

Re. the stitches

BRIEF:- To embroider over the letters in white embroidery cotton. A number of stitches were attempted, for example, stem stitch, back stitch and chain stitch. Given the width and shape of the letters, after consultation with the Artist, chain stitch was selected. This allows for some of the black lettering to show through as opposed to covering completely the lettering. This preserves the original concept, develops it and emphasises the two colours, black and white, traditionally associated across cultures with death. The name 'chain' focuses on the ties that bind us to those we love and remember and the sorrow of their death. Two, three and four strands of thread were attempted. Three were selected finally as this allows some black to show through. It gives a ghostly, ethereal effect in keeping with the subject matter.

During the execution of the embroidery, certain changes evolved, for example, the first few had slightly larger stitches: smaller seemed better, allowing for example, four stitches across the bar at the top of the T, defining E better by stitching across the top and bottom bars, then filling in the vertical line.

Some might see this as a sorrowful undertaking. I found myself reflecting on that person and their family as I embroidered each name. Each name takes up to an hour to complete. Most of the names are familiar to me, as I am from Ulster, some more so as their stories have been in the media. This adds to the poignancy and tragedy as one embroiders. Overall, my feeling was one of a small tribute to those who have died. Embroidery by its nature is a quiet, almost serene activity; calmness and concentration is needed for accuracy.

I have valued this opportunity to contribute to the Artist's work and am determined to complete it. Given the time available and as I am able only to spend a few hours each week on the project, I will have completed a small number by the time of the first exhibition. I think it is important that we acknowledge and keep in our hearts, all those who have died, for whatever reason. Reflecting on them helps us learn and go forward.

Much love

Dampot
3, ONSLOW WAY,
THAMES DitTON,
SURREY KT7 6TA
16th Jan 2004

My dear Bryan,

Please find enclosed the last two embroidered handkerchiefs. Note that the name McCraithlin is changed - the L was left out on the original so I put it in behind to do a smaller one instead of a large one.

Very good luck with your thesis and all of the final you have done. Your best and best sure it will be appreciated.

Once it is over if you send back the unembroidered handkerchiefs - say 20 of them, I will comeback with those.

Many thanks too for the pretty bird calendar. All our love and best wishes to you and your parents.

Yours
Mother and Linen

In Memoriam: M.K.H. 1911 – 1984
Seamus Heaney

The cool that came off the sheets just off the line
Made me think the damp must still be in them
But when I took my corners of the linen
And pulled against her, first straight down the hem
And then diagonally, then flapped and shook
The fabric like a sail in a cross-wind
They’d make a dried-out undulating thwack.
So we’d stretch and fold and end up hand to hand
For a split second as if nothing had happened
For nothing had that had not always happened
Beforehand, day by day, just touch and go,
Coming close again by holding back
In moves where I was x and she was o
Inscribed in sheets she’d sewn from ripped out flour sacks.
Dear LD,

I loved the poem of Seamus Heaney. I’ve always liked his work, even before he became famous. I went to hear him present at U.B.C. in the early 1970s along with an American poet; I am glad you heard him in Seattle this year when you were back.

The lines from the poem you quoted reminded me of my mother too, though not with the same symbolism that he’s given. Maybe there is a poem I can make out of one of my memories, but I don’t have the genius to understand or express it.

When the bed linen, yes linen, not cotton, was changed and dried outside, I would help Mother to put on the bottom sheet on my bed in the evening. She would then tell me to get into bed and I would lie down and stretch myself out making myself as long as possible. Then Mother would put the top sheet over me. Oh, the smell of a clean sheet still holding the scent of the open air in which it was dried…!

After the blankets were put on, Mother would kiss me ‘good night’, I’d close my eyes and savour the thoughts and smells of the moment, before I’d slip into oblivion. I’m sure you never had that experience with the semi-synthetic sheets we now use. I did hang the sheets out to dry, so perhaps they did hold a little of the fragrance, but they never retain any of the crispness that linen has.

I remember that we used the linen bags in which flour was packed, for pillow cases and tea towels or aprons. As the weave was very close and perhaps the thread coarser, it took a time before the linen became more comfortable to use.

However, during the war, it was impossible to replace clothing and linens, so those flour bags were put to use in many cases. I’m sure people, especially those with limited means, always used the bags for many things. I think women used them during the birthing process and for menstrual pads. All could be boiled and used again.

I hope you’re making progress with your thesis. I wonder did you get our St. Patrick’s Day card? I also sent an Emily Carr book. I’m reading Judy Chicago’s Through the Flower, her struggle as a woman artist. Have you read it?

More talk about the war. Still many people not convinced it is necessary.

Take care of yourself. Love Mummy XXOO
Paternal family

Father on flax, linen and needlework

Edith Morriott demonstrating tatting to my father.

My father, Robert Wakefield Trouton; b.1934, Bangor, Northern Ireland.

An architect, he went to secondary school in Newtownards; emigrated to Canada, 1969.

My paternal grandparents left their respective farming communities to go into the professions. My father’s parents were middle-class Protestants whose families owned farms in Portadown and Rathfriland respectively. One side of the family was probably Huguenot, from France; the other Scottish Covenantors. When they married, they went to live in Bangor, a seaside town on the North Down coast where my father was born.
Grandmother: ‘an expert needlewoman’

To: rwmas2@yahoo.ca (my parent’s email address)

From: "Florence Rebecca Lyons" <f.lyons@amserve.com> Add to Address Book

Subject: Congratulations.

Date: 05 Mar 2005 18:12:23 +0000

Here I am. I was delighted your thesis exhibition was so successful.

I was wondering if you could give me your www-site, then I could see all the pictures and print them for the families to admire.

Lycia your grandmother (Dora Jane) would have loved the embroidery because she was an expert needle woman. I am using some of her drawn thread pillow slips yet. They are in linen.

I am hoping I will hear from Margaret Barman sometime fairly soon.

Best wishes to all. Love, Ruby.
My father remembers how he and his brother ‘tramped’ the flax.
Mature fruit (seedpod)

The slender blue-flowered flax
My Father Recollections about Flax Farming:

Email correspondence: from my father in Vancouver to me in Wollongong, March 3rd, 2003:

*I asked my father what he remembers about flax growing in Northern Ireland.*

It was during World War II, 1939 to 1945. My brother Tom and I were between the ages of six and twelve years. Your grand parents (my parents) were country folk. Mother was from Rathfriland, and Da was from Portadown. The road between those two places follows the Upper Bann River and the numerous linen mills, including scutching mills, were along its banks.

Tom and I were often in the country in those years because during most school holidays the parents would share us or leave us with the Uncles and Aunts. The farms were where my family also took the opportunity to make up on the food rations with fresh eggs, apples, butter, and sometimes bacon etc. It was at the Rathfriland farms at Grallagh and Barnmeen, County Down, where we got into the flax.

There was a lot of flax grown at that time to provide clothing because of shortages during the war. Both my Uncle Willie and Sam shared the work of both farms which were about twenty acres each. That was the average size for Ulster farms around there. There was a shortage of labour, except for my neighbouring cousins who shared the work of their farms too. So perhaps children were a good thing to have around in the harvest season.

We would follow the workers every day into the fields and watch the flax pulling, gathering, and stooking. The weather was always a concern, but we enjoyed helping and we had to avoid the farm horses when they were employed in the work. The aunts would arrive in the field in the hot afternoons with loads of soda farls, potato-bread, butter, jam and buttermilk for drinks.
Pulling flax was quite a different exercise or skill than mowing grass seed or corn. As I remember it, the flax stocks were about three feet long, and were green with a little blue flower at the time of the year when it was pulled. Flax lay in the field only a short time in loose stooks before it was cast into the water dam. These dams were probably purpose-built, taking up an area of approximately fifty times twenty feet across; two or three feet deep. The dams were adjacent to the little four foot wide streams that were part of the farm landscape.

We just took this process for granted, and enjoyed the fun part which was tramping the flax down under the water with our bare feet, sometimes falling, bumping into each other and getting wet while the adults shouted at us about what work was at hand to be done.

There was that pungent smell that comes from the wet flax stalk and I can still remember it! That smell remained when the limp straw or stalk was removed from the dam. I can't remember that removal process. Probably it was tricky and heavy adult work, but us children messed about helping with the spreading of the flax stalks. The stalks were spread thinly over the ground to dry in the field. That's where we got to try scutching.

Scutching is the art of rubbing one or two of the threads of flax stalk together across your fingers. In this way you find the beginnings of the linen thread and finally the industrial system that produces linen. When the drying time was correct, the flax was literally carted off. For example, the flax was gathered or raked together again and pitch-forked into the horse-carts for delivery to the local scutching mill.

It was a labour-intensive system to pull flax, gather it, dump it in the dam, tramp it, pitch it out of the water bath, spread it, gather it again, lift it and finally deliver it! Wow! My memory of the uncles & company is one of a particularly cooperative group.
My mother also had a healthy respect for the infamous flax seed. She always had some in the kitchen cupboard. Flax seeds were boiled to extract the gel for a special drink that was a cure-all, for ailments like colds and flu. I believed it did cure us! Even today, I keep flax seed in the fridge here, which I grind up for a spoonful on my cereal at breakfast time. The natural properties of flax are now being reconsidered and here on Canada’s west coast they say flax oil contains all the goodness inherent in wild salmon!

My father enjoying his morning spoonful of flax seeds which he eats with his daily bowl of cereal.

Photo: Vancouver, B.C., Canada, 2003
Ulster\'s
Solemn League and Covenant.

Being convinced in our consciences that Home Rule would be disastrous to the material well-being of Ulster as well as of the whole of Ireland, subversive of our civil and religious freedom, destructive of our citizenship and perilous to the unity of the Empire, we, whose names are underwritten, men of Ulster, loyal subjects of His Gracious Majesty King George V., humbly relying on the God whom our fathers in days of stress and trial confidently trusted, do hereby pledge ourselves in solemn Covenant throughout this our time of threatened calamity to stand by one another in defending for ourselves and our children our cherished position of equal citizenship in the United Kingdom and in using all means which may be found necessary to defeat the present conspiracy to set up a Home Rule Parliament in Ireland. 

And in the event of such a Parliament being forced upon us we further solemnly and mutually pledge ourselves to refuse to recognise its authority. 

In sure confidence that God will defend the right we hereto subscribe our names. 

And further, we individually declare that we have not already signed this Covenant.

The above was signed by me at Portadown "Ulster Day," Saturday, 28th September, 1912.

Wakefield Trouton.

God Save the King.
Irish Textiles: family mementoes

Carrickmacross Lace sample
by Beulah (below left)

Photo: Bangor, 1999.
Irish **Criós**

**Criós** (Gaelic word for belt) or woven belt:
Above: mine (on self) ; Below (rolled up) owned by Brian Kennedy, artist.
Mother’s Recollections about linen:

During a visit to Vancouver, October, 2003, my mother told me her recollections of a visit to a Belfast linen mill around 1953:

My mother studied textile design at Belfast College of Art (1950 – 1954) as a young woman, ages seventeen to twenty-one. She recalled that one of her printed fabric artworks still hangs in the Belfast museum.

“It was part of our coursework on weaving to see the preparation of the fibre in a commercial situation, in action. So our class went up to a mill on the Falls Road in Belfast to see the weaving in the venue. The art school emphasized handloom weaving and art forms.

People who that lived in the houses in the Falls area were mainly Catholic. I had never been in the milieu of the factories. I remember huge looms going full tilt. I was just amazed. The noise was awful. We went there to look at linen production and weaving, but I could not help thinking about the conditions in which the women were working who tended the looms. The men seemed to be supervising and attending to machinery. I remember the scutching, which is a process of separating the fibres, and the preparation for cleaning, for weaving. The dust was right through the air. I didn’t think that was good, and the noise was deafening. I was surprised that some people were walking around in bare feet. The process required that moisture was retained so as not to let the threads dry, so there was dampness in the air. I had the impression that everyone was working very, very hard and they did not take much notice of us. It was only five years after the war and I think the general conditions were no worse or better than anywhere else. Actually, the art school would have taken us to progressive mills. There was a daycare, and this was a new innovative service for the women mill workers who had children.

The art college had been housed in a technical college building and in the basement there were looms where apprentices were taught the basics of weaving and also how to do carding. I designed a typical damask table napkin with the help of this department who punched long cards on the jacquard system. It was a very traditional design to celebrate the wedding of Queen Elizabeth II, 1951. Then we studied some authentic Irish
weaving skills and I created a crios (the Gaelic word for belt), which was a woven belt that the men in Ireland traditionally used to hold up their pants. (You might get the same kind of handmade weaving method may used in parts of Greece or Turkey). Women attached the warp ends to a hook on the wall and the other end around their waist in order to weave it. The warp was slotted through the small cards which were continuously turned to create a design, as the weft was inserted. So the women would stand and make a nice crios for husband or brothers – it was a tradition in Ireland. These days a crios is worn by women as a fashion statement. Creating these samples was an adjunct to my interest in fabrics, and not my main emphasis which was printed textile design.

Q - Did your own mother sew or make things?

My mother, who was from Scotland, never embroidered or sewed or anything as she was busy teaching, and neither did my aunt Gretta, my father’s sister, as she was so busy looking after my grandmother.

My friend, Beulah Watt, did design with me at the art college and went on to regular preparatory teaching. Beulah, who came over to Canada in 1993, had been learning lace-making, despite the fact she had arthritis by that time. In 1999, she sent me something she made in the Carrickmacross style.

There were four of us girls who went around together and we all became teachers or art teachers. I was the only one who emigrated. Patricia King was a champion Irish dancer from my secondary school, the Belfast Royal Academy. She had a progressive Catholic teacher, Patricia Mulholland, who adapted the stories and sagas of Ireland and integrated them into Irish dancing productions. That’s how Patricia became interested in dress design, as the costume, dancing and storytelling were an integrated whole. The traditional steps illustrated the stories -- it was like a combination of ballet and contemporary dance. Her costumes were not typically Irish but reflected the era of the particular myth. Patricia’s mother was good at making the costumes. . I remember that her after-school dancing team even went to Europe and Russia! Today, Irish dancing is very slick and action-
packed, like the *Riverdance* and *Lord of the Dance* productions that you now see worldwide. Today, the dancing is about a type of uniformity. Yet, Patricia’s was more about individual expression and even acting. Her enthusiastic teacher was definitely ahead of her time.
Appendix B
Background to the Artist: Lycia’s reflections

I was born in 1967. That year, Jean-Francois Chevrier published a book entitled *1967: From Art Objects to Public Things* and in 1970 United States feminist art critic Lucy Lippard published her well-known treatise, *The Dematerialisation of Art*. In 1967-8, the fight for civil rights grew violent in many parts of the world: both in the city I was born, Belfast, Northern Ireland, and in the city in which I was to live in, later, as a young artist: Detroit, Michigan, U.S.A.

9th October, 1968. Students from Queens University Belfast hold a 3½ hour sit-down' protest against police brutality in Derry on October 5th during civil rights march.

http://cain.ulst.ac.uk/events/crights/nicra/crp3.gif
accessed November 11 2005
Dubbed ‘The Detroit Race Riots” which made national headlines.  
August 4 1967

http://www.time.com/time/covers/0,16641,1101670804,00.html  
accessed November 11 2005

I was among the first generation that grew up with ‘war in the living room’ – Vietnam and (what was of more concern to my immediate maternal family) the scenes in North Belfast, the sectarian violence of Northern Ireland.

Vietnam War image
accessed Nov 11 2005
Regularly, during my growing up years, my father would take me, almost as a vigil/to pay homage, to a local Henry Moore sculpture, *Knife Edge*, situated in Queen Elizabeth Park in Vancouver, Canada. Once there, I could easily jump up onto the concrete pedestal and slip between the two halves of the bronze form – one of which was a thin edge brightened by many hands. My father and I used to play a type of hide-and-seek game on the pedestal, in between the slightly oversized human-scale, organic forms. It is interesting that such joyful play could be had in-between what could also be considered an ominously-entitled sculpture – *Knife Edge*. Yet, upon reflection, it seems that the loyal interplay of violence and intimacy have played a continual part in how I view the world, as well as how I have come to construct my environment, as a sculptor.
In 1984 at my high school matriculation ceremonies from a small private girls’ school in British Columbia, I received the school citizenship award.

![Crofton House School matriculation/graduation ceremony. This image is from 2004.](www.ltgov.bc.ca/images/photos/photo_040608_Cr... accessed November 5 2005.)

While receiving such an award was ‘all-very-nice’ in a hierarchical, homogeneous environment, this prize seemed representative of my outer, public self. Inside, I secretly harboured the desire to define my inner identity which, at that time, I conceived as the journey of a ‘rugged individual’ and artist.

So, at age 17, I left Vancouver, British-Columbia for the American West: California, U.S.A and began to build my migrant version of ‘The American Dream’. In the subsequent years, I studied painting and sculpture, and worked in Los Angeles, Pittsburgh, Boston, Detroit and Seattle.

Richard Serra  
*Carnegie 1985  Steel*

Pittsburgh at site of Carnegie Museum
<www.kunst.uni-stuttgart.de/.../bildn.jpg>

Richard Serra  
*CARNEGIE*

Paintstik over screenprint, on coated paper
80 x 80”. Edition of 19

In 1985, in the outdoor plaza immediately adjacent to the Carnegie Institute, a Richard Serra sculpture entitled ‘Carnegie,’ was installed. During my university years in Pittsburgh, there was much discussion about Serra’s handling of the seemingly simply-installed, massive utilitarian steel plates (5 inch thick), installed in lean-to like fashion against one another on four edges, with only a small interstice with which to slip between them and go inside. I found it exciting to encounter the dim towering interior space within. As a viewer, I was forced into an uncomfortably intimate proximity with the ostensibly precariously balanced steel panels.
Cranbrook Academy of Art: January 1989 – May 1991

Studio Loja Saarinen Logo.

Photo: Cranbrook Academy of Art/Museum. p 174


Height of each figure approx. 96".

*From Design In America: The Cranbrook Vision 1925-1950*

Harry N. Abrams, Inc. New York in association with
The Detroit Institute of Arts and The Metropolitan Museum of Art,
On-campus, as a college work-study student, one of my tasks was to clean and polish these Carl Milles bronze figures (above) in the central courtyard fountain, near the library.

I was part of the sculpture crew that installed this Richard Nonas site sculpture (below).

*snake in the garden* by Richard Nonas; rock
The installation team consisted of about 10 – 17 persons, 1990.

Photo: Cranbrook Academy of Art Educational Grounds, 1991
Bloomfield Hills, Michigan
1992 - 1999

When I returned to Vancouver, Canada, in 1992, I attended two lectures which were formative to my development as a sculptor. These were Gloria Orenstein’s lecture at the College Art Association in Seattle, 1993; and Suzanne Lacy’s lecture in Vancouver, B.C., 1994.

Remedios Varo, 1950s
Gloria Orenstein was the first USA researcher to write about the women surrealist artists, 1970s onward.

Seeing this work for the first time, despite six years of art school, was incredibly validating about female creativity.

<www.msubillings.edu/art/images/Surrealism/Rem...> accessed Nov 5 2005
After Lacy’s lecture I initiated the *Mount Pleasant Community Fence* project with British Columbia printmaker, Pat Beaton. Years later, our project (implemented by the grunt gallery) is still considered an early influential public artwork and it instigated the 1994 City of Vancouver Public Art Policy. Charles Dobson, in *The Citizen’s Handbook*, described it as,

... a project that would pull people together who would otherwise never meet... -- seniors, parents and children, people with disabilities and members of many different ethnic groups... (1995)
Wheat was planted in a serpentine formation on the college green. The ground was rototiller-ed in June and the seeds planted for full harvest the following September. (see golden yellow image overview and insert, below left).

http://www.geocities.com/lyciadt/timebased01.html
In 1993, I created a piece called Serpentine Knowledge on The College Green at Whitman College, in Walla Walla, Washington, U.S.A.

College student, Jason Copeland, wrote a paper about the artwork, in which he stated:

It was just a misplaced [outdoor] strip of Spring wheat! Sure, it was kinda surprising to see it in the middle of campus...it’s something beautiful. Something that represents our ideals, triumphs, way of life...Society needs more of these. But in setting the idea action through the process of the [interior] exhibit...it became a bit trivial. Maybe that’s the dark side to such a community: every member has his/her say, but that level of intimacy and access can encourage mediocrity even to the point of oppression...

It taught me one very important thing for my art call: No one ever has the last word in art, its never done, it is a process...it [the interior spiral] was more like a temple, or mystical cave chamber than any traditional sense of art...It sometimes seems hard to really connect with people these days.

People used to take wine and bread in church as a way of positing meaning for their life and joining a community of kin. That doesn’t seem to work anymore. Maybe we need processes like this exhibit...I think that Whitman people are more interested in finding new ways to connect...I think awareness entails more than rage; it takes more than rage for a community to function...This is what a gallery should ideally do. It should be an instrument of community and culture...It [the exhibition] put Whitman on the map in the artworld.
This sculpture addresses the changes brought to the Pennsylvania State University college campus in Berks country, PA, by the newly constructed freeway and sound barrier wall adjacent to campus. The "tail" symbolizes the change/chaos/re-creation of a dragon’s energy...travelling down the slope and acting as a continuation and yet, diversion, of the original concrete sound barrier. The sculpture was sited for two years; during which time it disintegrated gradually back into the earth. I wanted the piece to reflect the spirit of the historic arboretum, situated directly opposite, on another hill on the other side of the campus.
**Terra Flux** 1998, Horsehead International Sculpture Exhibition. Collaboration with David Scott-Risner, 8 X 8 X 8 ft cube

Location: Empty toxic waste storage facility, at abandoned Sandpoint Naval base, Seattle Washington.

This cube was made with compressed soil, the interior of which is a hollow column (built from marine-grade plywood) filled with water which was released into the soil cube through a series of weep holes and sprayers. Seeds imbedded in the soil, both wild and inserted, grew over a four month period, thus, changing the earth cube as an intended part of the sculpture. The entire concrete basin was ‘washed’ with a spray from the PVC piping along its length - set to a timer, every hour. A pump funneled the water into the column itself. The sound of the water, the birds and insects which gathered, including a host of dragonfly larvae, all became a part of this living sculpture.

**Hogfuel Horns or Bull's Horn Hogfuel**, 1992, University of British Columbia, Malcolm Knapp Research Forest. Cedar bark mulch or 'hogfuel' - a waste product from the lumber industry, 15ft X 12ft X 3ft.

This U-shaped symbol is a sign of regeneration, and is a reference to the temple of Minos, Crete. The sculpture was sited in a research forest and is oriented to dialogue with the piles of 'slash and burn' and the fertile Fraser Valley of Vancouver's lower mainland, below.
In 1999 I went to Belfast to install a site-conscious artwork in an interface zone in a formerly violent area during the period of the troubles – *Waterworks Park*, off the Antrim and Clifton Roads (see map above).

As well as creating a successful public piece in a divisive neighbourhood, I encountered many memories about my grandparents and the legacy of my own cultural heritage, as my family had migrated from Belfast to Canada when I was a child aged three, July 1970.
2003

Upon a get-together with some female artist-colleagues in Seattle, Washington, USA, we celebrated the fact that Judy Chicago’s *Dinner Party* had finally been allocated a permanent site in a mainstream institution, after almost thirty years in storage. My associates and I wondered what this ‘homecoming’ signalled for the reception of feminist art by conventional institutions and audiences. The newly-secured ongoing display of Chicago et al’s historic ‘monument’ ensured that the achievements of women, who contributed to society as we know it, would be less likely to be erased.

Judy Chicago et al
*The Dinner Party 1975-9 and Table Settings*
Porcelain ceramics and embroidery/textiles.

Judy Chicago’s *The Dinner Party* elevates female achievement in Western history to a heroic scale traditionally reserved for men. *The Dinner Party* is a massive ceremonial banquet in art, laid on a triangular table measuring forty-eight feet on each side. Combining the glory of sacramental tradition with the intimate detail of a social gathering, the artist represents thirty-nine "guests of honour". The runners name the 39 women and bear images drawn from each one’s story.

Accessed Nov 11 2005
Conclusion:

Following my teenage dream, together with a parallel inner necessity of integration between my private and the public selves, masculine and feminine/feminist identities, seems to have come full circle, exactly twenty years later, in a different kind of frontier land – the east coast of Australia.

Australia, 2002

I built a steel sculpture on the subject of an unfolding map, for an outdoor competition held by the local steel manufacturing plant, with assistance from the staff of the North Wollongong technical adult further education college (TAFE). One of the finest compliments I had about this sculpture came from a technician in the welding and fabrication shop who had sceptically observed the work at a distance, during construction. With enthusiasm, he remarked to me, “This sculpture really makes sense!” Therefore, I felt the artwork had achieved its purpose – with effort and time, understandable and engaging to a broad audience.

Solving the Puzzle of Buckminster Fuller’s World Map (folding-unfolding) Copyright permission obtained — The world Dymaxion and Fuller Projection Dymaxion TM Map Design are trademarks of the Buckminster Fuller Institute, Sebasopol, California. Copyright 1938,1967 & 1992.

Australia’s Industry World, Port Kembla, New South Wales, Australia, 2002.

MATERIALS: Steel, a small solar panel, stainless steel bead for map outline, paint. SIZE: 20 Icosa Triangles: 11 mm thick X 1 meter each

This sculpture represents Buckminster Fuller’s Dymaxion TM World Map which was developed with cartographer Shoji Sadao in 1956, and illustrated the first world projection to show continents on a flat surface without visible distortion - therefore illustrating the true proportions of each continent and the conviction that the earth is essentially one island in one ocean and that we are all interconnected, This flat map folds neatly into a globe.

For this sculpture, I have left Fuller’s map partially folded, in a playful rendition of its configuration in order to show the continued puzzle of solving humanity’s major problems by world visionaries, humanitarians, and futurists.
Appendix C
Creative work proposal for DCA

Lycia Danielle Trouton
Creative Work Proposal for DCA

Lost Lives Linen Memorial
to those killed in sectarian violence in Northern Ireland.

The names of the 3,600 people killed, during the sectarian violence in Northern Ireland, as outlined in Lost Lives, B. Feeny et al, will be recorded chronologically on linen panels. The panels will then be joined to form an elongated monumental swath. The bolts of material will be unravelled and stretched out in the same manner that, in the past, linen was be bleached on slopes outside mills. The broad linen cloths billowing on the green, and revealing the names of loved ones, will form a beautiful image, and interactive experience. Thus, these white stretches, registering the name of the dead, become a public art piece and mural memorial, which will be unveiled at different park sites across the country.

Persons of different political persuasions may come together to view and touch the panels, and to share in silent moments of private grief and remembrance. The public artwork then creates a space of “illuminated presence and holding of common ground”, where visitors may encounter, within themselves, the capacity for a new and shared identity with “the other”. However, the very real possibility of the exact opposite occurring is equally as likely to happen. The management of these two opposite extremes are integral to this proposal. It is the intent of the artist, as with the book, that the work will act “as a monument to the sheer waste and horror of war” (D. McKittrick). The possibilities for the public in Northern Ireland, to embrace, or even accept, a memorial of this kind are, on the one hand, extremely controversial, and on the other hand, make more potent the chance of healing and remembrance.

The sensitivity of this memorial must be carefully planned and executed, for its final achievement to be a public art process which remains true to the goal of creating a transformative process for the visitor. In doing so, the chance of assisting to build bridges across the often divided Northern Ireland community remains within reach.

EEC Peace and Reconciliation monies are hoped to be obtained towards these goals.

Northern Ireland is famous for its linen, and linen production was, at one time, central to its foundation.
Letter to *Lost Lives* Authors

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February 7th 2001

MAINSTREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY LTD.  
7 Albany Street  
Edinburgh  
EH1 3UG

Dear Sir or Madam,  

RE: *LOST LIVES*  
David McKittrick, Seamus Kelters, Brian Feeny and Chris Thornton

I am a sculptor, who has garnered an international reputation for site-specific, public artwork. For example, in 1999, I worked at Waterworks Park, Antrim Road, Belfast on a grant from the British Columbia, Canada, Arts Council for a group show with other international artists. Some of the work can be viewed on the web at <www.horsehead.org>.

My family emigrated to Canada from Belfast, Northern Ireland, when I was a child -- in part, due to The Troubles. We know several persons killed, as listed in the book. Even though I have grown up far from the difficulties in Belfast, the stories continue to leave their mark on me.

I am seeking permission to use the chronology of names, as in the book, for a living Linen Memorial (see enclosed project description). Should I receive your permission, The Canada Council has offered me grant money to begin the artwork. It is my hope that the memorial would become a monumental work and include all those dead. The unveiling of the work must be carefully managed and, as well, I would seek the authors’ support during that process, which may be over two years from the start date of developing the artwork.

Please contact me at the above address, or by email. Thank you. I look forward to hearing from you.
Sincerely,

LYCIA DANIELLE TROUTON, MFA, BFA
From: "brian.feeney" <brian.feeney@ouvip.com>
>To: <lyciad@hotmail.com>
>Subject: Creative work proposal
>Date: Wed, 14 Mar 2001 15:45:22 -0000
>
>Lycia Danielle Trouton
>
>Thank you for your interest in our book and your proposal associated with it. We have considered it and here is our initial response.
>
>Brian Feeney

Mar. 15 2001

We are flattered that you think our book is a worthwhile basis for artwork by you. I have looked at some of your work at horsehead.org and I think it is very impressive.

Various monuments and memorials to the dead of the troubles have been considered and they have all come up against the objection from loyalists, from the political party of Ian Paisley, the DUP and from some Protestant clergy that a single memorial treats all the end as equal. While this may seem a bizarre objection to you, and indeed to us, nevertheless it is real. Only last week some members of the N. Ireland assembly proposed setting up a Victim’s Committee and to look at our book as ‘a template’ for a memorial for all the dead. Immediately, Ian Paisley Jnr. objected saying ‘there is a hierarchy of dead’ and that members of the security forces are at the top and should not be included with terrorists who were killed, nor should ‘innocent victims’. The attitude displayed here has resulted in various memorials being vandalised or completely destroyed and protests by relatives.

I am expanding at some length here to give you an idea of the sensitivities at play on the north of Ireland. You should be aware that any artwork would also be the subject of similar protests and could also be damaged or destroyed, difficult as that may seem to believe. That would also present a serious problem for location. Neutral space in the north is very small and diminishing.

However, we would like to know more details of your proposal. What size are you considering? Do you envisage just the names or details as well, as in the book? Would it be outdoors? Would there be more than one copy?

I hope this is of some help to you. I also hope I have conveyed some of the animosity and sheer hatred people feel about the killers of their loved ones and how difficult it is to satisfy all the competing groups.

Brian Feeney,
PhD, History, Queens University,
Memorial Project by sculptor Myron Brody

University of Arkansas public relations webpage

Posted: 3/11/1999

University of Arkansas Artist Commissioned to create Memorial for Dead of Northern Ireland Conflict

This month, as green beer and leprechauns join in to celebrate the luck of the Irish, a professor of art from the University of Arkansas will choose instead to celebrate those who weren't so lucky.

Professor Myron Brody has been selected to create a memorial to the more than 3,000 people who died during the 30 years of conflict in Northern Ireland.

The Irish National Museum of Modern Art has sponsored Brody to participate in its Artists' Work Programme. This program invites a select, few artists from around the world to live and work within the National Museum in Dublin.

According to Brody, the program provides studio space and living expenses for each artist, asking only that they share their work with the public.

This, Brody is more than willing to do.

The program extends from February 1 through May 31 - a period of time that Brody will use to plan and promote a memorial exhibit for those who died in the "Troubles."

The concept that Brody has proposed combines all three elements of memorial art: emotional impact, symbolism and closure.

The project, entitled "HATE KILL DEAD BURY GONE," proposes to erect free-standing strobe lights that will illuminate a chosen landscape with brief, intense flashes of light at random intervals.

"The flash of light symbolizes the explosive nature of violent death," Brody said. "Secondly, it represents the departure of the human spirit from one's body."

Brody wants viewers to react strongly, to recoil from this idea - the sudden permanence of death. Only through showing the horror of violence can one hope to end it, he said.

"The purpose is to remind future generations of the results of violence and at the same time commemorate all those who perished regardless of the color of a uniform, the belief of the individual, the God they worshiped, the politics they espoused, or the government they served."

Brody first became interested in memorial art during his early education in the 1960s. While visiting World War II memorials in Europe, Brody witnessed - and he experienced - the strong emotions that memorial art can evoke.

Even individuals who were not involved or even alive during the deadly event responded to the exhibits with disbelief and sorrow, he said.

Brody explained that the power of memorial art rests on its ability to symbolize, to embody the event or the individuals who died. A massive slab of granite can represent the immensity of death. Empty chairs can remind us that the people who once sat in them are gone.

His personal response to these images inspired Brody to explore the meaning of memorials within his own artwork.
"I'm not very good emotionally in dealing with things like funerals," he said. "I prefer to remember people in life rather than in death. But I know that the ritual of burial is a means of closure."

Brody hopes his work will help bring such closure to the Irish people.

In the process of designing his project, Brody embarked on a letter-writing campaign to collect information, suggestions and feedback from a variety of organizations and individuals.

He contacted heads of state, Nobel Prize winners, foundation directors, peace organizations, academic and religious leaders, consulates, community boards and members of the media - not only within the United States but also in Ireland, England and Europe.

As an American, Brody initially wondered if the Irish people would welcome his proposal. The torrent of responses that followed his letters soon eased his fears.

"They were very receptive," he said. "The Irish government had been discussing how to arrange a memorial, and they thought it appropriate that an American be involved because of our involvement with the peace accord."

Classically trained as a sculptor, Brody now utilizes photography in his artwork as well. Though the Troubles memorial will be a free-standing exhibit, it figures into a larger project that Brody has been pursuing photographically, called "The Silence of the Environment."

The flashing lights of the memorial capture sudden moments on the landscape, creating a visual, snapshot effect.

This use of two media represents recent trends in art, said Brody. Today's artists must be skilled with a variety of techniques and materials, able to employ any means necessary to realize their vision.

In addition, Brody stresses the importance of business-sense among artists.

"This image of the artist working in a garret waiting to be discovered is pure 19th Century," he said. "I teach my graduate students to write a grant, to decipher contracts and to understand the law in relation to visual arts."

Despite the endless current of correspondence, the fund-raising efforts, the corporate presentations and construction contracts, Brody asserted that the essence of his project exists in its power to move people and thereby to effect change.

"When people get tired of killing, they will stop," he said. "After they've killed thousands and thousands of people, they'll wear out and sigh and say 'What a shame,' then come to the peace table. But why wait for it to get to that point?"

If his memorial in Ireland can teach even a few people about the futility of fighting and violence then Brody believes he has an obligation to complete the project.

"Where people are killing people, and you have the ability to stop it, I think you have a moral responsibility to do so," he said.

http://dailyheadlines.uark.edu/808.htm

Accessed Nov 11 2005
Mobile Vietnam Wall

The Vietnam Wall Experience, a traveling memorial wall replica
Site: Brooklyn (New York City), USA
Doug Saunders, ‘In Memory We Trust: The Secrets of the September 11 Anniversary Industry’
Appendix D

Soundscape for The Irish Linen Memorial

Chants for the Dead

Geraldine Finegan or Chong Do Sunim participated in the first installation of the exhibit by delivering prayers to the dead.

2001

Geraldine Finegan/Chong Do Sunim
purepath@yahoo.com

Dear Lyc,

I will preface my remarks to say I have the funeral ceremony mostly in English with the Korean. It must be in my box of Buddhist books/papers. I will Xerox it and get it to you. My colleague Hyun Eung Sunim is busy this week but maybe she can give me some translation via email.

The chanting is basically a series of mantras with one long poem and some shorter poems. In Korean chanting, the title of the mantra (explaining what it’s for) comes before the mantra. For some of these I have no translation.

From ancient Indian Buddhist sutras, appears the heroic figure of Ksitigharba (Sanskrit) or Ji Jang Bosal (in Korean). Ji= Earth; Jang = Storehouse or Treasurehouse. This great bodhisattva (being whose true actions promote harmony) vowed to Shakyamuni Buddha that he would postpone his own enlightenment as long as there were being suffering agonies in the hells. The Buddha gave him the dispensation to save all suffering beings from the time of Buddha’s Parinirvana (passing, death for an enlightened person) until the time of the Future Buddha, Maitraya.

In another incarnation, Ji Jang Bosal gave away all his possessions to help the poor. Without clothing, he had to dig a hole in the ground, hence “Earth Store Bodhisattva.” The earth nourishes us, but also receives our ashes at death. I think that is also the meaning of Earth Store.

During the Northern Ireland Lost Lives/Names exhibit installation, I held a private ceremony for the N. Ireland dead. I read selected sections for the funeral; the Buddha of Infinite Light helps souls that have passed on years before. Ji Jang Bosal especially helps those who have recently died. In Buddhism, the “soul” is in turmoil for 49 days being judged, before a possible next rebirth. It is very important that the family and friends continue to pray for the deceased.

In Korean homes, an altar is made for the deceased person. The family keeps water, maybe rice and salt and/or fruit and prays daily for 1 year. The old Chinese custom is to pray for three years if a parent or family member dies. Chinese Master (died 1993) Hsuan Hua meditated at his mother’s grave for three years and attained supernatural powers.
Korean Zen Master Seung Shan teaches that our sad feelings cannot help the dead soul. In Buddhist temples Ji Jang Bosal is chanted for seven weeks in the summer, coinciding with the second half of the monks’ summer meditation retreat. The Buddha instructed one of his disciples to create an “All Souls Ceremony” at the end of the summer retreat. The dead persons can benefit from merit-making activities, such as the printing of sutras in their name, the reciting of sutras for their benefit, etc.

In Korean temples, a ceremony is held on the seventh day anniversary of the death and every seven days up to the 49th day. The 49th day ceremony is a time to pray for a “good rebirth” for the deceased loved one.

Lyc, I don’t remember every detail, but I used the funeral ceremony and did chanting, and we had our little tea and bread pudding offering.

Traditionally, food is cooked; at Korean temples, a traditional ten course meal is cooked for each of the seven day ceremonies and placed on the altar for the dead, offered for the spirit and the living relatives eat it afterwards. Korean temples always offer a small portion of the food to the universe at an offering site (which is consumed by birds and other animals). The food and the summoning of the dead person by name draw the dead spirit to the ceremony. They can hear the Zen poems being chanted and it is hoped that they can attain enlightenment from hearing correct teaching. At the moment of death and afterwards, there is strong opportunity to awaken to truth.

**Musical Inspiration**

The above chants for the dead acted as one of the inspirational basis for Australian, Thomas Fitzgerald’s 2002 composition.

My long-time Irish-American friend, Geraldine Finegan (we’ve known each other since working at the Cambridge YMCA women’s shelter in Boston, June, 1988; she grew up Catholic) is now an ordained, practicing Korean monk named Chong Do Sunim (‘Chong Do’ means ‘pure-path’ and ‘sunim’ means ‘honourable’). I was in North America during a few months in 2002, so Chong Do and I recorded certain chants with her colleagues in Vancouver, B.C., Canada and Seattle, WA, U.S.A to be incorporated into Fitzgerald’s musical composition-soundscape by digital means. In doing so, this was not only artistic but, symbolically, to ‘aid in the passage of souls’ of those killed traumatically during further installations.

In 2002, I called the interdisciplinary (art-music-dance) artistic team, *Phytophtora Productions* after the fungus which caused the potato blight, *phytophthora infestina*, another bleak period in Irish history; the violence in Northern Ireland seems like a blight on the country, north and south, and a terrible cost to its people.

**Music Composition**

The music composition is called “The Seeming Insanity of Forgiveness” (65 mins) and is by composer and fellow DCA candidate, Thomas Anthony Fitzgerald (*for further information, see his UoW, DCA thesis, 2005*). Fitzgerald’s oeuvre includes classical training on violin and keyboard. Fitzgerald composes for television, film and, in recent years, for new-media sound-performance events, often social documentaries based on trauma.
The following explanation was provided to me by Fitzgerald in 2002:

A complex musical Sound Scape for a 7.1 channel playback performance system, utilizing innovative musical computer and electronic music techniques. The result is a sixty-minute creative work for a total sonic surround environment. There is no live music component in the installation, rather the piece plays continuously, looping back on itself, as a linear circle, that uses the movement(s), and lack of movement(s), and resultant textures of sound as an expressive and structural component.

The music /soundscape explores the movement of sound from one speaker to another, sonic momentum and combinations of sounds and movement to create unique textures. At times, these textures are stationary, at times a single sonic movement, and at other times a spatial counterpoint is utilized, with several kinds of movement occurring simultaneously. Such a catharsis follows on from the Pablo Casals/WH Auden "Hymn for Peace"

This piece was created from the following music and collaged materials:
A wide variety of notated music that was recorded and further developed with electronic extensions and sonic treatments.

- From collected sounds from the environments of Belfast/Ireland, Melbourne/Australia, Vancouver/Canada - the north and south Polar Ice caps.
- Performances of folk and indigenous music chants and songs/music, from indigenous groups and spiritual/religious music from around the world and from the Irish Folk music traditions.
- Electronic and computer sounds that were created based on the other sonic materials

Background and Email Correspondence:

With sound, memory is triggered more effectively, giving the visual imagery associations with the real life politics of fear, grief and attempted reconciliation. The music provided a type of oral narrative and allows time and space to be incorporated into the sculptural work with more depth. Two ABC radio programmes have broadcasted the work, in 2002 and 2003, thereby, allowing a greater audience to have access to the themes in the artwork.
Traditional One,

[Regarding] your new ILM version...I'm sure that it will also be very magical, I'm just a bit worn out by all of the recent horror from ol'Dubbyah [US President George W. Bush] and his boys and I'm tired of death and suffering a bit...

That's why the ILM "in flight", seemed to work so well. Your visual gestures not only had the lightness of angels wings but also the joy of transformation, a visual prayer for a divine connection and conduit, white linen, pure light; blues for healing and white for divine incandescence...So why not consider this achievement that will be so easily embraced and is so beautiful, even without the theatrical elements, the white mist, and, yes, even without the sonic sound surround and the music...So, there, that's what I think.

Maybe you need to reflect and create a new work with the extra elements telling another story version, rather than to keep adding to what seems to me to be a very well balanced modern art sculptural installation.

We did discuss the inclusion of moving picture projections inside your current vision for the ILM transfiguration or whatever, how do you feel about this? (You already know how much I am in love with film and the moving image as an expressive environment, and that I am going to start making films next year as a serious activity).

peace and power to you L, Thomas F.
Appendix E

Dance-Theatre Performance for *The Irish Linen Memorial*

Background:

The performance-dance-movement piece was a twenty minute work by the Canberra-based **Mirramu Dance Company** with Elizabeth Cameron Dalman, OAM, as Artistic Director/choreographer-dancer, Vivienne Rogis, principal dancer and Amanda Miller.

The first performance with this team was produced in 2002, on the eve of November 1st, between Halloween and the Celtic New Year – traditionally a time of celebration of the liminal space between the worlds of the living and the dead, and of honouring one’s ancestors. This is festive time of the year is very popular in Northern Ireland and is a time when there are celebrations across the divided communities.

During this performance, three female performers (Elizabeth, Vivienne and Lycia) move through the various stages of a women’s life, (symbolized by costumes of white, grey and black – maiden, mother, crone/wise woman). I gave Elizabeth research materials and a general outline of what I wanted, from which she choreographed the work. Then I spent a few days with her at her studio, where we further refined the ideas according to the sections of Tom Fitzgerald’s music and incorporated the costumes, props and began work with Vivienne.

At the time, Elizabeth had recently completed a performance about silk and she had a history of working with civil rights issues from the 1970s onward, including some work on ‘the Irish question’. I feel that the performance work gave a more thorough understanding of the symbolism of the linen handkerchief, as the building block of *The Irish Linen Memorial*.

Therefore, the textiles and feminine underpinnings of the sculptural monument were given greater context. Such as those activities around which women form community and family life, such as the domestic duties which one cannot live without – the simple, repetitive tasks of washing, ironing, cleaning -- are given form through the dance and choreography. For example, there is interplay with the various uses of a handkerchief, from the drying of one’s tears and blotting one’s face; to the necessary continuation of life’s daily domestic chores (even through periods of mourning); also using the hankie to give gifts – sharing and connecting with each other – even after tragic circumstances, such as a sudden death.

In some still images, a male performer stands alone in the distance, in a business suit. He provided an ‘anchor’, wherein his stoic presence, with the handkerchief as ‘mediator for touch’, symbolically illustrates society’s stigmatisation against males showing any sign of weakness or open emotions of grief.
// = a pause or elongated breath

MANDY 1969 (nineteen sixty nine) 21 (twenty one) killed.

VIVIENNE

When someone murders; I know that I, too, could have done that, //

And when someone gives birth, I know that I am capable of that as well.

ELIZABETH

1989 (nineteen eight nine) 3085 (three thousand, and eighty five) killed.

PAUSE

Identification is not a simple matter. //

It is more than a brief lifting of a sheet.

It took us more than an hour.

MANDY

2000 (Two Thousand)
3638 (three thousand, six hundred and thirty eight) killed

PAUSE

Emotional acceptance is like fine-grained filigree lacework with memory. (straightforward tone – aftermath of grief)
VIVIENNE tone)  A kind of obsessive review (hard-edged, unaccepting

MANDY but there is movement (tone of hope – upward inflection; slight smile)

ELIZABETH In the depths of my being

I shall meet my fellow humans with whom

I share

Love, //hate, //
Life, //death// (with strength and resonance)
Cameron Dalman's 1972 choreographic work on civil rights, 'Release of an Oath', included 'the troubles', restaged in 2004.
Publication: ‘Intercultural Arts Theatre: conversation with Elizabeth Cameron Dalman’,

(Photo: Creative Image Photography, Canberra)
Interculturalism and Dance-Theatre.
Interview with Elizabeth Cameron Dalman, (OAM) Choreographer-Dancer
Bungendore, ACT, Australia, January 18, 2004

Inspired by two of the female greats in early modern dance, Americans Loie Fuller (1862–1928) and Doris Humphrey (1895–1958), Elizabeth Cameron Dalman has been at the forefront of transcultural modern dance collaborations in Australia since the late 1960s when she brought dance with a socio-political subtext to Australia through the work of her mentor-collaborator, the controversial Eleo Pomare.

Study in Europe with Kurt Jooss at the Folkwangschule in Essen, West Germany, and with Martha Graham, James Truitte, Alwin Nikolais, and Eleo Pomare in New York in the early 1960s, led to the founding of the Australian Dance Theatre (ADT) in Adelaide in 1965 with classical dancer, Leslie White. Elizabeth Cameron Dalman continued as sole Artistic Director from 1967–1975. ADT remains a leading choreographic institution in Australia — for example, it is currently demonstrating the ‘ballistic choreography’ combined with new media influences, of Director, Gary Stewart. Cameron Dalman is credited with imparting ‘a passion for exciting new ways of moving to a new generation of modern dancers, including Jennifer Barry, Gillian Millard and Cheryl Stock’ (Craig and Lester 421). Since 1994, Cameron Dalman has been the recipient of several awards for her contribution to dance in Australia. She is a senior associate of the Australian Choreographic Centre and continues to teach, as well as choreograph and dance in critically-acclaimed, small-scale productions internationally.

In this interview, I petition for ‘attention to dance as theatre art with the same willingness and imagination we might give to other forms of literature’ (Theodores 7). I am a sculptor and textile-installation artist who worked with
Elizabeth Cameron Dalman, in 2002–2004 on my artwork called *The Irish Linen Memorial*. Through working closely with Cameron Dalman, I have come to understand her emphasis on the sculptural use of space, and to appreciate the political imperative of her work.

**LT:** You have a career history of working on social justice or humanitarian issues in collaboration with other artists, would you tell me about that? For example, when you choreographed Release of an Oath in 1972, a news-clipping from Dunedin, New Zealand called this work, a first rate drama. 'We have stepped beyond the experience of movement alone and are plumbing the depths of man's search for truth.' What was it that politicised you as an artist, which vaulted you into taking such an early lead in cross-cultural artistic productions?

**ED:** The Vietnam war sparked it off. But, really, it goes back further than that — my father had fought in World War II, so I spent my early childhood without my father and that left a big impression on me. I felt deprived because he was away for three and a half years, and when he came back he took another year to recover from the trauma. So, in 1967, it was my opportunity to speak out about war. I created a work called *Sundown* that referenced, in particular, the horror of the Vietnam War. We [The Australian Dance Theatre] took it to Europe the following year.

**LT:** That's interesting, because in preparation for giving a lecture about my Irish Linen Memorial and The Art of Death to a class at the College of Fine Arts (COFA) in Sydney last year, I interviewed my mother about her experience with the sectarian Troubles in Northern Ireland. These recent times were almost less disturbing for her as the palpable feelings of grief associated with losing out on not having her father during her childhood years of World War II — those same anxious feelings of which you speak. In Northern Ireland, conscription was not mandatory and so my mother's family was the exception in the community in which they were living. I think that people forget the traumatic intergenerational emotional consequences of war, even for those at a great distance from the actual events.

**ED:** Adelaide, where I lived in the 1960s, was very isolated — Europe and America both seemed so far away. Artists used to talk about the 'tyranny of distance' — not just within Australia but also globally. Air travel was not as it is today. Besides, Adelaide had very little contact with other states and cities, even in the local newspaper; and there was little international news. It seemed that Australia was very turned in on itself.

As well, the situation for indigenous Australians was bleak — you certainly weren't able to work with them collaboratively, as I have done within the last few years. We did not study Aboriginal culture in schools,
and we saw very few Indigenous peoples in the cities. There were some anthropological studies made, but they were almost an invisible race for most Caucasian Australians.

**LT:** So, *globalisation and the ease of international communication and trade, together with the World Wide Web, have altered the sense of artistic community in Australia, today?*

**ED:** Yes, I believe so, but it is different today. In the 1960s we marched in the protest marches because we believed we could change the world. Like artists from other disciplines we [dancer-choreographers] were provocative and outspoken, idealists with a utopian vision, believing it was both our right and our responsibility to reflect the events of our time back to ourselves and to our society.

**LT:** *Marcia Siegel, New York dance critic, reflects your sentiment when she states, Modern dance, by its nature, must be constantly renewing itself.... Modern dance is the most eloquent and humanistic of theatre dance forms. In its several stubborn ways it speaks of and to the individual. For this reason most of all, we need to spare it from the increasingly mass-minded pressure of a depersonalised society. (99)*

*What were your early influences?*

**ED:** My first dancing teacher, Nora Stewart, had taught me Margaret Morris dancing. Morris was a modern dance pioneer in England who had studied with Isadora Duncan's brother. So at a very early age I had a taste of the Moderns and this prepared me for my study of other pioneers such as Loie Fuller, Martha Graham, and Doris Humphrey to name a few.

I have always been interested in the potential of new ideas about space, as well as with sound and image. In 1970, I toured a work called *The Time-Riders — The Oldest Continent*, across Australia that was a collaboration with the Polish conceptual artist, Stan Ostajo Kotkowski. This work included an early form of a laser beam projection with two screens — front and back projection. It was 'pre' new media! I would like to work more this way in the future with this kind of cross-disciplinary performance space.

One of my strongest mentor-collaborators was Eleo Pomare, with whom I am working again this year in Taipei. It shows how much the world has changed for minorities and for modern dance when you realise that three of his works have been documented by The American Dance Festival as masterworks and archived as important achievements by African American choreographers.

**LT:** *How did you both meet?*
ED: I lived in Europe in the late 1950s and early '60s. It was during that time that I attended a performance by José Limón in London. He changed my life forever! ... I knew that I wanted to find a way to work like that — where the spirit and the heart moved through the dance and flowed through space. I searched for years to find a teacher who worked in this 'modern' choreographic style. I finally met Eleo Pomare at the Folkwangschule in Essen, Germany, which was then directed by Kurt Jooss (1901–1979).

Eleo, who had studied with José Limón at the High School of Performing Arts in New York, inspired me with his teaching and choreographic work. I studied and performed with Eleo from 1960 to 1963 for a period of gestation in Europe, yet, I finally came back to Australia. Then, Eleo came here in 1972 when I was directing the Australian Dance Theatre in Adelaide. Our work was about humanity, the human condition, and Eleo is the one I credit with training me in how to bring such concepts through the dance choreographically.

LT: You and Eleo are credited with bringing a rhythmic strength to Australia's dance heritage. It is in this arena of modern dance where your achievements are listed most compendiously. For example, as listed in the Modern Dance chapter to the scholarly Currency Companion to Music and Dance, 2003, (eds. John Whiteoak and Aline Scott-Maxwell) in entries by Lee Christofis, Shirley McKiechnie, Carole Y. Johnson with Raymond Robinson.


By the finish of the book, we are acquainted not only with the history of black dance, but we also know much more about the enslaved and the enslavers, the psychology of colonialism, and the nature of those who have danced their way out of poverty and racial prejudice into the opera houses and concert halls of the world.

The book begins with an introduction about dance from the point of view of the Portuguese slave traders, 1441.]

ED: This book is of its time, written when the black/white racial relations in the USA were very divisive. Yet, the book speaks about the roots of the inspiration of those early years. Here is a picture of loading slaves onto ships bound for colonies in America.

Dancing the slaves', on board ship was a common occurrence. It was encouraged for economic reasons; slaves who had been exercised looked better and bought a higher price. (Emery 6–7)
LT: The political environment of the 1970s Civil Rights struggles in the United States, and working so intimately with Eleo, certainly grounded your work in themes about justice and the empowerment of the human spirit — issues that change democratic society. What brought you to create work on the troubles (1969 — 2000), the sectarian violence in Northern Ireland?

ED: The work I choreograph tends to develop simply because I feel so strongly about an issue that I want to make an expression about it. The content may come from a particular story, which I then strip bare to its emotional core. For example, the work Sun Down is based on The Women of Troy by Euripides. I took the approach of an ageless and universal cry against war. The art came from a humanitarian point of view and a cry for negotiation rather than aggression.

In 1972, I read a newspaper story about a young woman in Belfast who was stoned, tarred and feathered because she fell in love with a man from ‘the other side’. The barbaric actions towards this woman seemed absolutely medieval to me living in Australia, in the latter half of the twentieth century! I believe my work on human rights and anti-war produces a social comment about the present, but with ideas that are also universal. That’s why I believe the young people in Taiwan, last year, had access to Release of an Oath (translated into Mandarin as Prayer), which was originally created in 1972. They understood the basic content about power relations and oppression, as Taiwan has had its own colonial history with both Japan and China.

LT: I agree. I worked with the Taiwanese painter Chin Ming Lee in Belfast in 1999 and he was very astute about what was going on politically and culturally in Northern Ireland. We made a presentation together for a group called The Survivors of Trauma in North Belfast and tried to dialogue how some of the issues could be seen as interlinked. I am interested if you have any Irish heritage?

ED: No, but I have a strong Celtic background. My mother’s family, a Methodist family, came from Cornwall, England. On my father’s side there are Scottish and Welsh connections — one ancestor and his family moved to Australia in the mid-1800s. In 1991, I took a trip to Cornwall, England, Scotland, and Wales to explore this part of my identity.

The Northern Ireland problem is very disturbing because it is religious, and since I often work with spiritual issues in my dance, I find this aspect particularly terrible and terrifying. You can see how I work on this aspect in the ‘Holy are You’ section. There are three larger-than-life figures in my group vignettes. These figures are almost caricatures: a judge, a nun, a figure who embodies the Christian Cross, and dancers with money
symbols on their gowns. The dance makes a cynical comment on how power corrupts human nature but also on how the soul and spirit can never be crushed. This work opens with a lament that illustrates hardship, mistrust and injustice.

In the piece that I have been doing with your sculptural installation, the separate elements of the linen landscape are intentionally integrated into the choreography. This kind of choreography is considered highly dramatic. There is the handkerchief section, which includes waving goodbye ... which is quite a traditional image. Some of the elements have a religious or a spiritual subtext: such as the bed-sheet which is a shroud and, at one point, acts like a wedding veil. And then, in the washing section we create the sense of emotionally washing away all the terrible things that war creates! The last section is a processional with three St. Veronica-like shrouds with large digitally-printed, black and white images on them.

**LT:** For you, environmental justice and socio-political justice issues are intertwined. As artists, we have both been influenced by the pioneering research of Gloria Feman Orenstein on the women surrealists, and one aspect of their legacy — called an eco-feminist, or feminist-matristic, identification. Orenstein makes the claim that this identification, together with certain key recurring imagery, is a major thread which links a canon of work by female artists. Orenstein's 1990 book asserts that the arts are a catalyst of social change, not simply adjuncts to political activity, and that artists are healers, who can foster a live-giving culture. Orenstein states,

The ceremonial aspect of art is now understood to be potent enough to raise energy, to evoke visions, to alter states of consciousness, and to transmit vibrations, thoughts, and images that, when merged with the energy of political acts (such as the protests at the Diablo Canyon nuclear power plant, the Livermore Weapons Lab, the Nevada Test Site, the women's peace camp at the Greenham military base in England, and the Women's Pentagon Action) can create a critical mass powerful enough to alter the energy field of the participants. The rituals enhance and augment the political actions, binding the participants together in a shared spiritual community and creating the opportunity for healing. (279)

This passage of Orenstein's seems to reflect your artistic practice of dance and performance.

**ED:** Respect for nature and each other are key to our survival on the planet. This great rush towards materialism is very aggressive. If we are in partnership with the earth then we have to give up trying to be the economic materialist. The main themes that I have developed in my work over the 1960s and '70s were about the Australian landscape about which I am
passionate, the mythology of indigenous Australia and socio-political issues — which I position in a more humanitarian, rather than political approach. Then, in the 1980s and '90s a lot of us were exploring the New Age movement and the importance of finding one's self identity through art and self-expression, together with the importance of the arts in a new evolving consciousness.

LT: So, you do not denigrate that movement of which many are now suspect, from the vantage point of the new millennium.

ED: No, it has been mainstreamed into popular culture and marketed in an ugly way. Yet, if you look at the seriousness of it's prime movers — for example, Krishnamurti and his fellow Indian Philosophers and the Western interest in and re-evaluation of the ancient cultures, together with the brave work of new communities which have, indeed, lived out some social experiments, like Damanhur community in Italy — I don't think you can denigrate it. The New Age brought more of an understanding to our politics of wanting to change the world by changing ourselves. I feel this period confirmed for me the whole previous modern art movement. Perhaps there was an ancient era before humans took up warfare ... and that relates to the work of Marija Gimbutas and Gloria Orenstein of which you speak.

LT: I'd like to know more about your interest in multicultural issues.

ED: In 1987, I came back from Italy because the land here pulled me. I really wanted to come back and find my Australian voice again. Contrary to when I came back in 1963, Australia was a really exciting place to be artistically — especially in the multicultural aspect of it. Finally the Indigenous voice was being heard, and, with that, an ecological consideration of place and identity was higher on the agenda for discussion. Most of my work, since 1987, has been about intercultural collaboration and our relationship to the earth.

LT: In British Columbia, the 1970s brought a cultural renaissance of Indigenous art which started in the late 1950s. Where was Australia in that sense?

ED: I can explain the state Australia was in, in 1991, in regards to racial relations, by telling you a story about one of my classes. I encouraged students to investigate their own cultural heritages. Most of the Australian students who were Anglo-Celtic felt that they were simply, 'Australian' and that there was no further investigation necessary — most were unconcerned that they were Settlers. However, one had memories of her grandparents, who had fled Latvia. Then, one black student (who indicated she was German) used a personal drawing to talk about herself. She said she had no memories of her childhood, previous to the age of five ... I get
goose-bumps even thinking about this young woman.... It turns out that this girl had been adopted, a Stolen Child, who perhaps didn’t even realise her Aboriginality.... The wonderful thing is that then she began her own search after that and found her Indigenous family in Australia.

LT: That the arts can help heal and bring about transformation is rewarding. The grief in the Indigenous communities, here and in Canada, is palpable. The legacy you talk of is similar in British Columbia where Indigenous children were taken and educated in Residential Schools, against their families’ wills, and a certain legacy continues today in the form of the provincial foster care system. In 1998, a Statement of Reconciliation was made by the Canadian government; infamous lawsuits have also been brought about in cases of extreme abuses and some financial support has been put in place to support community-based healing. Would you explain your background further about working with the Indigenous community in Australia?

ED: In the 1960s, I began to explore Aboriginal myths about the Australian landscape as inspiration for my choreographic work. So, I met up with Aboriginal elders, including Kath Walker/Oodgeroo Noonuccal, (1920–1993). She used to see a lot of our ADT works. I would always ask her permission for the use of these stories as choreographic inspiration. One of her very strong remarks to me, I remember, was, ‘Elizabeth, our people should be doing it, but they are not — somebody has to do it — so please keep doing what you are doing’. She used to send me poems and stories that she wrote, asking me to choreograph them and use them in workshops. So, in that sense, I felt that part of my mission was to assist the Indigenous voice to be heard, and I realised that this could be done through the dance, on a heart level, rather than a political one.

Around the same time, in 1969, I made trips to Darwin, to meet with Aboriginal elders and dancers. In 1970, I was very fortunate to meet Sandra Holmes in Darwin, who, at the time, was personally supporting and documenting the work of a well-known Indigenous bark painter, Yirawala, from Gunwinggu tribe Western Arnhem Land. We were invited to Melville Island when there was a very important Tiwi Pukamani ceremony. Sandra asked me to help document a lot of that material. We sat with the Tiwi people and discussed the possibility of forming a dance-theatre group that could travel throughout the mainland of Australia. Yet, it seemed much too early for such a vision and it did not eventuate — this is 1969, I am talking about. But it was a wonderful and very precious opportunity for me to be in that position — sitting and talking with the elders of Melville Island, asking them what they wanted and how they wanted to go about such ideas.
The ceremony that Elizabeth Cameron Dalman would have attended would have been similar in 1969. (Photo: Diana Wood Conroy)

Elizabeth Cameron Dalman, Mirramu Dance Company, outdoor production of *Silk* (Photo: Robert Guth)
Back in Adelaide in the late 1960s, I studied informally with Charles Mountford, who has written many books about Aboriginal culture. He had his own office in the back of the Adelaide museum. At that time, the Adelaide Museum had the artefacts collected by Mountford from the Australian American Scientific Expedition to the Arnhemland, 1949.

I was a regular student to his office — specifically for learning from him about his experiences with Indigenous communities and about his specific research.

Another researcher was Catherine Ellis, an extraordinary woman who went up into the Central South Australian desert. She recorded and notated the women’s dances and songs. She was probably one of the first white women to start such research. Catherine Ellis was attached to the School of Music in the Aboriginal Music studies department in Adelaide. So, I was informally researching and trying to make contact with Aboriginal people wherever I went. Kath Walker’s remarks gave me the strength to continue what I was doing.

LT: After your directorship of ADT you returned to Europe, and lived in Italy for about ten years. What happened after that?

ED: When I came back to Australia from Italy in the late 1980s, the Aboriginal voice was being heard. For example, The Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Skills Development Dance School and Bangarra Dance Theatre, Sydney, had been formed. In 1988 I went to the Mimili community, near Fregon in the Central desert, as an Artist-in-Residence. It was during the time of a huge Inma, where Indigenous tribes from all around came to meet, celebrate, and share dances together. We were included in many of the ceremonies and presented some of our own dances as well. There was no way I would have taken on Aboriginal themes in this period. It was just wonderful that this period marked their opportunity to express themselves.

It’s only been in this last year, 2003, upon invitation from the Ananguku community at Fregon, Central desert, that I have embarked upon a new collaboration with Indigenous issues and Indigenous artists. The Mirramu Dance Company, which I direct, just completed the first creative development stage on a work called Red Sun, Red Earth. I see this as a continuing, ongoing process of exchange in creative development where we are working as two groups, listening to each other and sharing both sides.

LT: Changing tracks now, in the mid-1980s to ’90s Vancouver Canada was feeling its identity as a place on the Pacific Rim and we had a new wave of immigration from Hong Kong and Taiwan. Could you speak about the contemporary dancers you work with in Taiwan?
ED: In general, I try to find the common artistic threads and expressions from the different backgrounds. I search out the things that connect us together as human beings. These young dancers in Taipei are from a culture different from my own. For example, why would things in Ireland have anything to do with them? I simply changed the way I passed my information on to the dancers. I talked about things they could relate to that had had the same effect as politics in other places. That was how I worked with Release of an Oath. Because it is a highly dramatic piece, I think they had more access to it. Certain costumes really freaked them out. Of course, they had no problem with the jeans and vests, and, once they got used to the other costumes, they really embodied them!

LT: Yes, that is something I want to talk about, the use of textiles and costuming in your work.

ED: Well, for me, the human body is a very important element, and, therefore, carefully thought-out and well-designed costuming is essential. This is as much a part of the dance as the dancer — the two elements work together and complement each other, one enhances the other. The moderns, inspired by Isadora, wanted to see the line of the body. The design of the movement in the space was as important as the steps themselves.

I have always been intrigued by silk since I danced an homage to Loie Fuller — one of the early modern dance pioneers who worked in Paris, in the early 1900s. She choreographed with the actual material. Fuller was famous for her use of materials. She was also the first person in the theatre to use electric light and is remembered for the theatrical effects she created!

In researching, I found that Loie Fuller had used twenty-two metres of silk for one dance — her Serpentine Dance, 1892. So, I consulted with designer Patricia Black who made large wings for me, out of silk, based on Loie’s design. Instead of having the different coloured lights that Loie Fuller used, I used projected images on the silk, so you didn’t really see me — the audience simply sees images dancing across the space. I loved that so much that, I remember saying to myself, ‘One day, I will do a production that is all silk!’

It was many years later that the whole concept of Silk-Lake and, then, Silk, my theatre piece, happened. This was produced for The Street Theatre in Canberra, 2002. This work was based on the history of silk material, the silk worm, through the cocoon to the spinning and weaving of the silk and even the moth. Through research, I found out about how silk was taken out of China by a Chinese princess who carried the silk cocoons in her hair! In this production, I was exploring a fusion between mobius kiryuho, the Japanese art of flowing movement and contemporary western dance. In the final creation, we had sixty metres of silk hanging in the dance-theatre space! (see photo of Amanda Miller and Kyoko Sato)
Silk, Mirramu Dance Company, Amanda Miller (on chair), Kyoko Sato (seated), (Photo: Robert Guth)
In 1998, I collaborated on *The Lace-maker*, a solo dance for poet Kathy Kituai, at the Adelaide Festival of the Arts. This work explores a domestic interior and an inter-racial marriage. Kituai’s words speak for themselves.

*Threads*

I am the night
I am my own shadow
I am the wind

Lifting lace curtains
on a woman’s bedroom window—

the night
ensnared in the weaving

blackness
captured in a torn patch

bleeding
light onto a black lawn

Street lights
are white sequins
circling
as a woman circles
patterns in lace
breathing night

Sequins are cotton
woven into light
woven into dawn
woven into birds

You are a woman weaving patterns
in white cotton
You are a woman dreaming
You are the torn patch

letting the night back
into the room

(An excerpt from the beginning of *The Lace-maker* by Kathy Kituai.)

In your *Irish Linen Memorial*, the installation comes first and so I had to integrate the body with the material. The symbolism of the material then becomes a part of the choreography. A sheet, for example, can speak. To start with, I might ask, what does it arouse in us? The sheet becomes a third dancer. So, the duo actually makes a trio. We make the sheet move into a third body of the dancer in a symbolic way. That’s what makes the choreography in that work, not just the separate elements of the linen landscape but an intentionally integrated choreography.
LT: Did you alter your costuming for a different cultural context in Taiwan, when you reproduced Release of an Oath?

ED: The nun’s costume was made with more Asian tailoring and detailing, yet, for the rest of the outfits, nothing changed. Working with a costume which produces a dramatic effect may sometimes be more difficult because it requires characterisation and, therefore, you need theatre training, as well as movement training. The Taiwanese dancers were very dedicated and found the dramatic tensions needed in the work.

LT: Were there any particular challenges you encountered when working in Taiwan?

ED: The most difficult dilemma was language and my own sense of inferiority in not being able to speak it. My residency at the Taipei Artist’s Village was for two months, which is a long time to be immersed in another language. I love the symbolism of their language, but, tonally it is very difficult, unlike when I learned to speak Italian! I had a Taiwanese translator most of the time, but, of course, dance speaks across all languages. Especially, if you can speak emotionally, because this is the same wherever one goes. We had to re-title the work because Release of an Oath does not translate well in Mandarin, so we called it Prayer. The other pieces produced there, with the Taipei Tsai Jui-Yueh Foundation and The Grace Hsiao Dance Theatre, were Sun and Moon, Motherless Child (from Sundown), All My Trials (from This Train), This Train (from This Train) and segments from Leaving that was inspired by a Buddhist poem.

LT: One could compare your practice with the ‘spiritual interculturalism’ of one of your peers, contemporary visual artist, Hossein Valamanesh (also from Adelaide) whose art installations, land art and quiet ritual artworks have influenced me since I came to Australia, in 2001. Ian North, writes about Valamanesh’s work in a 2001 catalogue published for the Valamanesh retrospective by the Art Gallery of South Australia. He states,

Valamanesh has been able to move ‘in and out of cultures’ in Adelaide...as if to recognise that people from all sides are players in the formation of contemporary social identity. The last point is crucial: Anglo-Celtic artists, for example, can and must be fully imbricated as anyone else in the formation, possibilities and limitations of the global-paradigm for art. Adelaide, then, is nowhere (special), yet everywhere; by the same token it is not at all to aggrandise Valamanesh to suggest that he could stand for all contemporary artists. (68)

ED: Australia is the oldest culture in the world and one of the youngest nations in the world. This happens nowhere else. In the last ten years much has
Release of an Oath, 1972, Choreography, Elizabeth Cameron Dalman
(Photo: Jan Dalman)
changed. The Anglo-Celts are a minority now. It is important for us to find out about other cultures, the Middle East and other strong traditional cultures, as well as acknowledging the terrible history with our Indigenous peoples. I love Australia, but unless we are willing to find out more about others, we are a lame multicultural society.

LT: That is an apt dancer’s metaphor!

ED: We need to show more respect and understanding in active ways. It is easy to talk about ‘integration’ and ‘reconciliation’ but to actively participate requires much more listening and sharing. I have always believed in the potential of the arts and culture to explore and enhance the negotiation of intercultural territories.

*With thanks to Elizabeth Cameron Dalman for her time in a hectic schedule.*

*Additional thanks go to Sydney photographer/photo-archivist, Kalev Maevili, for introducing me to Elizabeth Cameron Dalman and Colin Offord, 2001.*

**WORKS CITED**


Appendix F
Site conscious installations
Canada Council Grant Report
Lycia Danielle Trouton
File # 5735-00-0561
Group 3 mid-career

October 27th 2001
lyciadt@yahoo.com
lycia@uow.edu.au

What was accomplished with the grant?

Thank you for awarding me with this opportunity. With this grant I was able to accomplish Phase One of the Irish Linen Memorial. I hope to continue work on this project in two extended formats, an online version called www.linenmemorial.org and a public-process artwork, made with many hands, which may eventually be shown in both Protestant and Catholic churches, neutral public parks and spaces in both N. Ireland, Ireland, and other countries in the future. I think this piece will be an on-going ‘life’s work’. I expect to complete the online version, within the coming year and a half. I am looking at the online Vietnam memorial at www.thenvirtualwall.org in my research.

This past year I have had contact with the authors of the book, Lost Lives, upon which my piece is based. In Brian Feeney’s letter to me, he states, “Various monuments and memorials to the dead of The Troubles have been considered and they have all come up against the objection from loyalists, from the political party of Ian Paisley, the DUP, and from some Protestant clergy that a single memorial treats all the dead as equal. While this may seem a bizarre objection to you, and indeed to us, nevertheless it is real. Only last week some members of the N. Ireland assembly proposed setting up a Victims’ Committee and to look at our book as a template for a memorial for all the dead. Immediately Ian Paisley Jr objected, saying ‘there is a hierarchy of dead’ and that members of the security forces are at the top and should not be included with terrorists who were killed, nor should ‘innocent victims’. The attitude displayed here has resulted in various memorials being vandalised or completely destroyed and protests by relatives... Neutral space in the north is very small and diminishing.”

Therefore, I designed a smaller version of the memorial to be exhibited outside of the country, which memorialized ten persons on one handkerchief, instead of one life per hankie. The aftermath of September 11th has been felt in Northern Ireland and it is favorable news that the peace process, with the IRA’s decommissioning of arms, has been recommenced within the last few days.

Did the process of working on this project create new opportunities?

Earlier this year, with my interest in this project, I decided that I wished to do further academic work in textiles and textile/text theory. You will remember that I had considered a Jacquard weaving process and was in communication with Ruth Scheuing at Capilano College, North Vancouver. Then, I applied to, and was accepted into, the Doctorate of Creative Arts (DCA) program at the University of Wollongong in New South Wales, Australia – a unique program which caters to internationally recognized artists who wish to pursue a higher degree, combining both 50% scholarly thesis work and 50% in a creative project. This school is known for its association with an international ‘textile community’ which fosters theoretically based work in the field.

I was fortunate to be awarded a Research Assistantship position on a three-year project called Fabrication(s) of the Postcolonial in the Institute for Social Change and Inquiry and with both the Creative Arts and Literature departments. As a result, I am updating my academic credentials and studying exciting current theoretical concerns in art. The international and multi-lingual communities at the university, and the art galleries in Sydney, an hour and a half away, have widened my perspectives.

Next year, the English department is putting on a conference about Northern Ireland and inviting papers about ‘whether the arts have had an influence on the political climate there’. I am looking forward to participating in this, as well as in the Canadian Studies department and the Centre for Canadian-Australian Studies/International Council for Canadian Studies, headed by writer Gerry Turcotte.
Also, I have already been asked about designing public art for a fledgling Public Art Program with the city of Warilla and Shellharbour City Council, near Wollongong.

My work as an ‘immigrant artist’ on this project have given me a sensitivity to ‘diversity issues,’ and I was chosen in a competitive process to design the Public Art for one of the new libraries in one of Seattle’s southern corridor neighborhoods.

**Will the work be shown?**

I have already shown the work and the enclosed slides are from the exhibition in Ellensburg, WA. The group show was called *Natural Causes*. Its theme was based around artists who have worked with issues concerning the land or nature as their early and ongoing influence. Like many emigrants, I live with that ambiguous feeling of loss, and mythical anchor to the homeland. Yet, the Ireland seen on picture postcards has been marred by the unnatural consequences of war. I have worked with the material of peat, on an ongoing basis, as emblematic of the ‘earth’ from this other land. In this piece, the linen handkerchiefs signify the carrying of tears, from the tradition of wearing one’s handkerchief on one’s heart, in one’s chest pocket.

Linen was chosen as it is recognized worldwide as a textile with strong Irish connections. I used the back of the handkerchiefs, allowing the “Irish Linen” labels to show, thus acting as a compositional detail within the larger piece. The uniting visual element of these labels shows that the people of Ireland may be divided in life, but are united in death.

The exhibition opened on September 7th and with the shocking events of September 11th, the installation thus gave voice to wider concerns about the wasted loss of lives from terrorism, and with its architectonic quality, it acted as a “grieving chamber”. Ironically, the piece was created at the top of a flight of about thirty steps and ‘towered’ above the visitor as they entered the space, dimmed by a masked-over skylight.

A visitor to the gallery wrote, “A very sensitive way to transform a public space into a personal space and back again into public – it felt holy to me. Thank you.” This is the type of response I had hoped to achieve.

I intend to show the work in an alternative space in Vancouver in the future. Presently I am submitting it to The Dahl Arts Center, Rapid City, SD, for application to a show called “Heart to Heart: Women in Conversation about War”, 2002.

**How has this project influenced my artistic development?**

This project has enabled me to deal, more directly, with my own ‘emigrant identity’ issues. To date, I have veered away from the autobiographical.

I agree with author Eva Hoffman, who says, „Being deformed, so to speak, from everything familiar, makes for a certain fertile detachment and gives one new ways of observing and seeing. …This perhaps is the great advantage, for a writer, of exile, the compensation for the loss and the formal bonus – that it gives you a perspective, a vantage point….In exile, the impulse to memorialize is magnified….informed by a tenderness for what is lost and by the need, even the obligation, to remember.” (Letters of Transit, edited by Andre Aciman, 1997).

I have also been reading about the ‘new nomads’ – persons displaced since end of the cold war, and how many millions have been forced to immigrate, deal with violence, economic depravation, and how many have died on their journeys. At some point in the future, I wish to deal with issues in my art that survivors face, such as post traumatic stress and/or the brilliant creativity exhibited in ordinary lives while dealing with the magnitude and ongoing nature of the shifts in global economy or civil strife.
Elevation

Plan of Corridor

Section

scale 1/8 to 1:0

Cloisters Gallery, Bldg 25.
University of Wollongong.
Licia D. Trouton.
16.10.02.
This section of the appendix reports on the site-contextual Horrific Hankies installation that I produced and directed in late 2002. I collaborated with two fellow colleagues in other fine arts disciplines from the university: choreographer-dancer, Elizabeth Cameron Dalman, OAM and musician Thomas Fitzgerald. The dance-theatre component was called Linking the Living with bandages of linen and lace and the music/sonic-surround was entitled The Seeming Insanity of Forgiveness. The exhibition was sited in a faculty administrative office corridor in the Creative Arts building at the University of Wollongong which had recently been re-coined, The Cloister’s Gallery. This exhibition was the first ‘site-conscious’ installation in the ‘gallery’ corridor.

The location of my Irish Linen Memorial installation was in a strategic public corridor in the building and a student thoroughfare. This corridor bears the psychic weight of the power structure held within it, as it is the corridor which houses the offices of lecturers and professors in all the disciplines of the creative arts. Appropriately named The Cloisters, which is a reference to a quiet aura of contemplation which intellectual and spiritual pursuits in the arts entails, the corridor, for each of these reasons was an appropriate place for an interdisciplinary artwork of spiritual reflection and intellectual rigour. One could also say that a public thoroughfare, or ‘no-man’s land’ – having no specific use other than for transit from one place to another – would be an ideal meeting ground upon which to consider alternative ideas of reality – such as one’s reaction to one’s neighbour, whether they be different in background, training, discipline, race, ethnicity etcetera from oneself. Also, being a meeting ground of students and faculty members, it is here that traditional hierarchies play out; hierarchies which could be said to be symbolic of other power imbalances in life such as those within British imperialism or territorial boundaries of ethnic groups. Although re-named as an Art Gallery, this space had not previously contained or displayed an installation. Since the renaming of a space does not necessarily contextualize it, the focus of a space through the lens of an art project may bring a different awareness to bear upon it and the conditions created by the art content or techniques used may well provide the brewing ground of a controversy.
The repeated textual imagery on the handkerchiefs which were pinned to strips of fabric created inverted archways and exaggerated the height and length of the space. The corridor became elongated, so that a person walking down the passageway was unexpectedly dwarfed in stature. A gallery visitor, therefore, walked into a disturbing new context, suddenly becoming a ‘bit-player’ in a drama not of their own making. My installations are often participatory and interactive because my work encourages an experiential encounter with the architectural conditions and site-context. Thus, through new, creative conditions, abrupt awareness of the power imbalance inherent in a school corridor became apparent. The installation was not only architectural, but had the addition of a soundscape, so that, with the addition of a performance (on the opening night) the space was, therefore, not just an art gallery but a theatre. We played the music/sound collage during only a limited one-hour lunch-slot daily and otherwise only used performer-models for particular documentation that was necessary. The sonic-surround composition was emitted from speakers in high positions down the length of the corridor. Both the conceptual and emotional content of the memorial was disturbing -- violent deaths from a war torn country – and the collage of the music and soundscape would have been unexpected to some people. Textiles can symbolize healing but can also be seen as haunting, shroud-like, suffocatingly soft, abject or messy and ghostly: the white torn fabric strips, hankies (some of which were stained) and muslin moved with the breezes which flowed in and out of the space, and to and from open and shut faculty office doors.

This architecturally custom-tailored artwork involved persons entering and exiting offices which faced the corridor. Most faculty members and students were enthusiastic and positive about this commemoratory exhibition, even while some felt inconvenienced by the additional activity level which accompanied the re-configuration of the structural appearance of this hallway. Others may have been stressed by the content of sectarian violence and death, together with the sonic-surround which ‘sculpted’ the corridor environment in an unending, continuous-loop.

The exhibition garnered positive media reviews (radio, television and print). Yet, some reactions to the work were negative. For some viewers, problematic responses to this multi-dimensional artwork lingered. Some of the difficulties which can plague art in public spaces are listed by a theorist of contemporary political art in public spaces as follows:

The question of accountability is paramount, and artists who disregard this responsibility are subject to the most criticism. Threats to withhold funds can most easily be made and enforced in these situations, thus directly affecting the fate of artists and their work.

I have, therefore, proposed when public art controversies are likely to occur – at times when there is a high degree of communal fragmentation and polarization, and widespread civic malaise and low community morale. What becomes controversial are generally those works which address volatile, unsettling issues. And where this takes place is most typically at strategic public locations.
While any of these conditions is likely to spark trouble, their combination virtually assures conflagration. (Author’s italics. Dubin 1992: 38).

This exhibition addressed the ‘volatile’ issue of ethnic violence, commemorated thousands of traumatic killings, and was located in a de-centred space – a faculty corridor, instead of a gallery context. As well, the show had two ‘live’ elements: a musical sonic surround and silkworms feasting on mulberry leaves in a cabinet. Also, I would describe the unsettling movement of the translucent fabric, linen, pinned on torn bandaged strips, also as ‘live’ and, therefore, unsettling. As such my exhibition bore the existing hallmarks ‘likely to spark trouble’ – as theorist Steven Dubin suggests in the above quotation. This report, on responses to the exhibition, documents this.

**The live silkworms display:**

This was deeply disturbing to some students who were animal-rights activists. Their reaction also drew attention to the irony of human response to the polarity of certain situations: whether it is a preoccupation of issues regarding a country whose population bears the scars of sectarian violence, or, on the other extreme, the lack of knowledge of the naturally occurring life cycle of an insect. During the exhibit I explained that I was not killing the insects on purpose. I outlined the natural and short life-cycle of a silkworm and why I had included this reference in a linen memorial. (Many students and faculty attended to the care and maintenance of the silkworms during the exhibition, for which I was most grateful). Others were disturbed by the ILM exhibition’s content, even if only, perhaps, subconsciously. Theorist Steven Dubin suggests:

> But art also confronts the sacred, so that to the sin of insolence we can add the possibilities of error from “fundamental truths,” subversion, blasphemy, and immorality. While we might imagine that sex is the major flashpoint in art controversies, upon reflection it becomes apparent that whatever is unsettled in a community may provide the spark; many forms of artistic expression can be seen as threatening. Public officials therefore are likely to react when art critically assesses them and social conditions for which they can be held responsible, or when art addresses more elusive matters such as moral fabric and national ethos (Dubin 1992:38).

The following is an edited version of Tom’s humorous email response from Melbourne to a report I had drafted when I was still sensitive to the reactions and responses from the corridor exhibition:

> Your report on the exhibition is very reflective and a little too much Australian!!!! The old Irish convict sadness resounds in your report and I wonder why you didn’t include what was really successful a LOT more...

> We overcame most of the prooooooblems....
The Irish Linen Memorial was a groundbreaking collaborative exhibit in a space that really requires a lot more curatorial structure...

The awakenings of artistic communications are often very difficult, but that can be a good thing too...JUST WHO IS MAKING ALL THAT NOISE!!!!!! etc.

Tell me of a birth that gave no pain...Well, it's rare anyway...So, I think that your report should celebrate the birthing process and pronounce the healthy outcome(s).....twins.

I am unsure of Tom’s metaphoric reference in the final paragraph, yet my sense is that he was referring to the life-death process inherent in most artistic endeavours at some level. The memorial-exhibit was particularly dramatic because of its grief-trauma content and the time of the year of its hanging.

The exhibition opened the day after Hallowe’en, The Celtic New Year and All-Saints Day, November 1st. In many ancient cultures this time of the year celebrates the liminal time-space between the land of the living and the dead. The exhibition closed on Remembrance Day (which in the North American calendar commemorates World War I and II veterans). November 11th. In Hallow’ed Eve: Dimensions in a Calendar Festival in Northern Ireland by Jack Santino, book reviewers Edwards and Schoenecke state:

Hallowe’en possesses an unusual quality as a non-sectarian festival which reaffirms the insular cohesiveness of separate communities in a non-confrontational manner (Edwards 2).

Hallowe’en is more important than Christmas in Northern Ireland and “succeeds, though only for a day, in bringing the two warring factions of Northern Ireland together” (Schoenecke 2000:2)

It is for the above reasons I chose to install the artwork and create a performance event with the memorial at this time of year in the school of creative arts on campus.

Works Cited


Schoenecke, Michael Fall 2000 Journal of Popular Culture Vol. 34, Is. 2; The Hallowed Eve: Dimensions of Culture in a Calendar Festival in Northern Ireland, p.188.
Display case with live silkworms and personal Irish textile mementoes.

The Transformative Life Cycle of a Silkworm

The silkworm begins with an egg from which it will hatch. The worm will then feed on fresh mulberry leaves for a period of time. At this stage the worm will begin to gain weight and turn an off-yellow colour. It is ready to begin spinning a cocoon which will take the worm up to 24hrs to complete, as you can see in this cabinet. The worm will then remain in the cocoon for a period of up to one month where it will undergo a transformation. Afterwards, a red chemical is excreted which will dissolve the entrance of the cocoon enabling the flightless moth to emerge. The moths hatch without the advantage of having a mouth, this is nature’s course in this particular life cycle. Unable to eat, the main concern for the moth is to pair off or mate in the hope that they will lay eggs; however not every moth does so.

Lycia is interested in artwork which engages “living processes”. Curio cabinets are from a nineteenth century tradition used in museums to exhibit artefacts and dead objects. By using this cabinet space for a transformative natural process to occur, the artist is illustrating the cycle of life from death to regeneration and re-birth.

This cyclical pattern is a connection of humans to the natural and supernatural world. In death, we may suffer but another process begins in the afterlife. Silk worms here take on the reference in Janet Frame’s novel, The Is-Land, for example- as a positive, transformational autobiographical process. The pattern, illustrated here in this cabinet, is meant to act as a backdrop against the horrors of lives cut short, seemingly without the advantage of a natural fullness of the creative process and re-birth. Also note that silk thread is historically used in embroidering on linen. The triple spiral image on the hankie above the cabinet is a reference to this life process, and Ireland’s neolithic burial sites of Knowth, Dowth and New Grange, (along the Boyne River).

These sites engage our connection to ancient processes, the land and the healing processes of the natural world - like silkworms - which have been around for millennia and which may act as a salve for the difficulties in which humans continue to engage. Life for all creatures is not perfect or humane but can we emerge, transformed.
Response to *The ILM* exhibition of linen and live silkworms display, 2002.

*From:* Anne Collett <acollett@uow.edu.au>
*To:* Lycia Trouton <lycia@uow.edu.au>
*Time:* Fri. 08 Nov 2002 14:16:13 +1100
*Subject:* heaney

Lycia, some poems that might be useful in your thinking further about the linen memorial . . . n.b "gauze of sound" [a nice amalgamation of what you and Tom are doing together!] [and n.b. the jars of frog-spawn - something so many schoolchildren did - like the boxed silkworms and mulberry leaves]

"Death of a Naturalist"

All year the flax-dam festered in the heart
Of the townland; green and heavy headed
Flax had rotted there, weighted down by huge sods.
Daily it sweltered in the punishing sun.
bubbles gargled delicately, bluebottles
Wove a strong gauze of sound around the smell.
There were dragon-flies, spotted butterflies,
But best of all was the warm thick slobber
Of frogspawn that grew like clotted water
In the shade of the banks. Here, every spring
I would fill jampotfuls of the jellied
Specks to range on window-sills at home,
On shelves at school, and wait and watch until
The fattenign dots burst into nimble-
Swimming tadpoles. Miss Walls would tell us how
The daddy frog was called a bullfrog
And how he croaked and how the mammy frog
Laid hundreds of little eggs and this was
Frogspawn. You could tell the weather by frogs too
For they were yellow in the sun and brown
In rain.

Then one hot day when fields were rank
With cowdung in the grass and angry frogs
Invaded the flax-dam; I ducked through hedges
To a coarse croaking that I had not heard
Before. The air was thick with a brass chorus.
Right down the dam gross-bellied frogs were cocked
On sods; their loose necks plused like snails. Some hopped:
The slap and ploup were obscene threats. Some sat
Poised like mud grenades, their blunt heads farting.
I sickened, turned, and ran. The great slime kings
Were gathered there for vengeance and I knew
That if I dipped my hand the spawn would clutch it.
Heaney speaks of the “cauldron bog” in "The Tollund Man"

See "Act of Union" for female Ireland, male England . . . colonial relationship; and "Tollund Man" for exploration of relationship between bog body found in Denmark and bodies of contemporary Ireland . . . "The scattered, ambushed/Flesh of labourers, Stockinged corpses/Laid out in the farmyards, /Tell-tale skin and teeth/Flecking the sleepers/Of four young brothers, trailed/For miles along the lines." . . . "In the old man-killing parishes/I will feel lost, Unhappy and at home.”

Anne

Dr Anne Callcott.
Expression of Sympathy

Thursday, November 7, 2002

Subject: eddie
Date: Wed, 06 Nov 2002 18:24:18 +1100
From: Vicky Wallace <vwallace@pow.edu.au>
To: vwallace@pow.edu.au

Eddie

Was it meant to be a life so slight
Was it meant to blow on Friday night,
They came, they did, they didn't do right,
And I'll walk by myself now forever.

At ten and a half he could hardly fight,
But he turned out some threat to their military might,
They laid down the wires, Christ they did it right,
And at sixteen he's gone now forever.

eddie's gone tonight
In a blinding light
And he always told me, it would be alright
I'll walk home by myself on this cold Friday night
I'll talk by myself now forever.

The weeks had gone by
I still didn't cry
I still heard Eddie, could still see his eyes,
Then no-one spoke back to me one Friday night
I'll be by myself now forever

I'll walk by myself, talk by myself, live by myself now forever.

Gordon Wallace

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1998 January 26, 1975
Edward Wilson, North Belfast
Civilian, Protestant, 10

The teenager, a corporal in the Air Cadet force, was killed when a 10 lb IRA booby- trap device exploded when he opened an inner door of an Air Training Corps (ATC) hut on the Cavehill Road. Five other boys were slightly injured in the explosion at the hut in the grounds of Cavehill Primary School. A neighbour described the scene: 'The ATC building was in a shambles. One wall was completely gone and wreckage was scattered over a wide area. In a corner I saw a body trapped underneath a pile of rubbish. It was a horrible sight and obviously the lad was dead. His clothes were ripped to shreds. Blood was everywhere.'

Those who had planted the bomb had broken in through the rear of the hut and attached the device to the door of the adjutant's office. The bomb was claimed by the IRA in an edition of Republican News. The youth was from Mountcollyer Street off Belfast's York Street. His father said: 'I was brought up in a mixed street - there are good and bad on both sides.' He added: 'Edward had a real love of life and it centred around the Air Training Corps and his wish to join the family steeplejack business which his grandfather started. It is tragic that a young man should have his life taken away like this.'

Ribbon Mementoes
The Irish Linen Memorial—Transformation of Tears
A multimedia work by Lycia Danielle Trouton
An installation incorporating sound, light, fabric and movement

The Irish Linen Memorial is an installation showing at Craft ACT from 6 February until 15 February as part of the 2004 National Multicultural Festival. Sculptor Lycia Danielle Trouton originally from Belfast, grew up in Canada and has recently come to Australia to undertake a doctorate studies at the University of Wollongong. Her multimedia installation, incorporating sound, light, fabric and movement is a memorial to those who have lost their lives in the sectarian conflict in Northern Ireland over the last 30 years. The exhibition taking place in Craft ACT's Gallery 1, Level 1 North Building, 180 London Circuit, Civic, was officially opened by Helen Musa, Arts Editor of the Canberra Times, 12:30 pm Friday 6th February.

Lycia Danielle Trouton's installation was brought forth by a journey to her birthplace, Belfast, and the publication of a book "Lost Lives" by several Irish writers. This award-winning book documents each death during the Northern Ireland conflict known as The Troubles, over the last 30 years. In this work, Trouton has had the names of those who have died embroidered on Irish linen handkerchiefs. The handkerchiefs, draped along with oversized white robes throughout the gallery space in web-like configurations, lead the viewer on a journey to touch, and reflect on the names of those killed. The music, composed by Tom Fitzgerald of Melbourne, further underscores the experience of the installation.

The contemporary dance performance illustrates how the handkerchief is used as a means of consolation, used to wipe away tears and blood. The performance focuses on the domestic duties was used by family and community in times of hardship, as illustrated by the three stages of a female's life: maiden, mother and widow. The performance incorporates the work of local choreographer Elizabeth Cameron-Dalman, Director of Mirrama Arts Centre and principal dancer Vivienne Rogers. Embroidery of the names of the dead is by Margot Damon, London, England.

Exhibition Details:

Title: The Irish Linen Memorial—Transformation of Tears
Venue: Craft ACT Gallery 1
Level 1 North Building, 180 London Circuit Civic
Date: 6 Feb - 15 Feb 2004
Opening dance performances 5 February, 1:15 and 3pm
Times: 10-4pm Tuesday to Friday and 12 noon - 4pm Saturday and Sunday
Information: 6262 9333

Craft ACT, Craft and Design Centre
1 Flr North Building 180 London Circuit Canberra City ACT PO Box 842 Civic Square ACT 2601
Tel (02) 6262 9333 Fax (02) 6262 8049
E-mail: craft@craftact.org.au Website: www.craftact.org.au Gallery and Office: Tues-Sun 10 am - 4 pm
ABN: 31 314 692 557
Member of COA, the Craft and Design Network Australia. Assisted by the ACT Government through its Cultural Grants and the Australia Council, the Federal Government's arts funding and advisory body.
Plan drawing for The ILM 2004
Sketch for *The ILM*, 2004

The Irish Linen Memorial

Feb 2004
Craft ACT,
Craft & Design Centre,
1st Floor North Bldg.,
180 London Cct.,
Canberra City.

Lucia D Trouton, Art;
Thomas A Fitzgerald, Music;
Elizabeth Cameron-Dolman OAM, Choreography;
& Vivienne Regis, Dance, of Mirramo Dance Co.

Robert Trouton
Radio Interview about *The ILM*, 2004

**Transcription of Interview between Louise Marr, ABC Radio and Lycia Trouton.**

**Opening of Irish Linen Memorial on 9th February 2004**

**Craft ACT Gallery Canberra**

**Introduction:** Lycia Trouton and her family fled Belfast in the 1970’s but those times in Belfast have really coloured Lycia’s work she is a sculptor and an artist and she has put together a sculpture made of linen I don’t know how you would describe it but it uses thousands of linen handkerchiefs to honour the people who were killed during the troubles in northern Ireland. It’s been opened today this exhibition as part of the multicultural festival in Canberra and Lycia Trouton joins us now to tell us more about it.

Lycia: Thanks hi. I just wanted to say that unlike a lot of refugees today we didn’t flee Belfast we immigrated to Canada and we had a choice unlike a lot of people from other cultures today and other ethnic conflicts. It’s interesting the way the trauma lingers and certainly my parents were glued to the television news throughout the 1970’s. Luckily, since 1998 with the Good Friday Peace Accord things have quietened down, in 2000 a book was published called *‘Lost Lives’* which was an award winning book dedicated to the men women and children who have been killed in the troubles. The four journalists listed the dead chronologically and I found this very interesting that I could use this as a base for a piece of text documenting the lives as a memorial onto a material significant in Northern Ireland, the industry there is linen.

**Tell us about the significance of linen?**

Northern Ireland is famous for producing linen throughout the 19th century; I’m a site-specific artist a sculptor. I was exhibiting in Belfast in 1999 and had the opportunity to look at the production of linen at the old linen mills and heritage museums. There were images of linen being bleached on the grass and it resonated and I thought this would be a wonderful way to commemorate the dead. Maya Lin, in 1985 built the Vietnam Memorial and it was one of the first anti-heroic monuments where people could actually touch the text that interested me I felt you could use textiles to touch the names, handkerchiefs are worn on the heart, in the breast pocket given as gifts to each other.

**As you’ve mentioned earlier, “. used to mop up blood, sweat and tears…”**

Yes, I think it’s important to note there is no difference with tears catholic/protestant, victim/perpetrator, all the names are listed in this conflict up to the year 2000. Really as human beings we meet life and death in the same space.

**What does your memorial look like Lycia?**

In this configuration and I conceive each site contextually according to the place I exhibit it such as a church or gallery.

**You can change it around?**

Yes, I can change it so in this configuration it’s a series of 20 metres of inverted arches the hankerschief are pinned on linen bandages, draped throughout the space. We’ve got music sonic surround composed by Thomas Fitzgerald of Melbourne and then I worked with choreographer Elizabeth Cameron Dalman, who’s a pioneer in
contemporary dance here and her dancers are Vivienne Rogers and Amanda Miller. Today they'll be performing at 1.00pm and 3.00pm.

So, how does the dance complement the work? Well I feel the dance contextualises the handkerchiefs for people who need more of a dance/theatre narrative to understand how the grief process is with humans. They do a piece with three shrouds with large digital prints on linen, they also do a piece with bandages and then they work with the space itself and the other bandages and ribbons in the space. A lady from Berridale has done some fabulous lace work for me. So the memorial handkerchiefs are in the process of being embroidered by my aunt in London, my mother's sister and that will take years, the grief process in humans does take a long time.

So, you're going to embroider all these handkerchiefs? Yes, they're in the process of being embroidered and faced.

With people's names? Yes, the names have been printed and now they are being embroidered. The lace work is, kind of that Victorian momento-mori idea of hair so I am putting some hair in spots on the linen and into the lacework.

So, this is a work, a piece that is going to grow over the years? Yes, some people have already left mementoes to the victims, so that part of it will grow as well.

Do you think it will be exhibited in Belfast, Northern Ireland? That's a good question, one of the authors of the book Brian Feeney has written to me and warned me that this would not be a good idea at this time.

Why not, you're honouring victims on both sides? It's still very controversial, there are Protestants listed side by side with Catholics, its non hierarchical and perpetrators are people who have been killed building bombs in their homes. It's very controversial, I think I could take it to Dublin, Belfast would have to be very carefully conceived; however it is on textiles and it could be rolled up very quickly to avoid conflict or vandalism.

Maybe that will be a sign when the peace process really works when a work such as yours can be shown without causing too much of the wrong emotion? Yes, that's my hope I mean there's different types of peace and reconciliation processes being worked in the communities that are coming out of conflict, an artistic tribute like this project forms part of the process no matter how it is ultimately accepted/not accepted. I would like to do a public art ritual and exhibition at a public site in Belfast in the future.

You are based in Wollongong, this area seems to be developing into a wonderful artistic and cultural centre. Yes, since 1985 the university has embraced a number of international students from all over the world and certainly the textiles program has been important for me with Diana Wood Conroy and her colleagues in Goldsmiths, London. There is a new textile conference coming up in Perth in April discussing themes like textiles and
hybridity and performance art. It’s very interesting the theory being discussed in textiles at the moment. It’s been thirty years since the feminists valorised this domestic craft; what’s happening now is immigrants and minorities are using textiles as a non-traditional form of sculpture to talk about identity and the body. It can be packed up and brought with you, like memories. Ever since the Holocaust, artists like Christian Boltanski have been using shoes and clothing to show the debased body from violent acts, genocide and so on.

_Lycia Trouton is the artist behind the new exhibition, Irish Linen, which opens today in the Craft ACT Gallery in Civic, when can people see it?_ They can come at 12.30 and it will be open throughout the multicultural festival till February 16th.

_The two dance performances today?_ 1.00pm and 3.00pm. We’d love to have you.

_Lycia Trouton, thank you very much!_ Thank you Louise.
Irish Linen Memorial
By Lycia Trouton

The Irish Linen Memorial is a commemorative artwork-installation, or counter-monument, to those killed in the sectarian violence in Northern Ireland, 1966 - 2000. My artistic response remembers persons who died in traumatic ways, and returns a type of wholeness to a collective body of national strife in a community emerging from conflict.

The exhibition is divided into four sections: the main faculty gallery, a corridor, the 'green room' (at the end of the corridor to your right) and the 'glass room' (central foyer of the Creative Arts building).

The gallery is architecturally configured with a passage to an inner sanctum where one can honour those killed.

Please turn right upon entering the gallery to view handkerchiefs which have been embroidered over the last two years by my maternal aunt and my mother. The embroidered names (white-on-white) appear to float, backlit, as you enter.

The follow the dimly lit corridor to the inner space, constructed from the gallery panel walls. If need be, hold onto the textile braid, as a handrail upon entering.

In the main gallery space are hundreds of linen handkerchiefs printed with names. The printed hankies form a checker-board 'net', stretching out horizontally, across the main room.

The ordering of the names follows the chronology of the moment of death, as obtained from the book Lost Lives: The Stories of the Men, Women and Children Who Died as a Result of the Northern Ireland Troubles. This book, the result of several years of research by seasoned journalists is a monument in itself, and can be read upon entering the gallery. The names listed are from either side of the conflict and include both victims and those involved in the killings.

The embroidery process will continue over the next few years. Also, I am sewing 'freckled-spots' of hair (in a further act of mourning) which serve to link different names together in a fragile way. These
spots have a type of disturbing 'affect', or beautiful ugliness, which mars the pure, white linen fabric.

The Irish Linen Memorial has been accomplished in the countries where the Irish Diaspora, including myself, have scattered: to England, Canada and Australia.

Other areas of Lycia Trouton's exhibition:

- **Along the corridor**, to the right of the gallery, are panels of conceptual text and sketches which show my artistic process and illustrate some of the organisational musings towards my doctoral thesis exegesis.

- **At the end of the corridor** is a laser print on white linen of a grave digger in Northern Ireland, published in *Lost Lives*.

- **In the 'green room',** beyond this grave digger image, is a more personal installation entitled 'Mending'.

**Materials for Mending** are:

- LCD monitor and DVD,
- A galvanised steel pan filled with vegetable oil,
- The oil represents thick unroasted oil used in Ayurvedic healing massage for trauma victims.
- A theatrical light with a gobo stencil projecting a body image.

*Please take a moment to pause, reflect and rest.*

In the 'glass room' in the central foyer of the Creative Arts building (nearer the academic corridor) is a computer where one can view DVD documentation of the various site-contextual installations of The Irish Linen Memorial, 2001 - 4.

These include the multi-disciplinary versions in 2002 and 2004 with colleagues: composer, Thomas Fitzgerald, (2005 artist-in-residence with the ABC) and choreographer-dancer Elizabeth Cameron-Dalman, OAM (recognised for her contribution to modern dance).

A running sheet of the 40 minute DVD is available in the room, and a small catalogue. To view the various chapters at a glance, press the computer keyboard, as per instructions.
The following poem was chosen and read by University of Wollongong Senior Fellow, Dr. Dorothy Jones, M.A. (N.Z.), M.A. (Adelaide), B.Litt. (Oxford), D.Litt.(honoris causa), Wollongong, at my thesis exhibition opening, February, 2005.

Funeral Rites by Seamus Heaney (b. 1939)

Heaney was the winner of the 1995 Nobel Prize for Literature, and is among the most widely respected Irish poets of the time. Born in County Derry, Northern Ireland, a rural Catholic upbringing in Protestant Ulster.

I shouldered a kind of manhood
stepping in to lift the coffins
of dead relations.
They had been laid out
in tainted rooms,
their eyelids glistening,
their dough-white hands
shackled in rosary beads.
Their puffed knuckles
had unwrinkled, the nails
were darkened, the wrists
obediently sloped.
The dulse-brown shroud,
the quilted satin cribs:
I knelt courteously
admiring it all
as wax melted down
and veined the candles,
the flames hovering
to the women hovering
behind me.
And always, in a corner,
the coffin lid,
its nail-heads dressed
with little gleaming crosses.
Dear soapstone masks,
kissing their igloo brows
had to suffice
before the nails were sunk
and the black glacier
of each funeral
pushed away.
away.

II
Now as news comes in
of each neighbourly murder
we pine for ceremony,
customary rhythms:
the temperate footsteps
of a cortege, winding past
each blinded home.
I would restore
the great chambers of Boyne,
prepare a sepulcher
under the cupmarked stones.
Out of side-streets and bye-roads
purring family cars
nose into line,
the whole country tunes
to the muffled drumming
of ten thousand engines.
Somnambulant women,
left behind, move
through emptied kitchens
imagining our slow triumph
towards the mounds.
Quiet as a serpent
in its grassy boulevard
the procession drags its tail
out of the Gap of the North
as its head already enters
the megalithic doorway.

III
Before they put the stone back
in its mouth,
let us pray
that the necropolis will prove
sufficient to our appetite
for memory, that cuds behindbacks
and incubates spilled blood;
and place these remnants
in the care of Gunnar.
He lay beautiful
inside his mound,
though dead by violence
and unavenged:
it seemed that he was chanting
verses about honour,
and four lights burned
in corners of the chamber.
Which opened then, as he turned
with a joyful face
and looked at the moon.

*about this poem:*

A direct quote, taken from an university English dept. on the web: ‘Seamus Heaney, a peer critique.’

The historical analogy, myth, and emotion is characteristic of Heaney’ poetry, but the many references to land and the emphasis on religion are especially so.

The last of the poems, "Funeral Rites," is a similarly detailed poem with precise images that have indirect political conclusions or ideas. He begins by describing in detail the images of a corpses and a funeral parlour, "admiring it all" (Heaney 65). The violence makes the author seek solace in the beneficial functions of ceremonies or rituals, as in "Tollund Man" (Curtis 84). From the "Tollund Man" to "Funeral Rites," the poet has gained confidence. In the first poem, there was an air of servitude, with the poet as the servant asking for assistance from his saviour. Now, there is more distance, almost seeming to direct the affairs. However, in both poems the poet is attempting to assuage the violence by generating order from death and violence through the use of rituals.

Violence and its by-products are apparent throughout the poem. Heaney depicts the childhood deaths of family and friends, victims of political violence, and ancient Viking murders, relating them to the condition in Northern Ireland in the 1970's. The "neighbourly murders" have become numbingly commonplace, with citizens and "neighbours" deeply and passionately divided (Heaney 66). He sees each "blinded home," blinded by prejudice, by their complicity, to the horrific events that surround them.

As he describes the huge funeral procession, he prays for the end of the senseless deaths. The massive procession leads to the River Boyne, the river of knowledge, to the mounds where Aengus, the Irish god of love is buried (Parker 131). What began as a grieving process becomes a hopeful consummation. Heaney does not specify between the mourners, constituted by both Catholics and
Protestants, themselves victims of the violence. They have the same troubles, share the same pain, and journey together to reach an understanding. The mythological figure invoked, Gunnar, is a Viking hero whose unavenged death in a blood feud brought an end to the long-standing and bloody fight. This legendary person, similar to the "Tollund Man," fulfils a Christ-like role, whose own personal sacrifice is held up as an example and message to the people. The last image in the poem is a hopeful picture of resurrection, as Gunnar chants "verses about honour" with "four lights burn[ing]," and the doors of the chamber open, and he turns with a joyful face/to look at the moon" (Heaney 68).

Heaney's pastoral use of the land, religion, and myth creates his unique poetic impact. Though his use of history and myths has been criticized for appearing to give the conflict in Northern Ireland a "fatalistic historical determinism," it is more of an attempt to connect to the past, and put it into a larger mythological perspective (Malloy 91). He seeks to re-establish the timeless rituals in order to put an end to the violence. As poet Tony Curtis says of Heaney's work, "for peace to return to Northern Ireland, people have to re-establish the rhythm of the natural world" (Curtis 11)

**Works Cited**


Appendix G

Example Lost Lives Name Entries
“All else passes, what alone endures.”
The teenager and two women were killed by a car bomb which exploded outside a busy row of shops on the Cavehill Road. He was awarded the Queen's Commendation for bravery for his efforts in trying to warn people about the device. From Tokio Gardens, he was the son of a Protestant minister, the Rev. Joseph Parker, who was a prominent peace campaigner.

The schoolboy was helping a local shopkeeper at the time. A woman who owned a nearby shop told the inquest that Stephen had just come in and said, 'Susan, I think that’s a dangerous car.' She said he had done his best to warn people and thus had risked his own life. The boy’s father later recalled events: ‘I was at the mission when the word came that Stephen was missing. We checked all the hospitals. We found him in the morgue. I was able to identify him by his hands, and by a box of trick matches he had in his pocket and by the scout belt he was wearing.’

Describing the explosion, a woman said: ‘Oh God, there were flames and then when they died away there was nothing, only glass and blood. The people all around were confused and they screamed for their children. Somebody in the hairdresser’s was blown clean through the window.’

Stephen’s father said after the bombing: ‘If we thought Stephen’s death would help bring an end to all this, it would make it easier to bear.’ At breakfast that morning Stephen had spoken to his mother of his fear that ‘something awful’ was going to happen that day. His mother described him as bright and lively with a keen interest in music. He played the French horn with the Belfast Youth Orchestra.

In November 1972, the minister conducted a service at Belfast city hall in memory of those killed in the troubles with 436 white crosses, one for each of the dead, planted on the lawns. He later founded the Witness for Peace Movement and many years later he recalled: ‘We held services for everybody, soldiers, IRA, everybody, all the dead. Unfortunately, I was a little bit ahead of my time. A lot of people in my own church didn’t approve of what we were doing. I was asked by my bishop if I would confine my peace activities to my day off.’ In 1974 the Parkers, who had two other children, immigrated to Vancouver in Canada, where Joseph Parker took up a post with the Mission to Seamen.

A girl who was almost killed with Stephen Parker was the sister of Stephen McCann, who later died at the hands of the Shankill Butchers.

See also: Margaret O’Hare (493), Robert Gibson (487), Stephen McCann (1829)
The UDA/UFF shot him at his flat in Eglantine Avenue, the gunman walking past his wife, whom he had married a week earlier, when she opened the door. Sean Armstrong worked for Voluntary Services International and organised cross-community children’s parties and holidays. At Queen’s University he had edited PTQ, the university rag magazine, and had travelled extensively before returning to Belfast.

Journalist Alf McCreary interviewed Dr. Hylda Armstrong about her son’s death for his book Profiles in Courage. She said: ‘The young man walked up the hall, looked up to Sean and said, “Are you Robert Sean Armstrong?” Sean said yes. Apparently he thought that the man was a parent of one of the children leaving the next morning. The fellow just pulled a gun and shot him. He got the first bullet in the stomach and turned to try to get into the bathroom, and then the fellow put two more bullets in his back.’ According to reliable loyalist sources the shooting was carried out by the UDA.

Sean Armstrong’s mother, Dr. Hylda Armstrong, was a former world president of Inner Wheel, the association for wives of Rotary International members. She received an honorary D. Litt. from the University of Ulster for her services to humanity and an international peace prize from the Norwegian Red Cross.
A magistrate and formerly a well-known QC and literary figure, he was shot dead by the IRA as he sat down to breakfast at his home on the Belmont Road. Judge Rory Conaghan was shot at almost exactly the same time on the same morning.

The Irish Times said that, as a magistrate since 1969, Martin McBirney had dealt with perhaps fewer cases involving political and violent offences than any other magistrate. As a lawyer he had previously been Crown counsel for Belfast, but he was also known as a barrister willing to appear in unpopular cases involving civil rights issues.

Michael Canavan of the SDLP said: ‘He was a man whose concern for justice brought him often to Derry during the civil rights campaign.’ He was closely identified with the Northern Ireland Labour Party (NILP), contesting three Stormont elections for the party. He was a one-time chairman of the NILP and the first chairman of the Northern Ireland Society of Labour Lawyers. A Protestant married to a Catholic, he was the father of one child.

He wrote a number of plays and documentaries for the BBC and was a friend of poet Louis MacNeice and of shipyard playwright Sam Thompson. A programme which he made on Daniel O’Connell was broadcast a few weeks before his death. He was also a member of the Northern Ireland team which won the BBC’s Round Britain Quiz.

A subsequent court case heard that when news of his death was broken to his sister-in-law, Frances Cooke, she died of a heart attack. A man was convicted of the magistrate’s murder and received a life sentence on April 26, 1977. The man jailed for the killing was the brother of Maura Meehan and Dorothy Maguire, republicans who were killed together by the army in 1971.

While in prison, the man married a Belfast woman whose husband, Sean McAstocker, was killed in 1974. After his release, around 1993, the man and his wife complained to local newspapers that they had been ordered out of west Belfast by Sinn Fein. He said his wife had been accused of fighting with neighbours and that the IRA had badly beaten up one of his sons. Another son had been kneecapped after an incident in which a stolen car which he was driving knocked down and killed a pregnant woman. He was later jailed for the offence.

See also: Frances Cooke (1187), Rory Conaghan (1186), Patrick McGreevy (1189), Maura Meehan (149), Sean McAstocker (1050)
He was shot and fatally injured during an INLA raid at his post office in Blackwatertown, near Armagh city, seven months earlier. Living in a strongly republican area, he was well known in rugby circles. Seamus Mallon of the SDLP described him as ‘one of the best-liked and most respected men in the area’. The Republican Clubs said the shooting was the work of ‘narrow-minded sectarian bigots’. The address at the funeral in Benburb Parish Church was given by the Church of Ireland Primate, Dr Simms.

A self-confessed INLA member from Portadown was jailed for life for this and the separate murders of Jim Wright, a former police reservist killed in 1979, and Robert McNally, a UDR man shot in March 1979. The convicted man was the first person to be charged with INLA membership after the organisation was proscribed in August 1979. The judge recommended he should serve at least 30 years.

See also: Jim Wright (2124), Robert McNally (2080), Robert North (1933)
A former unionist MP and Speaker of the Stormont Parliament, he was killed by the IRA together with his son at their home, Tynan Abbey. A group of men dressed in military style uniform forced their way into the abbey, a mansion in its own large grounds near the border, where the father and son lived along with other members of their family. The gunmen sought out the father and son and shot them. They then placed bombs and incendiary devices and set the mansion alight.

Sir Norman, one of the oldest people deliberately killed during the troubles, has been Stormont MP for Mid-Armagh from 1938 – 1969, and was Speaker of the House from 1945 until his retirement. He was a Justice of the Peace and High Sheriff. The Irish Times described him as ‘one of the ruling circle in Northern Ireland for more than 20 years’. The victim was a member of Derryshaw Boyne Defenders Orange Lodge.

The Irish Times reported: ‘They were completely the local big family, still living in an enormous mansion though everyone knew the father and son used only a few rooms of it, with a housekeeper and a landstewart who lived out. Neither had much interest in farming: most of the 800 acres around the battlemented Gothic pile was let.

‘The family position and name carried weight almost on a par with the Brookborough name, in the days when unionism was a seamless whole. The pedigree was long – eight generations in the Tynan area – and the tradition of public life unbroken. Sir Norman’s great-grandfather was a Speaker in the Irish House of Commons.’

A local minister said he had often thought the Stronges were in danger but would never have suggested to them that they should move. ‘They’d been here for so long,’ said the minister, ‘why would they go and where would they go? I knew in any case that they wouldn’t even consider it.’

A number of Protestants had been killed in the area. Some ten years earlier Sir Norman Stronge had attended the funeral of UDR Private Denis Wilson, who was shot by the IRA at his family’s farm near Caledon.

The IRA said the Stronges has been chosen as ‘the symbols of hated unionism’. Neither man had been prominent in unionist politics for some time but the IRA said the attack was a ‘direct reprisal for a whole series of loyalist assassinations and murder attacks on nationalist people and nationalist activists’. Five days earlier the UDA/UFF had attempted to murder former MP and H-Block activist Bernadette Devlin-McAliskey. Mrs McAliskey said later: ‘My own reaction to the killings of the Stronges was the same as it had been to all that kind of incident – that it is politically counter-productive and confuses the issue, and that it is totally non-progressive.’

A man was extradited from the Irish Republic to stand trial for the Tynan Abbey killings. He was acquitted. As part of the trial a number of witnesses gave evidence in Dublin with a northern judge in attendance: this was the first time this provision of the 1976 Criminal Law Jurisdiction Act was used. James Lynagh, an IRA man subsequently killed at Loughgall, was mentioned during the trial.

A former unionist MP and Speaker of the Stormont Parliament, he was killed by the IRA together with his son at their home, Tynan Abbey. A group of men dressed in military style uniform forced their way into the abbey, a mansion in its own large grounds near the border, where the father and son lived along with other members of their family. The gunmen sought out the father and son and shot them. They then placed bombs and incendiary devices and set the mansion alight.

In January 1999, it was reported that the shell of Tynan Abbey had been demolished; 18 years after the two men were killed. The remains of the abbey, which would have been 250 years old in the year 2000, had been left untouched in the 800-acre estate.

See also: James Stronge (2287), James Lynagh (2843)
He had been a unionist member of the Northern Ireland Assembly from 1973 to 1974. Educated at Eton and Oxford, he had served as a captain in the Grenadier Guards. He took over the Mid-Armagh seat from his father in 1969 and held it until 1972. In the subsequent splits within unionism he adopted an equivocal role: he did not support the power-sharing executive led by Brian Faulkner, nor did he join the strenuous loyalist opposition to Faulkner. He later joined the RUC reserve. He was a member of the Derryshaw Boyne Defenders Orange Lodge.

The Irish Times reported: 'Since the dissolution of Stormont, he has passed his time, once more occupied by the Mid-Armagh seat he inherited from his father, with a spot of merchant banking and a round of social life.' In 1985 a man from Co. Monaghan, who was extradited from the Republic in 1984, was acquitted on a charge of murdering James Stronge and his father.

See also: Sir Norman Stronge (2286)
He was killed in an IRA mortar bomb attack on the joint army and police base in New Barnsley. The home-made device was fired from Glenalina Road in nearby Ballymurphy. Reserve Constable Dobbin had left one sangar at around 10 p.m. on the Saturday evening and was walking to another in the heavily fortified base when the shell exploded above his head. A second reservist was injured as were two civilians, one of them a 13-year old girl.

The SDLP, Workers Party and Alliance Party condemned the attack, while Sinn Fein criticised the security forces for situating bases in densely populated areas. A forensic expert told the inquest the device contained 40 lb of home-made explosives. The coroner said: ‘One minute may have saved this brave man’s life. Had he left the sangar a minute earlier, or a minute later, he might still be alive to serve this community.’ The other reservist injured in the 1986 attack, James Sefton, subsequently left the force. In 1990 he and his wife were killed by an IRA booby-trap device.

Constable Dobbin, an art teacher before joining the RUC six years earlier, was from Lenaghan Park in the Saintfield Road area of south Belfast. His paintings still hang in a number of police stations. The security force base at New Barnsley, formerly known as the Henry Taggart Memorial Hall, was the scene of many attacks and incidents during the troubles. Finally vacated in 1998, its abandoned shell is within the sight of a new police station and one of the city’s biggest peacelines, a wall of one million bricks separating nationalist and unionist West Belfast.

See also: James Sefton (3116)
“grief lasts a lifetime, but we can get more comfortable with our discomfort.”

Australian author Petrea King
Appendix H

Art Catalogue
IRISH LINEN MEMORIAL

TO HONOR THE LIVES LOST IN
“THE TROUBLES”
1966 - PRESENT

created in Australia | Canada | USA
by Lycia Danielle Trouton
funded by Canada Council | 2001
2377, October 14, 1981
John Patrick Breslin, England
Civilian, 18, single, photographic technician
From an Irish family, he died in hospital after the IRA bombing of Chelsea barracks in London in which Nora Field was also killed. The teenager was sitting on a wall when the van bomb exploded, spreading shrapnel over a wide area. His scalp was stripped away by the blast, with his skull penetrated and his brain torn. His father, Kevin Breslin, who came from Co. Roscommon, said: ‘It’s their own people they are killing. They are Irish. I am Irish and they killed my son.’ He said his son had never shown any interest in politics. In 1985 a 29-year-old Belfast man was convicted for this and two other murders.
Seattle, USA, 2001
Linen handkerchiefs and compressed peat moss (Irish Bog Oak or turf) blocks; lit projection
The names of individuals who were killed, often in horrific circumstances, in the course of the sectarian violence based in Northern Ireland (commonly referred to as The Troubles) have been recorded by the author-journalists of the book *Lost Lives*. This memorial is chronological (from 1966 onwards) and is non-heirarchical.

Support for 2002-2004 from the Centre for Research in Image Performance and Text [CRIPT] in the Creative Arts Faculty | University of Wollongong NSW | Australia

Support for 2004 exhibition from the Canadian High Commission | Canberra ACT | Australia
The memorial is in the process of being embroidered [in white chain-stitch] since 2003, as well as being sewn with haphazard spots of hair which act as ‘memento mori’.
exhibits + public art events

where this travelling, mobile memorial has been

“Between Worlds - The Common Body”       [1]
Natural Causes group exhibition  |  Sept 7 - Oct 20 2001
Gallery One  |  Ellensburgh  |  Washington  |  USA
Curator  |  Cheryl Hahn

“Horrific Hankies” a Sound-Sculpture Installation with performance-movement piece called “Linking the Living with Bandages of Linen and Lace”
Solo exhibit  |  November 1 - 11 2002
Cloisters Gallery  |  University of Wollongong
Launched by  |  Gerry Turcotte  |  Australian-Canadian poet-photographer and Head of Australian-Canadian Studies Centre  |  University of Wollongong

“Distressingly Delicate Domestic Linens Listening”
[small-scale artwork]
Unfolding Territories group exhibition  |  December 2002
Curator: Diana Wood-Conroy  |  as part of the Fabrication(s) of the Postcolonial Conference  |  University of Wollongong

“Transformation of Tears”     [2]
Solo exhibit  |  February 6 - 15 2004
Curators: Dominique Mico and Jason Hugenot
Craft ACT Gallery & Design Centre, Gallery One
Launched by  |  Helen Musa  |  Canberra Times  |  with accompanying words after the performance by Rev. Dr. James Haire  |  Director of Centre for Christianity and Culture, Charles Sturt University  |  Artist’s Lecture for The Friends of Ireland at The Irish Club  |  Canberra 2004
with thanks to contributors

to the vision of each site-specific Installation:

- Margot Damon - Embroidery (London, UK)
- Stan Gielewski - photography, sculptural assistance, web design (Vancouver, Canada)
- Sandy Houston, Tiffany Patten - Graphic design (Sydney, Au)
- Hendrick Miller - photography (Portland, USA)
- Bodie O'Dell, Tanya Sobiesiak, David Blackall, Dr. Dorothy Jones - performance/model (Sydney)
- Ziik Savu - stage production (Wollongong, Australia)
- Robert Trouton - architectural drafting (Vancouver, Canada)
- Natasha Naomi Younie - Curatorial management (Sydney, Au)

artist’s assistants:

- Geraldine Finegan/Chong Do Sunim, Jasmine N.M. Folz, Nancy Hewitt, Hendrick Miller - (Seattle, USA)
- Tiffany Patten - (Sydney, Au)
- Anthony Damon - (London, UK)
- Robert and Maureen Trouton - (Vancouver, Canada)

memorial mementos:

- Akemi and Maki Endo - for creating over 300 white origami cranes for Peace (Tokyo, Japan)
- Cricket Fox - textiles contribution (Vancouver, Canada)
- Edith Morriott - tatting (Berrydale, NSW, Au)

documentary team:

- Sean Maguire; Creative Image Photography - stills (Au)
- Len Glasser, Therese Sweeney, Jodhi Zutt - video camera (Au)
- Zutt Productions and Damion Heffernan, Onara Films - video editing (Canberra, Au)
Canadian Memorial United Church + Centre for Peace
Vancouver | British Columbia | Canada

with thanks to Rev. Bruce Sanguin and Edith Matthews of 'The Maple Group' 2002
St Matthew's Church
Portland | Oregon | USA

with thanks to Pastor Fr. José Ortega and liturgical coordinator Kathy Sievers 2002
Kerrisdale Presbyterian Church
Vancouver | British Columbia | Canada

with thanks to Rev. Glenn Ingles, Irene Caldwell and Gordon McKendrick
Memorial Steps

approximately 400 printed handkerchiefs

Lost Lives
Credits | "The Seeming Insanity of Forgiveness"

Music_ Melbourne | Australia
• Tom Fitzgerald, Electric Violin, Viola, Keyboards
• Lawrence Allen, Tenor
• Lindy Ferguson, Soprano
• Megan Kenny, flutes (Melbourne, Australia)

Indigenous chants for the dead_
• A.R. Abdullah – Shamanic Malay
• Musqueam Chief Ian Campbell, First Nations Canadian
• Chinese and Korean Zen Buddhist nuns
• Lei’Ohu Ryder, Hawaiian

“Aloha. It is what the music is created for...to embrace humanity and all life with sacred intentions. Intentions of love and peace. Intentions of harmony and reconciliation. As one who carries this wisdom, I am honored to let it heals. For we are all one. All aloha.” Lei’Ohu, Nov. 2002

Speech arts_ led by Antony Stamboulieh, Actor-Director (Vancouver/London)
• Emily MacArthur
• Siobhan Raupach
• Aaron Sholomenko
• Kay Stamboulieh
• William and Irene Thompson & James Thompson, (boy) (Melbourne/Belfast)
• Kevin McFadden – Irish-Canadian Gaelic speaker
Textiles conference attracts world specialists

An international conference held at the University of Wollongong from 28 November to 1 December attracted the world’s foremost academics and practising artists and focused on cultural exchanges in textile production and trade in Canada, India, the Pacific and Australia.

One of the features of the conference, entitled Fabrications of the Postcolonial, was a keynote address by the best-selling author of “Carcel Wars”, Christopher Breinholt.

The conference was held under the auspices of the University’s Institute for Social Change and Critical Inquiry. It also received support from an Australian Research Council Discovery Grant, the Australian-India Council, the Centre for Research in Image, Performance and Text and the Centre for Canadian-Australian Studies.

The conference represented one of the main focal points of the ARC-funded 2001-2002 grant totalling more than $200,000 that has been awarded to researchers who include Dr Paul Sherman, Dr Diane Wood Coral, Dr Anne Collett and Dr Dorothy Jones of the University of Wollongong.

Keynote speakers included Professor Jana Jaffers, Goldsmiths College, London; UNESCO consultant Jarlien Dhamia, of New Delhi, India; Professor Kay Lawrence, University of South Australia; Jill Baird, Museum of Anthropology, University of British Columbia, Canada; and other international practising indigenous and non-indigenous textile artists.

Many other leading world academics and textile practitioners were presenters at the conference. One of the conference aims was to generate new literary critical work, innovations in postcolonial theory and fresh approaches in fabric arts scholarship.

Conference organiser Lyzia Trouton, a doctoral student in the Faculty of Creative Arts, says the conference was of great significance to the visual arts, English literature and materials cultural anthropology, as well as cultural communications studies communities, and aboriginal communities.

An art exhibition, Untold Territories, which features indigenous and non-indigenous artwork was held in the Coisters Gallery, Faculty of Creative Arts, in conjunction with the conference over the period 28 November to 5 December. A larger travelling exhibition, featuring the unusual pairing of historical colonial textiles with contemporary textiles, will follow in 2003-2004.

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Horrific hankies – a moving art/musical tribute

Two doctoral students from the University of Wollongong (UOW) with Irish heritage are paying a tribute to the thousands who have lost their lives over the past 30 years of sectarian violence in Ireland in a moving art and musical performance installation known as “Horrific Hankies: the Irish Linen Memorial”.

The travelling Irish memorial came to UOW in early November before going on tour around Australia and overseas. The memorial takes the form of an installation of textiles/music and dance.

It is called the Irish Linen Memorial and has been created by Creative Arts doctoral student Lyzia Trouton who is a Canadian/Australian visual artist and sculptor.

Lyzia has printed the names of the 3,658 Irish killed between 1966-2000 on to linen handkerchiefs, as linen is emblematic of the North of Ireland due to the history of this industry there.

In addition there is music-composed by fellow Creative Arts doctoral student, Tom Fitzgerald, an accomplished composer who empowers the experience of Lyzia’s visual art by providing tones that are prayerful and sacred.

The installation includes a thumb print wall that has thumbprints from people of all cultures – a touch symbolising recognition, sympathy and wishes for resolution of conflict.

The Canada Council and the University of Wollongong’s Centre for Research in Image, Performance and Text (CRIPIT), has provided sponsorship for the project.
Unfolding Territories
Faculty of Creative Arts, University of Wollongong
Nov 28 - Dec 13 2002

The action of folding and unfolding cloths, packing and transporting not only the intimate cloths of domestic life but the vital materials of trade is the sign of a displacement, the scattering of people now more than ever on the move, and still longing for land. Writing a line and working with a line of thread are mirrored images for artists and writers, who may try for a different kind of knowledge in shifting alignments of territories.

Dr Warren Wood Conley
Associate Professor Visual Art.

Fabrications of the Postcolonial
University of Wollongong
NSW | Nov 29 - Dec 01 2002
Remembering the Dead

A travelling memorial to those who have died in Northern Ireland violence since 1969 was set up, photographed and taken down last week at St. Matthew Catholic Church.

Textile installation artist Lycia Trouton, an immigrant from Belfast to Vancouver, B.C., and a doctoral candidate in creative arts at the University of Wollongong, Sydney, Australia, arrived on Friday with more than 3,800 handkerchiefs printed on Irish linen.

"I have printed the names of the deceased individuals on Irish handkerchiefs, as linen is emblematic of the North of Ireland, due to the history of this industry there," Trouton explained.

"Linen has various connotations and associations with the dead in the Bible and in rituals in various ancient cultures," she added. "There is a growing body of critical post-colonial theory in art and cultural identity circles, which relates to textiles and also why I have chosen this particular medium."

She placed handkerchiefs in rows on the floor down the aisles, in the chancel and on the altar and then documented the installation with photographs.

Trouton has studied iconography with Kathy Sierras, liturgical coordinator at St. Matthew, who arranged with St. Matthew pastor Fr. Jose Ortiz, to host the installation. She currently is traveling throughout the Pacific Northwest, placing the handkerchiefs in churches of various denominations as "a perspective on life and broad-mindedness."

She hopes eventually to exhibit the photographs of the linen project in galleries accompanied by music by Australian composer Thomas Fitzgerald.

"I believe it is important that the lives of these persons, many of whom died in difficult and horrific circumstances, be honored by mindful and spiritual peoples, with the guidance of interdenominational pastors and ministers."

Display pays tribute to victims of Irish conflict

Handkerchiefs a symbol of grief and hope

Two hearts beat as one: Tom Fitzgerald and Lycia Trouton, two high descendants of ideologically opposite backgrounds, have come together to recognize those killed in The Troubles.

"I wanted to reflect on the tragedy of the conflict but also to show that there is always hope," he said.

Both artists are of Irish descent. Fitzgerald is a fourth-generation Australian but his family hails from counties Clare and Cork.

"And the handkerchief is a very personal symbol of grief and grief as people reach for these handkerchiefs to dry their tears," Trouton explained.

Trouton was inspired by a 1999 book, Lost Lives, in which each person killed in The Troubles is named and an account given of their death.

The visual impact of Trouton's piece is complemented by an ambient soundtrack by fellow creative arts doctoral student Tom Fitzgerald.

The hanging handkerchiefs combine belts, mournful strings and chanting, but surprise with upbeat Irish dancing music.

The handkerchiefs have been hung in a grid pattern. The sheer volume of the pieces of cloth, covering two 25m x 25m walls, conveys the enormous loss of life.

"Linen is of course emblematic of Ireland, my grandmother still sends linen handkerchiefs to my mother in Canada," visual artist and sculptor Trouton said.

"And the handkerchief is a very personal symbol of grief, people reach for these handkerchiefs to dry their tears."

Trouton and Fitzgerald see their collaboration on the project as reflective of the desire of many Irish to look past their differences and remember the dead together.

"We're expecting trouble when we take it to Ireland, no doubt," Fitzgerald said. "We even expect trouble here. It's a very touchy subject, but people are going to have to come to terms with it."

"The Canada Council for the Arts and the University of Wollongong are sponsoring the exhibition. It began on Friday, All Saint's Day, and will close on Remembrance Day, November 11. Visitors will be asked to make a small charitable donation."

contains a sensational version of 'the fantasy love story of reconciliation'
The fabric of 30 years of The Troubles

By Meredith Hinchliffe

The Irish Linen Memorial — Transformation of Tears. A multimedia work by Lycia Danielle Trouton at Craft ACT Craft & Design Centre, Level 1, North Building, London Circuit, until February 15. Open: 10am-4pm, Tuesday to Friday; 12 noon-4pm, Saturday and Sunday.

The loss of some hundreds of lives would, in many situations, constitute a disaster. It always seems strangely misleading that the violence that we have become familiar with over 30 years in Northern Ireland is known as The Troubles.

Lycia Danielle Trouton, who was born in Belfast and grew up in Canada, has recently come to Australia to take up doctorate studies at the University of Wollongong.

She travelled to Belfast and around the same time read a book titled Lost Lives by several Irish writers. It reads like a series of obituaries — short narratives of what people were doing and the circumstances of their killing.

Trouton has had the names of the dead stencilled on to white linen handkerchiefs — the size generally used by women — and has hung these on strips of white, torn linen linking them into a continuous line. The metaphors are powerful: handkerchiefs mop up and wipe away the tears, stop the bleeding — albeit temporarily — and wipe up the blood; torn strips of linen used as bandages.

The use of linen, a traditional Irish textile, adds another metaphorical layer. There are strong connotations of nurturing, traditionally a female role.

Other elements to the installation include a digital print of a grave digger on linen and a long board covered in green fabric on which a series of handies embroidered with names are displayed.

This latter work is titled Bleaching Greens, referring to the traditional way in which woven linen was bleached. I find this work the least resolved.

Tom Fitzgerald, of Melbourne, composed the haunting music that plays in the background, and Elizabeth Cameron-Dalman and Vivienne Rogis performed at the opening.

The exhibition has been shown in Seattle, US, and was developed with financial assistance from the Canadian Government.

A comment sheet from a previous show is on display which eloquently states, “A very peaceful way to transform a public space into a personal space and back again into public.”

The installation is poignant and moving and a forceful, though gentle, reminder of the personal tragedies and futility of war. Its resonance is even more moving in the current environment.
We must defeat violence by reaching out—one more—to each other.

2001

A very sensitive way to transform a public space into a personal space and back again into public—it felt holy to me. Thank you.

Thank you enjoy at the ruin.

Dublin Summit, Oct. 12, 01

Dorothy Parker

One of my ancestors (Irish) was transported to Australia as a convict, for stealing linen. A small connection for me—very interesting and touching, etc.

Having grown up in Northern Ireland, I can recognize too many friends of my father and fathers of my friends... a poignant reminder—thank you Lycia Mandy Malcomson, age 36.

I too grew up in Northern Ireland, went to school with the mother of a young man shot in Belfast two years ago. I went to school in London. I went, or rather, I grew up with No. 16.

Dorothy Parker

Steven Parker's mother

victim #494
Edith Morriot
Berridale NSW
Australia

Margot Damon
London UK

Needle workers
Elizabeth Cameron Dalman
Choreographer | Teacher | Performer
Masters of Creative Arts, Wollongong University

_ founded the Australian Dance Theatre and was Artistic Director for ten years from 1965–1975
_ currently Director of the Mirramu Creative Arts Centre and Chairperson for Weereewa – A Festival of Lake George
_ also a Mentor and Board Member of The Australian Choreographic Centre in Canberra
_ is a recipient of an Australian Artists Creative Fellowship and was awarded an OAM in 1995 for her contribution to contemporary dance in Australia
_ in 1997, Elizabeth received a National Dance Award for a Lifetime Achievement in Dance

Vivienne Rogis
Western Australian Academy of Performing Arts graduate, 1994

_ from 1994–1997 she was a founding member, performer and rehearsal director for the Perth based dance company Physical Architecture is Dancing
_ in 1997 she moved to Canberra and now choreographs + performs shows with Paige Gordon and Performance Group, CIA and Stopera
_ is a member of Direct Current Dance Collective, where she has performed, choreographed fulfilled an organisational role from 1997–2001
_ has been working with Elizabeth Cameron Dalman since 1997

Amanda Miller
Bachelor of Arts [Dance]

_ Amanda worked with Elizabeth from 2002–2004 with assistance from the Australian Arts Council
dedicated to those who have lost their lives in “The Troubles”, the approximately 36,000 wounded or maimed, and their survivors who continue to live with inconsolable grief, anxiety and trauma
1999 Waters of Life, site-conscious installation, Belfast.

View of embankment steps between existing reservoirs, Waterworks Park, Cavehill Rd. Zig-zag line representing water, cut into sod and filled with limestone powder, 30ft H X 100 ft W or 9.14 m X 30.5 m
1999 Waters of Life, site-conscious installation, Belfast.

(L) Painted steps & text: names of imaginary places;
(R) Opening event ‘waterfall’ & bonfire; drumming & interactive participation.
2001 Between Worlds: The Common Body, USA.

Gallery foyer entrance steps aligned with The ILM.
8’ L X 10’ W X 15’ H or 2.4 m L X 3 m W X 4.6 M

Handkerchiefs: 12 inches square or 30 cm sq.

Interior of The ILM, showing printed handkerchiefs & body image (5 ft. or 1.5 m projection) on brick coffin-plinth.
Handkerchiefs attached by staples to cotton strips.

Detail of body image on turf bricks (compressed peat moss or Irish Bog Oak).
Size: 12 X 12 X 4 inches or 30 X 30 cm X 100mm
Corridor overview: inverted catenary arches
Handkerchiefs pinned to suspended cotton ribbons.
Cloister’s Gallery academic corridor, University of Wollongong.
Size: 85 ft L X 10 ft W X 12 ft H or 25.9 X 3.05 X 3.65 m
Sonic surround: speakers installed the length of the gallery.

Printed Handkerchief grid detail.

Detail: Live silkworms cocoons.
Victorian curio cabinet (with grided partitions); personal mementoes, mulberry leaves.
Sonic element: pre-recorded sounds of silkworms eating.

Embroidered, tatted and sewn
white cotton thread, human hair & Manufacturer’s label.
2004 *Transformation of Tears*, Canberra, ACT, Australia.

View into *The ILM* exhibition
Size of gallery area: approximately 60 ft X 20ft X 9ft H
or 18 m X 6 m X 2.74 m

View within the exhibit: inverted catenary arches

View out from *The ILM* exhibition

Detail of handkerchiefs suspended in mourning ritual.
2004 *Transformation of Tears*, Canberra, ACT, Australia.

Series of handkerchiefs suspended in bank of windows (fenestration).

Detail of embroidered handkerchief touched by viewer.

View of corridor into grieving area of *The ILM*. Embroidered handkerchiefs laying on sloped green felt representing a Bleaching Green.

Detail of three tatted handkerchiefs with sewn human hair.

Tatting by community member, Edith Morriott.
Embroidery by Margot Damon.

Detail of three tatted handkerchiefs with sewn human hair.

Tatting by community member, Edith Morriott.
Embroidery by Margot Damon.

Detail of handkerchief.

Entrance Corridor with embroidered and sewn handkerchiefs.
Embroidery by Margot Damon, Maureen Trouton.
Sewing of Hair (hairy-spots): Licia Trouton.
Model: Bodie O’Dell.
Photos: Sean Maguire.

Body of suspended *The ILM* handkerchiefs.
Size of area: 32 ft X 16ft on a 5 degree slope from front to rear;
approximately 2.5ft above existing tile floor.
Main gallery exhibit, Faculty of Creative Arts.

Main gallery: visitors reading from the book *Lost Lives*

Projected moving image behind them: a work entitled, *Flaw.*

Description: image of a hair sewn into linen captured on an enlarged. Old-style slide projector which was moving in and out to catch focus.

Models Robert Trouton and Len Lefley.
2005 DCA Thesis exhibition

Corridor between exhibitions.

Grave Digger digital print on linen in background, outside wall of *Mending Room*.

Grid of ‘handkerchief Images’ in hallway:
Working concepts and drawings.

Model: Bodie O’Dell.


Accompanying exhibition-installation (interior):
*The Mending Room*.
Materials: galvanised sheet metal tray and oil, projected image.
Size: 8 ft L X 5ft W X 4 inches D or 2.43 m X 1.5 m X 100mm

Models (above and below): Robert Trouton and Bodie O’Dell.

Night shot.
Materials: wire and photo-luminescent thread

Reflection detail.
Materials: human hair and carpet thread, casting wax.
Size of tray: 8 ft L X 5ft W X 4 inches D or 2.43 m X 1.5 m X 100mm

Overhead image.
Materials: wire, linen carpet thread, casting wax, human hair, galvanized sheet metal tray, vegetable oil.

Alternate View with MDF Units and linen shroud.
Materials: wire, linen carpet thread, casting wax, human hair, galvanized sheet metal tray, MDF board (sealed with polyurethane)-movable plinth-units, linen shroud, oil.
1999

**Location:** Waterworks Park, Belfast, Northern Ireland

*Waters of Life*

**News interview** with Lycia Trouton at outdoor installation.

**Funding:** British Columbia Arts Council

2001

**Location:** Seattle, Washington, U.S.A – *Natural Causes* exhibition.

*The Irish Linen Memorial: Between Worlds, The Common Body*

**Interviews** with curator, Cheryl Hahn, and Lycia Trouton.

**Funding:** Canada Council of the Arts

2004

**Location:** Sydney, Australia and Taipei, Taiwan

**Performance,** *Release of an Oath,* or *Prayer* (as translated for Asia)

Elizabeth Cameron Dalman’s 1972 work on the Northern Ireland troubles.

2002

**Location:** Wollongong, Australia – *The Irish Linen Memorial: Horrific Hankies* exhibition.

**WIN News coverage:** Lizzie Pearl interviews Thomas Fitzgerald, composer, and Lycia Trouton, artist.

Date: October 31st or Halloween/November 1st Celtic New Year or All Saint’s Day: A popular festival time in Northern Ireland; these events celebrates the liminal space between the world of the living and the dead.

**Performance:** contextualising ‘The Handkerchief’ and ‘The Shroud’.

The women represent the figures: maiden (Vivienne Rogis in white), mother (Lycia Trouton in black) and crone (Elizabeth Cameron Dalman in grey).
Digital prints on the three linen shrouds are published in *Lost Lives*; the third photo is from a friend:

2) An injured female child is stretchered away from the Avenue Bar where two men were killed by a loyalist bomb in 1976. Belfast Telegraph archive. p. 4 of photographs; between pp. 832 – 833.
3) Stephen Parker, 14 year old boy; Victim #494, 1972. Photo supplied in a memorial book sent to artist by his parents, Rev. Joseph Parker, a prominent peace campaigner, and Dorothy Parker, who reside in Penticton, B.C., Canada.

**2004 Location:** Canberra, ACT, Australia – *The Irish Linen Memorial: Transformation of Tears* exhibition.

**Funding:** National Multicultural Festival and The Canadian High Commission

**Opening Speeches:**

1) Helen Musa, *Canberra Times* journalist  
2) Rev. Prof. James Haire  
   Director of the Centre for Christianity and Culture, Charles Sturt University.

**Performance** (edited clip): Mirramu Dance Company  
TIME 4:30

Dancers: maiden: Amanda Miller (in green), mother: Vivienne Rogis (in grey), and crone, choreographer: Elizabeth Cameron Dalman (in grey).

**2004 Informal performance:** Lycia Trouton and *The ILM at The Australian Monument to the Great Irish Famine*

The Barracks, Hyde Park, Sydney, Australia.  
TIME 2:15

Permanent Public site-specific Sculpture by Australian artists Hossein and Angela Valamanesh.

**2004 Personal Installation:** *Excavation of Being at Rest: Make Do and Mend*  
TIME 2:15

Gunnery Studio Residency – Artspace, Woolloomooloo, Sydney, Australia

**Materials:** MDF Board, galvanised sheet metal tray (approximately 8 ft X 5ft) linen carpet thread, casting wax, oil, cuckoo clock, photo luminescent paint.

**Funding:** New South Wales (NSW) Ministry of the Arts.

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**To View the DVD on computer:**

**Play:** touch the space bar or press on a chapter you wish to view on the front menu links; **Pause:** touch the space bar  
**Volume:** see upper right-hand side of keyboard.

**Forward:** at speeds 2 X – 32X press Apple/Control and forward arrow at lower right-hand side of keyboard.  
**Backward:** at speeds 2 X – 32X press Apple/Control and backward arrow at lower right-hand side of keyboard.  
**Skip ahead:** press control, Apple, arrow (all at the same time); **Skip back:** control, Apple, arrow.