

Vive Moi: Author Sean O’Faoláin recalls his time staying with the O’Tuama (Twomey) family in Tuairín Dubh....

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“At once I felt at home....The women and girls shared rooms in the house. The men slept in the drystone loft, which has been turned into a simple summer dormitory. We ate in separate sittings about ten at a time at the long table in the dining room and we always ate well. We spoke only Irish, often asking for a word or a phrase, or a correct pronunciation from the more practiced. We had come from all parts of Ireland. They were clerks, students, craftsmen, carpenters, masons, an electrical engineer. Two, who were more serious than the rest of us had been in the Rising in Dublin and had been released from jail in the general amnesty the year before; but all of us were reborn of the Rising and all that led to it, so that the language acted both as a matrix to the tissues of our political faith and as its sign and password.....

....We spent half the day down in the village studying the language in the corrugated tin shed grandiosely called the College. The rest of the day we spent swimming in the rock pools, or climbing the mountains or cycling to the farthest glens, or dancing informally by the roadside at night, or more formally at the College, or boating on the lake if the moon was up, or simply sitting in the kitchen listening to some local boy or girl singing a traditional Irish song or playing old tunes on the fiddle, or we merely sat and conversed”