

hibernia

FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

MARCH 3rd, 1972

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OFFICIALS-THE NEW MILITANCY

Letters to the Editor

Theatre in Trinity

Sir,—In your issue of February 18th, your theatre critic, Mary Manning, writes of her visit to Beckett's *Quad* at Trinity College. In order to make her column more readable, she comments on the "long low cowed" in which the event took place and later skillfully links this reference with a witicism about the Project's similarity to a dungeon. Fair enough, I suppose. Other critics write like that too. But then;

"I should think it's now time for the students of T.C.D. to kidnap the Provost, break all the windows, and boycott lectures for a year until they're given an adequate theatre for the performing arts."

I would like to take this opportunity of informing Mary Manning that we have had a Theatre in Trinity since 1952, and that the Provost's efforts were largely instrumental in its institution. Mary Manning, like her fellow critics, receives complimentary tickets to first nights of Dublin University Players' productions, but unlike most of her colleagues, has declined even to acknowledge them, let alone come and see a show. Given the state of Dublin Theatre at the present time (typified by *Time Remembered* which she reviewed in the same column last week), I feel it inadvisable for any serious theatre critic to be absent from the few attempts to bring serious theatre to this city. — Yours, etc.,

DONALD TAYLOR BLACK,
Dublin University Players,
4 Trinity College,
Dublin, 2.

Seafield Gentex

Sir,—I was distressed to read the article "Seafield Gentex Now" in your issue dated 4th February. It seems clear that your special correspondent was endeavouring to mount a personal attack on Mr. Declan Dwyer, our Chairman over a number of years.

The facts are that I have been the Managing Director of Seafield virtually since its inception and I can confirm that all take-overs and mergers, including Blackwater Cottons Limited, General Textiles Limited and The Castle-guard Textile Company Limited, were originally initiated by me and were strongly recommended to the Board as part of a policy to rationalise and consolidate the Cotton System Spinning and Weaving Industry in Ireland in order to enable it to reach a size capable of surviving in an open market situation. We still believe our decisions, in the context and at the time they were made, were correct. The clear suggestion that Mr. Declan Dwyer, who was a non-executive Chairman, landed these into my lap is a gross misstatement. To single Mr. Dwyer out as being responsible for the problems that have since arisen is not only irresponsible, but is also not

in accordance with the facts. It is, of course, only too easy to criticise with hindsight. Indeed, any Board of Directors may be subject to such criticism. What is not right is to attribute Board decisions to one man alone, as your correspondent has done.

I would, therefore, wish you to publish this letter in your next issue so that the false impression given by your special correspondent can be corrected. I trust also that you will give it equal prominence to that given to the original article. — Yours, etc.,

R. D. LORD,
Chairman, Seafield Gentex Limited.

Words

Sir,—Mr. Cole's letter contains no refutation of my argument, and indeed, no argument of his own; nothing constructive, only cheap sneers and abuse. This is typical of his kind, and only to be expected from one who uses the word "Imperialist". "Imperialist" and "Progressive" always crop up when the extreme left puts pen to paper. ("Progressive" being a term of commendation of, of course, absent from this diatribe). But what is an "Imperialist" and what is a "Progressive"? If a Roman legionary on the Rhine in 400 A.D., or a British fighter-pilot in 1940 is an "Imperialist", then I am in good company, but if a warrior of Ghengis Khan, or a Russian soldier in Budapest or Prague, or a Chinese soldier in Tibet is an "Imperialist", then I am in shameful company indeed. On the other hand, if a "Progressive" is a European statesman or civil servant working towards European unity so that Europe may cease to be a pawn in other people's power games, and so that her ancient and terrible divisions may be healed, then I am all for that "Progressive". But I am not in favour of those "Progressives" who work in the interests of the greatest Imperialist (in Mr. Cole's sense of the word), colonialist, expansionist empire that the world has ever seen, by means of which perhaps 40 million Russians control something like eight times their number of subervient colonial peoples by the use of naked power.—Yours, etc.,

ALFRED ALLEN,
Glashenmore,
Co. Cork.

Mudballs

Sir,—May I inform columnist Anne Harris (*Hibernia*, February 18th) that there is no Judge James Cameron in New York whose antecedents were Blueshirts in Kilkenny. There is a Judge Cameron in New York who was born in Co. Kilkenny.

But if Comerford is Cameron, maybe St. Patrick's Day is July 4th and maybe Bernadette Devlin is Mia Farrow. Why bother about accuracy? Some of the mudballs are bound to hit target. — Yours, etc.,

F. McEVOY.

Kilkenny.

Blood Bank in Cork

Sir,—My attention has been called to an article about the Blood Bank in Cork which appeared in the issue of *Hibernia*, dated January 21st, 1972. It was written by Ann Harris.

The article states that the Blood Bank in Cork is a private enterprise owned by Dr. J. A. Ryan and run for his profit. It also states that blood is sold for £7.35 per pint and it questions the morality of the enterprise.

The Committee of the Cork Blood Transfusion Service has directed me to present the following facts in order to contradict the very wrong impression conveyed to your readers.

The Cork Blood Transfusion Service is non-profit making. It is registered as a company limited by guarantee and not having a share capital. It has been in operation since 1948. The Service Charge per unit (pint) was £2.50 up to last November. The charge is now £4.00. The charge in 1948 was £2.00.

Dr. J. A. Ryan is employed as Transfusion Officer. Kindly publish the above facts as soon as possible. — Yours, etc.,

J. A. RYAN,
Transfusion Officer.

Church of Ireland Clergy

Sir,—Perhaps Mr. Gray-Stark should read *The Captains and the Kings* before jumping to conclusions about my "attitude" towards Church of Ireland clergy. I hope he will find that I have not created a "figure of fun," merely a weak and somewhat confused old man with good intentions possibly, but little energy either mental or physical to put them into practice. This is my "attitude" to one man, whichever way he wears his collar is immaterial, not to the general run of clergy, many of whom I will always be prepared to fight are greatly to be admired, fighting their apparently losing battle with devotion and drive. I wrote a book about people, not about political or religious "attitudes". — Yours, etc.,

JENIFER JOHNSTON,
37 Addison Avenue,
Dublin, W.11.

I.R.A. Killings

Sir,—I trust you will have the decency or guts to also quote I.R.A. outrages with as much enthusiasm and zeal as your editorials of February 4th and 18th.

Obviously the many, many senseless killings by the I.R.A. are accepted by you and your contributor, Anne Harris, as unpremeditated and uncalculated. If a civilian gets killed by the I.R.A. "it's just too bad they were there at the time."

The republic will be the losers in the long run if your attitude is as you write. How old are you incidentally? I bet I am older, and even at my age I can just about remember "the Troubles," and I am sure that you know nothing. How-

Facile Production



Hugh Leonard

Sir,—With commendable folly last Sunday night, I passed up "Blue Water, White Death" at our local flea-pit, that I might see Hugh Leonard's adaptation of "Stephen D" on whichever channel it was.

Glossing over the indifferent acting of the children, the dismal acting of most of the student, McCann's woeful misdirection, the gross obscenity of the classroom scene, the maudlin interlude with the tart, or, more accurately, the producer's idea of a tart, and the leaden pace of it all; ignoring, or censoring, the score of more minor faults, aberrations and misinterpretations of the thing, I would gravitate in all charity to the thesis that the producers of this supremely forgettable epic were moved to pander throughout to the sandpaper palates and safe, well-adjusted

conventional prejudices of a turgid, Sunday-night British, mass-audience.

This goes a long way to explaining the once-more-without-feeling flogging to death of the sexual hangup/beastly repressive Catholic background formula, the gross presentation of the Dean of Studies as a Long Kesh concentration-camp guard in a soutane, the over-

blown and infantile religious fanaticism of Dante, the excision out of the parent Joycean context of but a few tried and true aspects, and their drowning in a cloying and unpleasant sentimentality.

Which is O.K. as far as it goes, but Joyce was a literary Colossus, a consummate artist; a strange, brilliant God-driven genius. What was screened last Sunday was the mediocre drivelling of a fifth-rate hack whose imagination one could fancy occasionally expanding to the size of a hayseed, expressing the puerile chip on his shoulder through the vehicle of this tedious, overly mannered and utterly facile production.

All of which is a way of saying that whatever the mediocrity of the audience, whatever the reasons behind it, it is extremely difficult to vindicate the appalling behaviour of the originators of this pastiche.—Yours, etc.,

JOHN D. CULLY,
6 Steele's road,
London N.W.3.

Solidarity

Sir,—In your issue of February 18th (page 6) you state that the "Ulster Protestant" is finding stories about "westernised aliens who have stolen Palestine from the Arabs." Lest any of your readers get the wrong impression we wish to point out that neither this society nor the Arab-Irish Friendship Society of Queen's University, Belfast, has canvassed for nor welcomes support from such people or from any other sectarian or racist groupings.

We would like to refer to the similarity of the aims of Al-Fatah, the Palestine National Liberation Movement and the enlightened people of Ireland; the creation of a united, secular republic in which all its inhabitants may live without discrimination as to race, religion or sex.—Yours, etc.,

ATIF MATOUK,
Irish Arab Society,
Information Centre,
38 Grafton Street,
Dublin 2.

The Central Bank

Sir,—In his tribute to Dr. Whitaker and the Central Bank (*Hibernia*, February 4th), your Special Correspondent seems to be taking a somewhat cavalier attitude towards the gradual transfer of the function of banker to the Government from the Central Bank of Ireland to the Central Bank. He writes that "the justification for the transfer was simply that it was desirable from a national viewpoint to concentrate these activities within the Central Bank itself—and that's that" and goes on to comment that neither the Bank of Ireland nor anyone else chose "to fight the case."

But why should anyone have wished to do so? It is true that the 1938 Reports of the Com-

mission of Inquiry into Banking, Currency on Credit (which laid the groundwork for the Central Bank) felt that "the present arrangement has worked satisfactorily" and proposed "no change in the present arrangements" (Par. 365).

But it is also true that in this respect Irish practice has continued to differ—perhaps for too long—from that in virtually every other financially developed country. In his now classic *Central Banking*, M. H. De Kock wrote over 30 years ago: "Central banks everywhere fulfil the functions of banker, agent and adviser of the Government. In fact, the older institutions performed these functions even before they developed into real central banks; and it was as banks with the sole or principal right of note issue that they came to be bankers of their respective Governments. This association of the function of note issue with that of banker to the Government was thus automatically accepted in the case of the new central banks." — Yours, etc.,

JOHN HEIN,
845 Third Avenue,
New York.

Savage Attacks

Sir,—I am an avid reader of your paper. In fact I hope I'm not being blasphemous when I say, it is almost my bible. Though you are a little bit too leftist! This is precisely why I most strongly object to Mr. Hugh Leonard's coarse, even savage, attacks on "Partners in Practice," my favourite programme which I find heart-rending. I think Mr. Leonard must be very sick himself and should instantly consult his family physician — for bile! — Yours, etc.,

PATRICIA HOME-PETTIGREW
(Lady)
Kildare Street Club,
Dublin 2.
P.S.—Odi profanum.

READERS are reminded to keep their letters as short as possible. Those which do not exceed about 200 words are the most likely to be published. Longer letters may be edited.

FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

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BECOMING EMBROILED

THE OFFENCES AGAINST THE STATE ACT was employed in the Republic of Ireland last week without a single explanation from the Government, without a word of protest from any member of Dail Eireann and without one editorial reservation from any of the media. Twenty-three men were deprived of their liberty—many of them on such flimsy suspicion that no charge could be levelled against them. Many others were sought and were being harassed by the threat of Section 30 of the Act, under which a member of the Garda Síochána may arrest without warrant and detain for up to 72 hours any person who is even suspected of committing an offence under the Act. This significant new step by the South into the morass which is oozing out from the North has been taken apparently with scant consideration of the potential consequences. And the consequences could be enormous.

The objects of the Offences Against the State Act, 1939, which, in essence, is almost identical to the odious Special Powers Act in the North, were described in the preamble to the Bill as follows: "An Act to make provision in relation to actions and conduct calculated to undermine public order and the authority of the State and for that purpose to provide for the punishment of persons guilty of offences against the State," etc. The Act also provided for the establishment of "special" criminal courts and for detention (internment). But the dawn arrests of Wednesday, February 23rd, were obviously in reaction to the Aldershot explosion and killings—an action undertaken outside the State and by persons whose identity is still unknown. In these circumstances, the Aldershot killings, wanton and terrible as they were, were not in themselves sufficient reason for the selective and unexplained resort to the Offences Against the State Act.

It may well be that the Government is convinced that public order and the authority of the State is being undermined. If this is so, the public should be fully informed and the whole issue, which is a complex and wide-ranging one, should be debated in the Dail. Only little over a year ago, a claim of this nature was made by the Taoiseach and he went so far as to warn at that time that places of detention were being prepared. But that alarm was never substantiated and the "secret armed conspiracy" which he spoke of then never materialised.

In the absence of proper information, the impression created was that Mr. Lynch was simply reacting to pressure from London—and herein lies the real danger. Repression in the South, like repression in the North, will solve nothing and mend nothing. On the other hand, its employment here will almost certainly drag us into that vicious circle of violence and counter-violence which has characterised the deterioration in the North. Mr. Lynch should not only resist demands from London for repressive action in the South—he must stubbornly and consistently repeat his demands for political initiatives from the Heath administration. The onus is on Mr. Heath to get to the roots of the problem—not for Mr. Lynch to collaborate in containing the pressure. As long as Mr. Heath relies on violent repression such as Derry he must expect violent reaction such as Aldershot. And as long as he postpones political action it is not in our interest to become embroiled in the backwash of his misguided strategy.

Officials 1

The New Militancy

ALDERSHOT AND ARMAGH are already being etched in the folk memory of the struggle in Northern Ireland; Aldershot for a bombing which seemed to the British especially callous, perhaps because it took the fight to a British location for the first time, Armagh because for the first time an elected representative was the object of a deliberate assassination attempt. In history there are events and symbols. The events, a battle here, an election there, give dates and times to those who employ the scissors-and-paste technique. The symbols, manifestations of new thinking, can be described as watersheds. Like October 5th, Burntollet, the attack on the Catholic ghettos of Belfast, they change the course of events.

Whether Aldershot and Armagh are events or symbols depends, therefore, on the extent to which they represented real changes in outlook and action by the Official I.R.A. For the Officials have appeared to most observers the political rather than the military agents of republican change. As one British journalist put it last week, they played "the goodies," to the Provisionals' "baddies." What do Aldershot and Armagh mean in Gardiner place?

Aldershot, the Irish Republican Publicity Bureau said on the day after it had happened, was not the first shot in a campaign in Britain, did not represent a change in policy.

The week before, when an Italian magazine reported an alleged conversation with Mr. Cathal Goulding, the leader of the Official republican movement was at pains to deny personally the assertions attributed to him. And these included the threat that for every civilian killed in Derry ten British soldiers would die and the more ominous threat that the war would be carried to Britain. Mr. Goulding said he made no such statements.

What, then, of Aldershot? Firstly, the Official republican movement does not regard an attempt on the lives of paratroop officers, wherever they might be, as carrying the war into Britain or any other overseas location. Secondly, the attempt, which failed because it killed instead five British workers and no paratroop officers, was consistent with the Officials' policy of defence and retaliation. The I.R.A. had changed from a purely defensive policy following the mid-1970 attack on the Falls road by the British Army and laid new emphasis on retaliation after the introduction of internment.

It might also be noted that many journalists were accustomed to regarding the Officials as "the goodies" simply because they did not register responsibility for all of their actions—an effort not to be involved in a head-count competition with the Provisionals, who issue regular bulletins about their actions. It is equally important to remember that Officials and Provisionals combined at rank-and-file level, particularly in operations undertaken outside Belfast. Given this background, the Officials' newly acknowledged militancy was not as dramatic as some British reports made it seem.

The attempt on Mr. John Taylor in Armagh was deliberate, carefully planned and executed with curious ease, considering the guard which, according to reports, had been given to all leading politicians in Northern Ireland. It was in contrast to the shooting of Senator John Barnhill last year. Mr. Barnhill's death was regretted by the Officials and later was discovered to have been a panic reaction to an attack he made on his attackers. (The I.R.A.

Q. Who exactly will receive the royalties from John Lennon's record on Nth. Ireland.

A. Well, it's a question of semantics. A telegram from John Lennon was delivered to the N.I.C.R.A. annual conference promising the royalties to the Civil Rights Movement. When it was read out, the wording was changed to Civil Rights Association. Naturally the Northern Resistance Movement—which embraces the C.R.A. branches under the McManus/Corrigan/Farrell influence, will not be disinterested.

unit which went to his house to blow it up discovered, too late, that he was armed and one member of the unit was injured when the Senator fired at them).

Political assassination was a development in the Northern conflict which was forecast last autumn by a British group which studies the strategy of guerrilla campaigns. (The group, incidentally, considered the I.R.A. campaign in Northern Ireland to be somewhat inefficient). The shooting of Mr. Taylor was, in fact, another attempt at what the Aldershot bombers had failed to achieve: effective retaliation against those whom the Official I.R.A. held responsible for actions undertaken against the working class of Northern Ireland.

Both Aldershot and Armagh have to be explained, further, in the context of the political outlook of the Officials. They were aware that the time for production of the British initiative was close. Mr. Heath, after all, had secured an important victory in his advance towards British membership of the E.E.C., with the support of Ulster Unionists who had vehemently opposed membership when there was less chance that the Tories might be beaten and, worst fate of all for the Unionists, be replaced by Labour. Both efforts were designed to stimulate opposition to what the Officials saw as an "offer" by London that would be, in fact, an insistence on peace at any price, which Mr. Lynch, the Fianna Fáil ar-dheis behind him, was likely to consider seriously if not accept.

Finally, Aldershot and Armagh have to be investigated for evidence, suggested before either happened, that the leadership of the Officials was changing. One piece of conjecture was that Dublin had been replaced by the Northern Command or a more militant group within the Republic. This, too, has been denied by the Officials themselves and, indeed, is scarcely likely. Mr. Malachy McGurran and Mr. Liam McMillan, the Northerners tipped to succeed the present Chief-of-Staff, are even more ardent supporters of the line that political education and resistance are inseparable, that support of the mass civil rights movement should be a top priority.

What did happen, therefore, was that two attempts were made to carry the policy of defence and retaliation into areas new to the present conflict. This time, and here the shift could be significant, the emphasis was on retaliation. And this almost certainly signifies the concern of the Official leadership, not to compete in a head-count with the Provisionals, but to make it impossible for any appearance of reconciliation to be imposed before the struggle for a socialist republic is fully recognised. The man who can convert these events into symbols is Mr. Lynch, but that is another story.

Q. What other account of Derry's Bloody Sunday will be published on the day the Widgery findings are made public?

A. The Sunday Times 'Insight' report. Sixteen Sunday Times reporters had collected an account of the fateful shootings before the Widgery Enquiry put the matter sub judice. This has now been extended in a style reminiscent of Cornelius Ryan's 'Longest Day' and will probably appear at the end of March.

Officials 2

Champing At The Bit

ONE OF THE PRIVILEGES enjoyed by Sinn Féin in the South is that it can indulge in the more fabulous imagery which the grim trench warfare of the North does not cater for, so when Tomas Mac Giolla said that the Southern Special Branch were after him because of his opposition to the E.E.C., he merely reflected that luxury enjoyed by Southern Republicans of a spectacular incapacity to understand the most primitive of facts . . . that it is the North which consumes the efforts, the thoughts, the deliberations, and the deeds of all political alliances in the South. Just as the Provisional I.R.A. labour under whatever differences manifest themselves between the Dublin based Gaelic prophets and the stark enthusiasts of the North, so also the Officials must endure the curious blend of Northern soldier and Southern ideologue more concerned with manipulations in Brussels than the patent realities of the North unleashed on Aldershot.

The sudden revival of the Official I.R.A. in terms more sensational and worrying to the British than anything the Provisionals have managed so far, is the greatest indication to date that the North is spawning consequences far beyond the control of Parliamentary government and the rule of consensus law. Before internment, the Belfast O.C. of the Official I.R.A. said that were internment introduced, the Officials would withdraw from military action rather than give a post facto justification of internment. Of course, the Officials never did withdraw from military actions: the temptation was too great, and as the O.C. admitted three months after internment had been introduced, the movement never suspected that the British Army would behave in the way that it did. But they did oppose on paper anyway the high intensity offensive of the Provisionals, because they said, it was increasing sectarian tension.

What has happened in the last month is that armed Republicans in the North have abandoned whatever restraint they felt about the Unionist government and Stormont; and while one Official Republican Front, the Civil Rights Association, clings more tenaciously than ever to its policy of democratising Stormont, the Official Republican Army is embarked on a course which more than any so far pursued by the Provisionals is likely to bring about a demise of that institution.

The Official demands in the past have always been based on the premise that a united Ireland would be unacceptable without the consent of the Northern majority; and in deference to that group, the Officials have always sought not to remove an institution which they recognise to be precious to the Protestants, but rather to reform it so that Republicans could purvey their political wares, without hindrance or Special Powers. The immaculate virtue of Socialist Republicanism would be so transparently in the interests of the working class that in an open and genuinely democratic society, the Officials would be bound to win through.

This policy was enunciated by no one more clearly than by Roy Johnston and while he remained in a position of influence the overall military strategy reflected, with differing degrees of faithfulness, a desire to do more than reform Stormont and remove British troops from the North. But as the situation in the North deteriorated and Northern Republicans became more desperate; as outrage followed outrage and political obligations prevented the Officials from pursuing the aggressive policy many thought justified, Officials on the ground began to cooperate more and more with local active service units of the Provisionals.

The Officials found themselves trapped between their own carefully-wrought ideologies, which by the end of last year many Volunteers on the ground were barely aware of, and the popular demand for more

effective action against the British Army. While Dublin was in a commanding position politically, the military wing was not able to do anything as effectively as it liked. It certainly did not lack the ability to act. In Fermanagh and South Armagh, it was generally stronger than the Provisionals; it managed to maintain its strength in Derry, although the spectacular recruitment was done by the Provisionals; in Belfast, the Turf Lodge, Markets and the Lower Falls remained Official strongholds, with units elsewhere driven to fraternisation with what last year would have been their deadly foes . . . the Provisionals. At the same time the Officials maintained their organisational superiority, with a Northern Command, something that Kevin Street, perhaps for reasons of internal politics, has never emulated. Inactivity drove many Republican towards Kevin Street, and while the strict cerebral approach was dominant, this was tolerated.

But the worsening of the conditions of Northern Minority caused even the most restrained of Northern Republicans to champ at the bit, and the military outlook changed, although Sinn Féin maintained the fiction of wanting merely to restructure Stormont. This is still the C.R.A. aim. The procession of events from the Barnhill killing last December to the threats of bloody reprisal for the killing of the 13 men in Derry, to the Aldershot blast, and still, unregenerate and unrepentant, the shooting of John Taylor, makes that change graphic. The gentle and restraining hands in Dublin had lost control, and the Officials no longer felt that enthusiasm for the occasional disciplined prod at the soft underbelly of British policy.

The effect of all this in the North is that many people are being attracted back to the Officials. They, after all, are the only ones who have attempted to seek repayment for Derry in lump sum rather than the unsatisfying instalment plan the snipers offer. Whatever the sense of horror in the South, let there be no doubt that, had the victims of Aldershot been Paratroop officers, there would have been dancing in the streets of Catholic areas in Belfast and elsewhere. The only complaint to be heard from Catholics following the Taylor shooting concerned the quality of the marksmanship.

The fact that neither of the two major actions by the Officials came off as they were intended to is not important in the strictly military sense. If the Officials are embarked on a strategy of intensification, if they show the ingenuity and ruthlessness of the Taylor and Aldershot operations and if the coming political initiative is not too bewitching, what has gone before combined with the Provisionals' next offensive, expected in the early Spring, will be considered kindergarten warfare.

And when the Southern Special Branch react, as they will, Mr. MacGiolla will find out whether they are really talking about Northern Ireland or Brussels.

Loyalists

Craig v. Paisley

THE TURMOIL in ULSTER has shaken and split almost every political party and group, as more and more breakaway factions come up with the one true solution to it all. The revolutionary Left has its troubles, no less than the revolutionary Right. But the most significant parting of the ways may yet be on the Unionist Right wing, which down the years has vetoed every attempt by Westminster to disengage from the Ulster morass. So long as it remains firm, the Protestant backlash could be devastatingly effective. But if it splinters irrevocably over policies and personalities, the organisation might never reach the pitch needed to fight on two fronts, against the British Army and the I.R.A.

The leading lights are obviously William Craig, the Carsonian ex-Minister of Home Affairs under Terence O'Neill, and Ian Paisley. Both registered strong objections to the 1969 reform package, particularly the disarming of the police and the disbandment of the "B" Specials, and for a long time joined forces on Orange platforms, capitalising on genuine Protestant fears about the Army's ability to cope with the I.R.A. single-handed. Craig lost the

Q. Is there one good reason why the RTE management is not shirking a confrontation tion over the "Feedback" articles?

A. Yes, because for financial reasons a strike at the station would be not unwelcome at this time. Like the banks, RTE makes more money when on strike than when operating at full steam.

Whip over his opposition to Chichester-Clark's security policy in 1970, and it might have been assumed that sooner or later he and Paisley would agree on some more formal association. Even up until Paisley formed his Democratic Unionist Party last autumn, some kind of merger looked possible, but then personality differences began to get in the way. Paisley has always bossed any concern he has been engaged in, to the extent that only poor carbon copies of himself are allowed to come to the top, and, of course, Craig is nobody's number 2. He has a Messianic vision of himself as the saviour of Ulster, Mark II, and his experience of the Unionist Party has taught him that it is easier to acquire power from the inside, than to try to undermine the structure from without.

Paisley puts all his effort into opposing the Faulkner Government and forcing the election which he thinks would strengthen his hand, while Craig's aim is to capture the grass roots, so that the Government will have to give him a place, or so that he can lead the six counties to a new independent status within the Commonwealth. Both are hopelessly wrong, of course, in thinking that either an election or U.D.I. are achievable aims, but this doesn't prevent them wasting their energies on them, and fragmenting the potential of a militant and united Right wing.

At the moment Craig is making all the running, with his Fascist-style Ulster Vanguard rallies. All the trappings of Balmoral 1912 and Nuremberg 1936 are present, as the Führer sweeps up in his chauffeur-driven car, with a motor cycle escort, and reviews the serried ranks, flanked by flag-bearers. So far, the "troops" have looked a bit shame-faced about it all, but no one misses the essential message that behind the ceremony is the promise of military might. Craig has caught the spirit of the times, even if the turn-outs have not been too impressive in terms of numbers. Unionists are turning from the men of words, like Faulkner and Paisley, to the men of action, like Craig, who give the impression, at least, of being able to deliver the guns they feel will soon be needed.

Craig himself is an unlikely leader of men, affable, and articulate in private, but an unmitigated bore on a public platform, without a semblance of humour and a grey monotone voice. But those around him are pretty grim, inadequate people, too, frustrated and angry about the state of their beloved Protestant Ulster, and eager to latch on to anyone with the least eloquence and charisma to plug their simple message of "not an inch." Vanguard takes in a multitude of loyalists, from the Loyalist Association of Workers to the Orange Order, to the Ulster Special Constabulary Association (ex-B Specials) to certain Young Unionists on down to the John McKeague of this world, and their vigilante corps. LAW is probably the main power base, a loosely-knit association of Protestant workers, centred mostly in the Belfast shipyards and heavy industry, but with a branch in Derry, too, which claims upwards of 50,000 members contributing 10p out of their pay packets every week. Certainly this happens in the shipyards, which employ 9,000 men, all but a few hundreds Protestant, but how strong the organisation is elsewhere is impossible to gauge and is probably a good deal less formidable than claimed. Billy Hull, its trade union leader and ex-Labourite, is the atypical Protestant working class bigot, who reproduces faithfully all the anti-Catholic, anti-Republican propaganda he has ever heard. But he isn't a person to be looked up to, and Loyalists like their leaders a little detached.

The military base of the organisation is undoubtedly the Ulster Special Constabulary Association, the old comrades' association of the "B" Specials, which has been active in forming 22 rifle clubs up and down the country since disbandment of the part-time police force in 1969. These

are the men who know their weaponry and are assumed to have salted away officially-supplied guns for just such an emergency as this. (To balance this threat, the Catholic Ex-Servicemen's Association was formed). It has no spokesman of note, but the third constituent of Vanguard—the Orange Order—very definitely has, in the Rev. Martin Smyth. Officially, the Order would not attach itself to the Craig movement, but unofficially, the ties are strong. Smyth, a Presbyterian hell-fire preacher, gives Vanguard respectability and puts God on its side. Ulster's troubles, according to him, stem from moral decadence as well as political ineptitude, and when the fight comes it will be a good fight. In addition comes its speaking skills, otherwise sadly lacking on Vanguard platforms, he has some degree of formal military training, as a high-ranking member of his school army cadet force.

Meanwhile, Paisley is left to legitimate politics, without the military threat, and is losing ground fast. His opposition to internment has completely confounded his traditional supporters and he is still trying to live down that brief flirtation with the Dublin media. So fundamental is the split over internment, which is still greatly to the liking of the Protestant in the street, that Paisley has to present his case as his own personal policy, which others, like Johnny McQuaid, need not subscribe to. On the major issue in Ulster politics today, the Democratic Unionist Party takes no hard and fast stand. There are other signs that the Paisley star is far from ascendant—a highly-fancied D.U.P. candidate in a Belfast ward by-election came far down the polls, with a derisive vote; the tin tabernacles of the Free Presbyterian Church are not packing them in as before and there are reports that five rural congregations have closed down. His unimpressive performance in the B.B.C.'s "Question of Ulster" programme was another let-down. On the other hand, his relative quiescence helps his image with the British Government and there is reason for thinking that he and Desmond Boal, who has almost disappeared from sight, are thinking how the D.U.P.s will fare after the shake-up of Stormont that is certainly coming.

Now that the four Paisleyites are recognised as the official Opposition at Stormont, jumping in smartly before the Alliance trio, and that Paisley himself is chairman of the Public Accounts Committee there, they have an established base to work from. But this is in the long term. The Protestants are confused and anxious at the moment and the Craig-Paisley split can only underline their frustration. The feedback from the Shankill is that although most would back Craig's "do or die for Ulster" line in theory, they don't like the way he is going about it, with his comic opera stage management. Boal struck a deep chord when he challenged Craig to say what he would do if it was the British Army which stood in his way. The Protestants are torn in many directions, to the extent that the Vanguard threat might not be as formidable as it looks on the surface. But a move from Westminster, taking over security, or taking over completely, could bind them together as nothing else could, Craigites, Paisleyites and, yes, Faulknerites.

Labour Party

After Wexford

THE WEXFORD CONFERENCE was the celebration of Sixty years in Labour, a milestone which finds the country as much or more in turmoil than it was when Connolly and Larkin founded the Party. While the Party has gained and lost much in sixty years its leadership now is in stark contrast to that of 1912.

There is now little breadth in the Starry Plough (the flag under which the two incompatible personalities banded together the small workers' party as compared with then. The revolutionary socialists today cannot combine with messianic trade union giants. Neither exist in Labour.

The times are different, as Wexford

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proved. The people are different also. The Party is different. Brendan Corish is no James Connolly and neither is Connolly's son, Roddy, who chairs the Party. But then the needs of Ireland are different too? A country which finds Brendan Corish difficult to swallow would, no doubt, of its own accord do what the British did to James Connolly.

Connolly would have been mesmerised by the sheer professionalism of the workers' party conference in Wexford. The banner of the New Republic was raised yet again, for the first time since its burial after the 1969 election. Socialism was once again loudly professed. Brendan Corish called for a new non-sectarian constitution which would be applicable to a 32-county Ireland. Implicitly he kicked over a few sacred cows and he did so, significantly, in his own constituency in rural Ireland.

There was a euphoric atmosphere throughout, especially after the debate on Ireland, when conference—attended by a record number of delegates—rose to its feet to cheer the Sean Treacy-Conor Cruise O'Brien hug-in.

O'Brien's policy of the abolition of the bomb and bullet to force unity among the people and create a united Ireland was loudly acclaimed. Treacy's view that O'Brien's policy was a denigration and betrayal of founder and "commander-in-chief" James Connolly was loudly booed. The rural deputy, with a style of the Parliamentarians of yesteryear, had sense enough to know he would be swamped in defeat was persuaded to do a quid pro quo with the backers of O'Brien. Gallantly he acknowledged and accepted the Party view. The vote was avoided. Unity, precious unity had been preserved. This was good stuff for the voters and Labour has been in need of good stuff since the last election.

Mr. Treacy, however, lost little and gained much. He had come to the rostrum to ask Conference to take the spokesmanship for Northern Ireland Affairs from Dr. Cruise O'Brien. He had said everything he wanted to say—and how. He retracted none of it and at the end of the day—heart in hand—he and O'Brien embraced before a wildly enthusiastic conference. It was just incredible. There was nothing of the limp enthusiasm of a Jim Gibbons—Charlie Haughey handshake. This was for real.

This much must be said. Labour looked much more credible as a party concerned about the North than Fianna Fáil. The Social Democratic and Labour Party, the Northern Ireland Labour Party and the British Labour Party representatives were there to give that great credibility. So was the Irish Congress of Trade Unions represented.

The standard of the debate was high and to the point but the points chosen were selective enough and the euphoric audience was not of the same variety as that which lustily hailed the emergence of the New Republic in 1969. The professionalism of the Labour machine in Party Headquarters has become so well-oiled and skillful that it has done with relatively little major blood-letting what Fianna Fáil cost the country hundreds of thousands of pounds and several obnoxious court cases and public inquiries to do—rid the Party of its dissidents.

The proclamation of unity was probably more genuine this year than in 1969 because the span of views held under the Starry Plough is not as great as it was then. It is a much more conservative party and in its expression of Socialism it is probably also more genuine because what came across was liberalism with a big L with a flavour of the European social democrats. The left was seen to be decimated. Symptomatic of this was the absence of Dr. Noel Browne from the Conference and the minority left meetings on the second night of the Conference.

The flora of Labour politics, where is it gone? The young Left was missing and the Party seemed the happier for it. The nearest it came to the tough and sometimes barbed expressions of the radicalism of the left was Paddy Laghey of Tipperary belting the crozier of Cashel and Emily for spending £250,000 to put a roof on Holy Cross Abbey while two miles outside the town of Cashel itinerant families were living under canvas; Michael Higgins on the sell-out of Ireland's mineral rights and Justin Keating on the Common Market. The nearest thing to the Jimmy Tully favourites—the long-haired, unwashed Dublin weirdies—was that long-haired, grey-haired, radical Socialist of in-

determinate age, Paddy Laghey. For the rest it was mixture of urbanity and rural respectability.

While Labour with an end-of-a-mission zeal renounced the bomb and bullet and all their works and pomps, a number of important aspects of policy are still ambiguous. The Party showed no desire to have it otherwise and it is a pity that the Israeli delegate, Zvi Harnor wasn't allowed to speak on the nature and use of violence.

Brendan Corish condemned internment without trial in the North. Rightly, as conference thought. Brendan Scott, one of the few optimistic men of the Left who keeps coming up for punishment, and one or two others tried to raise the question of internment here.

Dr. Cruise O'Brien said it was right that action should be taken to ensure that the territory of this State should not be used as a base for terrorist attacks in Northern Ireland and Britain. Such action should be taken fearlessly and even-handedly. He was not satisfied that the Government was now doing this even-handedly. He was critical of the Government for arresting people whose connections with violence were fairly remote—people such as Tomas MacGiolla on the open political official Sinn Féin movement—while leaving untouched notorious military leaders of the Provisional I.R.A. He described this as playing politics with the lives of our people.

He believed that the left-wing people who became involved with the official I.R.A.—such as Roy Johnson, the best of them all, who acknowledged his error—were tragically mistaken. He would rather see them given time to think their position over than see them jailed, while people on the right wing of the I.R.A. remained at large. The former U.N. chief in Katanga referring to talking with the I.R.A. said he had and would talk with the I.R.A. but he rejected the concept of people bombing their way to the Conference table because that would be, among other things, an encouragement for the Vanguard movement and others to explode bombs to establish their entitlement to be present.

Militarists, green jingoes, ultra nationalists, and many others who used left-wing terminology were condemned.

It was never cleared up—though the question was asked—as to what the Party thought of the arrest of people in the official Sinn Féin movement, a registered political party which planned to contest Dail Eireann elections and which, more than implicitly recognised the legitimacy of Dail Eireann. The general use of the Offences Against the State Act by the present Government or its use by any future Government in which Labour might take part was not made too clear either. The law and order theme was surprisingly strong for a Labour Conference but more especially was the apparent acceptance of the need for the "even-handed" fearless action. It seemed dangerously close to saying that internment in the North might have been all right if it had been two-sided. The fundamental questions were lost sight of but perhaps this was due to the need to react to violence triggered off by Aldershot, and more importantly and closer to the Labour conference, the attempted assassination of John Taylor. Political assassination, another dimension to the yet unplumbed depths of human degradation, perhaps was allowed to cloud over the questions which arise. Somehow the sort of free society that is being talked about is beginning to sound purifying and unifying from the three main political parties.

The relevance of socialism to the solution of the nation's problems seemed as much irrelevant in Wexford as it did on the big B.B.C. tribunal. This begs the question: is Socialism valid at all?

Perhaps a Bernadette Devlin, had she, as a Socialist, been invited to attend the Conference, would have pointed to the structure of society and the distribution of its wealth as a major cause of the strife and its control and re-distribution as a major contribution to the ending of strife.

This added dimension might have given more meaning to the condemnation of violence and might have avoided the cloud

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Q. Who has said that the job most sought after now by C. J. Haughey is the Attorney Generalship?

A. The Attorney General, Colm Condon.



MARY KENNY

In London

AFTER DERRY, the first reaction was simply numbing misery and frustration; and alienation. A few people expressed regret for the killings, but mostly, you were aware, you were surrounded by hostility. A newspaper poll conducted here indicated that only one British person in 20 believed that the paratroopers were in any particular to blame. There was fury that the British Embassy in Dublin went up in flames; the old British sense of property was aroused.

After Aldershot, it was, in a way, even worse. There were anonymous notes; a copy of the black-framed Daily Mirror front page left on my desk the morning after, with suitable remarks; bitter accusations from colleagues. And all the jokes, suddenly, were over. No more funny asides about bombs or guns. It was comic when it was happening in Ireland, in a way. It wasn't, now, any more.

Why should cleaners, who, in other circumstances, you might have fought alongside in a trade union dispute, be slain? But say they are only as innocent as the Derry 13, and all dialogue ceases. Say it is all the outcome of political ineptitude—neanderthal political policies—and you might as well be talking Icelandic. But you hate yourself too if you simply bend with the prevailing wind, and don't have constant principles.

I HAVE OFTEN wondered what it would be like to be told that you had only ten years left to live. I expect it would concentrate the mind wonderfully. Recently, I was told by three doctors, all very clued-up in their specialities, that I have only ten more years to walk. I found it a very sobering thought indeed.

It happened like this. On and off, I've had a pain in my leg over the last year. Sometimes it manifests itself visibly. Then, again, it disappears for weeks. Finally, I had an X-ray of the limbs, only to be informed that I have a congenital dislocation of the hip-joint. The bone and gristle has been slowly eroding all these years and I can choose to hobble on regardless, or have a major surgery job done now, which would save me until I am 50, at any rate. The only problem with the surgery job is that it means a month in hospital, 18 months on crutches, and a permanently shortened leg. Not to speak of a tin hip.

Well, naturally, I have chosen to hobble on. I have taken to a stick and a great deal of showing off about being a cripple. I even hope to get an invalid's car out of the National Health. I have also gone in for osteopathy, copper bracelets, acupuncture, physiotherapy and a perpetual novena to St. Bernadette of Lourdes. Anything except the knife, in which I don't really believe.

But it does indeed, concentrate the mind wonderfully. One thinks, nostalgically, of all the things one will never do again: climbing mountains, dancing a jig, running around the block, marching on demos; and all the things one has never done: skiing, ice-hockey, having a baby. And one thinks that one had better do the things that still are possible, while the rest of the faculties are still present.

What is really infuriating is that nobody really takes a dislocated hip-joint (congenital) very seriously. People make jokes about it, for heavens sake, or say it'll come right as soon as one stops doing those ridiculous slimming exercises. Actually, I've a good mind to go and get a tin hip right now just to show them.

AN INTERESTING Government back-bencher is Mr. Derek Coombs, Conservative M.P. for the Yardley constituency of Birmingham. He is the only Tory M.P. who has stood out from his party on the subject of Ireland.

It was he who planned a six-man delegation of Conservative M.P.s to visit Ireland, last November on a familiarisation trip which would have involved talking to all factions, including the I.R.A. When the

British press got wind of this, it was called off, just don't talk to the I.R.A., see. Why, even B.B.C. reporters aren't allowed to do that, without a very special dispensation (rarely or never, now, granted). In lobby divisions about Ireland, Mr. Coombs always abstains. He maintains that the question is above party politics. This is unique amongst his party.

The reasons for Mr. Coombs' very original line on Ireland are, no doubt, many, varied, and wise. But a contributing factor is his wife, Patricia. She is very Irish and a sister of the actor, Peter O'Toole. I understand that her views on the situation are very committed indeed. On one occasion, she threatened to leave him unless he continued to maintain an independent line. He has done so. I am told that it is a very good marriage indeed.

WE ARE TOLD that when the Americans experienced their famed blackout on the North Eastern seaboard they could think of little to do except have sexual intercourse, which is very unimaginative. It hasn't been like that at all in England in the recent power crisis. Quite the contrary. People played games, talked, sang, read aloud and dug out fetching old antiquities like The Radio. My flat, every third night, rang with the sound of girlish laughter, as we conducted energetic games of charades by candlelight, ballet tableaux and musical and poetry recitals. There was group psychiatric therapy in the dark, as each person told stories of their childhood. There was a chapter of Jane Austen to be read at each power cut; we got half way through Emma. On one occasion I reduced the entire salon to tears by reciting all the lyrical poetry of Yeats. Its been marvellous.

This, I thought, must have been how people lived in the dear, dim, dark days before television and all that. And I remembered how, even when I was a little girl, we would sit around the fire and talk. And how invigorating it really is. The miners' strike in Britain has taught many lessons, and has been most salutary; it has evoked a new sense of working-class solidarity; it has shown that the Tory government can be brought to its knees in its ridiculous, doctrinaire policies of oppression; and it has made people remember the joys of playing the piano and of making communal amusements together. These are things which are almost lost in English life today.

ULICK O'CONNOR was in London recently, talking to Lindsay Anderson about a film project of his biography of Brendan Behan. We had an agreeable lunch in Soho, united, as we have never been before, about the common cause of our poor country. We spoke about many aspects of the crisis, quite seriously; but I must report an earthy witicism that he made, too, in relation to the subject of The New Ireland. . . .

It was a pity, I remarked, a tragic pity, that the Dail had once again turned down the possibility of contraception law reform. This is something I've always felt strongly about in terms of Women's Liberation; of a woman's right to make decisions about her own life. But of late it has also taken on the urgency of political implications. If we are ever going to have a united Ireland, it just has to be a pluralist Ireland. There are no two ways about it. You keep your 26-county, all-Catholic, monolithic state, or you go for a 32-county republic which has to embrace another kind of Irish tradition.

Ulick, who, I think is now quite close to the Taoiseach, agreed wholeheartedly. "It is a tragedy," he said, "that the only time in Irish history that an Opposition T.D. has crossed the floor to shake hands with a Government minister was over a French letter. A tragedy and a farce".

What more apt Dublinesque way, can one put it?

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which now hangs over the Labour attitude to the use of an extra judicial, or a new legal process, to deal with people who normally would not be taken out of the offended political eye, if the constitutionally acceptable laws of evidence were observed and jury verdicts did not stick in political craws.

There seemed to be a very funnel-minded view of violence. Paddy Laghey's itinerant, the homeless, the jobless and the other people against whom systematic violence is directed unfeelingly, seemed not to be relevant.

Brendan Corish came out of the Conference as he went in—leader of the Labour Party. This reluctant man who leads Labour showed no signs of giving up his throne and in his major speech (which was good in places and reasonably well received though badly read) threatened to impose Parliamentary party discipline and did it so skilfully that at the end it could have been legitimately asked: "Who goes home?" Conference seemed pleased. Each took from it what he said what each person thought he meant. Jack Lynch could not have done it either so well—or so reluctantly.

Mr. Justin Keating surprised Conference itself. He came in at the end of the Common Market debate and delivered, impeccably, a fifteen-minute speech. Every fact was marshalled, every word delivered like a rifle shot, every inflection loaded. When he was finished the delegates clapped him to the echo and realising that they had been clapping so long—about a minute—rose in accord to give him a long standing ovation. It was the first genuine spontaneous standing ovation of the Conference—perhaps the only one.

Unlike Deputies O'Leary, Desmond, Cluskey, or Deputy Thornley, whose obsequious acceptance of the Party leadership was revolting, Deputy Keating felt no desire to speak on the Northern debate. He stuck to his last and cobbled well. He could have made shoes for Deputy Corish to step out into. Certainly if a reasonably conservative Party Conference could take Deputy Keating to its heart, and will have much further opportunity to do so during the E.E.C. referendum campaign, it would have little difficulty clasping him to its bosom as leader. Even Justin seemed pleased with his performance. He looked credible as a leader and will more so if Fianna Fail loses the referendum. He has ducked out under the left intellectual image without damaging regard for himself or his integrity. Like in many other things, people see in him what they want to see whether Justin gives them cause to or not. It took him only minutes to get the measure of Conference and he swung it by the tail in incredibly low key. But he only did it once. Once was enough. It won't be forgotten.

R.T.E.

Publish And Be Counted

SHORTLY AFTER Lelia Doolan, Jack Dowling and Bob Quinn left R.T.E. in one of the biggest—and most heavily publicised—internal rows in Irish broadcasting, in mid-1969, a badly-produced stencilled document entitled *Correspondence One* was circulated anonymously among R.T.E. staff. It was chiefly concerned with the circumstances surrounding the withdrawal of a series of "Outlook" programmes recorded by Fr. Jerome O'Herlihy, O.P. Its tone was polemical, and viciously hostile to the managerial structure of the organisation. It promised further exposés of malpractice and double-dealing inside R.T.E.—especially in the Newsroom and the Engineering Division. It was received with some apprehension even by some of those members of staff who had risked disciplinary action by their support for the Doolan/Dowling protests. It never appeared again. Early the following year, during a strike in R.T.E., four editions of a semi-official strike bulletin called *Off the Air* were issued by the strikers' committee. In general, it too took a rather petty polemical

In our issue of 21st January, 1972, Anne Harris made a statement concerning Senator Fintan Kennedy which she attempted to clarify in the subsequent issue. Anne Harris now wishes to withdraw the original statement unreservedly and both she and the Editor tender their apologies to Senator Kennedy for any misunderstanding that may have arisen over its publication.

approach, and castigated strike-breakers in intemperate terms—but towards the end, it began to show a serious interest in matters of principle which had been raised by the strike, and there were strong efforts at the time to have it continued as an unofficial workers' journal inside R.T.E. The official house magazine, *On the Air*, was on its last legs, having appeared only three times the previous year. *On the Air* was a shallow socialistic type of thing, featuring Club news, photos of sporting events and presentations, and "amusing" articles with little relevance to broadcasting.

Then, in August 1970, came *Feedback*: "a new newsletter for R.T.E. Trade Unionists and anybody in the broadcasting sphere who cares to read or use it."

That first issue dealt with topics such as the 12th round negotiations, new plans for radio, colour in R.T.E. and Gaelacht radio; and from the first its policy was serious criticism. Even at that stage the magazine was dubious about the wisdom of staging the Eurovision Song Contest in Dublin—a matter in which several staff members were later to become embroiled more publicly. None of the articles in the first issue were signed, a fact that caused concern to many old liberals in the organisation who otherwise approved of the idea. Later issues are equally anonymous, but with the addition of a named Work Panel, or editorial board, which takes collective responsibility for the contents.

Management in R.T.E. were worried by this new publication—which was serious enough to be taken seriously by most staff, and by the Press as well—and a new edition of *On the Air* appeared soon after. It was to be the last, but in November the first "Personnel Information Bulletin" appeared, somewhat inauspiciously bearing the first news of the major financial retrenchment R.T.E. was being forced into. If that were the only effect of *Feedback's* appearance, it alone could be said to have justified the underground magazine; here for the first time was management informing staff of at least some policy decisions!

Feedback, however, was more permanent than that. To date, ten editions have appeared—one of them printed in R.T.E.'s own printing unit, by arrangement with management (presumably on the old argument about not beating them and joining them), but that was a short-lived marriage. Issues discussed, in some detail, have included radio programming policy, discrimination against women, Radio na Gaeltachta, personnel policies, financial crises and so on. In particular, the magazine has been unsparing in its criticism of co-workers who, in its view, have "sold out". In this, it is by no means unique. Alan Brien, writing in the *Sunday Times* last week about a similar "underground agitprop mags" in the B.B.C., said:

...the cruelest, most destructive and least forgivable comments can usually be traced back, not to me and my colleagues (i.e. fellow-critics), but to their fellow creators.

Feedback has also featured a great deal of "straight" Trade Union news, and has had a policy of airing the views—when it could—of new heads of department in the organisation, as well as those who, like the head of Audience Research, quit R.T.E. in disillusion. Equally, when they are available, it will publish documents, letters, memos and extracts from things like the massive "Personnel Policies and Procedures Manual" circulated late last year to top management. This is all consistent with its stated policy of being "hardhitting, objective and factual", although some of those who have been attacked in personal terms might not fully agree: Denis O'Grady, for example, the "most envied boy-scout in the broadcasting business", and "Liam Nolan Super Star". However, objectivity is not *Feedback's* shortest suit either. In the same edition that carried strong protests (and documentation) about the Eurovision suspensions, there was also an article which paid tribute to the technical achievement

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MICHAEL McKEOWN In Belfast

HENRY KELLY of *The Irish Times* is a journalist I trust. Unlike his colleague, Backbencher, who knows as little about the North as I do about the bogs beyond Belmullet, Kelly is well informed and his judgements on the Northern situation are usually reliable. For that reason I was surprised to find that he saw in the decision of the three M.P.s to join the Alliance Party an element of some significance which added a new dimension to the political scene in the North. For the life of me I can't see it. To me the Alliance Party is a joke and since Phelim O'Neill, Bertie McConnell, and Tom Gormley joined it, the joke is as sick as the legislature of which they are members.

The joke began appropriately enough in April 1970. Alarmed unionists of various parties cloistered together in the face of the challenge from the extreme Right. The Party was launched on the same day as Ian Paisley and William Beattie took their seats in Stormont. It was launched with great enthusiasm and its single contribution to Northern political thinking reflected that enthusiasm. According to the Alliance thesis among the many failures of other parties in Northern Ireland was their tendency to see themselves initially as an alternative opposition. The Alliance Party was avoiding this pitfall by projecting itself from the start as the alternative government. To do this the members had to organise in the majority of constituencies and this they set about with great brio.

Meetings were widespread and well publicised. A stream of correspondents identifying themselves as Alliance Party members wrote regularly to the newspapers extolling the virtues of the party and party personalities began to emerge. Door to door canvassing was conducted in some areas and the good news coming back from the doorsteps was of cordial receptions. The great Ulster public it appeared, had just been waiting for the Alliance Party to come along. No wonder the members were so enthusiastic. It was clearly the greatest thing since sliced bread.

That initial spurge of enthusiasm carried the party through to its first Conference in March 1971. I don't know whether it was an Annual General Meeting or a Delegate Conference. The papers estimated that there were approximately one thousand and six hundred members/delegates present. In January of this year Robert Cooper told Lord Devlin on the B.B.C. tribunal that membership had grown significantly since then and was now close to the ten thousand mark. However, whatever their status they enjoyed themselves, and their delight knew no bounds when Mrs. Anne Dickson, the Unionist M.P. for Carrick made an unheralded appearance. The TV film of this ecstatic moment did not actually show the members/delegates doing handstands but I felt the only thing which restrained them from their fur coats. Some did indeed stand on their chairs the better to admire this real live M.P. who was gracing their Conference, while others more vocal, if less athletic, shouted "Stand up and let us see you". Who could blame them if they confused Mrs. Dickson's pleasant perfume with the sweet smell of success. In such a mood of euphoria it mattered little that Mrs. Dickson had already lost the Carrick Unionist nomination for the next election and they could not be expected to know that within twelve months she had resigned in protest against Harry West's inclusion in the Faulkner administration.

Even more peculiar things happened at that Conference however. The Conference rejected a proposal calling for the introduction of Proportional Representation in elections in Northern Ireland. Three months later with a fine contempt for democratic principles the Policy Committee enshrined the demand for P.R. in one of their policy statements. It is now an essential feature of their programme, and

indeed without it their chances of winning any seats are remote, as Robert Cooper recently acknowledged in a magazine interview. Perhaps, however, the spirit of the Party was most truly revealed in the Conference attitude to a resolution urging the withdrawal of gun licenses. This resolution was only accepted when amended to include the stepping up of arms searches. This at the very time when the policy of restricting searches to Catholic districts was doing so much to alienate the Catholic community. But as Oliver Napier pointed out, the Alliance had "supreme confidence in the ability of the British Government to root out the present wave of violence without sowing the seeds of future hatred and distrust".

That frankly, is about the standard level of political judgement displayed by the Alliance Party. It also reflects the anæmic quality of their attitudes. A balance must be preserved; if today the Unionist Party is criticised for introducing internment, tomorrow the C.R.A. must be condemned for trying to blackmail the Government into withdrawing it. If a Catholic priest in Derry is praised for displaying humane attitudes, the Cardinal must be urged, with little regard for canon law, to anamethatize members of the I.R.A.

What really does the party stand for? It is not sectarian. But this is true of every other party except the Unionist Party. Even the Protestant Unionist Party has disappeared. It supports the continued existence of a Northern Ireland Parliament on the British model and its three new M.P.s found no difficulty during last week in supporting in the House a government resolution to that effect. It is opposed to community government, and finally as their chairman Basil Glass has said, "any political link up with Dublin is out". In effect the Party agrees with William Craig who told a Vanguard audience last week that there was nothing wrong with the system. What was wrong was the people controlling the system. Both Vanguard and the Alliance want to maintain the system but change the people controlling it. But the very nature of the system will not permit this and because the system is the way it is, they will not even become an alternative opposition, never mind government. Although they are widely organised they have no power base anywhere and it is difficult to see where they could establish one. The sub cultures of the Trade Unions, the Orange Order, the G.A.A. and so on are already committed politically and will stay committed so long as the systems remains intact.

The fact is that the only difference between members of the Alliance Party and members of the Unionist Party is that the basic decency of the Alliance Party members has not been corrupted by the exercise of power. They have not yet grasped what has become evident to so many people: the geo-politics of the Northern situation dictate that the forces drawing together the two parts of Ireland are at least as strong as the forces tying N. Ireland to Britain. The revolutionary party in the North will be the party which will convince enough Unionists that it is necessary to find a new structure to accommodate both forces. The Alliance Party has not done so, nor is it likely to. The three M.P.s who have just joined the Party are in perfect unity with its spirit. Phelim O'Neill, "a decent old stick" is a very pleasing person who tholed the Unionist Party for years because he lacked the energy to break away. Bertie McConnell was an O'Neillite Unionist who was one of the first M.P.s to urge the re-introduction of internment. Tommy Gormley is a nonentity who was a political appendage of his more able brother Paddy. He will soon follow Paddy into the political wilderness. Such men won't break any delph but they will be quite happy in the Alliance Party.



Photographed at The Lord Edward, Christchurch Place, Dublin.

In the days of Robert Emmet Power's whiskey was the spirit.

Back in the eighteenth century when John Power first started making whiskey, Dublin was a city of numerous taverns, some of which still exist today. One such tavern was called the Phoenix.

It was a fashionable place, frequented by Robert Emmet and Lord Edward Fitzgerald and many of the men of '98. When they met there, they almost

certainly appreciated John Power's superb Irish whiskey.

It's still being appreciated there; for a new restaurant, the Lord Edward, stands on the exact site of the Phoenix. This is the heart of old Dublin shadowed by the great bulk

of Christchurch Cathedral and by the Church of St. Werburgh.

Power's whiskey links the centuries in this way; an old, valued inheritance; with us to this day; a timeless Irish taste.

POWER'S GOLD LABEL



The timeless taste.

Q. Who was Harold Wilson's special representative at the Labour Party Conference and is now his closest advisor on Irish affairs?

A. Maurice Foley, former Minister for State at the Foreign and Commonwealth Office.

Q. And how did Maurice Foley relieve his boredom while the conference dragged on through the Saturday afternoon?

A. Across the road in Michael O'Leary's pub singing Irish rebel songs with fraternal delegate Gerry Fitt and sometime Labour candidate, Frionas Mac Aonghusa.

(Continued from page 6)

involved in that production! Nonetheless, much of the criticism is by near-libellous innuendo, some of it unintelligible to anyone who does not know the internal structure and conflicts of R.T.E.

It is ostensibly on the grounds that this sort of criticism is not "on" that members of the work panel for the current issue of *Feedback* are being disciplined. Eoghan Harris, named as a member of the Work Panel for the first time now, seems to be taking the worst of the management onslaught: but then that is nothing new for the man whom Dowling, Doolan and Quinn described in *Sit Down and be Counted* as a stormy petrel of R.T.E.!

One of the problems which may have forced R.T.E. management to act at this time was the fact that staffmen mentioned in *Feedback* had threatened legal action against the producers of the magazine, and had sought R.T.E.'s official help. If the work panel were to be sued there was a strong possibility that R.T.E. might become involved on both sides of the litigation! Some easier way out had to be found, and disciplining the men responsible for *Feedback* was one such course.

It would naturally be a considerable relief to R.T.E. if the whole operation could be stopped—too much of the half-informed and speculative sniping at management was accurate, and too much of the continuous power-game played in top management was being made, if not public, at least current at all levels of staff. However, *Feedback* now has a momentum which the suspension—or even the dismissal—of the current work-panel would merely increase. Feeling inside R.T.E. at the moment certainly favours a continuation of the sort of internal examination conducted by the magazine, however much minor aspects of it may irritate some people. If the current repression of those involved in exchanges and letters etc., succeeds in removing them from active involvement in *Feedback*, either a new team will appear; or, if that avenue is closed by prescriptive management action, then we can expect to see a new, completely underground, magazine on the lines of the one which recently appeared in the B.B.C. to criticise the Corporation's censorship of Northern Ireland news.

When Bob Quinn walked out of his assignment in May 1968, even his wisest dreams could not have suspected that the ripples would still be visible nearly four years later.

Propaganda

The Cost Of Markpress

COMMUNICATING INFORMATION about itself, at home or abroad, has never been a strong point of Irish Government. In fact until some three years ago, when events in the North forced the present Government to react to British propaganda on its Northern policy, there had been a general lack of policy on the matter. It was perhaps an understandable situation: apart from the war years when the country's neutrality was the subject of much unfavourable comment in the international press, Ireland was never really much of an international newsmaker; something which the unsuccessful Irish News Agency set up in 1948 by the then Minister for External Affairs, Sean MacBride, quickly learnt. But now the Government has two good reasons for trying to gain

a foothold in foreign news media: firstly, there is the necessity to counteract the effect of British propaganda on world opinion; and secondly, it has to neutralise the side-effects of Northern troubles on the tourist trade. At the end of last year it was decided to hire the services of the Geneva-based public relations firm, Markpress, to "supplement" its existing information services towards the attainment of the latter of these two ends. Bloody Sunday, however, it seems that Markpress has been given a much wider brief by the Government and its services are now to be extended to the propaganda war. This new brief, if it can be called such, warrants a cold hard look at the whole information business if the mistakes of post Bogside '69 are not to be repeated.

Although the decision to use such an organisation as Markpress may seem like a simple case of "calling in the professionals" for a specialised and difficult task, it nevertheless raises the question—why cannot the existing information services be used in exactly the same role? Since it was set up in 1934 by Eamon de Valera, the main such service has been the Government Information Bureau which works within the Department of the Taoiseach and whose role has been defined as that of "achieving adequate communications with the general public on behalf of the Government and the public services". Regrettably the G.I.B. has always been a most ineffective communicator, mainly because of the disinterest of successive governments in the importance of its task. It has been likened by one Dublin News Editor to a "bicycle pump, which lets everything in but nothing out". Apart from its present director, Eoin Neeson and its first director, Liam Harty, it has never been run by a journalist. The previous director to Eoin Neeson was Paddy O'Hanrahan, Eamon de Valera's private secretary, who was appointed to the post when his employer came back into power in 1957. When Eoin Neeson was appointed to the Directorship by his fellow Corkman, Jack Lynch, in 1968, the Bureau had a total staff of only four and a meagre budget of £8,400 p.a.

The total inadequacy of the Bureau to handle the flood of international demand for news and information following the Bogside explosion of August 1969, first led to the co-opting of information officers from State companies for temporary service. Because it was an ad hoc solution, because no structural improvements to the G.I.B.'s service were undertaken, because of the virtual non-co-operation of the Foreign Affairs Department, and because of the personal conflicts still contained at that time within the cabinet, that experiment petered out to an ignoble but costly (estimated £200,000) conclusion. If however, the experience had led to a reassessment of the importance of public and press information services, and a restructuring of these services, then it would have been well worth while. Unfortunately, and even though the G.I.B. budget is now increased to £25,000 p.a. no such reappraisal has taken place.

Apart from the Government Information Bureau, the information section of the Department of External Affairs has a budget of £50,000, and is divided into two different sections. One deals with publications (it has a bulletin which is distributed world-wide to 18,000 people) and the Irish media, while the other is concerned with the foreign news media, arranging interviews with Government officials for foreign journalists and producing films. In short, much the same thing which Markpress is apparently being paid to do.

The main criticism of the Markpress concept is the likelihood that like the post Bogside '69 effort, it will add nothing to the established structure of information services. If it had been directly connected with the Department of External Affairs, then at least it might have developed methods, contacts, and practices that would have a lasting value. But the impression now is, with its

activities being quite separate from Foreign Affairs, that they will overlap with Foreign Affairs, and may well even be frustrated by Foreign Affairs. This problem of selling Ireland's image abroad in the cause of the sympathetic world opinion, or for the sake of the tourist business, is a continuing one, and must be serviced on that basis. If Markpress is doing that job, then £50,000 can be saved in the Dept. of Foreign Affairs. Or should it be the other way around?

Westminster

Brittania Waives

The Rules

THE SWIFT PASSING of the Northern Ireland Act 1972 has not received the critical attention which it well deserves. Several aspects of this emergency legislation are worthy of analysis because they indicate the way the Heath Government is thinking in anticipation of the much-heralded political initiatives for Northern Ireland.

The impression has been created that a sudden legal decision surprised Whitehall and necessitated emergency measures which could brook no delay. In fact, the administration was fully prepared for this eventuality and had every opportunity to consider both the implications of the probable High Court decision and the alternative courses of action which were then open to it. It is true that speed was called for immediately the Court's decision became known, but the probability of the outcome had been considered for several weeks.

The case arose out of an incident in August 1971 when John Hume and others were part of a crowd which refused to disperse when ordered to do so by an Army Officer exercising his (supposed) authority under regulation 38 of the regulations of the Special Powers Act 1922. On September 18, 1971 Mr. Hume was convicted and fined £25, but appealed to the Northern Ireland High Court. His appeal, which was regarded by both sides as an important test case, was heard in early January, and the decision of the High Court was handed down on February 24th. The High Court upheld the appeal, recognising that under the Government of Ireland Act 1920, the N.I. Parliament was not permitted to legislate in respect of the armed forces and that consequently, the army was *ultra vires* when acting under the Special Powers Act.

Faced with this decision the Heath administration obviously had to legalise the situation in one way or another. What is significant, of course, is that it chose, at this time, to augment Stormont's powers rather than to diminish them. The court decision had presented the perfect opportunity for the Tories assume full responsibility for security in N.I. if they had so wished. But this would mean the enactment in Westminster of repressive legislation which would then be applicable anywhere within the United Kingdom. Instead, the British government has perpetuated its schizophrenic attitude to Northern Ireland which is meant to be an integral part of the United Kingdom but whose citizens are repressed by laws which do not operate (and would not be tolerated) in England, Scotland or Wales.

The ease with which the Tories rushed through the new legislation was due to two factors: first Harold Wilson's still unexplained compliance and secondly, the effect of Aldershot on the Labour backbenchers. Wilson was advised confidentially of the situation on Monday 21st—i.e. two days before the judgement became public. Because Wilson in 1969 and had been operating illegally while Labour was in power, Wilson was probably embarrassed by the Court decision but he may also have been persuaded that, as Reggie Maudling told the House later, "whether law and order should be transferred from Stormont is a major, wider issue, which should be discussed in this Bill." Whatever the reasons, Wilson uncharacteristically, put up no fight.

The obvious line for Labour backbenchers to have taken was to argue for a temporary—say six months—holding legislation, that would validate the army in the meantime and allow time for a comprehen-

sive transfer of security authority to be prepared. But the shock effect of the Aldershot bombing on the day before the debate, torpedoed any such intentions and the legislation was allowed a speedy course through all stages.

Stormont has now been conferred with powers to legislate for the conduct of the armed forces in Northern Ireland. Despite Mr. Maudling's assurances about the wider issue of the possible transfer of security to Westminster, the hard fact remains that, as so often since June 1970, the coercive element of the Stormont regime, has been extended once again. It is not an encouraging omen for those who have been anticipating some imaginative initiatives from Mr. Edward Heath.

Neil Blaney

After The Ard Fheis

ON THE DAY AFTER he abstained from supporting the Government on the Gibbons motion last November, Neil Blaney told a reporter: "I have no intention of leaving the Party unless the Party leaves me." To practically everyone else in the country it was clear that Fianna Fail had left Neil Blaney almost since the day he was dismissed from the cabinet in May 1970. But there may have been some lingering doubts until the Donegal/Leitrim by-election of December 1970. The result of that by-election was not only a victory for Paddy Delap, and Joe Brennan and Jack Lynch. It was a clear signal to the Fianna Fail Party that even in Donegal Neil Blaney could be done without. But Neil himself lingered on. He faced into February '71 Ard Fheis in an effort to retain his position as joint hon treasurer of the party only to be rudely unseated despite his conciliatory speech and his uncritical attendance on the platform while Kevin Boland was emasculated before his eyes. One year later Mr. Blaney was still hanging around the party's Ard Fheis and threatening that he with Paudge Brennan and Des Foley would have to consider their position. And then on Tuesday, 22nd February, 1972, came the pen-ultimate statement: "Following the decision some months ago to expel us from the Parliamentary Party of Fianna Fail, we indicated that, apart from the Government's policy, or lack of policy, on the Six Counties, we would continue to support the Government in the Dail."

"However, because of recent happenings, we wish to indicate that that undertaking no longer stands."

Mr. Blaney has almost but not yet entirely left the party. The party has definitely, but definitely, left him. Where does Blaney go from here? It must be presumed that neither Blaney, Foley nor Paudge Brennan will be ratified as official Fianna Fail candidates in the next General Election. Apart from this however the strength of the three men in their individual constituencies is being diminished daily, while they remain in this limbo condition. In Wicklow, Paudge Brennan's brand of republicanism is already upstaged by Seamus Costello of Sinn Féin. The greatest danger to Des Foley's position may be in a redrawing of the Dublin constituencies which might conveniently divide his personal following in Dublin North County. And even Neil Blaney is having his problems in Donegal. Recently he wrote to the Department of Local Government on behalf of a constituent. The constituent got a promise of action all right, but it came direct from Liam Cunningham, the parliamentary secretary and "junior" Fianna Fail deputy for Donegal North East, without as much as a mention of Neil Blaney. There are many ways of cutting a dissident down

Q. On what simple issue is it certain that Messrs. Blaney, Foley and Brennan would combine with the Opposition parties and vote against the Government?

A. On a Revision of Boundaries Bill which may be necessary when the constituency details from the April 1971 census are published in April or May.

Q. Who is most likely to be appointed Labour spokesman on Health now that Noel Browne has resigned from this responsibility?

A. Dr. John O'Connell (Dublin Sth.-West), who is already the Labour spokesman on Social Welfare.

Q. How come that Tom Kyne's name did not appear in the Annual Report of the Labour Party as one of the Party Trustees?
A. Because strictly speaking he is only a Trustee of the Head Office under the old constitution.

Q. But how come that Tom's name will appear as a Trustee of the Party in next year's Annual Report?

A. Because the party cannot complete the sale of its head-office building until Tom Kyne signs on the dotted line. And Tom refused to sign until he was reappointed as a trustee of the Party under the new Constitution.

(Continued from page 8)

to size and reducing his influence locally. At this point, Blaney requires only a "worthy" issue on which to hang the break with Fianna Fail. And, as he has shown practically no interest whatever in the E.E.C., the cutting of the umbilical will probably come on some Northern issue. Both Brennan and Foley would gladly follow him into Aontacht Eireann but if Blaney had been really attracted to Kevin Boland's party he would probably have joined it before now. A more likely development is for Blaney to establish some new structure based on 32 county lines and to which he would hope to attract not only the Aontacht Eireann party with Foley and Brennan in tow, but also some Kevin Street Sinn Féin followers and perhaps a few stragglers like David Thornley as well. Only by planning to be a step ahead a few years hence can Neill Blaney hope to recapture the ground lost since May 1970. And if one presumes that Stormont as we know it will not survive the current crisis, then obviously the whole structure of government North and South is due for a thorough shake-up.

Neill Blaney now only requires one good excuse on which to hang his final break from Fianna Fail. And it will be convenient for him and his colleagues if that opportunity arises before Aontacht Eireann's first Ard Fheis which is due in April. It could be the Budget or the E.E.C. referendum or the publication of the report of the Public Accounts Committee. But more likely the North will supply the necessary issue.

In the meantime, the Government's majority in the Dail is safe enough. But if the three abstain in a division, the Government majority including the habitual support of Messrs. Lenehan and Sheridan, would be reduced to two. If the three together voted against the Government, the combined opposition including Sean Sheridan, would have a majority of one. It is a tantalising prospect.

The Church

Diocesan Appointments

ONCE UPON A TIME Catholic bishops had a regular cause for headaches in the problem in removing a legally irremovable parish priest. No such problem ever arose, however, in the case of curates. "Gimme me pen and I'll scatter 'em" is a dictum recorded of more than one Irish bishop, and the custom of scattering recalcitrant curates appears to be as popular an episcopal pastime today as ever it was in the past.

In a more enlightened age the parish priest was able to appoint his own curates. Only a shadow of that power remains in present-day Canon Law, where it is laid down that curates are appointed by the bishop, *audito parrochio*, after consulting the parish priest.

Q. What inconvenience is already being threatened from London, if a Russian Embassy is opened in Dublin?

A. An end to the common travel area facilities between Ireland and the U.K. Britain would not tolerate a situation that would allow Soviet diplomats to enter the U.K. without passports.

Irish bishops have by and large ignored this legal provision, and while the phrase survives in the Maynooth Statutes of 1956, there is nothing to suggest that it has been, or is at present, taken into account in the making of diocesan appointments. The power of the Irish bishop over his curates is absolute.

A point that is often missed in this context is that there has never been any question of consulting the person most involved in the appointment, namely the curate himself. He gets his letter of appointment (or indeed sees it on the newspapers) and he rings C.I.E. to transport him within the next five days to the other end of the diocese. He has not been consulted; his reasonable wishes have not been taken into account; there may in fact be overwhelming reasons why he should not be sent to this particular post at all. But because *Roma locuta est, causa finita est*, next Saturday night sees him hearing confessions in a new location. It is scarcely a surprise that this form of appointment, where an individual bishop has sole control of decisions, leaves many square pegs in round holes, and many pegs that simply never fit in anywhere at all.

A document at present being circulated among its members by the Association of Irish Priests may well do something to remedy this situation. Recalling the absence of "due process", as it has come to be called, in the treatment of priests who felt bound in conscience to reject the encyclical *Humanae Vitae* in 1968, the document sets forth the very admirable procedures accepted by the American hierarchy in November 1969 and now part of American Church life.

Q. How is the Information Section of the Department of Foreign Affairs keeping its end up against Markpress in the propaganda effort?

A. It has ordered—by advance arrangement—100,000 copies of the Irish Independent, March 1st, four-page supplement on the

Q. But why has it taken four weeks to produce?

A. Because some officials in the Department got cold feet after Aldershot and wanted to cancel the project.

"Due process" suggests three stages: a stage of conciliation is followed by one of arbitration, with a final appeal to a judicial tribunal. The A.I.P. document concludes with the comment:

"There is much talk of and work for civil rights in our country at present, and rightly so; perhaps it might not be inappropriate if, at the same time, work was begun on establishing in the Irish Roman Catholic Church a system of 'due process' now enjoyed by our coreligionists in the United States."

"It might not be inappropriate. . . ." Clerical commentators will no doubt be in a position to document in detail some of the more notorious examples of absence of due process in the Irish Church in recent years. The withdrawal of Dublin diocesan faculties from Father Cathal O'Flanagan, O.F.M., necessitating his departure to another diocese, is a case that might be worthy of investigation. The position of Fr. James Good vis-a-vis the diocese of Cork could similarly be listed. Undoubtedly however the case which influenced the A.I.P. to produce this document on due process was the mysterious transfer of Father Brendan Murphy, one of the Association's active members, from St. Mary's College, Belfast, to the other end of the diocese. In its first joust with episcopal authority, the A.I.P. wrote to Bishop William Philbin about the change, but up to the date of writing has received no reply. Maybe the agony of the people of his diocese has diverted Bishop Philbin's attention from the lesser problem of possible injustice to an outstanding priest of his diocese. But injustice at any level stinks, and the absence of due process for priests is merely one facet of the many-sided injustices of Northern life and of Irish life in general.



POINT OF VIEW

Hugh Munro

I WAS AMUSED watching the box lately to hear Billy Hall, the way-out Unionist, call on the British Government to impose sanctions against the Republic; for—thanks to the E.E.C., and no thanks to the Common Market Study Group—that is one thing that Britain can no longer do. The Common Market is founded on the principle that goods, capital and labour should move freely within the borders of the Community and, given that the United Kingdom and the Republic become members, Britain simply cannot move against us in that way.

Britain, it should be remembered, has used the big stick against us before, during the Economic War, and a tough weapon it proved to be. Exports fell by 25% between 1931 and 1933. So when you consider that 61% of British people, according to a recent opinion poll, would echo Billy Hall's demand that we be treated as aliens in the U.K., you can see what a tough spot we would have been in. History, for once, has given us a lucky break. The burning of the British Embassy, followed by the Aldershot tragedy, could so easily have created a mood in Britain which might have driven her to do even more stupid things than she has done up to date; but in the run-up to the Common Market, she cannot do them.

Not that we deserve our good luck for a moment. The free-trade policies of Brussels may have saved us from British economic retaliation, but did we join the Common Market because we believed in free trade? Not on your life; we joined it to get on the right side of its protectionist agricultural policy.

We have never shown any signs of understanding what the Community is about. Our first application, in the early sixties, was very nearly summarily thrown out because, like whining Somerville and Ross peasants, we put on the poor mouth, pleading our undeveloped state and asking for special protection for our industries. In other words, while we were proclaiming our faith in the beliefs of a body whose central tenet was that free trade made for prosperity more than protection did, we were at the same time saying that if only we had more protection we could prosper enough to face free trade. No wonder there was a feeling we should be thrown out neck and crop; it was only when the Germans pointed out that for all the begging and cringing, the Republic was actually as prosperous as Italy, that we were allowed stay in the game.

And now, ten years later, we don't seem to have learnt the score any better. When Doctor Hillery takes to the air to go and sound off about Derry, does he first go touring the Community to which we have so recently committed our future? Of course not; forgetting all Jack Lynch's fine phrases at Brussels, he went to Washington—and came back with one hand as long as the other. (Deservedly, too, seeing the way we thumbed our noses at the States over the Florida issue). In one action, he had exposed himself to a snubbing by Ireland's oldest friend, and had shown our newest allies, the E.E.C. countries, once more that our government hasn't a clue what Europe is about, or any feeling that Ireland forms part of it.

To an extent, of course, the fact that we are a newly-free country has a lot to do with this. Newly-free countries have a nauseatingly-virtuous attitude to international relations. They look at the older countries of the world with their record of aggressive wars, broken treaties and ill-

treatment of minorities, and are shocked. A clean moral sheet gives the new nations that warm holier-than-thou feeling, even if they have only preserved their virtue through lack of opportunity to lose it. Drawing in their skirts, they turn away from the groupings of the older nations (NATO, CENTO, the rest) and put their trust in the United Nations. God bless their innocence.

There cannot be a nation which has been free for more than sixty years which takes the United Nations seriously. We are fifty years free, and it is time we copped on.

And when we do cop on, few policy decisions in Free State history will be more strongly or more deservedly execrated than the decision, twenty years ago, not to join NATO. The two coalition governments blew fresh air into the corridors of power. They made some useful innovations; but two disastrous acts of policy—the repeal of the External Relations Act and the refusal to enter NATO—will forever be held against them. (Not, of course, that de Valera is free of blame; he never said a thing against either policy.)

When the chips are down you need friends, friends with the power to help. Of course, thanks to Sean MacBride's inspired misguidance, we have friends—thousands of miles away, where they can do us no good. No doubt, we are highly respected at the U.N.; no doubt the children of Chad burn incense before pictures of Sean MacBride; no doubt in Dahomey they hang on Conor Cruise's every word—but where does it get us? Nowhere.

In a mixture of desperation and happy surprise, Fianna Fail speakers at their Ard-Fheis suddenly realised that, with Britain antagonised, there was someone else to turn to—a source of allies more substantial and nearer, than Zambia or Zaire. And when E.E. and F.G. have digested the fact that E.E.C. means something more than high agricultural prices, they have another, more unpalatable fact to digest.

They see that our membership of E.E.C. offers the chance to escape from the suffocating love-hate relationship with Britain while at the same time (because Britain will also be in the E.E.C.) going some way to break down the barrier that runs through our island. But they will not so easily admit that exactly the same arguments could have been used for NATO and Commonwealth membership, twenty years ago. From the point of view of the ending of partition and the making of national attitudes, the last twenty years have been a nothing, a pointless cul-de-sac.

It's about time we began to move forward, to deal in positive practical policies. Great credit is due to Fianna Fail (and more to Fine Gael for not playing politics over the E.E.C.) that after the wasted years they have, at least partly, seen the light. But there is more to be done. We cannot hope to be important in E.E.C.; but we can at least maximise what importance we may have if we take the trouble to find out what the Community is about and show that we mean to try and make it work. To put it at its lowest—even if we are joining the E.E.C., not because we want to, but because we have to, it still makes plain sense to behave as if we would act as willing members, not captious, foot-dragging irresponsibles. The sooner the Common Market debate is over the better; and when it is, let us hope that those who opposed it will turn round and help make the best of our opportunities.

Diary of the Year

Wednesday, February 16: A Catholic member of the Ulster Defence Regiment is kidnapped and shot dead in Derry and a British soldier is killed in a shooting and bombing attack on the M1 motorway.

Thursday, February 17: A Belfast woman who was injured by gunfire last week, dies in hospital. A special conference of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union unanimously approve in principle of a new wage agreement.

Friday, February 18: A former Unionist Minister, Mr. Phelim O'Neill, a Parliamentary colleague, Mr. Robert McConnell, and an Abolitionist Catholic M.P., Mr. Tom Gormley, announce that they are to join the Alliance

Party and will sit on the Opposition benches at Stormont. The Fianna Fail Ard-Fheis at its opening session in the R.D.S. Hall gives Mr. Lynch and his national executive a unanimous vote of approval in spite of a challenge by Mr. Neil Blaney.

Saturday, February 19: In his Presidential speech to the Fianna Fail Ard-Fheis, the Taoiseach, Mr. Lynch, calls for immediate talks on the Northern crisis between the two Prime Ministers and Northern representatives. The Minister for Justice, Mr. O'Malley, in his speech says that the men who were acquitted on arms charges very recently would be re-arrested and returned for trial.

Sunday, February 20: Mr. Charles Haughey, the former Minister for Finance, is re-elected to the National Executive of Fianna Fail.

Monday, February 21: As the Widgery Tribunal opens formally in Coleraine it is announced that the relatives of the 13 civilians killed in Derry's "Bloody Sunday" have decided to testify.

Tuesday, February 22: Six civilians, five of them women, and a British Army Catholic chaplain are killed when an explosion destroys the Officers' Mess at Aldershot Barracks. The Official Wing of the

I.R.A. claims responsibility for the explosion and in Dublin the Chief of Staff of the I.R.A., Mr. Cathal Goulding, and three other leading Republicans are arrested.

Wednesday, February 23: The Bill to make legal retroactively the actions of the British Army in Northern Ireland under the Special Powers Act, is rushed through the British House of Commons and the House of Lords.

Thursday, February 24: Nine more Republicans are arrested in Dublin, and in Cork two leading Sinn Féin members are picked up in a day of intense activity by Special Branch detectives. Strabane Town Hall is completely destroyed by explosives planted by about 12 men early in the morning.

Friday, February 25: Mr. John Taylor, the Minister of State at the Stormont Ministry of Home Affairs, is seriously wounded in an assassination attempt on his life in Armagh. Immediate emergency precautions are taken at the homes of other Cabinet Ministers and politicians following the shooting. There are four further arrests of Official Republicans in Cork, Limerick and Dublin. The three Independent Fianna Fail deputies, Messrs. Neil Blaney, Paudge

Brennan, and Des Foley, announce that their undertaking of support for the Government had been withdrawn. The Labour Party Conference opens in Wexford.

Saturday, February 26: Mr. Brendan Corish, Labour Party leader, in his address at the annual Party conference in Wexford, says that Labour's policy is that the present Twenty-Six County Constitution should be scrapped in its entirety "and replaced by a genuinely Republican document devoid of any taint of sectarianism."

Sunday, February 27: Mr. Roddy Connolly is re-elected chairman of the Labour Party, defeating Mr. Mait Merrigan by 569 votes to 184. The Welsh Rugby Union announces that it will not play Ireland at Lansdowne Road on Saturday week.

Monday, February 28: Senator Edward Kennedy urges reunification of Ireland as the only possible solution to the Northern crisis, in the House of Representatives. Two men are shot and wounded in Belfast and a British soldier is wounded in Dungannon.

Tuesday, February 29: A member of the Ulster Defence Regiment is shot dead in Lurgan, Co. Armagh.

Opinion

THE PROTESTANT DILEMMA

James McKeown

THE PROTESTANT Dilemma arises in the debate on Education because we do not yet live in an open society, so that although on paper the Protestant has a wealth of educational choice, in fact social and religious factors introduce difficulties of choice which Protestants find almost impossible to articulate without seeming aggressively suspicious or controversial.

The trouble is that there are no such things as non-denominational schools in Ireland. There are Roman Catholic schools which some Protestants attend, and there are Protestant schools which some Roman Catholics attend. No doubt there is an enrichment of outlook, an enlargement of tradition in each case, but this is not the point at issue. However Boards of governors may be constituted, however they may legislate for non-denominational education, there will always be a bias.

Religious instruction is not the same thing as religious education. The provision of two Protestant Comprehensives in Dublin is a tacit admission that the Department recognises the validity of Protestant fears and horrible imaginings. The schools will be comprehensive academically, but the pupils will be Protestant. One wonders if this is what Protestant parents really want. No one as yet seems to have asked the parents other than loaded questions. One learns from one headmaster who has provided comprehensive subjects that few parents have sought to avail of these additions to the curriculum.

To Protestant parents the major consideration in education are cost, career value and religious training—in that order. In the cities, low cost education at a Protestant school as a day pupil is a possibility for all but a few, but in the country, the position is the reverse. Most Protestant parents are faced with the cost of Boarding school fees if they wish their children to attend a Protestant post primary school. Free Education must be distinguished from free board and lodging.

To be fair to the Government, it should be noted that the system of grants administered by the Protestant Secondary Education Committee is a very effective attempt to assist Protestants to have a choice of post primary school. A block grant is made equivalent to the grant of twenty five pounds per pupil made to Roman Catholic schools and this is divided, on a means test, amongst the eligible Protestant pupils. Those within range of a Protestant school get a day pupil miles from a Protestant school get a boarding grant of up to £125. It must be admitted that in most cases this leaves a sub-

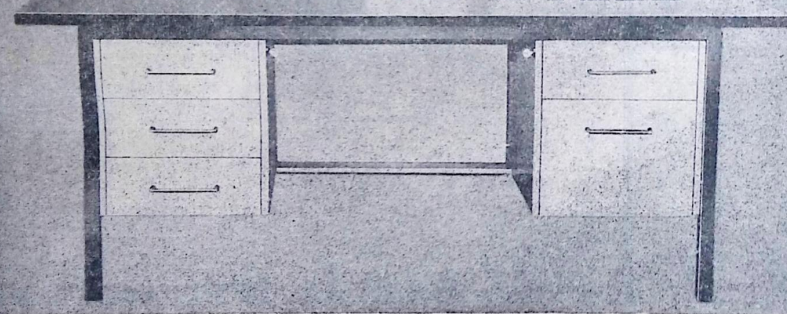
stantial gap to be filled by the parent, but the distinction between free education and free board must be borne in mind. Parents would in any case have to feed their children at home, and provide entertainment for them.

Some Dublin Protestant parents, faced with day pupil fees of £100 or more and receiving a maximum day grant of approximately £40 may feel aggrieved at the thought that Roman Catholics of the same income bracket are receiving Free Education for their children. They should bear in mind that this is possible only because of the selfless devotion of the teaching orders. Private and public charity have indeed helped to provide inexpensive education for Protestant children, but in the absence of large numbers of Protestant teachers willing to undertake vows of poverty, chastity and obedience in order to educate children absolutely free of charge, it looks as if these parents will continue to have to meet some of the cost of educating their children at what are, to a degree, private schools.

Where then lies the Protestant Dilemma? It lies in the danger that our Pale planners may settle for less than they have at present. There has over the years been a kind of Educational Dunkirk in progress. Protestant education has been retreating to the beaches of the island. With the determination of the Department of Education that Big is Good we have witnessed a gradual attrition to the small Protestant Secondary schools. Economic pressures, the more and more stringent interpretation of the rules for the registration of pupils eligible for capitation grants and the proposed raising of the pupil teacher ratio are continuing that policy of attrition. Some there are who welcome this process in the expectation of promised new benefits. At present the Protestant has the choice of a Protestant school or a Roman Catholic school or a State school in a Republic acknowledging the special place of the Roman Catholic Church. In a very few years, if our planners have their way, he could have the choice of a Protestant school at fees of over £300 boarding, the local Roman Catholic school or a State school. For a great many of our Protestant parents, financially, this would mean no choice at all. He cannot afford the boarding fee even if the P.S.E.C. grant were available to him so he has a choice between a Roman Catholic School or what to him must seem a State Roman Catholic school. This is his dilemma.

The Rev. James McKeown is Warden of Wilsons Hospital Co. educational Secondary School in Multyfarnham, Co. Westmeath.

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Hibernia Review of Books

Their Prisons 2

John Jordan

READERS ACCUSTOMED to my Frenchified ways may assume that the title of this piece and the last is derived from Verlaine's *Mes Prisons*. But I had in mind *Le Mite Prigioni* of Silvio Pellico (1789-1854), an Italian Nationalist and a member of the Carbonari, a secret society pledged to the expulsion of the Austro-Hungarian imperialists from Italy. He spent ten years in prisons in Italy and what is now Czechoslovakia, from 1820 to 1830. The opening sentence of his prison memoirs has a familiar ring: "I was taken on Friday, 13 November, and brought to Santa Margherita. It was three o'clock in the afternoon."

Pellico was a moderately loyal Catholic when sent to jail. His memoirs testify somewhat fulsomely (in the Irish translation from the Italian by Eithne Byrne Costigan and Sile Ni Dhubhain) to his Pauline or Augustinian conversion to perfect faith in Christ. In fact, he is a little sickening in his spiritual confessions. And he is of interest to me here only because he appears to have found no incompatibility between his Catholicism, either in its lukewarm or its white-hot condition, and association with a secret society, the Carbonari, proscribed by both Church and State. His ten years in prison made him, apparently, extremely pious, ruined his health, and left him with a strong and perfect disinclination to politics. I cite him because too frequently we limit to the Irish that apparent compartmentalization of the mind that allows for the co-existence of revolutionary politics and religious orthodoxy. It should of course be remembered that many of the most lip-served members of the I.R.B., a society not dissimilar from the Carbonari, were either Church of Ireland or Presbyterian or non-practising Catholics.

When in 1863, James Stephens founded the *Irish People*, his editorial committee consisted of Thomas Clarke Luby, a Protestant of liberal views, Charles Kickham, a devout Catholic, and John O'Leary, who had not practised his religion at least since his student days in Paris with James McNeill Whistler, Swinburne and the author of *Trilby*, George Du Maurier, and who was not to be "reconciled" until shortly before his death in 1907. He was, to his credit, in the eyes of some of us consistent. (I am indebted to Marcus Bourke's *John O'Leary*, 1967, for some of these details.)

It was to Kickham, the known practising Catholic, that there fell "the task of writing editorials in any way critical of priest or bishop." The antics of the Irish clergy led by Cardinal Cullen make grotesque reading. But Kickham took them on until the police broke up the newspaper and the leading so-called "Fenians" were arrested and deported to English jails in 1864. Among them were O'Donovan Rossa, Luby, Kickham and O'Leary. Rossa's *Recollections* (1898) are well known, but perhaps because he was normally such a reserved man, a letter by John O'Leary to his uncle, written 23 December, 1868, and deciphered despite scored-out lines by Marcus Bourke, makes as stunning an impact as anything in fact or fiction: "For some of my companions are dead and some are mad, and many are invalids for life. To be sure, my hair is just growing grey, 'though not with years,' and I seem to myself to have aged greatly, and the time may have told upon me in many more ways than even I can guess, but I still have the use of all my limbs and (I believe) of all my wits and for this, I say again, I thank God, and God alone."

The whole story has distressingly familiar aspects. The Knox-Pollock Commission was set up in 1867 to investigate allegations of ill-treatment. An edited version of the Commission's Report was prepared for the newspapers and, of course, it whitewashed whatever Messrs. Knox and Pollock chose to investigate. In April, 1870, the Devon Commission was appointed and here again we are on familiar terrain. Prisoners were not allowed legal counsel and in the event most of the I.R.B. leaders, with the exception of Rossa, refused to testify. In some respects deficient, this Commission did make an honest effort to investigate conditions of "treason-felony" prisoners. But before it was published, the prisoners sentenced between 1865 and 1867 were released, on condition of enforced exile from the United Kingdom until their original term of imprisonment had expired. 1871 found O'Leary in Paris and later that year in a New York still reeling from the 12th July Orange riots, just over a century ago. One thinks of the refrain from Patrick Kavanagh's "Memory of Brother Michael": *Shall we be thus forever? Shall we be thus forever?*

NATIONAL THEATRE

Denis Johnston

THEATRE AND NATIONALISM IN 20th CENTURY IRELAND. A series of Lectures. Edited by Robert O'Driscoll. Oxford University Press. £3.25.

WE HAVE ALL been aware for some time of the Americanisation of our once Georgian Capital, but we are probably not so conscious of the trans-Atlantic take-over of our national literature which comes to light very vividly in a volume of lectures such as we have here. As an expression of the soul of a suicidal century there is, of course, an intense interest in the United States in all forms of violence and crime. Children are encouraged to admire the adventures of Bonnie and Clyde, while their parents are so fascinated by cults of murder, flourishing in places like California, that the trials of its votaries become public spectacles so newsworthy that they have to be repeated and repeated under various pretexts, like well-beloved musicals.

Crime, however, in that part of the world is basically psychological, or merely commercial in its objectives, which can never be so satisfactory as the variety that can be regarded as political. Better still, if it is motivated by a selfless idealism. So the peculiar concern of Americans in the history and technique of the Irish cataclysm is quite understandable, since it is not only political, but also literate, and quite unconnected with sex (as it shown by the fact that not only its victims, but also its participants, include women and children). Indeed, they quietly admire our capacity to indulge in every kind of enormity in a spirit of dedicated self-righteousness, so the plays and poetry of the movement over the past eighty years are being closely analysed in schools and colleges all over the Continent.

Of the eleven items collected in the present volume from an interesting Conference on Irish Studies held in Toronto in 1968, two are forgotten Yeats' lectures delivered in 1905 and 1924, of no great significance, and recently found in a drawer. Of the remainder, three are American, three are Canadian and one—an examination of Beckett's reluctance to have anything to do with any particular movement—is by an Oxford Don. Dr. Ann Saddle-meyer, one of the best and the most recent authority on Synge, writes with her unfailing charm on the days of the Abbey's ascendancy, while Professor David Krause of Brown University gives a spirited analysis of what is described as O'Casey's "desecration of Ireland's household Gods"—adding, however, as a small bonus, a remark attributed to the late W. R. Rogers that seems refreshingly out-of-place in an anthology of familiar statements:

"A writer's first duty to his country is disloyalty, and Synge did his duty by Ireland in presenting her as she found her and not as she wished to be found."

This is not what we are supposed to say about Synge, but then Rogers was a clergyman.

The editor himself, Robert O'Driscoll of Toronto, gives a well balanced and temperate summing up of the tensions of the present day, which is very much to his credit, but which has the odd effect of underlining the fact that there is the width of the Atlantic between what Pegen Mike describes as a gallous story and a dirty deed. By this I mean that the Playboy and the Plough riots were not quite so amusing as they may seem nowadays through the eyes of that notable bystander, old Joe Holloway, whose impressions are now widely quoted from the archives of the National Library. Not that these contributors place much faith in the opinions of Holloway. Still it is fair to say that most of them feel more relaxed on the subject of Irish difficulties than they are about Canada's.

For this very reason it is

Willie Fay, peered through a hole in the tabs, and muttered "most unprofessional." Then there is the fury of St. John Ervine, once manager of the Abbey, on discovering that not even a pane of glass had been broken in his Playhouse by the furious British bombardment of Easter Week.

"I cursed the British Government and the crew of the gunboat, *Helga*, for their incompetence, and bitterly regretted that I had not come down on Easter Monday and fired the place myself."

So also we are indebted to Dr. McHugh for debunking the absurd myth that all who fought in Easter Week did so in sure expectation of defeat.

"Dying for Cathlin Ni hUllachain," said his informant, "did not appeal to us. . . Believe it or not, we wanted to win."

Apart from these illuminating sidelights, the nub of what we get from the other lecturers amounts to the information that Mr. Yeats and Lady Gregory promoted an Irish Renaissance—from what it was reborn is not clear—with some financial aid from Miss Horniman of Liverpool or possibly Birmingham; that Bernard Shaw was tangential to this movement, while the movement itself was peripheral to him; that George Moore, even more on the periphery, played

tinted scholar who arrived late, and insisted on reading his contribution, regardless of the fact that it had already been read on his behalf by somebody else. It is true that the attendance was a little thinner on the second occasion. But not much—a fact which is the best tribute that can be paid to an unfailing interest in Ireland's affairs across the Ocean.

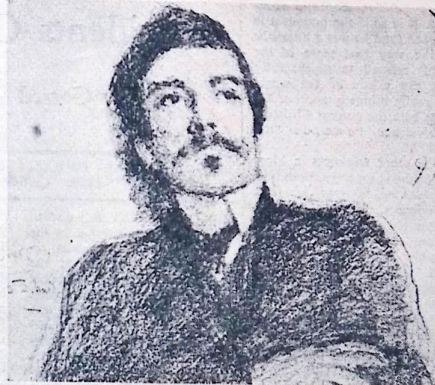
At home, however, we are in some danger of reaching saturation point on the subject of Mr. Yeats, Lady Gregory, Jimmy Joyce and the Abbey, Old and New. Indeed, I have heard it suggested that the time is approaching when they should all be invited to join O'Leary in the grave, and leave us to turn our attention to the more proximate problem of the Terrible Beauty that they have bequeathed to us.

To begin with, we might begin by turning to the photographic frontpiece of this very book, and study the image of one of the most striking characters in the Mythology of the Western World—a hero more credible than Achilles, more admirable than Samson, and much more relevant in terms of human behaviour than either Beowulf or Percival. I refer, of course, to Cuchulain.

In the Spring of 1956 Mr. Ray McNally depicted Cuchulain on a distinguished scale down in Croke Park, in the course of a Pageant that, on the whole, was criticised adversely as a script. (It would have been better handled by a committee with knowledge of the subject.) But it was, nevertheless, well performed in the grand manner. Here in this frontpiece one wonders what has happened to Cuchulain under present auspices. A nice-looking youth in a miniskirt, with one foot planted on some torn, woolly felt, draping a rostrum that supports a bargain-size, cardboard Pillar Stone. On an arm, as skinny as one of my own, he bears a Ging shield, and, with a look of nervous apprehension on his face, he guards a monster Republican Proclamation written in longhand, from some menace that is not there.

And where—one may ask—is the best part of the story—the Morrigan—of the original *Inghinidhe na hEireann*—his one-time love, who in the memorable statue in the Post Office sits triumphantly upon his shoulder in the guise of a crow, after having trapped him into death with bowl of Dog Soup? Where is she, in the forefront of a survey of "Theatre and Nationalism" in contemporary Ireland? Offstage, perhaps, getting into another miniskirt.

Dennis Johnston, author of *The Old Lady Says No*, *Moon On The Yellow River* and other plays, is lecturing on Anglo-Irish literature in New York.



J. M. Synge

particularly pleasant to turn to the two lectures given at the same gathering by actual eyewitnesses from the domestic front—Mr. Thomas MacAnna and Dr. Roger McHugh—both of them good humoured and informative. But for these we might have been left with the Virginia Institute's discussion of the "Archetypal dimensions of Maud Gonne," and we might have missed MacAnna's description of the first night of Cathleen Ni Houlihan with the leading lady strolling through the audience in full costume before the rise of the curtain, while her agonised director,

the role of Leda in search of a Swan, while some irregularity in the movement resulted in Miss Gonne refusing to marry Mr. Yeats. And so the question has never yet been decided as to whether it is the proper business of the Artist to congratulate the Gunmen, or of the Gunmen to die for the Artist.

Most of this gives the impression of a lecture that has been delivered already. Indeed, at the following year's Conference, at which I had the privilege of being present, one of the papers was actually delivered a second time by a dis-

Books

Doubting Thomases

Thomas Penney

CONTEMPLATION IN A WORLD OF ACTION. By Thomas Merton. George Allen and Unwin Ltd. £5.50.

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS, among his many gifts, had an amazing facility for presenting his opponent's case in convincing language. As his fans will be aware, he begins his treatment of each topic with a statement of contrary opinions. When you read each of these "objections" you wonder how he is going to get around that one. But of course he does; and it is here precisely that his strength lies. The demolition of his opponent's view is often a better source for his teaching than his own positive statement of his position.

Thomas (*The Seven Storey Mountain*) Merton has the first half of the gift of his somewhat more famous namesake. In this, a posthumous book — a faulty electric socket killed him in Bangkok in 1968 — Merton uses all his gifts in listing the arguments against the monastic life.

Take this, for example. "It is here that we see how far the perversion of the 'spiritual dynamo' idea can sometimes be carried. The monastic institution, with its constant prayer, its regularity, its impeccable observance, its obedient and submissive monks, is implicitly regarded as a beautiful machine which, as long as it runs smoothly, obtains infallible results from God. The object of the monastic order, of the superiors, chapters and so on, is to make sure that the machine is well oiled and keeps running exactly as it should. Faith assures us that the monastic machine is exerting an irresistible influence on God who, it is assumed, takes a mysterious pleasure in the operation of this ingenious toy."

There is much else in this line of writing.

Merton leaves no sacred monastic cow alive. What this reviewer queries, however, is whether at the end of the pro-

cess the monastery has to find some new form of sustenance in order to survive. To switch to another time-honoured metaphor, Merton appears to have thrown the baby out with the bathwater.

Merton does indeed make a strong and at times impassioned plea for radical reappraisal of the monk's vocation. Words like "radical" and "revolution" appear frequently in his pages; he is too clear a mind to be satisfied with the superficial restructuring that many lesser minds accept as the teaching of Vatican II. He knows and emphasises that the monastery can be as far removed as the market-place from monastic contemplation, and he would subscribe fully to the old dictum that the cow does not make the monk. He is insistent that we must get down to the very essence and meaning of the monastic life; it must be something positive rather than a mere negation of the world and its values.

It is precisely here that the present reviewer sees two basic weaknesses in Merton's case. While he is emphatic that the monk must enter his monastery with positive values, Merton consistently looks over his shoulder to hit out at what he would term the negative values which the monk has left behind. This consistent and all-too-obvious rejection of worldly values returns time and time again in Merton's writing to weaken the case he is making for a positive monastic vocation. It is as if the humanist in Merton (and he was a humanist in the very best sense of the word) refused to accept fully that the values of the world are really minus quantities. We have here the current Christian ambivalence towards "the world".

The other weakness in Merton's case is no less serious and is based on his own personal experiences. For some years before his death, Merton had dreamt in terms of the eremitic life — the life of total solitude, whereby the monk went out into the woods near his monastery, to live alone with God. In *Contemplation In A World of Action*, Merton seems at times to find himself unable to defend the monastic life in general — there is an explicit "I don't know" on page 332 — and so he tends to move to the defence of the life of absolute solitude which he had himself embraced before he died. It is again an ambivalence which weakens his writing as far as the ordinary form of monastic living is concerned. Perhaps if he had lived he might have clarified his thoughts on the two types of life.

This book of Thomas Merton costs £5.50. As many poor monks will undoubtedly say, God be with the days when you could buy the whole *Summa* of Thomas Aquinas for the same amount of money.

Busy Doing Nothing

Skip Burns

MAN ABOUT PARIS: The Confessions of Arsène Houssaye. Translated and edited by Henry Knepler. Victor Gollancz. £3.00.

ARSENE HOUSSAYE was prodigiously trivial and, like scum, settled up over the cream. A Bohemian hack of the 1830s, he greased his way through the jet set of his day to the directorship-by-inadvertence of the Comédie Française. *Man About Paris*, his much abridged *Confessions*, reads like a publisher's blurb. Time marches on, names drop like flies in unilluminating anecdotes about "friends": Lamartine, Musset, Nerval, Gautier, Balzac — will I go on? — Victor Hugo, Delacroix and their whores served up as accessories to Houssaye's career, recounted with the self-enhancing irony of the demi-monde salon.

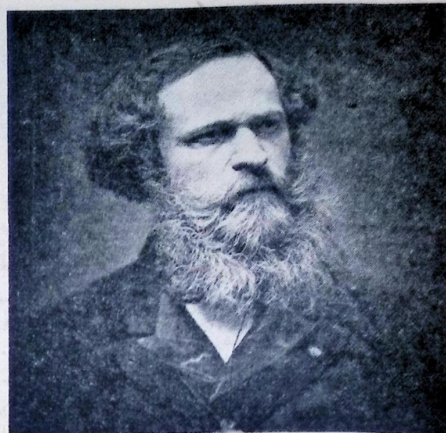
It is interesting what a man in his sixties will choose to recall for his memoirs. But Louis Napoleon's was the age of memoirs, they scribbled from grottoes in Châteaubriand's *Outre-Tombe*, everybody making an appearance as everybody else's groupie, trafficking in each other for capital gains. One was living in interesting times, one was bound to be interesting oneself. The evidence was incontrovertible; a recurrence of regimes, a succession of styles, people with pasts, people with futures, and 200 years of showing heaven and earth how to think, look, feel, win, lose and behave.

It is said that in the 1830s

Paris fatally accepted the evidence and became capital of the world, the better to ignore the world entirely. The sentiment is no stranger to Dublin. Certainly from the Second Empire dates Paris's infatuation with itself, its final exodus from Provincial France, from her neighbours, at last from the uncomprehending planet.

Thus encouraged, Houssaye was no success (or failure: he had no aims). He looked upon whatever befell him as a blessing and prospered — not because he knew everybody but because everybody knew him as unscrupulous, crapulous, vacuous and harmless, suffused with airy venality, the stuff of meteoric rises. *Man About Paris* sketches his trajectory and too easily insipid comparisons with other, nearer men about town. The world always and everywhere abounds in Houssayes, their very lack of merit enrages, finally incipitates their enemies. They are burgeoning mediocrity's aces in the hole.

That, too, emerges from such passages as "Victor Hugo, the Emperor, and I," or from page after throbbing page of locker-room machismo, with women as proof of one's muscle in front of other men. Dumas *filis* captures the whole boyish, rib-tickling sense of this stuff in his preface to Houssaye's last two volumes:



Arsène Houssaye

Have you told everything? ... That would be awful. When I see what goes on around me I see myself a saint; when I recall what has happened within me I see myself a monster. Don't tell anybody.

One bestseller scratches another's back, everything's bonbons and boudoirs, for tomorrow is another regime; why not?

This is a timely book? Mr. Knepler's intentions in providing it are unspecific. There is neither sympathy nor pleasure in his approach to Houssaye, no indication of a temperamental affinity, no fastening upon kinks or singularities. He says Houssaye knew simply everybody, but everything Houssaye wrote about those we'd like to know better ourselves is apocryphal; everybody else is nobody you'll hear about elsewhere (except in their memoirs). Stranger still, Mr. Knepler as translator raises no modest hope of rescuing Houssaye from neglect. Mr. Knepler is employed as

head of humanities at Illinois Institute of Technology. Perhaps Houssaye's, as a life of art and letters, is the sort most accessible to Mr. Knepler's regular clients. Perhaps Mr. Knepler did *Man About Paris* because it's the kind of thing Mr. Knepler does.

I mean no special irreverence to academic folkways: there's a certain provident inertia in the careering of any licensed professional. Still, it is odd that so superficial a document should have been so inconsequently resurrected, nothing more compelling about it than that it's there. At last!

Of course. This is just the book for your gristette in Glanevin or your teenage daughter mooning in the suburbs. Houssaye will neither uplift the one nor undermine the other — exactly what you'd have her do while she's munching those chocolates or barbiturates, thoughtfully.

The translation is just that. Once again, Houssaye obliges by requiring only what he gets.

Accidents Of Empire

Gerard Lyne

THE IMPERIAL DREAM: British Commonwealth and Empire, 1775-1969. Collins. £5.50.

IRISHMEN MAY feel startled at the opening assertion by the author of the work under review, to the effect that the British Empire was a product of accident rather than design. It is, however, true that the Empire was to a quite remarkable extent the creation of private enterprise operating independently of central government control. (The British East India Company's conquest of India is a case in point.)

Britain's insularity enabled her to develop along lines very different from those of most mainland European countries. She could afford to dispense with a large standing army — always a threat to civil liberty in any country — and escaped in consequence the disciplinarianism and bureaucracy which characterise military states. Secure behind the "wooden walls" of her navy, her vigorous maritime trading economy developed from the time of the Tudors along lines of free enterprise individual-

ism. The founders of her empire were not, as were the French, bureaucrats dispatched by government with blue-prints for colonisation, but rather hardy independent merchant adventurers, greedy for gain by fair means or foul and unlikely to tolerate undue interference from the home government, save when it suited their interests.

In a sense, therefore, the mercantilist ideas which dominated Britain and her empire in the 18th century were an aberration. Mr. Grierson describes how the American Revolution, coupled with the influence of Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations* and the triumph of laissez faire economic theory ensured that the new empire of Victoria's day accorded more closely with the native genius for private enterprise. While in the 18th century the British Empire was centred to westwards on the American colonies, in the 19th its focus shifted decisively eastwards to

India. Mr. Grierson makes an interesting distinction between the treatment meted out by Britain at this period to her colonists of Anglo-Saxon stock, and that accorded the coloured and foreign peoples under her sway. British influence in Australia, New Zealand and Anglo-Saxon Canada was based on genuine moral and cultural ties. Very different, however, was the strongly patriarchal and even racialist attitude which set the tone of British rule in India.

Imperialism, Mr. Grierson claims, never really caught on with the English masses save during the brief "Jingoist" period commencing with Disraeli and ending with the Boer War. The author interprets "Jingoism", rather questionably, as a defensive reaction by the English public to the knowledge that Britain had passed her zenith as a world power.

Ultimately, as he rightly points out, the empire's disorganised growth contained the seeds of inevitable dissolution. The process was speeded up when after 1870 the mother country's free trade empirism went into decline. Attempts by Joseph Chamberlain in the early 1900s to offset increasing centrifugal forces by devising an imperial solution along lines of federalism and tariff reform proved futile in the face of growing colonial nationalism and divergent economic interests. The imperial solidarity

evoked by the First World War was transient. Thereafter economic depression and public apathy in the face of change set the stage for those flag-lowering ceremonies which formed so marked a feature of British public life during the '50s and '60s. (The Suez crisis, the author claims, hastened considerably the emergence of an independent Africa.)

Mr. Grierson is to be commended for providing a fairly objective bird's-eye view of a vast and complex subject. Of necessity, he has had to be highly selective, and his work suffers also from the distortions which excessive generalisations give rise to. He says disappointingly little about Ireland, and that little unimportant, and sometimes downright inaccurate. He seeks to exonerate Britain from having consciously pursued a policy of "divide and rule" though he admits her presence in other countries frequently did have this effect. Moreover, her concessions to self-government proved nearly always too little and too late, and in India, British reluctance to pack up helped foster the present division between that country and Pakistan.

One may agree with the author that such accidents of empire were not premeditated, but, as we Irish have reason to know, they have proved pretty permanently painful and crippling to the victim nations just the same.

The Theatre in Ulster

SAM HANNA HILL

A vivid and lively account of what has been achieved to date by both branches of the Ulster theatre — the amateur groups, dependent for survival on the sheer energy and enthusiasm of their players, and the more streamlined professional companies of recent years.

Available 10th March £1.50

Books

Super Frost

Gay Byrne

DAVID FROST. By Willi Frischauer. Michael Joseph. £2.20.

MOST PERFORMERS—television, radio, stage—are generally believed to have one thing in common: an overpowering dislike for all other performers, in particular those who might conceivably be considered as being in the same line of business. So let me say straight away that I have been an admirer of David Frost since he first began to begin. I admire his lively intelligence, his obvious brain-power, his professionalism, his ready wit, his ability in presentation and his sheer physical enthusiasm and stamina. I also admire his total dedication to David Frost and his shrewd business acumen. Anyone who thinks Frost is not good at what he does is not thinking too clearly: he has undoubtedly talent, albeit, like most successful people, he had the luck to be in the right place at the right time, just when someone happened to be looking for his kind of thing. But few have used opportunities as well as he, and even fewer have come out at the far end still smiling and still in business.

About the only area in which he is ill-served is in the matter of biographers. I have a recollection of something closely akin to a biography of David Frost a few years ago by Anthony Jay, in paperback. This new effort—at over £2—is a much more posh production, complete with photographs, but they have one thing in common: an awful, cloying, sugary, stacy sycophancy which I find totally incomprehensible. I cannot believe that this is at the request of Mr. Frost himself for he deserves much better and is worthy of far more. In fact this book is like something of which he would do a superb satirical take-off and he would be merciless with it. Short of putting Frost forward to Rome as a candidate for canonisation Willi Frischauer could hardly have been more obsequious.

You would think that a guy who has been in show-business for ten years who gallops off across the Atlantic every week who has a business empire on which it appears the sun never sets and who comes up against

a helluva lot of people in the course of living would by now have learned even one eensy-teeny little four-letter word to be used in times of stress. But no—not Mr. Frost! According to Frischauer, the strongest word of condemnation about anything or anyone he ever uses is: "naughty." Yes, I assure you—naughty! He never loses his temper, he never gets impatient, and he never shouts at a sidekick. Even after being stabbed in the back in print, by an erstwhile colleague, he could only bring himself to tell the offending one that he'd been a bit "naughty."

I met David Frost in Manchester when he was still the regular boyfriend of that gorgeous creature Janette Scott: he "monopolised her" as the Irish saying goes, for more years than either of them care to remember and it seemed at the time that he breathed a sigh of relief when out of the blue and almost in the space of an hour, she met and married Mel Torme, the American singer. Since then, David has had more girl-friends than BOAC Atlantic flights. With anyone else, this might be taken uncharitably as an indication of sex mania, but Mr. Frischauer gets pretty close to suggesting that in David's case his strong Methodist religion compels him to share himself around as much as possible—nay, to wear himself out in his efforts to bring a little ray of sunshine into as many female lives as possible. It is to be hoped that Diahann Carroll, that delectable coloured TV actress, who is the current Frost companion, will smarten his hump or cure his cough or whatever the ex-

pression is. It looks likely too: ominously, she's been brought home to meet mother. Oh, that reminds me—of course, he's so good to the mammy as well.

And do you know how come he's so good with women (apart from Mum, that is)?

Mrs. Bryan Forbes, a close friend: "Having observed him so often, it is obvious that they are captivated by his total absorption with them. When he is with a girl she is the only one in the world for him—or at least, that is how he makes her feel." Now, THERE'S a discovery! If I read that just once more about anybody else I'll go mad.

Enough! He's a bright boy and deserves his incredible success. The days, times, dates and circumstances of the Frost saga from birth to pinnacle are all in this book in correct order and in great detail; if only one did not have to wade through all the gooey morass of eulogy to get to it. After all, a guy of thirty-two who's done what Frost has done and who's had TWO biographies written about him doesn't need it. The writing itself is straightforward in a childish sort of way—even to the inevitable cliché at the end: "If for no other reason, this last page of David Frost is not the end. It is only the beginning." Now, hands up all those who saw that last sentence coming?

We are told that Mr. Frischauer has already written biographies of Onassis, Hermann Goering and Heinrich Himmler. I hope for his own sake he's a man of many styles. I just can't wait for Goering to become one of my favourite people!



Frost in action, with Sophia Loren, Shirley McClaine and Loretta Scott King. Illustrations from David Frost, a biography by Willi Frischauer, Michael Joseph. £2.20.

Private Faces And Public Places

Tom Halpin

THE DIARY OF SAMUEL PEPPYS, Vols. IV and V. Ed. Robert Latham and William Mathews. G. Bell and Sons Ltd. £7.50.

IF SAMUEL PEPPYS had never written a diary, his name would still be remembered. At a time when English commercial enterprise was beginning to make itself felt all over the globe, laying the foundations of an empire, Pepys was engaged in strengthening the instrument which made possible the establishment and maintenance of that empire—the Royal Navy. Associated with the Naval Office for nearly thirty years, and appointed eventually to the combined posts of First Lord and Secretary of the Admiralty, he fought a constant battle against corruption and maladministration. When he retired from the service in 1689 (to spend the remaining fourteen years of his life adding to and cataloging his famous collection of books and MSS.) he had doubled the Navy's fighting strength and bequeathed an indispensable administrative machine.

This was not the achievement of a professional seaman, but of the son of a tailor who began work under the Commonwealth as a clerk of the Treasury, a junior civil servant. He rose not only to a position of power in the Naval Office, but also to become the confidant of two kings, Charles II and James II, a member of Parliament, and the

friend of such men as John Dryden, Christopher Wren and Isaac Newton (some of whose most important work was published by the Royal Society during Pepys's term as president). However the system of patronage facilitated his progress, it did so because Pepys was recognised as a man of extraordinary ability, amounting to genius, in matters of administration.

Something of the nature of that genius can be appreciated by a reading of the two volumes of his famous *Diary* under review. These volumes are part of a new and complete transcription (something never attempted before) of the original, skillfully edited and beautifully produced; when complete, the edition will run to nine volumes of text and footnotes, a tenth volume of commentary and a volume of index. The original diary was written between 1660 and 1669, entirely in shorthand, until some trouble with his eyesight forced Pepys to abandon it.

Although conceived as a completely private record, the *Diary* does nevertheless give one the impression that it was written for public consumption, for posterity. This impression is conveyed by the characteristic style of the writing—it is buoyant, confident, optimistic. The style, one feels, is that of a man

assured of certain certainties, of a man as positive of the world's moving forward as he himself was concerned with moving upwards. The attention to detail, a hallmark of the *Diary*, as well as his ferret-like curiosity, his boundless energy and enthusiasm, perhaps reflect a particular quality of Pepys's personality: his industry and devotion to duty in the execution of his daily affairs. These are the virtues of a middle-class ethic, and a middle class ethos was what the England of the 1660s had become, after thirty years of religious and political strife, civil war and Cromwellian government. Pepys's prose, clear and business-like, corresponds to the kind of writing required of members of the Royal Society (itself a phenomenon of these years)—"a close, naked, natural way of speaking . . . bringing all things as near the mathematical plainness as they can, and preferring the language of artisans, countrymen and merchants before that of wits and scholars (Sprat, *History of the Royal Society*, 1667). Deloe, a contemporary of Pepys, was significantly the first English novelist: and the novel is ultimately concerned with the effects on the human spirit of the quiet shifting and conflicting of classes brought about by the importance of money as a social element. Significantly, the novel has been most fully developed in predominantly middle-class societies. If Pepys is often self-conscious and uneasy about his position in a milieu traditionally aristocratic, he consoles himself and nourishes his ambition at the end of every month by calculating his wealth—"I stayed up long, and find myself, as I think, fully worth £670. So with good comfort to bed,

finding that though it be but little, yet I do get ground every month. I pray God it may continue so with me."

Pepys is very much a type of New Man, representative of a society that regarded itself as the beginning of a new age. It was also, to use again that vexed term, markedly middle-class. The criterion of development in that society was actual, concrete achievement. The successive stages of its growing self-confidence were marked by the organisation of a commercial empire, the management of an industrial revolution and the shaping of the very world we live in today. More and more, the strength and energy of the economy has become an end in itself. Remarkable on the intimate relation of the novel to the kind of society

it represents most forcefully, an American critic pointed out that "the greatness of *Great Expectations* begins in its title: modern society bases itself on great expectations which, if every they are realised are found to exist by reason of a sordid, hidden reality. The real thing is not the gentility of Pip's life, but the hulks and murder and decay in the cellarage of the novel."

All this has relevance to Pepys's *Diary*, and not only because the critic quoted above is remarking on a book which casts a cold eye on a way of life of which Pepys is an early representative. The *Diary* is, above all, an invaluable social history, not simply in terms of the large movements of civilisation in which Pepys, the public man, was intimately in-

volved, but in terms of the very sounds and smells of a culture, its hum and buzz of implication—the smells that leak up from the cellarage.

And the sounds and smells get their unique tone and peculiar odour from the presence of Pepys himself. The *Diary*, in many ways, resembles a great amorphous novel, which, of course, in one sense it is—it records in detail a whole culture, a particular life style and an individual's relation to it, and in so doing exposes the raw material from which two centuries of novelists have drawn. Even the kind of relation Pepys has to his world foreshadows the tension between public mores and private will, one of the handful of themes with which fiction has concerned itself.

Auberon Waugh
A BED OF FLOWERS

The fiction reviewer of the Spectator and political correspondent for Private Eye has written a strange and enchanting tale of life in a comfortable which is under the patronage of one of the richest and most

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Michael Joseph



BOOKNEWS

Terry Kelleher

PAN PAPERBACKS published this Spring include a special "Irish interest" series, including the third and fourth parts of Sean O'Casey's autobiography, *Drums Under The Window* and *Inishfallen Fare Thee Well*, and Walter Macken's *The Bogman*, all priced at 35p. They also have two books of Frank O'Connor's short stories, *A Life of Your Own*, and *Masculine Protest*, which consist of the stories first published by Macmillans in 1969 under the title *Collection Three*.

HOWEVER, the paperback which is likely to dominate this year's bestseller lists, at least in Ireland, is the Penguin Special, *Ulster*, written by the *Sunday Times* Insight team, and published last week at 40p, with a hard-back version from Andre Deutsch at £1.95. The best feature of the book is that it will provide an English audience with a readable introduction to Northern Ireland affairs, an important factor if you remember that the TAM ratings of the

B.B.C.'s *Ulster Tribunal* programme indicated that a majority of British viewers switched over channels within the opening half-hour to watch a football match.

Incidentally, it's a pity that nobody took any notice of the mumbblings of that British General now living in Donegal, who quite rightly pointed out that the B.B.C.'s *Ulster* programme was wrongly named — since the *Sunday Times* team have made the very same mistake with this book.

Presumably, the section on the founding of the Provos, and the Fianna Fail/Taca attempts to finance them, will attract the major attention here, but was it uncertainty of the facts or merely lack of proof and corroborative evidence which resulted in the coy anonymity of some of the descriptions: i.e. "a rich Dublin Businessman," "a leading Southern politician, etc?" I imagine we will have to wait for Vincent Browne, Northern Editor of the *Irish Press*, to complete his history

of the Provisionals, which will be published in Britain by Andre Deutsch, and by Random House in the United States.

TWO OTHER pamphlets on Northern Ireland are being published in the next week or two. The first is *Ireland Unfree*, by Bob Purdie, dedicated to Peter Graham, the young Trotskyite murdered in Dublin before Christmas. The pamphlet, published by the International Marxist Group at 30p, has a forward by Gerry Lawless. The other pamphlet is being produced by journalist Seamus O Tuathail; called *Massacre at Derry*; it collects some hundred eye-witness accounts of the Derry shootings, with the intention of counter-acting or correcting the massive propaganda exercise mounted by the British.

IN MY SELECTION of books from the Irish Publishers' Spring list in the last issue, I overlooked one of the most interesting, to which the present Northern trouble gives a good deal of importance and topicality: the *Anglo-Irish and the New Ireland: Southern Unionism 1886-1922*, by Patrick Buckland, published next June by Gill and Macmillan at £4.00. Buckland, who lectures in history at Liverpool University, is something of a

specialist on the subject; he has edited *Irish Unionism 1885-1923*, and Gill and Macmillan will publish his *Ulster Unionism* in October of this year. Another book allied to the subject, also promised for June, is *Terence de Vere White's history of The Anglo-Irish*, which Gollancz publish, price £3.00, and which broadcaster Brian Inglis, author of *West Briton*, will be reviewing in these pages. At the opposite end of the social (if not always the political) scale, Gollancz publish *A History of the Irish Working Class*, by P. Beresford Ellis, which James Plunkett, author of *Strumpet City*, will be reviewing in the following issue.

LATER THIS MONTH, Weidenfeld and Nicolson publish C. L. Sulzberger's *The Last of the Giants*, itself a giant of a book, over 1,000 pages, at £6.00. Sulzberger, formerly chief foreign correspondent of the *New York Times*, now writes a column on foreign affairs for that paper; the giants of the title are de Gaulle and Churchill, but the book is really a diary of the author's travels and meetings with political leaders throughout the world, from 1954 to 1963. His pen sketches of some of the natives are in-

teresting:

De Valera: "He rose fairly briskly, but the poor old man is so blind that he extended his hand off at an angle . . . he is massive, although he is almost eighty, still well over six feet and, except for his eyesight, seems remarkably preserved" (1962)

Aiken: "Tall, handsome, well-built man of military bearing . . . he strikes me as sincere, thoughtful, honest." *Sean Lemass*: "Short, wiry, hard-looking . . . spoke logic and commonsense . . ."

APART FROM the fact that I disapprove of cultural festivals on the grounds that they offer people an excuse to ignore whatever cultural thing the festival is about for the rest of the year, they also present an impossible challenge of endurance and stamina. Just when I was putting in a series of early nights, to timber up for the Theatre Festival marathon, I realised that thanks to the *Dublin Arts Festival*, and *Clo '72*, the first Irish book fair, there are an impossibly large number of events crammed into the next week or two. For the physically fit, I present the details:

Wednesday, March 1st — 1.10 p.m. Poetry: Eileen Ni Chuilleanain and Maedara Woods. City Hall. 8 p.m.

Literary Dublin in the '20's and '30's, with Roger McHugh, Michael MacLiammoir, Francis Stewart, Mervyn Wall. Tailors' Hall. 8 p.m. Celtic writers and publishers' discussion. Ireland House.

Thursday, March 2nd — 1.10 p.m. Poetry. Paul Murray, Gerard Smyth. City Hall. 8 p.m. Writers in Ireland and Irish Writers: Patrick Boyle, Leslie Charteris, Brian Cleeve, Constantine Fitzgibbon, Ernest Gabler, Wolf Mankowitz.

Friday, March 3rd — 1.10 p.m. Poetry. Thomas Tesser, Peter Fallon, Michael O'Hanachain. City Hall. 8 p.m. Irish Poetry in Translation. Ireland House.

Sunday, March 5th — *Ulster Poets*. Seamus Heaney, John Hewitt, James Simmons. Tailors' Hall.

Monday, March 6th — 1.10 p.m. Poetry. Michael Smith, Trevor Joyce. City Hall. 8 p.m. "Irish Poetry Now". Project Gallery.

Tuesday, March 7th — 1.10 p.m. Poetry: Hayden Murphy, Leland Bardwell. City Hall. 8 p.m. Gaelic Poetry: Mairtin O Direain, Sean O Tuama. Tailors' Hall.

Thursday, March 9th — "The Future of Irish Publishing." Major Clo '72 symposium. Ireland House.



NEW NOVELS

John Broderick

THERE ARE TIMES when I think that a religious revival is on its way. Not the moderate one I would favour in which individual differences are respected; but something of a particularly virulent sort, rather like the Counter-Reformation. This idea usually strikes me when I read some of the literature of the day, of which the two books under review are a typical example. It is the writing of a civilisation in extremity. Beyond it I can see nothing except self-destruction; or a feeling of disgust so powerful that if it turns to reform will make St. Augustine's ideas upon hell appear like the flabby sermon of a complacent priest.

Hubert Selby, Jr. (who is the senior, I wonder?), is a writer of tremendous power, which he uses with terrifying effect. His "Last Exit to Brooklyn" made Jean Genet look like the Marie Corelli of faggotry; and his new novel, *The Room*, gave me the impression of a man about to break through a monastery door. I know it is fashionable to say that all books which use four-letter words freely are highly moral in content. This is an illusion, since most of them simply cater to the worst instincts of the reader. But *The Room* is a very different proposition. For one thing, it is not easy to read; the author makes no concession to popular taste and the passionate feeling which lies beneath it seems to me to be utterly genuine.

It deals with the fantasies of a man locked in a jail cell awaiting trial on an unspecified charge. His thoughts as he lies on his bunk, or stares at the grey wall, or inspects the pimple on his jaw are almost entirely preoccupied with the vengeance he will wreak on the police for their behaviour to him. Some of those fantasies are so awful that I had the greatest difficulty in reading them. If man can descend to this level, then there is no hope for him unless he accepts Newman's "terrible aboriginal calamity." Without original sin there would be no destruction. I find it difficult to understand Mr. Selby's pathological hatred of the police. Why them, instead of the politicians? After all, the police are as much victims of the system as Mr. Selby's hero. Be that as it may, while his treatment of them and their families is utterly nauseating, the closing pages of the book are deeply moving. For one thing, one does not write a blasphemous version of the Lord's Prayer without a very strong religious feeling; and again, it takes a writer of great talent to make us suddenly feel pity for a man who has indulged in such fantasies. This happens when he realises that he is utterly alone, that the friends he had imagined would help him do not exist, and that he has nothing to go on with except his own racked body, into which all the indignities he

has heaped upon his keepers in his mind have now flowed. It is an acceptance of oneself of a particularly extreme kind; the Desert Fathers would have understood it, which is what makes me fearful of the sort of religion Mr. Selby would advocate if and when he turns to it. I might add that the book is entirely heterosexual; which is itself a remarkable four-dou-fer after the author's first book.

If Mr. Selby has enormous talent, Ken Kesey has a touch of genius. *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* first appeared ten years ago and is now reprinted after it has become a sort of folk classic in America. It is a modern myth and I am not sure that it is not in its own way even better than *The Magic Fountain*. *The Room* is a howl of protest at modern inhumanity; Kesey's book is a cool, clean, almost sexless fable. It reminds me a great deal of Swift.

The story is told through the medium of an Indian half-breed in an American lunatic asylum, who has managed to survive years of the brain-washing process by pretending that he is deaf and dumb. For that is what the staff of the institution have dedicated their lives to—brain-washing the inmates so that they may be rendered harmless members of the consumer society. To achieve this they even resort to brain surgery, so that the patient may be dismissed as a nice, clean-living, conventional American citizen.

Into this hell-house, made all the more horrible by the author's cool, satirical descriptions, a new patient explodes, a red-headed, roistering, fun-loving Irishman called McMurphy, one of the finest tragicomic creations in modern literature. The Institution, which represents society itself, is personified in the character of the "Big Nurse," a lady who does not approve of fun and games and likes everything and everybody to be as antiseptic as herself. McMurphy attacks her and the whole system by simply making fun of her. This provides us with some hilarious scenes, which prove that Mr. Kesey is a great comic writer, again reminding me of Swift. In the end, the Institution defeats McMurphy by operating on his brain; the Indian kills him, unable to bear the sight of the thing the Irishman has been made into, and makes his escape back to his native place. I left down the book with a little shudder of horror, in spite of my admiration for the author's undoubted genius, for genius it is.

Is society really heading this way? These two books sent me back to dip into the Confessions of St. Augustine, which I sometimes do for my own peace of mind. A few more books like them and I will carry the Confessions around permanently in my pocket, if only in the interest of self-protection. For by then I will know that sure as God made little apples the Inquisition is on its way.

**THE ROOM*. By Hubert Selby, Jr. Calder and Boyars Ltd. £2.50.

***ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST*. By Ken Kesey. Calder and Boyars Ltd. £2.50.

The Quiet Man

J. B. Lyons

FRANCIS LEDWIDGE, A Life of the Poet. By Alice Curtayne. Martin Brian and O'Keefe. £2.50.

ALICE CURTAYNE'S life of Sarsfield was published in 1934 and she is a well-known hagiographer. Her predilection for the soldierly and the saintly rather than the scandalous explains the choice of subject of her latest book; the fact that her own brother, to whose memory it is dedicated, was like Ledwidge, both Irish Volunteer and British Tommy and like him died in France, may have contributed subconscious motivation.

One might question the wisdom of her choice. Does the author of a handful of perfect lyrics merit a biography? Can interest be sustained through a detailed account of the acts and aspirations of a young man who spent the greater part of his short life in quiet observation of the countryside of his native county?

If the proof of the pudding lies in the eating the test of a book is whether, at the end, one closes it with relief or regret. In the present instance the storm commences undramatically: born in 1877 and fatherless from an early age Francis Ledwidge left school before he was fourteen and took a job as a farmer's boy.

Interest kindles when his gift is recognised by his neighbour, Lord Dunsany, to whom he had sent some of his poems, and with whose assistance he achieved publication in *The Saturday Review*. His letters to Dunsany deal with a variety of topics including matters fascinating to craftsman if not to semi-colons. On a point of punctuation, incidentally, one must complain that Miss Curtayne handles exclamation marks in a way that would have earned H. W. Fowler's disapproval. Is poor Fowler

démodé? Many stylish writers seem to cock a snook at him nowadays. How odd!

Before long Frank Ledwidge had won his spurs but not the hand of his lady. Another poet has told us that "the light of a whole life dies/when love is done." And in a sense it was so with Ledwidge. Turned down by a shop-girl, Ellie Vaughan, his sorrow was creative, but the rejection of his suit and her marriage to another were among the complex reasons that caused the former Irish Volunteer to serve under the British flag. He did not enlist, as Miss Curtayne at pains to point out, to curry favour with Dunsany.

Abroad the adventurer was homesick. He kicked over the traces, losing a stripe and his letters are vivid with the poetry of Irish place-names. To Katherine Tynan he expressed a desire, "to walk by the Boyne to Crewbawn and up by the brown and grey rocks of Crooknaharna. You have no idea of how I suffer with this longing for the swish of the reeds at Slane and the voices I used to hear coming over the low hills of Currawbee."

Out of unsophisticated and elemental things — the sunset, landscapes of County Meath, the gauziness of local politics, a poet's triumphs and disappointments — unobtrusively supported by exhaustive research, Alice Curtayne has composed her Requiem for Francis Ledwidge. The vindication of her task, and of her choice of subject is that one leaves the book down wishing there was more to be said.

J. B. Lyons. "Joyce and Medicine" is to be published by the Dolmen later this year.

Books

Two Great Republicans

Breandan O Cathaoir

THE MIND OF AN ACTIVIST: James Connolly. By Owen Dudley Edwards. Gill and Macmillan. £1.00.

THE RIDDLE OF ERSKINE CHILDERS. By Michael McInerney. E. & T. O'Brien.

THESE ESSAYS remind us that Connolly and Childers (father of An Tanaiste) had much in common. The two men were born in Britain, each contributed significantly to the Easter Week Rising and both died by firing squad. From differences in background, temperament and, indeed contribution they arrived at a lofty concept of Irish republicanism. Connolly spent his life in the service of humanity; he saw the Irish national struggle as

an important factor in the achievement of international socialism. Childers had a long road to travel, from his Protestant ascendancy background and imperial unionist politics, to execution by the Free State authorities in 1922. However, he came to see the Orange-Tory alliance as the chief barrier to progress in these islands. He also became convinced that the breaking of England's hold on Ireland was an essential prelude to the establishment of a

world-wide order of independent nations. Connolly and Childers were motivated by love free of narrow-mindedness, revenge and hatred (except of injustice).

The Mind of an Activist is an edited version of the Connolly Centenary lecture delivered by Owen Dudley Edwards in 1968 at the invitation of the Irish Congress of Trade Unions. Its appearance in book form has been enhanced by further thoughts from the author, erudite notes, his considerable dedication and a numerous list of acknowledgements.

Mr. Edwards speaks as an historian, a political scientist, a socialist and a Catholic. His accomplishment of this feat remains instructive and entertaining. He is mainly concerned with proving that Connolly was a Roman Catholic and sees its relevance as demonstrating that he was not only a socialist but also a Catholic. His rhetoric and scholarship withers those of the extreme left and right who, on the one hand deny Connolly's religion and on the other overlook his socialism. In spite of lapses into subjectivity, such as attri-



Michael McInerney

bute the denunciation of socialism by Thomas Finlay, S.J., to a Maynooth audience, Mr. Edwards sustains his argument convincingly. He brings out furthermore, Connolly's serenity, humour and receptivity to new ideas, and concludes with ingenuity by linking him to the Sheehy-Skeffington rather than to the physical force tradition.

We are indebted to Mr. McInerney, political correspondent of the *Irish Times*, for

rescuing the mind of Erskine Childers from obscurity. This stimulating essay is based on newspaper articles which marked another centennial (that of Childers' birth in 1870). Mr. McInerney's research is also represented in *The Riddle of Erskine Childers* by the inclusion of a 1922 republican pamphlet and original material.

This slim volume, the first (presumably) in a "Men of Ireland" series, while excellently illustrated, is badly bound and contains no price or contents page. The impact of the book is lessened slightly by a repetition of its author's credulous views on British policy towards Ireland. Recent actions by the British army in Northern Ireland show how little has changed since 1912, and it is incorrect to state that a "mutiny" took place at the Curragh when regiments stationed there were ordered northwards. Westminster has yet to confront reactionary unionism.

However, these pages portray the "high-minded", "noble", "unselfish" spirit of Childers. Although still a Liberal and Home Ruler, but angered by

the surrender of Asquith to Carson's blackmail, he captured the *Asgard* which landed guns at Howth and "made 1916 possible" two years later. After serving with distinction in the British forces during the First World War, he renounced a life of ease and placed his remarkable talents in the service of the Republic. From then on he worked night and day, chiefly as a propagandist and adviser making the justice of the Irish cause known in Britain and throughout the world.

The generosity of Childers is seen in his defence of the Boer general, Christian de Wet, in 1901, against the accusations of Fleet Street, and in his obituary to Griffith at the height of the Civil War describing him as "a great Irishman". The object of malice, aspersions on his honour must have caused particular sorrow. But when the end came after a long day's work, his impending execution evoked such prayers as:

I die loving England and passionately praying that she may change completely and finally towards Ireland.

My beloved country [Ireland], God send your courage, victory and rest, and to all our people.

Market Places

Bernard Share

EFRAIM'S BOOK. By Alfred Andersch. Translated by Ralph Manheim. Cape. £2.95.

SPRING NIGHT. By Tarjei Vesaas. Translated by Kenneth Chapman. Peter Owen. £2.10.

PEOPLE OF THE PUSZTA. By Gyula Illyés. Translated by G. F. Cushing. Chatto and Windus. £1.50.

THE TEMPTATION, confronted with Europe, to read literature as sociology is strong, and perhaps it shouldn't be altogether resisted. The Norway of Vesaas and the Hungary of Illyés belong to the old order, settings for events in communities so shut in upon themselves that they seem fitted to resist any imaginable interpolation into the continuum of tradition. Yet Norway sees its cheap ski parties, and Hungary's communist revolution has replaced the feudal Puszta by the collective farm. The skiers, it may be said, come and go leaving little but a wreck of hedonistic debris; and life on a collective, for all we can guess at, might differ little in quality from the obstinate richness of the inherited peasant fabric. Set against that, however, Alfred Andersch's Ephraim, the modern cosmopolitan, born a Jew in wartime Germany brought up a Protestant in post-war Britain, a newspaper man, a cat who walks by himself and to whom all places are unequivocally alike. Europe shrinks under his jaundiced eye to the dimensions of a back yard. Even his own alienation fails genuinely to move him: he feels little for his parents, killed in a concentration camp, little more for his marriage, which he is allowing to die almost like a controlled experiment with a couple of rats. He is writing a book about it all which is inside a book he is writing about writing the book. Andersch plays Nabokovian tricks with the novel, but he is not writing exclusively, like many of the experimenters, about writing a novel. He, and his hero, are replacing lost traditions with intricate patterns. If we are going into Europe heart and mind and culture we will be a couple of jumps ahead of them, of course, since Joyce and Beckett have already reduced us to the human consistency of shredded wheat: but

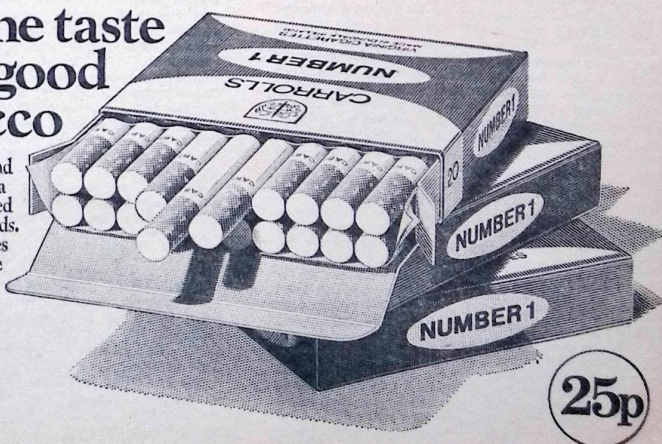
will it come to that? *Spring Night* was written in 1954, *People of the Puszta* twenty years earlier, and both breathe a confident regionalism that it is difficult to imagine being wiped out by much less than five generations of Brussels bureaucrats. Both were, of course, written in flourishing minority languages. We shall see.

Enough of pseudo-sociology. These three novels make the clear point that our possible commitment to Europe, if we take it seriously, will involve a commitment to read a great deal of very good writing. Andersch is immensely accomplished in the sophisticated manner, brilliantly skilful with both hand and heart. Vesaas's is the art that denies art, a story of a strange midsummer's night's nightmare which hangs dizzily and spell-bindingly on the very edge of naïveté. Somewhere in between is the extraordinary story of the landless peasants of the Puszta, slaves in everything but name, yet enjoying an unmistakable Anglo-Irish relationship with their lords and masters, fighting the battle of Calvinists and Catholics over rather too familiar territory. One marvels at the strength and resilience of the universal peasant culture: whereas Ephraim's mirror-world of international hotels and loveless affairs is always threatened with a clouding-over from the exhalation of his own disgust, the society of the Puszta must have absorbed communism like it absorbed, or ignored, the Austro-Hungarian empire and the ineffective potentates that it replaced. Hungary, of course, won't be at Brussels, more's the pity. We could learn something from those lads about keeping the bureaucrats in their boxes—and keeping our literature and traditions alive in a world of multiplying cardboard replicas.

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THE CIVIL RIGHTS TAKEOVER

Terry Kelleher

SINCE THE INTRODUCTION OF INTERNMENT last August, the Northern Ireland Civil Rights Association has re-emerged as the single most important anti-Unionist grouping in the Six Counties. But while the Civil Rights platform has hardly changed at all in its five years existence — except, of course, for the additional demand of an end to internment — the structure of the Civil Rights movement has changed dramatically. Founded and originally organised by the professional middle-class, mainly Catholics, control has now moved almost completely to members of the Official Republican Movement. The disproportionately high number of Communists on the Central Executive, members of the C.P.I., may be misleading; in fact, they mostly hold office on the grounds of personality and long records of service in the Civil Rights movement.

THE ORIGINS of the Civil Rights movement can be traced back to the early 1960's. In 1963, Patricia McClusky, wife of a Dungannon doctor, organised a Homeless Citizens League, to agitate for the housing of Catholics in a group of empty houses in the town, and after a token sit-in, the Catholics were granted tenancy. In January of the following year, Dr. and Mrs. McClusky formed the Campaign for Social Justice, to publicise cases of discrimination in Northern Ireland. It was agreed that the organisation would remain independent of party politics, but might co-operate on an individual basis, with sympathetic politicians.

In March of the same year, another group, the Working Committee on Civil Rights in Northern Ireland, unconnected with the McClusky's group, but with an even more loosely mixed membership, met in Queen's University, Belfast. Among the members were Eamonn McCann, Bowes Egan, Barbara Denis (now Mrs. Bowes Egan), Edward Toman (brother of Cyril of Peoples Democracy) and Edmund Curran, Secretary of the Conservative and Unionist Association in Queen's.

In Autumn 1966 at a meeting in Maghera, the Northern Ireland Civil Rights Association was first proposed and its first Annual General Meeting held in February 1967: a fourteen-member Council was elected and like the previous organisations, the membership was mixed, mainly Catholic middle class but including Unionists and Republicans as well. Article 2 stated: "The aim of the Northern Ireland Civil Rights Association shall be to assist in the maintenance of civil liberties, including freedom of speech, propaganda and assembly. The association shall advance measures for the recovery and enlargement of such liberties and shall take steps as the Association deemed necessary to that end" and Article 3 specified that "The Association shall be non-Party and non-denominational."

THE NORTHERN IRELAND Labour Party activity in Stormont in the 1960's had made Civil Rights demands almost respectable, since as one of the main anti-Unionist parties, they were the prime movers in the shift away from border politics. Just how respectable N.I.C.R.A. itself was in the Northern Ireland context can be judged from the fact that one of the Council members, Mr. Robin Cole, was also a member of the Young Unionist Council. Moreover, at the next A.G.M. in February 1968, Cole topped the poll for re-election to the Council. The first year was spent in collecting evidence on the operation of the infamous Special Powers Act and dealing with individual complaints, along the lines of the English association, the National Council for Civil Liberties, on which it had been closely modelled.

However, at the 1968 A.G.M., Mr. Derek Peters, NICRA's secretary and a member of the Communist Party of Ireland, called the Special Powers Act, the "envy of the fascist Government of South Africa" and the poll topping Unionist, Robin Cole, resigned in protest. It was at this stage that the mixed membership of the association and its executive began to change. Some members of the Belfast Wolfe Tone Society (unconnected with either the Dublin or Cork Wolfe Tone groups) began to take an interest, among them, Frank Gogarty and Fred Heatley. There was nothing particularly sinister about this: apart from Unionists, Republicans had the strongest tradition of involvement in politics in Northern Ireland and they merely began to fill the political vacuum which then existed in the Civil Rights movement.

The tactics too began to change. In June 1968, there was a particularly blatant example of religious discrimination. A Catholic family squatting in a Council house in Caledon, a village in the Dungannon Rural District, was evicted, and the house given to an unmarried, nineteen-year-old Protestant girl, Emily Beattie, who happened to be secretary to a Unionist politician. Nationalist M.P., Austin Currie suggested that the C.R.A. organise a protest march from Coalisland to Dungannon, a distance of four miles. About 4,000 people took part, including a contingent of Queen's University students and the march, which carefully obeyed police orders not to enter the Market Square and thus avoided the possibility of violence from counter-demonstrators, passed off peacefully. Members of the Official Republican Movement took part in the march and even acted as stewards. The Cameron Report commented that members of the I.R.A. who acted as stewards in Civil Rights Marches were "efficient and exercised a high degree of discipline" and that though the I.R.A. and the Official Republican Movement had members in the C.R.A., they were not involved in the Civil Rights Movement.

Membership of the I.R.A. or Republican Movement did not preclude one from being either well-educated,

responsible or both, but it was clear that Cameron was commenting on the mixed make-up of membership in NICRA at the time, particularly the professional Catholic middle class,

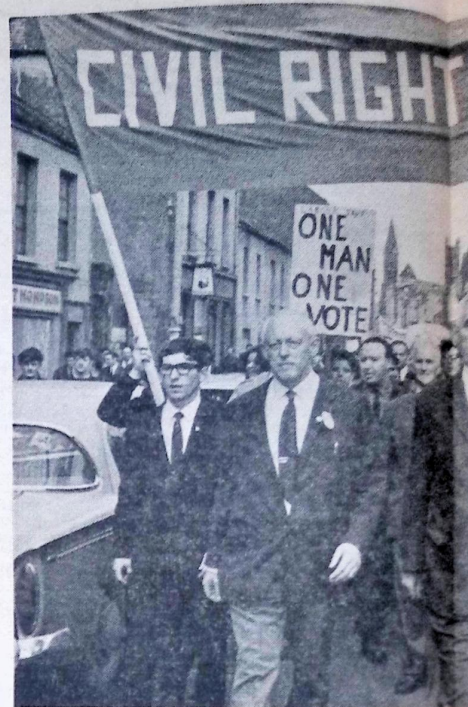
THE SUCCESS of the Dungannon march led to a march being arranged for Derry on October 5th, 1968. An Apprentice Boys parade was arranged for the same day and the same route and the Minister for Home Affairs, William Craig, banned both marches. NICRA decided to defy the ban, and over 2,000 people turned up for what was to become a significant turning point. There was a bloody confrontation with the police, Cameron reporting that the police "used their batons indiscriminately", and over seventy civilians were injured. The Derry march had a number of important effects.

First of all it established marching as a successful political weapon—15,000 people gathered in Derry for a march the following month. It showed too that a peaceful demand for civil rights, such as a march, would expose to the world the violence inherent in the Northern Ireland Unionist State, but also that the violence which the marchers invited on themselves was not only inevitable but itself a valid and effective political weapon. There was another result of that Derry confrontation—it provoked a protest march by Queen's University students to the home of William Craig, and their unsatisfactory reception there, in turn suggested another march and a series of mass student meetings which culminated in the birth of the Peoples' Democracy Group. P.D. had learned the devastating effect of exposing themselves to violence—their reckless bravery in later marches and sit-downs which Cameron described as "calculated martyrdom", not unnaturally alarmed the older, more staid members of C.R.A. and this was to bring problems in the following year.

FOR A VARIETY of reasons 1969 was the most crucial year in the development of the Civil Rights Movement; most important, it was the year which saw an almost complete change in the make-up of membership. Ironically, the Republican strength in the organisation increased not so much because of their own activities but because of the more extreme views and tactics of People's Democracy. Throughout 1969 a pattern emerges of splits and resignations at local C.R.A. committee level throughout the six counties, and the resignations were usually in reaction to P.D. policy. In March 1969 for example, Dr. Raymond Shearer resigned from NICRA with three others, refusing to co-operate with a proposed P.D. march, saying that NICRA was meant to be "a non-party association and cannot associate with any Political Party". On the same day, thirteen members of Omagh C.R.A. resigned including Eamonn Cunningham, Chairman, and Joseph Wood, Secretary, saying that "we believe the central executive no longer represents the spirit of non-political, non-sectarian and non-violent action to which we pledged ourselves . . . we believe NICRA is being undermined by extremist movements." Others to resign were Joseph Cunningham, P. Deveney, Dr. Aidan Lagan, P. Posmore, Stephen McKenna and R. C. Sullivan.

By the end of April, 1969, the paid-up membership of the C.R.A. was still only 270—there was an annual membership subscription of £1 at the time. Resignations and splits continued but the trend was reversed slightly when on June 4th, four members of the Armagh C.R.A. executive, Denis Cosson, Brian Toal, Brendan O'Neill and Joe McGinlay resigned because the local committee didn't support a P.D. march.

AT THAT TIME as now, the demands of NICRA were reformist, essentially the democratisation of Stormont, a point which was to cause major disagreements, particularly with P.D. two years later. At an all-day conference held that May, 1969, in Co. Fermanagh, NICRA again formulated their demands: (1) One man, one vote at local elections; (2) Votes at 18 for local and Government elections; (3) Westminster to set up an independent Commission; (4) a compulsory points system for housing allocations; (5) Review of the Special Powers Act; (6) Withdrawal of the Public Order Amendment Bill; (7) Disbandment of the Special Constabulary. And of course, they were still pledged to non-violence. A few days after the July 12th riots in Derry, Ivan Cooper declared "There will have to be a purge within the Civil Rights movement. Anyone who believes in violence will have to get out". On August 8th, five members of the Newry C.R.A. resigned because of riots in the town.



Derry, October 5th, 1968—one of the turning points? A Civil Rights march was confronted by police, who, I. and Ivan Cooper. The march was confronted by police, who, I.

At a meeting on August 10th, 1969, just two days before the Bogside 'explosion', the C.R.A. decided that their Constitution should be reformed and a sub-committee, chaired by Kevin Boyle of Queen's University, was set up. Boyle commented that the original constitution was based on London's Civil Liberties group but "we have completely outgrown that." Agreement was also reached at the meeting, that the C.R.A. and P.D. would co-operate with each other.

Over the next twelve months, NICRA public activity went into decline. In the aftermath of the August riots in Derry and the pogrom in Belfast, Citizens Defence Committees, Street Committees, etc., sprung up in Catholic areas throughout the six counties, and though there was a high incidence of duplication of membership, political activity tended to be organised at this local level. Also, the Downing Street Declaration of August 19th, 1969, had raised hopes all round. In retrospect it can be seen that NICRA, like everyone else (except perhaps the Unionists) placed too much confidence in the ability and willingness of Mr. Wilson's Government to fulfil their reform programme; but at that time, it was felt that since the settlement was a direct result of Civil Rights agitation, the Civil Rights Association should give Stormont time to implement the formula. And the frequent visits to the North, by Wilson's Home Secretary, Jim Callaghan, seemed to indicate that changes would be made.

But although in 1970 the Civil Rights Association was to appear less frequently in the public arena, its work of consolidation continued. As a result of fund-raising in the United States an office was established in Belfast, a secretary was engaged, and Kevin McCorry, a Trinity College graduate, was appointed full-time organiser. This in itself was a major breakthrough since it allowed NICRA to become a more professional and efficient organisation, but this too was to lead to tensions later.

BY THE END of 1969, membership of the C.R.A. executive had almost experienced a complete turnover. On December 4th, Dr. Conor McClusky, one of the founding fathers of the Civil Rights Association, John Donaghy and Mrs. Brigit Rogers, issued a statement saying that "the balance of power in this organisation has been impaired by the resignation of John McNerny and his three conservative associates" . . . "we are now the only three left on the executive who do not owe allegiance to one or other of the politically organised groups". They decided however they would stay on until the next A.G.M. arranged for February 14th, 1970.

The main business of the 1970 A.G.M. was to adopt the new constitution, which was substantially the same as the previous one. Article II specified that: "The Northern Ireland Civil Rights Association exists to promote and maintain full civil rights and social justice in Northern Ireland" and reiterated that "the association shall be attached to no political party and shall be non-denominational." The major change from the old constitution was in the matter of structure. As well as a Central Executive Committee there was a Regional Council, as the association had been divided into eight Regional Associations, one in each of the six counties and one each for Derry and Belfast.

The Regional Council was to act as an advisory body to the Central Executive Committee of NICRA, the membership



Civil Rights march sets off, led by Eddie McAteer, Gerry Fitt and Lord Cameron noted, "used their batons indiscriminately."

of which had been increased from the fourteen to twenty-two members, the extra eight members being representatives of the eight Regional Associations, and being elected by each association. There were special provisions for the transitional period 1970-71 and provisions for the formation of Regional Associations — there must be at least 100 members of NICRA in the area, at least 70 to attend the formation meeting, for the association to be recognised by the Central Executive. The

TABLE 1

CENTRAL EXECUTIVE

1971	1972
Ivan Barr (Off.)	Ivan Barr (Off.)
Kevin Boyle (P.D.)	Kevin Boyle (P.D.)
Frank Gogarty (Prov.)	Frank Gogarty (Prov.)
Rebecca McGlade (Off.)	Rebecca McGlade (Off.)
Edwina Stewart (Comm.)	Edwina Stewart (Comm.)
Des O'Hagan (Off.)	Des O'Hagan (Off.)
Ann Hope (Comm.)	by Proxy Ann Hope (Comm.)
Kevin Agnew (Prov.)	Kevin McCorry (Off.)
Andrew Boyd (Ind. T.Un.)	Kitty O'Kane (Off.)
Aidan Corrigan (Prov.)	Rory McShane (Off.)
Sam Dowling (Off.)	Margot Collins (Off.)
George Huxley (Ind. Liberal)	Jim Dorris (Off.)
Malachy McGurran (Off.)	Jim Deakin (Comm.)
Liam McMillan (Off.)	Robert O'Hagan (Off.)
	Denis Casson (Off.)
	by Proxy Hugh Logue (S.D.L.P.)

The designations above imply sympathy with, not necessarily membership of the particular political grouping.

membership annual subscription fee was reduced to 50p, the proceeds to be divided equally between the Executive Committee and the appropriate Regional Association Committee. An amendment to the Constitution allowed for the introduction of Proportional Representation for elections to the executive council, from 1st January, 1971.

The impression that Westminster was doing something about the Downing Street Declaration, together with the escalation of violence — shooting and bombing, hardly any street confrontations — were the main reasons behind the Civil Rights "low" period which lasted throughout 1970 to August 1971. Another factor was that unlike the parliamentary opposition at Stormont, which was "all chiefs and no Indians," NICRA had a strong grass-roots organisation but no identifiable national leaders.

of April, a six-month sentence passed on Frank Gogarty was upheld and he was imprisoned. The previous January, Frank McManus, M.P., Chairman of Fermanagh C.R.A., was also jailed for six months, as a result of a C.R.A. march in November, 1970. On June 4th, John McAnerney, a member of the Campaign for Social Justice, a founder-member of N.I.C.R.A. and its first Secretary, died, and one of the last links with the original independent liberal McCuskeyite group was broken. There were still some members of the Executive, unaligned — trade unionist, writer and journalist Andrew Boyd, and George Huxley, also independent — but, as can be seen from Table 1, the ranks were closing, and the Official Republicans had six of the total fourteen elected members of the executive. When Frank Gogarty was released from prison having served four months, he took a much more radical line saying that "he had expected the opposition M.P.s to take over where N.I.C.R.A. had left off, but the S.D.L.P. have become Unionist lackeys".

What seems to have particularly incensed him was their acceptance of the chairmanship of two parliamentary committees, by which they had 'become part of the establishment'.

IN THE SUMMER of 1971, the increasing rumours suggesting internment persuaded the CRA to prepare for a return to the streets. A number of public meetings were held, and on Sunday, August 8th, representatives of the CRA, the Official Republicans, the New Ulster Movement, P.D., and the Trade Unions met in Belfast to co-ordinate resistance and protest. The only thing missing was an issue sufficiently large to bring the people back on to the streets and this was provided within twelve hours of the end of the meeting, by the introduction of internment without trial on the morning of August 9th.

Co-ordinated reaction against internment proved almost impossible, precisely because the authorities had anticipated this possibility and ruthlessly pre-empted it. Kevin McCorry, N.I.C.R.A.'s full-time organiser and P.D.'s Michael Farrell were both interned, as were many other ordinary C.R.A. members, like Billy McBurney. But the struggle to control the emergent Civil Disobedience Campaign led to a division in the Civil Rights movement. In the period immediately after internment there were conflicting ideas of what amounted to civil disobedience, and to what extent N.I.C.R.A. should now go in its opposition to total suppression of civil protest. Non-payment of rent and rates certainly, but was the money to be put aside or spent on the assumption that there would be an amnesty? And, imprudently, what should N.I.C.R.A.'s attitude to Stormont be, now that the S.D.L.P. had withdrawn from it? In an effort to end this confusion and to give the campaign some coherence and direction, a meeting of all parties opposed to internment was called for by P.D. at Omagh on Sunday, October 17th. N.I.C.R.A. apparently were invited, as were all the other anti-Unionist groups, such as Citizens' Defence and Street Committees, but N.I.C.R.A. did not attend and the meeting was dominated by P.D. At this meeting, perhaps the strangest alliance in Northern Ireland politics was formed when the People's Democracy and the Provisional Republican movement, who had drawn together in previous months, formed the Northern Resistance Movement. The following week N.I.C.R.A. called a meeting in Dungannon for exactly the same purpose, to formulate and organise the anti-internment and civil disobedience campaign.

DELEGATES FROM 123 different groups attended the Dungannon meeting. It wasn't perhaps entirely coincidental that this meeting clashed with the Provisional Republicans' Ard Fheis being held in Dublin. Certainly it ensured a high degree of unanimity for the Official Republicans' proposals. Naturally the meeting endorsed by a large majority the C.R.A.'s co-ordinating role in the Civil Disobedience campaign, but there is no doubt that the N.I.C.R.A., at least at an organisational level, were best fitted for that role. It is likely that even the P.D. and Provisional Republicans would concede that, after all, N.I.C.R.A. had an office, telephones, a secretarial staff, a full-time organiser and contacts throughout the world. But it was on the question of N.I.C.R.A.'s political aims and, more pressing at that particular time, N.I.C.R.A.'s alleged oligarchical administrative structure, that the N.R.M. disagreed. Michael Farrell proposed that the street committees, which had been formed after internment, should have direct representation on N.I.C.R.A.'s executive, asserting that as things stood, members of the Executive held their places solely as a result of their other political affiliations.

In contrast to N.I.C.R.A., the N.R.M. organisation had no full-time organiser, no permanent office, nor even continuity of a controlling executive, which was changed for each N.R.M. meeting. Not surprisingly, the Farrell proposal was deemed unacceptable, and both groups decided to go their own way.

WHILE THE N.R.M. rejected N.I.C.R.A.'s reformist attitude to Stormont, they continued to co-operate with N.I.C.R.A. on protest marches such as the fateful Derry march of January 30th and the massive Newry demonstration which followed it. N.I.C.R.A., however, does not reciprocate, and actively discouraged support for the Enniskillen march on the Sunday following Newry, which has led to the charge of political sectarianism. It would be surprising indeed if the N.I.C.R.A. was not politically sectarian because since the 1972 annual conference, it is almost totally controlled by one political group — the Official Republicans, and is hardly likely to favour the N.R.M., with its strong Provisional Republican base.

At the time of the A.G.M. on February 13th there were fifteen hundred paid-up members of N.I.C.R.A. including a

branch in Long Kesh, which took part in the election. In fact the Deputy-Governor of the Camp phoned in the one hundred and fifty internee votes, to Enid Lakeman of the Electoral Reform Committee who organised the Proportional Representation election.

THE DETAILS of Table 1 show the success of the Official Republicans: the independents were squeezed out, as were Kevin Agnew and Aidan Corrigan, both identified with the Provisional Republicans. And though a number of Officials failed to get re-elected, of the eight new elected members of the executive, seven were Official Republicans, including two from Long Kesh where the internees virtually voted *en bloc* to ensure the election of Des O'Hagan who came second in the poll, and Denis Casson who came tenth. Because of their unavailability, their places have been taken by Hugh Logue

TABLE 2

OFFICERS OF THE CENTRAL EXECUTIVE

1971	1972
Chairman	Ivan Barr (Off.)
Vice-Chair	Frank Gogarty (Prov.)
Secretary	Edwina Stewart (Comm.)
Press Officer	Kevin Boyle (P.D.)
Treasurer	Ann Hope (Comm.)

(S.D.L.P.) and Ann Hope, who came fifteenth and sixteenth in the poll respectively. The election resulted in an increase for the Officials from six to ten places on the elected executive and even though the two proxy members reduce this to eight, they have firm control of the central executive.

Not surprisingly they also control the Officers board which is elected by the Executive, as can be seen in Table 2. There were, in fact, only two changes of personnel — Edwina Stewart stays on as Secretary as does Ann Hope (despite the fact that she scraped in to a place because of internment) and Ivan Barr moved from Chairman to Vice-Chairman. But Kevin Boyle and Frank Gogarty were replaced by two Official Republicans, Kevin McCorry as Press Officer and Jim Dorris as Chairman. The McCorry appointment is the most interesting, as full-time organiser he is an *employee* of the Executive, yet he contested a place on the Executive at the election (and it must be noted topped the poll). He then went on to be elected by the Executive to the very important post of Press Officer.

There are of course good reasons why he should be appointed Press Officer since he will be available full-time in the office, but some members of the C.R.A., particularly those who are not members of the Official Republican Movement, can perhaps be forgiven for suspecting a not too subtle form of empire-building.

The A.G.M. was undoubtedly a success for the Officials, though there is the possibility that they may suffer in the future as a result of the apparent "overkill" in the election; for one thing it is doubtful whether the pretence of N.I.C.R.A. being an umbrella organisation can continue for very long. In the five years of its existence N.I.C.R.A. has changed dramatically: the liberals and independents have gone, as have P.D.; the S.D.L.P. still give their support, though have little representation or control of N.I.C.R.A. policy. The way is clear for the Officials. Though it should be noted that despite the clear Official Republican control of the N.I.C.R.A. executive, their bulletin of February 26th included a statement from both the N.I.C.R.A. executive and the Belfast Regional C.R.A. "deploring the deaths of seven people in Aldershot", and reiterating their role as a non-violent mass movement.

THE OFFICIAL Republican line on the North is indeed plausible — they claim that demands to abolish Stormont are sectarian *per se*; what is needed is a democratisation of the system and an end to the Unionist hold on that institution. And this can be done peacefully: with the abolition of the Special Powers Act, Sinn Féin will contest elections openly. It may happen that way. But if the situation does quieten down, and if the system is democratised, the Officials cannot depend on the support of all those who marched under the broadly liberal Civil Rights banner. And even though the ill-matched S.D.L.P. coalition will almost certainly have broken up, individual members of S.D.L.P. will be around to cash in on their past support for the Civil Rights Movement.

But what is much more likely to happen is that the situation will continue to deteriorate, and as attitudes harden, the reformist demands of Civil Rights and the Official Republicans will become less acceptable to a greater number of people (Even with this development certain individual members of S.D.L.P. are "covered", as they are combining support for the Civil Rights movement with an undisguised nationalist stand). In the immediate future both organisations are planning a series of marches. The growing polarization of the two components in the North may well attract more support for the N.R.M. though on its present showing it does not seem capable of organisation on the N.I.C.R.A. scale. Paradoxically it is the Provisional Republican N.R.M. which plans to bring the civil rights campaign South, and it will indeed be ironic if they lead the protest against the Offences Against the State Act which is now being applied mainly against the Official Republican movement. It is disappointing however that just at the time when a united front on civil rights is needed, should be discussing the Civil Rights movement in terms of Official and Provisional Republicans.

ON 14th APRIL, 1971, the new officers board was elected by the N.I.C.R.A. executive. They were Ivan Barr as Chairman (an official Republican), Frank Gogarty, Vice-Chairman (a former Chairman who had long been an advocate of N.I.C.R.A., maintaining its broad base), Mrs. Edwina Stewart as Secretary, and Miss Ann Hope as Treasurer (both Communists) and Kevin Boyle (P.D.) as Press Officer. At the end

Art Cinema Music Theatre

Buy Irish Sunsets

Bernard Share

I AM GOING to be very brave, take my courage firmly in both shaking hands (or at least try to get a one-handed grip on the thing), and announce to the world at large that on Saturday, February 26th, 1972, the sun will rise at 8.22 a.m. and set at 6.55 p.m. This is probably one of the last public announcements I shall ever make, because, according to two diaries into which I have so far failed to remember to insert a single personal entry, this invaluable information is Copyright. Not, mind you, the copyright of the Minister for Coasts and Estuaries, Bórd Iascaigh Mhara, the County Committees of Agriculture, the Emergency Planning Section of An Roinn Cosanta (Principal, S. L. O. Riain), the Government Information Bureau, the Irish Quality Control Association, the Retired Secondary Teachers' Organisation, the Waterford Coal Merchants' Association, or even the Dolphin's Barn Parish Thrift and Loan Co., Ltd. No, the information that the sun will rise over this fair land of Ireland at 8.22 a.m. and set at 6.55 p.m. (and now I have made myself an accessory after my own facts) is CROWN COPYRIGHT. Look on that, Mr. Boland, and grow pale!

Yes, in all the diaries for 1972 I've ever read the ineluctable moment at which the sun goes down over Galway Bay is reproduced by permission of the Controller of H.M. Stationery Office! Forget about biscuits, newspapers or Scotch whisky, this is a much more serious thing: our very own sunsets, into which Bórd Fáilte has poured thousands of the taxpayers' money, are in the hands of inimical aliens! Never mind about the sunrises, those coarsely inconsiderate blasts of illumination that hit you between the eyes as you emerge after a couple of quiet after-hours pints in a country pub—the British can keep them and good luck to them. But controlling our sunsets! They'll be controlling our economy next: and suing us for breach of copyright when we sign a trade agreement on our own behalf.

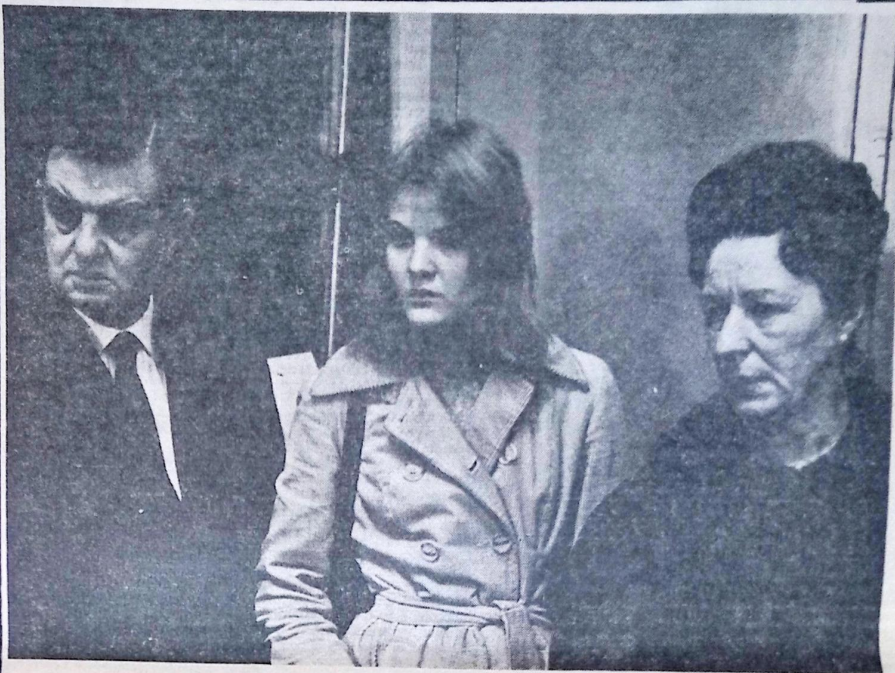
If I really wanted to stick my neck out, of course, I would offer you the additional information that High Water at Dublin on February 26th will occur at 10.49 and 23.26, thereby inviting the wrath of not only the Dublin Port and Docks Board but also any way Dublin tides (refuse), but I call it itself of Coastal

SHROLU

Oceanography and Tides. Who are these gentlemen? Are they solid fáinne-sporting citizens? They should be in Eolaf an Teólaín just ahead of Institute of Costs and Works Accountants. The; but I don't see them. I begin to harbour, if you'll pardon the expression, serious doubts as to their Republican credentials.

So there you are: both time and tide firmly in the hands of the Imperialists. Someone should set up an Inquiry (I almost said a Royal Commission) to look into this copyright thing a bit more deeply. I wonder what dusty office in Whitehall has a corner in the phases of the moon? Who is making a pretty packet out of the Golden Number, the Epact, the Dominical Letter and the Julian Period? Are eclipses up for bids? You even begin to feel reservations about the announced dates of the Ballyhokey and Stranlar Co-operative Livestock Mart, Limited. If I were to risk telling you that this crowd held cattle sales on every 2nd and 4th Monday in 1970 (the latest information I have) would I be accused of making forcible entries under the Diaries (Information) Act of 1876, never repealed by our time (and tide)—serving native administrations? I don't think I'll risk it: people have been interned for less.

But what can we do, citizens, about this matter of sunsets? The simplest thing, I think, is to bring in a Bill nationalising all sunshine falling within the national territory, and setting up a semi-State body, Eirí Eireannach na Gréine Teo., to administer it. And here's another thing: I see where High Water (Dublin) 1972 is expressed (and again I quote my unopened diary) "in B.S.T. throughout the year." Time, they used to tell the tourists in the days when there were tourists, is one thing there is plenty of in Ireland. But they didn't tell them it was all British Time, imported at great expense under the Free Trade Agreement. What has happened to all the genuine, native Irish time? The only place offered any where in a pub at 11.10 p.m. or thereabouts. Yes, quite.



Sandy Ratcliffe in a scene from "Family Life" at the Academy.

The Family Way



ARE THE problems of mental retardation a justifiable subject for a medium that is mostly dedicated to entertainment? The handicapped child is a familiar enough source of fictional heartbreak in the cinema. Of the more serious treatments of this theme I can recall "Thursday's Children" (1954), dealing with the education of deaf and dumb children, a film that won an Academy Award. Some ten years later "The Miracle Worker" told in highly dramatic form the story of Helen Keller. Two years later John Cassavetes directed for the commercial cinema "A Child is Waiting," which dealt with the treatment of defective children in a home run like an ordinary school. And one of the most shattering documentaries of the sixties was Allan King's "Warrendale," an account of a controversially experimental way of dealing with emotionally-disturbed children that was pioneered in Toronto.

But what of the mentally retarded adult? If memory is right, a flawed adult was the central figure of "Johnny Belinda" and that near-perfect horror film, "The Spiral Staircase." More recently, Cliff Robertson's performance as an adult with the mind of a child of six six won him an Academy Award for "Charly." The propriety of this simple fable in the context of the danger of tampering with the human mind was openly questioned at the time. Still greater con-

troversy surrounded the Boulting Brothers' "Twisted Nerve," a film that seemed to state categorically that there was a connection between mongolism in children and criminal psychosis, and further that the mother of a mongol child could give birth to a subsequent baby that might turn out to be a homicidal maniac.

This weird and untenable theory caused the film to be denounced by the National Society for Handicapped Children, and led the medical adviser on the film to order his name removed from the credits.

Controversy also surrounds Ken Loach's new film, *Family Life* (at the Academy). The film originated in a television documentary by David Mercer called "In Two Minds." Mercer rewrote the script for the Ken Loach-Tony Garnett Kestrel Company, which last year gave us "Kes." Ken Loach has been described as one of the rare truly political animals in British cinema; nearly all his television and film work has been propaganda for social change, but his attitude has become more embittered since the reception given to "Cathy Come Home"—the politicians acclaimed this expose of the dilemma of the homeless, made suitably sympathetic noises, but took no further political action to alleviate the distress.

"Family Life" is also propaganda, this time for the controversial theories held by psychiatrist R. D. Laing that environment rather than personal inadequacies are the root cause of mental illness, and that schizophrenia is not a physical disease, but the result of a family situation that is beyond solution. These

theories are considered by many well-known psychiatrists to be either unproven or downright erroneous. Herein lies the dangerous aspect of "Family Life": it may have the effect of persuading some patients not to avail of the kind of treatment that is normally used in hospitals for such cases.

Loach's attack is launched on two fronts, the family and society. He maintains that the film is intended "to tease out a little bit the proposition that the institution of the family and psychiatry tend to be the unconscious agents of a repressive society, and that the way they function is not accidental." The film is the harshly convincing account of how an attractive 19-year-old girl is driven to a mental breakdown by the rigorous demands on her parents and the inadequacies of the National Health Service. We first see the girl, Janice, sitting in an underground station letting the trains go heedlessly by. An official takes the girl home to her parents, a rigorously respectable and over-protective couple, who are baffled by her conduct. The truth is that Janice is fed up with her dull job in a department store and more so with her non-understanding parents.

In desperation, Janice cuts loose, becomes pregnant, is forced by the outraged parents to have an abortion, retreats into a fantasy world, tries to maim her scolding mother with a knife, and is committed to a mental hospital as a schizophrenic. At first she is placed in an experimental ward, where a young psychiatrist is trying to get the patients to "relate" by a form of group

therapy. But just as Janice begins to react favourably the psychiatrist is replaced and Janice is now ordered to have the orthodox treatment: she is given electro-convulsive therapy and sent home with a box of pills to exactly the situation that caused her breakdown initially. Tension increases at home, develops into open war between Janice and her parents, and once again she is committed. Last scene Janice is wheeled into a lecture theatre. The lecturer has already told the students her case-history, unstable, anti-social behaviour even though she is committed. In the last scene Janice is wheeled into a lecture theatre. The lecturer has as "a good example of extreme mutism"—a human being is reduced to a case.

Ken Loach has told this loaded story flat and calm without indulging in any cinematic tricks. There are no monstrous close-ups of human anguish, no emotional climax or heartrending music. The general tone is one of monotony as Loach peels away, layer by layer, the myths of the family—the norms of good behaviour, respect for those in authority, whether parents or officialdom—to reveal it as a corrupt and disintegrating institution. Equally convincing is Loach's condemnation of the methods of society in dealing with this problem. The cast of mostly inexperienced unknowns are at times somewhat self-conscious in their improvisations, and, as in the case of the parents, tend to relapse into stereotypes. But Sandy Ratcliffe as Janice is for real. Despite what is a depressing subject, "Family Life" is a film to see and support.

Receding Perspective



ART
Dorothy Walker

E. C. PLUNKETT is a young Irish artist born in Dublin in 1939 but now living in Rome. Most of his adult painting life has been spent outside Ireland; he went to the Slade School in London in 1958, to Brazil in 1961, to Paris in 1962 in order to study painting at the Beaux Arts, engraving at S. W. Hayter's studio, and art history at the Sorbonne. He spent two years, 1967-69, painting in Venice in the South of France and was resident painter at the "Fondation Karolyi" for six months before moving to Rome where he has been living and working since then.

He has had a one-man show in London in 1968 and been in various group exhibitions including the ICA "Young and Fantastic" 1969, Living Art, and the "Young Irish Artists" Rose exhibition in Galway and Edinburgh. His present exhibition at the Agnew Somerville Gallery, Molesworth Street, is his first one-man show in Dublin. It is very commendable of the Gallery to put it on, even if they do not give the impression of being wholeheartedly behind it, their normal trade tending more towards eighteenth and nineteenth century painting.

Edward Plunkett is a serious young painter with a very stylish flair; his paintings are almost chic. One feels he has to fight against his own sense of style; he tends to use seductive, fashion colours, the cool browns, beige and white of expensive sueded, but he does

rigidly discipline this chic into severe compositions generally based on architectural motifs. The two most authoritative works, "Cosmos" and "Macro Cosmos" incorporate a receding perspective of massed shapes like a modern architectural complex, abstracted and simplified, in a large circle; the foreground in brown shadow, gradually lightening through sandy beige to a disappearing white. One of the circles is on a white ground; the other is simply cut out as a circular canvas.

The artist is fond of receding perspectives; they recur frequently in different motifs — one, which was in Galway, of corrugated sections floating in a calm sky, another of an antique Roman theatre with a section cut through it, as if it, too, were about to float away. He is an exceedingly clever technician, the *trompe l'oeil* paintings are uncannily realistic, and he can handle effects of light with great skill.

I found his prints extraordinarily effective, whether because they were hung in a dark hall with only the most meagre wintry daylight filtering through the fanlight, justifying Camille Souter's obsession with natural light, even when dim, which forces one to look closely at pictures to be able to see them at all. A silkscreen print was again concerned with an architectural motif, the typical Roman coffer which can be seen, for example, inside the vaulted dome of the Pantheon, again sectioned across the receding planes. The large circular "Cosmos" is also reproduced as a print, showing again the ingenuity of the forms which maintain the two-dimensional flatness of the surface while suggesting, by the receding



Edward Plunkett

perspective, the roundness of a sphere. MATEGOT, the French tapestry designer, is being shown at Trinity: quite a large collection of tapestries from about 1960 onwards. Born in Hungary in 1910, he has been living and working in France since 1931, and enjoys considerable patronage from the French Government in the field of *tapisserie monumentale*. Although he works exclusively in tapestry, most of the tapestries in this exhibition look like transposed paintings, rather undistinguished abstractions from the 1950s, which would marry horribly well with certain "modern" furniture, light fittings etc. produced in France after the war. Without being chauvinistic, but simply through having seen fairly recently in Limerick, tapestries by Louis le Brocq and Patrick Scott, and being therefore prompted to compare them, in my opin-

ion both Irish painters are stronger artists and, in fact, better *tapisseries*. It seems to me that, in their widely differing styles, each has made a more true and more effective use of the medium than Matégot does. In the Terra series, where light abstract shapes of brown, black, beige and white float above one another with, occasionally, a silver charcoal luxur background showing through, one can almost see the cartoon mock-up made from coloured tissue; one does not have the impression that an original tapestry is taking life.

It is ironic that the great revival of French tapestry which has taken place in the last forty years was a reaction against the practice of reproducing paintings, to bring back the art of tapestry weaving in its own right. Now it seems to be heading straight back to the old wicked ways. At the Sao Paulo Biennial of 1969, which

was boycotted by French artists, the French Government sent instead a selection of tapestries by very famous artists. Nearly all looked as if paintings by the artists had been bought and handed to the tapestry ateliers to copy. Unfortunately Vasarely was trying to snap away through all that wool, actual brush strokes and dribbles of paint were faithfully reproduced for the *tachistes*, and only Matisse and Braque were in any way successful at tapestry. Monsieur Matégot appears able to turn his hand to a variety of styles, but I find his idiom debased, like composers who can produce modern-sounding music. These are more or less modern-looking tapestries of twenty years ago, but I cannot see that they carry any conviction as works of art. Only one of the smaller works, "Augurium", seemed to me to belong in that class.

Virtuosi Dead or Alive



MUSIC
Fanny Fehon

RUMOUR flies round Dublin at the speed of light, and it would not be entirely untrue to say that some of us have acquired a skill in sifting and evaluating it comparable to that of a diamond-cutter. The raw material is handled, held up to the light, weighed, and accepted or rejected depending on the experience and knowledge of the recipient. The exciting thing about rumour in Dublin is that in nine cases out of ten it is usually only an inspired leak or a sprat to catch a mackerel, and has been sent on the rounds by a genius who wants to spike a few puns or unspike them as the case may be. Timing is everything and a really good book is waiting to be written on the art of rumour-mongering by someone who possesses the sensitive ear of an Arland Usher.

An inspired pen came my way recently in respect of the Scholarship awarded by the Federation of Irish Musicians.

It is interesting because a certain amount of mystery surrounds this particular award which so far as I can ascertain has been donated twice. Both recipients' names are unknown to me and while the Federation are, of course, entitled to mind their own business I would put it to them that scholarships are few and far between and we would all like to know about who gets them.

What is fascinating about the scholarship however is that I understand it has been given for the second time to a performer who was not the first choice of the adjudicators. The reason for this being that the first choice had parents who could well afford to pay for the child's musical education. If this is true then one wonders why the Federation does not insist on a means test in the first place or why it bothers to have adjudicators at all.

One of the entrants for the recent scholarship is a young man of fifteen of outstanding musical ability, and he is a most gifted exponent of his chosen instrument. Whether he will develop into just another virtuoso is a matter for speculation, but the signs are that he is an entirely natural

musician in every respect. There is a quality which some have and some do not and it is difficult to describe it without using the term virtuoso. At its best and most exciting it combines technical and muscular co-ordination and a certain amount of creative ability because the performer brings music to life, and in that sense must be regarded as a creative artist. Virtuosity naked and unadorned by intelligence is a boring as caviar or an over-dose of the permissive society.

We saw this aspect of virtuosity at a recent Public Concert in the Gaity when Achucarro played Brahms Second Piano Concerto with Colman Pearce conducting. This is one of the most difficult concertos in the medium because it makes intolerable demands on technique yet places the soloist in a chamber-music setting. The onus rests with the conductor and not with the soloist if the work is to have proper musical success. Achucarro and Pearce worked extremely well together, and even allowing for the Gaity acoustics it was one of the best performances of the Brahms apart from those of Katchen and Arrau that I have heard. Achucarro would never have been my choice for this concerto and I am glad to have learnt something about him

which was not apparent in his playing of the Chopin Concerto namely, that he can sift sand with the best of us. Well might Biroth have said of this concerto that in relation to Number 1 it is as of the grown man to the boy. Biroth spoke from strength because Brahms tried everything out on him first like a pet dog.

Paul Zukovsky is a virtuoso of the violin, and if I might borrow an elegant phrase from Claud Cockburn you could have heard my jaw dropping as I listened to his playing on Vanguard of the Twenty-four Caprices* by Niccolò Paganini. Plenty of fiddlers have recorded these, but not one of them has sent me rushing to scabble round in the wardrobe for an ancient copy of Niccolò's snide little jokes. Zukovsky is out of the ordinary as fiddlers go and he presents the Caprices seriously, and in such a way that they cease to be high-wire acrobatics and take on something of the quality of unaccompanied Bach. He puts forward some very interesting theories which made me kick myself for not having noticed them before. In No. Eleven he suggests to scholars of baroque that the time values of the Presto might be altered from dotted semi-quavers to floated quavers. He plays No. 6 *flautando* and sul

poticello right through by design, and not as so many have done quite by accident and through no fault of their own. The effect is that the harmonics and the upper-partials speak and the result to the ear is strangely avant-garde and 'concrete' using normal methods. It is no longer a mystery why nos. Fifteen, Seven and Twenty-three have been marked *Posato* (poised) and all three emerge with a completely changed facade rather like forbidding cliffs rising up unexpectedly out of the fog.

It is also no longer a mystery Berlioz, Liszt, Zennakis, Roch-wy Brahms, Schumann, Berg and Lutoslawski were so very fascinated by the Caprices. Whatever theses you subscribe to about Niccolò he contributed far more than Messrs Spohr, Viotti, Krutzer, Rode ever did in terms of music as distinct from mere athletics. He reaches out from the grave with a firm long skinny hand, and in the light of Zukovsky's interpretation the Caprices might have been written last week. They are as much of this century as anything from Berio or Zennakis and I am extremely glad that I do not possess any of Miss Rosemary Brown's remarkable qualities. Nobody knew better than Paganini how best to make use of a really good rumour.

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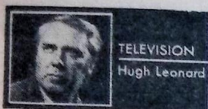
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Forgettable Junk



TELEVISION
Hugh Leonard

THE EDITION of *That This House* . . . which debated a motion to the effect that "television is the opiate of the masses" reminded me of the far-off Sunday afternoon of the fourpenny rush. One had vaguely expected a modicum of cut-and-thrust, punctuated with controlled disorder in the tradition of the Oxford Union debates; instead it was rather like a lively afternoon in court during the Reign of Terror. The audience—or spectators, since they weren't really listening—gabbled, heckled, groaned, chanted and threw tantrums and paper aeroplanes, not when they disagreed with the arguments, but when the debaters used words of more than three syllables or attempted to quote from the classic. The chairman was quite useless: perhaps he was hesitant to call the proceedings to order lest he be thought "square"; but at least he might have reprimanded the youth who, declaring his fondness for Spoonerisms, described the previous speaker's contribution as an example of "shining wit." The uproar, if wearisome, was good-humoured, but the mob might have kept their sweaty nightcaps on their heads and reserved their derision for the level of the debate itself, which would have disgraced a shebeen at four in the morning.

It was perhaps a mistake to ask U.C.G. to oppose the motion, since the Galwegians get television reception on the home channel only. Even so, when one of the debaters, whom Mrs. Malaprop might have called a Passionate Father, cited *Hawaii Five-O* in his contention that TV provides us with "a window on the world," I found myself

reaching for Hermann Goering's celebrated pistol. Television is, of course, an opiate; and *Hawaii Five-O* is culture at its nadir. Here, the sun shines all day—although parts of the main island enjoy the world's heaviest annual rainfall; the crime rate is prodigious, and the criminals are always caught; the heroes—all in different age-groups, the better to obtain widespread audience identification—wear business suits to please the prudish, but with tight crotches to attract the prurient; miscegenation never happens; non-Caucasians are expendable; and violent death is instantaneous, sunlit and bloodless.

Hawaii Five-O is no worse than *Cade's County*, *The Men from Shiloh*, *Longstreet*, *Ironside*, *Funny Face*, *The Lucy Show* or any one of those appalling feature-length film dramas, all of which seem to co-star Ricardo Montalban with one of those faceless TV heroines who would, I swear, deflate instantly if one could only get the work on their navels with a spanner. Conservatively, 70% of RTE programmes is rubbish from the American joy-factories. The percentage is far higher in the U.S. itself, and somewhat lower in Britain, even allowing for programmes like *Upstairs, Downstairs*, *Softly, Softly* and *Callan*, which have creative pretensions but are still the same forgettable junk underneath. Immediate forgettability is, in fact, one of the prerequisites of pop-TV; otherwise the viewer could not digest the incessant output. A few years ago, *The Fugitive*—which itself was a cog from *Les Miserables*—caused millions of knickers to get twisted in anticipation of the final reckoning with the "one-armed man"; and who today can remember the pot-line of a single episode? Television is an opiate, not simply because of the vast army of human blotting-papers

who soak it up uncomplainingly, but because of people like the debaters on *That This House* . . . who all too obviously hardly watch it at all (but are not inhibited from judging it), so depriving it of its potentially most valuable critics.

For comedy on the home channel this week it was a close-run thing between listening to the politicians mutilating the Taoiseach's English and watching *Cross-Country Quiz*. The latter is a long howl, presided over by a gentleman who needs either a new barber or a new hairpiece, and asks questions which would hardly stump Mr. Oliver J. Flanagan. The competitors were a rare collection of satirists: one, when asked who was the hero of *A Study in Scarlet*, replied "The Scarlet Pimpernel," while another, after consultation with his team, named Bram Stoker as the author of *Puppet on a Chain*. I can hardly wait for Cork versus Kerry next week; in the meantime I recommend that RTE puts the script-writer under a long-term contract.

The most recent *Late Late Show* was somewhat dull: rather like a film show without a main feature. The centrepiece was a lengthy interview with Michael Winner, one of the new-style showbiz hustlers who have all the symptoms of genius, but lack the fever: it was like watching a builder of ranch-type bungalows being asked for his view on the Sainte Chapelle. Mr. Winner was followed by two blind chess-players, who left one limp with admiration. But fond as I am of a crafty *Max Lange* attack, two demonstration games played at lightning speed on a board so small that all one can see is the knuckles of the contestants does not make for compulsive viewing, even for chess addicts.

The *Late Late Show* of the previous week, when Gay Byrne returned after his illness was far more lively; in fact, it bordered on pandemonium. I am perhaps ill-equipped to comment on the first half of that programme, since I viewed it from a few feet to Mr. Byrne's left. But it was ironic that while we were warned

forehand that Peter Sellers and Spike Milligan might behave unpredictably, no one said a word about the presence on the show of Albert Fry, who by comparison made Messrs. Sellers and Milligan seem as rowdy as a pair of sedate nuns. One bled for Tony Grey, who wanted to tell the world about his new book in the midst of unbridled gloomy; but in the second half Mr. Fry gave an impersonation of Hitler which put Mr. Milligan's in the happy place.

Mrs. Joan O'Brien of the Language Freedom Movement was on the "sofabox," and it seemed to me that she was asking for no more than the same freedom of choice as is denied to a woman who wishes

to regulate the size of her family. Here, admittedly, I am biased: in a world which desperately needs communication, to bicker about language is like complaining about the colour of your neighbour's front door when both houses are under a demolition order. But no one was prepared for the resultant fracas. Of Mrs. O'Brien's three opponents, one wandered around the point like a tomat in heat, another—a lady—rolled her head so alarmingly as to suggest that her stuffing had fallen out, while Mr. Fry screamed the place down, denouncing Mr. Byrne, me, Long Kesh and the English language in not quite short order.

The programme ended in up-

roar, but the fun continued in the hospitality room afterwards. Perhaps forty people were wedged together, and above the din Mr. Fry could be heard demanding the immediate return of his teddy bear. I ventured to suggest to him that he spoke Irish, not because he loved it, but because he hated English. Whereupon Mr. Fry wrung all our hearts by crying repeatedly: "I love England!" It may not, perhaps, be ethical for me to include backstage chatter in a review of what appears on television screens, but I crave the reader's indulgence. I know that Mr. Fry's enemies will hate him the less and his admirers love him the more to know that he is an avowed Anglophile.

A Prisoner of Anger



THEATRE
Mary Manning

TO QUOTE President Nixon, "let me make myself perfectly clear," *A Prisoner of the Crown*, now playing at the Abbey, is not a documentary. It is a play about a trial. The trial of one Roger Casement, hopeless idealist, dedicated brave do-gooder and finally a martyr to his idealism. The trial was of course a frame-up, based on forgery. The British have a long tradition of forgery—the Casket letters, Parnell through Pigott and the total ruin of Sir Francis Dilke. Nobody really cares now whether the diaries were forged, it was the beastly way in which they were used that must always remain a blot on British justice. Richard Herd and Richard Stockton did a fine job of dramatising facts and reconstructing the events which led to the trial. Tomas Mac Anna did an equally splendid job in direction and the technical staff surpassed themselves. Altogether it was an impressive and hopeful beginning for Leila Doonan's reign as artistic director. The story of Casement's last days is told through flashbacks and the reactions of the twelve jurors, who in turn play several roles. John Kavanagh, for instance, played Eighth Juror and Casement. He played Casement with great sympathy and understanding, but whether it was the cutting or in the actual writing Casement never came alive. Personally I would have cut the scene in the U.S. Senate which seemed comparatively unimportant and introduced more of the speech from the dock, especially the famous lines addressed to the Prosecuting Counsel, F. E. Smith, which must have made that shabby character squirm inwardly: "You, my Lord, have chosen the road to the Wool-sack; I have chosen the path to the gallows." It is hard to pick out any single actor for commendation; they all rose to the occasion, but I particularly admired Bob Carlisle, Geoffrey Golden, Desmond Cave and Bill Foley. I think Mr. Foley could have carried more weight in characterisation. Smith was a big, portly, alcoholic mass of clever bombast. On the issue I have brought up before, a play doctor's services during the last rehearsals could

well have helped author and director.

Oh what a lovely bore! At the Eblana, we have the revival, I don't quite know why, of Osborne's *Look Back in Anger*. There have been regiments of angry young men since it was written and it is curiously like "The Ginger Man" and various other sordid marital scenes at ironing boards and the like. Jimmy Porter's tirades are now simply screeching bores and the play was not helped by the director allowing Kevin McHugh to play too high too soon. Nevertheless, fine actor that he is, McHugh after the first act turned in a brilliant performance. I have never seen Eamonn Morrissey better. He is an actor who acts in silence as deeply as in words. Kate Flynn was a touching and dignified Helena. Edward Byrne was uncomfortable as the Colonel Daddy. Mainly because the part is so badly written. Osborne simply didn't know his retired colonels and the result is a pastiche of Kipling, P. G. Wodehouse, Rattigan, etc., or "what I have heard about colonels." The most important thing about this revival was the professional debut of Susan Fitzgerald, niece of Geraldine FitzGerald and Shelagh Richards. A matriarchy starts here?

She is a beautiful girl with a charming voice and she was put through a very hard test playing with some of the best "pros" in Dublin. Miss Fitzgerald has not yet acquired authority, that is, she is not able to look the audience in the face, but that will come. During the last ten minutes she showed what she can do and will do in the future. The play was well directed by Louis Lentin and the set was suitably ghastly. Recommended for a superb ensemble of actors.

FLASH—The most interesting play to appear in town for a long time is James Saunders's chilling little one-act, *The Pedagogue*, produced by the Project's Four In One Players. It's for one man and it's beautifully played by John Pine (an actor to watch), and most intelligently directed by Roland Jaquellette. The play is, in fact, about the Bombs and the Wotson and though it would seem to be just a science teacher delivering a boring lecture on the isosceles triangle to a class of recalcitrant students, it is much much more. "In the beginning was the word" and there let's leave it at that. No Godot in this piece and very little hope. The *Pedagogue* begins by inspiring on man's ability to survive and then it all fades away as does the class into an abyss of doubt and despair. It sounds dreary but it is actually funny, witty and, Oh God, so sad! The audience sits at school desks, as if actually in school. It's as I say, don't miss anything at the Project, or you're just out of touch with the brave new world.



John Kavanagh, who plays Roger Casement in "A Prisoner of the Crown," at the Abbey.

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NEWS IN THE ARTS

Maurice Sweeney

THE DUBLIN ARTS Festival could be said to be a modern offspring of the traditional student "rag-week". During the late sixties there was continuing debate in the Union of Students in Ireland about the possibility of establishing specifically new and different type of Festival in Dublin, one which would attract more of the ordinary people of the city to its events. Eventually a decision was made, someone was appointed and a committee was selected — a daring new method of running a Festival!

The students who were involved in that first Festival in April 1970 were a good vintage. Some were architectural students — Duncan Stewart, better known perhaps for his involvement in the Battle of Hume Street, was one; Cormac O Cuilleandáin, who is still deeply involved in the Festival was another. Also associated that first year was the then President of U.S.I., Richard O'Toole.

The Festival was a rousing *succès d'estime*. A particular feature was the appearance of such "progressive" groups as The Pentangle and the Liverpool Scene, at major concerts; and the other events which perhaps most impressed patrons was the all-star jazz concert with Ronnie Scott, the Noel Kelahan Big Band, and the Butler-Fox group. Of course, such a success had to lose money — and did.

The following year, the organisation behind the Festival was perhaps less enthusiastic — at least, there were fewer willing hands lent until the late stages of preparation. Subsidies and grants, always the mainstay of a Festival's financial well-being, were becoming increasingly hard to come by on the Irish scene, and the Festival seemed doomed to lose money for the second year running, no matter how much it was supported by the public. When it did, as expected, there was serious doubt as to whether it could continue at all.

However, the organisers, now revitalised by a new generation of students, were determined, and a series of concerts outside the Festival proper — such as the O'Riada concert in Liberty Hall, the first major concert by the new group "Na Filí", and one given by the Chieftains — made it possible to reduce the debt to a level at which they could realistically propose to hold another Festival. With any luck, according to one committee member, the position after this 1972 Festival should have reached a break-even point. The principle achievement was that the financial difficulty, great though it was, had not been allowed to force the show to close, he said.

From the start, the Dublin Arts Festival Committee have endeavoured to ensure that theirs would not be just any old festival — that it would

have a stamp and a character all its own. It is this approach to show business that has brought the Festival to the Liberties this year — and also the idea that as opposed to spreading it throughout the city, siting it in one area would give the impression of a unified Festival. In other city Festivals, the life of the city goes on unimpeded) by frequently unimpressed) by special events. In the Liberties it is impossible to ignore the simple fact that something different is occurring. There is a sense of atmosphere, even of togetherness.

Is there a justification for running a Festival at all? Hardly, says Cormac O Cuilleandáin: "most festivals are run 'just for the hell of it', but once you have started on that tack, you must follow it through — and that can be hell, in organisational terms. It has also given some of them a sense of purpose and a new appreciation of the importance of the arts to everyone. Their next project is likely to be a series of suburban concerts, aimed at bringing the arts to the people rather than asking the people to come to the arts.

Perhaps after that, a travelling Festival! The Festival's theatre programme which is based on the theme of the Theatre of Cruelty, is being provided by four different companies. U.C.D.'s *Dramsoc Society* is producing two plays: *Oedipus*, a new version by Jim Sheridan which has been on already in the Aula Maxima in St. Stephen's Green, will be on at the same venue during the Festival on March 2 and 3 and on March 4 and 6 there will be a production of *Tom Stoppard's* play "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead," directed by Patrick Drury in the Little Theatre. Only two other plays are on in the evening, the *Strand Players* "Marat-Sade" is now regrettably over having had only one production on March 1, but you can still see "Journal of a Hole" presented by *Slot Players* on March 6 and 7 at the Aula Maxima. Lunchtime Theatre is being provided by *Metamorphix* with *Israel Norovitz's* "The Indian wants the Brave" at the Aula Maxima on March 3 and 7, while at the same place on March 2, 4 and 6 there will be a production of "T.V." by *Jean Claud Van Itallie*.

The musical programme, which is more of a crowd-drawer, is also a bit more ambitious, the highlight being the piano recital by *Pascal Roge* in the Synod Hall, Christ Church, on March 6. Apart from *Pedro Soler*, the Flamenco guitarist who gave his recital on March 1, Roge is the only non-Irish musician in the programme. On March 3 there will be a concert of chamber music in the Synod Hall, Christchurch, with

Edward Beckett (flute), *John Beckett* (harpichord) and *Betty Sullivan* (viola da Gamba). On the same evening at 11 p.m. there will be "madrigals by candlelight" featuring the *College Singers* at the Festival Club in the Tailors' Hall. Other musical items on the programme include the *Apex Jazz Band* from Belfast on the Rupert Guinness Hall on March 2, a Flamenco recital by the Dublin guitarist, *J. Gerald Grennell* in the Tailors' Hall and *Sean O Riada's* Mass sung by the choir of *Dominiac College*, Tallaght, at St. Audeon's, High Street, on March 5th.

Apart from the poetry readings nearly all of which take place at lunchtime right through the festival in the City Hall, the remainder of the programme is made up of various lectures in the Tailors' Hall relating to the history of the Liberties. They include "Viking and Medieval Dublin" by *Breandan O Riordan* on March 2; "Architecture and Sculpture of Christ Church" by *Roger Stalley* on March 3; "Dublin and Its Liber-

THOSE GENIAL late students, the Merrimen, are going quite political this year, it would appear. Their Summer School theme is to be "Daniel O'Connell and the Rise of Irish Democracy," while for their Winter School this weekend they propose to examine Radio na Gaeltachta — in depth, presumably.

Speakers at the weekend will include Chairman of RTE, Donall O'Morain; the Ceannaire of the new service, Pádraig O'Raghallaigh; members of the Gaeltacht civil rights movement; and Gareth Bevan of Bangor University in Wales. One trusts that all of them will have read their *Feedbacks*.

Two quotations from recent historical works on Ireland might be of interest to Summer School 'pupils': Only the Catholic gentry, bourgeoisie and Church can be described as real beneficiaries of O'Connellism.

That is from D. R. O'Connor Lysaght's *The Republic of Ireland* (Mercier 1970); this is taken from *A History of the Irish Working Class* by Peter Berresford Ellis (Gollancz), published this week.

Like his fellow Irishman, Edmund Burke, he was an anti-revolutionary. When he spoke about liberty, he had in mind the mid-19th century English middle class conception. He was an ardent monarchist and cherished a romantic attachment for his "darling little Queen." No doubt the iconoclasts of Cumann Merriman will take into account rather unfashionable views of the "Liberator" like those. No matter what, the School — to be held in Scariff this year — is bound to be lively.

THE DUBLIN ARTS FESTIVAL 1972



One of a series of many drawings of the Liberties by Michael O'Brien, which can be seen on exhibition at the Tailors' Hall during the Arts Festival. Above is "St. Patrick's Close."

ties, Transformation through the Ages," by *Nuala Burke* on March 6 and on March 7; "Dublin's Medieval Heart Renewed," by *Uinseann Mac Eoin*, which takes in

St. Catherine's, High Street. For those who would prefer the open air there are some guided tours of the Liberties, on March 4, for instance, starting at 10.00

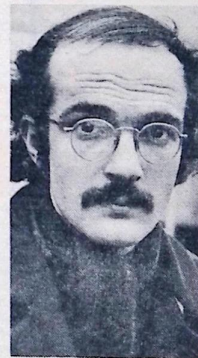
a.m., there is an industrial-archaeological tour of the Liberties, while at 3.00 p.m. on the same day there is a walking tour of medieval Dublin with Henry Wheeler.

REMINDERS

On Monday evening, March 6th, at 8 p.m., and on the following day, in the afternoon, there will be two 'cello and piano recitals by *Werner Taube* and *Rudolf Denemark*, at the R.D.S. On Sunday next (March 5th) the *R.T.E. Symphony Orchestra* gives a public concert at the Gaiety; included in the programme is *Sean O Riada's* "The Banks of Sullane." On the following Sunday (March 12th), they are back at the Gaiety again with *Josef Wilkomirski* conducting his own "Stela 70"; also on the programme is Mozart's "Piano Concerto in C Minor" and Tchaikovsky's "Pathétique."

The Irish Film Society continues its special season of *Roman Polanski* films with "Dance of the Vampires" on Tuesday, March 7th, and "Rosemary's Baby" on March 28th. In April, incidentally, they will also be showing a special season of the *Marx Brothers*, with such films as "Duck Soup," "Animal Crackers" and "Monkey Business."

From Tuesday, March 7th to March 29th, there will be an exhibition of the works by the German artist, *H. A. P. Grieshaber*, winner of the 1971 Dürer Prize, at the Municipal Gallery. There will also be a lecture on Grieshaber at the Municipal Gallery on March 5th, and also on March 12th, by *Dr. Karl-Gustav Gerold* of the German Embassy; both lectures start at 12 p.m.



Roland Jacquerele

THE ABBEY, I think, have made a good investment lately with their acquisition of the youthful but experienced talents of Roland Jacquerele; he is joining them as a director on a nine-month contract. A former member of Trinity Players and a founding member of the Dublin Stage Company, Roland Jacquerele has been directing plays in Dublin and England for the past three years. He is probably best known for his original Irish production of Kevin Laffan's "It's a Two Foot Six Inches . . ."

DUBLIN ARTS FESTIVAL

CEOLTOIRI LAIGHIAN in concert — on Saturday, March 4th — a new traditional group.

RUPERT GUINNESS HALL at 8.00
6p, 40p, students 30p

Tickets from Festival Office, 51 Dawson Street, Phone 47733

Finance Property Stockmarket Economics

ECONOMIC REVIEW '72

The Economy in Review

THE ENTIRE FINANCIAL section in this issue is given over to an examination of the developments in the economy over the past fourteen months and a look at possible trends for the coming year. Included is a synopsis of the forecast for the various sectors of the economy for 1972. The analysis is divided into five main sections—Unemployment, Price Inflation, Foreign Trade, Public Expenditure and finally the Monetary Sector—our belief being that these are the sectors in which the most important developments took place and also the ones which hold the most significance for the coming years.

There are two ways of looking at Mr. Colley's position as the Budget for the coming financial year is being moulded within the various departments of state. The first is in the traditional fashion, and argues for a continuation of those policies and structures which have been the hallmark of the past decade. It sees the Minister faced with a new round of wage increases that threaten to add flames to an already inflationary position and so must be counter-balanced. It sees him faced with record levels of unemployment and related demands for an increase in public capital expenditure to provide a stimulus for economic activity. It sees a particular threat to the tourist industry because of the troubles in the North, and it sees the need for greater allocations to both the Army and the Garda for the same reason. Faced with these difficulties and many more like them, the most probable Budget to result will raise some additional taxation here, and distribute it there, in a fashion that will not affect any one section in a fundamental fashion. In other words it will be a traditional and unexciting budget.

But there is, of course, another way of looking at Mr. Colley's position. This starts from a basic recognition of the exceptional nature of our economy, one of the smallest in Europe, one of the poorest in Europe, and one which because of these characteristics requires very exceptional management. The last exceptional initiative in Irish economic affairs dates back to 1958; the reversal of Sinn Féinism and the launching of the first programme for Economic Expansion. Now that E.E.C. membership is introducing a comparatively new ball game, it should be recognised that a new initiative is needed that might carry this minuscule economy through the difficult period which certainly lies ahead.

Overall the best achievement of any Finance Minister (as Ludwig Erhard demonstrated so effectively in post-war Germany) is to create the conditions that rewards personal effort and enterprise. The export tax incentives were in this mould, as were the grants to new industry, and both showed good results. The absence of a capital gains tax in this country is another exceptional attraction to investors. But the spirit of enterprise, as reflected in greater earnings, is positively discouraged as far as wage earners are concerned. The present low-level application of P.A.Y.E. is a real deterrent to the will to work harder and longer. A shift in the emphasis of taxation from earning to spending (while retaining heavy taxation at the higher income levels) is one fundamental matter of policy that the Minister should consider.

Another is the total cost of Government in this small country. Because the Fianna Fail Government has been continuously in office so long it becomes increasingly difficult for any new Minister to institute reforms, or force through any fundamental changes. Donogh O'Malley knew all about that. But it is safe to say that if the Minister for Finance was determined to do it, he could reduce the cost of government by 10% without having to try too hard.

There are all the usual reasons why Mr. Colley should bring in a cautious and conservative budget. It will be interesting to see if he has the courage to attempt something more imaginative.

The Financial Editor

UNEMPLOYMENT A PERMANENT PROBLEM

Although unemployment in the Republic has lately begun to show a welcome decrease—78,515 on February 11th, 841 lower than the previous week—the problem is still a very serious one. Nearly 9 per cent of our insurable working population are still registered as unemployed and it is unlikely that there will be significant improvements during the year.

THE PROBLEM of unemployment in Ireland it must be remembered is very much a permanent one, although its presence has been always somewhat ignored because of the safety valve provided by the high rate of emigration. Apart from Finland, we are the only country in North Western Europe which is unable to provide enough employment for those of the population who want it here. Irish unemployment also differs largely from that associated with the trade cycle—i.e., increasing lack of work because of insufficient demand or investment, a problem associated with most countries whose development does not depend largely on foreign trade. Rather unemployment here is what economists refer to as 'structural', and as such cannot be combatted by conventional policies which are really only effective when dealing with trade cycle unemployment. The situation has arisen before, for instance, where increases in unemployment have been accompanied by high levels of demand, and it is interesting to note that, although total employment increased last year also, it was one of the worst years for unemployment since the post-war period.

* * *

At the end of 1971 total unemployment stood at the extremely high figure of 76,454, the highest since the very depressed year of 1959, and an increase of 8,824 on the total for January 1st, 1971. The most significant increase took place in the latter half of December—on the 17th of that month the total came to 71,354. The seriousness of the situation can be underlined by the fact that as a proportion of population it was more than twice as grave as that of Britain. The unemployment problem was pretty widespread over the Republic as a whole. Between December 18th, 1970, and December 17th, 1971, no area showed a significant or substantial decrease. During this period the heaviest increase was in the area of the highest population, Dublin/Dun Laoghaire, which had an increase of about 3,000 to a new total of 18,385. In Cork there was an increase of 1,200 to 2,868. Redundancies

were quite high in the Cork area, accounting in November for 23 per cent. of the country's total. In Limerick there was an increase of 473 to 2,457, in Drogheda an increase of 200 to 1,150 and in Dundalk 283 to 1,137. Of the December 31st figure of 76,454 just under half were unemployed farmers or farmers' dependants. The most rapid rise, however, in unemployment was in service and manufacturing industries, and predominantly men were the victims.

The rise in unemployment can be attributed to three main factors—decreased emigration, rapidly contracting employment in agriculture, and the large number of redundancies throughout 1971.

It is estimated that between November, 1970, and November, 1971, only 2,250 people

emigrated, as compared with an average of 12,200 a year between 1966 and 1971. The reason for this situation was, of course, the economic position in Britain, where, during the same period, nearly a million people were out of work. It is a new, and harrowing, experience for the Irish economy to have high unemployment at the same time as the U.K. Now, however, that the miners' strike is over the U.K.'s economy will no doubt begin to recover, but it is possible that it could take up to three years to have any considerable impact over here, and it is far from clear that Irish emigrants will continue to be as welcome as they have in the past. Emigration then, at least for the time being, will lose its traditional role as a sort of escape valve in Irish economic policy, and for the first time the country may be forced to try and solve its own problem.

One of the most serious economic problems in this country is the continual decline in agricultural employment at a faster rate than new jobs can be created in manufacturing or service employment. In each year there is a decline of roughly 10,000. In 1961 there were, for instance, 379,000 farmers and farm workers. By 1967 there was a fall to 322,000, by 1969 a fall to 303,000 and by 1970 to 291,000.

The redundancy figures for 1971 were exceptionally high, showing an increase of 120 per cent. over 1970—8,556 workers, as compared to 3,896. Two important aspects about the redundancy figures are to be noted. Firstly, just under

half of the redundancies were in the manufacturing industries, two-thirds being accounted for by textiles, food and drink, and clothing and footwear industries. In the distributive trades and in transport there were 837 and 558 redundancies respectively. Of the latter group 320 were Dublin deep-sea dockers who lost their employment under a de-casualisation and modernisation scheme.

A major factor behind the redundancies in 1971 has been the depression in the British and American markets, which can be particularly seen in the case of textiles. The closure of Anglo-Irish Weavers, Ltd., in Tuam last year, for instance, was a result of the firm's failure to compete with other imports in the British market after a lowering of British import duties—146 people lost their jobs. Altogether in the textile industry 5 per cent. of employees lost their jobs. Two other problems which beset the industry were increased free trade and inflation.

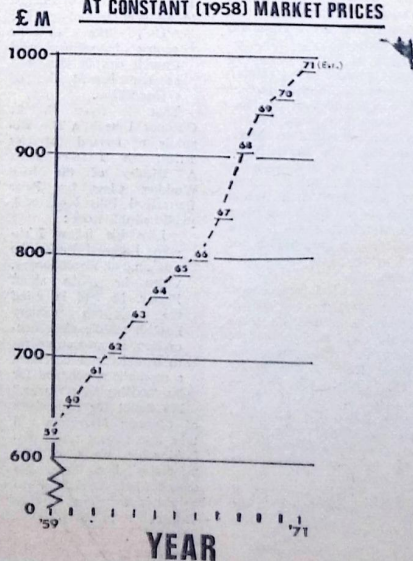
Recession usually hits the Irish textile industry quite faster than it does the British, but corresponding pick-ups tend to lag behind, with consequent adjustment problems for the workers concerned.

Redundancies in rural, depressed areas are obviously quite a serious problem because of the difficulty of finding alternative employment for the workers or retraining them. West Donegal was quite badly hit in 1971 with increased emigration (which is already quite high in the area) resulting from redundancies and short-time in the local textile industry. It is worth noting here that many of our traditional industries which are the most susceptible to free trade condition are based in rural areas.

One industry which typifies the trend among older, previously protected, industries is footwear, where employment has fallen steadily since the early sixties due to the impact of new capital-intensive techniques—from 6,300 in 1964 to 5,700 in 1970. The same position more or less applies to clothing firms; according to the C.I.O. Report, most of the small-size firms will disappear in the E.E.C. unless they merge or begin to co-operate.

A recurring feature of redundancies has been the suddenness with which firms have announced their plans either to cut back labour force or to close their plant. This seems to be particularly so with foreign firms, and indicates the difficulty of sustaining development in regional areas with enterprises not committed to the wider social welfare of the area. This can be a problem, even when there is an umbrella organisation for the area, as at Shannon. A case in point occurred in March when the International Textured Yarn plant announced its intention to close without forewarning, either the 120 workers involved or SEADCO. The factory was closing, it was announced, for purposes of considering the installation of new equipment.

GROSS NATIONAL PRODUCT AT CONSTANT (1958) MARKET PRICES



OUTLOOK FOR 1972



One important assumption to be made before any forecast can be given for this sector is that the National Pay Agreement will remain in force and in those cases where new agreements will arise during the year that they will not be in any way more inflationary than the agreements which they replace. Given this, then, a rise of 12% can be expected for non-agricultural wages and salaries, which more or less follows the same trend as last year. As far as other non-agricultural income is concerned (e.g., profits), the increase should be in the order of 11.5%. The important aspect about this forecast is that it represents a substantial increase over the past two years and will lead to a significant narrowing of the gap in the rate of increase with employee remuneration. The expansion in industrial output in the last year and its expected acceleration this year should lead to some recovery in corporate profits.

For agriculture, an increase in income of about 6.5% is assumed, which compares reasonably with previous years; the increase in cattle prices may not be as large as in 1971, but increases in other prices, as well as in output, can be expected.



Assuming that industrial earnings will rise by about 12%, the value of personal consumption is likely to increase by 10.5%. In arriving at this figure it is important to take into account, firstly, the influence of easier instalment credit terms arising from the Government's removal of hire-purchase, credit-sale and hiring restrictions announced last October and, secondly, the effect of a continuing high rate of price inflation. With an increase of about 7% predicted for consumer prices this year (see below), the increase in the volume of consumption should be about 3.5%, a slight improvement over the last year.



One of the more heartening aspects of last year was the continued growth in the value of total exports of goods and services. The trend for this year should be more or less the same, with an increase of 11.5%. Industrial exports, both to the U.K. and other parts of the world, should account for a good part of the increase, though one must bear in mind also the possible dampening effects of the recent developments in the U.K.'s economy. Some improvement in the value of metal ore exports is expected, as also is a recovery in Shannon exports; both of these were depressed in 1971. Agricultural exports are not expected to have as good a performance as in 1971, but the expected increase of about 12% compares favourably with the average rate of growth over the past decade. The behaviour of visible exports is susceptible, of course, to developments abroad and it is necessary to note the slackening of international trade in the latter part of 1971, which could well continue well into 1972. One hopes also that the international monetary crisis of last year has been resolved and will not repeat itself, albeit in a different form, this year.

With the present setback in the tourist industry, an overall increase in the value of invisible exports of about 4% is estimated for 1972. This is about the same rate of growth as in 1971 and implies a small decrease in the volume of such exports.



A current price rise of about 11.5% in the volume of imports is expected; in constant price terms this means an increase in final demand of 4%. If one allows for the reduction in aircraft deliveries, however, the expected growth of imports is 12% in value and about 5% in volume. The rise in import prices—5%—will not be as great as last year and there are reasons to believe that it could possibly be less than expected. There was a marked slowing down in the rate of increase in import prices throughout last year which may well continue and it is important also to bear in mind the effects of the recent changes in currency parities. Regarding the composition of imports, most forms of producers' capital goods can be expected to be imported in larger quantities and also a faster rate of industrial production, along with a greater level of non-agricultural stock-building, is likely to stimulate a marked rise in imports of goods for further production.



Given the forecasts for exports and imports of goods and services, the current balance of payments deficit should be about £81 million, which is much the same as last year. If, however, the possibility mentioned above arises, that import prices rise less than forecast, this would bring an appreciable reduction to the deficit, which has been rather high for the past three years. This is because Irish imports are not very sensitive to changes in price; thus, a higher than average increase in import prices usually leads to a rapid increase in the value of total imports and, of course, vice versa.



The increase in the volume of fixed investment should be about 3%. A qualification must be immediately introduced, however, that the forecast is a somewhat tentative one, as there is a good measure of spare capacity in the economy at present, some of which may well persist until the end of the year. It must also be pointed out that although the figure may seem quite small, it must be remembered that in 1971 there was the exceptionally large investment in aircraft. If we exclude this, the increase in investment for this year should be around 8% in volume (compared with 3.5% in 1971) and 15% in value (10.5% in 1971).

Whatever about the actual nature of the figure, what can definitely be said is that there will be some sort of an increase in investment in 1972. This becomes apparent especially when one considers the following factors—the high rate of industrial exports in 1971 and the high level forecast for 1972, the recent Government measures to stimulate investment, the forecast increase in consumer expenditure, the forecast improvement in profits, and the recently announced reduction in company taxation. It goes without saying, of course, that the extent to which the economy recovers in the forthcoming year depends greatly on a substantial recovery in investment, especially in the private and industrial sectors.

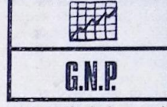


Although, as already noted above, an increase in industrial expansion is to be expected throughout this year, with a resulting small increase in industrial employment and perhaps a larger rise in the other non-agricultural sectors, it nevertheless cannot be expected that this will make any significant difference to the present high level of employment. Increases in industrial employment tend to lag considerably behind increases in industrial output.

The trend in unemployment depends to a great extent to developments in the U.K.'s economy and although this will most likely start to pick up quite soon, especially now that the miners' strike is over, it may be some time before it begins to show any appreciable effects. In short, then, the present trend of unemployment, with seasonal fluctuations, can be expected to continue.



The average rise in consumer prices of 7.5% indicates a further moderate check to the acceleration of inflation. This compares to an average rise of 8.9% in 1971 and a rise of 8.2% in the preceding year. The forecast depends, however, to a great extent on the presupposition that there will be little or no increase in indirect taxes. A smaller increase in import prices than expected could also make a significant difference to the trend of the consumer price index, but there would be a considerable time lag before the effects became apparent.



The forecast rate of growth for the economy this year in real terms is 3.5%, or 11% at current prices, which implies a general price rise through the economy of 7.5%. The rate compares somewhat favourably with last year's (estimated at 2.5%) and particularly so with that of 1970, which was just 1.5%. In terms of the past decade it falls short of the average growth rate of just about 4% (at its highest in 1969 at 7.9% and at its lowest in 1968 at 1.4%). The importance of the tourist industry for the economy as a whole is perhaps no better shown than by the fact that if it were not for the 7% decrease in volume in that industry Gross National Product for 1972 would be over 4%. As regards the other sectors, Industry should account for just over 2% of the increase, Services 0.9% and Agriculture 0.3%.



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Economic Review '72/Inflation

PRICE INFLATION ON THE GALLOP

SINCE 1969 Irish economic policy has been increasingly concerned with inflationary developments and their implications for the external balance. Rates of increase in costs and prices in the 1960s were amongst the most rapid experienced in OECD countries. The trend became particularly exacerbated in 1968, however, the consumer price index for the end of that year being 5½ per cent that a year earlier; in 1969 the increase was about the same, in 1970 it rose to 8.2 per cent while last year the average increase for the year was just under 9 per cent.

There are four main factors which can be signalled out as being instrumental in the rapid increase in price inflation towards the end of the last decade. British devaluation

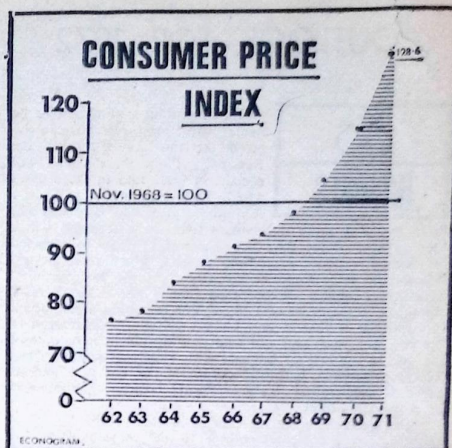
of the pound in 1967 was certainly one, leading to a sharp rise in import prices in the following year which eventually had its effect on domestic prices. Also in late 1967 and early 1968 agricultural prices had a steep rise, mainly due to an increase in the export prices of cattle. The raising of the wholesale tax rate from 5 per cent to 10 per cent in early 1969, the further increases in the wholesale tax rate on certain goods in the 1969 Budget and the 1970 supplementary Budget bringing the rate of these goods to 20 per cent, and the rise from 2½ per cent to 5 per cent in the Turnover Tax rate in the 1970 Budget are also very important factors behind the increased rate of inflation. The main contributing factor to the inflationary spiral, how-

ever, was the very large increase in incomes, particularly in 1969 with the maintenance men's settlement and the subsequent very large wage demands, in some cases in the region of over 50 per cent. The National Pay Agreement of 1970 restored some order but with the price of a relatively high overall settlement.

The relative importance of these factors in the increase of inflation in 1971 can be seen by analysing the rise in the general price level by cost component. In 1971 the major source in inflation from the cost side was again the high rate of increases in wage and salary incomes; non-agricultural wages, salaries and incomes had a percentage increase of about 4½ per cent. The increase in the Price Level of Gross

Domestic Expenditure for non-agricultural wages and salaries was about 4½ per cent while that for other income which includes profits and agricultural income was just under 2 per cent. Imports came next with a percentage increase of over 2½ per cent while indirect taxation net of subsidies was 1½ per cent and depreciation accounted for ½ per cent. Total input then came to over 11 per cent. Taking into account the price increase in exports of about 2½ per cent we are left with a total increase in the price level of gross domestic expenditure of just under 9 per cent.

The massive increase in the scale of wage demands over the past few years is a phenomenon, which cannot be easily



explained. One writer has recently suggested that the increase in demands can possibly be explained in terms of a dissatisfaction on the part of the workers with the existing distribution of income, wealth and privilege. Whatever the social or political explanation may be however (it is an area perhaps where some fruitful research could be carried out) there is no doubt that demand conditions in 1968 and 1969 were such as to strongly encourage wage claims. In both those years domestic demand or gross domestic expenditure increases by over 9 per cent; the significance of this increase can be seen when one considers that the biggest increase for any other year in the 1960s was 5.4 per cent in 1964. One of the major influences undoubtedly on the growth of domestic demand is the Public Capital Programme. In 1968 and 1969 the Public Capital Programme grew by 24 per cent and 16 per cent respectively.

However one may wish to explain the very large increases in incomes, there is no doubt the effects of such increases, especially when combined with the deterioration over the past few years in our unit wage costs.

In tackling the inflationary spiral the only really effective course still open to the Government is that of an adequate and comprehensive incomes policy. It must also be stressed that there is an urgent need to achieve a substantial reduction in the vast inequalities in living standards. It has been suggested before that this is an objective which should be built into the incomes policy itself. In placing a ceiling on increases in incomes, however, an incomes policy has, so to speak, enough on its plate. Tackling inequality in living standards is an objective which it would be much more feasible for fiscal and other measures to handle.

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Economic Review '72/Public Expenditure

A CRISIS IN PUBLIC FINANCE?

AN outstanding feature of the Irish economy in the past ten years has been the unprecedented growth rate in public expenditure—an average annual increase of over 12 per cent. Such an expansion has had, of course, a beneficial effect on economic growth and social progress, it does also hold some dangers for the future. For one, it is by no means certain that the economy will be able to sustain such increases. The rate of growth in public spending has been significantly faster than the rate of growth of Gross National Product at current prices, so that the ratio of public spending to G.N.P. in current values has risen very significantly; in no year in the 1960s did public spending grow less than G.N.P. Including the capital expenditure of State-sponsored bodies the ratio to G.N.P. has risen from just under 30 per cent. in 1959 to over 41 per cent. in 1969.

Such increases to say the least would be impossible for the economy to bear within the next few years. If the ratio of public expenditure to G.N.P. is not to rise indefinitely, then either the rate of growth of public spending must slow down, or the real rate of growth of G.N.P. must rise. The demands of the economy are such, however, that expenditure is more likely to rise than to fall. To mention but a few items, a large increase

in social welfare expenditure will be required to bring present social services on to the same par as Britain or the E.E.C.; large expenditure on education is also envisaged; average remuneration of local and central Government employees can also be expected to increase at much the same rate as for other employees, and finally the economy as a whole will, of course, depend to a large extent on the stimulation it receives from Government expenditure.

In short then rising costs and larger commitments are forcing the Government into a position where it is becoming increasingly difficult to finance its spending, both current and capital. The tax base is constricted firstly by the fact that the agricultural community is almost entirely free from direct taxation, and secondly by the fact that because of tax incentives for industrial exports mean that many new firms will not be paying tax for a long time to come, which shoves the burden on to import-competing firms which are already hard-pressed in other ways.

Tax rates, it must also be mentioned, are already quite high, particularly for a country which does not have heavy commitments as far as defence and social welfare are concerned.

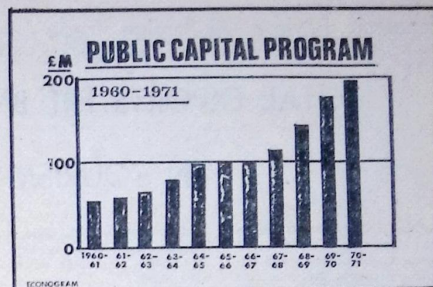
A disquieting feature in recent years has been the greater reliance by the Govern-

ment on borrowing abroad and from the domestic banks to finance its capital expenditure.

Foreign borrowing carries certain liabilities. On the financing side it commits us to paying interest payments abroad which enter into our balance of payments on cur-

rent account, which, in turn, creates a real claim on Irish output. In other words, we increase our capital now at the expense of decreasing the goods and services available to us in the future. There is the possibility, of course, that the capital will be sufficiently productive to produce those goods and services which will be bought by the interest payments abroad and to thus yield a surplus. There is also a monetary implication in such foreign borrowing. If we borrow abroad instead of save at home and we spend that borrowing on anything in Ireland, what we are doing amounts to an importing of extra demand and thus a stimulation of inflation.

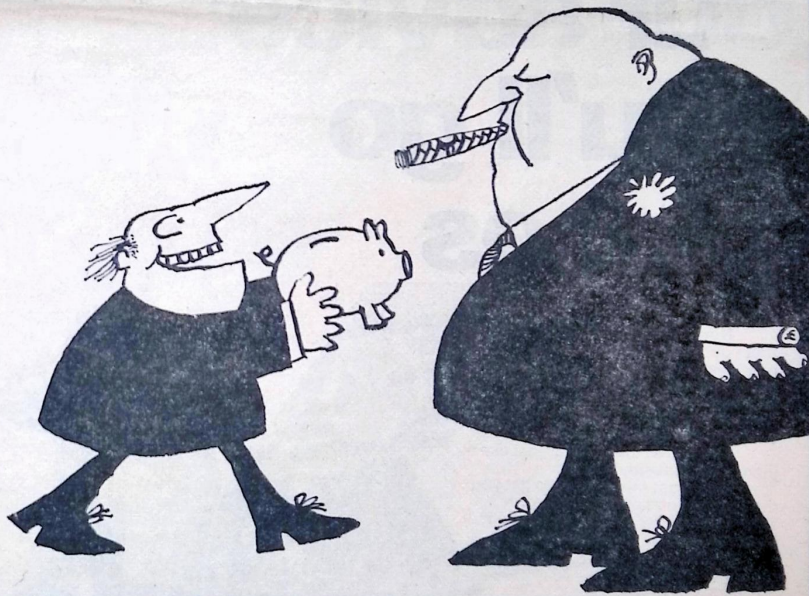
In mid-1969 advances to the Government stood at nearly £60 million, while in November of last year they stood at just over 102 million. Such



an increase poses large problems. Quite simply such borrowing mops up all available credit; what the Government takes cannot be available for the private sector. More im-

portant, however, is that borrowing of this size to be repeated year after year may stretch the Associated banks beyond the capacity of their deposits.

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Economic Review '72/Foreign Trade

TOTAL EXPORTS HIT BY DECLINE IN TOURISM

SANGUINE forecasts of a continued rise in the value of total exports of goods and services—at about the same rate as in 1971—must be taken with some caution, particularly in view of the increasing confusion and uncertainty in the British market. While this may be to overstate the case for pessimism, there is certainly little doubt that invisible exports will be heavily hit in the forthcoming season. Declines of up to 20% in the volume of tourism have been mentioned, and this can be contrasted with falls in tourist expenditure (at constant prices) of 4% and 9% in 1969 and 1970 respectively.

The picture in 1971, while not fully developed as yet, is likely to reveal a continuing downward trend.

This may be more pernicious in its overall effect on the economy than it seems at first glance, since tourist expenditure flows more directly into the national economy than does that of most other sectors.

We must also take into account in any commentary on Irish exports the effects of inflation. Much of the "best" figure for export growth in 1971 is, in fact, attributable to price inflation, and reflects a poorer export performance

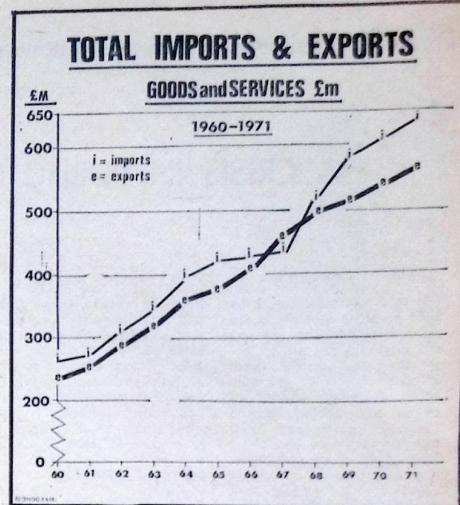
than we need. The 1971 figure (overall) of 11% growth in value of total exports represents a rather smaller rise in volume—a mere 4%.

The position here will be seriously exacerbated in the event of an unsatisfactory, or no, settlement of the landing rights dispute, as not only will Aer Lingus revenues fall, but American tourism in Ireland will be further depressed as a result. The prospects, then, for a major contribution to economic recovery from the tourist sector are distinctly gloomy.

On the brighter side, this poor increase conceals some

surprisingly bad single-sector items, and these indicate better performance in other areas. Despite the price inflation, exports from the Shannon Industrial Estate were down a whopping 12.9% by value in 1971; while, as regards metal ores and concentrates, the drop (accentuated in this instance by price-falls) was 45.9%! Predictions of some recovery in these areas contribute to the optimistic projections for 1972: the metal ore price level is expected to recover, and equally Shannon exports are expected to return to at least their 1970 level. Nonetheless, we are still in the realm of illusory growth based in large part on money value changes and in no way a reflection of real development in the economy.

To presume any significant real improvement in the performance of the Irish economy without the addition of major stimuli would be a serious error, and might lead to grave over-optimism, with consequences far beyond those of mere inaccurate speculation. It can plausibly be argued that overconfidence in the wake of



the early "wirtschaftswunder" of the First Programme was a contributory factor in the subsequent recessionary period—and that it is only now, when two further programmes have demonstrably not worked, that we are beginning to realise that the First Programme was not the answer to the Irish Economic Question. Any over-estimation or over-optimism in the forecasts for the forthcoming period could have similar effects of unjustifiable euphoria, and over-extension in the economy at the moment would merely lead to an ever graver structural problem with respect to the E.E.C., whether we are in or out.

Another factor which may be lost sight of is an ex-

pected downturn, not only in the value, but also very likely in the volume, of agricultural exports. The value of this sector was declining—as expected—in the third quarter and probably also in the fourth quarter of 1971; and there is little evidence to support claims that this trend will be reversed in 1972.

All in all, the picture is not cheering. There appears to be a trend in some areas to rely on value figures for a brighter outlook for the Irish economy, and to project, effectively, a substantial fall in the value of money rather than an increase in exports. Unless there is substantial stimulation of the economy, this is likely to be the whole sorry truth.

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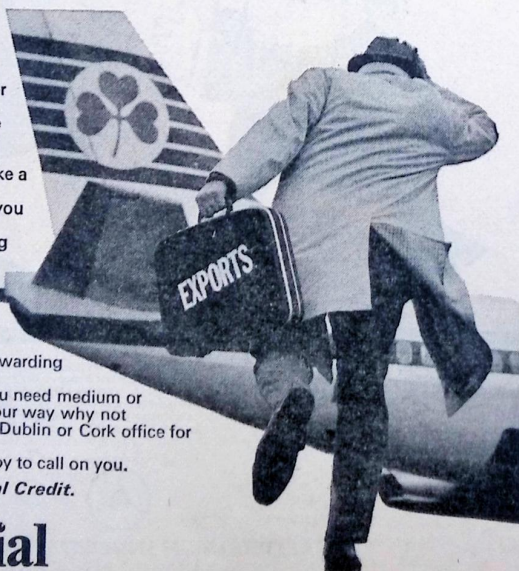
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"Economic Review '72" is based on research by Antoin Murphy, of the Department of Economics, Trinity College; Owen Sweeney, of the Department of Economics, University College, Dublin; and Liam O'Hourachan and Liam Ebrill, of the E.S.R.I.

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the people who understand

Economic Review '72/Foreign Trade

BALANCE OF PAYMENTS DEFICIT PARTLY DUE TO BEHAVIOUR OF IMPORT PRICES

Total imports of goods and services rose by over 12 per cent in current money values, or somewhat over 5 per cent in volume terms during 1971. The decline in imports of producers' capital goods continued right through the year although towards September the rate was somewhat modified. Imports of partly-processed goods and raw materials for use in industry also declined. These two categories are indicators of both investment in plant

and machinery and industrial output. The trend suggests that activity in both these areas was sluggish during the three months ended in September, 1971. The remaining category of imports, finished consumer goods, as the only one showing consistent increases up to the third quarter of 1971, and received an extra spurt at the end of the year with the lifting of restrictions on hire purchase.

The behaviour of import prices over the past few years is an important factor in understanding the continued high deficit in the balance of payments on current account of about £80m., despite the restraints on demand. Up to 1968 import prices rose very slowly — by less than 1 per cent per annum. Since 1967, however, import prices have risen by more than 6 per cent a year on average. This makes a very considerable difference

to the balance of trade position, even if export prices rose at the same rate, since merchandise imports are considerably greater than merchandise exports. Thus in 1971, the difference to the balance of trade of a rise in export and import prices of 1 per cent, as compared with a rise of 6½ per cent (i.e. the actual rise in import prices) in both, would be about £12 million. This would be so even if the terms

of trade were unchanged. In fact, they disimproved slightly in 1970 and 1971, whereas on average they proved in Ireland's favour up to 1967.

It must be added, however, that the volume of imports has risen more than might be expected. This can in part be explained by the composition of demand in 1970 and 1971. In the case of investment, the decline in 1970 and slow growth in 1971 in building and construction—an activity with a relatively low import content—and the greater weight of investment dependent heavily on imports—e.g. aircraft—is an important factor. Industrial exports have a high import

content and their rapid growth in 1970 and 1971 compared to the decline in tourism which is a low import activity, would have also pushed up imports. Also industrial exports increased substantially over the last decade in relation to agricultural exports, another low import activity.

Apart from these factors, one must also take into account the possibility that the continued high rate of imports is due to a reduction in competitiveness which is in turn due to the lowering of tariffs under the Anglo-Irish Trade Agreement and the deterioration in our unit wage costs.



Where are you going to my pretty maid?

"I'm going a-milking, sir," she said. "For Bord Baine."

"For Bord Baine?"

"For Bord Baine, sir," she said. "The Irish Dairy Board. We export Ireland's dairy produce around the world. To Gibraltar. Cyprus. Malta. Canada. South Africa. America. Philippines. Japan. And lots more besides."

"How much do you export, my pretty maid?"

"A very good question, sir," she said. "Some £46.5 millions in 1971. Over £8 millions more than in 1970."

"That's a lot of dairy produce!"

"It is. Thanks to the work of 100,000 Irish dairy farmers."

"Then may I come with you, my pretty maid?"

"No! I'm extremely busy, sir," she said.

An Bord Baine/The Irish Dairy Board, Grattan House, Mount Street Lower, Dublin 2.



Letters To The Editor (contd.)

Bill McSweeney

Sir,—Bill McSweeney has shown himself as a critic of the established Church in his review of Cardinal Heenan's autobiography, *Not the Whole Truth*. He belittles a good man because, not only is he holy, has modelled his life on Christ, but also makes these virtues obvious. All priests model their lives on Christ and in doing so attract men to the Church.

Your note on Bill McSweeney states that he is an ex-Catholic priest. You ought to have added for those who did not know personally that he was a priest of the Westminster Archdiocese and that Cardinal Heenan was his bishop. In the five years that I knew him in Euston, where he worked, I found him to be a sensitive man, dedicated to his work. He attended my mother when she was in hospital with cancer. He worked hard to give the Christian message to young people by involving them in projects of a social nature, promoted discussion groups to encourage people to think, and was active in creating a community spirit in an area where so many people are without roots.

I hope one day Bill McSweeney will return to his true vocation and leave the nebulous attraction of sociology to those who never experienced the good life of a priest.—Yours, etc.,

JOHN PETERSON,
44 Gordon Square,
London W.C. 1.

Economic Expediency

Sir,—My belief in the irresponsibility of stock market prophets such as your correspondent "Money Bags" was strengthened when in the 21st January edition of *Hibernia* I found the suggestion that Ireland should have bartered their

vote in the U.N. over China's admission in exchange for a settlement of the American landing rights issue. Does "Money Bags" really believe that there is no such thing as a principle, or is the only principle economic expediency? China has a right to a U.N. seat. This is totally unrelated to the landing rights problem. To seek a "package deal" manifests the attitudes of people like "Moneybags"—Yours, etc.,

PETER FEENEY
Dept. of Politics,
University of Durham,
England.

British Army Plan

Sir,—The map on your front page (February 18th) is more timely than you know, for, according to the northern publication *Fortnight* (February 9th), there is a plan (known in Dublin) for the British Army to cross the border and attack the I.R.A. camps in Counties Louth and Monaghan. It is said that they have been given the green light on condition that they finish the job cleanly and neatly and do not have any confrontation with Gardaí or the Irish Army.—Yours, etc.,

PATRICK J. N. BURY,
St. Patrick's Hospital,
James street,
Dublin 8.

Without Malice

Sir,—Poor Anne Harris! She does seem to be hung up on that word malice. Last week we had her excusing what she was pleased to call Brendan Behan's "excusable malice." Unless she wishes to avoid obtaining exclusive Irish rights to that word she would do well to purchase a copy of Roget's Thesaurus, wherein she will find some synonyms. I proffer this advice, without malice, of course.—Yours, etc.,

JOHN DOYLE,
Main Street,
Ballinglass,
Co. Wicklow.

Economic Review 72/Monetary Sector

INCREASED MONEY SUPPLY

A CAUSE OF INFLATION

IN ITS RECENT quarterly bulletin report the Central Bank informs us that: "The central problem confronting the Irish economy in 1971 was that of price inflation, with its consequences in the form of rising unemployment and slow economic growth." To the Central Bank then the central problem is inflation. One may dispute this point, however, and place unemployment as the central problem — perhaps our value judgments differ here. As we have pointed out already above, unemployment is a major problem not only because of the high rate of price inflation but also because of net emigration. Unemployment, we also pointed out, increased even though the total at work increased during 1971.

This anomalous situation underlines one of the major deficiencies of the Irish economy — the low investment and savings ratios, ratios which if they continue at their existing low level will never bring about full employment. In 1967 the N.I.E.C. in its full employment report indicated the type of saving and investment ratios that would be required to bring about full employment. In order to reach full employment in the 1980s the N.I.E.C. estimated that one-third of increases in Gross National product would have to be saved between 1970-75 and 40 per cent. after 1975. To obtain full employment a gross savings ratio of 30 per cent. would be required for a sustained period. At present the gross savings ratio is only around 20 per cent. of national output.

Any attempt to raise the savings ratio, however, must run into serious difficulties because of the high rate of inflation. The incentive to save has deteriorated since last year for, although the rate of inflation has remained at its high level the short-term rate, has come down thus increasing the real loss that savers have to face. The rate of inflation needs to be brought down to a level where savers will not suffer a real loss for abstaining from consumption. Or else, of course, if inflation cannot be reduced, interest rates should be made more attractive. In Britain the Bank of England has done this by removing the cartel that formerly existed on interest rates quoted by the clearing banks. When a strong demand for bank funds emerges then the rate of interest quoted on deposits will reflect the competitive forces of the market and not the artificial constraints of the cartel. In Ireland the Central Bank and the Associated Banks have decided not to pursue this policy.

The main monetary indicators that need examination for the past year are those relating to the money supply,

general credit availability, the rate of interest, and the continued large capital inflow into the economy.

The Central Bank defines the money supply in a very narrow fashion. It consists of currency in the hands of the public plus current accounts held with the Associated Banks. In other countries time deposits are generally included in a definition of the money supply and it may be highly relevant to include them in Ireland because time deposits are almost twice that of demand deposits — £587.9 million as against £309.3 million in September, 1971. Also there is a strong argument that deposits held with the North American and some of the merchant banks should also be included. Is there a real basis for differentiating between deposits in the Bank of Ireland and deposits held in the Bank of America?

In its recent Report the Central Bank attributes the blame for inflation to the increases in incomes at rates far in excess of the rise in productivity. Undoubtedly this is so and income increases need to be modified and productivity needs to be increased. But is it not a somewhat simplistic approach to the problem of inflation in Ireland? Were there not other factors beside income increases that contributed to the rise of price inflation?

Any monetarist, for instance, would state that the large increase in the money supply (as defined in the Central Bank's narrow definition) of 17.5 per cent. during 1970/71 (on account of the public making a large amount of credit available to itself during the bank dispute) was bound to make its impact on prices during the second half of 1971 because of the time lag involved between a change in the money supply and its ultimate impact on prices. This point is not mentioned in the Report. Perhaps the Central Bank in its zeal to focus public attention on an extension for another six months of the national agreement discounts the importance of the effect of changes in the money supply on the price level.

In the second quarter of 1971 there was a decline in the stock of money while in the following period up to November it increased by just under 4.5 per cent. The largest component of the money supply, the current account component, rose by some £12.5 million while currency grew by about £8 million.

Bank advances rose by over £100 million during the dispute from £417 million to £519 million in April, 1971. However, there was a cut back in advances during the third quarter of the year to £48

(continued on Page 30.)

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PRIDE OF LYONS

AT LEAST ONE thing is unique about Jaguars and that is that not even other manufacturers quite know how Sir William Lyons—who has now, alas, announced his retirement can produce them for the price. This has always been so for at least as far as I can recall and this value aspect has doubtless helped the XJ series to acquire the accolade of being "The most coveted car in the World." I need hardly add that it is not quite such a red-hot bargain in this market place wherein there is a price differential of—brace yourselves—no less than £1,088 for precisely the same, automatic transmission, motorcar.

I haven't been exposed to a Jag since the time, in my halcyon past, when I had a share of an XK two-seater. I used to cut a pretty, and extremely rapid, dash. That particular car will always remain in my memory because, in it, I made the best off-the-cuff wisecrack I ever tore off. Motoring with a friend in a built-up area of London, his chat was interrupted by a loud clanging sound from without. "What's that noise?" he asked, irritably. A quick butcher's in the rear-mirror revealed the gendarmes hard behind. "Send not to find for whom the bell tolls" I advised him, "it tolls for Dickie." And not even the subsequent endorsement, nor the fine, blunted my self-appreciation.

It was exhilarating, then, to turn to the marquee and find that it was better, even, than I remembered. For this big Jag is, in all truth, a very splendid car. The appointments are so good; the thing handles so well; the motor and performance are so brilliant and, above all, it is of extraordinary quietness. There are few things in life—well, just a very few—more exciting than effortless acceleration coupled with hush and hush is what the XJ6 has in large quantities. It is, I guesstimate, about five db quieter than anything I've tried for years and that includes the 280SE Mercedes; the Rovers and the 16TS Renault—none of which are exactly clamorous transports.

And when you point that long, shining Jag bonnet at a goodly stretch of highway and press down, it strides away like a thoroughbred with muffled feet; the revs and m.p.h.s sweep up on the clear dials but, otherwise, there is virtually no sign that you are motoring rapidly except that the hedges seem to pass by somewhat smartly.

Oddly enough, the engine is not, it is rumoured, the one

originally designed and planned for this particular chassis. The story goes that they intended to power it with the new, V-12 motor but this could not meet, or be modified in time to meet, the stringent anti-emission laws of the U.S.A. So what they did was to take the old faithful XK engine and play yet another tune on it. (Can any maker, anywhere, ever have got such a return from one basic design as Jags have from that series? The prototype, if memory serves, breezed home way back one, two, three and four hours). In the XJ6, 4.2 four in the Le Mans' twenty-litre it now comes as an in-line 6 cylinder with a cast-iron block, alloy head, seven-bearing crankshaft and with twin overhead cams driven by DUPLEX shoes. The unit breathes through two S.U. carb's, separately petrol-pumped, and twin exhausts.

And look what this machinery does in the way of performance even with the drag of the automatic box; I append the manual-shift figures in brackets. Top speed 120 (123); 0-60 in 10.1 secs. (8.7); 29 seconds to 100 m.p.h. (27.5) which, mark you, is about 11 seconds faster than the 280SE takes to reach the ton. This must be about the only car I would prefer with automatic transmission rather than with manual and this because Jag's floor-mounted lever has a very long throw into first and third and, more significantly, because the clutch movement is relatively heavy and the pedal has to be bottomed to make a slick change.

The torque curve is such that this is a highly-docile car and the pick up from low speeds is wondrous to behold; it comes comes away in the most unfussy fashion but with a gentle and persistent pressure in the small of the back. And yet these six pots are tugging 321 cwt, but you pay for this, and the elan, not to say panache, with which it does it, in fuel consumption—about 17 m.p.g. is the norm. On this score, mention should also be made of the twin fuel tanks—about 12 gallons each—which are switched into service by a control beneath the gauge. Idiotically, I had not bothered to check the book and was further deluded by the single fuel gauge into believing that the switch was merely for assessing what was left in each tank. So, for some days, I was motoring around wondering how anything could use so much gas, oblivious of the fact that the starboard tank was almost full and not being used.

I was much impressed with the Borg Warner auto shift which was very clunkless and non-creeping; I was even more taken with the power-assisted steering. This is the Advest system of which I had not heard; it is not only light and very responsive but seems to heavy up a trifle as the speed increases so that you are not divorced from road feel. This is a most important characteristic for in, for example, the Rolls, the steering gets progressively more hair triggerish and you wonder what is happening there below. It is fortunate the Jag has this facility since I imagine that heaving a thing of this weight and this tyre area into parking spaces might exercise the arm muscles if one had no assistance. As it is, you can twirl it nonchalantly with a finger or two.

The ride—alleged to an extremely high standard of interior comfort and the aforementioned hush—is quite splendid. (You will have noticed that it is difficult not to eulogise about this machine).

The all-round independent suspension, which has the suspension components themselves carried and rubberisolated in a sub-assembly, apparently copes with anything in the line of surfaces and without signs of bouncing or pitching. And these are again complemented with what seem to be virtually-neutral steering and a 51:49 weight distribution. So, in short, it provides limousine comfort which is maintained even when the performance is called up and it handles like a sports car.

There is, however, a trace or two of the old-fashioned. For example, 19 grease nipples which should be attended to every 6,000 miles and not easily by a D.I.Y. owner who would need pit or hoist. But what am I saying? The average Jaguar owner probably thinks D.I.Y. stands only for Dividend Interest Yield and that a pit is where poor people sit in the theatre.

It is a very long time indeed since I handed a car back with greater regret.

VITAL STATISTICS

Engine: In-line six cylinder, with twin o.h.c.'s, 4,235 c.c. developing 245 b.h.p. at 5,500 r.p.m. and 283 t.l.b. torque at 3,750 r.p.m. (both gross). Twin S.U.'s and twin petrol pumps. Front mounted driving rear wheels.

Transmission: Borg-Warner automatic; manual box with o/d also available.

Suspension: Front—independent, double wishbones; coil springs; telescopic dampers and A/R bar. Rear—independent; transverse links and radius arms; limited slip differential; coil springs and telescopic dampers.

Dimensions: Overall length—15' 9"; o/width 5' 9"; o/height 4' 5"; weight 32.6 cwt.

Costs: £4,177 inc. T.O.T. (manual version £4,055). (U.K. £3,089 and £2,937). Road tax £50.

BITS AND PIECES TO HAND...

JUST RECEIVED from Goodbody Associates, a small bucket of a new car polish "TAK Royal Wax" which, they claim, has a number of things going for it. One that you can use on a wet car and, two, that you can do the whole car and leave it for a bit if you so desire, and then polish off. These I have proven. The third claim will take longer to establish—that it last for six months; see our August issue. TAK sells for 65/10p in shops and supermarkets.

ALSO ARRIVED, from Chas. Hanson of Brighouse, a new "Screen Clean" specially formulated by the Triplex people and intended as an additive to the washer. With, as well, "Decosol," another upholstery and interior cleaner; preliminary tests of this seem to show that it has something but, again, more later after field trials.

The Industrial Credit Company, Limited

Extract from the statement by the Chairman, Dr. J. P. Beddy at the thirty-ninth annual general meeting of the Company on the 29th February, 1972.

Summary of the principal figures shown in the Accounts for the year ended 31st October, 1971

Amount made available to industrial and commercial undertakings during the year	£8.73 million
Total assets	£26.91 million
Gross income	£2.05 million
Surplus before interest and tax	£1.76 million
Net profit after all charges including interest and tax	£0.49 million

These figures are the highest in the history of the Industrial Credit Group.

The Report and Accounts for the year ended 31st October, 1971 cover a period when as in other countries there was a slowing down in the volume of investment by manufacturing enterprises and generally in the growth rate of the economy. Despite these unfavourable developments the results for the year reached record figures as summarised above. That the increase is so substantial is due to some extent to an increase in the numbers and amounts of exceptionally large loans, one of which was a short-term bridging loan and to commitments undertaken in the previous year which could not be disbursed until later because of the closure of the banks. The capital provided was financed mainly by cash flow (44.9%), Repayable Advances from the Minister for Finance (38.8%) and deposits (10.9%).

Consolidated Profit and Loss Account

The gross income of the Group increased for the first time to over £2 million. More than half of the gross income was absorbed by interest on borrowings which increased to just over £1 million and mainly reflected increases in Repayable Advances from the Minister for Finance and Deposits. The profit before tax was £692,517, the net profit after charging all expenses including interest and tax was £493,205. This amount takes into account a once-for-all adjustment by SFC to which reference is made in Note 1, page 16, of the Report and Accounts.

Adding the balance brought forward, the amount available for appropriation is £506,868. Of this sum it is proposed to allocate to the Revenue Reserves of the parent company £225,000; £100,000 has already been allocated to the reserves of SFC, making in all a total addition of £325,000 to the Group Reserves. There remains £181,868. It is proposed to repeat

the 2½% rate of dividend of the previous year, which after tax amounts to £143,487 leaving the carry forward of the Group at £38,381, of which £8,369 is carried forward in the accounts of the parent company and £30,012 in the accounts of our wholly-owned Subsidiaries.

Consolidated Balance Sheet

The Balance Sheet Figure for quoted securities is £445,477 in excess of their market value as compared with £108,386 in the previous year. A high proportion of the excess reflects the very heavy fall in the Stock Exchange quotations of the ordinary shares of textile companies in a year of much difficulty for the industry. On the other side of the Balance Sheet, reserves are up by £186,000 after the transfer of £325,000 to Revenue Reserves and after transferring from reserves as a provision against loans and investments £139,000 (after adjustments for income tax). Group Reserves now amount to £1.27 million, of which SFC accounts for £0.35 million. There were significant developments during the year in relation to alternative sources of finance. The Company's Deposits Scheme proceeded further along the lines envisaged for it. Additional growth in funds from this source of finance is envisaged for the current year. The Company also negotiated a loan of 5 million Swiss Francs. This loan has been fully drawn down and is a useful addition to the Company's resources. Discussions and negotiations which had been proceeding for some time with the World Bank reached finality during the second half of the year, with the signing of an agreement to provide a loan of 10 million U.S. dollars. It is with much pleasure that we record our appreciation of the valuable and friendly assistance extended to us by this important international organisation.

The Capital Market

The general background was not very encouraging and it is not surprising that there was very little recourse to the market by manufacturing companies in search of funds for additional capital equipment. Instead, some exceptionally large amounts of capital were raised for this purpose by consortia in some of which the Industrial Credit Company was a substantial participant. It was encouraging, however, that towards the end of the year there was an improvement in market conditions and since the year ended there has been a resumption in our underwriting and issuing house activities.

Wholly-Owned Subsidiaries

Shipping Finance Corporation Limited financed vessels under construction, previously contracted for to the extent of almost £2 million during the year thereby bringing total loans by that company to over £11 million of which £6.7 million is now outstanding. The activities of the company during the year contributed £0.59 million to Group gross revenue and £0.63 million to our cash flow. The position regarding Irish Film Finance Corporation Limited has not changed materially during the year. I am pleased to report that Mergers Limited has had another satisfactory year with an increase in demand for the specialised services which it provides.

General

We have the knowledge, resources and experience to continue to play in the future no less important a part than in the past in financing the development of industrial and commercial undertakings. We welcome the opportunity of doing so and in providing not only capital but related advisory services. The slowing down during the past year in industrial investment in our country as in other countries is part of the picture of declining growth rates, of unemployment and of inflation all of which are related factors. While it is understandable that investment of capital may be postponed until there is clear evidence that the tide of recession which has affected so many industrial economies has turned, there is much to be said for the view that any delay in preparing for altered conditions may leave Irish industry vulnerable at a time when it should have developed strength. Shortage of immediate capital need not be a problem as we are prepared to provide funds for any soundly conceived project.



Personally Speaking

Anne Harris

THE ATTACK on the headquarters of the Parachute Brigade in Aldershot produced the most nauseating show of hypocrisy from the Irish middle class to date. It was quite clear that it took courage and determination to enter the headquarters of the technological savages who are maintained for colonial repression by the Crown. It was equally clear that the intention was to strike at the officer class. One ex-British Army officer tells me that there are at least two other and more accessible targets in Aldershot—barrack dormitories for enlisted men. Clearly the I.R.A. was making a political as well as a military gesture by striking at the Officers' Mess where so many Derry anecdotes and Poona guffaws must have been heard after the brigade's heroic battle in Derry.

British Army propaganda did a good job in building up the working class image of the victims. It is incredible how the Tories who so degrade and exploit their own poor while alive, can continue to exploit them posthumously. Nobody here bothered to point out that the Official I.R.A. had not placed their bomb in a recreation centre or a public house but had, to the limit of human ingenuity, struck at the lords and masters. Accordingly I found Tim Pat Coogan's profound analysis on R.T.E. ("an attempt to upstage the Provisionals"), particularly rich in view of the heady editorial line the *Irish Press* has been running for the past two years.

The peculiar mixture of romanticism, hibernianism and support for the most sectarian Provisional elements have been chartered before by commentators such as Jack Dowling. Less bumptious but more skin-crawling smug was Dr. Conor Cruise O'Brien's introspection on behalf of the Irish middle class who are organised loosely in three parties under his general direction.

Dr. O'Brien wanted to know if the seeds of Aldershot were sown in some Irish schoolroom. If they were it must have been a national school. Certainly the seeds of the Mountain View Tavern and the Four Steps Inn were sown in Clongowes Wood and half a dozen other colleges maintained for the privileged. Dr. O'Brien can very easily find out by reading the *Insight* team's brilliant *Ulster* how the college boys got the lads from Barr Na Sraide N.S. to stop fish-ins on Fianna Fail waters and start bombing Protestants instead. There is also a good account of how this piece of fascism was resisted, not by Dr. O'Brien's trendy social democrats but by men who never got further than the national school.

Personally I fail to see why, in a colonial country like Ireland teachers should not sow

the seeds of Aldershot. Surely a man acquainted with Franz Fanon should know that a conquered people's hope of retribution is a legitimate human aspiration. But then Dr. O'Brien and Fianna Fail strenuously resist the logic of our colonial position. To jog their memory here are the latest figures. There are 986 British subsidiaries now operating in the 26 counties. More than 65% of Irish owned manufacturing industry is controlled by foreign capital, mostly British. And if he still thinks there is two nations in Ireland it can only be the merest accident that their economic structures are increasingly identical. In the Six Counties 5% of the population own nearly half of all wealth. In the south the same 5% own more than half. The responsibility for maintaining this set up is vested in many groups.

In Ireland the three political parties help keep the natives quiet. But if that should fail there is always the refined gentlemen standing at the bar of the Officers' Mess in Aldershot. In the last analysis the Irish poor, face the paras. That is why, although I'm depressed about the deaths of five waitresses, I am also sickened by the hypocrisy of the establishment reaction.

AS WE ALL KNOW when Fianna Fail takes something over they do it big. Desmond O'Malley's first attempt at a mass People's Court in the R.D.S. was a roaring success in every sense of the word. Here it was decided that leading republicans would be arrested. The choreographed mob chanted their assent. They were hardly home when the first Special Branch men were "lifting" the Baddies in their areas. O'Malley's performance when it wasn't disgusting verged on the ghoulish, especially his promise that there would be unity in the lifetime of the Party's founder, Eamon de Valera. Apart from the resurrection promise and the public trials, which made sure that people like John Joe McGrail would stay inside, there were other touches which marked this Ard Fheis as the lead-up to 1984. In the first place there was the matter of the wall plaques, 32 in all, where Fianna Fail's writ is served. Among them was a county called "Londonerry" which was quickly torn down as evil, troublemaking photographers surged forward to record this Freudian slip. Then there was the clever trick of boarding the rows of seats together so that caucus groupings could not push towards each other. The applausometer was in perfect order and Joan Denise

Moriarty would be green with envy at the skill of the men who choreographed the crowd through the Four Functions of Fianna Fail, sitting, standing, clapping and lying down.

There were an enormous number of fur coats to be seen and no gabardines at all. The only peaked caps were worn by the Garda Síochána. Most of the crowd had never been at an Ard Fheis before and gave the distinct impression that the older cumann members had been left at home, bound and gagged in the top bedroom. All in all the occasion and the people present constituted an overwhelming argument for the immediate arming of the working class or, alternatively, emigrating to some other less snivelling country.

IF BY referring to the Labour Party Ard Fheis I appear to be sticking grimly to political gatherings, it is because the right of political assembly may not be much longer with us. The Labour Party Ard Fheis was notable only for the courageous rebuke given by Paddy Devlin M.P. to the Fianna Fail party and especially to George Colley whom he accused of trying to gag him on the E.E.C. Mr. Devlin's troubles are merely part of a nationwide effort to intimidate opponents of the Common Market. Special attention is being paid to middle-class people who are supposed to be easily intimidated. Many journalists have noticed how their drinking places are frequented by ubiquitous members of the Special Branch complete with touts, whose criminal records are as long as your arm. One night one of these touts will make a bad mistake with a consequent public inquiry that will leave Mr. Des O'Malley with a lot of questions to answer.

Clearly Fianna Fail are unaware that this is not 1956 and that journalists and publicists are increasingly conscious that the Irish nation may be sold out finally, in their lifetime and are determined not to be intimidated by its vendors. It is particularly disgusting to hear reports that pressure is being brought to bear on men like Pádraigh O Snodaigh of the National Museum to curb his work on the Common Market Defence campaign. If these reports are true the pressure groups are wasting their time. Mr. O Snodaigh is his own man. There are a few left in Ireland yet.

WHATEVER MAY BE SAID behind the closed doors at a Fianna Fail cabinet meeting, nobody to my knowledge has come out publicly in this part of the country in favour of a policy of internment, north

and south. The exception is Joseph Foyle in the current current issue of the *Irish Media Digest*, which is a glossier version of his old scandal sheet, *Media Receiver*. With some insight Mr. Foyle points to the growing likelihood of a deal on Northern Ireland using the formula of the Interim Commission. He describes Jack Lynch's Ard Fheis remarks on internment as "adroit phrasing . . . (allowing) . . . for the continuation of internment and British Army surveillance while the Interim Commission operates." Then Mr. Foyle comes out with the secret thoughts of many of the Cabinet. "This Lynch stand was accompanied by a determination (which the Ard Fheis supported enthusiastically) to crack down on an I.R.A. operation in the Republic. He could now bring in military courts to gain convictions with unpublished evidence not admissible in normal courts. The pity is he didn't have the insight and courage to trust the 99% in August. He could have ignored the media funnelled noises and interned in line with Belfast."

So simply done. And like many other of Mr. Foyle's prognostications, it has the

imprimatur. It is a genuine kite made to fly high over all the camps of Ireland.

FOR THOSE ABSENT from Dublin over the past few years, one of the minor shocks of 'change' is the fine old walk out Nutley lane by the Merion Gates. The cosy old tree-lined Nutley hideaway has disappeared. In its place is the large concrete complex of the new St. Vincent's Hospital, a monument to modern medicine. Such clearances are commonplace nowadays and only the most curious bother to wonder why all the trees had to go. If anybody asked they would get a surprise indeed because the trees at Nutley were not pulled down on the orders of any far-seeing Development Plan or some short-sighted architect. They were cut down at the request of the sisters who run St. Vincent's Hospital. The reason given was that the young nurses might be 'courting' in the seclusion of the trees. The budding, preservationist architect concerned can be understood for expressing disbelief at this piece of phillistinism. However a story I followed up during the week,

makes this old nun's tale all the more credible.

It appears a trainee nurse got herself pregnant by one of the young doctors in the hospital. Nothing unusual about that. In most universities and training hospitals the medical faculty is accredited with an legendary bravado and virility, largely fostered by themselves. However, too many misses have found the myths to be true. When I was in university it was always whispered that young doctors also knew best what to do about it. The quiet, unofficial abortion got many a student or student nurse out of trouble and the young medico progressed unburdened to the elegant surgery in the suburbs, which is exactly what happened in this case.

However the hoariest old stories about matrons firing nurses for creeping in windows after a dance also proved grotesquely true. When the young nurse returned to work at St. Vincent's Hospital, the matron, a Sister of Charity, mark you, had heard of her misfortune. For her mistake and disillusion, this young nurse found herself facing a twelve hour notice to quit. For the young doctor in question — not a word, of course.

