

hibernia

FORTNIGHTLY **REVIEW**

JANUARY 19th, 1973

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CLONDALKIN CARAVANS:

URGENT NEED FOR ACTION

—A Hibernia Inquiry

Dubtex/Balman

Had your correspondent consulted us before writing the article, his report might have been more accurate and his innuendoes unnecessary. In the first place Duteux, along with the other directors of Balmain (the Claffey family of Ballymahon) are quoted as saying "our funds are exhausted" and "we are loaned to Balmain." You are correct in mentioning that long-term finance has recently been arranged for Balmain by Foir Teoranta, but this has in no way released us of our responsibility to guarantee Foir Teoranta's loans to the Bankers for the financing of Balmain. We can assure you we have made no tricky manoeuvre whatsoever to

Perhaps your correspondent would advise if he considers such activities as tricky manoeuvres—we for our part feel disposed to enquire from our legal advisors if there are grounds to support our opinion that we have been libelled.—Yours, etc.,
J. D. WHITE,
Chairman.

Dubtex (Clothing) Ltd.
Dubtex House.
22 Wellington Quay,
Dublin 2

Up with the E.E.C. All anti-populationists of all are the same. How can I think them sincere when I cannot see even one nobly taking up of this world not being hampered by a massive and responsible Christian prejudices? there is nothing to stop them making their personal contribution to the world's population. But like the brass-hats in the cushy base billets, their campaign is based on the sacrifice of other people's freedom of which might be more valuable. Worse still, they propose drugging women or wiring up their innards to placemongery or rubber to make them infertile. It is a recipe for barren sexual intercourse. Up with which an educated, civilised man should certainly not put. YOH3

MAIRE BHRFATHNACH.
148 Bothar Cluain Tarbl.
BAC 3

Stamp Robbery

A glance through the catalogue would suggest to me that it is not necessary to spend more than £100.00 approx. to get a "gift" worth about £2.50. I am not stating that these are precise figures, and therefore it will not give the company an opportunity to reply with "denial" but am satisfied that they are roughly correct. In my view, it would be much preferable to abolish the stamps and simply reduce prices by 24%. I am sure that the stamps may even though they may be offered to me at garages or shops. I generally buy petrol at garages that offer 1p or some similar sum "off" the standard price, or that will give me free if you buy a certain amount of petrol.

I hope that the Minister will proceed to abolish the stamps and free us from a further drain on our slender resources. — Yours, etc.

etc., MARTIN REYNOLDS.
41 Upper Leeson Street,
Dublin 4

Later you advocate, "... that the claim to jurisdiction over the North be abandoned" (see Article 3. This Article in your estimation "... inspires the Provisional I.R.A. and alienates northern Unionists". However, your historic recommendation even in the contextual meaning of Article 3, side-steps and obscures the heart of the matter. The fact is that Article 3 draws its concrete force from the claim to jurisdiction preceding Article. The claim to jurisdiction over the Northern state has its basis in the belief that on this island there is but one nation. If this belief is one historic Irish nation - that is

In this country, with which I am concerned, there is scarcely

If even one or two of the seed
I have broadcast so widely have
taken root and brought forth
good fruit, I can die content.—
Yours, etc.,
HILARY C. J. BOYLE,
Pembroke Road,
Dublin 4.

Bustop?

Sir, — Your Financial Editor's table showing Capacity Utilisation on Dublin city buses (January 5th) shows a decrease in passengers carried every year since 1965, i.e. this "decrease in passengers", in fact, just a decrease in the number of tickets sold? For the last few years I have noticed that I often have to go out of my way to get the conductor to take my money, one conductor told me that I was worrying when I wouldn't get off the bus until he accepted my fare, worrying whom?—Yours, etc.

SHEILA O'GRADY.
11 Ailesbury Gardens,
Sidney Parade,
Dublin 4.

A.I.B. Chairman

Sir, — For Miss Kenny's information the Chairman of A.I.B. is Edmund O'Driscoll.—Yours, etc.,
MARY CONNOLLY.
11 Bridgeways Park,
Dromore Road,
Banbridge,
Co. Dublin

A Two Nation Constitution?

less formulation. The "right" to self-determination is rephrasing (or recommendation) of the Colley's Committee on the Constitution, 1967) of Article 3 in the opportunity under which you are to ally Protestants to diminish Protestant inspiration. Such a procedure, contrary to the "right" to self-determination adjustment", would as with the Article 44 charade be another gimmick in anti-partitionism. The "right" to self-determination campaign has its roots in that political culture generated and sustained by the bourgeoisie and embodied in Article 2 of their 1937 Constitution—Ireland a nation, one and indivisible. The "right" to self-determination" has its roots in the fact that as a separate Irish nation will neither be coerced nor cajoled into accepting the right to political self-determination. The existence of 2 nations in the reality of social relations on this island is the solution to the present conflict lies neither with opportunism nor with the "right" to self-determination. The only solution is the reciprocal recognition of rights to national self-determination together with full democratic rights to both nations.

Dr. Johnston's Resignation



Sir, — I am flattered to see that you consider my resignation from Sinn Féin as worthy of mention as an event on January 16th in your calendar for 1972.

However, if I may set the record straight, I had in fact resigned some weeks previously, by letter to the Standing Committee. The event was of little or no significance, as I held no office. I made no "announcement".

Michael McTierney in *The Irish*

to name, and subsequently retained good personal relations with my ex-colleagues. I regard the official movement as having some progressive political potential, provided it can avoid ultra-leftist co-opting, keep its rural roots, and work in close contact with the labour movement without claiming to own or substitute for the latter. This is the same view as I have held for many years. The main point, however, is the failure of the labour movement to develop a consistent principled progressive leadership, a situation which has been with us since the execution of Connolly.—Yours,

ROY JOHNSTON

22 Belgrave Road,
Rathmines,
Dublin 6

Radical Impotence

Sir,—Your correspondent David O'Kane is disillusioned by the lack of interest in social and economic issues in Ireland. However he attributes this negative response to an obsession with the Irish language and the contraception controversy. It is typical of the aridity of Irish radical thought that blame is laid at the door of those who keep one controversy alive. At least the reactionaries know how to fight.

It is self-evident that the Southern establishment is both backward and smug, and arrogantly complacent at the plight of their workers, the most impoverished in the Common Market. Not only is there no welfare state and massive emigration since the founding of the state but the whole ethos of society places property before persons. Irish democracy is feeble not because the establishment ignores progressive opinion but because progressives are powerless.

Only in Ireland do radicals espouse the national ideology and actively propagandise the myths and nonsenses of the local equivalents of the National Front. Only an Irish socialist could sneer at

Ulster workers who prefer a higher standard of living and an alien dream. It takes Irish liberalism to make the concept of Civil Rights a meaningless joke, and Irish humanists to turn well-meaning anti-clericalism into a fatuous attack on the Church's "betrayal of the national struggle". And the collaboration just goes on, to the eternal praise of Fianna Fáil.

All agitation is directed away from the culprits of national demons, the British and the Ulster Protestants. Nobody remarks a the absurd logic of Provisionals explaining that Ulster jails are better than the alternatives, that fare benefits are far worse in Dublin. Radical nationalists are immune to simple reality, being transfixed by official state

No better example could be found than Mary Kenny delighting in Haughey's company. When you've worked for him so long, gratis, you might as well join him and get paid. As for "Hibernia," that doughty standard-bearer of State-liberal pap.—Yours, etc.

JEFF DUDGEON.

Belfast 15.
Address withheld by request.

The Contraception Crisis

TRAVEL P.23-26

FINANCE AND SAVINGS

Land and Houses; Irish Glass
Bottle—Happy Days Again;
Moneybags; The Measurement
of Irish Savings.

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FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

The Erosion of Justice

THE GRADUAL EROSION of our system of justice has been taken a stage further with the 'trial' of Ruairi O Bradaigh. Even amongst those who strongly opposed the recent Amendment of the Offences Against the State Act, it had been supposed that only a change in the admissibility of evidence, however fundamental, was involved. It was assumed that not even the Special Criminal Court would convict on hearsay evidence alone, no more than in a civil claim—where the burden on a plaintiff is to prove his case only on the balance of probabilities, and not beyond reasonable doubt, as in a criminal case. The only evidence offered against the President of Sinn Féin, Kevin Street, was that of Chief Superintendent, John Fleming, head of the Special Branch, who stated his belief that Mr. O Bradaigh was a member of the I.R.A. Mr. Fleming admitted that his belief was not based on any personal knowledge, but on information from confidential sources which even the President of the High Court, who presided, described as "not universally to be relied upon." From the conduct of the O Bradaigh trial, it certainly appears that the onus of proof has indeed been transferred to the defendant, despite Mr. O'Malley's explicit and repeated assurances to the contrary during the passage of the Bill through the Oireachtas. And as yet, no word of protest has been raised either from members of the Bar or from those deputies who only last month regarded the Bill like Mr. Richie Ryan, as 'bad, evil, offensive, excessive and open to abuse.'

It is not often that the public is given the opportunity to test the reliability of the sources of Special Branch officers. In Mr. Fleming's case, however, his sources have been questioned in recent times and they have been found to be fallible. He even admitted in court that some of the answers he gave to the Public Accounts Committee last year were based on speculation and rumour.

On Mr. Fleming's evidence or lack of it, the Court convicted Mr. O Bradaigh and bolstered its decision by, in effect, transferring the onus of proof to the accused, by pointing out that Mr. O Bradaigh had failed to cross-examine the Superintendent on the relevant point or to deny his membership of the I.R.A. There was, of course, no necessity for him to do so. The amendment of the Act merely makes the evidence admissible. The Court must still evaluate it. As it stood, the evidence was worthless and the charge should have been dismissed. Mr. O Bradaigh was not professionally represented, which makes the Court's decision all the more disquieting since, if the Superintendent's evidence was to be considered to have been strengthened by Mr. O Bradaigh's failure to cross-examine, the Court itself should have tested the value of his evidence.

The fate of Mr. O Bradaigh may appear unimportant to many people, who probably prejudged his case anyhow. But even they should be concerned that our system of justice has been eroded to this extent.

The treatment of Ruairi O Bradaigh continues exactly the pattern of the Lynch administration over the past two years; active on repression, short on initiative. Is it too much to expect, for instance, that the Government should publish its concept of the proposed Council for Ireland in advance of the White Paper? All of the five Northern political parties which made recommendations to Mr. Whitelaw supported the re-establishment of a Council of Ireland and obviously this is one issue which concerns the South as much as the North. Yet the Taoiseach has failed to outline his proposals even on this one subject of inherently North/South interest. Indeed Mr. Donal Barrington, S.C., in a paper read to the Irish Association last week on the constitutional implications of an Irish Council, has contributed more to an understanding of the possibilities and difficulties of the concept than has the entire Lynch Cabinet.

Two years ago, before the situation really deteriorated in the North, Mr. Lynch was exhorting Mr. Faulkner to eschew repression and concentrate on political initiative. The same advice could not be more apt for himself to-day.

Dail Eireann

The New Seasons Programme

THE SHAPE of the new programme of business for the upcoming Dail session, beginning February 7th, might give some unavoidable hints on the Taoiseach's election strategy.

If he gives top priority to the Bill rearranging the constituencies to bring them into line with Constitutional requirements following on the last Census, this could certainly be a "red alert." If the Government insist that this Bill must be through both Houses in a relatively short time—say by the end of March—this would certainly send the party bosses reaching for their Register of Electors.

In the context of an election, if Mr. Lynch has one in mind, April is a significant month. The new Register of Electors, containing the names of those recently granted votes at 18, will become operative in mid-April. The Budget is normally due in April, and, indeed, can be proceeded with any time from late March without even waiting for the end of the financial year. If it is a "good" or benevolent Budget from the customers' point of view, then it is, per se, an election Budget, once we are coming close to an election date anyhow.

This year, Easter falls on April 22nd, so the Dail should go into recess about April 12th, and this again could be a significant factor in the timing of an election. The schedule could go something like this:

February 7th: Formal first reading of the Electoral Amendment Bill to revise constituencies. Questions in Dail as to when the Taoiseach intends to move the writ to fill Dr. Hillery's vacancy in Clare. Lynch reply to the effect that no decision taken, but Deputies might like to wait for the new Register, so that young people would not be deprived of their voice, etc. He might add that since the House was that day initiating the legal process of revising the constituencies, by-elections so close to the revisions might give distorted representation. For instance, Clare and Tipperary are areas usually affected by these recastings, so a member elected for either of them now would probably be nominally the T.D. for portions for which he would not be the representative a matter of weeks or months later. The sensible thing would be to wait at least until after the recasting, so everyone would know where he stood; and so on.

At that stage, it would be open to Fine Gael to move their Tipperary writ, or either or both writs, and try to disrupt the Lynch timetable. The difficulty here is that the last time Fine Gael forced the writ, for Mid-Cork, Lynch caught them in their own trap, so the word from Mr. Cosgrave might be: "no more dangerous games." In any case, assuming a certain amount of Opposition lethargy and a full Fianna Fail muster, the Taoiseach might vote down the motion. Another course open to him would be, as he did in Cork, to accept it with regret, let it go to the people and say: "We wanted to wait to give all voters a say, but the Opposition were afraid of that," and go on to put two more by-elections in his pocket. Or move the writs, simply, himself, for the same purpose.

Assuming for the moment that the writs are not moved by anyone and that it is in everyone's interest to await the new Register and new constituency line-up, the rest of the early spring programme might go like this:

February-March: Bulk of Dail time, including extended sittings, devoted to the Constituencies Bill, always long and controversial as each Deputy fights his own corner. If Mr. Lynch proceeds along this line without holding the by-elections he

will have to make changes in the constituencies very carefully, to avoid creating common cause between all Opposition Deputies, "dissidents" and Independents. Avoidance of that situation is less difficult than it appears, because for sheer survival individual "dissidents" will have to vote in favour of their own seats rather than for group interests. Independents usually do that anyway.

If all this messy business is completed in late March, then Mr. Lynch would have two clear courses open to him: to continue as he goes, allowing Deputies and prospective T.D.s a further year to adjust to their new constituency boundaries; or to count his blessings and have his election this summer.

If he were to make the latter decision, the fixing of the date would be a fairly straightforward choice between three or four favourable weeks, any time between mid-April and June. The first date would fall in late April. The new Register would be out on April 15th, the technicalities of constituency recasting would be complete, the people would be lapping up the goodies from our first E.E.C. Budget, and a "natural break" in the form of the Easter recess would have occurred in the life of the 19th Dail. The election could be held on the Wednesday or Thursday after Easter Week.

The next favourable date would fall in May, when all the foregoing would have occurred (the Budget could be postponed until after Easter, so the "goodies" would not have been consumed and forgotten).

If it goes out to May, it could reasonably be argued that the best thing nationally would be to hold the Presidential and General Elections on the same day. The Presidential Election must take place not later than the date on which the outgoing President retires, but there is a good deal of leeway in the other direction—60 days, in fact.

The last Presidential Election was held on June 1st, 1966, and the Constitution states that "the President shall hold office for seven years from the date upon which he enters upon his office." Taking June 1st as that date, we could have a Presidential Election any time after April Fool's Day. Indeed, there are those legal gymnasts who hold that there is even wider leeway—they dispute whether the President "entered upon his office" on his election day or on his inauguration day some weeks later!

In any case, there is nothing to stop Mr. Lynch holding the two together from the first week of April onwards—except his own tactical requirements. One of these might be the availability of good Presidential candidates. Mr. Lynch might not care to tie his Government's prospects directly to a doubtful proposition. Just to add to our confusion, this consideration could force Mr. Lynch to have his election quickly—or to put it off as long as possible.

(Continued in page 4)

Q.—How did Ulster Television get away with an interview of Maire Drumm, newly appointed acting President of Sinn Féin, Kevin Street?

A.—It didn't ask the Independent Broadcasting Authority which would hardly have agreed. There was to have been a follow-up discussion the next day, but it was cancelled at the last moment.

(Continued from page 3)

sible. It is at this point that informed punditry goes out the window and Lynch-watching becomes a mind-blowing pursuit. The nature of the man is not to make any move, of any sort, until it is absolutely forced upon him. On that basis, despite the advantages, he might well wait until May of 1974 and trust to his very dependable luck (its latest manifestation was his good fortune to be in America so that the Boland cross had to be carried by poor, ill-used Erskine).

One other point on this election business—that made by Senator Professor John Kelly—that it is imperative to revise the constituencies before an election can be held. Despite his eminence in the area of Constitutional law, a great many Deputies do not agree with him. As they see it, there is an overriding Constitutional provision—the right of a majority Taoiseach to effect a dissolution (Art. 13.2.1): "Dail Eireann shall be summoned and dissolved by the President on the advice of the Taoiseach."

No doubt Professor Kelly has adverted to the situation which in theory could occur at any moment in present circumstances—the defeat of the Government in the Dail, or the Taoiseach narrowly anticipating defeat by going to the Park. Must not the holding of the election and the succession of Government and parliament be the overriding consideration? Professor Kelly has not explained in practical terms how the constituencies could be revised in time in such circumstances. There is some legal opinion, also, that if the Oireachtas can show after a Census that it has the complicated and lengthy work of revision reasonably in hand, that this would satisfy the Court in regard to the Constitutional provision. At the moment it is accepted that very much work has been done on the Constituencies Bill and it might be difficult to show that there is gross abuse of the Constitution on the point.

U.S.I.

Socialist Only In Name?

THE 15TH ANNUAL congress of the Union of Students in Ireland concluded last weekend in its usual spate of motions. The Union appeared to be in a stronger position than ever before. Its finances, buttressed by the payment from Allied Irish Banks for its share in Usitravel, were healthy, though four-fifths of its income still comes directly or indirectly from travel sources. The congress was quieter than for many years, partly because the present officers had only served half of their one year term, and partly because of the absence of electioneering since the two senior posts were uncontested.

The six years since the Congress was last held in Limerick have seen a number of changes in the Union. At the 9th Congress the dominance of U.C.D. and its style of manipulative politics resulting from the Machine-antiMachine controversy was finally broken by Trinity's Howard Kinlay who defeated the U.C.D. man Bob Collins in a bitter campaign. It is significant that Kinlay's victory was swung by the votes of the first generation of socially committed students from U.C.C., veterans of the famous Cork Teach-In such as John Naughton and Anne O'Connor. The following year saw Ciarran McKeown, a Queen's man, in the Presidency, an indication that the long isolation of the northern university from Irish student affairs had come to an end. Since then, a Galway dynasty has held the Presidency, with Richard O'Toole, Frank Flannery and Pat Rabbitt following in succession, the latter being confirmed for a further term last weekend. It is significant that, despite the much greater representation of non-university third level colleges such as teacher training institutes and regional

technical colleges in the Union and especially at Congress (where the voting structure favours the smaller colleges) it is still the university student politicians who control the movement.

Its finances, buttressed by the payment from Allied Irish Banks for its share in Usitravel, were healthy, though four-fifths of its income still comes directly or indirectly from travel sources. This is undoubtedly one of the weakest aspects of the U.S.I. set-up; for the vast majority of students, U.S.I. merely means a cheap (though not necessarily the cheapest) travel programme. Two-fifths of U.S.I. income comes from Usitravel and its associated companies, another two-fifths from the student cards which are necessary to avail of the travel schemes, and the remainder from affiliation fees. However these fees are not paid by students individually but by the S.R.C.s, of the different colleges. In many colleges the S.R.C.s are far removed from the student body anyway, so the students' actual contact with U.S.I. is in most cases remote. U.S.I. would undoubtedly be strengthened by imposing a direct levy on its members in the same way as a trade union. The obvious difficulty of collecting such revenue would be helped by adopting the B.V.A. method, who have an arrangement whereby the Sugar Company collect a certain payment on each ton of sugar beet, in the student case, the college Administrations could collect a levy at the same time as College fees.

The range of other services has been expanded—a student loan scheme was introduced in conjunction with a commercial bank, a concessions booklet introduced, a life assurance scheme begun. There have been ill-fated ventures into wholesaling with Irish Student Shops and journalism with Nuisight. Problems of student health and accommodation have been taken up more seriously. Present leaders prefer to emphasize its increased interest in education, strengthened by the Department's recognition of U.S.I. as a negotiating body. A more researched approach has been made to the student grants campaign. Submissions have been made to the Higher Education Commission and the Higher Education Authority, and a research project into graduate emigration has been instituted.

The emphasis on a social perspective to student affairs introduced by the U.C.C. delegates at the 9th Congress has grown steadily if uneasily since then, and was partially responsible for the "Great Debate"



Pat Rabbitt

on union structure in Sligo in 1970. U.S.I. has always been a federation of the Student Councils in the constitutional colleges. Left-wing students recognised that the bureaucratic structures and the lack of real liaison between representatives and students at this level prevented any meaningful raising of student consciousness on education or political issues. They therefore demanded at Sligo a union with a definite political character with branches composed of individual members accepting this in each college. A similar movement had been made in England, where the Revolutionary Socialist Students' Federation was formed, and in France, where the national union U.N.E.F. split into two. These ideas were defeated in

Q.—Which Irish journalist deserves the 'scoop-of-the-year' award?

A.—Globe-trotting Ray Smith of the Irish Independent. In the Tuesday January 9th issue of that paper he reported from Luxembourg that "Dr. Hillery and Judge O'Daigh took their oaths of office at the ornate Palais de Justice here yesterday..." and even managed to include a direct quote from the newly-invested Judge. Not only did this exclusive report scoop the other newspapers but it also scooped the event itself by some twenty-four hours. Ray's on-the-spot report was apparently intended for Wednesday's newspaper....

Sligo, though some of them were incorporated into a new constitution and policy statement which declared U.S.I. to be a democratic socialist organisation.

But U.S.I. in its new guise has not fundamentally changed. As a socialist organisation, it has yet to show itself able and willing to carry out a sustained campaign of political work among its members, and until it achieves significant gains in the field of educational politics it can hardly expect to extend its role in national politics past the present stage of issuing laudable but ineffective press statements. Under present circumstances, it is caught in the contradiction that the more it emphasises its socialist leanings, the more it risks alienation (as opposed to apathy) from the student body, but it depends on its status as a "representative" organisation to carry its views to the Minister. So long as U.S.I. continues to engage in politics by committee as a pressure group within the system, it is likely to remain socialist only in name.

Derry

After The 'Top of the Hill' Murders

IN A YEAR of fearful events, the most frightening non-event has been the 'pursuit' of the "Top of the Hill" murderers by the R.U.C. and the British Army. A total of four houses were raided by the security forces in an apparently fruitless attempt to apprehend the killers. In a town, where the inhabitants of whole districts have been put under virtual house-arrest after much more minor incidents, this half-hearted search was looked upon with dismay.

The horror of the callous killings intensified when the realisation dawned that the total of five dead would have been at least tripled had the action taken place in almost any other bar. "Annie's Bar" is very small—a two-up, two-down, house converted into a pub—but for this reason ballistic experts say that more would have been killed in the hail of bullets. A larger lounge bar would have had its customers' more widely spread, thus positioned within a wider area so the likelihood of being within the inaccurate loop of a machine-gun blast is greatly increased. The most probable theory being voiced at the moment about the identity of the murderers is that they are a Belfast murder squad who were directed to the bar by local finger-men.

John Hume and Ivan Cooper issued New Year statements flailing the partiality of the security forces. Both politicians have been finding it particularly difficult to seek out a method of sounding constituency feelings towards the forthcoming White Paper; they have, however, articulated constituency feelings on security with precision. Hume made ten points so precise in logic as to remain unanswered. Cooper alleged that a stolen U.D.R. sub-machine gun was used in the "Top of the Hill" slaughter—no denial has been issued. Their statements displayed an obvious apprehension at what '73 might bring and within hours the bodies of Bridget Porter and Oliver Boyce were found off the Birdstown Road (between Burnfoot and Muff).

The inquest left many questions unanswered and, while the reasons for withholding publication of the gruesome details of the double atrocity are obvious, much speculation could have been halted with the release of some further information. According to local gossip, the letters U.D.A. were cut across Oliver Boyce's chest. This has been repeated so often that for many people it is now an undisputed fact. The coroner's closing statement that he was sure that the

assassination was not carried out by anybody from Co. Donegal has not clarified the position.

Elsewhere in Donegal, shortly before the Birdstown brutalities, Martin McGuinness and Joe McCallion were arrested under Section 30 of the Offences Against the State Act. The effect of this on the morale of the Provisional Republicans in the Derry area, of itself, would not have been catastrophic; coming as it did, on the heels of several disasters, it was utterly demoralising.

During October and early November so many Provisional Republicans in the Bogside/Creggan areas had been detained by the British Army that it was compared to catching fish in a barrel. Then in mid-November the number of detentions was declining and it seemed that Provisional security had tightened sufficiently to allow re-grouping and re-organisation. However, on 28th November, John Brady and Jimmy Carr were killed in an explosion in the house of internee Charles McSheffrey. A few days afterwards, Sean Keenan was arrested by British troops and three days before the Donegal arrests, James McDaid was shot dead on the outskirts of the city. The litany of disasters was completed with the Bally, Belfast arrests. The movement's press officer released a statement deploring the arrests by fellow-Irishmen and stating that a successor to McGuinness had been appointed who was "in fact more militant". Despite its protestations to the contrary, the Provisional movement in the city has been greatly weakened militarily.

Derry is now preparing to commemorate "Bloody Sunday". The local branch of the C.R.A. have set aside Sunday,



Ivan Cooper

28th January as a day of commemoration. This is to incorporate an all-night vigil, Requiem Mass and a wreath-laying ceremony. The Comhairle Ceannair of Provisional Sinn Féin plan to march over the "Bloody Sunday" route to protest against internment and special powers on both sides of the border. This demonstration, they say, has had to be postponed on three occasions and despite the C.R.A. plea for a further postponement, Sinn Féin are determined that it will take place. Bogside Community Association has appealed to all to commemorate the traumatic day in a dignified manner and it hopes that no sectionalism will prevail.

The British Army has been and still is indulging secretly in a sounding-out exercise of what it terms 'community leaders', in their attitudes to what the White Paper should contain. Most of these 'community leaders' who have been to the B.A. cocktail parties are as far removed from the people of the Bogside/Creggan areas as the captains and majors they are intent upon impressing. Indeed the B.A. definition of the term 'community leader' would appear to be: "one who has let it be known that peace at any price is his only objective". The people of Bogside/Creggan, meanwhile, are very perceptive about the White Paper. The pervading feeling is that Whitelaw is another in a long line of English politicians to have been duped by the Unionists and paid heed to minority representatives who attend B.A. cocktail parties and holiday abroad.

Since the first death in the troubles in Derry, that of Samuel Devenney in July 1969, seventy-eight more people have been killed in the city (excluding outlying districts). The death list reads as follows:

Civilians: 48.

British Army: 26.

U.D.R.: 3.

R.U.C.: 2.

Those statistics summarise many lessons for many people—not least for William Whitelaw.

Martin Smythe: Dealing The Last Orange Card?

ONE OF THE features of the British regime in the North has been the colonial governors' anxiety not to tread on Protestant sensibilities. The UDA has done its work well. That is why there was such an outraged response—for public consumption—to an out-of-character reference to the "Orange Card" by one of Mr. Whitelaw's juniors, Mr. David Howell. Safe in his home constituency in Sussex, he was bold enough to say that the Orange card was no longer on the table, and if it was, it wouldn't be played. For most loyalists, whose knowledge of history covers the years 1641, 1690, 1798, 1912, 1916, 1921 and little else, the subtleties of the reference were lost, just as they must have been for 99 per cent of his listeners. But they gathered it was uncomplimentary and apparently meant that the Orange Order was no longer the power that it was. They weren't taking cheek like that lying down.

Some felt that even Howell was overplaying his hand. The original Orange card was played by Lord Randolph Churchill, who used the alliance between English and Irish Tories in 1886 to defeat Gladstone's Home Rule Bill and sweep the Conservatives to power. But Mr. Howell only went back as far as 1912. He was admitting that the Tories had used the Orange link at that time for English political purposes and he was saying that it no longer existed, and even if it did, it was of no value in English politics. It was a statement of the obvious, since any overt association with the Orange Order—ignoring the remote one through the Unionist party—would be the kiss of death to a Westminster politician or party.

He was talking about Orangism as a force in British politics, but, of course, the blinkered Ulsterman thought he meant that the Order was a spent force in Northern politics—and he knows otherwise. Wasn't Robin Chichester-Clark hounded out of his Londonderry constituency (not before time, either) by Orange power? Didn't Dick Ferguson surrender South Antrim, when he handed in his sash?

To today's Orangeman, he who controls his own cabbage patch, controls the world. He isn't interested in the fact that the ultimate source of his power, in the Tory party, has disappeared.

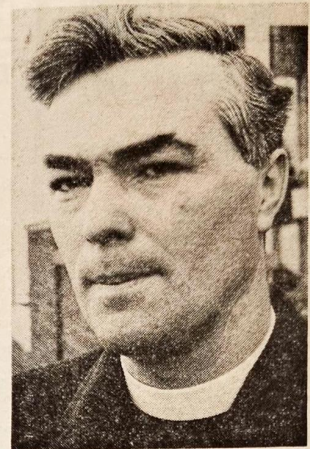
The leadership is well aware, however, that its influence over political events is diminishing, and this explains the recent replacement of its nonagenarian figurehead Grand Master, John Bryans, with the vigorous and very political Rev. Martin Smyth. In an era of rapid political change, the Order has played virtually no part, sending occasional deputations to Stormont Castle to plead the status quo case, but hinting only by way of refusing its Twelfth platforms to Unionist Cabinet ministers that it would welcome a turn to the Right. This reflected the lack of dynamism at the top, allied to its church-based conservatism and lack of political know-how, but with Martin Smyth at the controls, it may seek a more effective role.

Whether this is possible, is quite another matter. While the Order's Dublin Road headquarters continues to boast a growing membership, there has been little evidence of pressure from the ranks for a more militant stance. Joining the Order is still as natural as being born in most working-class districts of Belfast and rural communities, and there has always been renewed interest at all times of stress. But although it performs an important social function, as well as an efficient election machine, the fact remains that its fundamentalist, puritanical Protestant image is out of date. Rising prosperity and the sweet smell of permissiveness emanating from the box in the corner is dampening the working classes' ardour—such as there was—for old-time religion. The young people in general don't want to know, and if it's politics they're after, there is a new star in the firmament. It is the Ulster Defence Association, which they can see has a much more direct effect on politics and politicians than the worshipful masters, operating through the Unionist party. It also has guns, which have

not only helped it to a place at the Stormont conference table—like the IRA—but will ultimately settle the issue as they see it, between Protestants and Catholics.

Not only does it look after their political and defence needs, but it has usurped the function of the local councillor in allocating houses. The UDA commanders learned early on that power comes not only out of the barrel of a gun, but from a door key too. Like the Provisionals, they have unofficially assumed responsibility from the Government-sponsored Housing Executive for house allocations in many estates, to the point where one in three lettings in the Belfast area is admitted to be accomplished illegally by squatting. They also publish their own news (i.e. hate) sheets, and conduct fund-raising on IRA lines. On the social side, they can offer cut-price shebeens, where drinks are stolen, or bought illegally from wholesale sources. It all adds up to a small-scale Mafia, borrowing heavily from IRA experience, which Protestants deplore, condone, or support, according to class. (Even the UDA is getting concerned about uncontrolled squatting, which is badly holding up slum clearance). By contrast, the Orange Order has nothing to offer but tradition, some charity work, and the local colour associated with the Twelfth. At election time, it may still be the nucleus for Unionist vote-gathering, but as long as violence shuts out voting, the parliamentary association which was founded in the Orange lodges has the field very much to itself.

The Rev. Martin Smyth probably aims to reassert the order's old authority, but although he commands a wide following among militants and bigots, he may not make it. He is in the old ascetic Scotch-Irish tradition, hard as nails and with God in his pocket, but he lacks Ian Paisley's bluff humour and common touch. Even if he had a warmer personality, he would be dealing in words, when bullets are more the order of the day. Nevertheless, he brings to his job not only a Roman collar



Rev. Martin Smyth

and a seat in the Unionist party executive, but the vice-chairmanship of Vanguard, which counts the UDA as one of its offshoots. In one man, all the elements of the Protestant wing are combined, and if the task of leading an Orange revival is possible, he will.

But his deepest ambitions are probably in politics, and many see him as successor to Brian Faulkner as leader of the party. His credentials are perfect, and in every interview he gives he seems to step up his demands for a stronger and more independent Stormont, but his political judgment has yet to be proved. His terms are so high he even wants a smaller Govt., from which Nationalists would be excluded, so that it could be ruled by the Unionist parliamentary party—that he must be regarded as an advocate of negotiated independence or nothing. He can certainly do a lot of damage in future, as he has in the past, but he is not the kind of man people would follow into a fiery furnace.

Sectarianism

Rolls Royce's Bad Example

SIX MILES FROM the centre of Belfast, in the quiet suburb of Donnadon, Rolls Royce manufacture aero-engine parts. The spacious lawns around their six-year-old plant and its glass-fronted administration block give it a look not unlike the ultra-modern hospital a mile further along the road: it is typical of many of the industrial buildings erected by the Stormont Government during the Sixties around the northern and eastern fringes of Belfast. It is typical in more than external appearance. It has modern welfare facilities, including a licensed social club on the premises, an imaginative training programme and its production is geared to round-the-clock working. It is typical, too, in another respect. Like many of Belfast's factories, only a tiny proportion of its employees are Catholic and even that small proportion is declining rapidly.

On January 2nd this year, fifty of Rolls Royce's sixty Catholic employees took sick leave from the 800-man plant. The previous

night a car load of their Catholic work-mates had been machine-gunned as they drove out of the works car-park at the end of the evening shift. Jackie Mooney, the driver, was killed and two of his companions were wounded. A few days later his Catholic work-mates held a meeting near the cemetery after his funeral. Mooney's death, it seemed, had been the last straw for most of these men who had been intrepid enough to journey daily during the hours of darkness from their homes in the Catholic ghetto of west Belfast to the eastern suburb of Donnadon. For months they had accepted the need to travel in convoy making detours which sometimes added twenty miles to their journey as they made their way through the Castlereagh Hills to avoid U.D.A. road-blocks in the eastern part of the city. They had accepted, also, the atmosphere in the works where their Protestant co-workers had sent them to Coventry and where their machines were bedecked with Ulster flags and Vanguard emblems. They even accepted a suggestion made at the meeting that a five-man delegation be appointed from among their number to meet General Tuzo and the General Manager of the factory to press for assurances on their future safety both at the plant and on their way to work. General Tuzo did not meet them but he did send a message, which was relayed through the factory's personnel department, that there would, in future, be "a visible military presence" when shifts were changing. The General Manager was less forthcoming. Despite the fact that he was present in the factory on two occasions when the delegation was there he was "not available" for consultation. His deputy could give little assistance to the Catholic workers. The company was unable to provide transport for Catholics to the city centre. It was not possible to allow Catholics to work on day-shift duties only, even for a short period. There were problems about allowing

Q.—What strange bed fellows were seen having a friendly drink together in Grooms Hotel recently?

A.—Brian Lenihan, the new Minister for Foreign Affairs, and Roy Bradford, former Minister for Development at Stormont.

Q.—Why then did they leave in a hurry?

A.—Mr. Bradford recognised one of the occupants of the bar as an escapee from H.M.S. Maidstone internment ship, and the ex-detainee recognised him

Catholic employees to use the empty car-park in front of the factory during the hours of darkness and they must continue to use the rear car-park 100 yards behind the works. The U.D.A. and U.V.F. badges worn on the overalls of Protestant workers—a ready form of religious identification—would continue to be permitted as prohibition of them might upset Protestants in the factory. Collection within the works, of weekly contributions to the Loyalist Association of Workers and the U.D.A. would continue to be permitted for similar reasons. The question of banning the sale of anti-Catholic newspapers such as *U.D.A. News* within the factory was irrelevant since these were not proscribed by law. The seven Catholic apprentices who, as a result of family pressure following the shooting, wished to finish their period of indenture at any other Rolls Royce works could not be facilitated in this respect as there were no positions available for them in any of the company's English plants. The management were, they said, unaware of the many incidents of a sectarian nature which had occurred at the works. They did not know that Catholics had been forced to stop their machines for a two minute silence when a L.A.W. leader, James Johnston, had been killed. It is not

known if they were aware that the colours of the works football team had been changed from a sky-blue strip to a red, white and blue one although since the General Manager is the ex-officio head of the club it seems likely that the fact had not escaped their attention. They certainly must have been aware that a Catholic who was detained briefly under the Special Powers Act had been dismissed while a Protestant who has been charged with possessing guns was re-instated immediately after he was released on bail. The management were prepared to assure their Catholic workers that sectarian incidents and threats would be investigated—provided they were passed to them through a trade union official who is also a member of the L.A.W. The number of Catholics who are still thinking of returning to Rolls Royce on these terms is now less than thirty. The Unionist Party featured the model factory at Donnadon in their publicity material with pride. There is good reason for them to be proud of their achievements there.

Q. WHO IS the first English blue blood to be charged with a criminal offence as a result of the troubles in Northern Ireland?

A. THE Hon. John Hugh Francis Willoughby, grandson of the 11th Baron Middleton and a direct descendant of Henry VIII's Lord Chief Justice. The 20-year-old ex-Etonian has been charged as 2nd Lt Willoughby of the Coldstream Guards with assault in Derry on Mrs. Helen Quigley who sustained a broken collar bone and other injuries. The case is due to be heard in Belfast later this month which means a Derry jury will not have a chance to deliberate on the case.

Q.—How many of the Irish journalists covering the Taosach's visit to the U.S. asked him the rather obvious question, had he discussed the bombing of North Vietnam in his talk with President Nixon?

A.—Not a single one.

Private View

Problems of Broadcasting

BROADCASTING IS an area where I claim a certain expertise, not simply as having done it myself in the sense of having been a presenter; but also as an erstwhile consultant on adult education in R.T.E. and as originator of a certain style of information and enrichment programme which aroused world wide interest as well as having had a reasonable reputation in Ireland.

For a country of less than three million people, poor by European standards, the maintenance of a fully-developed broadcasting service presents real difficulties, which increase with ongoing technical evolution. But it is extremely important if Ireland is to survive that our broadcasting should be able to command a significant audience here, in comparison with the output of other countries.

As a source of ideas and attitudes, broadcasting is now probably more important than formal education, certainly more important than the printed word and in my opinion ranks next in influence to the home environment.

We could of course try to hitch up every home in the country to cable television, putting out only those programmes of which the authority approved. We could try to "jam" the satellites which in less than a decade will give our viewers an even wider choice than B.B.C. and I.T.V. But unless individual liberty is to be eroded even more, unless we are to make the confession of moral bankruptcy which "jamming" implies, these "solutions" are unthinkable.

Irish broadcasters must therefore hold an audience in competition with other stations. This means their programmes must be immediate, topical and appeal to local interest and culture. Broadcasting must, while remaining popular, defend and deepen culture, and not debase it. Anyone who has actually made programmes, and who has had to fight other channels for an audience, knows how difficult this is in practice. Difficult but not impossible.

In fact in the circumstances our broadcasters are wonderfully good. In my days, at European Broadcasting Union co-productions, and at international television conferences, the picking order in Europe was like this—first the British, joint second the Swedes and the Irish—and the rest nowhere. That was not just our opinion.

To attain this, the sense of creative freedom, and the esprit of Irish broadcasters was and is all-important. That is why the actions of the present Minister for Posts and Telegraphs fill me with such gloom and foreboding for the future.

I listened to Deputy Collins' speech on December 13th. The comment of John Healy in the *Irish Times* of the following day seems to me just and accurate. He wrote 'I must say that he had his political Christmas dinner out of the subject and never has a Minister relished his task more'. His action in firing the Authority was in my view wrong and harmful. But his glee was loathsome. All creative broadcasters in Ireland are sadder people, with less hope that they can go on doing in freedom the jobs they love and are good at. This is a profound blow against R.T.E. and against Irish culture. The reasons given for the dismissal are as ridiculous as the manner was offensive. The attempted justification reveals either an inability to think or else cynicism about the democratic process and a contempt for liberty.

At present this is a half-nation, half alive. By this I mean that we have neither attained nationhood, nor given up the attempt to do so. Any action which tries to muzzle or demoralise our broadcasters brings nearer the day when a separate cultural or national entity ceases to exist. It may be that this is what Deputy Collins wants. It is well

Justin Keating

Northern Clergy

Developing A Radical Wing

DAN BERRIGAN is a startling and, for many people, shocking contrast to the priest as known in Ireland. In the North there have been two occasions when the contrast might have been notably reduced.

One was when a number of priests refused to return census forms and were threatened with imprisonment. They held out in their refusal and one actually got out as far as the inside of Belfast Prison; to be saved in time by someone doing what had been done for all the others, paying the fine anonymously. It has not yet been revealed who paid; it has been revealed that one man in particular did not, Dr. G. B. Newe, who had been named by some people as the benefactor.

The other occasion was during the events leading up to the recent protests by 65 Priests against British Army tactics in Catholic areas.

For some time there had been mounting anger among Catholic clergy in areas of Belfast where harassment was taking place. Official Government propaganda had been putting it about that the I.R.A. had killed four priests. There were in fact three priests killed. In the case of two of them there was no evidence that the I.R.A. had been responsible; there was evidence that firing from the British Army could have been responsible. In the case of the third priest—victim of the Aldershot affair—the responsibility was certainly with a wing of the I.R.A. The dead priest had been an Army Chaplain in Belfast. The Army used him to gather information and other Catholic clergy had to face the unpalatable fact that their own ministry was being gravely injured by the betrayal of one of the most sacred rules of the priesthood, that what is said to a priest is a secret guarded by one's life. The Army broke the rule and the tragedy ended at Aldershot.

Faced with their complete inability to make their voices heard in any kind of protest about British Army methods through the usual channels some of the priests reached the conclusion that further attempts at conciliation were futile. As one of them said, 'I have only one problem remaining—it is at what moment precisely to do all in my power to lead the people in my area in a massive uprising against you'. The Army personnel to whom this was said took note and a meeting with some high ranking officers resulted. For them the message remained the same. It was made clear that at a meeting of interested clergy, to take place at once, a proposal for massive resistance would be put forward, and the clergy invited to reconsider their rôle as peacekeepers which was now seen to be simply an instrument making Army repression of the civilian population easier. No guarantees were forthcoming from the Army beyond the usual declarations that it was not official policy to harass the civilian population at all. Eventually the clergy decided that massive demonstrations, even prayer meetings outside military barracks, were a last, not a first resort even in the prevailing circumstances.

Meanwhile a substantial dossier was presented to the Church authorities listing in detail many cases of repressive army measures, with a passionate appeal that some public statement be made against the army policy. In the event the statement issued by Cardinal Conway dealt with "two campaigns of violence" against the Catholic

population, that of the I.R.A. and that of the militant protestants; no mention was made of British Army violence. In a statement issued from the clerical conference in Belfast a single word was used to complain of army policy—harassment, without details of how vicious this was, or discussion of the moral issues involved.

British Army chaplains had also been made aware of what was happening, about the tortures which had already taken place and the beatings which had become a permanent feature of life in the Catholic ghettos. Neither the chaplains nor their ecclesiastical superiors made any move to protest or to bring about a change in army policy. Clearly some form of protest which would possibly produce an effect but would certainly satisfy the conscience of the clergy who felt no longer able to keep silent had to be devised. In the background was—and is—the ultimate weapon of massive protest in the streets with the clergy taking a leading part, but this is neither intended nor wished for; and if such a thing does take place it will be in protest not against any political arrangement but against brutality in the Catholic or Protestant ghettos. The gibe that the 65 are just clerical republicans is a tragic misreading. If clergy in Ireland become like their brother clerics abroad in protest it will not be as politicians.

Believing that an information campaign aimed at the Common Market countries where Britain was vulnerable, and at West Germany where General Tuzo was vulnerable, (he is going to take up a post there soon) would be most effective the priests decided their strategy. Since then this strategy has been carried out and information given to journalists and other writers in America and European countries. The message is that what is said is said not with a view to getting redress from the British Government—that hope is long ago given up—but to help prevent the British Government, or any government, using torture and repression of civilians in any other country in the future. Without the support of the hierarchy however, such a campaign can easily be neutralised. As one consular representative told some of the priests in Belfast in reference to the unwillingness of church hierarchies to complain about official government or army policies: "We have a saying in our country, that one black crow does not tear the eyes out of another black crow".

After the protest of the 65, army harassment reduced very substantially but this may have been a consequence of Mr. Heath's visit or of a coincidental arrival of the next phase in the army operation—the "soft" phase which Belfast Catholics in affected areas recognise now as just part of the whole demoralising operation.

In Northern Ireland at the moment the situation of priests is becoming like that of priests in some countries abroad: the threat of prison accepted, the threat of leading the people against the army, made and reconsidered, the clear difference of interest between higher and lower clergy, the unwillingness of clergy to be used as an instrument of policy in the guise of peace-keeping.

7 Q. WHAT is the latest development on the judicial scene in the North?

A. SPECIAL courtrooms for special cases. In Belfast last week a paratrooper was found guilty of a serious assault. The case was the only one heard in a room normally reserved for the hearing of alimony suits. Previously a similar charge against two members of the R.U.C. Special Branch had been heard in the Debtors' Court. The big advantage of the new special courtrooms is that since the press don't know when the cases are to be heard they don't attend and embarrassing newspaper reports are thus avoided.

A great question is whether the Protestant clergy have any members who are willing to join in. The indications are that they have and it may have been an error, tactical at least, not to have invited some of them to join in at the public protest stage. Certainly some of them would have done so. Some Protestant clergy are no more satisfied with the performance of their leaders than Catholic clergy who feel driven to more and more radical attitudes and are seeking allies wherever they may be found. An attack by the Army on Protestant areas would probably unite Christian clergy more than the past ten years of the ecumenical movement—or perhaps the last ten years have prepared the ground for a union which will come from their common witness on behalf of suffering people. Which is one of a number of good reasons why such an attack is unlikely to be made.

The realisation that it may be time for abandoning the pseudo "peace-keeping" rôle may be most significant in the present phase of Catholic clerical thinking in the North. The dangers to any government policy are obvious if the clergy not only do not favour it but are actively opposed. The British Army seems to have got the message. Whether Mr. Heath has or not depends partly on whether Mr. Lynch at his last meeting passed it on from two of the 65 priests' representatives who met him the day before he set out for England, and partly on how seriously General Tuzo, who is recognised as having a large part in forming government policy, takes the now obvious anger and militancy of Catholic clergy. For Mr. Lynch the priests' message was spelled out clearly: 'Any British initiative in the future requires that the clergy should be neutral at very least. The British Army has forced priests to be neutral no longer. Therefore . . .'. At present there is a new situation because of a dramatic change in army tactics. The hope is that this new situation will continue.

If it does the clergy will probably develop a fairly radical wing within their respective churches. If not, an even more radical, mixed, grouping may emerge. The one thing certain is that the respective church hierarchies will not determine the shape of things to come in either case.

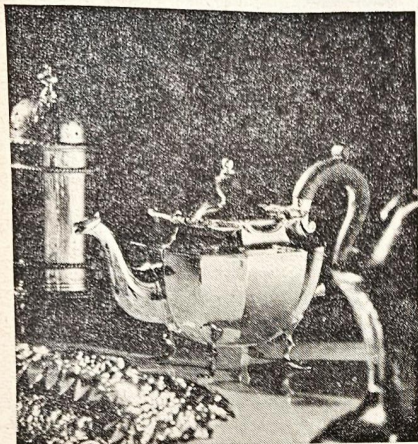


THE JET SET

Q.—What special qualifications recommended themselves to the Minister for Justice in selecting members of the Visiting Committee to the country's largest prison?

A.—Please judge for your self. The Visiting Committee to Portlaoise is as follows:
Jack Clear — Grocer.
Laurence Lynch — Publican.
Frank Aldritt — Haulier.
Thomas Campion — Publican.
Eamonn Rafferty — Farmer.
William Aird — Hotelier.
Joseph Dunne — Confectioner.

There are still things in life worth valuing

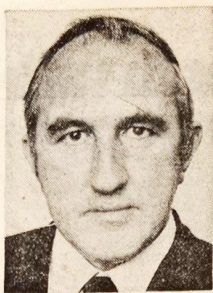


The gleam of bright silver
The skill of a storyteller
The warmth of a smile
The taste of a great whiskey

Jameson—one of the great whiskeys



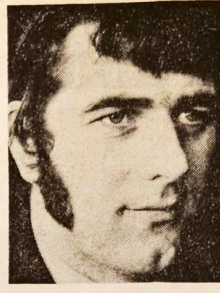
Fergus Pyle



Michael Mills



Nell McCafferty



Michael Hand



Mary McCutcheon



Henry Kelly

NINETEEN SEVENTY TWO was not a particularly distinctive year in Irish Journalism. No new newspapers appeared on the scene and none of the old ones fell by the wayside. Nor were any new national editors appointed during the year. For 1973 we are promised a new Sunday paper which should at least shake up the weekend scene; but the main shake-up or rather shake-down during 1972 occurred not in the Press, but in its sister media R.T.E.

The Hibernia Press awards are not accompanied by any gold statuettes or big banquets. They simply reflect the considered opinion of a small panel of journalists, on the outstanding features of their colleagues' performances. Both Colette Redmond and Bernard Share stepped down from the panel this year, and their places were taken by John Bowman, the freelance broadcaster, and Dominick Coyle, who is head of the Irish bureau of the *Financial Times*. Proinsias MacAonghusa and Frank Hall completed the panel as before.

NEWSPAPER OF THE YEAR

THE IRISH TIMES. The panel had little difficulty in once again selecting *The Irish Times* as the country's best newspaper. No other Irish paper is quite in the same league. Taking everything into consideration, *The Irish Times* maintains an exceptionally high standard and can be favourably compared to any of the world's great papers. Its editorials are prompt, independent and usually well written; its Letters Page is perhaps the most significant forum for expression of public opinion in this country. The paper contains the liveliest journalism in the Irish language and its foreign coverage is, by Irish standards, very good indeed. On politics, *The Irish Times* reporting is more satisfactory than its interpretations and the tolerance of over-long news reports obviously limits the number of separate news events that are covered. The paper is still enjoying a steady increase in circulation. This, no doubt, discourages too much experimentation with a winning product, but it also adds an appearance of sameness to the morning news. Yet, viewing wars and all, there is no doubt that *The Irish Times* is the Newspaper of the Year.

BEST EVENING PAPER

THE BELFAST TELEGRAPH. This fine newspaper is read by both communities in the North; it is the only paper about which this can be said. In a year that exceeded all others in Ireland since 1797-98 for evil, bitterness, ill-will, suspicion, group violence, individual violence and institutional violence, it is most commendable that there should be a newspaper acceptable as impartial and honest by most of those in conflict. *The Belfast Telegraph's* coverage of the news events of the North is second to none; its editorials are balanced; its commentaries intelligent and well-considered; its general advice sensible and understanding. The conditions under which the staff of this paper, in common with all journalists working in the North, work are most difficult and likely to become even worse. The highest praise is due to every one of them. But above all other papers circulating in the North, *The Belfast Telegraph* stands out as a beacon of sanity.

BEST FOREIGN COVERAGE

THE IRISH TIMES. Fergus Pyle of *The Irish Times* was still, in 1972, the only full-time permanent correspondent of an Irish paper in continental Europe. *The Irish Times* "Europe" page (though misleading in title, as Europe consists of many more than nine countries) is a useful innovation in educating the public towards the reality of the Common Market. Its dull layout makes it hard to read in comfort, however, and perhaps all too many skip it for that reason. Sean Cronin, in the same paper, gives the best and most consistent Irish commentary from the United States; *The Irish Times* makes far better use of the wire services than other dailies and because of Agence Presse France is not wholly dependent on British and American agencies.

JOURNALIST OF THE YEAR

HENRY KELLY of *The Irish Times*. Henry Kelly, retiring Northern Editor of *The Irish Times*, has been exceptionally well informed in 1972 and his editor gave him full scope for his talents. His weekly comment was most perceptive. Many will recall his bitter piece on the insensitivity and total lack of comprehension by Dublin and Dubliners of the reality of the North. He was ahead of his colleagues on numerous occasions and his political predictions generally proved to be accurate. Like all others covering the North, he showed considerable personal courage on many occasions during the year.

press awards



BEST POLITICAL JOURNALIST

MICHAEL MILLS of *The Irish Press*. There is no more honest or better informed political journalist in the country than Michael Mills. To know really what is going on in politics, at any rate of the Leinster House variety, it is essential to read his excellent reports in *The Irish Press*. He is careful, accurate and independent-minded in his writings and the fact that he works for a paper associated in the public mind with Fianna Fail in no way inhibits him.

BEST WOMAN'S PAGE

IRISH INDEPENDENT, edited by Mary McCutcheon. The mantle of Mary Kenny has so far not fallen upon any editor of a Woman's Page in Ireland. Miss Kenny gave a new dimension to Irish journalism and her departure was a distinct loss. Her brand of socially conscious writing is now less often seen in Women's Pages, though *The Irish Times* team tries on occasion, especially Mary Maher and Mary Cummins. But the panel's choice, following lengthy consideration, is the *Irish Independent* for its practical and helpful service to women readers, breezily presented and excellently laid out. Miss McCutcheon understands the needs of her readers very well indeed.

SCOOP OF THE YEAR

There was no outstanding scoop in Irish journalism during 1972. A scoop should be exclusive to one paper, of wide public interest and preferably of some consequence. Perhaps the nearest any paper came to fulfilling these conditions was *The Irish Times* exclusive on the proposed I.M.I./C.I.I. merger. This story was exclusive, it had a definite consequence, but the panel did not consider it of sufficient importance to warrant an award under this heading.

BEST COVERAGE IN IRISH

THE IRISH TIMES. More space is devoted to Irish in *The Irish Times* than in any other paper. Unlike the other papers, where the standard varies enormously, there is a consistency of excellence in the Irish coverage in *The Irish Times*. "Tuasascail," the weekly half-page of news, bitchy gossip and sound commentary, is a must for Irish-speaking readers, while Brendan O'Leary's Thursday column has a fine cynical edge. Arguably the best weekly commentary on the nation's affairs in either language is that of Sean O'Riordan on Saturday. Mr. O'Riordan is a fine writer; he is also a

thinker of considerable importance. Donal Mac Amhlaigh's pieces from his exile home in Northampton are of very high quality. Has anyone understood the emigrant Irish worker as well as Mr. Mac Amhlaigh?

INVESTIGATIVE REPORTING

MICHAEL HAND of *The Sunday Press*. Michael Hand's articles on the U.D.A. and the U.V.F. gave readers a far deeper understanding of the mentality of the rank and file of these organisations than would otherwise have been possible. Again, as with all reporters who covered the North during the year, tribute must be paid both to his ingenuity and personal courage in carrying out his investigations.

BEST ARTS PAGE

THE IRISH PRESS. David Marcus, with his lively Books Page and his fine New Irish Writing Page, continues to give *The Irish Press* a unique distinction in this area.

COLUMNIST OF THE YEAR

NELL McCAFFERTY of *The Irish Times* for her highly personalised column, "In the Eyes of the Law." She tells the hard truth about the Dublin courts and is obviously not afraid of the establishment. Day after day she shows that the system, and not its victim, should be in the dock, that the system from time to time is as much involved in institutional violence as the accused may be in individual violence. Other memorable pieces from her pen during 1972 included her coverage of the Fianna Fail Ard-Fheis and her impressions from the U.S. during the Congressional hearings on the North.

BEST FINANCIAL JOURNALISM

THE IRISH TIMES, edited by Andrew Whittaker. The best regular coverage is given to all important developments in the financial area. Mr. Whittaker's early warning of the proposed behind-the-scenes merger between I.M.I. and the C.I.I. was a very special sort of scoop. It was certainly instrumental in forcing a rethink of that whole proposition. The panel regrets that there is no financial or economic editorial and wonders what became of the Midas column, which disappeared without trace having looked under a few interesting boardroom tables. Colm Rappelle of *The Sunday Independent* deserves particular mention for improving the paper's financial coverage.

BEST PROVINCIAL PAPER

For the third consecutive year, the **CARLOW NATIONALIST**, and for substantially the same reasons. An impeccable make-up that stands head and shoulders above its provincial contemporaries and challenges the best of the city papers. Extensive coverage of all significant events and developments relating to its area, attractive features and thoughtful editorials which embrace both local and national issues.

The Longford Leader is also to be commended for its policy of highlighting troublesome issues of a local nature at the risk of afflicting the comfortable. The bright series on comparative prices in local supermarkets was the earliest methodical attempt last year to make the public aware of the disparity in retail prices.

It was noted that although provincial papers, in general, were fearless in attacking national grievances, they were noticeably reticent in investigating local wrongs, apart from simply quoting statements by councillors or spokesmen for concerned groups. Very few signs of tough, investigative reporting.

SPECIALIST REPORTER OF THE YEAR

In future years the panel propose to divide their award into several categories each relating to recognised areas of interest. For 1972, however, it is felt that two particular specialists deserve special mention. Des Maguire Agricultural Correspondent of the *Irish Press* regularly identified the issues facing the small farmer within the E.E.C.; he provided a good follow-up to official handouts and reports, and on several occasions scored a 'first' on agricultural developments.

The measure of the urgency of Maeve Binchy's contributions on Tourism for *The Irish Times* is that her material so often lands on the front page. She pioneered the concept of tourist correspondent in Irish journalism, and the Tourist Press lobby is now one of the liveliest in the national dailies. Tourism, like agriculture, is big business in Ireland, but only recently has it begun to get the specialist press treatment which it certainly warrants.

Maire Drumm: Acting President Of Kevin Street

Michael McKeown

Profile

IN A BAY window in a house in Andersonstown an anti-internment poster is displayed above a Long Kesh-made wooden harp which sits in the window. They look across the street to a camouflaged outpost on the perimeter of Fort Silver City, the British Army stockade in Andersonstown. Since the house is the home of Maire Drumm, Acting President of Kevin St. Sinn Féin, the juxtaposition is symbolic. For years Maire Drumm and her family have seen themselves as confronting the forces of British Imperialism, and to be physically face to face seems entirely appropriate.

Born and brought up on the Border near the British Customs Post at Killeen, Mrs. Drumm's whole life has been caught up in the struggle against the continued existence of that border. In that struggle she and her family have suffered privations. Her husband Jimmy holds the rather unenviable record of having served more years in internment than anyone else in the Republican movement. The ten months he served during his third spell last year brought his total to over thirteen years on top of a one year sentence as a youth for distributing Republican literature. Her oldest son is currently detained in Long Kesh and she herself has served two consecutive terms of six months in Armagh jail and a further twenty-two days in Mountjoy on charges of promoting the objects of the I.R.A.

Despite her present prominence in the Provisional movement and the fact that she has been a member of Sinn Féin since she joined it in 1940 while working in Dublin, it is only in the past few years that she has been actively involved in the directly political side of the Republican movement.

In the years when her three children were young and she was combining her role as housewife with her job as a supermarket manager she had little time for other activities and what time she had was engaged with her commitment to the National Graves Association and the Camogie Association in which she held office at both county and national level. Within the relatively small circle of Belfast republicanism these activities made her well known as a hard worker and enthusiastic organiser.

It was this reputation which ensured that in the cataclysmic days of August '69, people turned to her and her contacts for help and guidance in organising the welfare work of accommodating and evacuating the refugees. Throughout North and West Belfast, like-minded people were engaged in the same exercise, and out of these relief and defence activities, and of disillusionment with the Republican leadership in Dublin sprang the Provisional Republican movement and it was inevitable that the people who had been prominent in such activities should become prominent in the new political development. Maire Drumm was one such person and as support for the Provos grew, so also did the local reputation of Mrs. Drumm. Her willingness to put herself at the head of a street demo and to lead the protests which became the common reaction to British Army harassment gave her a prestige among those who had neither the eloquence, the organisational ability nor the nerve to do so themselves.

It was not, however, her talent for organisation which engendered the popularity which she undoubtedly enjoys among the lumpenproletariat of the Falls Road. It is the bluntness and earthiness of her speech which sets her apart from the political theorists and guarantees that she is speaking at a level which her audience immediately comprehends. She is no orator; on a platform she talks in a hectic conversational tone and as the outrageous remarks spew out her audience respond to the concrete issues on

which she speaks and the irreverent manner in which she speaks them. When in Derry in July, 1971, she urged a restive audience, impatient with the Olympian detachment of earlier speakers, to act for themselves by joining the Republican movement; it took two hours to enrol the people who came forward. When in September, 1972, at a meeting outside Casement Park to protest against Army occupation of the Park and the neighbourhood schools, she urged the audience to show their opposition by ripping up the traffic ramps outside the Park; the young men in the audience immediately procured shovels and picks and began hammering at the ramps until the British Army sallied out and drove them off. It is this directness of approach which makes her the darling of the Provos and the devil of the moderates.

Some moderates see her in positive terms as an ogre determined to sow dissension where she can, and disrupt any moves towards improved community relations. They remember with bitterness her successful disruption of the meeting organised in Andersonstown last Easter by the "Women Together" movement. Maire Drumm would claim and probably accurately that hers was the more authentic voice of the women of the area. Her opponents would say that whether it was the most authentic it was certainly the most rasping and that it effectively drowned the pleas of those seeking peace. These see her as a harridan pitchforked into prominence by the present turmoil; a latter day Madame La Farge gloating over the deaths of British soldiers and indifferent to the sufferings caused by her fellow Republicans in their doctrinaire quest for a united Ireland.

Maire Drumm is unmoved by such criticisms. She believes she regrets the suffering of the innocent as much as anybody else but believes that the struggle against the traditional foe must go on. In this as in so much else, she is a Republican traditionalist. It was because she felt the Republican leadership was abandoning the traditions of



Maire Drumm

abstention and non-recognition in the mid sixties that she became disenchanted with the leadership at that point. She accepts the traditional role of the Belfast units of the I.R.A. as defenders of the Catholic areas while stressing that the tradition of Republicanism is non-sectarian.

In one area, however, she has been happy to break with tradition. The old custom whereby dual membership of the I.R.A. and Sinn Féin was nearly mandatory has been abandoned and consequently there has been a large influx of young men and women into Sinn Féin who would never have joined the I.R.A. It is to such recruits that Maire Drumm looks to educate the people in the ideas of Éire Nua which she admits have not yet been properly put across to the people. Such political activity, however, must largely await quieter times. The present times are not propitious for political subtleties and political theorists have no errand at the moment.

The immediate future lies with those political spokesmen like Maire Drumm who are prepared to call a spade a spade. Oscar Wilde once remarked that anybody who did so should be using one. It is precisely because she is capable of using one to rip up a ramp or throw up a barricade that this fifty-two-year-old grandmother is today Acting President of Kevin St. Sinn Féin.

Diary of the year

An 18-year-old Protestant youth is shot dead by two teenagers at a petrol station on Shore Road, Belfast.

Saturday, January 6th: Dr. Hillery receives the responsibility for Social Affairs in the sharing out of portfolios among the members of the European Commission. Mrs. Maire Drumm is appointed by the Ard Comhairle of Sinn Féin to act as temporary president during the detention of Ruairi O'Bradaigh.

Wednesday, January 3rd: Cardinal Conway suggests that British policemen should be brought in to help the R.U.C. investigate the wave of sectarian murders.

Thursday, January 4th: The Misuse of Drugs Bill, proposing penalties of up to 14 years' jail and a £3,000 fine (or both) for "hard" drug pushing, is circulated to Dail deputies. The Taoiseach, Mr. Lynch, flies to New York for talks with Mr. Nixon and American industrialists.

Friday, January 5th: Mr. Lynch meets both Mr. Nixon and Senator Kennedy in Washington, and Northern Ireland and the landing rights issue are discussed among other things. Mr. Gerald Boland, former Minister for Justice and 1916 veteran, dies in Dublin, aged 87. The English Rugby Football Union rejects a resolution not to play in Dublin next month because of the political situation.

Sunday, January 7th: In a T.V. interview in New York Mr. Lynch warns the British Government that his government wouldn't support any arrangement for the North in which the possibility of the reunification of Ireland wasn't an important feature.

Monday, January 8th: In New York the Taoiseach announces that three substantial new manufacturing plants are to be started in Sligo, Dublin and Tralee by U.S. companies. In the face of rising meat prices, Dublin butchers call on the Government to make meat exempt from value-added-tax.

Tuesday, January 9th: After two teachers in Dungiven, Co. Derry are served with Detention Orders demonstration fellow-teachers threaten to close many schools in the Derry area. Mr. Dennis Howell,

Wednesday, January 10th: The U.S. Secretary of State, Mr. Rogers phones Mr. Lynch to express his Government's regrets over the demonstration against the Taoiseach by Republican sympathisers in New York last Sunday. The five Fianna Fail deputies taking their seats in the European Parliament next week are placed on the extreme Right of the chamber, together with the Italian neo-Fascists and the extremist Belgian linguistic parties.

Thursday, January 11th: The President of Provisional Sinn Féin, Ruairi O'Bradaigh, refuses to plead before the Special Criminal Court in Dublin, is convicted of being a member of the I.R.A. and is sentenced to six months imprisonment.

Friday, January 12th: An E.E.C. report advises the Government to stop exporting live cattle and sheep and develop our own meat plants to process the cattle at home. It is announced in Brussels that an Irishman will be the new head of the E.E.C. directorate-general for press and information.

An elderly widow is shot dead by British soldiers in the Ardoyne area of Belfast.

Saturday, January 13th: Mr. Julian Jacotet, resigns his post as general secretary of the S.D.L.P. after a dispute with the party executive over organisational difficulties.

Sunday, January 14th: Mr. Lenihan, Minister for Foreign Affairs, arrives in Brussels for the first session of the nine-man Council of Ministers 3 R.U.C. men are killed and three others injured in separate bomb incidents in Derry and Pomeroy, Co. Tyrone.

Monday, January 15th: Mr. Lenihan in a speech to the Council of Ministers, calls for direct elections to the European Parliament. The leadership of the Republican Movement orders, Sean Mac Stiofain to end his eight-week-old hunger strike in the Curragh military camp hospital.

Tuesday, January 16th: The Irish Family Planning Association firmly rejects allegations by the American priest, Rev. Paul Marx, that it is promoting abortion through its clinics. Sean MacStiofain ends his 58-day hunger strike.

A young member of the U.D.R. is found dead in a car in the Lower Falls area of Belfast.

A man is known by the company he keeps and a publisher by the authors on his list

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Divorce Irish-Style

Mary Walshe

Case History

AT 28, MAY has four sons under the age of eight, a two-bedroomed flat in Ballymun and £11.50p to get her through each week. May is one of the lucky ones. She's a born fighter. For her, desertion has been a fact of life now for two years. In that time, she's personally helped at least seven other women in the same position and is regarded by many women in Ballymun as the person to go to for advice.

May came from a family of 18, only 14 survived. She doesn't remember too much of her childhood, poverty, fighting for attention and family rows were always there. "It's only now", she says, "I'm consciously looking back to see how it affected my life because I worry about the boys and the type of life they're having now".

May left school at 12, worked in cinemas, had a spell of living in the States and finally married at 20. "It was more to get out of home than anything else. Besides which all my mates were married and the thought of a white wedding and everything appealed to me. I don't think I loved my husband, because I didn't know what love was. But he was affectionate and kind and I needed that just then".

May's husband was a Dutch sea-man. For some time they lived with her parents and while he was at sea, she saved money for furniture. They eventually got a flat at Ballymun. Luckily for May, the flat was in her name. By the time she was pregnant with her fourth son, her husband had a job on land and the real trouble started. He started drinking and accusing her of paying more attention to the children than to him. Beating her up was a regular occurrence, then he started on the children. The second eldest got the worst of it. Thrown into a bath of scalding water, mysterious bruises from 'falling out of the cot', the husband took all his frustration out on the children.

"I know I can't hurt you", he said, "but I can through the children".

After the incident of the scalding, May called the Irish Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Within two days her husband had disappeared and she hasn't heard from him since. Letters to his parents, innumerable trips to the Dutch Embassy and there was no way that she could claim any maintenance money.

For six months, May lived on Home Assistance, charity and help from relatives. After qualifying for the Deserted Wives allowance and having passed the St. Vincent de Paul morals test, she received enough money to pay for meat once a week, rent, electricity and H.P. payments. "When you're a deserted wife", says May, "you can forget about clothes for yourself and any entertainment other than the T.V., some people even resent you having that".

The Social Welfare Bill of 1970 was the first official recognition of the fact of deserted wives. That year there were 1,000 women who qualified for assistance under the bill. This year, figures are nearly 5,000 and are growing.

To qualify for a pension, a woman is not only subject to a means test, which immediately rules out the possibility of a part-time job, but she has to prove that she made every attempt to reconcile the marriage.

The repetition of her case to the Home Assistance officer, the social worker from the I.S.P.C.C., the St. Vincent de Paul and any other 'officials' is psychologically wearing.

"You feel", says May, "as if you have to tell them whether or not you were a virgin before you were married. Questions. Questions all the time. Begging for extra money for clothes for the children, living on food that others wouldn't give to a dog. What is so sickening is that the children really suffer. You can't expect young kids to understand why they haven't a father, why you can't buy sweets, why you can't take them to the seaside or why you get so angry and short tempered. Sometimes I feel physically sick when I see my eldest boy trying to put a brave face on because he can't have football boots. The worst part is the daily worry, eating away at you. You never stop thinking about how it's going to affect them, how you can be two parents at once, it makes you mean and narrow that's what I hate most".

FLAC, the Free Legal Advice Centres have many cases of deserted wives on their files. They can offer little help to the woman alone. If a woman receives any money from her husband, no matter how small, she loses her allowance. The best recommendation is the legal separation by agreement, for there are few deserted wives who could afford a *mensa et thoro* divorce which must go through the High Court. Even legal separations are often difficult, the woman often doesn't know where her husband is and frequently the men would not agree.

The irony of divorce Irish-style—desertion is that the new English divorce laws have left many deserted wives in a worse position. A deserted wife here may receive divorce papers taken out by her husband in England; if she accepts them, she immediately forfeits her allowance. Why these papers are recognised by the Department of Social Welfare is unknown even to FLAC.

So what happens if your husband leaves you. You start begging for your allowances, you're thrown on the charity of friends and relatives and when your husband walks back after five days, months or years he has every right to do so. Unless a deserted wife has her flat or house in her name, unless she has a legal separation, the husband can assume his full marital and parental rights, there's no law in this land to prevent it. Naturally, if you desert your husband, you can say goodbye to everything, home and children. But isn't that the way with most things in an Irishwoman's life? A chattel in law, and a place in the constitution which pre-determined your whole life. (Art. 41 Section 2 Par. 1 and 2).

Readers are invited to bring other case histories to our attention.

Fianna Fail

The Disappointed T.D.s

ONE THING which any Taoiseach quickly learns is that for every politician grateful for his promotion to the front-bench or every lawyer thankful for his elevation to the judiciary, there will be at least half a dozen others who resent his choice and who feel that they themselves would have been more worthy of selection.

It is around the appointment of Jim Tunney as Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister for Education that most chagrin has been felt. Tunney has only been a member of the Dail since 1969 and during that time has not displayed any particular talents to distinguish him among the other back-benchers — and at least a half dozen of them must have felt themselves to be at least as qualified for promotion as Tunney was.

In the months preceding the re-shuffle the name most commonly tipped for promotion (especially by Michael Mills in *The Irish Press*) was the Carlow-Kilkenny T.D. Tom Nolan. Nolan has been a member of the Oireachtas since 1961 and headed the poll in 1965 and 1969 — handsomely beating Jim Gibbons on each occasion. It is possible that Nolan's past record may have tipped the scales against him as far as Jack Lynch is concerned. In 1966 he supported George Colley against Lynch and during the Arms episode was identified for a short time with the dissident camp—something which has not helped his already frigid relations with Jim Gibbons. Nolan himself may have realised that promotion was unlikely when he opted for membership of the Irish Parliamentary Group at Strasburg.

Sylvie Barrett of Clare was another name widely mentioned if only for the fact that no Fianna Fail Government has ever left Clare without a ministerial representative. There is no doubt about Barrett's ambition for office but his ambition can be seen as fitting into an overall Hillery-Lynch strategy — or at least helping make such possible. If Paddy Hillery is to come back to Clare after four years in Brussels, and to come back moreover to take over from Jack Lynch, it would not be a good idea at this stage to build up a strong constituency rival at home — especially one who humiliated Hillery into second place at the last election.

The name of Joe Dowling also cropped up frequently in preliminary speculation and there is little doubt but that Joe would not have felt that such promotion was overdue. It is probable however that the Taoiseach feels himself to have more than enough image problems at present without adding to them and while a 'flak' man can be a useful addition to the back-benchers they are usually best kept there. However, Joe at least has the consolation of his fast-growing auctioneering business to keep him occupied.

Education

A Year For Decisions

THE SIGNS in educational matters for 1973 seem at this stage to indicate that the controversy on community schools will continue to dominate the scene, and will in fact grow more bitter unless there are some major concessions by the Department of Education on aspects on which up to now it has refused to compromise. The year will also see more positive moves to merge the V.T.A. and A.S.T.I. into one united post-primary teachers union. The I.N.T.O. has its own ideas about such amalgamations and will be keeping a close watch on what the other two teachers' associations will be up to.

The close of 1972 saw the Department more adamant than ever to go ahead with its community school plans, and in fact increase from the original 30 to 50 the

Q.—Who is the current front runner at Labour's candidate in the 1973 Presidential Election?

A.—Mr. Roddy Connolly, son of James, and present Chairman of the Administrative Council of the Labour Party.

number of community schools it proposes to build. Whether the opposing forces can thwart its plans is the big question that must be solved. Up to now those forces were largely divided in their opposition. Some opposed the new concept because they saw education coming more and more under State control. "Statistisation by stealth" summarised their opposition. More saw it as leading to the elimination of control by the Catholic Church and the possible confiscation of a large slice of its property. Vocational education authorities saw it as the end of the vocational education committees and the substitution of control by a local authority by largely dominated clerical boards. Parents, in so far as they were consulted, saw it all as a bewildering experiment in which their children would be placed in a situation that would be quite unpredictable.

Of all these forces the one that is most determinedly closing its ranks is that which controls the large post-primary sector run by religious. Up to recently one could see considerable diversity in their attitudes, ranging from that of Dr. James Good, who would be content to hand over management entirely to lay people, to the Christian Brothers' spokesmen who would have none of it. The most influential body in this sector is the Catholic Headmasters' Association which consists almost entirely of about eighty senior Catholic priests who are presidents of the largely prestigious boys' boarding schools. At their Congress held from the 3rd to the 5th January in Clongowes Wood College they made it quite clear, without blowing any militant trumpets, that they had a right and obligation to be in education. The particularly secular theme to which their Congress was devoted, management (in the business sense) indicated their determination not to be ousted through ignorance of such things as staff relations, bulk buying and budget control. A team of university lecturers, specially chosen for their expertise in the various aspects, was employed for the occasion, and their audience, even if unused to be on the receiving end in such situations, proved to be apt students indeed. No more, as one of them put it, would they be relying on pious hope and invocation in this mundane side of their work. They will also have established good credentials if called into that most sensitive area of the community school organisation, viz. management.

Meanwhile with the resolutions being prepared for their Annual Easter Congresses, the lay teachers in the post-primary area are wondering if their best interests lie in amalgamation. Some are also wondering whether the I.N.T.O. should not also be involved, but the primary teachers have dirtied their bibs so often in their past relations with both bodies that it is doubtful if they are at present welcome at the table. The biggest obstacle to a V.T.A.-A.S.T.I. amalgamation is the built-in prejudice of many university educated secondary teachers to the largely non-university vocational teachers. Many of the latter still retain their membership of the industrial unions they became members of before becoming teachers and can often be heard discussing the relative merits of an industrial union and an educational one. They brought to the V.T.A. a strong sense of trade unionism—and delighted in using, that word—and the A.S.T.I. might do well to remember that an infusion of that kind of philosophy might be the very thing that association needs in 1973.

IN OUR Political Directory of 1972 which accompanied the last issue Mr. Cathal Goulding was described as Chief of Staff of the Official I.R.A. As subsequent to the recent Offences Against the State (Amendment) Act 1972 such a description could be used in evidence against him, we wish to state that the appellation was not based on any particular evidence in our possession.

Mary Kenny is indisposed; her London Diary will be back in our next issue.



hibernia review of books

To Be A Pilgrim

John Jordan

IN, FOR these islands, a relatively ignored novel of Henry James, *The American* (1877), about an initially odious woman, there occurs the following judicial but dazzling statement: "She was full—both for good and for ill—of beginnings that came to nothing, but she had nevertheless, morally, a spark of the sacred fire".

Now every schoolboy or schoolgirl, clerical or lay, will grasp that James's "sacred fire" had nothing to do with Maugham's "Sacred Flame" (which he stole from Racine for a base but, for literary purposes, legitimate title). What many of us, grown-up or not, sometimes fail to grasp, is that possibly there is a morality which is of the heart and not of necessity inculcated by adherence to (or even credence in) a revelatory or negative faith.

In James himself, and in the English tradition, George Eliot (so beloved of Canon Sheehan) instances of such a morality are abundant. I suppose what I am trying to get at is Keats's famous holiness of the heart's affections.

Wherefore all this show-off? Only because either I was blind or deaf or drunk, in the year gone by no one seemed to notice that Joyce Cary had been dead for fifteen years—to my mind the English-Irish novelist of his time who best (with Keats's "truth of the imagination") illustrated, without pretention, that ordinary goodness may exist without avowed declaration to God or religion.

I suppose Joyce Cary is in popular circles (at least of my generation) best remembered for *The Horses Mouth* (which in 1955 was seized from my luggage by the Irish Customs). This of course is his last volume of a trilogy, the second volume of which, *To Be A Pilgrim* (1942) seems to me to be one of the finest novels of the first half of this century. Only many years after I had read it, did I learn the poignant Protestant hymn from which the title is taken:

Who would true valour see
Let him come hither
One here will constant be,
Come wind come weather;
There's no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first vowed intent
To be a pilgrim.

And Joyce Cary came a long way from Derry where he was born in 1888 to Oxford where he died in 1957. There were first his African novels, of which *Mister Johnson* (1939) is perhaps the best. But just before that came *Castle Corner* (1938), a novel that encompasses Donegal, Oxford, London, Africa and anything else that might come into his head.

Perhaps the person who has written most sympathetically about *Castle Corner* was the late Enid Starkie. Since she was Joyce Cary's friend, and I make bold to say mine, there will hardly be an objection to borrowing about Cary: "He had an extraordinary memory for sensation of the past—none of his experience was wasted or evaporated—and he could recall them with astonishing vividness. There are many such 'illuminations' in his work—to use the Rimbaud expression—as for instance, bathing in childhood, in the rough Donegal seas; adventures in boats; rides at evening, or in the early morning, on the moors, and one recalls particularly the magnificent and exciting carriage race in *Castle Corner* and the jubilee celebrations."

Perhaps Dr. Starkie was being over-indulgent about the work of a friend. Nonetheless, she could be as merciless about the work of her friends, as Cary could be caustic about phoneys. If I bring together their names, it is not yet another of my favourite sins, name-dropping. I honestly believe that these two people of mixed ancestry and different religions managed to be friends.

They began their friendship in a year when both used symbolic titles: Cary with *A House of Children* and Starkie with *A Lady's Child* (1941). Was it that both books were conceived and composed in a year that saw the Fall of France, and the end of an epoch?

Padraic Fallon: An Assessment

Eavan Boland

IN A CERTAIN sense Padraic Fallon, while being one of the elders of Irish poetry—he was born in 1903—is also one of its most contemporary artists. The Gaelic revival, with its emphasis on newly discovered legend, alienated fashion from myth towards direct statement. Today with Ted Hughes in England and Lowell in America one can observe a renewal of myth in poetry, a return to past shapes to simplify new complexities.

Fallon never deserted myth. In his lyrics, and still more in his radio plays, he wedded vigorous speech to such legends as Diarmuid and Grainne. In doing so, he never, like other poets, used legend to obscure meaning or idiom as a battering ram. For these reasons, his work can be enjoyed and learned from where so much written in the thirties and forties here and in England, seems dated and contrived.

An example of his work which is by no means new, yet contains several recognisable features of his poetry, is one called "Poem for my Mother". Its plain language, its investment of the earth with feminine qualities all combine to make this one of his best poems:

Tale after tale she tells me
that brings me back
To a townland that's almost
woman to me,
To the heart before the
crack,
To the peace before the
poetry.

At a time when other poets such as Denis Devlin were steering clear of narrative and pursuing Auden's sterile colloquialism, Fallon was evidently growing impatient with the artificial absence of technique or coherence which were the hallmark of the day. His awareness of how swiftly poetic innovation could become poetic platitude is articulated in his "Journal", which was published in the *Bell* magazine in 1952:

"Poetry should renew itself in every decade by refining itself from those impurities of time and place which give it a kind of temporary body in current taste. Taste changes, of necessity we react against the new which after a while turns into its own cliché; so we seek the different form, the different way of saying the same thing, and once again look for the permanent to speak through the impermanent."

Even while Fallon was writing this contribution he must have had in mind just that: a continuation of real values through fresh treatment of them. For him this meant the radio plays of the middle fifties, broadcast when James Plunkett was assistant head of drama in Radio Eireann, and which he said caused such a favourable re-

through this understanding of his form.

One of the plays was called "The Poplars" and its ending, with its moving comment on one of the chief characters is entirely typical of Fallon's best work. Also typical of it is the fact that he used a commentator or chorus to great effect. It is the commentator who speaks these lines at the end of "The Poplars":

He surrendered his balladry
to the Soul's bleak song
And became a conviction.

Other radio plays broadcast at the same time were "The Hags of Clough" and "Diarmuid and Grainne." Despite his success with these however, he never stopped writing lyrics. Many of these are among the best in the last thirty years in this country. For example, there is this one called "Book of Job" which contains a profound and powerful acceptance of life—which runs through much of his work—and a translation of it into the imagery of Job's resilience:

In this gift of luck I have lost
The naked traffic of the ghost,
Trapped in an image I projected
Not of God but God's elected.

So the next thing is to ride
Horse and all under and be no
more a pride;
No, nor an humility
For that's a pride too, on one
knee.

One of the characteristics of this work—and one not capable of being demonstrated here—is the sheer extent of technical experiment, of the best kind of imaginative and emotional adventure. Fallon's work is uniquely free of monotony, and the self that can be seen in it is not sacrificed to the wrong kind of emphasis, which repeats a single form over and over until it becomes a cliché.

Why then, if it is so good and so instructive, is Fallon's work not more accessible. The answer lies in an exasperating constellation of incidents: For a long time he was unwilling to publish his work and the Penguin book of Irish verse says of him on its contents page: "Is very reluctant to publish his work in book form, though a large volume is expected shortly from the Dolmen Press." That was written two years ago and the "large volume" has been imminent since. When it is published a wide audience will be delighted by the poetry and the publication. Until then Liam Miller, proprietor of Dolmen, will refuse to be hurried. Nevertheless a book of Fallon's poetry would be a literary event in the best, least pretentious sense. One can only hope that Miller will not leave it much longer.

Padraic Fallon's new book of poems will be published by Dolmen in May.



Padraic Fallon

action that the switchboard was blocked for hours afterwards with favourable comments from listeners.

Perhaps the reason for this was that Fallon understood the medium he was working in better than anyone else at any time. He interpreted correctly the need for spare, eloquent dialogue which best suited radio and he gave enormous pleasure to a greater audience than poets usually have

A silence here too.
Leave it on the old wooden
bed. Tomorrow
It will be washed and
shaved, an old corpse
made new
And buried with some
sorrow.
And whether he was right
or wrong
Only God knows; but in the
middle of an action

'A VISIT FROM THE PRIEST'

John Broderick

An extract from John Broderick's new novel, "Apology for Roses" to be published by Calder and Boyars later this month.

AFTER TEA THE four of them, Father Moran, Mr. and Mrs. Fogarty, and Marie, went into the drawing room for a little chat. The older couple sat on the sofa, while their daughter settled herself in an armchair facing the priest with the blazing coal fire between them.

'I hope you're not cold, Father,' said Mrs. Fogarty, touching her blue hair with a thin spotted hand. She peered at him narrowly and raised her sharp shoulders as if she felt a draught. 'It's the turn of the year, and there's a cold going.'

'How could anyone be cold with a fire like that,' laughed the priest, grasping the arms of his chair and raising himself a little. Then he pushed himself back against the cushions and felt a little easier. No matter how much deodorant he applied, or how much powder he dusted over his body before visiting the Fogartys he always began to sweat after he had been a few minutes in the house. Except on the hottest summer days the central heating was always turned up full blast and a raging fire kept going in the drawing-room.

'All the same,' she murmured querulously, looking at her husband for support.

Pat Fogarty grunted and folded his arms across his plump belly. His wife usually assumed that he agreed with her in company. At the moment he was looking slyly at his daughter out of the corner of his eye. Cool and composed, her dark hair glinting in the firelight, she sat with eyes lowered, her plump white hands folded on her lap. As if aware of her father's scrutiny she raised her eyes, looked at him impassively, and turned her face to the fire. Pat Fogarty fingered the heavy gold watch-chain that stretched tightly over his waistcoat and transferred his side-long look to his wife. Sharp bony profile, flat chest, yellow skin and twitching hands that were never really occupied except when clutching her rosary, she sat with her thin legs pressed against the bottom of the sofa, watching the clock on the mantelpiece. Ten minutes small-talk and then it would be time to get ready for Mass at the friary.

'Frost at night,' she remarked amiably. 'We'll have to bring in the tubs this week. I'm not sure that I'll put them out again next year. Hydrangeas. Everybody has them now. I see them in all the suburban front gardens. The new rich—her voice trailed off, as her husband stirred uneasily beside her. Mrs. Fogarty considered herself to be one of the 'old crowd' in the town. Whereas her husband had been born on a small farm in the west; started life as a junior clerk; and accumulated enough money to start his own wholesale business by the time-honoured method of cooking his employer's books.

'I like hydrangeas,' he said in his thick, rumbling voice. 'The nuns' garden is full of them. Isn't that right, Father?'

'Do you know,' said Father Moran heartily. 'I've never been in the nuns' garden. I say my Mass, take my breakfast in the parlour, and that's all I see of the convent. Of course I only fill in if one of the local curates is sick or something.'

'That's right,' said Mrs. Fogarty brightly. 'I keep on forgetting that you're not in the parish. Don't you ever wish you were in the town?'

The priest smiled and looked down at his shining boots. He had large feet and big peasant hands; but the former were well shod, and his nails were carefully manicured.

'I never think about it,' he said slowly. 'That's the bishop's business.'

'Ah, the poor man, how is he?' Mrs. Fogarty took up a box of chocolates, opened them with a crisp flurry and offered them to her guest. He shook his head, and patted his flat stomach, not without a certain air of self-satisfaction. Mrs. Fogarty chuckled and looked enquiringly at her daughter.

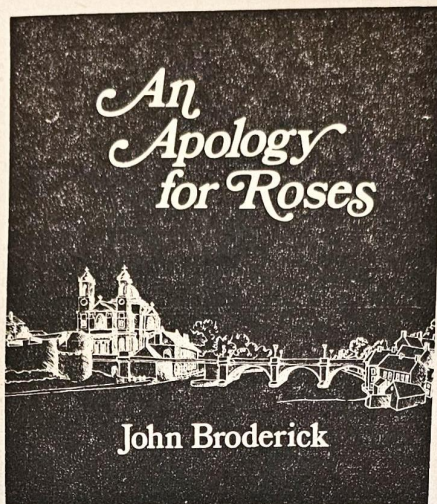
'Just one,' said Marie, turning down the corners of her mouth and selecting a caramel cream.

Father Moran did not think it necessary to reply to his hostess's question about the bishop. The old man was seventy-five, half-blind, and rarely moved out of his palace. There was nothing to say about most of the diocesan business was now in the hands of his secretary, a close friend of her guest.

'Pat?' She held out the box to her husband. He swallowed hard, raised his hand, and then hesitated.

'I shouldn't,' he mumbled, with a greedy glint in his eye. 'I'm on a diet.'

They all knew that; but before anybody could say any-



thing he had reached out, grabbed a couple of strawberry whirlys and crammed them into his mouth.

Marie swallowed, cleared her throat and covered her neck with her hand.

'Daddy,' she said in loud clear voice, 'you'll kill yourself. You know perfectly well what the doctor said. Mummy, you shouldn't tempt him like that.'

Mrs. Fogarty simpered and closed the box without helping herself.

'Oh, well, Marie, one or two won't do him any harm. Are you sure you won't have one, Father?'

'No, thank you ma'am.'

Pat was sucking his sweets noisily, with a sly, half-guilty expression in his small moist brown eyes. The priest looked at him with an indulgent smile.

'Perhaps breaking a diet now and again is good for you,' he went on, covering his knees with his hands. The black hairs on his wrists glistened. He always wore his shirt rolled up over his elbows.

'That's what I always say,' said Mrs. Fogarty with an eye on the clock. The hand was poised over the hour. They all waited as it struck seven. Immediately, there was a light knock on the door and Mrs. Fogarty stood up.

'All right, Nelly,' she called out. 'I'll be ready in a moment.'

The cook's red moon-face appeared round the edge of the door. She smiled and bowed her head at the priest, who nodded back.

'How's the form, Nelly?' he asked easily, looking over his shoulder with a sudden flashing smile that revealed strong yellow teeth, and a dimpled cleft in each cheek.

'All right, Father,' she took a step into the room, and pressed herself against the wall as Mrs. Fogarty went out to collect her coat. 'The Pope is better,' she said earnestly. 'Had a good night and is resting quietly.'

Father Moran resisted the urge to tell her that they were not worrying; but instead he nodded solemnly, and his face grew grave. Nelly dwelt on terms of intimacy with the great, and had to be humoured; since in most other ways she was dangerously sane; and an intimate friend of his own house-

keeper, Miss Price. They shared a half-day on Sunday and spent it in the cemetery, exchanging gossip and performing the corporal works of mercy.

'I'm glad to hear that, Nelly.'

'A frail pair of shoulders to carry the weight of the world,' went on Nelly. Pat lumbered to his feet, and belched, clapping his hand over his mouth.

'Sit down, sit down,' he rumbled, flapping his wrist as the priest stood up. Father Moran smiled and remained standing. They all knew their parts in this weekly ritual. In a few moments Mrs. Fogarty would return, hatted, gloved and coated for the evening devotions; Pat would go out into the hall to put on his coat and hat; and at ten past seven precisely they would drive off, bringing Nelly with them in the back of the car. Mass began at half-past seven but the Fogartys liked to be well on time.

'Well, are we all ready?' Mrs. Fogarty rustled back into the room with her jerky puppet-like steps, warmly clad in a fur coat, and a flat religious hat. 'I hope you don't mind us rushing off like this, Father. Maybe you'll wait until we come back?'

Father Moran shook his head and frowned thoughtfully as he always did when she made this remark every week without fail.

'I'm afraid not, Mrs. Fogarty. I have a lot of work to do tonight yet.'

'Well, don't let Marie bother you with too many questions.'

'You're too good-natured, Father,' puffed Pat, shaking his head with grateful intent, as he waddled out to the hall. Nelly bounced after him, and Mrs. Fogarty lingered for a moment looking uncertainly at her daughter.

'Are you all right now, Marie? Do you want us to bring you back anything?'

The girl raised her head and looked at her mother. Her eyes were like her father's, small, brown, flickering. But she could on occasion invest them with a baleful glare, blank and steadily hostile. Under this calm, contemptuous inspection Mrs. Fogarty flinched, bit her lip and plucked at her sleeve with her gloved hand.

'Will we bring home the evening papers, or anything?' she went on nervously, looking to the priest for support. Father Moran was looking at his boots.

'You always bring them back, don't you?' said Marie with a little chuckle. 'You like to read them. I'm all right.'

'Good, good,' burred her mother, with a sigh of relief. 'I must be off now. Mustn't keep Nelly waiting. Good-night, Father.'

'Good-night, Mrs. Fogarty,' said the priest in his deep slow voice.

The front door closed, the car started up, and gravel crunched on the avenue. The two in the drawing-room were left in a pool of silence, broken only by the delicate ticking of the clock and the dull crackle of the fire. Marie looked at the priest, her warm brown gaze gliding from the top of his raven-black head to the toe of his shining boots. Although he was a big man with powerful shoulders, his broad chest, heavy thighs and thick legs curving outwards below the knees gave him the appearance of being stocky. As if aware of her scrutiny he sat down abruptly, crossed his legs and rubbed his chin with his fingers.

'What am I going to do with you,' he said sadly, looking at her with narrowed eyes.

Marie shook her head, smiled and stood up. She raised her elbows, and stretched her arms, digging her fists into her plump breasts. She was inclined to put on weight and had her father's greedy appetite; but violent if sporadic dieting had kept her waist small and her hips under control. She had long shapely show-girl's legs and neat arched feet.

She looked at the clock, stifled a yawn, and walked out of the room with lithe cat-like steps. The priest did not look after her, but was aware of her fresh, spring-like scent, so curiously at odds with her personality. Yet she possessed, he knew, a streak of pure pagan innocence.

books in brief

A CONCISE HISTORY OF GERMANY. By Constantine FitzGibbon. Another issue of Thames and Hudson's beautifully illustrated and very readable national histories series (Conor and Maire Cruise O'Brien wrote the one on Ireland). An introduction to Germany for the non-initiate and non-academic, taking in the whole course of that powerful and cultured people's story, from the emergence of the proto-Germanic tribes from Asia maybe a thousand years before the birth of Christ to the election of

Willi Brandt and the introduction of his new 'Ostpolitik' in the 1970s. You may not agree with FitzGibbon's interpretation of some events, but on the whole he provides a good, concise summary of a very difficult subject. Thames and Hudson. £2.50.

POOR MAN, BEGGAR MAN, THIEF. By Martin Walker. An in-depth study, through case histories and sympathetic observation, of a London "drop-out" youth centre for drug addicts, by its co-ordinator. At a time when

Dublin teenagers are finding it easier and easier to obtain hard drugs this book should be compulsory reading for all social workers, medical specialists and policemen. The addicts' own stories make fascinating, if viciously depressing, reading. And Martin Walker, the youthful co-ordinator, by identifying with the young people and their life-styles, has succeeded in conveying the experience of being an addict with terrifying and moving clarity. Sidgwick and Jackson. £2.50.

THE MYTHOLOGY OF THE SECRET SOCIETIES. By J. M. Roberts. A large and scholarly work on the effects of the revolutionary conspiracies of the secret societies on political action and public opinion in the 18th- and early

19th centuries. The author concentrates almost exclusively on the Freemasons and the Napoleonic conspiracies, to the complete exclusion of movement like the United Irishmen and the Chartists. But if this is not a comprehensive survey of the period and subject it purports to cover in the title, it nevertheless is an important analysis of how and why myth, rumour and belief in shadowy demons behind the political scenes could (and still can) arouse mass hysteria and terrible overreaction by the parties in power. Such collective cultural nightmares, and their propulsion of myth into totalitarian reality can be seen in Germany in the thirties, and even, if you look hard enough, in Ulster in the seventies. Secker and Warburg. £6.00.

Mary Lavin

'The five stories show her at the height of her powers . . .

Mary Lavin measures up to greatness because of art and craft and style and vision, and of understanding of the heart, because of a ruthless addiction to truth and also because of pity and humour.' Benedict Kiely, "The Irish Times."

Constable. £1.90.

A Memory

Violence and Repose

Seamus Heaney

GRADUAL WARS. By Seamus Deane. Irish University Press. £1.00.

THE POEMS here which give immediate pleasure are a number of lyrics that speak in a natural tentative voice of moments of hiatus. They are epiphany; image and rhythm are restrained and unornamented, their effects are pure:

I am all love
For nothing.
I know objects
As if I were a hand
Holding them.

(Knowing It)

and again, this, from the title poem:

And whatever shatters
In this cold
Shatters slow and sudden
Like a writhe of frost,
In stars.
This is the language
That bespeaks
Gradual wars.

States of "quarantine", of "an emptiness I gained", when "the mild animals of silence" stir, lie behind and are immanent in poems. And if Mr. Deane were

content to perform on the tightropes of miniature, imagist forms, in the pause of held breath, he could achieve an art of nuance and definition at least as delicate as anything in Robert Creeley.

But this wise passiveness, this silence, is the silence between the stretched coils of a spring. It is not indolent, emotionally or intellectually, for there is an ironist in this poet who is guardian to the imagist, as in this beautiful flourish which concludes the Thirteenth Elegy:

I am the Duc de Berry
Of this kingdom. My grief
Is royal and has the redolence
Of the small Hours of silk
Whose odd perspective warns
Here is a true collector's
piece.

And the dandified ironist, in turn, is put down by the elegist who is tormented by the tears of things on his home ground:

Only the insects
Growl for life, their strange
heads
Twitching. No one kills them
Anymore. This is the
honeymoon
Of the cockroach, the small
Spiderless eternity of the fly.
(After Derry, 30 January 1972)

All the pieces I have quoted have the repose of finished things, and yet the repose of the finished thing is the antithesis of what the book is generally concerned with. The tone is typically nervous, highly-strung, on the edge of violence or catastrophe, in the face or the aftermath of some climax: hinging and unhinging, shuddering, detonating, steepening, throbbing, welling, hurtling, such verbs signal "a radical unease", and the related nouns appear like semaphores all through the book: doom, throes, precipice, salvos, spasm. Love and death in a violent time, a time of killing, a time of terror and exhilaration, are the preoccupations of many of the poems, and especially of the Fourteen Elegies with which the book opens.

These elegies are attempts to connect what Wallace Stevens called "the poem of the mind" with tensions and destructiveness that have a local habitation and a name. Mr. Deane comes from the Bogside and one half of his mind is wounded and angry:

Whatever you call it,
Night after night we
consume
The noise as an alcoholic
Drinks glass after glass until
his voice
is hurled like a flaw
Into his numbed palate.

(Third Elegy)

Violence is not necessarily rebuked by the other half of him, which is literary and cosmopolitan, in love with the opulence of language; but these two aspects of his sensibility (pain at the crunch of history, aspiration towards the eloquent artifact) have not always found an adequate technique. Not all the elegies are as sure of their tone and as deeply and satisfactorily imagined as the ones I have quoted. One has often the sense of energy and argument overshooting the landing ground of the form, a sense of verbal overkill that disturbs the essentially incantatory quality of his rhythms. Too many words spoil the poem.

This is an exuberant first collection, a welcome new voice in Irish poetry. It has ambition and panache. The tact of the achieved poems is admirable and there is an intellectual push and metaphorical richness all through the book. In *Gradual Wars* Mr. Deane has gone head on at the large poetic challenge we all face,



Seamus Deane

how to combine the bitterness and tragedy of our present history with the exigencies of a modern poetic technique. At its best his art is tough and delicate.

When it comes darkly over us
I will hold you and say
In disappointed love, 'Look,
See my face in the wave?'
(Civil War)

Highbrows and Honkies

John Banville

FABRICATIONS. By Micheal Ayrton. Secker and Warburg. £2.25.

CAR. By Harry Crews. Secker and Warburg. £2.00.

RITES OF PASSAGE. By Joanne Greenberg. Gollancz. £2.10.

IT IS a pity that this review did not appear in the previous issue, for it might have solved those three gift problems that drive you frantic every Christmas. You know the ones I mean? First there is that horn-rimmed cousin who with unconcealed distaste turns his back on the party to scan gloomily the bookcase, while the rest of the family, cock-eyed drunk, with funny hats askew, are roaring into the first chorus of "The Holy Ground." For this lad, *Fabrications* would have been just the thing. Mr. Ayrton knows well that even intellectuals must sometimes indulge in horseplay, provided that it looks like something else.

In case I am giving the wrong impression, let me hasten to point out that *Fabrications* is more than merely a high class book of jokes for jaded highbrows. Jokes there are, and very good they are, and in these sober days it is to Mr. Ayrton's credit that he refuses to take himself or us too seriously. But he is a profound jester. Obviously he is a devotee of J. L. Borges's magic and metaphysics, and is refreshingly unashamed to acknowledge his debt to the Argentinian master, who might well have written some of the pieces here, especially those that lead the reader through a maze of mazes. There are twenty-seven pieces, all of them based on the conviction that history is what you make

it. So we find Bertolozzi visiting the infamous Lacenaire in the condemned cell, Gilles de Rais turning up behind a false blue beard to play himself in an amateur performance of "St. Joan," and a wonderful fragment called "The Autobiography of Lameich Trojan" (are you good at anagrams?) which is all done with mirrors. My favourite story, if that is the word, is "Tenebroso," ferocious and eschatological, in

FABRICATIONS
Michael Ayrton



Michael Ayrton's self-portrait for "Fabrications."

which the painter Caravaggio reveals the real colour of death.

Two faults I would find: the pedantry often fails as parody, and is merely its own stilted

self. This is perhaps unavoidable, since so many details of source and period are necessary, but I suspect that the first fault may be linked to the second, which is that the style does not, as it were, believe in itself, is synthetic. One does not feel that the preoccupations with the mysteries of space and perspective, time and death, are in any real sense vital to the author. Play is the thing. Still, it would have elicited a laugh or two from your gloomy cousin. The production of the book, by the way, is very fine indeed, and the illustrations have been chosen and graven with an eerie precision.

The next problem on your list was that younger brother who takes advantage of police laxity on Christmas Day and drives his souped-up Mini at 100 m.p.h. up and down the Naas dual carriageway. Harry Crews would have been the man for him. *Car* is set in Jacksonville, where Herman, son of a family of wrecked car salvagers, conceives the notion of eating a brand new Ford Maverick, seat cover, tyres, fenders and all. If that sounds like fun, believe me, the jokes here are blackest of black, until at the end, when Mr. Crews's vision softens somewhat. The writing is atrocious, but no worse than the design of the latest automobile, and conveys as no Jamesian prose ever could a fierce, bleak vision of the forces which seem to be driving America insane. It would have scared the driving gloves off kid brother.

Problem three is that trendy aunt who read "Couples" and thought it was very nice. She would have loved *Rites of Passage*, twelve bittersweet stories set in that other America of martinis in suburbia and violence down on the farm. I do not mean to be too derogatory. If you like Updike, you will love Greenberg. It is just that I find Updike a pain in the ass.

Playmatings

Adrian Clery

I WANT. By Adrian Henri and Nell Dunn. Jonathan Cape. £1.50.

THE FIRES OF SPRING. By James A. Michener. Secker and Warburg. £2.75.

"I WANT", by Adrian Henri and Nell Dunn is an interestingly cheap novel, a collaborative venture into experimental literature which makes up in stylistic nuances what it lacks in real interest. The story hinges upon the relationship between working-class Albert (alias Adrian Henri) and rich upper-class Dolly (alias Nell Dunn), which in turn hinges upon the interaction of their very different environments and characters, as expressed in a series of contrasting internal monologues, spiced with the occasional conversation.

Basically, however, Albert proves too reluctant a minotaur for the thrusting, Lawrentian Dolly, and as their worlds spin apart the jilts his early academic promise in favour of the security of a factory job during the depression, while she succumbs to the frenetic high life of the pre-war years, only their affection for one another remains stable. Thus despite Albert's marital experiments and Dolly's more or less casual affairs, their relationship remains constant, if inherently frustrated, over a period stretching from the 1920's to the present day. The changing times are marked by a flow of letters which contain the substance of narrative fact and which rescue this novel from the rather sloppy subjectivity of the internal dialogues.

The literary structure can lay claim to a certain novelty, and does, in fact, provide what moments of interest there are. It is in the development of the structure that this novel falls down. The monologues are often pretentiously 'honest', and the detail often too stereotyped.



Nell Dunn.

typed (from beer and Majorena on the one hand, to white horses on the Camargue on the other) to enliven the essential weakness of the plot. Indeed, *I Want* is aptly summed up in its title—it is an egotistical outpouring of self-conscious pseudo-realism which destroys

the virtue of its originality by its overt poeticism and pretension.

Now from the playgrounds of the mind, into the epic forest, although the national park is perhaps a better image for James A. Michener's *The Fires of Spring*. Michener sings hymns of praise to the "American Dream" with heavy cinematic solemnity, as he paints the life of a young poor house boy, passing through trials and tribulations until his marriage, on the last page, to an honest woman. When first published in 1949, *The Fires of Spring* was probably representative of liberal feeling in Middle America — now, however, it has many of the qualities of a passé "Easy Rider", given epic production by some now defunct Hollywood mogul.

David Harper, the hero of this novel, was imbued as a child with a vision of the real America and he passes through these pages in search of that vision which he finally recapitulates in the arms of the honest Martha. However, the predictability of the plot and the quaintness of the philosophy in no way detract from the enjoyment of this book, in an obscure fashion they contribute to it—and the incident, character and detail throughout are always interesting and well drawn. Indeed, *The Fires of Spring*, with its built-in and slightly embarrassing didacticism and silver-screen manipulation of incident and archetype, is a very enjoyable read with all the benefits and failings of an old movie.

"The Fires of Spring" is, for all its faults, the more interesting and worthwhile of the two books under review, as despite the obsolete philosophising, it always has the ring of sincerity, with foundations strong enough to support the moralising without collapsing beneath the weight of its pretension.

Of Scythians and Seers

James McFarlan

RUSSIA IN WAR AND PEACE. By Alan Palmer. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £2.95.

RASPUTIN. By R. J. Minney. Cassell. £3.75.

RUSSIA AT the dawn of the nineteenth century was an empire of just over forty-one million people. 'Yet the country was so vast that many travellers hastening . . . across endless plains or through forests of conifers thought considerable tracts of the land totally uninhabited.' Imagine then your first glimpse from the coach of the gilded cupolas of the Kremlin, of the many coloured palaces and vast Prospekts of St. Petersburg in that ice-blue air; of the distant darkness of the Ural Mountains, of the turbulent river Irtysh rushing 2,300 miles north from China toward the Arctic sea! Imagine too, the impact of stupendous luxury, splendour, and poverty.

Into this Russia, in 1828 was born a nobleman, heir to a white mansion 130 miles south of Moscow, and an estate of 5,400 acres with 350 male serfs who, in his rationalism and

luminous cleverness, loving the empirical and hating the transcendental, Léon Daudet considered a typical child of 'le dix-neuvième siècle stupide'. This was the Russia of 'War and Peace' which Alan Palmer presents with such abundant clarity, a wealth of beautiful and precise illustrations—many in colour—and all perfectly married to his enthralling text. His purpose: 'To place the events of . . . 1805 to 1814 in their historical context, providing not a commentary on Tolstoy's masterpiece but an introductory survey of the Russia in which he sets his greatest work.' He does more, he brings that Russia alive. Here we catch 'the smell and the sound' and are given the topicality of Tolstoy's realism. Here we see the everyday happenings and the great figures of Tsar Alexander, Prince Bagration, Marshal Kutuzov, Napoleon who, while Holy

Moscow burned, declared, 'A demon inspires these people. They are Scythians'. And we recall Count Pierre Beuhov, Tolstoy's hero, wandering a prisoner among the flames and that dreadful execution in the Dyevichy meadow. Or, at another instant, the Princess Marya Bolkonskaya dreaming of a life of pilgrimage.

For this was Holy Russia where a deep respect for *stars* or 'Holy Men' who believed that poverty and vagrancy ennobled the spirit, was widespread. They wandered thousands of miles on foot and, twenty-eight years before the end of that century in which so much and so little had changed, Gregori Efimovich Rasputin was born in a Siberian peasant's house, over a thousand miles east of Moscow beyond the Ural Mountains.

The mixture of hierarchic pomp and simple piety in the Russian Church, which was very much a pillar of the state, puzzled foreigners who complained that the priesthood strove less for moral law than submission to the beatitudes. Gregori Rasputin was a typical product of his background. The instances of his 'second-sight' and 'healing power' in Mr. Minney's fascinating account are compelling. When the Virgin appeared to him while working in his fields after he had married, his wandering had begun. It took him

down the Volga, round the Black Sea, to Mount Athos on the Aegean; to Kiev and Kazan, and once to the Holy Land.

In St. Petersburg, 'Rasputin stood misty-eyed before the ikon of the Holy Virgin' of Kazan and identified her with that vision so many miles before, but already he had been marked down by the reactionary Union of True Russians as their instrument and the power-loving German Tsaritsa had discovered his powers, particularly in regard to her haemophilic son. This is the story, in Lili Dehn's words, of 'an uneducated man with a mission; he spoke an almost incomprehensible Siberian dialect, he could hardly read, he wrote like a child of four, and his manners were unspeakable. But he possessed both hypnotic and spiritual forces, believed in himself and made others do so.' He was in fact the chosen victim of intrigue, power-lust, and superstition. A far-seeing man in the country of the blind.

How strange it is that Tolstoy died at 82 a wandering pilgrim, in the station-master's house at the small railway-station of Astopovo where he had stumbled like his hero Pierre Beuhov toward the unattainable. While, only six years later on the night of 29/30 December, 1916, Rasputin was murdered in the Yussupov Palace on the Moika Canal in



A girl of the Fianna Eireann. An illustration from 'Patriot Graves', published by Follets of Chicago at \$7.95.

St. Petersburg, a valued friend of the Tsar and Tsaritsa, aged 44. Mr. Minney gives a graphic account of this brutal murder from a number of sources, while Alan Palmer brings the whole background of that fatal century into focus. Rational realist and transcendental seer:

but had he known him, Count might have agreed with the wounded soldier back from the front which Lenin was soon to cross, who said of Rasputin, 'only one peasant got as far as the throne and it was him the aristocracy assassinated.' Plus ça change, plus ça reste . . . ?

Ironical Postcards

Michael Friel

A POSTCARD FROM DON GIOVANNI. By Grey Gowrie. Oxford University Press. £1.25.

AN EAR TO THE GROUND. By Steward Conn. Hutchinson. £1.00.

NOTH. By Daniel Hews. Secker and Warburg. 95p.

KEATS PRIZE POEMS. An Anthology. London Literary Editions. £2.50.

THOUGH Grey Gowrie will probably make the anthologies of Irish verse, for he is in the fashion of the aristocracy Irish, the small section of 'Anglo Irish poems' at the end of his book are, to my mind, the least successful and he is much better when he roves freely, both thematically and geographically. Most of his poems concern love and marriage, especially the difficulties presented by the reconciliation of profound feeling and trendy façade. Like other poets who explore this type of theme, he relies heavily on irony and is especially good when the irony is reflected in the language as well as in the situation.

Think of the great skirts of childhood's women, the New Look that swept the War away . . . No war now, no one poor under thirty, all the cold war babies dressed to kill."

is inspired by Chelsea girls outside Biba's. Or of a man killed in his bath by a wartime blast he says:

"no time for the last private act, the prayer for a clean death."

He does however avoid cleverness for its own sake and the collection is generally successful, though I find something slightly dishonest about a peer of the realm and an ex-Tory who prefacing a book with a quotation from a Marxist critic, John Berger, and then presenting a work

which seems to vindicate the critic.

While Steward Conn's second collection is largely nostalgic, looking on a past which, if poorer or harder was less frantic and philistine, it is never sentimental or indulgent. He accepts change but likes to see it coming—hence 'An ear to the ground' has a word for its victims but also sees it as rooted in the very past that he admires.

"Sad that their mortal goal was salvation, not purification of the soul," is surely a thought that has an echo here.

In general the book has a great deal of appeal for Irish readers. His disquisitions of Scottish atmosphere has much in common with his Irish contemporaries than his British ones and two recurring themes, the move from the soil and the destruction of a valuable heritage, urban as well as rural, have obvious corollaries in Ireland.

"Among the charred bedsteads, the crazy mirrors, I keep thinking of those men in dungarees

Putting an axe through Mackintosh's Front door . . . Glasgow is in arrears."

could just as easily be Dublin. This is a very satisfying collection and a worthy Poetry Book Society choice.

Daniel Huws book is disappointing—more so because some of his poems are very good indeed. The trouble

is that Mr. Huws finds the world threatening and black, an attitude which carries with it the threat of negative self indulgence and which tends to alienate the reader. Mr. Ted Hughes, who writes the blurb for this book succeeded admirably in 'Crow', but his was provocative where 'Noth' is merely boring and where the humour of 'Crow' was outrageous, the humour of 'Noth' is merely self-effacing irony. Daniel Huws does not get us round to his side, does not let us see through his eyes, and as we belong to the world which he finds threatening, when he is self-effacing we can only be relieved.

The comparison with 'Crow' might be misleading for they have little in common except their bleakness of outlook. While 'Noth' uses many of the same techniques, fantasy and the black ironic twist, it lacks the archetypal cohesive that is 'Crow'. It must be admitted that the blurb suggested the comparison and it may be unfair. Nevertheless, the theme is a difficult one and demands a poet of Ted Hughes' stature if it is to work.

The frightening thing about Keats Prize Poems is that the good and reputable poets who entered the competition seemed lucky to achieve also-ran status. The competition offered prizes of £600, £300, £100 and forty of £25 and these are very attractive even to an established poet. The book contains all the prize-winning poems as well as over 100 "highly recommended" ones. The judges, however, seem to have gone for the (mercifully) occasional, Sunday afternoon, action-cum-narrative, mythology-ridden sort of doggerel that clogs the in-trays, and the out-trays, of literary editors. It could all be dismissed as harmless were it not for that £600 prize, then it becomes appalling.

Incredulity Unlimited

Ted Bonner

ARIGATO. By Richard Condon. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £2.25.

RULE BRITANNIA. By Daphne Du Maurier. Gollancz. £1.90.

I IMAGINE I would find it difficult to be other than entertained by Richard Condon even if he were discoursing at length on such esoterica as the invention of the Wellington boot or the history of brass rubbing through the ages. His verbal pyrotechnics delight me and I never cease to be amused by the manner in which he can end a highly-recondite paragraph with an often-earthly wisecrack that snaps like a whip. I even bear with him indulgently when he is showing off thus:

"Commander Schute was endormorphic to the curve of being sigmoid." Nor is my indulgence unduly strained by the fact that I can find no trace of the word "endormorphic" in any dictionary, including the O.E.D., nor by the knowledge that a lesser author might well have described the Commander as an oblate spheroid and left it, well satisfied, at that.

But these things having been said, there are signs that Mr. Condon's plotting has come— which is to say fallen—a fair, old way since "The Manchurian Candidate"; a decline distinctly noticeable in "The Vertical Smile" and now, it seems, gathering momentum. The players are now the thing and not the play; more and more characters are in search of a plot.

Anyway, our hero—Captain Colin Huntington—is ex-Navy (British, but of course); mature; mudily-handsome; a gentleman and a gourmet whose only trifling vice is that he is a

compulsive gambler and has run up debts amounting to some four hundred thousand pounds; indeed it is this flaw in his character that has caused his Lords of the Admiralty to dispense with his services lest he wager an aircraft carrier and lose. Understandably he is the despair of his rich American wife but the darling of a *complainant* French mistress he has on the side—and doubtless other ways as well. Said mistress is not only breath-takingly beautiful and curvaceous to the point of heart stopping but she is happy, in his absence, to remain alone in a flat in Charles Street, W.1, practising the soprano saxophone—and I take leave to doubt that mistresses come much more *complainant* than that.

The Captain decides to recoup his losses by knocking off no less than two million pounds worth of wine from a French warehouse; no mean feat in logistics when, Mr. Condon alleges, that value of wine weighs almost five thousand tons. The manner in which he engages in this exercise and the people he meets in between giving his mistress cause are put down her saxophone are not to be revealed herein—other than to say that the end of this charade is the most improbable piece of plugging up since that creepish Dutch youth stuck his digit in a dyke. But incredulity straining or not, of one thing you can be certain—you are unlikely to be bored by Mr.

C. Incidentally, "Arigato" is Japanese for "Thank you," and the answer to that supplementary question now trembling on your lips is that I haven't the faintest idea.

Rule Britannia features no such *outré* hero. It is set in Cornwall some years hence with England having opted out of the E.E.C. (we may infer from this that Heath is dead and the exodus over his body). Faced with economic disaster as a result of this flight from Brussels, the U.K. has to join America in an alliance known as "UKUS," but large numbers of the populace, and particularly the Cornish, are not about to put up with this vassal-state nonsense. None is more agin it than the heroine's grandmother whom she calls "Mad" and not without cause. Mad has adopted six young lads all of whom are hers to a boy and join her devotedly in declaring war on the gift-bearing Yanks; one, in fact, takes it all so seriously that he shoots an arrow through the eyeball of an American marine who immediately becomes extremely dead. From then on it was, I fear, downhill all the way so far as I was concerned.

That this story is not my particular cuppa is neither here nor there. In places as far apart as Bognor Regis and Leamington Spa they will flock to Miss Du Maurier's latest as to a shrine and it will, I am sure, scarcely touch the shelves of the lending libraries in its transits of the well-cut tweeds belt. One can picture them—and I intend no smallest sneer in this imagining—hurrying back along the Esplanade in the dark of a January evening. Rule Britannia clutched under an arm (that nice Miss Crudge in the Library has kept it for them as she promised she would) looking forward to a warm fire, a comfortable chair and a good read. And for such this will certainly be no disappointment.



BOOKNEWS Andrew Pollak

HARD ON the heels of our highly unaccustomed entry into Europe, Trinity College Library are playing host to a French government exhibition of "1500 Livres Français" (10th-20th January). The exhibition, in the library basement, provides a well laid-out and representative cross-section of French book publications, ranging from glossy editions of the classics through arts, languages and the social sciences to the whole gamut of Tintin and Asterix books. But if you imagine that this venture will mean awaited influx of French books onto the Irish market, then you have another think coming. A well-known Irish writer and publisher tells me that the market for a foreign languages bookshop in Dublin does exist—it needs only a far-sighted bookseller with a streak of adventure in his soul to take the plunge. Until that happens it is too much to ask one of the larger bookshops, Hodges Figgis and Hannas to expand their European languages and literature department as a small (and in my opinion, potentially highly profitable) gesture to our new European identity?

THE LATEST issue of *Index*, the quarterly magazine on censorship and freedom of expression published by Writers and Scholars International, appeared earlier this month (this one a double issue, price 75p).

This new quarterly is designed to defend and broadcast those rights to freedom and expression of opinions, ideas and information embodied in Article 19 of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights. It tries to keep the lines of communication open between writers and artists oppressed by totalitarian governments, as well as acting as a watchdog for the infringement of basic rights in the "liberal democratic" countries of the "Free World". Items in this issue include Solzhenitsyn's Nobel Prize speech, 20 years of censorship in Spain, the successful appeal against the banning of *The Little Red School Books* in New Zealand, the right of a journalist not to reveal sources, censorship in Russia, Brazil, South Africa and Rhodesia, plus poems, book reviews and extracts from the prison writings of Rev. Nóbaján Szilárd and Mikhalo Osadchy. There is also the actual "Index", a running chronicle of censorship and the suppression of freedom of expression around the world, which includes under Ireland both the refusal of the Irish Graphical Society to print our satirical back page, "Hernia", last May and the notorious Section 31 of the Broadcasting Act which led to the sacking of the R.T.E. Authority last month. Even at 75p a very worthwhile buy.

THE IRISH Book Publishers Association (Cie) is holding its third session, this one a seminar on "The Marketing Manager and Jacket Design", at the Clarence Hotel next Thursday (25th January). Also announced is a "Weekend Workshop" for the last weekend in March, with a specially devised programme of talks, discussions and practical work in competing groups on a publishing project. It's interesting that companies in such far-flung publishing countries as Finland, Malaya, Singapore and South Korea have expressed interest in attending. Details from Cie, 179 Pearse Street, Dublin 2.

A NEW publishing venture that is attracting some notice is the Blackstaff Press of Belfast. I mentioned in the last issue that they were the publishers of *Soundings*, the new cross-border poetry magazine. In the meantime four more of their publications have arrived on my desk: *The Narrow Streets*, a pictorial reminiscence of the Belfast estates, by Kenneth McNally (£4.50); *Within our Province*, a miscellany of Ulster writings compiled by Sam Hanna Bell (£1.50) and Florence Mary McDowell's two accounts of a County Antrim childhood in the last years of Queen Victoria's reign, *Other Days Around Me* (£1.50) and *Roses and Rainbows* (£1.80). I can't see any of these books, with their folksy provincial charms and rather steep prices (The *Narrow Streets* contains a mere 60 pages while the other three books are paperbacks) selling outside the six (or even the four) counties, but nevertheless, congratulations are

due to any young publishing venture in that troubled and not very literary northern city.

A NORTHERN Irish book of an altogether different hue is *Patriot Graves*, subtitled *Resistance in Ireland*, by an Irish American photo-journalist, P. Michael O'Sullivan, who spent many months living and working with Civil Rights activists and the Provisional I.R.A. between 1966 and 1972. The result is a glossy, professional production published by Follett's of Chicago (\$7.95), with very little attempt at balanced analysis, and a text which makes no bones about its dewy-eyed admiration for the brave boys in Provo green.

A FEW notes from Dublin. For stamp enthusiasts there is the recent specialised catalogue (the first of its kind of Irish postage stamps since independence, published by the Hibernian Stamp Co. (no relation) at £2.50. Even for a non-enthusiast, but one who is interested in Irish history at all, it makes for fascinating browsing.

I'm always glad to welcome the opening of a new bookshop, especially north of the river, which hardly has its fair share of them. Eddie Walsh is the man concerned this time and his shop is at 2a Parnell Street (3 doors from Capel Street), and specialises in paperbacks.

Irish University Press are publishing at the end of February the first two volumes of Daniel O'Connell's corre-

spondence, edited by Maurice O'Connell, Professor of History at Fordham University, and a direct descendant of the great man. The first two volumes cover the period of his youth, 1792-1814 and 1815-1823, with four volumes still to come.



Leila Khaled

FINALLY, a few more pickings from the publishers catalogues for 1973 that are drifting in. Charles Osborne edits the *Bram Stoker Bedside Companion* (Gollancz, £1.80, due out in March), which sounds like a rather macabre contradiction in terms, but should make a perfect present for those magnificent masochists among us whose idea of a nightcap is a spine-chilling tale of vampires and werewolves. And the Dublin-born creator of *Dracula* is the undisputed master of the genre.

Leila Khaled, veteran of two headline-making hijackings and already a seasoned Palestinian revolutionary and terrorist, tells her own story in *My People Shall Live* (Hodder and Stoughton, £2.80, June).

Faber are publishing Edna O'Brien's play *A Person Place* in both hard cover (£1.40) and paperback (80p), as well as Paul Muldoon's first collection of poems in book form, under the title of *New Weather* (£1.20). Watch out for more from this young Co. Armagh poet. Also from Faber comes *Confrontations*, a new compendium of studies in Irish History edited by Professor Beckett of Queen's University, Belfast (£3.00); and the first important re-assessment of the unjustly neglected Irish composer (perhaps the only real Irish composer), John Field (by Patrick Pigott, £12.50) who invented the nocturne and wandered throughout Europe, from Paris to St. Petersburg, in search of musical success and unhappy love affairs.

Lastly, in the wake of the heavy-handed new drug legislation passed by the Dail recently, it might be worth reading *The Book of Grass*—brought out by Penguin last month (45p), a collection of writings on the harmless and much-maligned little marijuana plant by such diverse talents as Rabelais, Baudelaire, Rimbaud, Lewis Carroll, William James, Aldous Huxley, Hermann Hesse, Henry Miller, William Burroughs and Allen Ginsberg.

Improbables

Hayden Murphy

DOD. By Maurice Fickelson. Translated by J. A. Underwood, Calder and Boyars. £2.50.

REPORT TO THE COMMISSIONER. By James Mills. Barrie and Jenkins. £2.35.

KITTY. By Margaret Bacon. Dobson. £2.25.

BODY CHARGE. By Hunter Davies Weidenfeld and Nicholson £2.00.

DOD is a superb example of an exercise into improbability. As I consider the other three novels under review as similar exercises I had better explain what, in this context, I mean by improbability. It is not a philosophical concept but rather an area of disbelief promoted, in the case of *Dod* by sheer aesthetic ugliness, and in others by contrived scenarios of various celluloid depth.

Dod is the first novel of French writer Maurice Fickelson. There is the probability that he is being badly served by his translator. Improbably his central character is a cripple who amazes (why not?) it could be a word to describe an activity alternating between the womb and a more elementary foetal position) with mind active and body grounded in his invalid world. Here doctor, nurse, housekeeper and curious schoolgirl provide the explanation for his pub crawl towards an actress. Pity the compositor also got caught up in the hunt because I am sure that there is more to be said by this writer.

As for *Report To The Commissioner*, well, its title just about describes it. It is a report. Carefully reprinted documents. It was kind of the publishers (on the cover) to tell us it was a novel, but really it was neither a thriller nor for that matter a very nice book;

and, of course, that is what is important . . .

Kitty is pretty. Not the central character of Margaret Bacon's novel but its theme, idea and presentation. And yet it is more than merely naive and pretty for underneath a lot of competently written corn there is an intelligence and a sensitivity that provokes admiration. It records the childhood of a Monica Dickens-type broken home with an Iris Murdoch-type bitch of a sister and a complacent C. P. Snow-type father (I often wondered if a combination like that was possible). She has to learn that seriousness is considered the prerogative of adults and if linked with emotion can provoke envy even from those 'who should know better'. Improbable though it may seem Margaret Bacon succeeds in conveying this, but then of course she is a well travelled adult.

Body Charge by Hunter Davies is glib, slim (its only redeeming factor) and totally unlikely. Footballers, homosexuals and marital betrayals are all here written by the same pen that sensitively drew us into the bath with Spurs and along the dustbin trail of George Best. Improbable though it may seem he can be equally boring at novel length.



NEW NOVELS John Broderick

PUBLISHERS, reviewers, and to a certain extent, the reading public have always been traditionally suspicious of a second novel. Indeed this famous hurdle has become something of a cliché in critical language. There is no very good reason for this unless one accepts the doubtful premiss that a first novel represents the best that any author can achieve. Looked at in this way the whole attitude appears absurd: part of the largely artificial dogma of reviewing which is accepted without thinking by many people. In fact a second novel by an author who has already published his or her first is no more of a hurdle than the fifth or the tenth. No one, least of all the author or the publisher, can be sure in advance how any book will be received. There have been cases, like that of Graham Greene, of a novelist publishing seven or eight books before achieving real critical and popular acclaim. If one were to judge by that famous writer's second novel 'The Name of Action', not even the most farsighted of critics could have foreseen his ultimate achievement. The same applies to W. Somerset Maugham, Joyce Cary and Ivy Compton-Burnett, among many others. A book is either good or bad, whether it be the first, second or twenty-first; and in the long run the only real critic is time.

A year ago in these columns I had the pleasure of acclaiming Miss Jennifer Johnston's first novel 'The Captains and the Kings'. It was an extraordinary mature achievement, and fully deserved the very enthusiastic notices it received. Now comes her second, 'The Gates', and it is equally good. Indeed I should have been very much surprised if it had not been. Here is a novelist whose real crisis will come with her fifth or sixth novel; for by then she will be expected to produce something different, which may or may not be a good thing. In the meantime her admirers need not worry. *The Gates* is an achievement in its own right: lyrical, balanced, beautifully shaped and well written with great power and authority. It takes its place at once as the work of a brilliantly gifted novelist: serious, mature, and within her own particular range, unrivalled among contemporary Irish writers.

Her chosen field is that of the dying world of the Anglo-Irish Protestant ascendancy, and its relations with the Catholic majority from which it has in a sense always been somewhat cut off. At the moment the theme has its own tragic relevance; but Miss Johnston's pre-occupation with the human gives

it a universal appeal. Her characters, like those of any good novelist, are creatures of circumstance only up to a certain point. Beyond that they live in their own right as living, breathing human beings.

The background is County Donegal, evoked with marvellous lyrical economy. On page 52 there is a wonderful example of this; followed a few paragraphs later by a deadly accurate and quite lethal description of modern upper-middle class London. One is always aware of the weather, the smell, the feel and atmosphere in Miss Johnston's country: all are brought to life with swift, sure exactitude.

The anecdote is slight, but sufficient to bring the characters together in a situation which reveals them for what they are. The gates may be regarded by those who like to see things in that way, as symbolic. I do not think they are; but then I distrust symbols. Certainly the characters do not regard them as anything other than a pair of gates. The tension in this novel arises out of the interaction of character, not symbols.

Miss Johnston is marvellously good on old people. Major MacMahon, quietly drinking himself to death in his cold old mansion, is quite a complex character, especially since at the end of the book he comes out with some shattering home-truths. There is extraordinary compassion in the portrait of Big Jim Breslin, who fought for Ireland fifty years ago, and has lived to see the rural part of it de-populated. Indeed in this book the line drawn between the two traditions in Ireland is blurred: both are dying fast. It is a notable achievement on Miss Johnston's part; and very, very sad.

Her young girl, Minnie, the Major's niece, lately home from London with her deb slang and her complete lack of class consciousness, is vivid, likeable, and demonstrates Miss Johnston's ability to identify herself also with young people. Minnie is really very young; as teen-agers to-day are, surprisingly enough, apt to be. She has an innocent, but altogether convincing little affair with Kevin Kelly, the young handyman on the estate, who like every other young person in the district wants only to get away from it as quickly as possible. Few authors have observed a young man on the threshold of manhood with such absolute conviction. Kevin is one of the most remarkable characters in recent Irish fiction; as any reader will find out for himself.

Indeed the whole book is remarkable. Compassionate, acute, full of sad beauty and sudden gay insights, with a troubling undercurrent of desperate, half-revealed violence, it is the Ireland of to-day. For those who have eyes to see we are all in it.

*THE GATES, by Jennifer Johnston. Hamish Hamilton. £2.00.

A Hibernia Inquiry

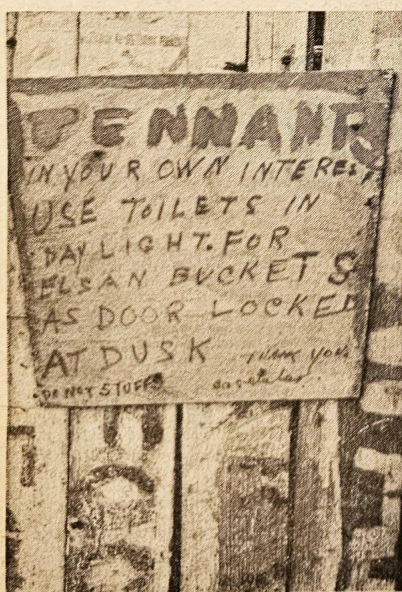
CLONDALKIN CARAVANS: URGENT NEED FOR ACTION

John Mulcahy and Terry Kelleher

IN THE CLONDALKIN area of County Dublin there are no less than 139 families living in caravans at the present time. About 50 of these families exist in the relative comfort of the County Council caravan park which is almost full to its present capacity. The remainder may be divided into two categories: those who have managed to acquire their own caravans but who cannot get accommodation on the council site and must squat on the roadside; and those who must rent caravans from rapacious site owners whose flagrant breach of the bye-laws are tolerated by the Council, because prosecution would only highlight the Council's own failure to provide the necessary facilities. Overall the conditions are a scandal to society, and the very least that is required in the short term, is for the Council site to be doubled from its present capacity.

Clondalkin: Gateway To The South

OVER THE past few years, the Clondalkin area has attracted a growing population of caravan dwellers. At first these were scattered along the main Naas carriageway—a first half for 'migrant' workers on the city's boundaries, and close to the employment centres of Naas Road/Ballyfermot and Chapelizod. About two years ago, the Council opened a paved caravan park near Clondalkin village, precisely to cater for this accommodation, and incidentally to clear up an eye-sore from the Republic's only dual carriageway and gateway to the South.



The toilet facilities which Mr. Cowan provides for the seventeen families on his site. The notice speaks for it itself

The corporation site, built at a cost of £35,000, offers the best possible facilities in the circumstances. For one thing it is some distance off the open road, and a sign warning motorists that children are at play; sets the scene. The caravans are laid out in rows along tarmacadam roadways with each caravan having a tarmacadam parking space. The roadways on the site have standard street lighting and each caravan space is connected for electricity. There is a modern brick-built toilet and wash-unit separated for men and women, each section having a half dozen toilets and wash-hand basins and a shower, with hot and cold water. The unit is open until 11 p.m. each evening and is kept remarkably clean.

Most of the occupants of the site are waiting for council houses or flats but there is a significant number who have clearly decided to stay there permanently. Some of these families are now growing their own vegetables, others have built extensions to their caravans or mobile homes and there is even a two-storey caravan. There are scattered signs of affluence on the site (as well as bread-line poverty), some motor cars, powerful motorbikes and even one speed-boat, and while of course there is nothing wrong with this per se, the Corporation in reviewing the situation should consider catering for two separate classifications of caravan-dwellers, the permanent and those families waiting for houses. It might also erect some playground facilities for the many children.

While the living conditions for most of those living in the Council park are at least tolerable, the same cannot be said for the other unfortunate caravaners around Clondalkin, whose highest ambition is to be allowed onto the Council site. Immediately beside the entrance to the Council site, five caravans are parked in a laneway aptly called Watery Lane. Most of these caravans have been waiting since September — and in some cases longer—to be allowed onto the Council site. To date no parking space has been available or has been allocated to them. Now, the Council is bringing proceedings against them to evict them from the side of the laneway.

Two Double And One Single Bed For Six Brothers And Sisters

ONE OF THE caravan occupiers who faces prosecution is Mr. Bernard Savage. The situation of this family is particularly bleak and for a number of reasons it is worth further examination.

Until last Autumn, Bernard Savage was a laboratory technician in a school in Belfast and lived in Andersonstown. Both his parents are dead and Bernard, now twenty-five years old, was the oldest of eight brothers and sisters ranging in age from twenty-three to ten years. He was not involved in politics but after Operation Motorman felt that the family might be at greater risk, so he decided to give up his house and move them to Dublin; a 21-year-old brother is studying at U.C.D. on a Northern-Ireland education grant, another teenage



Mr. & Mrs. Molloy with two of their children. £5 a week for

brother is living with an aunt in Artane, and Bernard, now a bus conductor with C.I.E., is supporting the other five, two attending St. Joseph's National School and the other three unable to get jobs, who all share the tiny caravan he has bought. The caravan has two double and one single bed for the six people, and is 20 ft. long. He paid £260 for it. As with the other caravans along Watery Lane, there are no toilet facilities whatever, nor running water. The family uses the Council facilities for both.

Mr. Savage has applied for a house or flat from the Corporation, but since he hasn't lived in the city or country for the statutory four years he has little chance of being given one. At the time of writing Bernard Savage who has repeatedly requested permission to move onto the Corporation site is still squatting with his five brothers and sisters on the roadway. On December 12th last he was summoned to appear at the Kilmainham District Court on January 4th for being in breach of the Local Government and Sanitary Services Act, 1948. The case was dismissed because the Council inspector had failed to inform the Savage family that they were in breach of the law. But Bernard Savage has since then been officially warned and is now expecting a fresh summons.

One Toilet For Nineteen Families

IN ALL, there are six clusters of caravan encampments in the immediate vicinity of Clondalkin, but perhaps the very worst conditions are those suffered by people who must rent a caravan on one of the privately-owned 'sites.' None of these sites has a tarmacadam service. Two have no water at all on the site, while three have one water tap for an average of nineteen families. Two have no toilet facilities whatsoever. Three have one 'toilet,' again for an average of nineteen families. Only



A section of Mr. Cowan's 'site' including the open space which is let regularly for carnivals and circuses



for small damp caravan and no site facilities
(Photo: Frank McGrath, Irish Independent)

No Bread, But Plenty Of Circuses

THE RATIO of caravans to the size of the field would probably satisfy Dublin Corporation Sanitary Services Dept. specifications but the spacing, an average of ten feet between each caravan, certainly would not. The arrangement of the caravans along two sides of the field leaving a large vacant space in the centre allows Mr. Cowan to supplement his already considerable income from the caravan dwellers by renting the space to carnivals and circuses (no less!) when they visit the Clondalkin area. (At one of the carnivals late last year, a group of skinheads appropriated a number of air rifles from the shooting range and took on all-comers, including the gardai). Apart from his income from such activities, Mr. Cowan is possibly taking in as much as £3,000-£4,000 p.a. from the field, while providing no facilities whatsoever.

The caravans vary in size and condition, but all the people we talked to complained of the damp, and the fact that, unlike on the Corporation site, there is no hard surface on which to park or walk or for the children to play. The Molloy family who live in a small caravan in the field are particularly badly off, in that they have three children under twelve, Deborah, James and Shane. They have been living on the site for exactly one year; the rent for their one small caravan was originally £6 a week but has now been reduced to £5 per week. There is no electricity connected to the caravan. Their light is from a simple gas lamp. Damp, cramped and claustrophobic as the caravan is in winter, the field is so muddy that the children spend most of their time inside. Rats abound along the hedge immediately behind them. The Molloy's are hopeful of getting a Council house in Rathcoole next March, which is near Mr. Molloy's place of employment. Meantime the caravan field is their only home.

'Out of County' Problems

THE CONDITIONS described above are well known to the Dublin County Council, to local councillors who are active in the area, to the local Community Council and to other voluntary and charitable bodies. But what, one might ask, is being done about it?

Fr. Owen Sweeney, the curate who has just moved from Clondalkin, had taken a particular interest in the problem. So too have two local sisters of the Assumption, Sister Ashe and Sister Keegan, both of whom are social science students at U.C.D., and who last summer submitted a report to the local Community Council on the situation. The St. Vincent de Paul society does its usual good work in relief. The local cumann of the Official Sinn Féin recently surveyed the total situation, circulated a report to the press, and are now attempting to organise caravan dwellers to push their own case. On the fundamental level of taking action on the problem, however, nothing at all is being done at the present time. Dublin County Councillors have a real fixation about the overspill of housing and accommodation problems from Dublin city proper. In allocating houses therefore, they will only consider applications from persons who have been resident for at least four years in the county. Most of the caravan dwellers they consider as 'out of county' problems and therefore not the responsibility of Dublin County Council as such. This thinking explains why they proceed with prosecutions to 'move on' those caravanners who occupy neither private nor council sites.

From the council's point of view there are arguments too against expanding the Clondalkin caravan site. They feel that it might develop into a ghetto; and also there are the sensibilities of other local residents to be considered.

A full three years ago, a resolution by Senator John Boland, who was most instrumental in having the Clondalkin site established, that ten such sites should be built throughout the county, was passed by the Council. But there has been no follow up to their resolution.

The Need For Emergency Measures

THERE ARE ALWAYS good and sound reasons why troublesome questions should not be tackled — and this case is no exception. There are political difficulties, financial difficulties and quite genuine social difficulties. But these difficulties are as nothing compared to the enormity of the scandal that exists in the community as long as such living conditions are tolerated. Basically, it is, of course, a question of inadequate housing, but pressure must be brought to bear on Dublin County Council to provide additional serviced caravan sites throughout the county. And, in the meantime, as an emergency measure, the council site at Clondalkin should be doubled forthwith. Or is this small achievement beyond the powers and resources of the community which chooses to call itself Christian?

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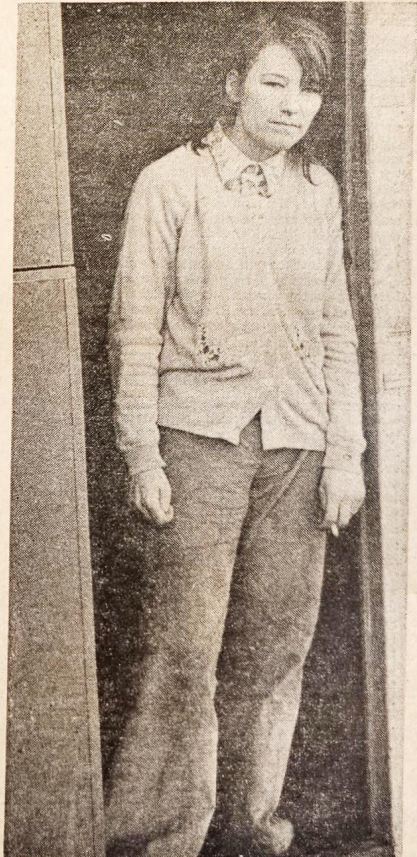
Neither Water, Electricity Or A Sewerage System

MR. COWAN'S site consists of a small field, perhaps measuring one acre in all, two sides of which are lined by caravans. There is an entrance from the roadway and another through a gap in the hedge which separates one side of the field from the car park of the adjoining Castaways Ballroom, which is also owned by Mr. Cowan but leased to Associated Ballrooms. There are seventeen caravans in the field, almost all owned by Mr. Cowan who rents them out at rates of between £5 and £7.50 a week; families with their own caravans pay him a ground rent of £1.50 a week for the privilege of parking in his field. On the face of it neither the caravan rent or site rent seem exorbitant but given the fact that Mr. Cowan provides so few and such bad facilities the only advantage of living in his field rather than on the side of the road where some families do have their caravans, is that you avoid prosecution from the police.

In fact, in the field itself there are no facilities whatsoever, neither water, electricity or a sewerage system. Until a few months ago, the only source of water was a Corporation pump on the other side of the road which passes the field, but now there is a single tap (optimistically marked "H" for hot) attached to a wall of the ballroom. Immediately beside the tap is a small unit but which contains one toilet bowl which does not flush. A sign on the door advises patrons to use the toilet during daylight hours only. In practice it can be used only for dumping from slop buckets.



Some of the caravans squatting in Watery Lane, lined up outside the Corporation site.



Mrs. McGreevy who is living in one of the caravans parked in Watery Lane.

ARTS AND LEISURE

Music in Church

Dom Paul McDonnell

IF ONE SURVEYS, however superficially, the cultural periods of the past, one must recognise the interaction of the arts and the requirements of liturgy. While the core of Christian worship remains the same from the Last Supper (and the Paschal Meal of the Hebrews) down to the parish Mass of 1972, the presentation of this act of religion, its clothing and ornamentation, has corresponded to the cultural developments of the West as they evolved down the centuries. The history of the Roman Liturgy is closely bound up with the development of Western civilisation and culture. One interacted upon the other and as the arts, particularly music, in the first 1,700 years of Christianity were devoted primarily to the enriching of worship, it can be justifiably argued that Liturgy has influenced and been influenced by Western civilisation. The development of architecture, painting, sculpture, language and music, as they were used for worship, marks the great stages of cultural development in Europe: the Romanesque, the Gothic, the Renaissance, the Baroque.

Liturgy and cultural development have always had a special affinity and relationship and there has always been a pattern of change in the externals of worship that corresponded to the development of the arts in church building, furnishing, painting and music. This pattern of change is consistent and there is an almost inexorable advance from one style to another, as the arts evolved in their own right, even though they were intended for the worshipping faithful. These two elements of cultural pattern and change are relevant to the problems of Church music today.

Church authorities from as far back as St. Ambrose of Milan, himself a renowned hymnologist (he died before St. Patrick set foot on our shores), have legislated for Church music and they have watched, with care and concern, the possible influence of the purely secular. And there is always the sheer pleasure of music itself, the power of the singing voice to attract by its brilliant effects and to take away from the words of the liturgy!

It is not easy to distinguish between the sacred and the secular in the arts, so closely were they allied with worship almost to the end of the eighteenth century. Today, theologians debate the words "secular," "sacred" "secularism." Is there such a thing as "sacred" music? What constitutes the element of sacred in music? The "Instruction" on music in the liturgy issued by the Holy See in 1967 says that "By sacred music is understood that which, being created for the celebration of divine worship, is endowed with a certain holy sincerity of form." The aim or intention of the composer would seem to enter here. The artist composes or dedicates his work to a religious purpose. Thus, the church building becomes a sacred place because of the intention of the architect and because of its actual dedication to divine worship. Likewise, music which is intended for or dedicated to divine worship is sacred in this sense. A musician may compose in various styles, one of which he will consider appropriate for use in worship. Beethoven would certainly consider his great Mass in D appropriate for Church use (however impracticable it may be now), but would probably be surprised to hear the melody of the "Ode to Joy" from his Ninth Symphony used, as one heard recently, as a psalm response in Mass. Janáček, whose opera, "Káta Kabanová," was so well received recently at Wexford, also wrote a Mass, "Missa Glagolitica," in which he attempts to show people how to speak to God, but almost certainly did not intend it to be used in church. The question then arises as to what can worthily be dedicated for worship. If one considers the changeable nature of the musician's art, the alteration in people's taste, the many prejudices that exist, the heavy conservatism of devout and religiously-simple people, and above all the present-day problems inherent in a mass-culture (never before have so many listened to non-stop music as they do today), one can appreciate the problems that beset church music today.

In the aftermath of Vatican II, church musicians have been presented with two Herculean tasks — to provide, overnight, a music set in the vernacular and a music that, to some extent, can be used by a congregation whose musical ability can be presumed to be very slight. In adapting the externals of liturgy to the twentieth century, the Church has had to sacrifice much of its cultural heritage. The aim of Christianity has always been to reach people in the most direct manner possible. In presenting the Gospel message, she must avail of, but not be impeded by, cultural

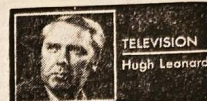
factors either of the past or of the present. The pastoral side of church music is linked with its cultural aspects. On the one hand there is a need for simple congregational music in the vernacular and, on the other hand, a need for church music which is related to the general culture of our times. It is to be hoped that these are not incompatible. In consequence, there has been an increasing and perhaps inevitable disregard for traditional settings (it is difficult to envisage works in Latin being used now, other than for concert performances), coupled with a feverish attempt to produce new music, most of it of poor quality. (One cannot recall any satisfying music in church in this country since the 1967 instruction, apart, perhaps, from Sean O'Riada's two Masses, and these not always well performed). Another phenomenon is the unashamed use of pop, never intended for divine worship. The fact that tunes like "Blowing in the Wind" and "We Shall Overcome" had a social significance and, in consequence, a Christian significance, does not fit them for worship. Here, perhaps, pastors have been too anxious to woo the teenager. It is very short-sighted to concede a low cultural setting in liturgy, the long-range effect of which will be disastrous. Singing nuns and guitar priests may be a pleasant surprise in the music hall (if they should be there); they are not to be welcomed in church.

There are canons of musical taste. Some instruments are definitely unsuitable in church. There is a difference between dance music and church music; there is a difference between opera music and religious music; there is music for entertainment, which is unworthy of a religious service. Some recent Mass settings reflect the musical comedies of the '20s and the '30s. Any priest or nun who can pluck out a tune on a guitar considers that he or she has a divine charisma to compose church music. What they would not dare in church architecture or painting they blandly essay in church music. This easy enthusiasm, culturally mediocre, is not helpful. But the elitists in music are not without blame. They can damage by their intransigence, by their unawareness of the need for music in a new liturgy and by their misplaced loyalty to the classical repertoire of Latin Masses, motets and anthems.

The Irish Church has not been noticeable in past years for its music in church. Some would like this pious custom to continue. Yet, the Holy See has placed great emphasis on the use of music in church and wishes it to be considered as a normal adjunct of worship. One is tempted to say that we should sing at all costs, mindful of Chesterton's adage that "if a thing is worth doing at all, it is worth doing badly." But if our standards are too low, the long-term result would be destructive of music in church and have most undesirable repercussions on the cultural aspects of worship. While the gain in church-building, church art and language is evident, and generally satisfying, our progress in a new church music leaves no ground for complacency. The efforts in new compositions must be allowed to find their own level. Genuine composers like the lamented Sean O'Riada should be encouraged by Church patronage. Some borrowing is permissible. But the widespread filching from Anglican Hymnals is not well-advised, as the "Chorale" type and the Hymn form tend to "date" our worship with a particular period of culture. Nobody writes hymns today: the talk is of lyrics. It is time to reassess our position as regards music in church and to realise that Liturgy cannot, by its very nature, accept the commercially inspired pop music of our times. There are canons of musical taste, so, where angels fear to tread, let us implore "the others" not to rush headlong heedlessly.

There is hope that the present chaotic conditions will lead, sooner than later, to better compositions and performances. The Church needs music. Can we say this of any other segment of society? Having done so much, even indirectly, to shape the musical quality of Europe, she must not debase it now. She must not, especially, debase the musical appreciation of the young who have a sense of reverence and are susceptible to education in worthy church music. This is one area where standards may be lowered due to lack of perception. Religion needs and can use only the best in art. It cannot draw from the commonplace and meretricious. Those responsible for church music must have an appreciation of cultural values and realise how self-defeating it would be to accept second-rate values in the material vesture with which worship must clothe itself.

The National Image



AS MY TELEVISION viewing during the past two weeks was limited to an hour spent in front of a TV set in Kennedy Airport, this column is likely to exude a faint whiff of desperation. But at least I can claim to have seen an example of the *nouvelle vague* of American comedy programmes: a rather horrible specimen entitled *Sanford and Son*. This purports to be a black-face version of *Steptoe and Son*, but the cavernous, junk-filled living room is now straight out of the Ideal Homes Exhibition, while the scrofulous, unshaven, leering father has been metamorphosed into a latter-day Stepin Fetchit with the sartorial immaculateness of a First Communicant in Foxrock. What made *Steptoe* great — the earlier episodes, at any rate — was the tragic basis of the father-son relationship (Neil Simon, who is arguably the best comedy craftsman alive, begins his plays by discovering his characters' tragic qualities): *Romeo and Juliet* is a tragedy only because the balcony did not collapse under the lovers' weight, and if Hamlet had stabbed Polonius in the posterior instead of through the heart, the Prince would still have been a tragic figure — but only to himself. *Sanford and Son* lacks any basis of truth: the father is a clown and the son his foil — sentimentality has replaced anguish, and when you peel away the veneer of social-consciousness there remains the tired spectacle of blacks being funny for the delectation of white audiences. If this show ever reaches Ireland (the episode I saw had Lena Horne appearing as "Herself" and being gracious to de-eyrolin' d'arkies, jes' lak kindly ol' massa down on de plantation) I intend to picket R.T.E. or my name isn't Ella Fitzgerald.

Shortly after seeing *Sanford and Son*, I read in *The Irish Times* (courtesy of Aer Lingus) a letter deploring the "image" projected by Mike Murphy on a British TV show. Unlike the black Americans who are unaccountably besotted by *Sanford*, the Irish seem obsessed by the desire to be not merely liked but, to quote Willy Loman, well-liked. In fact, while involved in a literary *fracas* several months ago, I was accused of projecting an unflattering image of the Irish, and what amazed me was that whether the image was truthful or not seemed to be immaterial: the crime lay in the mere act of criticism, and — as in Mr. Murphy's case — on English television. It reminded me of the social *mores* which permit a woman to be a slut at home, to dress in rags, beat her children and torment her hus-

band, just so long as she adopts a lazi-ke demeanour when she ventures abroad. It stems from a servile desire to impress those whom we secretly suspect of being superior to ourselves, and it seems not to occur to those who protest the loudest that the opinions of others ought not to matter a damn. Apart from which, and since the British viewer is sublimely unaffected by the verminous Albert Steptoe, the bigotry of Alf Garnet, the juvenile morons of *The Fenn Street Gang* and the zombies of *Coronation Street*, it seems a futile exercise for the Irish to expect them to awaken from their torpor in the teeth of Mr. Murphy's *gaucheries*. Which begs the question: what is a 'desirable' image of the Irish? — and if an ingenuous soul should reply "Why, the truth!" I commend him to a perusal of any daily newspaper.

Too often, in fact, we see on television what we most fear to see, even when it is not present. A correspondent who signs herself "Arcadiana" takes me to task with a gentleness which makes her anonymity unnecessary for attacking the Rosary — which I have never done — and for admiring *The Lads* — which I did not review, feeling that its proper domain was the stage. Apart from these minor, if somewhat ethnic, aberrations, the lady demonstrates a liveliness of intellect which is perhaps more rare than she suspects. She says: "It is gratuitous condescension to presume that everyone outside the Pale is too narrow-minded, immature and unsophisticated to be shown anything but *virginibus puerisque* type TV," and in criticising *The Lads* she attacks, not its controversiality, but what she believes to be its lack of literary merit. Her rebuke is perhaps half-merited. Those who live within the Pale, as she calls it, have for many years been exposed to the moral standards — or lack of them — emanating from the B.B.C. and I.T.V. whereas for many country people the history of television dates from the beginnings of R.T.E., and for them the effect of plays like *Martin Cluxton* and *The Lads* are inevitably traumatic: it is understandably difficult to assess literary merit coolly when four-letter words come winking into one's living room, and so the correspondence columns of the newspapers are set a-quiver with misplaced outrage. And, of course, it is always moral indignation which makes the most noise, while, unfortunately, those — like "Arcadiana" — who are less concerned with the insult to the national image than the affront to their intelligence, stay silent. Even so, one wishes there were more like her — in the Pale and out of it.

Instant Culture



"THERE IS an emptiness within the human breast, a hunger for we hardly know what, that is the deepest of all desires. It is the falling in love with life, and the dark deep flow beneath the surface, subtle, crude, beautiful, terrible. A few have dared to open their arms to it and always they are wounded and humiliated: but they have been touched and caressed by those fiery fingers that curved the universe, and there remains about them a breadth, a spaciousness, a warmth of genius."

Those lines are taken from Francis Stuart's book *Black List, Section H* and I recommend them for close study to Mr. Fanning, formerly of the RTE Authority, and all those who think as he does on the new Authority. They may not understand what is meant, but as Groucho used to say "time cures all heels". I would also recommend them to whoever will perform the ceremony of opening the Memorial Concert Hall in 1983. They would be more fitting than the usual claptrap and genuflections (or knee-bending if you prefer) in the general direction of Culture.

I doubt if anywhere in the world there is more talk about "culture" and less action than in this Island of Fetishes and Bollards (rpt bollards). I am very conscious that this is the first article for 1973, and the only resolution I will make is to pursue with even more zeal the charlatans than I have in the past, and to help where I can those who are trying to make a living in this country in the music profession. Therefore I am joining battle with Mr. Fanning on the grounds of his very misguided remark.

As far as I am aware no official body has expressed condemnation and one wonders what on earth the Federation of Musicians have been doing. If anyone had made similar remarks about factory workers there would be an outcry from the unions concerned. Mr. Fanning apparently is under the impression that the orchestras are an expendable, frivolous luxury. It has possibly not occurred to him to ponder on the effect their disbandment would have on the Wexford Festival.

It may come as a surprise to Mr. Fanning to learn that the members of the RTESO are also members of the New Irish Chamber Orchestra which only six weeks ago was acclaimed by critics of *The Guardian*, *Times* and *Telegraph* as one of the best in Europe.

What I find alarming about Mr. Fanning's remarks is that I know perfectly well that they represent the tip of the iceberg and that a great many people share his misguided and short-sighted ideas. We have a deplorable record in our past treatment of writers in the English and Irish language. Nowadays a slight glimmer of comprehension is penetrating the dark overcast, but there is still plenty of suspicion of the word-peddler.

I can think of nothing more tickening than to be present at a function listening to a politician making a speech which has been written by some un-

fortunate civil servant and of which he does not understand a single word.

The references to "culture" are frequent and "Irish Culture" occurs on every second line. The fact that he and his like have done everything possible to stamp out our native distinction never crosses his mind.

Recently Sean Keating was heard to say on the Late Late Show that had he had the good fortune to grow up in a French or German village he would be a much better artist. His point was that he would be living in an environment which not only was sympathetic to beauty, but actually did something about it. I have made the point many times in these columns that the first thing they did in Rotterdam was to build a concert hall after the war, and in Darmstadt a new concert hall is at present under construction.

If RTE were to abandon the orchestra (and it might be possible if another State body were to be resurrected to deal with the arts) they would still have to hire the orchestras because not even RTE could function entirely on gramophone records. Mr. Fanning is apparently not aware that music is an international language and whether it is pop, classical, jazz, or trad, the standard of one branch always reflects on the other. The fact that the Chieftains were so wildly popular in Germany recently will help all Irish musicians who may go to that country.

Mr. Fanning is no philistine. He was glad to watch *L'Enfance du Christ* (Berlioz) and *Macbeth* (Verdi) on foreign TV over the Christmas but he sees no need for the natives of this country to try their hand at doing either of these marvellous works. If this theory is carried to its logical conclusion why does Mr. Fanning continue to produce the Midland Tribune when he can buy the *Guardian* or *The Times*?

A similar and equally valid comparison could be made between Claddagh Records and NIRC have done. I am not all that it was Gareth Browne's insistence on high standards and his taste in selecting only the best musicians available that made it obligatory and easier for another Irish Record Company to be formed in Ireland for the purveyance of classical music and the work of modern Irish composers as NIRC have done. I am not forgetting that Gael-Linn were in the field before Mr. Browne and they too must be given a share of credit.

It is one of the more astonishing things about the natives of this country that they only get excited about a work of art when it is no longer available to them, Georgian houses, perspectives, writers and composers. The artist who tries to make a living in this country does so against fearful odds. Musicians are no exception.

I would like to say to both RTE orchestras that Willie Hoffman may be gone from Lincoln Place but RTE are making a documentary film about his work, and they will need fiddles and bows so don't throw them away boys . . .

Naturally it never occurred to anyone to make a documentary about the art of repairing and making violins UNTIL HOFFMAN WAS GONE.



Ingrid Thulin in a scene from Bergman's film *The Rite*.

The Artist's Life



LEGEND HAS it that one time Orson Welles by chance wandered into the middle of a screening at a film festival only to rush out again some minutes later shouting in anguish, "My God, it's a Robert Bresson film!" It strikes me that a number of filmgoers may be struck with similar apprehension when faced with yet another Ingmar Bergman film such as *THE RITE* (International). Bergman made this film originally for Swedish television, thus following the tendency for important directors to diversify into the younger medium. Fellini's *The Clowns*, Bertolucci's *The Spider's Web*, Olmi's *The Scavengers* were similarly made for television before being distributed in cinemas, making a pleasant change from the interminable run of old movies on television.

The Rite does suggest its origin in its use of only four characters and spare functional settings with minimal background details to distract us from the close continuity of the dialogue; in cameraman Sven Nyquist's riveting use of large closeups; in its being divided into nine titled episodes, five of which take place in a black and grey office, the rest in a hotel room, a confessional, a stage dressing room and a hotel bar. In fact, we see Bergman turning the restrictions of the medium into a virtue.

A trio of famous actors, a woman and two men, are brought before an examining magistrate, accused of performing an obscene turn called "The Rite". At first the magistrate is unctuously polite,

seemingly anxious to get the matter over with in a spirit of understanding. But as he interrogates each of them separately, he gradually reveals himself as a destructive element, mercilessly probing and exposing their individual weaknesses. He exposes the shabbiness of their lives, their moral weaknesses, their marital problems and the ills of the flesh, including epilepsy, eczema and halitosis.

Their personal lives are in a mess. The woman is married to the older man but is sleeping with the younger who cannot satisfy her sexually. The older man hides his inner boredom with the whole set up beneath an air of efficiency; the woman is highly neurotic and disturbed; the younger man is a psychopathic bully who is in financial trouble. But during the process of investigation the magistrate is also revealed as a lost creature without hope—he feels absolutely alone, he has heart trouble, and his sweating body signals the death whose approach he dreads without the comfort of any religious conviction. His facade of righteousness crumbles as he cruelly lures the older man into offering him a bribe, and then tries to rape the emotionally disturbed woman. All of them, actors and magistrate, seem to be trapped in a mutual hell like the characters in "Huis Clos".

But as he tries to destroy them, the actors have one advantage—the integrity of art. They offer to put on for him a private performance of the allegedly obscene number, an orgiastic blood rite complete with bird masks, bladders of blood, knives and dildoes in which the magistrate becomes the victim, dying of a heart attack. Thus they destroy him in a scene that recalls the metamorphosis episode from *The Hour of the Wolf*, and,

even more, the charlatan Vogler's use of his art in *The Face* to wreak vengeance.

The Rite is familiar Bergman territory — "the sensual longing for humiliation" (as a character terms it), guilt, abasement, the sexual triangle, the validity and integrity of art and its hypnotic power, which links *The Rite* to the great art trilogy. Bergman seems to be saying that the artist, by seeking new freedoms for his art, revitalising it by returning once again to its primitive sources, can overthrow the values of our bourgeois society. As the actors, Gunnar Bjornstrand and Anders Elk, give the kind of performances we expect from a Bergman film, and Erik Hell as the magistrate is equally impressive. But it is Ingrid Thulin's performance as the neurotic woman that is fascinating, pointing up the fact that Bergman can get the kind of performance from this actress that nobody else is able to.

Where the film seems to fall down, to my mind, is in that last climactic scene which does not stand up to the weight placed upon it. I may be wrong in this judgment, since the film as we have it is some nine minutes shorter than the full version, and in the excisions the last scene has suffered. The other film at the International, *THE TRAGEDY OF A SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR*, has also suffered at the hands of the Appeal Board with some eight minutes lopped off. This was the film that introduced Western Europe to the eccentric world of the Yugoslav film-maker, Dusan Makavejev. It was also the film that gave John Trevelyan and the British Board of Censors the well-publicised problem of what to do about a scene which showed pubic

hair: in the event they cut the shots. It's hard now to believe that all this furor took place only three years ago!

The film begins with an amiable old professor ("past it now") launching into an illustrated lecture on pornography and the generative significance of hen's eggs. We then watch the beginning of a love affair between the switchboard operator Isabella and Ahmed, a rat catcher. This affair ends in tragedy when the lovers have a row and Isabella accidentally falls into a well and is drowned, and Ahmed is charged with her murder. What Makavejev is doing is to contrast the institutional view of sex which takes no account of passion with the pleasure and eroticism of the real thing, which often ends in violence. Makavejev also gives us two schools of thought on the question of violence. We have another lecture on criminology, a professor talking about the perfect murder, as well as a clinical account of a post-mortem as carried out on the corpse of Isabella; and the film cuts back and forth between these scenes and the physical rapture of the lovers. Makavejev is suggesting that sexual disaster, whether in comic or in tragic terms, is man's destiny, but that lovers carry on regardless. For good measure Makavejev tosses in newsreel clips of the Russian revolution and the sacking of churches, a cookery demonstration, a dissertation on the extermination of rats and a poem on this subject. The strange thing is that all the disparate elements eventually cohere into a collage of life as it is lived.

First Lecture to Art Students

(On the occasion of 'Interaction,' a joint exhibition by the students of Dublin, Belfast, Cork and Limerick, at the Project Arts Centre.)



ART
Dorothy Walker

ONE cannot make art or, for that matter, non-art, without using a method, whether the method be applying paint to canvas with a brush, or with a spray-gun, or with a bucket, or making objects out of knitting or chicken-wire or foam polystyrene. Each method has its own possibilities but each method has its own problems. It seems to me that the prime, if not the only function of an art school is to help the student solve the problems of the method he selects to best express his ideas, whether these ideas involve straight photographic reproduction, or more complex concepts of visual repercussion. (It is inconceivable to me that the student, even if young and inexperienced, should have no ideas).

In the present state of world art, where literally every method of making art is current (and the trend is fairly faithfully reflected in the exhibition) the judgment and/or enjoyment of art relies ever more purely on the emanation of the creative spirit from the work. The emanation depends for its clarity on the expertise of the method used. The expertise may consist in being vague, or even obscure, in order to convey an idea accurately, or it may involve boldness, brashness, harshness, discord, harmony, or any combination of qualities, but it must integrate the idea with the technique absolutely. There is a fascinating example of this total integration in two opposing pictorial styles of the artist Larry Poons. In his

optical paintings, when he was concerned with the behaviour of certain forms when painted in particular colours in special relation to other colours, he exacted the most exciting visual performance from oval dots dancing and jumping on and off a large canvas, in a beautifully sharp, clear, light painting style. Nothing interfered with the optical effects the artist was seeking. Later he became preoccupied with entirely different ideas, romantic, lyrical, abstract ideas which he conveyed on even bigger canvases, drenched in paint, layer upon thick, lurid layer, the top layer always dragging away to reveal further infinite layers underneath. While this second style is free-flowing, heavily encrusted, multi-coloured, it conveys the artist's idea with as much precision as his earlier very precise oil paintings.

In other words, I am very concerned about technique, all techniques as a means of making clear what one is trying to say. I will go one further than Voltaire and say that I will die for your right to say what you think so long as you say it clearly. If you clarify the technique, it helps to clarify what you want to say. You cannot make a clear statement through a muddled technique, and it is not because a technique is new or experimental that it should be badly done. Go to see the Estella Solomons exhibition at the Hendriks Gallery and study the small mezzotint *Cottage*. Here you will see the perfect use of a technique, mezzotint engraving, to convey the artist's idea about a lonely mountain cottage, in which the quality of the mezzotint gives beautiful planes of soft, dark surface, aesthetically most arresting on their own, but also, in the context of the

picture, expressive of darkness and loneliness.

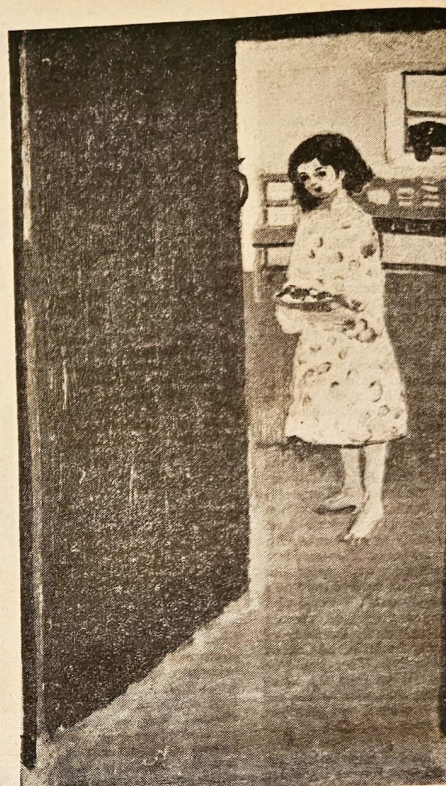
The students from the Ulster College of Art, Belfast, appear to have better technical tutors than the other colleges and are more in command of their ideas. Their work is also more original. The knitted fireplace is a marvellously witty adaptation of Oldenburg's soft sculptures, transposing the urban industrialised vinyl which he uses, to the cosy, rural, more local craft of knitting. Here is an example of a young artist absorbing an influence and using it for her own ends, unlike the student in the National College of Art who simply produces a straight re-run of his teacher Charles Harper's trick of dividing his painting up into many small squares, with no apparent benefits to his own ideas.

The Cork, Limerick and Belfast students all showed well-made and interesting sculpture. This is very encouraging and indeed courageous, in view of the poor patronage which sculpture traditionally receives. I am sorry not to be able to give the names of these promising young artists, since the numbering and cataloguing of the works is quite inadequate. I may be upbraided again for frivolous superficiality in referring to such details, but it seems to me that if one goes along with the exhibition convention, one may as well do it properly, and I honestly don't see that providing the names of the artists, with the media, date and dimensions of the works, need detract from the work itself. Such details are useful for the historical record; indeed, dates of the works of Estella Solomons should surely have been given in this first posthumous exhibition.

In this respect, the Gerard Dillon catalogue at the Municipal Gallery is impeccable, jointly produced by the Northern Ireland Art Council and an Chomhairle Ealaíon.

The name Gerard Dillon has an inherent cheerfulness; everyone liked him, his pictures are gay, cheerful, undemanding, Irish, familiar, reassuring. He is never trying to be clever or difficult, but has a simple, awkward, style which is comically charming. In a way his work is wrecked by charm; his forms are trapped in a comical cast and, although he was a totally serious artist, there is something not serious in his work; he withholds himself, as if unwilling to show his inner self, and indeed he is right, for when he does show his inner self, as in his great grief for the death of his brothers, he is shown as inductibly sentimental and his painterly eye goes to pieces, like in the really terrible painting *In the blue hills* or a much earlier painting *Aran Lovers*. I think this is the weakness one senses even in the very good and strong comic pictures. One has only to compare him with the primitive painter James Dixon of Tory Island to see the innate seriousness of the latter: his work is absolutely direct, there is no withholding, no comic front, the vision is harsher, starker, less appealing, less charming, much better.

There are, however, three works in the exhibition which are quite direct and which bring us back to the basic question of technique: the first two are collages, the *Glove Bird* and *Beast Bird*; one using an old glove to make the bird and the other using a small crocodile skin from an old handbag. The limitation of the glove-skin carried him over the comic



"Girl at the Door" from the Gerard Dillon Retrospective Exhibition now showing at the Municipal Gallery, Dublin.

hump of his own drawing, and this painting is a genuine hilarious fantasy, like the best found-object sculptures of Picasso. The same applies to the crocodile, although it is not quite so inspired as the glove. *Composition on gray* is

a fine abstract painting on dark colours, with sand in the pigment to give a textural effect. I suppose, however, that Gerard Dillon will be remembered most for his bright primitive paintings of a never-never Irish scene.



NEWS IN THE ARTS
John O'Reilly

Open The Gate

THE EDWARDS' production of *LIAMMOIR* MacLiammoir/MacLiammoir's production of 'An Ideal Husband' is still packing them in after four months, which is certainly satisfying for Edwards/MacLiammoir and Co., but it does pose some interesting problems. Any critique of Gate (or Abbey) policy must consider that both the Gate (or Abbey) are publicly subsidised, the Gate by about £30,000 each year, the Abbey by six times that amount. The Gate subsidy was awarded with the express intention of assisting a MacLiammoir/Edwards rep. season for six months each year (and no two people in Irish theatre are more deserving of such subsidy), and the theatre was to be made available for the other six months to outside companies.

While one could quarrel with some dubious choices of play and the quality of some productions seen in the Gate during the past two years, the policy up to now has been more or less adhered to. However, at the start of the current Mac-

Liammoir/Edwards season, six plays were announced for the six month period, but after four months only one has been staged. While it is understandably a hard decision to take off such a success, it will inevitably mean a reduction of the season to possibly only two plays. Or do they intend to extend their season past the six months, which would not only deprive other companies of access to the Gate, but disregard the policy to which the subsidy was attached? A further consideration is the fact that a marathon run during an intended repertory season deprives many other actors of work at a time when unemployment in the industry is at its highest. Apparently some 30,000 people have attended the Gate Theatre for this play alone; surely an obvious solution given a smash hit would have been for a short transfer to the Gaiety or Olympia (which have had rather hastily-packaged variety weeks at odd times) and so leave the Gate free for the next MacLiammoir/Edwards show. To which we all look forward.

Sorry To Part

RECORD sales for Irish rock group, *Horslips'* first L.P., *Happy to Meet/Sorry to Part*, on their own 'Oats' label has reached an incredible (for the Irish market) 9,000, and it's still selling well. The group are negotiating record contracts in England and the Continent prior to taking the mail boat to seek international recognition. They are now possibly the biggest concert and ballroom draw in the country, so their departure to foreign fields cannot be postponed much longer. But you will have a chance to see them in the *Fillmore* in Bray in March, and in Dublin in February at a date and venue to be arranged.

Art Loan

THE ARTS Council have arranged that a selection of their paintings be exhibited on circulating loan to the Crawford Municipal Gallery in Cork, Waterford Art Gallery and Limerick Art Gallery. The loan of the paintings will extend over three years, changing in each centre every nine months. At least it makes a pleasant change from the policy of buying up so many paintings each year which get no

further than the basement of the Arts Council H.Q. in Merrion Square.

T.V. Drama

R.T.E. DRAMA department's offerings for the Spring look a little more encouraging than their Autumn mini- (or non-) season, mainly because it is augmented by two productions scheduled for the Autumn which were postponed for a variety of reasons. There are four half-hourly dramatised documentaries, Swift by Eugene McCabe, Parnell by Anthony Cronin, Canon Sheehan by Eoin Harris and O'Casey by John Arden and Marguerita D'Arcy. There is also a three-part serial on the famine by Thomas Murphy and plays by Michael Judge "Decoy" and "I'm getting out of this kip" by Heno Magee.

Classical Guitar

SOUTH AMERICAN classical guitarist, *Romulo Lazare*, will give a recital in the Exam. Hall in T.C.D. on Friday, 19th, at 8 p.m., organised by the Spanish Cultural Institute. A former Director of the National School of Music in Vene-

zuela and currently Professor of Guitar at the Hayden Conservatory in Eisenstadt, he will be playing many of his own compositions, as well as pieces by Scarlatti, Mendelssohn and Bach.

Bogside Drama

EAMONN MORRISSEY, Raymond Hardy and Angela Newman head the cast of *Brian Friel's* new play, "Freedom of the City," which Thomas MacAnna is directing in the Abbey. The play, inspired by the Bloody Sunday shootings in Derry a year ago, is set in the Guildhall, where the three main characters take refuge after a British Army C.S. gas attack. Coincidentally, the play opens on the same night at the Royal Court in London, but Friel will be attending the Dublin rehearsals. The Abbey will be taking their production of *Seal Scall* on a three-week Gaeltacht tour, which opens at the Everyman in Cork before playing in West Cork, West Kerry, Clare Island and Limerick.

Concert Hall

ACTION... at last in respect of the Concert Hall. The MAI have set up a committee to look into and

ginger things up in respect of a National Concert Hall. The committee, stationed some of their members outside the Gaiety Theatre on Sunday night last and as patrons went in to the Theatre for the first of the season's Public Concerts they were given a pink slip of paper on which they were asked "Do you want a Concert Hall Now?" They were invited to sign the paper and hand it back on the way out. A simple and economic method and considering the weather conditions of last Sunday night entirely praiseworthy on the part of the organisers. What is the next step? Hopefully no more faith in the Government's good intentions.

N.I.C.O. and Bach

THE NEW Irish Chamber Orchestra with the Guinness Choir and John Beckett directing operations will give a series of performances of Bach Cantatas starting on Sunday Jan 28th. The soloists will be Frank Patterson and William Young and the subsequent performances will be on Feb. 5th and Feb. 17th at 3.30 p.m. in St. Annes Church, Dawson Street.

Ria Mooney: Neglected And Forgotten



ON A DARK foggy morning last week we said goodbye to Ria Mooney. And I said goodbye to a chapter of my youth of which she was a most endearing and valuable part. When we were both young and green and optimistic we toured Northern England, Scotland, eventually the outskirts of London, with The Irish Players. I was her understudy; she was playing Mary Boyle in *June* and some dismal ingenue role in *The New Gossoon*, the title of which speaks for itself. I had four pounds a week; she had seven. She sent two pounds a week back to her father and I, of course, spent everything on myself. Out of this splendid salary we had to find our own food and lodging and the first lodging in Leeds was situated in Claypit Lane. Get us out of here, I cried to Tony Quinn, the stage manager, "it smells of cholera!" So, he being a good kind man, moved into Claypit and we moved into his flat rooms in Mill Lane. Neither of us drank or played bridge and we were both in awe of our elders and (sic) betters, so we kept ourselves to ourselves. We read a great deal in the public libraries and we haunted the second-hand bookshops and I introduced Ria to the Brontës; naturally, we were touring Bronte country. Like the Three Sisters hopelessly trying to get to Moscow, we never got to Haworth or Wuthering Heights. However, Ria developed an obsession for the Brontës, which never left her and years later she collaborated with Donald Stauffuer on a successful dramatisation of *Wuthering Heights* produced at the Gate, in which she played Cathy. Ah, bliss! Ria had very little formal education and neither had I—my years at Alexandra College were spent in riotous living, but we had aspirations and lost no time improving our minds during that eight months tour. Ria went to the USA with the Irish Players when the tour concluded and I returned to Dublin to play with the second string Abbey company, the stars had all gone to America. It was rather a relief, for when those older stars were around it was, I often felt, like living in Paris under *The Terror*. Ria and I always remained good friends. We met again in Boston and New York when I was married and trying to make myself into a Boston matron and she was then working with Eve Le Gallienne's repertory company. When she returned to Dublin, I told her she was a fool and that she would regret it.

We always met and reminisced and confided in each other on my yearly visits to Dublin. I eventually gathered that her work as director of the Abbey was seriously impeded by the chauvinism of the overlords and one overlord in particular: "I have to give that wretched little untalented girl big parts

because her Irish is good and HE admires her." There was an excellent repertory company forming in Boston during the 'Fifties and I cabled Ria begging her to apply for the job as director. She refused. "I have to stand by them now. The fire has done dreadful things to us psychologically. We're all burnt out inside..."

I saw her two years later. She was showing signs of real strain and she was groaning about the inefficiency, the insubordination and the obsession with the language revival. They come drunk to rehearsals, Mary, and the smoking, the careless smoking. It's like trying to work in a nest of hornets. The one criterion for everything is Irish. It doesn't matter if you're a hunchback with stutter, if you have Irish you can play Juliet." Her one great joy was her association with Jack Yeats. They worked together closely on his plays and in fact it was she who persuaded the Abbey to produce them. For this, she did not even receive a mention in Prof. Robin Skelton's preface to his collected edition of Jack Yeats Plays. When she resigned as director, I knew nothing of the background story, but when I saw her in '65 she was an empty shell. The fight was over. She was going down and no flags flying. Her face was to the wall. I begged her to write her biography and spare no one. She wanted me to collaborate, but it was impossible, I had to go home to Boston.

On the advice of a good friend, she had bought the house in Goatstown, so at least she had a roof over her head, but I may say she would have been without means if a faithful friend in the USA had not sent her an allowance, for Ria was even then keeping her ninety-year-old father and an aunt. The same friend left her a substantial trust fund for life so Ria, no thanks to an ungrateful country, could spend the last years of her life in comfort. The poignant thing about those last years was that I felt she had been thrown aside like an old overcoat and except for a few friends, neglected and forgotten. She turned up for first nights, but it was a ghostly manifestation. The last time I saw her in St. Luke's when she knew me and could talk was, I love to think, a happy time.

"Do you remember our English tour Ria? I used to do a lot of sketching when I was sitting around understudying. Big deal. 'Here you are,' I held up the sketch. 'You were, I think, twenty-three and you had black hair and green eyes and you were five feet tall.'"

"Yes, that's me. I mean that was me. Mary, do you remember the Don's wife at Oxford, a man with a huge nose and a lip, who showed us Arnold's Signal elm? She was amazed we'd ever heard of *The Scholar Gipsy*."

"Or read any poetry, poor ignorant strolling players. Irish too."

"And when we asked the bus driver in Bolton how to get to Haworth Parsonage. He looked at us as if we were mad."

"We were mad. And we

never saw Haworth or the Moors or Wuthering Heights."

"I saw them afterwards, but it was not the same. You have to see everything like for the first time when you're young."

"I know, but there's always memory."

"You can see them again—in the mind's eye." She

moistened her lips; her poor mouth was parched; I suppose it was the drugs. "As I lie here, I can see all kinds of beautiful pictures from my past on that wall opposite and though a lot of it was sad there were beautiful things. I can see Jack Yeats seated in the theatre, his head a little to one side and that shy little smile. 'Do you think I'm mad, Ria?', he used to say. 'Do you think my plays are crazy? I loved that man. Then I can see New York in the snow. I once drove round Central Park in a hansom cab with George Jean Nathan. And

Spring mornings in Glencree. And Paris with Denis Devlin. And you and I, Mary, a pair of greenhorns, eating fish and chips on our way back from the theatre in Bolton, arguing about Jane Eyre. It's beautiful when you're young, and it's beautiful sometimes, to lie here remembering..."

I said goodbye to her and promised to come back. The hospital was getting ready for Christmas and as I walked along the sad corridors I thought of Andersen's Little Match Girl, who struck her last match on that freezing Christmas Eve and beheld all the glories of heaven and that small dying husk of a woman in the hospital bed who saw on the wall of her room, not the sad, but the happy pictures from her past. "No, no, go out to Lethe." The next time I saw her she didn't know me and two weeks later she was dead.



Ria Mooney

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MOTERING RICHARD O'HAGAN

Triumph Dolomite

TRIUMPH HAD the body — ex the 1300/1500 — and they had the engine in the well-proven form of the 1.85 litre, single o.h.c. unit they've been supplying to SAAB. So, having decided there was a gap in the market to be plugged, they had available the components for such a plugging operation, up to and including a name much beloved of the stable, "Dolomite". There was therefore a lot running for them, no pun intended, and the addition of an extra Stromberg carb to this engine helped attain an extra 3 b.h.p. and a lot more urge than that number might suggest. Nor, can it be said en passant, has that

motor reached the end of its stretching yet.

The sole snag was, however, that the Dolomite should really have been front-wheel driven but a compromise could not be reached, for financial reasons, between the transmission layout of the SAAB on which the engine design had originally been based, and the fact that the 1300's transmission was not man enough to handle all the extra torque. Thus, this latest Triumph has the engine in the front, tilted to 45 degrees, driving the rear wheels, and the more I steered it, the more I reflected how splendid it would have been had it been

front-wheel drive.

Which is not to say that it does not handle nicely particularly on stretches of winding bends, but the most noticeable thing about it is its thrift. This car — almost nineteen hundred c.c.s remember, and weighing nearly a ton — delivered just over thirty miles to the gallon on a total acquaintance of very nearly 500 miles — and with four people up for a great part thereof. This frugality, too, is enhanced by a monster fuel tank of twelve-and-a-half gallons. It is, as I said, pleasant to handle on the bends in that it is a driver's car with a close-ratio, excellent, floor-mounted shift, and in traffic and in the intermediate speeds it is very quiet. It is not quite so appealing when up and running very fast; the road noise comes up quite strongly; nor, come to that, was I madly taken with the lighting; not infrequently I found myself driving "over" the lights which is irritating. Top speed comes just about the ton but it is clear that the engine, at those rpm, is over its power curve and falling away. But again, as in the case of the bhp increase, this is really to do it less than

justice since it is its celerity through the box that is so impressive.

The furnishings and fittings are extremely good and Triumph deserve all the plaudits for their retention of the tilt-and-telescope function in the steering column (you can move the wheel; up or down or in and out) and this, complemented by an almost infinitely adjustable seat means that any driver can get the car to fit him perfectly. The difference this makes to driving comfort is enormous. Similarly the instrument lay-out including clock and tachometer is clear and excellent as are the heating/ventilation controls and their effect. Indeed, I would give this cockpit full marks were it not for the fact that there is literally nowhere to put the clutch foot other than at an awkward and contortion-invoking angle.

All passengers, incidentally, remarked on the interior comfort though it must be said that, by today's cavernous standards, the boot is somewhat sparse. All in all, a pleasant car; well-finished and mannerly and by no means dull to drive — in fact I am sure

it would increase in appeal the longer one has it. By the way, whilst speaking of its thrift I should have said that it came as no surprise to me to learn that the Dolomite won its class (1,751 to 2,500 c.c.s) in the Mobil Economy Run last year, returning 40.5 m.p.g. over 944 miles.

Engine: In-line 4-cylinder, 45 deg. tilt; 1,854 c.c., single o.h.c., twin Stromberg carbs; C/R 9:1, developing 91 b.h.p. at 5,200 and 105 ft/lbs. torque at 3,500 r.p.m. (both net).

Transmission: 4-speed, all-synch floor mounted.

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Costs: £1,917, (U.K. £1,464).

P.S. STRICTLY FOR those who dabble with the innards of their own chariots, mention must be made of one of the handiest gadgets we've seen for a long time. This is for removing spark

plugs when, as is so often the case, their removal involves physical contortions, the spilling of blood and much bad language, all arising from the fact that the designer who so located them never had to remove one in his life — other than when his prototype engine was sitting on a bench under a strong light.

The "sleeve-lock" plug spanner solves these problems and, as well, the additional one caused when some mad mechanic has screwed in the plugs with, apparently, a capstan bar. It consists of a long-reach handle, a universal joint and a spanner head inset in which is a rubber piece that prevents damage to the plug and grips it for lifting clear. So you can get this on to any plug in any position and then, by passing a supplied tommy bar through a hole in this long-reach handle, you can exert all the torque you could require, and Bob, if not your uncle, is rid of blood. Can be used for any engine; I can think of outboard motors — and inboard motors — in which it would be of immense help. About £125 retail and made by Ives Engineers, Ltd., Bournemouth, England.



Radio

Morning Sickness

Liz Whelan

THERE IS A pernicious little theory still trotting round the RTE planning rooms that deserves to be very securely spancelled. The way to combat competition from BBC radio, it bleats, is to combine all four BBC radio channels into one RTE programme, thereby pleasing everyone. But the ragged amalgamation of music, news and information churned out for 31 hours every weekday morning, "Morning Airs", is surely proof enough that this argument treads on cloven feet, and brandishes a three-pronged fork.

The only gesture towards continuity in the first 24 hours is the announcer's voice, pleasant enough when it issues from Valerie McGovern's fur-lined larynx, but a mixed blessing when it means the rasping voice and arthritic link phrases of Uinsin MacGrúaire. As for the "Airs", the last hour of requests is virtually a separate programme, and rightly reflects a change of musical tastes, but the producers' decision to juxtapose Mozart, Harry Secombe and The Chieftains before breakfast suggests that their ears are made of thick Connemara tweed, unless, (could it be?) they have concluded that by briefly pleasing different minority tastes, they achieve one big happy audience. But the admirers of Mozart are, more likely, mortified by Mr. Secombe, and vice versa, and are united only in moaning that they really want to hear the news.

The organising principle behind the programme seems to be that if you can't get yourself up out of bed, RTE will sort out nothing to help you. Fiddling with the volume control on the advertisement tapes, for example, is apparently an acceptable (and effective)

prank. The jollity is even sustained through "It Says in the Papers", where the headlines with the most laborious puns are reserved for us to savour, and we can chuckle to the snippety little stories that didn't make it into the main newscast. There is too seldom a serious attempt to assess the competence with which the same stories are handled by the different papers, even if this item's more daring compilers venture occasionally to contrast the leaders in the *Irish Press* and the *Belfast Newsletter*.

The news, and the traffic and farming information that manage to slip in between the music and advertisements, are of exclusively Irish interest, and cannot be rivalled by the BBC. *Radio 4's* morning *Today* programme of newsy British items is not a particularly enticing one for Irish listeners. Peering over the Irish Sea at the multi-headed cabbages and racing snails of Dorset seems a somewhat voyeuristic way to start the day. So, the only real competition that RTE faces at this time of the day is the constant one from the three BBC music channels. At the week-end RTE offers us comfortably sized doses of music of defined types, and, on Saturdays, a bracing fifteen minute sprint round the major world capitals, and, on Sundays, we may rise with donnish gentility to "Sunday Miscellany". The more reason, then, for RTE to abandon the pretence that the particular needs of the weekday audience justify the broadcasting of this uncoordinated hybrid, "Morning Airs", and divide the time into purposeful contrasting programmes. After all, in radio it is not just money that distinguishes the good programme from the bad.

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expensive 3-litres don't offer) smooths out humps and bumps so effectively you'll wonder what happened to all the bad roads.

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The Unspoilt Algarve

Susan Lowndes

A HUNDRED and twenty miles in length, the southernmost coast of Portugal has been cleverly developed, with hotels and building projects confined mainly to the seaside villages and in parts of the hinterland, so the visitor can travel for miles through unspoiled country.

Most visitors fly direct to the airport outside Faro, which is situated almost in the centre of the long coastline. There is a reasonably-priced hotel, the **Albacor**, for bed and breakfast only, from 140 escudos a day (62 escudos = £1). But Faro, although it has a fascinating museum, a superb cathedral, baroque churches and good shops, is a real country town and not the place for a holiday on sun-drenched sands. You can order a Self-Drive car to meet you at the airport, but the whole of the Algarve is connected with a network of local buses and there is a little train that chugs along the coast from Vila Real de Santo Antonio in the east to Lagos in the west and both these methods of transport, as well as taxis, are incredibly cheap.

Most of the well-known resorts lie to the west of Faro, on the way to Cape St. Vincent

and Sagres, where Henry the Navigator planned the voyages which were to open up the sea route to the East. First come **Vale do Lobo** and **Vilamoura**, both luxury places with golf courses, but nearby is the village of **Quarteira**, right on the ocean, and every evening the fishing boats come in and the catch is sold there and then on the beach. The **Hotel Toca do Coelho** charges from 300 escudos a day with full board and there are several restaurants, including the **Taverna del Rei**, where you can eat good Portuguese food and listen to "Fados," the wistful folk songs of which the Portuguese are so fond.

Albufeira, the first place in the Algarve to be really hit by the tourist boom, has nevertheless preserved its original charm with steep alleys, flights of steps leading from one level to another and pretty open squares. Apart from the big hotels there are two good Estalagems, the **Cerro** and the **Mar a Vista** from 300 escudos a day, and several pensions, as well as numerous night clubs and restaurants. **La Cigale** has delicious food and is very popular, the **Aldeia** is also

good as is the **Borda d'Agua**, but the place to which everyone drops in to meet their friends or to make new ones, is **Sic Harry's Bar**, where the drinks are moderate in price, snacks available at lunch time, but not in the evening.

Always going west, **Armazao de Pera**, with a superb beach, has the 4-star **Hotel do Garbe** and the **Estalagem Algar** is only 260 escudos a day. On the main east-west road a little inland, the **Estalagem Sao Jorge at Pera**, has a fixed price lunch or dinner at 65 escudos with plenty of choice. A motel, the **Algarve**, is also away from the coast, near **Portimao**, a large town, better for shopping or eating than for staying. On the road to Lagos, the **Penina Golf Hotel** is one of the best of the real luxury hotels in the Algarve. Lagos is a delightful town with lovely beaches nearby. It is light and gay with several reasonably priced hotels, among them the **San Cristovao** and the **Riomar**. The **Costa d'Oiro**, **Dona Ana** and **Caravela** pensions are all under 200 escudos a day, with board. **O Trovador at Praa Jean de Deus 21** has delicious snacks at lunchtime and first-class dishes at dinner. Prices are medium. In the **Largo do Convento da Senhora da Gloria**, the **Alpendre** and the **Lagosteira** serve good Portuguese food and their prices are also moderate. The **Praia de Salema** has a really lovely



Albufeira

Estalagem, the **Infantendo Mar**, with delicious French food, about 320 escudos a day and at Sagres itself is the **Estalagem das Descobertas** and several very reasonably priced pensions.

There are fewer beaches east of Faro, the best-known one being **Monte Gordo** with huge hotels, the **Vasco da Gama**, the **Caravelas** and the **Navegadores** as well as several smaller places including the **Albergaria de Monte Gordo**. Visitors to

the Algarve and indeed to any part of Portugal should remember that seaside and country pensions are always clean and the food is good. In any town there are sure to be several small restaurants as well as cafes, which often serve eggs and ham and sometimes a steak. House wines are usually good and much cheaper than listed wines and strangers will find that everyone is helpful and tries to aid the sometimes bewildered traveller.

Paris on the Cheap

Desiree Moorehead

PARIS SEEMS to offer its best when visited for a few days or else slowly digested over a long consecutive period. The latter not always being feasible here are some addresses designed to make the first suggestion as painless, financially, as possible. First and most indispensable is the cheap hotel: the **Hotel de la Tournele** at 65 Quai de la Tournele can be recommended for its picturesque surroundings near the Seine and Notre Dame and price of 18 francs for a double room (11.8 francs = £1); on the tip of the Ile de la Cité at 25 Place Dauphine is the **Hotel Henry IV** at 25 francs for a double with breakfast included. Right in the heart of the Quartier Latin the rue du Sommerard offers the **Hotel Watter** at 31.50 with shower and breakfast.

The **Hotel Home Latin** at 32 francs with breakfast or the **Hotel de la Loire** at 20 francs without breakfast, but with a plethora of exotic and friendly clients and nearby all the delights of this warm and colourful area with cafes where one can sit undisturbed for hours and reasonably priced cinemas some featuring fine old Hollywood films. The **Hotel des Bains** at 33 rue Delambre is excellent value for two at 24 francs plus breakfast and is one minute from the cafes and night-clubs of Montparnasse — the public baths behind the hotel not only offer cleanliness at low price but also facilities for soothing away the hangover and other hygienic amenities. Nearby is the rue

Jules-Chaplain where at No. 11 bis the **Hotel Chaplain** has accommodation for two at 20 francs per night. This most delightful of streets is a hub of the night life of Montparnasse and for 12 francs one can dance for hours at **Jacky's Bar** beside the hotel.

Having established oneself in a hotel food becomes a matter for serious consideration. For those on tight budgets lunch can be an ample and delicious collation by buying a baguette of bread and then some pâté or cheese in a delicatessen (charcuterie). Some of these shops offer a hot dish at lunchtime at about 4.50 francs per portion—take time to look around and ignore the attentions of the proprietor until you are quite ready to choose.

However, if completely overcome by hunger the **Grand Restaurant Colbert** (open between 12 noon and 2.30 p.m.) at 2 rue Vivienne offers a comprehensive menu for about 8 francs with wine. The **restaurant Julien** at 16 rue Saint-Denis with a menu of 9.50 francs with wine is well worth a visit for its flamboyant decor. Around the Latin Quarter the **Self-Service Latin** at the corner of the boulevard Saint-Germain and the boulevard Saint-Michel offers an excellent menu at 6.50 without wine. **La Source**, another self-service at 35 boulevard Saint-Michel comes to about 8 francs with wine and the food is good. **Les Balkans** at 33 rue Saint-Jacques offers Greek specialities at 9.30 with wine. **La Petite Hostellerie** at 35 rue

de la Harpe is 8.50 without wine but the atmosphere is odorous and intimate. Stand-up and delicious sandwiches or sticky cakes can be eaten at the **Pâtisserie du Sud Tunisie** at the corner of the rue de la Harpe and the rue Saint-Severin. The **restaurant Jean** in the Passage Saint-Andre des Arts has a menu with wine at 8.50 francs and afterwards one can walk around the picturesque passage and through the beautiful Cour de Rohan, one of the few untouched parts of old Paris. The **Vaguenne** at 142 boulevard Saint-Germain is more expensive at 15 francs but its sumptuous gay nineties decor makes it a worthwhile expense.

At the corner of the boulevard Montparnasse and boulevard Raspail is the big brasserie the **Rond Point**, where the food is honest and there is a menu at 8.50 with wine. Nearby is the rue de la Grande Chaumière frequented by art students and artists and where one can eat at **chez Wajda** at No. 10 for 9 francs with wine. At **Dominiq**, 109 boulevard Saint-Michel, one can dine by candlelight for 12 francs with wine. Not to be recommended for a meal on account of high prices and uneven quality, but well worth dropping in to the bar for a drink is the restaurant of the **Gare de Lyon** with its elaborate and ornate gilded decor. If there is any money left on the last night of your stay go to the **Alcazar** at No. 62 rue Mazarine where for the price of 30 francs you can have a drink and watch the gay and amusing hour-long show (11 p.m. or 1 a.m.) frequented by the Tout-Paris of dress designers, film stars, photographers and models.

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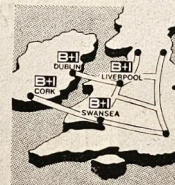
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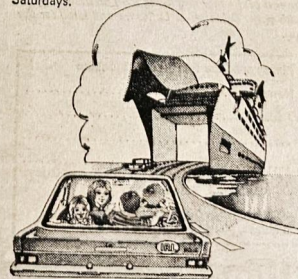
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Golden Lights of a Greek Island

Hugh McKinley

NAXOS is the "largest and most beautiful of the Cyclades", in the words of J. T. Bent (*the authority*), and whose *'Aegean Islands'* ought to be read by all. Of course, from cloudy Ireland, we're dying for a bit of sun, and have no idea of that had cruelly Apollo lets off here in a climate where there is no moisture in the air to act as barrier. But Naxos unlike other smaller Higher Potamia to the fruit Greek islands has mountains, valleys, ever-running streams, and year-round greenery and fruit: in May, cherries; in June, apricots; later melons and grapes.

Naxos town is modest, dominated east of the harbour by the one remaining gateway of the Temple of Apollo. (He had his adventure with Corion here, after whom the northern mountains are named: Asclepius, 'Father of Medicine', was their son). Highest point in the town itself is the house of the good Catholic Fathers, at whose famous school young Nikos Kazantzakis took his secondary education. An inter-

esting Library there, and Mass is celebrated with grave welcome to the faithful from every land. Naxos museum is small, but houses a choice collection of representative finds. There is lovely swimming at Agios Georgiou beach, a hens race to the south. Stay at the Hermes Hotel (tel. No. 220), where the atmosphere is—like all in the island—more that of a home than the professional acquisitiveness developed tourism so unfortunately brings in its wake. The Corinis is also good. Prices at present run from about 100 drachmas the single room and 150 the double (with bath and toilet), including breakfast ((69 drachma=£1).

Taking black bread (there is also white), olives, cheese and salami, you can make expeditions by bus (the most exciting), by taxi (cheap here), or by self-drive car hired in advance from Syros and picked up *en route*, up through the lovely valleys to the heights: by the three villages of Lower, Middle and centre of Trageais and, further on, Philotion. Just above, under

the shadow of the mountain that bears his name, is the stalactite cave-sanctuary where Zia (Zeus) spent his youth after birth and escape from Father Saturn in Crete. Up at Apeiranthos one is at the island's crown: another race of men, rugged as their own peaks; the Aegean-wide view spread from eagle's-nest of Fanari behind the village.

Southwest there are windmills at Sagri and Tripodia, where there are Hellenic remains and a famous church with Byzantine icons. The 'Festival' is on 23rd August, and should not be missed: demonstration of historic continuity from the time of the Fathers, transistors and few city-fashions from Athens notwithstanding.

Scattered through the island are numerous square Venetian towers. A squatter form of our own tower-house, they were actively defensive, the Republic having taken over the island after the dreadful 4th Crusade and sack of Constantinople; 21 Venetian 'Dukes of Naxos' succeeded each other between the

Travel '73

13th and 16th centuries. Everywhere there is the restful silver-green of the olives; in high summer, the 'dry' green of the vines. Naxos was an early centre of the Dionysus cult and the wine remains smooth as himself. He, too, has been transmuted into St. Dionysios.

From the above you'll gather Naxos is *not* one of those up-and-crushing unzipped mod resorts. It is an arena of peace, where the terms 'foreigner', 'visitor', and 'sacred guest' are yet interchangeable. French is a help, but everywhere you go there is immense goodwill and, quickly found if not present when you arrive, some one with a little English to take you to what you want.

For the quiet sea, go to Appolonia, on the northernmost point. No hotels, but rooms in private houses (with shower and toilet) at about 110 drachmae per night, reservation of which may be arranged beforehand or from the ever-helpful Tourist Police in Naxos town. At Appolonia lies the immense archaic statue, semi-finished, of the god, 34 feet

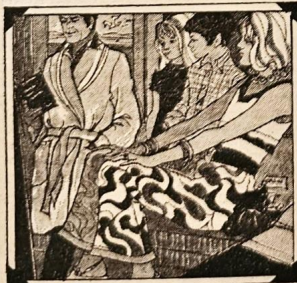
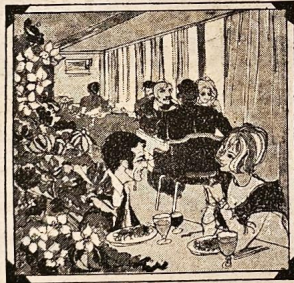
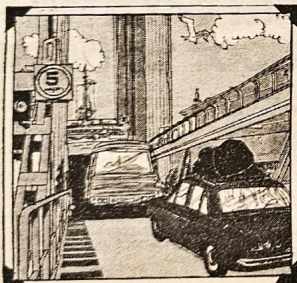
long; daunting and glorious, though (by what calamity?) remaining unfired from the native marble. Elsewhere too there are other quarries and statues.

Food: go always to the restaurant where there are people eating; the humbler ones with the kitchen stove by the door enable you to choose by sight what you may not be able to name or to read. 'Dolmades' are vine-leaves stuffed with rice and meat and herbs; tomatoes and egg-plant ('melitzanes') are similarly prepared. Lamb roast ('Arnaki') is the national dish, safer bet for those wishing to flavour their own. Do not omit eating 'octapodi' (octopus) — dried, grilled or stewed, this most ancient sea-inhabitant is as excellent and harmless as he is when alive.

Book accommodation well ahead. Less effective locally, it may best be done through KADMOS Travel Agency (Mr. V. I. Saporta), 34 Nikis Street, Athens 118: either by writing in advance, or by calling when arrived in the capital. His unfailing efficiency has been forewarned of this article, so Mr. Saporta stands prepared to be immediately helpful to all Irish enquiries for this Fortunale Isle—of which this is but a mini-sketch, lacking detail — 8 hours' voyage from Piræus.

Hugh McKinley is Literary Editor of the Athens Daily Post.

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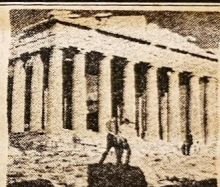
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WITH THE exceptions of Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Israel, Rumania, Poland, U.S.S.R. and Bulgaria (who allow Irish tourists a two-month stay without a visa) none of the above countries require a visa for a stay of up to three months. Nevertheless, we advise prospective travellers to consult their travel agent before setting out, as the position with regard to visas is liable to change from time to time.

Package Holidays from Dublin

Austria

GLOBAL go to the villages of **Längenfeld, Lermoos** and **St. Anton** in the Austrian Tyrol (from £65 for 14 nights, meals not included).

TARA of Cork go by air to Brussels and from there by coach to **Ambras**, another Tyrolean village (from £79.50 for 12 days) near Innsbruck.

HEWETTS have holidays in **Vienna** (from £94 for 15 days, bed and breakfast only; £108 half-board); in **Salzburg** (from £75 for 15 days, bed and breakfast only); and at Igls, a village twenty minutes from Innsbruck (from £82 for 15 days, full board).

Bulgaria

BALKAN Holidays (Irish agent: **LEP Travel**), **SUNQUEST** (Irish agent: **TEDCASTLE**) and **BLUESKIES** all go to the Black Sea resorts of **Golden Sands** (near Varna) and **Sunny Beach** (near Bourgas). **Balkan** offer all-inclusive one and two-week holidays starting at £52, **Sunquest** 8 and 15-day holidays from £62, and **Blueskies** 14-night trips starting at £65. **Sunquest** also offer the equally beautiful and sunstruck resort of **Drouzhba** (from £63 for 8 days).

France

The mecca of Irish tourists and holiday companies in France is, of course, **Louderes**. A few sample prices: **JOE WALSH TOURS**, seven nights in **Louderes** and **San Sebastian** (Spain) from £61; **HEWETTS**, seven nights in **Louderes** and **Paris** from £70. **Hewetts** also offer seven and fifteen-day holidays in **Nice**, starting at £90 for full pension.

Greece

Fast becoming the new holiday playground for northern European tourists, Irish included. There is a wide choice of resorts and companies.

JOE WALSH offers the islands of **Hydra** (from £99 for two weeks, half-board) and **Rhodes** (from £57 for eight days, £67 for fifteen, both bed and breakfast only), and the Athenian resort of **Glyfada** (from £85 for two weeks, half-board).

MARTINSTRAVEL of Stillorgan are another operator offering **Rhodes** (starting at £57 for one week), as well as the islands of **Spetses** (from £48 for two weeks, bed and breakfast only), **Paros** (from £99, half-board), **Tinos** (from £106, half-board) and **Mykonos** (from £83, bed and breakfast only) and, of course, **Athens** (from £79, bed and breakfast only).

BLUESKIES also go to **Rhodes** (from £67 for 14 nights, half-board), as well as to **Corfu** (from £60, half-board); to **Glyfada** (from £79, half-board); **Athens** (from £72, bed and breakfast only) and **Eretria** (from £79, half-board) and, of course, the island and to four resorts on the island of **Crete** (starting at £66, bed and breakfast only).

GLOBAL offer a fully inclusive holiday at **Cape Sounion** on the southern coast (14 nights from £88) and a twin-centre holiday in **Athens** and on the island of **Aegina** (14 nights from £97). **HORIZON'S** Greek holiday centres are all on the mainland at **Anavissos** (2 weeks from £107), **Nes Makri** (2 weeks from £95) and **Lagonissi** (2 weeks from £119).

Lastly, **COOKS**, the first travel agent of them all, offers a two-week holiday in **Athens** and **Rhodes** starting at £189.

Israel

CHARLES S. ROBINSON is the principal agent in Ireland for holidays in Israel. Prices start at £148 for 9 days.

Italy

JOE WALSH offers 8 days in **Rome** (B and B) from £49 (15 days from £59), 8 and 15 day holidays in three resorts on the Adriatic Riviera: **Catolica** (from £53 for 8 days, £63 for 15), **Rimini** (from £49 and £59 respectively), and **Gabice Mare** (from £59 and £69); and similar stays on the Neapolitan coast at **Sorrento** (from £71 for 15 days) and **Iscia** (from £72 for 15 days).

SUNBOUND offer **Rimini** from £65 for 14 nights (£48 for 7), **Catolica** from £67 for 14 nights (£48 for 7), and **Sorrento** from £77 for 14 nights. **MARTINSTRAVEL** go to **Rimini** from £72 for 14 nights (£63 for 7) and to **Catolica** from £70 for 14 nights (£58 for 7), as well as to **Mirano** a smaller resort near **Catolica**, from £59 for 14 nights (£48 for 7).

GLOBAL go to **Rimini** and **Lido de Jesolo** (near Venice) a two-week holiday starting at £63 (or £61 for two weeks at the Lido de Jesolo alone), and to **Catolica** from £57 for 10 nights. **HORIZON** and **CASTLE** are two more companies offering the Lido de Jesolo from £61 and £63 respectively for two weeks.

Portugal

HEWETTS offer **Lisbon** from £80 for 14 nights (B and B), **Estoril** (from £109 for 14 nights, full board), **Faro** (from £118 for 14 nights, full board), and the **Algarve** (from £109 for 7 nights, full board).

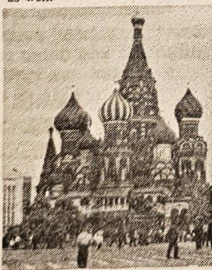
BLUESKIES are going to resorts in the Algarve: **Praia da Rocha** (from £115 for 14 nights), **Faro** (from £60 for 14 nights, B and B only), **Praia Avelor** (from £89 for 14 nights, no meals), **Arnacas** (from £79 for 14 nights, B and B only), and **Cerqueira** **Holiday Villas** (from £73 for 14 nights, no meals).

COOKS offer 14 nights at **Lisbon**, **Estoril**, **Cascais**, **Albufeira** and **Praia da Rocha** starting at £114.

Rumania

BALKAN (LEP) have stay-pu: holidays at **Mamaia**, the Black Sea resort from £53 for 8 days (£64 for 15) and a tour of **Rumania**, taking in **Mamaia**, **Bucharest** and the mountain resort of **Sinaia** from £73 for 15 days.

BLUESKIES and **SUNQUEST** (**TEDCASTLE**) also offer **Mamaia** from £71 (for 14 nights) and £58 (for 8 days, £71 for 15) respectively, and the latter company send people to the neighbouring resorts of **Mangaia** and **Elerie** (both from £58 for 8 days) as well.



Russia

BALKAN (LEP) are the experts in this new and enormous holiday market. They offer tours taking in **Leningrad**, **Moscow**, **Sochi** and **Yalta** (Russia's foremost Black Sea resorts), **Kiev**, and even faraway **Tashkent** and **Samarkand**. Examples of Joe Walsh's prices are 15 days in season prices: **Leningrad**, **Moscow**, **Sochi** and **Kiev** from £116, and 15 days in **Leningrad**, **Moscow**, **Samarkand**, **Tashkent** and **Kiev** from £146.

Spain

What can one say about package holidays in Spain that hasn't already been said? There is a choice of hundreds. Irish companies who fly holidaymakers to

Spain, the Canaries and the Balearics (Majorca, Minorca, Ibiza) include **Joe Walsh**, **Sunbound**, **Martinstravel**, **Blueskies**, **Global**, **Horizon**, **Castle**, **Ray Travel**, **Tara** and **Hewetts**.

"Irish" resorts include **Benidorm** (inevitably) and **Calella de Costa Blanca**; **Lloret de Mar**, **Malgrat**, **Tossa de Mar**, **San Antonio de Calonge**, **San Feliu de Guixols** and **Estarlit**, on the **Costa Brava**; **Sitges** and **Calella de la Costa** on the **Costa Dorada**; **Marbella**, **Torremolinos** and **Fuengirola** on the **Costa del Sol**; **Arenal**, **C'an Pastilla**, **Santa Ponsa**, **Puerta Soler**, **Magaluf**, **Paguera**, **Calamagor**, **Cala Ratjada**, **Illetes** and of course **Palma in Majorca**; **Cala Santa Galdana**, **Playa de Santo Tomas**, **Villa Carlos** on **Minorca**; **San Antonio on Ibiza**; and **Tenerife** and **Puerto de la Cruz** in the **Canary Islands**.

A few representative prices: **JOE WALSH** offer **Arenal** in **Majorca** starting at £49 for 8 days, **San Antonio** in **Ibiza** from £63 for 15 days, **Benidorm** from £43 for 8 days, and **Fuengirola** from £53 for 15 days in an apartment without meals, or from £79 in a hotel with meals. **EURO TRAVEL** charge upwards of £63 for two weeks in an apartment in **Tenerife** (without meals) or £111 in a hotel (with meals). **MARTINSTRAVEL** go to **Sitges** (£51 for 7 nights) and **Lloret de Mar** (from £47 for 7 nights) among others. If you are going to Spain we can only advise you to contact your travel agent and then wade through the pile of brochures put out by Irish operators in Spain.

Switzerland

TARA fly to Brussels, and from there go by coach to the resort of **Hergiswil** on **Lake Lucerne** (£78.50 for 11 days).

COOKS offer eight and fifteen day holidays in **Lucerne**, **Interlaken** and **Locarno** starting at £93 for 8 days.

HEWETTS go to **Lucerne** (£110 for 14 nights), **Montreux** (£105 for 14 nights) and **Weggis** (£99 for 14 nights).

Tunisia

The newest of the "sun and sandy beaches guaranteed" holiday countries. No fewer than six Irish companies offer package holidays in Tunisia.

MARTINSTRAVEL go to the resorts of **Sousse** (two weeks from £87), **Gammarrh** (two weeks from £83) and **Nabeul** (two weeks from £93), as well as to the villa resort of **Douga** (two weeks from £63, without meals).

BLUESKIES go to **Sousse** (14 nights from £106) and **Hammamet**, 40 miles from **Tunis** (14 nights from £79). **GLOBAL** (14 nights from £92), **HORIZON** (2 weeks from £94) and **SUNBOUND** (14 nights from £89) also go to **Hammamet**, while **CASTLE** goes to both **Hammamet** (2 weeks from £96) and **Nabeul** (2 weeks from £104).

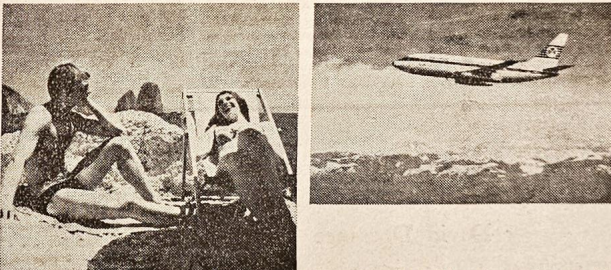
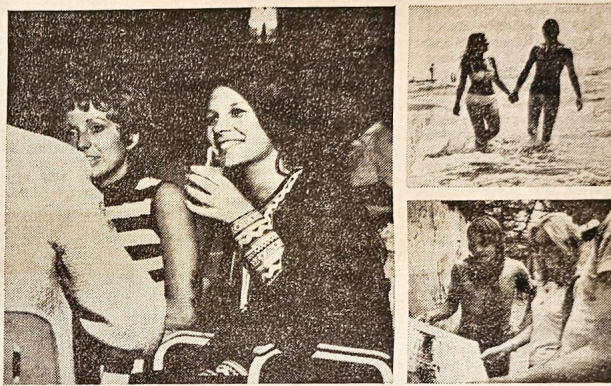
Turkey

BALKAN (LEP) are the main operator out of Dublin for Turkish holidays. They offer two weeks in **Alanya** on Turkey's southern Mediterranean coast from £64, as well as a two-centre holiday in **Bulgaria** and **Turkey** (two weeks from £76).

Yugoslavia

Another of the "new" holiday countries, as far as Irish tourists are concerned. **JOE WALSH** go to the **Istrian** peninsula, to the resort of **Medulin** near **Pula** (from £59 for 15 days, half-board). **SUNBOUND** go to **Porec**, also in **Istria** (from £67 for 14 nights) and **COOKS** to the beautiful **Dalmatian** town of **Dubrovnik**, further to the south along the **Yugoslav Adriatic** (from £98 for 7 nights).

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Adriatic Wonderland

Celia Irving

TAKING FOR granted that Yugoslavia and its Adriatic coast has some of the best scenery in the world—set in a Mediterranean climate with brilliant blue skies and warm translucent seas—how does one get there, what does one find, and where does one choose to go? Unless you are an alpine Mountain-and-Lake addict (in which case Slovenia and its well-established alpine resorts are your oyster) the sea and the Adriatic off-shore islands are a 'must' for a first visit. There are 500 miles of beautiful coastline dotted with medieval fishing ports and small towns built in ancient honey-coloured stone with red pantled roofs. The carved stone churches and the elegant bellies are a joy; defence walls and guard towers bear witness to past stirring times. Which ever stretch of coastline you choose, you will find this lovely scenery, and a friendly hospitable people; but for practical 20th-century travelling purposes the north-west section, rich in off-shore islands—or, better still, a two-centre holiday—has much to recommend it.

In the north, almost due south of Ljubljana and at the tip of the Istrian peninsula, lies Pula. With its wide and sheltered port, Pula was a fashionable and attractive holiday resort in Roman times, and still is. In the town itself, and just above the harbour, is one of the largest and most perfectly preserved Roman amphi-

theatres in Europe; its height dominates the town and other antiquities. The holiday hotels are on either side of the town, along beautiful stretches of rocky shore. There are hotel swimming pools as well as the clear Adriatic sea to swim in and laze by. About six miles to the east of Pula is the resort of Medulin. Quiet, and more simple than Pula, it is ideal for families with small children as it lies on a flat sandy pine-clad peninsula with calm, shallow water. A package-deal fortnight in Medulin is from £51 to £65 (reductions for small children) according to the season. Excursions from the Pula area include a boat trip to Venice, or to near-by islands.

A little further east, the island of Krk, besides having a large airport, has many other attractions, and is so close to the mainland that it is planned to build a bridge across; at present a constant car ferry makes the ten-minute journey across. Krk is the largest of the Yugoslav islands, is beautiful, and very varied. Near the mainland bare rock, vaguely pink, plunges sheer into the blue sea while inland and on its other shores there are lush valleys, woods and olive groves, and villages full of medieval history. There is a variety of resorts there from the super-sophisticated to the quiet and unpretentious. Choose *Haludovo*—casino, Penthouse, lavish 'fish-village' apartments, 'A'

category hotel and 'B' package-deal one (very good)—if you want sophistication: price around £4 a day 'A' category, £49-£64 for a package-deal fortnight. For simpler tastes there are quieter places like *Malinska*, *Punat*, or *Krk* the main town and port of the island. Punat, on the seaward side of the island, has a huge lagoon-like harbour with a small island in the middle on which there is a delightful Franciscan monastery with monks who are delighted to see visitors and show their treasures and their museum.

As well as hotels, private rooms in family houses are a safe bet in Yugoslavia. They are inexpensive—under £1 a day—inspected by the ever-helpful tourist authorities (*Atlas*, *Putnik*, etc.) whose offices can be found everywhere and often you can persuade the family to provide some meals: delicious local dishes rather than the standard hotel food.

For there is no doubt that the Yugoslavs are a delightful people: warm-hearted, individualistic, and very friendly. Staying in a private house gives one an entry into their way of life. Family vineyards provide

some of the best wine, family fishing boats catch the best fish, and family oil presses produce fine olive oil.

The value of two-centre holidays (package-deal and all flights and transfers in the round price) is that, while you are in Yugoslavia, you can reveal, for part of your time, in the unique and fabulously beautiful walled city of *Dubrovnik*. It is, as a medieval city, still perfect and unchanged. Cars are not allowed within the city walls, and the marbled streets and palaces teem with busy life, while the outdoor summer festival of music and drama is dream-like among so much beauty. *Yugotours* do a two-centre package, one week in the north, and one week in *Dubrovnik* from £62 low season to £89 in August. From *Dubrovnik*, day-excursions include *Sveti Stefan*, the mountain-fastnesses of *Montenegro*, and a visit to the lovely island of *Korcula*—perhaps the best loved of all the Adriatic islands.

Celia Irving is the author of "The Adriatic Islands and Corfu" published by J. M. Dent at £2.50.



The Dordogne Vale

David Dorrance

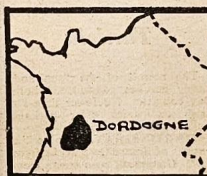
THE BEST WAY to plan a trip to the Dordogne is to get hold of two books: the red *Michelin gastronomic guide* (for the whole of France) and the green *Michelin guide to Perigord* (which, unlike the red one, presupposes an ability to read French). There are other food guides—notably *Auto-Journal* and *Gault-Millau*—which are more adventurous than the red *Michelin*, but none equals it in reliability and authority. It comes out every spring, and one should be sure to get the latest edition. Hotel and restaurant prices, based on the *patron's* own figures, are always given; and here *Michelin* authority comes in, for in the case of a serious overcharge a client can threaten to take up the matter with the guidebook. Being dropped by *Michelin* is not only a disgrace but a business reverse. Such a threat is very seldom needed, in this region anyway; but—*c'est votre force*, as prices that appear in newspaper articles, for instance, are not.

I cannot compete with the careful itineraries provided by the green *Michelin*; but here, in a style borrowed from the old authoritarian who welcomed us to the region, is what I should advise a couple motoring down from, say, the Loire Valley to do: Make an overnight stop at *Angoulême* at a

splendid chateau-like hotel (*Hôtelier du Moulin du Maine*) outside the town, or near the ramparts (from which a brave proto-aviator once glided) at the *Grand Hotel France*, not grand but very comfortable. Visit the market, one of the most thriving in the region. Lunch at *Chateau-l'Evêque*—food good, decor magnificent—or at *Brantôme* (value for money at the *Chabrol*), where a stroll along the banks of the Dronne leads to the Benedictine abbey. Side trip to *Bordeaux*, one of the four baronies of *Perigord*, with a wonderful view from the chateau, which is partly 13th century, partly Renaissance. Spend an hour or two in *Perigord*, which until sacked by the Alemanni was livelier than Paris, but isn't now; most impressive Gallo-Roman remains in the region; pleasant restaurant called *Leon*. Amusing to visit *Excideuil*, near where *Andre Maurois*, a fervent patriot of the Dordogne, had a chateau; and *Rastignac*, which (like a building in Ireland) may have been a model for the White House. But probably wiser to go straight on to *Le Bugue* (very modern, very agreeable hotel) and *Bahau* cavern, with its flint-lined reliefs of bison and ibex. Stay in *Les Eyzies*, where there are no fewer than four

excellent hotels; serious students of prehistory will need to spend several hours at the museum and to visit the sites called *Laugerie Haute* and *Basse* as well as the *Font-de-Gaume* Cave (guide very capable). Le Moustier. . . The best season for caves and abris is spring or autumn.

Drive on to *Beynac-et-Cazenac*, where the chateau is being restored with scholarly scrupulousity; *Hotel Bonnet* is a civilised place and itself almost a Monument Historique. Visit *Domme* on its cliff-top and read about its capture by wily Huguenots. Devote a day to *Sarlat*: Saturday market, *antiquaires*, pate in tins a bargain and white brandies, a theatre festival in July and August in the market square. *Sarlat*, with its friaries and cathedral (now bishopless) and bourgeois houses, epitomizes the social history of the entire region. Side trip to chateau de *Salagnac*. Circular tour of chateaux and of bastides (strongpoints built in the 13th and 14th centuries to guard the seigneurs' lands and to protect those who farmed them): *Vitrac*, *La Roque-Gageac*, *Belves*, *Biron*, *Monpazier*, *Monflanquin*, *Bonaguil* (a castle planned by a recluse of genius but never besieged); the guides are brilliant and dedicated, *Mercues* (an expensive chateau-hotel, but can be seen for the price of an aperitif or two), *Cahors*, *Lebastide-Murat*, *Gourdon* (church)—and back to *Sarlat*. Drive on to *Souillac*, particularly beloved by Shaw. See chateaux: *La Treigne*, *Montal*, *Castelnau-Bretenoux* (not to be confused with the less interesting Castel-



naud, across the river from *Beynac*. See *Roc Amadour*, from the 12th century onwards one of the most famous places of pilgrimage in Christianity. Return to *Cahors* (and the southward-leading Route Nationale 20) by way of *Gramat* and its bleak, beautiful cause, *Figeac*, the Valley of the *Lot*, *St-Cirq-Lapopie* (a charming small 'perched' village where artists and artisans live and work) and the Pech-Merle cave.

The Dordogne has an equable climate, and the countryside seems neither parched in summer nor frozen hard in winter. Sometimes it reminds me of a Book of Hours. What with all the plantings and harvests, hunting and fishing, the occasional oxen yoked even now to a double *Brabant* plough and yielding their driver a bonanza of dung; what with the Muscovy ducks paddling round in water meadows and the coqs *gallois* lording it over the rollicking barnyards; what with the peasants reserve and their egalitarianism and their love of language and intertwined customs—well, these valleys probably are more Arcadian than is Arcadia itself.

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FINANCE PROPERTY ECONOMICS

Houses and Land

IT IS MOST UNLIKELY that the new measures announced by the Minister for Local Government will have an appreciable effect on the cost of houses in the major urban areas. Nor is there much point in welcoming these measures as a step in the right direction. The measures are so inadequate to the problem, and so misleading in intent, that in this case, no action would have been better than the appearance of action. The problem remains fundamentally unchanged and there is every likelihood that the spiralling of new house prices will continue unabated.

There are certain factors which are outside the Minister's control. The first and most obvious of these is the actual strength of demand for new houses. As long as this demand continues (and one should not expect it to continue forever) to exceed the supply, all the abuses which attach themselves to that sort of situation will continue to prevail. The only major possibility of lessening demand for houses in the Dublin area in the short term, is to transfer some large government or semi-State employment centres (such as Bord Na Mona) out of the city altogether. Decentralisation has officially been an accepted part of Government policy over the past decade. In practice no attempt whatever has been made to effect it.

The second factor outside the Minister's control is the cost of imported building materials. Along with other commodities on the world market, the cost of these has been inflating regularly. So too has the cost of Irish-made materials. In the National Prices Commission report on new house prices published last June, the price index on building materials was shown to have advanced from 100 in mid 1967 to 133 in January 1972. But this index is a totally inadequate guide to the real cost of house building materials as it does not reflect the weighting of materials used in house building. Until a properly weighted national housebuilding cost index is constructed (and this should be put in hand immediately) not only can the Minister not control the cost of materials — he cannot even measure their importance in the total housebuilding cost structure.

But there is one all-important factor that is fundamental to the ever rising cost of new houses and on which the Minister could exert a beneficial influence — and that is the supply of serviced land.

The price of land adjoining urban areas has advanced far more rapidly in recent years than either the cost of new houses themselves or of the prices of building materials. The site cost on an estate-built £7,000 house, in the Dublin area, can now be as high as £2,000. And this applies where the density of housing is as much as 10 to an acre. A very important part of this cost as everyone knows is the tax-free speculative profit which separates the cost of normal land from the inflated prices now demanded and received for development land. The British answer to this problem was the application of a betterment levy which at least cut into speculative profits. But it was difficult to apply and was never really effective. The only real answer in our case is the acquisition of building land by the local authorities, if necessary through compulsory purchase orders. The Minister and the local authorities could effectively eliminate the speculative element completely from public housing developments, and this would result not only in cheaper houses, but in better planned developments. Until such time as the Minister shows himself willing to tackle the fundamentals of the problem, the recently announced measures to control prices of new houses can only be regarded as a bureaucratic device that is more likely to delay the occupation of available houses than to reduce the actual cost of them.

The Financial Editor

I.G.B.—Happy Days Again

A Special Correspondent

AS ANTICIPATED in the article on I.G.B. this time last year, profits after the disastrous fall in 1970/71 have started to come back into line. The net effect was that the one-third fall in 1970 was neatly counter-balanced by a 50% increase last year bringing profits back up to the half-million pound mark. I.G.B.'s associated company, Irish Plastic Packaging, aggravated the 1971 decline by turning in an overall loss of £119,000, £42,000 of which was attributable to I.G.B. Last year I.P.P. recovered substantially and was able to contribute £19,000 to Group profits.

The figures are themselves, however, still far from satisfactory for on the substantially under-valued assets involved in bottle making, the return works out at only 16%. On a re-valued basis this would probably amount to a return of not more than 10%. Irish Plastic Packaging is also far from pulling its own weight with the returns presently of the order of only 6%.

The past two years have put a severe dent in the growth record of Irish Glass Bottle. In the decade up to 1970, the company reported a non-stop progression of profit increases. The strange thing about the recent reversal was that it occurred at a time when the demand for glass containers, especially the one-trip variety, was accelerating, and also at a time when the company had substantially modernised its facilities in a new £3m. plant on Pigeon House Road with its production capacity almost double the 1969/70 level.

The explanation for this anomalous behaviour, at a time when boom profits might have been expected, lies in the way the Department of Industry and Commerce exercised its Price Control machinery. The I.G.B. chairman, Paddy McGrath, went out of his way to belabour this point to such an extent that I.G.B. was almost inevitably the first company mentioned in any reference to the way Price Control damaged a company's viability. Paddy McGrath's attack on Price Control was not just on the way it hit company profits but, as he saw it, in the manner it hit a company's viability and capacity to expand. The management's reaction to the effect of Price Control together with the increased rate of company tax which had been pushed up to 58% at that time, was to cancel the third stage of its development programme. The logic of the situation, however, demanded a completely opposite reaction, namely to accelerate its development programme to enable it not only to meet demand, increase efficiency, and cut costs, but also to take advantage of the abnormally high taxation by

the increased use of initial allowances.

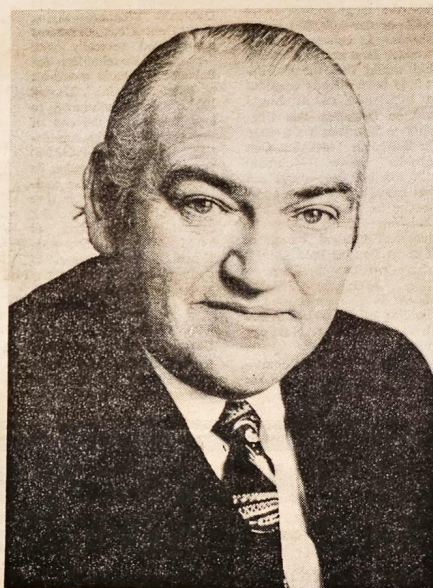
Last year's profit increase was mainly accounted for by a belated price rise of 74% granted halfway through the last financial year. While the overall profit, which only just matched the 1970 figure, is not yet satisfactory, profits must have been running at a substantially higher level in the second half. In his annual statement this year, the chairman referred to the fact that "your board cannot be satis-

million pound profit figure would work out at a return of nearly 30%. However, this is based only on present figures values. If the company's valuable property holdings on Ringsend Road and Pigeon House Road were to be re-valued, the prospective return would come down to close to the 20% mark; the kind of return which a reasonably efficient company should be earning. Assuming that the company is fully aware of this,

second half. At the end of the year profits were thus running at an annual rate of well over £600,000. Again in the current year something over £300,000 will probably be earned in the first half which last month's 8% price increase should raise to around £450,000 in the second half, putting profits on to an annualised £900,000 plus, although the figure which will actually be turned in in the 1972-73 trading period should only be about £750,000, a 50% increase on the previous year. On last year's earnings I.G.B. shares at 155p (nearly twice the level at which they were recommended in these pages last year) are currently on an earnings yield of under 6%. On the above forecast for the current year this earnings yield will rise to 9% with a prospective after that of 12% based on the one million pound profit target.

If I.G.B. were an ordinary industrial company, this two-to-three-year prospective of an 8 P/E would appear to be reasonable enough, but it completely ignores a major component in its Balance Sheet, namely an investment currently worth nearly £14m. in Waterford Glass shares. Although this investment accounts for nearly 26% of book assets it only generates 2% of gross profit. "Outside" shareholders must wonder what the real value of this shareholding to I.G.B. is. Any suggestion that the company is holding these Waterford shares to help fund the third phase of its development programme would only reflect a very crude attitude to financial management. With cash flow running at £340,000 last year and bound to rise as the company's profits double over the next two/three years, the company would be more than able to cope with the capital expenditure needed for its third stage of development, especially when account is taken of Government Grants and the very heavy tax relief available. Even if the company had to raise further borrowings it would be well able to do this for it has completely uncharged assets which must now be worth around £5m., and its borrowing ratio is anyway less than 20% at the moment even completely ignoring the Waterford shares, leaving the company substantially under-gear.

With last month's price increase behind it, I.G.B. shares are probably worth holding at 150p. And if the directors utilised the £1½ million which would flow from the sale of the Waterford holding to actively diversify I.G.B., then the shares might be worth very much more.



Mr. Paddy McGrath, Chairman I.G.B.

fied with the still considerably reduced margin of profit existing in the industry. This year's profits were attained on sales considerably above last year's and far greater again when compared with 1970". It doesn't take much imagination to interpret this statement in terms of the kind of prices that I.G.B. expects on its products. This harping back to 1970 indicates that the company is aiming to achieve the trading margins it had at that time. Although the company does not publish turnover figures, it appears that margins then work out at a fairly massive 20%. And as turnover in the current year is nearly twice the 1969/70 level, the one million pound profit target would still appear to be the medium term goal of the company.

In terms of return on capital employed in its bottle-making business, this one

one can only expect that it would aim to get its prices into line with this level of profitability. Paddy McGrath's attack on the way Price Control has been implemented in I.G.B.'s case in 1970 seems to have been successful, for on top of the 74% increase which the company got last year it put in an application for a further 8% price increase and, only last month was granted this "in full."

With sales booming and two price increases within a period of twelve months, profitability must now be back on its old path and well on the way to the one million pound level. The company, however, has this habit of putting up its prices halfway through its trading year and thus losing some of their effect in each set of accounts. Last year's reported figure of £500,000 was thus probably broken down into under £200,000 in the first half and over £300,000 in the



Belvedere

Martin Rafferty, like Don Carroll, realises that wholesale drug distribution is good business. Both have paid highly to back their convictions — though young Martin is paying in paper.

At Watsons current share price, United Drug has been valued at £21m. Besides being a multiple of United Drugs asset value, it should be noted that the last accounts of the company disclosed a profit of only £92,000. The accounts for 1972 have not yet been completed but U.D.'s profit was put at £120,000. This values United Drug on a p/e of 25, a rating that would require the kind of entrepreneurial flair and dynamism that could hardly be attributed to the Ballina based United Drug. Admittedly there is a glorious forecast for 1973 but the images which other people see in the old crystal ball are not my particular cup of tea. There is of course another explanation and that is not that United Drug is being over-valued but rather that the Watson paper with which it has been bought is itself over-priced. Swings and roundabouts.

But where does young Martin go from here? So far he has emulated the Tony O'Reilly lead to an incredible extent. If the pattern continues, the next step must be for Belvedere Trust

to pack into some major asset situation while Joshua Watson's paper is still flying high—as Fitzwilliam Securities did into Gouldings. Only at this stage can the big payoff come for the Belvedere Boys, Rafferty, Toner and Harnett who between them control 75% of Belvedere, the value of whose shares in Joshua Watson now stands at between £3½m. to £4m.

But where can they find another Gouldings, a company with extensive assets, without deeply inherent problems and with a scattered shareholding? The only possibility that comes to my mind is the New Ireland Assurance. From every point of view it would ideally suit Belvedere, but could they get their hands on it?

The New Ireland Board between them control about 45% of the 4,000,000 issued shares, I believe, but I wonder how unified a strong bid would find them? Fitzwilliam have already acquired a 16% stake and it should not be forgotten that Fitzwilliam Securities has a share in Belvedere Trust, But Con Smiths shares — about 120,000 I believe—have not yet found a new home and I notice a few other major holdings that might be tempted. Control Nominees Ltd. in London hold 224,000 shares and Drayton Corporation Nominees 397,000. There is also an intriguing holding of 150,000 in Allied Irish Investment Holdings' name.

Just a hunch, of course, but I'll be interested to see if it is a right one.

Dubtex

ACCORDING TO the letter from Dubtex's chairman and joint managing director, John White (see letters page) Dubtex, along with the other directors of Balman, the Claffey family of Ballymahon, are guarantors for any funds loaned to Balman. This seems a reasonable enough arrangement and in fact might only be expected in the circumstances. But why is this not stated in the accounts to December 1971?

In the accounts for the year ending December, 1970, the company's auditors of 60 years standing, Kennedy Crowley, reflected this arrangement with a note in Dubtex's accounts saying that "Dubtex has guaranteed jointly and severally with the other shareholders (of Balman) the bank overdraft of Balman Clothes". During 1971, Balman continued to lose money. By the end of the year the total cumulative losses of £42,000 amounted to over twice its issued capital and the company was obviously in dire need of additional risk capital. As I suspected, and as Mr. White has now confirmed, Foir Teo was called upon to supply this money and duly obliged.

In his letter John White says that this new source of finance (which apparently has not only replaced a bank overdraft of £40,000, but also supplied enough money

to meet past losses and repay Dubtex £22,000 lent to it on current account) "has in no way relieved us of our responsibility to guarantee Foir Teoranta rather than our bankers for the financing of Balman showing that we made no tricky manoeuvre whatsoever to exclude ourselves from any financial responsibility for Balman." I am interested to learn this, as I know some shareholders will be but there is no reference to this in Dubtex's latest set of accounts which Kennedy Crowley signed. If Dubtex are liable for the Foir Teo loan to Balman, a note to that effect should be in the Dubtex accounts. Without it Kennedy Crowley would a priori be open to an action for damages for negligence for making no reference to this liability in Dubtex's accounts. I wonder if young Niall Crowley could clarify the situation for me?

McCairns

DURING 1973, I propose to keep a close eye on those two doyens of the motor industry, Vincent Brittain and Tommy McCairns. Both own controlling interests in motor distributors. Both are in advanced years. Both company's in the last few years have turned in very disappointing results. And both have big manufacturers breathing down their necks.

Sooner or later something's got to give. And, although the situation in Brittain's is far more critical, I feel a development is more likely in McCairns.

Contrary to general belief, General Motors Corporation does not hold a major shareholding in McCairns Motors, Ltd. The major shareholders are the McCairns, Gilbert and Stevenson families, who between them hold about 50% of the two million Ordinary issued shares. But a new shareholder has recently come on the scene. It is Dawson Investment Company, which now holds about 350,000 shares. This company is either a new holding company for the McCairns family, or shares which had previously been held by members of the McCairns family have been sold to it. Either way, it represents a fairly major change, and alerts my early warning system. McCairns' shares have already come back well from their low of 27p, and this improvement partly reflects the pick up in profits. But it might also reflect other straws in the wind.

Moore St.

ALTHOUGH I would explain the phenomena of escalating property prices in a slightly different way, Corry Buckley's attack on

some of what he describes as unrealistic prices being achieved at auction is deserving of a full hearing. The worst thing about the kind of leap-frogging in property prices that has been going on in choice areas like Henry Street is that it really does give rise to unrealistic expectations and the institutions, judging by their recent actions, are as likely to fall into this trap as anybody else.

The one bright light which I see is the Dublin Corporation's Moore Street redevelopment scheme. The first phase of this contains 400,000 sq. ft. of retail shopping space. When it is considered that the ground floor space of Egans of Henry Street only totals 3,000 sq. ft., it is understandable that some people in the property world have the 'willies'. If this scheme goes through, it will certainly take the wind out of those Henry Street property speculators. My one fear is that they will form a pressure group for their own self-preservation to try and indefinitely postpone the Corporation scheme. In this event, the Corporation deserves all the backing it can get in what I see as the most courageous step it has taken in coming to grips with one of its planning problems.

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Tara/Buala

SOME of the members here who hold a few TARA shows have been wondering why Mr. Justice O'Keefe has been so slow in delivering a judgment in the Bula case. You will recall that Bula (the Tom Roche/Paddy Wright Company) is in dispute with the Minister for Industry and Commerce over the granting of mining licences in the ore-rich Navan area. When the case concluded on the 1st of August last, Justice O'Keefe said that he would try to give a judgment before the end of that month. But Bula, and Tara and the Minister are still waiting. And millions are at stake.

Mr. Jim Tully is in no doubt about what the outcome will be, should be, and must be "It is just not good enough," he said in the Dail before Christmas, "that the

matter should be brushed to one side to await the decision of a judge who for one reason or another has not found it possible from August to December to give a decision on what would appear to the normal person to be a very simple matter. A judge gives a ruling on what he considers to be the law, on the facts of the case as the law governs them, and in this case the Minister knows as I do what the decision should be. There is no doubt at all about it, and for that reason I feel that delaying it any longer is very ridiculous."

Mr. Tully, of course, has a double interest in the issue. As deputy for the area, he wants to seek employment there, and his son, John Tully, is Secretary of the Tara Mines, Ltd.

One of the reasons for the delay must be the amount of time that the Special Criminal Court is now requiring from the President of the High Court. So once

again it looks as if Dessie O'Malley is to blame, and this can hardly please Peter McAleer, who is a brother-in-law of the Minister for Justice and also executive assistant to Pat Hughes, the Tara Mines President. Whatever the decision of the learned judge may be, some fingers will be burnt, and some noses bruised. But all parties would like to hear his judgment.

T.C.D.

Breakfast

NORMALLY, I breakfast at 10.00 a.m.—in the Study. But to support the initiative of T.C.D.'s Bachelor of Business Studies students, I have promised to attend the first of a series of working breakfasts in the staff dining room at T.C.D. at 7.45 a.m. on February 8. The students very sensibly want to impress on potential employers their qualifications for employment, and they are in-

visiting several parties of them to breakfast on February 8, 15, 20, 22 and March 1. As I say, I am impressed with the vigour of the students who apart from cooking breakfast normally concentrate on Law, Economics, Accounting and Management. But it will be interesting to see how many of the young Turks in business can make breakfast at 7.45 a.m.

Ballingarry

I HEAR that things may be coming to a head soon at the Ballingarry mine in Co. Tipperary. You will recall the sorry sequence of on-again, off-again Government involvement in the mine, culminating in a grant of £280,000 after the bank strike in 1971 and finally the appointment of a receiver early in 1972. In September last, the mine was offered

for sale and about two dozen men have since been employed in maintaining the mine in some order. I believe three groups have shown interest in the proposition and among these Rio Tinto appear the most interested.

Metal Products

THE REPORT that Hammond Lane is one of the interested parties in Metal Products is incorrect. Both of these companies contain one major problem area—the foundry. Hammond Lane has just declared 35 men

redundant at its Dublin foundry. Metal Products, too, is losing money in that section—the old McBride Foundry, which is now a wholly-owned subsidiary.

I believe that there are two definitely interested parties in the field; with another in the wings, and, considering the wide spread of the shareholding, a battle for control could easily develop. Of the 1.1 million shares issued, I understand the Crosbie family to hold about 70,000 and the Doyle family approximately the same. But the total board only holds about 15%, so the situation is wide open.

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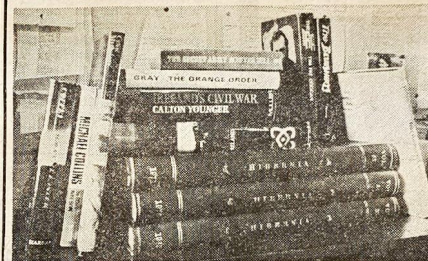
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Finance/Savings

The Measurement of Irish Savings

Antoin Murphy

A QUESTION that has always intrigued me is how savings are measured. So, instead of examining why or how people save, it is intended to take readers through this veritable monetary maze, the measurement of savings in Ireland.

Keynes defined savings as the excess of income over consumption expenditure before going on to

add "thus, any doubts about the meaning of saving must arise from doubts about the meaning of either income or consumption." It would seem from this that savings are easy to measure, as all one has to do is subtract consumption expenditure from income. Readers who think so have not even entered the savings maze. Tables for savings in the

economy are compiled by both the Central Statistics Office and the Central Bank. The C.S.O. table on savings includes non-monetary savings, whilst the Central Bank concerns itself solely with monetary savings.

Graph 1, taken from National Income and Expenditure, as published by the C.S.O., shows the figures for savings in Ireland emanating from the personal sector, companies and public authorities. The personal sector in 1971 accounted for almost 70% of total savings and here the difficulties begin.

In looking for a definition of personal savings, readers are informed that it is "that portion of personal incomes which is not expended on current goods and services or on payment of direct tax. Hence, it equals item 73 less item 76." Item 73 consists of private income minus the undistributed profits of companies.

So personal saving consists of adjusted private income minus item 76. In looking for a definition of item 76, we are informed by the C.S.O. that it consists of "the total of items 74 and 75." At this stage of the game if you are confused by the numerous numerical references, you have obviously lost your way and must go back to the START. If you cannot, you are caught in the maze.

However, let us hack on and see what items 74 and 75 consist of. Item 75 consists of taxes on personal income, whilst item 74, yes, wait for it, is "identical with item 51." Item 51 consists of personal expenditure on consumer goods and services at current market prices. It is "the total expenditure of Irish residents in satisfying consumption needs. It excludes the purchase of dwellings, but includes the purchase of all durable (e.g., private motor cars, furniture, etc.) and non-durable (e.g., food, etc.)

goods as well as gross rents . . . and services. This item was estimated as a residual and hence must bear the brunt of errors in the other constituents of Table A 9 (i.e., Graph 1)." So, at last we may define personal savings in the traditional Keynesian way as adjusted disposable income minus consumption expenditure.

But the C.S.O. has warned us that the figure for consumption expenditure is a residual figure. This makes personal savings a residual figure also, the residual of a residual! And so we meet the Minotaur. But is there any point in the meeting, for it is evident from the above that the figure for personal savings is open to a considerable degree of error.

The counter argument may be that all the above is unnecessary because the statisticians recognise these very deficiencies, but what is important is the trend of "savings" from year to

year. But if savings is a residual it may change from year to year, not because of a change in savings patterns, but because increased error in calculating (?) the figure for consumption expenditure.

PERHAPS the solution to the problem may be to regard savings as a monetary flow—the additional flow of funds made available through the money and capital markets. But, again, quantification difficulties arise.

Table 3 (Graph 2) in the Central Bank Bulletin gives the increase in monetary savings between April and August, 1972. It shows that the main growth areas in this period were State-sponsored bodies (41%), the non-associated banks (24%) and the building societies (9%). But one wonders if increases in currency and bank deposits may be included as savings. Leaving aside

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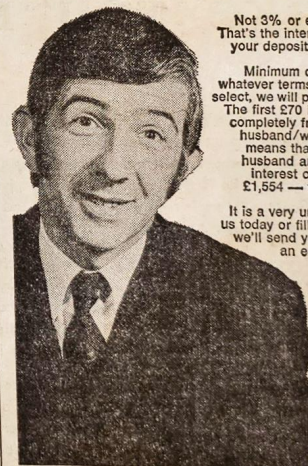
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duplication problems, it seems that additions to the money supply will be used for the most part for current expenditure purposes. In other words, some of the items classified as constituting part of the increase in monetary savings will be used for consumption rather than saving.

On the other hand, deposits with the other financial intermediaries, such as the building societies, merchant banks, etc., generally grow as a result of an activated use of the money supply. So where are we? Back in the maze.

The difficulty is that although savings are theoretically easy to define, they are most difficult to measure in practice. It is for this reason that it

seems somewhat futile to discuss savings and investment ratios, the growth of savings, etc., or to compare saving ratios in Ireland to those of the E.E.C. for example. We must be sure, first of all, that what we are measuring can give us an accurate account of what savings amount to here.

Most of this article has concentrated on how savings are measured. The other major problem, why people save at all during a period of high inflation, has been discussed in this column before. Most of the traditional forms of saving at present carry a negative real rate of interest. The continuance of such a situation may, of course, remove the need to measure savings at all—money illusion cannot last forever.

Table 1

National Income And Expenditure 1965-1971

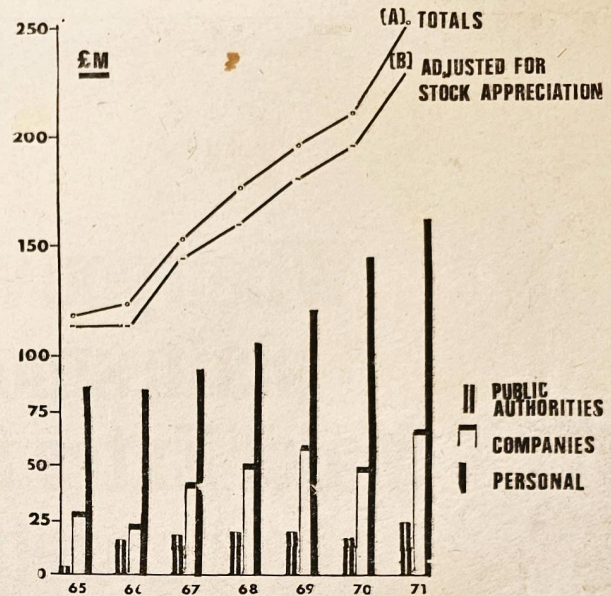
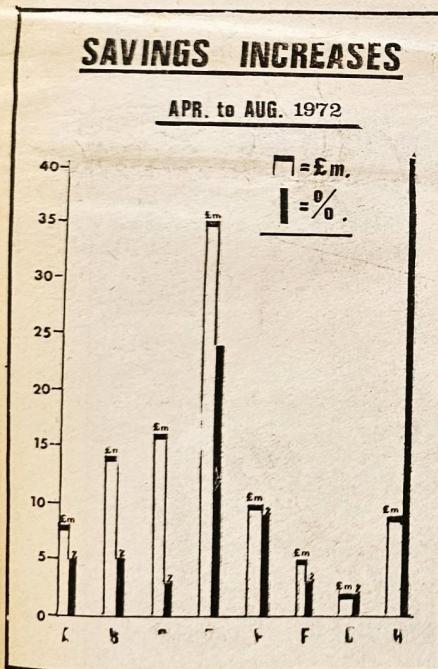


Table 2



INCREASES ON MONETARY SAVINGS
APRIL TO AUGUST, 1972

- A Currency
- B Current Accounts with Associated Banks
- C Deposits with Associated Banks
- D Deposits with non-Associated banks (net of inter-bank balances).
- E Shares and Deposits with Building Societies*
- F Deposits with P.O.B. and T.S.B.s (inc. National Instalment-Saving)
- G Short-term Savings with Government
- H Deposits with State-sponsored Bodies

*Figures relate to three months ended June

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