

Cathal Goulding was born in East Arran Street, Dublin in 1923. His whole family background was one of involvement in the Irish revolutionary struggle stretching back to the middle of the 19th century. Cathal joined Na Fianna Éireann 1931 when he was 8 years of age. He joined the Irish Republican Army in 1939 when he was sixteen years of age. He was first arrested in 1940 and was interned without trial in the Curragh Internment Camp until 1945. After his release he, along with a small number of comrades, began rebuilding the IRA. Following the Felstead arms raid in England he was jailed from 1953-1959.

In 1962 Cathal was elected Chief of Staff of the IRA and immediately began a process of bringing socialist politics into the IRA. He was a life-long member of Sinn Féin and was instrumental in bringing about fundamental change in that organisation culminating in the name change to Sinn Féin The Workers' Party and the building of The Workers' Party into a force in Irish politics. He was a member of the Party's Political and Central Executive Committees (Ard Comhairle) until he died. His life's struggle to achieve a United Socialist Irish Republic is an everlasting example to all true revolutionaries.

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Cathal Goulding

Thinker, Socialist,

Republican, Revolutionary.

1923 - 1998



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Preface

As time passes we will miss more than ever the presence and the influence of our dear friend and loving comrade Cathal Goulding. His death, on the 26th December 1998 though not unexpected was, nevertheless, a huge shock to the many thousands whose lives he touched and influenced. Born in East Arran Street in Dublin in 1923 his whole family background was one of involvement in the Irish revolutionary struggle stretching back to the middle of the 19th century.

To the end he was confident and secure in his political philosophy and convinced that eventually there would be only one conclusion to his and our struggle, victory for the working class.

Cathal had no illusions as to the nature and power of the enemy capitalism or the immense task he and his comrades set themselves so many decades ago. From an early age he set about winning people and organisations to his viewpoint as to what was to be done. Very often he was in a minority position and had to work with many people who held totally opposite opinions to him and yet he never lost heart. He always found some way to drive the movement for socialism forward. As a Marxist revolutionary he understood Lenin's dictum of "One Step Forward And Two Steps Back".

Above all he never lost faith in the capacity of the working class to understand that it was their struggle for free-

dom and justice and that they must be consciously and actively part of this struggle in order to win. He often talked about the need for the working class to have their own leaders and not to rely, as they had so often in the past, on the priest, the doctor, the teacher or the lawyer to interpret the world and politics for them.

In an interview which he gave to Henry Kelly of the *Irish Times* in March 1975 (*when we were under attack from the ultra-leftist Trotskyist I.R.S.P / I.N.L.A faction who were murdering our comrades and supporters and when the Provisionals appeared once again at that time to have secured their 'victory' with their truce and incident centres*) Cathal made it clear that it was only a united working class which would achieve his and our objective of a United Socialist Republic. Twenty four years later it is worth listening to the voice of Cathal Goulding on this issue and we quote:

"What we need is unity, certainly first within the North, of Catholic and Protestant because that's the place where they are divided at the moment. The things that count are that working class people can say 'Look, I may be a Republican and you may be a Unionist, but for the moment what we need is jobs, houses and social security of some form. I believe that's real traditional republicanism because if you look into history you find that Wolfe Tone wasn't sectarian or ultra-nationalistic.' His appeal was in relation to the people of no property in the main. His United Irishmen weren't a military group but a revo-

lutionary group ready to fight for the rights of Catholics and non-conformist Protestants alike.”

Asked by the interviewer if politics had no element of compromise for him, Cathal replied:

“No. Our job is to do away with the present social and political system that exists and to establish a socialist state. But we cannot do that until we have the power. We are quite prepared to form an alliance with other parties of the left with whom we have similar objectives. You see a revolutionary rejects no form of struggle. Agitation, education, infiltration and so on are all part of the struggle. Socialism is a philosophy for me, it's a science which means in fact the greatest happiness for the greatest number. I don't think people should be sacrificed for socialism. I think that socialism must begin to develop the minute a socialist government takes over and that, if the people don't understand or are hostile and begin to resist, it is the duty of the government to educate them, not to force them. It's going to be a long time, of course, in Ireland.”

In concluding the interview Henry Kelly writes that perhaps Cathal's entire philosophy of life is summed up in the way he answers the question: given that he has socialist views in the Irish context won't Protestants run away from anything that has a republican tinge to it?

Cathal answers: “No. I don't think so. The only thing the Protestants will run away from is the policy of violence.”

Once you keep your level of involvement to social and economic issues you'll get support. In getting support for these issues workers will be involved and then they will see that the type of establishment we have doesn't cater for them, doesn't care about them. Reform is quite correct if it is led by revolutionaries but reformist activity led by reformers stops at reform. That's where we differ: we are revolutionaries.”

That is Cathal's epitaph. He was a revolutionary in every sense of the word. Unafraid, undaunted for over fifty years he fought the fight for Freedom and Socialism. He was not a naive man, he knew that it was not easy to persist in the struggle for socialism, to stay tough and fight it out year after year without victory and even at times like the present, without any apparent sign of tangible progress. He recognised and taught us all that this requires political conviction, historical perspective as well as character. And he also recognised another great revolutionary truth: that it requires association with others in a common party to succeed. Through all the years of revolutionary struggle, in or out of prison, Cathal knew that the surest way to lose one's fighting faith is to succumb to one's immediate environment, to see things only as they are and not as they are changing and must change, to see only what is before one's eyes and image that it is permanent.

If we are to be true to Cathal's life work and that of all our other comrades and friends who have sacrificed so much in the cause of liberty, justice and socialism, there is a

greater onus on all of us now to play a more active and meaningful part in bringing to a successful conclusion the defeat of capitalism and the victory of socialism.

*Mourn not the dead that in the cool earth lie-
Dust unto dust-
The calm sweet earth that mothers all who die
As all men must;*

*Mourn not your captive comrades who must dwell-
Too strong to strive-
Within each steel-bound coffin of a cell,
Buried alive;*

*But rather mourn the apathetic throng-
The cowed and the meek-
Who see the world's great anguish and its wrong
And dare not speak.*

Cathal strove all his life to awaken the apathetic throng, to make the mass of people, the workers, realise that it is their world and in the words of the Wobblies' (Industrial Workers of the World - I.W.W.) great song:

*"In our hands is placed a power
greater than their hoarded gold;*

*Greater than the might of armies;
magnified a thousand-fold.
We can bring to birth a new world
From the ashes of the old."*

We have decided to publish the speeches and orations delivered at Cathal's funeral plus a poem *Loisceadh Tíogair - The Tiger Burns* by Mícheal Ó hUanacháin as a tribute to his life and memory.

Executive Political Committee
The Workers' Party
Mayday 1999.

***Des O'Hagan, Chairperson of the Party's
Education Committee, Chaired the Ceremony***

A Chomrádaithe agus lucht tacaíochta Páirtí na n-Oibrithe: Tá muid bailighthe anseo tráthnóna inniu chun saoil, beatha, agus dion-obair Cathal Goulding, ar son an aicme oibre a chomóradh is a cheiliúradh.

Cé go bhfuil dubh bhrón orainne go leir ní lá éadóchasach nó diombhúidheach é seo. Fear é Cathal a bhí ábalta i gcónaí amharc chun chinn. Níos mó ná tríocha bliain ó shoin chonaic sé an urchóid agus an fuath a bhí taobh istigh den tseichteachas agus an náisiúnachas. Rinne sé á sheacht ndícheall ag iarraidh na forsaí seichteacha, a bheadh ciontach as na blianta fuilteacha atá caite, a mhealladh chun síochaín agus diospóireacht polaitiúil.

Cé nár eirigh leis tá se daingean cinnte gan é, agus an eagraíocht a raibh se freagrach as, bheadh stair na mbliantai sin míle uair níos measa ná bhí siad.

Dár ndóigh tá go leor ann a bhréagnaíonn sin go h-áirithe sna méan cumarsáide; ach thig linn bheith cinnte go mbeidh breithiunas staire ar thaobh Chathal agus a lucht leanúna.

A Chomradaithe,
Bá mhaith liom ar son an chuideachta anseo, agus achan duine nach féidir bheith i láthair, comhbhrón a dheánamh lena mhuintir uile. Caoinimid leo.

Comrades, Today we honour our dead comrade, Cathal Goulding. We salute his life, his principles and his purposes. And while we mourn deeply and sorrowfully - in common with his family and children - we stand proud and strong because we were, and are, at one with him in the determined pursuit of an Ireland where our class, devoid of nationalist and sectarian hatreds, would usher in a new era in an Ireland where, for the first time, we would indeed cherish all our children equally.

That is the vision Cathal helped inspire in us when others, loyalists and nationalists, were murdering our fellow citizens; It is a vision that cannot die.

I would ask our comrade Sean Garland, Party National Treasurer and former General Secretary, to give the first oration.

**SEAN GARLAND, Party Treasurer,
gave the first oration.**

And so, Comrades and Friends we are coming to the last part of this, the saddest of occasions. The death of any comrade, the death of a friend, is at anytime a most grievous blow. The death of Cathal Goulding is for us, his friends and comrades, a shattering loss. There will never be another of his calibre in the history of our movement, our party and indeed, I would not hesitate to say, in the history of our country. He stands out first and foremost for his unique contribution in achieving the transformation of a narrow nationalist movement into a class conscious party of the working class.

Cathal Goulding's life is the history of The Workers' Party. From the earliest days when he was in Na Fianna Éireann in the 1930s he was imbued with a revolutionary spirit and purpose. He watched, admired and supported men like Frank Ryan who tried to make the IRA in the '30s revolutionary and relevant to the needs of the Irish working class. Cathal was firmly fixed in the view that Socialism was central to, and must be within, the Irish Republican revolutionary tradition. For Cathal the starting point of his struggle was Tom Paine's '*The Rights of Man*' and the concept of Republicanism as defined by Tone and his comrades over two hundred years ago and clarified and expanded upon by James Connolly in this century.

We, who worked with him, who learned so much from

him, know how deep and lasting was the impact of his intellect and his politics on our movement, our party, and ourselves. Indomitable is one word that comes to mind when we think of Cathal for even in the blackest of moments, when things looked impossible or the situation seemed lost, he never surrendered or became pessimistic - he always looked at the glass as being half full. Many of us know when he was in jail, especially in England, he was often isolated and kept in solitary confinement for trivial reasons and of course we must admit, Cathal being Cathal, for the odd serious reason such as attempting to escape on numerous occasions. He always maintained his humanity and never allowed the screws to get the better of him. He knew from life's experiences that it was too often the most deprived section of society who were prisoners and he always did what he could to help his fellow prisoners. He had recognised a long time before how true were the words of Oscar Wilde in his '*Ballad of Reading Gaol*' and I quote:

*"The vilest deeds like poison weeds
Bloom well in Prison air.
It is only what is good in man.
That wastes and withers there.
Pale Anguish keeps the heavy Gate
And the Warder in despair"*

Cathal Goulding was a cultured man who enjoyed life to the full - music, theatre, books and, as we all know, he certainly enjoyed a good jar. He loved people and he loved to be among the working class, whether it was in the city or the small town or village, talking, drinking and

swapping yarns. He saw this as a process of education, a way of reaching people and making them aware of the true nature of this society. Cathal recognised that education was, and is, the key for the working class to unlock the doors that have been closed to our class for so many generations. He was a great persuader, for over the years he touched many lives and changed them for the better.

He knew that the capitalist system in which the few dominate the many cannot survive if the people have knowledge and are questioning the immoral and unethical values of this corrupt system. I don't need to spell out to this gathering how corrupt this country has now become, from every area of life and every level of society - banks, Government, business interests - the whole rotten structure becomes exposed more and more every day. There is a conspiracy within the ruling class of this state to ensure that no accused person will be punished, they are afraid of the consequences because they know that those who are accused know too much about the crimes of others. It is only the actions of whistle blowers who were slighted which has brought about most of these exposures. We certainly don't owe it to any courageous journalists. Cathal spent his life fighting such corruption and what sustained him was his ideology which was Marxist.

He had a firm belief in these words of Marx from the '*Communist Manifesto*', and I quote "the free development of each is the condition for the free development of all". He was a very tolerant man for though he was a staunch atheist he recognized and respected the beliefs of others.

He in turn expected that other people would accord him the same respect and tolerance for his views: he was nevertheless always strongly critical of any authoritarian reactionary church which sought to keep people in ignorance and superstition.

He had a wonderful sense of understanding the condition of the working class and the oppressed of our country and those of every other land. An internationalist from his earliest days he identified very clearly with Connolly's dictum, "That the Workers of other lands are my natural allies as the Capitalist of my own country is my natural enemy". It is perhaps most suitable and appropriate at this point, on Cathal's behalf and on behalf of all here, to salute the 40th Anniversary of the Victory of the Cuban Revolution which occurs tomorrow 1st January. He recognized that it was the forces of capitalism which were responsible for the hunger, exploitation and misery which afflicts so many millions throughout the world. And he also recognized that it was the power and influence of Washington which was the dominant partner of world capitalism, and that to defeat this monster world unity of progressive forces was essential.

He was always concerned to maintain unity in our movement and in our party. But he recognized and knew that on some occasions this was not possible or desirable. Long before they took organisational shape he would have no truck with the elements of bigoted sectarian nationalism whose actions he knew from his own experience of history would only deepen and exacerbate the division between the people of Northern Ireland. He fought them at every

turn and would give them no credence or space at all. Likewise he was one of the fiercest opponents of the ultra left when they, in turn, sought to destroy the party and, indeed, along with the Provisionals besmirched the name and the principles on which republicanism is based. Long before many others he recognized the vital necessity to involve the Protestant working class in what was to be their freedom struggle. That he made many friends and indeed comrades within the Protestant community, some of whom are here today to honour his life, is testimony to his greatness.

Above all else he despised treachery from wherever it came, whether from the sectarian nationalist bigots, ultra leftists, or the opportunists of Democratic Left. He hated the hypocrisy under which these particular traitors, of the now dissolved Democratic Left, sought to hide their betrayal and he was always to the forefront in exposing their treachery. That a corrupt, servile, and venal public and private media in this country has over the years sought to destroy what he, along with many comrades, built, is to their shame and someday the Irish people will recognise them for their complicity with their employers in their long running campaign against the party and socialism. I know that Cathal always remembered the media's despicable and odious conduct in late '91 and early '92 when day after day they carried attack after scurrilous attack on the party. At that time Cathal as usual was a bulwark and his advice and work in combatting that serious onslaught against socialism and The Workers' Party was invaluable. It enabled us to maintain the integri-

ty of The Workers' Party. Of all the values that Cathal held dearest, loyalty to principle and to your comrades was the foremost one. He was always ready to defend his principles and the actions of comrades in Ireland and comrades in other lands. For him there was no shilly-shallying, no mealy-mouthed sentimentality about this. For him there was only one enemy - Capitalism, its allies and lackeys - and opposed to them the working class.

For a man who had done so much, seen so many things, seen the fall, the rise, and the fall again of our cause he never despaired, his approach to life, to revolution was, I think, captured by the famous American poet Walt Whitman whom Cathal admired so much. Whitman in his poem called 'To a Foil'd European Revolutionary' written in 1856 wrote, and I quote:

*"Courage yet, my brother or my sister!
Keep on - Liberty is to be subserv'd whatever occurs:
That is nothing that is quell'd by one or two failures or
any number of failures,
Or by the indifference or ingratitude of the people or by
any unfaithfulness.
Or the show of the tushes of power, soldiers cannon, penal
statutes.*

*What we believe in waits latent forever through all the
continents,
Invites no one, promises nothing, sits in calmness and
light,
Is positive and composed, knows no discouragement,
Waiting patiently, Waiting its time".*

The scope and breadth of Cathal's friends and comrades extends all over the world. We have received messages of sympathy from China, Korea, Vietnam, Japan, Zimbabwe, Angola, South Africa, Mozambique, the United States, Canada, from Cuba and Chile, from Russia, France, Italy, Germany, Denmark, Cyprus, Britain. Indeed many people have travelled long distances from some of these countries to be here with us today. The deep feelings of sorrow felt by many people is coupled with the pride that we all knew, met, talked, drank, and supped with such a man. The affection and love that has been demonstrated by men, women and children who came to know him is itself a worthy tribute to his life's work. Even though he is gone from us we will still feel his influence, his strength, his determination in the coming years to keep up the fight and win the victory for his people, the working class.

I will conclude by again quoting Walt Whitman from his famous tribute to Abraham Lincoln:

*"O Captain! My Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up - for you the flag is flung for you the bugle trills;
For you bouquets, and ribboned wreaths; for you the
shores a crowding
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces
turning
Here Captain, Dear father
This arm beneath your head;
Is it some dream that on the deck
You've Fallen cold and dead".*

Slán leat Cathal, a Chara Dhílis agus a Chomráidi Cróga.

The Red Flag

was sung by
Joe MacGowan

*The people's flag is deepest red,
It shrouded oft our martyrs dead.
And ere their limbs grew stiff and cold,
Their hearts blood dyed its every fold.*

*Chorus:**

*Then raise the scarlet banner high:
Beneath its fold's we'll live and die.
Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer,
We'll keep the red flag flying here.*

*Look 'round the Frenchman loves it blaze,
The sturdy German chants it praise;
In Moscow's vaults its hymns are sung,
Chicago swells the surging throng.*

*It waved above our infant might
When all ahead seemed dark as night;
It witnessed many a deed and vow,
We must not change its colour now.*

*It well recalls the triumphs past;
It gives the hope of peace at last -
the banner bright, the symbol plain
Of human right and human gain.*

*It suits today the meek and base,
Whose minds are fixed on self and place,
To cringe beneath the rich man's frown
And haul that sacred emblem down.*

*With heads uncovered swear we all
To bear it onward 'till we fall
Come dungeons dark or gallows grim,
This song shall be our parting hymn.*

* Chorus sung between each verse.

Standing
Read by Marian Donnelly,
Party President 1992 - 1996

*We are composed of moments.
The last great chief of feral hills,
of whispered conspiracy in slums
was dying in my arms, standing.
"Slán, a chroí", he said straight into my heart.
Knowing healers moved away.*

*We stood apart for the commerce of our eyes
to run to the lake of confluence.
We were standing.*

*He watched me walk away,
knowing I knew
that forever he would watch me walk
through these moments that compose us.*

This poem was composed by Noel Mc Farlane after visiting Cathal the week before he died.

The Auld Triangle
Sung by Joe MacGowan

*A hungry feeling
Came o'er me stealing
And the lags were sleeping in my prison cell
And the Auld Triangle went jingle jangle
All along the banks of the Royal Canal*

*To begin the mornin'
A screw was bawling
"Get up ya bowsy and clean up your cell"
And the Auld Triangle went jingle jangle
All along the banks of the Royal Canal*

*The lags were sleeping Humpty Gossie was creeping
As I lay there weeping for my girl Sal,
And the Auld Triangle went jingle jangle
All along the banks of the Royal Canal*

*Up in the female prison
There are 75 women
And among them I wish I did dwell
then that Auld Triange could go jingle jangle
All along the banks of the Royal Canal*

*Be the name of Jaysus they've increased the wages
From 30 shillings up to one pounds ten
And that Auld Triangle still goes jingle jangle
All along the banks of the Royal Canal.*

**Pat Quearney, General Secretary,
gave the second oration.**

Comrades and friends, some say we'll never hear Cathal's voice again. We will. We will hear it the next time we make a decision on a point of principle. Some say we'll never hear his laughter again. We will. We will hear that confident laughter the next time our backs are against the wall. His leadership, the esteem and love he commanded is our rich legacy.

If we inherit his organisational abilities we will be well set-up. If we inherit his intellect, resourcefulness, and determination, his party, The Workers' Party, will thrive. But if we inherit his republicanism, his republican belief in agitation, organisation, socialism, and above all, if we inherit Cathal Goulding's humanity, we will win the day.

The mark of someone great is the ability to simplify and explain what is complex. The foolish see Goulding as some sort of a popular fabled chieftain. Goulding was a Marxist operator. He was a Marxist before he knew he was.

As a young man he took the Irish Republican Army by the scruff of the neck and began a struggle to turn it left. He was confronted on occasion by sterile sectarian nationalism and other empty pieties. All this talk of socialism made the pious jittery. There were red scares and policy defeats. He rose through this by proving his military credentials and physical courage. He rose to lead the IRA. The Fenian's grandson got the votes and led the IRA left.

In May, 1972, he led it to ceasefire. People say Goulding was being tactical in running down the IRA, that he was being 'pragmatic'. But he took a complex situation, went to the grassroots and explained in clear terms why politics, socialist politics, was the way to fight the war now.

I believe Cathal Goulding, because he was the elected leader of the IRA, put the interests of the people of Ireland ahead of the interests of the IRA. I think his humanity, not tactics, led him to put down the gun and push for the primacy of politics.

Goulding told the proto-Provisionals and later the Provisional IRA that they could not win in their fashion; that they could not build a republic on violence and hatred. He was a fighter by nature, an anti-imperialist, and the head of a restless army, but his analysis was right.

So we got 30 years of mucky graveyards, 30 years of baffled children in corteges, 30 wasted years of grief and, for our part, 30 years of very proud opposition to it. So he led. He took a complex world, simplified and explained. He had a direct line to the Irish working-class, of all religions and none. And we will have to emulate him in this power to communicate.

He understood how things worked in capitalism as did the German Poet and Communist Bertolt Brecht. He must have felt like Brecht's character in the poem *Years Ago When I:*

*"Years ago when I was studying the ways of the Chicago
Wheat Exchange
I suddenly grasped how they managed the whole world's
wheat there
And yet I did not grasp it either and lowered the book
I knew at once: you've run
Into bad trouble.*

*There was no feeling of enmity in me and it was not the
injustice
Frightened me, only the thought that
Their way of going about it won't do
Filled me completely".*

He had a great ability to see through the mysticism of the world markets and go straight to the point. If more than half the world's population are living in starvation and poverty and, at the same time, mountains of food are kept in storage and wealth in abundance is held in the banks, then the system is wrong and needs changing.

Himself and Brendan Behan collected old boots and clothes and whatever, and smuggled them ultimately to ships for the use of the Republican forces in Spain. It was internationalism before the term was profitable or popular.

He never lost this internationalism. He studied struggle and history in Ireland and everywhere. He travelled. He looked for wisdom in primal cultures. Certain Sioux chiefs were heroes to him; especially the ones who, like himself, never went into the reservation. Society will always need such people.

His genes held centuries of memories at the rough end of working-class revolt. When he could stride, there was history in his stride. He was a working-class revolutionary there to sort it out. And from his reading of history, he was as certain as I am that the working-class will win justice only through its own party.

He was a doer. Establishments are failing in Ireland, flake by flake. The only way to do justice to the direction, and affection, Cathal gave us is to put our shoulder to the pillars the establishment hides behind, and push hard. This is called revolutionary political activism. It is a grind most of the time, but a fight for justice is everything.

Cathal was betrayed often. Outwardly, he took it stoically, but the recent defection in the form of 'the vehicle', now dissolving under the name Democratic Left, hurt him deeply. They got tired, and they got traitorous, just as The Workers' Party was arriving as a political force.

It is ironic that he is dead now, when capitalists are being unmasked in Ireland as the country's true rulers and De Rossa and his circus has disappeared up Ruairi Quinn. The party he founded has survived; survived to organise, as The Workers' Party sees before it a rich field for socialists with principles to plough.

The party is at work on the ground. No one is to know this, of course - we are banned from the media under the Prevention of Socialism Act, rigidly enforced by the last Government. Nothing will stop us from winning.

Activism on the ground has meant in recent times, renewal for our party, new and young members. The struggle will continue.

The cause for which Cathal devoted his life has not died with him. The poet William Morris knew well the effect of the death of a radical political activist when he penned the work *All for the Cause*. Morris, an English radical and, like Cathal, a house painter, wrote:

*"Hear a word, a word in season, for the day is drawing
nigh,
When the Cause shall come upon us, some to live, and
some to die.*

*He that dies shall not die lonely, many a one hath gone
before;
He that lives shall bear no burden heavier than the life
they bore.*

*In the grave where tyrants thrust them, lies their labour
and their pain,
But undying from their sorrow springeth up the hope
again.*

*Mourn not therefore, nor lament it, that the world outlives
their life,
Voice and vision yet they give us, making strong our hands
for strife.*

*Life or death then, who shall heed it, what we gain or
what we lose,*

*Fair flies life amid the struggle, and the Cause for which
we choose".*

People should know by now that nothing Cathal Goulding believed in died with him. People should know that the torch is passed on, and republicanism in Ireland is well, and it is young.

Slán, Cathal.

The Streams of Bunclody

was sung by
Nan McGleenan.

*O were I at the moss house where the birds do entreat
At the foot of Mount Leinster or some silent place,
By the streams of Bunclody where all pleasures do meet,
And all I would ask for is one kiss from you sweet.*

*The streams of Bundclody they flow down so free,
by the streams of Bunclody I am longing to be,
A drinking strong liquor in the height of good cheer,
here's a health to Bunclody and the lass I love dear.*

*The cockoo is a pretty bird she sings as she flies,
She brings us good tidings and she tells us no lies,
She saps the young bird's eggs to make her voice clear
And the more she cries cuckoo the summer is near.
'Tis why my love left me as you may understand,
For 'tis she has a freehold and I have no land,
She has great store of riches and a large sum of gold,
And everything fitting a house to uphold.*

*O Farewell my dear father and mother adieu,
My sister and brother farewell onto you,
I am bound for America my fortune to try,
When I think of Bundclody now I am ready to die.*

*Tomás MacGiolla, former Party President,
gave the final oration.*

Ag labhairt dó faoi muintir na Bláscaódaí agus an sórt saol a caitheadair, agus an slí maireachtáil a bhí acu, duirt Tomás O Criomhthain "ní bheidh ár leitheidí arís ann", agus ar ndoigh bhí an ceart aige. Bhí sé i gceist agam an rud céanna a rá faoi Cathal Goulding - nach mbeidh a leitheidí arís ann - ach nuair a rinne me machnamh gairid duirt mé liom fhein go raibh a leitheidí ann roimhe seo, dhá chead bliain o shoin, agus gurbh é an t-ainm a bhí air na Jemmy Hope.

Bhí an meon céanna acu - meon an aicme oibre agus bhí an grá céanna agus an dílseacht céanna acu beirt don aicme as a dtainig siad. Bhí dúil acu beirt i neamhspleáchas agus saoirse a dtír dhuchais agus muintir na tíre uilig, ach do thíg an bheirt acu nach mbeach aon saoirse ag a dtír na a mhuintir, gan saoirse ag an lucht oibre agus na daoine bochta faoi an-smacht.

Ag machnamh ar sin deirim anois gurb é an dóchas atá agam, agus ar ndoigh go bhfuilim lán dé dhóchas, go mbeidh a leitheidí arís ann. Táim lán dé dhóchas go mbeidh daoine óga ag deanamh aithris air agus ag iarraidh a meoin fein a leathnú go dtí go mbeidh intinn agus dearcadh comh fairsing acu agus a bhí ag Cathal. Má tharlaíonn se sin tá an dóchas agam go mbeidh a leitheidí arís ann. Ach chomh maith le intinn agus dearcadh leathan fairsing a bheith ag an duine seo, caithfidh an dílseacht, an grá, an misneach agus an crógacht céanna a

bheith ann no inti agus a bhí i Cathal.

Cathal Goulding is dead, but his spirit lives on! How often have we heard that said of people? Cathal never had much time for spirits but in fact his spirit does live on in all of us. It certainly lives on in me and many others here, in some more than others, but there is something of him in all of us - and we probably find that this has grown rather than diminished with his death. Death saddens us all, but in a case like this it can uplift us.

The Gouldings were one of a small number of Dublin republican working class families who had a great influence on political developments in the capital for the past 150 years. They were involved in the Fenian Movement, backed the Invincibles, supported Connolly and Larkin in 1913, took part in the Easter Rising of 1916 and the subsequent War of Independence, struggled against reaction and counter-revolution in the 1920s and '30s. Cathal Goulding joined Na Fianna in 1931 at the age of eight and the IRA when he was 16 years old. I have no intention of going through the subsequent 60 years of his extraordinary commitment to republicanism and socialism; I merely mention this to show the family tradition in which he grew up.

To many young people family tradition means nothing or they may rebel totally against it. But to a young, thoughtful and committed lad it can mean they have gained an automatic understanding of the meaning of oppression; who is the oppressor, and who is the oppressed. Cathal had that. He educated himself and he read a lot - he

always had plenty of time to read a lot. But everything he read, both of national and international events simply confirmed and underscored the tradition handed down to him. He well understood Dean Swift's great call for savage indignation against the poverty and oppression that he saw all about him in the Dublin of his time.

The 1930s was a period of great political turmoil in Ireland with republicans embroiled in constant battles with the fascist Blueshirts all over Ireland. In the midst of this some of the finest republican socialist thinkers and intellectuals followed George Gilmore into the Republican Congress, and later many of our bravest and best joined the International Brigade to fight fascism in Spain. Had Cathal been older he might have joined one or both of these. However, after many discussions and debates in jails and elsewhere with many great republican working class people who had joined neither Congress or the International Brigade in Spain, Cathal became strong in the belief that a breakaway group, no matter how noble or well intentioned their cause, was not the road to follow if we were to create a strong determined republican and socialist organisation.

He had come to this conclusion by the late 40s and when released he immediately began the task of reorganising a broken Republican Movement. However, he was arrested again in 1953 following the Felsted raid and saw out the 50s in English jails. The 1950s campaign was not what he had in mind, but there was little he could do about it. It had no political content and was purely a military cam-

paign with a separate organisation called Sinn Fein to give it political support and publicity. It did however maintain one strong republican principle. There was to be no action against the Protestant people. General Army Orders specifically stated that no B-Special was to be fired on. This was strictly maintained throughout the 50's campaign even though there were 10,000 B-Specials patrolling the roads nightly. This of course had two effects.

1) Manoeuvrability was severely restricted and it was difficult to reach specific targets.

2) Few among the Catholic population were prepared to participate in a campaign where they were not allowed attack Protestants - they were seen as the enemy. We have seen over the past 30 years that if you allow sectarianism to flourish military actions can be continued forever in Northern Ireland.

However, the 1956 to 1962 campaign did show clearly to those involved that much more was required than purely military methods if one were to create revolutionary action to bring about changes in society North and South. Cathal Goulding was the one person who now had a very clear mind about what was required to be done. He was elected Chief of Staff at an IRA Convention and began immediately to put his ideas into action. His long-term plan was to integrate the IRA volunteers into Sinn Fein to make one strong cohesive unified party with a clear republican ideology, based on the revolutionary thinking of the Society of United Irishmen, which would advance a clear socialist position by embracing Connolly's ideas and

Lenin's principles of organisation. What he had in mind was not clear to most people until a later stage. He knew from his own experience and from the tradition he grew up with, that the IRA volunteers were the most dedicated and committed members of the Republican Movement in every generation. What activity they were involved in depended on the leadership they were given. He now resolved to make them the hard core political activists in a new revolutionary Sinn Fein political party.

Nothing was rushed in this great endeavour, but military training was scaled down and education and political training was upgraded. Some socialists with ideas were invited to join the Party and a premises was purchased in Mornington which became the Party's Education and Training School. Within a couple of years a new breed of political activists appeared on the streets of Dublin, campaigning for a major housing programme for the city under the banner of the Dublin Housing Action Committee. Peaceful tactics of blocking streets and occupying buildings were put into practice as well as the painful art of enduring police baton charges without responding with violence to the police. These protests and demonstrations spread quickly to cities and towns North and South, and to many rural areas also.

The launch of the carefully planned Civil Rights campaign in Northern Ireland in 1968 saw these well trained and well educated political activists leading and stewarding marches under the banner of the Northern Ireland Civil Rights Association (NICRA). Now they had to

endure even more vicious and sustained baton charges and still fight off marchers who tried to attack police until the sheer size of the marches made this impossible. During this time many members asked Cathal "when is the campaign starting?" - meaning military campaign. Cathal would answer "this is the campaign, we are building revolution North and South".

He had a clear understanding of the difference between revolution and rebellion and recognised that rebellion might well be necessary to complete a revolution or protect a successful revolution, but in the Irish context it was not the first or the best action in any revolutionary struggle. He recognised the bloody events of the past 28 years as counter-revolution designed to smash the growing power and strength of The Workers' Party which he was in the course of building. When it seemed that the treachery of Democratic Left in 1992 had finished off The Workers' Party moves began in 1993 to end the counter-revolution and call off the Provisional Dogs of War.

However The Workers' Party is far from finished. As Cathal brings the 200th Anniversary of 1798 to a dramatic close, by exiting left, some may feel he has abandoned us or left us in the lurch. But it is quite the opposite. He has told the next generation to make a new beginning, in a new age of exploitation, to the struggle of the working class, nationally and internationally against oppression; and he has left us the means to do so in a strong and vibrant Workers' Party ready to take up the republican space and the socialist space recently abandoned by 'traitors and slaves'. You can hear him shouting at us "It's up

to you now, and fuck the begrudgers".

Finally as we bid our last farewell to Cathal Goulding I can do no better than quote some words written on the gravestone of Jemmy Hope, a United Man whose life and thoughts were so close to his own:

"Soldier in her cause

and in the worst of times still faithful to it.

Ever true to himself and to those who trusted in Him,

he remained to the last

Unchanged and unchangeable in his fidelity."

Loisceadh Tíogair

Bhíomar san áit cheart-
leis an daoscar-shlua.

Nuair a hardaíodh nótaí
an Brataigh Dhearg,
ina nduine 's ina nduine
chuireadar guth leis
mar bheifí á stiúrú
le maidín-

tusa,
anois tusa,
is sibhse leis.

Bain na blianta díobh:
bhíodar ann, sa tigh
ghloine,
ar a gcoimeád,
sna príosúin,
ar na hagóidí,
sna schliúchaisí (faoi
sciúirse maidí, nó piléir).

Bhí na buamaí ann;
ná ceiltar orthu, inniu,
a mortas.

Braitheann cuid taibhse
ghunna ina nglai (is
ní chuimhníonn,
baileach,
cén údar a chur siad
i leataobh é, ach go ndúirt
seiseann leo é).

The Tiger Burns

In the right place -
with the People.

When the Red Flag
began,
one by one
they raised it
as if guided
by a conductor
you,
now you,
and you there, too.

Take years away:
they were in the glass-house
on the run,
in many prisons,
at the demos,
in the riots (under
the cosh, among the bullets).

There were bombs;
don't deny them, now,
their satisfaction.

Some feel the absent
gun in their hands (and
can't remember,
quite,
why they put it by,
except
he told them to).

Deartháireach, mic,
céilí, athaireachta:
bhíodar ar an láthair,
nó as mar ba bhinic dósan.

Stair an chéid, teacht
is imeacht, bláthnú
traidisiúin is a chaill,
smacht na céille
ar an rómánsaíocht -
ach spadhar le tréas
gan athrú.

Is os a gcoinne sin
ar fad amach
fear stocach fionnrúa
ar dhréimire
ag dathú fuinneoge
is ag feadail
i ngile luathshamraidh,

É ag cleasaíocht le míonna
na blianta
d'fhonn gáire a bhaint
as an ngasúr dornán blianta
ina luí tinn ar an leaba
istigh:
"Meán Samhna, Deireadh
Samhna, Fómhar..."

Aguis muide cruinnithe
lasmuigh den searmanas

Brothers, sons,
husbands, fathers;
they were there,
or not as he so often was.

All the century history, comings
and goings, traditions
held
and lost,
discipline subduing
ideal -
but nothing softens
rage against
treason.

Earlier and
far away
a stocky blond lad
stands on a ladder
painting a window
whistling
on an early summer afternoon.

He plays with months' names
to lighten
a child's mood,
sick in bed:
"September, October, ..."

Now we stand
outside the ceremony

faoi foraois
scátha urraithe báisí,
na haghaidheanna smolchaite
ag breith ar an gcuimhne
inniu
lena cheapadh go deo:

under a canopy
of golf umbrellas
the careworn faces
grabbing the moment
today
to hold forever:

Mura mbeadh ann
ach ciapadh beag coinseasa
leis an sóchúil, an teolaí
a choinneáil ar tinneall,
iarmairtí an tsean-dúchais,
an bhuan-chreidimh,
á ríomh,
á leathadh os a gcomhair
ag na firéin fós.

If only as
a conscience prick
for the safe, the comfy,
to keep them on edge,
remnants of the lasting
flame
spelled out
spread before them
by the constant few.

B'é seo an áit cheart,
an t-am cuí.
Mí-cheart na bhfocal
i mo chuimhne,
mí-cheart na polaitíochta
ar foluain
abú.

Yes, the right place,
the only time.
Incorrect words
in my memory,
politically incorrect
proudly
forever.

Mícheál Ó hUanacháin

Mícheál Ó hUanacháin