

hibernia

FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 1st, 1972

10p (incl. Tax)



O'MALLEY'S "FINAL SOLUTION"?

Letters to the Editor

Bail Bias

Sir,—I was never a supporter of the political aims to which Máirín de Burca subscribes, but have nevertheless a great admiration for her as a person. She has a rare sense of humour. I saw her once in a restaurant, and approached saying, "excuse me, I am an architect, and my client is opening a new premises shortly. The Minister is busy, and the Taoiseach is away, and we need someone to perform the official opening, someone well known. Could you do it for us, please?" to which she replied with a grin "do you want a brick through the window or a petrol bomb through the door?"

I read her article on the Courts in the last issue of Hibernia and was very upset indeed as from my limited experience of courts I know it to be true. I only mention briefly a case. A girl of 20 was in court charged with shop lifting, pregnant and unmarried. She was sentenced to six months in prison. When I heard this I was so astonished that a well-known journalist and I decided to go bail and appeal for her. We waited in court while potential bailsmen for other cases were questioned by the judge. Most of them were poor, and were treated like dirt and humiliated and rejected. We then stood up and were questioned. When we gave our names and occupations, we were amazed

at the change. We were accepted and not even asked to produce proof that we each had the £100 required for the bail.

I suggest that Mr. O'Malley attend court himself in disguise, and see how some of the courts are conducted. In civil cases I have attended, the judges are much more polite. But the police are seldom involved in civil cases. Yours, etc.,

MARTIN REYNOLDS,
41 Upper Leeson
Street, Dublin 4.



Máirín de Burca

Polluting the Constitution

Sir,—The first thing for which I always look in "Hibernia" is "Mousie's" cartoon. Having regarded this last one with immense pleasure I definitely decided I would much prefer to be one of his voluptuous ladies having a whale of a time with all those jolly devils than poor Mrs. Broadberry with her sixteen children in eighteen years, all polluting the earth. I recently saw a Canadian made film which showed the shoals of dead fish being washed up on the beaches of an island in the Pacific because of the plastic muck of the "civilised" world. The very peniguns in Antarctica are laying infertile eggs for the same reason. Since all life is a symbiosis, and since man has learned to keep people alive in the West by extraordinary means, he must also lesson the number of children he brings into the world by extraordinary means, or very soon there will be no world left into which to bring any child. The ultimate blasphemy. Article 44 must go and that must be the first step only. Contraceptives must be freely available for all married people, who moreover must realise it is their duty to use them and limit their families to two.

I also agreed with Máirín de Burca's article. She omitted one thing that drives me mad in our Courts. The justices multiply and the transmitters are turned down so low (deliberately?) that one cannot hear a word that is being said. I go and stand with my ear against the amplifier and am told to go and sit down, an order which so far I have managed to ignore. Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?—Yours, etc.,

HILARY J. BOYLE,
Pembroke Road,
Dublin 4.

In Search of a Scapgoat

Sir,—That your magazine, normally respected for its informed and reasoned comment, should condone the spurious notion that Irish is responsible for every conceivable injustice and abuse in the educational system is disappointing. That it should do so with the publication in the same issue (3-11-1972) of two items that reek of the mentality of the witch-hunt is alarming. Whatever the facts of the Lugaacurren primary school case—and it is hard to know from this distance, especially in the light of subsequent conflicting reports—the clear implication of "Case His-

tory" that only pupils taught through Irish and by teachers enthusiastic about Irish are subjected to cruelty, is not only unhelpful but unreasonable and extremely vicious. The impression that it would be well in teachers' training colleges if Irish were prominent in their curricula, conveyed by your educational correspondent could be written off as a most amazing piece of stupidity were it not for the fact that he knows, as well as I and everybody in the country knows, that whatever the theoretical status of Irish in teachers' colleges or elsewhere its real status is non-existent. The exploitation of frustration with a generally unsatisfactory situation of which the hypocritical policy for Irish is only one aspect is reminiscent of the anti-Jewish type of propaganda that was rife in pre-war Germany and of the recent "blame the blacks for everything" speeches of Enoch Powell. You indulge in this kind of journalism at your peril. It paves the way for the climate of opinion in which all kinds of minorities from stamp collectors to the various groups whose rights you frequently champion, can be persecuted with impunity. On a less unsavoury but equally important level the intelligence of your readers has been insulted. Prejudiced and obsessive traders are no substitute for the clear analysis required to even tackle, never mind solve, the various problems in question.

In view of the grave injury that has been done not only to Irish speakers who deplore an unjust and inefficient system but to all fair-minded people, and since the heart of the matter has completely eluded your writers allow me to make the following observations: Neither cruelty to children—in school or in the home—nor the shortcomings of the teacher training system can be remedied by ill-tempered whining about Irish. Indeed one would be engaged at all in this kind of circular argument if it could perhaps be more reasonably maintained that the two single causes that have most impeded the progress of Irish and alienated people from it are punishment and unpleasantness in school, and bad teaching methods. Breaking the Murder Machine" involves a search not for scape-goats but for basic causes. Basic causes are not symptoms used to explain other symptoms. Cruelty to children is too grave a matter to be exploited for the grinding of another axe as is indeed inadequate teacher training. The dreadful hypocrisy which has for too long surrounded the Irish revival policy, which is unfair to everybody (Irish speakers included) need no irrelevant pretexts to be attacked. It is quite bad enough in itself.

Your paper would be doing a great service if it attacked all three problems in a constructive and meaningful way.—Yours, etc.,

CATLIN MAUDE,
86 Bothar Northbar,
Baile Átha Cliath 4.

Sir,—I would like to put the record straight concerning John O'Reilly's report on the "Pottery College of Ireland" in "News in the Arts" (November 3rd). Firstly, Mr. O'Reilly failed to distinguish between the "Pottery College of Ireland" and the "Pottery Centre", which is the registered name of the "establishment" as he calls it. This misnomer was followed by several misrepresentations on Mr. O'Reilly's part. He wrongly states that the principal claims a "Professorship" and that the Centre boasts recognition from the Department of Education. Although the title of "Professor" was generously conferred on the principal of the Centre, a radio reporter, he has humbly declined to accept it. Regarding Department of Education recognition, this has been applied for, so far without response.

Mr. O'Reilly's assessment of the Centre as a "money-making venture" would be highly disputed by at least one bank manager. The fees charged compare more than favourably with other similar pottery schools in these islands.

Could Sean Gallagh tell us precisely how often he has spoken in the Seanad?—Ed.

Potter's Retort

Sir,—I would like to put the record straight concerning John O'Reilly's report on the "Pottery College of Ireland" in "News in the Arts" (November 3rd). Firstly, Mr. O'Reilly failed to distinguish between the "Pottery College of Ireland" and the "Pottery Centre", which is the registered name of the "establishment" as he calls it. This misnomer was followed by several misrepresentations on Mr. O'Reilly's part. He wrongly states that the principal claims a "Professorship" and that the Centre boasts recognition from the Department of Education. Although the title of "Professor" was generously conferred on the principal of the Centre, a radio reporter, he has humbly declined to accept it. Regarding Department of Education recognition, this has been applied for, so far without response.

Of Toads and Weasels

Sir,—At last I have located Hibernia. Where? In Toad Hall, of course. Some issues are produced by the Water-Rat and the Badger, and exemplify a measure of reason and judgment, others by Mr. Toad, galumphing exuberantly over the landscape. The issue of November 3rd was undoubtedly written by the Weasels.

Case History, unsigned, sinks weasels teeth in the neck of education through Irish—so rare a specimen of our native Irish fauna that he anti-bolshevik sports league should really be warning off the predators with the weasels: "Gaelic rigours"; "Gaelic with reins regime"; the teacher "a committed Gaeliciser in her late forties"; "swish and lead of the cane"; five families named "and other families have moved their children to other national schools"; "pressure is put on parents to keep quiet"; "Nasty, nasty, considering that the problem these days is to find schools teaching through Irish for parents who seek such schools. Where such a school is, fortunately, available, parents who wish that their children should be educated through English should send them to other

I can only hope for the sake of your publication that Mr. O'Reilly's obvious zeal for negative criticism will in future manifest itself in terms of factual accuracy and constructive suggestion.—Yours, etc.,

JOHN PROUD,
Principal,
The Pottery Centre,
15 St. Stephen's Green,
Dublin 2.

THE FACT remains that despite his claims to the contrary during our interview, neither Mr. Proud's college (Pottery Centre) nor Pottery College seem to be interchangeable terms in his vocabulary, nor his professorship, nor his diploma are recognised by the Department of Education.

—JOHN O'REILLY.

Silent Senator

Sir,—In the November 3rd edition of Hibernia the following statement is made about me: "but has not so far distinguished himself in the Upper House (where he has never spoken)". This statement is untrue, as I pointed out, on the phone to your secretary. As a matter of fact if you take time to check the records you will find that I have spoken in the Seanad as often as 50% of the members—not bad for a Government Senator.

Please give the facts as much prominence as you gave the untruth.—Yours, etc.,

MICHAEL GALLAGH,
Seanad Éireann,
Baile Átha Cliath.

Could Sean Gallagh tell us precisely how often he has spoken in the Seanad?—Ed.

Language Fiasco

Sir,—I am writing with reference to your article in the issue of November 17th on the research project on attitudes to the Irish Language, on which I was employed as a member of the L.F.M. Any project which aims to present and elaborate upon the attitudes of people to any topic is ultimately bound to produce information that is already known. Although it should be possible to collect the viewpoint of many different sections of the population, the "objective" status of any such study is always suspect. The personnel on the project are bound to be involved with the vested interests concerned. The fact that the directors are former does not allow them to escape or transcend the social pressures of Irish society.

The most such a project can do is to present a number of different viewpoints as possible—in other words to act as a communication channel between the Government and the Irish people. It is a

schools, transport being provided where necessary.

The weasels are on the prowl also in "Out-dated Teacher Training": The great majority (of trainees) are women—if that is the proper term to apply to young people who have not yet reached twenty years of age. Funny that, with votes at 18, marriages, motherhood and all that. The contribution states that honours Irish is a necessary qualification for entrance, but not honours English, nor any modern continental language, nor classics nor science, although it is grudgingly admitted that "some do" offer these subjects. As the number of qualifying subjects is limited, to gain entrance to training without honours in a number of these subjects would in fact be impossible. An objective study could usefully have ascertained the distribution of the subjects offered by successful candidates. However, an objective study of the schools teaching through Irish "where the programme is largely centred around the language revival policy", notably the Convent of Mercy schools, which are "a fertile source of supply" of candidates. As a past Mercy

misconception to believe that social scientists can know more about the position of the language than any other person. As Naom Chomsky has said: "To anyone who has any familiarity with the social and behavioural sciences the claim that there are certain considerations and principles too deep for the outsider to comprehend is simply an absurdity, unworthy of comment." The research project has an impossible task to fulfil if it is expected to provide anything more than a collection of other people's ideas and opinions. The fact that it has been so inefficiently organised merely makes the spuriousness of the pretensions of social science and its practitioners more glaringly obvious. Social scientists should remember that they are only human.—Yours, etc.,

KATIE L'ARNE ARNOLD,
Christchurch Road,
London S.W. 14.



Joan O'Brien

Lugaacurren

Sir,—The publication in Hibernia of an unsigned article about Lugaacurren National School and the "controversy" which has been manufactured about it must arouse doubt about the credibility of other articles in the magazine.

Now that Mrs. Joan O'Brien of the L.F.M. has admitted in the "Sunday Press" (12th Nov.) that the article was written by a member of the L.F.M., the editor of Hibernia must admit that he is allowing the magazine to be used to propagate untruths. Lugaacurren National School is not an all-Irish school, as a glance at the Department of Education's list of all-Irish schools would reveal to professional journalists. Perhaps the editor or some member of his staff is a member of the L.F.M.

I recognise that anonymity is often necessary in articles of comment but it is possible to add a note to the end of articles stating that the writer has a vested interest in the subject, if this is the case.—Yours, etc.,

NORA O'DONNELL,
12 Brookwood Avenue,
Artane,
Dublin 5.

pupil (even thankful to have been educated by a native Irish religious order). I am well aware of the Mercy's devotion to solid work and scholarship which enables their girls to win top places in Irish and in other subjects, leaving the dilettante monoglots far behind.

The comments on a university degree are intolerably jejune. Now that Earlewood Terrace is serving to Government, ownership, why not a new college for teachers who have been two or three years in the schools, where they could find courses directed to the problems which they had actually experienced and also courses for special studies or skills which they wished to pursue. Two years' training, two years' satisfactory service in schools and a year of special personally-chosen studies should warrant a university degree.

Hibernia should treat topics seriously and informatively, and, if possible, with some originality, or else leave them severely alone. Magazines are so expensive now that one has to afford to be indiscriminately quality is essential. Bring back the Water-rat and the Badger; banish the Weasels and their monoglots from Toad Hall, where they are so happily content.—Yours, etc.,

MAIRE BREATHNACH,
148 Bothar Cluain Tarbh,
Baile Átha Cliath 3.

People's Defender

Sir,—Gossip has obviously replaced serious political analysis in the pages of "Hibernia". Michael McKewen's profile of Michael Farrell told us nothing of Farrell's political beliefs. But it did tell us a lot about McKewen's attitude to politics. His article articulated a concept for the resistance campaign in the North and for the people involved in it. To talk about "a few thousand acolytes" who trail behind Farrell echoing a litany of simplistic slogans is to slander the working class in the Catholic ghettos, who have endured so much Army repression for four years yet whose spirit is unbroken.

That "table" McKewen refers to sneeringly to, managed to destroy Siorraim (an institution McKewen once had ambitions for in his early days). Perhaps that is why McKewen is forced to vent his spleen in the pages of a bourgeois magazine. His ambition was destroyed by the people. Also, he is forced to consider the personal appearance of Farrell important, is pathetic. Who cares about Farrell's tenuous, his quiff hanging over his resolute certainty?

It's the politics that Farrell represents that are more important. Those politics are the politics of the Irish People's Democracy, and if McKewen really took politics seriously, it's the politics of the P.D. which he would examine. Also, he is forced to talk about the "Free Citizens' inaccuracy" shows McKewen's inaccuracy. For the past 16 months the P.D.'s weekly newspaper has been called "Liberate Citizens" and the rumours in Northern Ireland inevitably find their way into "Hibernia", not "Unfree Citizens". Also, C. Toman has been withdrawn from the conflict; He is alive and well and living in Newry—north of the border.

Farrell is not, and neither is P.D., sustained by an undefined "frenzy". We are sustained by a hatred of injustice, of exploitation and of deliberate distortions by the mass media. Perhaps that is why the P.D. is much unloved, but those who malign us malign us because they are the people who have much to lose if our goal is achieved.

We want to liberate the Irish working class and establish Socialism. If moderates like McKewen wish to trivialise what we are trying to do, that is his privilege. Meanwhile forgive us if we get on with the struggle—it is important to us.—Yours, etc.,

GERRY RUDDY,
Belfast 7.
(Address withheld for request).

Letters should be typewritten, signed, addressed and kept as short as possible. Long warty letters will be mercilessly cut.

Hibernia

Nov. 17th—Dec. 1st, 1972
Vol. 36, No. 21
Editor: JOHN MULCAHY
Deputy Editor: Terry Kelleher
Assistant Editors:
John O'Reilly, Andrew Pollak

CONTENTS

LETTERS P.2.
CURRENT AFFAIRS P.3-10.
O'Malley's Final Solution? The New Repression; The Mac Sirofinn Trial; Kevin O'Reilly's Stand; R.T.E. Authority: Provisional Confronting Claims; Contraception—the Clinic in Cork; S.D.L.P.—Talking at Last.
CHRISTMAS BOOKS P.11-21
John Boland on Seamus Heaney; Patrick Boyle on Joyce's Balance Sheets; Nicholas Leonard on Fringe Wizardry; John MacInerney on Robert Graves; Broderick and Banville on new novels; Seamus Heaney on Ted Hughes; James Plunkett on Old Dublin; Barry Baker on Lord Reith; John Jordan; Maurice Craig; Maurice Manning.
ARTS AND LEISURE P. 22-26
Irish Stamp Design; Ireland's Young Composers; New Living Art; McCabe Leonard; Mary Manning; Records; Motoring.
CHRISTMAS SHOPPING P.27-28.
FINANCE P.29-31
Joshua Watson's prospects; State Company accounts; Moneybags.

PUBLISHED FORTNIGHTLY BY
HIBERNIA NATIONAL
REVIEW LTD.
179 Pearse Street,
Dublin 2.
Tel. 776317/8

Annual, post paid, Subscription Rates:
Retail: Postage Mail (Ireland and G.B.) £2.50.
Surface Mail (foreign) £3.50 or \$9.00 (U.S.).
Air Mail (Continental) £2.00 or \$6.00 (U.S.).
Air Mail (all other) £8.00 or \$22.00 (U.S.).
Printed for the Publishers by The Irish Times Press, 31, Great Brunswick Street, Dublin 2.

hibernia

FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

STERILE STRATEGY

THE OFFENCES AGAINST THE STATE (Amendment) Bill, 1972, follows in the established pattern of the Government's reaction to the Northern crisis—active in repression but totally devoid of initiative on their own behalf. The contrast is quite glaring. On the one hand, we have had the Forcible Entry Bill, the Prisons Bill, the establishment of Special Criminal Courts, the expansion of the Special Branch, the sacking of the R.T.E. Authority—and now the extension of the Offences Act. On the other hand, the proposed amendment of Article 44 of the Constitution is the first definite step with structural adjustment in mind to come out of the Fianna Fail camp. Mr. Colley has ridiculously described this proposal as "of historic significance, as a clear signal of our people's readiness to move boldly towards the creation of a new Ireland." Despite such nonsense, we support the amendment, because we believe that the statement, however innocuous, that "the State recognises the special position of the Holy Catholic Apostolic and Roman Church as the guardian of the Faith professed by the great majority of the citizens" has no meaningful place in a Constitution for this island.

The coming referendum might indeed have been "historic" if the Government had put forward another recommendation of the 1967 Colley Committee on the Constitution, namely, that in connection with Article 3. The Colley Committee recommended at that time that the paragraph in Article 3 about the "right of the Parliament and Government established by this Constitution to exercise jurisdiction over the whole of the national territory" be watered down to read that "the laws enacted by the Parliament established by this Constitution shall, until the achievement of the nation's unity shall otherwise require, have the like area and extent of application as the laws of the Parliament which existed prior to the adoption of this Constitution." In other words, that the claim to jurisdiction over the North be abandoned.

This recommendation, although unanimously adopted by the inter-party committee on the Constitution, has not been brought forward, simply because Mr. Lynch wants to play it both ways. While talking of peace, reconciliation and of a unity "that is not something forced, but a free and genuine union of those living in Ireland, based on mutual respect and tolerance," he perpetuates in our Constitution that same basic philosophy of aggrandisement which both inspires the Provisional I.R.A. and alienates Northern Unionists.

In his cleverly worded statement after the imposition of internment in Northern Ireland in August, 1971, the Taoiseach said that "the introduction of internment without trial in the North is deplorable evidence of the political poverty of the policies which have been pursued there for some time." The introduction this week of legislation for what amounts to internment under another name in the South, is, likewise, evidence of the political poverty of Fianna Fail policies.

Repressive legislation alone can solve nothing at this stage and, if the Northern pattern is anything to go by, it may well escalate the level of violence in the South. An argument can be made for batten down the hatches if, indeed, the decks are being cleared for action. Even Mr. Heath's internment order was, however ironically, designated as "a necessary prelude to the restoration of greater harmony between the communities in Northern Ireland." But, for the South to resort to further repressive measures, without any sign whatever of some political initiative, is, to say the very least, a sterile and stupid strategy.

The proposed amendments to the Offences Against the State Act are not just an instrument for employment against those who threaten the institutions of State. They represent a fundamental change in the law of the land. The present administration, which, being in office for the past fourteen consecutive years, must bear prime responsibility for the present state of the country, is already possessed of all the power it requires for good government. All that is lacking is the courage to employ it constructively.

O'Malley's "Final Solution"?

IF, AS HAS been reported, Mr. O'Malley has been working on what has short-sightedly been called his new 'anti-I.R.A. legislation' for over six months, the end product of his labour—The Offences Against the State (Amendment) Bill 1972—is surprising indeed. Not the extent of the projected repression: coming as it does from the architect of Forcible Entry and the Prisons Bill such draconian measures are to be expected, but the untidy, wide-ranging sections are untypical of the normally fastidious solicitor from Limerick. Whether this is a result of careless parliamentary draughtsmanship or really does reflect the totalitarian ambitions of the man who heads the Department of Justice, its autocratic yet undefined powers should at least provoke strong opposition in the Dail, quite apart from leaving the bill very vulnerable if the Supreme Court were ever asked to test its constitutionality.

The Bill is extremely brief, just six sections, two of which, the first and last, are standard provisions relating to the bill's title. Section 5 amends the definition of 'document' in section 2 of the 1939 Act to include maps, graphs, photographs, discs, tapes, microfilm, etc., and other devices reflecting technological advances in the intervening years. Presumably it was thought necessary after the recent Bartley-Madden case tried by the Special Courts but dismissed in the Court of Criminal Appeal on the very question of a definition of "documents."

However, it is the middle three sections which give serious cause for alarm, both on the grounds of the wide discretionary powers they give and, even more dangerous, the calculated reversal of the onus of proof, a fundamental of our legal system.

Section 2 relates to the powers of Gardai to question persons near the place of commission of scheduled offences. If the guard has *reasonable grounds* for believing an offence is being or was being committed, and if the guard has *reasonable grounds* for believing that a person was in the vicinity at the time or knew of the offence at that time, and he informs the person of this belief, the garda may demand of the person his name and address and an account of his recent movements. All reasonable or at least predictable enough, except that the section continues that *failure or refusal* to give the information, or information that is false or misleading makes the person guilty of an offence and liable on summary conviction to a fine not exceeding £200 or at the discretion of the court to imprisonment of not more than twelve months or both. The introduction of Special Courts has already resulted in an end to trial by jury; this new amendment would appear to mean an end to trial by the judiciary. A further indication of the slapdash draughting is the absence of any clause relating to offences *within the State*. If a garda on holiday in Majorca sees someone . . . ?

On the face of it Section 3, particularly subsection (2), seems the most obnoxious in the bill. The first part of this section refers to statements of conduct by an accused person implying or leading to a *reasonable inference* that he was a member of an illegal organisation should be evidence that he was a member, while paragraph (b) of this part defines "conduct" by the accused, to include his omission to deny published reports that he was a member of an unlawful organisation,

and goes even further, 'but the fact of such denial shall not by itself be conclusive.' Quite apart from again shifting the onus of proof, this presents a very clear threat (and inhibition) on the news media as a whole, and could lead to numerous repeats of Mr. Kevin O'Kelly's experiences. And it raises other questions . . . should someone be arraigned simply because a journalist describes him in a certain way? What if the accused has not seen the published reports? Will reports published *outside* the jurisdiction also be used in evidence against him?

While that part of section 3 could lead to trial by the media, subsection 2 could very easily result in trial by the Gardai and the public. The provision states that where a member of the Garda Síochána, not below the rank of Chief Superintendent, states that he *believes* that the accused was a member of an illegal organisation, that statement shall be evidence that he was a member. Even the Gardai, as yet privately, have expressed reservations about this conferring of *de facto* judicial powers on their members. And what is there in this provision to prevent a member of the public to telephone anonymously malicious information about an innocent neighbour, and for that information to be acted upon?

Section 4 could very well confer the widest discretionary powers of all, and will specifically effect trade unionists and the media. It concerns statements, processions and meetings which constitute an interference with the *course of justice*. This last phrase is so vague that its interpretation and application is literally impossible to envisage. One of its most obvious results will be to prevent public and popular opposition to the rest of the bill, to Special Courts, the Offences Against the State Act and, of course, to the particular section itself.

Mr. Lynch and Mr. O'Malley have repeatedly complained that existing legislation is not sufficient to deal with the present situation, a claim which is belied by the 'conviction rate' of the Special Courts, most especially in last week's trial of Sean Mac Stiofáin. The proposed bill intends to extend the Government's powers to an unmeasurable degree, and it is perhaps timely to remember that Mr. O'Malley's assurance of one year ago to repeal a section of his Forcible Entry Act is still unfulfilled. It is not surprising that Mr. O'Malley's legislation has been enthusiastically welcomed by William Craig, but if that were not condemnation enough, it should be noticed that even a hardliner such as Captain John Brooke has expressed reservations about the wide powers it confers.

In the normal course of events, if the bill becomes law, one could confidently expect the Supreme Court to declare much of the legislation repugnant to the Constitution. But it is in this aspect perhaps that Mr. O'Malley has revealed his true cunning and the carelessness of his draughtsmanship can be explained. If the accused person refuses to recognise the court, he also refuses to appeal against conviction . . . and thus it is possible that the Supreme Court might not be given the opportunity of telling Mr. O'Malley what they should tell him about his new legislation.

TOPICAL QUOTE: "However tiresome Lynch may be, he is the best Prime Minister of the Republic we have got."—Julian Critchley, Conservative M.P. for Aldershot. — The London Times, Nov. 29,

"Final Solution"? . . . O'Malley's "Final Solution"? . . . O'Malley's "Final Solution"? . . .**O'Malley's****The Trial****The Fish Out Of Water**

THERE WAS NO joy in it. Nor was there satisfaction. Those who had called him a murderous thug sat silent. Those who demanded law and order were uneasy, in Green Street Courthouse last Saturday. Law and order had subsided before the spectre of another Fenian death. Sean Mac Stiofain, sentenced to six months' imprisonment, called out that he would die first and told the judges to "live with that."

Others have done it before him, men also of minority convictions in their time, and celebration of them in song and word hung unspoken in the total silence as sentence was pronounced.

"They told me how Connolly was strapped in his chair . . . the fools, the fools, they have left us our Fenian dead." Mac Stiofain was carried into court, slumped in a chair, to lie on the bench, under a prison blanket. Another martyr, rightly or wrongly so. There was no joy in it. Nor satisfaction.

In a cemetery in Derry, this summer, Mac Stiofain was asked to comment on the apparent loss of support for the Provisional campaign. "A guerrilla moves through the people like a fish through water," he quoted. "Sometimes you lose a little water."

Now without water or food, for seven days, he fought on. It was horrific to watch. He fell forward, sideways, down, heaving himself painfully up to assure the court that he was mentally, if not physically, able to participate in their farcically calm deliberations.

The proceedings were halted, frequently, and the prosecutor stared straight ahead, as behind him the accused was revived once more. A prison medical orderly held Mac Stiofain's head in his lap, as a doctor rubbed his legs, restoring circulation. From the gallery of the court you could see a foot, a sock, a portion of leg.

Then he would surface again, and the line of communications was restored, tautened, hauling him ever closer to the

finish. Was the bait sufficient? Would the hook hold?

Kevin O'Kelly was brought forward and dismissed to prison, a fly trapped in the ointment. The judges retired to consider then the admissibility of the tape. The reporters went to a pub to quench their thirst. Water, hot and bottled, was used to succour Mac Stiofain against the cold. The secretaries who transcribed the tape onto paper were thanked for their sacrifice in giving up lunch to do so. The judges are not, after all, entirely inhuman.

The court resumed once more and Mac Stiofain weakly, feebly, opposed the admissibility of the tape as evidence. His voice, dry, hoarse and scarcely audible, contrasted with the healthy confident tones of the man who spoke the R.T.E. tape subsequently played.

A detective came forward who recognised the voice, though he could not remember exactly when and where he had heard it before. The fish was caught, hook, line and dubiously baited sinker.

Of what use, though, a dead fish? He must be seen to swim in the bowl, that the world might know we have made a catch. Mac Stiofain's neck was massaged; a substance was sprayed on it; he was allowed to loll against the shoulder of a prison medical orderly. They even allowed his wife to sit on the same bench.

Not everyone was allowed to watch, of course. The world's press, yes. Priests with collars, yes. The girlfriends of barristers, yes. Thirty-three gardai and garda inspectors, yes. Supporters, no. They remained outside, their shouts coming thinly through, from behind the barriers at either end of Green Street. And then it was over.

A man rose, shouting "traitors!", to throw coins. Glass broke on the chandelier. Because he was healthy, and not really important, the gardai were allowed to hustle him away, using a little muscle en route.



Sean MacStiofain in custody.

Mac Stiofain banged the bench with his hand, forcing out his final words. "I will continue my hunger and thirst strike . . . hell . . . die . . . live with that."

The judges turned, briefly, at the door, to hear him. The reporters remained seated, knowing as they heard him, that it was far from over. The accused, convicted man lay down then, his head on the orderly's lap.

His wife stretched herself over him, hugging him, crying for him. Gardai cleared the court, as Ruairi O'Bradaigh pushed past them. He held Mac Stiofain's hand; a huddled trio and a medical orderly, a blanket and a hot water bottle. In the street outside, in the dark, it was very quiet. The supporters had gone suddenly away. It will be difficult to fish now in troubled waters.

In Defence Of A Principle

KEVIN O'KELLY was hardly the likeliest journalistic figure to find himself facing martyrdom in the jaws of the lions of the Bench. Aged 48 with five children, his style as a journalist has been neither swashbuckling nor intrepidly investigative. As one of R.T.E.'s "State occasion" squad, a veteran of the State funeral circuit, the solemn Church ceremony and—most notably—the marathon space drama, his face and voice have grown on Irish viewers and listeners to a point where his jailing must have come almost as a personal shock to many.

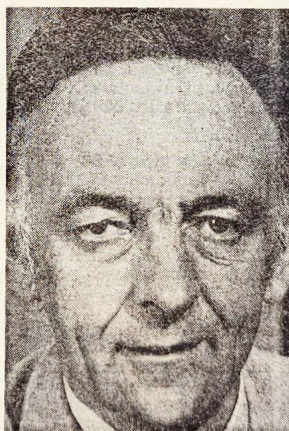
His stand on journalistic principle will be of value in forcing a re-opening of the vital debate, not just on the question of whether journalism should have some degree of privilege and what constitutes "contempt of court", but also on even broader aspects of press freedom in the current political climate.

The relationship between judges and the press tends to be uneasy. There is no doubt where the balance of power lies, in terms of physical sanctions, but full-blooded clashes are fairly rare. Even rarer are cases which directly parallel the O'Kelly case. Although the law may not distinguish between different actions which come under the blanket term, "contempt of court", every citizen can see the distinctions in various cases.

In Britain, legal commentators use the recent example of the Vassall Case to argue that it is undesirable to confer unique privileges on the press. Arising out of the investigation in this case, two journalists were committed for contempt for refusing to give the sources of alleged information which they had published. The English courts rejected the suggestion that there was an overriding public policy which ought to entitle newspaper reporters to be privileged as to giving their sources of information, and the men got six-month and three-month sentences respectively.

In this particular case, however, there was a special element—the alleged distribution by certain sections of the Press of unfounded rumours. In other cases—such as that of Bernard Falk, a British television reporter jailed briefly by the High Court in Belfast—the courts have not seemed determined officiously to penalise to the limit of their powers. If there is a clear element of conscience, moral or professional, as to breaking a confidence, some courts have shown themselves not entirely inflexible on the issue.

A parallel case, at first sight, to the O'Kelly one was that in which the late John Joseph Dennigan, then political correspondent of the *Irish Press*, was found guilty of contempt of court in the 1930s for refusing



Kevin O'Kelly

to tell a military court the source of his information for a story which he wrote about Government intentions. He had been called at the trial of a prominent member of the Blueshirt organisation, and he was sentenced to one month's imprisonment by the court.

An aspect that has worried jurists is that there is, generally, no trial as such for persons found guilty of contempt in the witness box. They are not formally arraigned, but usually find themselves sen-

enced on the spot. But at least, thanks to a recent Supreme Court decision, one can no longer be incarcerated until a contempt is purged. Indeed the main legal argument now revolves around the severity of the punishment to which a journalist may be exposed as a result of the normal exercise of his profession.

The statement by R.T.E. journalists in which they announced their two-day strike, pinpointed the source of their dissatisfaction. "This stoppage," they said, "is not directed against R.T.E. or the Special Criminal Court. We recognise that the court is obliged to apply the law. Our protest is against the failure of our legislation to protect journalists who are honestly defending a principle in the interests of the public good." The defence of that principle may be dismissed by some as an occupational hazard for journalists. But if the time ever arrives when journalists are no longer willing to take that risk, then it will be a poor day for the health of democracy in this country.

THE FOLLOWING motion was passed at an emergency meeting of the Dublin Publications and P.R. Branch of the N.U.J.: "This Branch instructs its members to cease work from midnight Wednesday, 29th November, 1972, until midnight, Thursday, 30th November, 1972, in protest against the conviction of Kevin O'Kelly of R.T.E. for contempt of the Special Criminal Court and in protest against the lack of legal recognition of journalists' professional ethics."

In agreement and sympathy with this motion, the editorial department of Hibernia will be closed for that period.

"Final Solution"? . . . O'Malley's "Final Solution"? . . . O'Malley's "Final Solution"? . . . O'Malley's



Donal O'Morain, chairman of the sacked R.T.E. Authority, and T. P. Hardiman, Director-General of R.T.E.

The Ultimate Authority?

THE NEW SEVEN-MAN authority might just as well consist of one member; Gerry Collins, Minister for Post and Telegraphs, his confidence boosted by his recent successful strong-arm exercise, will work directly with the new authority's chairman, James Scannell, significantly a former Secretary of the Department of Posts and Telegraphs. The other six members of the authority can only be described as lightweight, and it would be intriguing to discover how many people in addition to at least one prominent Fianna Fail member in Co. Kilkenny, were offered and refused the dubious honour of appointment.

The staff and many of the management are in no doubt that a purge in the station cannot be too far away. It is perhaps useful to remember the experience of R.T.E. the French television in the aftermath of the troubles in May 1968. The service was purged at all levels, and the sacked men replaced by apparently devoted Government supporters. Within a year, many of these were also purged, to be replaced in turn by even safer Government men. A depressing lesson on two counts; that a Government can in a very real sense make broadcasting 'an arm of Government', and that men can always be found to fill other peoples' jobs.

While the forty-eight hour stoppage in support of their jailed colleague, Kevin O'Kelly, and the current ban on overtime,

might be indicative of a new militancy among journalists in Montrose, support for those measures were by no means unanimous. The more conservative elements point out that it is the communicators job to communicate, and of course it's a very persuasive argument. But it is precisely because of the journalists failure to clarify the section 31 issue—and two months ago N.U.J. Branch meeting called to discuss the widening application of that section's interpretation and further restrictions on interviews with Sinn Féin members decided to take no action—that they are and will continue to have difficulty in communicating.

The Director-General T. P. Hardiman, and his Head of News Division, Jim McGuinness, by their position, the two most vulnerable targets for Government pressure, have shown a good deal of courage in very difficult circumstances. There have been no resignations, nor hopefully, will there be: resignations are open to interpretation, sackings are not. That is one of the lessons that R.T.E. management and staff were taught by the sacking of their Authority last week. It's likely that Gerry Collins' new Authority will be in the mood to teach them a number of other lessons in the future. And the Minister himself, will probably begin his homework, on drafting a new Broadcasting Act

A Question Of Timing

THE QUESTION REMAINS unanswered—why was it decided to arrest MacStiofain at this time? There were many occasions on which he could have been picked up during the past two years. Certainly the special branch surveillance of his movements have been consistent and relentless. But no serious attempt was ever made to arrest him even at the time that Joe Cahill was arrested and held. Why then the change of policy at this time?

The timing itself was uncharacteristic. Most of the Government moves against Sinn Féin, Kevin Street and the Provisionals have directly followed some form of Provo activity. Thus the Kevin St. premises was closed only one week after the burning of the Dundalk Garda Barracks. And the immediate consequence of the firing of Mountjoy Prison (May 18th) was the introduction of Special Courts (May 26th) and the Prisons Bill (May 23rd) involving military detention at the Curragh. In each case the Government appeared to react. Rather than to take the initiative—until the arrest of MacStiofain that is.

One theory, for the move against MacStiofain is that he was arrested in order to strengthen Lynch's hand in his talks with Heath. Another is that the arrest was almost accidental, but that once he was in the net, the machinery churned on. A third and least credible theory is that the interview with Kevin O'Kelly was set up both to trap MacStiofain and to get rid of the Authority.

It is more likely however that the scenario was something like this. The Minister for Justice has been working for some time on proposed new amendments to the Offences against the State Act. In effect he hopes to shift the burden of proof onto the accused i.e. you are guilty until you can prove yourself innocent. Obviously he can be none too certain that he will receive full support in the Dail from every member of his own party for the necessary legislation.

The need for Fine Gael support or at least compliance is therefore very real but. Blue-shirts apart, there are still quite a few Fine Gaelers who would balk at the prospect of a further diminution of personal liberties. To convert the waverers and to ensure a safe and speedy passage for the new Bill, O'Malley needed a scare atmosphere—similar to that which he had so successfully exploited after the Mountjoy fire. The arrest of Mr. Big himself was guaranteed to provide just that atmosphere. If he was discharged, the inadequacy of even the Special Courts to deal with the situation could highlight the need for new legislation and new powers. If MacStiofain was convicted the reaction would be predictable enough, and the scare easily enough imagined. Heads I win, tails you lose.

Such appears to have been the reasoning behind the decision to arrest MacStiofain.

From the conduct of the trial itself, it appears that the State would have been happier with a dismissal. After Kevin O'Kelly's refusal to co-operate in identifying MacStiofain, and his subsequent commitment for contempt, the Senior Counsel for the State, although refusing to enter a *nolle prosequi* said that he would be willing to adjourn the case—and even said that he would not ask for bail. But MacStiofain insisted on continuing.

The final verdict was a surprise to most people in court. But perhaps more than anything else it reflected Justice Griffin's way of demonstrating to the Government that he was refusing to play politics. His conduct of the whole trial was exemplary and he showed extraordinary consideration for the condition of the accused. And if at the end of it all, the Government was beginning to realise that MacStiofain on the loose was less trouble than MacStiofain incarcerated, they had at least no one to blame for their miscalculation except themselves—and Mr. Desmond O'Malley.



Wednesday, November 15th—A Catholic man is shot dead in his house in a Protestant area of Belfast.

Thursday, November 16th—The British Prime Minister, Mr. Heath, arrives in Northern Ireland for a two-day visit, and in his first speech warns that the British Government will not tolerate any move by the North towards independence or a "go it alone" policy. A reserve policeman is killed in a booby-trap explosion in Enniskillen.

Friday, November 17th—At a press conference before he leaves for London Mr. Heath says that the British Government and Parliament alone will be the deciders, after consultation, of any future political structures in the North. Mrs. Anita Currie, wife of the S.D.L.P. M.P. for East Tyrone, Mr. Austin Currie, is savagely beaten up in her home by two armed men.

Saturday, November 18th—The Derry Command of the Ulster Defence Association claims responsibility for an explosion which wrecked a car showroom in Bridgend, Co. Donegal.

Sunday, November 19th—In the early hours of the morning Sean Mac Stiofain, the Provisional Republican leader, is arrested by Special Branch officers in Dublin and held under Section 30 of the Offences Against the State Act.

Monday, November 20th—Two British soldiers are killed in a booby-trap explosion near Crossmaglen, Co.

Armagh, and a Belfast man dies in hospital from gunshot wounds he received last month. A joint statement by 65 Catholic priests in Belfast accuses the British Army of carrying on a campaign of violence against the civilian Catholic population, particularly in the poorer areas of the city.

Tuesday, November 21st—Sean Mac Stiofain is charged with being a member of an unlawful organisation, and is remanded in custody. The Government sends a letter containing an ultimatum to the R.T.E. Authority, declaring that the report of an interview with Sean Mac Stiofain broadcast last Sunday was, in its judgement, a breach of a direction made under Section 31 of the Broadcasting Authority Act.

Wednesday, November 22nd—Mr. O'Malley, Minister for Justice, introduces in the Dail the Offences Against the State (Amendment) Bill, which will facilitate court action against people suspected of being members of the I.R.A. Two men, a Catholic labourer and a Protestant member of the U.D.R., are shot dead within hours of each other in the Castledawson area of south Co. Derry. Aer Lingus reports a loss of more than £3 million this year.

Thursday, November 23rd—The Oxford Union pass overwhelmingly a motion, proposed by the Taoiseach, Mr. Lynch, "That, this House would favour Irish unity."

Friday, November 24th—The Government dismisses the R.T.E. Authority over the Mac Stiofain interview, and appoints a seven-member group to take its place. In the Special Criminal Court in Dublin the State opens its case against Sean Mac Stiofain, who is charged with being a member of an unlawful organisation, the I.R.A. Mr. Lynch and Mr. Heath, after meeting at Downing Street, to discuss the proposed White Paper for the future of Northern Ireland, declare themselves to be in

fundamental agreement on the main issues.

Saturday, November 25th—Sean Mac Stiofain is sentenced in the Special Criminal Court to six months imprisonment for being a member of the I.R.A. Kevin O'Kelly, the R.T.E. news feature editor, is also sentenced to three months for contempt of court, after he refuses to identify the man he interviewed last weekend as Sean Mac Stiofain.

Sunday, November 26th—25 people are treated in hospital after a bomb explodes without warning in a crowded cinema in Burch Quay, Dublin, in the early hours of the morning. Four men are arrested following a shooting incident at the Mater Hospital, Dublin, during which four people are slightly injured in an attempt to free Sean Mac Stiofain. 7,000 people march from a rally at the G.P.O. to the Mater Hospital to protest at the imprisonment of Mr. Mac Stiofain.

Monday, November 27th—Sean Mac Stiofain, in the ninth day of his hunger and thirst strike, is removed from the Mater Hospital and flown by helicopter to the Midland Regional Hospital in the Curragh Camp, Co. Kildare. The text of the Offences Against the State (Amendment) Bill is published. It allows a Garda officer not below the rank of chief superintendent to indict an accused person if he believes that person is a member of an illegal organisation. The 14-year-old son of a Belfast surgeon is shot dead and his father and brother are injured in a car ambush off the Shankill Road in Belfast.

Tuesday, November 28th—Sean Mac Stiofain ends his ten day food and water fast. Mr. Lynch tells the Dail that there is absolutely no possibility of Mr. Mac Stiofain being released on health or humanitarian grounds. In the North five people are killed—a policeman in Fermanagh, two soldiers in Derry and Newry, and two youths in Derry—during a wave of bomb and rocket attacks along the border.

Case History

Death Of A Shopkeeper

Michael McKeown

GERRY KELLY was my neighbour and my newsagent. For six years he had lived with his wife and son in the living premises attached to the shop he had bought on the Crumlin Road at the corner of the street in which I live. During those six years there was hardly a day that I was not in his shop. It was attractively situated because it was the only shop in the quiet residential oasis which separates Ardoyne from Ligoniel. Apart from the regular custom the shop enjoyed a very good passing trade because it was on the main road to the airport.

Gerry Kelly himself was a good shopkeeper. For all of his working life this fifty year old man had been in the retail trade. Starting as a counter assistant he had become a manager of a Liptons grocery shop before going into business on his own account. The site, his experience, and his easy amiability enabled him to build up a good business and make a reasonable but modest living while paying off his bank loan. He worked twelve hours a day, six days a week, and on Sundays he finished early when he closed the shop at three o'clock in the afternoon. The shop became a social centre for the neighbourhood. The kids congregated around it drinking cokes, while the adults used it as a news exchange for the local gossip which you don't get in the newspapers. If you wanted tissues, or envelopes, or blades, or fags, you went to Kelly's and stayed for a bit of crack.

The events of 1969 and 1970 largely bypassed our quiet haven. For Gerry Kelly it was a time when more people were buying more newspapers and when the mixed clientele which frequented the shop learned to refrain from commenting publicly on the headlines they read in the papers on the racks. Everybody was learning to be discreet in those days. On occasions when the situation deteriorated sharply, some of his Protestant neighbours would assure him of their help if he should ever require it. He appreciated the thought but was troubled by the fact that they felt it necessary to voice it. As Belfast slipped into the anarchy of 1971, Gerry Kelly like other shopkeepers suffered its consequences. Twice he was robbed and on one of these occasions he was pistol whipped by the intruders who walked into his shop in full daylight and demanded his cash. The increasing strain became heavier to bear after Internment Day. On August 10th, 1971, the Catholic retail premises a quarter of a mile further up the Crumlin Road came under attack. Two pubs were completely gutted, and an off licence, a sweet shop and a butcher's shop were forced to close. Gerry Kelly's shop did not come under attack but the British Army were informed of his position and they began to patrol the area more frequently.

Increasingly he began to receive warnings that he was going to be put out. He was never quite sure whether they were meant to be counsels of prudence or merely concealed threats. If he could have, he would have heeded them but his money was sunk in the business and it is no easy job to get your money out of a shop in Belfast nowadays. The shop first suffered

physical damage at the time of the Vanguard strike last March. As the crowds who had attended the Stormont rally marched back home up the Crumlin Road they put Kelly's windows in just to emphasise that they would not stand for Direct Rule. The plate glass windows were replaced with a metal grille in front of them but again they were smashed. Several times youths walked in off the street to abuse him for being a "Fenian bastard".

On August 6th this year a bomb was placed against the doorway and exploded without warning at five o'clock in the morning. The front of the shop was badly damaged, windows in the neighbouring houses were shattered but the family who were sleeping at the back of the house escaped with severe shock. Gerry Kelly moved his family to live in another area but kept his business going although on a more restricted opening basis.

He now faced the difficulty, confronting all those who have premises damaged, of finding small contractors to repair the damage. Before he could have the premises restored they were bombed again and for a second time he had to go through the agony of throwing out damaged stock, preparing an inventory for a damages claim and apologising to his customers for not having envelopes or tissues or blades in stock. Eventually in October he got two local tradesmen to rebuild the front, put in a new doorway and new shelving. They were making a good job of it when on November 1st two petrol bombs were tossed into the shop and what little stock was left was burned. There was it seemed, no further indignity to which he could be subjected. But in fact there was. At six o'clock on November 11th, just after his wife had left the shop, and while he and his teen age son were preparing to send out the evening papers, a couple of men entered the shop and shot him dead in front of the perennial kids who were hanging around.

At his funeral three days later his Protestant neighbours wept for him and his family and for themselves. One woman says she is oppressed by the gloom of the deserted shop as she passes it on the dark mornings and looks in vain for the illuminated frontage which had been her own private beacon. Another woman who only met him once when he gave her a lift to her church one Sunday morning speaks sadly of him. An elderly man whose daily perambulation took him as far as Kelly's for his paper and cigarettes does not know where to go now.

His death has meant a lot of different things to different people. For the statisticians and the historians he was the 627th victim of the violence which broke out in 1969. But he was my neighbour and my newsagent and my friend and he was a nice man. I miss him.

Readers are invited to bring suitable "case histories" to our attention.

Education

Fine Gael's View

THE FINE GAEL policy statement on post-primary education, issued on 16th November, makes one thing quite clear: it would eliminate Irish as a compulsory subject for the obtaining of the Intermediate or Leaving Certificates. "Every student," it says, "who pursues the requisite course of study in at least five subjects and who sits for these examinations should be entitled to receive the relevant certificate." The existing regulations specify that one of these five subjects must be Irish. The certificate issued by a Fine Gael ministry would show the grades achieved in each subject and would represent the educational attainment of the holder. "By adopting this approach," says the statement, "the fear of failing post-primary examinations will be reduced substantially in the child's mind and in its place an appreciation of the requirements of universities, professions, trades, etc., will be present."

It is too easy an assumption. The approximately three-fold increase during the past six years in the numbers failing Inter. Cert. cannot be ascribed entirely to failure in Irish alone, although it is an important contributory factor. The failure is due for the most part to the imposition on children from ever-growing diverse backgrounds of a type of examination designed originally for a college like Blackrock rather than the Tech in Ballyfermot. When the kind of question beloved by the Intermediate examiners: "Correct the error in the fol-



Edward Collins, T.D., Fine Gael's spokesman on Education.

lowing: 'I seen him yesterday' " is put to one pupil, the fact that he is able to give the correct answer is not a measure of his educational achievement, but that he comes from a certain social environment. If the policy statement showed more awareness of this situation and devoted more attention to consideration of the character of the examination it would have done a better service.

The statement proposes that since the school-leaving age has been raised to 15 years, it should be possible to merge the Group Certificate course into the Intermediate course. That, on the face of it, would appear sensible, since nearly all pupils will now spend at least three years in a post-primary school. But, again, it is presupposing that the kind of Intermediate course now being followed is the correct one for all pupils. Even the traditional academic type of secondary school is discovering that this is not so. Because their intake is more varied in recent years, many secondary schools are showing interest in the Group Cert as a more appropriate examination for many of their pupils. True, the statement proposes that practical subjects, which are the main feature of the Group Cert, should be included in the Inter Cert curriculum, but as these subjects have, in fact, been on the Inter Cert curriculum for the past six years, the Fine Gael researchers have obviously not been too alert.

In another matter, however, the statement deserves full marks. It calls for the

Q. What T.D. badly needs a subscription to the R.T.E. Guide?

A. Fianna Fail's Flor Crowley, who in the Dail Debate on Posts and Telegraphs claimed that a "self-confessed member of Sinn Fein" was refused an opportunity to advance his views on "7 Days" as a matter of station policy and yet the following evening the same person was afforded the liberty of the air on "Feach!" The opposite was in fact true, as Flor should have known "Feach" is transmitted on Monday night, "7 Days" on Tuesdays.

immediate expansion and establishment of remedial classes staffed by qualified teachers in all post-primary, as well as primary, schools throughout the country. The extent of illiteracy, or partial illiteracy, among pupils of the Republic at the present time was one of the main themes of the President of the Association of Principals of Vocational Schools in his address to the annual convention of that body on 18th November. In some post-primary schools it is as high as 60%. Subjecting such pupils to the prescribed Department of Education courses is as tyrannical as it is useless and the situation is crying out for redress. That it can be redressed is amply illustrated where properly qualified remedial teachers are employed. Unfortunately, they are far too few.

Allied to the education of the less capable pupil is the problem of preparing him for a job after school. Here, the statement also provides for the establishment of a professional careers guidance service, staffed by fully qualified personnel.

The word "professional" here is the important one. To some extent, the present Department of Education has, after considerable pressure, established the semblance of a careers guidance service. The number of educational psychologists employed in it are pathetically few and overworked. One sometimes gets the impression that even what is established is a sop to cranks rather than a service that is part and parcel of almost every school in Britain and Europe.

The statement calls for the establishment of a Schools Committee to be responsible for curricula, examinations, teaching methods and the other problems which arise in primary and post-primary education. In this committee, parents, teachers and educationalists drawn from a broad spectrum would work with professional educationalists from the Department of Education. The qualifying adjective applied to the proposed educationalists from the Department of Education will not be lost on many, and here the researchers must really have been on the ball. The growing tendency of the Fianna Fail ministry is to appoint to executive positions in education people who hold no diplomas in the subject. If Fine Gael comes to control the Department of Education it can be sure of having a rough time. The mandarins who run that Department will not easily surrender their authority to any Schools Committee and their devotion to compulsory Irish is, if anything, deeper than that of the Fianna Fail Party bosses.

Derry

The Growing Sectarianism

SECTARIAN VIOLENCE has been a feature of Belfast life for many years; this has not been the case in Derry. Recently, however, the increasing number of minor incidents of this nature may well indicate a bleak future. The Burntollet/Irish Street attacks on the Peoples Democracy march in January 1969 remains the ugliest sectarian scene in Derry's recent history. The "B specials", farm labourers and factory workers who carried out those attacks were called Paisleyites then, now they are to be found in the U.D.A. and L.A.W. (The

(Continued in page 8)



Winning is more rewarding
when the whiskey is Power's Gold Label.

And whiskey is Power's Gold Label.

Consumer Report

Ermer Bowman

An Apple A Day . . .

"Apples have often been described as one of Nature's best toothbrushes."

"Rather than a chocolate bar or sweet, pack an apple to be eaten at the conclusion of your child's school lunch."

"Until recently, apples were largely a luxury item in the household budgets."

THESE QUOTATIONS are taken from a booklet on "The Irish Apple," distributed to the public on behalf of the Irish Apple industry at the recent Apple Fair in Dublin. The last quotation must strike any shopper as a little odd. It would be more accurate to say that never before have apples been such a luxury item; prices of 5p, 6p, 7p, 8p, and even 9p per apple are common.

And while Irish apple producers are full of exhortations about the desirability of our eating more apples, they have little to say about their cost. Yet the price of fruit and particularly apples is one of the chief complaints now being received by the Irish Housewives' Association. Many reasons are offered to explain this; scarcity on the continent, so that unlike other years we are not getting an overflow from Britain; Irish producers demanding the same prices for home-grown apples as those which are imported, and cartels operating at the distributive level.

A short article on prices in the booklet makes the point that the producers' return on an apple which retails at 2p is 1½p. The rest must be accounted for by storage, grading and marketing costs. Mr. O'Kennedy, the principal research officer of the Pomology Research Centre at Dungarvan, admits that this year's price rise is exceptional and he is convinced that the fault lies with the shopkeeper. The day I spoke to him there was a glut on the market and apples were fetching 75p less on a carton which normally costs £3.80p. "I bet this fall in price will not be reflected in the shops," he commented; "this is the first year the grower has got a good price for his apples and anyone who has sold up to now is very pleased with his price." In his opinion, however, the present high retail prices would be short-lived. "From the first of January, 1973, they will come down with a wallop. Free competition will leave the market wide open although there will be a certain duty at the beginning, this will go down."

There is the added consideration that from next February a uniform system of grading is to be enforced on about 36 different types of fruit. The fruit concerned will be divided into three main categories, Class 1, 2, 3, with a small luxury class and a "roughs" category at the bottom of the scale. The minimum requirements will be that the fruit should be sound, whole, mature, clean and of uniform size. It is generally considered that such a grading system will take at least two years to get under way, but, when it does, prices should much more accurately reflect quality than at present.

Meanwhile, Irish apple growing undergoes a quiet revolution. The old style orchard is giving way to high density planting of dwarf-size trees, growing no higher than seven feet. They have a scarecrow-like appearance, with lots of branches, all of which are exposed to the sun and become laden with fruit. They have many advantages for the Irish climate and if development progress is favourable we will be growing 70% of our needs within five years.

On the price front, the only optimistic sign comes from the National Prices Commission, which is at present conducting a detailed investigation into prices of fruit and vegetables, under the direction of Dr. Tom O'Dwyer, of the Agricultural Institute. The results will be published in a future N.P.C. report.

(Continued from page 6)

U.V.F. probably has a few Burntollot "veterans" also).

The U.D.A., L.A.W. and their teenage tartan gangs have increasingly been in evidence in the past few weeks. Their main stronghold is the Irish Street Estate in the Waterside area (i.e. the east bank of the Foyle). This ill-designed estate, inadequate both in housing and recreational facilities contains the largest concentration of working-class Protestants in the city. The U.D.A. made it into a no-go area as a protest against the no-go areas across the river complete with sand-bagged guard posts and patrols in the familiar U.D.A. uniform of combat jackets and masks.

Tartan gangs have been responsible for several incidents during the last few weeks in which Catholic homes on the adjacent middle-class Woodlawn Estate (mixed Protestant and Catholic) have been attacked. One house was singled out for particular attention; the owner had decided to name his home "St. Joseph's" and had a wooden plaque to this effect hanging in the porch. The "Friend of the Workers" was flung through his admirer's sitting-room window followed by stones, bottles and iron bars. A few hundred yards from Irish Street, near Alnagelvin Hospital, John Doran, a Catholic, who had recently moved to the area, had six shots fired into his house. Luckily none of his family were injured—but the message was loud and clear. John is house hunting again.

An estimated 250 men from Irish Street are U.D.A. members, specially drilled and trained in both armed and unarmed combat by experts on loan from Belfast. The local O.C. is referred to as "Colonel" but his name is a closely guarded secret. Unlike the Belfast scene, in the close U.D.A.-L.A.W. partnership in Derry, it would appear that it is the latter who are calling the tune.

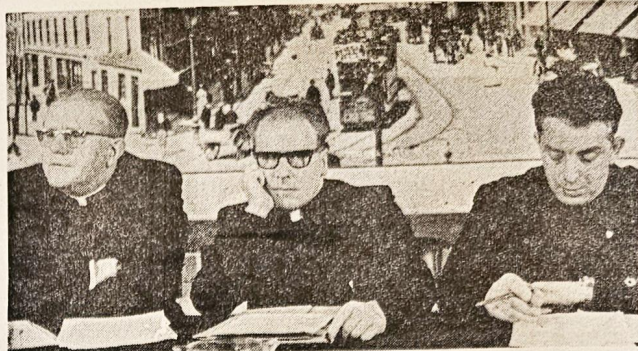
There are several other U.D.A. units in the district. A stone's throw from Irish Street a very new housing estate, Killynann, has its own neighbourhood unit. In outlying areas there are active units in Tullyally, Tannaherin, Newbuildings and Magheramason. On the west side of the Foyle there are units in the Glen Estate and on the road to Letterkenny at Nixon's Corner.

Last month, the U.D.A. claimed responsibility for the explosion at a mineral water depot in Muff, Co. Donegal, in retaliation for a Provo bomb at a telephone kiosk in the Diamond. One interesting local theory is that, although the Muff bombing was claimed by the "L'derry Command" of the U.D.A. it was in fact carried out by a Donegal-based unit. It is well known that in the rosy days of the B-Specials many Donegal men were among their ranks, and even that there were more B-men living between Muff and Moville than in the Waterside. While this is an obvious exaggeration, it lends credence to the above theory. When the massive border checkpoints manned by the British Army are also taken into consideration then it cannot be lightly discounted.

There is further tension on the labour front where a row has been brewing at the Ulsterbus Depot in Foyle St. The members of L.A.W., who are Ulsterbus employees, have been instructed not to work on any Creggan/Bogside routes. Catholic drivers say that since they work on "Loyalist" routes then their actions should be reciprocated. One Protestant driver who refused to join L.A.W. or obey its orders was "sorted-out" in true dockland fashion. Two weeks ago, a Catholic, John McGinley, was dragged from his bus in the Waterside and given a savage beating.

The Unionist Party, which for decades has enjoyed the blind allegiance of the people of places like Irish St., has lost most of its support. The local king-maker and wealthy businessman, Gerard Glover, at one time the most feared man in Derry by Protestant and Catholic alike, may now retire from politics to enjoy his riches, while Albert Anderson, the M.P. for the City Division is too close to the establishment to survive. The U.D.A., L.A.W. and Vanguard may want Stormont reprieved—but they don't want the Unionist Party in power again. As one U.D.A. man put it: "We want an independent socialist state for Protestants in Northern Ireland 'under the Crown'."

Whitelaw's green paper neglected to take this suggestion into account!



Rev. Brian Brady, of St. Joseph's College, Andersonstown, Co. Antrim; Rev. Desmond Wilson, of Ballymurphy, and Rev. Alex Reid, of Clonard Monastery, three of the 65 Catholic priests who, at a press conference, issued a joint statement accusing the British Army of carrying out a campaign of violence against the civilian Catholic population.

The North

The Priests Speak Out

"HOW MANY DIVISIONS has the Pope?" asked Stalin at Yalta and the question, complete with necessary sneer, may well have been reiterated by General Sir Harry Tuzo at his Lisburn headquarters last week when informed that sixty-five priests in Belfast had publicly denounced his tactics in the Catholic ghetto areas. In takes, said Napoleon, ten thousand casualties to make one general and, at times since Sir Harry's appointment, one had the uneasy feeling that he was taking the aphorism literally. It is well-known that he and his staff—whose future advancement depends upon his favour and success—resented the limitations imposed upon them by political conditions before internment began. It is equally well-known that since the imposition of direct rule and specifically since Operation Motorman Tuzo and his obsessive desire for a triumph to carry over the Rhine has dominated Whitelaw and his politicians. The Advisory Council set up by Whitelaw—do you remember that one?—has been ignored and treated with such contempt by the military overlords that it is on the verge of dissolution. At a recent meeting, for example, of the Advisory Council, there was an open, blazing row between Tuzo and the Catholic members over the very same policy of harassment that had brought about—or rather was to bring about—the press conference by the sixty-five priests.

The policy of harassment is simple in its execution. It is martial law without any law. In practice, it involves the scooping up of all males who look as if they can walk, photographing them, questioning them, roughing them up to a greater or lesser extent according to personal taste. It means the persistent arresting and releasing of men who may or may not be Republican sympathisers. It means that ex-internees are fair game and there is no close season. It means the repeated searches—sometimes three or four times a day—of houses which are suspect for one reason or another. It means that allegations of torture are once more accepted as fact by the minority community. For example, it is alleged that the water torture in which a towel soaked with water is wound tightly around the head thus bringing about a ghastly feeling of suffocation is now standard practice in interrogation.

It is against this background that the priests spoke out. The sequence of events is interesting. It is not unfair to say that, even allowing for the incredible complexity of the situation, the role of the Catholic Hierarchy in Northern Ireland since 1969 has not exactly been an inspiring one. Some of course are too old. The Bishop of Derry, for example, who is eighty, coyly hints at retirement next year and, on this evidence, one can only hope that the voluntary retirement age of seventy-five be made compulsory, or even better, lowered considerably. Like the politicians, however, the Hierarchy has failed to foresee and thus control events. A few weeks ago, Cardinal Conway made

a quietly worded protest against the assassination of Catholics that has been a feature of life and death since July. A routine Diocesan Conference was scheduled for Tuesday, November 14. On Monday 13, a dozen priests met and arranged to speak at the meeting on the subject of British Army harassment of their parishioners. Speakers were chosen and tactics worked out against any blocking attempt that might be made by what were regarded—on past evidence—as conservative forces.

In the event, there was no necessity to employ any tactics. The compassion which had motivated the original impulse was deeply universal and it was decided that it was just not good enough to be seen to be compassionate but that a public declaration of feeling for and identification with the victims of brutality should occur. It was accepted that such a declaration would not prejudice the efforts of Dr. Philbin, Bishop of Down and Connor, in his own campaign at the level of higher political and military authority to mitigate the severity of the current army policy. Indeed, Dr. Philbin's attitude—similar to that he held in the census row last year—was that there was a situation where the individual's conscience—based on his awareness of and involvement in the situation—should be the only guide.

The press conference was held on Monday 20. Ted Heath had monopolised the media for almost a week and it was rightly felt that their statement would be ignored if held during that time. The conference had a fairly favourable reception. The "Daily Telegraph" reporter—surprise, surprise—had done his homework and asked why only sixty-five out of over one hundred priests were present. It was pointed out to him that those present in effect represented all the clergy; those absent were in full agreement with the protest, but, for reasons often of sheer physical danger, were not asked to attend.

It would be a mistake to look upon this event as an indication of a Young Turk (with clerical collar) syndrome. What is happening in Catholic areas is—to be simple—not nice. The clergy have reacted. Their reaction may or may not have an effect.

There is a vacuum in leadership in Northern Ireland at all levels. The Press Conference of the sixty-five merely demonstrates that the vacuum is not confined to the secular.

THE £90,000 LANGUAGE SURVEY FIASCO

WE WOULD like to point out that Dr. Breandan O Buachalla of U.C.D. and Colman O hUanachain, ex-Director of the Linguistics Institute, are no longer members of the Committee on Language Research set up in 1970 by Comhairle na Gaeilge. The former resigned in October, 1970, the latter in June, 1971.

The story in our last issue made reference to a salary of £6,000 per year paid to the American Director of the Language Survey, Dr. Lillian Budner. We have heard since then, that in fact the salary of £6,000 was in consideration of nine months only.

Officials

Publish By Committee

THE NOVEMBER issue of the "United Irishman" carried, on the inside back page, an announcement that the editor had been replaced by an editorial committee. Alongside the announcement, in heavier black type, was a stiffly worded apology, stating that the views expressed in relation to "certain persons" mentioned in a previous article on capitalism and imperialism "did not and do not represent the views of the Republican Movement."

The two announcements were not unconnected. Eoin O'Murchu, now relieved of his post as editor of the U.I., was the author of the articles concerned. Mr. O'Murchu used the articles as a vehicle of bitter personal attack on the Trotskyists and their alleged alliance with Provisional Republicans. "The Provo/Trots saw a war of National Liberation where there was none, they supplied socialist jargon to justify the bombing of children, they turned Civil Right into Civil War," wrote Mr. O'Murchu.

Mr. O'Murchu named the Trotskyists as Bernadette Devlin, Eamonn McCann and Michael Farrell. He described them as "a parasitic sub-life" whose next logical step would be to "attach themselves to the Republican Movement."

However the attack boomeranged. Clann na hEireann, the English branch of the Official Republican Movement, which has relied heavily in the past on Miss Devlin's support, sent back five thousand copies of the United Irishman, unopened and unsold. They threatened to produce their own paper if the attacks continued. Republicans in the West of Ireland, who drew their biggest audiences ever when Miss Devlin



Bernadette Devlin

joined them in the anti-E.E.C. campaign (with the blessing of Dublin headquarters) expressed anger and confusion. Naturally, copies of the paper were burned in Mid-Ulster.

In Derry, homeland of Mr. McCann, the local Official magazine "The Starry Plough," wondered in amusement if Trots were about to be found under General Amin's bed. The Starry Plough was sold all over the North and appeared on Official Republican stands outside the G.P.O. in Dublin.

Gardiner Place took the hint. Mr. O'Murchu and his articles were discontinued. The new look United Irishman is published by an editorial committee which will take "all decisions relating to the theme policy and presentation of all future issues."

While the decision came as no surprise, grass-roots Republican opinion has been disenchanted with his editing for quite some time — nevertheless Tomas MacGiolla's statement to the Press surprised with its lack of sensitivity and of concern for the feelings of the departing editor.

But then relations between editors of The United Irishman and the body of proprietors have never been good. Always those in the

hot seat have been subject to pressures, often unfair pressures, while not always having either the resources or the man-power to carry out the wishes of the proprietors.

First of the maverick editors was Denis Foley, a Kerryman who took over from Martin Shannon. Shannon's editorship was distinguished by his reliance on historical material to fill his pages, a reversal to basic Republican sources in the aftermath of the 'fifties I.R.A. campaign, a new situation with which Shannon could not cope editorially. Foley's ideas were different, nurtured in Crumlin Road prison where he had spent a five-year stint. His approach was to question everything and to involve the paper in social issues.

In Foley's time in the U.I. the Griffith Barracks scandal became of public concern and for the duration of that battle the U.I. office was the H/Q of the men and women, all homeless, who tried to alter the conditions under which those needing emergency family shelter in Dublin were forced to live. At this time contact was made with Labour men Dr. John O'Connell and Michael O'Leary, a contact made on the issue of a common cause.

But Foley had other surprises up his sleeve. In an editorial entitled "Live Horse . . ." he questioned the adherence of the Republican Movement to abstention, something which, it was held, should not have been done in a Republican journal. Cathal Goulding, when in reminiscent mood, is wont to tell the story of "Live Horse . . ." and his reading of it. He was in a plane flying to a Clann na hEireann Ard Fheis in London when he opened his U.I. Synthesising his colourful account of it, he wanted to jump out of the window, knowing the reaction there would be to the story in the more conservative circles of the Movement. Foley had to move over.

Next in line was Tony Meade, a Limerick man who had also done his turn in Crumlin Road and a close friend of Foley's. The main problem in his time was the deteriorating financial situation and the failure of the Movement to concern itself with the collection of moneys from the organisation around the country. Part of his contribution was to have the books audited and a statement presented to the proprietors showing the potential of the U.I. as a money-making source for the organisation. He got some hearing but not enough.

Editorially he continued the line which had been begun by Foley, extending it in some ways. Gilmore began to write for the U.I. in that period and there was a development of a book page which dealt with other things besides the Principles of Freedom and the foundation of the First Dail. Breaking point came in 1966 when Sinn Fein around the country began to dip into U.I. moneys to tide them over the local elections. It led to a crisis with the printer and a one-week postponement of printing. Meade figured he had failed to interest the proprietors in their baby and shortly afterwards left.

Seamus O'Tuathail, who had been working with Meade for some time, then took over and gave the paper his own, individualistic stamp. A publicist by nature, O'Tuathail made the U.I. known in quarters where it had never been heard of before. His failure in the eyes of the leadership of the Movement was that he was not a formally inducted member of the Movement and absolutely refused to be so inducted.

Eoin O'Murchu took over because he was the only man willing to do the job. An Englishman of Irish parentage, O'Murchu holds a law degree from Trinity and is a dedicated and fluent Irish speaker. Unfortunately he had little contact either with the grass-roots or with the man in the street and many members of the Movement felt that he was having arguments with himself much of the time.

Inevitably for an organisation which is so introspective, the Movement has not been able to bring itself to recruit a professional to do the job. And such is the attrition on those who do take it on that when they have reached a degree of professionalism they tend to leave. But one thing all the editors did have in common was a dedication to the job and the willingness to work the impossible hours that the job demanded.

Now it is over to a committee. One is reminded of the story which states that the camel is a horse produced by a committee. Many people will wish it does not happen to the United Irishman.

Miss Devlin, Mr. McCann and Mister Farrell trot logically on, their relations with the Republicans as cordial as ever,

Contraception

The Clinic In Cork

"The biggest category of medical cases is where help is needed on regulation of birth."

"Ninety-three per cent of the people coming to the Centre are looking for advice on family planning."

THESE TWO quotations do not appear to differ substantially from one another, yet they epitomise the quarrel between Bishop Cornelius Lucey of Cork and the Catholic Marriage Advisory Council. The first quotation is taken from an official brochure of the C.M.A.C., and may consequently be taken as the official policy of the Council. The second is the reported statement of Dr. Marie O'Sullivan, a medical consultant to the Council. Dr. Lucey claimed that this statement was a breach of confidence, and when an apology was not forthcoming, he insisted that the Centre close down.

The publicised facts are not in dispute. The trouble is that there are almost certainly many relevant facts which have not been publicised. On the face of it, it would appear incomprehensible that a man of Dr. Lucey's experience should publicly charge a medical practitioner with a breach of professional ethics unless he was on very sure ground. All the indications are that his ground was far from sure.

As the Medical Times pointed out, it is "an essential and traditional right" of doctors to publish medical and scientific facts, and the paper was able to quote a recent English court case in which this right was vindicated in law. In any case, Dr. Lucey must surely have seen an occasional copy of the C.M.A.C. quarterly Bulletin, in which statistics (including far more intimate and revealing ones than those referred to by Dr. O'Sullivan) are collated from various centres of the C.M.A.C. in an attempt to improve the quality of the service which was being provided.

Part of the problem obviously originates in Dr. Lucey's inability to compromise or to seek a mutually acceptable solution. A breach of confidence had been committed; a public apology must be made. Bishop Lucey must have known that if the doctor concerned gave the requested apology, she was confessing to a grave infringement of medical ethics and medical etiquette, and her professional career might well be jeopardised. Dr. Lucey must have known that his ultimatum could not possibly be accepted.

So one is forced to ask about other possibilities. From some of his published statements it would appear that Dr. Lucey considers family limitation to be a minor and even irrelevant problem. "Parenthood is usually avoided for selfish and self-indulgent reasons," he said at one Confirmation ceremony, and continued: "When, for any reason whatever, a married couple decide not to have children, the only way for them is the way of marital continence, of self-restraint."

The C.M.A.C., based as it is in London and operating, as it does, on a client-orientated approach, was not likely to find favour with Dr. Lucey.

It is precisely here that the relevant questions have to be asked. Was Dr. Lucey suspicious that the C.M.A.C. might have been offering methods of family limitation of which he personally did not approve? Were the C.M.A.C. drawing too much attention to the growing misery of many Irish families who wish to use a reliable method of planning their families and find that Church and State are organised to keep them from doing so? In other words, was Dr. Lucey looking for a good reason to close down the C.M.A.C. when the C.M.A.C. played into his hands and gave him the excuse he was looking for?

Time may reveal some further facts about the Cork C.M.A.C. debacle. In the meantime one hopes that doctors and social workers—possibly those who have all along been operating under the aegis of the C.M.A.C.—will organise themselves with a view to providing help and support for the former clients who will, one feels sure, be quite undisturbed by the fact that the public is now aware of the purpose of their visit to the C.M.A.C.

One comment must be added, concerning

(Continued in page 10)

Private View

WHEN an American lady remarked that she accepted the universe, Carlyle is said to have replied "Gad, she'd better!" I feel rather like that about the European Community. It exists. We are in it. What do we do?

My view is that it poses a great threat to us and that we must do everything we can to change it. At least now, with our entry settled, it would be welcome if we started facing the Community and its dangers as they really are.

The recent summit was marked by real agreements and we need to work out their effects on us. There was agreement that a regional policy should be worked out by the Commission and that it should come into force in January, 1974. This is not just welcome; it is essential if we are to survive as a nation. But before throwing our hats in the air, it would be well to see it in context. Commission documents have suggested a budget of 50 million Units of Account each year for the first five years. Put in more familiar terms, this is £20 million—for nine countries. And it is to be used for industry as well as agriculture. The economist described it as "peanuts." This is over-generous. The Council of Ministers will decide that a regional policy should be established. But the assembled Ministers did not will the means—a significant quantity of money.

There was agreement about an eventual move to economic and monetary union, with a timetable. But what does Ireland need, now and in the future?

In my view, our greatest need is strengthened central institutions. This is not a paradox. I am convinced, even more than six months ago, that we would be better off doing like Norway, but since we are in, our only hope of protection is from Community institutions which are simultaneously strengthened and radicalised.

The operation of free movements of goods, capital and labour will impoverish us. Only a strong regional policy and a strong social policy can balance this. Under a Gaullist "Europe of the Fatherlands" this cannot come. If regional policy is left to each member State, no wealth transfer towards the periphery can occur.

The Dutch have made clear that they will block progress towards economic and monetary union unless the Strasbourg Parliament is given more power and the validity of direct elections. We need this at least as much as the Dutch.

European big business has now got what it wants from the Community, which is free movement of goods, capital and labour and the reassembly of an empire from the bits which remained to the member States.

What they do not want is a unified labour movement, a powerful democratic central structure and a vigorous socialist regional and social policy.

Ireland's needs are clear. Fortunately, we are sending some able and subtle civil servants to Brussels. We need to send able and subtle people to the European Parliament as well. Up to now it has been a stamping-ground for the failures and the second rate, without power or significance.

My own present view is pessimistic. The effect of opening the market fully to foreign competition and the waning inflation which will be strengthened by the necessary adjustments to full membership are going to wreck our economy before a real regional and social policy come to our rescue. But this is an opinion and not a certainty. And we have voted ourselves in. So we can at least fight. This means a stronger Parliament, a stronger Commission, a labour movement unified over the whole Community and a vastly more vigorous regional and social policy. In the prolonged struggle for these things, socialism in the Community can end the present dominance of big business.

It is not much of a scenario. You have to be an optimist. But it is all we've got.

Justin Keating

(Continued from Page 9)

Dr. Lucey's reported comment on the closure. "I could say that the Council was established by me," he is quoted as saying. "I would not have to explain why it is being disestablished by me." Dr. Lucey seems to forget that if this formula were transferred into the industrial world, any businessman could close shop and throw his employees on the streets without compensation. The callous way in which the C.M.A.C. was closed down without any consideration for the suffering caused to its clients would suggest that if any apology is due, it should come from Bishop Lucey, and not from Dr. O'Sullivan.

Provisionals

The Conflicting Claims

WITHIN THE last few weeks there has been a succession of claims from Willie Whitelaw, Brian Faulkner and sundry other experts on the Provisional I.R.A. that the Provos are a spent force, the remains of which are now in the process of being mopped up. The proponents of this view base their conclusions on two things: the decline in bombing activity and Army claims to have cut off the flow of supplies to the Provisionals and to have captured more than 100 of their leaders. But such views do not stand up well to careful scrutiny. It is clear that bomb attacks in Belfast and Derry have been reduced, though whether this is due to improved security arrangements or a change in Provo tactics is less clear. The argument that the severe restrictions which have been imposed on the movement of both vehicles and pedestrians in the centre of Belfast have been responsible took a bad knock last week, however, when the Provos bombed two of their favourite targets. They followed up their car-bomb explosion at the Co-Op administration building with a parcel bomb raid on the much-bombed Youth Employment office and a further attack which wrecked the Co-Op's temporary down-town store which had replaced its previously-ruined headquarters. For an encore—having, in the meantime, put a 150 lb. car-bomb in the basement of the Housing Executive's city centre H.Q.—they penetrated the most secure of Belfast's stockades to plant two charges—one of them within twenty yards of the heavily-guarded main entrance gates in Corn Market. Last week's bombs, besides demonstrating that the Provisionals were still capable of organising daylight bombing in the city centre also showed that Army claims to have cut Provo supplies were premature. Indeed, military statements had already contradicted assertions from generals and politicians that the Provos were running short of explosives or finding it difficult to move them. On November 6th, for example, the 300 lb. bomb which damaged the centre-piece of Harland and Wolff's shipyard, the Goliath crane, was described as "the biggest gelignite bomb ever used in Belfast." Two days after this a 700 lb. land-mine—again described as "the biggest ever"—was defused in County Fermanagh. Shortly after this "the biggest haul of commercial explosives yet discovered"—365 lb. of it—was uncovered in a man-hole in the Beechmount area of Belfast.

Claims that the Provisional leadership in Belfast has been decimated since Operation Motorman are difficult to substantiate or refute. Some members of the Provisionals' command in the city, such as Martin Meehan, Seamus Loughran, Sean Henderson and Con McHugh, are now out of circula-

tion. But the key men in Provo control and operations are the mostly youthful members of the company staffs and, within this group, those company officers who organise and lead active service units. They are the men who interpret the general directives coming from the Provisional G.H.Q. and the more specific orders coming from the Brigade staff. At present there are about a dozen A.S.U.s operating in Belfast. Numerical strength of these units can vary from two to twenty but three or four is a usual figure. Membership of A.S.U.s changes constantly with, for example, a

Q. Who celebrated the reception into the Catholic Church of Hamish Frazer (the ex-Communist currently defending Article 44)?

A. Anthony Stevenson, the Jesuit priest.

Q. How did Anthony Stevenson celebrate this entry of his convert?

A. By leaving the Church and becoming an Anglican Minister.

couple of teenagers from Ardoyne joining two or three Andersonstown Provos on one or two operations in the Lower Falls before breaking up and returning to their respective areas. While some A.S.U.s organise their own supplies, accommodation and transport, most rely on the company organisation in the area where they are operating to provide these. The capture of an Active Service Unit leader—or, indeed, the entire unit as has happened on several occasions—makes little difference to the ability of the Provos to strike again in that area.

On November 16th the military authorities announced that "the last Provisional I.R.A. officer in the Ardoyne area had been rounded-up." Less than two weeks later what was described as "the biggest gun-battle in the district since 1969" was said, by the same military sources, to have taken place in Ardoyne. The Army claims about their detention of known I.R.A. officers in the area were probably substantially true. The lesson they have yet to learn is that local leadership of the Provos constantly renews itself by drawing on the younger men who get their leadership training in the A.S.U.s. Continuity of supply and communication routes is maintained through women and men who are now too old to fight, and the entire machine runs on steam provided by the massive military overkill of Operation Motorman.

S.D.L.P.

Talking At Last

THE EXPLAINERS are hard at work, but the fact remains that by agreeing to discuss its policy document, "Towards a New Ireland," with Willie Whitelaw, the S.D.L.P. are going back on a long-standing pledge not to talk until internment ends. It is a hook they have been trying to free themselves from for months and waves of relief could be felt at Dungiven when the final vote of 92-15 was announced, after a classic attempt to refer it back to the executive had been narrowly defeated.

The history of that promise, and how it was circumvented, shows just how difficult it is for Northern politicians, on either side of the dividing line to shift position and remain credible—even when a policy has become incredible. It began with the civil disobedience campaign which followed internment, and as long as Brian Faulkner ruled Stormont, there was no temptation to

bow to moderate demands for a detente. But cracks began to appear in the solid front when non-cooperation achieved its first objective—the downfall of Stormont—and since then the "no talks" commitment has been eroded to the point where it had almost disappeared. The Provisionals helped break the spell, when they themselves bargained with the British about a truce, and of course the Bloody Friday bombing almost blew the pledge to smithereens. Lines of communication were opened, but always the S.D.L.P.'s talks with the British were "limited" and this even applied to the pre-Darlington visit to Chequers. An element of farce, however, had crept in, and despite the ritual refusal to meet Edward Heath in Belfast only a week previously, the annual conference decision came as less than a surprise.

Such a turn-around is open to criticism on two grounds (a) that it represents a sell-out and (b) that it should have come earlier—but the S.D.L.P.'s defence is convincing. Quite simply, they regard the new approach as a change in tactics, not principle. The new talks with Whitelaw are officially confined to discussion of the party's policy document, "Towards a New Ireland," but there is nothing to stop the delegates pressing their old anti-internment case in the context of a future constitutional settlement. Although there was a strong reason for boycotting Darlington, confined as it was to discussing solutions within a six-county framework, the S.D.L.P. would have had serious qualms about throwing away a chance to influence British thinking on such crucial issues as the form and responsibilities of the all-Ireland Council—now that Mr. Heath and Mr. Lynch seem to have reached some accord. The Green Paper opened up a new Irish dimension, which is very relevant to S.D.L.P. policy.

Could the S.D.L.P. have moved earlier? Probably, as far as its ordinary supporters were concerned, but probably not, when the Republican backlash was taken into account. The party is up against the problem of getting a consensus within its six very individual M.P.s as well as its rank and file, and the best chance of achieving this combination together was always liable to be at the party conference. In public, before the assembled delegates, those who wanted to break the deadlock were able to take the offensive and argue that inflexibility was negative and an abdication of responsibility to lead. The doubters were routed, and the winners could claim they had a solid mandate for such an important departure.

Even more convincing was the unspoken, but generally accepted argument that non-cooperation in talks had achieved as much as it was ever likely to achieve in obtaining relief for the internees. The point had been made, that Unionist-style internment must never be imposed again, and the British had responded, even if they hadn't capitulated. Political parties are in business to shape policies, and it was arguable that the S.D.L.P. could not allow their hands to be tied indefinitely, when major political decisions were being taken.

The security situation was another important factor. With community relations at breaking point and beyond in many parts of the province, opting out was not regarded as a valid option. If lives could be saved by entering talks and lowering the temperature—as well as by making sure that Catholic fears of U.D.A. activities were more widely known—the S.D.L.P.'s duty seemed clear.

Does this movement foreshadow further developments, like abandonment of civil disobedience or acceptance of something less than the S.D.L.P.'s interim solution of joint Anglo-Irish sovereignty? Past experience suggests that change will come slowly, if at all, and obviously a great deal depends on Britain's initial response. But if Mr. Lynch has abandoned his absolute

demands and pre-conditions, it would be difficult for the S.D.L.P. to sustain them. John Hume echoed the Taoiseach's words when he said that if anyone could improve on the joint sovereignty framework "our ears are wide open." There is new political movement, forced by new circumstances, North and South.

British Army

The Disturbing Statistics

WHEN THE 65 Catholic priests made their allegations about military harassment the reaction of the British Army spokesman was like that of a defendant in a libel case. They denied that it happened but stipulated that if it did, it was justified in the public interest by the success attending it. The success it was suggested could be discerned in the reduced level of violence since the introduction of Operation Motorman. There is some substance in this claim. The number of shooting incidents and explosions has dropped very significantly. The causal link between this development and the British Army saturation of Catholic areas is not so clearly established however.

And the military justification is very weak in relation to the question of protection of the person. In terms of fatalities the sixteen-week period since Operation Motorman shows little significant improvement upon the sixteen-week period prior to Motorman. There has overall been a drop of about thirteen per cent in the number of fatalities between the two periods. While 176 were killed in the first period, 155 have been killed in the second period. The drop is reflected in most of the categories into which the fatalities fall. There has been an increase in the number of Republicans killed from 11 in the first period to 19 in the second but in fact that rise is accounted for by the exceptionally high number of accidental deaths arising from premature explosions which was referred to above. The number of civilians killed in explosions has doubled over the second period but this rise has been due to the increased number of attacks on pubs and clubs frequented by Catholics over the past couple of months.

In other categories there has been a slight drop. In the period before Motorman 52 members of the Security Forces were killed: in the period since 49 have been killed. The figures for British Army personnel were respectively 44 and 39. Probably the most significant drop has been in the numbers assassinated. During the first period 49 people were assassinated while in the second period the number was 38. Since about 70% of the assassinations in both periods have occurred in Protestant districts it is unlikely that the increased military presence in Catholic districts has any bearing on this decline. A more likely explanation to account for this fall is the fact that the first period covered the month of July when anti-Catholic feeling is traditionally at its highest point. Overall it is likely that the most telling reason for the slight drop in the fatality rates is to be found in the reduced hours of daylight in the second period.

Quite clearly the military gains secured by the Motorman policy have been relatively minor while the political losses caused by the further erosion of Catholic trust have been severe. Equally clear, however, to anyone who has observed the administrative relationship between General Tuohy and his political overlords is the fact that military considerations take precedence over political considerations.

hibernia review of books

A Censored Decade

John Jordan

THE GOLDEN LADS AND LASSES of Ireland '72 are at ease with Updike, Cleaver and Roth; take for granted Moore and Broderick and McGahern. They could scarcely conceive the situation of the young after the last war and well into the 'fifties, when they discovered, as I did, that the more important books of the more important Irish fiction writers published since the foundation of the State had been proscribed by the Censorship Board.

In fact, it would appear to have been a deliberate policy of the Board's to enforce the law with the utmost rigour against Irish writers. Looking back and remembering the adolescent exultation with which one foiled, book by book, the Board's attempt to stifle Irish writers not alone for their contemporaries but for posterity, I realise that from the carnage of the '30s purge one could build the foundations of a modern Irish library. Consider some of the books I set myself to track down in defiance of the monstrous Board between 1946 and 1950—and I confine myself to novels: Sean O'Faolain's *Bird Alone* (1936), Frank O'Connor's *The Saint and Mary Kate* (1933), Francis Hackett's *The Green Lion* (1936), Austin Clarke's *The Bright Temptation* (1932) and *The Singing Man at Cashel* (1936), Kate O'Brien's *Mary Lavelle* (1936) and *The Land of Spices* (1941). Of all these, so far as I know, only *The Bright Temptation* has been republished (Dolmen, 1965). Part of the cruelty done to Irish writers of an older generation has been the revocation of bans when the books themselves have been long out of print.

The attentive reader will have noticed the absence of Liam O'Flaherty's name from the short list above. But so successfully had O'Flaherty been muzzled that in the '40s my generation had only the haziest notion of his large output. His short stories, which, wrongly, I now think, were regarded as his chief glory, were all available, as were his two best known novels, *The Informer* and *Famine*. It was many years before I ever saw copies of his late '20s-early '30s novels, *Mr. Gilhooley*, *House of Gold and Skerrett*, and then not in this country. Frank O'Connor once claimed that the English Department of a German University found it impossible to obtain a complete set of O'Flaherty in Ireland.

Irish publishing is, apparently, in a healthier condition now than at any time since Independence. One or more houses could perform an immense service for Irish letters by negotiating with the original firms and reissuing certain key books. Were I asked to submit ten titles for paperback they would be: O'Flaherty, *Skerrett*; O'Connor, *The Saint and Mary Kate*; O'Faolain, *Bird Alone* and *Come Back to Erin* (not banned, published 1940); Hackett, *The Green Lion*; O'Brien, *The Ante-Room* (not banned, published 1934) and *The Land of Spices*; Clarke, *The Singing Man at Cashel*; Francis Stuart, *Redemption*, and Benedict Kiely, *There Was an Ancient House*. Any collection with these titles for a start would succeed both here and in America, if not in Britain. I possess only three of the titles listed. It should be noted that the first eight titles span the decade 1930-40, as crucial as any in our history, since it saw the final enactment of a bourgeois Catholic State, the one, in fact, that we now have on our hands. And it should also be noted that I have confined myself to novels: because of the prestige of O'Flaherty, O'Faolain and O'Connor, neophytes might think that Anglo-Irish literature since Independence consisted entirely of short stories. We have tended to neglect our novelists—perhaps because we have never read them.

We hear much about conservation and preservation these days, but not in the field of letters. Quite understandably, English publishers cannot be expected to keep Irish books in print indefinitely. But Irish firms might be expected to keep a record of books that have been out of print thirty, twenty or even ten years and act accordingly. And for the sake of their pockets, typically, I recommend Eimar O'Duffy's trilogy, *King Goshawk and the Birds* (1926), *The Spacious Adventures of the Man in the Street* (1928) and *Asses in Clover* (1933). O'Duffy echoes Swift but he also prefigures Flann O'Brien/Myles na Gopaleen. O'Duffy's Wheat King, Goshawk, was intended as a spectre of the twenty-first century. But he is with us already. One of his manifestations is a genial figure in a white polo-neck, beloved of the women of Ireland.

Meanwhile, I'd like to know, dear reader, what you make of my list . . .

Christmas Books

Winter of Discontent

John Boland

IN HIS FIRST book of poems, Seamus Heaney set out to write an obituary for the naturalist that had died within him, though some readers might feel that in the harsh, exact evocations of a Northern landscape he was really celebrating the rough vitality and durability of his roots. Which ever way, the book's achievement confirmed that Heaney was one of the most impressive poets of his Irish generation.

His second volume's title offered a symbolic door into the dark, but an immersion in its contents revealed that the mixture was very much as before, though with a more dour and disenchanted tone and with a greater sexual emphasis. The book asserted the quality of Heaney's talent without strengthening it. At that stage, one felt a third volume would do that, offering a wider range, perhaps, and a greater depth and refinement.

Now, with *Wintering Out*, the impression is of someone groping for a door out of the dark, back into the naturalist's world of well-tilled fields. The problem with such fields is that the more well-tilled they become, the less may be the yield. The law of diminishing returns.

This is, of course a dangerous theory to apply to poetry: there are many instances of poets who have cultivated the same plot of land all their lives and who have continued to produce flowers that can endure the weather, but these are usually endearing oddities such as Betjemann, tragic ironists such as Larkin, or uncontrollable personalities such as Kavanagh. Heaney belongs to none of these categories: he is more obsessed with the search for truth than the Betjemans of this world; he is less sure he has got it so permanent and blank and true as Larkin has, and he is less scornfully individualistic than Kavanagh. Thus, we expect him (perhaps unfairly) to develop, to change. And we may feel that his retreat into familiar fields, far from coming from a recognition that here lies truth, is simply a process of marking time.

And it must be admitted that Heaney marks time most adroitly. The poems are constructed with his customary accomplishment, and a number are more finely achieved than that description might suggest—"The Other Side," "Shore Woman," "Fireside," "Limbo," especially, displaying resonances and cadences of feeling not always in evidence in the remainder of the volume (though the wedding poems are etched in with nicely wry observations).

Yes, finally—and despite, or perhaps because of, the mythological extensions to some of

the poems—it is depth of personal feeling, which is not always conveyed in *Wintering Out*. The great danger of technical accomplishment is that such facility may preclude a sense of life lived in all its tacky contrariness (as was sensed in the first book); instead of writing better poems, one may end up writing better-written poems, achieving more technical than imaginative success.

The imaginative response must come first, of course, but it strikes me, reading this volume, that an investigation could be carried out on the

cannot achieve greatness unless it knows how to sing.

It is a measure of Heaney's quality and stature that such grumblings and such large notions can present themselves, and it is a measure of his influence on newly-emerging talents that concern should be expressed over the roads taken and not taken by him (Paul Muldoon, for instance, is in some ways very much a Heaney poet and, despite his own considerable technical accomplishment, carries the influence of Heaney a little too obviously).

Another disappointment that

stanzas of this fine long poem are included as a preface to *Wintering out*.

If one is to be truly honest and fair, it must be admitted that the reservations one may have about Heaney's achievement in this volume extend not only to some of his fellow Northerners, but to much of the poetry throughout Ireland. Irish poetry is at an interesting if unsure point, and perhaps it smacks unduly of the fascist to say that some of its more interesting poets seem—temporarily, at least—unsure of what they wish to or can do in verse. Thomas Kinsella of late appears to be pursuing something more personally urgent, but less poetically rewarding than can be found in his early books (though his "Butcher's Dozen" is, I think, much more impressive than a consensus of some opinions might suggest); John Montague's "private" poems still resonate more powerfully than those on larger themes; James Simmons, though often blisteringly good, tends at times towards the easy rhyme and punch-line; Derek Mahon's quiet, formal considerations still promise more than they achieve. Less established (and also less establishment) poets such as Michael Hartnett, Frank Ormsby, Paul Muldoon certainly promise a good deal, and occasionally deliver the goods (though Muldoon is in danger of becoming too establishment too quickly for the proper, slow nurturing of talent).

God knows, one is not suggesting by all this that poets should band themselves into movements or embrace ideologies—whether political or aesthetic. One doesn't want to do an A. Alvarez on Irish poetry. But what is being suggested here is that poetry should not just examine and probe experience, it should transmute it into something rich and strange, it should delight in its own creation (as happens in Larkin, and happened in Heaney's marvellous first book). And it is this which is in danger of being forgotten, or lost. Nor is there singing school.

This has been a very personal, if not idiosyncratic, review of a book by one of our very few really good poets, and one's reservations about the book's success finally stem from the conviction that Heaney has seemed capable of writing the most outstanding verse since that of our last outstanding poet, Patrick Kavanagh. I, anyway, will impatiently wait for his next volume, when, instead of wintering out in the present ghastliness of the North, he may be summing in with a new renewed mastery and passion.

**Wintering Out*, by Seamus Heaney. Faber, £1.00.



Seamus Heaney.

limitations of the short line in contemporary verse. This, again, is treading on dangerous ground, but it could be suggested that there is more than a casual relation between what I see as Heaney's failure to broaden his vision and his unwillingness to broaden his lines. At the very least, the narrowness of response is reflected in the technical narrowness. Certainly such a technique is not conducive to the creation of a singing school. The reply to this might be that Heaney's clipped, sardonic tone is the only honest approach to the glum, grim Northern landscape—to which, according to one's belief, one might answer: fine, but poetry

registers is the absence of some of Heaney's more recent poems on the gruesome debacle that has been the North for the past couple of years. Some of the poems in the volume do concern themselves with this theme, and it could be argued that all of the poems are in some way related to it. But I am thinking especially of the omission of such an honest, humane and powerful poem as "Whatever You Say, Say Nothing," which managed, unlike other recent writing on the subject, neither to preach nor simplify, and, in avoiding such faults, managed to actually say something. For reasons best known to the author, only the last three

Christmas Books

Sky Pictures, Street Scenes

James Plunkett

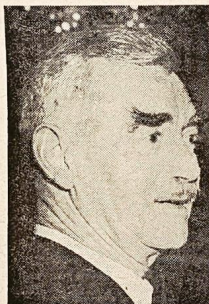
IRELAND FROM THE AIR. By Daphne Pochin Mould. David and Charles. £3.25.
DUBLIN FROM OLD PHOTOGRAPHS. By Maurice Gorham. Batsford. £2.50.

THE TWO BOOKS before me search back into the past through the lens of the camera, though in quite different ways. Maurice Gorham's "Dublin from Old Photographs" presents the people and streets of the city as they were in the later nineteenth and early twentieth century, a period richly preserved in literature and a generation not all that far removed from us in time; whatever about outlook and manners.

Ireland From the Air, on the other hand, is a comprehensive scrutiny of Irish landscape for the marks History leaves in its wake. These are Daphne Pochin Mould's own aerial photographs, gathered by her in her pursuit of information and evidence about geology, archaeology and history. The search goes back to the beginnings and beyond; it traces the course of glaciers in the Ice Age; it reveals the pattern of Drumlins deposited by the great thaw, which provided primitive man with a rudimentary system of roadways across a waterlogged and unexplored country. The amount of information to be gleaned may depend on the skill and experience of the interpreter, but even the uninitiated will see revealed here in outline some-

thing of that continuing adventure: the sites of ancient forts, bronze age cairns, or fortified farmsteads. Pilgrim roads and the remnants of the early monastic age lie side by side with the Norman towers of a later period. The patterns of settlements and towns are observed as they developed about an ancient rath, a medieval castle or the Big House of more recent times. Ireland From the Air reveals the landscape as a visitors' book, scored indelibly, it seems, with the signatures and observations of successive civilisations.

In technical quality and evocative power Dublin From Old Photographs is magnificent, and to open it is to catch,



Maurice Gorham

in a glimpse backwards over the shoulder, the ghosts of a generation whose physical world lingered, as I well remember, into the 'thirties and 'forties. It was present in the tunes of the organ grinders and the voice in wintry streets crying "coalblocks, coalblocks" above the crunching of wheels; in the moonfaced public clocks, in the smuts flying backwards when you journeyed by train from Harcourt Street to Shankill or Bray. The porter conjured it up when he blew his whistle or waved his green flag. It spoke through the rumble of wheels as they crossed the viaduct high above the well-brought-up and self-contained little glen of Leighlinstown. It was imprisoned in things made entirely (as it seemed) of iron. They were great men for iron. Massive iron. Or whatever it was. I am no metallurgist.

The young Dubliner in the penniless 'thirties, like Felix the cat, seemed to spend his entire life walking. They were companionable walks, undertaken in the course of a never-ending debate on God and art and women. We found out nothing at all about any of them (need I say) but at least we came to know our city. And though these superb photographs re-people those streets with an earlier generation—little girls in pinafores, little boys in bare feet and well-to-do women who appear to have worn their whole wardrobe at once—the alchemy they work on me is that I can hear the echo of my own feet

and the justification for our interest.

The first one-third of this book are needed to bring us to the date of his first association with broadcasting. They are largely a psychological study of the man, and this seems to be the least rewarding part of the book. The approach is highly subjective and the language often inflated. He was "head over heels in love with symbolism". Target practice produced a "sensational thrill . . . ecstasy". He "re-acted like a medieval knight summoned to trial by ordeal". The "dawn began to finger the Eastern sky", etc., etc.

These chapters may not appeal to everyone and might sometimes strain credulity. This would be unfortunate if it undermined the reader's confidence in the authenticity of the section dealing with Reith's career in broadcasting. These are interesting, well-informed and accurate. The style of writing is less florid and the conclusions reached more factually based. For the person interested in knowing the history of the development of many problems of broadcasting they are admirable. Many of these difficulties still exist and a knowledge of their origins can only be helpful to anyone concerned for radio and television.



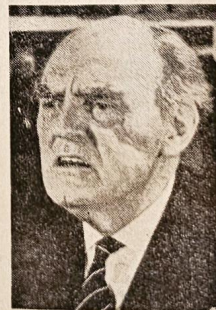
Alfred Webb snapped at a street bookstall in Fleet Street, Dublin. From Maurice Gorham's book "Dublin From Old Photographs."

on the cobbles of St. Michael's Lane. I pass St. Patrick's Cathedral once more on an evening when snow is muting the yellow lit town. I breathe once again the waft of poverty from those high gabled houses in Chamber Street and Weavers' Square. The washing hung out on poles in Poole Street billowed as bravely over my own youthful head as it does here above these shawled and undefeatable nineteenth century women. I saw that detested statue of William III in College Green too, before someone or other in 1929 had the presence of mind to blow it up. The head was sawn off it afterwards and

stolen from the Corporation yard in which the remains had been dumped. It was found later (to be precise, on 10th June, 1931) among bombs, explosives, ammunition and pistols somewhere on Killikee mountain.

This is a moving collection of photographs, informatively introduced and captioned and so crisp and immediate in quality it would be hard to believe, were it not for the fashions and the paraphernalia and the easygoing air, that they are lit by so long vanished a day. Poor, dapper dancers, all gone under the hill. We, too, when Time and the Bell have our measure.

This biography makes it clear that it was by no means inevitable that broadcasting in Britain, and subsequently in many parts of the world, would be established as a public service. Reith—representing a strong current of autocracy and puritanism in his country and class, by no very strange



Lord Reith

accident was put in control whilst the medium was still malleable. The virtues and vices of his outlook have lasted a long time and spread wide.

The last section of the book, dealing with his life as an unremarkable public servant are an anti-climax. Faced with

the rigid and long-established structures of government in which despotic and dictatorial methods could not be employed, Reith dwindles into a soured and sad old man; but to judge him as he had become at this time may be less than fair to a person who at the height of his powers and confidence achieved a great deal in an amazingly short time. Even though his staff feared him they respected him sincerely and the pride he established in themselves, their work and the B.B.C. is still a factor in broadcasting today.

For those who like "a good read" some of this well-produced book (the list of references and index are excellent) will give pleasure. For those interested in broadcasting it has a good deal to say. Perhaps it is a pity that Andrew Boyle did not use more of his own considerable knowledge of broadcasting to place Lord Reith's work in its wider context, even if it had meant dispensing with some of the more speculative insights into his character—but then it is possible that his influence is still affecting the reviewer!

Barry Baker, who is Head of Training at the Communications Centre, was a radio broadcaster from 1933-40, a staff member of the B.B.C. from 1945 to 1955, and has worked for I.T.V. and R.T.E.

Lord of the Air

Barry Baker

ONLY THE WIND WILL LISTEN—Reith of the B.B.C. By Andrew Boyle. Hutchinson. £4.50.

TO ENTER any BBC Broadcasting House in 1936 was a strange experience. The feeling was that of a museum—or even perhaps a religious building—solemn, cold, rather intimidating, above all intensely serious. No place for laughter. This was to a great extent the creation of John Reith, Director General, and quite certainly primary creator of the BBC, who's biography, "Only the Wind will Listen" by Andrew Boyle has just been published.

John Reith was an autocrat, a paternalist, a dogmatist. He had enormous self-confidence in his ability as an organiser and exceptional energy. He believed he was right and would ensure his beliefs were translated into action. He was also reared in a rigidly Low Church tradition of a wrathful and avenging God—a fact which Andrew Boyle dwells on as vital to our understanding of the man.

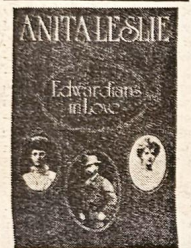
These qualities were in fact not particularly rare in leaders of his generation. They were common to many civil and military commanders of his day—although he may have possessed some of them to an almost eccentric degree. These qualities in themselves might not justify the splendid research and effort contained in this book or the reader's time and considerable expense (the price is £4.50). Reith is uniquely important if broadcasting and the BBC are important and in so far as he affected them. That he did affect them deeply is evident in this biography and from the experience of many people.

Strong ripples of his impact can still be felt in the very constitutions of broadcasting organisations throughout the world who have looked towards the BBC for guidance over the years. If Reith is important today this is the reason



Conor Cruise O'Brien STATES OF IRELAND

"Should be read and pondered upon by everyone remotely concerned with forming an opinion, let alone a policy, about the Irish question." Keith Kyo/Liester
"A brilliant book that contains so much profound analysis of Irish history" Carrol FitzGerald/This Week £3.25



Anita Leslie EDWARDIANS IN LOVE

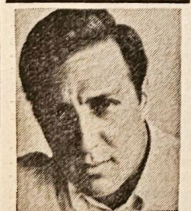
An absorbing social history of Edwardian permissiveness from Blenheim to Biarritz. "Full of delightfully reckless asides . . . a most enjoyable book" Auberon Waugh/Harpers & Queen £3.50/illustrated

James Plunkett Author of Strumpet City THE GEMS SHE WORE

A BOOK OF IRISH PLACES "As one might expect . . . a gracious and humane book" Benedict Kiely/Irish Times £2.50/illustrated

Michael Farrell THY TEARS MIGHT CEASE

Michael Farrell's much-loved novel is available once more in a hardcover edition "A lyrical and beautiful book, and a work of art in the fullest sense" Sean Day-Lewis/£3.00



The No 1 fiction bestseller from the author of The Day of the Jackal
Frederick Forsyth THE ODESSA FILE

"... undoubtedly the best British practitioner of the popular but difficult business of writing political thrillers" Economist £2.00

Hutchinson

Christmas Books

Deep as England

Seamus Heaney

SELECTED POEMS. By Ted Hughes. Faber. 60p.

OF THE POETS to appear in England over the last twenty years, Ted Hughes has made the most dramatic impact. These *Selected Poems* were chosen by the poet himself and contain almost all the poems that appeared in *Wodwo* (1967) as well as a generous selection from the previous two books, *Hawk in the Rain* (1957) and *Lupercal* (1960). It also contains two poems which were not in the English edition of *Wodwo*, the apocalyptic "Scapegoats and Rabies" and "Root, Stem, Leaf."

In the late 'fifties Ted Hughes brought back into English poetry an unsentimental intimacy with the hidden country. Probably not since John Clare had the outback of hedge and farmyard been viewed so urgently. But even Clare spoke at times in a diction that interposed a genteel detachment between himself and the flora and fauna that he loved. Not only did Hughes replenish the subject matter of English poetry which at that time was generally middle-class suburban, but he revived its language. Into the elegant, iambic and typically standard English intonations of contemporary verse he interjected an energetic, heavily stressed, consciously extravagant and inventive northern voice. Lawrence and Hopkins come to mind as influences,

but his world is less divinely suffused and less humanly populated than the landscapes of either of these. In terms of his world and his language he steps back past the Romantic consolations of nature to the comfortless visions of the Elizabethans and, indeed, of the Anglo-Saxons. He is no Jesuit sketching in a copse, no Paul Morel fainting among the flowerbeds but a familiar of Poor Tom on the heath, "that eats the swimming frog; the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt and the water."

I am aware of no other poet who is such a natural heath-dweller, such a pagan in the original sense, a haunter of the *pagus*, the wilderness beyond the *urbis*; pagan, not urbane. He is a poet who, in Eliot's phrase, returned to the origin and brought something back. I first encountered his poetry in his second book, *Lupercal*. The title is typical, stirring Latin and lupine associations, redolent at once of the lair and the library; *lupus*, a wolf; *Lupercus*, the Roman Pan, the wolf-goat; *Lupercal*, the grotto sacred to him, and also his feast. The intermediary between the classical and modern usage is Shakespeare:

You did see that on the
Lupercal
I thrice presented him a
kingly crown.

The word smells of animal and has the assurance of civilisation, unites the most ancient and civilised mentality.

It is not enough to praise his imagery for "its admirable violence" or its exact sensuousness. Certainly this is attractive, as in the much anthologised "View of a Pig":

The pig lay on a barrow
dead.
It weighed, they said, as
much as three men.
Its eyes closed, pink white
eyelashes.
Its trotters stuck straight
out.

This exhibits the characteristic blunt and pummel of his vocabulary and cadences, but its attention is uncharacteristically focused on the actuality of an object, denuded of all those powers and perspective which it embodies or invites. In one way, "View of a Pig" is a poem about the absence of mystery, about being excluded from another life. Yet at their very best, Hughes's animal poems (and not just the animal poems) involve entry and possession. His poetry is most original and inclusive when it seems dream-engendered and mind-expanding, when it involves this process of entry and possession of another form of life or landscape, when it is a trance-experience, a transience of the consciousness, a shaman-flight.

"The Thought-Fox," which Ted Hughes has placed at the beginning of the selection, is an example of his imagination in typical motion. In the poem, the fox (or is it a thought?) emerges from and is at the same time a genius of the snow and the dark, of the sky's midnight and the mind's; it is

a sleight of image rather than an actual animal, a nexus of energies, and the poem is in a way a conjuration, a spell to call up foxness. The fox is seen as "entering," as "a movement that now/And again now and now and now/ Sets neat prints into the snow"; it is a shadow, a concentration, an advent:

Till, with a sudden sharp
hot stink of fox
It enters the dark hole of the
head.
The window is starless still;
the clock ticks.
The page is printed.

This conclusion is a delivery and a burial. The epiphany has been achieved.

The language and preoccupations of W. B. Yeats's essay on magic mesh very appositely with the kind of creative entry, the prise to be found in Hughes's work. Yeats talked about the evocation of spirits, of truth in the depths of the mind when the eyes are closed; he believed that the individual mind and the individual memory are part of a "great mind and great memory," which can be evoked by symbols. Some such set of beliefs can be intuited from Hughes's poems like "The Thought-Fox," "Pike," "Otter," "The Bull Moses," "May Day on Holderness" and "Root, Stem, Leaf." Such Poems attempt and effect a release from the quotidian operations of intelligence into some ancient silent current upon which the waking mind dances like an eddy:

The hunt's lost him. Pads
on mud.

Among jedges, nostrils a sur-
face bead.

The otter remains, hours.

The air
Circling the globe, tainted
and necessary.

Mingling tobacco smoke,
hounds and parsley.

Comes carefully to the sunk
lungs.

So the self under the eye
lies

Attendant and withdrawn.

(Otter)

And so history and race
memory lie under the dream-
ing eye of a pike-pond: "Stilled
legendary depth." It was as
deep as England."

"As deep as England"—another preoccupation of his work, vividly elaborated in the note to his recent *Choice of Shakespeare's Verse*, is the fate of what we might call the English consciousness. It issues in the poetry as an obsession with the First World War. He has said of the part of Yorkshire where he grew up that he could "never escape the impression that whole region was in mourning for the First World War." Dead soldiers and trench warfare figure in the early *Hawk in the Rain* but it is in *Lupercal*, in "May Day on Holderness," that the *de profundis* for dead soldiers, the *kyrie* for life's ravenous energies are first solemnised adequately. Here racial memory, animal instinct and poetic inspiration all flow into one another and are evoked by symbols. The poem is not a discourse but a verbal plasm, an imaginative growth on the hard edges of Eliot's lines in *Four Quartets*. "History is now/And England";

irruption of sexuality and neo-theology in *Wodwo*: God, Adam, Eve, the apple and the serpent all suddenly appear in a haphazard scatter of poems. Psychic wounds and archetypal themes mate and exfoliate, and his next book, *Crow* (to be Gaunt's England, William Blake's "green and pleasant land," is a dolled-up corpse. To love her with a conventional, poppy-wreathed gesture is to commit necrophilia.

I believe by meditating on the trenches as a "breach in nature," as "the great doom's image," to quote *Macbeth*, Hughes arrived at a notion of a new Fall, which convulsed his imagination. There is an

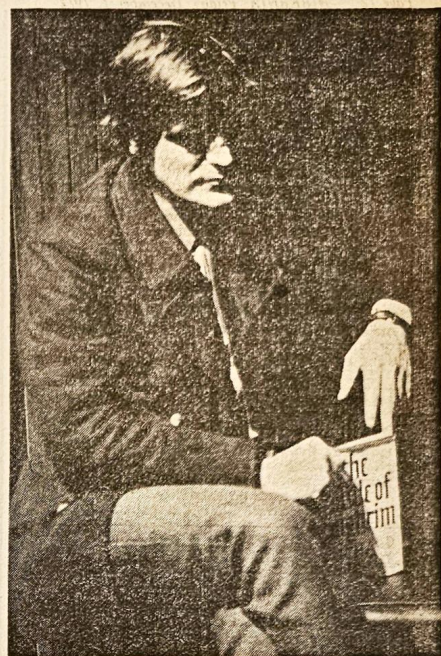
My father sat in his chair
recovering
From the four year mastication
by gunfire and mud
and ends:

You dead bury your dead.
Goodbye to the cenotaphs
on my mother's breasts.
Goodbye to all the remain-
dered charms of my
father's survival.

Let England close. Let the
green sea-anemone close.

His father was only post-
humously alive, and John of
begins:

The myths that had sus-
tained western civilisation
since the renaissance decom-
posed between 1914 and 1918
in the green mantle of the
standing pools in no-man's-
land. Human nature had fallen
again. England had died. The
poem "Out" from *Wodwo*
The North Sea lies sound-
less. Beneath it
Smoulder the wars: to heart-
beats, bomb, bayonet.
"Mother, Mother!" cries the
pierced helmet.
Cordite ooziings of Gallipoli.



Ted Hughes

republished soon in a revised edition) is a revision of Genesis. Sexual obsessions and apocalyptic dreams cross and engender a prophetic book that must be adequate to the atomic glare. It is an unnerving undertaking. Meanwhile

Selected Poems is the itinerary of Ted Hughes's imagination through the flora, fauna, geology, history and literature of England, through psychology and anthropology, in his way to the poisoned drinking hole of God.

paperbacks

THE BODYGUARD. By Adrian Mitchell. Mitchell, poet of pacifism and protest for over a decade, comes up with a real "tour-de-force," a frightening fantasy (though perhaps not so fantastic if the Bill Craig and Des O'Malleys of this world had their way) about totalitarian and strident Europe some ten years hence. He tells it through the mouth of Len Rossman, a Bodyguard, fanatically dedicated to defending the official barbarism of the day against the revolutionary subvert group of "The Rot." A cautionary tale, vividly told, and compulsory reading for the "law-and-order" enthusiasts in our fair land. Picador. 40p.

AKHENATEN. By Cyril Aldred. The Pharaoh Akhenaten who ascended the throne of Egypt in c. 1377 B.C. has ever since drawn the attention of moralists, historians and archaeologists. Here is a Pharaoh who broke with the sacred traditions of his forebears, imposing his own will and morals upon those whom he governed, and in consequence this caused a convulsion in Egyptian society. Regarded as a modern figure long before his time the Pharaoh Akhenaten is regarded by Aldred as one of the "first individuals in history." Abacus. 75p.

DAUGHTERS AND SONS. By Ivy Compton-Burnett. Daughters and Sons is the story of 85-year-old grandmother Sabine Panslowy and her family; of her autocratic and dictatorial control of their destinies, and of their subtle attempts to maintain a semblance of individuality in the face of such authority. It is a thoroughly enjoyable book illuminated with perception and subtle humour. Panther. 40p.

THE CONQUEST OF THE INCAS. By John Hemming. This book is a well documented and skilled analysis of the Incas of Peru, their history and society. It concentrates on contacts between the Indian and Spaniards at all levels, from the Inca Royal Family down to humble peasants and conscripted miners. The author attempts to dissociate the Incas from pre-history and legend and in doing so to show them as the last advanced civilisation isolated from the rest of mankind. Abacus. £1.25.

THE PASSING OF THE ABORIGINES. By Daisy Bates. The author, who at forty-one years of age went to Australia as *The Times* correspondent to investigate the question of the Aborigines, recounts her life and experiences among them. She learned to speak one hundred and eight Aboriginal dialects and she claims to be the only woman in the world on whom the primitive tribes had conferred blood-brotherhood. The book reflects both the trust and love in which Daisy Bates was held by the Aborigines and the completeness with which she committed herself to them. Panther. 40p.

THE LORRY. By Peter Wahloo. On one level this is a tightly-constructed tale of murder and revenge in Fascist Spain reads like a very good thriller. But it is much more than that. In his anti-hero, an apathetic young German painter, Wahloo explores the relationship between the individual and the dictatorial State against a vivid backdrop of terror and Kafkaesque hopelessness. The stark, dry prose-style puts over his themes of personal revenge, sexual frustration, and the conflict between alienation and commitment with an intensity that makes the book hard to put down. Picador. 45p.

OUTLAWS OF AMERICA. By Roger Lewis. A history of the underground Press, the potent, innovative organ of the counter-culture in the United States, which provided the first form of constructive expression for the new left, women's, gay lib, rock music, etc. Simultaneous publication in hard back. Heinrick Honan. £2.95.

ONE DIMENSIONAL MAN. By Herbert Marcuse. The father of campus resistance's critique of modern technology, which Marcuse asserts represses individuality, and disguised as democratic institutions limits our freedom. Abacus. 45p.

THE Hired MAN. By Melvyn Broeg. Moving novel of the silent and strong men of Cumberland, farmers fighting the poverty of the land and the even harder life of the pits. Penguin. 30p.

BEARDSLEY. By Stanley Weintraub. Timely appearance in paperback, the century of his birth, of the definitive biography of the artist of the grotesque, includes notes on the drawings by Max Beerbolm, sixteen illustrations and copious notes. Pelican. 50p.

WITHOUT MARK OR JESUS. By Jean Francois Revel. Argues almost exactly from the opposite side to Marcuse, that Americans are freer and more liberated than any nation ever before. In this age of Nixon-for-another-four-years, it is perhaps significant that Revel, a Frenchman, makes his observations from and lives in France. Paladin. 50p.

SAVAGE MESSIAH. By H. S. Ede. The story of twenty-four-year-old sculptor, Henri Gaudier Brzeska, who died in the trenches. In 1915, his sexual love affair with a Polish woman nearly twice his age, first published in 1931. Reproduction timed to coincide with the new Ken Russell movie of the same name. Abacus. 40p.

WHICH?

VALUE FOR MONEY

The Consumers' Magazine plus
INFORM

Irish Consumers' Publication
both now available on one
subscription.

Write, phone or call.

THE CONSUMERS'
ASSOCIATION OF IRELAND
LTD.

35 Wicklow Street, Dublin 2
Tel. 770197

KIRWAN'S

Fairview, Dublin
UNDERTAKERS
PHONE 332201

A FINANCIAL PROBLEM?
—MAY WE HELP?

Why not talk it over with the
financial specialists.

LOAN & INVESTMENT
ADVISERS LTD.

that's what we're here for.
Substantial funds are available
on most attractive terms for...

Development, Commercial,
Bridging, Business, 1st and
2nd Mortgage and Personal
Loans.

Why not write, 'phone or just
call in to—

LOAN AND INVESTMENT
ADVISERS LTD.

50 Merrion Square,
Dublin 2.

Telephone 61744.

"Finance is our Business."

Christmas bestsellers from Sidgwick & Jackson

THE IRISH IN BRITAIN

Kevin O'Connor

There are in fact more people of Irish descent in Britain than there are in Ireland. Illuminating reading for Irishmen on both sides of the Irish Sea. Illustrated £2.95

PEACE BY ORDEAL

The Negotiation of the Anglo-Irish Treaty 1921

Frank Pakenham (Lord Longford)

"A major contribution to the history of events which for both Ireland and Great Britain, have been nothing short of epoch-making."—The Irish Times £3.25 hardcover. 50p N.E.L. paperback

THE RIGHT TO SAY NO

Judith Todd

Daughter of the former Rhodesian Prime Minister tells the inside story behind the Home-Smith settlement proposal, and the Pearce Commission Test of acceptability.

£2.75 hardcover. 40p N.E.L. paperback

BESTSELLER

The Books that Everyone Read 1900-1939

Claud Cockburn

"A gem of a book exuding generosity and human warmth"—Maurice Hennessy, Hibernia. "A brilliantly conducted tour of old favourites"—Malcolm Muggeridge, Observer. £3.50

MICHAEL COLLINS

The Lost Leader. Margery Forester

"This is the best book so far on Michael Collins"—Marcus Bourke, Irish Independent. "A beautifully constructed biography"—Carlton Younger, Hibernia. £3.50

THE RIDDLE OF THE SANDS

Erskine Childers

A classic spy story of the twentieth century. "The best story of adventure published in the last quarter of a century"—John Buchan. £1.60 hardcover. 40p N.E.L. paperback

Sidgwick & Jackson, 1 Tavistock Chambers, Bloomsbury Way, London W.C.1.

Arnold Haskell

BALLETOMANE AT LARGE

"He has tended several arts with green fingers all his life and those five fingers have been energy, sensitivity, intelligence, determination and perseverance." Michael Ayrton. £3.75.

Arthur Rackham

CINDERELLA

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

Handsome reissues of these two traditional stories with Rackham's inimitable illustrations matching C. S. Evans' charming text. £1.90 each.

John and Jennifer May

COMMEMORATIVE POTTERY 1780-1900

A guide for collectors including sections on royalty, politicians and political events, naval and military occasions, the railways and a calendar of dates. Illustrated with 250 black-and-white and 8pp full colour photos. £6.50.

Victor Canning

THE RAINBIRD PATTERN

"The sheer imaginative weight holds you like a giant electro-magnet." The Times. £1.90

Heinemann

Christmas Books

Bloom'sday: A Sloppy Balance Sheet

Patrick Boyle

A GERMAN theologian claims to have discovered that lower class angels, browned off by their vocal role in eternity, work off their boredom by plucking feathers from the wings of dozing archangels. It was undoubtedly from this irreverent practice that there grew up the present-day mania for debunking celebrities. And it must be admitted that it is most rewarding to ferret out in the writings of a literary giant like James Joyce such appalling tripe as the following passage from a story in *Dubliners*, "A Painful Case."

Her face, which must have been handsome, had remained intelligent. It was an oval face with strongly-marked features. The eyes were very dark blue and steady. Their gaze began with a defiant note, but was confused by what seemed a deliberate swoon of the pupil into the iris, revealing for an instant a temperament of great sensibility. The pupil reassured itself quickly, this half-disclosed nature fell again under the reign of prudence, and her astrakhan

here all night like a limp... Must be getting on for nine by the light." Sure enough, the clock on the mantelpiece of the parochial house strikes the hour. Or rather, as Gerie McDowell phrases it, "a little canary bird came out of its little house" to coo nine times.

All very aboveboard and regimental. Except it should not be dark at nine o'clock on a midsummer evening. Nothing for it but to check up. Root out an *Irish Independent* dated the sixteenth of June, Bloomsday. Get at the back page, bottom right-hand corner. Weather. Tides. Rainfall. Thermometer. Barometer. Yes, here we are.

Sun sets: 21.56. Lighting-up Time: 22.26.

The maestro was one hour and twenty-six minutes out in his chronological calculations. Surely entitling me to pluck a feather from the archangelical wings. And a flight feather at that.

But then an uneasy feeling crept over me. Was it possible that a writer like Joyce, so devoted to accurate detail, could perpetrate a blunder of

and stationery for twopence. A crubeen and a sheep's trotter for sevenpence the pair.

I began checking each individual payment, knowing in my own mind that it was so much time wasted. And then at the penultimate entry—Loan (Stephen Dedalus) refunded: £1.7.0.—my spirits rose. Turning back to the 'Circe' episode in *Bella Cohen's* brothel, I reread the section in which Mr. Bloom persuades Stephen to hand over his money for safekeeping. Bloom counts the money and announces:

"That is one pound six and eleven. One pound seven, say."

A generous gesture, but a penny down the drain nevertheless. And when the cash is refunded at 7 Eccles Street, Mr. Bloom still sticks to his guns.

"The (host) returned to the (guest), without interest, a sum of money (£1 7. 0.) one pound seven shillings, advanced by the latter to the former."

So a correct statement of Mr. Bloom's financial position at the close of Bloomsday would show a balance in his favour of 17/4d. instead of 17/5d.

On the off-chance that *Bella Cohen's* ten bob kip-house would be a likely spot for another monetary oversight, I continued my investigation of the 'Circe' episode. Almost at once I made another discovery. When Stephen bashes the paper shade of the chandelier with his ashplant and flees from the room, *Bella* claims ten shillings for the damage done.

"Who pays for the lamp? (She seizes Bloom's coattail). There. You were with him. The lamp's broken."

While Bloom is arguing the toss with *Bella* about the cost of the damage, one of the whores shouts that there is a row on outside. Bloom throws a shilling on the table and cries as he rushes out:

"That's for the chimney."

There is no corresponding entry for this indemnity payment in the balance sheet which, of course, leaves Bloom with an actual credit balance of 16/4d.

Now thoroughly aroused, I pressed on with my knocking-shop research and at length came up with a real juicy plum.

When *Bella* demands the customary coupling fees from her



Patrick Boyle

three patrons, Stephen offers to stand treat, but with drunken heedlessness tenders ten shillings too much (—a pound note, a half sovereign and two five shilling bits. Bloom insists in paying his way. He lays a half sovereign of his own on the table and picking up Stephen's pound note, murmurs to *Bella*:

"So. Allow me. Three times ten. We're square." He goes with the pound note to Stephen and tells him: "This is yours."

No entry for this payment is made in the balance sheet. And this final oversight, a really substantial one, leaves poor Mr. Bloom with a balance to his credit of six shillings and fourpence in an accurate Bloomsday budget. Now nothing will convince me that a shrewd character like Mr. Bloom would leave uncounted the cash in his trouser pocket after he had drawn up his mental balance sheet. And surely when he found it was eleven shillings and a penny short, he would ferret out the missing items and compile a fresh budget tallying with the money in his fist.

It would appear from all this that Mr. Joyce did not do his homework properly or else he was shaky enough on the subject of balance sheets. Either way he is entitled to lose a few feathers from his resplendent wings.

Patrick Boyle is a retired bank manager and author of such best-selling novels as "Like Any Other Man" and "At Night All Cats Are Grey," as well as plays and short stories.

COMPILE THE BUDGET FOR 16 JUNE 1904

DEBIT	£. s. d.	CREDIT	£. s. d.
1 Pork kidney	0. 0. 3	Cash in hand	0. 4. 9
1 Copy <i>Freeman's Journal</i>	0. 0. 1	Commission received	
1 Bath and gratification	0. 1. 6	<i>Freeman's Journal</i>	1. 7. 6
Tramfare	0. 0. 1	Loan (Stephen Dedalus)	1. 7. 0
1 In Memoriam Patrick Dignam	0. 5. 0		
2 Banbury cakes	0. 0. 1		
1 Lunch	0. 0. 7		
1 Renewal fee for book	0. 1. 0		
1 Packet notepaper and envelopes	0. 0. 2		
1 Dinner and gratification	0. 2. 0		
1 Postal order and stamp	0. 2. 8		
Tramfare	0. 0. 1		
1 Pig's foot	0. 0. 4		
1 Sheep's trotter	0. 0. 3		
1 Cake Fry's plain chocolate	0. 0. 1		
1 Square soda bread	0. 0. 4		
1 Coffee and bun	0. 0. 4		
Loan (Stephen Dedalus) refunded	1. 7. 0		
BALANCE	17. 5.		
	£2. 19. 3.		£2. 19. 3.

jacket, moulding a bosom of a certain fullness struck the note of defiance more definitely.

Such a load of crap, juiced up with pompous and meaningless phrases, is worthy of Mr. William Craig, M.P., at his most befuddled.

Encouraged by the acquisition of this celestial pin-feather, I thought to have a bash at *Ulysses*, notorious for the meticulous accuracy of its background. As each of the eighteen episodes of this work relates to a certain colour, art, symbol and technique and has also its own scene and hour of the day, I decided to concentrate on the time span.

I read slowly and carefully, winking out the skillfully hidden references to the time of day. But it was not until I had reached 'Nausicaa', the thirteenth episode, that I began to feel I was on the track of something. The bould Leopold, exhausted after his priapic solo flight, is sitting on a rock, brooding on the day's happenings. Duck is falling. The Bailey lighthouse is flashing out its warning signals. "Also glowworms, cyclists: lighting up time." Dew is falling and the seat of his pants is beginning to get damp. "Better not stick

such magnitude. Suddenly it dawned on me that the newspaper I was using was printed in 1972 and that Joyce was writing of the year 1904, before Summer Time was introduced in the first world war. And further, that Greenwich Mean Time was not then in general use. So if an adjustment of one hour and some twenty-five minutes is made, Mr. Bloom can be found catnapping on Sandymount strand at nine p.m. on 16th June, 1904.

Depressed at this failure to catch out the wily oracle, I struggled on through *Ulysses*, with little hope of success, until I reached the final section of the *Itasca* episode. Here Mr. Bloom draws up a balance sheet showing the income and expenditure for the day. It is a comprehensive budget, including every item of his expenditure, listed in the correct order of payment — from the pork kidney for breakfast purchased at *Diugacez's* butcher's shop to the cup of coffee and a bun ordered up for Stephen Dedalus in the cabman's shelter near Butt Bridge at one o'clock in the morning. No item is too small for inclusion. A copy of the *Freeman's Journal* and a bar of plain chocolate at a penny each. Penny tramfares

AMENDED BUDGET FOR 16 JUNE 1904

DEBIT	£. s. d.	CREDIT	£. s. d.
1 Pork kidney	0. 0. 3	Cash in hand	0. 4. 9
1 Copy <i>Freeman's Journal</i>	0. 0. 1	Commission received	
1 Bath and gratification	0. 1. 6	<i>Freeman's Journal</i>	1. 7. 6
Tramfare	0. 0. 1	Loan (Stephen Dedalus)	1. 6. 11
1 In Memoriam Patrick Dignam	0. 5. 0		
2 Banbury cakes	0. 0. 1		
1 Lunch	0. 0. 7		
1 Renewal fee for book	0. 1. 0		
1 Packet notepaper and envelopes	0. 0. 2		
1 Dinner and gratification	0. 2. 0		
1 Postal order and stamp	0. 2. 8		
Tramfare	0. 0. 1		
1 Pig's foot	0. 0. 4		
1 Sheep's trotter	0. 0. 3		
1 Cake Fry's plain chocolate	0. 0. 1		
1 Square soda bread	0. 0. 4		
1 Charge for stew without gratification	0. 10. 0		
1 Lamp shade	0. 1. 0		
1 Coffee and bun	0. 0. 4		
Loan (Stephen Dedalus) refunded	1. 7. 0		
BALANCE	0. 6. 4		
	£2. 19. 2		£2. 19. 2



BOOKNEWS Andrew Pollak

IT'S NOT very often that one can report a scoop by an Irish publishing house, especially when the subject is the leader of an obscure Central African republic. But Irish University Press have broken out of their rather academic strait-jacket to publish a biography of General Amin by Judith, Lady Listowel (a Hungarian-born English journalist, surprisingly enough), who already has a book on Tanganyika to her credit. The publishing date is 12th January, the price is £2.25 and editions will also appear in America, Australia, India, Africa and the West Indies.

Congratulations are due to I.U.P. for their initiative. I hope it will be the first of many—but I sometimes wish that Irish publishers would first grab their rightful monopoly of Irish subjects before venturing into these stony foreign fields. Surely one Irish publisher could have profited from the rash of books about Northern Ireland out this autumn—I've seen thirteen in all, including two novels, and ranging from O'Brien, Fitzgerald and Bleakley blueprints for the future, to detailed sociological and historical studies of Belfast and a typical small Ulster town.

But not one is published by an Irish house. Lee Dunne's *Paddy Maguire is Dead*, which sold over 40,000 copies in Ireland alone before it was banned a few weeks ago, was an Arrow paperback. The world market for Irish books is bigger than ever before, the Cruise O'Briens and Christy Browns are read more widely than the O'Caseys and O'Connors ever were in their heyday. It only remains for a truly national publishing house (even Albania and Luxembourg have them) to cash in on the boom.

SOME GOOD news from Kilkenny is that on December 1st Don Roberts will be opening the town's first bookshop, "The Kilkenny Bookshop," with a talk on Francis MacManus by Tom Kilroy, author of *The Big Chapel*, which won the *Guardian* award last year and was short-listed for the Booker prize.

While on the subject, I'm glad to see that this year's Booker prize-winner, John Berger (for his novel *G*, Weidenfeld and Nicholson, £2.50), in his acceptance speech, said that he was going to give half his prize money to the Black

Panthers for their struggle against imperialism in general and the Booker-McConnell investment empire in the West Indies in particular. I bet that shocked Lord Goodman and his capitalist booklover friends out of their smug afterdinner philanthropies.

THREE free booklets on case-law topics, issued by the European Convention on Human Rights (and available from the Council of Europe office in Strasbourg), have landed on my desk this week. The titles are *Human Rights in Prison*, *Family Life and How to Bring a Case before the European Commission of Human Rights*. Compulsory reading for all Irishmen, especially socialist republicans and Special Court judges.

John Robb, the Belfast surgeon, has written a fascinating and thought-provoking contribution to the debate on Ireland's future entitled *Sell-out or Opportunity?* and published by the New Ireland Movement. Robb, a Presbyterian, steps outside the old battered

categories of sectarianism, unionism and nationalism and tries to analyse the Irish sickness in terms of common humanities and common alienations in both our traditions. At 25p, a very worthwhile buy.

A COUPLE of new imprints on the Irish market: The first is Geraldine Press, an offshoot of Anvil Books, whose first book is *Legends of Kerry* by T. Crofton Croker and Sigerson Clifford, a glossy-looking paperback priced at 50p. Cadmus Press, the creation of Dr. Andrew Carpenter, a lecturer in English at U.C.D., intends to bring out limited hand-printed editions of the writings of Swift's Irish contemporaries in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The first issue, due out in a few days, is *Miscellanies in Prose: Irish Writing from the age of Swift* (£5.00), the first in a series of three volumes covering prose, poetry and correspondence.

A BOOK by Vice-Admiral Sir Arthur Hezlet on the

B-Specials (Tom Stacey, £2.75), is one to look for in the next few days. But don't expect an objective evaluation of that valiant body of men—the author is a member of the Protestant landowning class in Co. Kerry, with Protestant Unionist views to match.

An interesting if weighty reference work just out is Yale University Press's *World Handbook of Political and Social Indicators* (£6.50) by Charles Lewis Taylor and Michael C. Hudson, which tabulates in minute detail such diverse factors as budget breakdowns, riots and armed uprisings, literacy percentages, and numbers of telephones (plus a thousand and one other things) in every country in the world. Unfortunately for Irish statisticians, the figures only cover the period 1948-67. Thus, for example, Britain is only 36th in the league table for riots with 82 in 20 years, while Ireland is down in 101st position with a mere 7 riots, the same as Botswana and one more

than Denmark. Those were the days . . .

In a happier mood, Donal Foley will be bringing out his *Irish Times* column, *Man Bites Dog*, in book form in a few days (price 50p), while Flann O'Riain, better known as "Doll" of the *Irish Independent*, calls his new book of cartoons (price 40p) nothing less than *Euphoria*.

FINALLY, a couple of offerings for my fringe element friends. The last *Whole Earth Catalogue* (Penguin, £1.75) is an absolute mine of weird and wonderful (and useful) information on mail order aids to whole earth living.

The Happy Hooker, Xaviera Hollander's confessions, which was withdrawn from British circulation by Sphere after its parent company, the Thomson organization, deemed it not suitable, and is to be re-published by Tandem in January, is already appearing on the Rathmines Road under its original imprint. Censors, distributors and pulp collectors please note.

OXFORD CHRISTMAS BOOKS

Oxford books make splendid presents. Pride of place this Christmas goes to the **New Oxford Book of English Verse**, a completely new anthology to be treasured by any poetry lover, whether or not 'Q' already lives on his shelves. Arnold Toynbee has rewritten *A Study of History* and condensed it quite brilliantly into a single readable volume, produced for us by Thames and Hudson with hundreds of stunning illustrations: a most beautiful gift. We also have a pictorial biography of Sir Edward Elgar, and the first English translation of Diderot's letters to his mistress. **The Oxford Book of Vertebrates** rounds off the coverage of the British fauna provided by this famous series; a pocket-sized edition of **The Oxford Book of Birds** is the perfect weight and shape for taking on expeditions; and Patrick Moore's **Stories of Science and Invention** will thrill bright youngsters. A stockingful of paperbacks caters for various enthusiasms: a brand-new **Concise Oxford Companion to the Theatre** (revised and reorganized, not just abridged), **The Concise Flowers of Europe** (for better-informed holidays), and **The Concise Dictionaries of Opera and Music**. The friend who already has everything would appreciate **The Compact O.E.D.**, complete with magnifying glass, and if he has that too, he doubtless covets the A-G volume of the **Supplement**, just published, and called by the Economist 'a glorious addition to the English culture'.

All of these books—full details alongside—are available from your bookshop. Solve your Christmas problems there.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

The New Oxford Book of English Verse 1250-1950
Chosen and edited by
HELEN GARDNER
£3.25

A Study of History
The New One-Volume Edition
ARNOLD TOYNBEE
507 illustrations (90 in colour)
£8.50

Elgar
A Life in Photographs
JERROLD MOORE
234 photographs £3

Diderot's Letters to Sophie Volland
Selected and translated by
PETER FRANCE
Frontispiece £3.40

The Concise Flowers of Europe
OLEG POLUNIN
192 colour plates paper covers
£1.95

The Oxford Book of Vertebrates
96 colour plates £3.50

The Oxford Book of Birds
Pocket Edition
96 colour plates £1.35

The Oxford Children's Reference Library
18 Stories of Science and Invention
Illustrated in colour £1.50

The Concise Oxford Companion to the Theatre
Paper covers £1.50

The Concise Oxford Dictionary of Opera
Paper covers 80p

The Concise Oxford Dictionary of Music
Paper covers 60p

The Compact Edition of the Oxford English Dictionary
Two volumes, boxed, with reading glass £32

A Supplement to the Oxford English Dictionary
Volume 1: A-G
£15

Phaidon

Painting in Britain 1800-1900

The Restless Century

WILLIAM GAUNT
Superb review of 90 artists. "The choice is excellent; the introduction is informative; admirable." *Economist*, 256 pp, 171 illus, 24 in colour, 11½" x 10", £6.50

Architect & Sculptor in Classical Greece

BERNARD ASHMOLE
"Covers 150 years of the finest Greek sculpture, a delightful book." *Economist*, 218 pp, 190 illus, 10½" x 8½", £3.50

Rowlandson

Watercolours & Drawings

JOHN HAYES

"The fun, the enjoyment of human absurdity, the social chaos of 18th C. London come through." *D. Telegraph*, 216 pp, 206 illus, 16 in colour, 11½" x 8½", £7

Modern Landscape Painting

PIER CARLO SANTINI

Superb anthology of 20th century landscape painting supported by extracts from modern writers. 350 pp, 245 illustrations, 52 in colour, 11½" x 10½", £11

PALL MALL

100 Years of Posters

BEVIS HILLIER

"Splendid colour reproductions, knowledgeable and witty introduction." *Sunday Times*, 112 pp, 64 colour illus, 32 black & white, 16½" x 11½", £2.25

The Borgias

CLEMENTE FUSERO

A clear-sighted, balanced, fully documented history of this notorious family. "A vivid narrative account, well translated by Peter Green." *Times* LS, 352 pp, 29 illus, £4.50

Nolde

Watercolours and Drawings

MARTIN GOSBRUCH

Beautiful study of this leading Expressionist with illustrations of a selection of his work. 76 pp, 29 illus, 22 in colour, 10½" x 8", £3.25

The New Avantgarde

GREGOIRE MÜLLER

Lavishly illustrated investigation of revolutionary directions in the art of the '70s. 180 pp, 185 illus, 9" x 9", pb, £2.25

HEATH

and the Heathmen

One of the most talked about books this Autumn is Andrew Roth's probing political biography. The book brilliantly gets behind the cold exterior of Heath to discover the drives which have made him one of the most successful long-distance climbers in modern British history. A bargain at £1.00 for 272 pages in paperback or £2.25 for those who insist on hardback.

The magical order of the Golden Dawn had its heyday in the 1890s and included among its members W. B. Yeats, Florence Farr, Annie Horniman, MacGregor Mathers, Aleister Crowley and the mysterious Fraulien Sprengel. In *The Magicians of the Golden Dawn* Ellic Howe gives the first detailed account of the Order's incredible history. The book includes a full and extremely interesting account of W. B. Yeats' association with the Golden Dawn. Hugh MacDiarmid is Scotland's greatest living poet, and arguably the very greatest of all makars who have written in the Scots tradition. We have just published, in honour of his eightieth birthday, the most representative collection of his work so far in print. A fitting tribute to one of the great poets of our time. The ballad is an enduring and universal literary genre. In *The Ballad and the Folk* David Buchan studies the nature of the ballad as oral literature and sets the regional tradition—the North-east of Scotland—in its social context; a valuable study in social history and literary criticism.

Heath and the Heathmen

ANDREW ROTH
cloth £2.25 paper £1.00

The Magicians of the Golden Dawn

A Documentary History of a Magical Order 1887-1923
ELLIC HOWE £4.50

The Hugh MacDiarmid Anthology

Poems in Scots and English

EDITED BY

MICHAEL GRIEVE and ALEXANDER SCOTT
£3.25

The Ballad and the Folk

DAVID BUCHAN £4.50

Books are a Gift

Malcolm Muggeridge

CHRONICLES OF WASTED TIME
Vol. I: THE GREEN STICK

'One of the greatest autobiographies of our time.' *Sunday Times*

'A superb book.' Bernard Levin, *The Observer* £3.00

Lewis and Sybil

JOHN CASSON

'A loving and delicate memoir, full of vivid and revealing anecdote—a vastly entertaining book.'

Jeremy Brooks, *Sunday Times* £3.00

Nancy: The Life of Lady Astor

CHRISTOPHER SYKES

'Mr. Sykes has done the job admirably. He illuminates a life and a period.'

Roy Jenkins, *The Observer*

'Mr. Sykes' excellent volume, admirable frank and balanced, puts her life and work into perspective.'

William Haley, *The Times* £3.95

Catherine Gaskin

A FALCON FOR A QUEEN

A triumph of storytelling, brilliantly plotted with characters you will remember.

COLLINS £2.00

Christmas Books

Oblique Biography

Colbert Kearney,

KIND KIT: An Informal Biography of Christopher Marlowe.
By Hugh Ross Williamson. Michael Joseph. £3.25.

SAMUEL JOHNSON, HIS FRIENDS AND ENEMIES. By Peter Quennell. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £3.50.

THESE TWO WORKS concern two of the more interesting characters in English literary history. Johnson is the subject of what is probably the greatest biography in the language and his every move and chance remark have been analysed by a line of intelligent critics from his lifetime to the present day. One is forgiven for feeling that we know a good deal about Johnson, but he is so engaging that one welcomes any new fact, slant or insight which becomes available. On the other hand, Marlowe is one of the great unknowns. There are few unsalvageable facts concerning his existence on the planet and there is still a good amount of haggle over his published works. If one welcomes something new on Johnson, one licks at anything at all on Marlowe.

Mr. Williamson is a prolifically successful writer of historical novels and president of the Marlowe Society. He is no admirer of the academic discipline of *Eng. Lit.* at which he sneers gently every now and then. (This is not always a recommendation.) His 'informal' biography is really a novel or a romance: 'what I have narrated could have happened as I have reported.' He knows Elizabethan London well and

through the streets of this romance he traces the movements of a Marlowe who is rather different from the attractive hell-raiser one normally accepts as the author of *Doctor Faustus* and other works. For instance, Williamson does not believe that the 'Christopher Marle, gentleman of London' who was bound over to keep the peace in May 1592 was, in fact, our Kit Marlowe. Here and elsewhere in the characterisation there is no point in arguing: without hard facts, one believes what one believes. (Neither does the author accept that the 'upstart crow' of Greene's *Repentance* is Shakespeare: Williamson identifies him as the actor Alleyn and defends this position quite well.)

For whom is this book intended? Scholars might find it mildly recreational; addicts of historical romance would, I imagine, find it a bit thin. The trouble is, one never knows what is offered as fact and what as fiction, but from the lack of fanfare one assumes there are no new facts. Imaginative reconstruction can be illuminating. The mind of the novelist, with its appetite for local colour, senses how the Elizabethan atrocity play was in straight competition with



A caricature of Johnson and Boswell in Edinburgh, 1773. Illustration from "Samuel Johnson, His Friends and Enemies."

the bear-pit, and the notion that *Tambrulaine* owed something to the character of Raleigh is vaguely interesting. But at worst the historical novel is merely a medium in which historical persons blow their noses or crack poor jokes and Mr. Williamson is not above such fumbling.

If the Marlowe book tends to aggravate, that on Johnson is pleasantly congenial. Beautifully produced and generously illustrated—an illustration to every second page—it is vastly superior to the Michael Joseph job and costs only 25p more. Utterly unpretentious, Mr. Quennell carries his knowledge easily and his work has the charm—especially apt in a book on Johnson—of good company. His object was 'not so much to attempt a portrait of Johnson himself as to produce a literary conversation-piece, in which my hero stands at the centre of the picture, surrounded by his friends and enemies, against the background of his social period.' He has succeeded, and our view of Johnson is enriched by the filling-out.

Most compulsive is the account of the 'affair between Johnson and his beloved Mrs.

Thrale. Although thirty-two years younger, this brewer's wife was appointed guardian of Johnson's sanity and, on his own orders, she sometimes confined him to his room and on occasions seems to have tied him up and beat him. At her home in Streatham Johnson was an appreciated and appreciative guest at all times. When Mr. Thrale died, there was talk of Johnson marrying the widow and it is clear from one of his own letters that Johnson was deeply wounded at her choice of the vagrant Italian Catholic musician, Piozzi. The earlier spark was never rekindled: he even burned her letters—this in the year he died at the age of seventy-five.

This story and many others are carefully chosen, tactfully told and fitted together 'with deceptive ease. One slight query. Mr. Quennell gives Boswell's later version of Johnson's remark to Garrick: 'I'll come no more behind your scenes, David; for the silk stockings and white bosoms of your actresses excite my amorous propensities.' Now we know from the Boswell papers that what Sam actually said was much more to the point.

Revolutionary Gestures

Peter Mew

COUNTER-REVOLUTION AND REVOLT. By Herbert Marcuse. Allen Lane, The Penguin Press. £2.00.
LINGUISTIC PHILOSOPHY. By Jerrold J. Katz. George Allen and Unwin. £1.60.

ALASDAIR MACINTYRE'S recent book on Marcuse was widely regarded as unfair. Though I had then read only one of the books criticised by MacIntyre it seemed to me that, with very few exceptions, MacIntyre's criticisms were valid. It would seem that another person who thought them valid was Marcuse himself, for in this book he incorporates many MacIntyre-like judgments. Thus we find him defending reason, decrying intellectual elitist attitudes to the proletariat, and arguing that modern industrial societies do generate needs which they cannot satisfy.

Marcuse's central thesis and fear is that in America (and perhaps elsewhere in 'advanced'

western societies) the New Left and other radical groups could well bring about a fascist-like counter-revolution, unless they are prepared to forego violent and isolated attacks upon the state. He argues that in America the state forces are of such strength that head-on conflicts, no matter how ideologically justified, are (a) easily contained and (b) such as to reinforce support for the state against the revolutionaries.

What then should be done? According to Marcuse the immediate general aim should be to extend and deepen sociopolitical consciousness. Neither surprising nor original, but how? Here are two suggested ways. First and most im-

portantly, intellectuals should be proud of their intellectual status instead of denying it in the interests of getting themselves assimilated to the working-class—intellectuals should offer all the information they can to the working-class but should not attempt the wasteful effort of physically joining its members in their disputes. The object must be quiet but persistent infiltration, committed revolutionary artists should stop trying to break down all barriers between art and life (an impossible task anyway), and should try to understand that the artist is most effectively revolutionary when he celebrates those things which contemporary society either denigrates or neglects.

When appraisal is not defeated by vagueness, Marcuse's views doubtless merit careful consideration (though like most of us, he is better at diagnoses than cures). Unfortunately, his conclusions suffer from a debility which is characteristically Marcusean. Though he is concerned to argue that central Marxian concepts have the kind of inbuilt flexibility needed to illuminate changing historical circumstances, and that the

New Left is in perpetual danger of misrepresenting reality by talking in a detached jargon of fixed abstractions, he has himself a proclivity for sweeping generality, and a tendency to see in meagre and disparate particulars evidence for universal theses vast in scope. If he could somehow acquire greater rigour (a rigour which would necessarily involve waiting upon the facts, not concocting them), we might find ourselves with firm discussable proposals. Of prophets of doom and milleniums we should constantly ask: Can we identify anything under the descriptions they offer? If the answer is No, it does not follow that they are wrong, but it should inhibit action.

I have little to say about Jerrold J. Katz's regurgitation of Noam Chomsky. When you swallow someone whole, what can you do but repeat? The only new thing about this book is its disingenuous lack of argument for essentially challengeable positions. The interested reader would be better advised to go to a work where Chomsky's views are both presented and criticised, e.g., to *Language and Philosophy* edited by Sydney Hook.

Christmas Books

White Queen and
Consort Prince

Margaret MacCurtain

QUEEN VICTORIA, HER LIFE AND TIMES. Vol. One: 1819-1861. By Cecil Woodham-Smith. Hamish Hamilton. £4.50.

ALBERT AND VICTORIA. By David Duff. Frederick Muller. £5.00.

QUEEN VICTORIA is an inexhaustible subject for biography. She represents the triumph of survival and exemplifies the common conviction that longevity is the blessing of prudent government. All that romantic sentiment about 'queens die young and fair' she stoutly — and with each passing year, more stoutly — set at naught. There is a myth-like quality about her permanence in the nineteenth century scene which was as much part of the British way of life as Derby Day, Wensleydale cheese or the dart board. She was part of British culture in the sociological sense and she became a legend before her death.

If Victoria became a legend, in her royal consort, Prince Albert, she created a legend. Both books under review, though written by writers of very different experience, concur in presenting us with a portrait of Albert far more interesting and immediate than the ineffable prig his widow would have posterity believe in. But then we are all indulgent of domestic hagiography and Victoria adored her solemn Albert.

Victoria, of course, was intensely uxorious. Albert suffered it. After reading David Duff's sympathetic exploration of this difficult, sad, and highly intelligent man, our understand-

ing of his aloofness, and consequent unpopularity, is greatly extended. Prince Albert, however, does not arouse our sympathies; prince consorts do not die young and fair. Their lives are full of disagreeable tasks, opening exhibitions, appearing at functions in lieu of their royal wives, wearing faces to suit occasions. Prince Albert, as David Duff remarks, had also to face an in-built opposition to his presence and his position and in the following twenty years he encountered a growing unpopularity. It was not entirely prejudice. The boys at Eton detested him because he considered cricket a waste of time and he would not take 'headers' when swimming. He outraged sporting England by his foreign habits of hunting; he was a "battue" man and on one occasion shot nineteen deer during a day's hunting. It was he, far more than his extrovert wife, who created the chilly atmosphere of the Victorian court where ladies-in-waiting were not allowed to sit in the royal presence.

Cecil Woodham-Smith is a writer of immense charm and decision. Here she gives us volume one of her Queen Victoria. Though she admits in her preface that she wrote the volume during a period of personal difficulty, she injects it



Queen Victoria and Prince Albert

with her usual buoyancy of vigorous narrative. Few writers use documentary sources with the skill of Mrs. Woodham-Smith and page after page of this long biography build up the personality of the growing princess, queen, wife and mother with an almost suffocating detail, pillaged from contemporary letters, memoirs, papers, et al. Cecil Woodham-Smith is at her most provocative when she presents the hero-villain framework. Lord Melbourne, far more than Prince Albert, appears as the young Victoria's saviour and mentor, substitute father and elderly sweetheart, and Prince Albert's rejection of him is entirely credible. Lord Palmerston is, not exactly the villain, but perhaps the rascal. As foreign secretary, he was too independent of the royal pair; indeed Prince Albert was 'in a perpetual state of irritation' with Lord Palmerston. There was the incident when Lord

Palmerston had blundered into the right room but the wrong bed when staying under the royal roof causing Victoria and Albert much mortification. Yet Palmerston's popularity with the English was enormous and his professionalism as a diplomat opened up an important era for Britain. His dismissal was a cause of relief to Victoria and Albert. Mrs. Woodham-Smith's account is interesting and promises well for volume two with Disraeli and Gladstone about to come on the scene.

Government is about the exercise of power. Neither of these books bring us the Victoria whose authority was increasingly recognised as an exercise of power after the death of Prince Albert yet both David Duff and Cecil Woodham-Smith succeed in making us curious about the woman who gave the name 'Victorian' to so many facets of nineteenth century Britain.

End of Ascendancy

Maurice Manning

IRISH UNIONISM. 1: The Anglo-Irish and the New Ireland, 1885 to 1922. By Patrick Buckland. Gill and Macmillan. £4.75.

THE ONE group which had most to lose from any form of Irish independence was the Southern Unionists. Economically and socially privileged, identified with British rule in Ireland, cut off from the bulk of the population by religious differences, social status and political aspirations this anti-democratic and often arrogant elite group saw its dominant position threatened by any dilution of the Union and not surprisingly its leaders resisted to the last the various attempts at Irish legislative independence.

In this, the first of a two volume study of Irish Unionism, Dr. Patrick Buckland traces the development of Southern Unionist opposition to Home Rule from 1885 to 1922. It is a curiously uneven

book. Only 28 of its 300 pages are devoted to the years 1885-1914 and not surprisingly this part of the book is superficial. From 1914 on, however, the author's handling of his subject is superb and he has given us what must certainly be a definitive account of Southern Unionism in its crucial declining years.

Dr. Buckland makes the point that Southern Unionism before the Great War was essentially a negative defensive movement. Common participation in the War and in local defence proved to be a catalyst as far as many Unionists were concerned and Dr. Buckland claims that had the atmosphere of 1914-16 continued, Southern Unionists might have acquiesced in Home Rule.

1916, of course, confirmed

the worst suspicions of some Unionists, but by the time of the Irish Convention of 1917 some of the most prominent Unionists were ready to concede the principle of Home Rule—and to see some form of Home Rule as inevitable. By this time, too, there was a clear split in Unionist ranks—the substantial businessmen like Andrew Jameson, who felt that a Home Rule Ireland would need their expertise and ability, were not unafraid of an Independent Ireland but the lesser Unionists, especially those living in country areas, were for the most part committed to a "die-hard" position.

As the strength of Sinn Féin grew and the security situation deteriorated so did the influence of the Unionists on Government policy wane. The military and local unionists rarely hit it off—and indeed before long many country Unionists had a greater dislike for their British protectors than they had for the local "Shinners." At a political level the British Government more and more wanted a settlement and was not prepared to allow sentiments of loyalty and tradition stand in the way of such

a settlement. And so, in their own eyes at least, the Southern Unionists were ditched in the interest of political expediency.

Thus isolated from their Northern brethren (with whom they had little enough in common), abandoned by that very Government to which they had given such loyalty and on which they had pinned such excessive faith, the traditional world of Southern Unionism came crashing down leaving its members bewildered and lost. Many emigrated but others, the braver and more confident ones, sought to come to terms with and play a part in the new State—and did so with some success. The majority, however, while continuing to live in Ireland, cut themselves off from the new political order—some through fear of rebuff, others through disdain. This aloofness was in the long run to prove detrimental both to the Protestant community and to the new State, the former becoming more and more introverted, the latter more and more exclusively Catholic.

Dr. Buckland has given us a first-rate book. His second volume is eagerly awaited.

The Book of the Year
**ALEXANDER
SOLZHENITSYN**
August 1914

£3.00

THE ORANGE ORDER
Tony Gray

'Mr. Gray has dramatic episodes to describe, he writes easily and with verve.' Patrick Buckland, IRISH PRESS
£2.50

BERNARD SHAW
Collected Letters

Volume II 1898-1910

edited by Dan H. Laurence

'This second volume leaves the reader excited, stimulated, admiring, laughing, moved, enthralled and hungry for more.'
Bernard Levin, OBSERVER

Illustrated £6.00

**NEW BOOKS FROM
BODLEY HEAD**

the Best of

**man
Bites
dog**
donal Foley



**A SERIOUS
UPSIDE DOWN
COMMENTARY ON
IRISH AFFAIRS**

Reprinted from The Irish Times

No. 1

This popular series will be available from newsagents and booksellers in paperback form price 40p plus tax, from December 4th.

For your convenience it can be mailed directly to you or anywhere in Ireland by completing the coupon below, enclosing a cheque/P.O. for 45p to include tax and postage, and returning to 'Man Bites Dog'.

The Irish Times, Box 74, 31 Westmoreland St., Dublin 2.

Please send copies of Man Bites Dog at 45p each to:

NAME

ADDRESS

Cheque/P.O. enclosed. Signature.....

Cheques should be crossed and made payable to The Irish Times Limited.

"A piquant comment on life in provincial Ireland today. It has guts, wit, tenderness" John Fitzgerald, Irish Independent

The new novel by **BRIAN CLEEVE** author of 'Cry of Morning' **Tread Softly in This Place**

"He has wit and understanding and a gift of phrase. He moves effortlessly from mood to mood, from the tender and true to the comic, from a calm view of the past to a sharp view of the present" Benedict Kiely, Sunday Independent

"A graphic book with some memorable characterisation. Very definitely a good read" Irish Times

£2.40 Large Crn. 8vo 320pp

CASSELL

Anvil

SEAN CRONIN

THE McGARRITY PAPERS

"The raw stuff of history . . . a unique record of the making of modern Ireland."

Paul O'Dwyer in *The Irish Press*. 70p.

T. CROFTOP CROKER and

SIGERSON CLIFFORD

LEGENDS OF KERRY

This Christmas, enter the enchanted world of The Legends of Kerry. Lavishly illustrated including four full page plates and end-papers of famous Kerry engravings. 50p.

VISIT THE EBLANA BOOKSHOP LTD.

46 GRAFTON STREET, DUBLIN 2. TEL. 770178
For all your Christmas Books and Children's Annuals. Our efficient and courteous staff will be pleased to be of service to you, and do see our open paperback section.

We specialise in books of Irish interest

Book tokens Sold and Exchanged

Christmas Books

Young Malcolm

James Good

CHRONICLES OF WASTED TIME: Part 1: The Green Stick. By Malcolm Muggeridge. Collins, £3.00.
INVITATION AND RESPONSE: Essays in Christian Moral Theology. By Enda McDonagh. Gill and Macmillan, £2.75.

THE LATE Owen Sheehy-Skeffington found Malcolm Muggeridge an intolerable bore, and in a memorable trade delivered at the Dublin premiere of Muggeridge's *Jesus Rediscovered*, bored his audience to tears proving the point. For myself, I find Muggeridge a tolerable bore, partly because I have a pleasing image him from his T.V. performances, and partly because I am fascinated by the sheer breath of the culture which pervades his written work.

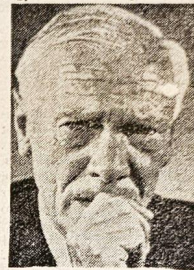
The Green Stick is the first volume of Muggeridge's autobiography, doubtless to be followed by something like *The Cedar of Lebanon* and *The Decaying Bark* (or maybe *Ready for the Fire?*) and several others. If you are not put off by Muggeridge's obsession that the world is sliding

down the Gadarene slope of destruction, you will love every line of this first tasting. Muggeridge—"words being my single pursuit"—is never dull; his mind is clear and penetrating, able to analyse and expose everyone's folly (except perhaps his own). He will sell his soul for a phrase, and indeed, if he had to pay that price, he would need a long succession of souls, for *Chronicles of Wasted Time* is a sequence of delightful quips, superbly strung together in a volume that is never dull.

St. Jerome records for us a nightmare, in which he finds himself before God's judgment seat, charged with being a Ciceroian and not a Christian. Reading this autobiography, one feels that the reverse might well be true in Muggeridge's case; his writing

is constantly critical, almost destructively of religion. And yet he is constantly returning to the theme of the primacy of the spiritual, deciding for immortality and regretting that those around him are electing the carnal in preference to the eternal. The cynic may, of course, say that it is easy for Muggeridge to take this stance in old age; an insurance policy, perhaps, against the possible existence of hell-fire when the tree grows old and dies.

While Muggeridge moves from an apparently agnostic position into atheist one, Enda McDonagh is engaged on a strangely parallel task of ridding Christian moral theology of its Stoic past in the



Malcolm Muggeridge

Natural Law theory and creating (or recreating) a distinctively Christian ethic. His task is no easy one, for the Natural Law author seems to have all but replaced the Christian element in Catholic moral theology. *Invitation and Response* is an interim attempt to perform this long-overdue task. Clearly the author himself is not satisfied that it contains the final answer, or even the adumbration of a final answer. But in these troubled times, when the traditional structures of moral theology are falling apart, it is a useful piece of buttressing until the new foundations rise above the ground.

The new structure is, of course, an urgent necessity, and Enda McDonagh is working at the moment on a new and personal approach to moral problems. It is good that this work should be undertaken within the walls of Maynooth College; it is a sign, perhaps, that when the present uncertain era has passed, Irish moral theology will be renewed at source. Possibly at that stage the old Manichee demon in Irish living will have been exorcised at the last. Muggeridge, though at heart a Manichee himself, would, I imagine, be the first to applaud the achievement.

Ghosts of Judah

John Banville

ENEMIES, A LOVE STORY. By Isaac Bashevis Singer. Cape. £1.95.

SPRING SNOW. By Yukio Mishima. Secker and Warburg. £2.75.

SOULS ON FIRE. By Elie Wiesel. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £2.60.

AFTER THE first few chapters of *Enemies*, one has the appalling feeling of having seen it all already. Herman Broder, a Polish Jew, has survived the Nazi holocaust by hiding in a hay-loft for three years. Now, in the early 'fifties, with his wife, Yadviga, the Gentile peasant who hid him in the loft, he lives in Coney Island, still hiding from a world in which he can no longer feel safe. Life with Yadviga is comfortable, sane and dull. He makes his living by ghost-writing books and speeches for a bullying, wordly rabbi, from whom he conceals the existence of his wife—and also that of his mistress, the fiery, hysterical Masha, a survivor of the camps. Between these three difficult relationships he manages to maintain a kind of balance, until his supposedly dead wife, Tamara, turns up in New York. All is set for a Malaro romp. The heart sinks.

However, it rises again. Singer, whose previous work remained stubbornly aloof from the obsessions of the Jewish novel of the 'sixties, has at last decided to show the others how it is done. *Enemies* has a subtlety, a depth of compassion, which no other American Jewish writer has come near to achieving. Singer's excellence lies in the fact that he could make of a plot which is the stuff of farce a harrowing and dignified memorial not only to those Jews who died in the camps, but also to those maimed spirits who survived. In the preface, he says: "I did not have the privilege of going through the Hitler holocaust"; the word "privilege" in this context tells one a great deal about the man.

This is not a pleasant book, but, as with all really major works, one finishes it knowing that it has brought into one's life a small but momentous change. At the end, beaten by

problems impossible to solve, Herman flees into hiding again; the difference now, however, is that it is not evil which has driven him there, but love. The subtitle is a precise description.

Spring Snow is the kind of book that appears in reviewer's nightmares, like *Swann's Way* or *The Magic Mountain*, long, leisurely volumes set in worlds entirely alien to the poor hack's seedy circumstances. Indeed, the mention of Proust is apposite, for Mishima, even apart from his homosexuality, has much in common with the mandarin of Combray.

The first volume of the tetralogy, *The Sea of Fertility*, of which, so legend has it, Mishima wrote the final sentence on the morning of his suicide, *Spring Snow* is set in Japan in the first decade of this century. The Meiji era (no, and I had never heard of it either) has just ended, and in its place has come soft living and decadence; no one anymore has the guts (no pun intended) or the inclination to commit ritual suicide at the drop of a hat or an emperor, and the situation generally is very bad. However, death, daring are still possible. Satoko, of the aristocratic house of Ayakura, is betrothed to one of the sons of the royal household, and it is then, when she has become untouchable, that Kiyooki, once her lover, returns to claim her. Their doomed, heroic

affair is portrayed with great beauty and restraint, and it is a measure of Mishima's skill that Kiyooki's death for love, and Satoko's flight into a convent, are never less than credible.

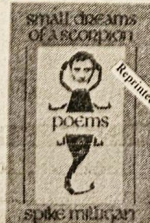
The style is exquisite, at once muscular and tender, but it is pointless to deny that, for Western readers, the book is difficult, dwelling as it does lovingly on ritual and rhetoric of a distant and at times incomprehensible society. Still, it is worth the effort.

Souls on Fire is an odd blend of history and poetry, a useful book for anyone interested in the mysteries of Hasidism, a mystical movement within Judaism which flourished in central Europe in the eighteenth century. If that description seems forbidding, it should be added that Hasidism had a profound influence in the Jewish world, being one of those movements which helped to bind the scattered community into a unity of spirit, and nullify, as it were, the Diaspora. One also wonders if a book recounting, say, the adventures and teachings of Blessed Martin de Porres, or the goings on at Garabandal, would appear as mysterious and haunting to anyone ignorant of the Catholic faith?

CHRISTMAS CRACKERS FROM MICHAEL JOSEPH



My Mother and I
Margaret Powell
£1.95



Small Dreams of a
Scorpion
Spike Milligan £1.05
(with M & J Hobbs)



Smoke Screen
Dick Francis
£1.95



The Ravi Lancers
John Masters
£2.50



Cottage on a Cliff
Derek Tangye
£2.00



Arthur McCann and All
His Women
Leslie Thomas £2.25

The Parlour Song Book
Edited and Introduced by
Michael R. Turner
Music edited by Antony Miall
£5.00

The World in Ripeness
H. E. Bates
£3.00

Cole
Edited by Robert Kimball
Biographical essay by Brendan Gill
£7.50

Eat With Me
Sophia Loren
£3.00



Christmas Books

Sentimental Steamships

Maurice Craig

IRISH PASSENGER STEAMSHIP SERVICES, Vol. 2: South of Ireland. By D. B. McNeill. David and Charles. £2.50.

"Cur'd he is, and ringletted, and plaited to the knee,
Each captain who comes sailing across the Irish Sea."

—so Ferguson, a century ago. I don't know about that; but in 1972 it is still true that good Irish Sea packets, when they die, go to the Aegean.

"I have seen old ships sail like swans asleep
Beyond the village, which men still call Tyre,

With leaden age o'ercargoed, dipping deep
For Famagusta and the hidden sun.

That rings black Cyprus with a lake of fire."

—so Flecker. The last time I was in Piraeus I amused myself trying to identify the old Irish Sea packets under their Greek disguises. Mr. McNeill tells us their present names (except that of the *Irish Coast*) and the dates of their departures, and the vicissitudes of their careers while plying between Irish and British ports.

Volume 1 of this book appeared in 1970 and covered the North of Ireland including Sligo but not including Greenore or Newry. It is a great

credit to the publishers that Volume II, appearing two years later and of equal size, should be at the same price. It deals with a considerably larger number of ships (the index is 50% longer) and the fleet-lists have been compressed to exclude the tonnage and the names of the builders. But in other respects it is fully the equal of its predecessor.

Who is this book for? For social and economic historians, for whom the wealth of information about the fares, frequencies and conditions of travel on the various routes are of great utility. Also, one hopes, for sentimentalists like your reviewer, who delights in the evocation of services and ships on which they travelled in times gone by.

With the exception of the *Hibernia* and *Cambria*, and, of course the beautiful IOMSPCO vessels which still come to Dublin, there are now no 'real ships' left on the Irish Sea: nothing but car-ferries, unless we allow the *Duke of Rothesay* and her Heysham sisters, which have been converted for side-loading. The sentimentalists

will have to make do with thinner fare than heretofore. Though the mailboats are markedly slower than their predecessors, the Liverpool boats are markedly faster, and can shuttle backwards and forwards more often and carry more people with fewer ships in service. The new *Innisfallen* is even faster.

Of course there are many, perhaps a majority of Irish people, for whom the crossing of the narrow seas evokes only queasy memories and recollections of chilly, weary transshipment in the small hours, squalling babies and decks slippery with vomit. A higher proportion of daylight crossings, such as is now the case, may in time help to reconcile the Irish people to being surrounded by water, just as, in time, we may learn to accept that the water is full of fish. When you no longer have to eat fish on Friday, you slowly learn that it is enjoyable to eat on other occasions. When you can go by air, you may slowly learn that it is enjoyable to go by sea, taking your car.

How many Irish people know that the P. & O., the largest passenger steamship line in the world, was an offshoot of the City of Dublin Steam Packet Co., one of the most illustrious companies in shipping history? How many Irish people know that the first steamship to cross the Atlantic was Cork-owned and afterwards went back to her intended service from Cork to Liverpool and Glasgow. How many people know that the predecessor of the B. & I. instituted, in 1815, the "first passenger cross-Channel steamer working in the world"? How many know that that remarkable man, Charles Wye Williams, introduced a watertight subdivision of hulls, now universally enforced under strict rules?

The weakness of the book is in the sphere of business history. We hear hardly anything about the early history of the B. & I. before its purchase of the assets of the City of Dublin in 1919. It is not easy to piece together the story of the Coast Lines mergers in the twenties and thirties. It is difficult to see what the Antrim Iron Ore Co. and the Head Line are doing in the "South of Ireland" volume, and why space was used for a photo of the *Torr Head*. The author might have mentioned that plans and a description of the B. and I *Lady Louth* (1923) may be found in A. C. Hardy's *Merchant Ship Types*, 1924, and that there is a model of the 1897 *Ulster* in the RDS.

Some indication of how far Irish self-confidence has slipped in 150 years is that whereas in 1824 we put into service a pair of ships called *City of Dublin* and *Town of Liverpool*, we allowed British Rail to insult us in 1965 with the *Holyhead Ferry I*. Never mind; next time you see the *Orpheus* or the *Aphrodite* cleaving the waters of the Mediterranean, spare a prayer for the souls of the *Minster* and the *Leinster*. As for the good ship, *Venus*, we know her as the *Princess Maud*.

certainly one of the most striking young novelists now writing: a true poet.

The story is told through the medium of the poet's friend, Harvey Lawson, now an old man, looking back on three of the twenty years he lived with the poet. One of the most remarkable aspects of the book is that, while the two men obviously loved each other, their relationship is in no way sexual. This in itself would set the novel apart, for this sort of affinity is a great deal more common than is generally supposed; and is very rarely written about. And the same thing applies also, of course, to women; but few are prepared to believe it. Anyone who reads Miss Hill's book should finish it a great deal wiser than they were when they began it.

The places in which the intense, and on the whole depressing story is set, come to life with a poetic realism which is quite extraordinary: Suffolk, Devon, Venice, London are all evoked with the eyes of a painter and the pen of a writer of the rarest imagination. Miss Hill also really seems to get inside the head of Francis Croft; so that we feel the awful tensions and the sense of despair which the mentally unbalanced must feel, especially when they have lucid intervals and know exactly what is wrong with them. It is all very alarming indeed. But of Susan Hill's gifts as a writer there can be no doubt at all. She is bloody marvelous.

Pamela Hansford Johnson is a bit bloody; but she is not marvellous. A self-satisfied English couple, the Eastwoods, go on holiday to a small resort in Belgium, with their twelve-year-old son, Giles. A young girl who is in love with the elder Eastwood, follows them, and the usual acute social embarrassments ensue. We are introduced to some sharply observed characters staying in the hotel, and a few more staying in the girl's pension. It is all very neat, and very professional, and very boring and predictable. Except for the ending. Here Miss Hansford Johnson demonstrates what a very fine writer she can be. If she would only ditch her sense of social comedy and concentrate on the bloody doubts which obviously haunt her genteel imagination, what a writer she might be!

The ending is truly terrifying, and opens out endless possibilities. For me the novel begins where it ends, and I am still imagining the things that might happen to the doomed trio, Gavin and Hannah Eastwood, and the girl, Melissa Hirst, when they get back to England. It is very frustrating; but well worth the 250 pages which lead up to it. *The Holiday Friend* would have made a superb novella—it is far too long. However, that ending remains, and it is quite stunning.

"THE BIRD OF NIGHT, by Susan Hill. Hamish Hamilton. £1.95.

THE HOLIDAY FRIEND, by Pamela Hansford Johnson. MacMillan. £2.25.



The Maurice Case

From the papers of Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice

Edited by Nancy Maurice £4.50



Legacy of Glory

The Bonaparte Kingdom of Spain

Michael Glover £4.20



Bobs: Kipling's General

The Life of Field-Marshal Earl Roberts of Kandahar, V.C.

W. H. Hannah £4.75



George Washington

In the American Revolution, 1775-1783.

James Thomas Flexner £4.00



Young Winston's Wars

The Original War Despatches of Winston S. Churchill, 1897-1900

Edited by Frederick Woods £3.50



For the discerning Christmas stockist

Leo Cooper

196 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2

John Berger
The £5000 Booker Prize winner for 1972
Weidenfeld & Nicolson

AN CLUB LEABHAR

Tabhair bronnánas Nollag duit féin nó do chara leat i mbliana. Glac Láin-Bhallraíocht sa Chlub Leabhar ar £5.00. Gheobhaidh tú na leabhair seo leanaí:

1. Breandán Ó Beacáin — Aisti agus Dánta	5. Gearrscéalta — Antraoi ó Cadhaín
2. O Rosmuc go Rostov — Cristóir Mac Aonghusa	6. Gaeil a Múscailt—An tríú cuid de chuimhín Earnán de Bhlágh
3. Breacadh le Daithí ó bhógan	Ballraíocht £2.00. Cuirfead na leabhair 1, 2, 3 chugat.
4. Litreacha on nGheibhinn — Ta bílleogh colais ar fáil ó:	Chomh maith leis na leabhair thuas tá faiscintí breise a dtabhairt dír mbail ar phraghasanna speisialta.

AN CLUB LEABHAR,
37 Sr. na bhFíniú, Baile Átha Cliath. Teil. 60241

Charley Lawlor's
KILLINEY HEIGHTS HOTEL
SORRENTO ROAD, DALKEY

Georgian luxury, overlooking Dublin and Killiney Bay. Perfect for that more important business conference or private dinner.

Phone 805261/803691 for advice and reservations

NEW NOVELS
John Broderick

I HAVE always been suspicious of novels set in boarding-houses or hotels. It was Balzac who first hit upon this convenient way of getting together a number of dissimilar people under the one roof, in *Père Goriot*; since then it has been used so often that it is now a thoroughly conventional technique. Useful, but faded, like the stage scenery in Covent Garden used to be: so that no matter how much one admired the individual singers or dancers, one was always aware of the same old props surrounding them.

There is another type of novel which immediately puts me on my guard, and that is the one which treats of the artist as a lunatic. Apart from the fact that it is extremely difficult to make madness acceptable in fiction, since it shatters the concept of classical unity, there is no reason to suppose that the writer or the painter is more prone to insanity than any other class of person. Dryden had much to answer for when he wrote that "great wits are sure to madness near allied", a daft notion we also find in Aristotle, Seneca, Pope, and even Shakespeare, who certainly ought to have known better. It was, of course, something which appealed enormously to the romantics; and it persists even to this day, in the teeth of every sort of evidence to the contrary. In his early work, Freud treated the artist as a neurotic who escapes from reality by means of "substitute gratifications". Freud was generally wrong about almost everything, but on this matter he changed, his mind as he grew older. Lionel Trilling wrote a brilliant essay, "Art and Neurosis" which refutes this absurd theory; but how many have read it?

So when I found myself confronted with two novels, one set in a sea-side hotel, and the other all about a mad poet, I approached them with the greatest suspicion. It says much for the two ladies who wrote them to be able to report that, in their separate ways, they are both fine achievements.

Indeed Miss Susan Hill's *The Bird of Night** more than this: it is a pity that she saw fit to make study of madness. It is a pity that she would claim her lunatic a great poet. No doubt she would claim that an ordinary man would be incapable of the fantasies she attributes to Francis Croft. In this she is quite wrong; and I can't imagine why so obviously talented a writer could fall back on such a worn-out cliché.

As a writer she is in fact more than just talented; she is quite brilliant. Her prose is full of powerful, obsessive images, and marvellously observed descriptions of places, and of nature in all its moods. She is

MERCIER CHRISTMAS BOOKS

AND SO BEGAN...

Seamus Wilmet

This is a work of imagination but not a novel. Cast in the classic satiric mould it is a parable of a man, a country and a language and it will send certain echoes through the readers' mind. January. Paperback 75p

IRISH SILVER

Dr. Robert Wyse Jackson
This is a short and simple guide to the subject from the earliest times to the present century. Profusely illustrated. £2.50

TOMORROW TO BE BRAVE

John M. Feehan

This is the story of a remarkable and wonderful woman, who knew she was going to die a lingering and painful death but who faced up to it with unbelievable courage turning her last years into the greatest years of her life. £2.00

THE YEAR IN IRELAND —IRISH CALENDAR CUSTOMS

Kevin Danaher

This authoritative book describes the cycle of festivals and seasonal work that could be observed in the Ireland of yesterday. Illustrated £3.25

PSYCHIC PHENOMENA IN IRELAND

Sheila St. Clair

The author gives us a fascinating glimpse into the world of psychic manifestations covering such topics as poltergeists, psychometry, telepathy and apparitions in a way that will interest the ordinary reader. January. Paperback 75p

THE MERCIER PRESS 4 BRIDGE STREET, CORK

Christmas Books

The Goldfinger Game

Nicholas Leonard

THE FORTUNEMAKERS. By Gerald McKnight. Michael Joseph. £2.50.

THE FUNNY MONEY GAME. By Andrew Tobias. Michael Joseph. £2.00.

MICHAEL JOSEPH was on a winner a couple of years ago when he brought out the British edition of 'The Money Game', a warm, witty and perceptive look at Wall Street in the late 1960's written by the editor of the Institutional Investor, George Goodwin, masquerading under the 'pseudonym' of Adam Smith. The success of that literary humanisation of the ways of the financial world has spawned a host of successors, of which these are but two.

In flair and insight they fall far short of the original, just as does its own follow-up, Supermoney, by the same author, which was published in America last week.

Gerald McKnight, who lost his job as assistant editor of the *Sunday Dispatch* when it folded, presents a *Sunday Express*-type center through the corridors of power of some of the City of London's newer tycoons, men like the ubiquitous Slater, Oliver Jessel, Pat Matthews, Nigel Brookes of Trafalgar House (the company that bought Cunard among others), Malcolm Horsman of Ralli (now merging with Bowater) and Christopher Selmes, who has recently brought the financial wheel full circle by agreeing to sell his £11 million creation, Drakes, to another London newcomer, Gerald Kaplan of London and County.

Business techniques are like dictionaries and grammar books. They are neutral in themselves: it is what you do with them that counts. There is nothing novel in the use of quoted paper and acquisitional policies as a means of building up a business. It was a commonplace in both Britain and America in the early years of the century (Lord Beaverbrook, for instance, once controlled every cement concern in Canada!) and such now-established names as Sir Isaac Wolfson and Sir Charles Clore were regarded in their early days in much the same way as are Slater and his imitators in the 1970's. Already Slater Walker has become the largest merchant bank in the City of London and it has more than begun the process of absorption into what one might loosely call the British Establishment, as the Ralli-Bowater deal convincingly demonstrates.

But anyone who reads *The Fortunemakers* and gets the impression that there is nothing more to the operation than a few swift pre-pandial telephone calls to the right company brokers, the right financial PR men and the right friendly neighbourhood joint stock bank, would be sadly disillusioned by Andrew Tobias, who left Harvard Business School, to take up employment in National Student Marketing,

at the time the top 'concept' stock in Wall Street, on the strength of its planned invasion of the US university campuses with all manner of profitable products.

While the president and founder of National Student Marketing revolved around the States in his personal Lear executive jet (named Snoopy!) and ran up an airborne telephone bill that would comfortably outstrip the annual net profits of many Irish public companies, his lieutenants on the ground were struggling with the realities of business. And these were that no matter how creative the concept, how energetic the acquisition policy and how strong the stock market price, the entire company was starting to lose money and veer out of control. The stock plunged from \$146 to \$3.50 and only last February the Securities and Exchange Commission came out with a report which dubbed the National Student affair as a 'fraudulent scheme'. Shades of Clarence Hatry. Tobias lived through it all at an impressionable age (21+) and has kept his sense of humour and balance. More power to him. As he says himself, in a couple of years time, when Wall Street has forgotten not only his name but that of his former employer, Cort Randell, as well, there will be nothing to stop him going public himself and capitalising on other people's belief in his own future.

Meanwhile, we have McKnight to show us that



Angela Burdick at home with her family (and fellow-cooks) in Dublin. Her book, "Look! I Can Cook" (Octopus Books, 75p) is a top-twenty best-seller in Britain and was the main attraction at the Children's Book Fair at the R.D.S. last month.

most of the headline making men of the British financial world, surprisingly enough, are hard-working, imaginative and dedicated men, with whom any widow or orphan's mite would be considerably safer than locked into War Loan and industrial debentures.

McKnight is illuminating on the psychological motivation of his subjects and quotes Professor Roland Smith, who says that the satisfaction of those who succeed is only partly monetary: "Somewhere there is a social-class situation at the bottom of it. If you were a bit hungry when you started, that helps. But the man who succeeds and still goes on for more, is expressing a need for freedom of expression. He can only find this at the very top, so he has to stay there". And

McKnight compares them to American astronauts, 'brought to a high pitch of trained and specialised intensity by the importance of their mission. Both rely on teams of back-up personnel, without whose resourcefulness and complete allegiance they would be lost. Professionally, they both live like addicts, needing nothing but the real thing. Substitutes, without which most mortals would feel inconsolably put down, are... well, what shall we say? Irrelevant? Inessential? I don't know a fortunemaker who can't and won't do without food, sleep, sex or fun in the pursuit of his profession." If it crosses your mind to try your hand, don't say McKnight hasn't warned you.

Nicholas Leonard is Managing Director of Fitzwilliam Securities.

War Games

**ARTILLERY THROUGH
THE AGES** by Colonel H. C. B. Rogers.

Falls uneasily between the needs of the specialist and of the general reader. Hard to assess what the latter's needs might be or if they exist at all. Even the specialist might view artillery primarily from any of several quite different viewpoints and be rather bored by the others. There are the guns themselves, interesting mechanically, there are tactics and techniques of their use, there is the question of their influence upon warfare at different periods and there are the men who commanded and manned them. Author does gallant and not unsuccessful best to satisfy everyone. Seeley Service, £3.50.

**THE UNDECLARED
WAR** by Harold James and Denis Sheil-Smith.

Straightforward and competent account of the "Confrontation" along the border between Sukarno's Indonesia and Malaysian Sarawak between 1962 and '66, ending in the downfall of Sukarno. Australian, British, Gurkha and Malay troops and protagonists. Authors' affections are clearly for the men and small units and their actions. British orientated but not obviously biased and anyway there is no other account of this war available. Leo Cooper, £2.75.

**THE BATTLE FOR NAW
SENG'S KINGDOM.** by Ian Fellowes-Gordon.

Story of General Stilwell's North Burma Campaign and its aftermath. Author commanded a body of Kachins, hill people of fiercely independent disposition, against the Japanese. Text wobbles rather uncertainly as to its objective. As narrative of the author's own actions and experiences with his Kachins uniformly exciting and vivid, but straying into commentary and attempted history of forces and commanders of whom he did not have direct personal experience much less successful. Leo Cooper, £3.15.

**MACDONALD OF THE
42nd.** By Donald Featherstone.

Account of a private in the Black Watch between 1843 and 1860, embraces the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny. Curious style, on the whole aggravating, sometimes takes great care with sources and references, yet always prepared to step into complete if plausible fiction, such as the attribution of dialogue and thoughts for which there cannot be any evidence. Of little value to the serious historian: it at least covers some exciting ground. Seeley Service, £3.00.

LITTLE HODGE. Edited by Marquess of Anglesey.

Crimean War again, this time as seen from his saddle and bivouac by a heavy cavalry colonel. Superb editorship by a Vice-President of the Society for Army Historical Research elevates these letters and diaries by Colonel Edward Hodge, into an important and often novel contribution to military history, in a period already well documented. The character of the diarist himself will come as a surprise to anyone rash enough to lump into a stereotype all mid-Victorian dragoon colonels. Leo Cooper, £3.15.

NAPOLEON SURRENDERS. By Gilbert Martineau.

Concentration on a very short period of time and painstaking attention to the documentation make this a piece of historical writing first-class by the most exacting standards, yet the author's sense of drama and insight into human nature enable him always to avoid aridity. Opening on the evening after Waterloo, it follows Napoleon and his suite to the evening of the 8th of August when H.M.S. Northumberland finally found a favourable wind to head for St. Helena. Absorbing and excellent. John Murray, 3.50.

Paddy Kavanagh

DUBLIN from old photographs MAURICE GORHAM

A fascinating collection of photographs which show Dublin City and Dublin life as they were in the sixty or so years from the middle of the last century. What the camera records is an impression of uncrowded streets, unhurried people, a city on a human scale, with people not yet dwarfed by buildings.

150 photographs £2.50 + tax BATSFORD

Another Christmas bestseller from
Brian Cleave

TREAD SOFTLY
IN THIS PLACE
GEOFFREY CHAPMAN
(IRELAND) LTD.

Administration
Yearbook
&
Diary 1973
now
available
£3 per copy
net.
from major
book-shops

INSTITUTE
OF
PUBLIC
ADMINISTRATION
Lansdowne Road
Dublin 4
Tel. 685141

BEST SELLERS

Here are just a few from our varied selection:

The Complete Cat Encyclopedia

Fully illustrated £4.99

The Guinness Book of Records

£1.27

Cecil Woodham Smith Queen Victoria

£4.73

E. W. Swanton Sort of a Cricket Person

£2.89

All prices inclusive of V.A.T. Add 20p for postage.

See our Special Children's Department on lower ground floor.

• We sell or exchange

BOOK TOKENS

FRED HANNA LTD.

29 Nassau Street

Dublin 2

THE IRISH IN LOVE:

Sean McCann Gives a fascinating perspective of the social life of the Irish through their romantic and marriage customs. Illustrated. 176 pages. Demy 8vo. Cloth. £2.00 net.

MAKING THE CURE:

Patrick Logan, M.D. The author writes with warmth and feeling on the subject of folk medicine. Full colour illustrations. 176 pages. Demy 8vo. Cloth. £2.50 net.

AN TOILEANACH:

Tomas O Criomhain This is a new edition compiled by the author's grandson, Padraig Ua Macleoin. Illustrated. 240 pages. Demy 8vo. Cloth. £1.60 net.

THE ROAD TO GOD KNOWS WHERE:

Sean Maher A "travelling man's" story of the "travelling people". Illustrated. 157 pages. Demy 8vo. Cloth. £1.90 net.

TALBOT PRESS

89 Talbot Street, Dublin 1

ALL BOOKS

on this page available at

EASON'S BOOKSHOP DUBLIN

O'MARA'S

22 ASTON QUAY

Musical Evening, Sing Song, Cabaret, Ballads, etc.

Special session: Sunday 12.30 - 2 p.m.

Quality Drinks
Homely Surroundings
Reasonable Prices

PATRICK MASSEY

Funeral Director and Embalmer, M.B.I.E.
106 THE COOMBE, DUBLIN
Phone 773321, Home 501045

Christmas Books**Untameable Magician**

John MacInerney

POEMS, 1970-1972. By Robert Graves. Cassell. £1.90.
DIFFICULT QUESTIONS, EASY ANSWERS. By Robert Graves. Cassell. £3.00.

"IT WAS no costume jewellery I sent; True stones cool to the tongue, their settings ancient, Their magic evident. Conceal your pride, accept them negligently. But, naked on your couch, wear them for me."

Robert Graves, of course. His concern for "love without alteration", the true poem celebrating the real thing; his contempt for simulated passion and paste verse; his devotion to the Muse; his trans-sensual eroticism—the best pieces (on any reckoning, over a dozen) in his new collection embody these characteristically Gravesian qualities. The poet's love for a young woman (latest manifestation of the Goddess' abiding presence) is couched in the appropriate idiom of honour and necessity. Since she is irradiated by the "bright bolt", he must refuse his pity, "Offering you, instead, my pitiless love". This "inward love" So overpassing passion/That no lips reach to kiss, nor hands to clasp" is shown forth in trance or vision: "Her face floating above me/Her black hair falling cloudlike to her

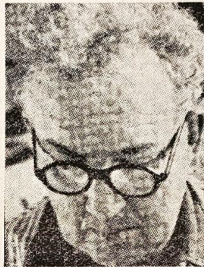
breasts, Her lovely eyes half-open."

In his foreword Graves stresses the importance of prosody as "a necessary means of hypnotising the reader into the same dreamlike mood—the top level of sleep—which the true poet must enter". The Romantics had similar intentions, with dubious results: exile waked intelligence from poetry, and you reduce imagination to mere fancy. Those accustomed to read with brain and body, as well as ear, will jib at this apparent affront to consciousness. Yet Graves' poems, crafted with scrupulous care, have always invited close reading. Exalted vague images, cloudy imprecise utterance, are quite alien to him. Despising incoherent rhapsody and "the prepared statement" alike, he employs the rhythms of speech and song. Consider "The Garden":

Enhanced in a tower, asleep,
dreaming about him,
The twin buds of her breasts,
opening like flowers,
Her fingers leafed and wandering
... Past the well
Blossoms an Apple-tree, and

a horde of birds
Nested in the close thickets
of her hair
Grumble in dreamy dissonance,
Calling him to the garden,
if he dare.

Note "enhanced" ("the formal word precise but not pedantic") and "grumble" ("the common word exact without vulgarity"). Great love-poetry derives its power from the resonant vocabulary of its conventions, and its truth from the accents of sincerity: "the complete consort dancing together."



Robert Graves.

These poems frequently express love's generous abundance in terms of flowering nature ("The Green-Sailed Vessel", "Testament", "The Crab-

Tree", "Desert Fringe": no point of rest, but a process of intense renewal. When he asks "Yet who ever encountered anywhere/So unendurably circumstanced a pair/Clasped heart to heart under a blossoming tree/With such untamable magic of despair./Such childlike certainty?" the question isn't ("yet": wholly rhetorical.

For him love's "bonds of miracle" are "no more than time's obliquities/Gifted to men who still fall deep in love/With real women like you". This may raise the irrelevant query put by Mugeridge in an interview: "Are the women to whom you write your poems real or imaginary?" Guarding his "decent mystery" Graves replied: "Well, Malcolm, if you want any telephone numbers, you're not going to get them."

This exchange is related in *Difficult Questions, Easy Answers*, assorted prose-pieces ranging in subject from the Sufi Shequerboard to the Kaiser's War. Mushrooms and religion, the Heart Shape, Ovid's amatory contexts: on these, and many other matters, Graves is (as usual—learned, opinionated and endlessly stimulating. "The Bible in Europe", a longish piece, is particularly fascinating. Graves, always his own man, continues to go his "headstrong and heroic way" against the modern tide. Now 77, he hints that this latest collection of essays may be his last. For this prodigious man we can only plead, in his own words: "Spare him a little longer. Crone, For his clean hands and love-submissive heart."

books in brief

HEATH AND THE HEATH-MEN by Andrew Roth. A gossipy biography of Europe's most curious Prime Minister. The author, best known for his books on the business background of M.P.s, relies on extensive use of newspaper clippings and the cutting (generally unattributed) remarks of Heath's colleagues. Roth effectively dispels the idea of Heath as a right wing ideologue but does not try to paint over the man's unhappy personality — introverted, frequently boring and self-righteous. For all that, a fascinating book and likely to be substantially more readable than Heath's own *pro vita sua*. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £2.25 Cloth/£1.00 Paperback.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY AND BRITAIN by David Nunnerley. An extremely well researched book on the changed relationship between two of the major countries in the Western Alliance. One is left with the inescapable conclusion that, over the brief period covered by the author Britain completed the process of becoming a secondary power. As Dean Acheson, the former American Secretary of State, summarised it in the early sixties: Britain has lost an Empire and not yet found a role. An absorbing, if somewhat turgid account. The Bodley Head. £2.50.

MOSHE DAYAN by Shabtai Tevet. A detailed and glossy account of Israel's political future leader. All pro tem biographies tend to be rather unsatisfactory and this is no exception. Both the text and the accompanying photographs emphasise Dayan the militarist, and the author, one of Israel's

most distinguished journalists, totally eschews political analysis. Hardly a book likely to please the Palestinian freedom fighter. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £4.00.

THE SOVIET POLITICAL MIND by Robert Tucker. The book is subtitled "Stalinism and post-Stalin Change". Aptly, because one person dominates it—Joseph Stalin, a complex but politically shrewd dictator. The author, a noted if sometimes controversial Kremlinologist, demonstrates convincingly that Stalin, far from being a slightly demented rustic conniver, was in fact a determined rational Marxist, and also has a useful analysis of post Stalin "co-existence", a policy which, under Khrushchev, came to mean active co-operation rather than a simple renunciation of world conquest. Essential reading for the student of Soviet politics. George Allen and Unwin. £3.50 Hardback/£1.95 Paperback.

THE SATURDAY BOOK. Ed. John Hadfield. This edition looks back fifty years to the early twenties, covering the fashions and social conventions of 1923, with a fascinating description of how a typical suburban family amused itself into that year. The best essays are by Kenneth Allison, who explores the history of Chicago jazz and Fred Brown on Indoor Games. For a Saturday Book aficionado there is a selection of recent and hitherto unpublished photographs by the late Edwin Smith, a contributor to the last twenty-eight issues. Nicely presented in its own book, nostalgic Christmas present for older relations. Hutchinson. £4.00.

THEATRE '72. Edited by Sheridan Morley. The second

of what intends being an annual survey of plays, ballet, theatres and playwrights, an interesting collection of nineteen assorted essays, including Terry Hands on Richard III at the Comedie Francaise, Andrew Porter on Brook's experiments at Perspolis, and Michael MacLiammoir on Irish Theatre since 1900, the latter being disappointing for the uncharacteristic safety. A pleasant Christmas present, but rather expensive. Hutchinson. £4.50.

SMALL DREAMS OF A SCORPION by Spike Milligan. A curious mixture of his goonish verse sometimes mildly funny, but more often maudlin sentimental (Aberfan Disaster, etc.) results in the first ever disappointment between covers from Spike Milligan. Michael Joseph. £1.05.

TALLULAH, DARLING OF THE GODS by Kieran Tunney. An admittedly partisan but nevertheless seemingly frank picture of the great Tallulah Bankhead by her close friend and confidante, Irish-born playwright Tunney, which sets the record straight on the lies and alleged scandals that dogged her. Secker and Warburg. £2.75.

THE CECIL KING DIARY, 1965-1970 by Cecil King. Why should journalists go to jail as they have done and hopefully will continue to do, rather than betray Confidences, when wealthy employers/publishers can do so and make a lot of money into the bargain? It's a question that the arrogant, boring (and in his treatment of Harold Wilson) petty, Cecil King cannot answer. However, an author doesn't have to be moral to write an entertaining book and this collection of notes and conversations is unashamedly fascinating for political voyeurs; Wilson's comment on Lord Longford (mental age of 12) is particularly good. And true. Jonathan Cape. £3.00.

LANGUAGE AND BELIEF by Jean Ladriere. The theme of this book is the problem of faith. The author brings to it a linguistic approach as he sets out to show how propositions of faith, relate to their meanings. The religious use of language is investigated and other uses of language in the formal and human sciences are compared with it. The enjoyment of reading this book is ruined by circumlocutory and muddled language. What might be presented simply and distinctly is treated obscuroly so that a clear and precise understanding of the author's arguments is impossible. It may be, however, that the book suffers in translation. Gill and Macmillan. £4.75.

BE FRUITFUL AND MULTIPLY by John Fremlin. Most books written on the subject of population spell imminent doom for mankind. Professor Fremlin, however, points out that man when faced with the problem before overcame it and argues that man will again impose some curbs to check it. He states for one that the unattractive life offered by overpopulation will impose its own curbs but at the same time suggests that positive and practical limitations are also needed. In this book he discusses just what these limitations could be. Rupert Hart-Davis. £2.95.

INVISIBLE IMMIGRANTS by Charlotte Erickson. Subtitled "The adaptation of English and Scottish immigrants in 19th-century America". Using personal letters of immigrants, Dr. Erickson analyses their motives, movements and the factors affecting their social and economic adaptation in the new continent. An area of personal experience not covered by mainstream historians is valuably used to document and amplify one of the great population movements in history. But a book for the enthusiast rather than the casual reader. Weidenfeld and Nicholson. £5.50.

Administration Yearbook & Diary 1973

a directory to

the government
the Dail and Seanad
the judiciary
the civil service
the local authorities
the state-sponsored bodies
the trade, professional
and voluntary bodies
the banks, insurance
companies and building
societies
the newspapers,
periodicals, radio,
television and advertising
agencies
the universities
the Churches

and a desk-diary

and a yearbook featuring

Ireland in the Twentieth
Century, A Chronology
General elections
Referenda
Statistics
Weights and Measures
Taxation in Ireland
—in one splendid volume
costing £3 per copy net
from major book-shops

INSTITUTE OF PUBLIC

ADMINISTRATION

57-61 Lansdowne Road

Dublin 4.

Tel.: 685141.

A choice of Christmas Book Gifts

WINTER'S TALES FROM IRELAND 2
Edited by Kevin Casey
Ideal Christmas reading
£1.95



A SEAT BEHIND THE COACHMAN

Diarmuid O Muirhead
For those who appreciate
lavishly illustrated and
beautifully designed
books £3.50



THEODORA FITZGIBBON'S COOKERY BOOK

Indispensable to all
lovers of good food.
Over 400 recipes £1.60

GILL & MACMILLAN

ARTS AND LEISURE

Stamp Design?

F. E. Dixon

EVEN BEFORE the Post Office had been officially handed over to the Provisional Government, an advertisement was published inviting designs for a series of definitive stamps. Hundreds were submitted and five were selected, one being for revenue stamps. At the time it was planned that more would be adopted, but enthusiasm soon waned, and nothing was done for seven years. Then Leo Whelan was commissioned to design a stamp commemorating the centenary of Catholic Emancipation in 1929. From then until 1950 the new designs averaged less than one per year and all were by experienced artists, notably G. Atkinson, R. J. King and Sean O'Sullivan. All were typographed by the State printery from plates made in the English Mint. The standard of design was at least satisfactory, and in a few cases very high. The Quaternary Centenary issue of 1943 by Sean O'Sullivan has always had many admirers, although it has one major defect: it does not mention quaternions!

In 1948 there was a change of policy and the first of the Air Mail series, designed by R. J. King, were recess-printed by an English firm. These stamps proved so popular that recess-printing was adopted for most stamp issues between 1950 and 1964, and the firm of De La Rue set up suitable presses near Dublin so that they could print stamps in Ireland. During this period most of the designing was done by the printing firm's staff, using a portrait and inscription supplied by the Post Office. The results were Ireland's finest stamps to date, especially Thomas Moore (1952), Marian Year (1954), O'Crohan (1957) and Wadding (1957).

In 1960 Córás Tráchtála was faced with the task of improving Irish industrial design, and their first step was to arrange for a group of Scandinavian experts to review the existing situation. Their report, published February, 1962, included a long appraisal of the stamp designs from 1922, explaining why the Thomas Moore design was good or the Fr. Mathew (1938) bad. A result was that in 1963 a Stamp Advisory Design Committee was established, with members predominantly from the Art world. At about the same time it was announced that their plans for installing modern printing machinery in the Stamping Branch at Dublin Castle. Most of the results have been disastrous to the prestige of Irish stamps. Designs have been commissioned from men with no understanding of the special requirements of the printing process. The design committee has ignored the Scandinavian Group's points, which were, in order of priority.

- (1) Clear indication of value.
- (2) The name of the country should be clearly visible.
- (3) An easy and balanced composition or layout.
- (4) Being a paper of value, it should not be easy to counterfeit and it will be if this is not inherent in the design.
- (5) If possible, the subject or eventual picture on the stamp should appeal to the public.

In 1966, the Post Office raised our hopes when the Design Committee organised an international competition for the designs of a new definitive series. The results have generally been accepted as good, but the Design Committee reverted to its bad habit of giving jobs to artists without adequate experience. Last year another competition was announced—for the "Patriot Dead" commemorative. The result satisfied no-one except the Stamp Design Committee, who were so pleased that they commissioned the artist (Patrick Scott) to do their job for both the Olympic Council Jubilee and the Christmas issue. In both cases, he took an easy way out: he just cut a piece from a coloured photograph, without even tidying away intrusive features at the corners. A particularly objectionable defect of the Olympic "design" is the use of metallic ink for the inscription—quite invisible from most angles.

For its very latest effort, the Design Committee have had a change of heart. The occasion is the 50th anniversary of the 2d. map design definitive stamp. So the Committee admit that their efforts at improving design have failed, and offer us the original 1922 design by J. Ingram. Unfortunately, they add the dates "1922-1972," as if the design is still current, and I foresee problems when P.O. clerks insist on being paid 6p for a stamp clearly marked "DHA PHINGIN."



MUSIC
Fanny Feehan

THERE ARE YOUNG people of both sexes writing music in this country. When I say "young" I mean those in their late teens and early twenties. You don't hear much about them except once a year at the Dublin Festival of Twentieth Century Music but as they have now come out of hibernation, and have formed a Society of Young Composers no doubt a great deal more will be heard about them.

They might think seriously of that title "Young Composers." Time does not stand still, alas, and in a few years they will be into the sere and yellow, whatever they may think now, and even in Ireland thirty is no longer considered young. It may seem unreasonable to complain about titles like New Irish Recording



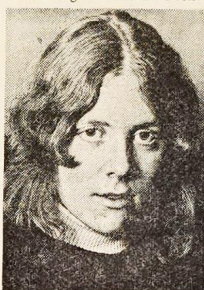
Frank Corcoran

Company and New Irish Chamber Orchestra but respectfully both these excellent bodies are no longer new, and as far as sub-editors are concerned they are an infernal nuisance because they take up so much room and cannot be fitted into a neat heading or caption. Of course, the DFOTCM is in a class by itself and is the biggest headache of all.

The Young Composers I suppose do not want to be confused with a Pop Group otherwise they would call themselves something like "Liffey Smell" or "Lincoln Cream," but it would be a help to us all if they were to be more economical of title.

On the 8th December, this group will present a concert of their most recent compositions. I would like at this point to say that while students and others who organise this sort of thing have the best will in the world when it comes to inviting critics to their functions they are not so meticulous when it comes to telling people that a function has been cancelled. On Monday, 20th November, I went at great personal inconvenience to a recital in the School of Music only to find on arrival that the concert had been cancelled,

Nobody had had the politeness or even the common sense to inform me about this cancellation. I can assure all those concerned that it will be many a long day before I will darken the doors of the School of Music again. Brian Beckett



SALLY ANN BRYAN

tells me that only an Act of God will prevent the recital in TCD taking place on the 8th December; I sincerely hope that he is correct.

On paper at any rate the concert looks as if it could be very interesting. Derek Ball has written a work for cello and organ. The organ will be in its usual place in the loft and presumably the cello will be up there with it and we can all turn round and face upwards.

Brian Beckett has written a Trio for two clarinets and cello. Charles Pearson and John Freeman will play clarinets, and Aisling Drury-Byrne will play cello. Beckett has also just completed a sonata for piano which will be included.

The medium of the string quartet is the most satisfactory of all for a composer, but some people wait until they are fairly mature before tackling it. There is, of course, the excellent example of Schubert who, according to the latest book about him by John Reed, was writing quartets at the age of fourteen. Most of the dates



JOHN GIBSON

for composition in Schubert's case have been put far too late and Mr. Reed wisely points out that work is still in progress sorting them out. Sally Ann Bryan was born in Belfast in 1954; she studied the violin with Mary Gallagher, and now has switched

to viola and is working with Jaroslav Vanacek. For composition and harmony she goes to the redoubtable Eric Sweeney (by the time this article is printed Mr. Sweeney's collaboration with the equally redoubtable Nial Montgomery will be history). I look forward to this work of Miss Bryan's with some hope because being a string player herself she has a head start, and being a pupil of Eric Sweeney at the very least she will be adventurous.

These young men and women have a tough road ahead of them but having heard some of their work before I have no hesitation in recommending this concert. The fact that they have been forced to form a society speaks for itself.

RTE has a fair amount on its plate, and much is in the melting pot, but it might be of interest to the public if the work of some of these young ones was heard at a Gaity concert. They may not have anything suitable, but something could be commissioned from them, and the fees would scarcely be larger than those paid to dud visiting soloists and conductors.

There is no reason why RTE should be the only ones to carry the cradle. NICO



BRIAN BECKETT

have done very well for themselves and it is now up to them to extend a helping hand to others not so fortunately placed. The MAI discharges their duty once a year so they are in the clear. When you have creative artists working in a climate and environment which is in the main alien it is difficult for them to develop fruitfully. Nevertheless, anyone who reads the letters of either Joyce or Thomas Mann will see that if you want to push your wares then you have to do it yourself.

Poets could collaborate more than they are doing. Montgomery has set a very good example and Glavin and Hersey will have a song cycle out fairly soon, but much more should be done between the arts. However, when you have the schools of music cut off from the universities and the theatre this sort of collaboration is difficult.

At the last minute Roger Doyle's tape 'Ostinato' has been included, and as Mr. Doyle is (so far as I know) the only one working in the electronic medium to get recognition this work is an experience. In a recent letter from him he tells me that his trip to Stockholm was a little disappointing simply because he had to spend so much time learning computer language and getting the thing to 'obey' him. "If you didn't have a computer and wanted a glissando from 475 cycles to 1,100 cycles in 2



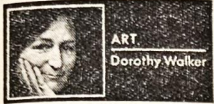
ROGER DOYLE

seconds you would have to register each cycle step by step for a certain fraction of a second. But with a computer you can tell it to do the glissando giving time and frequency change." Yes indeed, but for someone like myself who can only barely read the clock it is all a little alarming. I am greatly reassured, however, to learn from Roger Doyle that the computer has gadgets on it that allow for altering natural harmonics, timbre, not to mention reverberation. I wonder if you lost your temper and gave the thing a good kick what would happen. Probably it would not cry and say "sorry" because it had not been "told" to do so beforehand. But then you might not have known that you were going to lose your temper so where are you. It all seems extremely difficult and frustrating and thank heaven I am not a composer. If anyone suggests that critics must go on a computer course they will meet with a sudden and unprovided death.



DEREK BALL

New Living Art



ART
Dorothy Walker

LE ROI EST MORT, VIVE LE ROI! And before we bury the roi, I would like to associate myself with the appreciation shown by the new Committee of the Living Art (Brian King, Robert Ballagh, Adrian van der Grijn, Charles Harper, and Michael O'Sullivan) of the thirty years work done by the old committee. My first introduction to all the Irish artists whose work I enjoy was through Living Art, and to many Italian, French and British artists. It is also a measure of the continuation of the principles of Living Art, despite the criticism of recent years, that most of the artists in the new Living Art have shown in the old Living Art, except one or two like Les Levine. So what we have in the new Living Art is not a burst of new talent, that has not been seen before: it is a new concept of art, or of presenting art.

The Committee are trying to convey the widespread concern of young artists for the past five or six years (and of architects for the past twenty) to get away from the "art object", either painting or sculpture, which can be purchased by rich patrons in a gallery, and to get art going as a wider, more diverse activity closer to the people and directly involving them. Hence the initiation rite of groping through loathsome furry objects in the entrance, having first unwittingly stepped in a pool of blood on the floor seeping from a dead Derry marcher. Inside, forty-one truncated plastic people with grossly inflated bosoms and tacky hair full of glue, are grouped on the floor in the dark—although they look more Goya-grotesque in a colour photograph on the wall, marching through a sunny wheatfield. In the corner, Les Levine's colour film 'The Troubles' (in the North) is showing on a television set. I take it that the total technical inadequacy is deliberate, both sound and vision are pure impressionism (and from this point of view very hard on the eyes) but extraordinary effects are produced by the over-exposed colour: people with vivid puce faces certainly heighten the atmosphere of anger and tension; distortions of shadow produce Warhol-like posters of popular politicians, and the exaggeration of facial expression brought about by harsh lighting and distorted colour produce extreme expressionist images of grief and anguish which it would be impossible to paint without sickening melodrama.

The only distinguishable sound in the film is the commentary by a young, high-pitched, nasal American male; the recorded sound of local people in Belfast or Derry talking is simply an impression of Northern intonations without words. The intonations, however, are so characteristic, even in impassioned public

speeches, that the sound itself makes an oral collage with the flat, pegged staccato of the American voice.

Sound is also the medium of Scamus Coleman's white room (which many people missed as it is not marked in any way.) Sound is the medium but it is about silence, and the silence of white. It would have been a very beautiful work if it had been put together with any understanding of what it was about. (I don't for an instant believe that Scamus Coleman himself put it together; he is always the most fastidious of artists.) First, presumably it should have been a white room, dead white, with a white door and white ceiling and white floor—no interruption of the silent white—with the sound transmitters invisible, so that one simply heard the voice with its increasing intervals of silence, the voice being actually the instrument of silence, as the Zen-Buddhist listens to the rain in order to hear the silence.

It doesn't, alas, work in the exhibition since there are constant interruptions of comings and goings through the open door, of other sounds in the main gallery, of visual distractions like the strips of cello-tape and the sagging ceiling. It requires a monastic setting.

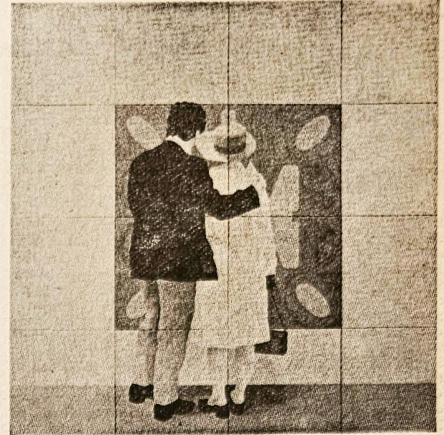
It is hard to know whether the setting of the Project Arts Centre worked for or against the aims of the exhibition. The factory atmosphere may have helped the anti-gallery approach but it is a particularly haphazard and unclear factory space; the pictures in Carrolls in Dundalk have a much better chance. Also I thought the hanging committee missed the best opportunity of the space in the central gallery on the first floor. It was a fantastic waste of wall to give so much space to Barry Barker's self-important display of index cards and quotations. This rigidly boring visual lecture on the wall would actually have worked better in a card index box, for natural curiosity might have tempted one to flick through it, as natural curiosity obviously tempted Noel Sheridan to flick through the book of negatives which he makes the object of a complex time/place relationship in the ground floor gallery under the stairs. He found the book complete with index in spidery handwriting, in Sydney in June. He developed the negatives, rolled up the prints and inserted each roll into a plastic mesh which hangs on the wall. There are some dozens of rolled prints therefore projecting from the background mesh, and this has a sculptural, aesthetic appeal, looking like some of Pol Bury's wooden kinetic panels of the 1950's. The book itself is also present under a very handsome Victorian tall glass dome and there are equally handsome photographs of the book, and several typed pages of the index. All this would have been intriguing, mysterious, engaging and eventually quite clear. But the stated object of the work, in a printed message from the artist is 'to maintain and communicate . . . an art experience in relation to the found object . . . as similar as

possible to its epiphany for me in July in the city of Sydney.'

There is no doubt that this exhibition has aroused more discussion about art than I have heard in Dublin since the last Rose, and I fully agree with the aim of bringing us, the people, into direct touch with the creative spirit. For this purpose, however, the extent to which the artist can manifest the creative spirit is the first essential. Everything else, including politics, comes after that. The best motives are useless if the artist is unable to convey clearly what he wants to state, whether his statement be about the evils of capitalism or the light of the sunset, and whether it be through the medium of conceptual art, of vast abstract expressionism or of a small pencil drawing: clarity is the essential quality. I suggest that the objection to the "art object" as such has not been clearly thought out. The grass, for example, which would have looked so well in Stephen's Green, or the pavement art outside, have been, on the contrary, brought in and transformed into "exhibition objects." Do we the people

benefit all that much from the replacement of the "art object" by the "exhibition object"?

One could say that the "exhibition object" was even more reactionary than the "art object," for the "art object" can at least be brought to the people, and so long as we continue to live in buildings and conduct our affairs in buildings, whether financed by public or private capital, we are going to need art objects in them and as part of them. This, of course, need not hamper the development of art unrelated to building, huge projects like Christo's Valley Curtain (paid for by?). Perhaps this is what I found disappointing finally in the new Living Art—the non-art-objects were tatty or paltry, and on my way home, on the night of the opening, I passed the gigantic hole in the ground in Kildare Street, lit by huge searchlights, with giant earth-moving machines, tiny men in yellow helmets, extraordinary shadows cast on the backs of houses. It was infinitely more fascinating, more powerful, more public than any of the non-art-objects in the exhibition. I, therefore, on the terms



Robert Ballagh's "Lovers and Love," at the Living Art Exhibition.

of the Irish Exhibition of Living Art 1972, nominate the excavation in Kildare Street, lit by night, as a work of environmental sculpture (paid for by property developers) and in

doing so, fully acknowledge my fifty-year debt to Marcel Duchamp, and to Claes Oldenburg, Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, 1967.

For the price of 1½ pints per day



you could install Irish Shell and BP central heating in an average-sized house

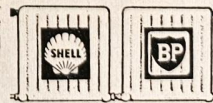
"I'm amazed! Please send me your booklet 'More Heat for Less Money' so I can get the full facts about Irish Shell and BP oil-fired Central Heating."

Post coupon to:
Irish Shell and BP Limited (Central Heating)
Shell-BP House, Lower Hatch Street, Dublin 2. 205

NAME _____

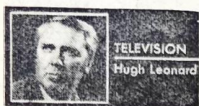
ADDRESS _____

PHONE _____



Too busy to write?
Phone us at

The New Authority: The I.R.A.: Kevin O'Kelly etc. etc.



TELEVISION
Hugh Leonard

SMILIN' THROUGH, two Sundays ago, must have killed off diabetics in their thousands. Even a massive overdose of insulin could not have withstood the sucrose spectacle of two Jeanette MacDonalds, the one volleying between this world and the next like a singing shuttlecock, while the other trilled *Land of Hope and Glory* in a village church, accompanied by the Boston Philharmonic, cunningly secreted under the pews. One could almost hear the nationwide squelch of septuagenarian gums coming together in orgasmic pleasure under the holy pictures, while RTE demonstrated once again that their concept of family (i.e. Sunday evening) entertainment is unspeakable drivel aimed at the kind of retarded bucolics who

weep at card tricks. In fact, only the projected showing of Mervyn LeRoy's aptly-named *They Won't Forget* partially redeems a season of films which threaten the sanity saved by last Summer's *Cineclub*.

The first episode of *Neighbours* was Italy, a painless and prettily photographed travelogue of the kind in which even the slums look picturesque. It told us nothing about industry, agriculture, government or living standards; instead, we saw the obligatory frescoes, drooling *bambini*, olive skins and Chianti bottles, while Seán O Faoláin provided us with a tourist's-eye-view of Goethe's *land wo die zitronen blühen*. It was light-years away from the Common Market — which, in any case, RTE probably think is a stall in Moore Street; and internal evidence suggested that Mr. O Faoláin's script was written first and then painstakingly illustrated by the cameras: rather as if God had created Adam for the sole purpose of justifying the useful-

ness of a fig-leaf. At the end one almost expected to hear the voice of James A. Fitzpatrick intoning: "And so we say farewell to Platiniduous Positono gem of Cliché-ridden Campania!"

In their autumn schedules RTE promised us a play every week until Christmas. Cunnily, they avoided mentioning that this epic cycle would not begin until November, and, even so, the promise took on the value of a Fianna Fail handshake when Heno McGee's play was peremptorily cancelled due to a sudden case of political diarrhoea. It has become a matter of current controversy that while our politicians may void their bowels publicly on television and at will, both camps of the I.R.A. are doomed to constipation. The justice or despotism of this depends on whether one views the boys in the banned as patrician or patriotic. Or does it? ... for plainly our Government is operating a particularly odious form of censorship based not on principle, but on

expedience. The I.R.A., whether green-tinted or pink, has—like it or not—sufficient public support here to entitle it to a voice: assuming that democracy is not a cotton dress, to be worn only in fine weather. Apparently, however, their philosophies so irresistible, their killings so righteous, that merely to listen is to be converted. Mr. Lynch might in any case reflect that it is difficult, not to say embarrassing, to prove a man a liar when you have torn out his tongue. A new RTE Authority has been appointed, each member of which leaped at the honour like a pauper scrambling for a cigarette-end, and with no more concern for their predecessors or the issues involved than an unspoken, yet audible, "Up yours, Jack, I'm all right." The cream of the joke is, of course, that the new Authority has none ... authority, that is.

I missed Maureen Donegan's *Who, Me?*, but admired her second play, *God Send Sunday*

on UTV. Hardly more than a vignette, it was short on character but exactly observed, and one applauded the casting of Evin Crowley as the most articulate of a trio of unwed mothers. It is time for Miss Crowley to shed some weight and stop playing brass-faced straps no better than they should be: there is a fine thin actress here, clamouring to get out. In the meantime, Mrs. Donegan, who has an ear but as yet little imagination, threatens to become our very first home-brewed TV writer of the front rank. And, while on the subject of plays: last time around I was quoted as applying the word "babbling" to an aspect of Patrick Boyle's *The Lodgers*. This, whatever else, is not a term justly descriptive of Mr. Boyle's work; what I actually wrote, and in a non-denigratory sense, was bawling".

I gave last week's (as I write) *Late Late Show* a deliberate miss, and somehow managed to contain my grief at not see-

the fecund Mr. Broadbent in full cry, as befits a gentleman who, having fathered seventeen progeny, now labours under the understandable impression that he is also the father of his country. (Come to think of it, perhaps "labours" is not the happiest of verbs in the circumstances.) And, of course, this week's *Late Late* did not take place because of the imprisonment of Kevin O'Kelly on a charge of contempt of Court. Mr. O'Kelly's colleagues are making appropriate comment, so none is necessary from me; however, it seems to be a unique case of double-think that the Government should on the one hand ban extremist groups from being heard on RTE and, on the other, should welcome and seize upon a contravention of this ruling as a means to convict Sean Mac Stiofain. It is tragically ironical that our leaders, in attempting to silence the I.R.A., have—as of this weekend—succeeded in silencing themselves as well.



A Record for Christmas

Terry Kelleher

THE MARKED increase in record-buying at this time of year is almost matched by the variety of new releases, which explains my somewhat brief notes on a selection of the albums in the shops in time for the Christmas boom.

Gael Linn have just issued Tony MacMahon's first album (CEF 033). Its excellently recorded (by the New Irish Recording Company), and MacMahon who you will know from R.T.E.'s "Glor" and "Ag Deanamh Ceoil," plays the fourteen airs, a good mixture of reels, hornpipes (and the very moving "Wounded Hussar"), with superb delicacy and feeling. If you intend sending a record to the homesick cousin in the States, look no further, but buy a second copy for yourself.

From experience one tends to associate Irish-made records with oedipal wailings of our showbands (in strict waltz time), so its a very pleasant change to hear Sonny Knowles, a graduate from the showband school who has been working in cabaret for some time. His new album *The Wind in My Hands* (Rex RPS 105) is in the Andy Williams/Donnican/Humperdinck mould, twelve mostly well-known ballads, international and timeless like "Roses of Picardy," "Morn-

ing" and "Isodora"; its not exactly my favourite kind of music but I'm happy to report that his relaxed voice (on two of the tracks he sounds remarkably like Nat King Cole) does the songs justice though the arrangements by a Michael Geoghegan credited with four of the numbers, suit him much better than the more fussy orchestrations of Johnny Tate, responsible for the other eight.

Vicki Leandros is a typical product of the Eurovision song circus; Greek-born educated and based in Germany, for some unexplained reason she twice represented Luxembourg in that contest of the banal, coming fourth in 1967 with "L'Amour Est Bleu" and first this year in Edinburgh with "Après Toi." While it must be conceded that her two offerings in that context were certainly above an admittedly low par, her new album on Philips (6303 062) consists of eleven lushly arranged, professionally sung, but entirely forgettable songs. She does what she is expected to do supremely well, but that's just the trouble, its programmed, predictable and passionless.

In records just as in fiction and movies, this is the year of nostalgia, and the RCA label are astutely leading the field with

their Vintage series. Much of the material is taken from the days when steam radio ruled supreme and among the recent releases are "The Coon-Sanders Night-Hawks (LSA 3068) and *The Golden Age of Comedy* (LSA 3086). The former has sixteen recordings of Joe Sander's and Carleton Coon's jazz orchestra, the "Nighthawks" (named because of the late hour broadcasts from a Kansas city hotel), including "Little Orphen Annie," "After You've Gone" and "Alone At Last," made between 1927 and 1932. The latter features fourteen sketches from major stars of American radio comedy, including the (disappointing) Abbot and Costello, Fanny Brice, Eddie Cantor (whose sketch on Wall Street mania was recorded a few hours before the 1928 crash) Amos 'n' Andy, and the superbly black dead-pan patter of Wally Cox.

With Chris Montez and the gorgeous Shangri-las back in the top twenty, nostalgia is obviously not just for the O.U.P.'s. Aging rockers in their mid-twenties might like to know that the Shirelles have a second volume of *Remember When* (WCC 1010), though I confess that their renderings of such golden oldies as "Runaway," "Twist and Shout" and "Zip-

a-Dee-Do-Dah" while sung with appropriate gusty intensity, do not match up to the respective originals.

The most enjoyable record of the month is undoubtedly *The Best of Bread* (Elektra K 42115). Bread are a difficult group to write about: there is a certain feeling of *deja entendu* about many of their songs by David Gates (who also produces the album), and all one can say is that they are one of the most tastefully intelligent groups recording at the moment. Unfortunately David Gates doesn't write as many of the songs in their newest album *Guitar Man* (Elektra K 52004), and though the title track by Gates is as excellent as ever, they are attempting a harder, less melodic sound in the new album which is not quite as pleasant or as successful.

I find the growing popularity of Colin Blunstone quite unplicable; his last single "I Don't Believe In Miracles" left me cold, and his new album, *Ennismore* (Epic 625 27) gives more of the same, a rather weak voice singing even weaker songs, though the four songs which make up Quartet feature good bass playing. I'm told that his album will be one of the big sellers this Christmas but I'd prefer to stick



Vicki Leandros

to the much less pretentious second album from *Home* (CBS 64752) led by Dublin-born Mick Stubbs. In this age of jazz-rock, folk-rock, etc., this album too is almost nostalgic, offering an uncomplicated, driving rock repertoire which includes their single success "Fancy Lady, Hollywood Child." A good buy.

THERE'S A WORLD OF PAIN-RELIEVING POWER
IN ASPRO TO HELP FIGHT COLDS AND FLU

Microfined, Soluble or Junior ASPRO overpowers Colds and Flu faster



McCabe and Mrs. Miller: Anti-Western



ONCE UPON A TIME, and not so long ago, the Western film could be depended on to serve up familiar fare with some standard variations on the myth of the American frontier. But it isn't so anymore. Not since some eminent directors, no longer prepared to abide by the pieties and the verities of the West as seen by Ford and Hawks, started to become overly self-conscious about the genre and set out to employ it as a multi-purpose metaphor for the human condition. It was dead easy to make the familiar ingredients—the rituals of cowardice and bravery, the well-worn thumbprints of loyalty and betrayal, the legitimacy of violence and the establishment of law and order—fit most of the great causes of our day, whether Vietnam, race, revolt of youth or black power, within the context of the genre.

Now, along comes Robert Altman's *MCCABE AND MRS. MILLER* that tries to show us, like the earlier *Guns in the Afternoon* and *Monte*

Walsh, what the gritty reality of the West was really like. Altman turns the standard clichés on their backs to show us the dirt, filth, rapacity and sheer human misery on which the romantic legend was founded. In an interview with Stuart Rosenthal of *Focus*, Altman made no secret of his intentions: "In Paris they referred to *McCabe* as an anti-Western and they called it the demystification of an era. That was my reason for getting involved with *McCabe* in the first place because I don't like Westerns. I don't like the obvious lack of truth in them. I see no reason not to go back to the reality of it and then tell the story." At the same time Altman uses the film to put a bomb under the Great American Dream—that in a free enterprise society a man can rise to any heights that his talent and his application may take him.

From this point of view *MCCABE AND MRS. MILLER* can be seen as the obverse side of the West as presented by Sam Peckinpah's *The Ballad of Cable Hogue*, a film suffused with old-time religion, in which the protagonist emerges as a symbol of American capitalism in the pioneer days, and whose message is quite clear—the American

Dream is there to be snatched by him who has the necessary guts and luck and belief in himself. Altman uses the same materials—prospectors, gamblers, preachers, whores—to drive home the antithesis, namely that the individual has no chance against the corporation or the combine, which ruthlessly wipes him out.

Altman sets his scene in a desolate mining town near the North-West Canadian border, and the time is the 1890s. Out of the snowcovered wilderness rides a two-bit tinhorn gambler, Warren Beatty (as McCabe) wearing a bowler hat. I feel at this point that Altman is making a nod to Chaplin's *Gold Rush* but one cannot be sure. In the ramshackle saloon he inaugurates a poker-game, and, with his winnings, hires three unrepenting whores in the nearby town and sets up the first brothel in the town of Presbyterian Church. The business expands when an experienced Cockney whore named Mrs. Miller (Julie Christie) arrives, goes into partnership with McCabe and becomes the madam of a new and somewhat better-class establishment. McCabe falls for Mrs. Miller, but finds that he has to pay his five dollars like all the other customers. When things are prospering a syndi-

cate in the nearby town offers to buy out McCabe. He plays tough and cute, tries to raise the ante against the advice of his partner, and finds himself pursued by three hired killers. The film ends with a shoot-out in the snow; the three assassins are killed by McCabe, who dies himself alone and unheeded as the townfolk try to save their church which is on fire. Thus McCabe dies; no-boddy cares; big business as usual wins.

In the synopsis form the story seems simple enough. But the telling by Altman is extremely difficult to follow. He makes no concession to the audience, no more than he did in that recent study of schizophrenia, *Images*. He discards the usual conventions of exposition, background, clear narrative line, and persuasive motivation in favour of creating mood and atmosphere through the brilliant camerawork of Vilmos Zsigmond, with the use of gold-amber, green and lurid-red filters, creating closed claustrophobic worlds where the characters are encased and trapped. The dialogue is deliberately muffled and inaudible at times, the sets look dangerously ramshackle, and the characters are so unkempt, ragged and filthy that there is a palpable pong from them. Warren Beatty gives



Julie Christie as Mrs. Miller

subtle dimension to the rise and fall of McCabe, and Julie Christie, with frizzed wig and Cockney accent, brings her own anti-romantic charm to the hustling hooker. It has been said that as nine-tenths of an iceberg rests beneath the surface, so, too, does an Altman film. In *MCCABE AND MRS. MILLER* he has made

what I think is a brilliant film (too difficult perhaps for box-office success) that is extraordinary in many ways. He has demystified the legend without altogether demolishing it, and made a film that, by taking human weakness and strength for what they are, reaches its dying fall with a certain glory.



NEWS IN THE ARTS John O'Reilly

THE DEPARTMENT of Posts and Telegraphs are once again considering the establishment of a postal museum. When this possibility was debated years ago it was suggested that the old central sorting office in Church Lane would be the ideal location. This proposition was overruled at the time because of the expense involved.

There is however a vital need for a postal museum. Documents, archives and old printing presses, relating to Ireland's first postal issue in 1922, and others dating back to the late eighteenth and nineteenth centuries are scattered throughout the city; some in the G.P.O.; others in Dublin Castle and others again, including the Duke of Leinster's collection (valued at between £200,000 and £300,000—are in the National Museum. First day issues from other countries are stored in the Museum but owing to a lack of space and an insufficient staff no proper documentation has been undertaken. In fact in order to see these stamps one requires special permission from the Director of the Museum.

Philatelists here and abroad fear that unless a museum is established with trained staff the archives will be destroyed.

The objection made years ago that there was insufficient money available to establish a museum no longer applies. World interest in Irish Philately has increased enormously since the late 1950's; so much so that approximately £200,000 is being collected annually by the postal authorities on first

day issues alone. This money could properly equip and staff a museum and then finally some proper documentation could be undertaken on Ireland's Philatelic history.

A NEW THEATRE company, Gemini Revue Productions, with Phyllis Ryan, Brendan Connellan and Fergus Linehan as directors will begin a lengthy season at the Eblana Theatre, Busaras, opening December 18th. The opening programme will include sketches by Thomas McAnna, Michael Judge, Wesley Burrows, Terence De Vere White and Fergus Linehan. The cast will include Martin Dempsey, Rosaleen Linehan and Dervla Molloy.

The programme in Revue Theatre should constantly change because of its topical and satirical nature. The new theatre company intend to follow this policy and they invite readers to submit scripts which should be sent to Eblana Revue Theatre, Busaras, Store Street, Dublin 1.

ONE CRITIC'S meat is another critic's poison. And so it is with the American critics who have seen the Irish *Imagination* 1959/1971 now showing at the Corcoran Gallery, Washington. Last issue in this column I published extracts from Paul Richard's critique of the exhibition in the *Washington Post*. This week another critique has arrived from America which discusses the exhibition in a more favourable light.

Critic Robert Taylor in *The Art Gallery Magazine*, writes that though the exhibi-

tion is away from the nationalistic and towards the cosmopolitan "its inspiration is specifically Irish." He continues "there is in *Le Brocquy's* tremulous blankness, a mythical Celtic imagery, a naturalistic reference to stiles and votive heads. Farrell's "hard-edged" abstractions are described as "aggressive and brusque in the manner of one who is breaking with romantic fol-de-rol about Celtic twilight."

He concludes by stressing that there is dialectic at work in Irish art, "a feeling for myth rather than chronology, of evasiveness (that double vision, which O'Doherty calls, "the desire to confront the subject while at the same time avoiding it," in relation to the nude), of the lyrically indistinct and its counterpart and the tough-minded "cinema verité" of representational images or geometric forms."

Brian King should consider himself very fortunate after this year's Living Art Exhibition. Primarily a sculptor (few can remember having seen a painting of his before),



Brian King

his painting "X" was purchased by the Arts Council for £300. Word has it that he received a discarded canvas from Adrian Van der Grijn and that the work took but three hours to paint. At one hundred pounds per hour I should think that he is one of the highest paid workers about.

REMINDERS

NICAMOR ZABALETA will give two recitals at the R.D.S. on December 4th at 8 p.m. and on December 5th at 3 p.m. Joan Dickson (cello) and Joyce Rathbone (piano) will give two recitals also at the R.D.S. on Monday, December 11th and Tuesday, December 12th.

The Culwick Choral Society's annual concert of Christmas carols will be given in the Metropolitan Hall, Dublin, on Saturday, December 2nd at 2 p.m. and 7 p.m.

THE SPANISH Cultural Institute are now operating a loan service of audiovisual material which will be available to schools and all Spanish circles and organisations in this country. Anybody interested should contact Jose Antonio Sierra at the institute.

THE LIVING ART exhibition is currently on show at the Project Arts Centre whilst an exhibition by Patrick Hennessy is at the Hendriks Gallery. THERE WILL be three lectures (December 7th, 14th, 21st) at St. Ann's, Dawson Street, on the theme of the Advent.

At the R.D.S. on December 8th at 3 p.m. and at 8 p.m. Jeremy Cooper will speak on *Antique Furniture*.

Kevin B. Nowlan will chair a seminar on the Arts in Ireland at U.C.D., Belfield, Friday, December 1st. Among those taking part will be Ernest Gebler, Charles Merrill, Mary Manning, Hugh Leonard, Niall Montgomery and Eoin Harris.



It's Uncanny!

(How one little Mini-Can makes two mighty mixes)

And Canada Dry's new Mini-Can mixers are handier at home. Trendier. Cooler. Lighter.

In all your favourite mixers—Ginger Ale, Bitter Lemon, Soda Water, Tonic Water, White Lemonade.

CANADA DRY

The World's largest-selling mixers.



MOTERING RICHARD O'HAGAN

Jensen — Healey

SO THERE I was, vroom, vrooming away from the premises of Messrs. Eveready Garages in the brand-new, recently - announced Jensen Healey, listening to the cammy hiss of the 2-litre Lotus engine which had clearly little time for this dawdling and passionately longed to be up, up and away.

This car is an amalgam of many parts from different stables; the basic body design is Healey, and consists of a pressed-steel platform chassis

with bolted on front and rear wings and integral body-shell. The motor is a new offering, with aluminium block and head, twin o.h.c., two Stromberg carbs; a gearbox from the Hunter and suspension ex the Vauxhall Viva. The word 'hybrid' comes readily to mind.

It is very Healeyish to look at, and has two seats and a convertible hood; it must be pleasant to motor it in good weather, but I was unfortunate

on two counts; one that the Indian summer had taken a week off, and the other that pressing bread - and - butter matters precluded my doing anything like the mileage in it I would have desired. It must also be borne in mind that a convertible-type sports car attracts the kiddi-winkies like free lollipops, and one has to be somewhat discriminating about where one parks it; it is not, after all, easy to find armed guards.

To say that it moves smartly is a fair old understatement. It proceeds from 0 to 60 in 7.8 seconds; does the standing quarter in 16.2 and reaches the ton in 24.7 seconds from rest. What these figures do not reveal - impressive tho' they are - is that it is a most-flexible engine, and will come away quite fast from even low speeds in top gear. Which means, of course, that the torque distribution is even over most of the range, and not like

the temperature graph of a malaria patient. A reflective glance at the specification which follows will show that considerably more heat could be wrung from this motor and I will bet that there will be many variations on this particular theme. In this J-H form, fuel consumption is around 24 m.p.g. - and standard fuel at that - which is really very good.

I have said before that out of live rear axles there cometh no GT's. This thing bids fair to give me the lie, for tho' it has such an end I could find no vices nor axle tramp nor changing position by lateral increments such as are normal with that form of geometry. The ride, too, has been deliberately cushioned, and there is none of that solid, register-every-bump feel. It has, too, one very unusual attraction: a big and long-legged man can fit into it in comfort and drive

almost-straight-armed if he so desires. Which is certainly a turn-up for the books. It also attracts the human moths as does a bright light the insect variety; someday I really must write a monograph on the fast car considered as an aphrodisiac.

What I didn't like about the car I drove was its very notchy gear-box and the long-throw clutch, which had to be bottomed every time to make a passable shift. But since mine was one of the very first models I am quite prepared to believe that subsequent offerings will be much better in this respect if only because the Hunter box is amongst the best in terms of good synchro and easy shifting.

All in all, a very attractive car, which should fit well into the not-too-thickly-populated sports car set. And one which I would greatly enjoy having for many more miles in much more clement weather so that

I could operate it with the hood down, a scarf blowing negligently in the breeze and the sun reflecting, glitteringly, off the pearls. With the hood and the revs up it does tend to be a bit clamorous, but, to the aficionados, at which this is aimed, such noise is like the Toccata and Fugue to a Bach lover.

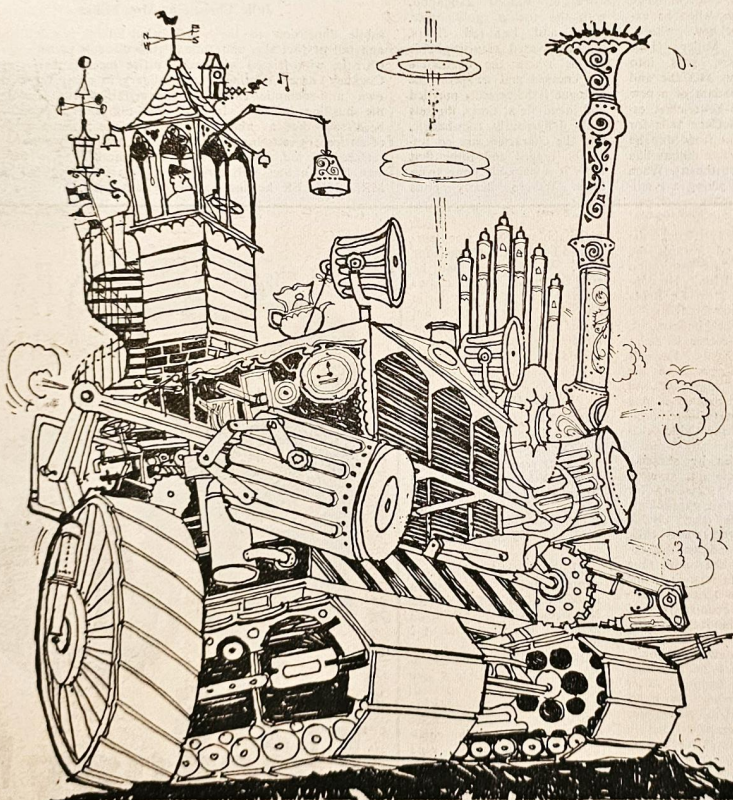
Engine: 4 in-line cylinders; block canted 45 degs.; 5" ear-length shaft; twin carbs; cfr driven o.h.c.; twin carbs; cfr 8.4; developing 140 b.h.p. at 6,500 r.p.m.; 130 ft./lbs. torque at 5,000 (both DIN).

Transmission: Floor-mounted, 4-speed, all-synchro shift.

Suspension: Front; independent; double wishbones; coil springs. Rear: Live axle; trailing and semi-trailing links; coil springs, all dampers, gas-filled, telescopic.

Dimensions: O/length, 13' 6"; o/height, 4' 0"; o/width, 5' 3"; kerb weight 22 cwt.

Prices: £2,785 (U.K. £1,969).



If it moves, we'll show you how to lubricate it and fuel it.

Factories, trucks, cars, ships, planes — we, at Irish Shell and BP, have a hand in running them all. But we can't take all the credit. Shell/BP scientists from Zanzibar to Antarctica, carrying out field research and product testing, are, every day, contributing to the vast store of Shell/BP knowledge and expertise.

How does this affect you? We pass this information on to you in the form of improved products and top class advisory service. Here in Ireland Shell/BP lubricant and fuel engineers,

co-operate with industrial engineers at every stage of plant development from planning to actual operation. Indeed we look forward to playing an even greater role in the continued development and expansion of Irish industry in the 1970's.

Remember, if you have something to get moving, get the Shell/BP experts working for you!

**Irish Shell and BP Limited,
Shell-BP House, Lower Hatch St., Dublin 2**



Good Business All Around



THEATRE
Mary Manning

THE ONE obsessive object of every theatre producer or indeed any backer of plays is to find out what the public wants and give it to them. One of the few men who learned this secret early on and seldom failed was Noel Coward. He was, of course, essentially of his time. Except for *Blithe Spirit* which is a string of happy gimmicks—none of his plays would attract an audience now. Tem Walls with his Aldwych farces was another cunning showman. In the U.S.A. Kaufman and Hart turned out a long line of comedies all cut to a pattern and all madly successful. Feydeau in Paris smashed them for years with his fast moving risqué farces.

Alan Ayckburn's farce *How The Other Half Loves*, now playing at the Olympia under the management of World Theatre Productions, runs true to form. Everything was there—except the bed. Adultery took place offstage, which made it safe for this sainted island. Everything was implied, nothing stated. It moved fast. There was no time for thought which was fortunate as there was no food for thought. The characters were strictly stock. Business tycoon with no time for wife. Wrapped up in office affairs and trying to keep his weight down. Wife bored. Young man in adjoining flat—also in fat husband's firm—also bored. One mad night sleeps with fat man's bored wife. It happens also that his wife is bored taking care of bored baby. Young couple from Yorkshire not bored and anxious to get on—he is in fat man's firm—and climbing. Fearful complications concealing adultery. However all ends happily with everyone still bored but in legitimate surroundings—bed and bored. Audience not bored. They love it. The largest theatre in Dublin was packed and will be packed for the run. World theatre knows what public

wants. Public will get it. The direction was extremely competent. Donal Donnelly has been out and around. The acting except for Godfrey (the great) Quigley and Olivia Shanley was mediocre. So was the set. So was the lighting. Who cares? Brendan Smith's face wreathed in smiles. No wonder.

So the theatre in Dublin, nay even in the Republic, is booming; we are told. The Gate Theatre Edwards-Mac Liammoir season is playing to crowded houses and should run to Christmas. The Gaiety is doing well with *Rawthimmet* and *Rawthimmet* and is already booked out for *Gawnd Opera* and then of course Maureen Potter swoops in and we know what that means. The Olympia has had a delicious time with Josef Locke and now their queuing up for Quigley.

Though it would take the Focus Theatre about six months to equal one night at the Olympia they continue to draw full houses and it now has its own faithful following. The Project did very well with their lunchtime theatre and certainly hit the jackpot with Stephanie. The Lantern refusing to be downed, is now playing at the Project and doing very well. The Abbey did record business with *The Silver Tassie*, not so good with the Friel play, but St. Joan undoubtedly will draw.

There are also happenings in the Embassies. Ambassador John Moore of The U.S. Embassy is very much interested in the arts and generous in his encouragement. The Embassy hall was packed the other night for a dramatic reading of Edgar Lee Master's *Spoon River Anthology*. The performers were mostly American professionals and very good they were too. Mary Fogarty, O. Z. Whitehead and Philip O'Brien were outstanding and the music was provided by the Stephanie boys—Russell Mason and Michael D'Orlando. The Ambassador could not choose a better way to open the windows to what is going in American theatre.

Have an indoor garden for Christmas

MACKEY'S SEEDS

House plants — Pot

plants — Bulbs

22 MARY STREET,

DUBLIN 1.

PHONE 45023

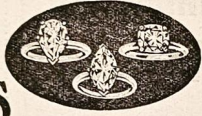
Despite the recession!

THE WEAVERS SHED are handweaving the most glorious Tweeds—rugs, tabards, skirts, and have a good stock of ties, scarves, tabernats, hats, rushwork and silver jewellery, handmade chairs and bellows.

THE WEAVERS SHED

9 DUKE LANE (off Grafton Street)

These are NOT DIAMONDS But you'll swear they are!!



Incredible space-age breakthrough! Fabulous Diagens, new man-made stones so blazingly perfect that only experts can tell them from genuine diamonds for sure! So beautiful even jewelers are often fooled, so flawless that few genuine diamonds can match their blazing perfection... and for less than one-twelfth the cost!

THE ONLY DIFFERENCE

Genuine diamonds are produced under tremendous heat. So are Diagens! Genuine diamonds have a cubic molecular structure. So do Diagens! Genuine diamonds are cut by expert diamond cutters. So are Diagens!

What is the difference then? Simply this... A Diamond which is the hardest substance in the world, is harder than a Diagen.

This is the basic difference between a genuine diamond and a Diagen.

CAUTION: Genuine Diagens are available only from the Diagen Shop and carry a life-time guarantee

T. MULLOY

for quality

FISH, POULTRY & GAME

12 LR. BAGGOT STREET

DUBLIN 2

Phone 62137/66133

a desk making decisions all day.

On the other hand, if he is inclined to be ascetic, the original lean and hungry, you could turn him into a gourmet by sending him a hamper from Smyth's of the Green. Smyth's run a very helpful service and they



will arrange for the delivery as well. They have a list of hampers ranging in price from £2.50 to £130 and they would also make them up to your own specifications. And if the recipient is dissatisfied with any or all of it, they would exchange — but not until after the Christmas rush, please. They also like as much notice as possible. Two weeks is best, though they say they could just about do it in one. If you leave ordering until too late, they would not be able to guarantee delivery by Christmas.

Hamper contents are delicious. For example, their £20 hamper would contain: a bottle of champagne; a pot of Russian caviar; a jar of pate de foie gras; a tin of Ear Grey tea; a box of Bendick's bitters; a jar of jam; a porcelain jar of stem ginger; a packet of coloured sugar crystals; jar of Stilton cheese; and a bottle of Cockburn's Vintage Port.

On a more modest scale, their hamper, at £5.50, would contain the following

delights: a tin of shortbread; a bottle of sherry; a tin of Le Parfait pate; a jar of minced meat; a jar of cranberry sauce; a plum pudding; a box of crystallised ginger; and a box of handmade chocolates.

Wine makes a lovely present and Searsons will sell you a dozen bottles of the New Beaujolais for £14 a dozen, inclusive of VAT. You could split a dozen up into units of three or six, or even ones, and impress people with your taste and discrimination!

Finally, if you must buy him a tie, get it at Austin Reed and do the animals of the world some good. In conjunction with the World Wildlife Fund, the Dublin Austin Reed will be selling 18 specially designed ties, each featuring an animal which is threatened (with extinction) and needs urgent protection. The ties come in silk printed with patterns of the endangered animals, which include the Giant Panda, the Badger, the Polar Bear, the African Elephant, the Tiger and the Javan Rhino. They cost £3.50 each, which covers the cost of a donation to the fund.

Women are easy to buy luxuries for. If you have hundreds and hundreds of pounds to spend on her, then you do not need anyone to tell you how to spend it. You could trot off to Pembroke Road and buy her one of Clodagh's blue mink hacking jackets. Or a two-litre bottle of 'Joy'. On a slightly more frugal scale, you could give her a real Indian silk sari from the Indian Bazaar on Stephen's Green. Beautifully embroidered, they come in a range of superb, flower-like colours at — £12.50.

Around the corner in South King Street there is a jewellery shop called Marika, where you can find hand-made jewellery at about £10 per piece. A silver and amethyst pend-

ant is priced at £8, while a set of bracelet and ring in silver with turquoise would cost about £12.50.

You could give her a set of enormous cushions to use instead of furniture. These come in a range of covering fabrics and for the 4 foot square size, depending on the covering, you could pay from £15 to £30 for one. You get them at Prior Interiors. The same shop also sells a range of cane furniture. One of the chairs, which has a high, curved back, intricately woven, would make a lovely present at £15.50.

Flowers may not be highly original, but as a change from the dozen red roses, you could order an arrangement of Everlasting Flowers to be sent by Interflora. These vary in price, but a nice one would be about £4.

There are all sorts of beauty courses you could give her tokens for — the Beauty Salon in Switzer's, or the Hair Salon in Brown Thomas. Or you could give her a course of Sauna baths at any one of a number of centres.

Finally, a very good place to call for ideas would be the Craft Co-Op newly opened in South King St. just across the road from the Gaiety. It has lots of lovely things, from perfumed candles to exquisite velvet Chinese printed dresses, to little brass teapots. Happy hunting!

Check!

The check look

in Slacks and Jackets...

Slacks with turn-ups...

Jackets with new

pointed lapels

Adam

manshop,

duke lane, dublin

BIKES
TRIKES
TRAIN SETS
MATCHBOX MOTORWAYS
CORGI SUPERFAST
SCOOTERS
DOLLS
LEGO
ETC.

McHUGH HIMSELF

39 TALBOT STREET
at the Bridge

The KING SITRIC RESTAURANT

East Pier, Howth
Tel. 33623/324790
ANNUAL HOLIDAYS

We wish to advise our patrons that we shall be closed for annual holidays as from December 23. The Restaurant will re-open on January 28.

We wish you a
HAPPY CHRISTMAS

- Delicious Soups
- Sandwiches and all
- Hot Drinks served daily from 7 a.m.
- Best Quality Drinks

DELANEY'S
83-83a North King St.

WHY NOT A HOLIDAY ON THE IRISH WATERWAYS NEXT SUMMER?

For lowest rates and highest standards, contact

JOY LINE CRUISERS
18 Berkeley St., Dublin 7.
Tel. 301511
Brochure free on request.

TOYS FOR GIRLS AND BOYS OF ALL AGES

Matchbox, Airfix, Meccano, Hornby-Triang Trains, Keil Kraft, Dolls Prams, Trikes and Pedal Cars

at
GEARY'S
1 ST. STEPHEN'S GREEN
DUBLIN 2

Your clothing needs
will cost you less at



HAMILL'S

161/162 Parnell Street
(3 doors from O'Connell St.)

FOR THAT EXTRA SPECIAL GIFT

Visit Ireland's Foremost Jewellers
Estd. 1877
HOPKINS AND HOPKINS
LIMITED
Beside O'Connell Bridge
Dublin 1

HOTEL SUTTON HOUSE RESTAURANT

For Reservations Tel. 322688

AT FANCY LEATHERS

Brief and Executive cases
Travel Bags, Wallets, Purse
Gents & Ladies Brush Sets
Parker Pens, Jewel Boxes
Writing Cases, Fur Cravats
Leath & Fur Skins,
Craft leathers.
43 MARY STREET
Open all day Saturday

IVY

All types of exclusive
CROCHET
including kiddies' crochets toys

19a SOUTH ANNE ST.
DUBLIN 2

That gift
for your man

WOODROW

O'lier Street,
Dublin 2.

SMYTHS OF THE GREEN "The Grocers and Wine Merchants of Dublin" Phone 777134/777402

FINANCE PROPERTY ECONOMICS

State Company Accounts

WHY IS IT, that in the midst of the most feverish period of readjustment that Irish industry has ever experienced, the massive State companies appear to be almost universally bogged down? Why is it, that while the profits of private companies are in most cases at peak levels, those of the State companies are generally at all-time lows? And why is it, that when company law, E.E.C. regulations and professional efforts are gradually standardising the presentation of company accounts, the semi-State company accounts still differ from each other, particularly in their treatment of State subventions, to an extent that seems almost designed to confuse? Why, oh why?

The net deficit in C.I.E. for the year ended 31 March, 1972, was £6.5 million. This result is intriguingly described in the chairman's report as follows: "The overall financial result for the undertaking during the year, after allowing £2.193 million for financial charges on borrowings, was a deficit of £493,000 on a turnover of £49 million, taking account of subventions under the Transport Act, 1964, and under Vote 41, 1971/72, of Dail Eireann." The subvention, in fact, was no less than £6 million; last year it was £5.6 million, the year before £2.7 million and prior to that £2 million. Now, on the suggestion of the ubiquitous McKinsey and Co., C.I.E. wish to have this subvention supplied under a new guise. It is recommended that the social benefits of certain services should be identified and taken into account in deciding the pattern of services which would be justifiable in the community interest. There is a certain virtue in this, if it is allowed to work both ways. For instance, as presumably even McKinsey could not prove a "social benefit" in the hotels and catering section, that this section be forced to face commercial logic where it cannot pay for itself. Last year, this section lost £24,000. This year it will be greatly more.

The accounts of Aer Rianta Teo. are equally intriguing, because whereas they register all the income from landing fees, passenger head fees and other income which accrues from the airport facilities, the capital cost of these revenue-earning assets is nowhere shown in the accounts. In the financial summary, a charge of £2.27 million from the Department of Transport and Power for interest and depreciation is mentioned. If account is taken of this figure, the "operating surplus" of £2.23 million is whittled down to a deficit of £38,000.

In the centre page of the accounts a recent advertisement by Aer Rianta is reproduced, the final paragraph of which reads: "And, to add another note to our trumpet blowing, we've done all this at less cost to you; while keeping our charges at reasonable levels, we've managed to double our other income (from shops, concessions, advertising and the like) during the past two years, thus offsetting the huge capital costs needed to place Ireland firmly as a viable force in European and Transatlantic aviation."

Neither in the accounts nor in the advertisement is one told what "the cost to you" actually is, but Aer Rianta's "other income" amounted to approximately £520,000 last year which can hardly be said to offset the £4.6 million of capital expenditure in last year alone!

That phrase about "keeping our charges at reasonable levels" is no throw-away line either. Indeed the chairman's statement stresses the necessity for increases in airport charges in the coming year—on which subject a submission is already with the Minister.

Needless to remark Mr. Dargan of the Aer Lingus-Irish, which company suffered a loss of £2.4 million in the same period, has a very different view on this subject.

"So far," he said, "we have failed to convince them (Aer Rianta) that they should not overcharge us beyond the standard practice in other countries, where airlines at the present time do not have to bear these special burdens which Aer Lingus-Irish has to carry. We are in no position to bear charges at the rates imposed on us for domestic routes. It is a practice which nobody now can defend against the incontrovertible facts. We have not yet got this relief."

These reports may not be designed to confuse the public—but they certainly can have that effect. The time is long overdue for a new approach to the examination and presentation of the accounts of semi-State companies to ensure that the public is more accurately and more fully informed on the ever higher cost of subventing semi-State companies.

The Financial Editor



JOHN HARNETT



MARTIN RAFFERTY



Tom Toner

Joshua Watson's Prospects

A Special Correspondent

THE PHENOMENON of the "Shell" company operation has only been in Ireland since 1970 when Count Badeni reversed in his Aisling Investment Trust into Newbridge Cutlery. However, in the short time since then, this kind of operation has become more the norm than the exception. Consequently, the amount of attention which each successive new launch gets has decreased and the main interest now lies in seeing who can push the concept to the furthest limit.

There are four essential requirements for the successful Shell operation. The first is, of course, a quotation; the second is an almost total absence of any existing market in the relevant Shell shares; the third is that it must be relatively insignificant in terms of the short term objectives of the operators; and, lastly, that the normal requirements in London must be avoided. There, in such an operation before a re-quotation of a share is allowed, a full prospectus of the new animal must be published disclosing detailed intentions of it and requiring a minimum number of shares to be floated off on the Stock Exchange to ensure at least some kind of normal market in the shares.

Belvedere Trust, the company used in the Joshua Watson operation, is almost an exact replica of Fitzwilliam Securities even to the extent of the Ulster Bank involvement. There was a major difference in emphasis for Belvedere's vehicle, Joshua Watson, was a far smaller potential shell than Crowe Wilson ever was, which the injection of a larger amount of money, £575,000, further exaggerated Watson's insignificance. Furthermore, any loose shares that had been around had been eaten up in the months prior to September by Newbridge Holdings which had been able to build up a stake of 40,000 shares, over 10% of Watson's equity. So when Belvedere Trust declared its intentions, there was an almost complete air of artificiality about the whole Watson operation.

Together with the 1 million

shares which were allotted to Belvedere, the existing shareholders received a Rights Issue of 60,000 shares. This meant, however, that Belvedere still controlled 70% of the enlarged equity, which together with the shares added up to 82%. The take-over of Mahon and McPhillips and Amalgamated Wholesalers for £31 million mainly payable in shares before Watson's shares were re-quoted did, however, alleviate the situation somewhat.

The expansionist policy of the enlarged Watson operation seems to be fairly soundly based. As far as there has been any positive evidence of exactly what it is, Watson in its new form would seem to have a sound future. Distribution would appear to be the main theme as is evidenced by its concentration on Cash & Carry Wholesaling. The other areas which have been expanded into are Building, Construction and Pollution Control.

Watson's desire to expand into distribution has been realised by its acquisition of Amalgamated Wholesalers and Munster United Merchants, which together run ten Cash & Carry wholesaling depots. However, one aspect of these particular acquisitions which rather surprised me was the involvement of the Spar franchise. I had always thought that this was some kind of co-operative effort run for the benefit of small retail grocers and thought that the benefits of bulk buying and their own distribution organisation was all passed on to these grocers. However, it seems that this is not quite the case, for Spar (Ireland) Ltd. is actually a private company. It has an issued capital of £6,500. Of this, Munster United holds £2,000 and Amalgamated Wholesalers a further £2,000, so Watson already controls over half Spar's voting shares. How exactly the Spar franchise operates is not immediately apparent but one thing that certainly is is that the Cash & Carry Wholesalers who are involved are making a very tidy profit out of the operation.

As there are only two other major shareholders in Spar (Ireland) it would seem logical that Watson have intentions of buying them out. These are Leoney & Co., based in Limerick, and the Western Wholesale Co., based in Sligo. As long as the small grocers accept this franchise arrangement everything seems fine for Watson. But considering the handsome profits that are being made by the wholesaling operations, the temptation must exist for these grocers to revolt en masse and set up their own distribution organisation and collect all the profits that seem to go with it.

The other companies that Watson's have bought are Mahon & McPhillips mainly involved in construction, agricultural machinery sales and water treatment plant installation and design; and Sylvan Investments Ltd., a speculative house builder, with operations in Malahide, Swords and Greystones. It is not exactly clear how extensive both these latter organisations are for the details released about all the companies are sparse. Watson seems to have adopted Fitzwilliam Securities old tactics of announcing acquisitions in twos, and always completely different kinds of companies. This has meant in Watson's case that it is impossible to attribute earnings to each of its acquisitions separately and thus ensure that in-depth analysis is almost completely impossible.

In Sylvan's case it was lumped in with Munster United Merchants and the only details that were released about these two companies together was the 1971/72 profits of £118,000 on net assets of £220,000, a return of 54%. In the case of Mahon & McPhillips and Amalgamated Wholesalers, a joint five-year profit record is given but absolutely no details of assets, so it is impossible even to extract sufficient information to do a kind of quadratic equation in an attempt to get some of the figures that lie under the surface.

The situation is further complicated by a financial tactic

that Watson have adopted, namely to defer substantial portions of the consideration in each takeover it has made to date. The maximum amount of payments already deferred amounts in total to something over £1 million, just over half of which is conditional on short term profit outcomes of the companies taken over. Watson itself calculated the profit multiple paid in the case of M.U.M. and Sylvan at 5.8 but if the maximum deferred payments have to be paid the multiple rises to over 8.5 times, so it is quite easy to see how fairly significant differences can occur in calculating earnings figures.

One thing that seems to be fairly clear, however, is that from the figures released, the proforma asset value per share of Watson has hardly increased at all and seems more likely to have actually fallen. Taking the M.U.M. and Sylvan package, these companies only contribute 31p in assets for each new share issued and this is only working on the basic price. If the maximum additional consideration is included, this contribution is further decimated and in fact could become strongly negative if Watson opts to pay the extra amounts in cash.

Assets are, however, not the only criteria to evaluate a share by, although it is always comforting to see a progressive asset performance. In terms of judging a high flying stock, assets do, however, often become irrelevant and it is earnings, or rather earnings expectations, that become the deciding factor. Without a long record this can lead to very subjective evaluations of a share and consequently a very wide range of possible share prices. Taking last year's profit figures and the maximum deferred payments Watson's shares are on an extremely high pile of over forty. But on the other hand, taking likely perspective earnings and ignoring contingent payments the perspective picture comes out at about 29. This rating difficulty could, however, be quickly left behind by low multiple acquisitions.



I HAD an angry note sent around by hand to the club here from Messrs. T. G. McVeagh who must be quite busy these days as they say they act for Moore Holdings Ltd. The Blackrock Tailoring Company and the mysterious Ernest Ottewell Esquire. Donald Pratt is one of the partners in McVeaghs. He is also a director of Moore Holdings.

The angry letter (which mainly contained promises of dire consequences with which I will not bore you) included the answers to only two of the questions I had raised in my last comment on Moore Holdings. The relevant section read:

"1. The imputation of in-

solveny of the Blackrock Tailoring Company Limited is not correct. The Judgement mortgage in question was registered in error and was the result of Proceedings which had issued in 1966. The Plaintiff only set the case down for trial in 1971, and the parties thereupon settled their differences and the full amount of the liability has been discharged.

2. Neither the Blackrock Tailoring Company Limited or Mr. Ernest Ottewell have any vested interest, either directly or indirectly with Moore Holdings Limited."

I am grateful for these few crumbs of information— which I know will be of in-

terest to club members. Strange thing around the club here, how members hate to be kept in the dark. They almost feel deprived. They certainly feel suspicious. The days of operating public companies in Ireland like family fiefdoms, are fast disappearing. And, I for one, shed not a tear on that account.

A.I.B.

TO MY considerable surprise, nobody in the club even mentioned to me the extraordinary procedure adopted by A.I.B. in buying out the minority interests in its Merchant Banking subsidiary, Allied Irish Invest-

ment Bank (A.I.B.) in which it held 59%. (The minority interests in order of size were Hambros Bank with 21%, Toronto Dominion Bank with 15%, and Irish Life Assurance with 5%.)

The consideration for the purchase by A.I.B. of the 41% outside holdings in A.I.B. was something over £1 million. The package was made up of a mixture of A.I.B. shares and cash roughly divided 50/50. On the surface this looks like a very acceptable arrangement and one that is more the norm than the exception. However, there is more to it than this, for unlike every

other financial arrangement of this kind I have come across, where the paper portion of the package has always consisted of new shares, Allied Irish Banks chose not to issue new shares but rather old ones. They did this by the normally illegal method of buying its own shares whether on the market or from some other institution. I know not it circumvented the illegality by saying that it bought the 300,000 plus shares on behalf of Hambros and Toronto. But as it bought them itself and then used them as part of the package another interpretation could easily be deduced. If A.I.B. had wanted to use shares as part of the purchase consideration it should have more properly issued new shares and avoided artfully supporting its own share price.

A company is strictly forbidden by law from buying its own shares. If A.I.B. can do it with the excuse that it is doing so as part of a package deal, there would seem to be nothing to stop the Shell operators from doing the same. I wonder if say Brides, Newbridge or Watson started pumping money into their own shares and when accused of impropriety turned round and said that they were only doing this on behalf of a proposed takeover candidate?

As usual, the Irish Stock Exchange remains mute.

Henry Street

SINCE last issue's reference to a possible £10 million valuation of Arnotts extensive Henry Street Store, these shares have shot ahead by nearly 20%. However, this price was calculated on the basis of the price paid for Sloweys, but I could not see New Ireland laying out this kind of money if Arnotts ever did happen to come on the market, although this is not a very likely happening anyway. It is interesting to note, however, that Sloweys have decided to sell their second Henry Street Store. I have a feeling that a lot of people will have pulled their horns in since the last Sloweys' auction, and nothing like the same free-for-all will occur.

On the other side of O'Connell Street O'Reillys seem to have decided to pack it in although a new 21-year lease has just been signed at a rental of £12,000 a year.

Brittain/Smith

EVER SINCE the break-up between Vincent Brittain and the late Con Smith, two years ago, there has been a dispute going on between the two companies. The Brittain Group has included a sum of just under £100,000 in

each of the three annual accounts it has published which, it claims, is owing by the Smith Group. The strange thing about this sum is that the Brittain Group includes it in its Balance Sheet as an asset under the title of Debtors, while the other party, the Smith Group, makes no mention whatsoever about any disputed amount owing to the Brittain Group!

There are basically four ways in which the Smith Group could have dealt with this sum in its Accounts. The first would be simply to include it in its Debtors and thus add 10% on to this item. The second would be to include it as a separate item as a contingent liability; the third would be to add a note explaining that there was a dispute; and the fourth would be simply to ignore it. As the second and third methods have not been used, the choice is between the first and fourth.

However, the delicacies of possible accounting treatments of this sum will shortly be put to the test, for the Brittain Group has already initiated legal proceedings for the recovery of part of the amount it is claiming. It will be interesting to see who ends up holding this particular baby.

The Chairman

I AM bitterly disappointed that Sir Basil bowed to his colleagues' suggestion, that his report for the year on Goulding/Fitzwillton should be stated in "plain prose."

Fertilisers are not exactly the most exciting subject about which to have to write an essay, but I always felt he did it uncommonly well in his own style.

Even his "plain prose," however, is worthy of note— such as his delicate reference to his own position as chairman. Having referred to Tony O'Reilly, presently executive vice-president of the H. J. Heinz Company, Sir Basil says "until he shall vacate this office, I have been asked to remain as chairman, and appreciate most highly the honour and the interest of so doing."

Perhaps, however, more than one hand went into the phrasing of that interesting sentence.



GABHALTAIS CHRUACH NA hEIREANN TEO.

Irish Steel Holdings Limited

A DIFFICULT YEAR

1971
—
1972

At the Annual General Meeting on 22nd November the Chairman, Mr. G. P. S. Hogan, in presenting the Accounts and Balance Sheet at 30th June, 1972, referred to the completion of twenty-five years' trading since the company was established in 1947. Progress has been remarkable from "modest and hazardous beginnings".

Twenty-five years. Some cumulative figures for 1947/72 illustrate the importance of the industry and the benefit to economic activity.

	£
Total Sales	60,811,000
Export Sales	9,084,000
Wages & Salaries	12,397,000
Outlay on Irish goods & Services	13,570,000
Capital invested:	
By State (Shares)	5,785,000
From company resources	3,126,000
Net profits	2,387,000
Reserves accumulated (including depreciation)	4,216,000

Year 1971/72. It had been foreseen that the year would be difficult due to cost inflation, the slump in home demand for steel bars and sections, and the effect on current production of the extensive and complex works related to foundations, buildings and installation of new plant.

Sales. Turnover was marginally higher, even though overall production declined, due to an increase of £3 per ton in selling price from October 1971 of bars (too little and too late) and to a welcome improvement in the galvanised sheet trade. Exports were a record and served to maintain production and employment, although prices were generally unsatisfactory.

Sales during the past five years were:—

	1967/68	1968/69	1969/70	1970/71	1971/72
Home Sales	1090	1090	1090	1090	1090
Exports Sales	297	451	482	519	615
	622	656	691	691	1703

Profits. As anticipated the cumulative effect of adverse factors reduced profits. The trading profit was £419,000 compared with £805,000 in 1970/71. Net profit, after depreciation, was £175,000 (£362,000).

Balance Sheet. Share Capital unchanged. Loan capital was increased by £1,132,000 due to draws on the 7 year external loan

obtained to finance part of the development cost. Payments for development from cash resources totalled £760,000. Total reserves now £1,852,000, in addition to accumulated depreciation of £2,364,000. At the date of the balance sheet, the surplus of liquid assets over current liabilities was £2,721,000.

Costs. The gallop of inflation continued and has not yet been halted. Unit costs rose steeply and productivity declined. Such a trend poses a severe threat to future viability particularly in the trading conditions of the European steel and coal community. This industry must produce more and sell more. It will be difficult to do so unless, by national will and cooperative effort, inflation is speedily brought under control.

Development. The completion date, mentioned last year, viz. September, 1972, was substantially met, except for some buildings and equipment for finishing processes. The electric arc furnace is in production. The new mills have been commissioned but have not yet been brought to full commercial production. The estimate of £3.3 million given last year will be exceeded, due to wage and price escalation, but probably by not more than 10%.

Future Outlook. As emphasised a year ago, the current financial year (as was the case in 1971/72) will be a year of transition and adjustment—both as regards completion of development, and adaptation of production programmes and marketing strategy to the requirements of the European Coal and Steel Community. The full commercial benefit of increased production from new plant cannot be gained until 1973/74. The financial results of the current year are unlikely to be better than in 1971/72. A great deal depends on the extent of the recovery in home demand during the first half of 1973.

ní NEART 50 CRUAC
BUY IRISH STEEL

Share Options

THERE HAS BEEN growing use of share option schemes over the past year. Some of these have been prompted by executives determined to cash in on the stock exchange boom by using various methods of back-dating the option issue price, what has been technically referred to as averaging, although I have a different name for it.

For some reason or other Glen Abbey have now decided to join this particular band-wagon with a scheme covering 125,000 shares. As share holder approval is needed to authorise any new scheme the most convenient, cheapest, and in fact obvious time for such approval to be asked for is immediately

after the A.G.M. However, Glen Abbey have decided to call a special E.G.M. in mid year. Does this mean that Glen Abbey shares are in for some action or perhaps even a take-over bid?

Hotel Grants

JUST WHEN I had thought that the annual plunder of the Bord Failte coffers was coming to an end, out comes a list of payments which exceeded even my expectations of how much "the boys" can still manage to squeeze out, even in a period of supposed cutbacks. The one area which I had understood the Bord were going to clamp down on pretty severely, namely the highly profitable Dublin area, is, of course, the area

where the bulk of the largest grants were paid out. This reflects the operation of a kind of semi-state logic that would make ideal material for C. Northcote Parkinson.

The nature of the financial returns in the Hotel situation in Ireland at the moment is that success can really only be judged by how big your annual grant is. So as you can expect P. V. Doyle gets first prize with a grand total of £240,000. Among the runners-up are John Costello with £100,000, the Gresham Group with £89,000, Charley Forte with £65,000 for his Airport Hotel. Charterhouse got £46,000 for its Aghadoc Heights Hotel. And poor old Dermot is practically a non-runner with only £24,000.



All the best horse students take the two English trade papers, the 'Sporting Chronicle' and 'The Sporting Life.' The bookmakers Corals and William Hill have to fill an eight inch double every day which means betting on a wide range of subjects.

Currently they are laying 5/4 Pencil and 7/1 bar for a sponsored chase on Saturday at Kempton and 10/1 the field a sponsored hurdle at the same meeting. It is also 10/1 the field in the Miss World competition and you can have the same price against a draw in the international rugby match.

If you think you know that Ham can score more goals over the next four Saturdays than any other team in the first division you can get six to one to your money. And so on. There is apparently no end to the things people will bet on.

The only horse on my list

of ten to follow engaged on Saturday at Naas is **Ebony Lad**, a winner already since I published the ten a month ago. I intend to back him or Escari. Another likely winner at the meeting is **The Grey Guy**. This one rarely finishes out of the first four and always gives his supporters a run for their money. It would be worth the trip to Naas alone to see **Good Review** run in his first chase. He may have very few opponents as, even at Tuesday's "four-day" stage, there were only six left in the race, including a stable companion.

"THE NEPHEW"

GIVE HIBERNIA FOR CHRISTMAS

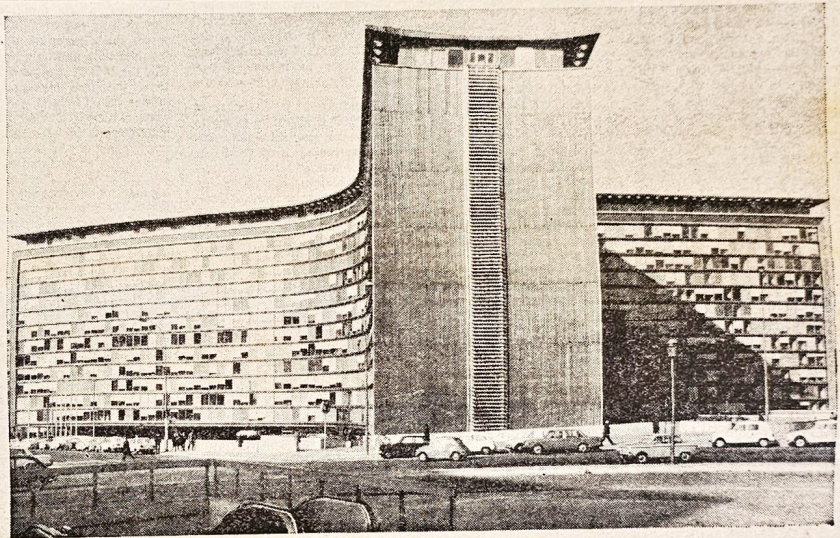
Fill in this coupon, send us £1, and get hooked on that Santa Claus feeling.

To: HIBERNIA, 179 PEARSE ST., DUBLIN 2.
I wish to avail of your Special Christmas Gift Offer and I enclose £1. Please send the next 15 issues to—

NAME

ADDRESS

A Christmas Gift from:



The EEC headquarters in Brussels
-to many people, the most
important building in Europe.

FLEET BAR & LOUNGE

FOR BEST DRINKS
AND QUALITY
FOOD

★
Lounge available for
parties
★
Phone 772082

Kid's Gear, Liberty fabrics
made up to order. Knitted
trousers and tops, "Bus Stop",
Jeff Bank's (direct from
London). Hand-made leather
bags . . . at—

CIBELE

18 South King Street
Ring 781141

THE MERRION ROOM RESTAURANT

Appreciates people who appreciate
good food and service

Menu includes:

Oysters
Fish Plate maison
Fresh Duckling
Prawn
All seasonal fresh vegetable and
fruit available
Excellent wine list
Come along and see the full range.
You'll like what you see and enjoy
what you eat.

Phone 691427/693816 for
reservations

MERRION ROAD,
BALLSBRIDGE
(Opp. St. Vincent's
Hospital, Elm Park)

Irish Women's Liberation Movement

★
Permanent offices now open
at First Floor
7 FOWNES ST., DUBLIN 2

LEARN A LANGUAGE BY APPOINTMENT

A novel and easy way to lan-
guage learning. Details and
brochure from
DUBLIN SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
AND FOREIGN LANGUAGES,
11 Westmoreland Street,
Tel. 779329/782081

Not to Irish Life policyholders.

For you, the most important building will be just four blocks away.

The site for the first Irish Life development project in Europe is bang in the middle of the most sought-after office location in Brussels.

Two more sites, a second one in Brussels and one in The Hague, are also ready for development. And this is only the start.

The three property developments now in hand are first steps towards a profitable European portfolio. This in turn will encourage the sale of Irish Life policies in the EEC Countries.

Free trade area is more than a description of the Common Market. It is a way of looking at life. Free trade means the ability to compete freely. It is a challenge and an opportunity. Thanks to its investment in skilled, professional personnel, Irish Life wants to accept the challenge and avail of the opportunity on behalf of its policyholders and its country.

The result? Bigger profits for Irish Life policyholders. And more money from abroad to inject into the national economy.

Would you have it any other way?

Irish Life
ASSURANCE COMPANY LTD
—building for you in Europe.



FRIDAY

Lunch at El Vino—a well-known wine tavern in Fleet Street which discriminates horribly against women, the working class and black people, but which one continues to patronise quite simply because many of one's friends and colleagues go there—with Jim Downey of the Irish Times, Bill (or Derek, as he is known) Driscoll, a well-known Irishman who works for BBC television, and John McColgan of the Irish Embassy here. Object basically being to meet John McColgan, who is Con Howard's successor here. John McColgan a very good bloke with the extraordinarily difficult task of following Con Howard in London, who, I believe, is now ecstatically happy in Boston. Con was, of course, responsible for press and public relations at the Irish Embassy during the most painful and difficult period of Anglo-Irish relations of all time. There was a dreadful time last year, between August 9th, when internment was introduced in the North, and January 30th, which was, of course, Bloody Sunday, when Anglo-Irish relations were simply at the nadir. One felt terrible hostility against the British, and they, in their turn, felt bloody about the Irish. Con did a great job during that time; he kept the lines of communication open.

I think that a lot of media men and women thought more seriously about Ireland because of Con. Because he kept on talking which is desperately important. I'm sure that John McColgan will be just as successful, though I don't think he'll have such a hard time, because Anglo-Irish relations will never be as bad again. Pleased to remember that John's wife went to school with

me; as Jane Hyland, I remember her as a spunky hockey-player at Loreto.

SATURDAY

Party at my place, principally because my lovely sister, Ursula, is here from New York. Guests include my very old and dear friend Peter Lennon and his Finnish wife Avo; I first knew Peter in Paris when we were both tortured expatriates. He's an old friend of Tim Pat Coogan and also of Colman Doyle, with whom I can now reveal, he once slept. Colman and Peter went to Paris as young fellows; they had scarcely a shilling between them and they were once reduced to sharing a single bed in a grotty Paris hotel. They both decided to try their luck, anyway; the next day, Colman went into the office of Paris-Match; and got the contract for all Irish work for that magazine for all time. Peter rang up the Guardian and became their Arts and Culture man for years from there. Now Colman is both the best and the most renowned photographer in Ireland and Peter is the golden boy of the Sunday Times Arts and Culture section. It's a small world.

MONDAY

Luach with old friend who leads what I call a conservative way of life; he says he is in love with Germaine Greer. Everyone is in love with Germaine Greer, for heaven's sake. When she comes into a room she draws men around her like a magnet, like George Sand, they are fascinated by her because she is unlike any other woman they have ever known. For many men, she is perhaps the first truly brilliant woman they meet who is at once "feminine" in the sense that

they understand and recognise and yet entirely without vanity, tricks, foibles or coquetry. She does not, as the French say, play the sentimental card. She makes no concessions to male pride and male ego. She has discarded that silliness, that giggling girliness, that slavery to pleasing that all women are taught and practise from womb to tomb. Yet for men, like Garbo, she is some sort of goddess; for women, she is a blueprint for a truly new sort of woman—we would all, now, like our daughters to grow up like her—free, alive, independent, a pure spirit.

WEDNESDAY & THURSDAY

Spent most of Wednesday afternoon trying to get to Brussels. London-Brussels is the most overloaded plane run in Europe, if not in the world. Any other place in the world, you can get on a plane by going to the airport and purchasing a ticket. If you don't get the first plane, you'll get the second, or the fourth or the sixth. For London-Brussels, you have to reserve a seat days, if not weeks, in advance.

Hundreds of businessmen at Heathrow desperately trying to get on planes and finally getting re-routed through Paris, Amsterdam, and even Cologne. Never believe in pushing my luck to get on a plane. Denis Corboy, the E.E.C.'s man in Dublin and a sort of Irish Mr. Europe, tells me how he desperately tried to get on the same fatal Trident as Michael Sweetman in June. Hundreds of people were trying for a seat on that aircraft, too. Mosey around Heathrow for hours, which is truly miserable. People hanging around airports are like wartime evacuees, suddenly without identities and without a sense of purpose. Finally arrive Thursday afternoon.

WEEKEND

Brussels a strange place. Was here once before, back in 1965, but scarcely remember anything of it except the bad weather and the good shops. Physically, it's a bit of a jumble; lovely old Flemish houses mix with 19th century overbuilt pseudo-Romanesque monstrosities, along with some of the worst modern architecture in the world. There is clearly no town planning whatsoever. The Belgians are not an attractive people, either they speak bad French or bad Dutch; they are introverted, mean, and seem to spend most of their time eating. The food, however, is first rate—the same care and thought is put into it as in France, but there is less pretentiousness about it, and they don't have this passion for covering everything in revolting sauces. As a matter of fact, there is a real historical explanation for their faults—such as their obsession with money and insurance. They insure everything. They insure their clothes and the clothes of their children. If a child tears the coat of another child in play the parents sue. I guess they have developed this caution after weary centuries of being occupied and run over by every other power in Europe.

Ironical that it should now be the capital of Europe (the "provisional capital, but *c'est l'impermanence qui dure*), more ironical when it can scarcely hold itself together. I see that the Government is about to fall—again. The

average length of Belgian Governments since the Second World War is 20 months. The cause is always the same—the two warring communities of French-speaking Wallons and Flemish-speaking Flemings are enraged with jealousy of each other. For the Irish, there is a certain familiar ring to much of the politicking.

MONDAY & TUESDAY

Visit the E.E.C. headquarters; meet lots of Irish, who seem to me to be genuinely alive a big success in Europe. The Brussels Irish are enthusiastic, but intelligent. Europeans. I am anti-E.E.C. myself, but I can see what people mean when they say that when you stay in Brussels for any length of time you you catch "le mircoche de l'Europe". There seems to be much more in it for Ireland than for the poor old Brits, who are a lot more cautious and uncertain about its benefits and who have all sorts of extra problems which don't touch us—such as responsibilities towards the Commonwealth and troubles with immigration. Unlike the British, we are exempt from the free movement of labour into Ireland for five years, which is a good adjustment period. What's quite attractive about the Irish situation is that while small nations are generally liked better than big nations because they don't throw their weight around so much, at the same time, participation in the E.E.C. means more power than the Irish ever had before. It really strikes me that Europe gives great fuel to John Healey's persistent argument that the North would find far more power within a Dublin context than they ever can have within a Westminster one.

One Irish Eurocrat mentioned to me the fury and resentment felt by a certain Ulsterman in the British Delegation upon seeing Ireland negotiate her own terms for going into the Market, terms which at least tried to be the best possible in regard to her own people, whereas for the British, Ulster was not merely very far down the list of priorities, but also an embarrassment.

Meet John Feeney of R.T.E., who is to become a member of Paddy Hillery's Cabinet, and have lunch with him and Edwin Fitzgibbon, First Secretary at the Irish Mission (the British have a *delegation*; we have a *mission*), and also due to go into the Cabinet. Ed Fitzgibbon makes Brussels sing; I heard more good things said about this man than almost anyone else in Belgium. It's really rather nice to see that the Irish have clearly put some thought into putting the best people around into the European operation. Robin Fogarty also arrives for familiarisation trip; he is to be Hillery's *chef de cabinet*. Have an amiable row with him over Northern Politics and Charlie Haughey. Too delicate to report, alas.

Begin to change my mind about Brussels and Belgians entirely. Begin to think it's rather a superb place. Geoffrey Rippon calls me "ignorant" at a press conference. That's all right for me to say, but it's not all right for him to say the mean thing. I don't care if he is a Minister of The Queen, either.

Mary Kenny is a staff writer on the London Evening Standard.

Personal Notices

Advertisements 5p a word, must be prepaid, and received before midday of the Monday before publication.

WANTED

ACCOMMODATION wanted in Ireland. Good location or near for young family. John, 37 Station Road, Llanelli, Carmar, Wales.

FALKNER GRIFFITH and Co. Ltd.—A Motovels Place, Dublin 2. Phone 64209. Always wish to buy old and rare books in any language.

GENTLEMAN would like a final home. Although he never was a worshipper, he would prefer an ecclesiastical one. Abbey, Priory, Convent, Friary and so on. Castle or Palace or House with house or people. United in the title also interest. Write: Mr. C. Henderson, 664 Dunchester Road, Broadway, Weymouth, Dorset, England.

OLD CLOCKS bought for cash, small or large, need not be working. Ring 803545, 5 to 8 evenings, or by mail.

SMALL PLOT of land (about 60 ft. by 60 ft.) wanted to rent (as resting-place for charming antique caravan) in Wicklow or Dublin County area. Phone Andy Pollak, 776317.

BOOKS—Large and small Collections of political and religious pamphlets, before 1900 required. Call anywhere. Merriam Book Co., 32 Great Peter Street, London, W.C.1.

BOOKS BOUGHT—Any quantity, anywhere. Kenny's Bookshops, Galway.

VOLUMES or single copies of 19th century political journals wanted. The Nation, The Irishman, Irish People, United Ireland, United Irishman, etc. Tel. 776317.

FOR SALE

ALL THE BEST Boys and greeting cards are at Jon Pat. Dailery.

ANTIQUARIAN BOOKS, English and Foreign. James Feeney, Shanganagh Vale, Shankill, Est. 1912. Tel. 853815.

BASKET HOUND PUPPIES, 6 weeks old, excellent pedigree. 630 each. Phone Carrysall 2237.

CARRICKACROSS LACE VEIL—Wash, length, approx. 100 yards old. Phone 692232.

CHRISTMAS TREES—Quality Trees direct from Plantations. Free wholesale prices. Delivered to customers, premises or collected free. Glen o' Downe Nursery, Irish Forest Products Ltd., 24 Upper Baggin Street, Dublin 4. Telephone 60946.

VICTORIAN circular (tip-up table). Attractive pot, 3 1/2 diam. Ideal small dining table. Price £35. Telephone Charles 326 after 7 p.m.

IRELAND UPON THE DISSECTING TABLE. A collection of Colman Doyle's writings on Ulster and partition, with an introduction demolishing the "Two Nations Theory." 29p (post paid). From the Cork Workers Club, 9 St. Nicholas Church Place, Cork.

THE JAMES CONNELLY SONGBOOK. 18s (post paid). From the Cork Workers Club, 9 St. Nicholas Church Place, Cork.

ANTIQUARIAN BOOKS, English and Foreign. James Feeney, Shanganagh Vale, Shankill, Est. 1912. Tel. 853815.

REGENCY 3-Pillar Dining Table; Regency 3-piece Suite; Neoclassical Brass Fenders; small Satinwood Display Cabinet; French Chest of Drawers; Dressing; Open Saindriest; Illustrations of Ballads of Joe Hill (21p) 10 or more 25c. discount. U. Chalmers, 127 Bohar 10 Tr. A.C.4.

SPECIAL OFFER! Issues Nov. 1-6 of The Worker for only 1p. Very limited supply. Available from 30 Strandville Avenue, Dublin 3.

SERVICES

A CHILDREN'S MAGICIAN for your party. Phone Rector 231312. All TREES PRUNED, sprayed, 30p. Garden put in order. Phone 256188, after 5 p.m.

ALL KIDS—Children's Parties; exciting colour entertaining. Ring 375927. Furniture Repaired and Repolished like new. Reasonable. Phone 69739.

MASSAGE—Tiredness and tension helped. For private appointment. Tel. 65638.

SMOKING! OVERWEIGHT? Helped. Contact Victor Vinnar. Phone 65638.

BREW UP FOR CHRISTMAS. Vint quality beer ingredients now available. Also home wine making supplies for beginners and experts. S.A.E. for details. Caroline, 24 Seafield Road, Clontarf, Dublin 3. Tel. 335050.

SQUASH—The world's fastest growing game. Play it today at Eurocentre, 92 Ireland's leading Health and Leisure Complex, Juno Eurocentre Club for as little as £10 p.w. Also European modern swimming pool, 2 ladies' and gentlemen's saunas complete with plunge pools, TV lounges, gymnasium, restaurant, sunroom, hairdressing and beauty salons. Live weekly in your leisure at Eurocentre, 92, South Gate, George's St., Dublin 2. Ring 72724.

EUROLANGUAGE—Audio visual courses in French, German, Spanish, Italian. 35 Alderbury Road, Dublin 4. Tel. 694937. 693458.

FRENCH POLISHER will work in your own home. M. Joseph. 512921.

FURNITURE repaired and repolished like new. Reasonable. Phone 689737.

TRANSLATIONS by highly qualified specialists. Rein Segal, M.L.T. Tel. 908745.

EUROLANGUAGE—Audio visual courses in French, German, Spanish, Italian. 35 Alderbury Road, Dublin 4. Tel. 694937. 693458.

EMERGENCY EXPERT in Dublin is Tom Murphy, 23 Darnley St. 729228. Late weekly.

INTERMEDIATE and Leaving Certificate and Baccalaureate, etc. Evening, Individual Tuition. Excellent results. Special Secretarial Department. Emmanuelle College, 30 Lower Abbey Street, 415484.

LEAVING and Intermediate Certificate, 921 Wicklow, preparation courses, December 28th/January 24th. Subjects, evening and Saturday morning tuition through-out school year.—The Institute of Education, 12 St. Leonards Street. Telephone 66112.

LEOPARDSTOWN—Tonight at the Leopardstown, Good food, excellent service. Leopardstown Town. For reservations: 893189 856707.

LINGUAPHONE—The easy way to learn a language. Free booklet on request. Write, phone or call. Linguaphone (N.L.), 7 Jarvis Street, Dublin. Tel. 43632.

MASSAGE—Tiredness and tension helped. For private appointment. Tel. 65638.

SKI CLUB OF IRELAND, "Knockrao" Sports Centre, Mount Anville Road, Clonsilla, Call up 984449.

MISCELLANEOUS

A YOGA CLASS, afternoon and evening. By Ramana Jagan, Indian teacher. 12, Shingai, La. Hotel, Dalkey, Tel. 771012.

KILMANNOCK—Irish, Continental, Oriental cuisine. Tel. 50093.

NORWEGIAN ELKHOUND PUPPIES, champion blood, 6 weeks old, now booking. Tel. 881700. 10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

WILL YOU BUY my future books for £10.00? Richard Mullins, Shanganagh, Limerick.

REHABILITATION INSTITUTE—Annual sale of books will take place in the Super Room of the Minto Hotel on 23rd, 24th and 25th November. Ring Brian Molloy 0502 32120.

JEAN FREDERICKS Emmentins. Nightly at The Baggot Inn, 9. Phone 61450.

THE SOCIALIST PARTY of Ireland—The disciplined, organized, working people—leading the struggle for socialism in Ireland—23 Parliament Street, Dublin 2.

UNUSUAL 18th-CENT. HOUSE, 60 miles from Dublin. Good food, central heating, 1000 sq. ft. 8 bedrooms all with bath, ideal for a weekend. Roundwood, Mount Malin. 0502 32120.

BETHOVEN'S FIFTH SYMPHONY might have turned completely different. Hear what Bernstein has to say on C.B.S. 73045.

THE IMPORTANCE of Being Oscar. Two CDs and read C.B.S. 61359/60.



JACK'S BEANSTALK