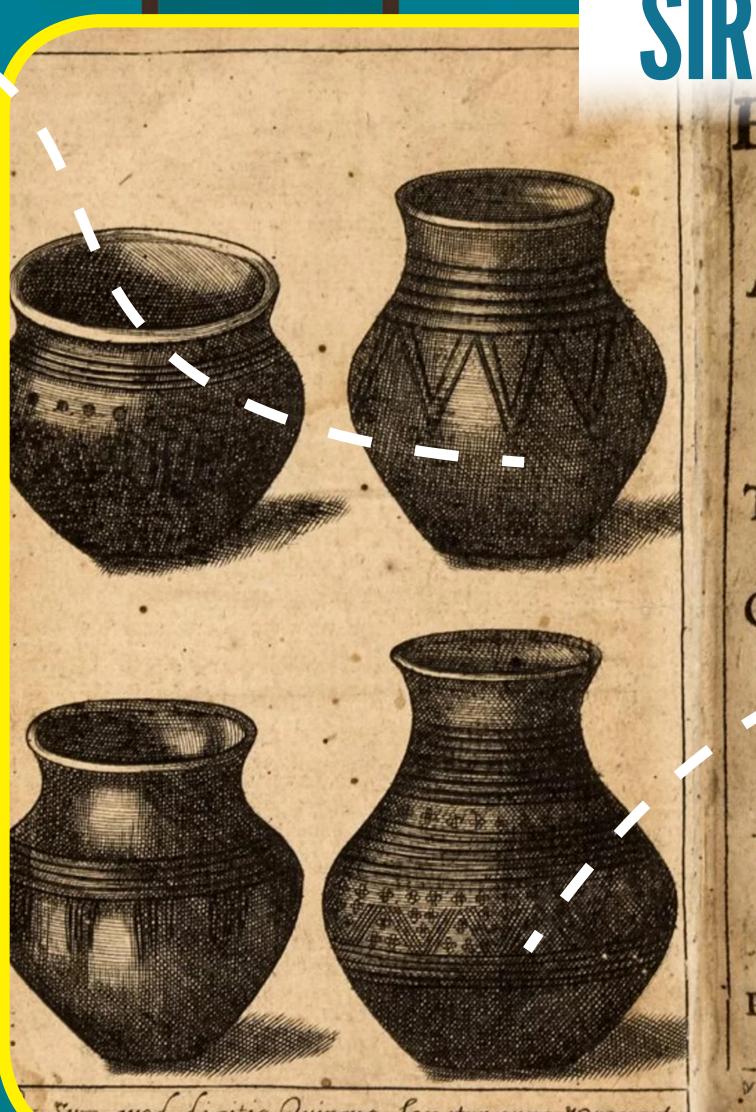
UNPACKING EMOTIONS IN IRELAND



Though the term "Toxic Masculinity" might feel like a new or foreign concept, the term was actually coined in the early 90s in order to compare and contrast healthy masculinity with more negative manifestations of manliness. It is now used to describe the harmful effects (such as anger, violence (sexual and otherwise), risky/socially irresponsible behavior, and dysfunction in relationships, queerphobic actions, etc.) instilled by societal or outside pressures to adhere to traditional or hegemonic ideals of masculinity. This insidiousness phenomenon is difficult to battle due in no small part to its elusiveness, yet the consequences of toxic masculinity are far-reaching and devastating for all women, men, and gender nonconforming individuals.



The difficulty for Irish people to freely express emotions has a centuries-long history. Generations of Irish people have been told to tamp down their emotions to the degree that a display of feeling would be seen as shameful, and the ideology affects individuals all along the gender spectrum. To seek therapy or psychiatric help was a sign of weakness and out of the question, and mental distress was deemed incurable. This has only in recent years started to shift, and acceptance of seeking mental health is relatively new.



HYDRIOT APHIA,

URNES D'RIALL,

OR,

A Discourse of the Sepulchrall

Urnes lately found in

United the Sepulchrall

Urnes lately found in

Together with

The Garden of (YRUS,

OR THE

Quincunciall, Lozenge, or

Net-work Hantations of the Ancients, Artificially, Naturally,

By Thomas Browne D.of Phylick.

Mystically Considered.

With Sundry Observations.

LONDON, inted for Hen. Brome at the Signe of the Gun in Ivy-lane. 1658.

Mark O'Rowe was inspired by Sir Thomas Browne's Essay, "Hydriotaphia: Urn Burial; Or, A Discourse Of The Sepulchral Urns Lately Found In Norfolk," which is where he got the title for Our Few and Evil Days. The essay primarily covers burial and funeral practices of antiquity, but it eventually becomes a rumination on the struggle with mortality, melancholia, and fate. This particular section from Chapter V is where we find the title of the play:

"Darkness and light divide the course of time, and oblivion shares with memory a great part even of our living beings; we slightly remember our felicities, and the smartest strokes of affliction leave but short smart upon us. Sense endureth no extremities, and sorrows destroy us or themselves. To weep into stones are fables. Afflictions induce callosities; miseries are slippery, or fall like snow upon us, which notwithstanding is no unhappy stupidity. To be ignorant of evils to come, and forgetful of evils past, is a merciful provision in nature, whereby we digest the mixture of our few and evil days, and, our delivered senses not relapsing into cutting remembrances, our sorrows are not kept raw by the edge of repetitions."