'[W]ry-necked memory': the Matter of Ireland in *Cutting Green Hay* and *Memory Ireland,* and the poems of *The Pattern.*

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I have long been intrigued by the intellectual trajectory, genealogy, and epistemology which lurks in the hiatus between the Irish-Australian preoccupations of *Cutting Green Hay* (Buckley 1983) and the commitment to the Irish cause and to a politics of identity in *Memory Ireland* (Buckley 1985). It is a sea-change, rich and strange, from Irish-Australian to Australian-Irish, and it is only scantily prepared for in the earlier volume. It has baffled me for a long time, partly because, although there were a number of Australians who became 'professional' Irishmen and women in Melbourne, it is an unusual formation in Australia (or was in the '60s, '70s and '80s). As Buckley himself and the historians of Irish-Australia make clear, the Irish as a group were more likely to repress Irishness than flaunt it, and to assimilate as Australians (O'Farrell, *Catholic*; Fitzpatrick *passim*; O'Farrell, *Irish 1788* 9, 11, 12, 156-7). Tribalism tended to find expression in Catholic identity rather than Irish identity, as Buckley is well aware (*Cutting* 50). The hiatus in Buckley's identity-formation remains puzzling, and I suggest in this paper that the memoirs evade the issues in a way that the poetry does not.

Cutting Green Hay does not make much of visits to Ireland that began in the 1950s, and it seems plausible that the matter of Ireland which is so fully canvassed in the more journalistic *Memory Ireland* may have been excluded from it, or confined to the matter of Irish Australia, simply for neatness' sake, with a view to including it in the later work. The earlier memoir tells an all-too familiar story of his family's radical severing from their Irish roots, language, poetic tradition, and their ignorance of Ireland. It also tells of his own trajectory through the exciting decade-and-a-bit of the lay intellectual apostolate in Melbourne in the 1950s and early '60s. Irishness is a deficit in this memoir and identity is more strongly Catholic than Irish. The story of his family's bid to be thought of as Australians, their language loss by the second generation, their ignorance of Ireland (Buckley, *Identity*; Buckley, *Cutting* 13), and their enactment of a life-denying form of Catholicism—body-hating, abject, in love with martyrdom and self-sacrifice, in thrall to the clergy—is a well-known one, much documented by the historians of Irish-Australia (O'Farrell *Catholic*; O'Farrell *Irish*; Fitzpatrick; O'Farrell *Irish 1788*). The lay apostolate in the form that Buckley practised, indeed led it, at the University of Melbourne was very different, and in terms of Catholic authority, revolutionary in 'building a sense of community and intellectual enquiry, combining Catholic faith and tradition with modern critical and scientific thinking' (Noone 13): it was suspicious of clerical control (especially bishops) unless clerical guidance was dialectical and empowering in the way that the Jesuits who ran the Newman society were (the Jesuits most admired by Buckley were Jerry Golden, Jeremiah Murphy, and William Hackett). Buckley describes the Newman Society as a church within a church, egalitarian, joyful and ebullient, challenging, revelling in heterodoxy and heresy, the university at its best (*Cutting* 294, 296), and he was at the helm of this intellectual experiment, its pre-eminent guiding figure. His constituency committed itself to an applied theopoetics (Rowe 180) of incarnation; to the idea of the world, and especially place, as full of sacredness; to church as a humanist enterprise; and to church as politicised (arising out of the Catholic labour movement, it concerned itself with how Catholicism and study in the secular university could be married, and later in relation to Vietnam) and

committed to social justice agendas (*Cutting* 163, 243-6). Buckley 'kills off' the Newman Society of Victoria (*Cutting* 250), rather prematurely I would argue. At different times in the narrative, he offers different dates: as far as he is concerned, it was dead in *his* 'bad year' 1961, and certainly by 1964 (*Cutting* 220, 250, 284). In doing this, I believe he projects the gloom of that period (arising from his own illness, and perhaps marital problems, which undoubtedly had ecclesiastical ramifications, of a sort not known to me) and his own understandable world-weariness with the exhausting politics of Frank Knopfelmacher which factionalised the Newman society and many other political and religious groupings on campus, onto the apostolate.

Buckley's charismatic impact was not confined to Victoria, or Melbourne. As an English student a decade later at the University of Queensland (UQ), I was well aware of the centrality of his legacy[1] both as an Australianist critic (and, of course, poet) and a Newmanite, and watched my closest friends take the Buckleyesque notions of incarnation into very unlikely lay theology of the family, of the Eucharist, the mass, and the civil rights arena. Such writers were frenetically engaged in redefining what the apostolate meant. At UQ, this avowedly experimental and home-grown lay theology occurred under the mentorship of another Jesuit chaplain, Fr. Pat O'Sullivan, who had learnt his craft as a Jesuit chaplain from Jerry Golden. He was prepared, in his characteristically circumspect manner, to defend his headstrong flock against Joh Bjelke Petersen and the Special Branch; in the end, that group took on the Archbishop over Pope Paul VI's papal encyclical, *Humanae Vitae*[2] and the stripping of the faculties of another chaplain, Fr. Greg Dening, SJ. Hard evidence of the empowering theology generated by Newman Society members is no doubt to be found in the files of the Queensland Special Branch (who infiltrated meetings) and in the Newman-Society-of-Queensland-sponsored magazine, *Consider*. So, the failures Buckley lays at the feet of the Melbourne apostolate—flaccidity in the public arena and in politics (*Cutting* 252) were certainly not those besetting his disciples (who, by the way, never saw themselves intellectually in thrall to Buckley, merely inspired by his ideas and willing to apply them in new ways) in Queensland. Peter Wertheim and Dan O'Neill were both well known to him, and Sven Condon and Mary O'Brien. Lived experience of incarnational theology marked the end of viability in ordinary parishes for many of the Melbourne University apostolate (and for many of my peers at Queensland) who report the transformational effect of the thinking of the era (Noone *passim*). It conferred the freedom to do theology independently of institutional church. Buckley was central to the continuance of the concept of Incarnation into the late '60s in Queensland, and to many of those influenced by him, whether he knew it or not (and he undoubtedly did know this, as he continued to perform at UCFA conferences until 1970). By then, the Vatican Council and certain doings in Paris added merely a little extra fuel to an already burning fire.[3] A small and wayward symptom of Buckley's continuing relevance was a graffito which appeared in a UQ (women's) toilet after a UCFA conference in Melbourne in about 1967/8, which I took to be a waggishly affectionate tribute: 'God is not dead; he is alive and well and professing English at Melbourne.'[4]

So, how then, and by what process, did Buckley give up on this vital, transformative and communal narrative of liberal Catholicism and replace it with a more secular politicised Irishness with a distinct literary tenor?[5] By way of digression, this transformation is eerily paralleled in Buckley's critical writings by his movement away from being one of the pre-eminent practitioners of Australian literary criticism to poet and memoirist fully engaged in public domains. This movement occurs first in his work on *Poetry and the Sacred* (which contains a pivotal and revealing chapter on Yeats), and later in his engagement with the public domains, of the apostolate in Australia in *Cutting Green Hay* and his investments in the Irish republican movement in the period after the escalation of violence in Ulster in the late '60s

and especially after Bloody Sunday, 30 January 1972 (Buckley and Committee for Civil Rights in Ireland) in *Memory Ireland*. I am not the first person to query the shift from Irish-Australian to professional Irishman: Philip Harvey offers a tough-minded exploration of the same territory (Harvey 'Guest' especially 215). I use the word *replace* with due consideration as to me this shift in identity formation reads as a *substitution*, as a *displacement* which set out to dislodge (and bury perhaps?) an older sediment of commitment. *Memory Ireland* is less help in understanding this shift in focus, I suggest, than the poems of *The Pattern*. In *Memory Ireland*, there is little acknowledgment of the energetic theopolitics of incarnationalism of the earlier era: Catholicism, as an intellectual investment, seems to have quietly slipped away. There is quite a deal more overt critique of the Irish episcopate and their undue interference in political life in the Abortion referendum of 1983, and a more conscious aligning of himself with those of his literary forebears who had taken up the cudgels decades before him (especially Joyce and Yeats). In his essay, 'Imagination's Home', political engagement is slipped in as the last criterion by which a 'source country' is to be known (25). The poet who in Australia was not prepared to lend his voice to propandise against the Vietnam war (*Cutting* 163), though he clearly was on the liberal side politically, is moved by the Hunger strikes and is implicitly critical of those would not unequivocally commit in support of them, at the same time disingenuously disavowing the political nature of his own poem, 'Hunger-Strike' (*Memory* 173). *Memory Ireland* is an edgy, uncomfortable, ungenerous and patronising work, despite its will to love. What I find most disquieting about this admittedly journalistic, impressionistic work is its magisterial tone, its certainty in critique. The work uneasily negotiates a fine line between legitimate critique and angry personal disappointment. Posing at different times as a 'forthright' critic in a culture where it is not welcome (231), and at other times more tentatively as 'a loving outsider' (vii), he is often scathing. Contesting the notion that Ireland is too burdened with memory, he counter-argues:

> … its [*Memory Ireland's*] hidden theme is Ireland's loss of its own memory, forced out by dispossessors, abandoned by ignorance, sold by jobbers, collapsed for lack of visible support, or simply leached away by the green misty weather…. (vii)
> In more recent times, it has been asked to lose its national memory by a kind of policy, in which politicians of almost all parties, ecclesiastics of all religions, media operators, and revisionist historians co-operate to create (and let us hope they do not need to enforce, for if they need to, they will) a new sense of corporate identity. (ix)

It is the work of a world-weary man who wants to love a culture because of its richness and depth (known mainly through its literature but also as a result of several long visits) but who is afflicted by modernist angst about its collapse into anomie, passivity, loss of cultural memory, poverty, defencelessness against drugs, crime and corruption, and who is obsessively worried about the culture's alleged death-throes. The work also enacts a heavily binarised, un-nuanced politics in relation to English/Irish relations,[6] and raises questions about the difference between legitimate critique and misanthropy. In his defence, the pre-Celtic Tiger Ireland of the '70s was a dispiriting place, with very sizeable pockets of poverty and inequity, which was by no means confined to the conflict-ridden Catholic ghettoes of Northern Ireland. Insofar as *Memory Ireland* has vitality, it comes from two elements: his recording of the Republic's response (and lack of response) and his own reading of the Hunger Strikes as they unfolded over many months; and secondly, the sense it creates that the task of reworking an identity formation is extremely onerous, conflictual and disturbing. It is a work that continually takes its bearings from an imagined, idealised pre-modern Irish

condition, with pre-modern ontologies and codes of belonging to land rather than with real people (see in particular, Chapter 6).

The exquisitely crafted volume of poems, *The Pattern* (Buckley 1979), does similar work, but very differently. It is the most Ireland-centred of his works, and it too concerns itself with engendering the new identity, but it is focused inwardly and its commitment to provisionality reveals much about this process of Irish self-fashioning. It would be instructive to know what the sequence of writing *Cutting Green Hay*, *Memory Ireland* and *The Pattern* was. I am reliably informed by Penelope Buckley (personal conversation 11 February 2009), that the earlier autobiography was begun many years before its publication date, and the detail with which complex events are recorded tend to confirm this. The later one seems to have been intended to justify and explicate the personal redirection of energies into poetry and Irish identity-formation that occurred during sabbaticals in Ireland in from the mid-'50s, and more intensively in the '70s and early '80s. The work of reconfiguring and engendering a new identity is in *The Pattern* a moving work-in-progress, full of anxiety, an inevitably and properly incomplete process. Like many a diasporic subject, he expects Ireland as ultimate 'homeland' to be a *matrix*, incidentally, the first of the variant meanings he offers for the polyvalent word, *pattern* ([7]). What is desired is to lie 'along the buds of my mother's body' ('Your Father's House', 28). I take both the real Irish-Australian mother (and father) to be also an analogue of the source country. But if Ireland is a mother, it is an unloving mother who starves her children, leaves them with 'inflamed nerves' (9); in another poem, and re-gendering the image, earth is a 'treacherous landlord' ('Orangemen', 42).

Victim narratives abound in this volume. The poem 'Gaeltacht' makes a claim on land, only to deny it: 'This is your living-space. There is no ego in it' (13). What underwrites this denial is 400 years of dispossession, by such as '[i]deal secretaries, modest and brutal' (11) as Raleigh, and most damningly, Spenser, whose acclimatisation to Munster takes the form of 'Ignoring' the natives in favour of writing poetry for his bride (13). As counterweight to Spenser, Buckley points to another seventeenth-century poet, hardly known even in Ireland,[7] Pierce Ferriter, 'who decades after would come home, to the poets' foreland, to see what the ridges of grass had left him' (11). What Buckley's version of the narrative of Piaras Feiritéir omits is his twelve-year courageous defence of Tralee Castle (1641-53). He was, however, finally tricked into accepting safe passage by the English, and enjoyed sufficient prestige to be given the succour of priest and bishop at his execution.[8] He could have been represented as a hero of resistance, but is not; rather, his victim status is insisted upon. Buckley's footnote about the Munster settlement is full of indignation that Spenser's witnessing of the atrocities he presided over in the Bride Valley (and surely this double meaning is intended?) is unsurprising to editors of the Oxford Standard Authors edition (64). Buckley positions himself alongside the victims, the massacred of Smerwick in 1580, and the famine children of 'The Blind School' (24-5). By *The Pattern*, Buckley is clearly letting go of the aestheticism which forbade him to take up a political position during the Vietnam era, and is working in advocacy mode in post-colonial ways, a stance he had refused as an Australian literary critic when aestheticism and metaphysics were the main criteria for literariness. His political engagements earlier in his career tended to take the form of abstract elegies with an unspecified referent (as in 'Grace at World's End', in *Arcady and Other Places*, 1966) or satire at the expense of the political process (as in the sequence 'Eleven Political Poems' from the same volume). By comparison, the political poems of *The Pattern* are sharply focused, historically framed and they insist that poetry does the work of political action.

Hostile Tudor colonisation in Munster and the Great Famine loom large in this volume and there are many fine passionate poems which allude to and decry English *laissez-faire* policies

and their enduring legacy of reluctant emigration to the New World over many decades. These excesses are used to explain the land-hunger that motivated his grandparents' abandonment of Irish culture. When he writes about land, it is in terms that a Young Ireland revolutionary might use:

> And as we struggled to contain
> Munster, the crackle of wheels passing over
> moorland rang in the peaty air, and we
> saw the pan of the valley reeking with mist.
> If you followed them, you might have thought
> It was a hag's country
> Because of the gaps in the land's
> Contours, houses built with gaps
> inside them, stones that fall away, leaving irregular caverns: straw dunghills,
> the days black as pools,
> chill, bottomless, wearing
> down into the mountain plateau.
> Each house fits, a stone,
> Into the stone jumble; black smoke wavers on its surfaces
> As if, having calved, it bore
> Stretch-marks; wind dribbles from its slates.
> 'It could be anywhere' ('Rousings of Munster', 16)

Except that it could not and is not. The mythopoetics Buckley mobilises here are strikingly drawn from the Irish tradition. The fitness of habitation to anthropomorphised landscape at the end of the poem undergoes a distinctively Irish metamorphosis, and the subtlety of the mythopoetic move is striking. In the most ancient Celtic legends of Ireland, and this Celtic myth is uniquely Irish, a true king proves his ability to recognise the Sovereignty goddess by kissing a hag who transforms into a young and beautiful woman, and that is precisely the transformation yearned for (perhaps with a nod to Yeats's *Cathleen Ni Houlihan* [1902]) (Yeats 75-88) in the final lines of the poem:

> …
> Perhaps, if you came back
> heavy with shame, you'd find it
> a hag's country. But in the twilight lanes their hair
> moved and dipped like manes
> of light beside the banks of fuchsia. (17)

The translation of Buckley's farming antecedents to Australia is painful in the knowledge that there was to be no return across the ocean. This failure is oddly construed as 'shame-inducing' (see 'The Pattern', 17) whereas in fact it had much more to do with economics than sentiment. Buckley, rather than the ancestors who knew the homeland, is the second generation descendant who is empowered by education and economics to discover the transformed sovereignty, and who retrospectively can compassionately imagine what Australian summers must have meant to his forebears:

> A million miles from the brown smell of the sea
> in this smoke-cured coarse land
> where, even so, the seaweed smell came

> on the cool change; farming over a deep creek,
> they find there's nothing in the dry hills to melt
> them, for whom heaven is
> no longer possible. ('Springfield', 35)

His ancestors exchanged the benign Irish landscape for something altogether more elemental: 'the *full* taste of meat' [my emphasis] (*Ibid*.). For the man of culture, it is a bad trade, and to understand its necessity agonising. But is this not incarnational thinking in action? Literally and perhaps spiritually, in the light of the anomie he later comes to connect with twentieth-century Ireland.

One of the curious writing stratagems that Buckley employs in this volume is that although the poems are organised in 'blocks' which map antipodean differences, the movement from one culture to the other is often seamless and disorienting. The reader is sometimes unsure in which hemisphere a poem is located, only to have the ground shift under her feet mid-poem, mid-line. And the reservations about one country function as an implicit contrast to the other. It happens too systematically to be accidental—for example, in 'Depression'(37), 'Origins' (39), 'Orangemen'(41-2), 'and weeks before you were to leave for home you started dreaming'(49), 'Dick Donnelly' (26), 'Your Father's House' (28-9), and 'Matrix', (32-33).

The conceit, and it is only a conceit, which underwrites what I have described as a systematic cultural bifocalism, is quite fascinating and most clearly articulated in the long poem 'Membrane of Air' (58-63). Here and in other poems, like 'Gaeltacht' (10-13), Australia is constructed as the most remote Gaeltacht, separated only by a 'membrane of air' from the motherland and linked by oceans. What is interesting about this conceit is that it is precisely the ocean matrix, rather than the landmasses, which scholar Pam O'Neill argues linked the loosely federated medieval monasteries of Celtic Dalriada (the monasteries of Northern Ireland and the west of Scotland) (195) . That this *is* a conceit, a metaphor, is painfully obvious, and its flimsy basis is readily acknowledged by the poet who '[hopes] for nostalgias/to glare back, and make them/glow like paint'. The provisionality of this is striking: *nostalgias* (strangely pluralised, and indicating perhaps the fragmentariness of the project) carry a freight of negativity. What creates nostalgia, normally positively toned if a tad derogatory, in this case is expected to 'glare back' and it is the job of the poet presumably to make them 'glow like paint'. The act of return is hardly triumphalist: the poet styles himself as a 'pensioner again' and abases himself:

> And I am willing to be,
> as you want me,
> guest, foreigner, son. ('Membrane of Air', 59)

The poet's acknowledgement of being there by grace and favour of others is striking: he has a range of options in terms of the role(s) he is to play, but no control over them. He (properly?) does not presume that the role he would perhaps choose for himself, probably sonship, is viable for his hosts, and indeed while they attempt to avoid essentialism, both essays on the subject of identity ('Imagination' and 'Identity') cannot avoid it. In the poem, the sea-surge which binds the two countries together is represented as a source of terror, a cause of vulnerability, which is barely containable. It invades his 'one manageable room' (59). In a collection which as Harvey argues is preoccupied with death ('Guest' 214-5)—that of others like James McAuley and his own—it is through children, that *hope* and understanding of existential pain come (whether that of Cait, [44], or of famine orphans, 'The Blind

School'[24-5]), but at the end of the volume, metaphor after metaphor work to elaborate the connections he is engineering between Ireland and Irish Australia, and the conceit of the two countries being linked culturally as Gaeltachts. *Ocean* is in this poem re-signified as the *matrix*, rather than as the landmasses of each country, as before. Clearly he knows that the chief distinguishing feature of a Gaeltacht, the Irish language, is not the basis for the connections he desires, and so he looks to biology for a variety of metaphors: at the start of 'Membrane of Air', he invokes minute oceanic 'washes of cold villi, a crush of polyps/chilled by the assimilated streams'. These generate

> pinpricks of heat   starting   forming
> colonies of electric links. Whole
> seas beat on the mossy seawall;
> the sunk blood spills upward; the poison
> flows   link by link   the water
> swells against my foothushes
> of moist air ebb around me.
> On Sandymount, standing beside the wind:
> Salt arena for a dry-skinned people. (50)

The gaps and absence of punctuation where one expects it also work to construct connections. One thinks of the concrete poet, Herbert, whom Buckley admires in *Poetry and the Sacred* (33-6, 44-7). The allusion to Sandymount presumably pays tribute to the Martello Tower immortalised by Joyce, probably the most prominent literary home-that-was-not-a-home in Dublin in the 1970s, and the tower, of course, another symbol of empire. The final section of the poem ends with a drowning that is also a kind of rebirth:

> Mollusc, membrane. Who
> Has put the sea under this stone,
> Drove down with hanging fingers to the
> seabed's flat cavernlands where mussels,
> whelks lay with their mouths
> together, their pulp
> flowing with invisible metal links,
> letting the water steep them
> in their dead colour
>
> Ireland as usual
>
> the soft pads of hands
> blessing, or welcoming,
> till I thought the raw seawall
> floating in rain, the sea
>
> burn, and the city,
> for all its cold
> willow colour, melt into it
> no more than a membrane
> of air between us. ('Membrane of Air', 63)

The seawall, symbol of *émigré* partings in the nineteenth century, is reduced to a membrane of air, and to what is buried in the ocean, by the ocean, the source of potential life and connectedness. In a collection in which this is the final gesture, and one that is self-consciously constructivist, one cannot help but feel that although the Gaeltacht conceit is flimsy at a literal level, the notion of the sea (rather than two separate contrasting landscapes) as the matrix ingeniously enacts a willed and desired joining up of purposes, adroitly avoiding the necessity to choose between Ireland and Australia. It delivers a *both/and* scenario (Kearney), when previously either/or had been what he offered himself.

The project of fashioning Irish identity in prose was perhaps doomed before it began by the affective state that motivated it—emotional exhaustion, illness, a desire for a country or culture to supply perfection, heaven. What the poetry of *The Pattern* does enable, by contrast, though it is not heralded and indeed is refused at a conscious level by Buckley, is an enlistment of his muse for engaged work in the political domain[9] of Ireland. It is perhaps an unforeseen outcome of his incarnational theopoetics and the project begun within the Catholic apostolate. John Docker's theory (outlined in *In a Critical Condition)* that literary modernism (in the form of Leavis-ism and the determined aestheticism of New Criticism) in Australia entailed and enabled an avoidance of the category of the political, perhaps needs to be revised in the light of what the matter of Ireland effected, and destabilised, in the sensibility of one of the main practitioners. Perhaps, for Buckley, the real terror was not of the 'Ireland within [him]',[10] but what he identifies in one poem, as 'the terror of something needing to be said', and the end of '*avoid[ing]* speaking freely/about freedom' ('Discipline in Baggot Street', 55). What we see in *The Pattern* is the emergence of the unashamedly partisan political poet, a phenomenon formerly earnestly travestied by literary modernists, including Buckley—a sea-change rich and strange, and poetically productive.

NOTES

[1] Buckley in *Cutting Green Hay* casts the Brisbane contingent as adversaries and reads his own position in O'Neill and Wertheim's eyes as 'too establishment' (258). The relationship was certainly more filial and the sense of intellectual debt much stronger than Buckley allows. Again, Buckley's world-weariness and sensitivity to criticism seems to be the issue.

[2] See < http://www.vatican.va/holy_father/paul_vi/encyclicals/documents/hf_p-vi_enc_25071968_humanae-vitae_en.html>, accessed 29 April 2009.

[3] Buckley's idiosyncratic theology/theopoetics is the subject of an essay by Philip Harvey ('Catholics') who argues that Buckley disassociated himself from some aspects of Vatican II practice, including the use of the vernacular in ceremonies, and in this respect may have occupied a very different position compared with other lay apostolate workers he inspired.

[4] This graffito also alluded to Anglican Bishop John Robinson's much loved book, *Honest to God* (1983) which articulated the secular theology movement from a different cultural tradition. The Newman Society prided itself on its ecumenism.

[5] The earliest symptom of the change is a pamphlet published by The Committee for Civil Rights in Ireland, of which Buckley was president, *Ulster: Why?* (1972). It aims to explicate, without deploying 'propaganda' according to its writers, the issues of violence in Ulster and internment without trial.

[6] See, *Memory Ireland*, pp.173-6, and note in particular the adducing of accusations and the conscious failure to provide evidence. The Irish (the context is the British government's refusal to negotiate with hunger-strikers in Long Kesh) are cast as heroic, principled, dignified and their opponents as cynical, self-important, lacking in imagination, and deeply callous.

[7] He is a significant absence in *The Field day anthology of Irish Writing*, the preeminent Irish anthology.

[8] A fine entry on Pierce Ferriter in the Princess Grace of Monaco Irish Library database <http://www.pgil-eirdata.org/html/pgil_datasets/authors/f/Ferriter,Pierce/life.htm> accessed 30 January 2009 also provides a bibliography of relevant historical and poetic works.

[9] For a contrast in terms of engagement, see 'Eleven Political Poems' (Buckley, *Arcady*) in which satire is the mode.

[10] Terror of 'the Irishman within' is the pathology he attributes to a jocular, and rationally defensive James McAuley in his elegy, 'Ceol –Beag for James McAuley' (*Pattern*, 47) when McAuley expressed his 'deep instinct for not entering the Irish question' see *Cutting Green Hay*, p.182.

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