

hibernia

FORTNIGHTLY **REVIEW**

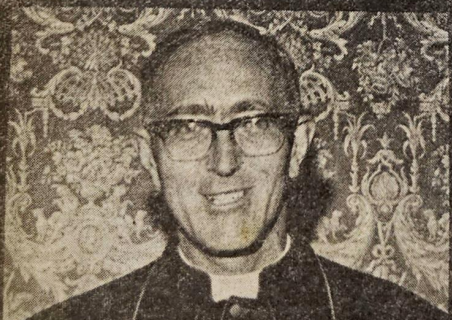
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ARCHBISHOP RYAN: THE FIRST 9 MONTHS

Letters to the Editor

Cloud Cuckoo Land

Sir,—I read your edition of 20.10.72 with interest. In the past 50 years we have created an ultra-Catholic, ultra-Nationalistic State, a State in which as you say yourselves (p.5) the proportion of Protestants has declined in 25 out of 26 counties. Now we demand that the Ulster Protestants join in creating another "New Ireland", proffering the pathetic excuse that partition is the main cause of our failures.

It might be an interesting intellectual exercise to produce arguments for re-unification which would appeal to the Ulster Protestants (it should prove only a little harder than convincing Southern Nationalists to rejoin the U.K.). Maybe it would be easier as a start to persuade Ulster Catholics—surveys suggest that a substantial proportion of them would prefer to remain in the U.K.

Of course, there is going to be no real attempt to persuade—we leave that to the I.R.A. Instead, the British are enjoined to deliver, bound and gagged, those frustrating the majority will of the Irish people! I hate to think of the resulting brave new world. Who is to provide the social security benefits which Northerners now receive? And what about internal security? If it takes 20,000 well trained, well equipped British

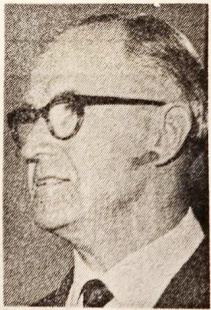
troops to hold down the militants among a half million Catholics, how many badly trained, badly equipped Irish troops would be required to hold down the militants among a million Protestants? 50,000? 100,000? And how is the cost of all this to be met?

In this cloud cuckoo land of ours Dr. Conor Cruise O'Brien's voice is a realistic and therefore a lonely one. He must be denigrated and discredited by any means, such as asking Mr. Tomas Mac Giolla to review his book—the devil is expected to give a fair account of the bible.

It would be funny if it weren't so tragic.—Yours, etc.,

DAVID HERMAN.

13 La Vista Ave.,
Sutton,
Co. Dublin



Dr. T. J. Walsh.

Don Quichotte

Sir,—On behalf of many hundreds of voluntary workers, several now dead, who over sixteen years gave so generously of their time and effort to the Wexford Festival and their loyalty to me, I challenge Miss Fanny Feehan's "doubt" that I "could have secured the team-work which Rickie Shannon and Brian Dickie have in recent years".

I must also point out that her anecdote concerning the production of *Don Quichotte* is entirely inaccurate. At no time while I was Festival director was there a walk-out by the producer. I am particularly distressed that this error should have been published since *Don Quichotte* was magnificently produced by my old friend, Professor Carl Ebert—the most distinguished producer ever to set foot on the stage of the Wexford theatre or, for that matter, ever likely to.—Yours, etc.,

T. J. WALSH
5 Lower George St.,
Wexford.

Sir,—Having just returned from the most smoothly and successfully run Wexford Festival ever I shall continue to have doubts about co-operation in the early days. As regards the 'entirely inaccurate' anecdote about *Don Quichotte* I am equally unrepentant and will only say that if 'an unimpeachable source' has one clay foot then that is their bad luck. Dr. Walsh's loyalty to his old friends is admirable and only to be expected.—Yours, etc.,

FANNY FEEHAN

Munro Again

Sir,—Mr. Peters has a hard neck. He wrote in his original letter that when the leaders in the Republic "make a solid effort to eliminate poverty" "then and only then" would he, and Northern Protestants generally, work for a united Ireland. And he made a special point of the fact that the average annual wage in the Republic is the lowest in Continental Europe. He now writes: "I do not say that poverty in the Republic is a reason why Ulster Protestants won't work for Irish unity." I can understand that he doesn't like me to point out that in refusing to work for Irish unity for as long as the South is poorer than the North, while at the same time sneering at "criminally inequitable income dif-

ferentials" he is simply combining selfishness with hypocrisy; but there was surely no need to lay himself open to a third charge—of lying—in his attempt to escape from his predicament.

On education, he becomes even more obscure. He now claims that he "merely wants" his own children to have a non-sectarian education. But they will go to one or two schools of the thousands which exist; is he demanding that those Catholics and Protestants who want denominational education should be deprived of it because of him? And if he is, by what right does he claim to object to the lack of "freedom of expression" here?—Yours, etc.,

HUGH MUNRO,
1 St. Kevin's Park,
Dartry,
Dublin 6.

Moneybags and Moore

Sir,—The article in last week's edition of your magazine written under the name of "Moneybags" and which related to the affairs of Moore Holdings Ltd., caused offence in respect of the number of inaccuracies which you might consider rectifying. These are as follows:

(1) You stated that Mr. Ernest Ottewill was the owner of a property commonly known as Baxendales in Capel Street, Dublin. In point of fact, this is a property which was acquired by Moore Holdings. In a statement issued on behalf of the Board of Moore Holdings Ltd. dated 21st October, relative to the acquisition of shares in J. G. Mooney and Co. Ltd., it was announced that Moore owned the property. This is documented which has been widely circulated and obviously it is unfortunate that your article should have contradicted it.

(2) Your article further stated that Mr. Ottewill is a party interested in the equity of the business of Moore Holdings Ltd. In point of fact, Mr. Ottewill is not a Director of the Company, has no shareholding therein, and indeed has no interest whatever in the Company.—Yours, etc.,

DONALD M. PRATT
T. G. McVeagh and Co.,
Solicitors,
32 Kildare Street,

Foam-Flecked

Sir,—What Diarmaid MacDuibheid's foam-flecked letter (Oct. 20th) boils down to is simply that he denies me the right to hold opinions contrary to his own. In this he is sadly typical of his species.

May I suggest, however, that since Mr. MacDuibheid is apparently unaware of the difference between "safe" and "silly" he could do with some Language Freedom of his own.—Yours, etc.,

HUGH LEONARD,
Kilfinny Heath,
Kilfinny,
Co. Dublin.

Liberal Charge?

Sir,—The writer of the article entitled: "The Church—A Liberal Charge?" (20.10.72) must really do a little more homework if he expects to be taken seriously by intelligent readers. To say that in the pastoral "Change in the Church" there is "a solid, sober account of Christ's life, etc." is a matter of opinion, but to suggest that where the pastoral says that the existence of four Gospels "reminds us that a certain variety of acceptable reactions to the person and work of Christ were possible" might indicate "that the Presbyterian interpretation of the ministry in the New Testament may well be as correct as our own" is a non-sequitur to end all non-sequiturs. And how, may I ask, could two contrary opposite interpretations of any document be equally correct?

Does the writer really think that when the bishops acknowledge the possibility of a certain variety of reactions to the person and work of Christ that they were saying something new? I should have thought that anyone who took the trouble to read the

Gospels would have seen this for himself without the help of any guide, episcopal or other, for surely it is self-evident that, for example, the theology of St. John differs profoundly from that of St. Matthew. If it were otherwise, then we should have reason to wonder and even to doubt.

The final paragraph of this article, while it might pass for wit in the course of an undergraduate debate, is quite unworthy of a serious journal. And yet, on second thoughts, it fits in admirably with the general tone of the article.—Yours, etc.,

PATRICK WALSH.

15 Clare Road,
Drumcondra,
Dublin 9.



Germaine Greer.

Ladyliker

Sir,—Mary Kenny's name-dropping, wine-swilling, ego-tripping excuse for socialism becomes more absurd with each successive back page. If *Hibernia* insists on tempering its intelligent male chauvinism with a fortnightly dose of female self-advertisement why don't you vary the diet a little. What about Mary Robinson, Bernadette Devlin, Anne Harris (what has happened to Anne Harris?) or even Germaine Greer? I'd certainly make a change from Miss Kenny's meanderings through bright lights of London and Kampala.—Yours, etc.,

STEPHEN GASTON

1 Apsley Mansions,
Clanricarde Gardens,
London W.2.

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FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

Player Or Referee?

WHY HAS NO-ONE, in all the four long years of talk and debate, made a serious attempt to get British spokesmen to come to a clear logical statement of the British interest in the Northern Ireland question? While many — and this journal not least — have been critical of the lack of a clear lead given by Dublin, at least it can be said that the matter has been fully debated here.

One cannot say the same of Britain. Boredom, or a patronisingly dismissive attitude to the tiresome Irish, is the attitude to be expected when the "Irish question" comes up. Indeed, that time-honoured label defines it as a question apart from, a subsidiary to, the British interest. Sellars and Yeatman were not really joking when they said that whenever the British were on the track of the answer, the Irish changed the question; for that was how the British really saw it, or at least must have wanted to see it. Anything rather than call it the "Anglo-Irish question," for that way the British would be directly involved.

Nothing should be more infuriating to an Irishman than to see British politicians profess to find the Anglo-Irish question incomprehensible, or ever confusing. Apart from the 1937 Constitution, Britain has been solely responsible for, or at least has had a veto right on, every constitutional change in Ireland since 1534. Our social structures, our law, our internal conflicts are in large part her creation. After all this, she is in no position to say she does not understand.

British politicians will happily go back to Robert Peel and beyond for arguments to justify a current political stance—in internal politics; is it guilt about the past which makes them lecture Paddy for wanting to go back 50 years to explain the problems of today? Quite likely, but it is a pity; for Ireland today is so largely Britain's creation, and Britain must fully explain her past policies if the Irish are fully to understand their own country. Which on current form, is not likely. Understandably, the British have a need to see the Northern troubles as a matter of Protestant and Catholic, for that way they can minimise their involvement and hope to appear before the world as the sane, mature, responsible element in the affair, wearily, thanklessly and responsibly shouldering the massive burden of bringing peace to warring tribes.

But in the North Protestant and Unionist are virtually synonymous terms and Britain cannot send her army in to enforce the democratic right of the Unionist majority and act as peace-maker between planter Protestant and conquered Catholic at the same time. One cannot be a player and a referee in the same game.

However helpful a "Yes" vote will be towards friendship between Irishmen, the timing of the Clause 44 Referendum will have been unfortunate if it helps to give the British the idea that they are justified, not alone in protecting such genuine pro-British Unionists as there may be, but also in saving Ulster Protestants from the clutches of reactionary Popish tyranny. The cynical can jest that a country which says the Catholic Church has a special position when the Catholic Church wants it said and unsays it when it wants it unsaid is indeed a country where the Catholic Church has a special position. It might have been more honest to say that the South cannot help being predominantly Catholic, but that it is fair to other religions, and that the British are not entitled to count towards their supposed majority such Ulster Protestants as use Britain to save them from coming under Dublin. And if Britain then switches to her peacemaker role to justify her presence in the North, she should be reminded that the job of peacemaker is a strictly temporary one and that when peace is achieved she vanishes from the scene.

Unionists

The Unfilled Political Vacuum

POWER IS the great adhesive for political parties, and, once removed, everything falls apart. That, at least, is the experience of the Unionist party, still struggling vainly to regain the equilibrium it lost last March, when Willie Whitelaw marched into Stormont Castle. The more it struggles, the sorer a picture it presents, and the less it looks like getting back any of its former glory, the more of its fair-weather friends depart.

Seven months after the takeover, the defects in the party, reflecting defects in Northern Ireland, are increasingly apparent. There was, it seems, no such thing as a Unionist party philosophy, beyond the retention of power and the British link. When Edward Heath foreclosed Stormont, he removed the first and undermined confidence in the second. Nothing was left for the members of the former Government to say, once their civil service briefs were torn from their hands. If they had any views about the way the Whitelaw administration was handling their old responsibilities in education, health, local government, trade or community relations, they kept them to themselves. Only one voice was heard, Faulkner's, and his constant themes were security and a return to the good old days of Unionist power.

The trouble is basically that the Unionists have never had to develop the rare gifts of political opposition, and they show no aptitude whatever. Politicians could say what was best for Northern Ireland, so long as there were knowledgeable civil servants at their elbows, but when it came to devising new and workable structures for the government of Northern Ireland, after direct rule, they were unequipped for the task. Brian Faulkner is still stuck in the groove he carved for himself last March, and shows no sign of adapting to changing circumstances. He wants his Stormont back, with security powers, and if he doesn't get it, threatens to use the majority "veto", presumably non-cooperation. It was an understandable line to take, in the heat of the direct rule decision, but it makes less and less sense today. Nothing like the old Stormont will be restored, with or without Unionist co-operation, and by trying to con his followers into thinking it will, he is playing into the hands of Craig and Co., who have a much more coherent plan of campaign and can always outflank him on the Right.

If Faulkner would only look around him, he would see how isolated he is. Among his former Cabinet colleagues, there is not a single Faulkner supporter, and this isn't all attributable to his personal qualities, or their intellectual ability. Some have disappeared without a trace, like Billy Fitzsimmons, a plodding Minister of Health and Herbie Kirk, whose accountancy experience was his only possible qualification for Finance Minister. Harry West, one of the greatest anti-reform, pro-Craig Unionists of them all, may have emigrated, for all one would know. Capt. Billy Long, a pedestrian Minister of Education, runs a fishing boat from Donaghadee, away from it all.

John Andrews, the perennial deputy Premier, has not been heard or seen for months, and two Vanguard-veering ex-junior ministers from the North-West, Joe Burns and Albert Anderson, must have disapproved Bill Craig as much as Brian Faulkner by their silence.

John Taylor gives Faulkner, his old mentor, no assistance at all with "negotiated independence" talk from Craigite platitudes and John Brooke concentrates exclusively on the Fermanagh security problem. G. B. Newe, the first and last Catholic Minister appointed by a Unionist Premier, has retired back into the shadows, and Basil

Kelly, ex-Attorney General, is too busy making a fat living at the Bar to bother about politics. Of the defectors, Robin Baillie has quit the party as well as the shadow cabinet, savaging Faulkner's Stormont policy in the process, and Roy Bradford is playing a tricky double game, mediating between the U.D.A. and the Army and occasionally extending a hopeful hand across the border. (The party's confusion about his position can be judged from the fact that a few days after he admitted the inevitability of a united, but different, Ireland, and dissociating himself from the Darlington policy statement, he was being used by Glengall Street as the Unionist spokesman on the East Belfast troubles.) Basil Melvor is another who is difficult to place, middle-class and moderate to a fault, but for all his doubts about Unionist policy, unwilling to leave the party.

It all adds up to a massive vacuum, where there should be leadership, and not



William Craig.

surprisingly Bill Craig has been able to capture a fair share of the Unionist grass roots. Faulkner seems to them to be Whitelaw's fall guy, destined to be outmanoeuvred over the replacement for Stormont, as he was over direct rule. They admire Craig for his straight-from-the-shoulder talking, even though it is extremely doubtful if they would follow him into battle to shoot and kill, or to declare an independent Ulster. Just how strong their support is, and how many would defect from Faulkner's party if Craig set up on his own, with Vanguard, may not be known for some time, if ever. The chances of the muscle men on both sides allowing an election to be held in the near future—especially one they could lose—look remote, and Craig will probably decide that he can achieve more inside the Unionist party than outside it. Eventually he will probably be ditched by his extremists, in L.A.W. and U.D.A., whenever they throw up a credible working-class leader, but that is another long story.

Q. From what source will there be a renewed challenge to Section 17 of the Criminal Law Amendment Act, 1935, concerning contraception?

A. From Family Planning Services Ltd., 106 Sandrive Road, Dublin 12. The company, which will be non-profit-making intends to handle diaphragms, condoms, caps and various spermicidal jellies, but not the "pill." These will be available free, though there will be a proportionate charge for advice given.

Internment

The Commission Compromise

THE PROBLEMS of the three-man commission examining the cases of Long Kesh internees are the same as those facing any form of special court set up to try suspected subversives without the normal legal restraints. When the threat comes from outside the state, in time of war, there is no difficulty getting general assent to legal short-cuts in dealing with enemy agents. But when it is an internal threat, from malcontents who are citizens of the state, any system of special courts, military or civil, is bound to run into difficulties. While the authorities, representing the majority, regard the suspects as actual or potential terrorists, there is a significant minority who is unwilling to accept that they have committed any crime, and therefore is opposed to any loaded form of justice.

The British are well aware of this and the commission is the latest and, they hope, least objectionable form of star chamber. What is surprising, even shocking to some jurists, is that they have taken so long to get around to it. In the beginning, Brian Faulkner was his own judge and jury: acting on the recommendations of the RUC Special Branch, then came Judge James Brown, who dealt with appeals by internees, followed by a Kenya judge, who went over the files yet again. When direct rule was introduced, Wilge Whitelaw undertook to phase out internment as soon as possible, and again there was a thorough review, ending in August with a hard core of about 240 internees and detainees. (Whitelaw could claim that he had signed no internment orders, but this was only because he had altered the practice of releasing or interned detainees after 28 days in custody). The hope was that the occupation of the IRA no-go areas in Belfast and Derry would so improve the security situation that internment could be swiftly brought to a close, but it was not to be, and the current formula was worked out as a last-ditch attempt to get the SDLP to the Darlington conference table. It failed, but it can now be seen as a gesture to the Opposition, in keeping with

Green Paper references to the Irish dimension.

The intention is to capture a little minority goodwill, before the Diplock Committee comes up with long term recommendations for dealing with subversive organisations early in the New Year. But there is little prospect of that now, and Home Office officials should be kicking themselves when they think that a similar scheme was put up to them by the Northern Ireland Labour Party as far back as October, 1971. If it had been accepted then, when the public was beginning to have doubts about an internment system who depended on the whim of a one-sided politician, it might have encouraged a more rational approach to the internment issue even among the minority. Virtually every Western democracy reserves the right to intern subversives, but where the freedom of so many individuals is concerned, as in Ulster, there is a compelling case for providing the maximum legal protection for suspects.

Whether the commission measures up to this definition is doubtful, but it certainly represents progress. As the newspaper ads in the Belfast papers say, the Detention of Terrorists (NI) Order, 1972 replaces the regulations in the Special Powers Act relating to internment and detention, and provides four new guarantees: (a) no one can be detained for more than 28 days unless his case has been referred to the commission; (b) he has a right to be told in advance of the allegations against him; (c) he has a right to legal representation before the commission; (d) he has a right of appeal against the commission's decision.

Of course there are grave doubts, many of which might have been disposed of, if the Northern Ireland Bar had been asked

Q.—What is the biggest question mark surrounding the mystery bomb blast at Clarendon Town Hall?

A.—The phone call to night telephonist, Peter Cullinane. He says it was dialled direct and a voice said: "This is Belfast-U.V.F." However, it is impossible to dial direct from anywhere to Clarendon because it isn't on the direct dial system. Any call from Belfast would be routed through Dublin and/or Galway. Have we any record of this? Or was, as is more likely, the call placed locally by the not so "mysterious" bombers?

for its advice. Normal rules of evidence could hardly have applied, to safeguard sources, but three days' notice of charges is regarded as too short a time for preparing an adequate defence, and applications for adjournment should be allowed. There is a good case for demanding a public report on the working of the commission, so that some of the secrets will be revealed and it is also felt that free legal aid should be available to internees. The signs are that although there will be a general boycott of the commission, solicitors are ready to conduct several test cases, and judge by the results.

This, in fact is how most people react to the commission, whose three members are further removed from political influence than any of their predecessors. If it succeeds in speeding up releases and getting the British off the internment hook, it will be grudgingly accepted. If it doesn't, it will leave more bitterness than before, arguing badly for the new anti-terrorist laws which will follow. But one thing is clear: the British have removed for all time the power of any Northern Ireland assembly to declare an emergency and use special powers legislation. From now on, Westminster decides how to deal with the IRA.

Education

A Change In The Inter-Cert?

ACCORDING TO the Department of Education's Rules and Programme for Secondary Schools the purpose of the Intermediate Certificate is to testify to the completion of a well-balanced course of general education suitable for pupils who leave full-time education at about 16 years of age, and, alternatively, to the fitness of the pupils for entry on more advanced courses of study in a post-primary school. According to a Committee set up by the Minister for Education to evaluate the Inter. Cert. it falls far short of fulfilling either of these functions. In an Interim Report submitted to the Minister after two years' work, the Committee states that the examination is an inadequate measure of the attainment of the aim of

providing a well-balanced course of general education, and that as a predictor of senior cycle performance Intermediate results must be used with caution.

The Committee regards the phrase "well-balanced course" as acceptable if imprecise, but suggests that a course that offers passes in half a dozen school subjects hardly merits that description. "It should," they say, "aim to give pupils a range of skills and attitudes, both cognitive and non-cognitive," and adds that any evaluation of the completion of a well-balanced course should look at more than a knowledge of subjects mastered. As it is now, about 37,000 pupils aged 15 to 16 from different home and school backgrounds have all to attempt the same examination papers at the same time. (It is expected that, with the raising of the school-going age to 15 as from this year, the number may in a few years exceed 40,000). The percentage who fail showed a steady increase from 1965 (11.4 per cent) to 1971 (26.8 per cent). It is significant that the free post-primary scheme was introduced in 1965 and the number of pupils sitting the examination was 19,988 in 1965 and 36,402 in 1971. The great fault of the examination is that the range of attainment it assesses is too narrow, it is subject-bound and does not sample such qualities as social skills and motivation to work, which, in the words of the report, "fall outside the scope of any one subject and which are very difficult of objective assessment, but which are very important." It is a fair deduction that the rate of failure is highest among pupils who come from economically and culturally underprivileged homes and the ironic thing is that these are the very pupils that the free post-primary education scheme was designed to cater for. Failure for them means all too often a severe limitation in job possibilities as well as a despairing attitude to school work, ingredients that are too often the stuff that delinquency is made of. The fact is they are not failures. It is the examination system that has failed to do them justice. "The examination," says the report, "is unable at present to provide the sort of detailed diagnostic information that a good teacher can provide after correcting a pupil's work; to point to his strengths, for instance, in creative work, or

(Continued on page 5.)

Archbishop Ryan: The First Nine Months

Louis McRedmond

IN DUBLIN, they no longer talk about "the new Archbishop," Dr. Dermot Ryan, after nearly a year in office, can at last be plainly seen as the incumbent in his own right. With considerable delicacy—surely deliberate—he has avoided the kind of public pronouncement or directive which would have invited comparison with his predecessor. If those who enjoy the invidious dissection of personalities are thereby frustrated, we need shed no tears. Each man deserves to be judged on his own showing.

For an academic, Archbishop Ryan, reveals an unusual grasp of the inadequacy of words. He preaches by gesture. The Church in the World is the Archbishop at the Gate or the Abbey. Ecumenism is the Archbishop blessing the congregation at Christ Church. Of some of these activities it might be said that Dermot Ryan, private and the citizen, simply enjoys football and the theatre. That would be to undervalue what he has done. Too often we have learned in advance where he was going. An air of calculated decision, of holy ostentation, attends these public appearances. There can be little doubt that they are sermons of a kind, communication with a people more sensitive to visual images than to argument. At that level, they work. They impress, they linger in the mind, they convey a message easily understood.

At the more intimate level, the Archbishop adopts a similar approach. Where he must talk, he talks in a visual context. For most, the major insight to his thinking

came through a television interview, not in a pastoral letter. At Confirmation ceremonies, instead of exhorting the children in a homily, he explains each stage of the rite before performing it; afterwards, he meets the parents and dispenses his autograph with amazing liberality at the youngster's demand. Seemingly small matters of personal style, these gestures add up to something more. Clearly the Archbishop believes in the mutual involvement of himself and his people in the life of the Church. We see, not him telling them, but all participating together: talking together, doing together, the united action of the People of God. In sum, that also is a sermon, a message conveyed.

The same theme runs through the greater part of Dr. Ryan's daily routine, the part taking place outside the public view. Involvement stamps the administration of the diocese. To the elected Council of Priests, the Liturgical Commission and such institutions, the Archbishop has added a special Commission on parish boundaries and a Commission on art and architecture. The Council itself has formed a number of sub-committees—on parish liturgy, on ecumenism, on the education of priests, on the parish apostolate. There are bodies to advise on diocesan finances, on schools, on appointments. In a manner of speaking, Dublin has become a priest-ridden see.

There are, of course, degrees of involvement. There would seem to be scope for greater participation by the laity: the Priests' Council can scarcely claim to represent them. Nor, if some clergy are to be believed, does it fully represent the priests.

This complaint seems not to be against the structure of the Council so much as against the members who—say its critics—fail to consult their "constituents" as frequently or as adequately as they should. Finally, all the consultative bodies run the risk of seeing their advice rejected. Dr. Ryan, you will be told, is a man of strong mind. He will not be easily deflected when his mind is made up, either by his priests or by persons in exalted station who might expect concession to their wishes.

The rumours and the mutterings, however, are muted. What strikes the observer most is the extent to which the Archbishop seeks advice and delegates decision-making. The Council, for example, has been asked to suggest guidelines on the question of dispensing from the form in mixed marriages (and has decided in favour of dispensation whenever this is requested). Refresher courses in theology are to be substituted for the examinations which curates had to sit in the past before they became eligible for appointment as parish priests: again, a Council recommendation. Many new parishes are expected to be formed on the lines proposed by the "Boundaries Commission," which envisages 1,500 families as the optimum size, with a P.P. and two curates, an 800-900 seat church and a community complex. That such major matters of policy are committed to the consultative process should please all who hope for reasonable "democratisation" within the Church. The extent to which the process has been undertaken, or may yet be undertaken, counts less than the acceptance of the principle, now so manifest in Dublin.

No doubt there are some who would



Archbishop Dermot Ryan.

prefer more dramatic developments, who would like to see the Archbishop in the van of sundry crusades for social or legal or political reform. The gossip has it that he is not uninterested in constitutional change and that on national issues he does not take a back seat at the bishops' meetings in Maynooth. But if, as he seems to judge, people take poorly to being lectured, and if, as his practice seems to suggest, he believes that a bishop should move forward in the company of his spiritual family, he has to set strict limits to the purely personal propagation of opinions and attitudes. In that, he may well have chosen wisely—not least in the cause of true progress.

Michael Farrell: The Master of Agit-Prop.

Michael McKeown

Profile

THERE WAS a time when the annual Border debate provided the hilarious high note of the Queens University Debating Society programme. In 1963 the B.B.C. televised the event. Among the main speakers Brian Faulkner and Eamon McCann demonstrated their characteristic fluency, but the speaker who made the greatest impression upon the viewers was a student speaking from the floor, who made a spirited defence of Unionism because it supported discrimination and gerrymandering. It was a notable tour de force, since he left the viewers uncertain as to whether he was speaking tongue in cheek. Then years later no one would ever accuse that speaker of speaking tongue in cheek. Ten years later no one would ever see his political stance. The unknown student has become a figure of public odium, condemned by such diverse interests as Lord O'Neill of the Maine, 'Backbencher' of Westmoreland St. and *The United Irishman*. Nobody any longer has doubts about the political position of Michael Farrell. The subtle irony of 1963 has been replaced by the harsh abrasiveness of the Seventies.

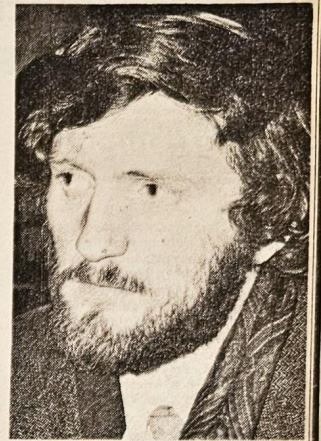
That brief moment of T.V. glory was the prelude to some years of political obscurity for the Magherafelt student, who had found in socialism an acceptable substitute for the conventional orthodoxies in which he had been raised. The proponents of revolutionary socialism found little response in the consensus politics of the O'Neill era and dedicated left wingers swithered between support for the extra-parliamentary factionalist groups and support for the N. Ireland Labour Party. But for the Civil Rights activity of 1968, Farrell might well have remained on the political fringes until his enthusiasm drained quietly away.

October 1968 marked the end of anonymity as the students of Queens, brought face to face with the viciousness of their society, sought to organize themselves as the custodians of the social conscience. Out of the mass meetings of protest in the University emerged The Peoples Democracy — an experiment in spontaneous democracy, skilfully orchestrated by a handful of former students, who found ready made in the university all the standard features of a political party which more conventional groups had to work hard to acquire. The crowds were there, the free accommodation and the use of duplicating equipment, and the P.D. exploited them to the full. Of the spokesmen who emerged, such as Cyril Toman, John McGuffin and Bernadette Devlin, Farrell proved the most politically minded and articulate. By January of '69, as he limped bloody but unbowed from the Burntollet ambush into Derry, he was already becoming widely known to the television viewers. Further notoriety followed when he made the '69 Bannside election a triangular affair with himself in the middle between O'Neill and Paisley. Captain O'Neill believes his intention was to swing the seat towards Paisley, but probably does not take into account the fact that Farrell would regard O'Neillism as an equally malign force as Paisleyism.

From that time on the path of Michael Farrell and the P.D. was fixed. Issues must be forced, confrontations sought and the people politicized. Towards that end Farrell was as indifferent to accuracy as the P.D. newspaper *The Free Citizen*, and rumour was transmuted into fact to support the anti-Unionist struggle. Farrell had become the archpriest of agitprop. He and his associates involved themselves in industrial disputes, in bus fares protests, and in the Lough Neagh fishermen's dispute, often to the embarrassment of the interested parties. At the same time through his membership of the Executive of the Civil Rights Association, he was ensuring that the C.R.A. was pursuing a line as intransigent as the P.D. By the time

August '71 arrived, Michael Farrell and his friends had clearly emerged as the most dynamic of the anti-Unionist forces. It was this fact that ensured that on Internment Day, Farrell, McGuffin and John D. Murphy were rounded up in that crazy sweep which caught up the most ill-assorted collection of political activists in the North of Ireland. After a month's detention Farrell was released, more resolutely anti-Unionist than before, but also more sceptical about the tactics of the C.R.A. Increasingly it had come under the influence of the Official Republican movement, and Farrell found the doctrine sloganizing of the Officials irksome and restrictive. As the Provisionals cast around for a political front, Farrell and the P.D. with their flair for instant protest, seemed natural allies and a coalition was welded within the Northern Resistance Movement.

For a year now the N.R.M. has set the pace for all other protest groups in the North. Wherever a "demo" is required against internment, or Army harassment, or in support of hunger strikers; whether it is in Armagh, Andersonstown, or on the Curragh, Farrell will be there, haranguing and exhorting. With his trench coat flapping, and his quiff hanging, and the megaphone at the ready, he strides along reciting a litany of simplistic slogans, which are echoed by the trailing crowds behind him. Sometimes there are a few thousand acolytes; other times the parade consists of a motley rabble of kids strutting along like a Goyaesque version of the Children's Crusade. Ahead and slightly detached Farrell seems indifferent to the size of the crowd behind him. He approaches army cordons with a resolute certainty, which owes nothing to the degree of his support. He is sustained not by the measure of public support he enjoys, but by the frenzy which has driven him and kept him going for four years hard. Most of his original associates have withdrawn from the immediate scene of the conflict. Cyril Toman is south of the Border, Eamon McCann and Bernadette Devlin commute between



Michael Farrell.

the North and London. Farrell soldiers on, apparently impervious to the hostility he generates on all sides of the political divide. The hostility is expressed in a letter to the *Loyalist News*, from a former student of his in the Belfast College of Technology where until recently he had, as a colleague, that other hero of Burntollet, Major Ronald Bunting. The student recounted with glee and as an example to future students, how his class had made things difficult for Farrell, because of his political views. Harassment at work is matched by harassment at home. Living in the Andersonstown area, he is the object of regular Army attentions. Clearly, outside his own constituency of the inflexible and intransigent, Farrell is a much unloved person. But then he does not want love: he wants revolution and the people who seek to write him off by labelling him an agitator, are paying him the one tribute he would value. Farrell's Democracy may not be the peoples' democracy, but as long as he has a loud-hailer, he'll keep proffering it.

(Continued from page 4)

in grammatical analysis, or in set theory or in short term memory."

Attention is also called to the length of time that elapses from the conclusion of the examination to the issuing of the results, usually about three months. This has the effect of causing delay in taking up apprenticeships for which success in certain subjects in the examination is required and of coming too late to act as a guide to the pupil's choice of subjects for Leaving Cert. It might be added that for many pupils it makes a mockery of the long holiday as they wait in misery for results day.

The committee has been careful to note that while it finds fault with many aspects of the Intermediate, it sees progress slowly being made. Syllabuses introduced in 1969 were a big improvement on the ones they replaced. It does not suggest that a solution to the problem is to abolish the Inter altogether; the examination, with all its faults, does provide a useful and important function. They appreciate that while change must be made, it is necessarily of a long-term nature and foresees 1980 as a time in which a more flexible school-centred assessment would operate. Their Interim Report is perceptive, humane and well balanced.

Q.—Who are close to the top of Galway city's pollution league?

A.—The Western Health Board, which has the task of looking after peoples' health. They discharge the untreated sewage from their Regional Hospital directly into the salmon rich River Corrib.

E.E.C. 1

Who Covers What?

WHEN IT became known that the Minister for Foreign Affairs, Dr. Hillery, was in the hunt for Commissioner for Europe, and that Chief Justice O'Dalaigh was about to be nominated for the European Court, there was a good deal of justified concern in legal, administrative and diplomatic circles about our priorities in these matters. It was being asked, seriously, whether in these first appointments we were not setting the wrong headlines? Whether it is wise to say to the world that any of the top posts in our own Government, or our parliament, our courts is less important and has lower status than second-level posts on supra-national institutions? It was suggested, for instance, that while it might be all right for the Head of our judiciary to aspire to head a European Court, that a post as one of a number of judges on a European Court was not the same thing.

Obviously, much more thought will have to be given to this matter in the early years of our membership of the Community.

To a lesser extent, these doubts and considerations apply to the public service generally. Nobody can be surprised that the Department of Foreign Affairs is being "gutted" for talent for Brussels posts, — after all Foreign Affairs service is a natural source of supply for this area. But as we become more involved, we will have to take some precautions to see that the best upcoming brains are not picked off from key

areas like Finance, Agriculture and Industry.

As the European parliament develops, no doubt senior officers of the Oireachtas here will find some Strasbourg posts quite attractive. The Oireachtas may have to consider whether it is good policy to allow itself to become a training ground or proving ground for Europe. On the other hand, the only practical way of maintaining the status of home posts — better money than Europe is giving — might also be disastrous public policy, upsetting the relativities in the public service and in industry.

Another area where this clash between European and home needs for top talent is already evident is the information media. In RTE, John Feeney, an able economics journalist, has also been the E.E.C. specialist, and it was not surprising that Dr. Hillery's eye fell on him for his Brussels team. In *The Irish Times*, diplomatic correspondent Dennis Kennedy has set up his European desk, and in the *Irish Press*, Joe Carroll is clearly their man for Europe. The position is not so clear in the *Irish Independent*, particularly since Frank Darcy drew his journalistic stumps for university teaching, but there Raymond Smith seems to be top European dog — although he surfaces in most other areas as well. The *Cork Examiner* has been grooming Val Dorgan, erstwhile sports specialist, as their European man.

All this seemed normal enough until senior members of the Government became really involved in Europe, and their visits there became more politically important than many of their engagements at home. Traditionally, the Irish papers and R.T.E. sent their political correspondents abroad with the Taoiseach, and with some senior Ministers when the occasion was primarily political rather than diplomatic or economic. This seems to be changing now.

The Paris "summit" attended by the Taoiseach and the Minister for Foreign Affairs was clearly a great political occasion. Yet all papers chose their diplomatic or European correspondents to cover it, though RTE stuck to tradition by sending its political correspondent, Joe Fahy, to cover the political side while John Feeney covered the purely E.E.C. aspect.

It is interesting to note that in some if not all of the papers a similar plan was accepted originally, and indeed some of the political correspondents had been making arrangements for the trip, even to the extent of booking hotel accommodation, when they were abruptly told they weren't going. As far as is known, no reason was given in any case. Whether the managers' committee operated in this matter, or whether Editors put their heads together on it, is not clear, but *prima facie* the end result was much the same as if there was collusion on it.

If RTE and the newspapers establish staffs in Brussels, then more and more they would find themselves covering also, and as an irritating addition to their basic mission, political activities by senior Irish politicians. Inevitably, after a few years, these activities would be seen through the eyes of a man resident in Brussels rather than Dublin. This happens to some extent at present when long-established Irish correspondents living in London cover visits by the Taoiseach, Ministers, Opposition leaders

(Continued in page 6)

Q.—Why did Ted Heath postpone the border referendum?

A.—Stormont Castle gossip is that Willie Whitelaw fought manfully, but Heath felt he still could not argue against a Common Market referendum, if it was held before the end of the year.

Land speculation in Galway

Jim Fahey

Case History

For almost five years, since the adoption of the County Development Plan, planning applications in Co. Galway were left solely in the hands of County Manager Austin A. Sharkey and his advisors. He made it quite clear to the county council on more than one occasion that he would not accept Section Four directives on planning and none were invoked against him. (He is the only County Manager to question Section 4 of the **City and County Management Act, 1963**, which has been interpreted as empowering county councillors to direct County Managers to carry out their directions in all but administrative matters. Mr. Sharkey claims that planning applications are also an exception to this rule). But, as the council's Fianna Fail majority concluded, there are more ways than one to strangle a cat. If the County Manager would not comply with Section Four, they would find another way of getting around that little hitch when the need arose. And there things stood until Martin Divilly arrived on the horizon.

Councillor Martin Divilly, former Mayor of Galway and Fianna Fail standard bearer in municipal elections, is a butcher by trade, a politician in the making and a would-be property tycoon. His interest in the latter is comparatively new. For it is little more than two years ago since he first went to Galway's Planning Authority with a blueprint for £11 million worth of new houses in his hand. Divilly owns 61 acres of land adjacent to the picture postcard



Martin Divilly.

village of Oranmore, three miles from Galway city, and in conjunction with McInerney Homes Ltd. he decided to apply for planning permission for 276 houses on the site. This was promptly rejected, mainly on the grounds that the land was outside the existing village boundary and was zoned for agricultural and not housing development.

Like most applicants who get a rebuff from their local Planning Authority, Divilly rapidly appealed to the Minister for Local Government, Mr. Robert Molloy, T.D., himself a Galwayman and a former colleague of Divilly's on the City Corporation. For eighteen months Molloy "sat on" the application and refused to give any indication that he would reverse the original decision. The to-and-fros and fro-ings which took place during this 18-month period are still shrouded in mystery, but it is now alleged that Molloy decided to pass the buck back to Galway's Fianna Fail County Council again and pointed out a perfectly legal way in which they could get around the impasse. All they needed to do was to review the development plan in relation to Oranmore and re-zone the 61 acres for housing development.

The first moves to have the controversial 61 acres re-zoned were made earlier this year and the Divilly controversy got under way in earnest. From the beginning, the re-zoning, which would clear the decks for Divilly to get planning permission, was opposed by Galway County Manager Austin Sharkey, Co. Galway's planning

officials, Galway County Council's planning consultants, by the combined Opposition on the County Council, by the Oranmore-Marree Parish Group and by the majority of the residents in the village, including most of the members of the local Fianna Fail cumann.

But, meeting after meeting, Galway's Fianna Fail councillors hammered away at the task of having the land owned by Divilly (to which two other farms of 53 and 50 acres were subsequently added) re-zoned. Much of the talking was done behind closed doors at private committee meetings, but earlier this month the issue at last came out into the open when the Fianna Fail council bloc—against the advice of all the experts—voted to change the Oranmore development plan and re-zone the controversial land. Fianna Fail, it appeared, might no longer be able to deliver "jobs for the boys," but it could now deliver "houses for the boys," or that was how the Opposition viewed the move.

There was near pandemonium at the council meeting which finally ratified the move. Councillors hurled insults at each other across the chamber. Fianna Fail was accused of undermining the confidence of the people in planning legislation. It was pointed out that while scores of young couples who had not a roof over their heads were refused planning permission for a single house in Oranmore, Councillor Divilly and his colleagues in Fianna Fail could now connive to drive a coach and four through the Planning Act and make a small fortune in the process of building hundreds of houses.

Above all the emotive slanging about political corruption, the County Manager pointed out the enormous consequences of re-zoning the land. By doing so, he warned that the council would open the way for the creation of a town the size of Ballinasloe (pop. 6,000) in Oranmore and utterly destroy the character of the village; it would cut right across Corporation plans to build a suburb catering for 10,000 people in nearby Ballybrit, where they had adequate serviced land; it would create a serious "ribbonisation" problem, require vast sums of money to lay on services, increase traffic problems on the main artery into the city and generally be contrary to all the rules of good planning. This was his view, the view of the Planning Authority and also the County Council's planning consultants. He could have spared his breath. Fianna Fail voted to re-zone the land and open the way for comrade Divilly to re-apply for planning permission for his housing complex with every prospect of being successful this time round. On the same day, Mr. Sharkey announced his resignation.

What the Minister for Local Government had not the guts (or the inclination) to do was achieved by a simple county council vote. The way is now open for that first £11 million housing estate and after that the remainder of the 164 acres which has been re-zoned can also be developed. The profits to be made from such a development in a city which is "bursting at the seams" are not too difficult to imagine: the accepted price for agricultural land in the area is £500 an acre. With sites at £1,000 each and eight-house-an-acre density, the land could now be worth as much as £8,000 an acre.

For the record, Galway's Fianna Fail councillors have, throughout the entire episode, insisted that there was nothing whatsoever of a political nature in their decision to re-zone the land. The village should be allowed to expand. They should not stand in the way of progress. If anybody else had applied for a re-zoning of his land it would have been given the "green light," too, was the line constantly put forward by party spokesmen. In the light of these claims it is interesting to note that the very same councillors unanimously voted against a plan to build 700 new houses at Rinvile, three miles from Oranmore, just two weeks previously. The application was lodged by Sisks, of Dublin. Their application was subsequently rejected by the Planning Authority.

Readers are invited to bring other "Case Histories" to our attention.

Q.—WHY IS the administrative council of the Labour Party about to disband the oldest and most active branch in Dublin North East Constituency? (including such people like Brendan Scott, Geoffrey Coulter, and Dorry Gilmore).

A.—The disciplinary committee of the party have recommended that the Howth Branch, from which Dr. Conor Cruise O'Brien recently resigned, be disbanded due to "conduct injurious to the party". (The Branch issued a statement to the Press already that a recent aggregate meeting in Dublin North East had been illegally conducted). However the more probable reason is to clear the way for a new pro-O'Brien branch in Howth, from which the Good Dr. can fight the next election. But as the disbandment will be strongly opposed by many party members it seems probable that a few skeletons will be disinterred in Dublin North East.

(Continued from page 5)

and other politicians. Generally, they observe well and conscientiously — but the wrong end of the tube is presented to their eye.

A development of that kind would mean too, that political correspondents would not be able to tell the people how our political institutions were holding their own in regard to European institutions, whether the Dail is losing ground to Brussels and Strasbourg, to make authoritative comparisons. In those circumstances, it would not be economic for Irish papers to keep political correspondents at home, with the result that more and more of this material would fall to the men in Europe. Carried far enough, this could in time mean that the British quality papers would become an increasingly better buy for the Irish reader.

It is impossible to say whether matters of this kind are the subject of any planning or discussion, or whether as many suspect we're drifting into them at political, legal, administrative journalistic and business levels. But they could be important.

E.E.C. 2

Hillery's Cabinet

IT IS NO insult to the three members already named to say that the Hillery cabinet is more interesting than impressive. The team still needs a real heavyweight by European standards — someone with the experience and expertise to produce the original ideas that can be developed into policy for a continent, someone with the standard in Brussels and in the other capitals of the member states to give authority to the Hillery image.

Dr. Hillery has had the appointment of a Continental in mind right from the start — he himself has mused on the energetic qualities of the Dutch, without, at the time of writing, indicating that he had any particular individual in mind. It would not be unprecedented for a new Commissioner to take over a key figure from outgoing Commissioner — and Dr. Mansholt will be leaving a cabinet-full of Dutchmen.

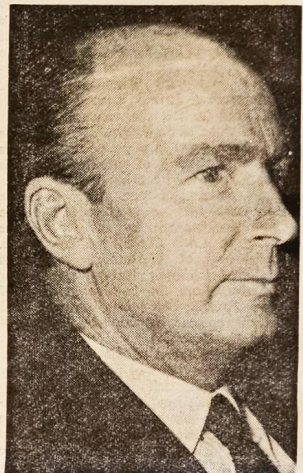
Theoretically a place is left in a Commissioner's cabinet for a specialist in whatever field is allocated to the Commissioner — a transport man, for example, if Dr. Hillery was to get transport. But it now seems likely that this sharing out of portfolios will not take place until January, which leaves it rather late to be recruiting staff. So Dr. Hillery may settle for a senior and experienced Eurocrat, guided perhaps by a shrewd guess at what his own special concern will be.

A Commissioner traditionally selects the bulk of his cabinet from among his own nationals. This presents no great problem when his country is already an EEC member, and there is a pool of nationals already versed in things EEC. For a new, very small nation such as Ireland it is obviously a problem, and it may be that Dr. Hillery, and the other newcomers if they wish, will be allowed to bring in people from the Commission and elsewhere on temporary attachments for the first months of membership.

Dr. Hillery's selection so far has contained one frank surprise — John Feeney

of RTE. On reflection however, he fits into a discernible pattern. Robin Fogarty, Hillery's right-hand man throughout the negotiations and the referendum, was an obvious choice as *chef de cabinet*, particularly given Hillery's unexplained concern to put Irish interests first in his Brussels career. Edwin FitzGibbon has all the contacts in Brussels — with the press, with the Commission, with the other national delegations. John Feeney, in addition to being the only economist of the lot, is a public face in Ireland, and knows personally industrialists, trade union leaders, and of course, journalists.

A Cabinet is normally five-strong, or at most six. Allowing for one Continental, two more locals may expect to receive the call — at no less than about £5,200 a year net, plus marriage and child allowances. (The top cabinet post is ranked A2, starting at £8,500 net for a single man. A3, which is



Dr. Hillery.

presumably that the deputy chief will rank as begins at £7,280, or £8,580 for a married man with two children. A4's earn at least £6,250 net, if single, £7,380 if married with two children.)

If the Doctor goes for a specialist, or someone from one of the present cabinets, he could rank him A2. Remaining local recruits could be down to A5.

It is a good thing that none of the three people so far named is anything like a Fianna Fail hack. But is it so good that none of them is really political, in either the national or the European sense? The two civil servants have, per force, been concerned with defending Irish interests: John Feeney is an economics reporter, not a political journalist. More dedicated "Europeans" in both Brussels and Dublin, are hoping that the remaining appointments will balance things out.

Local Government

The Valuation "Consultancies"

WHILE RATES continue to soar a new "Let-me-help-you-beat-the-system" service formerly known only in the cities is making its appearance in provincial areas. It is the Valuation Consultancy.

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(Continued on page 9)

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A SHORT REPORT in the *Belfast Telegraph* caught my eye the other day. There, among the accounts of deaths, threats and destruction, it printed the remarks of a magistrate to an itinerant who was being remanded pending investigation of a traffic offence. The magistrate said: "I am granting bail of £10, I will not remand him in custody just because he has no fixed abode, people should not go to prison just because they cannot afford homes." Some time ago in Dublin District Court No. 4, a justice refused to allow an itinerant bail because he had no fixed abode. It is a well-known fact that itinerants will travel from one end of the country to the other to honour their Court commitments. It is also evident that though of no fixed abode, tracing itinerants is a simple job compared to, say, tracing the whereabouts of a flat-dweller who has only to pack a suitcase and disappear into the night. Thinking about the two attitudes, one North and one South, I thought of the really appalling treatment given to people in the Dublin District Court—not just to defendants but also to prospective bailsmen and women, usually parents and usually from poor circumstances.

Like the majority of people, for most of my life I had never been in a courtroom. I did not know where the Courts sat. To me the Four Courts was the building the "Staters" shelled in 1922, the Bridewell, a police station, nothing more. In 1967, after the Sarah Place evictions, I appeared in Court for the first time and thereafter with fair regularity for some years. The end is not yet. I have seen literally hundreds of people pass through the Courts, sat through endless numbers of cases. From my experience the vast majority of cases involve people of working-class backgrounds, most of whom are not represented legally. There are few people in trouble from what is called the middle-income group and these are invariably represented by a solicitor. My interest naturally settled on the underprivileged section and it is by the treatment meted out to this section that any legal system should be judged. The discrimination does not start at the Court appearance. People are first arrested, kept in ignorance of their legal rights at this stage, harried or flustered into making incriminating statements, and sometimes persuaded to plead guilty to "make things easy for themselves," when it is obvious that they are really making things easy for the Guards. A woman in whom I had been interested and who had been arrested and charged under the Forcible Entry Bill later told me that a police sergeant from Mountjoy station had come into her cell and advised her to plead guilty and she "would be all right." This despite the fact that she knew nothing of the charge or the penalties it carried. The same sergeant refused a request that someone be allowed to see her before she came up in Court to explain her legal position to her.

No one explains to people, before they come into the

The Need For Court Reform

Mairin de Burca

courtroom, the finer points of court procedure. No one explains in simple terms that they cannot be forced to give evidence under oath, that they may question all witnesses, that they may make an unsworn statement on which they cannot be cross-examined or even that they can call their own witnesses. Depending on the judge some of these things will be muttered to or shouted at them in Court and it is painfully obvious then that they cannot understand the language of the law and are in any case completely intimidated by their surroundings. Added to this is that utter menace of the courtroom, the speechmaking judge. Even when it is obvious that de-

Garda prosecuting the case or when some social worker has become involved, no thought or consideration is given to the background of a defendant for the purposes of defence. The prosecution may, of course, detail his background and history when he has been convicted and before sentence. His life, as far as the Court is concerned, started when he committed the offence with which he is charged. Neither is the Court concerned with his treatment during and after arrest. He may well have been ill-treated or even hurt. These things do happen and the fact must be faced. The judge will refuse to listen and will advise the defendant to take legal action

It is possible that some of these injustices are due to the overcrowding and understaffing of the courts and the police. Some of them are due to human frailties and the boring, repetitive nature of court procedure. Within the system there are some good-natured and even concerned Gardaí, District Justices have their moments of compassion. The civilian staff are generally helpful. However, it is a fact that the vast majority of defendants, from the lower-income groups, socially deprived, legally unrepresented, inarticulate, some obviously mentally sub-normal, many needing psychiatric treatment, do not find justice in our Courts.

Simple reforms have been rejected. Strong police pressure was brought to bear against the idea of providing a "legal rights" leaflet for all prisoners. Not only was a request from Sinn Féin for such a leaflet refused but also one from the Citizens for Civil Liberties and several T.D.s. The Department of Justice refused to consider providing their own leaflet for display in police stations. No reasons were given. The Commissioner of police, a paid public servant, said that he was not obliged to give a reason. Prisoners were not going to be informed of their rights and that was that. With all the solicitors and barristers churned out by our universities no one seems to be able to bring the law into the 20th century, couch it in simple, understandable language, press for the abolition of obvious discrimination such as the one which imprisons a girl for prostitution while it is impossible to even charge her male partner with any offence; continuing to charge itinerants with the heinous crime of begging while society makes it impossible for them to live any other way; sending alcoholics to prison, sending women who abandon their babies to prison, sending first offenders to prison, sending children to prison.

Who is to go into battle against judicial injustice? Conservatives believe that anyone who finds themselves in Court deserve all they get. Sea-green Nationalists believe that no one of any importance appears in Court but themselves—Mrs. Maura Drumm said at the G.P.O. recently that she had been imprisoned in Armagh with the "scum of the earth"—no compassion or solidarity there. Liberals have not rushed to take up this unpopular cause and politicians recognise the scarcity of votes on the issue. The Churches? The Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin allowed Fr. John Byrne, chaplain to the male prison, a young priest of ability and dedication, to be sacked for criticising—albeit very mildly—the conditions in the jail. The Protestant chaplain defended the prison officers from attack without finding a word to say against the conditions in the female prison.

The overhaul of our Court system is long overdue. At present it is a perfect weapon of discrimination against the underprivileged and deprived. Any resemblance to justice in its deliberations is purely accidental. Does anyone care?



Máirin De Burca

fendants are deprived, inarticulate and cowed, these smug, self-righteous hypocrites will make lengthy sermons before, during and after passing sentence. There is no limit, either in bad taste or inhumanity, to which they will not go when the mood for making speeches comes on them. They will attack the moral character of the defendants, make sarcastic jokes—at which all the policemen dutifully titter—and play to the press gallery, when the press are present, in the full knowledge that no reply can be made. I once saw a young married woman, charged with stealing a baby's garment worth 30/-, weeping bitterly after one of these tirades and being told that she was being released in the charge of her husband. The Justice concluded: "You are a lucky woman that he will have anything more to do with you." No one could intervene to stop this crucifixion and the girl was led away, crying, to her husband's "care." In the course of the evidence it had been revealed that she had five children, the eldest five years old.

People trying to go bail for friends or relations are treated as if they were in the dock and it is now clear that working-class people, unless they own their own houses cannot bail out anyone, even their own children, whereas any chancer who is male, well-dressed and talkative will be accepted immediately.

Unless there is a humane

against the Garda responsible. As well advise him to stand for the Presidency! No judge will take the word of a defendant before that of a Garda unless on the rare occasions when a second Garda contradicts the evidence of another.

It is, of course, theoretically possible for a defendant to conduct his own defence. I have twice done so, once in Dublin, once in Bow Street, London. It is not always true that the man who conducts his own defence has a fool for a lawyer but it is true that Irish judges take an exceedingly dim view of the proceeding. In Dublin before a judge not renowned for his abstemious habits, I was constantly harassed while trying to question the main police witness; the justice answered questions directed at the Inspector and interrupted to ask why I did not have legal representation since I was not a solicitor and who did I think I was anyway, Joan of Arc? I received a sentence which was afterwards quashed by the Appeal Court whose judge said that the case should never have come into a court in the first place. In Bow Street, the magistrate repeatedly explained the procedure of the Court, he rebuked a police witness for mumblying his evidence, saying that as we were not legally represented it was his duty to ensure that we were assisted in every way to carry out our own defence. On the same charge as that in the Dublin Court I was discharged.

(Continued from page 6)

has been substantially increased, you will probably have a visit from the Valuation Consultant who has been throwing his experienced eye over the Valuation Lists and has picked his pigeons for the plucking. He will offer to fight your appeal, pointing out that if he fails to get your Valuation reduced he will cost you nothing. If he succeeds, his fee will be one year's rates on the amount of the reduction—eg. in an area where the rates are six pounds in the pound, if he has your valuation reduced by five pounds, his fee will be thirty pounds. You can't lose, you think, so your man is hired.

If you take the trouble to check his credentials, you will find that he has every reason to know the intricacies of the valuation system. Generally he is a former member of the Commissioner of Valuation's staff, all those who have set up lately are. He will proceed, on your behalf, to haggle with his former colleagues and may well do a little better than you would have done yourself. And when he is collecting his fee from you he will overlook the fact that you are entitled to two-thirds remission on the reduction.

A few years ago a Parish Priest in Galway city found his new Community Centre was valued at eighty pounds. He sought legal advice and was directed to a Valuation Consultant—an ex-member of the Commissioner's staff. The priest was advised that if he agreed never to charge admission to any function in the Centre it would be declared exempt from rates. With a rate of five pounds one shilling in the pound that year, the P.P. jumped at the suggestion and gave the undertaking. The Valuation Consultant left Galway with a modest fee of four hundred and four pounds in his pocket and the P.P. was left with an off-white elephant on his hands.

Not the least interesting aspect of the transaction is that the P.P.'s rates, with two-thirds remission for six years would have amounted only to £134-13-4.

Fine Gael

Promotion For Des Governey

DES GOVERNEY is, without much doubt, one of the most self-effacing members of Dail Eireann. Although he has been a member of the Dail for over a decade, he rarely takes part in debate or makes much contribution to the framing of legislation. He has always looked like and behaved like one of nature's backbenchers—loyal, likeable, unceremonial and unambitious, minding his own business (and his seat), making plenty of friends and few enemies in the process.

In the past few weeks, however, he has had a new prominence thrust upon him—at least within the Fine Gael Party. In the space of days he has been elevated to the Fine Gael front bench, as spokesman on health, and nominated to the powerful Committee on Public Accounts. His pro-



Des Governey, T.D.

motion will not be resented within Fine Gael, but the reasoning behind it has set off a deal of speculation within the party. It is possible that Liam Cosgrave simply

considered him the best man for the job—but this judgment could hardly have been based on Des Governey's past performances in the Dail or in party policy meetings. Two other factors are seen as having possibly influenced Cosgrave's decision—the need to strengthen Governey electorally in his Carlow-Kilkenny seat and because such an appointment would fit in well with Mr. Cosgrave's new coalition strategy.

First the local factor. Although Des Governey comes from one of the oldest and most respected families in Carlow town—his father virtually ran the town for years, owning shops, a mineral water factory and a boot factory and had one of the biggest housing estates in the town named after him—his hold on his Dail seat is not all that secure and he had little enough to spare in the last two elections. And he has done little enough in the past few years to improve that position.

Governey's vote comes almost exclusively from the Carlow end of the constituency and is based as much upon the traditional appeal of the Governey name and his own reputation as a decent man as much as on any particular political ability. In recent times it has become clear that this traditional loyalty has been wearing a bit thin and some restless elements within the Carlow party have been urging the claims of Brendan Brophy, an ambitious and successful Tullow businessman, who was recently elected to the N.U.I. Senate and who is more than anxious for a Dail nomination.

Governey has always been loyal to Liam Cosgrave and his elevation to the front bench may be seen as a quid pro quo for this loyalty and a means of strengthening his own local position. But the pressure comes from outside his own party also and is represented by the growing strength of the other Carlow T.D., Fianna Fail's Tom Nolan. Nolan lives in Bagenalstown, just ten miles away from Governey, and has

Labour's Social Welfare

Michael Higgins

ON THURSDAY, 19th October, Deputy Barry Desmond at a press conference chaired by the leader of the Labour Party Brendan Corish presented a sixty-five page document to the press entitled "Reform of Social Security and Community Welfare". It is an indication of Barry Desmond's energy and attention to detail that within sixty days of his appointment to the speakership on social welfare that he could present such a lengthy document to the public. The public were asked to regard this statement as a discussion document which could be placed before the Labour Party's "Policy Coordination Committee, the Administrative Council, Parliamentary Party and all affiliated organisations for their full consideration".

It was not Barry Desmond's intention to suggest that his document was the only document before the Labour Party for discussion. "This statement is essentially a discussion document published to assist the formulation of party policy. The full implementation of the many proposals would not eliminate poverty in Irish Society. Fundamental changes in our country's economic and social system are required together with the full coordination of all the social services if real progress is to be made towards this socialist objective."

Despite these reservations however, at least one newspaper chose to regard the proposals as party policy. The Labour party has before it other discussion documents dealing with poverty, some of a descriptive nature, others attempted that, however late it is to be welcomed that, however late it may be, such a discussion is beginning on a socialist issue when opportunistic manipulation of myth has become an obsession within all of the political parties.

Deputy Desmond's document draws together a great deal of factual information from the work of such people as O'Connell, Scully, Deeny and others. It quotes in the early sections a number of writers on poverty and the problem of its definition. The proposals which are made in the document deal with social welfare, however. They are calculated to make the social welfare services more complete, more efficient, more humane. They are short term strategies

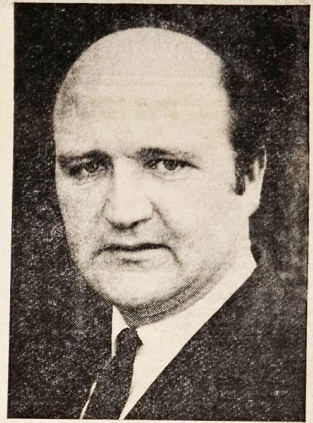
for the relief of deprived sections of the community from distress.

A characteristic of recent Irish writing on poverty is its paternalism. The poor have been discovered. They insist on obtruding themselves on our attention. Something must be done. There have been many calls for action of a welfare kind. Barry Desmond quotes Most Rev. Dr. Daly, Bishop of Ardagh and Clonmacnois statement on 22nd November, 1971. "There are few protest marches or demos for the mentally or physically handicapped"

All of this writing tends to distract ones attention from the manner in which poverty has arisen and is perpetrated in our society. This distraction of attention is not accidental. A proper analysis of poverty would hurt a powerful and influential minority in our society—those who exploit directly or expropriate indirectly by speculation. Dr. Daly has not spoken out against the "Three entrepreneurs" who recently, by shifting share certificates, become millionaires. Those who demonstrate of course are more vulnerable and even if numerous less valuable.

While it is valuable for the Labour Party to have a social welfare distress programme it is essential if it is to be taken seriously that they spell out its policy for the elimination of poverty in terms of rights—the equal rights of those who comprise the society to share in its produce. To speak of social welfare reform financed by changes in taxation while millions are robbed from the economy is nonsense. It is important too that discussion on poverty should not be limited to a material definition but should include the full range of human deprivation and degradation which economic coercion by the few produces.

When one reflects on the writing on poverty in other countries and the measures introduced to "ease its painful effects" one is struck by the failure of welfarism to achieve its own limited objectives. Where welfare expenditure has been increased it has not increased participation on an equal basis in society. The story is familiar. Discover the poor, flood them with welfare and when this does not work simply sug-



Barry Desmond, T.D.

gest that their "way of life" is different. At this stage the complicity of sociologists devoted to social irrelevancy or academic neutrality is useful.

The failure of welfarism is rooted in the fact that those in poverty are deprived of power. It is only when power is attained by the poor that they can change their position. It is important that writing on poverty be in terms of rights. It is only cowardice to confuse study of the shared responses to repeated and systematic exploitation with an analysis of the exploitation itself.

Perhaps one of the most valuable passages in Barry Desmond's paper is the quotation from Austin Clarke with which it begins.

"Once a hard chaw

In his despair of truth, had chalked
On a long wall near the workhouse
At Loughlinstown in letters so large
They might have been scrawled by
a seer at large.

Or Manifested in Gods own writing,
Quotation from his Book of Words
The poor have no friends only their
Rights".

Michael Higgins is Lecturer in Political Science and Sociology at University College, Galway.

headed the poll in the last two elections. His popularity is as great as ever and if, as is expected locally, he is made a Parliamentary Secretary in the coming Government reshuffle, the extra prestige and power could be sufficient to damage Des Governey's already vulnerable position. A couple of hundred lost votes would be sufficient to do this, and this factor, too, may well have influenced Cosgrave's choice.

On a wider plane, the appointment of Des Governey to the Shadow Cabinet probably fits in well with Cosgrave's overall coalition strategy. When the bargaining for places comes it will be useful for him to have a number of front benchers who will not automatically expect Cabinet rank. Des Governey would in this sense be expendable—he is the last man to push his own claims and his exclusion from the Cabinet would not in the least affect his own loyalty to Fine Gael or make him in any way resentful. If, on the other hand, the unlikely does come to pass and Liam Cosgrave as Taoiseach appoints Des Governey to a Cabinet post there will be few in any party in the Dail to begrudge it to him—but it is an unlikely eventuality.

The North

Whatever Happened To The Reform Movement?

THE DOVES OF PEACE which six short months ago fluttered benignly across the Northern Ireland skies, watched and admiringly recorded by press and television, are no longer this year's favourite bird. The Whitelaw doctrine of "isolating the gunmen"

— to use that weird phrase — from the Catholic community, inevitably, with the help of Provisional crudities, brought about the emergence of peace movements. The six ladies from the Bogside received from the British press the treatment usually accorded to mothers of quintuplets or large-bosomed secretaries who had dirtied their typewriters. They are entertained to tea by Mr. Whitelaw — who, by the way, has stopped handing out the crumpets lately—and found him to be "a real gentleman". An equally amorphous movement in Andersonstown received equal publicity and when the Provisionals declared their June truce, it was felt with some justification that the movements for peace such as "Women Together", "P.A.C.E." and others had at last validated their existence.

The end of the truce meant the end—for the time being—of the much-publicised peace movements. As Tuoz—who wants to take up his new post of Rhine Commander with the I.R.A. or the Catholic community on his battle honours—came more and more to dominate Whitelaw, the peace movements receded further and further into the background as newsworthy items. At the present moment, it is no secret that Tuoz and his staff firmly believe that "Operation Motorman" has done the trick. The war of

Q.—Why are the local B.B.C. reporters in Northern Ireland up in arms?

A.—Because visiting reporters from London get danger money and they don't, even when they're covering the same incidents.

The Press

John Bowman

GIVEAWAY newspapers, so successful in some countries, have as yet caused little comment in Ireland; no outcry from journalists, little response from established newspapers and a generally passive reception from the public. But the advertisers, presumably, are happy.

The economics behind the "giveaways" is simple. Instead of selling the newspaper on the streets and in the shops, it is delivered free to every household in a particular town, the whole operation being financed by the advertisements. Local advertisers are thus guaranteed something that the straight newspapers can't give them, saturation coverage; provided of course that all copies so distributed are opened and read.

Advertisements predominate. A casual glance through the largest of the Irish "giveaways", the Dublin Post, leaves an impression of gaudy advertisements, mainly for supermarkets; there's also a shopping column by Aileen O'Brien, a citizens' advice feature by the Dermot Ryan Action Group, some sports news, medical advice and a gardening column. In terms of column inches, only 22% of a recent issue's contents could be classified as editorial; 8% was taken up with photographs; the rest was advertising.

Other free papers around the country have put more emphasis on news and use colour more widely; but the general impression is not that of newspapers at all.

But rising food prices and the tendency towards cartels in the wholesaling and retailing of food are not issues squarely dealt with. An article in a recent edition of Dublin Post with the promising headline, "A Summary of Recurring Problems which Worry the Housewife" turns out on closer reading to be advertising copy for "your local Londis supergrocer".

The "giveaways" may, in general, be apolitical; they do not avoid politics totally, or more accurately politicians do not ignore them. Any weekly publication arriving on every voter's doormat in a particular constituency is too useful to be ignored. Politicians, incumbents and aspiring, cast themselves in a familiar role in these pages; as local ombudsmen, settling grievances, giving advice on civic matters; generally making themselves useful in the way that Irish politicians always have; not so much legislators as social workers for their constituents, "going about persecuting civil servants".

Perhaps in all this one is taking the giveaway papers too seriously; when one considers the marginal and selective interest they show in current affairs, it's apparent that they offer no alternative to the local weekly papers. Their real threat is their attraction to local advertisers. The provincial press, having lost much of its lucrative, national brand advertising to television in the 1960s and now worried about the damaging effects of V.A.T., clearly cannot afford a serious drop in local advertising.

So far, this hasn't happened in Ireland; indeed three "giveaways" have already ceased operation in Limerick, Dundalk and Drogheda. Those that remain in Galway, Cork and Dublin would seem to pose little threat to the healthy legitimate press in their areas.

Abroad, the free neighbouring papers have fared rather better, closing down some ailing local papers which failed to survive the initial loss of advertising. Given changes in printing technology, the "giveaways", despite their sketchy start in this country could yet pose a threat to some of our provincial papers.

The question the community must face is this; with the increasing need for consumer protection and investigative journalism, how would a town without a strong local paper protect its interests? The question is relevant to our entire society; if we want a genuinely free press, independent of political and commercial pressures then we'll have to pay more for it. All our newspapers are already being heavily subsidised by advertising; to the point where some commentators believe that it is commercial pressures which represent the greatest threat to the freedom of our press. We should be expecting to pay more, not nothing for our newspapers.

John Bowman

(Continued from Page 9)

attrition has taken over. Soldiers die from single-shot snipers but inexorably the saturation by the British Army of the Catholic areas of Belfast and Derry is sapping, by sheer exhaustion, the will of the Provisionals. The lists of captured men grows; the Border raids have not the potency to draw away troops from the cities; the violence of U.D.A. and U.V.F., condoned, if not actually helped by the British Army, has further crushed morale. Tuzo is poised for a military solution.

In such circumstances, the doves can only concentrate on survival while all the running is done by the hawks. "Women Together", for example, is still strong, vigorous and constructive. Its branches are still active in areas where one might expect the most extreme form of community polarisation. Thus, Mrs. Monica Patterson, the very able and articulate leader of the organisation, has pointed out that the most successful group at the moment in Belfast is the Ardoyne branch. Equally, however, it must be admitted that the good done by "Women Together" is done by stealth as far as the media are concerned. The morning after, for example, the attack by an armed mob of U.D.A. and Tartans upon Catholic houses in Lenadoon, the organisation was on the spot working like beavers at the task of rehabilitation, yet not one word of their activities appeared in press or television. Peace is not news at the moment.

There is also the class image attached to the peace movements. In spite of the assertion, repeated over and over again, that "Women Together" crosses not only sectarian but also class boundaries, its image as a fur-coated, coffee-selling, car-driving association still persists. It is a fact that working-class women probably dominate, but the image of the Ladies Bountiful is an easy one to invoke and a difficult one to escape. The image of "Women Together" as a talking-shop trying to impose middle-class respectability upon a revolutionary situation would require a great deal of publicity to eradicate.

It must also be recognised that to talk simply of peace has a strange unreality as the struggle for power continues. What is the definition of peace? A desert or a garden? Inevitably, therefore, in a political struggle, any peace movement must define its attitude towards the essential elements of that struggle and a failure or inability to do so diminishes irrevocably the influence such a movement can exert upon events. To the Northern Ireland revolutionary—on either side—peace in itself has neither reality nor relevance. Indeed, it may actually be dangerous—which explains why Mrs. Patterson on a recent lecture tour in America had to suffer the organised disruption of her meetings by Republican sympathisers.

What has been said about "Women Together" can equally be applied to P.A.C.E. (Protestant and Catholic Encounter) and to the various other like-minded associations. These bring together the moderate idealists of both communities. Never before in the history of Northern Ireland has there been such a mingling of Protestant and Catholic middle-class as has occurred over the past three years. It is good that this is so. It is good that Community Associations still soldier on, that the Suffolk and Andersonstown Community Society should carry on after Lenadoon, that Ratepayers' Associations still exist. They are necessary now; they will be even more necessary in the future, but they are, at the moment, out of the mainstream of events. For the present, at any rate, the doves are flying very low indeed.

Q.—WHAT indications are there that the U.D.A. are becoming more left wing?

A.—LAST month during a British Army raid, a leading U.D.A. member's briefcase was confiscated. Among the books it contained were Nyerere's "Arusha Declaration" and Trotsky's "History of the Russian Revolution". As Lt.-Col. Derek Wilford of the Paras commented: "The sort of book only a Communist would read!" In addition the Irish Communist Organisation which, through its "two nations" theory and a lot of hard political work, has now considerable influence on the Woodvale U.D.A.



Crosses planted in the grounds of the City Hall, Belfast, for each person killed in the Northern troubles.

The Church

Ignoring The Laws

MANY AN IRISH PRIEST will have smiled a wan smile in the last few weeks on hearing the news that the bishops, with the consent of the Roman authorities, had finally abrogated Statutes 32 and 33 of the 1956 National Synod of Maynooth. The reason for the smiles would not merely be the fact that for many years these statutes were "more honoured in the breach than in the observance," but the fact that the bishops should waste their time on such trivia when the Church and the nation are in such serious turmoil.

Statute 32 prohibited priests from putting on a modest bet with a bookmaker or with the Tote on horse-racing or dog-racing. The law stated explicitly that even the modest bet incurred automatic suspension from priestly functions. In spite of this rather extreme penalty, many clerics found ways and means of having their little flutter on Grand National and other days. Theological expertise, worthy of nobler causes, was often called upon to outwit the law and it is most unlikely that the hand of the recording angel ever had to list a suspension under Statute 32.

One much-loved loophole for evading the law was that which held that a bet placed through a lady intermediary did not violate the statute. The statute forbade the priest to bet *per se vel per alium* (personally or through another), but the fact that "another" was masculine in the official Latin suggested to some bright mind that a lady could lawfully do the job. A well-known canonist, asked to comment on the lawfulness or otherwise of this procedure, is reported to have replied, tongue in cheek, that Canon Law, like marriage, assumed that the male form embraced the female form unless the contrary was clearly proven.

As a result of the present relaxation, priests can now contribute to the support of the bookmaker and the Tote with a good conscience. They can also, as a result of the abrogation of Statute 33, attend horse-racing and dog-racing, things which (our readers will be very surprised to hear) were strictly forbidden to them for many years and—like betting—involved an automatic suspension for transgression of the law. If one is to judge by the number of priests recognisable in any newspaper photograph of the attendance at a meeting of the Sport of Kings, there must be a vast number of suspended priests in the island of saints and scholars under this particular statute.

It is in the light of this all-but-complete disregard for the law that we must look at the abrogation of these two statutes. It is difficult to see what the bishops hoped to achieve by drawing attention to two of the most ignored laws in the whole statute book. Perhaps the action of abrogating these statutes was a gentle reminder to Catholic priests that the rest of the 335 statutes are still in force. If this is so, then the bishops might have taken another look and decided to abrogate statutes like those which lay down that:

priests should wear the soutane when indoors and "normally" have their head covered when out of doors; priests should not attend public meetings without permission of the parish priest of the place where the meeting is held; priests should "absolutely avoid" entering hotel bars and lounge bars; priests must not continue playing cards after midnight or play for high stakes;

(Continued on page 11)

SOME COPIES OF Michael McKeown's excellent booklet, "The First Five Hundred", which details and analyses the deaths in Northern Ireland since 1969, are still available from this office, 179 Pearce Street, Dublin 2, at 22½p post paid.

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priests must not smoke publicly in the streets;

priests should use motor-cars only in moderation, for just reasons, and without the appearance of luxury.

The list could be continued indefinitely. That the majority of laws contained in the National Synod are either being ignored or riddled with escape routes is something which does not seem to worry our ecclesiastical legislators. The moral seems to be that as long as the law is there, the exceptions and the loopholes don't matter. At a wider level, we find this evasive attitude general in the Church today. Provided we can say "no divorce," it matters little if the number of adulterous unions (in Italy, for example) has reached staggering proportions. Provided the law of celibacy can be maintained intact, it is of no consequence that the great majority of native South American priests are cohabiting. Provided we accept *Humane Vitae*, it makes no difference what kind of loophole we find to escape its proscriptions. There are endless examples of this loophole theology to be found.

The question must ultimately be asked whether this is Christianity. A comparison with the New Testament would suggest that it is not.

Dail Eireann

The Need For Reform

THE SLIGHTLY worried tone of the Dail debate on the Committee Stage of the European Communities Bill brings to the surface a concern that has been growing over some months about the status in the E.E.C. of our Government, parliament and vital institutions. Only now, when they've begun to get down to practical details, has it dawned on the general run of Deputies that the old cosy weekly stroll up to Leinster House, the haphazard meandering from one Department to another, with a bagful of bog drains, street lights and little jobs for little farmers' daughters, has had it. It is becoming only too obvious as we rush towards January 1st that the Dail and its members could not physically fit in that kind of thing with all the new work hitting it in the face, if it is to have any real relevance. Something will have to give, and there is little doubt that it will be the old, comfortable, neighbourly way of working.

The greatest danger to the Dail as an institution is that too many Deputies will go on refusing against all reason to see the need for change; will go on clinging to the old ways and frustrating their more progressive colleagues because they are too set in their ways, or incapable intellectually of reorienting themselves.

A look at the current Dail Order Paper is sufficient to show how real this danger is. The Paper is more cluttered than ever with trivial, local, vote-catching and largely nationally-irrelevant Questions. Hundreds of them, with the result that Questions to some Ministers have not been reached since the Dail resumed after the summer break. Included in the unreached batches are several questions of economic and social value in a European context. Despite more time for Questions, the situation seems to be growing worse each sitting week.

No visible attempt has been made to streamline Dail procedures and no party seems to have been able (or willing) to press its Deputies to use some discretion in the

number of Questions tabled and the number of supplementaries asked. At nearly every sitting the Ceann Comhairle appeals to all Deputies, largely in vain, to exercise some self-discipline. There is in existence a Committee on Dail reform and it is said to be meeting fairly regularly, but it is difficult to see its effects in practice.

In regard to irresponsible Questions, the ironic thing is that Standing Orders of the Dail envisage just such a pile-up, and try to guard against it. Standing Order 33 specifically provides that where a Question has not been reached within the normal hour of Question Time each day, the answer would automatically go into the official printed and published Report — unless the Deputy concerned had clearly asked for a postponement of his Question.

Inexplicably, Deputies as a body always insist on reading this Standing Order "ass-backwards"—that any Question not reached must automatically go on to the next day's Order Paper unless the T.D. concerned says he will accept a written reply. Understandably, very few Deputies do so, even if their questions go unanswered for weeks, and the unanswered list keeps on expanding, until every now and then legislation has to be left aside to clear it. In regard to a great many questions, the observer is left with the feeling that for constituency purposes the question is the important thing, and that at times it is useful to be able to say: "Sure, I have a question down about that for weeks past, but I can't get the damn Minister to answer it!"

A minor aspect in relation to overall Dail reform, perhaps, but a good indication of the impossibility of getting Deputies to create a more vital and relevant assembly.

Another area in which there is absolutely no sign of reform is consideration of the annual Departmental Estimates. In theory, when each Department of State has compiled its Estimate for the coming financial year, when the Department of Finance has vetted it and inevitably trimmed it down; and when the Government has had its final look and nodded approval, the Estimate is supposed to come before the Dail for item by item scrutiny, and the Minister concerned, with his Departmental advisers at his elbow, must be prepared to justify each penny or risk its rejection by parliament.

That is, in theory. In practice, of course, parliament has as little to do with it as members of the public, and parliament itself continues to ensure that its influence grows less and less. Some years ago, there was a reasonable attempt to have the Estimates debates in the early part of the financial year. Today, the Dail is frequently discussing "estimates" on which the actual expenditure is a year old, or more. At this very moment, most Departments have made their estimates for the 1973/74 financial year. The Dail is busy discussing those for 1972/73. Not only were these Estimates compiled last autumn, but in fact the money provided under them is mostly spent, and certainly all committed. We are, therefore, devoting large slices of Dail time to the farce — even deception on the public — that our public representatives are earnestly considering whether they should allow this or that item of expenditure — at a time when not only is that money spent but next year's is well on the way to being committed!

Most Deputies agree privately that this is a deplorable situation. But reform? Manana. The obvious course is to pass this kind of detail on to Committees of the House.

Is it of any practical consequence to the ordinary citizen? Inefficiency and deception in public life are, of course, always of vital interest, but in addition, with strong European institutions including a European parliament emerging, it is important to decide whether we desire to retain a sovereign (or nearly sovereign) parliament. It is in more than a little danger at present — from within as well as without.



Wednesday, November 1st: The British Government publishes its Bill providing for the holding of a Northern Ireland plebiscite and consisting of 2 questions: 1) Do you want Northern Ireland to remain part of the United Kingdom? 2) Do you want Northern Ireland to be joined with the Republic of Ireland, outside the United Kingdom? The Ulster Defence Association claims responsibility for blowing up a public house in St. Johnston, Co. Donegal and announces that such cross-border raids will continue until Mr. Lynch takes action against the I.R.A. in the South.

Thursday, November 2nd: The Northern Ireland (Finance Provisions) Bill is published in Westminster increasing grants to the province by £150m.

Friday, November 3rd: The Taoiseach, Mr. Lynch, declares his agreement with the British Government aims, as stated in the Green Paper, to bring a stable peace in the North.

Saturday, November 4th: In a British Government reshuffle Mr. David Howell becomes

Minister of State in the Northern Ireland office in place of Mr. Paul Channon, and Mr. William van Straubenzee is appointed as a third Minister of State.

Sunday, November 5th: The Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, the Most Rev. Dr. Ryan attends the Citizenship Sunday Service in Christ Church Cathedral, the first attendance at a service in the cathedral by a Catholic Archbishop of Dublin since the Reformation.

Monday, November 6th: Three Judicial Commissioners are appointed by Mr. Whitelaw to take over the responsibility for the detention of "terrorists" without trial in the North. Rioting Protestants burn down three Catholic houses in the Lenadon area of Belfast. 10 gardai are hurt in clashes between police and Republican sympathisers in Lifford, Co. Donegal.

Tuesday, November 7th: A bomb damages the town hall at Claremorris, Co. Mayo, but Gardai discount claims that the U.V.F. is responsible.

Wednesday, November 8th: A Catholic member of the U.D.R. is shot dead in Lurgan, Co. Armagh. Price rises for 50 items, including petrol, bottled beer, spirits, soft drinks and some imported coals are granted by the Minister for Industry and Commerce on the recommendation of the National Prices Commission.

Thursday, November 9th: For the first time in several weeks there is a daylight explosion in Belfast's city centre. The Irish Congress of Trade Unions warns of "the imminent peril of Civil war in Northern Ireland" and calls for conferences of all the political parties on both sides of the border to contain violence and terrorism.

Friday, November 10th: A soldier is shot dead in Belfast, and in a gunbattle in the lower Falls the British Army claim to have hit three gunmen.

Saturday, November 11th: A Catholic newsagent is shot dead in his shop in the Crumlin Road, Belfast. A Unionist Party pamphlet, analysing the British Government's Green Paper on the future of Northern Ireland, concludes that while it is short-sighted to reject it entirely, it is dangerous and misleading to read limited objectives into it.

Monday, November 13th: The shadow Northern Ireland Secretary, Mr. Merlyn Rees, says in the House of Commons that discussions should be started at once with the Irish government on the form and powers of an all-Ireland council. One man is shot dead by troops in Belfast and another dies from wounds received on Sunday night.

Tuesday, November 14th: Noel Jenkinson, a native of Oldcastle, Co. Meath, is sent to prison for life at Winchester Crown Court for his part in the Aldershot bomb explosion last February.

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the genuine pot-still whiskey

Q.—What other strange bed-fellows are moving in on the U.D.A.?

A.—The National Front whose Craigie views on Northern Ireland have endeared it to "H" company of the U.D.A. in East Belfast. John McKeague's newspaper, "Loyalist News" now commends membership of the National Front, while the U.D.A. sells its anti-E.E.C. and anti-black literature.

hibernia review of books

Roll Calls

John Jordan

IN THE last issue of Hibernia I risked the charge of parochialism or parish-pumping by extracting some theses from Thomas MacDonagh's *Literature in Ireland*, among them "that an Anglo-Irish literature, worthy of a special designation, could come only when English had become the language of the Irish people, mainly of Gaelic stock; and when the literature was from, by, of, to and for the Irish people."

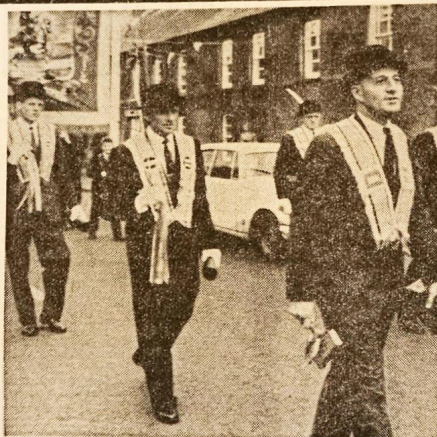
Twenty years ago such a statement would have sickened me, for under the influence of hypnotic elders (and in this I was like many of my generation), I spurned the notion of "national" literature. Coming out of the guilt and frustration of the post-war years, we detested especially what Kavanagh called "the Irish thing".

Now I am not so sure. More than ever there is a case for the study of sub-cultures, even if much of their literary expression is mediocre or at best mud-and-gold, to borrow a phrase from Hawthorne. The "Hiberno-English" writers MacDonagh excludes. But he does attempt to outline what he means by "Anglo-Irish" writers as defined above. (It must be recalled that he was writing c. 1912-15). He offers us poets in the "Irish Mode" (his own somewhat dubious categorization): Moore, Mangan, Ferguson, J. J. Callanan, the translator Edward Walsh, George Sigerson, Yeats (the latter two and Ferguson hardly of Gaelic stock). He throws in figures as disparate as Davis and the poets of the *Nation*, Gerald Griffin, Allingham, Emily Lawless, and Alice Milligan whom he admired (in a later context) to the point of dementia. Then Aubrey de Vere, and two who lived outside Ireland, Lionel Johnson and Nora Chesson.

His list of "Anglo-Irish" novelists is quite extraordinary, coming as it does from an Irish-speaking Nationalist. We expect to see Maria Edgeworth, Carleton and the two Banim, but Lever and Lover come as a shock. (I might add that the vast bulk of the work of these writers is out of print). The higgledy-piggledy nature of MacDonagh's roll-call is not necessarily evidence of mental confusion, but rather an indication of the complexity of Anglo-Irish studies. By what standard do we compare, for instance Carleton and Lever? Or Griffin and Sheridan Le Fanu?

What MacDonagh was trying to do in 1915, establish a respectable corpus of home-grown Anglo-Irish literature, John O'Leary had been trying to do in the *Freeman's Journal* in 1886 with his "The Hundred Best Irish Books" and more significantly Yeats in 1895 with his "The Thirty Best Irish Books", which resulted in a controversy with Professor Edward Dowden. Dowden had objected to Yeats's list and recommended "Ussher, Swift and Berkeley" for inclusion. Yeats takes him up on a point that anticipates MacDonagh's made twenty years later. "He (Dowden) named none but admirable books, certainly, but *Gulliver's Travels* and *Tristram Shandy* will be substitutes for the books I have named only when the books of Hume are considered Scottish literature in the same sense as the books of Burns and Barrie, or when the writings of Welshmen like Mr. George Meredith and Mr. William Morris are thought as full of the spirit of Wales as the triads of Taliesin".

Nowadays few but specialists labour over those lists so lovingly compiled for the youth of Ireland by O'Leary, Yeats and MacDonagh. I doubt if nowadays the young go back even as far as Corkery. There are some I know who have not read O'Flaherty or O'Connor. But everybody manages, somehow, to read Aunt Edna, everyone that is, but me.



Captain O'Neill leads his local Orange Lodge in a 12th July parade at Ahoghill, Co. Antrim.



Terence O'Neill, Frank Aiken and Sean Lemass at the historic meeting in Belfast in January, 1965.

His Lordship Regrets . . .

John O'Donoghue

TERENCE O'NEILL—Autobiography. Rupert Hart-Davis. £2.25.

LORD O'NEILL's autobiography could be subtitled "what might have been." He gives a litany of factors which, if they had been otherwise, peace and success would have attended his efforts as Prime Minister; if the Protestants had not tried to maintain their ascendancy; if the 1966 commemoration of 1916 had been confined to Dublin (forgetting of course the whole object of the 1916 exercise); if the package of reforms had been adopted by Unionists before the Civil Rights marches began, above all that cry of the nice Whig politician railing against history that his "attempt to bring about reconciliation had been wrecked by wicked men." Yes and if a bull had no balls it would be a cow.

Lord O'Neill with his aristocratic, Anglican, British upbringing in Eton and the Irish Guards gained a strong sense of fair play, some liberal ideas and a very Victorian dislike of excess or extremism. He never saw how this cut him off completely from the dour Protestant viragos and their husbands from the Belfast slums, mentally and physically stunted by generations of grinding poverty, whose relaxations were precisely those excesses on the "Twelfth" and other occasions which offended the gentility of the O'Neills, the Chichester-Clarks and the rest of the Northern middle and upper classes. They had their reasons for staying within the U.K., all the trappings of a common material culture, and if London was too expensive they could always come to the Dublin flesh-pots, and the Brookes could join the Squirearchy at the Horse Show. Everything would be splendid if only the peasants would keep to their appointed jobs, like

putting the bushes back in the gaps left by the hunt. For God's sake there was even the beginnings of a new Squirearchy down here who had the same tastes! Sean Lemass, "like so many Irishmen," had a wonderful command of the English language. The Northerners knew that even the rest of the Southern Irish weren't a lot of bog-trotting Popeheads. But they let their grass roots feed on the poison. Why then should Lord O'Neill have been surprised when the Protestant elephant who had been taught never to forget the Boyne and its attendant mythologies finally threw off its nice liberal mahout on the scrap-heap of history? A world divided the mean streets of Belfast and Shane's castle, which according to the book has the "largest camellia house in the British Isles." No wonder O'Neill dislikes Paisley, who at least knew what his followers could stomach.

Lord O'Neill may very well have taken responsibility for initiating a civil war by blindly pushing forward with policies which were unacceptable to his followers. But the book shows clearly that he at least saw that it was a choice between these new policies and old policies which were no longer acceptable to a British public and government alerted by a civil rights movement which could claim identification with a similar worldwide movement. Ironically the former Prime Minister claims credit for supporting the 1946 Education Bill, which produced the new calibre of Catholic leadership who could no longer be dismissed as cap-in-hand Fenians. He doesn't quite say that the new generation Catholics bit the hand that fed them, but the feeling is there. And what of the British Government?

They must bear the blame for putting the problem of Ireland on the long finger. Having given repeated guarantees to the North's complacent Unionist rulers they then suddenly turned around and told O'Neill to sell the new package to the Northern Protestants, which of course he couldn't do.

But there were a couple of high points in the Captain's career when it looked as if he might succeed. One was the election of 1965 when he certainly got the majority of moderate, including Catholic support. He still retained some of that support East of the Bann in 1969. But by then what Unionism was prepared to give was too little and its opponents saw that even that had been forced from them. It was, as O'Neill in a belated flash of insight sees it, a concession wrung from those who acted like "a master race." So, anti-Unionists inevitably concluded that more force would obtain more concessions.

O'Neill, Faulkner and Craig all finally saw the writing on the wall and the sudden end of Britain's interest in the North. They have all reacted in their different ways; O'Neill gives up, Faulkner waits, Paisley dickers, Craig is the blind leading the blind though he may at least claim to be logical, if not practical.

This very slim book, like most politician's memoirs, is noteworthy for what it doesn't say. Although it mentions contacts between John Taylor (who the book incidentally describes as "a liberal at heart") and the City Group of Fine Gael it doesn't mention the more important contacts which other Young Unionists had made with Fianna Fail at the same time which led to at least one meeting between George Colley and Bill Craig in Robin Baillie's house. Although Baillie was not then an M.P., he had some tenuous contact

with the Prime Minister's office. O'Neill must have approved Baillie's initiative at the time though I gather he regards Baillie's action in joining Faulkner's Cabinet as a beleated sell-out to his long term rival. When O'Neill appointed Bill Craig as Minister of Development it was generally understood among Unionists to be a bid to play down Faulkner's role as Minister of Commerce. To say as the book does that Craig had gradually changed from a forward-looking person into a narrow-minded sectarian is hardly justification for such a glaring misjudgement of both his ability and his stability.

The autobiography says that only part of the Government of Ireland Act, 1820, had ever been implemented. It refers specifically to the provision for a Council of Ireland. When I mentioned this to Captain O'Neill in a long interview shortly after he became Prime Minister he was clearly ready to examine the practicality of the idea. But eight years ago neither Dublin nor London politicians were interested in initiatives. Another 'might have been?' But when all the historical facts working against Captain O'Neill are weighed there still remains his own inability to see the total incompatibility between democratic just government and ignorant prejudice. His first job in government was as Parliamentary Secretary to Billy Grant, then Minister of Health, who he described as a "typical Belfast Protestant working man, strongly anti-Catholic but decent." Quite so. As for the future, Lord O'Neill doesn't tell us in his book about what he privately believes to be an important practical factor in any negotiations involving the present British Government and ourselves—that Mr. Heath and Mr. Lynch do not get on together. But then how long will that remain a relevant factor?

Books

Ghettos Green

Eamonn McCann

THE IRISH IN BRITAIN. By Kevin O'Connor. Sidgwick and Jackson. £2.50.

I LIVED and worked as a labourer in London between 1965 and early 1968, and spent most of the Sunday afternoons with Gerry Lawless, Liam Dalton, Peter O'Toole (not the film star) and a few others at Speakers' Corner haranguing the tourists about the wrongs done to Ireland and assuring them that there was a reckoning at hand. It was in retrospect, a silly way to pass a Sunday, because the people we wanted to reach, the Irish in Britain, paid little attention. Mr. O'Connor's book explains some of the reasons why, but it does not explain them very well.

What Mr. O'Connor lacks, fatally, is a point of view. He describes how the Irish swarmed, half-starved and fever-ridden, into Britain in

the nineteenth century to live in grimy ghettos and create surplus value for the rising bourgeoisie, and the hostility with which they were greeted by British workers, whose wages they were, on occasion, prepared to undercut. But he presents it all without feeling, as if it had been inevitable, never suggesting that someone or something might have been responsible. For description of what it must have been like it is better to read Terence Coleman's "The Railway Navvies"—quoted extensively here—or Patrick McGill's brilliant, shocking stories of an Irish labourer's life in Scotland.

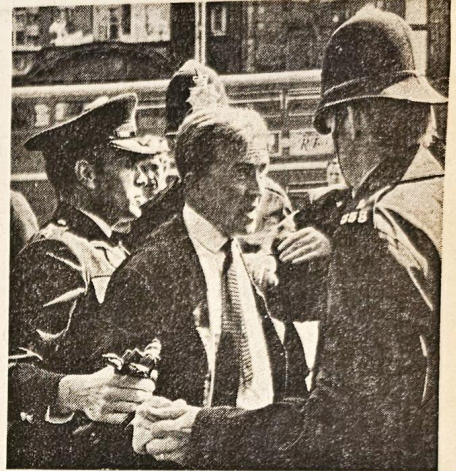
The second half of the book is more rewarding. There are a number of interesting facts in it. "Between 1950 and 1960, the contribution of the

Irish to violent crime in London rose from 9.7 per cent. to 12.2 per cent.—yet they formed only two to three per cent of the population. . . . In the same decade, Irish-born from the Republic accounted for 12 per cent. of the prison population of England, Scotland and Wales. . . . In 1966 a study undertaken in Birmingham demonstrated that the Irish were responsible for 23 per cent of violent crime, 20 per cent. of property offences, 17 per cent. of offences of prostitution, 60 per cent. of offences of drunkenness. . . . A study of London's 'Skid Row' showed that the Irish formed 37 per cent. of the sample studied." In 1962 the British Medical Journal estimated that three-quarters of European immigrants attending British V.D. clinics were Irish.

Mr. O'Connor argues that things are getting better, and that "most of the credit is due to the Irish hierarchy, a body which rarely finds itself the object of praise from social scientists." He adduces as evidence the activities of Fr. (now Bishop) Eamonn Casey in the Catholic Housing Aid Committee and the 1970 "once-only" church door collection, which raised a quarter of a million pounds to build and expand "Irish Centres" in Britain. He does admit, somewhat diffidently and in brackets, that "it could be argued that the totalitarian grip of the Catholic hierarchy on education and morality in Southern Ireland might have something to do with the emigrants'

problems in the first place." The ruling class in general in Ireland shovels the unemployed on to the emigrant boats, while the Church, by the inculcated ignorance which has passed as education for the children of Irish workers for decades, ensures that a considerable proportion arrive in their "host country" emotional and sexual cripples.

About two years ago after a Republican meeting in Chiswick, which I had come over to address, a very pregnant little girl of about eighteen came up and asked if she could speak to me, "because I saw your photograph in a paper at home." She was almost eight months gone. She had come to England from her home town in Donegal when she realised that she was pregnant, and was living in one room with a gas ring near Hammersmith Broadway. She did not know anyone in London. She was getting her rent, plus thirty shillings a week from the Social Security. She had not yet been to see a doctor, and did not know what to do. I didn't know what to do either, but I took her to the National Council for the Unmarried Mother and Her Child the next day. They were very good and looked after her and they told me in a matter-of-fact sort of way that "we get quite a lot of Irish cases like this." If the Catholic Hierarchy in Ireland disgorged a quarter of a million pounds a week to "The Emigrants" from now until the Teenagers' Priest gets his eternal reward



Irish protester and British policemen during a demonstration outside Downing Street against British actions in Northern Ireland.

they would not have made a down-payment on the debt they owe.

Not all Irish emigrants are unfortunates, of course, and Mr. O'Connor writes, with general approbation of those who have made it. The Irish at last have been accepted, are becoming integrated. They have a plush club in Eaton Square that you wouldn't be ashamed to take an Englishman into, where they slop gin and giggle about sex, not a

vivid face among them. For them, true, things are getting better, but that has as much to do with the Irish in Britain as Saturday night at the Shelbourne has to do with the Irish in Ireland. The Irish in Britain will not solve their problems by trying to emulate the petty, Eton Square bourgeoisie, nor by ranting at Speakers' Corner. Basically the solution is to destroy capitalism in Ireland and in Britain. There is no other solution.



NEW NOVELS John Broderick

ONE OF the most striking features of Irish literature is the absence of popular novelists. I am reluctant to use that awful word 'middlebrow', but it will have to serve. Hitherto we do not seem to have produced a writer like A. J. Cronin or R. F. Delderfield; someone who turns out a long, leisurely book obviously aimed at those who do not like trotting off to the lending library more than once a week. James Agate called this sort of thing 'tawdrie to prevent waddle.' An apt comment, amusing and wicked: but rather unfair. Books of this kind give pleasure to an enormous number of people, and often serve as an introduction to better things, especially on the part of young people.

Irish novelists on the whole aim high. Their themes are not usually those favoured by the great mass of the British public, who like to have everything spelled out and underlined for them in tedious detail. Those Irish writers who set out to cater for this public do so in quite a different fashion. They become violent, or hysterical, or maudlin with self-pity; and so great is the national talent for advertisement and publicity these productions are read for their shock tactics, while their pretentiousness is often confused by English critics with the achievements of earlier and greater Irish writers. The British expect to be shocked by us, since the time of Wilde. The sad thing is that even their best critics seem unable to separate a genuine work of literature, which has a really disturbing quality, from the mere 'shocker'. It is enough that the Irish should be different, even when they are downright bad.

Mr. Brian Cleeve does not belong to this school. He is something quite new on the Irish literary scene. Essentially he is the same type of writer as Cronin and Delderfield. Nothing is left unexplained; the pace is Victorian; and the characters are neither very new nor very profound. This is a very long novel, and technically it is about as advanced as 'The Forsythe Saga', or the social tales of Hugh Walpole.

It is well to remember this, since on the face of it the book would appeal to be very up-to-date indeed. And so it is, in everything but the telling.

Mr. Cleeve begins with a couple of stage Irishmen who would have seemed a little strong even if Boucicault had introduced them into 'Arrahna-Pogue'. Of course characters like this abound; one meets them every day of the week. But, from a literary point of

view, they have been done to death. Funny though the Power brothers are, it would, by now, need a great deal of subtlety to make them credible. However they serve to get the action going, and some of it is marvellously high-spirited and true-to-life.

It all takes place in a district which Mr. Cleeve calls The Ross, and which reminds one a great deal of Bantry Bay. Some Norwegians have started a fish-farm there, and the two old brothers open the gates and let the trout escape, since the land had been theirs before they sold it to the foreigners, and they disapprove of what has been made of it. In addition the district is down for industrial development; and this gives rise to all sorts of local intrigue: again very true-to-life, but frightfully long-winded. Not a character appears on the scene but Mr. Cleeve holds up the action to tell us all about him — a process which sometimes takes several pages. If only he would learn how to stop. But then, spelling it out in painstaking detail has always been the chief characteristic of this type of novel. In one case a minor personage is described so thoroughly that we are informed that he wore pure silk underclothes. Silk underclothes! This is really not a book for the imaginative.

Naturally it has a love story; and if an award is to be given for the two most wooden lovers of the year it should be presented to Mr. Cleeve for Jennifer Kershaw and Michael Carmody. I had the greatest difficulty in keeping my eyes open during their scenes together. The whole thing is embarrassingly bad. But, and here again it is characteristic of this branch of literature, it is as clean as a whistle. So was Emily Brontë. In Mr. Cleeve's hands virtue seems very dull indeed.

'Tread Softly in This Place' paints a very good picture of modern Ireland and if the author had only cut, it would also have been a most incisive one. There is one excellent character sketch, Hubert Kershaw. This is a really subtle piece of work. Otherwise most of the cast are pure cardboard.

There are however three gloriously funny episodes: the abduction of the statue, and the whole business of the committee leading up to it; the seduction of Clara Mulcahy by Hubert Kershaw; and the attack on the Guards' Barracks by the Sons of Ireland. These are among the most hilarious scenes I have ever read; and they could certainly not have been carried off except by a writer of very considerable talent. Mr. Cleeve may be writing deliberately for those who are not very quick on the uptake; but on the evidence of parts of this book he is very far from being the same himself.

Tread Softly in This Place. By Brian Cleeve. Cassell. £2.40.



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COLLINS

Duke Ironsides

James McFarlan

WELLINGTON: PILLAR OF STATE. By Elizabeth Longford. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £3.95.
LIFE IN WELLINGTON'S ARMY. By Anthony Brett-James. George Allen and Unwin. £5.00.

'WHO WOULD have thought he sat up half the night reading Keith's *Demonstration of The Truth of Christianity*?' or that the Iron Duke's (a sobriquet popular after death) favourite poplins were gold shot with pink, cheeks of lilac, grey and deep violet, fawn shot with rose? Yet, after an active day, he spent his last night on his field camp-bed, 2 ft. 9 ins. wide, on a horse-hair mattress. 'When it's time to turn over it's time to turn out,' he told Lady Salisbury when she asked him how he managed, and through his man Kendall knocked as usual at 6.30 that day of 1852 he didn't turn out. He was 83. His false teeth (often called Waterloo teeth because the trade used human teeth from battlefields) were of walrus ivory, and souvenirs a craze. This is a splendid book with many charming illustrations and valuable because drawing on anecdote, family history, a mass of meticulous research, it lessens misrepresentation of long past attitudes still commonly assumed and spread abroad for truth.

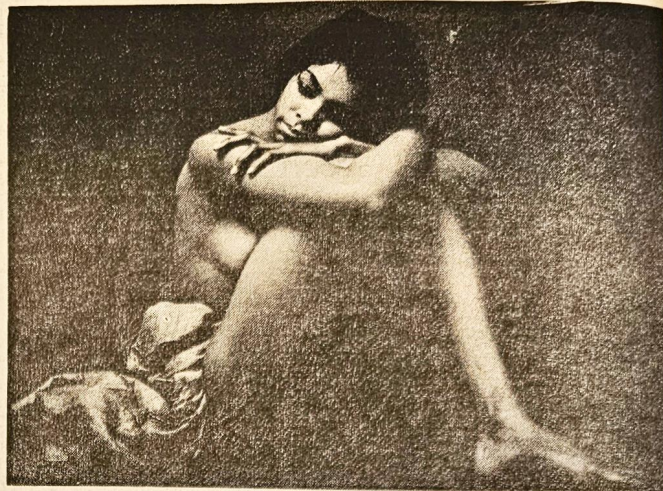
Of course the Duke was a Tory aristocrat, a straight-dealing Irish Protestant who

disliked secret societies like Orangemen as much as what, he knew, the mob could do. So, despite himself, he pushed through Catholic Emancipation in opposition to King and Tory Ultras: but it was he, the year before, who had written about the evils of 'absentee landlords, inability of peasants to come on the market for lack of money, dependence on the potato, insecurity of land tenure and the labour system' and, had even suggested a Concordat with the Vatican. This about-face led to a pistol duel with the Earl of Winchelsea in Battersea Fields.

Unmildish, this author does not write 'out of her time' but with understanding of its temper and prejudices. Her feeling for place and people, her sense of milieu, speeds Lady Longford over well-worn tracts of history — Dan O'Connell and The Association, The Peterloo Massacre, the fight against The Corn Laws, The Tolpuddle Martyrs—but her aim is true: to make plain her subject. 'History has a double role,' she writes, 'to destroy the illusions of the past and . . . "help sustain man's confidence in his destiny".' Her quotation

is apt, for Wellington even more than Napoleon was 'A Man of Destiny'. How else could a man of whom his mother said, 'Arthur has put on his red coat for the first time today. (1787) Anyone can see he has not the cut of a soldier', arrive on the world scene at 46, the Prince of Waterloo, 'cousin' of sovereigns and, even through political exigency, become Prime Minister and refuse that office a second time? How else could a man survive battle and riot and his female adherents, so sought after, so adulated and so slated in such an age?

Enjoying the turn-about of politics as much as the Duke's lifelong friend Harriet Arbuthnot (the woman behind the man), Elizabeth Longford has a novelist's touch with scandal, and destiny led her hero into some strange situations. Not least when Mrs. Fitzherbert's Letters had to be burnt, or when the natural son of Princess Sophia threatened to reveal himself as 'the unhappy result' of incest with her brother, the Duke of Cumberland. But, portraying the uncomfortable marriage to worldly, lovable, exasperating Kitty Pakenham, daughter of Countess Longford, she is all compassion. Poor Lady Wellington stands out, comforted by her old friend Maria Edgeworth, from les gens du monde — Mme de Staël, Princess de Lieven, Caroline Lamb; and one of many moving passages comes in her fatal illness when Maria remarks, 'I hope she will not last too long and tire out that easily tried pity of his.' But, at his end, his virtues are not in dispute: 'the truth-



"Nude." From "Assignments," a book of photographs by Lord Snowdon, published by Weidenfeld and Nicolson at £3.00.

fulness, honesty, fairness and simplicity; the prudence . . . the directness . . . decision and realism that made him so sensible.' The sanctity of public life, even in its most secret corners, was always scrupulously observed by him. He would not, at any cost, have it discredited.

Where the pillar of state begins, The Years of The Sword are finished, and it is to that first volume of Elizabeth Longford's biography that 'Life in Wellington's Army' makes

such fascinating and lively companion reading. Anthony Brett-James writes with experience of active service with the Indian Army in the Middle East, India and Burma and, as head of the War Studies Department, R.M.A., Sandhurst, with widely researched knowledge of how the men (and women) lived and got on with their hosts and enemies as Wellington marched them through Portugal, Spain, France and Flanders. A few chapter headings must suffice:

On the March, Billets, Hosts and Landladies, Bivouac Life, Rations, Wartime Dinner Parties, Horses and Forage, Chaplains and Religion, Army Wives, Fraternization. The illustrations are unique — Wellington's camp-bed and telescope — and the maps sensible. This is from the horse's mouth, reads like Ritheman Harris but is more reliable and, like his three other Napoleonic books, absorbingly everyday. Wellington must have approved.

Pessimist and Genius

Monk Gibbon

THE GREATNESS OF FLAUBERT. By Maurice Nadeau. Translated by Barbara Bray. The Alcove Press. £2.95.
FLAUBERT IN EGYPT. Translated and edited by Francis Steegmuller. The Bodley Head. £2.95.

IN AN AGE when a great film can reveal superb artistry through the co-ordinated effort of a number of collaborators under a director who knows what he wants and is capable of following his inspiration, it is humiliating to realise that writing has almost ceased to be regarded as an art. The journalist is no longer the hack. It is the serious writer who is expected to prostitute himself in the interest of sales. In such an age it is well to be reminded that there was once such a person as Gustav Flaubert.

Whether his objective was to pillory the banality of the bourgeois outlook, or to give food for dreams, he pursued it with the intense concentration of a big-game hunter. As Monsieur Nadeau notes, he set out to find the secret of "a case through effort." He had learned that "a writer is great through expression—that is the stratagem through which one must struggle in order to reach all the rest." Or, as Henry James put it, Flaubert believed that "we move in literature through a world of different values and relations, a blessed world in which we know nothing except by style, but in which everything is saved by it, and is superior to the thing itself."

The belief can be pressed too far. According to it a Socratic dialogue would be greater than a Socratic death. In the end, by the time he had reached the third version of the *The Temptation of Saint Anthony*, Flaubert was becoming aware that life has its own mysterious validities which reach out beyond even art.

Despite various crudities of utterance, despite a certain, latent, literary sadism, as revealed in *Salammbo*, Flaubert had a measure of saintliness, easily detected in letters to George Sand. His fundamental pessimism was partly constitutional, and partly the result of the supposed triumph of scientific materialism over religion in his epoch. He could say, "The great thing about the natural sciences is that they don't try to prove anything. As a result, what breadth of data and what huge scope for thought. One should write about men as if they were mastodons or crocodiles." But that is just where he was wrong. Men are not mastodons or crocodiles; and, in his picture of Emma Bovary, Flaubert establishes the fact irrefutably.

Monsieur Nadeau was editor of the recently-published eighteen-volume complete edition which the image is thus always

tion of Flaubert. His book is a literary study, and he conducts us through the various works with a great deal more than the mere assurance of a guide who has had years of experience. He illuminates his subject-matter and one never loses interest. Francis Steegmuller has long been an expert on Flaubert and in *Flaubert in Egypt*, assembled from Flaubert's travel notes and letters, supplemented by excerpts from his travelling-companion Maxim Du Camp's notes and published account of their trip to the Near East, we draw as near to Flaubert in the making as we are ever likely to get.

His intent observation of detail is an object-lesson for all travellers. He did not force publication and so the crudity of some of his descriptions and his flippancy over a matter as serious as the contraction of syphilis should be seen as part of the hazards of committing oneself to paper. He can reveal compassion; but almost every page foretells the future pessimist. No wonder that Saint-Beuve, in his review of *Salammbo*, would one day reproach him: "You are always putting forward the cry of truth and nothing but the truth. All right! I am willing to accept that, and I do not even ask you to make a choice. Paint the truth as it is, vividly and even crudely. But what we have the right to desire is that you should not deliberately go and choose the worst and prefer it to anything else. Do not let us ever become in literature like those who are called in this novel, the eaters of filthy things."

Everydude

Harvey Oxenhorn

RINGOLEVIO: A Life Played for Keeps. By Emmett Grogan. Heinemann. £2.90.

EMMETT GROGAN could have been the most obnoxious character in Twentieth-Century fiction were he not, unfortunately, real. His novel is unashamedly autobiographical and at the same time hard to believe; his style combines the ego of Norman Mailer with the talent of Tuesday Weld.

Who is this man that he should offer his life as the story of a movement, a legend of riot and revolution? He's the founder and chief inspiration of the Diggers of San Francisco, a group who in the heyday of Love and Haight (Ashbury) were dedicated to developing an alternate life style, and spent months "acquiring" and passing out free food, clothes and theatre to the street people and poor of the city.

The title is the name of a fabulous street game, in which the object of each side is to capture all the opposing players, and get them into "jail" by whatever means possible. "There was one aspect of ringolevio," writes Grogan, "which attracted players and made the game a permanent part of the cultural tradition of the streets of New York. Sooner or later during the course of a contest, each participant had to look into himself and face his physical and mental limits.

You just invariably learned who you really were and whether you liked it or not."

The opening section, about a memorable match between the Chaplains and the Aces Wild, on Good Friday of 1956, is scintillating stuff, and could have been an excellent short story. But the picturesque adventures of our hero — named Wisdom — drag on in formulae of long-winded repetition until we beg the author to put this book out of its misery. He demurs for four-hundred additional pages.

The formula? Wisdom is bored. He cracks a new scene. He masters it, several dozen beautiful, intelligent women, in no time at all. He penetrates the veneer, exposes a fraud, and moves on to truer, gruer pastures. The specifics: At twelve, Kenny Wisdom eschews Ringolevio and girls for heroin. At thirteen, he kicks the habit. The headmaster of a most exclusive public school begs him to attend, on scholarship. At fourteen, he uses the breeding acquired to easily infiltrate the poshest of penthouses, and perpetrates the most perfect thefts in New York history. Twenty thousand pounds richer, he books aboard a ship for Europe.

It takes one week for him to conquer his asthma and climb the Matterhorn. Mastery of Italian comes rather more slowly, but in two weeks his accent varies according to whether his companions are Neapolitan or Piedmontese. After making a great film (while on scholarship) in Rome, Kenny (now seventeen) goes to Dublin, "grass-rooting with the people there to find out what it means to be Irish." In one day he's moved into Robert Emmet's room at the Brazen Head; in a week he's dealt with Nelson's statue for the I.R.A.; in a month he sees through it all.

Arriving in New York after six years, he at once drops LSD, dispels forever the magic of property (symbolically shattering a Coke bottle), adopts a revolutionary pseudonym (sic), and is on his way west.

The story of San Francisco in the summer of 1968 has been told with great insight, skill, compassion and joy by Tom Wolfe and some of the poets and fine musicians it spawned. Grogan's account adds nothing, save some more self-affirmation. He now hob-nobs with Marcuse, Ginsberg, Bob Dylan, et al., letting them each know where it's at. What a dude!

Our non-hero concludes with one more non-surprise, a revelation: he isn't just one man, but many, the Counter-Culture Everyman. Far out, if you can dig it—it's laid on with a trowel. This awful book may be enjoyed if read as it was written—with no more than a thimbleful of thought.

Booknews

Andrew Pollak

THE ONLY good thing to come out of the mischievous sale of our national heritage by the less-than-honourable legal gentlemen of the Kings Inns seems to be a renaissance in the lost art of satirical broadsheet writing. I have on my desk a beautifully printed, but completely anonymous ballad on "The International Book Year in Ireland and the Patriotic Gesture of the B-nch-rs of the Honourable Society of K-ings Inns in dispersing their Library in London, 1972". The fourth stanza cautions with suitably Swiftian irony: "As for all you plain people just cease your complaining/ What's a few mouldy books when the B-ench-rs can eat?/ When our noble justiciars can gobble up Caxtons/ And belch in contentment, their bellies replete?"

I would welcome and, if good enough, publish homilies in a similar vein on other controversies in the sorely vexed public eye, whether Irish or political.

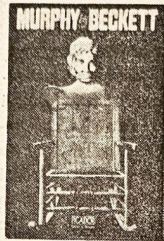
FICTION is something Irish publishers (Allen Figgis excepted) seem to prefer not to handle, even from Irish authors, these days. Francis Stuart's novel, for example, *Black List, Section II*, which was acclaimed by critics on both sides of the Atlantic earlier this year, was published by the Southern Illinois Press. Similarly, though non-fictionally,

Thomas Macdonagh's *Literature in Ireland*, which John Jordan was writing about in the last issue, has been reprinted by Kennikat Press of New York, though that doesn't make its appearance on Irish shelves any more likely. Surely Irish publishers, so dependent on the American market, could work out some sort of reciprocal exchange of copyrights with their American counterparts.

While on the subject I should mention that the Irish Book Publishers Association is holding its second workshop seminar at Power's Royal Hotel on Thursday November 30th, this one on book design and production, with a discussion led by a panel of designers, production managers and printers, and open as last month to the public.

THE TALBOT PRESS have four interesting offerings due for publication before Christmas. There is an account of the Thinkers — *The Road to God Knows Where* — by Sean Maher, a tinker himself; a history of Irish Folk medicine — *Making the Cure* — by Dr. Patrick Logan; a reprint of Thomas O'Grady's unjustly unread diary of life in the Blaskets *An t-Oileanach*; and a supposedly uproarious history of *The Irish in Love* by Sean McCann. Certainly the love instincts of our island race, seemingly long concealed by

our weaknesses for drinking, fighting and praying deserve more than the reluctant and guilt-ridden recognition they receive these days. We have our Catullus in Brian Merriman and our Bacchus in Frank Harris, we have "the two greatest libertines of 19th-century" gracing our main city thoroughfare (the third was blown up by the I.R.A.). We have supplied courtesans to the world's leaders in three continents, from Ludwig of Bavaria to Lopez of Paraguay. It's surely time that the Irish lover was celebrated in ballad, song and verse as in olden days.



PICADOR, the colourful new offshoot of Pan mentioned in Booknews last month, is bringing out Samuel Beckett's *Murphy* between appropriately outlandish covers in January. The publishers are to be generally congratulated for their wiew and wonderful cover illustrations, which like the similarly uninhibited format of "Hibernia" covers (although we aren't able to compete in colour, as yet)

can't fail to catch the eye of the unwary browser.

Two topical books due out soon. The book of the film *A Clockwork Orange*, based on the novel by Irish author Anthony Burgess, is being brought out by Lorrimer on November 23rd. And that lovely and articulate ex-proprietor of a New York brothel, Xaviera Hollander, will be in print as *The Happy Hooker*, to be published by Tandem paperbacks in January. Both books, of course, are subject to Judge Conroy's veto.

THE LATEST *Honest Ulsterman* is good reading as usual, although many would condemn Frank O'Rourke's editorial on the need for the writer to stay aloof from the struggle in the North. A new biography well worth buying is *Trotsky*, in Penguin's new large format paperback series £1.50 which is both vividly illustrated and unusually faithful to the facts (Wyndham's commentary is based on Trotsky's own written account).

A reminder about the Children's Book Fair, which will be held in the Concourse Hall of the RDS from the 22nd to the 25th of this month.

Lastly a reader informs me that I misquoted Yeats on MacDonagh in the last issue. It was actually one of those ubiquitous gremlins in the printing-works who rendered "so sweet and daring his thought" as a sickly-sounding "sweet and adoring".

Land

Seamus Heaney

I

I stepped it, perch by perch.
Unbraiding rushes and grass
I opened my right-of-way
through old bottoms and sowed-out ground
and gathered stones off the ploughing
to raise a small cairn.
Cleaned out the drains, faced the hedges
and often got up at dawn
to walk the outlying fields.

I composed habits for those acres
so that my last look would be
neither gluttonous nor starved.
I was ready to go anywhere.

II

This is in place of what I would leave
plaited and branchy
on a long slope of stubble:

a woman of old wet leaves,
rush-bands and thatcher's scollops,
stoked loosely, her breasts an open work

of new straw and harvest bows,
Gazing out past
the shifting hares.

III

I sense the pads
unfurling under grass and clover:

if I lie with my ear
in this loop of silence

long enough, thigh-bone
and shoulder against the phantom ground,

I expect to pick up
a small drumming

and must not be surprised
in bursting air

to find myself snared, swinging
an ear-ring of sharp wire.

These poems are included in Seamus Heaney's latest collection, "Wintering Out," to be published by Faber and Faber next week.

MINORITY REPORT

BERNARD SHARE



M. PATRICK RAFROIDI, in his introduction to *L'Irlande et le Romanisme* referred to in "Booknews" in the last issue, gets into some difficulties with a definition of Irish literature. Nationalism is currently frowned upon (especially by the most powerful nations who can indulge it without fear of reprisal) and it is probably against this background that the literary world, always trailing at the coat-tails of the real world, is once more beginning to express doubts as to whether, culturally, we exist at all in our own right. "With the exception, of course, of literature in Irish" they always add, since that has a nice distinct Dewey classification whereas our work in English is lumped in with a lot of other hoi-polloi. But supposing, for example, one of our resident tax refugees should acquire enough Irish to write a nice fat best seller set in Bermuda and containing the statutory quantity of fornication? Would this be Irish literature? And if not why not?

The case is hypothetical, at the moment, but if the worst nightmare of the Government were to come true and we really became a bilingual society the question would be of more than academic interest. In the meantime we are left with Irish writing in English, or writing in English in Ireland, or writing about Ireland in English in Ireland, or writing by Irishmen in English, or writing by Irishmen in English about Ireland in English in Ireland. I referred some weeks ago to the New York professors who have decided in their wisdom that Anglo-Irish literature does not exist. The same agonising appraisal confronts Dr. Eoin McKiernan and his Irish American Cultural Institute, which is planning to introduce awards for Irish writing in English, or writing in English in Ireland.

It is not a simple matter of a literary sex-test: for every rule you think of laying down, you can find an exception. Birth? You would rule out Francis Stuart and Seán Lucy, to pick two names at random. Residence? Would you excise Shaw, who spent all his creative life outside the country? And Joyce? Is Joyce a more 'Irish' writer than Shaw because he was nominally of the majority religion? Corkery would have thought so. What about residence in reverse? Does Donlevy qualify? And if he does, would he still qualify if his name were Flugelheimer?

Nor will the assignment of nomenclature help us

very much. Most people would agree that 'Anglo-Irish' is too historically loaded a term to be employed to define Irish writing in English, whatever that might be. M. Rafroidi favours the term "irlandais-anglais", which is awkward enough in French, but goes even worse into English. "Hiberno-English" might be a possibility, but it has a somewhat fusty archeological ring. What about, simply "Irish", leaving the question of language in the margin? But would such a bilingual definition stand any more chance of acceptance than at present? Not until you change your Dewey classification—and your publishing habits.

Most countries publish the bulk of their own literature—we don't, yet. The result is an inevitable blurring of identity and a perpetuation of cultural colonialism. But say the big breakthrough comes and books by people writing in Ireland are published in Ireland as a matter of course. Already some of our publishers are producing and marketing books which have nothing to do with Ireland at all, except that they are physically produced here. What price "Irish" literature then?

The reaction of any masochistic reader who has travelled this far is probably "What the hell does it matter?" It matters, I would suggest, because people see themselves with an identity which they like to grapple to themselves with whoops of No Surrender and other pious ejaculations, and in spite of super-nationalists like the British and the Americans telling us for the good of our souls that nationalism is dead, the same is true of nations, and will continue to be so in defiance of the Dewey Decimal system and all its works. As to definition, I will hazard a guess that it will come, in the long run or the short run, to some kind of loose geographical qualification, and if we find we have netted Mr. Leslie Charteris, or Mr. Mullin Garr (author of *Naked Lady*, Ophelia Press; for adult readers) then so much the better, or worse—or something. As P. S. O'Hegarty put it (and I am translating from M. Rafroidi's French translation in the absence of the original): "it remains that Irishmen who have written in the English language have produced works different from those of their neighbours and that even the English who have lived in Ireland have become imbued with a *je ne sais quoi* (what is the English for *je ne sais quoi*)" which has transformed them. Is it not the influence of geography, climate, physical configuration?" (I'm sure P.S. never said 'physical configuration'.) But as M. Rafroidi gloomily remarks at the end of this quotation: "La théorie n'a guère de chance de faire non plus l'unanimité".

If you're born in a stable, as Napoleon put it, it doesn't necessarily mean that you're going to grow up to be a jockey.

A HIBERNIA INQUIRY

The £90,000 Language Survey Fiasco

by Charlie Bird and Terry Kelleher

FOR THE PAST TWELVE MONTHS, a major research project on attitudes to the Irish language, sanctioned by the Minister for Finance and backed by a £90,000 Government grant, has been in operation. During that time there have been serious differences of approach between the American project director and her senior staff; seven people have resigned from the project team; there have been complaints of inefficient preparatory ground-work, pointless and impossible research projects and lack of due emphasis on the Gaeltacht areas. Because of the secrecy which has surrounded the project, internal dissatisfactions with the survey have gone unreported and attempts by some of the research staff to have their grievances aired have been countered by warnings that the report was protected by the Official Secrets Act.

COMHAIRLE NA GAELGE was established in 1969 by the Government to act in an advisory capacity to the Minister for Finance and the Gaeltacht, on the implementation of the language policy. It has during that time made a number of recommendations to the Minister, perhaps most notably that the school at Dun Chaoin be allowed to remain open, a suggestion which was studiously ignored. However a recommendation, made in 1970 that a comprehensive study of attitude to the Irish language be set in motion, was accepted by the Minister. He allocated £90,000 for the survey, and attended the inaugural meeting of the 'Committee for Research on Public Attitudes To Irish', which was set up by the Comhairle na Gaeilge to supervise the research project, giving the committee its terms of reference:

To arrange for the undertaking of research (a) into current attitudes towards the Irish language and towards efforts to restore it as a general means of communication; (b) the extent to which the public would support policy developments which seemed to offer a greater choice of achieving the aims of restoring Irish as a general means of communication in a significant range of language functions.

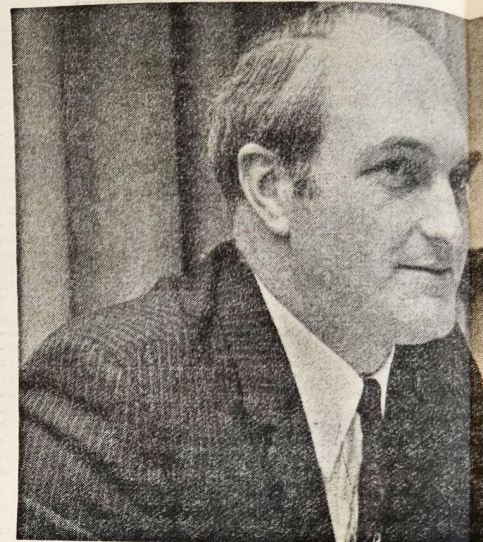
Dr. Tadhg O Tuama, Director of Research and Development, Comhlucht Siuicre Eireann Teo (the Sugar Company) and a member of Comhairle na Gaeilge was appointed Chairman of the committee; the other members are listed in Table 1.

The position of Research Assistants were advertised in April of 1971, and for the more qualified jobs, some foreign newspapers were used. Thirteen graduates were appointed to

the project for one year from November, 1971, to November, 1972, at a salary of £1,500 a year; it was understood that the project was likely to continue after that date and that the contracts might be extended for a further period.

The actual project began on November 18th, 1971, with a six-week training period for the thirteen researchers and other members of the team under the direction of Eileen Kane, the consultant anthropologist to the project and a member of the Comhairle na Gaeilge Committee. During the training period Dr. Kane instructed the researchers on the main principles of how the project would be carried out, and an outline of the methods to be used.

AT THE END of last year, the American Director of the Project, Lilyan Brudner and her husband, Douglas White, an assistant director on the project arrived from Pittsburgh to take up their posts. On January 8th 1972, the research team met the director and her husband for the first time. From the outset she made it clear that she was unhappy about the appointment of the researchers before her arrival explaining that she had wanted to conduct the interviews for the researchers herself. (A point she repeatedly made throughout the year). After a number of meetings with the team where she outlined her policy for the project which was to differ in a number of important respects, from the one outlined by Eileen Kane during the initial training period, the researchers spent eight weeks in Dublin doing a variety of mini-projects, which was to be followed by the major field survey. For one such project,



George Colley, Minister for Finance

a researcher was sent to investigate how many Irish-speaking pubs there were in Dublin, and the extent that Irish was used in these pubs. (There are close on 700 pubs in the Dublin area).

It was during this eight-week period that the researchers were first made aware of Dr. Brudner's differences in approach to that already outlined to them by Dr. Kane. The Director claimed that to spend any more time in the Gaeltacht would be a waste of money and time for the amount of information it would supply to the project, and indeed throughout. Dr. Brudner has questioned the overall contribution made by the Gaeltacht areas to the survival or restoration of the language. For her part, Dr. Kane, held that a survey of the Gaeltacht where Irish was still in everyday use, was one of the most obvious and necessary starting points for any survey on Irish language attitudes.

But Lilyan Brudner was the person employed (at a salary believed to be £6,000 a year) to run the project and she obviously had the authority to plan whatever type of research she thought necessary, though the friction between the two was slightly ironic in view of the fact that it was Eileen Kane who had proposed Dr. Brudner's candidature to Comhairle na Gaeilge in the first instance.

EVEN AT THIS early stage, a number of the researchers began to feel apprehensive about the direction the survey was taking, but they put it down to 'teething-troubles', and anticipated that conditions would improve when they finally got down to their field research.

At the beginning of March it was decided to commence the first 'field survey' of the project and for this purpose the researchers were grouped into two teams; six were posted to the various Gaeltacht areas throughout the country, the other seven continued on an urban study and other projects already begun. It is rather surprising to note, that of the six people sent to the Gaeltacht 'field sites', none were native speakers, yet a number of the people designated for Dublin were native speakers, (i.e. from Irish-speaking homes). Within a few weeks on the field sites, the Gaeltacht researchers began to realise that conditions on the project still has not improved as they had previously hoped. A number of them felt that the research material supplied was inadequate, and that errors and omissions in the Gaeltacht questionnaire they were using, frustrated their efforts.

Two other factors during this period were to contribute to the virtual break-down of the project towards the end of April. Firstly, Ellen Hanrahan, the sociologist on the project and a close friend of Dr. Kane's was also having disagreement with Dr. Brudner and the director's husband, Dr. White, (assistant-director, believed to be paid £4,000) over the way the project was being conducted.

The second was an incident which took place at the end of March. Dr. Brudner sent two researchers to Galway (at a few hours notice) to carry out 'research'. Her instructions were apparently simple; they were to keep an ear to the ground for information on tourism in the area, and the relationship between Gaeltarra Eireann and the people of Galway. On arriving in Galway they contacted Professor Dougan, head of the Sociology Department in U.C.G., who they were told would assist them in their research. All Professor Dougan could do in the circumstances was to tell the two researchers to come back to him when they knew exactly what they were looking for. The two researchers returned to Dublin, increasingly disheartened with the project.

When you're the best whiskey around...

The word gets around... and around.

CRESTED TEN Linger over it. We did.



Finance and the Gaeltacht.

AT THE BEGINNING of April a number of the Gaeltacht researchers concerned by the apparent waste of public money, decided to call a meeting of all the researchers on the team, to discuss what they now considered a total break-down of the project. Towards the middle of the month, twelve of the thirteen researchers met in a Dublin flat, and spent almost the whole day, discussing in full each of their various complaints and disagreements with the way the project was being conducted.

Table I

Members of the Committee on Language Research in 1970

Chairman: Dr. Tadgh O Tuama.*

James Kavanagh, Professor of Social Science, U.C.D.
Dr. Eileen Kane, Department of Anthropology, Pittsburgh University; Visiting Professor of Anthropology, Department of Psychology, U.C.D.; Department of Sociology, U.C.D.; Department of Sociology, Maynooth.
Dr. Breandan O Buachalla, Lecturer in Irish, U.C.D.*
Seamus O Ciosain, Principal Officer, Department of Finance.
Patrick Cummins, Sociological Researcher, Agricultural Institute.
Díorai O Coirbin, Secretary-Treasurer, U.C.G.*
Liam O Gorman, Psychological Researcher, I.M.I.
Dr. Damian Hannon, Research Officer, E.S.R.I.
Liam O hUathne, Senior Statistician, Department of Education.
Daihi O hUathne, Senior Professor, Institute of Higher Education.
Colman O hUallachain, Director, Linguistics Institute.
Mairtin O Murchu, Lecturer in Irish, Linguistics, U.C.C.
Padraig O Riagain, Assistant Research Officer, Foras Forbartha.
Sean O Tuama, Professor Modern Irish Literature, U.C.C.*

*Denotes member of Comhairle na Gaeilge.

The result of the mid-April meeting was an unanimous decision to send a letter of 'no confidence' in the project director, Dr. Brudner, to the Chairman of the Language Attitudes Committee, Dr. Tadgh O Tuama, and to the other members of the Committee. This letter was received by the Committee at their regular meeting the following Friday, and it was agreed to hold a meeting of all the researchers on the following week. At this stage, both Dr. Eileen Kane and Ellen Hanrahan announced their resignations and left the project.

At the end of April, the special meeting between the researchers and the committee running the project for Comhairle na Gaeilge took place. The attendance included, Padraig O Riagain, Professor Damian Hannon, Mairtin O Murchu, Patrick Cummins and the thirteen researchers. During the meeting the researchers outlined their three main complaints which were:

- 1) The scientific validity of the project as it was then being conducted.
- 2) The unrealistic instructions being given to the researchers by the Director.
- 3) The suitability of Dr. Brudner as director of the project, and of her husband, Dr. White.

A number of the researchers felt that the committee were not treating their complaints sufficiently seriously. (Since some of the Committee members were in the first place responsible for selecting Dr. Brudner and her husband, any lack of responsiveness to the researchers' third complaint is quite understandable). However the meeting did result with (yet another) committee being established, to run the day to day affairs of the Project, and it included Tadgh O Tuama, Padraig O Riagain, Professor Damian Hannon and Patrick Cummins, and of this management committee the latter two were to be the most involved in the Project. It was also agreed that on the following week-end the committee and researchers would meet with the Director, Dr. Brudner, to discuss the various problems of the Project with her.

In that coming week, the members of the team received the following letter from the Director, Dr. Brudner.

Dear,

On Friday and Saturday, April 28th and 29th there will be a weekend meeting for all personnel on the Language Attitudes Research Project. The first topic of the seminar will be the general goals and research strategies of the entire project. The second will be on how different components of the research, in which the researchers are currently engaged, integrate into the project and relate to one another. The third will be a discussion of projected plans for the research.

On Friday evening, there will also be a general reception to formally welcome Dr. David Argoff, Mr. Bill Dunleigh, and Mr. Tony Glascock to the project. (Mr. Glascock, who is doing his Ph.D. at the University of Pittsburgh will work in conjunction with the follow-up study on migrants from the Gaeltacht community into urban areas). It will be held in the Director's office on the second floor, beginning at about 7.30 in the evening.

Members of the Steering Committee are invited as guests to the seminars and to the reception. At these meetings it is hoped that it will be possible to clarify remaining questions and problems about the overall direction of the project, in accordance with the results of the meeting last Friday of all researchers with the Steering Committee.

Community researchers may wish to travel on Thursday to reach Dublin Thursday evening. Please bring in materials pertinent to the migration study. If there are any other questions regarding the meeting, please contact me.

Sincerely Yours,

LILYAN BRUDNER.

It seems quite incredible that the first item on the agenda for an internal seminar held six months after a project had begun, should be 'the general goals and research strategies of the entire project'. Apart from all the other troubles, the divisions, some seemingly pointless projects, the resignations (which were to increase in the future), the apparent need for such basic discussion as the 'General goals . . . of the entire project', gives a fair indication that the study was not proceeding too smoothly.

Few of the researchers attended the reception on Friday 28th, interpreting it as an attempt to smooth over the troubles of the project. The week-end seminar apparently made little change to the way the project was being conducted except that now the personal differences were out in the open, and the researchers who returned to the field sites, complained that the same unsatisfactory conditions continued. (In desperation, one researcher confronted by so many problems, contacted Dr. Kane for help, though she knew she had already resigned). Shortly afterwards another researcher, Katherine Arnold, who had been working on Network Analysis, resigned from the project.

AT THE BEGINNING of June, the Gaeltacht researchers returned to Dublin having completed their three months in the Gaeltacht, though they themselves doubted that their research had been completely satisfactory. The Summer months were to be spent drawing up a questionnaire, in order to conduct the 'Occupation Studies', the second stage of the project, and this created more trouble between the Director and researchers, which in time was to lead to yet more resignations. In fact, not one but a number of questionnaires were produced since the first attempts contained a number of errors. According to one of the people working on the questionnaire, no one involved in the project was qualified to design and produce a proper questionnaire, and though the researchers feel that the questionnaire that resulted from their joint efforts was the best possible in the circumstances, it may in the final analysis prove to contain some errors, when the survey is completed.

Morale among the researchers was understandably low throughout the Summer, and they had little reason for expecting conditions to improve, when at the beginning of August, Dr. Brudner informed two of the researchers, Barbara O'Connor and Marie O'Connor (unrelated), that they would not be required for the second part of the project. As a result of the uncertainty of their position both girls resigned immediately; a fellow researcher who wrote to the Chairman of the Committee complaining of the treatment of the two researchers, was warned about his own position on the project if he continued to question committee decisions. In fact at a later stage, the management committee invited both girls to rejoin the project, but they refused. (A fourth researcher, Doireann Ni Bhriain also resigned in August, to take up a better position with R.T.E.).

In mid-August following the arrival of Glenda Cimino, a Ph.D. student from Columbia University and her appointment as 'survey director', it was announced that the Director, Dr.

Brudner and her husband would be returning to Pittsburgh at the end of the month for a three-month period to fulfill lecture duties. During this period David Argoff was appointed to the position of acting-director of the project (also at a salary believed to be £4,000), a position which he still holds. In the letter from Dr. Brudner quoted above, and in another letter dated 18th May, David Argoff is for some reason referred to as Doctor Argoff, by Lilyan Brudner, though he is believed to be still studying for his Ph.D. at Pittsburgh University.

ON THE 25th August shortly before the Director left for America, the remaining members of the project received a letter from the Chairman of the Committee, Dr. Tadgh O Tuama. The letter reported how well the project was going, however, it was accompanied by a two-page memo entitled *Confidentiality of Material, etc.* quoting sections of the Official Secrets Act, 1963, breach of which renders a person liable to a 'fine not exceeding one hundred pounds, or imprisonment for a term not exceeding six months, or both, on conviction'

It is hardly coincidental that this letter arrived shortly after some of the researchers had warned, that frustrated by their failure to correct the survey from within, they would go to the press with details of the poor research conditions and the way the project was being run.

The departure of the Director, Dr. Brudner to Pittsburgh did not result in any discernible change in the Project. At the beginning of this month yet another researcher, Donal McGrath became the seventh member of the team to leave the project, again because of dissatisfaction with the way the research project was being administered. Of the eight remaining researchers, it is reliably learned that no less than five are now reconsidering their position with the project, and just a few weeks ago the Management Committee were obliged to agree to employ two more part-time researchers from the E.S.R.I. in an effort to rebuild the number of personnel on the project.

THE RESEARCH work is still continuing, but possibly in view of the imminent resignations, it appears to have lost much of its momentum. Quite apart from the future success of what should be a crucial project to the survival of the Irish Language — and the criticisms by many of the research staff of the way the project has been handled must inevitably cast doubts on the findings which eventually emerge — large sums of public money have been spent. It is surely time that the Minister responsible, Mr. Colley, inquired into the progress of his project. Before more people resign. And more money is spent.

Give up the Bottle.



One little 6-ounce Mini-Can makes two mighty mixes.

ARTS AND LEISURE

The Potters Wheel

Peter Brennan

OVER A PERIOD of some three thousand years the potter's wheel has been an instrument of fascination to all who have witnessed its use. A rough ball of clay flung on the wheelhead instantly becomes an obedient medium to the potter's touch, assuming a variety of fluid forms gracefully and easily following a sequence so orderly and controlled and with such rapid finality, that the "thing" is done before the onlooker has absorbed its order of development. The spontaneity of it all is the joy, even in our "instant" age. Of course, there is something more to this new interest in pottery than that. The potter, or studio potter, has been making an impact increasingly for forty years. It effects industry, too; so many firms now produce "Studio lines".

The development of ceramic technology has also helped, particularly the electric kiln with "press the button" operation and programmed control firing. However, all this and the general availability of ceramic materials hardly explains the public interest in the craft, particularly amongst womenfolk, growing over the last fifteen years or so in this country and now becoming a viable proposition for business.

The whole thing looks deceptively easy. A potter's wheel, an electric kiln, a bench, a tub of clay, a package of glaze and you are in business—to make or to teach. The potter's wheel too is a fun instrument. Without knowing anything about its operation, you can kick the wheel, spin the clay, wallow in primeval responses to clay oozing through your fingers, and enjoy yourself.

The blunt truth, however, is that throwing is a high skill, necessarily performed in a brief period of time. The clay mix must be right, consistently correct and free of air. The control sequence must follow a pattern related to the speed of the wheel, which in turn is governed by the section of the clay, and all controlled by the hands in the correct position for each part of the operation. The outward thrust of centrifugal force is all this time attempting to upset the operation. Unless the student is aware of all these factors and in control of them, the most important aspect, the creative impulse, will perish.

It will be seen that the teacher plays a very important role, particularly in that each creation must be developed in minutes, as few as three, to preserve the crispness of good throwing. Alas, in Ireland in the counties of the Republic, there is no place where a would-be potter may train, that is, train fully to a professional standard. The result is chaotic. The viability of the potter, one must believe, is not a priority of the Department of Education. No effort is being made to ensure training to a high standard anywhere. Possibly some fifty teachers are employed on what are generally described as "hobby" classes. Few of these teachers have had more than superficial training, perhaps as little as evening classes for a year with a teacher who in turn may have had little training and anyway is working on a course which gives no more than an introduction to pottery. The truth is that with regard to training there is no more than a system for self-perpetuating mediocrity. The only examinations "recognised" (by the Department of Education) are the pottery section of the Design for Craft examinations (Intermediate to Advanced). These are understood to be under review. It is about time, too; they give little indication of ability and the most erratic results are presented. They are frequently held in centres where the condition of work and equipment are minimal. No adequately equipped centre for training potters exists in the Twenty-Six Counties.

It would appear, therefore, that to ensure a proper education in ceramics or pottery, it is necessary to have (1) competence in forming, (2) a knowledge of kilns and firing and (3) a knowledge of silica science insofar as it affects clays and glazes. This last requirement may be acquired by formal study of the sciences involved, or by empirical means (trial and error). Since this last area is so great, some direction here is essential. All these three areas of study are inter-related, and the successful completion of a piece recognises the interdependence of form, fire, clay and perhaps glaze.

In our twenty-six counties there is no place where the three areas of study indicated above are properly covered. Most classes are concerned with forming only. This can sink to a very low level indeed; formless bags from coils or slabs of clay, or pots formed on the wheel with sections thick and forms deflated, never feeling the test of fire, and rarely marrying a happy decoration on glaze or in the body.

The pity of it all is that an instinct for enrichment, a desire for cultural fulfillment, a creative impulse—call it what you will, that could enrich the nation in more senses than one, is not getting the attention it deserves.

John Butler Yeats

Jeanne Sheehy

JOHN B. YEATS traced his desire to become a painter to his father, who had appreciated what he drew as a child, and had not stinted the supply of drawing-paper: "It was my father who made me an artist, though his intention was that I should become a barrister, but soon left it to follow my destiny and be an artist. Had I remained a barrister, in all probability both my sons would have taken to the law and would not now be one a poet and the other a painter" (*Early Memories*, Cuala Press, 1923, p. 1). As it was, J. B. Yeats produced four brilliant children, two sons (a third died in childhood), who would have been a great loss had they merely become barristers, and two daughters, who, one as a designer and typographer, the other as a needlewoman, were leading figures in the Arts and Crafts movement. It is as father of the poet, W. B. Yeats, and the painter, J. B. Yeats, that John Butler Yeats is chiefly known to the world at large. This is not entirely fair. His sons owe a great deal more than their existence to him, and his reputation as a writer, painter and conversationalist has no need of their reflected glory.

He was born at Tullylish, Co. Down, where his father was rector, on 16th March, 1839 (for biographical details see Joseph Hone's *Memoir* in J. B. Yeats's *Letters to his son, W. B. Yeats and others*, Faber, 1944). He entered Trinity College, Dublin, in 1857, and seems to have taken an active part in student life. He was auditor of the Law Students' Debating Society in 1865-66, and spoke there frequently, foreshadowing his later reputation for eloquence. He was called to the Irish Bar in 1866. In spite of all this, however, "Trinity College Dublin did very little for me, which is entirely my own fault, neither did Trinity College Dublin inspire me with affection, and that was the fault of Trinity College Dublin" (*Early Memories*, p. 68).

He went to London to become a painter, and in 1867-68 was a pupil at Heatherley's Art School in Newman Street (*Essays, Irish and American*, London 1918, p. 9). Later he worked under Poynter: "He bullied me not a little and I am afraid even to murmur" (*Letters*, p. 50). It is not so much Poynter's influence as that of the pre-Raphaelites, whom he admired greatly, which is apparent in his work. His *Pippa* (National Gallery of Ireland, 1871), particularly in the drawing, resembles the goitred ladies of Rossetti and Burne-Jones. An early portrait, Mrs. Herbert, painted in 1872 (*Letters*, p. 230), has the high finish and intricate detail of pre-Raphaelitism—one is reminded of William Morris "here and there wall-paper." Back in Dublin in the 1880s



"Bird Market," by J. B. Yeats

Yeats continued to paint subject pictures—his charming genre scene, *The Bird Market* (National Gallery of Ireland), was exhibited at the Royal Hibernian Academy in 1886. There is also an increasing number of portraits, the beginning of that series of Irish literary and political figures which have done so much to shape our image of the time. Mention John O'Leary or Katharine Tynan and it is likely that the personality that springs to mind has been influenced by John B. Yeats's portrait. His admiration for G. F. Watts is apparent in these pictures. Watts had the gift of drawing attention to the sitter rather than to his own skill as a portrait painter, and we find this also in Yeats. Compare his portraits in the Municipal Gallery with those of Orpen, whom he regarded as his chief rival (*Letters*, p. 36). In Orpen one is chiefly conscious of the painter's skill in slapping brushstroke on brushstroke, tone on tone. In Yeats, on the other hand, one suspects that there are areas of technique where he is ill at ease—in the portraits of his middle period, for example, he uses all sorts of devices to avoid painting hands—but he manages to express the personality of the sitter so that it is convincing, and we do not wonder how he achieves this effect. This may be due to his attitude to his sitters. In his lecture on Watts (*Watts and the Method of Art, RHA 1907, Essays*, p. 75) he said that the genius for portrait painting was largely a genius for friendship, and that this was borne out for him in knowing that Watts painted people whom he

had invited to sit. Yeats, too, preferred to paint friends—"nothing made him so unhappy as a commission from someone he did not like" (*Letters*, p. 37).

Yeats talked while he painted, and brought people to life. As said (Preface, *Essays Irish and American*, p. 7) that "nature was wise in uniting the gift of conversation with the gift of portrait painting," otherwise few sitters could have endured to the end with a painter who was always "obliterating what already seemed beautiful to substitute some other expression which seemed more natural or characteristic." This habit of scraping out a picture and starting again is one often referred by people familiar with Yeats at work. In his preface to *Early Memories*, W. B. Yeats spoke of those occasions when "in a vacillation prolonged through many months, it may be, he would scrape out every morning what he had painted the day before." Padraic Colum said he liked to paint a portrait over and over, "and in Dublin people had an idea that at a certain stage the portrait had to be taken away from him" (*My Memories of John Butler Yeats*, Dublin Magazine, Oct.-Dec., 1957, p. 15).

The time he took over a painting may in part account for his lack of popular success as a portrait painter—in spite of the brilliance of his conversation few people would have had the time or the endurance to sit. Hone (*Letters*, p. 32) suggests that it was because of the absurdly small prices that he charged. Yeats himself accounted for his lack of success

as follows: "I have received many compliments, but I have no sitters. We Yeats have such bad characters the people who live in good society and have their feet on the rock of ages and order their portraits disapprove of us—so that I am likely to starve for my sins" (*Letters*, p. 67).

Yeats went back to London in 1887, perhaps driven away by the attitude of Dubliners. The worst fault of the Irish, he said on several occasions, was their habit of destructive criticism, which is worse than indifference. Nevertheless, he was back again in 1902, and continued to paint portraits. These begin to show a lightness which anticipates the impressionist quality of his late work. In his portrait of George Moore (National Gallery of Ireland, 1905), for example, the handling is free, and the head, brightly lit, is seen against a comparatively light blue-grey background. In his earlier portraits the heads had loomed pale against dark clothes and murky backgrounds.

The freshness of the Moore portrait is also to be seen in his pencil sketches. There are a great number of these, lively and spontaneous, throughout his career. He drew family, friends, anyone who interested him. He even drew from memory—there is, in the National Museum, a little sketch of Joseph Plunkett, which Yeats, at that time in New York, did when he heard of Plunkett's death.

He went to New York in 1908, intending just to stay for a short while, but liked it so much that he kept putting off his return—"At last I have found a place where people do not eat too much at dinner to talk afterwards" (Preface, *Early Memories*). In New York he drew, painted and talked. In his American portraits (Mary T. L. Caughy, National Gallery of Ireland, 1916, for example) one is more aware of his technique of painting. He plays with light, colour and composition more than in his early work, though this does not diminish one's sense of the sitter's personality.

He spent a great deal of time on his last self-portrait "not for your benefit, but to gratify my own vanity and love of fame (chiefly posthumous)," he wrote to John Quinn. "It fills my life. I have never an idle moment or idle thought. It is a long revel, just as satisfying to me as Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, and I think I have been at almost as many years. This morning I scraped away all the paint, but now it looks very promising" (quoted Colum, *My Memories*, p. 15).

John B. Yeats died in New York on 2nd February, 1922.

An exhibition of the work of John B. Yeats opens at the National Gallery of Ireland on November 30th.

Slap 'em Down



THEATRE
Mary Manning

THE MINGLING OF monks and mink at the opening of the new Everyman Theatre in Cork was indeed marvellous. The Monks were the Capuchin Fathers originally the owners of the Father Mathew Hall which is now the theatre. The Fathers have been generous in leasing, generous in their interest and help and they were publicly thanked at least four times during the opening ceremony.

The Brown Brethren were present in considerable numbers for this happy occasion and seemed to be enjoying Shaw's wisecracks to a man, or rather to a monk. Just as well it wasn't Finnegans Wake. The audience was what is often described as glittering, which accounted for the mink and the diamonds.

The Everyman Theatre, I hasten to add, is not a new thing. It has been functioning in Cork with growing success for at least ten years. The company is on amateur basis. There is no paid help. It has no grants and no subsidies. It runs entirely on private donations, membership subscriptions and the box office take. I am beginning to wonder if this isn't the right way to run a theatre.

It was Shaw's *Arms and the Man*, always enjoyable. The sets by Patrick Murray were superior. If the theatre maintains this level of production they're all right. I felt however that the director, Harry Bogan, produced it for farce, rather than comedy. Shaw describes it himself as a romantic comedy and we know he had the Puritanical musings in mind. The broad farcical approach allowed some of the players to get out of hand, notably Heather Underwood's, Raina, Brian Bolingbroke's Major Petkoff and at times Elaine Steven's Madame Petkoff. However, to balance this,

Michael McCarthy's Bluntschli was the best I have ever seen, professional or amateur. He was prosaic, sensible, quite debunking and physically right. His presence on the stage brought the company up to a professional level. One more word. I know the costumes were carried out on a shoe-string; I know it all, but further research into period would have helped to add more grace to the proceedings. Louka, trendily booted with mini skirt was not good, and Raina moving uneasily from 18th century to 19th century was disturbing. It's not money that counts on the shoe-string, it's taste and flair and a sense of period. Never mind. It's a great little theatre with a great future and is going to keep Cork happy for a long time.

WITH THE SUCCESS of Stephanie and growing lunchtime audiences, the Project now count itself a real force in Dublin theatre. Its growing importance is mainly due to the fact that it gives new authors a break. I am only disappointed in that the authors, so far, seem to be people who have already had a break and are nanes. It is a temptation for these people to rummage around and produce from their closets, not exactly skeletons,

but certainly pieces attenuated in quality. The administrators of the Project should now enjoy a certain sense of power and this I wish they would exercise more over their dramatists. Two of the plays I have seen at Project recently, both by seasoned dramatists, were in crying need of cutting and revision, and this must have been evident during rehearsals.

I have not the slightest idea what goes on behind scenes at Project, I am only judging on results. I only guess that a young director possibly feels in awe of a dramatist with a name and hesitates to crack the whip. This he must overcome, or be overcome himself. James Douglas's play *Catalogue* now playing at the Project is an example. This slight story about an elderly pair of American tourists seeking shelter from the rain in a Dublin pub and who use the opportunity to work out a lifetime of bitterness and frustration with bartender as confessional, needed thirty minutes to convey the message. It ran twenty minutes too long. Mr. Douglas was writing in a medium foreign to him—Jewish New York—and it did not always sound right to one who has spent many years in that country. In fact it sounded painfully contrived. Miss Fogarty, that excellent actress, tossed off her lines with the right accent, for this Mr. D. should be grateful, and Philip O'Brien also did nobly by him, but I am afraid I found the proceedings rather phoney and curiously sentimental.

Carson's McCuller's club feet and dwarfs, O'Neill's bartenders and Tennessee Williams's boozy failures seemed to dance the dance of *deja vu* before me. Even granting skeleton rattling, a great deal might have been glossed over with judicious cutting. My message to Chris O'Neill and other young directors is — slap 'em down.

I HAD LOOKED forward to Fernando Arrabal's one actor, "Picnic on the Battlefield," having enjoyed the previous production of another of his plays, "Fand et Luis," also directed by Roland Jaquerolet, and which marked the debut of Terri Donnelly as an exciting new actress. "Picnic" is of Arrabal's early plays, if not his first and shows all the signs of a self-conscious immaturity. It also calls for commedia dell'arte treatment, which it did not get and consequently what should have been a sinister little ballet-drama, a game with bombs and balloons, became a heavy-footed bore. Luckily it's short — in fact, a curtain raiser — and should have been followed by another play. Bob Carline and Deirdre Donnelly did give us a glimpse of what might have been. Those girlish clowns were regrettable, however—Nuala Hayes is becoming much too winsome—and then that strange variety of accents ranging from the Kildare Street Club to lower Rathmines — why? The so-called improvisations which followed had a certain school-boy charm, but rightly belonged I fear in a high school frolic — not in professional theatre. The setting, the costumes, the lighting and the sound were all excellent. But as it was remarked of the Charge of the Light Brigade, "C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre." Sad!



Robert Redford in a scene from "The Candidate," now showing at the Academy.

The Selling Of The Senator



CINEMA
Conner Sweeney

POLITICS IN THE movies have always been regarded as a bad risk by Hollywood, a subject much too inflammable for a box-office comfort. Furthermore, the major studio bosses such as Louis B. Mayer, Harry Cohn and Harry Warner, had little interest in stirring up the political pot, when one of their main personal ambitions was to woo Presidential candidates with a view to being invited to the White House.

There was a brief flurry during the Roosevelt New Deal era when some studios made tentative forays into the political arena. This was the time when Frank Capra was expounding his cracker-barrel libertarianism through Mr. Deeds, Mr. Smith and John Doe, ably abetted by Gary Cooper and James Stewart, but the political philosophy was so staunchly middle-class and innocuous that it was lapped up by the Great American public. These films, with their cornball political innocents bucking the Washington wheelers-and-dealers, were more concerned with personalities than issues, a trend that has dominated all the subsequent films of the genre.

With the passing of the New Deal euphoria, and during the next decade of Republican domination, the political movie was quietly shelved, and did not emerge again until the early sixties, when Kennedy and the Camelot scene inspired an awakened interest

in politics, and also a really new genre, the true political film. This was the period that gave us in rapid succession Preminger's *Advise and Consent* (seen recently on RTE, it stands up well), John Frankenheimer's *The Manchurian Candidate* and *Seven Days in May*, Gore Vidal's *The Best Man*, Sidney Lumet's *Fail Safe* and Stanley Kubrick's *Dr. Strangelove*. All these films were made between 1961 and 1964.

Unlike the Capra valentines, these political films were not interested in the little man from Huckleberry Creek, but in power at the top, and developed an iconography all their own. Many of them deal with weak or seriously ill Presidents and the problems of the succession. They deal with problems of decision rather than with the ethics of power, and, like the earlier films, they, too, exalt personalities over policies or issues. As the dying President says to his heir apparent (Henry Fonda) in *The Best Man*: "There are no ends, only means." *The Best Man*, in fact, takes as its theme the question of which is the more essential in choosing a candidate or a successor, the policies or the personality, and which is the candidate selling?

Since the early sixties, the comprehensive intrusion of television into the political scene has laid even greater emphasis on personality over policies, on means rather than ends. This factor was anticipated in Frankenheimer's *Seven Days in May*, which dealt with the media of communication, particularly television, as a means of attaining power. This has inevitably led to the introduction of visual techniques into politics, presenting the candidate as a

performer or an actor. Politics is now reduced to being just another facet of show biz, and the style becomes the substance, with politicians making it like thespians, and real actors — Reagan, Murphy, Temple-Black — taking their seats in the Governor's Mansion or the Hall of Congress. And so we have the packaged President sold like soap powder, and the kind of celebrity foreseen by Daniel Boorstin in his book, *The Image*: "Neither good nor bad, great nor pretty . . . the human pseudo-event . . . fabricated on purpose to satisfy our exaggerated expectations of human greatness."

Which brings us to the current film at the Academy, **THE CANDIDATE**. With the assassination of the Kennedy brothers, the political movie went into sudden decline, and the only memorable example of the genre since then was Theodore Flicker's satiric *The President's Analyst*, with its hilarious assault on the friendly totalitarianism of the American telephone company.

Now in **THE CANDIDATE** the political movie comes bouncing back with all the mesmeric and awesome frenetics of a party convention. Actor Robert Redford, who co-produced the film with the director Michael Ritchie, has stated that they made the film to show how an honest man, when put through the process of the American election machine, inevitably emerges as a slick, pre-packaged product. Redford himself plays an idealistic young lawyer, interested in the issues of pollution, conservation and justice, who is picked for his charisma to contest a Senate seat in California against an experienced, conservative political

hack. The party machine gets to work, we watch a carefully tailored personality being manufactured for him on television, we see the former idealist converted into a dirty in-fighter and wheeler-dealer as his one-eyed idealism degenerates into slogans and empty rhetoric. At the end he wins, but at the moment of victory he asks his campaign manager cynically: "Marvin, what do we do now?" and on that note the film ends.

IN THE CANDIDATE, as in the present method of television-electioneering, the style is everything, and director Ritchie, aided by Gene Callaghan's authentic settings, Victor Kemper's camerawork, and the knowledgeable script supplied by Jeremy Lerner, who was Eugene McCarthy's speech-writer, has brought off a brilliantly persuasive and, at times, bittily funny, political film. He has cleverly insinuated intimations of actuality into the film to heighten its persuasiveness. Robert Redford has the charismatic appearance of a Bobby Kennedy or Mayor Lindsay; one scene is intercut with an actual film of a Democratic dinner, with glimpses of Humphrey and McGovern; and in the final moments, as the victorious candidate and his manager exit from the hotel room through the kitchen we catch our breath in case another Sirhan Sirhan appears from nowhere. **THE CANDIDATE** is superficially dazzling film, but it is ultimately disappointing. It fails to dig its teeth into the issues which it raises; there are certain ambiguities that it fails to resolve along the way, and the final impression is that of political melodrama.

Gilbert O'Sullivan: Portrait of a young man as Artist

Terry Kelleher

THE CHEESECAKE photograph of a sun-tanned Gilbert O'Sullivan (with an impressively hairy chest to boot) which adorns the cover of his new album *Back To Front* (MAM-SS 502) tells a great deal about the changes of that singer/writer, and even more about his guru Gordon Mills. Mills is the man who discovered and with uncanny skill directed the fortunes of Tom Jones and Engelbert Humperdinck on both sides of the Atlantic, and certainly he should be grateful that he encouraged young Waterford-born Raymond O'Sullivan (arguably the best singer/writer since the golden days of Lennon/McCartney) to similar spectacular successes. But having seen O'Sullivan in concert at the Stadium recently and having played and replayed the new album about a dozen times I can only feel apprehension about the direction his career is taking, and the part in it played by Mills. That cover photograph is a superficial but significant danger signal.

Under Mills' guidance, Tom

Jones was transformed from being a Saturday-night crooner in Welsh working-men's clubs to become a super-sexy idol for middle aged groupies from Darlington to Detroit, (as well as becoming a reasonably pleasing if rather unsuitable balladeer) Mills also proved that when your protégé had no obvious talent apart from his ability to look smart in a tuxedo and show a good set of teeth, an eccentric name like Engelbert Humperdinck works wonders. But Gilbert O'Sullivan is something else again. It's important to remember that his name and his James Joyce (or Bisto Kid) image predated his association with Mills; more important, O'Sullivan, unlike the other two singing phallic symbols (cymbals?) is a highly gifted composer/lyricist. Thus he had both the musical talent and the originality of gimmick which should have ensured success in any event.

However the benefits of Mills' association were amply displayed in the first album *Himself*, which he produced, and they shouldn't be underestimated. Most striking were

the superb arrangements by Johnny Spence, and O'Sullivan's rather shaky concert rendering of 'Permissive Twit' without any orchestral backing, was clear evidence of his dependence on support from Spence. In that album, the orchestration was complementary, never intrusive, and the quirky individual talent of O'Sullivan as song-writer was allowed to come through and indeed at times, most noticeably on the 'Matrimony' track, the orchestration seemed to approach parody of the usually lush and polished Spence style. *Himself* rivals Randy Newman's more recent album *Sail Away* as the best and most exciting collection of songs for a number of years, and his witty and happy lyrics provide a good contrast to the brooding negative, though equally witty, Newman.

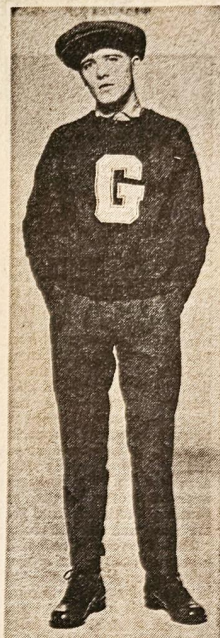
The twelve songs on the new album show that Gilbert O'Sullivan hasn't lost his writing talent. His attempt at the gritty hard rock 'I'm In Love With You' doesn't quite succeed, as a similar song 'Thunder and Lightning' on the earlier album also proved less

than successful; however his other rock number, 'I'm Leaving' is excellent. The only other track below par is the jokey revue-style 'Golden Rule' which tends to become monotonous, though the lyrics are fun: 'I wouldn't be here if it wasn't for my/Dear old Mum and Dad/and the fun they had/Early One night/Dad put out the light/Got hold of me Mum/Said he wanted a son/and as you can see the result was me!'

The other songs, 'Clair', 'Who Was It' (given a softer treatment than Hurricane Smith's), 'I'll Hope You Stay' and 'Out of the Question' are as good as anything he has written. 'Can I Go With You?' sounds like the Beatles of the 'Help' era, and 'That's Love' like the later McCartney, which of course is nothing to be ashamed of. Potentially the two best tracks are 'What Could Be Nicer (Mum the Kettle's Boiling)', and 'In My Hole', which brings me back to Gordon Mills again. The first is a beautifully simple lullaby, where in a few strokes a picture of gentle domesticity (Ray Davies country this), is lovingly drawn, only to be re-

duced to sentimental kitsch by the introduction of a schmaltzy 'heavenly choir' backing. (Perhaps at the very moment the ubiquitous Gordon Mills is grooming a new vocal group—the Millstones maybe?) The second, 'In My Hole' (watching people pass me by/each of them in their own world and me in mine) is the most private on the album, or should be, 'I climb into my hole/and sit there like a mole/playing with the dirt'; the song of a vulnerable innocent, it receives a lush tasteless Edmundo Ross-type backing. Fine for the supper rooms in Las Vegas, but it ruins a very good song, and weakens an otherwise superb album.

In these two songs the production is glaringly overdone, but there is a marked decrease in the subtlety of most of the other orchestrations as well. It's no coincidence, and if it continues it can't be long before it effects his song-writing, the basis of his talent and success. To paraphrase Francis of Assisi, 'What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul, ... but not Las Vegas ...'



Waterford-born Gilbert O'Sullivan, who gave his first-ever concert at the National Stadium last month.

Big Natural Voices



MUSIC
Fanny Feenoh

WHERE HAVE all the tenors gone? A question like that could invite many answers, some of them far from complimentary, such as "not far enough." I am referring to real tenors of the operatic variety who can fill their chests with air and let out a good strong well-tuned high C such as poor Gounod wrote in Faust when the gentleman sings that delicious amorous cavatina "Salut demeure chaste et pure." A tenor who can sing that aria well phrased, with good power and a modicum of musical intelligence is so to speak in the Mercedes class for the rest of his singing life.

It has been said that in this country we do not breed tenors. I feel, however, that McCormack's style, diction ("the damnable clarity of the words," Yeats) and Midland accent has done more to hinder the development of an operatic voice than even Richard Wagner did in an operatic scale on the international scene. The trouble about Irish tenors is that there is in it something of the ambition of every Irish mother to have a son a priest and another a doctor. Admitted that the latest statistics show a decline in this remarkable ambition. Irish mothers nowadays will probably be happy if their sons manage to stay out of jail at least in their (her) lifetime.

I was set off on this quest of the tenor voice by some

recent recordings, and listening to Patrick Ring in Wexford. The British have not really been much more successful than ourselves in breeding a real full-bodied voice that will warm the cockles of the heart. There are numerous Pears and Tears, but not much else. In respect of the latter, and almost against nature, Robert Tear has done a splendid job for Argo on the Tchaikovsky Songs.

Voices arrive with the individual from the womb, and are seldom if ever made, although they can be encouraged. In Joseph Wechsberg's recent highly entertaining book "Opera" he remarks that few singers are really interested in technique or in discussing style. This is a phenomenon which is not really exclusive to singers. One of the best violinists in the world spends his time during concert intervals playing poker and discussing the stock market. What amazes me about singers is that so few of them really understand their voices. The voice is a remarkable combination of wind and string with the bony cavities of the mouth playing the part of the sound-post of a violin. McCormack understood this very thoroughly and he also knew what his diaphragm was for. The large horizontal lip-shaped muscle separates the lungs from the abdomen and the singer who learns to breathe properly will produce a sound incomparably superior to that of the singer who does not.

James Johnston, Dermot Troy, James Ryan, William Watt, and of course McCormack had big natural voices. Troy possibly had the greatest

potential of all, and it was a tragedy that he should have died so very young, and just when he was on the threshold of a brilliant career. The lack of real operatic climate has more to do with this dearth of voices than even the weather. If the two Schools of Music would only come together and pool their meagre resources, some sort of improvement might be effected.

Those of their pupils who



DERMOT TROY.

get fairly high marks at the Dramatic Cup in the Feis Ceoil could be sent to Wexford *not to sing* but to help scene painting, making costumes, helping in the chorus, and doing various useful jobs for a couple of weeks before the rehearsals begin. They would be taking in the air of "professional" opera and would see at first hand how a high class festival is mounted, and how very hard everybody has to work to keep it high class. Young actors can do this

easily enough and during the run of *An Ideal Husband* a very talented young man asked for a "walk-on" part so that he might observe his betters and the indefatigable Mr. Edwards at his brilliant best. A similar arrangement could be made with the D.G.O.S. I know, of course, that the telephone will now be jammed with callers telling me that the D.G.O.S. have been doing this for years. Bully for them.

An instrumentalist can learn a great deal from watching his teacher playing, but a singer can learn almost nothing from watching a teacher opening and closing his mouth. It is a strange phenomenon of this country that when we do breed a really potentially great voice like that of Winifred O'Dea, for the greater part of her life she remains unheard. I would bet that the majority of viewers in the country had never heard of Miss O'Dea until her recent appearance on the Late, Late Show. The D.G.O.S. could put on Lohengrin, and search Europe for someone to play Elsa; and yet in Dublin there was a woman who could quite easily have done so, as she has shown many times in Francis Xavier Hall with Colman Pearce.

DECCA HAVE recently produced a remarkable disc of Gounod Faust (complete) with an all-star cast and conducted by Richard Bonynge, Sutherland, Franco Corelli and Nicolai Ghiaurov are the three principals with Robert Massard as an excellent Valentine and Monica Sinclair as Siebel. The astonishing ability of Ghiaurov to project the most wicked glee and villainous irony makes this disc well worth having quite apart from Sutherland's entrancing vocal quality, she sounds occasionally as if she had a hot potato in her mouth, but by and large her singing all through has

an innocence and pathos to match the fiendish sophistication of Ghiaurov's Mephistopheles. Even allowing for the attentions of the acoustic cosmeticians, and in view of the forthcoming DGOS Season opening on December 4th, this disc deserves a brisk sale.

I RECOMMEND Wechsbergs book "Opera" to those who like to read well-rounded anecdotes about the famous. Some of them have a faintly familiar ring but I liked enormously the one describing Melba as raising one arm to express mild emotion, but when excessive passion was demanded she raised both arms ... In other words she ran the gamut of emotion.

THERE SHOULD not be a dry feminine eye in the house if the D.G.O.S. do any sort of a decent job in the gorgeous "Rosenkavalier." It is the one opera which deserves that adjective, I doubt, however, if the Dublin critics will be as puritanical as earlier continental practitioners of this doubtful art who were disgusted when the curtain rose on the Marschallin in bed. They had nothing to say, of course, about the orchestral Prelude to curtain rise which is so erotic and explicit that no normal person could be in the slightest doubt as to what has been going on. Roll on December. I look forward to hearing the strings of the R.T.E.S.O., and are they not lucky that the D.G.O.S. have as yet not decided to "do" Shostakovich's Lady Macbeth of MZEMSK. Is there such a thing as porn in music? It is not Shostakovich's fault that as yet it has not been recognised as such.

Mentioned in this article were Robert Tear on Argo ZRG 707 Faust (Complete) on Decca, L.S.O. Sutherland, Ghiaurov Corelli SET 327-330, Marvellous.

Joseph Wechsberg "Opera" (Weidenfeld Nicholson, £4.95).

records

Stamitz wrote a cello concerto as well as a viola concerto. With Dussek's Piano Concerto the cello work is recorded by Turnabout. Renu Kyriakou, more interesting in Dussek's 'tune' than Thomas Blees in Stamitz. TV 3462S.

CBS has gone all nostalgic and backward-looking like Lot, with Pinchas Zukerman playing the old Kreisler favourites. He has a genuinely lovely tone and it is even possible to enjoy Caprice Viennois. He also has Kreislers sense of good taste in the matter of execution. CBS 73046.

They have a Symphony Orchestra in Utah. Vancouver have them playing Beethoven's *Creations of Prometheus*. Conductor Maurice Abravanel knew far better than that old fool L. Van B. and ignores the non troppo in Allegro non troppo, and has a sloppy beat in the opening Adagio of the Overture. VSD 71124.

Horowitz needs little recommendation. Incomparable in *Fantasia Polonaise*. Vision of bugler blowing with his last ounce of blood before falling dead. Also reminiscent of Liszt's description of a feverish dying man starting up every few minutes as he approaches the dark portals. Horowitz's plays Chopin. CBS 72969.

Organs should sound as if they were coming by telstar from Heaven. If R.T.E. were relaying they would love the tape. Messiaen just the man for Christmas. Organ of St. Servin played by Jean Claude Raynaud. Better than a retreat by the Redemptorists. VRO STGB 657.

New Irish Recording Company have a beautiful disc of Music in Castletown. The Sleeve designed by Bill Bolger, consists of a heli-copier of Castletown taken from Ken Bessons. Helicopter. Douglas Gunn Ensemble a little anapaemic. Marie O Shea indistinct. Continuo played by Gerard Kelly and Jean Williamson with intelligence. NFD 002.

Babbling Simplicity

ARE YOU A TV sponger? Does your miserable heart shrivel with guilt when those door-chimes ring on television and the husband and wife cringe before the presence of God himself on their front step? "Do you have a television licence?" God enquires with the affected urbanity of a Guard whom you have just knocked down while reversing out of Lamb Doyle's at closing time. And this is Judgment Day stuff: say no, and you go direct to Hell, where the ingenious torments include a £50 fine, having your name read out on *Outlook*, and being obliged to read *Ulick at Large* every Sunday for a year, should you live long enough.

So please pay—because RTE like God, really loves you, and as proof of this we have just been shown our second home-produced play since last December: *The Lodgers* by Patrick Boyle. This was programmed to run 60 minutes; in the event it lasted for somewhat less—and that only by dint of being plumped out with an aria from *Lucia di Lammermoor*, followed hotly by a rendition of *April Showers*.

After these, had Miss Nell McCafferty crawled out from under the sofa singing the Jewel Song from *Faust* I would not have raised an eyebrow, and for the excellent reason that by then both my eyebrows were somewhere around the back of my head and still travelling. In fact, the hair-lift began when the opening credits appeared and we heard one actor whispering desperately to another and saw his hand semaphoring that the sugar was at the wrong side of the table.

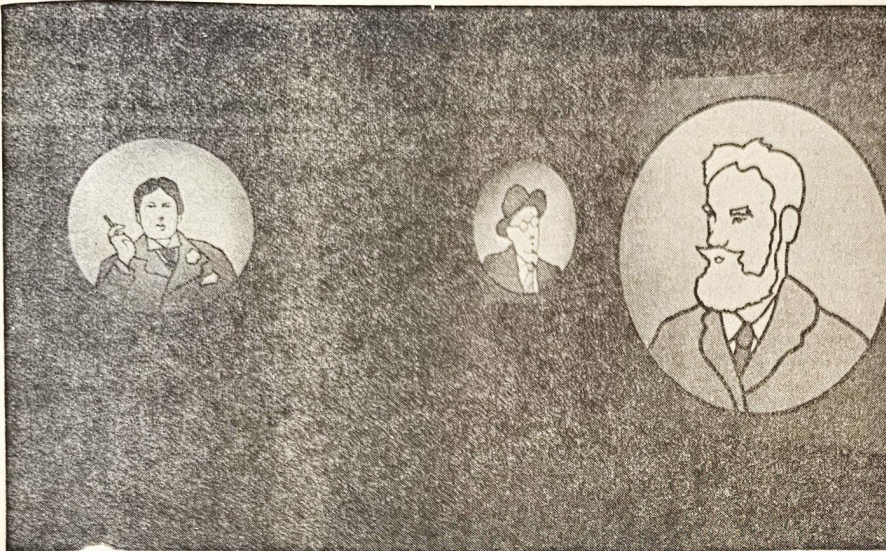
Mr. Boyle's comedy had at least the virtue of simplicity. Two young lodgers have for six months been secretly sharing the same bed. Comes the morning when the daughter of the house catches them at it—or rather, just after it—and finds the young man clad in the one garment which the circumstances would surely have obliged him to remove. "You're up early this morning," he remarks lamely; and, with no sign of intentional humour on either her part or the author's, she replies: "You're up early yourself." Babbly, the play continued without being interrupted by a newsflash reporting the sudden death of Bishop Lucey. To attenuate her turpitude, the heroine pretends that she and her early-rising friend are engaged. Plainly, the lad's fate is now sealed, and his landlady throws a party ("There'll be no celebrations," he avows with the dramatic understatement of Mr. Harry Brogan playing *The Shaughraun* on O'Connell Bridge in a typo; and, just as inevitably, the young woman cries halt to all future nocturnal gallops out of respect of her new status as a wife-to-be. Mr. Boyle's purpose here faltered, and the play ended with a return to mattress-bashing—no doubt to the accompaniment of seizures in Sneem, yowls in Youghal and execrations in Ennistymon, and leaving the rest of us to wonder no longer why half the women in Ireland are pregnant, and half the men don't know why.

One rejoices to hail the sets and lighting as a rare pleasure. Unhappily, the play itself was a disappointment. Mr. Boyle is author of the finest Irish novel since *The Ginger Man*, but narrative prose has little to do with the peculiarly coiled quality of dramatic dialogue. Amazingly, he omitted one vital ingredient: the establishment of a relationship between the young man and the girl. Is she a romantic, a scheming minx, or an outright shriek? Do they even like each other? They have cohabited for six months, but they seem to be strangers because we are denied even oblique access to their minds. What Mr. Boyle appears to mistake for dialogue is merely a reiteration of attitudes: he does not want to get married; she does; and they and the others in the play talk at, instead of to, each other.



In a note in the *RTE Guide*, the script editor, Adrian Vale, pays tribute to Mr. Boyle and quotes from the short story on which the play was based: "She shakes her head violently as she knows and worries at the precursory note and then, like a terrier throwing a rat in the air, hurls its mangled remains at the ceiling." This is splendid, but it is hyperbole, a visual stimulus for the reader; here, it was—like much else—interpreted with disastrous literalness. What Mr. Boyle did was to translate his story; adaptation—which is the metamorphosis of one literary form into another—is not quite the same thing. The addition of an early scene to enable us to see the young couple in emotional—apart from carnal—repose might have at least given the play a foundation and triggered our involvement; but it is less easy to suggest a remedy for the lacklustre direction which muffled the key scene in which the girl is groped by a thwarted suitor. Eileen Murphy gasped valiantly in a vacuum, as did Desmond Perry and Derry Power. David Byrne as the boy swam for a while and then sank, and Maura O'Sullivan and Susan Donovan were lamentable, but with some provocation.

Finally: there has been much throwing up of sweaty night-caps because the RTE colour machine has developed a fault. This necessitated the showing of such programmes as Hitchcock's *To Catch a Thief* in black and white while a replacement part was on order from Germany, and inquisitive souls may wonder why, with an estimated 50,000 colour sets in the Republic, an emissary was not dispatched to fetch the rifle. Have the Teutons refused to give us tick? Worse, has Aer Lingus refused to give us tick? Or is RTE still awaiting the return of the fellow who was sent over last year for a replacement battery for Mr. Michael Garvey's electric shaver? Whatever the cause, isn't it the mercy of God that the black-and-white machine didn't break down instead, and oblige us to watch everything in colour? It might happen if you don't pay your licence fee.



Shaw, Joyce and Wilde, three of Robert Ballagh's "headpieces" for the new Aer Lingus hotel in London.

Attempt at an Art Festival



I REMEMBER LISTENING to the memorial concert for Seán Ó Riada, when the Chieftains played some of his arrangements of traditional Irish music. I had always admired them but on that occasion I was bowled over by the quality of their playing which, at the time, I pinned down for myself as being fresh, rough and sophisticated. It still hasn't left my head, and I find that this particular combination of qualities applies to more and more of the best Irish things: the best Irish people, and talk, to traditional Irish cloth, like tweed, certainly to traditional Irish music; and surely this was the impact which the original Abbey players made in the theatre. It applies to the ancient stone sculptures of Ireland and it applies to the new paintings by Anne Madden now showing at the Dawson Gallery.

These are large diptychs and triptychs based still on her continuing obsession with rock and stone. The series of paintings started with the Standing Stones, those druidic monuments which can still be seen around the countryside. Anne Madden has painted them as giant stones, simply outlined by a thin white line on dark, brooding backgrounds of purple, black, navy-blue, and wine-dreg red. The paintings are sombre but with a fresh, rough and thriving gloom. In the later paintings, the white line has taken off on its own, abandoned the shape of the stone, and makes a nervous, energetic track or double track through the dark colour-field. The paintings are called 'Monolith' and they have a quality of being made from a

single slab of stone: the surface, while freely painted, sometimes wildly painted, holds together as absolutely as granite. These are tough, strong works, the best painting Anne Madden has done up to now.

JAMES MCKENNA'S larger-than-life wooden horse in the Independent Artists' exhibition at the Municipal Gallery, can be included in the 'fresh and rough' category, although its solid carpentry construction and muscled forms are more dynamic than sophisticated. John Burke's two steel sculptures, on the other hand, are nicely sophisticated, complementing each other in their concepts—one a rounded, bright blue tubular form emerging from another; the second made of thin fins of black metal.

A large, beautifully abstracted painting by Adrian van de Grijn, 'Yellow Peril', dominates the painting section. Using the plain canvas as part of his picture, in the manner of Patrick Scott, he introduces broad diagonal bands of yellow, orange, black and white alternating with the canvas, and injects a counter-rhythm of sharp horizontal intrusions. The result is as lively and syncretic as the best Benny Goodman; this surface liveliness is riding, however, on a cool and calm depth which belies the purely decorative aspect of the painting.

Michael Ashur in 'Galactic' and Joseph Sebastian Harrison in 'Double Time Prison' both show impressive command of the large scale, in skilful manipulation of space and depth of perspective, although there is a thinness of colour which unfairly conveys a thinly spread idea. Dymna Mullen has developed her frieze of stylized dancing female forms which she has previously shown painted in colour on a flat surface. It now appears in a life-size white relief three or four inches deep, in cut-out

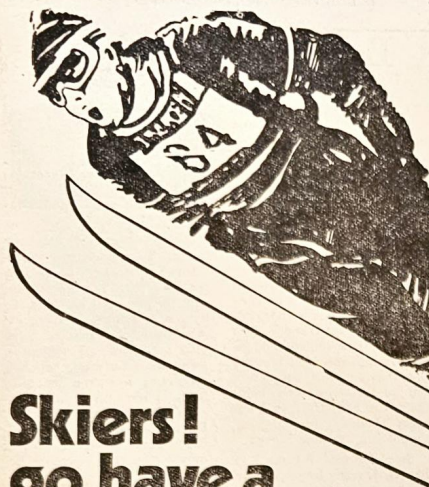
shapes on slightly varying planes. The young artist obviously has a strong feeling about the theme and the piece has a certain rhythm and conviction but it somehow lacks an inner rhythm which would give it total conviction and authority. (It would be a professional improvement in the catalogue to include the dimensions of the works.)

Jonathan Wade shows another of his 'Urban Landscapes': the familiar tangle of pipes, with a white horizontal line, like a jet stream, cutting across the upper background. IT SEEMS curious that the Oireachtas, the Independent Artists, and the new Living Art should all elect to hold their annual exhibitions within three weeks of each other. In fact, when the Living Art opens, they will all be running simultaneously: Is this a prime time of the year for artistic sensibility? Is it a deliberate attempt at an art festival? Or is it just a lack of communication between organizing committees? I think some one of the exhibitions is bound to suffer; mostly the same artists show in all three, and they cannot put their best work into all of them. Might it not be better to hold at least one of the exhibitions in the spring?

AER LINGUS are to be congratulated on the paintings and tapestries which have been commissioned for their new hotel in London. The works are on show in Dublin at Irish Interiors International in Nassau St., before going to London. A very large mural by Patrick Scott is to go on two walls of the restaurant; he has used squares of gold leaf in abstract box patterns which change perspective as one walks past them, so that the painting looks quite different when seen from different angles. Cecil King was commissioned to design tapestries for the entrance hall, based on

Newgrange. The central triptych tapestry is a stunning blaze of red with the stylized door to the great tomb the central motif in black; a thin line across the top marks the lintel. Broad black bands frame the tapestry on each side, and black lozenge shapes are woven into these in a different black. While the Newgrange connection is clear in the diamond-shapes, as a powerful abstract design the tapestry might have been stronger without them. Three associated smaller tapestries develop further decorative motifs from the carvings at Newgrange, the chevron patterns and again the lozenge shapes: the artist has been able to translate the positive/negative carving on the stone into a positive/negative weave in the tapestry. Cecil King has not used the famous spiral designs at all and it is interesting to see how totally different his reaction to Newgrange has been from that of Louis le Brocq, for example, who has gained most inspiration from the spirals.

Finally, for the bar, Robert Ballagh was commissioned to do a series of portrait heads of Irish writers: Shaw, Wilde, Joyce, O'Casey, and Behan. Each head is enclosed in a circle, the treatment is his semi-photographic ultra-simple outline, with no modelling of the features. The least successful is perhaps Shaw—it is difficult to capture wit, waspishness and benignity in a deadpan Pop-symbol manner. All the other portraits, however, including Joyce, his spectacles filled with a flat pale blue the same colour as the background, convey successfully the essence of the familiarity we have with photographs of the writers concerned. It is a real shame that these excellent works by three of the best Irish artists are going into a building which is very far short of the best of Irish architecture.



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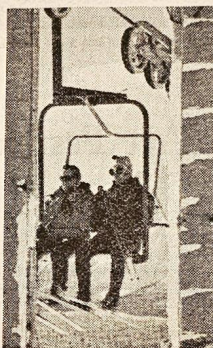
SKIING is an addiction. Anyone who has strapped on those long boards to the feet, who has learnt to overcome the first terror of the seemingly endless chasm of snow and ski beneath their tips, and who has finally mastered the rising-turning-dropping rhythm of the mountain and its descents will know what I mean. The beautiful thing about skiing is that you can always become better, but after the first few tumble-filled days, you can enjoy yourself whatever level of proficiency you've reached. There are very few sports, perhaps sailing and surfing are two others, where the joys of speed and control, of lightness and rhythm, are so intensely, so intoxicatingly experienced. The essence of skiing is relaxation and self-confidence, and, of course, the essential fitness that both spring from.

To learn to ski properly you have to be fit. Aching muscles which don't respond and limbs stiff from lack of year-round exercise often lead to broken bones. The potential skier would be well advised to increase his suppleness and stamina by pre-holiday exercises, and if possible, practice on an artificial slope. In Dublin we are fortunate to have the resources of the Ski Club of Ireland, which runs a ski school on its large artificial slope at Knockrabo, Goatstown, with a highly competent staff of British, Swiss and Austrian-qualified instructors. The slope is twice the size of last year's, has an extra tow-rope, floodlighting for evening practice and is open afternoons and evenings during the week and all day at weekends, with special facilities for beginners and schoolchildren. Regular fitness classes are held and as if that wasn't enough, the club has its own mobile tow which it takes up to the Wicklow or Dublin mountains on snowy winter weekends and gets a surprising amount of skiing done. We may never see the Winter Olympics at Aghavannagh but it sure brings skiing on to our doorsteps.

In fact, distance from the ski centres of Europe, plus the cost of equipment and travel to those centres, are usually the reasons heard for not giving a ski holiday a try, whatever the attractions. There's no reason why expenditure on equipment should stretch beyond a pair of ski pants with zipped pockets, a polo-necked pullover, an anorak, a pair of heavy socks, and a pair of

mitts or fingered gloves. The only necessarily expensive item is a pair of good boots, which must be close-fitting and at the same time comfortable. And the names over here are Hummich, Kastingner, Kotlach and Strolz from Austria, Henke, Molitor, and Raichle from Switzerland, and Le Trappeur from France. You should get some expert advice before you do any buying, the outlay is worth it.

And so to the pick of the resorts. There are three companies operating tours out of Dublin this year, and for the first time Swiss resorts are being offered as well as Austrian. Joe Walsh is going as usual, to the three "Irish" resorts on the Austrian circuit, Ehrwald, St. Anton and Seefeld. Ehrwald (starting at £43 for 7 nights) is perhaps the most popular, combining a lively night-life with excellent facilities for all grades of skiers from novice to expert, as well as the famous 23 kilometre



The easy way up

run over the Gatterl on top of the Zugspitze, at 10,000 ft. the highest peak in Germany (the mountain straddles the German-Austrian border).

St. Anton (from £43 for 7 nights) is Austrian skiing at its finest and most celebrated. It's the home of Hannes Schneider, the pioneer of modern ski technique and teaching methods, and is served by no fewer than four

cable cars, two chairlifts and fifteen T-bars, accommodating up to 14,000 people an hour and giving access to over 10,000 acres. The one thing that marks out St. Anton from its big-name rivals, Kitzbuhel or St. Moritz, is that the emphasis is on skiing ability rather than social standing. All three Dublin companies, Joe Walsh, Global and Easy Travel offer direct flights, through Munich, to this heartland of Alpine skiing.

Seefeld (from £47 for 7 nights) provides ample facilities for the novice and intermediate skier and is the ideal resort for the fanatic with a non-skiing wife. In addition to curling and ice rinks there are miles of mountain paths, heated swimming pools and a bowling alley.

Global, this year are offering trips to the Tyrolean resorts of Soll (from £44 for 8 days), Lermoos and Bichlbach (each from £45) as well as St. Anton (from £52). Lermoos is situated 2 miles across a valley from Ehrwald, and is a "powderhound's" delight all the way from the top of the 7000 ft. ski lift to the village below. Bichlbach is particularly suitable for novice and intermediate skiers, and according to the operator, is a perfect area for parents with children. The village of Soll, since the installation of new drag lifts, has seen some of Austria's keenest skiers migrating to the north-facing slopes of the Wilder Kaiser, which boasts good snow conditions well into April.

Easy Travel, a newcomer to the Irish winter sports scene and official agent for the Ski Club of Ireland, flies to St. Anton, and also, in co-operation with Swissair, will be sending groups to Saas Fee, Zermatt and Arosa. Of these three perhaps Zermatt is the best-known, combining the splendid scenery of the Matterhorn, an altitude of over 5300 ft. and the longest season in the Alps, extending right through the summer. The town itself, which is completely free of cars, is well-known for its colourful night-life and its international curling festivals. The price for eight day trips starts at £78.50 for Zermatt, £76.50 for Saas Fee and £79 for Arosa.

The Group and Educational Travel section of USIT are sending the usual groups of students to ski in Southern Germany and in the French Alps, while both they and the ski club

offer week and week-end trips to Aviemore, Glenisla and Loch Morlich in the Scottish Highlands.

The one thing missing from the brochures of the Irish operators this year is any mention of the



Deep Powder

relatively small out-of-the-way resort where the skiing is everything and the apres-ski consists of a hot bath, a couple of hours of beer and good conversation in front of a warm fire, and bed. The skier who prefers uncrowded slopes to the night-long buzz of apres-ski parties might try Horizon's trips (out of London) to Stary Smokovec in Czechoslovakia, or Vitosha and Borovets in Bulgaria. And you can even ski these days within an afternoon's drive of the Costa del Sol, where in the Sierra Nevada one of Europe's newest and highest resorts (up to 11,000 ft.) offers good snow conditions right into early June. Horizon offer a package deal consisting of a week's skiing and a second week by the sea at Torremolinos starting at £77.

Finally for those who go for the really far out, Nexus International Tours of London are offering fifteen days at Gulmarg Kashmir in the Himalayas, with a visit to the Taj Mahal thrown in, for £170. Next year it'll be Bolivia, according to one American tour operator, to the highest ski area in the world, 19,000 ft. up in the Andes!

News in the Arts

John O'Reilly

AT THEIR recent meeting, the Board of the National Gallery sanctioned the purchase of four important paintings all by Irish artists. This means that, of a total of twenty-nine acquisitions this year nineteen have been by Irish artists. These figures will certainly refute suggestions that the gallery refuses to purchase works by Irish artists which come on the market for auction. The paintings were purchased at London auction houses.

Among them are "Landscape" by Thomas Roberts (£8,000), "Thomas Moore" by Maclean (£3,000), "Landscape" by W. A. Ashford (£2,500), "Nude" by Roderick O'Connor (£2,000), "Sylvia" by M. W. Peters (£1,800), "Sir William Robinson" by H. W. Peters (£1,500), "A Gentleman in Landscape" by Robert Hunter, "Classical Bust" by Thomas Kirk, "Father Matthew" by T. P. Haverly, "Portrait of a Woman" by A. Pope and "Portrait of a Man" by Bart. Stoker.

Two other works of Irish interest "Thunderstorm" by J. A. O'Connor and "Jack Yeats"

by J. B. Yeats were presented to the Gallery.

Among the foreign works purchased are "Two Children Playing" by Eva Gonzales (£1,800), "St. Francis" by L. Carracci (£1,700), "Virgin" by L. Carracci (£1,200), "Earl of Charlemont" by R. Livisy (£4,000) and "Matthew Fortesque" by Raeburn (£2,400). AT MOLESWORTH HALL, Molesworth Street, from November 20-25 a Graphic exhibition showing the state of Dublin and its outskirts as a result of speculative development will be on display. Nightly discussions will be held on the lack of planning, inadequate planning laws, satellite towns, and the breaking up of communities. A discussion will also be held on the proposals for the development of Dublin Bay.

Speakers will include, Professor Liam O'Brien, Mrs. Mooney (City Quay) a speaker from the Liberties, Sean Loftus (the Bay Residents' Association), Michael Herity (U.C.D.), Des Gerrity (Congress of Trade Unions), Professor Kevin B. Nowlan (Dublin Civic Group), Liam Carlin (Lecturer

in planning, Bolton Street), Fr. Michael Sweetman, Geoffrey Coppitt and Fr. Freeman.

BRIAN O'DOHERTY, whose "Irish Imagination 1959-71" received such good reviews during Rose last year is now showing at the Corcoran Gallery of Art in Washington. An American reader of *Hibernia* has kindly sent me press reviews which appeared in a Washington paper. These make interesting though disappointing reading.

Paul Richard of Washington Post: "(The exhibition) mocks the promise of its title. It is so full of imitations of art from other lands, of American Abstractions and Francis Bacon's English Portraits, that the pictures on the wall, most of them at least, scarcely appear Irish. . . . The 'Irish Imagination' is yet another of those national survey exhibitions that periodically appear here but it has less character than most."

"If it (The Irish Imagination 1959-71) is an accurate indication, then Irish Art remains distressingly provincial." However he did like the Edmond McGuire portraits and the works of William Scott, Le Brocqy and some others, but these high points are not high enough to save this dreary show. And he ends with the

most disturbing criticism of all: "Some are warped, some are filthy and others have been so roughly handled that the canvas has been scraped away."

EUGENE LAMBERT whose puppet series Broigín and Murphy agus a Chairde attracted wide audiences on R.T.E. television, last week opened The Eugene Lambert Mews Theatre at 3 Clifton Terrace, Monkstown. The theatre, a conversion of an old mews is Ireland's first puppet theatre and seats one hundred people. In addition to staging his own shows he has plans to stage the shows of Dickie Meyers, an American (nod puppets) and Richard Bradshaw, an Australian (shadow puppets), both of whom staged successful shows at the recent Puppet Festival in France, early in the year.

Eugene Lambert's first season will open with a production of Oscar Wilde's "Fisherman and his Soul." The adaptation is by Frank Kelly and the puppets are designed by Gene Lambert, Eugene's son. The entire Lambert family will be involved in staging the show. As this is a strictly adult show however, a season of matinee performances of "Little Red Riding Hood" will run concurrent with "Fisherman and his Soul."

GOOD LIVING/FOOD



Before the Supermarket Commercial Street, Maesteg, Glamorgan, c. 1900. An illustration from "A Taste of Wales," by Theodor Fitzgibbon (Dent and Sons Ltd. £3.00).

A Look At Convenience Foods

Kate Engels

IF WHAT the scientists tell us is true, it looks as though we will soon be relieved altogether of the bother of handling fresh ingredients. All we will have to do is to swallow the appropriate pill, or reconstitute something made of soybeans, coloured and flavoured to tempt the fading palate. We haven't got to that stage in Ireland yet, but judging from the number of convenience foods on the market today, we might not have to wait very long. Convenience foods, that is, foods which are partially or wholly prepared for eating before they are sold can be expensive, not as good as the product you have made from scratch, but they will require the minimum of time, effort and equipment on your part and, let's face it, are a godsend to anyone who doesn't want to cook. In my mini-survey I have concentrated on soups, vegetables, meat and puddings.

SOUPS are to be had in cubes, packets and cans. Both the cube and packet varieties are cheap, but taste as though they've had a long life surrounded by cardboard. Cubes—Knorr chicken and beef in particular—make an adequate substitute for stock in made-up dishes. They are rather salty, however, and you need to be cautious with seasoning. I found that all the packet soups I tried had a glutinous texture which I disliked and their flavour poor without the addition of lots of salt, pepper, clery salt or the like. Among the canned soups Campbells, which are diluted with their equivalent quantity of water (or milk) are the most economical and least "tinny" tasting; in particular I liked the asparagus and onion soups. Campbells consommé makes an excellent substitute for stock. Tomato soup is cheap but rather too sweet — add piquancy by squeezing into it the juice of an orange or lemon.

VEGETABLES. By far the best convenience vegetables are the frozen ones — peas, beans, sprouts, etc. In fact with the high quality of manufacturers and processing on the spot, they are likely to be as good, if not better, than bought fresh vegetables, which are likely to have been sitting "around for days."

Canned vegetables work out slightly cheaper than frozen ones; but they are mostly overcooked and have an insipid flavour. One sight I particularly loathe is that of canned peas which have a startling resemblance to soggy balls of olive green cotton-wool. They can be improved if you drain them well, add a nut of butter and a few tablespoons of hot stock or water and boil gently uncovered until the liquid has evaporated.

Although canned green beans have an unappetising colour, they have a fairly good flavour, particularly if drained well and heated in a little butter or served cold, tossed in vinaigrette dressing. Baked beans make a cheap, filling meal; buy the cheapest you can find (they are all much of a muchness) and zap them up with garlic salt, an onion first diced finely and softened in some bacon fat, or diced cooked bacon.

Sweetcorn, especially on the cob, does well for a light snack or first course. York brand costs about 25p for a can of four which are delicious heated in a little butter with a good shake of pepper and salt and a squeeze of lemon. Dried vegetables — peas, beans, mixed vegetables, onions, potatoes — are practical for the one or two person household. They are light to carry, easy to store and quick to cook. They are packed in ridiculously small quantities (even the pack that claims to serve 4-6 will barely do for 4), so always buy the largest size. If you don't use all the packet, it can be reheated easily for

future use.

Dried potatoes are much better than canned, even if they would not be mistaken for fresh. The least synthetic tasting I have found is made by Knorr. You can improve them by adding lots of butter and seasoning and perhaps a little chopped scallion, chives, parsley or grated cheese. Browned under the grill they make an acceptable topping for shepherds pie.

MEAT. My chief groan about many convenience foods is that they are plumped out and flavoured with soya flour, rusk, monosodium glutamate and goodness knows what else. Take a look at the label of any product packed in the UK (the ingredients must be listed in descending order of quantity) and you will see what I mean.

It would be interesting to see just what proportion of meat there is in sausages—judging by the taste, I should imagine it is negligible in many brands. Byrnes of Chatham Street have about the best sausages around — the large ones are 25p a pound.

Luncheon ham and tongue, again boosted with cereals, etc., are useful and cheap for salads and sandwiches.

The best buys of all in canned meat are ham and ox tongue. They are far dearer than if you were to cook them yourself, but they are much less troublesome this way, the flavour is good and there is no waste. Boil-in-a-bag hams are expensive and have to be cooked; on the other hand, shrinkage is kept to a minimum, they carve beautifully, and taste delicious.

Steer clear of cans of stewed meat and veg. They look dreadful (don't be fooled by the illustration on the label), and don't taste of anything in particular that you would want to taste.

Dennys canned pies are useful as they are cooked in their own can (you remove the lid first). The pastry is not up to

much, but the filling is fairly good. Birds Eye frozen chicken pies have much nicer pastry, but you will be hard pressed to locate the filling. So make your choice.

Of the meals in a packet, Vesta's are about the best although I wish they would give larger servings. Vesta Beef Goulash has a rich flavour. Supplemented with a couple of sausages it makes a satisfying meal.

PUDDINGS. As long as you are not on a diet, you can have a marvellous time with convenience puddings. Starting from the simplest (and admittedly most boring) you have jelly. Chivers are cheap and come in a good range of flavours.

The best value for money in canned fruit is St. Bernard, Dunne's Stores' brand. You can combine tins of different types of fruit to make, or supplement fruit salad. Drain off some of the syrup first and add a little fresh orange juice to combat the sickly-sweetness.

Mousse-type desserts are excellent and have quite put me off whipping egg whites and dissolving gelatine to make the real thing. Birds Eye frozen mousses are about the best, and even better if you thaw them, add a little liqueur and/or chopped fruit and refreeze in small pots.

If you go in for hot heavy puddings, one of the best is Heinz Sponge pudding. At 13p, flavoured with ginger, sultanas or treacle, it is a stodgy-pud eater's delight.

If you are a devotee of convenience foods, you should write to the manufacturers of your favourites to get cooking suggestions. Most of them supply leaflets free of charge to persuade you to buy more of their product. Also, it's not a bad idea to save packets and labels—you never know when an offer of a free set of coffee spoons or the like will send you scurrying to collect, say, fifteen Vesta curry labels.

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C. 1750 Dublin. A helmet-shaped cream jug. An illustration from "Irish Silver" to be published next week by Irish University Press. (£5.00).

It's an ill wind...

Theodora Fitzgibbon

THERE IS NO question that the fall off in tourists has benefited the Irish people insofar as value for money goes. When all those healthy dollars and pounds were pouring in, the resident population often got a raw deal, especially in the winter season when many hoteliers and restaurateurs took it in turns to hibernate and waken occasionally, very drowsily to stir the packaged soup on the stove.

Grants from the government were handed out, in many cases to people who probably couldn't even run a semi-detached bungalow very well, let alone provide good food and wine to hungry and thirsty travellers. This is by no means unique to this island, for I well remember shortly after the last war when Marshall Aid flooded many an Italian fastness, and hotels or pensioners sprouted up like mushrooms on the island where I was living. The owners knew how to cook pasta and also how to serve carafe wine, but the meat was inedible owing to it being cooked without hanging and the fish soup, which should have been excellent was described to me by the writer Norman Douglas as 'a mess of floating pin-cushions'. This wasn't just the case on islands either, for at what seemed like a most luxurious-looking hotel on the mainland I was shown into a beautiful room with a bath fit for Poppaea and it was only much later that I found that the bath was just for show as there was no water at all.

Certainly things never reached that point in Ireland, but nevertheless there were a great many hotels where comfort was not included in the charges, and where the food was overcooked and monotonous.

I am convinced that many of the hoteliers simply didn't know what good food should taste like, and were therefore delighted when the chef produced something with a foreign

name, whether it bore any relation to the genuine article or not. I once had to go into the kitchen of a most expensive country hotel and show the chef how to make mayonnaise, for he had attempted to give us lovely freshly cooked lobster literally covered with that bottled stuff tasting faintly of furniture polish. He was most appreciative and remarked how easy it was. This happened no more than eight years ago.

Ideally the manager or owner of an hotel or restaurant should be like the good conductor of an orchestra, and the chef the virtuoso performer. If only more people would ask to meet the chef, to either praise or damn: for I assure you that they are temperamental people who like praise just as the rest of us. The food can make or break a restaurant and it is only fair that the person responsible for good food should have some accolade when he has pleased his audience.

More and more Irish chefs are getting experience abroad in first class continental hotels and this is evident all over the country. Prices are far higher than ever before, but if you get value for money, then you are satisfied. I am not advocating that all good food should be of foreign origin, for really good Irish cooking can be superb: fresh fish simply cooked, meat well-hung and not overcooked, and perhaps most important, vegetables cooked so that they are full of taste and not soggy, watery masses. Green salads with a proper olive and wine vinegar dressing, fresh fruit, and pepper mills and mustard on the table as well as salt. And never to serve sliced pan loaf, whether fresh or stale.

One of the great ideas to appear recently are the cut-price week-ends. My grandfather used to say that 'if you wanted to prolong your life then travel a lot, for the first

week in any place seemed like a month', and this is true to a certain extent. Certainly a week-end away seems much longer than it is, and the service and comfort in those places I have tried has been excellent.

The prices range from £3.50 (from Friday night to Sunday after lunch) at the Greville Arms Hotel, Mullingar, to about £9 at a three star hotel. I can personally recommend The Talbot Hotel at Wexford, which is a fascinating place anyway, and is near to so many beautiful places such as Johnstown Castle, Blackwater, Hook Head and so on. At the Talbot the charges are £7 or £8 with a private bath. The weekend I was there Liam Lynch the manager, included a Gourmet dinner of seven courses for an extra pound, or £2.75 inclusive for non-residents, "including wine and tax." He hopes to give one a month and I must say Chef Sean Nolan and his team excelled all our hopes. The Wexford duck *piété* still lingers in my memory, as do the salmon mousseline with Sauce Cardinal, and the perfectly roasted veal. Mr. Lynch makes a daily speciality of mussels (the largest and fattest you have ever seen), cockles (which are the same family as clams), and all fresh fish. There is dancing if you feel like working off a bit of the seven courses. The service for about 250 people was excellent: those who ordered the Tournedo St. Armande got it cooked just as they wanted, and there was no undue waiting between courses, a thing which always annoys me, for if you wait long enough your appetite is in danger of disappearing altogether. In the same area, the Strand Hotel, Rossare is worth trying: it is comfortable, and the dinner has always been very good when I've been there.

For a really quiet, old-fashioned country hotel week-end, no piped music except the birds, Hunters Hotel at Rath-

new is consistently good, and the prices very reasonable. They use fresh garden produce and the food is of the good, simple Irish quality that I was mentioning earlier. It has been run by the same family for nearly one hundred and fifty years, the garden is beautifully kept up, and the whole place spells Peace with a capital letter. There are also several good guesthouses in the locality. It is worth getting a copy of 'Discover Ireland' which is available at any tourist office and ranges all over the country. All of these have Christmas programmes and rates.

If you can't manage a week-end away, and live near Dublin, then there are a few very good restaurants (some are hotels as well) in the Dalkey area which is just about as beautiful a place as you can find anywhere. Notably the Court Hotel, Killiney Bay, where at dinner I had the best *pâté en croûte* I have had since Jammie's, excellent pigeon Burguignon, fresh crab, *gnocchi*, as well as the more usual meats and poultry. Chef Arthur McGee told me that he had often stayed up almost all night cooking something he wanted to do. This is the dedicated chef and believe me it shows. Charlie Lawlor at Killiney Heights has also served me some exquisite meals and in both places the outlook is superb, and meals of 3 or 4 courses around £2.

If you want to mix culture and cooking then do try the restaurant at the National Gallery in Merrion Square, Dublin. Chef Hitchcock cooks both Irish and French food very well, the 4 course dinner for 1.75 plus taxes is worth trying, and the 'Painting of the Month Dinner' on the 1st Thursday of each month is £2. Others to try for the evening, are Armstrong's Barn, Annamoe, Co. Wicklow, and Jockey Hall on the Curragh, both of which I have written about and are still excellent.

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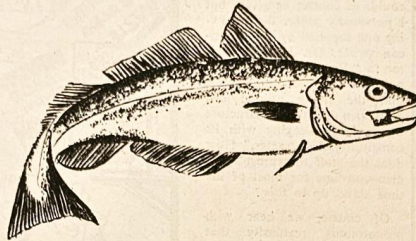
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The Nutrient Value of Fish

Eileen Kieran

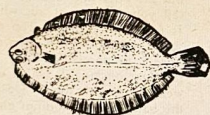


EVER-GROWING concern is being caused of late by authoritative reports on the deficiencies of many present-day foods as nutrients. Foods traditionally rich in protein, vitamins and the various minerals vital to the maintenance of good health are being stripped of these by processing or by the fact that the soil in which they grow or on which they feed is itself void of goodness because of overuse or the application of chemicals.

The sea can be compared to the land in that it is a medium for growth. Its great advantage today is that it has not been depleted in any way.

A high proportion of the diseases common to man can be traced back to some deficiency in diet. To maintain a high level of good health and to supply the body with the most powerful means of resistance possible it is necessary that the diet should contain a number of various constituents in carefully balanced proportions. Fish has long played an important part in good health and nutrition, and it would play an even greater part if people only knew the high nutrient value of sea-food.

The main nutrients in fish are proteins, fats, vitamins and minerals. Protein is necessary for the healthy development of all parts of the body. It is, in fact, the most basic ingredient of every part of



our body. One third of the daily protein intake should come from animal sources to balance the less efficient protein of cereals and vegetables. Fish, like meat, is a valuable source of protein, but meat contains a kind of fat which can be harmful, to the weight-watcher particularly.

The fat found in fish is known as polyunsaturated fat and is, in fact, very beneficial to humans. The normal fat that we consume like animal fats, if taken in too great a quantity, forms into solid obstructions within the arteries. Fat should contain two main ingredients—Cholesterol and Lecithin. One often hears cholesterol indicated as one of the main causes of arterial failure and heart disease. But, cholesterol is, however, essential to life. Without it the body could not manufacture many vital organs. It has a valuable function in maintaining the health of the brain, the nerves and the sex glands.

The function of lecithin within the fat is to reduce cholesterol to very small particles so that it can pass through the arteries without causing any obstructions. Unfortunately, lecithin has been excluded from many fats by processing techniques and the fats have become "saturated." Fat containing both of the above ingredients is known as polyunsaturated fat. The so-

called "fat fish" such as mackerel and herring and the livers of others like cod and halibut are now the only known sources of truly polyunsaturated fat and so are highly beneficial in the prevention of arterial and heart trouble.

Vitamins are organic compounds found in small amounts in many foods. Various diseases called deficiency diseases are associated with the shortage of specific vitamins so it can be seen that the importance of vitamins cannot be over-emphasised. All fish contain varying amounts of most vitamins. In fact fish liver oils are by far the most concentrated natural sources of vitamin A—a vitamin necessary for good eyesight.

Also present in fish are minerals which are essential for the performance of certain functions of the body and for teeth and bone formation. The principal mineral substances being iodine, phosphorus and calcium. Iodine, which fish contains in generous proportions, is essential for good health. Lack of it causes swelling of the neck because the thyroid gland in the throat needs this mineral to form thyroxine. The side effects of this condition can be lasting and very serious. The effectiveness of the thyroid gland in producing sufficient quantities of thyroxine dictates the body's capacity to digest food. Sluggishness and overweight are also symptoms of iodine deficiency. Phosphorus, with calcium, plays an essential part in the complex process by which the body obtains energy from food as well as in the composition of the body fluids and in bone and teeth formation.

Fish, in fact, has been referred to as one of the most balanced of all foods, ideal for most diets especially for a healthy everyday diet.

Every dietitian knows the value of variety in the diet: it is essential for good appetite and helps to ensure that one obtains enough of the essential nutrients in the diet.



Photos courtesy of B.I.M.

Hardly any food has more variety of taste and texture than fish. One could eat a different one every day for a month and still not have tasted all of them. And to the cook, amateur and professional, fish is ideal for experimentation, for there is hardly a more versatile food or one more amenable to imaginative treatment.

Fish is adaptable, too, to every meal, be it breakfast, lunch, high tea, dinner or supper—or even cold for salads and picnics.

There is hardly anyone who cannot eat fish, excepting those few who genuinely dislike it. It is especially valuable to young children and teenagers, who need plenty of first-class body building while they are growing. For those children who claim not to like fish there are many ways to overcome their dislike. Experiments have proved that touches of colour, such as tomato and lemon, attractive garnishes and unusual and tasty ways of cooking fish are sure ways to make children enjoy it, even when they have previously been "put off" fish by indifferent cooking.

Even very young children can eat it, for it is protein in one of the most easily digestible forms. Provided that skin and bones—especially small bones—are removed before or during cooking, it is an ideal and enjoyable food for children, as the local fish and chip shop will testify!

Most of us have to cope with illness at one time or another, and most women find invalid cooking exasperatingly unrewarding. But fish is a better basis for invalid cookery than sloppy food in almost every case, for it is light and digestible. It is also invaluable for replacing the protein lost during illness and injury, and for putting new strength into the invalid. And, if it is temptingly cooked, and appetisingly garnished and served, it will tempt a capricious appetite and help recovery.

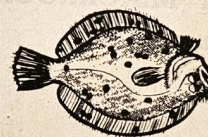
Most women, young or not so young, are interested in keeping or retaining their figures. They are glad to know that fish is ideal for slimming diets, because it may be eaten

liberally without fear of putting on weight. As demonstrators will be quick to point out, methods of cooking fish while slimming are all-important, but they will also be able to give many tempting ways of cooking fish with a minimum of fat and starchy additions. And these appetising ways of cooking fish will appeal strongly to women who have families to cater for as well as themselves for they are suitable for every member of the family, as well as being strictly non-fattening.

A word should be put in for elderly people, for they are often less well fed than they should be. Some of them may have digestive difficulties. Nearly all of them need protein foods as much as younger people—and fish is an ideal provider of protein, as well as being easily digested. As with children, it is often helpful to add attractive garnishes or piquant sauces, made or bottled, to tempt elderly appetites and that extra touch of seasoning which elderly people seem to need.

Fish, in fact, is a good and satisfying food for everyone. For heavy workers, busy housewives, children and young people, as old folks, it provides many of the essential nutrients, as well as fresh, appetising dishes which are almost bewildering in their variety.

These days the housewife who wishes to be considered inventive in food preparation is turning more and more to fish as a medium for unusual dishes. There are 32 different known varieties of fish landed by fishermen round the Irish coast, no other food has such variety. All these 32 varieties have their own flavour and goodness, and to further enhance variety all these fish can be cooked and served, using



hundreds of different methods and flavours. The more unusual varieties of fish in particular give an admirable opportunity to mystify guests at a party and to gain their admiration. Serve up a John Dory or a Red Mullet and just wait for the obvious queries on your cookery secret.

The myth that good fish cookery is a difficult art can be banished completely if you follow a few simple rules. Always deal with and be guided by a reliable fishmonger. Like all retailers, your fishmonger knows perfectly well that an unhappy customer is a lost customer and, therefore, will do his utmost to accommodate you. He will have a vast store of knowledge on the varieties on offer, and in many cases will be able to tell you how to prepare and even cook them.

Try to remember always to buy fish that is in season. It will be plentiful, and, therefore, better value and, like most fresh foods, will have a better flavour.

Eileen Kieran is fish cookery advisor to B.I.M.

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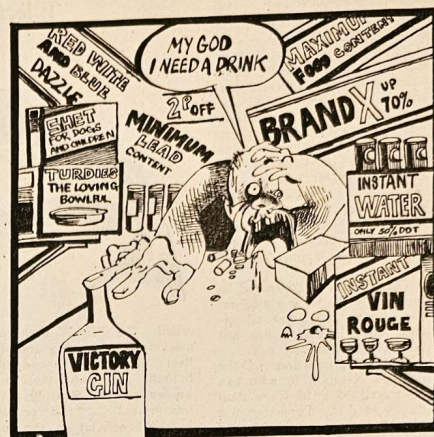
When Is A Food.....?

Christopher Fettes

BEFORE ASKING when it isn't, we had better ask what it is. All sorts of definitions could, of course, be given, but I personally prefer the following one supplied by the American writer, Dr. Herbert Shelton: "Food is any non-poisonous, organic substance that the living animal can transform into living structure which is in keeping with its constitutional character." How does the stuff that most Irishmen consume for most of the time stand up to this?

Of course, we hear with monotonous regularity that this is the best fed country in the world, a judgment based solely, as far as I know, on the extent of our caloric intake; but when I look around me, it would seem more sensible to describe us as the most fed: quantity does not equal quality, and I have yet to visit a country with such a high proportion of fat and pasty-faced in habitants. By analysing a typical day's meals we may begin not only to see why so many people look ill, but also to wonder how they manage to survive at all.

So, ignoring for a moment the early morning cups of tea (since we'll certainly catch up with them again later) let us look at an average Irish breakfast. I suppose there was a time when what my ancestors spelt "porage" was as popular in Ireland as anywhere in the world; but watching housewives at work in a supermarket (as good a way as any of finding out what most people eat) it is obvious that mostly of refined carbohydrates (i.e., of purely caloric value) have won the day. Some of these cereals claim to do no more than taste nice; others, such as Weetabix and Shredded Wheat, being made of whole wheat, claim actually



to be good for you — which might be true if they were not almost inevitably consumed with large quantities of sugar, a substance which an increasing number of doctors are coming to regard as a greater cause of illness than even tobacco and alcohol. Why eat breakfast, anyway? Because the Special K packet tells us that "a good breakfast is an essential part of any weight-controlled diet." Those who have seriously tried it know that the best way of preventing hunger pangs (as opposed to real hunger) before lunch, is to eat just fruit, or even nothing at all.

Besides cereals, most people eat white bread (equally rich in calories and equally poor in everything else), butter or margarine (worth a book on their own), sausages, whose contents it is impossible to assess, but whose failure everyone claims has deteriorated, and battery

eggs, which are likely to contain D.D.T. and antibiotics, but according to Dr. Franklin Bicknell, an anti-infective agent which often causes dermatitis in man. All this, of course, washed down with tea or coffee (both containing caffeine) and another dose of sugar.

Mid-morning sees our average Irishman indulging in further tea and probably apparently harmless (as well as flavourless) biscuits containing butylated hydroxyanisole. Not all the packets tell you that, but the ones that don't usually tell you nothing at all, which is far more sinister. The presence of so much nonfood hardly prepares the body for the next onslaught, which may well begin with soup. Despite the ban on monosodium glutamate in America, Erin and Knorr soups are still honest enough to list it under "contents"; others now print

"flavour enhancers" instead: take your pick. If your main course contains fresh meat, there's no way of knowing what's in it; choose a tinned variety, and you'll as likely as not find it accompanied by not only emulsifying salts, but also sodium nitrate, a substance known to be dangerous to children; if the label doesn't say what's in it, make sure you avoid it: "certified" meat is guaranteed free of harmful bacteria, not of harmful chemicals. Vegetables are almost certain to have been sprayed, needless to say, but not all such sprays are as immediately dangerous as the hormone used to stop potatoes sprouting, which has recently been discovered to cause neuritis — and there's no ban on it.

If you finish your main meal with a sweet, stick to fresh fruit if you can, peeling the skin or scrubbing it. Even the alternative of a simple jelly is (according to the label on the Bird's Trifle packet, but not on that of the jelly alone) likely to contain adipic acid, potassium acid, tartaric acid, potassium chloride. Do they mention these ingredients just to be honest, or because they have to for export? It's significant that Gateaux mention the ingredients of their cakes only when they are aimed at foreign markets: their Irish Fruit Loaf contains not only U.S. certified artificial colouring (suggesting their destination?), but also glycerine substitutes and mould inhibitors.

If all this makes you wonder where you can get good food — and if you are not in a position to do the best thing, which is grow and prepare your own — you might care to try the new health food restaurant hidden at 5 Great Strand Street. The proprietors don't guarantee perfection yet, but they really do care: how many places can you say that of?

Consumer Report Eimer Bowman

DESPITE WARNINGS by nutritionists sugar is a food we are all consuming in increasingly large quantities. Varieties of pure sugar alone include granulated, castor, lump, icing, preserving and "the browns." — all on offer in most supermarkets. Delicatessen crystals and a sugar named 'Barbados'. The prices can range from 5p per lb for ordinary, white, granulated sugar to 12½p per lb. for 'Barbados'.

How do these sugars differ in quality? Is brown healthier than white? And how can we distinguish one brown sugar from another and pay accordingly?

Some of these questions were answered by a report in the British Consumer magazine *Which?* in its only survey to date on sugar. It showed, that all sugars, brown or white contain at least 96% sucrose, varying from 99.9% for the refined whites to 96% for raw sugar. However, raw sugar is inedible as it contains a number of impurities; dust; sugar lice etc., and has to be refined to some extent before consumption. The brown sugars that we buy are the result of this refining process and while they retain small amounts of vitamins and minerals, these are insignificant in terms of our daily dietary needs.

Retailers and consumers seem confused about the nutritional value of brown sugar in particular; and the variety of descriptions reflect this confusion. Recently, shopping in 'Le Gourmet' of Patrick Street, Dun-

loughaire, I came across brown sugar packed in unmarked polythene bags, retailing at 11½p per lb. The proprietor described it as 'Barbados' sugar, which he claimed to import exclusively. Some days later in McCambridge's delicatessen in Ranelagh, Dublin, I noticed two different brown sugars on sale: Demerara at 7p and once again 'Barbados' at 11p. On enquiry they referred me back to Mr. Smyth of 'Le Gourmet' — their supplier, and as far as they understood, the only distributor of this particular sugar.

Since all brown sugar on sale in this country is imported and distributed through the Sugar Company, no one else having a licence to do so, Mr. Smyth's position was less than clear. The Sugar Company have at present four kinds of brown sugar on offer to distributors and retailers for direct consumption: Demerara which comes directly from Guyana is the cheapest of these. The other three come from Tate and Lyle in Liverpool, and are known in the trade as Primrose, Fourths and Dark Pieces. In the supermarkets these are described as 'brown' and 'dark brown' and retail at 7-8p per lb.

When I contacted Mr. Smyth he was reluctant to make any further comment. He did say however that 'Barbados' was imported through the Sugar Company, and did not claim on this occasion that it was solely available to him. When I pointed out that none of the imported sugars was called 'Barbados' and asked if this was his name for one of the Tate and Lyle sugars, he said that he would not confirm or deny that possibility. He would simply describe it as "a delicious, soft, brown sugar."

While this may all appear to be a relatively minor matter, it highlights the difficulty in obtaining accurate information, in the absence of consumer legislation.

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GOOD LIVING

It is often said that travel broadens the mind. However, it not only broadens the mind, it also broadens the scope of the appetite and develops an interest in unusual food. Nowadays, with the great increase in the number of people holidaying abroad and with the rise in the standard of living at home, people are acquiring a taste for foods and flavourings, which would not have interested them some years ago.

In many of the European countries, flavourings and condiments are used to a very wide extent. It is only recently that popular demand for herbs here has developed to any real extent.

Many of the larger food stores and delicatessens stock a very wide range of dried, preserved and prepared culinary herbs. It is, however, difficult to surpass the freshness of home-grown herbs. Many of the herbs which are so popular abroad — **Basil**, **Tarragon** and **Fennel** are, contrary to what many people think, quite simple to grow.



Parsley

Culinary Herbs

Darryl O'Loughlin

What could be nicer than to have a home-made salad with your own **mint**, **basil**, **chives**, **parsley** or **thyme**. It is not necessary to have a large garden to grow herbs successfully. Herbs like a position which, though sheltered from the wind is well-drained and in sunlight, so that the natural flavour of the plant is fully developed.

Whilst many of the herbs can be planted the whole year round, there are some, such as **basil**, **dill** and **parsley**, which are best planted in spring.

Most of the herbs available commercially come from seed. However, as it is very often necessary to sow the seed indoors, it may be advisable to purchase plants rather than experiment with seed-sowing. The plants should be grown in a well-drained soil to which moss peat and fertiliser have been added liberally. The taller herbs, such as **borage**, **dill**, **fennel**, **sorrel**, **rosemary** and **tarragon**, should be placed at the back of the bed and the lower growing plants to the front. When the plants are in growth, it is not generally advisable to apply any further fertiliser as this tends to produce over-lush growth and will result in a reduction of flavour.

The following is a list of herbs which are easy to grow and which are popular and useful. The list is divided into two sections: (I) Those herbs which can be planted at this time of the year; and (II) Those best planted in the spring—the month of May.

(I) **Chives**: A light onion flavour. Used chopped in

salads, omelettes, sandwiches and a multitude of other dishes.

Lavender: Grey foliage, lavender flowers from July to August. Will grow in any ordinary light soil, in a warm, dry and sunny position.

Mint: Delicate taste. Used



Sorrel

in iced drinks, fruit punches, salads, and most extensively as a light sauce.

Apple Mint: A good strong grower, very aromatic leaves, very useful for culinary purposes.

Rosemary: Violet-blue flowers in May. Will do well in any ordinary well-

drained soil, in a dryish border.

Sage: Fragrant and strongly flavoured. Used lightly as an aid to the digestion with pork, goose and other poultry.

Thyme: Well flavoured, used primarily in the making of stuffings, soups and sauces.

Lemon Thyme: A delicate lemon scent. Easily cultivated in light soil in sunny positions. Used for flavouring stuffings, soups and sauces.

(II) **Basil**: An Indian plant, used for flavouring stews, soups and salads.

Borage: Used as an ingredient in claret cup from a belief that it cools the liquor.

Dill: Aromatic foliage. A strongly flavoured herb which should be used sparingly. Used for flavouring salads, sauces and dressings. Dill vinegar may be easily made from the foliage.

Fennel: A distinctly liquorice taste, rather strong. Used mainly in fish recipes and in sauces. The seeds are often used on savoury breads.

Marjoram: Sweet. It has a wide range of uses, from stuffings and sausages to chops and cheese.

Parsley: Used as a seasoning and flavouring in various forms.

Savory: Somewhat peppery taste and delightful scent. Used in sauces and as garnishing. Useful with white meats and fish.

Sorrel: A lightly flavoured herb which may be used in salads and as a dressing to meats.

Tarragon: Will do well in a light, dryish soil in a sunny border. Used to flavour salads and pickles and for Tarragon Vinegar.

Switzers

'Food Hall' is now open. It's on Switzers Ground Floor — a truly extraordinary emporium of all that's freshest or most exotic. It offers the very finest of produce from local sources and from the farthest corners of the earth. 'Food Hall' can stock your cellar with rare wines, load your table with incomparable viands, cheeses, spices, sweetmeats, vegetables and the like of which you will not find elsewhere in this country. Indeed, should there be something you require which is not in stock — simply request it, when it will be sent for with haste. A visit is an adventure in itself and is heartily recommended!



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Around the Delicatessens

THERE WAS A time when Dublin delicatessens seemed to cater only for the very rich, and possibly eccentric. Prices seemed extravagantly high and food — well, it wasn't exactly what our conservative Irish palates were used to.

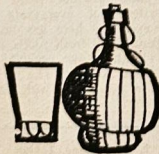
Irish tastes have changed drastically over the past ten years, and not before time. Some delicatessen owners put this down to the influence of travel abroad others to foreign communities in Dublin. Supermarkets had a hand in it, not just because they stocked a larger range of foods than the small family grocer; the sheer impersonality of fluorescent lights and plastic food has driven many people back to the personal service available in delicatessens.

IN McCAMBRIDGES, at 35, Ranelagh Road, I was told that the last stocktaking showed the shop carried over 4,000 lines, ranging from smoked mozzarella to herbs and spices. The shop started as a small family grocery, but gradually evolved into a delicatessen.

Like most delicatessens, McCambridges sell a large range of salads and cooked meats, all prepared in a kitchen behind the shop. There's also a bakery, specialising in traditional brown soda bread made with stone ground flour, and McCambridges Health bread,

guaranteed free from anything as nasty as white flour or sugar.

You can buy smetana, which is soured cream made from a Jewish recipe, or American cheese cake topped with sour cream. This sells for 16p a slice — extravagant perhaps, but it's so rich and fattening the price almost needs to be prohibitive.



Before Christmas McCambridges will have luxurious gifts like marzipan and Chinese figs. Early shoppers could buy a three litre bottle of Frescobaldi Chianti for £6; the bottle is extraordinary, standing about four foot high. More practical perhaps is the Filtrona coffee set, which looks much the same as the Melita filter sets. Filtrona costs £2.50 for a set to make 6-8 cups of fresh coffee. For tea drinkers there's a gift pack of four different teas from Twinings, including 'Irish breakfast tea' — a pound of tea in all, it costs £1.20.

Mary Punch

IF YOU FANCY something completely different you could always try a packet of Instant Rose Hip tea. This is only one of the huge range of more conventional teas and coffees available in SMYTHS OF THE GREEN, still the largest specialist food shop in Dublin.

It's hard to know where to start in Smyths with exotic tins and packets almost defying description. One section of the shop is given over to hundreds of jars of jam and honeys. You can buy Lemon Curd with Lindisfarne Advocaat (40p) or, for that discreet breakfast, a jar of Passionfruit Marmalade. There's Kunquaiti au Gordon's Gin for £1.50 and Organic Thistle Honey 'from the valleys, deserts and mountains of California and Arizona' at 60p. From nearer home you can buy a North Clare honeycomb for 65p.

Smyths didn't have many chocolates or liqueurs when I called. This was due to our longer than usual summer which is just not the right atmosphere for expensive and extremely perishable chocolates. They did have a small range of Fjord liqueurs, and boxes of Bendick's special handmade chocolates with creme de menthe for 70p. Mr. Ryan, the manager, promises a large range of chocolates for Christmas, and, if you're stuck before then, there's always the 24oz.

tin of Marrons in Syrup for £2.75.

In the wines and spirits department there's a pretty blue Ceramic decanter of Irish Mist for £4.50. Scotch drinkers can buy a Spode china decan-



ter of 20-year-old Royal Salute Whisky for about £14.

Around the corner from Smyths there's Switzer's Food Hall, which opened on November 1st. This shop, which is in a shop at the back of Switzer's ground floor, is the Irish version of Harrods Food Hall.

For the moment they will not sell fresh meat, game or fish — a pity, since this is probably the most famous feature of the Harrods food department.

Switzers have an excellent selection of foods in tins, jars and packets. Varieties of soup include Baxter's, Barbier Dauphin and Frank Cooper's. You can buy a tin of Bird's Nest Soup for 50p and Snail Consomme for 40p. The cheese section has a large range of Irish and Continental cheeses

—there's an interesting packet of Caithness Soft Cheese with Drambuie, from Scotland.

The food hall was not fully stocked when I visited it just before it opened, so it was difficult to find many gift suggestions. Boxes of Meurisse Fondants from Belgium cost just 50p for 81 oz., and there were some sturdy pottery jars containing a pound of Stilton for £2.

In the suburbs, the three branches of MOLLOYS specialise in fish, as well as carrying a whole selection of delicatessen foods. I went to the Donnybrook shop — the others are in Blackrock and Sandymount — and even on a Monday morning there was a good selection of fresh white fish and mackerel. Cooked lobsters — still hot — cost around £1.50.

Molloys sell hot curries, pies and vol-au-vents for take-away lunches — you make your selection and the food is heated in seconds in a microwave oven. There was an Irish stew which looked very appetising — no grey water or grease — and this, with two potato croquettes, costs 20p.

The Molloy shops in Donnybrook and Blackrock are open on Sunday mornings, which must be a boon for forgetful flat dwellers and people who like fresh croissants with their Sunday papers.

If I had to emigrate from the north side of Dublin I'd go to live near Louis Smyth's shop in Patrick Street, Dun

Laoghaire. LE GOURMET is one of Dublin's best delicatessens, and can justly claim that it specialises in food you can't buy anywhere else, as well as everything you can buy in other delicatessens.

Amongst the large range of macrobiotic foods you'll find wild ginseng, an underground root which is supposed to have healing properties. You can buy sea salt for 51p per pound, and Siamese rice paper; there's Japanese buckwheat and soy sauce and dried prawns. A 6 oz. tin of truffles will set you back £6.30, or you can have a stone jar of Moutarde de Meaux Pommery, a mustard made from a secret recipe which includes crushed yellow and black mustard seed with horse radish and cummin. It's a mush rather than a paste, and costs £1.50.

I SPOKE to Jack Bourke, who owns the FARM PRODUCE shops in Chatham Street and Baginbun Street, about the cheese quota, since he is one of the half a dozen or so people who can import cheese into this country. It's frustrating to think that, while we have become more adventurous in our eating habits, the present cheese quota is only 75 per cent. of the amount imported in 1967.

Jack Bourke says that French Brie and Camembert are the foreign cheeses most in demand, but these are sold out almost within hours of arriving in the shops.

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THIS YEAR THERE has been no difficulty in finding somewhere new for a night out. It might well be looked on as a vintage year for new restaurants as about a dozen worthwhile restaurants have opened or been revitalized in the Dublin area.

Almost all of this year's restaurants are situated in the southern suburbs of the city or beyond, which is a fine bonanza for south siders. The Dun Laoghaire-Killiney area is particularly lucky. Here I tried three restaurants: the Mirabeau, Killiney Court and Killiney Heights.

The Mirabeau is not, of course, a new restaurant but an old favourite under new ownership. Sean Kinsella, the new owner-chef, comes home with about the best recommendations anyone could have in the restaurant business — many years as head chef and then executive chef for the P. & O. lines. Anyone who has eaten on a great liner like the Canberra will know just what kind of standards that involves.

The Mirabeau is a far cry from the Canberra. It is an intimate and friendly restaurant where the owner always seems to be able to find time to slip out of the kitchen to greet customers and discuss his menu with them. This is necessary as the Mirabeau has a very remarkable menu for a small restaurant with the emphasis on fish and shellfish dishes although there are lots of other good things too. To be particularly recommended are the Coquilles Saint Jacques — properly served with none of the usual piping of mashed potato — and the duckling. So often a disappointing dish it is superb in the Mirabeau, completely boned so that every delicious morsel on your plate is entirely meat. Prices being a la carte are a little high but there is no doubt about the quality you are paying for. If you resisted a really good vintage wine you might escape on about £8 for two people.

Charley Lawlor is so well known to Dublin restaurant goers that he needs no introduction from me. His present establishment, Killiney Heights, is one of the most magnificently situated restaurants in Ireland. As you wander through the spacious dining-rooms every window gives a new and breath-taking view of Killiney Bay or the Howth peninsula.

Up here — the approach is by Sorrento Road, Dalkey — you have a choice of a grill restaurant menu or the full restaurant treatment. If you opt for the treatment, I advise you to go early enough so that you will have some hope of wading through the incredible choice. There are few restaurants in Dublin offering so much and such varied fare. Fish and veal dishes are particularly recommended and prices are reasonable for a restaurant of this nature, which means £2 for the set menu, so that you would need to reckon on about £6 for a modest meal for two people with wine. It would be modest perhaps in your ordering, but I assure you not in Charley Lawlor's helpings.

Further out, just by Killiney station, is Killiney Court. This is a spacious hotel with an elegant and well laid out diningroom, one of those rare diningrooms where one can eat in leisurely comfort, not forced to eavesdrop on the conversation at the next table. I liked the beautiful linen napkins and the excellent but totally unobtrusive service. But what can one say about that famous menu? You have about 35 dishes out of which to choose four courses. All this with vegetables and coffee costs only £1.95. What one can say is simply that in spite of the bewildering choice of dishes everything is perfectly prepared and served. There are also many unusual dishes such as corn on the cob, veal and ham pie or eggs in aspic all as starters. As well as a fine range of soups, including sea food chowder, your second course could consist of stuffed green peppers or a pasta dish. Main courses range from a delightful simple dish of mussels through scallops, veal, chicken and steak dishes to noisettes d'agneau and whatever game is in season. Finally, they know how to make a cherry trifle at the Killiney Court and of how many restaurants can that be said?

At £1.95 per head and allowing for a bottle of wine such as their very good 1969 Pomard at £1.75, taxes and service, your bill for two should be about £6.50, which represents about as good value for money that I know in the Dublin area at the moment.

Between town and Dun Laoghaire on the Merrion Road there is another interesting new restaurant, the Merrion Rooms. I have a feeling that this restaurant suffers somewhat from being situated over a popular bar, as many

people may feel that it is a pub grub place or at best a grill room. How wrong this impression is. The Merrion Rooms is an attractive and comfortable restaurant with restful decor and efficient service. The menu is extensive enough to satisfy every taste and it runs through the full range of restaurant dishes. One cannot try everything, but you should try the ratatouille if it is on or their Coq au vin. Other interesting dishes which I noticed but have not tried were Dublin coddle and boxty. I left with a firm resolve to return, which is a compliment to what Paddy Keogh is doing here.

The Jockey Hall Inn is a really welcoming sight as you drive across the gloom and mist of the Curragh. This is a restaurant where food is cooked with great pride and enormous attention to detail. The specialties like Fillet of Pork Calvados and Chicken à la crème are excellent, as are the fish dishes and interesting range of soups. Steaks are thick, juicy and carefully cooked and the extensive range of fresh vegetables seemed to me to be a speciality in itself. Many of the main dishes cost less than £1 so that even though eating à la carte a meal for two with a bottle of wine could be had for £6 to £7, or indeed less if you restrict yourself to two courses. The question remains is it worth driving 33 miles out and 33 miles back? Unquestionably yes — I have found myself going back again and again from the far side of Dublin.

Armstrong's Barn in Annamoe is also a long drive, but if you live in the Dalkey-Killiney area I suppose you would make it in half-an-hour which, after all, is little more than it takes to get into town with the added bonus that there are no parking problems in Annamoe.

The table d'hôte menu is restricted to a small number of specialities and there always seems to be something new and interesting. It may be artichokes vinaigrette or red cabbage and walnut salad to start with or a delicate dish of kidneys in wine sauce. The great speciality is undoubtedly the exquisite Wicklow mountain lamb whether plain or marinated but everything I have ever had here has been excellent. Only fresh foods are used — locally grown vegetables, fish from Arklow. The wine list is a good one with fine

vintages for the connoisseur as well as a sound vin ordinaire at £1.10.

One of the most admirable features of Armstrong's Barn is the fact that all prices, whether of food or wine are inclusive of tax and service. This means that the set menu at £2.75 represents very good value indeed.

Leeson Street, the best eating out street in Dublin, has acquired yet another fine restaurant, La Belle Epoque which unequivocally calls itself "restaurant français". Decorated in the French gay nineties style it has great charm and atmosphere and a really fine menu. It is not all promise either as the standard of food is very high indeed — as it would have to be situated as it is between two of Dublin's best restaurants the Tandori Rooms and Snaffles. On my first visit I ate the best veau normande I have ever had in a restaurant here or in France and quickly realised that this is a serious restaurant where, in spite of the decor and French music (Piaf and Catherine Sauvage rather than Mirelle Mathieu!) the food's the thing. Subsequent visits have confirmed this and I can also recommend their very genuine sole de poisson or moules marinière. The best dessert is, I think, the cold soufflé grand marnier. Main courses run to about £1.50 and although fresh vegetables are available they are seldom needed as helpings are generous. Sometimes, however, the vegetables are too tempting and when you see leeks cooked in red wine or root fennel you just have to have them, perhaps as a starter. Allowing £1.80 to £2 for a correct bottle of wine a meal for two in La Belle Epoque will cost about £8.

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FINANCE PROPERTY ECONOMICS

Inflation Once Again

THE LATEST BULLETIN of the Central Bank (Autumn 1972) gives us great food for thought. Readers must excuse this cliché, but it is relevant here because food, or more appropriately the price of food, as we shall see, is a most important topic in this bulletin.

Having dealt with "the brighter side of the economic picture" (a fall in the balance-of-payments deficit and faster economic growth of between 3 and 4 per cent) in a quick two paragraphs, the Bulletin reliably returns to its usual theme, price inflation. Its economic weather forecast informs us that "there is a menacing cloud in the background — a high rate of price inflation which is a major threat to the continuation of faster economic growth". Incidentally, one cannot remember a Central Bank bulletin that did not raise the spectre of this "menacing cloud".

To the facts. Between 1969-71 the rate of inflation was 8.2%. From August '71 to August '72 it was, as measured by the Consumer Price Index, 8.8%, compared to 5.8% for the United Kingdom and around 6% for the E.E.C. bloc.

The Irish figure of almost 9% become more interesting when broken down by commodity. The Consumer Index has ten main commodity categories which indicate the contribution of each to inflationary pressures. Food led the list with a 13.7% increase between August 71/72, followed by Housing (10.8%). Fuel and Light (10.4%), Clothing (9.8%), Other Goods (9.4%), Durable Household Goods (7.8%), Services (7.3%), Transport (5.5%), Alcoholic Drink (1.1%), and Tobacco which remained virtually unchanged.

Increases in the price of food have emerged this year as the leading factor behind our high rate of inflation — roughly half of the increase in prices in the first three quarters of the year can be attributed to a rise in food prices. The rise in the price of food is determined mainly by buoyant agricultural export prices, with for example beef export prices rising by 21% and product export prices by 36%.

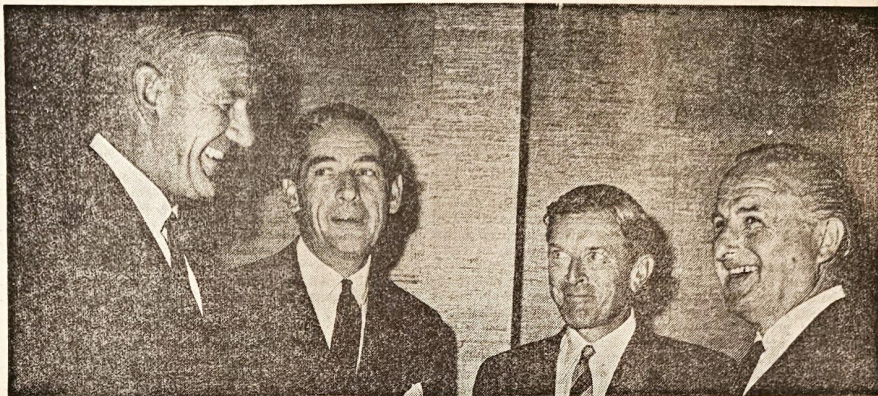
This of course means that external factors have played a conspicuous role in determining the Irish rate of inflation this year. It means that the analysis of the Central Bank on inflation, as expressed in their Annual Summer Report, is somewhat out of date. There it was stated that:

"The inordinate price inflation currently affecting Ireland is, of course, influenced by other factors as well as by the trend in wages and salaries. But these factors are of less importance."

Now three months later we are informed that half of the increase in consumer prices is due to increases in agricultural prices. Are these external factors of less importance?

Part of the Irish inflationary problem now seems to be out of the control of the policy makers. Or is it? If the agricultural sector, now deriving very considerable benefit from the higher international prices, was subject to direct taxation could the increased funds accruing to the Exchequer not be used to reduce indirect taxation on foodstuffs for the general consumer. In this way the section of the community which stands to gain most from entry into Europe could help reduce this "menacing cloud" which stops our progress towards the Valhalla of faster economic growth. Should this proposition not give our policy makers (no I dare not pun again) something to think about.

Antoin Murphy



Directors of U.D.I. (left to right): Mr. C. J. Ryan, Mr. Frank J. O'Reilly (chairman), Major Ronnie Robertson and Mr. Kevin B. McCourt (managing director).

Irish Distillers — The Seagram Deal

A Special Correspondent

LAST MONTH'S link-up between Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, the largest distilling group in the world, and Irish Distillers Group in which Seagrams get a 15% holding in I.D.G. by injecting 25% of Old Bushmills plus £2.35m cash firmly puts an end to a growing amount of speculation concerning I.D.G.'s future. On the surface this deal does two things for Irish Distillers. It considerably increases its liquidity and at the same time supplies a ready-made marketing organisation in its largest potential market, i.e., North America.

Neither of these two advantages are of any interest whatsoever to Irish Distillers in the short run and to a very large extent this also holds true for the medium term outlook. At the date of the last Balance Sheet, although the company is endowed with substantial property holdings, it had absolutely no long-term sources of finance other than its equity. For a company of this size and quality with the cash flow running at over 500,000 a year, a major borrowing operation could fairly easily have been arranged. So if finance was not a problem nor likely to be one in the foreseeable future, the Seagram deal must appear to be justified by the additional marketing strength it gives Irish Distillers in the prime North American market. However, even here this is of very little value for in very simple terms Irish Distillers just cannot produce additional whiskey out of a hat. It is constrained by its existing stocks and the minimum five year period for these to reach maturity.

And as far as expanding stocks go, Irish Distillers has, to a certain extent, cut its own throat, for instead of expanding production and building up

stocks at a fairly fast rate, it has rather conserved its resources and actually closed down one of its three production units, Jameson's, Bow Street distillery. Even if it were to expand at only the average rate for the total Scotch distilling industry, which is growing at 10% in volume terms, Irish Distillers would need to expand its stock base by nearly 70% every five years. The Irish Distilling Industry has in the past lagged far behind its Scotch counterparts in export performance and in this sense has a lot of ground to make up. One would thus expect that Irish Distillers would aim for a growth rate well in excess of the Scotch average, say perhaps 20%. The implications of such a growth rate, however, are that stocks would have to multiply two and a half times every five years. Looking back on Irish Distiller's stocking policy, however, not only is nothing like this latter stocking rate being achieved, but there is even evidence that the Group is not even planning on a stocking rate to meet the lower growth figure.

With Bow Street closed down and the new Middleton distillery not due to open for another three years, it will be 1980 before Irish Distillers are able to do anything about achieving the kind of growth rate, stocking policy and consignment product would seem to indicate.

From the way Irish Distillers has been managed over the past few years evidenced especially by its slow growth rate stocking policy and conservation of its resources in closing down Bow Street, it is fairly obvious what its priorities are. The £288,000 fall in profits from the £800,000 level when the merger was first implemented in 1966 greatly

troubled the old management. So when Kevin McCourt was brought in in 1968 this was one of the first problem areas that obviously had to be dealt with. Short term profitability has thus been the prime objective of Irish Distillers over the past four years even if this was at the expense of longer term growth.

The Seagram deal has to be seen in this context of short term objectives. As there was no need for additional equity capital in the immediately foreseeable future nor any need for additional marketing power, for not only do Irish Distillers not have stocks to supply a big jump in demand but if in the same generic field, Irish Mist Liqueurs can export 80% of its output with tiny resources, Irish Distillers should be able to push up its own sales without outside muscle.

There must thus be some other explanation for the Seagrams deal. A glance at the company's share prime performance on the Stock Exchange helps somewhat to explain the deal. In 1964 Power's shares stood at the equivalent of 90p. Eight years later after expansion, modernisation, rationalisation and re-organisation, the share price stood at only 132p. (August '72), and this despite a boom on the stock exchange over the last two years of this period. Adjusting for inflation, this meant that the company's shareholders had achieved nothing over this prolonged period. Irish Distillers is one of the few Irish companies with a high quality product and massive export potential and a management which is well organised and probably flexible enough to chase whatever objectives it is set. These qualities made the company an ideal take over candidate. Irish Distillers would have been per-

fect for Waterford Glass's next major move or it could have done a lot to improve the quality of Fitzwillton's earnings. Seagrams, however, who have agreed not to take over the company can now be used to block any such takeover approach. Kevin McCourt would undoubtedly not be too keen to play second fiddle to Noel Griffin or Tony O'Reilly.

Irish Distillers thus appears safe at the moment. Some of the balances it has struck however, appear rather shaky and it would not be too surprising to see the company come unstuck in some areas. Before the Seagram deal, I.D.G. had taken a 65p.c. holding in Edward Dillon, the Wine & Spirit Merchant. In doing this Dillon lost the Old Bushmill agency but somehow or other retained some of Distillers Group (D.C.L.) major brands, especially Dewars Whiskey and Gordon's Gin. Dillon recently took over Fitzgerald Findlater which held another D.C.L. agency, namely Haig. This resulted in the fantastic situation where an Irish Distillers subsidiary was actively promoting competitive Scotch brands. This seems a very compromising situation but the way Irish Distillers have been handed a 25% holding in Old Bushmills as part of the Seagram deal seems just as bad for undoubtedly with a controlling stake in Old Bushmills, Seagrams will tend to push this brand much more so than I.D.G.'s products, that is of course assuming Seagram is rational.

It might have been far more sensible to have integrated the whole Old Bushmill's organisation into Irish Distillers, so that a rationalised approach could have been taken to critical areas like production and marketing.



THE REFERENCE to a certain Mr. Ernest Ottewell in the piece on Moore Holdings in our last issue caused such a strong reaction in the club that I felt it obligatory to do some background research.

When Moore Holding bought Baxendales in Capel Street, I wondered who they might put in as tenant of this property. When this turned out to be the Blackrock Tailoring Co. Ltd., I was really surprised for the club that this company was in financial trouble and certainly in no condition to

take on additional liabilities. As recently as last November a Judgement Mortgage had been given in the High Court against Blackrock to secure one of its creditors who was owed £30,000 at the time. Immediately after this the controlling shareholder, Mr. Michael Fitzgerald, resigned. He is believed to have sold out to Ernest Ottewell but the share transfer has not yet been registered. However, the new directors have, and would you believe it, these consist of two solicitors, an estate agent and an engineer, mark you no one with any retailing expertise. Why Ernest Ottewell should want to hide from the public eye, if that is what he is doing, is not very clear. According to old Col. G.—, Donald Pratt, who, incidentally, is one of the new directors of Moore Holding, is Ottewell's solicitor, and Peter White, his

estate agent. Perhaps this explains why both these men are now on the board of Blackrock Tailoring.

No one seems to be very forthcoming about Ernest Ottewell but it is known that he is mainly interested in property development and has already been involved in speculative house building which probably explains his purchase of Don Carroll's old homestead.

Eyes fairly twinkle here in the club at the mention of either Moore Holding or Ernest Ottewell but there are a number of straight questions I would like to put to the directors of Moore Holding:

1—Who is behind the 14% nominee holding in Moore in the name of Williams and Glyn's Bank, Executor and Trustee Co. (Channel Islands) Ltd.?

2—Exactly what is the nature of Moore's interest

in an unnamed housing development in Foxrock and who are its partners?

3—As the Ulster Bank are only supplying short-term front money to finance Moore's £2 million takeover bid for Mooneys, how did Moore get a reputable bank involved in lending it five times its total assets?

4—If this loan was arranged by backers in London, who are they?

5—How do Moore propose to finance the Mooney bid if it goes through?

6—Who are the shareholders of Blackrock Tailoring?

Brittain's Accounts

ANYONE INTERESTED in academic financial matters will be intrigued if

they can get their hands on a copy of the Brittain Group's Annual Accounts. Including an estimate of bills payable of £1 million, although these are believed to amount to well over this, the total borrowings of the Group amount to £3½ million plus, with ordinary shareholders funds of £1 million plus to give a borrowing ratio of 3½ to 1, by far the highest of any quoted company in Ireland.

But this does not seem to worry the company for it has decided to take up an option to purchase its main Naas Road plant for £800,000. This will raise the borrowing ratio to nearly 4½ to 1. For anyone interested in the gearing position, the outstanding Preference Capital would have to be added on to these borrowings. As this amounts to £½ million, it will shove up the gearing position to 500%.

able restructuring of the others called for.

Reading through Martin Mahony's Annual Report, which has just been issued, it is a bit like reading a fairy tale. The chairman talks about introducing yet another productivity scheme and about management reorganisation. He even goes as far as saying that "we will give it (the Atkins Report) serious consideration with a view to implementing any suggestions and changes that would be of benefit to shareholders and employees."

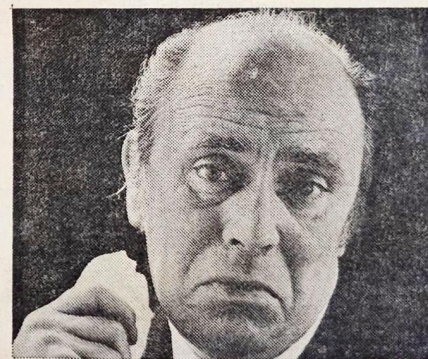
However, in the past year alone it lost £203,000 and is already forecasting what even it calls "a substantial loss" in the current year. This will more than wipe out the company's reserves and start eating into its nominal issued capital.

(I can remember when Donnelly's directors decided that although on the books the company appeared to be solvent, it was quite possible its fixed asset valuations were so out of line with realistic figures that insolvency was staring them in the face. Realising this, these directors were not prepared to carry the personal liability for any further debts which directors must bear once they are aware of a company's insolvency.)

In Martin Mahony's case, although its land and buildings at £123,000 are probably undervalued, it is unlikely that the company could get much more than scrap value for its plant and machinery valued in the books at £272,000. On top of this a forced sale of stocks would probably not realise much more than half book value. On this basis, it is arguable that Mahony is already insolvent. It is prob-

Woolly Thinking?

THE ATKINS REPORT into the Woollen and Worsted Textile Industry had some very critical things to say about management. The lack of well-defined product policies were one of the main bugbears of the Irish industry, with most companies trying to be most things to most people. With their home market orientation, this meant a massive range of products in each company in an attempt to cover the home market. Although the full report has not been published, it is interesting to see that nine factories are recommended for closure and a consider-



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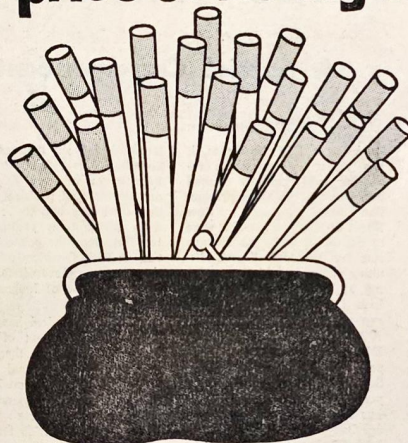
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ably no wonder that the directors are prepared to give serious consideration to any structural changes in the industry!

Wallpapers

TO A VERY large extent the ordinary investor has to depend very much on his chairman's statement to get some idea of how his company is performing. So when the chairman of Wallpapers Ltd., Peter McLoughlin, referred to a 54% profit increase, one must presume that this was meant to be some indication of how things were going. All the daily papers honed in on and accepted this figure. However, the simple fact is that 42 points of this 54% profit increase resulted from a change in the valuation of stocks and the real increase was only 12%.

Henry Street

GUARDIAN Properties, the company currently re-

developing Woolworth's old George's Street premises, pulled off rather a coup in snatching Egans Henry St. store from under the noses of the major Irish institutions. It was thus rather funny to see these same institutions underlining their own foolishness in an unseemly auction battle at the end of last month for control of Slowey's Henry Street store. New Ireland seemed prepared to take on all comers at any price. The last lap of the course turned into a straight fight between New Ireland and Irish Life, with New Ireland the last bidder at £690,000. This figure is £150,000 over what Guardian paid for Egans, a larger and far more impressively sited property with three times the frontage.

Ever since Irish Life paid Cyril Lord £120,000 on a sale and lease back of 24 Henry Street, with its 1,300 sq. ft., there has been a fantastic escalation in Henry Street property values. This

has been accelerated by institutions trying to establish prime shopping interests in their growing property portfolios. The way C. and A. and British Home Stores have chosen to undertake their own developments on the outer fringes of Henry Street would seem to suggest that they were not prepared to accept Henry Street prices. At it is, their building and development costs will work out at only a fraction of what New Ireland paid for Sloweys on a square footage basis.

Many of the older Henry Street traders must now be wondering if they are not perhaps wasting their time going into work every day. The only public company with a substantial Henry Street involvement is Arnotts. On the basis of the price paid for Sloweys, its major store would appear to be worth well over £10 million. This would make the shares worth over £8 apiece, but I somehow doubt that the Nesbitt family are yet prepared to retire!



AFTER SATURDAY at Leopardstown, flat racing in this country ceases until mid-March. Through the exploits of the enigmatic Roberto I have shored up a corner of this page since the flat season began and I plan to have a profitable winter season by following ten steeplechasers. In the last issue I listed them in what I consider to be their handicap order, with weights.

The list consists of:

Ebony Lad	12 10
Ormond King	12 7
Veuve	12 3
Bahia Dorada	12 2
Bright Moment ..	11 13
Fiddlers Hill	11 10
Money Boat	11 9
Dunally	11 0

Swissair 11 0
Cart It 10 9

These are the ten to follow. When any one or more meet in the same race the choice depends on the difference between these weights, or ratings, and those which the official handicapper sets. Adjustments will be made regularly as a horse improves. Already Ebony Lad has shown himself to be a novice 'chaser out of the ordinary. Without a racecourse appearance since winning over three miles at Punchestown in April he ran in his first handicap at Thurles last week and won by twelve lengths. This sent him up 12 in the handicap and it is quite clear that there will be more improvement in him.

Unfortunately, on that occasion Ebony Lad was not the selection as another member of the team, Bright Moment, was in the race and was set to receive 19 lb. Probably because he is better suited to 2½ miles rather than 3, the forcing tactics of Ebony Lad were all against Bright Moment and he was

left far behind at the finish.

On Saturday last, number four in the list, Veuve ran at Naas. A lesser jockey than Tommy Carberry might not have stayed on his back after a couple of mistakes and the pair did well to finish second in the end. To date then, the system is showing a loss of £2, to a £1 stake.

There can be no runners from the "stable" until Navan on Saturday week, where Veuve, Ebony Lad and Bahia Dorada are among the entries for the Troystown 'Chase. Veuve has to give 3 lb. more to Bahia Dorada than I estimate he should and this makes Bahia Dorada the winner.

There should be good racing at Leopardstown on Saturday. Ardoon looks the winner of the Farewell Nursery; I have a sneaking regard for the chances of Kublai against the "good thing" Mr. Barcock, and Scoutbush, although not a member of the team, can win the handicap 'chase.

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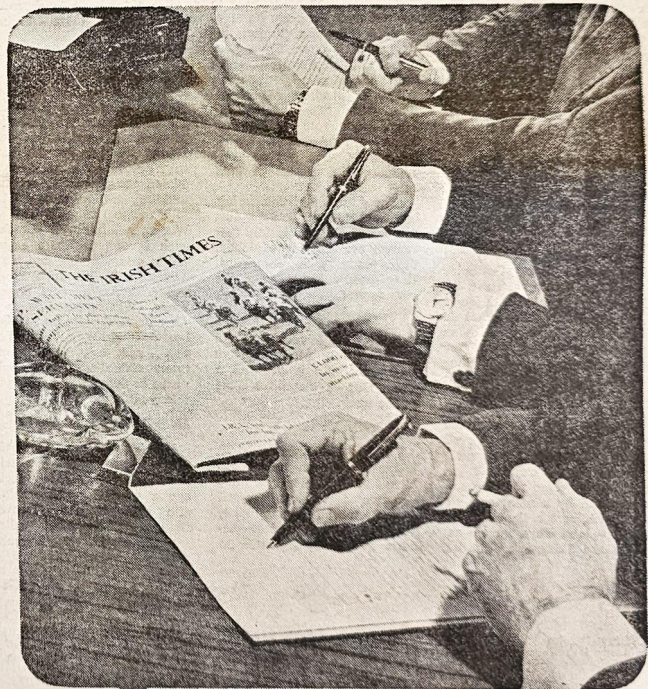
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MARY KENNY'S LONDON DIARY

MONDAY:

To Battersea power station with a view to doing an article about imminently striking power workers. (Later it transpires that there is to be no strike). Am simply appalled by the way power workers live, by their conditions. They are simply horrific. A power station is a filthy, dirty, horrible place. An experienced power worker, aged 43, takes home £23.00 a week after a gruelling 40 hours in muck, dirt, excretion, sweating plants, oppressive heat. On train back to Victoria, pick up rival evening newspaper, which tells of how desperately inconvenient it is for middle-class lady to have the lights go out on her dinner parties. Ugh. Go to my women's lib meeting and feel faint-hearted. Believe passionately in women's lib, but can't help contrasting situation of most of us, with good jobs, to situation of power workers, whose jobs, such as they are, are being diminished. Afterwards in pub, meet Hugh Scanlon with wife and daughter. Think he's smashing. He reveals that talks with Government and employers have broken down. There is no going on, he says. You can't make them understand. Go home depressed.

TUESDAY:

To publishing party at lunchtime. Mee. Germaine Greer for first time. Have the impression that she's a quiet girl, essentially. She likes to talk about books more than anything else. She looks terrific, though. Long, long thighs, a long, long body. The party held in El Vino's in Fleet Street. All the blokes furious as Germaine refuses to join them for drinks. We all stride out, spurning their male gallantry (you can't eat or drink in El Vino's unless accompanied by a man) and go for lunch across the road at the King and Keys, known as the Daily Telegraph pub run

by gorgeous Mark O'Donnell from Limerick, brother of Tom, the T.D.

That evening go to party, where met old friend, Richard Neville. He is just back from the U.S. He says he's tired of the whole scene. In America now, he says the young are just retreating from politics. Everyone knows Nixon will win, and who cares. Let Middle America get on with it. The rest is apathy. We smoke marijuana, which is against my principles, because it's against the law. Eoghan Harris taught me that. If you're going to be arrested and put in gaol, you might as well be arrested for something important. A marijuana charge is trivial. Still I do it because it's agreeable. A good, easy-going time is had by all.

WEDNESDAY:

Did television programme to go out next February on commercial telly here. Subject: the image of woman. Some very good girls participating: Juliet Mitchell, who wrote "Woman's Estate"; Audrey Slaughter, who edits "Over 21"; Eva Figes, who wrote "Patriarchal Attitudes"; Adrienne Corri, the actress, who got so temperamental that she stormed out.

The discussion is interesting, but what does it yield? Just the same old conclusion that women are horribly exploited, their sexuality is cheapened, their bodies lusted after for commercial gain, their minds befogged and bewildered by trivialities.

Afterwards, dinner with my darling Aunt Maureen from Stillorgan, who is over on a visit. One of the nicest spots of the week.

THURSDAY:

To Judo Club to cover British Women's Judo Championships. Shouldn't do this sort of thing—consented to have myself thrown around by top lady judo expert in the world—because of gammy leg; still, so

hate my physical disability that want to show scorn for it and throw myself into energetic disregard for it. Find judo very exhilarating. A lovely game. How nice it must be to be good at it. How terrific to be so independent physically. Later to Edna O'Brien's play at Royal Court with Finn O'Shanon, *A Pagan Place*. Liked the book better, but still, the play most engaging. Am completely unimpressed by Edna's work, anyway, because I find every word she writes so magical. Wonder, however, why I have had such an extraordinary Irish childhood myself. Can't understand it: I have never been raped by a priest; never saw people fighting or problematically pregnant; never felt that terrible isolation which all Irish writers articulate about their childhood. Actually, I had a lovely time as a child. 'That', said T. P. McKenna severely, 'is because you are a Ballsbridge Bourgeois. If you'd been reared in the wilds of Cavan like me, you'd know all about it.' Felt very deprived. Lovely party at Edna's after the play. Talked to Hugh Fraser about Ireland. "Look," he said, "we're all for a united Ireland. It's only Jack Lynch that's holding us back." Guests included Robert Graves, Kevin McCorry, Dave Allen. Edna has a lovely round bath, like Hugh Hefer's bed.

WEEKEND:

Rested and read; stopped smoking, eating and drinking. Decided to go into a convent for Christmas. Why didn't I become a nun, anyhow? Would the Loretto still have me? Went to a wedding in Wales, though; lovely country wedding, and on arrival back in London, to tail end of Women's Liberation Conference in Acton, where I just missed Mary Maier and Mary Anderson of *The Irish Times* and *Irish Independent* respectively. Was supposed to go to Guy Fawkes' party on Sunday, but decided against it. Too tired, and, anyway, I don't think Catholics should subscribe to the annual burning of this great man.

Finally, go to incredibly grand party given by boss-in-chief, Sir Max Aitken, for winner of Robert Pitman Book Award. And who does it turn out to be but Irish writer, Jennifer Johnston, daughter of Denis Johnston and Shelagh Richards, author of "The Captains and the Kings." Everybody pays tribute to her work; Kingsley Amis, John Braine, Jilly Cooper. A great book, they all say. Jennifer gets £1,000, and goes off to Donegal for a rest. End of fortnight.

MONDAY:

Lunch with friend from the Communist Party. She tells me a great story. A few weeks ago a woman called Regina, who lives in the German Democratic Republic, called into the office. She consults

my friend: is it worth going to the U.S. to campaign against Nixon? She feels strongly about it; and she's got a son there. Not worth it, my chum says. They have lunch and a chat. Five days later my friend opens the *Evening Standard*: "Bobby Fischer's mother in anti-Nixon demo," says a headline. Same lady. Regina was indeed Bobby's mother, comments my C.P. girl friend.

TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY:

Quiet, routine days, chiefly enlivened on Wednesday by the late arrival of my American sister, Ursula, from Dublin. She gives me family news, tells me that no one, but no one at home ever talks about Northern Ireland now. My mother, apparently sends sweets to children in the North, but that's all.

Am simply aghast about about revelations in Terence O'Neill's book. Honestly, the way those bums ran Northern Ireland. One afternoon a week, they spent on Government business, and even then they thought it excessive. The real business of life for Brookeborough and Co. was huntin', shootin', fishin' and going on cruises to South Africa. They deserve everything they're getting, I say viciously to friend and colleague, Alex Walker, our film critic, an Ulsterman. Don't be too complacent, he replies; it's all coming your way now; Dublin will burn. Participate in R.T.E. programme run by Donncha O'Duilaing about the future of women in Ireland; feel it vital that it should be linked with future of whole country. Everything is going to change, and women with it. Donncha, who is sweet and well-meaning, tries to head off too much controversy, I feel. Get the impression that the southern Irish, as my sister says, just don't want to face the problem.

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