

hibernia

FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

April 27th, 1973

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**I.M.I.: 21 YEARS
OF WHAT?**

FOUR YEARS IN POLITICS
by BERNADETTE DEVLIN

Letters to the Editor

Pension Tax

Sir, The National Coalition Party during the election campaign laid stress on the hardship of Social Welfare recipients, and now that it are the Government, I truly believe they will rectify the injustice. I am a pensioner and I am subject to the new Social Welfare Income Tax. As a result of this, my pension has been reduced by £10.00 per week. I am now forced to accept this new tax on my pension, as also would contributory old age pensioners. The present Government now have the chance to show their sincerity to the Social Welfare recipients by rectifying this injustice.

justice in forthcoming budget, therefore giving a real incentive to people to retire at age 65 thus creating employment for younger people—Yours, etc.,
J. O'BRIEN,
Hon. Secretary,
Irish Life Assurance Co. Ltd.,
Pensioners' Association,
234 Howth Road,
Dublin 5

The Ottewell Affairs

Sir—I am always very interested in your column on financial affairs by "Moneybags". I am curious about this "one and only" Mr. Ernest Ottewell who is mentioned frequently. Could we have a brief profile on this interesting person, with the usual background details as published on financial personalities in your special financial supplements. You might be able to give such interesting details as—schools attended, qualifications and distinctions, clubs to which Mr. Ottewell belongs and of course, his hobbies—Yours, etc.,
MARTIN REYNOLDS,
41 Upper Leeson Street,
Dublin 4.



Erskine Childers

A Bushman Speaks

Sir—Your article on the Presidential election reads as if your correspondent was "beating the bushes" to find reasons why Mr. Childers could poll well. Knowing the editorial thinking of your magazine it does not surprise me. Perhaps, if Hibernia could turn its eyes away from Mr. Childers—and its preoccupation with his accent—to Tom O'Higgins it might find some of the answers it seeks.
Tom O'Higgins belongs to a family that has offered this country dedicated public service from its infancy. One thinks of Kevin O'Higgins, and the reward he received. One thinks of Dr. Thomas O'Higgins and his lonely years fighting the Fianna Fáil corruption spreading through our way of life. One thinks of Michael O'Higgins who mounted a platform while still a schoolboy. One thinks of the Sullivans, the Heavys, the McCartys...
I have read many sneering references to the O'Higgins family in the pages of Hibernia over the years, it is painfully obvious that none of your correspondents bothered to meet Tom O'Higgins or to find out why he can win such happy enthusiasm from his supporters. I have met him twice. I found that he possessed one of the warmest and friendliest personalities I have yet encountered. He is a big man who makes a big impression. So, I am quite happy I will leave Hibernia to court the little Englishman—Yours, etc.,
ROBERT STAUNTON,
18 Fernhill Crescent,
Dublin 12.

Letters should be addressed and kept as short as possible. Long-winded letters will either be mercilessly cut or ignored completely.

Education and Engineers

Sir—An item in Hibernia of April 13th stating that a National Institute for Education lecturer requested a high fee for a one-hour lecture with no possibility of reduction is not correct. I, as chairman of the Region in question, had a discussion with a staff member regarding lectures, seminars and courses and the fee settled was £10. The Thomond Branch of I.E.I. has received the maximum co-operation from Limerick's N.I.H.E. and has held three meetings there to avail of the excellent modern facilities and visual aids. N.I.H.E. staff members have supported our functions and a recent I.E.I. visit to Maghera TV station was made a success by the attendance and interest of N.I.H.E. staff and students following our invitation. N.I.H.E. has also been available to the local community development association for historical and cultural evenings—Yours, etc.,
DES McDONNELL,
B.E., C.Eng.,
M.I.E.I.,
Chairman,
Thomond Branch,
Institution of Engineers of Ireland,
Ad Aobhinn,
Kilbarr,
Castletroy,
Limerick.

Revolutionary Priest

Sir, Mary Kenny in her column once again shows how little she knows about Catholicism and socialism. She refers to Camillo Torres as a bishop. Fr. Torres who was shot in a guerrilla raid six years ago had little chance of being elected to the Hierarchy as Fr. James Good has in Ireland today. The quote too from Camillo Torres was taken out of context. If she wishes to get the correct quote she can get it from his writings published by Sheed and Ward a few years ago—Yours, etc.,
JOHN FEENEY, Editor
Catholic Standard,
11 Talbot Street,
Dublin 1.

Cronin in Arms

Sir—Your Mr. Leonard sounds like a very cross man, almost as cross as Mr. O'Connor, but if he will promise not to abuse or maltreat me in any way I will make my script available to him for inspection at the address below. It does not, repeat not, contain the word complained of (the italics, while not my personal property, have been employed at my suggestion).
Of course I have read Professor Lyons (not Lyon) and Henry Harrison. Anybody who wrote about the subject without reading them would indeed be an ass. The point is that J. L. Hammond discusses the consequences of Parnell's wishes in the matter of the legacy specifically and at length and thinks as I said.
But Mr. Leonard should read himself more carefully, apart from reading anything else. It was not the direction, design and lighting (by P. M. Brady) that he praised but the direction, design and sound recording (by Oliver O'Reilly). Anybody who worked on the programme knows that I did not think these to be minor matters.
However, what hurts me most is the allegation that I do not get out and about enough. I do, sir, I really do, and now that the Spring is here there will be no holding me—Yours, etc.,
ANTHONY CRONIN,
51 Stella Gardens,
Tralee,
Dublin 4.

Bra-Burning

Sir—It is sacrilegious to compare Miss Rowbotham's book (*Women's Resistance and Revolution*) with the outpourings of Maria Maguire. Anne Harris has no grounds for doing so. Sheila Rowbotham has written a serious, well-researched book, documenting developments of theories about women and the practical revolts they have been involved in. She does not identify women's liberation with Trotsky—there are only seven references to him in the whole book and in all of them he has something to say. She has spent years saying what women themselves have done for their own liberation. She herself has been involved in that struggle. Sheila Rowbotham is not a "bourgeois romantic" identifying history with herself (whatever that means). She is attempting to write the history of half of humanity who have until recently been effectively written out of it. She identifies with the right of that half of humanity for their liberation. She sees that their oppression is rooted in society and reflected and developed in their minds. This is not "Yogism" as Miss Harris calls it. It is an attempt to confront the psychological and sexual oppression women face.
If Anne Harris really believes women's liberation has anything to do with bra-burning—I'm sorry for her. It certainly doesn't have much to do with supporting Stalin (his cult of motherhood, etc.) or defending the right of Irishmen to be driven by society to the nearest pub. It has nothing to do with the self-indulgent treatises and defections of Maria Maguire. A genuine struggle for women's liberation is traced in the movements and ideas discussed by Sheila Rowbotham—movements of ordinary working women fed up with misery, beatings, bad pay and pregnancy. Miss Harris may find that struggle amusing or irrelevant, but she has no right to throw its history into the dustbin of dogmatism—Yours, etc.,
SHEILA DUNCAN,
38 Stoneybatter,
Dublin 7.



Anne Harris

... or Commissar Communism?

Sir—Miss Harris in her review of Sheila Rowbotham and Maria Maguire's books (30-3-73)

devotes a considerable amount of space to the Women's Liberation Movement in Ireland. Why she should equate a refusal to allow Socialist domination of the movement in this country with defection from orthodox Communist Communism I don't know. Women's Liberation is not the property of the institutionalised Left.
Despite her sneers at Women's Liberation, Fowles Street for abandoning working class women on the equal pay issue, it was we who picketed Liberty Hall for four long hours, enduring the insults of our male union colleagues during the I.C.T.U. meeting which was debating the acceptance of a discriminatory national wage agreement.
The continuation of Miss Harris's story of the white women freedom fighters in the Black South was the start of the fight for women's rights by these same women, and their joining with black women in the Women's Liberation Movement which crosses the colour barrier.
While Women's Liberation is not a formal international movement, each success in each country helps the whole, and the exceptionally strong movement in the United States has helped change attitudes, particularly in Western Europe. Even that stronghold of womanly submission, Japan, is starting to waken to the ideas of liberation and equality—Yours, etc.,
MARY E. FLYNN,
2 Brandon House,
Brandon Road,
Dublin 4.

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FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

British Double-Think

IN THE BEGINNING of human conflict is the word, but in the end it is actions which decide. Men may verbalise, but it is the out-turn of events which confirms or negates their arguments. Article after article may discuss whether or not Ulster is British, or whether there is one nation in Ireland or two, but at the back of events stands the actual reality. The job of the verbalisers is not to change the facts, but to clarify confusions in thought, to align the general received public view of things with the reality. If in fact there are not two nations on this island, anyone who preaches that there are is only delaying clarification of a fact, is only prolonging the present turmoil.

The split between speech and action on the Northern question, however, is more obvious in Britain than here. The British attitude is pointedly schizophrenic. At one moment she adopts an attitude of lofty superiority, of presiding over a difficult local squabble; at another she is defiantly asserting British sovereignty against a tiny minority of rebels. One month she is doing a Darlington, attempting to solve the problem by pretending she is not one of the participants, but the impartial chairman; a few months later she organises a Border Poll to prove her title to the North.

But how many of the majority in that poll voted as they did, not so much because they wanted the British link, but because they wanted to keep out of a united Ireland? How many, in other words, voted negatively and not positively, voted anti-South rather than pro-British? The question is vital; for insofar as Britain claims to rule the North by virtue of the votes of such people—we may call them the Ulster-Firsters—she is taking sides in a conflict which is internal to the island of Ireland to help her maintain her rule there. She is playing the oldest trick in the colonial game—Divide and Conquer.

If the people of this island are divided amongst themselves, it is no concern of Britain's. She can only claim to rule in the North insofar as she can show that the people of the North are British. The two-nation theory, the rights and wrongs of Irish unity, have nothing to do with the case. If the issue is Protestant-Catholic, or Nationalist-Ulster Firster, it is none of Britain's business.

But whatever about the confusions in Britain's policy as articulated and Mr. Whitelaw's "deportation" of Mr. Malachy McGurran from the United Kingdom is a fine example of this, the pressure of events is forcing her to see matters clearly. As the months of bloodshed drag on, she continues her slow education. Five years ago she could still use the Ulster-Firsters to keep down the Nationalists, to her convenience and the Unionists' private advantage; but no longer. The vital separation of the issues has begun to be made. Security powers have been withdrawn from Stormont; the Irish-British war, if we may so describe the I.R.A.-Army conflict, is being waged on the British side by Britain alone.

Let us be clear about the new Assembly. It is meant to deal with internal Irish affairs. Britain is not represented on it. (Her role is the colonial one, of being the overriding authority, vetoing whatever is felt by Britain not to be good for the natives.) Those Northern Unionists (if any) who put Britain first will not be interested in it. Westminster is the Parliament they look to. Yet Britain wants the Assembly "to work," which one would normally assume as meaning "to transact real business, to resolve real issues." The clear implication would be that there are important issues to be dealt with in the North which have nothing to do with Britain. The greater the need for the Assembly, the less the right of Britain to rule the North.

But one feels that by "to work" she really means "to appease the Ulster-Firsters while reassuring the Nationalists." The essential feature of the Assembly is that there are to be vetoes all round. Power-sharing is to be impotence-sharing; the two sides are to cancel out. Whether emasculation makes for reconciliation history has yet to reveal; but it is clear that as well as Divide and Conquer we now have Neutralise and Conquer.

It can hardly work. A country which is using one group of Irishmen to help her keep her flag flying over the North cannot act as an acceptable referee in the North. How many more lives will have to be lost before the British—and the two-nation theorists of the South—learn that conflicts inside Ireland are not Britain's business, except possibly as a fully impartial and strictly temporary peacemaker?

Foreign Affairs

Garret's Conference

AN IMAGINATIVE political "stroke" is not something one associates with the Department of Foreign Affairs, but in calling in the Ambassadors for policy talks, Dr. Garret FitzGerald seems to have pulled one off. He certainly has achieved something none of his predecessors would be capable even of contemplating.

By no stretch of the imagination could one see Mr. Frank Aiken sitting at the head of that table in Iveagh House in mid-April. Mr. Liam Cosgrave would not have fitted in very comfortably, and while Dr. Hillery might have got to calling such a conference, it would have been to tell the Ambassadors something rather than to listen to them and debate with them on equal terms.

Was it a political "stroke"? Perhaps the best indication that it was can be seen from the immediate public interest in it. The public do not normally show much interest in what is going on in Iveagh House, certainly not in the routine relationships between the Minister and his staff. Now and then, a lively rumour or the prospect of a row might light a spark of interest. But when Garret called his conference, there was a lively ripple all over the country, much the sort of thing Donogh O'Malley could cause with a stray word or gesture, a "gut" response to recognisable political movement.

As a matter of fact, the O'Malley comparison is interesting in itself. It used to be said some years ago that one of Mr. Lemass's mistakes was not to have given External Affairs (as it then was) a taste of O'Malley for a measured period, in order to shake it out of its cobwebs. It was said that Donogh would do terrible things there, would bomb the place out of its traditional smugness and create such havoc that he would have to be yanked out of it within a couple of years. But the argument was that the place could never be the same again after him, that he would at least create a situation where a successor could do something constructive with the place.

The big reservation was that O'Malley would go too far, too soon, too crudely. How intriguing it would be if Garret FitzGerald turned out to be a sophisticated O'Malley, a wrecker with the healing touch? From his early efforts, it does seem as if Garret has as great a contempt for the traditions of Iveagh House, or the worst of them, as Mr. Lemass's young men ever had, and that he has his own, possibly non-offensive, plans for getting rid of them.

The conference of Ambassadors certainly must have left some well-known establishment figures in Iveagh House as troubled as Pope John's inspiration for the Council did in its day in the Vatican. On the other hand, it must have been a shot in the arm for those ambassadors normally out of the field of action, left to fester in far-flung embassies, slowly rotting in the cocktail round. For the first time, they were all together, not only observing how the foreign policy of a new Government was being put together, but actually having a voice in it.

It makes so much sense, of course, that the outsider is amazed it does not happen as a matter of routine. It must surely mean that whatever the private politics of a diplomat, he must see himself from this point onwards as implementing Department as much as Government foreign policy, since he's been in on the making of it. It must also mean that if and when Fianna Fail return to power, unless they have a Minister capable of a similar exercise or a new initiative of his own ready and waiting for Foreign Affairs, the Ambassadors will be implementing new Government policy with a strong overlay of Coalition thinking. And this is most certainly the long-term political implication of the FitzGerald initiative.

In passing, one might remark on this early endorsement of the wisdom of Mr. Cosgrave's choice for this Ministry: it is difficult to see either Richie Ryan or Conor

Cruise O'Brien carrying off quite the same exercise. In fact, one of the comforting characteristics of the Cosgrave administration so far is the feeling citizens are getting that consultation and consensus are not only all-embracing, but real and effective; very few major decisions have so far been taken in which vast numbers of citizens do not feel that they have been fairly directly involved. This is in astonishing contrast to the feeling under the Lynch administration, particularly since 1970, that the country really had one-man Government, and that only those Ministers who inclined the head in the appropriate direction counted for anything.

Observers will look particularly for any effect this conference of Ambassadors might have on the establishment of new diplomatic missions. The opening of an embassy in Japan is taken for granted now, but what of the advanced move to have one in Russia? Here, it seems, the British fear that it would be little more than a backdoor for Russian agents, freely crossing the Border and the Irish Sea, is having an off-setting effect. Even if that factor was not present, an embassy in Moscow seems out of line with some earlier statements of Ministers like Mr. Richie Ryan ("We will not be suckled by the Russian bear") and Mr. Cosgrave's temperament. If the matter is pressed, the compromise might be a mission to some other Iron Curtain country, like Catholic Poland.



Dr. Garret FitzGerald, Minister for Foreign Affairs

Anyhow, the change in style from Hillery to FitzGerald is striking. Dr. Hillery, perhaps understandably because of the emphasis of his day, undid some of Mr. Aiken's work by fresh stress on Europe. Now Dr. FitzGerald seems to be moving towards a balance, a slotting of our European diplomacy into a world picture. It looks as if our Ambassadors everywhere will have a balanced assessment of the importance of our E.E.C. membership and those in Europe will have underlined the necessity of avoiding a cocoon approach and keeping the European thing in its global setting. It seems on the face of it the proper thing to do.

Q.—WHICH industrial dispute has Brian Faulkner worried?

A.—THE ONE that is simmering at the moment in Century Newspapers. This Belfast group, which is controlled by Faulkner's close personal friend and steadfastly loyal publicity chief, "Captain Bill" Henderson faces the possibility of a temporary shut-down in the near future. The prospect of having to face the electorate without the Belfast Newsletter at its back must be a daunting thought for the Unionist leader.

Assembly Elections

Faulkner In Trouble

TO UNDERSTAND what ails the Unionist party these days, one must try to understand the nature of the beast. Far from being the monolithic toe-the-line party outsiders imagined it to be, it has always been a loose conglomerate of locally-run branches and constituency associations, linked by a basic loyalty to a Protestant British Ulster, but owing minimum allegiance to the central organisation. No one knows better than the party officers that if they were to endorse a candidate for nomination to any selection committee, it would be an automatic kiss of death to his chances.

This strong sense of local independence goes a long way to explain the many shades of reaction to the White Paper and the general refusal to conform to the party line. Even if the leader, Brian Faulkner, had been consistent in his opposition to or support of the White Paper, the constituency associations would have made up their own minds about it. Since he has been turning somersaults at daily intervals in his efforts to appease both the pro and anti White Paper factions, he has left the party grass roots confused, angry, and more than ever determined to go their own way.

At first, it looked as if Faulkner might just take them by storm, following up the shock of the White Paper proposals for power-sharing in the executive and loss of security powers — which he had opposed until the last moment — with quick meetings of the parliamentary party and the 900-strong Unionist Council. His line was that the White Paper was worth trying — with unspecified modifications — and he got backing from both. In the Council, those advocating rejection, led by Bill Craig, could only muster 231 votes, compared to Faulkner's 348. But events have proved it was a hollow victory, as is the apparent victory over the breakaway Vanguard Unionist Progressive Party, led by Bill Craig. When the various constituency associations got round to discussing the White Paper in their own Orange Halls, there was a very different story to tell. Craig's supporters have fought shy of joining his new party, but they have been able to swing the majority of local associations and branches against the official "constructive approach".

At the latest count, the line-up of Stormont constituency associations is 11 against the White Paper and one for. The only two Westminster associations which have committed themselves — South Down and Fermanagh, South Tyrone — have both come out against. Among the anti's are strongholds of orthodoxy as West Down, Iveagh, Mourne, Carrick, Newtownabbey, Londonderry, South Tyrone, Mid and West Tyrone, Lagan Valley and South Derry. In addition branches in Armagh, North Antrim and East Belfast have declared their opposition. On the plus side, Faulkner has had to look to middle-class Windsor, the officers of Bangor and North Down and Portrush Women's Unionist Association for support. Being Faulkner, he can turn a blind eye to what is going on and talk vaguely about "massive support" in the country, but his capacity for fooling all the Unionists all the time is not what it was.

The Belfast Telegraph cartoonist, Rowel Friers, said it all in a drawing of a broody Brian Faulkner hen sitting on an outsize Easter egg which was cracking asunder.

Obviously a hardened campaigner like Brian Faulkner isn't going to give up easily, even when the odds are so heavily against him. His only principle is to stay on top, and to do so he is prepared to shift his ground as often as it is necessary. He knows, how important it is to influence the selection of candidates, so that Faulknerites out-

number Craigites, and in the early stages the party decreed that they should be chosen on the basis of the Westminster constituencies. But when the vote went against him in South Down, where he himself is seeking the nomination, he changed the rules and decided that, after all, the four Stormont constituencies — including his own East Down — could make their own selections. Another time, he threatened associations who opposed the White Paper and co-operated with Craig's VUPPs and Paisley's DUPs to choose agreed loyalist candidates with disaffiliation. But as the list of dissenting associations grew, and White Paper opponents like John Laird contended that they — and not the Faulknerites — were the true upholders of Unionist policy, the threat was quietly withdrawn.

It is impossible to see Faulkner himself denied the nomination in South Down, whatever is his final stance, but once-faithful lackeys like John Brooke in Fermanagh — where the two Unionist seats will go to Taylor and Harry West — and Albert Anderson in Derry may never make it to the assembly. On the liberal wing of the party, only Basil Melvor, Herbie Kirk, Robert Babbington and Roy Bradford — contesting as an independently-minded official Unionist — look to be certain to survive into the first assembly, leaving the Faulknerite faction at very low strength.

Faced with such a prospect, many a party leader would abdicate, or do a quick side-step to the Right, where most of his following belongs. But Faulkner may do neither of these, if he can succeed in turning an election which should be on the terms of the White Paper solution into another straight border vote. This is by no means impossible, if the I.R.A. carry on as before, and Faulkner would be the last one to worry about the fact that a temporary loyalist coalition would be bound to collapse in the post-election phase, when those who are prepared to work the new system confront the wreckers.

That's when the real bust-up should come, finally dividing the Unionist party between the pragmatists who accept that Britain's word is final and the fundamentalists who are basically Ulster Protestant nationalists. Strange new alliances would then be formed, across the old divides. They should, but as all observers of the Northern scene must know by now, there is no consistency between what Unionists say and what they do. Brian Faulkner is banking on them putting their heads before their hearts and backing him and the British financial link. He could be right, but it would only mean that the problem was shelved until another not far distant day.

Agriculture

A Taxing Problem

ONE OF the liveliest hares set loose by the Irish Congress of Trade Unions in their pre-Budget submission is their demand that farmers should pay income tax. Farmers will hardly agree, and judging by the reactions of the farming bodies we are in for the spectacle of a tough political battle between these two heavyweight bodies before the issue is settled.

If fairness were the only consideration then it should be an open-and-shut case — farmers should pay like everybody else. Contesting this view, the farmers point to the lean years of the past, and also claim that the extra money being earned now is required to finance the investment needed to cash in on opportunities opening up in the E.E.C., so that taxing them now would, in Mr. Maher's words, "put the farmers back on their knees".

But this does not add up to a case for tax exemption. One can sympathise with a farmer who feels it is harsh that the taxman should be ready to pounce at the first sight of a new financial spring. But any worker can point out that even after prolonged illness or unemployment, the icy taxman cometh swiftly to him once his earnings are restored. Past poverty is no defence against the fiscal wolf.

Neither is the claim that the money may be needed for investment. All expanding businesses face the same problem, and there are many firms which can readily retail their own particular tale of woe. The rest of the business community will probably

Q.—WHY HAS Paddy Kennedy pulled out of the Omagh Unity moves to field an agreed panel of Assembly candidates to appeal to the voters wedged between the S.D.L.P. and the Provisionals

A.—BECAUSE he is confident that he has a stable full of potential candidates within his own group which will allow him to scoop up that support in the areas East of the Bann. They include former Catholic ex-servicemen's chairman, Phil Curran, P. J. McCrory who has handled more internees' cases than any other solicitor in Belfast, Councillor James O Kane whose home has been frequently attacked by Loyalists and who did a stint in Long Kesh, and Surgeon Paddy Lane who supplied information for the brutality allegations as well as returning his British military decoration to London after the Derry killings.

add that farmers should be thankful to have opportunities for profitable expansion — many firms don't. What this amounts to is that while the points made by the farming bodies may be true, they are equally true for others, and if these others pay tax then, in fairness, so should the farmers. As I.C.T.U. themselves pointed out, they are not alone in their view — as far back as 1960 the Commission on Income Tax recommended that farmers should be liable for income tax on their profits.

But if the principle of the matter can be resolved, the practice cannot. It is one thing to say that farmers should pay; quite another to decide how.

It would be necessary to have accounts for farm incomes and expenditure in order to prepare income tax assessments but the cost and difficulty of getting these might not be justified since many (50%? 75%?) farmers with low incomes would not be liable to actually pay tax. One way around this obstacle is the I.C.T.U. suggestion that only larger farmers (those with holdings having a rateable value of £50 or more) should be initially liable to tax and obliged to keep accounts. This has the merit of concentrating on the better-off farmers. But it would also create strong incentives for tax avoidance — farmers might find it profitable to form companies, which would furnish the usual expense account deductions, and if these were linked up with selling organisations, the companies could also provide very valuable export profits tax reliefs. The net result might simply be a lot extra work for accountants, and little extra revenue for the taxman.

An alternative solution might be to take up the suggestion made a few years ago by the Committee which reviewed State aid to agriculture, to use estimates of the income produced per acre. These estimates could be based on data from the Agricultural Institute or other such sources. Apart from getting round the problem of getting farmers to keep accounts, this method would also have the merit of encouraging farmers to raise their output and efficiency, since tax assessments would presumably be based on some sort of average, so that the above-average farmer would face a lighter tax burden. This feature may, of course, also be regarded as a disadvantage by many, since it would also mean that the below-average farmer with a lower income would pay the same tax per acre as his better-off colleagues. But this need not be an insuperable difficulty. An appeals machinery, for example, should be able to meet any cases of hardship caused by an estimation system.

There is then no good social, economic or administrative reason why farmers should not pay income tax. All that has been lacking is the political will to remedy what the I.C.T.U. submission quite rightly describes as a "scandal demanding immediate remedy."

Q.—WHY were some Conservative M.P.s furious when a division was called at Westminster on the order abolishing the oath of loyalty for teachers in Northern Ireland, and they had to dash back to vote?

A.—BECAUSE it was 2 a.m. and they thought the Ulster Unionists had some back on their promise not to challenge the order. It was Ian Paisley, who wasn't consulted, who divided the House, goaded into it by a delighted Gerry Fitt.

R.T.E.

Cruise O'Brien's Approach

"In the old days, before the existence of radio and television, it might not much matter which body in the Government was put in charge of Posts and Telegraphs. It was treated as a relatively routine post, as it had been in many cabinets. This is no longer the case. Some of the most delicate responsibilities in the Government rest on the shoulders of this Minister for Posts and Telegraphs."

IRONICALLY, three short months after delivering this opinion during the debate on the Estimate for the Department of Posts and Telegraphs, Conor Cruise O'Brien himself inherited those same responsibilities. A gentle sigh of relief went up from Montrose when the appointment was announced. An air of quiet expectation, mingled however with a certain dread of apprehension, pervaded the station during the Election. Particular political allegiance was never blatantly indicated, but there were plenty of guidelines. On one particular programme, a Fianna Fail Minister was openly ridiculed for his part in the rates debacle. The Colley/FitzGerald confrontations were viewed with something akin to childish glee by those at the station anxious for a change.

Early in 1968 *The Irish Times* expressed doubt about the possibility of any great improvement in relations between R.T.E. and the Government should a coalition come to power. Anyone who has to deal with the business of communications "suspects that were Labour and Fine Gael in Government as a coalition today we would have something of the same degree of meddling." Now that there is a coalition Government can this pessimism be justified? The new Minister for Posts and Telegraphs has maintained a discreet silence since his appointment. There was no statement from his Department about the appearance of Sean O Bradaigh on the White Paper marathon programme. In fact, when questioned about that particular appearance, the Minister refused to comment. Can his silence be taken for tacit approval? Was R.T.E. putting their new overlord to test when they invited O Bradaigh to appear? What of the present Authority — will it be renewed when the time for reappointment comes up in May? These are some of the questions that arise in any examination of the relationship between the R.T.E. Authority and the new Coalition Government.

In retrospect, it was fortunate for those involved in broadcasting that the debate on the Estimate for the Posts and Telegraphs Department coincided with Fianna Fail's ham-fisted handling of the Authority in November last. Whatever deleterious effects the debacle had on Fianna Fail, it loosened the tongues of Opposition spokesmen and gave those with broadcasting interests an opportunity to assess the attitudes of future Coalition Ministers to R.T.E. During the debate, Dr. O'Brien pointed out that the Estimate was concerned with "relations between the Minister and the Authority and what those relations should be." Speaking for the Labour Party, he said that they were absolutely united in defending the legitimate autonomy of broadcasting and television, though he did not spell out what that legitimate autonomy was. His speech, however, provides a fortuitous indication of his overall conception of a national broadcasting service and the relations it ought to have with the Government of the day.

The Broadcasting Act of 1960, and the Amendment Act of 1964 initiated the uneasy bed-fellowship between the Government of the day and R.T.E. The Act gives considerable powers to the Minister both in relation to the Authority and, as has been proved in reality, where the content of the news is concerned. The now famous Section 31 states that the Minister "may direct the Authority in writing to refrain from broadcasting any particular matter or matter of any particular class and the Authority shall comply. Under Section 6 of

(Continued in page 6)

Q.—WHY IS the decision of popular Falls Road G.P., Dr. Jo Hendron to contest the West Belfast constituency for the Assembly on behalf of the S.D.L.P. embarrassing to the Alliance Party?

A.—JO HENDRON is the younger brother of Alliance Party chairman, solicitor Jim Hendron.



Bernadette Devlin on an all-night vigil outside 10 Downing Street, in October 1971, protesting about the torture of internees. Discussing the Northern Ireland situation with Rev. Ian Paisley, M.P., on British TV.

Four Years In Politics

by Bernadette Devlin M.P.

ON THE 17th April, 1969, in a 91.5% poll at the Mid-Ulster by-election, Unity candidate Bernadette Devlin defeated Unionist Mrs. Anne Forrest by 4,231 votes. She was twenty-one at the time, the youngest M.P. to sit at Westminster for two centuries. At the General Election the following June, in a four-way contest she held on to the seat, increasing her lead over the Unionist candidate—this time Mr. Neville Thornton, to 5,020. For the past four years she has actively involved herself with politics and labour movements in Britain, the Six and Twenty-six counties, and served a four-month jail term in Armagh two years ago. She married school teacher Michael McAliskey, last Monday, on her twenty-sixth birthday. In this exclusive article she reviews her attitudes to politics and politicians, and some of their attitudes to her, in those four years.

GUESS WHO said this and of whom:

"The girl whose honesty, vision and courage has made her the most talked of person in Irish politics for a long time."

If I tell you it was written of Bernadette Devlin by the *Daily Express* you would be forgiven your disbelief. But it was. The date—April 19th, 1969, when the British press went hysterical with delight at the election to Parliament of "the voice of the student generation" (to quote yet another respectable newspaper).

April, 1973, and *The Guardian*, that valiant defender of liberalism, reporting on the day's events in Parliament, declared "The only discordant note was introduced, as usual, by Miss Devlin."

What happened in that period of time to sour the "love at first sight" hysteria of press and Parliament alike? I certainly haven't changed my attitudes, my ideas, or my approach, so why are they now unacceptable, no longer representing "honesty, courage, vision" or any such sentimental slobber, but extremism, "hardline-ism," "terrorism," even?

The answer is simple and cynical. It has nothing to do with me personally. In 1969 it was imagined that a few Parliamentary reforms, a few jobs and a few heroes—or heroines—accepted into the decision-making process and the Civil Rights Movement would collapse. In 1969 it was also thought that I, as a Par-

liamentarian, would soon learn the "art of politics"—compromise.

In every speech I have made in Westminster, including my maiden speech, I have been accused of being negative and wrong. And each time I have been proved positively right by events. At every stage, it was hoped the solution had been found and had I been prepared to use such fine phrases as "critical approval," "guarded welcome," "wary, but not opposed to" in regard to the Downing Street Agreement, the creation of the U.D.R., the passing of power over the Army to Brian Faulkner, Direct Rule, or the White Paper, I might be more popular in a Parliamentary sense, but I didn't. I hate to rub it in, but on each of the above questions I stood absolutely alone in declaring that they would not work. (I tell a lie, Michael Foot agreed with me on the U.D.R.). And none of them have worked.

The whole question, not only of my halo slipping, but of erstwhile noble non-violent demonstrators now being "psychopathic thugs," "murderous gunmen," etc., revolves around the misunderstanding on what we were doing in 1969 and what many sectors of the community thought we were doing. Those of us who posed the contradictions thrown up by the movement were bound to carry the brunt of the blame for the necessary "splitting" of the movement and losing "public opinion." For example, how can you

support Civil Rights and liberty in one place but not another?

How can you demand equality if you pay less wages for fifty hours work than a man can draw on State Benefit? How can you believe in "one family, one house" when you charge £4.50 a week for a caravan that leaks and is rat-infested? Answer: If you're an Irish Catholic—I'm not knocking the Church: I'm saying that some people thought the whole question was based on the "right of the Catholic minority," hence they supported things totally unpalatable to them in any other circumstances.

This explains many fellow travellers of the Northern struggle and further explains when and why it was necessary, from their point of view, to get off the "bandwagon" and disown and discredit those left behind.

Conor Cruise O'Brien, Neil Blaney, Bill Fuller, Army captains and party kings all had their day in the North. These were not evil men, not liars or con-men, intentionally. They just didn't want things to go the way they did.

Take Conor Cruise, for example. Would you believe that I remember as a big-eyed and bigger-headed student tagging along with Kevin Boyle to meet Conor Cruise in 1968, when he visited Queen's? Mr. Boyle was a lecturer, so I knew I'd get a chance to meet "the great man." He told us we must be prepared to make sacrifices, great sacrifices, to

get what we wanted. Evidently, he was not prepared to make them himself. Conor, I have learnt, like so many others, supports the oppressed so long as the oppressed remain non-violent in the face of the violence of the State, and as long as they stay off the doorstep of liberals. In fact, more than such people hate oppression: they hate those who take up arms against it.

Because I am an "elected representative" I am supposed to do likewise. Unlike the S.D.L.P., however, I remember who and what I was elected to represent.

It is not that I have vision or courage or honesty not vested in others. It is because I know what I want and I want it without apology, so that I am not tempted to become a "respectable" politician.

I am a socialist and a revolutionary. I believe, therefore, that all the wealth, all the power invested in the minority that respects neither race nor religion, rightfully belongs to my class, the working class. I know that because a man shares my nationality and yet grows rich only because he exploits my class, shares nothing with me, can give me no help in my fight, and I owe him no allegiance. Therefore, the question of being tempted to ingratiate myself with his kind does not arise. His scorn leaves me unchastened, his praise makes me critical of my actions.

What if I stand alone at Westminster and cannot find one single member to vote with me against standing the law on its head? It is their contradiction, their shame, not mine.

What if in a few years time even *Hibernia* knew better than allow one of my kind space in their paper? If the

struggle for Socialism continues to be waged, as it will, in Ireland, in Britain, in America, in Russia, then we will have won. Known or unknown, our strength is the knowledge we refuse to lose.

Cover photograph by Colman Doyle, courtesy of The Irish Press.



Speaking at a rally in Derry.

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the Act, the Minister can call for the resignation of the Authority. Dr. O'Brien has referred to this particular power as iniquitous.

The actual legal position of R.T.E. in relation to the Government was further circumscribed by a Dail statement, in 1966, by the then Taoiseach, Sean Lemass. R.T.E., he said, was set up by legislation as an instrument "of public policy" and as such was responsible to the Government. The Government and by this Lemass meant Fianna Fail would ensure that R.T.E.'s programmes did not offend against the national interest, and by this again Lemass meant Fianna Fail's interest. "The Government," he said, "reject the view that R.T.E. should be generally or in regard to its current affairs and news programmes, completely independent of Government supervision." Various incidents in the short history of the station have amply demonstrated the reality of Lemass's statement. Charles Haughey was responsible for having a particular news item removed from a news bulletin and subsequently in the Dail made it quite clear what treatment he expected from a national television service. "When I give advice with all the authority of my office as Minister for Agriculture and Fisheries, that advice should be respected by the national television network." Later Jack Lynch and Frank Aiken had a film crew recalled when they were on their way to Vietnam. Such trips ought, according to Aiken, who was then in charge of External Affairs, to be undertaken only after consultation with his Department.

Dr. O'Brien and the members of the new Cabinet can at least be expected to retreat from such crude manifestations of authority. The future Minister's speech of last November indicated a liberal attitude towards the broadcasting medium. "I am not in favour of censorship," the Minister-to-be claimed. He went on, however—"Equally, I am not in favour of the way most newspapers present these issues" (he was referring to illegal organisations and their activities), "or in favour of the way R.T.E. present them." His Cabinet colleagues can be expected to show a similar distaste for the presentation of some of these issues now that they are in Government. The new Minister for Justice, in the excitement of electioneering in Roscommon, is reputed to have said that no Government could afford to give independence to a national television station. Liam Cosgrave, too, must surely keep a wary eye on the broadcasting medium, given his commitment to the issue of law and order.

So there are traces of ambiguity in Dr. O'Brien's attitude. He agreed with Garret FitzGerald that the MacStiofain interview could not conceivably be taken to "promote the aims and activities" of an illegal organisation. Yet the future Minister admitted to extreme annoyance when he saw what he called "sympathetic" approaches to these same organisations on the part of R.T.E. He has made no secret of his dislike for the I.R.A. or for their stated aims, but will he allow his almost philosophical distaste for their activities to colour his liberal attitude to the medium, should the occasion arise? He is adamant that radio and television, in a modern democracy, "if

protected by a reasonable autonomy," are most vital to the sustaining of democratic practice. It is of vital importance to the Irish communications media that Dr. O'Brien will spell out exactly what he means by "reasonable autonomy." Will it include, for instance, "the duty that R.T.E. have to cover news of evil," and there was no doubt at the time but that Dr. O'Brien was referring to the evil of the I.R.A. and their activities in Northern Ireland?

Quite apart from laying himself open to charges of the most blatant and cynical nepotism, Dr. O'Brien's appointment of his son-in-law, Nicolas Simms, is depressing from an R.T.E. point of view: in such an administration-slanted organisation, could Dr. O'Brien not have chosen a broadcaster: as his special advisor, rather than the Head of Audience Research, a position which Mr. Simms had held for a mere eighteen months.

Certainly, Dr. O'Brien would not be in favour of a totally independent television service in Ireland. It was David Thornley who said, back in 1967, before he became active in national politics, that the politician "logically views the communication medium as the cockpit of contention; he is consequently only totally satisfied with it when he is able to use it to gain an advantage over his adversaries. A "good" station is a subservient one; a "good" programme is one from which he emerges victorious." Now that Thornley is a politician himself he may view the relationship between politicians and broadcasting somewhat differently, though during the Estimate debate Thornley was still firmly unequivocal. "I would never be associated

with an administration which regarded the only good form of television as a mute and subservient television." The Government's overt viewpoint can be expected to coincide with this sentiment. Yet there are faint indications of an obverse side to the liberal coin. "We are not saying," said Dr. O'Brien, "that the State should have no concern about what is being broadcast in the public service broadcasting system." Indeed, he went on, "neither are we saying that the handling of this subject (the I.R.A.) has always been perfect..." But the future Minister was conciliatory and allowed for some aberrations on the part of a television Authority. "Even if they abuse this authority, it is a much lesser evil to allow that abuse to continue than to clamp down and end the autonomy."

Whatever the approach adopted by the new Government, it seems likely that the more obvious excesses of Fianna Fail will be avoided and a more reasonable and gentlemanly attitude taken. But it was Lord Hill of the B.B.C. who said that "liberty is not often clubbed to death in broad daylight, but rather it is dismembered in silence and in the dark." While Dr. O'Brien is unlikely to go so far as to club liberty to death, he has yet to make clear how R.T.E. can expect to be treated "in silence and in the dark."

Q.—WHO IS favourite for the post of Ireland's new Ambassador to Japan?

A.—ROBIN FOGARTY, Dr. Hillery's short-lived chief adviser in the European Commission.

Sandy Scott: Defending The Workers

Profile

SANDY SCOTT is a shop steward in Queen's Island shipyard. Representing men who consider themselves to be the elite force of the industrial North, shipyard shop stewards have to be resolute, tough, and trusted. Although occasionally former shop stewards like Brendan Harkin and Andy Boyd go on to make names for themselves in other careers, mostly the stewards remain unknown outside the close-knit world of the Yard and its ten thousand workers. Over the past few years however shop stewards have become public figures embodying the struggle in the North and in the public search for a simple truth to encompass the overwhelming complexity of the situation, one had become the goody and the other baddy. Sandy Scott, the photogenic peacemaker, was the goody while his colleague, Billy Hull, the bejewelled apostle of LAW, was the baddy.

Suddenly to the consternation of those who like their saints simple Sandy Scott has become the baddy and ironically it is the very same forces which first gained him public acclaim which have now led him to a position where he is being chided as reckless, irresponsible and shortsighted. It was his sense of obligation to his fellow shipyardmen which first brought him fame and it is the same sense which has now led him to take on management in a desperate and perhaps fatal struggle. If this damages his public image he won't worry unduly.

The image was not something he cultivated. It was thrust upon him in 1969. Prior to that he had led a not untypical life as an Island shop steward. Problems within the Yard took up most of his own work-time and to some extent prevented the advancement which as a life long worker in the Yard he might reasonably have anticipated. His leisure time was spent partly in church work and partly running a junior football team for the Irish League club Distillery. The rest of his time was spent in the company of his wife and three children in their neat semi-detached home in West Belfast. It corresponded to the life style of thousands of Belfast tradesmen. August 1969 changed all that. As rioting swept through Belfast and rumour swept

through the Yard, the shop stewards feared a repeat of the sectarian strife which made the Yard notorious in 1912 and 1920. Scott suggested to his fellow stewards that they should convene a mass meeting of the work force to appeal for peace. When the meeting was held on August 15th, the British Army was moving onto the streets of Belfast and Bombay Street was burning but Scott got the support of his fellow workers when he told them: "The shipyardmen are determined to keep the peace and set an example to the Province."

As the benighted citizens of Belfast reeled under the horror of what they had unleashed upon themselves, Scott's words flared like a beacon of hope in a sombre world. People were searching for an heroic figure with whom they could identify and through whom they could find redemption and they found him in Sandy Scott. James Callaghan wandering bemusedly through a spoor of history beyond his comprehension saw in Scott and his colleagues the solid working class virtues he could detect nowhere else. Scott was hailed by the media, he was lionised by politicians and acclaimed by the public. He made an ideal working class folk hero for the middle class.

On television he was unassuming, he had an open manner, he did not raise his voice, he refrained from using trade union ear bending jargon and he was a right looking fellow.

Public recognition was bestowed on him. In the 1970 New Year's Honours List the M.B.E. was conferred on him. In June, 1970, after a fierce gun battle in the East End of the city, where so many of the shipyard men live, it was feared that the trouble would erupt in the yard, and Scott was summoned to Stormont to consult with the P.M., James Chichester-Clarke about how this might be avoided. The peace was maintained. In 1971 came further proof of public esteem when Scott was appointed to the B.B.C. Northern Ireland Advisory Committee. Power has its price, however. In 1972, when the Paras shot dead two passersby on the Shankill Road, it fell to Sandy Scott to try and dissuade the men from downing tools and following the power workers into a political strike. The hard men, who were ready for bottle or draught, were in no mood to listen to Scott and they beat him up. That beating pleaded Scott's cause better than any words could have. A few hundred left the Yard that day, but thousands stayed at work. They were clearly out of sympathy with the Paras, but even more out of sympathy

with any group which would attack Sandy Scott.

Against the backdrop of community strife, however, the routine work of a shop steward must go on. In the Island it has over the past few years been made more difficult by the problems created by the rationalisation measures taken to try and restore the Yard to its former greatness. Scott was a strong supporter of the new production techniques introduced to enable Belfast to build the great new super tankers. Like many of his fellow-workers, he was appalled at the inept price negotiating which was securing for the Yard so many prestigious loss-making contracts, and he welcomed the appointment of Scandinavian expert Ivor Hoppe as managing director in the hope that his expertise would restore the Yard to profitability. His early hopes began to recede as everywhere he saw large expenditures which did little to increase the pay packet of the workers. While new consultants were taken on at high fees and vast postage bills were run up sending out literature to the work force which they could have received in their pay wage packets, and while the fleet of company cars grew to total over forty, the men had to struggle to get a canteen where they could take their tea in place of the "pigpens" they formerly used. As the ships grew in size so did the hazards of working on them; hazards which cost lives of six steelworkers last year, but yet management remained indifferent to the men's pleas for improved safety techniques.

The simmering discontent came to a head when the management refused to pay a productivity bonus, initially on the ground that the required productivity had not been achieved and latterly on the grounds that such a payment would be in breach of the Phase Two Wage Restraint. For the steelworkers, who pioneered flexibility throughout the British Isles and who now found themselves earning on average £9 per week less than their British counterparts, the management attitude was intolerable and they banned overtime. Management, claiming that such stoppages had since 1968 cost the Yard the £4,000,000 which would just about have covered their loss for last year, responded by issuing dismissal notices. To date 1,000 men have been laid off and another 1,500 will go before May and in the meantime the work necessary to keep the other trades going is drying up and soon they also will have to be laid off.

Fighting the bosses for a bigger share



Sandy Scott

of the cake comes naturally to Sandy Scott and his men. What does not come naturally is fighting their own union, and this they are now doing since their union president, Danny McGarvey, recommended the men to resume work. That recommendation was distressing and painful to Sandy Scott, but in the final analysis for him the union is not the national officers and the strike fund, but the men on the shop floor who elected him to lead them in their battles. In 1969 that battle was with the ingrained traditions of sectarianism, now it is with the forces of management and union bossism: in the future it might swing back towards a struggle with sectarianism when the Yard will have to cope with the implications of the suggested "balanced work force." Whatever the struggle, the shop stewards have to carry the can. This present struggle will be a tough one, for there is little public sympathy for the steelworkers and less understanding. Scott's reputation as a reasonable man will be dented. The Establishment may draw aside from Sandy Scott. But then he did not ask to become part of it. He was engulfed by it and if it now spews him out that won't break his heart. He will still be Chief Steward of the Steel Workers' Flexibility Group, and that is what makes him Sandy Scott.

Michael McKeown

I.M.I.: 21 Years Of What?

Terry Kelleher

AS ALMOST six hundred Irish managers and entrepreneurs crowd into Killarney next week for the annual three-day Irish Management Institute Business Conference, to listen to the Hudson Institute's Herman Kahn talking about "The Corporate Environment 1975 - 1985" and debating with rival futurologist Bertrand de Jouvenal of the "Club of Rome" on business practices in the year 2001 or other such management esoterica, might it not be timely to examine the role of the Irish Management Institute itself, and question its achievements and relevance to Ireland in 1973. The Killarney Conference, the most public of the I.M.I.'s activities, can be expected to have added public attention this year, since it will mark the Institute's 21st birthday; but taking place at it is does just a few weeks after the Committee on Industrial Progress published its report on the poor standards of management in Ireland, and just a few months after their rather shabby attempt to take over the Confederation of Irish Industry was foiled, a cold self-examination of the Institute's function, aims and effectiveness would suggest itself as a more suitable and profitable way of spending the weekend.

ON APRIL 12th last, the Committee on Industrial Progress issued its five-year findings in an 112-page report, and though phrased in characteristically muted language, the message was all too clear; there are grave inadequacies in the management of manufacturing industry in the Republic; managers, including directors, proprietors and chief executives do not appreciate the demands of free trade; top management is excessively production-orientated at the expense of marketing and production policy, and so on. It makes rather depressing reading, and one might reasonably expect the I.M.I., whose very *raison d'être* is supposed to be the training of Irish managers and the improvement of those standards criticised in the Report, to question the findings. On the contrary, the following day, the Institute welcomed the Report's commendation of their work (the extent of which was rather pointedly contained in a single sentence: "The role of the I.M.I. in the training of managers is to be commended . . .") and then proceeded to discuss the fact that only now after twenty-one years, had private business and the State made it possible to start building a permanent management training centre.

The I.M.I. statement did point out that the number of Irish managers in firms with more than twenty employees rose from 6,500 to 11,000 in the past ten years, but the I.M.I., with rather short-sighted reasoning in view of the C.O.I.P. finding, added another statistic, the proportion of managers who have undergone their training has risen from 25% to 50%. Could this latter statistic not be interpreted as increasing the burden of blame for the present situation on the I.M.I.? In other words, if the proportion of managers attending their courses had dropped rather than increased would the C.O.I.P.'s verdict have been more favourable? In fact, apart from jargonising, the language of the Irish business community to an intolerable and ridiculous degree, no one has suggested that I.M.I. courses have caused the participants or their businesses any real harm, but, anyone, and especially the I.M.I. itself, actually calculated or quantified (to use the Institute's argot) their successes?

The same I.M.I. statement also reports that despite vigorous promotion of I.M.I.'s

training courses, the yearly total of participants has risen to not much above 5,000, and the majority of these are from middle-management, with only 30% of the Chief Executives in firms with more than a hundred employees attending their courses. Surely the 5,000 figure would be a quite respectable one if the courses were effective? But not apparently when viewed in the I.M.I.'s own supermarketing terms, high turnover on short (3-day, 5-day and 8-day) courses, where saturation of the market becomes a necessity or even an aim in itself.

Certainly the I.M.I. does attempt some tests of its own effectiveness, and the statement details that 81% of a current sample of more than 1,000 participants saw (the course) as directly relevant to their own problems and "88% would recommend similar courses to others." But these figures should be treated with reservation, if not suspicion, since it is a subjective judgment, and anyway a large proportion of participants are sent on the courses by their firms, so the acid test of value for your own money (true also of Killarney?), does not apply. The I.M.I. would probably concede this, as the statement continues: "This kind of subjective reaction is being tested by study of what actually happens later in the company," but then goes on to say "there are obvious difficulties in attempting to relate the training of individual managers to the overall performance of a company." Agreed, the difficulties are obvious, but solving them, if the I.M.I. is to maintain its credibility, should be the Institute's major preoccupation and if they cannot mount an effective study on these lines immediately, another organisation, perhaps a foreign consultancy, should be recruited to do so.

ONE LIKELY explanation of the Institute's apparently poor results in management training is that it lacks a sense of direction, or more accurately has in the past few years spent a disproportionate amount of time and energy pursuing a wrong direction. The Killarney jamboree—an event which even a number of regular attendants find difficult to justify—is just one manifestation of this. Another, is the sense of image-building of the Institute, the expensive brochures, the opulent journals, etc., and though a more intangible factor,



Ivor Kenny, Director-General of the I.M.I., talking to Herman Köhn, one of the guest speakers at this year's Killarney Conference.

it undoubtedly exists and it, too, is difficult to justify, since the very style of the I.M.I. operation must serve as a bad influence on the business community, encouraging a further proliferation of the flabby P.R. exercise, a growing feature of Irish business life. Significantly, perhaps, the opening paragraph of the I.M.I. Director Ivor Kenny's last annual report reads:

"The Institute is twenty years old. We have 120 staff and a total budget of £700,000 for 1972/73. By 1974/75 when we move to permanent premises, we shall have a staff of about 180 and an annual budget of £900,000. The I.M.I. is by European standards a substantial institution. In relation to the population of this country, it is very substantial, indeed. This is one measure of where the Institute stands now."

This is the first-mentioned "measure of progress," though to be fair to Mr. Kenny, he continues that "we have in the past tended to measure the I.M.I. by its own growth" and he concedes "it was not a comprehensive measure of the Institute's effectiveness." And there was throughout Mr. Kenny's last report encouraging signs of a growing awareness of the Institute's problems and the need to re-examine its role, though re-reading it now—especially sections such as "the development of staff is the single most important factor in the development of the Institute"—no one could have anticipated that an altogether different direction would be taken and that a serious approach would be made to merge with that most inappropriate of partners, the Confederation of Irish Industry. This statement, of course, was made before the tragic Trident air crash in London, which left the C.I.I. bereft of its very talented Director-General, Mr. Ned Gray. The details of the attempted merger, which began immediately after the crash, the secret meetings, the alarmingly different memos sent to members of each council, etc., were well documented by Andrew Whittaker of *The Irish Times*, and indeed the timely (and unwelcome) publicity he gave the negotiations certainly played an important part in stopping the merger.

The crucial issue then as now (negotiations between the two bodies are still continuing), was that the independence of the privately-funded C.I.I. would be compromised by a merger—or what in the circumstances looked more like a takeover, by the I.M.I., which receives 30% of its funds from the Government. (It is precisely because of this substantial Government subvention that the activities of the I.M.I. are of pressing public importance.) There were other issues, too, as an admirably sharp editorial in *Checkout*, the journal of the grocery trade, reminded Mr. Kenny:

ten years previously when there had been talk of various business organisations such as N.I.B.O. (Nationwide Institute of Business Organisations) coming together, the I.M.I. had stressed that its first function was an educational one, "significantly different" in its object and its work from N.I.B.O., and also that as the I.M.I. would require Government subsidy it would be undesirable for a branch of N.I.B.O. to be subvented by the Government. Neither the function or the funding of the Institute has changed in the intervening years, and if the reasons which operated against a merger then have changed, an adequate explanation of this has not been forthcoming.

In fact, the C.I.I. merger was not the first attempt at changing (or expanding) the role of the Institute. Over the years, the I.M.I. has had merger discussions with the Institute of Public Administration, and the Business Schools of U.C.D. and T.C.D., and while some progress was made in the latter's case, through a joint committee chaired by Jerry Dempsey, the I.P.A. merger did not get off the ground.

While there is nothing intrinsically wrong with the I.M.I. merging with any other organisation (provided, of course, that the unique feature of each, academic freedom for the universities, for example, or special responsibility to the Civil Service on the part of the I.P.A., are protected), such discussions take up a great deal of the senior managements' time and energy. The C.I.I. negotiation—and this is one case where it would be seen to be impossible to protect the separate identities—most certainly did last year.

Could this wastage of time and energy spent on such merger negotiations explain the I.M.I.'s present failing? Certainly since as, in Mr. Kenny's own words, there is "increasing questioning coming from outside the Institute" now is not the most opportune moment to link up with any other organisation, but to make sure the I.M.I.'s own house is in order.

AND SO TO Killarney junketings and the rarified luxury of discussing global problems in 1985 . . . A spectre at the feast is never the most welcome of guests, but this, after all is the Institute's 21st birthday, the I.M.I. has "come of age." The Conference would be of considerably greater value to both the six hundred managers and the Institute itself if this year the spectre was admitted, eliminated, perhaps, a copy of the C.O.I.P. report allowed to discuss reality. Ireland

*The inclusive fee for the return rail fare Dublin/Killarney meals, gratuities from dinner or to lunch on Saturday is £6

N.I. Local Elections

Confusion and Apathy

"NOW YOU HAVE A SAY" screams the banner headline on the latest "Fact" sheet issued by the Stormont Castle regime and gratefully published as a pull-out advertisement in the three Belfast newspapers. It is an official attempt to whip up interest in the district council elections on May 30, which despite the novelty of the franchise (one man one vote) the boundaries and the council functions have failed to make much impact. "Northern Ireland's first local elections for six years will make history," the advertisement proudly proclaims. "They will ring down the curtain on Ulster's 66 existing councils and mark the creation of 26 completely new district bodies to take their place." Later, it goes on: "There has been a tendency for some people to get the impression that it will not be worthwhile to bother to vote or go forward for election. This idea is quite unfounded..." Developing on this, it grabs desperately at some doubtful straws: "They will provide a wide range of important local services—Safety at your job; protecting the consumer; planning art festivals; control of air pollution; environmental health; sports facilities."

Even in heavy black type, picked out by stars, they don't impress. Fixing house allocations and council jobs, rather than planning arts festivals, has been the base from which the local party bosses have derived their power. But despite the apathy of a public which has generally taken direct rule over Stormont and local government in its stride, and doesn't seem much concerned that most of the old functions will be transferred to the new Assembly, the political parties are gearing up for a full-scale campaign. Even without Bill Craig's Vanguard Unionist Progressive Party, which is conserving itself for the assembly vote in June, voters will have more parties to choose from than in any previous local election.

The reasons for this activity are many and various. Firstly, Northern Ireland is getting its first taste of polling station politics for the first time since the Westminster election in June, 1970, and none of the parties which have sprung up since then can afford to miss them. The S.D.L.P. has to shed that "six-man party" image which clings to it, and the Alliance has to prove that behind the publicity machine are voters, as well as members. Secondly, it provides a convenient testing ground for party machines, which are either untried, or which may have rusted up. The border poll revealed some surprising gaps in the Unionist organisation, which they will be anxious to fill, and the S.D.L.P. machine is an unknown quantity in many of the areas where they will be operating. Thirdly, the local election should be a launching pad for many unknown or little-known candidates who will be going for the "double" of a seat in the district council and the assembly. Success at local government level could easily lead to success at assembly level, in accordance with the long-established tradition of joint membership of Belfast city council and Stormont.

The main problem, of course, is cash, and the difficulty of raising enough to cover two elections within a month. None of the parties, and that includes the Unionists, is well off for funds, and most admit that they will be going substantially into debt, in the expectation that good results will bring their own post-electoral rewards. The trials and tribulations of the Unionist party haven't helped with fund-raising drives—some constituency associations have virtually cut themselves off from headquarters, and finance their own show from top to bottom—but the usual big business sources can still be touched, even after the major outlay of the Border poll (Two headquarters jobs are currently being advertised, representing an expansion in staffing, and soon the party moves to less bomb-prone premises in east Belfast). The S.D.L.P., too, has had its troubles, traceable to the phasing out of its first secretary and perhaps to the defeat of Fianna Fail, which was among its early benefactors. But it's determined to make its mark this time, whatever the cost, and there is no lack of confidence that the money will be found.

Alliance is something akin to a religion among its followers, many of whom were on the respectable fringes of Unionism before they made the break, and there are few missionary movements that go short of funds, when it comes to the big occasion. Labour has big brother British Labour to loan a helping hand with funds; it not with vote-catching, and neither the Communists nor Republican Clubs—in the local field for the first time—are expected to have much financial worry. For all of them, there is the £15 deposit per candidate to find, plus circulars for the 1m. voters. The British Government, however, in its zeal to help the small parties has provided a slight let-off in both elections—to save his deposit, a candidate need only put a quarter of the quota, instead of the usual one-third.

If promises are lived up to, ballot papers (complete with party labels, with no restrictions as to registration of names) will be of record size. Unionists say they will be represented in "practically all" the 98 areas of four to eight seats, returning 526 members to the 26 councils. So far, it looks as if most of the old familiar faces will be back in the hunt, although there will be few seats for them to fill. The S.D.L.P. professes pleased surprise at the calibre of candidates coming forward even for lowly council places, and hopes to be represented in nearly all electoral areas, and certainly in every district council. They reckon on their record holding off a substantial Republican Club challenge in traditional areas. Alliance will go for about 90 out of the possible 98, and here again better candidates are coming forward than had been anticipated earlier. The Communists will concentrate their effort in the Belfast area, with six candidates going for seats in the 51-member city council and four in the Assembly.

All express the hope, with different degrees of emphasis, that the election will be fought on local, rather than White Paper issues, but without much expectation of success. Northern politics revolves around the White Paper now, and although the councillors' only connection with the centre of power will be to advise locally on housing, development and so forth, and to compete for representation on the area boards for health and education, candidates will no doubt have to take their stand. Forecasts are very thin on the ground because of the P.R. factor but undoubtedly some councils like Fermanagh will go anti-Unionist, and in many others, there may be no outright Unionist majority. This must lead to post-election coalitions, which would be an entirely new feature on the Northern scene, and perhaps a good pointer to the events which will follow the Assembly election in June.

The Church

Priests into Europe

NEXT YEAR will see a European meeting of Priests' Councils. Six Irish representatives have already been elected, and at the end of last year they met with representatives of seven other countries to plan ahead. The theme of the Conference is: "The changes in the life and mission of the Church as a result of Vatican II with particular reference to different ministries and functions"—a title which suggests by its very language a new approach to a thorny problem and perhaps an entirely new theology concerning it.

In preparation for the meeting, the Irish delegation has commissioned the Research and Development Unit of the Catholic Communications Institute to do a survey among Irish priests, so that the delegation will be *au fait* with the views and attitudes of those they are representing. Recently some 500 priests, picked at random from the secular and religious clergy, found themselves the recipients of a 16-page questionnaire which required them to make some 150 judgments on the functioning of their Church—its attitudes, its prejudices, its readiness to change. At a superficial level the exercise would appear to be a useful one, and at the very least it is a clear indication that the Irish delegation is taking adequate precautions to forearm itself against possible criticism at a later date. A little reflection makes clear, however,

that the survey as planned is quite unrealistic. When completed, what will it convey? It will certainly be a record of how the officials of the Irish Church believe their Church to be functioning—but how sure can we be that these beliefs will reflect accurately the realities of the Irish Church? An unsympathetic critic might comment that it is like asking a soccer team to put on record their views on what their supporters think of the team's performance. Retaining the metaphor, might we not ask why the supporters' views should not be ascertained by direct enquiry, instead of second-hand, through reports from people who, by the very nature of things, are not likely to provide much by way of critical comment?

The fact is that the whole approach of the survey is the old, clericalist, paternalistic one. If you want to find out what the laity believe about something or other, ask the clergy. In education, talk loudly about parental rights, but don't ever meet the parents—Mother Church knows what is best for them and will speak on their behalf. Sample questions from the survey: "What effect do you think Vatican II has had on the laity in Ireland?" (Some of the laity might provide answers other than the nine suggestions offered). "In your experience, are the laity ever consulted on a formal or informal basis in the following areas of Christian Life?" Perhaps the laity's interpretation of consultation might differ substantially from that of the clergy under this heading.

Elsewhere the same clericalism is apparent. A brief introduction to the first section of the questionnaire tells us: "It is to the world that the Church preaches the message of Christ. It is, therefore, important how the world views the Church." Can it be that eleven years after the opening of Vatican II, we still accept the equation Church=hierarchy, world=laity? A later section, distinguishing the various areas of education, refers to primary and secondary levels. Are the vocational schools still outside the orthodox fold? Nowhere is the question of compulsory clerical celibacy even touched on, and there are other lacunae.

The purpose of this survey, we are told, is to ensure "that the views of the Irish priesthood will be clearly known in Europe." Time will tell what percentage of the random sample of 500 Irish priests will think it worth their while to help let Europe know their views. Needless to mention, the copy seen by this writer was provided by one of the 500 who didn't take the trouble to read beyond the covering explanatory page, in spite of the stamped addressed envelope provided by the organisers in the hope of tempting him to co-operate. We feel that there will be many others who will do the same. In any case, Europe is perhaps just as well off not to know.

Armagh

Back to the Streets?

THERE WAS a time when Armagh was visually the most pleasing town in the six northern counties, and perhaps in the whole of Ireland, with its narrow streets, Georgian façades, and striking twin cathedrals. That was before the advent of the Civil Rights movement and the Provisional bombing campaign. Now Armagh, like every other Ulster town, is barricaded up, the main street is a shell, there is no telephone system, no town hall, no bus station, no hotel. If there is one town which in its split sectarian personality and communal strife is a microcosm of the Northern situation as a whole it is this ecclesiastical capital of both the warring traditions in the North.

But it is only recently that Armagh town has again become a particular flashpoint in the Northern conflagration. Unlike the Provisional strongholds in the south of the county around Crossmaglen and Newtownhamilton, the town had been patrolled by relatively low-profile regiments, the Staffordshires and the Welsh Guards, and by the end of last year what

Provisionals there were (the republican tradition in the town has always been strongly identified with the Official wing of the movement) had either left town or been picked up by the long arm of internment. The only sectarian-type assassination—unlike neighbouring Portadown which had a rash of them—was the killing of a harmless Unionist councillor, William Johnston, last December. The Alliance Party, which was having notable success in crossing the sectarian divide among the middle-classes, confidently expected to pick up seats in both communities in the postponed local elections. The local representative of Official Republicanism, the Pearce Republican Club, was involving itself in unemployment action groups and campaigning on the same platform as Unionists and Vanguard members for the retention of the threatened City Hospital.

It is since the arrival of the Royal Regiment of Fusiliers and the increasing use of paratroopers in outlying trouble spots that a new and frightening dimension has been added to the situation. About the turn of the year there started what seemed, even to moderate Protestant observers, a deliberate policy of harassment of Catholic youths in the Drumargy and D'Alton housing estates. The routine was familiar enough; the knock on the door at 4.30 in the morning and the arrest under the Special Powers Act. The difference was the increasing frequency with which this happened, and the fact that the youths, aged between 17 and 19 were usually taken to the R.U.C. interrogation centre at Ballykelly Barracks near Limavady, a distance of more than 100 miles, where they were interrogated, intimidated, deprived of sleep, and after 48 hours more often than not released and told to make their own way home. There were even cases of the same youth being arrested two, three or four times in the same month.

The heightening of tensions in the town arising out of this harassment culminated three weeks ago in the McGerrigan and Hughes killings, when after a Saturday of frantic searchings and arrests (300 houses searched; 37 men arrested), one unarmed youth was shot dead and one wounded by a patrol of Fusiliers, and 36 hours later, a young Official I.R.A. quartermaster was shot dead while loading arms into a car. The resumption of military operations by the Official I.R.A., even if it is claimed as consistent with the self-defence clause in their cease-fire understanding, is an obvious by-product of the harassment of young republicans both in the town and the surrounding countryside, and can only serve to escalate a conflict at a time when the movement as a whole, and particularly in Armagh, is optimistic about its chances in the new political arena opened up by the forthcoming local government and assembly elections. For a short time after internment, Provisionals and Officials in the town carried out joint operations, and given a single-minded enough campaign by the Army to weaken the Officials by harassment, which many people in the town think is what is happening, it is not inconceivable that it could happen again.

The rationale behind the Army's policy of harassment in the town, plus heavy-handed, often blatantly brutal operations by the Paratroopers in the outlying country areas is difficult to fathom. But in a town notorious for its almost absolute sectarian divide (a line could be drawn down the Mall, the town's handsome central artery, and every Catholic housing estate would be to the south and west of it, every Protestant estate to the north and east) it's a guaranteed way of polarising votes in sectarian straightjackets in the coming election, and leaving the moderate parties that Mr. Whitelaw pins so much hope on stranded in a campaign based on the whipping up of old fears and loyalties, and centred on the painfully irrelevant issue of the role of the British Army. If the two communities of Armagh, the most tradition-bound and class conscious country town in Ulster, vote for the town's two hardest-working political organisations, Alliance and the Official Republicans, then the pattern will certainly be duplicated in the province as a whole. But the way the British Army has been playing master of ceremonies recently makes the coming-down of the military profile in the town one essential priority if the first open election in Armagh since the 1930s is going to take place at all.

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PACKETS CARRY A GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING

Old Cork

Case History

THERE ARE 181 of them and Cork Corporation wants them moved and their houses bulldozed—because the planners have a conception of the future and are being thwarted.

Their names are old Cork names and their houses are old Cork houses and, according to the Corporation, they are preventing the advent of new Cork . . . in the shape of a massive satellite town, bringing together the new-rich of the middle-class and the multiplying but homeless working-class. Or that's the way the planners see it.

The 181 are the families resident in picturesque old Blackrock village, a few miles from the centre of Cork City. They are happy with their homes . . . but not with their lot.

When Cork Corporation, in its role as saviour of the city, decided to develop the Mahon Peninsula, it set about acquiring land to do so. Compulsory purchase orders were served and development outside of this development plan prevented. Or was such development prevented? The Corporation wanted about 850 acres and all went well with much of the acquisition—but when it came to knocking the homes of the 181, trouble arrived. For the Corporation wanted to build a new road where the houses stood. And the 181, not unnaturally, thought a road was less important than their homes. And while the wrangle went on and the 181 found themselves prevented from town planning requirements from doing any improvements to their homes, or from getting grants. Then a curious thing happened. A speculative builder was given planning permission for a big estate right in the middle of the Corporation development area . . . despite the fact that individuals looking for similar permission were refused. And the Corporation ignored hundreds of available acres of lands in the immediate vicinity, owned by a group of nuns who run a home for un-

married mothers. So, the speculatively-built estate went up—the Corporation saying that it suited their plan—but they maintained the homes of the 181 must come down.

The inevitable followed . . . a public inquiry into the Corporation's compulsory purchase order was held in the summer of 1971. But the residents still await a decision and meantime they are barred from any improvement or development work on their homes.

One man's roof is in disrepair and he can't make the decision to repair it, because he doesn't know how long he'll have his house. Meantime, the Corporation has taken care to condemn a few of the houses, despite the words of their Chief Medical Officer, Dr. Patrick O'Meara, who told that public inquiry two years ago when asked about the knocking down of the houses: "I think it is a pity it has to be done."

The Corporation plans to turn the Mahon Peninsula, including, of course, Blackrock, into a town the size of Dundalk and they say they'll balance it into a totally integrated urban texture—with local authority housing and private houses side by side, to create a new approach to housing and to end social snobbery.

But it's an alarming indication of the growing dictatorship of local authority bureaucracy—that 181 families should be held to ransom for two years awaiting the result of a public inquiry. The Corporation's offer of alternative housing in the same area and the "immediate vicinity" if residents desire it, is hardly sufficient compensation. And it's an indictment of planning that the effect of destroying one community to replace it with another; and the effect of dissipating an old, respected community into a massive new one to be created out of strangers—has nowhere seemed to get major consideration.

Meanwhile, the postman's daily tread is awaited by the 181.

With a new Minister for Local Government now installed the 181 wait to see if the pre-election Coalition promise of a decision (if they got into power before the end of April) is adhered to.

Michael Dowling

Custom made

Consumer Report

IT IS A curious fact that Irishmen, when buying clothes, prefer not to buy Irish. They will often go to the extent of taking off a nice Irish-made suit which fits them well and asking to try an English-made one at the same price. This is usually the one they will buy. But do they, I wonder, realise that they are paying a good deal more for it than they would in its country of origin? An all-wool suit coming in from Britain is subject to 19.2% duty. One coming from Scandinavia is subject to 60% duty.

This point is high-lighted by looking at a firm like Austin Reed. Their clothes, which are advertised widely, are available at all branches. Yet the suit advertised at £22.50 in Birmingham and Belfast will cost the Dublin customer £30. Understandably, he wants to know why.

Austin Reed stock almost 60% Irish-made suits. They also have supply lines in Sweden where they can get elegant, lightweight suits made up comparatively cheaply. If it were possible to have them made in Ireland they would do so, but the machinery for this special style is not available. They believe they must use whatever source is available to them at the right price. But when our import duty is put on and the customer pays more for his suit, the efforts of this particular shop to clothe their customers smartly and economically are constantly being frustrated.

Under the Anglo Irish Free Trade Agreement, duty on imported clothes is to drop 4.8% annually until it is eliminated by 1977. It should have been eliminated by 1975 but due to a crisis in our clothing industry in 1972 when the duty was 16%, it was put back up to 24%. This came as a great surprise and disappointment to

English traders who had been promised considerable duty relief by 1975.

Is this import duty strictly necessary? Yes, according to those involved in the clothing industry, it is. 28,000 people in this country work in the clothing industry. One in eight of the population, or one in five, if you include textiles as well. Everything was all right when we were safely behind a high protective trade wall but now, since we joined the E.E.C., the situation has changed dramatically. As a developing country we have always charged high duties on imports. If we don't we run the risk of being flooded by clothes from Hong Kong and Portugal. Even Britain is worried about the competition from low-cost countries. France has recently closed one of her big knitwear factories and reopened it in Portugal, where labour is cheap. Wages paid to our clothing workers have risen steeply and, because of the wage freeze in Britain are in some cases higher than those earned by English workers. Eventually, we will have to accept our quota of imports from Korea and the African states. To balance this we will have to improve our export trade and make special efforts to keep up with progressive trends in modern fashion.

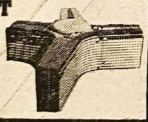
Perhaps the easy way out for the consumer is simply to buy Irish and hope to get good value for money. But surely one of the reasons we joined the E.E.C. was to widen our horizons and actually be able to buy materials, clothing, furniture or whatever which had always been beyond our reach.

We welcome any British or foreign investor setting up shop with one hand outstretched. With the other we charge him duty and hedge him around with so much red tape—import licences, voyage certificates, duty certificates that he must wonder if it was really worth his while coming. Perhaps all we can do is to offer him, hopefully, 1977, when that impressive volume, *Customs and Excise Tariffs for Ireland*, will no longer be necessary and the Irish market really will be open to all.

Mavis Arnold

EEC REPORT

Richard Norton-Taylor



PADDY HILLERY, European Commissioner, is now gearing himself to action and helpful discussions with the trade unions—and more frustrating debates with most of the nine member governments—over the social policy programme which he has just drafted.

Community resources, he says, should be mobilised for retaining for school-leavers who find themselves temporarily out of work, and to guarantee elderly workers against loss of income due to premature retirement. In addition, industries should be granted equipment premiums for the creation of new jobs in under-developed regions (for example, Ireland) and declining areas. This last is a controversial proposal (strictly speaking, coming under the responsibility of George Thomson, Commissioner in charge of regional policy) that can be expected to have a particularly hard ride in the Council of Ministers.

Hillery has the same problem as Thomson: should he risk being specific now about the cost of these potentially-ambitious proposals, or leave the argument about who pays for what until the end? Hillery—who is known to believe that the £75 million now allotted to the European Social Fund should be increased by about fivefold, like Thomson with his planned European Regional Development Fund, has taken the easy (and politically at least the most realistic) way out.

Hillery is clearly gaining interest in his responsibilities, with a clear emphasis on the problems of migrant workers and of working women. He is also desperately anxious to consult with what he calls the "social partners"—the unions and employers

throughout the Community—as much as possible. Because of his apparent lack of confidence, though eminent open-mindedness, his natural difficulty in articulating specific proposals is doubly emphasised. For example, at a press conference in Brussels last week, he went out of his way to stress the difficulties of abolishing assembly-line work, an idea which figured among his proposals. But he did occasionally inspire: "Work in bad conditions or lose your job," he said, "is a principle I cannot accept."

* * *

EEC FARM ministers, with Mark Clinton among them, are due to reach a final decision on agricultural prices at yet another marathon meeting in Brussels next week-end. An increase of 4% in the price of milk is on the cards, but Clinton should not go home without a guarantee of special grants from the Community's farm fund to set up factories for producing powdered skimmed milk in Ireland.

However, the Common Agricultural Policy with its export subsidies and price support—crucial to Ireland—is coming under unprecedented pressure. This creaking pillar of the community, which has suffered from a series of monetary crises, is coming under an unusual degree of attack from Britain. And the British Government appears to be attracting a surprising degree of support from its two big partners—France and West Germany—in its appeals to keep farm price increases this year down to an absolute minimum as everyone, and Mr. Heath in particular, desperately attempts to combat inflation.

The Minister for Agriculture, Mr. Mark Clinton, was, of course, defending Irish interests when in Brussels he called for much higher increases in the price of milk, barley, beef, sugarbeet, and pigmeat than the basic overall 2.76% rise proposed by the commission. He had a sympathetic ally in the ample form of Herr Ertl, West Germany's agricultural minister, whose farmers have suffered from successive revaluations of the deutschemark. In his call

for higher milk prices, Mr. Clinton was also supported by M. Chirac, his French colleague.

Yet he has been warned already of the dangers of pitching too high. There is growing evidence that, despite the demands of their farmers' organisations, both the French and West German Governments are thinking twice about the wisdom of going beyond the commission's price proposals. Farming lobbies in the original six members of the E.E.C. are, after all, becoming less and less important and both the French and West German Governments have some years respite before their next General Elections.

In return for going along with the Commission's suggestions, West Germany is expected to be encouraged to compensate its farmers by purely national measures: either through tax subsidies or direct income support, the bulk of which would come out of the German National Treasury.

Significantly, the European Commission two weeks ago came up with two concessions to the United States (which has consistently criticised the C.A.P. for being unduly protectionist) in its document on the forthcoming round of world-wide trade talks which it sent to the nine member Governments. "These negotiations will be jeopardised," Sir Christopher Soames, Commissioner responsible for foreign trade, told the E.E.C. Council of Ministers, "if any E.E.C. partner proves unwilling to negotiate about agriculture."

The Commission, traditionally, the C.A.P.'s most faithful defender, pointed the way to an agreement to restrict, export subsidies granted to community farmers, and to a quasi-permanent freeze on prices. The latter suggestion would benefit non-E.E.C. agricultural producers because levies on Community imports rise in parallel to the increase in the Common Market's internal prices.

The two basic principles of the C.A.P.—Community preference and common prices—will be defended. But there is little doubt that Irish farmers will not be able

to rely on the inevitability of price increases in the future.

Commission officials recently spent a weekend in Dublin discussing with the Central Bank and the Department of Finance, Ireland's request for a five-year breathing space before adopting E.E.C.'s directive on the freedom of establishment for banks throughout the Community. Ireland's Central Bank Act, 1971, gave the national authorities a considerable degree of discretion when it comes to foreign banks' requesting permission to set up a subsidiary or branch in the country.

The Government wants more time for the banking sector to settle down following rationalisation plans. The E.E.C. Commission, however, is worried about discrimination this would involve in favour of those, mainly British and American, banks which have already established themselves in Ireland, and against the interests of German or French banks. A five-year let-out clause, the Commission believes, is too generous. Ireland's partners are expected to share this view and the Government is faced with the probability of an inevitable compromise, with just a two- or three-year extension of existing national legislation.

IT NEEDED Garret Fitzgerald, at his first E.E.C. Council of Foreign Ministers meeting in Luxembourg, to prevent an extraordinarily lax proposal on audit control of E.E.C. expenditure from being accepted without question. As tens of millions of dollars from the Community's farm fund appear to be unaccountably lost every year, it is surprising that those other two members, proud of their strict auditing tradition—West Germany and Britain—failed to insist that the Community should have a permanent staff of independent auditors with authority to inspect expenditure in the territory of the different member countries. Garret Fitzgerald did, and the matter will now go back to be renegotiated by officials from the Nine. Otherwise, he considered the meeting somewhat of a "baptism of boredom."



The advertisement features a large, detailed illustration of a woman's profile in silhouette, facing right. She is wearing an elaborate, ornate necklace and a bracelet. In the foreground, there are two packs of Silk Cut cigarettes. The pack on the left is labeled 'SILK CUT FIRST VIRGINIA' and '20'. The pack on the right is labeled 'SILK CUT FILTER TIPPED BENSON and HEDGES' and '20'. Several cigarettes are shown emerging from the right pack. The price '25p' is printed in large letters to the right of the packs. Below the packs, the text 'Made in Dublin' is visible. The background is dark and textured.

SILK CUT
for smoother satisfaction

PACKETS CARRY A GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING

An Alternative College of Art

RECENT PRESS reports and letters will have made it clear that whatever its virtues, the National College of Art and Design Act 1971 has failed to produce a just solution to the many problems of the college.

Our aim is to appeal directly to the Government, and in particular to the Minister for Education, Mr. Richard Burke, to take action as soon as they reasonably can, given their other commitments. Members of the present Cabinet are known to have spoken out against the N.C.A.D. Bill, and our hope is that they will not remain passive about an issue for which, in Opposition, they produced so many cogent arguments. If they fail to act now, their credibility and integrity dissolves.

THE IMMEDIATE cause of the present dispute in the National College of Art and Design is the response of the college administration to a petition addressed to the Professor of Painting, Mr. John F. Kelly, last January. The petition objected to the regulations for this year's annual assessment of work. The main criticism of the regulations was that they bore no relation to the programme of work laid down for students this year by Mr. Kelly. Twenty-seven of the thirty painting students signed the petition and asked Mr. Kelly to organise a staff/student meeting to discuss the assessment rules and related matters.

Mr. Kelly at first agreed to the proposed meeting. He later cancelled the meeting indefinitely on the grounds that it would prejudice the N.C.A.D. Board's educational

policy—which the Board has yet to disclose.

Instead of a rational discussion about the problem, students were suspended for raising it. On February 28th, two of the signatories to the petition were suspended; on April 4th the number of signatories suspended rose to six and on April 6th, to sixteen. Mr. William Maguire, N.C.A.D. Board chairman, has stated that students were not suspended "for signing a petition of protest or for announcing their intention not to comply with assessment regulations." Those suspended, he said, "were found not to be complying with assessment requirements."

Mr. Maguire's use of semantics is remarkably similar to that employed by Department of Education officials during similar disputes in the recent past. This may be no more than a result of Mr. Maguire's close working relationship with Mr. O'Flannagáin, but there are strong grounds for believing that the college has not yet been removed from Departmental control.

As well as attending all meetings of the Board, Mr. O'Flannagáin, who is Chief Inspector of the Department of Education, is also chairman of the Departmental "N.C.A.D. Steering Committee," the existence of which only became known when one of their confidential memos was mysteriously circulated. The membership of the Steering Committee consists of six Department officials and Mr. Dailhi Hanley, the architect, who on October 27th, 1969, announced that he was to design the new college. The Department officials include Mr. Michael de Burca (N.C.A.D. director, 1943-1970) and Mr. Michael O'Neill, Accounts Branch, who served as N.C.A.D. Administrator during April, 1971.

MR. POWER (F.F.): Did the Deputy not state that the need for real art education would be solved by another Government at a better time?

MR. KEATING: I did.

MR. POWER: And he is sure that this is right, too.

MR. KEATING: I believe that will happen or I would not have said it. Sooner than the Deputy expects. Sooner than I expected when I uttered those words. —Dail Eireann, 2/11/1971.



One of the many demonstrations at the College of Art which have taken place during the past six years.

The work of this committee is confidential, but it is safe to assume that it is fully informed of the working of the Board—something which is denied to the majority of staff and students.

Thus at present the power structure of the N.C.A.D. is:—

- (1) DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION controls finance.
- (2) DEPARTMENTAL STEERING COMMITTEE controls new building and allocation of space to different disciplines therein.
- (3) N.C.A.D. BOARD, which after one year in office has failed to produce even the semblance of an educational policy and only recently advertised for a Director.

Furthermore the day-to-day running of the college is firmly in the hands of the Department. The academic policy is in the hands of a staff "Educational Committee," a non-statutory body which does not consult with the Students' Union nor staff-members who are not members of the Workers' Union of Ireland. There is no established machinery for dialogue between staff/students/administration (as is the accepted practice in all other Colleges of

On the assumption (itself questionable) that the college will continue to be subdivided into schools—the school of painting, the school of design, etc.—each school would have its own school committee composed of all the staff members in the school and an equal number of student representatives elected by the students of the school. The body would be responsible for all academic decisions internal to the school. Decisions affecting all schools—e.g. the allocation of funds and the appointment of staff members—should be made by a College Committee. This body should be composed of, say, two staff and two student members from each school committee elected to the college committee by their school committees.

One way of realising this aim would be to place the college under the aegis of a university: it would then have the status of a university faculty department. If this method of achieving the aim were to be adopted, many more specific needs, such as security for staff members, would be met at a stroke.

The Students' Union has made the following recommendation:

- (1) That the staff and its trade unions should approach the Board with a view to negotiating more substantial contracts.
- (2) (a) That the suspensions should be immediately lifted.
- (b) The Students' Union should be officially recognised.
- (c) That the rules and regulations of the college and the specific disciplinary action applicable to the breaking of the rules and regulations should be established by agreement.
- (d) That the draft Grievance Procedure, presented by the Students' Union to the Board should be immediately agreed.

The recent press advertisement for the post of Director stated that the person appointed will be required to implement certain objectives which the Board claims to have drafted, but which haven't been discussed at any stage with the staff and students of the college. One has some doubts about the calibre as director of someone who would accept the post advertised in this quite mysterious manner.

The Minister for Education must implement the above recommendation immediately. And what is more, he can do so without contravening the terms of the N.C.A.D. Act.

Peter Mew: Part-time lecturer in Aesthetics.

Alice Hanratty: Teacher, Foundation Course.

Charles Cullen: Teacher, School of Painting.

Charlie Harper: Teacher, School of Painting.

Roisin McManus: President, Student Union Co-ordinating Committee.

David Kavanagh: Secretary, Student Union Co-ordinating Committee.

Brian Maguire: Member, Student Union Co-ordinating Committee.

"We are in a decade when democracy means that people who participate in something must run it. The people who participate in the School of Art are primarily the staff and the students."—Justin Keating, Dail Eireann, 29/6/1971.

Third Level Education), although it is almost four months since the students' union forwarded details of a "grievance procedure" to the Board to be either ratified or rejected. To date, the Board has done neither. Part-time staff are subject to summary dismissal. There is no grants scheme for students. In short, the same feudal state of affairs exists in the college as existed during the 48 years of direct Governmental control. After one year in operation, the N.C.A.D. Act has failed to bring about any real change.

IN OUR VIEW the fundamental, all-pervasive defect of the college lies in its government and organisation; the basic

"It (the college) should have a board able to tolerate dissent from students . . ." — Patrick Cooney, Dail Eireann, 29/6/1971.

need is for autonomy. By this we mean that all academic decisions should be made solely by the staff and students of the college. The following provides an adequate sketch of how this autonomy might be achieved.



Wednesday, April 11th: The National Prices Commission comes sharply into conflict with the E.S.B. by recommending that the Board should only be allowed to raise its charges by an amount sufficient to increase revenue by 33%, instead of the 11% the Board had asked for.

Thursday, April 12th: The Senate of the National University of Ireland announces that Irish is to remain an obligatory subject for matriculation in the N.U.I. this year.

Friday, April 13th: In a speech in Monaghan the Minister for Justice, Mr. Cooney, strongly attacks the I.R.A. and warns that the Government will not hesitate to use "all the powers available to them" to make the rule of law operate in the State.

The National Gallery buys an important 18th-century painting, "The Funeral of Patroclus" by Jacques Louis David, from a London gallery for £250,000.

Saturday, April 14th: A Protestant member of the Official Republican movement is shot dead while on vigilante duty in Belfast.

Sunday, April 15th: Mr. Clinton, the Minister for Agriculture, announces in Luxembourg that the price of cheese

will be increased by at least 8p per pound in three weeks.

Monday, April 16th: Mr. Sean Mac Stiofáin is released from the Curragh Detention Centre, after serving four months and three weeks of the six-month sentence passed on him by the Special Criminal Court last November for being a member of the I.R.A.

Courtaulds announce that they are to build a £25 million factory in Derry (to employ 1,500 men) which will process raw materials for another factory to be built by the same company at Letterkenney.

Tuesday, April 17th: The second reading of the controversial Northern Ireland (Emergency Provisions) Bill is passed in the House of Commons.

In the Ardoyne area of Belfast a man is shot dead in disputed circumstances by soldiers of the Parachute Regiment.

Wednesday, April 18th: Bord Fáilte announces its Four-Year Tourism Plan, which predicts that in four years tourist revenue will be higher than it was in 1968, Ireland's all-time peak year.

Mr. Whitelaw refutes speculation that the British Army, the Parachute Regiment in particular, is using new tough tactics against the I.R.A. in Belfast.

Thursday, April 19th: The O.E.C.D. report on Ireland says that Irish economic prospects in 1973 are good, and suggests increased Government spending on regional development, a prices and incomes policy and, perhaps, income tax for farmers.

A 13-year-old boy is killed during a gun battle between snipers at British Army Paratroopers in the Ardoyne area of Belfast. The Republican Labour

Party threatens to boycott the forthcoming local elections as a protest against the methods used by the Paratroopers in Catholic areas and the S.D.L.P. attacks Mr. Whitelaw for his defence of the regiment.

Friday, April 20th: The Derry Brigade of the Provisional I.R.A. announce a week's ceasefire in Bogside and Creggan to allow a community festival to take place.

Saturday, April 21st: Two republicans, Mr. Joe Clarke, a 92-year-old veteran of the 1916 rising, and Mr. Malachy McGurran, chairman of the Six-County Executive of Republican Clubs, are "deported" by the British authorities after they arrive at separate English airports to take part in Easter commemoration meetings.

Sunday, April 22nd: Pope Paul makes an appeal for peace in Northern Ireland, whose civil strife he denounces as intolerable, "an affront not only to humanity but to the Christian name", and throws his support behind Britain's recent proposals for a peaceful settlement in the province.

Monday, April 23rd: Mr. Thomas Meehan, the president of the Irish Union of Distributive Workers and Clerks, calls for quick and effective action by the Government to curb and control business take-overs.

Miss Bernadette Devlin, the Independent M.P. at Westminster for Mid-Ulster, is married on her 26th birthday to Mr. Michael McAliskey, a Lurgan schoolteacher.

Tuesday, April 24th: Mr. Burke, the Minister for Education, announces that a three-year course is to be introduced in all teacher-training colleges from the beginning of the next academic year.

hibernia review of books

Pearse and Yeats

John Jordan

FOR MANY years, though less frequently of late, we have heard about the "Poet's Revolution" of 1916.

I would not gainsay the intellectual qualities of MacDonagh, Pearse and Plunkett, though, like most intelligent men, their thought-processes were often eccentric. Pearse is traditionally credited with the ideal of a Catholic and Gaelic Ireland. It would puzzle many advocates of this possibly desirable ideal to know that Pearse was one of few Nationalists who defended Synge and *The Playboy* at a time when it was least popular to do so. In his *Political Writings and Speeches* (Dublin 1924), we may read the following (and I must perforce cut): "When a man like Synge, a man in whose sad heart there glowed a true love of Ireland, one of the two or three men who in our time made Ireland considerable in the eyes of the world, uses strange symbols which we do not understand, we cry out that he has blasphemed and we proceed to crucify him. . . . This is really a very terrible symptom in contemporary Ireland." In view of Pearse's messianic fixation, terms like "blasphemed" and "to crucify" are, of course, significant. For, as must be common knowledge, he never hesitated to appropriate the rhetoric of the Gospels when it suited his purpose. But then he was also capable of using effectively the rhetoric of the Old Testament, as in this attack on "Respectable Society" and its "precepts or commandments":

"And these are chiefly six: Thou shalt not be extreme in anything—in wrongdoing lest thou be put in gaol, in rightdoing lest thou be deemed a saint; thou shalt not engage in trade or manufacture lest thy hands become grimy; thou shalt not carry a brown paper sack lest thou shock Rathgar; thou shalt not have an enthusiasm lest solicitors and their clerks call thee fool; thou shalt not endanger thy Job."

I cite these passages for the benefit of those familiar only with the "blood sacrifice" aspects of Pearse's prose and what to me is the blasphemous concept of "the Irish rebel as a Christlike victim taking part in a ritual that has religious as well as political significance" (I am quoting Professor Richard J. Loftus in his *Nationalism in Modern Anglo-Irish Poetry*, in which there is a devastating but fair analysis of Pearse's poem, "The Fool").

Even in 1973, six years short of the centenary of Pearse's birth, it is dangerous to criticise him on any ground. I risk anathema by suggesting that this "incompetent schoolmaster" (the phrase is St. John Ervine's, but Pearse was after the Rising called worse by *The Irish Catholic*) is, as a writer, at his best in his polemical and critical writings, and a few of his poems in their Irish versions, notably "Bean Sléibhe a' Cainte a' Mic" (The Mountain Woman Laments Her Son) and "Fornacht do Chonnac Thú" (Naked I Saw You). For me "The Fool," "The Rebel" and "The Mother" are hollow rhetoric, despite their quasi-Biblical, quasi-Whitmanesque rhythms.

Why should I write about Pearse when I do it so lukewarmly? It is not because Sean O'Casey described him as having "a mind as simple as a daisy, as lovely as a daffodil" (in the *Autobiographies*).

It is certainly not because I subscribe to his unhealthy confusion of Christ, Cuchullain and himself. It is not any desire to enhance or defame his memory. It is because he has become an Irish myth as only Michael Collins has in this century.

Yeats began the process in the three poems about 1916 in *The Wild Swans at Coole* "Easter 1916," "Sixteen Dead Men" and "The Rose Tree." Especially in the last, it is Pearse's belief in the Most Holy Sacrifice of the Blood that prevails: "O plain as plain can be/There's nothing but our own red blood/Can make a right Rose Tree."

But Yeats did not stop at that. In his last volume, *Last Poems* (1939), we find this sinister reference:

And yet who knows what's yet to come?
For Patrick Pearse had said
That in every generation
Must Ireland's blood be shed.

But the opening lines of the fifth stanza of the following poem, "The Statues": "When Pearse summoned Cuchullain to his side/What stalked through the Post Office . . ." they surely suggest that Yeats was aware that thirty years earlier Pearse had himself been finding a spirited kinship with Cuchullain. Or is it possible that Yeats had a regard for Pearse going beyond the context of the poems in the 1919 volume, *The Swans at Coole*?

Austin Clarke: The Artist in Old Age

Eavan Boland

FEW MEN can have had so little in common as William Butler Yeats and Austin Clarke. In temperament and talent they were unlike and their confrontations were unlucky. Yet they shared one thing: the ability to grow far beyond maturity. Yeats's growth from chronicler of the Celtic twilight to polemicist against old age, has incited a critical industry. Clarke's growth from lyric poet into satirist may yet do the same. Meanwhile, he continues to mock, to accuse, to probe.

His very best work can be seen in a poem called "The Loss of Strength." It is about the draining away of life from the old and the rekindling of it in the young. The haunting line which refers to his own three sons passing him both actually and in age is "beloved strength springs past me, three to one." All Clarke's love of wit, of the line which can turn on a sixpence, is there in the second clause. An unexpected tenderness is there in the first. He is working at the moment on a book by a Victorian which is best explained in his own words: "It's a story which I admire very much by Nathaniel Hawthorne. It's about witchcraft. Of course, he was a good Victorian and he doesn't give any of the real things going on. So I've been trying to explore his subconscious and give the real truth about witches and the orgies."

Clarke is a critic and an iconoclast. He has refused to bow to the gods of the revival in Ireland or to genuflect to the hypocrisies of the new nation. Indeed, he has been something of a gadfly to those same hypocrisies. Even now, when he could be the sage, he prefers to be the sceptic. Swift, not Solomon, would, one feels, be his preferred text. Yet there remains something of the romantic in him. It was there in his early lyrics in the countryside he captured; now it reappears in his search for a more congenial past than the recent one: "I suddenly found that what was completely neglected was the mediaeval Ireland," he says. "It came as a sort of vision to me. I was driving back with someone near the Shannon and I suddenly saw the round tower on Scattery island and the whole thing came to me in a flash. I think the best stuff comes to you like that. I didn't look back; I knew I had got something. I really took it up because, actually, though we speak of the Island of Saints and Scholars, it's more or less neglected. I think the reason is because they don't want to acknowledge that we had our own small Celtic Church."

One of the targets of Clarke's

satire has been the sexual hypocrisy and puritanism which outlived Victorianism in Ireland. Once again it finds expression in his discovery of a past which reaches back further than such hypocrisy: "That's another thing I'm awfully interested in, the round towers of Ireland. I don't know if you know the book on them, it was written in about 1840. The writer discussed them as phallic monuments. This shocked the Victorians. Petrie wrote a book on the subject which showed complete ignorance. He didn't even go round them. When I was about eight, I was fascinated by the round tower at Clondalkin. I spent a long

time trying to carve a miniature of it in deal. Now I could have bought one out of my pocket-money, these delightful ones out of bog-oak. But I didn't, I wanted to do my own. I think that was a subconscious instinct in me."



Austin Clarke

Another target of Clarke's has been the "ill-fare" State. "There's a wonderful phrase," he says, "out at Loughlinstown which says that 'the poor have no friends, they have only their rights,' that runs straight into blank verse." He says that he prefers no particular part of his work; but, like all poets,

he is a scientist, or doctor. I went with P.E.N. International to Yugoslavia some years ago. Scenically it's very like Ireland, wonderful mountains, lakes and rivers. Very old fashioned."

Clarke refers freely to the past when he describes how he has set out to revise his work. "I was brought up in the age of the adjective. Now it's the day of the verb." But Clarke's achievement must be seen against the background of the forces which he had to contend with, some historical, some personal. He began to write when the genius of Yeats still held

sway. It was a genius he might admire, but he could not respect the artist who wielded that genius. More importantly, he had to work within the context of the flagging energies of a literary revival, the introversion of a new State and severe censorship. That he survived the first, resisted the second and attacked the third is all admirable. But these are negative achievements. What are the positive ones to which he might lay claim?

Firstly, in a technical sense, he was determined at one stage that the rhythms of the Irish language should survive in his poetry. It required an intricate grasp of technique to attempt it. In my view, it was an unsound exercise. For the rhythms of another language are tailored to the needs and nuances of that language and no more survive transplanting than a flower would. But if he technically did not succeed in stimulating an old heritage, which he evidently loves, in his work, he did achieve the habit of mind, the creative reflex to hold its best qualities in poise. An excellent argument exists—I believe—for maintaining that the servants of the Celtic twilight all but destroyed the culture they were noisily rescuing. This they did by their obvious sentimentality, nostalgia. Above all, they failed to serve it by turning it into a platitudinous axis, the twin poles of which were simplicity and sadness. There was nothing dynamic in all those twilit fairy hordes; little was celebrated there but a cryptic allegiance to the Pre-Raphaelite age in England, heavily disguised as the Celtic revival in Ireland. In fact, of course, one was the same as the other. Burne-Jones's women are there, their hair disordered perhaps, less composed, in the ideal figure of Ireland. It was tragic where it was not a farce. The decadence of one culture was infecting the revival of another.

Clarke, in some way or another, recognised this. His poetry bears witness to the fact that for him Irish culture was a vigorous, disparate thing, rather more invested in the black wit of their satirical poets than the wails of their new discoverers. In satirising a new State as he does, in calling into question a present social system, he is, in fact, being more atavistic than he seems. Contemporary he may be; but he is not removed from the culture he sees in those round towers he mentioned. In remaining a gadfly in excellent verse such as "Flight to Africa" and "Tiresias," he recalls the old vigilance of Irish poets by giving it a new dimension.

The Ards Circuit

When Kay-Don Kershaw ran the horse and cart
Delivering things, a bed, a chest of drawers
The dog ran underneath short of the heels
Facing the wheels with acquiescent paws.

When Kay-Don stiff as candle in the hearse
Was pulled by two black horses to his grave
Underneath in spite of spit and curse
The dog persisted, pacing destined wheels.

* * *

Jimmy Kershaw

Jimmy Kershaw snarled and snatched at uniforms
That threatened his purview; they learnt respect
The postman and the milkman, coalman but the grey
Binmen juggling lids aimed at the eye:

Rough beggars and smooth canvassers chalked
coded signs,

The deaf-and-dumb collector semaphored
Helpless at the gate and Jackie Dugan frayed
Like yoyo from his yodelling in the street:

When Albert Kershaw put him down I was relieved
Nostalgic nonetheless for naked snarl
That barred him from reward for good-dog's
begging paws:

Sly cats emerged, with elegiac tails.

* * *

Tuesday

The shawlie always came on Tuesdays
With a beaten smile and her child,
And ate her dinner on the doorstep
Off a good sunday plate my mother served—

I met her once elsewhere
In another street
And tilting schoolcap said:
How-do-you-do hallo—

And she
Shawled her child and wept
In Aston Gardens.

Roy McFadden

Books

Enchanting Emptiness

John Boland

NEW WEATHER. By Paul Muldoon. Faber. £1.20.

THOMAS HARDY AND BRITISH POETRY. By Donald Davie. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £2.75.

PAUL MULDOON is a young Northern poet of extraordinary technical accomplishment. To emphasise his youth may, perhaps, seem a form of denigration, yet it is necessary: one can only be astonished that someone so young (he is now twenty-two) has produced a volume so full of so many technically imaginative feats.

Technique, of course, is not all. Thus, it is a pity that in many of the poems, when one looks beyond the surface facilities and felicities the substance crumbles to the touch. Certainly in a fair number of them, one can't help feeling that Mr. Muldoon is beguilingly concealing the fact that he really isn't saying anything at all. I realise that there will be (and have been) many to disagree with this opinion, and I think I can see what they mean in their praise: there is a Wallace Stevens quality to much of his work, sharing with Stevens a confidence about the unarguable validity of the private world he has created for himself. The differences is that Stevens earned this right by the impressive body of his work, and, more than most poets, one has to read his work in bulk to fully appreciate it (it is not insignificant that he wished to call his collected poems *The Whole of Harmonium* — *Harmonium* being the title of his first volume). Mr. Muldoon has not yet earned this right, and there is a final lack of conviction about even some of the best poems in *New Weather*. This can be illustrated by looking at one of his finest poems, "The Upriver Incident". I quote it in full:

He thanked his parents for
keeping still
And left them sleeping, deaf
and blind
After their heavy meal,
Then stole away where the
moon was full
And the dogs gave no sound.
He thanked the dogs for
keeping still
And ran along the tops of
the dark hills
That heaped like the sleeping
anaconda
After his heavy meal.
To the bright square in the
highest coil
That was the lady's window.
She thanked her parents
for keeping still
And they ran together over
a further hill
Like the lady's belly so hard
and round
After his heavy meal,
Till they stood at the top
of the waterfall.
Its deep pool where they
drowned.
Let us thank waters for not
keeping still
After their heavy meal.

In many ways this is a very lovely poem: its cadences and rhythms are beautifully turned, it is full of ebbs and flows, and it exudes a sad, magical enchantment. It's only when one looks at it hard that one wonders what the hell it's about, until finally one doubts that it's about anything at all. It is overflowing with a throbbing, shadowy romanticism which is all mood and little meaning. And the last two lines, though seemingly very meaningful, seem to me to be nonsense.

I am being harsh on this book because I think that Mr. Muldoon has a beautiful talent



Paul Muldoon

which just might get smothered in its own self-regard. At it is, there is one superb poem in the volume, "Good Friday, 1971. Driving Westward," and most of the others delight the eye and the ear, if not the heart. With a little luck, I think we can expect great things from this poet (though I think he ought to take his publishers know that for his next volume they ought to find a more readable type-face than that of italics).

The thesis of Donald Davie's book is that in British poetry of the last fifty years "the most far-reaching influence, for good and ill has not been Yeats, still less Eliot or Pound, not Lawrence, but Hardy". A number of critics will take (as some have already done) the line that this constitutes a radical new view of the poetry scene and that Mr. Davie's book is, thus (using the claptrap of academia) a seminal work. In fact, I don't think anyone with a brain in his head and eyes with which to see would ever have disputed the thesis.

The most powerful influence line in English poetry of the past couple of hundred years has been that stretching from Johnson through Tennyson and Arnold down to Hardy and, in our own age, Auden and Larkin. This is not to deny Pound or Eliot some kind of influence on the poetry being written today, but it is to assert that much of the best contemporary verse can be traced back to a more venerable (and more "old-fashioned") tradition and to the forms inherited from that tradition.

Looking at the chapters individually, Mr. Davie is often interesting and sometimes enlightening on Hardy, is more justly kind to Kingsley Amis than most modern commentators, gives Roy Fisher a little more than his due, and is vaguely crabby about Larkin. The book is painstaking and sober, is flatly written, doesn't convey excitement or love for its subject, and, to be honest, I think one could live without it.

paperbacks

ROSE AND CROWN, SUNSET AND EVENING STAR. By Sean O'Casey. The last two volumes of O'Casey's brilliant and bitter autobiography, covering the years from 1926-1953. This is the period of exile and disillusionment, of marriage and material security, of hard-line communism and controversy over such plays as "The Silver Tassie" and "Within the Gates". The decline of a great writer when he is out of touch with the heartland of his inspiration. *Fan. 40p each.*

THE MARCH HARE. By Terence de Vere White. Either you like de Vere White or you hate him. Penguin have deemed him worthy of paperback reprint, one of the few contemporary Irish writers in their lists, and certainly this acid tale of Irish polite society at the turn of the century shows him at his best. If you liked Forster's "Howards End" and Iris Murdoch's "An Unofficial Rose" you'll probably like this one. *Penguin. 40p.*

THE CHOSEN PEOPLE. By John M. Allegro. Another back-to-back broadside from

the scholar who turned from studying the Dead Sea Scrolls to trying to prove that Christianity is based on the worship of a hallucinatory mushroom symbol. This one challenges the idea that the Jews have of themselves as the Chosen People of the Jewish experience from the 6th century B.C. to the 1st century A.D. An argument against believing in the divine election of any nation or race. *Panther. 60p.*

A YOUNG PERSON'S GUIDE TO LIFE AND LOVE. By Dr. Benjamin Spock. If Angela MacNamara recommended books like this one to confused and unhappy teenagers seeking help, instead of directing them to the nearest confessional, marriage in this country might be a considerably happier and more rewarding institution. This is a British edition of an American original, but its advice on such things as petting, illegitimacy, shyness, drugs, masturbation, frigidity and sexual deviations is eminently sensible in any Western society where kids are growing up. Even in Holy Christian Ireland. *Mayflower. 30p.*

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST. The complete writings and messages of Camilo Torres. Edited by John Gerassi. The

fascinating testament of the man who bridged the chasm between the South American Catholic Church and Cuban-style revolutionary socialism to become the first martyr of a new Christianity that takes up arms on behalf of the poor and oppressed. Camilo Torres was gunned down by Government troops in the Colombian mountains seven years ago, but his example lives on as powerfully as that of Che Guevara. This is the first publication of his writing and speeches in English on this side of the Atlantic. *Pelican 70p.*

JOHN STUART MILL. Edited by Ronald Fletcher. Half of this book presents Mill's views on the scientific study of man, the views of a founding father of today's experimental psychology. On other issues he has more trendy ideas: women's liberation, co-operative industry, and religion are all discussed. This is an entertaining selection and is highly topical since almost all of his ideas are still advocated by someone, somewhere, today. *Nelson. £1.95.*

THE NEW MILITANTS: CRISIS IN THE TRADE UNIONS. By Paul Ferris. A look at Industrial Relations by the journalist who examined the workings of the City and the

medical profession in similar "Penguin Specials". A rather superficial survey, as is often the case in this series, with the emphasis on "subversives" and "militants" rather than any original research into the causes of shopfloor strife. *Penguin. 25p.*

THE GREAT TRADITION AND REVALUATION. By F. R. Leavis. Reprints of the critic's two best-known works: the first an examination of those five novelists whose "marked moral intensity" made them for Leavis the greatest in the tradition of English fiction, Jane Austen, George Eliot, Henry James, Joseph Conrad, and D. H. Lawrence; the second a study of the development of English poetry from the early 17th to the early 19th centuries, from John Donne to the Romantics. *Pelican. 60p. and 55p.*

NEW WRITING IN JAPAN. Ed. Yukio Mishima. Contains examples of poetry and short stories by eighteen writers who include Abe Kobo, Oe Kenzaburo, Yoshioka Minoru, Anzai Hideo, Tamura Ryuichi and Yukio Mishima himself in the new writing series volumes may also be had on Africa, Australia, Canada, England, France, Germany, Italy and Latin America. *Penguin 50p.*

books

Eros in Ireland

J. P. Nash

THE IRISH IN LOVE. By Sean McCann. Talbot. £2.00.

THE HIDDEN WORLD OF EROTICA. By R. E. L. Masters. Lyrebird Press. £3.25.

IN MATTERS OF SEX, the only laymen are celibates, yet the majority of us are amateurs, the few professionals being, in general, like the non-clerical celibates, sad by-products of society's failure to develop fully happy sexual and family relations. I should make it clear that permanent celibacy is a state I respect so long as it is voluntary and regarded as a discipline, or an aid to work. As an amateur, then, I survey these two books by authors who are both amateurs in their way—Mr. McCann as a Celtic scholar, though not as a writer, and Mr. Masters as a pervert if not as a scientist. Both are also advocates of sexual happiness—Mr. McCann tells us that in the 'fifties he suggested a return to the Tailteann matchmaking institutions as an antidote to chronic bachelor-

hood and virginity. These rites, described in his book, allowed a choice of matches arranged by king, relatives or by nearly pure chance—the latter was done by having prospective brides put their hand through a hole in a wall—they were betrothed when a suitor grabbed the offered extremity, presumably after close scrutiny and some espionage. Mr. McCann also supports Father McDwyer's policy of "brighter, more modern farms and a return to the ancient traditions of courtship and love."

It is evident that, besides their considerable curiosity value, Mr. McCann's sympathies lie with these traditions, but he covers the whole history of the subject, from mythical times—when one Irishman died trying to satisfy fifty-one women—to the present days of

marriage bureaux, matrimonial Cork computers and co-operative Fr. McDwyers: "... if they answered that there were no girls in their own village he told them to go to a village where there was a girl and bring her home."

In the chapter on "How to Get a Woman" these hesitant bachelors would find a handbook of wooing tactics—it describes the abductions which were common in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and which ranged from romance to rape. My own great-grandfather saved one poor heiress from her fate by splitting the nose of her would-be ravisher with his sword as the mercenary swain dived through the window. These were ugly affairs—but the picture Mr. McCann paints of ancient Ireland suggests that the combination of pagan uninhibitedness and enlightened legislation, particularly the Brehon laws, was a happier one than the present Church-regulated system. Mr. McCann alludes to our Constitution and argues that the Brehon laws were superior in making provision for divorce. He ends in an optimistic, even euphoric tone, Ireland's sexual salvation having been effected by Vatican II and television. I would not agree. The joyless miasma of religious sexual ignorance is an old and entrenched oppression in Ireland, as this book shows. Yet such books, written in a chatty, readable style and full of fascinating lore and anecdotes, are just what is needed, together with suitable literature and (soon, we hope) films, to bring

sexual promise, not promiscuity, to Ireland. And needed they are, as long as 35-year-olds have to thank Miss Brenda Maguire for opening the doors of paradise by explaining that masturbation does not cause sterility and that their ten-year engagements can end happily.

I am not sure whether we need Mr. Masters' book. It is the kind that ill-informed adolescents skim with trembling hand—packed with hard copy and dead-pan discussion of fellatio, spanish fly, sodomy and bestiality. Mr. Masters is a scientist and writes of the doings of man and beast and of his experimental group in an unhygienic way that disguises a certain tendentiousness and a degree of confusion. He is proposing sexual liberalism, often giving, like Mr. McCann, examples from primitive societies, but at a more basic level, that of coitus rather than marriage. Yet, he does not deal directly with the question of what norms there should be, if any. He shows very convincingly, though, how some sexual neuroses may be related to general mental illness or to illusions created by society itself via attitudes, laws, economics or plain ignorance. The weakness of his approach—emphasis on the perverted or bizarre—is perhaps unavoidable, in that to promote healthy sex unhealthy sex and its causes must be laid bare. He does refer to the surveys conducted by Kinsey, which mitigates this criticism.

I would thoroughly recommend these two works to all sexologists, that is, to almost everyone.



An 18th-century Nepalese woodcut. An illustration from "Erotic Art," edited by Drs. Phyllis and Eberhard Kronhausen, and published by W. H. Allen.

Fantasy and Ferocity

Adrian Clery

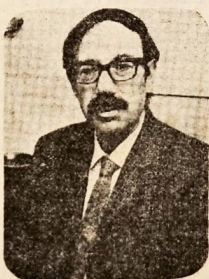
PURL AND PLAIN. By David Garnett. Macmillan. £2.25. INKLINGS. By Dan Jacobson. Weidenfeld and Nicholson. £2.25.

UPON THE SWEEPING FLOOD. By Joyce Carol Oates. Gollancz. £2.20.

AFRICA, AMERICA and England. This week brings a collection of short stories from each of these countries, and they represent a fair cross-section of the English-speaking people. These three collections illustrate the comparative difference in artistic development under varying social and environmental pressures, and the changing interpretations of an original literary tradition. Of the three collections here, my own, perhaps partisan, preference is for *Purl and Plain*, by David Garnett. This is a collection which spans the years 1919 to 1972, and represents practically all the short stories Mr. Garnett has written. Although not a prolific short story writer, when he turns his talent in this direction he brings a practiced art to the métier which guarantees an entertaining and stylish read.

Basically, his stories divide into two forms: pure entertainment bordering on the light fantastic, or simplistic tales subtly developed to a wry and understated finale with an intrinsic comment which never degrades itself into heavy-handed morality. Of the former, my favourite is "The first happy revolution," a masterly and entertaining tale, which strains the credibility without

losing credibility; it has a strong plot, lightly handled, and could serve as a model of its genre. Of the latter, I particularly enjoyed "The Rubicon," which has a worldliness and elegance, coupled with the insidious charm of disillusion-



Dan Jacobson

ment. Throughout, David Garnett shows his ability to write elegant, precise and tonal English, and, while all his stories have things to recommend them, the development from the competence of his early stories to the maturity of his later ones makes intriguing following.

Secondly, Dan Jacobson's *Inklings*, which is a slightly dis-

appointing collection. Mr. Jacobson colours his work with the sensibility of a South African Jewish liberal, domiciled in England, but, despite his powers of observation and liberal morality, his African stories lack something, and his English stories lack something more. Perhaps this is due to his use of language which is clumsy without being either personal or objective. However, two of his stories stand out from the rest as the second-rate stands out from the mediocre: "Fresh Fields" and "Led Astray," which are competent stories, lacking in positive brilliance, but not without interest.

Finally, Joyce Carol Oates' *Upon the Sweeping Flood*, which is an inspired collection of clinical fire. Miss Oates is an emotional juggler concerned with human duplicity and hypocritical motivation which masquerades as sincerity. From a standpoint of chaos without hope of resolution, she writes emotive prose of subtle and disguised formality. The stories are pointedly pointless, relying upon conjured emotions to carry the action—whose only justification is itself—to the final note of melancholy and undefined despair. The title story itself and "The Survival of Childhood" stand out particularly for their controlled and highly natural ferocity, but all the stories have, to some extent, this same deep-rooted power and earth force which makes this a very worthwhile collection.

All in all, these three collections are representative of the cultures from which they evolved, from the sturdy but ineffective morality of the exiled Jacobson, and the small town drenched despair of Miss Oates, to the formal whimsy of David Garnett.

Self-Inflicted Wounds

Michael Friel

THE REGION'S VIOLENCE. By Ruth Fainlight. Hutchinson. £1.60.

THE WHITE BIRD. By Norman MacCaig. Phoenix Living Poets. £1.75.

FRUITS AND VEGETABLES. By Erika Jong. Secker and Warburg. £1.10.

ENTERING ROOMS. By John Smith. Phoenix Living Poets. £1.50.

I GET A FEELING these days that many poets are much too self-consciously poets and that they try to dig the poem out of their poetic self rather than from their more broad based life. This has the danger that the poem becomes based on too narrow a range of experience for the reader to readily identify with it. It has the further danger that the poet, becoming involved totally in the narrow existence which his art demands, loses touch with everyday concerns and provokes what may already be a latent alienation from normality; he becomes bored, self-reflective and ultimately succumbs to a self-pity which he is afraid to correct since it becomes the main-spring of his inspiration:

"The wounds I won't allow to heal—but flout, Preserve, admire and call it art."

is how Ruth Fainlight puts it. Finally, it is almost as if the poem is writing the poet, it refers to itself—"The poem climbed down from the word-tree" (MacCaig)—and must surely be in danger of disappearing up an appropriate orifice (with what critics describe as self-effacing irony).

What has happened is that poets have become preoccupied with the effects of existence on themselves rather than examining those things in their experience which have effected them. Social emotions, anger, compassion, love, are not to be found and are substituted, for example, by self-pity.

These thoughts have been inspired by the books of Norman MacCaig and Ruth Fainlight but they will not do as criticisms of either book. Both write within a tradition which allows these preoccupations so the criticism is more social than literary. Both are very competent and both have a respectable quota of very good poems. It is that both ultimately bored me and told me little that I couldn't have learned from dozens of other books in the last decade. Poets have now explored the symptoms well and it is time that they started looking at the disease. Nevertheless, as books of their type they are commendable.

After that, it is with great pleasure that I recommend Erika Jong's *Fruits and Vegetables*. Her approach is positive and outgoing so that

while an introspective poetess might wonder what it is or why she was given it, Erika Jong is quite sure:

"It is not an emptiness, the fruit between your legs, but the long hall of history, and dreams are coming down the hall by moonlight."

Poetry can be very serious without being miserable. Miss Jong is cheeky, often outrageous, very funny but always serious. It's just that sometimes the serious things in life don't deserve to be taken seriously. Growing old is a subject which has engaged the speculations of many poets but few would conclude as Miss Jong does: "letting the years make love the only way (poor blunders) they know." She can be very bitter:

"Words begin' slippery and poetry bein' mostly a matter of balls, men gives in to the lift and lift of words (o love o death o organ tones o dickey!) is 'Cosmic.' You is 'Sentimental.'"

But she's always generous. Her imagery is rich and remarkably graspable. It is drawn for a world of tastes and smells and above all touch. A very good book indeed and remarkably good value for 80 solid pages of poetry.

I can't say the same about the 30 odd pages in John Smith's *Entering Rooms*. I found it a derivative collection and much too eclectic. For a poet who would appear to find much solace in gods his work has too much faith and too little religion. The platitudes with which he resolves his poems are likely to have been overheard at the back doors of churches for generations. One expects more from a Poetry Book Society Choice.



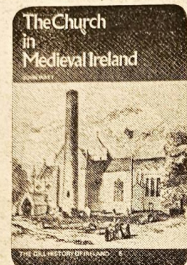
BOOKNEWS Andrew Pollak

EDUCATIONAL books are rarely mentioned in this column, perhaps for the reason that I very rarely receive the educational catalogues of Irish publishing houses. It was a welcome surprise, therefore, when Gill & Macmillan informed me last week of a "revolutionary" new concept in the teaching of mathematics in primary schools to be pioneered by their new series *Maths in Action*. The first two volumes are due out in late May and revolve around the antics of a cartoon character called Matzo who teaches sums through pictures and witty sayings well calculated to catch the imagination of our five- and six-year-olds. The editor of the series is Leo Hallisey, well-known for his books, television work, and his lively little magazine of children's writing, *Young View*.

Also due from Gills in early May are the third volume of John Coolahan's *Discover the Past* and Michael Dolley's *Exploring Geography*, both for primary schools, and the latest volumes in a series that although intended for a general readership, has become widely used both here and in England as a sixth form and university textbook, the *Gill History of Ireland*. The titles are *Anglo-Norman Ireland* by Michael Dolley, *The Church in Medieval Ireland* by John Watt, and *The Modernisation of Irish Society* by Joseph Lee, all priced at 85p. The last four in this

attractive and popular 11-volume set should be ready by the end of the year.

MY BROADSIDE against Dublin booksellers in our last issue has evoked some response for a change. The simple reason why I could not buy James Baldwin's *Another Country* is that it has



One of the three forthcoming additions to the Gill History of Ireland series: *The Church in Medieval Ireland*.

been banned for the past 10 years. I can only suggest that lovers of fine American storytelling (and this is the finest)

get a friend to bring it back from London or Belfast. Enough said. The problem of obtaining unbanished but otherwise unavailable good books is somewhat more complicated, according to Easons. Booksellers order most British-published books, hard and soft-backed, through the Book Centre in London, and a bookseller must send a stock order of at least 10 copies. Bookworms would be better advised to write to the publishers themselves, or better still, to try the London firm of Literary Services and Production, 2 Denbigh Close, London W11, a company which stockpiles books and acts as a clearing-house for publishers.

EASONS are going to supply me starting in this issue—with their monthly list of Irish best-sellers, as a service to the most avid book-lovers of them all, the readers of *Hibernia*. Top of April's paperback fiction list is *The Exorcist*, by William Peter Blatty (Corgi 40p), a hair-raising tale of an American teenager who roughly the same emotional problems as the Gadarene Swine. The fastest-selling non-fiction paperback is Gill & Macmillan's *The U.I.F.* by David Boulton (50p), a success confidently predicted in this column two issues ago, while the most popular hardback novel is John Broderick's *An Arrogant or Rascal* (Calder and Boyars £2.50). In non-fiction (hardback), the two most compelling subjects, even in this sainted age, are drugs and sex: *Go Ask Alie* (Methuen £1.50) is a guide to drugs for

married parents and guardians, while *A State of Heat* (W and H, Allen £2.25) is Sheila Graham's highly-coloured story of her affairs with several gerald and other charismatic figures in the daring and decadent days of the 1920s.

LAST April 9th, Paladin Books was 13 years old. When I first saw their publicity campaign in Spring 1970, with its themes of (and I quote): "Love, death, war, sex, drugs, protest, pop, revolution, nudes, religious mania and animals," I was immensely suspicious of what looked like a hardnecked attempt to cash in on a youth market already over-exploited by the record companies and rag traders. But what has materialised is an intelligent and radical imprint, already notorious for its madcap covers, and covering such diverse subjects as women's liberation (the Paladin edition of *The Female Eunuch*, far and away the forerunner in its English field, has sold half-a-million copies and is still selling), linguistics, marine biology, military history, anthropology, and cinema, as well as reprints of some of the best studies from the drugs/sex/revolution syndrome. They have also helped to pioneer, but in the process of original material in paperback, by commissioning new original series including a nine-volume *History of England*, a guide to world cinema and 20 individual titles. I don't usually like to play publicist for any successful business, but to the extent that Paladin have made so many attractive books available to the young and impetuous reading

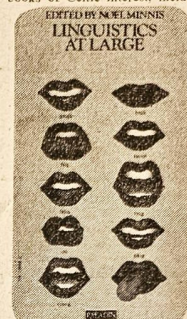
public of which I am a part, they're worth a plug. Long may they continue.

THIS YEAR'S Pan-Celtic Festival at Killybegs (May 13th-20th) will include, for the first time, an exhibition of over 1,000 books of Celtic interest, includ-

exhibition, hopes that this new departure (the first of its kind anywhere) will become an annual feature of the Festival.

From the other end of the country an attractive little book has just reached me, publishing by the Ulster Architectural Heritage Society, who in all accounts are doing a sterling job in surveying and restoring the historical buildings of the northern kingdom. The name of the book is *Court Houses and Market Houses in the Province of Ulster*, the author is C. E. B. Brett, the price is £2, and it is only the latest in an exhaustive list of catalogues, monographs and surveys of every Ulster town and district of architectural interest. This is the sort of efficient enthusiasm that our fellow-Irishmen are famous for, and that we could do with a little more of down here.

LASTLY, Seamus O'Tuathail, ex-editor of the *United Irishman*, is bringing out a new independent radical newspaper on May 4th called the *Irish People*. According to the editor it will provide a voice for those groups campaigning on social issues in this country, with special emphasis on such groups as N.A.T.O. and A.C.A., and among the first features will be analyses of the abuses and injustices of ground rents and building society practices. It will have eight pages to start off with, cost 6p, come out weekly, and hopefully will prove to be one more effective thorn in the side of any governmental or industrial enterprise which is trampling on the personal and political rights of the ordinary Irish citizen.



A good example of a Paladin cover: "Linguistics at Large".

ing a copy of the Book of Kells and the Annals of Innisfallen, which was compiled in Killybegs from the 11th to the 13th century. Most of the titles, however, are more contemporary, and over 40 publishers (of which 30 are from Celtic countries outside Ireland) will be represented. Mr. Billy O'Sullivan, the director of the D.F.S. Book Shop in Killybegs and organiser of the



NEW NOVELS John Broderick

THE GERMANS have many admirable qualities, but lightness of touch is not one of them. The flashing riposte, the wit which implies that life can on occasion be frivolous, are not on the whole characteristic of the Teutonic approach. They are, however, very far from being humourless, and have a highly-developed sense of fantasy, which nearly always takes a gothic turn. They can be immensely charming; and their personal relationships are often marked by a curious and quite irresistible mixture of formality and concern. They have a respect for the arts far surpassing that of any other nation in Europe; and in music, of course, they are supreme.

They have a great poetic tradition which dates back even farther than the exquisite lyrics of Walther von der Vogelweide, who died in or about 1228; but none of the great German poets translate well. One can, however, marvel at their subtle nuances when they are set to music by the composers. Reading Goethe, Heine or Mörike with an insufficient grasp of their native tongue is a very different experience from listening to them interpreted by Schubert, Schumann or Hugo Wolf. German, which can sound so awful to our ears when spoken, is, in fact, a more effective singing language than Italian. It is all part of the extraordinary German mystery: that great enigma at the heart of Europe.

About German prose writers, and particularly novelists, I have always had reservations. "Wilhelm Meister" is a masterpiece. It is also, quite deadly; and I must admit that I feel the same about the longer novels of Thomas Mann with the exception of "The Magic Mountain." Another exception is Musil, whom I find mesmerising. Perhaps the fact that he was an Austrian of partly Czech descent explains a lot; nevertheless he is part of the Teutonic tradition. Another puzzle.

I suppose the two best German novelists now writing are Günter Grass and Heinrich Böll. The latter has just won the Nobel Prize, and for all I know he may have deserved it. What I can say with absolute certitude is that I finished his new novel, "Group Portrait with Lady" with a sense of duty accomplished.

It is all about a woman called Leni Gruytens, who is married for a short time to a man called Alois Pfeiffer who is killed in the war; she has a son by a Russian prisoner-of-war, called Boris Lvovich, who is killed in a mining accident; this son, Lev, is in prison for the duration of the book; Leni's father is also killed in an accident, her mother dies while she is still a young woman; and her only brother, Hein, is still a young woman; a Greek god, is rich, who is the German version of a Greek god, also killed in the war. Not on the whole a very gay

set-up. However, by the end of the book happy endings are handed round with real Teutonic generosity, and we leave Leni at the age of forty-eight, pregnant by and apparently in love with a Turkish garbage-worker called Mehmet Sahin. By this time I was so exhausted that I could not have cared less if she had got herself with child by artificial insemination.

Herr Böll's method in telling this bright little story is ponderous in the extreme. He creates a fictional author, called The Au, who reminded me of some sort of prehistoric animal. This Au interviews an enormous number of dreary people in connection with Leni, who has, according to him, great sensual possibilities. The reader who believes this will believe anything. Leni is about as exciting as the wife of a Russian politician.

It is a pity that the author did not provide us with a more interesting heroine. But modern German writers seem to be obsessed with guilt. Prosperous, present-day Germany is terrible, according to them; only a little less terrible than Nazi Germany. I would give a lot if one of those earnest novelists invented a thoroughly amoral woman who slept with a couple of top Nazis; switched her attentions to a visiting French or American general during the occupation; and ended up living happily ever after with a jolly Christian Democrat millionaire who has a house in Ireland. That is the way any sensible woman would behave; but will those serious modern German writers allow their fictional ladies to live like that? Not on your life. It might be too close to the truth.

"Group Portrait with Lady" is a very respectable book, and can be thoroughly recommended to those who like their helpings heavy. Those who are wary of fiction will also like it, for it is presented in the form of a documentary and Herr Böll even goes to the length of dedicating it to "Leni, Lev and Boris." Of course, it is possible that it is a documentary. In which case I don't know what I am doing reviewing it.

Böll is not without a sense of humour. Black, of course. I particularly enjoyed the nun who was able to read character by inspecting her pupils' stools, although I suspect that there the author means us to take him seriously; certainly there is nothing in the least scatological in this section: it is all very clever, in a medical sort of way. But there is real gallows humour in his description of the state the authorities got into when they heard of immoral goings-on in the delousing stations of the concentration camps. In his dry way the author comments on this: "Now it is important to realise that the conquest of continents or worlds is by no means easy, that those people had their problems too, and that they tried to solve them with German thoroughness and to document them with German meticulousness." It is also, alas, an equally apt description of this book.

"GROUP PORTRAIT WITH LADY. By Heinrich Böll. Secker and Warburg, £2.75.

In Sartrean Camera

Joseph Long

POLITICS AND LITERATURE. By Jean-Paul Sartre. Translated by J. A. Underwood. Calder and Boyars. £1.95.

LITERATURE AND EVIL. By Georges Bataille. Translated by Alistair Hamilton. Calder and Boyars. £2.50.

THE NOVEL IN FRANCE 1945-1965. A GENERAL SURVEY. By Kathleen O'Flaherty. Cork University Press. £1.50.

THE TITLE *Politics and Literature* covers a collection of five stimulating texts first published separately in the late sixties as articles or interviews. These are of varying interest. It is true that even the least writings of Sartre are infused with his historical vision and worthy of attention. But the real value of the present volume lies not so much in the political articles it contains, but in the discussions on "The Writer and his Language" and on "Myth and Reality in the Theatre".

The works of modern dramatists present differing modes of relationship between illusion and reality. Genet makes the imaginary an end in itself, and seeks to communicate through ceremony and the hypnotic effect of ritual. For Brecht, the spectator, though involved with the action, must see beyond the stage action itself and seize the inner dialectic of a process (must understand, for example, the impossibility of doing good in a society which is founded on exploitation, and *The Good Woman of Setzuan* is a tale whose function it is to bring this about).

It is Artaud who radically rejects the unreal and wants the stage representation to become an action in the fullest sense, exciting the spectator by inducing a sense of reality. The *happening* ultimately derives from this ambition. And from it also derives the crises of modern theatre, which is a "crisis of the imaginary". Sartre is more concerned

with the significance of literature as a phenomenon than with the inner workings or the mechanics of creative writing. Similarly, Georges Bataille belongs to that group of critics whose approach is more metaphysical than aesthetic. This collection of eight essays on writers ranging from Brontë and Baudelaire to Kafka and Genet is given unity by the moral vision of the author, whose thesis is not, however, quite as "novel" as the publishers claim: that evil and untruth are necessary before truth and morals begin to have their attraction, and that sex is to be equated with death.

The essays exemplify the self-perpetuating nature of some literary criticism, for the texts on Baudelaire and on Genet are in fact examinations of Sartre's two books on these authors. After which, Professor O'Flaherty's survey is all the more welcome, being intended to guide the reader directly back to the literary texts themselves. Professor O'Flaherty's aim is not to be comprehensive but to illustrate facets of the contemporary French novel, and this she does with ease and clarity. She devotes separate chapters to Michel Butor and to Nathalie Sarraute, and includes consideration of lesser novelists whose work is not much known outside France. But Professor O'Flaherty refuses to be trenchant even when she distinguishes between who is derivative and who is seminal: her judgments are reserved and circumspect.

ARTS AND LEISURE

Personality: Determined or Determinable?

Monk Gibbon

WHAT IS personality? How far is it amenable? How much does it change? We can detect it in embryonic form in certain quite young children. Their bias is indicated from the start. Others undergo unexpected and revolutionary developments since there are no hard and fast rules. The question is of importance to a practitioner in any of the arts. His objective is a successful flowering of his personality in a particular medium. In retrospect his career is a history of that attempt.

Heredity and environment are not the whole matter. Personality is not determined. Make two men a present of a scarf. One uses it to hang himself; the other as a sartorial aid to impress his girl-friend and as the prelude to a happy marriage. No-one can decide the hand of cards dealt him but he can decide how to play them.

My thoughts have been turned in this direction by re-reading *The Middle Years*, one volume of Katherine Tynan's admirable quartet of memoirs. She claims to have been 'born under a kind of star.' In another poem she demands of heaven that it shall resemble our best moments on earth, which is flattering to this planet in the years between 1870 and 1914.

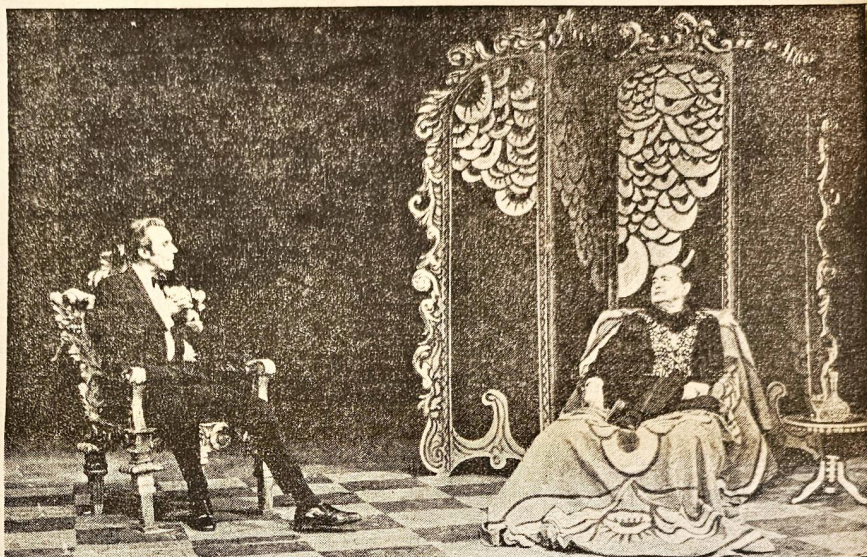
But it was not her own personality which as I read *The Middle Years*, started this train of thought; it was that of Yeats. Two chapters are devoted to him as a young man and to quotations from the letters which he wrote her, between the end of 1887 and 1893, when her marriage brought her to live in Ealing, not far from Bedford Park, and so ended the correspondence. I remember Lily Yeats telling me that when Katherine Tynan sent him the proofs of her book he exclaimed: "Why didn't she let me see them sooner. I could have improved the writing!" As it was, he corrects her chronology in a few footnotes.

The letters are a revelation; one could never have foretold the later personality from them. Yeats's matured self remains to a large extent a secret. Even those near to him are disinclined to dogmatise. L. A. G. Strong warns us not to be misled by externals. Certainly, the senatorial Nobel Prize winner is absolutely unpredictable from these outpourings of a twenty-two-year-old to a valued and talented literary contemporary.

Jack Yeats, entertaining me in his studio in war time with a glass of Malaga, once hinted that his brother's early struggles in the world of competitive journalism probably accounted for the later arrogance. He had had to fight hard and he bore the scars. The Willie Yeats of Bedford Square seems a completely different man from the man I knew, except that both shared a sense of complete literary dedication.

The W.B.Y. of Bedford Square is humble, amenable, apologetic, considerate and lovable. He exclaims "Write to me. Write to me. Write to me. . . You know how to praise! What a good unflattering friend you are!" He would omit her, like other *personae non gratae* from his Oxford Book of Modern Verse, although Quiller Couch had included her in his earlier and highly distinguished predecessor. But in those letters he is full of consideration. He reveals a basic simplicity, humour, shrewdness and, above all, gentleness. He is not above an occasional reference to homely trivialities.

Yeats re-made himself. He hints as much in one of his poems. He has left us the most magnificent poetic monument, the achievement of a Titan. But unlike a Mozart, unlike a de la Mare, unlike a Robert Frost—who all reveal a notable consistency of disposition—he broke, or seems to have broken, the mould of his original personality. And his self-awareness of this, in contrast to AE, who was a kind of life-long rebuke to him in the matter of spiritual consistency, may to some extent have embittered him, despite the knowledge that he was bequeathing to the world an inheritance of deathless lines.



Aidan Grennell as Don Juan and Micheal MacLiammoir as The Devil in the Hell scene from "Man and Superman," which is the main offering in the triple bill now playing at the Gate Theatre.

Play It Again Sam



THEATRE
Mary Manning

HAPPY DAYS. Happy Days, Happy birthday to you, happy birthday dear Winnie, happy birthday to you. Where am I? Oh yes, Happy Days. Where did I see you last Winnie? New York? Paris? London? The Focus, Dublin, and now the Peacock, Dublin, Experiment '73. Who's in the bed this time? Why Marie Kean and under the bed O. Z. Whitehead. Just like old times. No dear that was Pinter. Happy Days. Play it again, Sam. Could it be possible, I ask with all reverence, that the playgoing public has now got Beckett confused with God? There is some reason to believe this: I mean these messages coming down from the clouds preceded by a shaft of light, messages in some ghostly code and all men fall down and worship. Now Jehovah, I mean the bearded arbiter on high, his messages were always straight and to the point; "thou shalt worship no other gods but me; thou shalt not commit adultery or covet thy neighbour's wife," simple rules of conduct, but Beckett's messages need decoding or has he, as one writer suggests, "simply invented a new way of saying nothing." I say to myself I will not take these No plays anymore; I won't. I won't. I won't. What is the bloody man saying anyway? Am I sitting in this theatre, an intellectual snob, part of a widespread snob cult? Has Beckett become a victim of his own cult and

has he pulled in all the critics along with him? Does nobody rebel against the later manifestations of Beckett; five minutes breath and fifteen minutes screaming hailed as events? The confusing and dreadful thing is that sometimes he does say something. He says it through his clowns, through Jackie McGowran now silent for ever, and sometimes as a poet: "Old endgame lost of old, play and lose and have done with losing . . . since that's the way we're playing it let's play it that way . . . and speak no more about it . . . speak no more." And Winnie says: "What would I do what could I do, all day long. I mean between the bell for waking and the bell for sleeping? (pause) simply gaze before me with compressed lips." Which brings us by a commodious vicus of recirculation back to the Peacock theatre and environs.

To my mind Happy Days is at least thirty minutes too long. After all the recirculation lies between the two bells birth and death. Must we have it twice? Is an interval necessary? Or does the interval represent the menopause? This has nothing to do with the Peacock production which is entirely satisfactory. Marie Kean is the most human, sad and funny Winnie I've ever seen and I've seen many. I don't know what magic she brought to her performance but I imagine it was total identification with the character. Se was Winnie; she was you; she was me; she was all of us, between the bell for waking and the bell for sleeping. This was one of the greatest performances I've seen

in Dublin for years. O. Z. Whitehead made an excellent foil as Willie and his feeble effort at the end to get near her—to make contact—was infinitely tragic and moving. The theatre was packed—standing room only. The average age of the audience around twenty-five and the reactions to the play were, in some cases hysterical. I did hear two rather low earthy types conversing on the way out: "Jeez, what do you think Beckett is worth, in dollars I mean?" "Jesus, plenty, buddy, plenty." Obscurantism pays.

OVER TO THE GATE for a triple bill. Shaw's *Don Juan in Hell*, Strindberg's *The Stronger* and Terence de Vere White's *After Sunset*. I cannot imagine why anyone wanted to excavate *The Stronger*, a limp, dated monologue which was last performed in Dublin during the twenties by a lady amateur actress, Elizabeth Young. Miss Young was immortalised in Terence White's great Dublin saga, *The Fretful Midge*. Alan Richardson did all he could with *The Stronger*; it was a thankless assignment but the costumes were gorgeous and the two ladies looked beautiful. Claire Mullen as the talker gave an uninteresting monotonous performance in faultless English. I would have fancied the silent Miss Flynn in that role myself, but God moves in mysterious ways; so do casting directors. *After Sunset* is a graceful, rather donnish piece. I feel the dramatist did not free himself enough from the short story. I know now—too late—that a successful adaptation means complete evincation of original material. I loved Pilate,

not remembering, but that should have been the curtain line and I did not care for the long, sentimental recollections of Mary Magdalene, but that may be because I must forever associate her with laundries. However, it was an entertaining, unpretentious piece with flashes of wit. Reginald Jarman and Arthur O'Sullivan, as a pair of old Roman Blimps, were excellent.

Shaw's *Don Juan* was, as ever, marvellous entertainment. It might have been written last week. What a man! He said all that needs to be said about MAN and nobody has ever bettered him at the verbal autopsy on the human soul and its pathetic aspirations.

Micheal Mac Liammoir played *The Devil* and gave it a dreadfully waxy, sweetly urbane quality, which made it all the more devilish. There has been controversy round the clubs about the setting, but I liked the Dorian Gray gold and ebony evil of it all. Aidan Grennell is a handsome man with a very pleasant voice, but he seemed curiously limp as Don Juan, with whom one associates a fearful Byronic energy. Deirdre Maher played Donna Ana. She is a beautiful girl, but no actress; at least her talents are not demonstrated in this production. She has one idea—a well bred shout: this, like patriotism, is not enough. As usual, Christopher Casson brought good humour and vitality to his role. It was beautifully directed by Hilton Edwards and altogether this is a quietly intelligent and, in the case of Don Juan, intellectually exciting evening in the theatre. I am glad that it is attracting full audiences; it deserves them.

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The Middle Range of McGonigal, Campbell, Funge



ART

Dorothy Walker

MAURICE MacGONIGAL'S blue period continues unabated at the Dawson Gallery where a faithful public continues to buy his work like little hot cakes. I continue to find it indigestible. But I think that the independent attitude of the Irish buying public is very healthy and is to be admired. No one is going to advise the private Irish collector on what or what not to buy; there is no "fashion" buying of works of art. Followers of MacGonigal, Hennessy, Campbell, will go on buying them because they like them, no matter what any critic says, which is certainly better than the reverse situation in, say, New York, where potential buyers wait until the *New York Times* critic's review appears on Saturday morning before they will finalise a purchase.

The middle range holds full sway over the galleries this week, as George Campbell also has his biannual exhibition at the David Hendriks Gallery, to an equally loving public avid to buy.

George Campbell's work sometimes starts out quite well, but he seems to lack a certain will-power to pull him out of the difficulties he invariably gets into. For example, his

large oil paintings are generally based on a vertical composition, but he continually goes into a sort of skid in the centre where the elements spin around uncontrolled and get into an inextricable tangle. It would need a de Kooning or a Gorky to get out of a situation like that, but Campbell just seems to give up. His work appears to demand to go into a clockwise direction, and it might produce better results if he let it, if he went with it, rather than trying to force it into the vertical format.

Some of the watercolour drawings seems to be going in this direction and are more resolved than anything he has done before. The drawings are extremely complex, with a slight hint of early Celtic manuscripts, both because of the complexity and of the use of dotted lines, dotted outlines, hatchings, spirals and other Celtic motifs. At the same time, the drawings have a slight Aztec flavour, or again, bring to mind shell-fish or deep-water creatures, half-fish, half-plant. At their worst, they remind one of Celtic pop songs, as if Vera Lynn were singing a slow fox-trot in Irish.

Most of the works in the exhibition are collages which are, quite simply, dreadful, and should not be included in what purports to be a serious exhibition in a serious gallery. Arthur Armstrong, Seamus O'Colmáin, and Campbell have all now taken to this

technique, for reasons that are hard to find, for none of them seems to have an idea as to what to do. To go cutting up the Sunday supplements and making dotey pictures out of them seems to me quite futile; they might just as well be making tweed pictures to sell to the tourists, or at least a useful thing like the scrap-book screens which the maiden aunts of pre-1914 used to make. The trouble is that we have no Matisse *papiers collés* to show what the technique of collage can produce in the hands of a supreme artist.

Fr. James Lavelle, S.J., from Clongowes Wood College, has been showing recent paintings at the new Graphis Gallery in St. Stephen's Green. There were far too many works in the exhibition which was correspondingly badly hung, but about six of the paintings would have stood up very well in a mixed exhibition. These were all of the textured kind, where sand had been mixed with the paint, the most successful being *Sand Cove*. Father Lavelle came under the influence of Kandinsky's work and theories during a year's stay in Munich which convinced him of the value of non-representational art, although it is interesting that there is no trace of Kandinsky's pictorial style in his work. There is one minor irritation in all the work, the affectation of signing the paintings "James."

Mr. Paul Funge does himself no good either by the



"Shifting Forms" by George Campbell

whimsical titles to his paintings at the Project Art Centre. (May I point out to him that it is incorrect to use a full stop after the last letter of an abbreviated word when the abbreviation includes the last letter, as in Mr. Dr. Ltd. St. etc.) The paintings have some cohesion as a style: a very poor man's Hockney with bits and pieces of several other London painters. Each painting, however, has unresolved areas and half-thought-out

ideas. It is a pity that Mr. Funge has not more individual talent for painting, for he seems to have energy and good ideas in other respects, like the Funge Art Centre which he founded in Gorey in 1970. But here again: the whole back cover of his rather expensive-looking catalogue is given to the Funge Art Centre without once saying where it is. This lack of thoroughness and attention to detail does show through in his painting.

Billies' Motown Blues

Terry Kelleher



IF SHE HAD DONE nothing else but revive my interest in Lady Day, I would have been deeply indebted to Diana Ross; that I am not alone in my reactions seems apparent from the flurry of activity by various recording companies now re-releasing all their old Billie Hollidays; but that said, her recording of *Lady Sings the Blues* (TMSP 1131), is in itself a very fine achievement. First of all, despite what the promotions people, still stuck in their Sean Connery/James Bond groove might have you believe, Diana Ross is not Billie Holliday, she merely plays the part in what by most accounts sounds like an interesting film of the same name.

An obvious observation I agree but important to remember when listening to this album, an original sound-track recording in a two-record set. Of course it is impossible to resist the temptation to compare both voices handling the same song - and there are surprising similarities in phrasing, if not tone - but the exercise is of mere curiosity value. Because by her very approach to jazz, Billie Holliday could not be aped by anyone. Her instinctive interpretations, the personalisation of lyrics and tempo were dictated by an inner suffering self; in effect she re-wrote each song, each time she sang it. And invariably improved on the basic material she had been given. Not on any intellectual basis or from superior musical knowledge, but by bringing to her songs, her own wretched personal history, which generated such an intensity of feeling that the most banal of lyrics were transformed into something truthful and important.

What is so fascinating about this album is Diana Ross' own transformation; the Supremes of which she was formerly the strikingly beautiful lead singer, consistently produced the most polished, most successful and altogether most artificial records in the whole Motown industry. In those days no one could have accused her of feeling her own lyrics, never mind actually listening to them, she would have been too busy shimmying with chorus-girl precision and learning the words of her next, almost identical million-seller. We always knew she had an interesting voice, but here she is actually singing real songs, and what's more, interpreting, phrasing, shaping meaning into them. Not surprisingly her tone has a lighter colouring than Billie Holliday's, but it has the strength, the same infectious exuberance, and most important, the earthy sensuality.

I found the most pleasing tracks were "You've Changed," "Good-Morning Heartache," "Gimme A Pigfoot and A Bottle of Beer" and "God Bless the Child," but all the interpretations are interesting. My only criticisms stem from the fact that this is the original soundtrack album, which means, for example, that only sides three and four (infuriatingly placed on separate discs) have uninterrupted singing, sides one and two being interspersed with snippets of film dialogue. And sometimes as in the case of the Gershwins' "The Man I Love," surely one of the greatest songs ever, actually has background voices from the movie throughout.

Another problem is that most of the song tracks are consistently shorter than in the Holliday originals, and the orchestra just does not match up to the 'thirties' sound of Benny Goodman, Teddy Wilson, Basie, or whoever else Holliday used in her recordings, nor does the shortness of the tracks allow for their marvelous half-minute musical introductions. And, of course, since "Lady Sings the Blues" is a movie, and a Berry Gordy movie at that (what I wonder would Billie Holliday have thought of Gordy's Tamla Motown "soul" factory?), there just has to be a good tear-jerking celestial theme-song. And what more obvious candidate to compose a theme for a black American jazz and blues film biography than a French composer of insipid



Diana Ross as Billie Holliday in a scene from "Lady Sings the Blues."

film music. Yes, you've guessed first time, Michel Legrand!

But despite these criticisms, "Lady Sings the Blues" is a threefold winner; it will force you to discover or re-acquaint yourself with the Lady; it marks a most satisfactory departure for Diana Ross; and

leaves one confidently awaiting her next album. Hopefully a further journey into the Billie Holliday repertoire.

The Original Recording
(C.B.S. 65407).
God Bless The Child (C.B.S. 66267).
Vol. 2: The Voice of Jazz
(Polydor 2304-109).

Prieur: Long Staying Visitor

Mary McGoris

Profile

EXTRAORDINARY how governments, some governments that is, seem to give priority to grandiose, long-term possibilities over ready-made near-certainties, particularly when it comes to the arts. There were impressive announcements about a concert hall that was to cost an impressive figure while they let the marvellous Capitol go to speculators and he bulldozed down in a few days. But there's no sign of the concert hall within the foreseeable future. Recently announced was a grant to form an Irish Ballet Company, based in Cork. The sum, at the time of writing, was not disclosed but it was described as "adequate" and it must be considerable since it has to pay for the engagement of, at first, twelve dancers, training fees, renting accommodation, luring back at commensurate salaries such Irish talent as may be now working in other countries, employing guest choreographers (which costs the earth — travelling throughout Ireland and eventually promoting our cultural fame abroad.

While right to hand is an accomplished group of cultural ambassadors, completely pre-empted, in the New Irish Chamber Orchestra. These players have already brought Ireland some real musical fame in Britain. They have received invitations to important centres in Europe but they cannot accept because it costs each individual member too much money.

Few artists will grudge the ballet company its grant—the ballet people in Cork have worked hard enough and long enough for it. But it was given, or allocated rather, by the former Government and

let us not forget that the leader of that party is a Corkman with a constituency in that city.

And though most of the players in NICO are Irish, they include some practically naturalised foreigners, while the orchestra's conductor and more or less founder bears, though he has lived in Ireland for 23 years, the French name of ANDRE PRIEUR.

He is French, of course, a Norman born in Caen, where he first studied music at the city's conservatoire. Like so many children, he started with the piano—at the early age of four—but as there happened to be a good flute professor at the conservatoire, so he studied that instrument as well.

An only child, he was encouraged by his father, enthusiastic amateur musician whose happy hobby was to be conductor of the town band. Andre had no definite notion of making music his career, but in his early teens, his teacher sent him to be heard by the famous flautist, Marcel Maurice, at the Paris Conservatoire. Maurice took him on as a pupil, which meant a move to Paris for the family and for Andre. It also meant the complete course at the Conservatoire where he worked at flute, piano, harmony and composition.

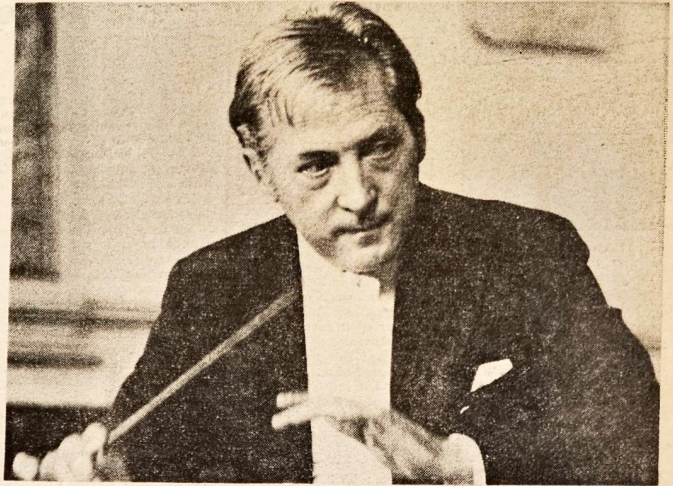
Even so, his life in music seemed merely to happen to him, or perhaps it was fated; just as he won the final first prizes in both piano and flute at the Conservatoire, the Second World War broke out. Some of the players in the major Paris orchestras were called up and the S.O.S. for the best possible replacements was sent to the Conservatoire. Maurice recommended Andre and, as a newly-fledged, teenage graduate, he became leader of the flute sections in the *Pas de Loup* and *Opera Comique* orchestras. This, with some chamber orchestra work and

ensemble music — making thrown in, continued for several years during two of which he had the now world-famous soloist, Jean-Pierre Rampal, as second flute in his section.

Around 1950, he came to Ireland with the conductor Jean Fournet on a kind of six-weeks' working holiday, and has stayed ever since. He liked the musical life here then, the enthusiasm of the orchestra, the great conductors who used come for months at a time — Van Raalte and Schmidt-Issersdet he remembers with particular affection. And very soon, he started his own Prieur Ensemble, which was regularly popular on radio for many years. But most of all he liked the country itself and its atmosphere. "I am really a countryman," he says. "I hate big cities. I like to be able to get away quickly to a boat, to do a bit of fishing, even just to walk among fields."

He claims, too, that he is not ambitious — and has proved it by refusing offers to go to more widely-known and lucrative musical fields. Only recently he was offered the position of first flute in the London Symphony Orchestra. To the horrified amazement of his friends, he turned it down.

By now he has collected an Irish wife, Nancy; two young children, a girl of nearly three, and a boy almost a year old; six silver flutes, because he prefers their tone to the glamour of a gold one; a boat and a vast amount of equipment for his hobby of photography. By teaching, he has produced several competent and at least two outstanding flautists — and, by example, an international star. James Galway was playing the tin whistle in the North of Ireland until he came to an opera in Dublin. "I didn't hear a note from a singer," he told Andre when he was here last year. "I just listened to you playing in the orchestra — and I had



Andre Prieur

never heard the flute really played before. I went straight back home and bought one and started to study it." Now he is leading flautist in the Berlin Orchestra and much sought-after as a soloist.

Lately, he came across an old family snapshot of himself, aged about four in a long nightgown, solemnly wielding his father's large, black baton. "So you see, I have been conducting since the age of four." But that is a joke. Without real ambition for it, he used to say: "I will be a conductor when I am fifty—that is, after thirty years' experience in the orchestra." He thinks that all conductors should have played in an orchestra, or at least worked in group music-making. "You cannot learn it from watching or listening to a record." In fact, he made it before his time limit — he's been conducting NICO now for three years.

It started, like his own career, through a disaster, though this time a minor one. He had been thinking for some time about organising a chamber orchestra among the good players — and then came

the R.T.E. technicians' strike. It looked as if it might last some time, and a young man relatively new to the orchestra, the oboist Lindsay Armstrong, said: "If we're going to have nothing to do, let's do something." Andre decided this was the type of man he'd like to work with, and between them NICO came into being.

Its first concert was a great success, and it has gone on acquiring an ever-increasing and enthusiastic following. Its British tour last year brought it high praise and glowing notices from pernickety British critics. "We have cohesion," Andre explains. "Most of chamber orchestras elsewhere are really groups of good players brought together just for the particular concert or recording. We work constantly together rehearsing in sections and in tutti for everything we play."

Most of the members are in the R.T.E. Symphony Orchestra, and they find refreshment, they say, in doing other works in the congenial intimacy of chamber music and in awakening audiences to its beauty.

But refreshment is about all they get in Ireland, and their British tour of last year needed a personal money contribution from each player. They are planning another, but have had to forego a concert in London's Queen Elizabeth Hall with Tortelier, a sell-out soloist, because they can't afford it. They are invited to play at the Paris Festival next August, but that would mean their paying again and giving up part of their holidays; the members would be willing to do either, but both is a bit much.

Undaunted so far, they have accepted Paris for next year, when three concerts should reduce the overheads a bit.

They've also made a recording, which got a top two-star mark in the most influential record magazine, *The Gramophone*. Just below it on the list was a von Karajan recording with one star. It seems extraordinary that a group which has already done so much for Ireland's musical fame should not get a reasonable grant to enable it to do more.

Via Media



RADIO LIZ WHELAN

SUNDAY's radio schedule is compounded of diversity, evidently endeavouring to cater for almost all tastes, although not, presumably, all at the same time. At least, there can't be many trippers down memory lane misty-eyed at hearing Ronnie Walsh reminding us what a big shot Ronnie Walsh was in 1949, who have the necessary protean qualities to become connoisseurs of old LPs in time to enjoy Vincent Bradley's splendidly scratchy selection on *Nocturne*. Nevertheless, with the glorious luminary, *Palace of Varieties* '73 (the only programme of the day that RTE considers worth repeating during the week) as the exemplum of majority taste, some of Sunday's producers evidently feel they must make out that their audience is as wide as possible. Basil Payne, editor of the recent series *The Single Voice*, not content with confidently

confusing his more bleary listeners by insisting that 9.45 a.m. was evening, attempted to ingratiate one week's subject with casual listeners by enveloping the whole audience in the chummy assumption that the nearest we ever got to a poem was years ago, at school, when he did *Ode to a Nightingale*. Yet the talks were sufficiently general introductions in themselves, and besides, the anti-intellectual elements whom such remarks were to placate have probably long since opted for the jolly Sunday morning philosophy of the BBC's Radio One.

Because RTE is confined to a single radio channel, it must be tempting for producers to slither into believing that success can only be reckoned in listening figures. Apparently, once the knob has been turned off, errant listeners do not return to the station (unless much later in the day) so programmes too conspicuous in a scheme of audible wallpaper must be camouflaged into general acceptability, and as many people as possible kept unoffended, their knobs on for

both Ronnie Walsh and Vincent Bradley. Gaps that appear in the radio schedule from time to time are being filled by gutless tapes of light music from the Netherlands or equally harmless magazine programmes. And the one series that does claim to specialise *Mediabrief* is in fact no more esoteric than other radio current events programmes. Sunday is exceptional in the radio week because it does accommodate minority interests: two religious services, sport, the Thomas Davis Lectures; but only because of the day that's in it. The rest of Sunday and the weekday evenings are pitched squarely at the middle minded, with regular dosings for such worthy minority causes as farmers and gardeners, but only the odd smear of ointment for the smaller minorities. There are arts programmes and jazz programmes and so on (although no car drivers' or progressive rock music programmes) but instead of presenting concentrated expertise, they dilute their subject's complexities so that enthusiasts find them too elementary, and nobody else is interested anyway.

Of course, there can be posi-

tive virtues in programmes of general interest. *Here and Now* still combines enormous popularity with a stout resistance to trivialisation, and a lot of the work of Seán MacReamoinn's documentary unit has been lively and absorbing. The current series of documentaries, though, has had no common theme. The choice of subjects has, in many cases, been prompted by particular enthusiasms of the presenter or producer, making for varied programmes, most of them worth hearing again, before that is, hunks of them reappear. Five years hence, on John Bowman's *Archive*.

There is a familiar, handy all-purpose (and relatively cheap) format for radio documentaries. The subject, a person, a place, or an aspect of life, should properly be of peculiar Irish interest (no point in competing with the B.B.C.). The lad from R.T.E. ventures out with his tape recorder to find specimens of the common man who can talk interestingly, and for nothing, about the subject, and then back home to splice the best bits together and to find a bit of music (preferably something appropriate, but something inappropriate is seemingly better than nothing).

The two freelance contributors to the series turned in variations on the form, competently illustrating the value to R.T.E. of using more freelance talent. Both gave us programmes of general interest, presupposing no specialised knowledge, and, curiously, both of them took some of their success at the expense of the contributors to the programme.

Anne Leonard inspired the confidence of the people of Sherriff Street to the extent that, by their own words, they revealed what hopeless victims they were of insidious geographical prejudice, quite unequipped to help themselves through the complexities of the welfare and legal bureaucracies. An over-assiduous prompter, Mrs. Leonard, sounded fresh and animated when talking to her people, yet sadly lifeless when delivering the linking script, but her portrait of the area was touched with sympathy, encouraging the gurglers to talk about playing with the horses at the docks as vividly as the mother complained that her daughter was working for a pittance in a clothing factory where agitation to form a union got the girls the sack.

In Kieran Sheedy's production, Tom McGurk was barely perceptible as the interlocutor amongst Patrick Kavanagh's Ulster family and neighbours. More interesting than the reinforcement of the image of the absent-minded poet was Mr. McGurk's exploration of the attitudes of the locals to the great man, presenting Kavanagh's own remarks for reaction to neighbours innocently unaware that this was now literature, and no longer localised malicious gossip.

The first programme in the series, Kieran Sheedy's study of Peter Talbot, took a different form. T. P. McKenna was prevailed upon to tell us, repeatedly, what an interesting fellow Peter Talbot was, and to demonstrate this with contemporary 17-century quotations. Unfortunately, Talbot omitted to leave about in safe places quite enough random character information to give a graphic picture of himself, and the portrait was necessarily rather academic, with ecclesiastical politicking and second and third-hand observations. A programme, then, with minority appeal, but that, surely, is no criticism if the minority found it interesting and informative.

Passion Plays



TELEVISION
Hugh Leonard

IN LEAN TIMES such as these I wish I were *Manning* the theatre column and could rhapsodise over the fine *Oedipus* at the Abbey, or that I might, like Mr. Sweeney, wax agonies on the subject of the latest Ingmar Bergman. With home-grown television near vanishing point, I find the prospect of pouncing out yet another heavyweight review of the same old light-weight programmes only marginally more inviting than that of spending Good Friday in a mountainy ditch with Mrs. Mary Whitehouse. There was, for example, that *Late Late Show* which the viewer who tuned in half-way might have mistaken for a discussion of thalidomide or interment, so grim were the faces, so passionate the avowals. In fact, it was no more than a sleazy, nasty, mercenary, sordid and trivial inquest on the tempo of Ireland's song at the Eurovision Contest. Did RTE noble Maxi, so as to avoid winning the golden chamber-pot, thereby not having to play host next year? Or were the lady's promoters providing her and themselves with an alibi for failure? Who the hell cares? Gay Byrne, to his credit, seemed to be wishing he were dead and almost embraced the gentleman in the audience who put the matter into its seedy little perspective. It was an occasion for relief when one of those concerned crawled back under their respective stones.

The rest, this Holy Week, was silence—or, rather, American. An interesting contrast was provided, however, between a piece of "reportage" on the Crucifixion and a film, *The Heart is a Lonely Hunter*, later the same evening. The former, narrated by John Huston in a dark suit, was a mess. It began with such a welter of frenetic music and jump-cuts that one almost expected Cannon to appear to announce that Jesus was the victim of a frame-up, whereupon he would beat a confession out of Judas that Mr. Big was none other than Simon of Cyrene. Christ was portrayed—calculatedly—as a smirking hippy, Pilate as a cynical gaulter, and the Apostles—who carried their belongings in bundles tied to sticks, like Weary Willie and Tired Tim in *Comic Cuts*—as the Last Supper as if posing for Da Vinci. There was a perfunctory nod in the direction of *The Passover Plot*, and—this being American television—both Pilate and Caiaphas got their comeuppance. Music was by Elmer Bernstein, which suggests that the film might have been more appropriately entitled *The Magnificent Thirteen*.

One watched the trial and execution of this Biblical Beate with remote indifference: he was neither man nor deity, but a perambulating waxwork. Far more Christ-like was the deaf mute hero of *The Heart is a Lonely Hunter*. The ironically-named John Singer—magnificently played by Alan Arkin—lived on the periphery of the

lives of others: an alcoholic nomad, a doomed and bigoted Negro doctor, a teenager clutching at a life beyond her reach. When, in the end, the mute killed himself, one's surprise was only momentary: we, like the others, had fallen into the trap of assuming that our goodwill was in itself sufficient reason to keep him alive. "I love you, Mr. Singer," the teenager wept over his grave, and one wanted to see the film again, and this time pay the proper kind of attention. It left me—and, I suspect, others—in tears, and it had more to do with Easter than a dozen bed-sheeted anaemic television Christs.

It was a weekend for magnificence: UTV gave us what was no more than a photographed stage play, but the play was *Long Day's Journey Into Night*. I had seen the National Theatre production in London, and if television muted the scale of the playing—we lost, for example, Olivier's heart-rending cry of "Won't you stop now!" it let us see the faces close up. Since we no longer had to depend wholly on words, there was little harm done by the cutting of nearly an hour from the original and the play's size—in the sense of achievement—remained undiminished.

The flaws were still there. Edmund Tyrone (O'Neill himself) is exempt from blame throughout: his mother is a drug addict and a spoiled nun, his father a skintail, his older brother a wastrel and corrupt—he alone is guiltless, a sacrificial lamb. And it is sobering to know that O'Neill not only misrepresented the facts, but labelled his family: his father was not a miser, and, in fact, sent him to an expensive sanatorium; his mother gave up drugs of her own accord two years after the "long day" of the play; and Eugene himself was not quite the innocent youth, as portrayed—in 1912 he was married and a father. And yet it matters hardly at all: the play stands in spite of—or, more likely, because of—its author's persecution mania.

This was not "pure" television, but it was a point-blank viewing of a masterpiece, and in it Olivier's genius is preserved. Heresy though it may be, I thought his long speech describing James Tyrone's wasted acting career was twice as effective on television as on the stage. Let RTE buy this and let it be shown whole instead of piecemeal, like Tom Murphy's unfortunate *Famine*.

The weekend's other offerings—including that hymn to imperialism, *55 Days in Peking*—were woe. But there was a not bad *Late Late Show* which featured an amiable young film director whose latest comedy—to judge from the clip shown—depends for its humour on people getting hit in the testicles. Also included were several rat-face drop-outs, all deservedly as happy as crows in clover, and—providing the inevitable dash of bitterness—a lady in the audience who almost burst her stays in fury at the happiness of others. Serve her right if her sons grow up to become television critics and her daughters continually girls.

Return to the Fold



CINEMA
Conor Sweeney

AS A FILM-MAKER John Huston presents two faces, the serious artist and the playboy, much as Graham Greene bifurcates himself into novelist and entertainer. The case for Huston as artist was put as long ago as 1950 by James Agee in his Life article. Agee pointed out that conceivably Huston lacked that deeper kind of creative impulse, and that intense self-critical scepticism without which the stature of great artist is rarely achieved, and he went on: "There is nobody under 50 at work in movies, here or abroad, who can excel Huston in talent, inventiveness, intransigence, achievement or promise. Yet it is a fair bet that neither money, nor acclaim, nor a sense of dedication to the greatest art medium of his century have much to do with Huston's staying at his job: he stays because there is nothing else he enjoys so much."

For many critics, and filmmakers, that bright promise adduced by Agee has considerably dimmed since 1950, when they recall such disasters as *The List of Adrian Messenger*, *Sinful Davey* and *The Kremlin Letter*—all admittedly the work of Huston in his playboy role. But, on the serious side, there are few front-line film makers, who have been so consistently misunderstood. And apart from *Treasure of the Sierra Madre* and *The African Queen* there has hardly been a single film which has received unqualified critical approval. And yet, in retrospect (now mainly on television), his better films, ranging from the *Asphalt Jungle* (1950) (a film judged as being both mystifying and disappointing when first released) to *Reflections in a Golden Eye*, are steadily rising in critical acclaim.

Huston's problems may have stemmed from *Beat the Devil* (1954), an in-film-for connoisseurs, a satire on his film *The Maltese Falcon*, a private joke amusing to the initiated but infuriating to general audiences. This was an act of self-indulgence which had serious implications for Huston's future in the film industry and for his later work. Art for art's sake is a highly praiseworthy creed, but in a medium as commercially orientated as the cinema Huston's seeming withdrawal from his public was a dangerous trend that culminated in that labour of love, but expensive failure, *Moby Dick*, a technical masterpiece with no heart, a film for critics rather than filmgoers. This expensive failure left Huston in a very vulnerable position within the industry—respected but not really liked by the critics, not enjoyed by the general public, distrusted by the studios. He now found himself in the same position as other directors at the time, Ford, Wyler, et al., forced to bring expertise and intelligence to unsatisfactory material, or, alternatively, to attempt more ambitious projects with unsympathetic supervisors breathing down his neck and seriously distorting his unfinished work.

Commenting on his style, Huston once said: "Maybe it's what Hemingway says about writing: 'You must write it as if you were there.' Maybe I just try to do it as if I were there." Each of Huston's films has a style and a visual tone of its own which are dictated to the camera by the story's essential context and spirit. And if there is any decipherable continuity running through his work it lies in his meticulous care for atmosphere and the placing of characters in relation to one another and to their time and physical surroundings. It is this meshing of material, milieu and men that makes *FAT CITY* (Academy) the most successful Huston film in a decade, and, like most of his best films, it deals again



Jeff Bridges, who stars in "Fat City" now showing at the Academy.

with men under pressure. It is a modest, small-budget (by Huston standards) film that springs from the recollection of his own past, and that is a nostalgic return to the mood of earlier days, particularly that of *"The Asphalt Jungle."*

Basically a boxing film, *Fat City* is really a study in human weakness and the fallibility of dreams. As a boxing film, it must be the best since Robert Wise made *The Set Up* in 1949, and it totally avoids the clichés in Wise's film, the hoodlums and parasites living of the man in the ring. The film opens with the has-been boxer, Billy Tully, waking up in a doss-house in his home town of Stockton. His wife has left him, he has thrown his big chance, he is a failure and will go on a failure even though he still can dream of the "fat city" of the big time. Hope briefly rekindles when he notices a promising young fighter at the gym and encourages him to turn professional. But both their dreams fade in the harsh light of reality. In the dark catacombs of the bars lining Stockton's skid row dreams seem possible, but the harsh glare of the sun-baked streets outside shows up

the futility. Despite the brutal reality of their days and nights all the characters of the film come across with their own human warmth and even dignity in despair. Huston's humanity and feeling for these failures elevates his film to a symbolic statement on human vulnerability.

Huston shot the film on location in Stockton and in the lettuce fields around the Salinas Valley and I can vouch for the authenticity of the milieu. Conrad Hall's camerawork keeps on contrasting the dull browns and blues of the rundown bars with the harsh sun-glare of the exteriors. Huston's direction is impeccable except for one misjudgment near the end when he freezes the action. And he has got together an unforgettable cast: an aura of defeat surrounds the battered face and shuffling gait of Stacy Keach as Billy; Jeff Bridges is excellent in the less well-defined character of the young boxer; Susan Tyrrell's depiction of a yelling, infuriating whore may be somewhat too strident but is the real thing in drunken blow-siness. *Fat City* is a fine film, made with what seems effortless ease and affection by Huston.



NEWS IN THE ARTS
John O'Reilly

"IT SEEMS that Dublin will never have it so good as regards theatre this summer. Godfrey Quigley whose current production "Blithe Spirit" is now running at the Eblana, in addition to staging Shaw's "Miss Allotment" and Sacha Guitry's "Don't Listen Ladies", at the Gresham Hotel will present a musical "I Do, I Do", starring Milo O'Shea and Kitty Sullivan at the Gate beginning May 28th. This musical is an adaptation of Herzog's "The Four Poster" and was a hit in New York with Mary Martin and Robert Preston.

UNDISMAYED by the failure of English group Strawbs, to turn up for their televised concert in the Stadium last month, R.T.E.'s Light Entertainment Department are going ahead with more recordings of pop artists, and have a very good series ready to go towards the end of May. First transmission is on Monday, May 21st, when Mike Monaghan's colour film of Donovan will be shown. It is a record of his Irish tour last year when he played in small village halls as well as at a major concert in Cork. The following Monday there is Bill Keating's colour production of Hordisps in Concert at the Stadium, and Keating is also responsible for a documentary performance of Rory Gallagher, which goes out on June 11th. The week before Brian MacLochlainn has a documentary on jazz guitarist Louis Stewart, who wrote the music for the MacLochlainn play, "Martin Clouston", which seems to have won every film and T.V. award short of an Oscar. And on June 18th there is a Playmate concert from the Stadium.

Apart from B.B.C.'s "In Concert" series, television seems to have relegated pop music to the home station, but a more intelligent approach. A number of the concerts, including future ones of Gilbert O'Sullivan, the Dutch group Focus, and Gallagher & Lyle, the latter, former members of Magnific Flint, was recorded in colour last year, so it's good to see the home station has a more intelligent approach. A number of the concerts, including future ones of Gilbert O'Sullivan, the Dutch group Focus, and Gallagher & Lyle, the latter, former members of Magnific Flint, was recorded in colour last year, so it's good to see the home station has a more intelligent approach. A number of the concerts, including future ones of Gilbert O'Sullivan, the Dutch group Focus, and Gallagher & Lyle, the latter, former members of Magnific Flint, was recorded in colour last year, so it's good to see the home station has a more intelligent approach.

THE LEASE on the Project Arts Centre, which was to expire this May, has now been extended until December. In

addition to a very full theatre programme it will stage its annual Living Art exhibition this October, organised as usual by Brian King and Erik Van der Grijn. Incidentally the recent Jonathan Wade Memorial Exhibition, which was held there to aid his family, raised £1,500 and, as many of the exhibits remained unsold it is hoped to auction them in the near future.

AND STILL on the Project. Last Sunday Independent's report on nude paintings by the children of Clondalkin being acceptable to the Project Gallery, whilst titillating and eye-catching at the time (I'm surprised that a reproduction was not shown) appears to be a complete misinterpretation of the project's attitude. According to Project, a reporter in muffled voice (presumably to conceal his name) asked if nudes as a matter of principle would be acceptable for exhibition in the Gallery. He was told that if paintings were accepted by the viewing committee as being of the required standard there would be no objection.

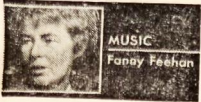
AFTER a suitable post-Easter delay, Noel Pearson resurrects his production of Jesus Christ Superstar at the Cork Opera House on May 21st, and it returns to the Gaitey, for a limited season, on May 28th. The cast is likely to be the same as the one in *Angeline Butler*, a superb Mary Magdalene—is unavailable, her part

will be taken by jazz singer Elaine Delmar. Cork will also have its first chance to see a production of Brendan Behan's "Borstal Boy", which will be directed by Tomas MacAnna and stars Niall Tobin. Tobin, incidentally, has just completed in co-operation with Christy Brown, an adaptation of "Down All the Days", for a possible T.V. production.

UNDER THE AUSPICES of the Irish American Cultural association Phyllis Ryan's Gemini productions will stage three productions at St. Paul's Minnesota beginning May 13th. The three are Shaw's "Arms and the Man", Synge's "The Shadow of the Glen", and "The Tinkers' Wedding" and Hugh Leonard's "Patrick Pearse Motel". The cast will include Martin Delmar, Des Keogh, Barry Cassin, Robert Carrickford, Dearth Molloy and Maureen Tol. In August at the Gate Theatre Gemini will present Christopher Haughton's "The Philanthropist" and in conjunction with Hilton Edwards they will present "Noone" in October.

THE EBLANA theatre, which for the past year has welcomed the Dublin Theatre Scene will continue with its revue theatre in June when Des Keogh will star in another Sweet and Sour programme. Meanwhile Fergus Linehan will continue to produce revue theatre at Jonathans of Grafton Street. For the next few weeks of the Pils new show will star, Dearth Molloy, Bill Golding and Shay Healy.

"With Nectar Sprinkled ..."

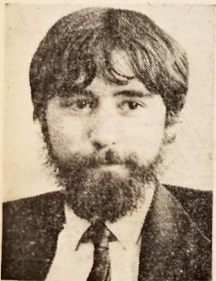


MUSIC
Fanny Feshan

IS IT really possible to listen to new music and then go home and write intelligently about it, and in such a manner that the reader will receive some sort of information not only about the music but about the person who wrote it? Except for a few enlightened spirits like Cardew and Cairnes I don't really think that it is possible at all. Music, by being of such an abstract nature in itself makes comment upon it almost impossible, and it is with this in mind that I endeavour to discuss some music, not all of it new, heard recently in TCD at a concert promoted by the Association of Young Irish Composers.

In a recently published book from Davis-Poynter, Louise Varese tells that after her husband's death she found a note from among his papers bearing a quotation from Franz Kafka, "Impatience is the greatest of sins." As it is one of my own most grievous faults I have propped the saying in front of me and will bear it in mind. Ageing know-alls tend to try to fit old heads on to young shoulders, forgetting that at the age of twenty or so, the young have all the time in the world to experiment, re-hash, and play around, before settling into the straight-jacket of respectability. My complaint, therefore, that three young composers are too respectable may sound a trifle odd.

Derek Ball is a final medical student in Trinity and in *Music for Diverse Instruments* (violin, oboe, cello, trombone) he says that he is disclosing a product of the neo-mediaeval



Derek Ball

compartment of his musical personality. That, of course, sounds marvellous but what it boils down to in plain English is that Mr. Ball is speaking to us through an archaic frame; but as he has already given us some of this before one hopes that he may shortly exhaust the vein. If a composer chooses to present settings of sections of a poem as long as Spenser's *Faerie Queene* it might be a good idea to supply the audience with the relevant stanzas. It is asking a good deal of a singer no matter how good her diction is to project every word of an antique text clearly. Of the five settings presented on this occasion I heard not a single word, partly because I was too busy listening to the Bass Viol and Double Bass.

It seemed to me (possibly

wrongly) that Ball writes with great facility for an instrument than he does for a voice or voices. *It Fell Upon a Holly Eve* is scored for two tenors and a bass, and it brought uncomfortable reminders of a previous precious era during the 'forties in England when everybody suddenly discovered Purcell (to his detriment). As Mr. Ball is a former pupil of A. J. Potter, his leaning towards this tendency is difficult to understand. Perhaps he will now have finished with antiquity, and having got it out of his system on the evidence of another work *Shrub*, he may possibly move on to give us something more exciting; he doesn't surely wish to emulate Stravinsky to that extent no matter how much he may admire him.

The trouble about Mr. Ball is that being a very clever young man he may lose himself in frivolity and cleverness, but then that is his affair, and I only mention it because he seemed to promise development along very interesting lines two years ago.

Raymond Deane is a purposeful young man to whom one unhesitatingly attributes the word organisation. *Equivoke* projects a pattern as diligent as an army forming fours on a barrack square; it shows some influence of Franck (sorry) and in another work *Orphica* there are hints of Scriabin. This may be my imagination, and Mr. Deane may never have heard a note of Scriabin but as the latter's 9th Sonata is his best and as *Orphica* reminded me greatly of it I mean the reference as a compliment, and to give the readers some sort of idea of the shape of Mr. Deane's music, *Orphica* is apparently an experiment with the tonality of the piano but I regretably found it tedious. This may well have been because it came at the end of a programme; possibly if it had come about half-way I would have enjoyed it a great deal more.

Orphica has been worked over for about three years. It is in five parts and, as I have said, I found it tended to go on for far too long. There were, nevertheless, some very good things in it: the composer achieves interesting balances, but there was, to a certain extent, a lack of discipline, which was very surprising coming as it does from the same pen that wrote *Equivoke*.

As against all this there is Mr. Deane's work for Solo Organ, *Idols*, which for me is his most important to date. In TCD it was played by Gerald Barry and, as on the first hearing, I found it fascinating and even hypnotic in a strange circular motion way and in its circular, inexorable development. It is an inward-looking work and I hope it points more accurately to the road the composer wishes to travel than *Orphica*.

Finally we come to John Gibson's *Piano Quartet* since its revision, but not the *String Quartet*. However, the composer kindly made the score of this last work available to me and it has been possible to assess it in a slightly different manner to that employed in reference to the other composers. Strictly speaking,

ment and elongates it in a simple but effective manner and ends his first movement without further ado. I liked



John Gibson

the downward spiralling fragment, declaimed heavily and with emphasis, turning in upon

itself. It is a mature first movement, showing a similar confidence as in his Piano Quartet. It could be described as being mildly serial and is generally speaking in a tonality of E Flat.

The second movement is possibly best described as being tentatively fugal and as having a vaguely baroque air about it. It is atonal and while I wouldn't describe it as light-hearted, it is measurably more cheerful than the first movement. In fact, Mr. Gibson in the most odd way reminds me very much in his string writing of some of Fred May's earlier music and indeed his String Quartet. (When are we going to hear it again?). The finale is marked *Vivace*. It opens with an ascending melody in intervals of fifths and fourths and the manner of its writing will not endear Mr. Gibson to

any violinists. If any of the music could be described as being extrovert, then this one falls into such a category, but I prefer to think of it as a square Rondo; not a Mozart-type Rondo, but a Shostakovich-type Rondo. Always at the back of Gibson's music there is a nagging feeling that we shouldn't really be enjoying ourselves. I hope he manages to shake this off, because he has the mental equipment and discipline to give us something very worthwhile.

Finally, to sum up these three young men. They all have abundant talent, but if only they had abundant exuberance in equal measure we would have something to shout about. Impatience is the greatest sin

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MOTORING SUPPLEMENT



An Analysis of the Current Market

By a Special Correspondent

THE HIGHEST EVER number of new cars were bought and registered in this country during 1972. The official figure from the Central Statistics Office was 62,818 new cars registered; this is 20.7% up on the figure for 1971. The total market has not increased so rapidly since the boom of 1968, as the table below shows (Table 1).

1972 in the new car market is unlikely to continue. Additionally, the new Government must tackle the current runaway inflation in the economy. So the year 1973 is likely to remain on a similar level with 1972 with no growth.

THE MANUFACTURERS

Only the Brittain Group, dis-

Make	Jan. 1970	Jan. 1973	Unit	%
Austin 1100	£989	£1139	150	15.16
Fiat 124	£998	£1442	444	44.48
Ford Escort	£840	£1129	289	34.40
Chrysler Hunter	£1080	£1465	385	35.01
Morris Mini	£718	£933	215	29.94
Opel Kadett	£898	£1133	235	26.16
Vauxhall Viva	£875	£1212	337	38.51
V.W. 1200	£878	£1150	272	30.97
Renault R4L	£759	£1057	298	38.26

Certainly the Austin 1100 seems best value by a considerable extent on the above analysis.

this portion until the year end.

Fiat growth in the past year was only slightly lower than Chrysler at 46.5% increase in sales, achieving a 13.3% market penetration in the process.

Most manufacturers now have their market targets and strategies set for 1973. Chrysler are committed to achieving 20% of the market; Renault and Opel are set for 10% of the market. Brittain Group, who have watched their 38% domination of the market in the mid-1950s drop to 13.6% last year, must be contemplating a holding operation while they get their newly-acquired Nissan-Datsun off the ground. Ford are unlikely to give up any of their market share. Peugeot have had a quota for 600 cars in 1973 and Citroen a 500 quota. Who, then, is going to lose out? Fiat are unlikely to, on their present performance. Perhaps Volkswagen, whose parent at Wolfsburg has been frantically searching for a replacement to

the Beetle, are due a drop. Certainly, the Audi 80, long awaited and now launched in the UK through the VW network, may rescue the situation. However, at a selling price of £1,300 for the basic model in the UK and converted to Irish selling price at £1,800, is too expensive to provide the real answer. Vauxhall must look easy prey to the eager marketing men in the other manufacturing combines.

It seems certain that European cars, which held 40% of the Irish market in 1972, must increase their share to 50% in 1973.

THE MODELS

In the first six months of 1972 new cars were bought in horse power categories as shown in Table 2 below. This has been the pattern of sales since 1969. Far and away the biggest proportion of sales has been in the 9 horse power class, 24.3%.

Ford Escort accounts for

44.7% of the total sales of 9 horse power cars and 47.8% of Ford's total sales.

The balance of this horse power sales is as follows:

Opel Kadett—20% of the class and accounts for 73.9% of Opel's total sales. This is a disproportionate concentration of Opel's sales in one class and must cause a good deal of concern to Reg Armstrong executives.

Fiat 128—15.3% of the class and 29.3% of Fiat's total sales.

Austin 1100—8% of the class and 24.6% of Austin market total sales.

Morris Minor—7.3% of the class and 24.4% of Morris's total sales.

It is interesting to note the decline of the Minor since 1969, when they accounted for 38.2% of the 9 horse power market and represented 57.2% of all Morris sales.

years. However, certain makes moved more than others and, in fact, the Morris Mini was selling £17 cheaper in January, 1973, compared to January, 1972. The table below shows cars in the £1,000 to £1,700 retail selling price bracket at January, 1970, and again their retail price three years later, in January, 1973.

TOTAL CAR POPULATION

In conclusion, a brief look at the total number of cars on the road puts the previous statistics in perspective. The total number of cars on the road in the 26 Counties, as measured by Government census on 30th of September of last year was 440,185. This figure has doubled in the last ten years and is expected to continue at this rate of growth. In addition, the number of cars is becoming more concentrated

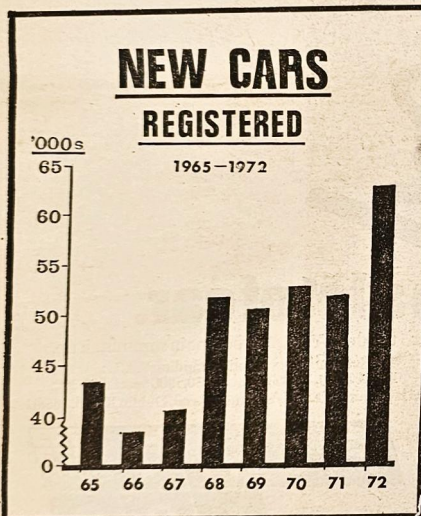


TABLE 1

The 1968 boom was held in check during 1969 right through to 1971 by Government restrictions to control an inflationary economy. The 1972 growth rate of 20.7% reflects the pent-up demand, built up

tributing Morris and Austin, dropped sales on their 1971 performance. All the other manufacturers increased sales and maintained their market share. Ford continues to dominate the market with

Make	Jan.-Dec. 1972	Jan.-Dec. 1971	Unit % +/-
Austin	4,538 7.2	4,809 9.2	-5.6
Chrysler	8,445 13.4	5,572 10.7	+51.6
Ford	8,342 13.3	5,694 11.0	+46.5
Fiat	14,295 22.8	11,605 22.3	+23.2
Morris	4,048 6.4	5,368 10.3	-24.6
Opel	4,224 6.7	3,284 6.3	+28.6
Renault	4,577 7.3	3,662 7.0	+25.0
Triumph	1,434 2.3	1,309 2.5	+9.5
Vauxhall	3,243 5.2	2,445 4.7	+32.6
V.W.	5,926 9.4	5,185 10.0	+14.3
Others	3,747 6.0	3,109 6.0	+20.5
Total	62,818 100.0	52,042 100.0	+20.7

artificially during the previous four years. The pre-VAT car-buying spree also brought on the normal process of car-buying. Most of the general public had the impression that VAT would increase the price of cars. Certainly, the growth in the economy alone during 1972 could not account for the almost 63,000 new cars. What so for 1973? Certainly, the growth shown in

22.8% of the market. The extended Chrysler range, with the introduction of Simca, proved effective in increased market penetration from 10.7% in 1971 to 13.4% in 1972. This is a 51.6% increase in sales. The twelve-car Simca range was launched in September with the help of Hartnell - Wilson. Chrysler became the number two market leader in the following month and maintained

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SALES OF CARS BY H.P. CLASS

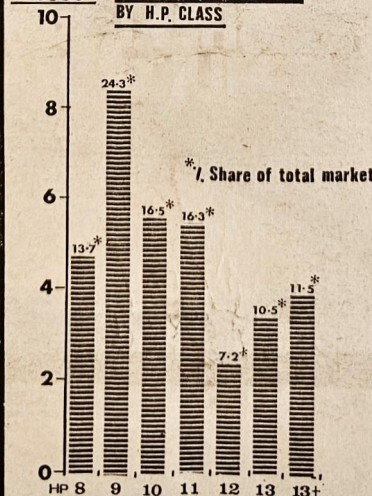


TABLE 2



Renault 6TL—4.6% of the class and 14.5% of Renault's total sales.

The 10 horse power cars hold the key to a number of manufacturers' total stability. For example, the Vauxhall Viva accounts for 88.4% of Vauxhall's total sales, the VW Beetle accounts for 55.5% of the Volkswagen sales, the 10 h.p. Avenger accounts for 29% of Chrysler sales and the Fiat 124 25.3% of this company's sales. These four models account for 99.6% of the 10 horse power sales.

PRICES

The recommended retail prices of cars have risen dramatically over the last three

in a small number of locations.

The map below shows the number of cars on the road in each county as at 30th September, 1972. The shaded counties account for 56% of the total number of cars and Dublin alone accounts for 31% of the country's cars. There are obvious implications for future transport facilities in the concentrated car populated areas.

If you are one for odd-ball statistics, here is one for you: the number of horses in the country is 452, of which the highest number is in Dublin, 47. The second largest number is to be found in Cork, 42, but this figure is far outside the normal population-to-horse requirement ratio.



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MOTORING RICHARD O'HAGAN

TOYOTA, it is claimed, are the third largest vehicle manufacturer in the world — after General Motors and Ford — and produced a modest two million units in 1972; this includes cars, buses, commercial vehicles, and fork lift trucks. It is an amazing record when one considers that the firm was founded only as recently as 1937, and, as you may recall, some global unpleasantness broke out not long after and lasted until 1945.

Like other giants of the Japanese industry, however, Toyota are beginning to see at least some writing on the domestic wall; in 1971 the home demand for cars rose by only 7.5%, and, for four-wheeled vehicles as a whole, actually fell by 2%. Renewed effort in export markets, therefore, became the name of the game, and, since America, in that same period, had an overall increased demand of almost three-quarters of a million, it was obviously the top-priority, maximum effort target.

In fairness, this is as good a place as any to demolish a canard relating to imported cars in Japan; the legend has it that there are few imported cars sold there because of impossibly-high tariff walls. This is not so; import duties on brought-in cars is actually less than that obtaining generally in the U.K., Ireland and Common market countries, and, as well, sales tax applies to all vehicles, made at home or away. The fact is that most European makers appear apprehensive—I think with reason—about the complexities of setting up sales and servicing networks there and, more profoundly, it would seem that the Japanese are generally uninterested in foreign cars. In 1971, for example, a total of only 18,000-odd imported vehicles were sold there, and half of those, as if you hadn't guessed, were VW.

Oddly enough, tho' Toyota have been in the British market since 1965 and was the first Japanese firm there, its progress has scarcely been dramatic—1,200 cars in 1969; 1,300 in 1970. By contrast, Datsun—the fifth largest car makers in the world—came later to the fair, but have clearly worked at it harder; in 1970 they scrapped their initial organisation in the U.K. and started afresh; in the first financial year thereafter, they sold more than 12,000 models, and hit almost 20,000 in 1972. However, Toyota are beginning to move there, too, and reached 6,000 model sales in that same year. Whatever about the U.K., Toyota are going to be first off the line in Ireland with a Republic-assembled offering; this comes from a plant at Bluebell in Dublin, wholly-Irish owned and spearheaded by Stephen O'Flaherty the elder, he whose success with VW was an Irish motoring tour de force.

I must confess, however, that I do not quite follow the philosophy in this market. They will initially launch the Corolla 1200, a small family saloon, which is to cost £1,595 (U.K. £1,131), assuming that price is not sunk by the floating yen.

I would have thought that this particular slot in the bazaar was fairly generously filled—not to say highly-competitively filled—with a variety of choices: Escort; Avenger; Viva; BMC; Simca; Renault; Fiat and Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and his mates. Most of these offerings are cheaper—the comparable Avenger, to take what is possibly the toughest example, comes at £1,234 and has a 1250 c.c. engine. At first glance I would have guessed that Toyota's opening shot might better have been at the 1500-2000 c.c. bracket with their Carina or Corona 2000, but doubtless there is some marketing subtlety that escapes me. The Corolla—in which I have had two brief drives—one in England and one here—is highly conventional in layout; McPherson struts at front; a live rear axle with half-elliptical springs and a front-mounted 4-cylinder engine of 1166 c.c. (Corolla 1200?), with a 9.1 c.v., producing 73 b.h.p. at 6,000 r.p.m., and 66 ft./lbs. torque at 4,600 r.p.m. (both SAE). It has a twin-choke carb. and a five-bearing shaft, and its mounting makes it certainly one of the most-gettable mills in the business.

The car comes with a fair amount of built-in goodies: 5-push-button radio; electrically-shoved radio aerial; cigar lighter; tinted screen; front-seat headrests. The finish and carpeting is good, as is the seat support and travel—even for a tall driver. The floor-mounted shift is very pleasant, click click, and the car handles—bear in mind the shortness of my acquaintance with it—quite tautly tho' a bit buckety and hoppy in the rough. The models I tried were both cross-ply shod; this hoppy feature might well be emphasised if radials were used.



Toyota Ireland will follow this saloon—in its launching is imminent as I write—with a coupé version; a handsome little motor-car with more urge and plushier finish (£1,698 here; £1,258 U.K.); then with the Corolla Estate at £1,495 (U.K. £1,180), and a basis, two-door Corolla standard for which a price has yet to be fixed. Total production is aimed at 50 units per week.

Again it is only fair to point out that, whatever faults or shortcomings Japanese cars may suffer from—and these do not come easily to mind—they are fast reaching an all-time high for serviceability. Recent U.K. investigations into the reactions of owners to various models show that the Japanese cars give relatively little bother and were almost saint-like compared to a number of U.K. models. Since the selection of

any car is a balance of pros and cons dictated by the purse and desires of the buyer, this must be regarded as a very significant weighting factor on one side of that particular ledger.

Datsun have a different sort of arrangement here. Brittain Ltd. will assemble and market for them, and a target of 3,000 units per year is being aimed at—roughly the same as Toyota.

Their first offering will be Spring-shown, and is also a 1200 saloon—known as the Sunny in other climes, but, apparently, the policy in Ireland is to stick to numbers, so it will appear as, plausibly enough, the Datsun 1200. No price is available as I write, but it is rumoured that it will be about a centry cheaper than the Corolla, and what we do know is that it sells for £936 in the U.K. The specification is very similar to the Toyota; for example: length, 12.7" (Corolla 12 11"); width 4.1" (4.1"); height 4.7" (4.6"); weight 1,532 lbs. (1,655). The Datsun engine's parameters, too, bear a passing resemblance: 1,171 c.c.; 5-bearing shaft; 9.1 c.v.; developing 68 b.h.p. at 6,000 r.p.m. and 70 ft./lbs. torque at 3,600 r.p.m.; it has also a twin-choke carb. The suspension is strictly orthodox with McPherson-san struts in front and semi-elliptic sprung live axle.

I have not tested the Datsun, but U.K. drivers give an average of 36 m.p.g. for it and 34 m.p.g. for the Corolla. The price differential—since there appears to be so little in respect of performance or basic design—is possibly accounted for by all the things that come as part of the Corolla deal—radio; head rests; automatic aerial, etc., etc. If Toyota and Datsun are here, can Maza and Honda be far behind? It would seem not; there is a buzz in the bazaars that may be VW in the Republic are looking at Mazda, tho', at the moment, the rest is silence in so far as Honda are concerned.

It will be most interesting to see what impact the Japanese make here; they could possibly be a trifle late at the fair in terms of causing the furore they once might have aroused—there is, after all, an awful lot of competition around and competition with, mostly, entrenched dealership networks. Had they been able to get on this market with what should be their prize asset, a keen price, the story might well be much different. As it is, it seems to me they must rely on the tremendous reaction that comes from proven serviceability, no trouble motoring. But that is no instant thing; it takes a fair amount of time to establish and then to be disseminated by word of proud owner's mouth, and it has to be significantly better than the opposition.

It will also be interesting to observe the second offering from both of these companies; I think it probable that the 'Cherry' will be Datsun's second runner—to be known as the 100A; this is still smaller (988 c.c.), transverse engine, front-wheel drive. Toyota will probably advance their Carina—1600, and thus attack the slot I believe they should have attacked for openers. In the U.K., these two sell for £850 and £1,367, respectively—I tell you this solely for information; in relation to this, market these prices are, of course, quite academic.

A Checklist of Spare Parts — Compiled by John O'Reilly

(All prices list below subject to a 5.26% V.A.T.)

Car.	Price	Oil Filter	Wipers Blades	Front Wings L.H.	Door	Bonnet	Bootlid	Bumpers	Windscreen	Headlamp Assembly	Flasher Unit	Starter Motor	Dynamo	Alternator	Braking	Wheel Bearings	Drive Shaft	Exhaust System
Mini 850	£933	£0.33	—	£13.31	£34.60	£18.32	£17.47	£3.27	£5.19	£7.50	£0.62	£17.69	£16.85 (new)	—	£11.17 set	£11.63 (ea)	—	£3.68 each
Austin 1300	£1242	£0.33	—	£20.23	£35.06	£27.87	£22.48	£8.70	£7.67	£7.50	£0.62	£17.69	£16.85 (new)	—	£6.91 Pads & Set	£1.69 (ea)	—	£4.88 each
Renault 4L	£1119	None Fitted	£1.89	£7.54	£24.44	£23.04	£9.57	£9.57	£5.67 (Glass)	£14.03	£2.82	£16.00 (recondi- tioned)	£11.55 (recondi- tioned)	—	£4.26 Set	£2.10 Set	£20.13	Ex. Pipe Front £1.51 Rear £1.87 Centre £2.10
Renault R. 12	£1655	£2.28	£2.11	£3.27	£18.00	£32.14	£24.52	£19.94	£18.00	£15.36	£2.62	£16.00 (recondi- tioned)	£17.84	£14.00 (recondi- tioned)	£4.52 Set	£4.52 Set	£22.55	Front Pipe £10.10 Centre Pipe £14.44
Chrysler Avenger 4 doors	£1208	£1.02	£1.05	£1.30	£1.79	£26.36	£20.93	£22.47	£32.50	£22.37	£8.46	£7.11	£17.84	£12.35	£6.62	£7.13	£7.80	Front Pipe £4.58 Rear Pipe £1.25
Chrysler Hunter	£1534	£1.02	£1.05	£1.10	£2.15	£26.36	£20.93	£41.41	£39.16	£34.71	£8.46	£7.13	£17.84	£12.35	£6.62	£7.13	£7.80	Front Pipe £4.58 Rear Pipe £1.25
Fiat 126	£1337	£2.27	£0.85	£1.23	£2.69	£14.15	£17.41	—	£26.55	£30.16	£9.61	£17.55	£25.13	£4.91	£4.91	Hub.	—	Front Pipe £1.51 Rear Pipe £1.87 Centre £2.10
Fiat 132	£2,000	£1.91	£1.18	£2.69	N.A.	£18.03	£18.03	—	£53.78 (Laminated)	N.A.	£9.15	£4.12	£17.84	£46.07	£4.25 Set	£4.25 Set	£32.78	Front Pipe £1.51 Rear Pipe £1.87 Centre £2.10
Ford Escort 1100 c.c. ...	£1112	£0.60	£0.95	2 Blades	£12.94	£33.39	£24.19	£25.63	£5.50	£7.36	£1.43 (sealed beam)	£36.25	£14.60	£7.40	£2.66	£2.95 (2 bearings and 2 cups)	£33.41	Front £6.50 Rear £4.89
Ford Cortina 1300 c.c.	£1392	£1.30	£3.10	2 Blades	£20.25	£34.30	£28.18	£36.54	£5.50	£7.36	£1.43 (sealed beam)	£36.25	£14.60	£7.40	£2.66	£2.95 (2 bearings and 2 cups)	£33.41	Front £6.50 Rear £4.89
R.M.W. 2002 (manual)	£2,837	£0.95	£2.67	£1.35	£3.58	£36.58	—	£92.32	£66.20	£43.20	£47.36	£12.00 (recondi- tioned)	£14.60	£13.94	£6.17	£18.12	£12.00 (recondi- tioned)	Exhaust Assembly £19.29
Rover 2000	£2,585	£1.13	£0.68	£1.66	£36.00	£44.00	£106.00	£83.00	£23.20	£23.20	£10.16	£38.00 (recondi- tioned)	£18.29	£18.29	£18.29	£18.29	£18.29	Inner Rear £22.00 £6.71
Rover 3500	£2,951	£1.16	£1.26	£1.26	£36.00	£44.00	£106.00	£83.00	£24.40	£24.40	£10.16	£38.00 (recondi- tioned)	£18.29	£18.29	£18.29	£18.29	£18.29	Inner Rear £22.00 £6.42
Volkswagen 1200/1300 Beetle	£1150	Not Fitted	£1.48	£1.50	£22.33	£33.34	£14.76	£19.88	£18.40	£4.52 (Irish)	£25.51	£18.29	£18.29	£18.29	£18.29	£18.29	£18.29	Inner £2.08 £7.85
Volkswagen K. 70	£2,400	£2.11	£3.09	£2.01	£28.15	£45.65	£46.19	£27.87	£25.72	£25.72	£25.72	£25.72	£25.72	£25.72	£25.72	£25.72	£25.72	£25.72
Opel Kadett 36 (4 doors)	£1316	£0.60	£0.82	£1.74	£25.36	£34.22	£33.42	£33.02	£13.50	£15.32	£12.75	£15.32	£15.32	£15.32	£15.32	£15.32	£15.32	Front Pipe £2.52 Rear Pipe £1.61
Opel Ascona	£1488	£0.60	£0.82	£1.74	£25.36	£34.22	£33.42	£33.02	£13.50	£15.32	£12.75	£15.32	£15.32	£15.32	£15.32	£15.32	£15.32	Front Pipe £2.52 Rear Pipe £1.61
N. redies 237	£4125	£1.88	£2.54	£30.20	£33.22	£30.20	£23.26	£19.63	£20.43	£33.82	£18.34	£26.57	£26.57	£26.57	£26.57	£26.57	£26.57	Ex. wheel Bearing Kit £16.91 Bearing Kit £14.87

Motoring Supplement

Motor Insurance — Reflections On The Interim Report

R. G. Heather

EACH DAY motor accidents result in death, personal injuries and damage to property. This mounting toll on our roads causes an enormous loss to the community, in human and financial terms. The only way to reduce this loss is by accident reduction or prevention measures such as improve-

ment in roads, vehicle construction, driving standards and safety education. The legal liability system and the insurance industry cannot reduce the loss to the community, rather they provide machinery to reduce its impact on individuals by apportioning responsibilities and spreading losses.

The Interim Report of the Committee of Inquiry says "It has been projected that, based on present trends, there will be a continuous rise in accidents on Irish roads in the years ahead. If this projection is balanced against the effect of inflationary trends in the costs of road accidents meas-

ured merely in terms of the annual sums paid by insurance companies on the basis of current structures and practices, it is also valid to project an even more rapid increase in the annual rates of premiums for motor vehicle insurance." The Committee's definitive Report and impartial findings

are a significant and extremely valuable contribution to future motor insurance practice, not only in Ireland, but in the wider context of possible developments within the E.E.C. and reflect a large measure of credit to the industry for the revealing analysis of its current problems.

A major section of the Report summarises the historical background of the subject, and gives a survey of comparative motor insurance law and practice in a number of countries, particularly in Western Europe and North America. It is interesting to note that, of the E.E.C. countries, only in the United Kingdom, where the legal system in operation closely resembles ours, has there been an absence of some form of State control of third party premiums. Recently trends there indicate that although competition is still

sense of stability and of confidence.

The conclusion must be that the community as a whole has been paying insufficient premiums for its motor insurance. Control of basic rates leads to a situation where the good driver subsidises the bad to an unreasonable extent and as the bulk of protection in this country is provided by external insurers, in general terms it can be said that the Irish motorist is being subsidised by outside policy holders.

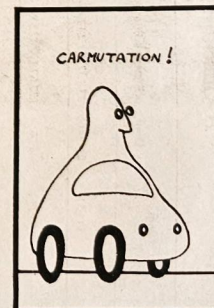
It is not surprising in these circumstances that sections of the community both in the corporate and private field experience difficulty in obtaining motor insurance in the first instance, and secondly at a reasonable cost. Responsible brokers who daily place large industrial risks in the market, experience difficulty in securing cover for even the private client, who has been free of accidents or prosecutions.

A fundamental principle of insurance is that the losses of the few are met from the contributions of the many—contributions should be appropriate to the degree of risk associated with each category of motorist. This is central to the problem and, as the Committee suggests, "motor insurance is not scientifically based. In particular, industry-wide statistics are not available for calculating premiums appropriate to particular risks." Loadings on an arbitrary basis for area, age of driver and age of vehicle are some of the ways in which motorists pay for costs which are not, in the opinion of the Committee, scientifically attributable to their particular categories. Accordingly, the Committee recommends that a Representative Board be established by the Minister for Industry and Commerce, the functions of which would be to advise the Minister on premium rates, having collected statistics on a national basis and analysed



intense, premiums are at an uneconomic level. Over the past two years, insurers have increased rates for private cars three and in some instances four times, but are now barred from raising premiums further for the time being, owing to the U.K. Government's recent anti-inflation measures. In most European countries and particularly in France there have been underwriting losses, and whilst increased rate, have been sanctioned by the appropriate authorities, they have not been sufficient to off-set losses incurred. Insurance there is provided by private enterprise companies operating in competition with one another. There is no State monopoly in the E.E.C.

The Report contains figures showing that insurers in Ireland other than Lloyds' syndicates made a profit on underwriting in only two of the years (1963/64) reviewed from 1951 to 1971, the cumulative loss for this period being in excess of £9,000,000, a major portion of which was sustained from 1967 to 1970. Investment income was not taken into account in calculating losses but it is unlikely that this would reduce significantly the adverse experience of the late sixties. Since then, an improvement has been achieved but the Committee acknowledge that profitability has not yet been restored. A real desire to avoid writing new business and the complete withdrawal of some U.K. insurers from the market underline this lack of profitability and general ab-



them scientifically with the object of arriving at basic rates reflecting the true level of claims in various classes. The intention is that the Board would also deal with such matters as alleged overcharging, unfair treatment and complaints from those unable to secure cover.

The Committee's recommendations will undoubtedly receive and deserve careful study. Apart from cost in premiums to

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Motoring Supplement

the motorist, the sections of the Report dealing with compensation to victims of traffic accidents and the recommendation for improving the lot of those who, through no fault of their own, at present have no redress, are important to the community.

Presumably, any major change or departure from present practice will be considered in relation to probable developments within the EEC, ensuring eventual harmony between systems here and those which operate or are likely to be introduced in other member States.

A directive aimed at facilitating the movement of traffic between member States has already been adopted by the EEC. This requires that member States ensure that motor insurers include automatically in their policies cover which is valid throughout the Community in conformity with the minimum legal requirements of each State. At the present time, requirements in this country relating to compulsory motor insurance are basically similar to those in other European countries.

The Report gives an international comparison of the legal environments within which motor insurance is conducted. Ireland belongs to those common law countries where the law of negligence is applicable to traffic accidents. This is in contrast with other countries where special laws and rules have been enacted to

(c) Despite the statutory requirement of third party insurance, a number of anomalous situations exist where an injured person may receive no compensation, e.g., an innocent victim who is injured by an equally innocent motorist.

(d) Settlements take the form of a lump sum—this is considered a serious defect in cases involving death or personal injury where the damages suffered are of an on-going nature, such as loss of income or recurring medical costs; compensation should be payable weekly or monthly as appropriate.

(e) The national problem of inflation equally besets the motor insurance industry. Labour costs form a large proportion of total claims costs and the cost of labour is rising faster than the general rate of inflation. On the personal injuries side, compensation is related to earnings lost.

The recommendations are practical. The introduction of equal fault up to the District Court limit of £250, strict liability, presumption of negligence, the limitation in High Court hearings of the functions of juries to the issue of negligence, with assessors assisting the judge in calculating damages, and compulsory liability insurance to pillion passengers on motor cycles and passengers in commercial vehicles are all definite improvements. Some

mittee's exhortation that motorists generally be encouraged to seek first party cover. It is estimated that about 70% of Irish motorists at present insure under third party policies—i.e., just in excess of the minimum cover required by law, whereas in the United Kingdom the majority of vehicle owners take comprehensive policies.

An addendum to the Report by 13 of the 23 Committee members contains the more radical recommendation for the introduction of a "no fault" system to provide payment of scheduled benefits in cases of death or personal injury, irrespective of fault, and to operate alongside the existing system. It is envisaged that an injured person could still pursue his common law claim, but, in fixing his entitlement to damages, account would be taken of any scheduled benefits received.

"No fault" does not operate in any of the member States of the EEC, but in a number of countries throughout the world and especially in the United States, the concept that compensation to the road traffic victim should be based solely on establishing negligence of the motorist is under attack. The reasons are not hard to find. Many victims go uncompensated, others are unable to recover all their financial loss, and where insurance is concerned, whilst the major portion of premiums collected is used to compensate victims, relatively large amounts are spent on administration and the determination of fault. On the other hand, critics of "no fault" argue that injured motorists guilty of careless or dangerous driving should not be as of right be entitled to compensation and that the system is likely to bring about a

deterioration in road safety standards. Some restriction in benefits payable to those guilty of criminal offences would appear essential.

It may well be that in the future tort liability will be replaced partially by a compensation scheme, but one tends to see this in the wider concept of development within the EEC of a Social Welfare plan basic to each State and providing payment of scheduled benefits, not merely to victims of traffic accidents, but to all unfortunate enough to sustain injury or illness from any cause.

In conclusion, one returns to the most significant recommendation in the short-term, i.e., the establishment of the representative Board. It is urged that this Board be constituted at the earliest possible moment and that it should work with a real sense of urgency to restore a healthy and competitive

market, giving the motorist a genuine choice of basic cover and extensions, with financially strong insurers in harmony with other similar institutions in the EEC.

While one would welcome the entry of any new insurer to the limited Irish market, just as in the past one has deplored the withdrawal of established companies. A new company, to be successful, must be judged against its ability to offer economic underwriting linked with financial security, professional standing and expertise. Responsible brokers place their clients business only with insurers who can satisfy these criteria.

Mr. R. Graham Heather, F.C.I.L., is President of the Corporation of Insurance Brokers of Ireland, and a director of Lloyd, Armstrong and Ramsey Ltd.



deal with motor accidents which impose what is called a "strict liability" in favour of the victim. Motor accident legislation on the Continent leans towards the application of strict liability and this is one of the Committee's recommendations for claims up to the Circuit Court limit of £2,000.

A section of the Report analyses the present system operating in Ireland. Some of the features not already mentioned may be summarised briefly as follows:

(a) The processing of liability claims is a costly process. One in ten claimants institute legal proceedings and of these about 10% reach court. Overall, legal fees amount to 16% of claims settlements.

(b) The system of liability claims settlement is a slow one—interim payments are recommended.

of these measures will certainly increase the cost of claims, others should help to cut back on administration costs, they will all collectively help the victims of traffic accidents, which is why motor insurance was made compulsory in the first instance, and give effect to the prime concern of the Committee to recommend a system which would provide adequate compensation for all victims, while at the same time suggesting ways of increasing efficiency and reducing costs. Close attention to the adequacy of insurers' technical reserves and solvency is also proposed and, in the light of recent failures in the U.K. market, it is essential that adequate safeguards exist to protect the community interest.

The recommendation that personal accident cover be made available in every motor policy is also relevant to the central theme, as is the Com-



There are some cars so outstanding that it seems a total irrelevance to call them by more than one name. Jaguar. Rover. Triumph. Such names spring immediately to mind. Because they are in a class of their own. Luxurious. Sophisticated. And utterly dependable. Like the people who drive them.



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Motoring Supplement

Motor Accessories Reviewed By Richard O'Hagan

THE AMOUNT of flute music now being marketed in the accessory field continues to proliferate; by "flute music" I mean all the jazz which contributes nothing to the machinery except, perhaps, to make parts of glitter a little more or —and possibly at the same time—give a perceptive psychologist a few broad clues as to the syndromes from which the purchaser/embellisher suffers. For example, and I shudder at having to retail it, the latest in this genre are coloured cut outs of Disney characters which are stuck on door or bonnet panels and, in fact, are being so stuck from reasons I find as incomprehensible as Egyptian hieroglyphs.

Let us pass on to a few more useful items I have tried—or have heard about—during the past few months; they may or may not be procurable in your local accessory outlet,

but, if you are interested, I have no doubt proprietors of same will be prepared to obtain them and more especially since they now have the Master's imprimatur.

INTERIOR MIRROR

I believe a dipping interior mirror is a basic requirement for what must be the glaringly obvious reason that whilst you do not want to be blinded by following lights you also require to keep an eye on what said followers are up to (and what they are usually up to is your exhaust pipe). I also believe that any interior mirror must give you the maximum backward view, not only by reason of its own size, but also of its location.

Now, as owners of the Renault R4L will know, that splendid little car is somewhat less than splendid when it comes to seeing behind. The

mirror they fit is badly placed, too small and doesn't dip and, in fact, they have to supplement it with an exterior one on the driver's door. This is a pain in the eyeballs, because it faithfully collects all the lights from those behind and obligingly shines them in your face. For such owners—and, indeed, for the owners of any chariots which are equally poor in this respect—a firm called Harry Moss Limited, of Kingston Road, London, SW 20, have provided their Super Dipper. This is a mirror which fixes, with a very strong, on-built adhesive, anywhere on the screen you care to locate it. It really couldn't be easier to fit and, once on, it sticks so firmly that the action of the dipper doesn't cause it a quiver. What it does for the R4L is only splendid and you can remove the existing mirror and send it back to Renault

accompanied by a letter of abuse.

HEATED REAR WINDOW

Whilst on the subject of back viewing, a steamed up rear window is no help at all nor is its opacity overcome even by a Super Dipper. There are a number of DIY kits which enable you to heat this glass; as it happened, the one I tried was by Messrs. Desmo (so well-known a name that there is no need to give the address). This consists of an element network you stick to the back window—inside, I hope I need hardly say—and then connect it to a supplied dashboard switch plus warning light. This can be self-fitted—it comes in a container embellished with cartoon, step-by-step drawings—and you wire it through the ignition system so that it goes off when you

switch off the engine, thus preventing you coming down in the dawn to find a hot rear window and a cold battery.

ANTI-THEFT

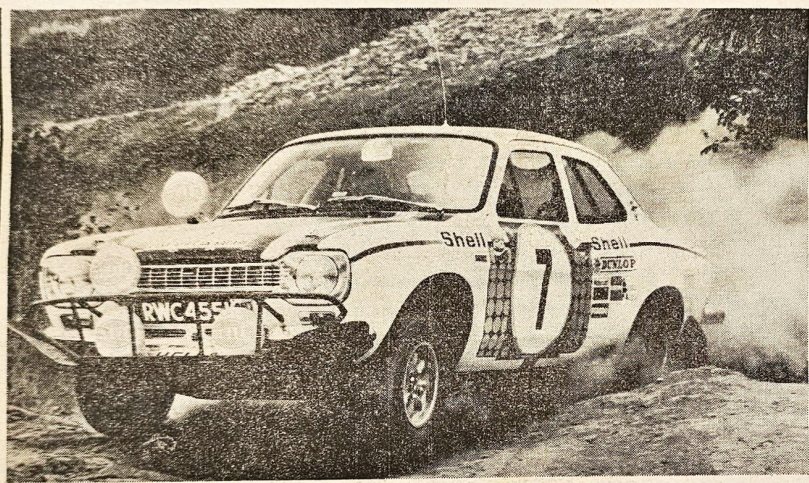
I'm greatly taken by—but have not yet tried—the latest anti-theft (or perhaps I should more accurately say "theft deterrent") idea. This is a kit which enables you to etch, for ever, your registered number on each piece of glass—windows, screen and that bit of glass we've been discussing above. Each engraving comes out at about 1½" x 1½". The kit also contains a stick-on label which informs the would-be knocker-off that he had better replace the glass immediately, which is a chore only the doughtiest villain would entertain.

This kit comes from Siloutech Ltd., 52 Shaftesbury

Avenue, London, W1V 7DE, and the retail cost in the UK is around £2.15; you have to supply them with the registered number to let them make up a stencil. I shall try this and report later.

A CHILD-CAN-USE-IT WHEELBRACE

Some months ago, I wrote of the "Sleeve-lock" plug spanner, which allows you to remove any parking plug, no matter how awkwardly the demon designers have located it. The same company—Ives Engineering Ltd., of Bournemouth—have now followed on with a wheel brace which is equally splendidly engineered, so that you can get the maximum torque with the very minimum of effort. Really easy to use and as clever in concept as the "Sleeve-lock," without which I would not now be.



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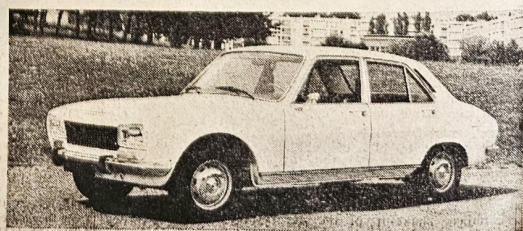
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PEUGEOT Trend setters for Trend setters



The DAF 66 will be reviewed in our next issue, May 10th, by our motoring editor, Richard O'Hagan.

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FINANCE PROPERTY ECONOMICS

Budget preview

BY NOW the Minister for Finance should have emerged from the usual deluge of pre-Budget submissions, and be putting the final touches on his first Budget. But the fact that it will be the first change in diet after sixteen years of Fianna Fail menus is not the only feature of difference this year. Thanks to the election campaign, we are also in the novel position of knowing most, perhaps all, of the major changes to be announced on Budget day. Finally, there is the happy feature—unusual in Irish conditions—that the Minister has some money to give away, the famous £30 millions E.E.C. money which was spent so liberally by all parties during the election campaign.

Even though the main features of the Budget may be clear, there are still some interesting points to be decided, and, of course, the possibility of new surprises can never be ruled out. One change is bound to be the removal of VAT from food, which will cost about £19 millions. This is to be met by increasing VAT rates on other items. The questions of interest here is whether all of these go up by about 20%—for example the 5.26 rate to 6½% and the 16.37 rate to 20%—or whether the Minister will follow the British decision and opt for a flat rate of 10% on everything bar a few luxury items such as cars.

A second question of interest is whether the Minister, like his predecessor last year, will go for a deficit, and if so, what size. The 1972/73 Budget ended up with a deficit of £5½ millions, a much smaller figure than had been anticipated. If nothing drastic is happening to tax receipts and Government spending (and ignoring the £30 millions E.E.C. money), then there would probably be a similar sort of deficit looming up this year. However, to this figure must be added the transfer, already announced, of part of the health charges, which will add £17 millions to the Budget bill, and so raise the deficit to say £22 millions. At this stage the cost of the Social Welfare package has to be added to the equation. The cost of the improvements announced in the Election campaign was given as £41m. in a full year. This means either that £11m. over and above the £30 millions E.E.C. money would be needed—which would raise the deficit to £33 millions—or that the increases in Social Welfare benefits would be paid for less than the full year. If the traditional dates of August for Social Assistance, and October for Social Insurance benefits were repeated, then this would cut the cost to about £20 millions this year. There are at least two reasons why the Minister is unlikely to cut to that extent. One is that there are compelling arguments for giving increases at an earlier date this year, because the poorest groups have been badly hit by recent rises in food prices. Secondly, the Minister will want to show that he is spending the full £30 millions of E.E.C. money. So July 1 looks like a good date for Social Welfare increases.

The Minister could then go on, if he wished to follow the I.C.T.U. advice, and give improvements on income tax allowances, and other concessions, possibly repeal estate duties for farmers, spend more money on tourism, or other areas mentioned in the Coalition 14-point programme, and so bring his deficit up to the I.C.T.U. suggestion of £50 millions. On balance, however, this does not seem the more likely course. Running a bigger budget deficit is likely to do more for raising inflation than for cutting unemployment, while the handing out of too many goodies this year, will make it all the harder to come back to earth in later years. A boost in capital spending—with housing as the already declared priority—seems the more likely way in which Mr. Ryan will try to raise employment, and more capital spending will in any event mean more government borrowing, without raising the borrowing requirement further by a large current deficit. So, a reshuffle of VAT rates, a £30 million package for Social Welfare, and a deficit of something over £20 millions caused by the bill for health charges, seem the most likely. Such a Budget would have the merits of being both popular and in line with economic conditions. But, of course, Mr. Ryan could yet surprise us with some more radical shake-up of the tax system.

Cement/Roadstone Holdings

A Special Correspondent

AT FIRST glance, Cement Roadstone Holdings figures for the past year have a fairly glorious appearance: Pre-tax profits rose 35% to a new record of £5½ million. A tax credit insured that there was no net tax paid during the year because of capital allowances. The company use however an equalisation account into which slightly over £2 million went, leaving net profits and earnings per share ahead by slightly over 50%. The one fly in the ointment is the company's disappointing sales figure.

Last year sales increased by what must be regarded as a very modest 16%. If this had reflected the volume rise perhaps it would not look so bad. C.R.H.'s management however have become quite expert in appealing to the National Prices Commission. Since 1970 the company has been able to get five price increases for cement and innumerable ones for Roadstone. At one stage the situation had got so bad that when C.P.I. applied for the same increase that Roadstone had just received for concrete blocks, it was refused.

Adjusting the sales increase for price rises means that the rise in volume sales was around 6%. In a boom year this is hardly what you would call dynamic progress.

To get down to the root of the trouble it is necessary to try and isolate the separate figures for the Cement and Roadstone sides. On the Cement side, production rose by 16%. This, however, does not tell the whole story for last year something like 90,000 tons of clinker had to be imported due to the delay in commissioning Platin. Sales of cement would thus appear to have risen by only 9%. In money terms however, the rise in cement sales must have been over the Group average of 16%. Its contribution to group profits is also believed to have risen faster than the group average. The only time separate figures were published for each company was in the 1970 group accounts. In 1971 no breakdown was given but on the combined forecast figures for that year there was a fairly massive shortfall of £638,000 at the trading profit level.

Although it is impossible to get accurate data there does seem to be some fairly strong evidence that the profitability of the cement side has risen to fairly massive proportions. Its sales last year came out around £16 million. On this the trading profit is believed to have come to nearly £5m. to give a trading margin of 30%. Although this hardly seems credible it is backed up by cross sectional analysis with other companies in the cement conversion business like C.P.I. and Readymix. In terms of return on capital

employed it is not quite as easy to get at the whole picture. However back in 1969 Cement's total capital employed came to £141m. It has admittedly spent nearly this much again on the Platin development but last year Platin did not pull anything like its full weight, so

Platin at full capacity with its lower costs structure. Is it likely however that the National Prices Commission's consultants could have been so short-sighted as to be taken in by this device?

The Roadstone side of the group appears to have had a

to a massive £141m., a situation which is totally at odds with Cement's traditional conservative financial philosophy. Cement's position has however been made difficult by its massive cost overruns at Platin which amounted to £7m., nearly 100% over the 1968 estimate.

In return for restraining itself until Platin was fully commissioned, Roadstone appeared to have got Cement's agreement that it can now forge ahead. Roadstone has already committed itself to spending £61m. in the current year with a major truck expansion programme, two new Readymix plants in Dublin and three new block making plants at Arklow, Allen and Carrigrohilly. This rate of expenditure is likely to be in excess of cash flow (including deferred taxation) but is not the end of the story for Roadstone is already planning a major spending programme for 1974 at the centre of which is a major new £1m. quarry on Dublin's north-side.

At this rate of spending the Group's indebtedness is not going to improve. Considering the second stage of the Platin development will have to be begun by the end of 1974 at a cost of up to £12m., this places the Group in an extraordinarily difficult position. The company is thus on a collision course for a major rights issue in two years time which restraining dividends will not avoid.

At the current price of 121p, C.R.H.'s shares look modestly on an earnings yield of 10%, especially as the Group is in a profit growth phase. While the short term can thus be regarded as very bullish, there may be some problems in the medium term. On top of Cement's monopoly, Roadstone has been increasingly building up its sand and gravel reserves to the position where its 31 quarries look like creating another monopoly situation. So as well as the National Prices Commission granting Cement price increases to pay for future expansion, (a situation which is unlikely to continue much longer as it has already come to blows with the E.S.B. on this particular practice), there is also the possibility that Justin Keating might have sufficient courage to bring in a new Bill granting the restrictive trade practices commission power to force Roadstone to divest itself of some of its quarries. This however is not likely to happen in a hurry.

The recommendations made last year to hold Cement/Roadstone, sell Readymix and buy C.P.I. remain much the same with the proviso that if C.R.H.'s shares were to rise much over 150p, its sale would be wise in view of the likelihood of a major rights issue.



Mr. Bob Willis, chairman of Cement/Roadstone Holdings

it is unfair to include this plant in our analysis.

Thus sales generated by the old Limerick and Drogheda plants must have earned a trading profit of around £41m. On the basis of Cement's own forecast of £1m. depreciation on these two plants, the pre-tax profit earned last year thus must have totalled £31m. This means that the return on capital employed on these two plants must have come to around 26%. If the financing of these was to be geared up by say a 40% loan package at an average cost of 10%, the return on equity would come out at around 35%.

On these figures it is impossible to understand how the National Prices Commission could have allowed a further increase of 50p (7%) only last February. Of course Cement probably claimed the depreciation and interest costs of running Platin without at the same time including the anticipated benefits of running

very disappointing year with sales in money terms lagging behind the Group's 16% average. Considering the price increases granted during the year the volume increase must have been of diminutive proportions. How this can be reconciled with Roadstone's previous growth record, it is impossible to say. In the three years to 1969 its sales rose 75%. And in 1970 the company was forecasting what was in effect a one year's sales rise of 27%. Last year's poor performance seems stranger still against the exceptionally good figures turned in by other companies in the industry, like C.P.I. and Readymix.

The only explanation which seems to fit the situation is that Roadstone's expansion has to be restrained because of the Group's illiquidity. Despite a cash flow of £61m. (including deferred tax) the Group's indebtedness hardly improved at all with loans outstanding at the end of the year still amount-



Director's Duty (contd.)

OLD COL. G. was in a very melancholy mood in the club the other day. I joined him in a glass of port to see if I could cheer him up. Apparently he had bought shares in Kilmaine Clothes in 1964 and paid as much as 70p. He made this investment on the basis that Albion the Belfast Clothing Group, had just taken over Fred Polikoff's 62% interest in the company and saw a bid for the outstanding equity as inevitable.

That his surmise was correct pleased him no end but he never imagined that a bid

would come at less than half the price he paid and especially at one-third the asset value. He is determined not to sell out at the grossly unfair 30p. a share being offered but is afraid that now the company have 91% of Kilmaine they will be able to compulsorily acquire his shares. I assured him, however, that this is not the case for the Company's Act refers not to 80% of the shares but rather 25% of the minority shareholders had refused to sell out. It is now up to the Stock Exchange to ensure that this minority is protected. (On previous occasions the I.S.E. has shown a callous indifference to the plight of minority shareholders by suspending the companies' quotation at the

request of controlling shareholders leaving minorities high and dry.)

That the much respected independent Irish directors of Kilmaine did not voice their strong opposition to Albion's schemes more than surprised Col. G. who noticed that Percy McGrath is still sufficiently able, on his own behalf of course, to consider redeveloping his old Tea Company premises in Bachelor's Walk.

Fitzwillton's Indifference

LADY PAMELA has been an avid follower of Tony O'Reilly's financial dealings. She went along for the ride in Crowe Wilson and later Fitzwillton but decided to sell

out after the A.G.M. last year when Sir Basil Gouding talked about there being too much fizz in Fitzwillton share price at that time. Although she did not get out at the top, there was still a substantial profit. Since that time Fitzwillton shares have come back a massive 44%. There has also been a marked slow down in the company's dealings.

If Tony and the boys have held on to all their shares, including the 400,000 they bought from I.C.I. at 135p each, their shareholdings are now worth several million less than they were up towards the end of 1972. However, I have been hearing an increasing number of rumours in the club that this is not the case and that the trio in fact have placed several hundred thou-

sand shares with various institutions.

The way Nicholas Leonard speculated £125,000 in the Independent B shares on his own account only to be followed by Tony snatching up the voting shares for £1m. would certainly seem to indicate that they have lost a certain amount of interest in Fitzwillton and are increasingly operating outside the Group. The way too that Fitzwillton was used to underwrite the first 800,000 of the Independent "B" shares will come as no surprise to Hibernia readers and again underlines the attitude taken by the Fitzwillton trio to Fitzwillton.

Accounting Practises

MY RECENT criticism of this country's leading accounting firms, Stokes, Kennedy, Crowley and Craig Gardner, has caused quite a stir here in the club among some of the members. Young Jonathan looked particularly put out. I wouldn't like to think why, but he went out of his way to defend the very practices I had been attacking.

That many items have been mistrated in the past by the way they have been included in a company's set of accounts is widely accepted, and in fact is the main reason for the Accounting Standards Steering Committee publishing a series of statements of standard accounting practice.

My particular attention has been directed at the treatment of exceptional items, like over or under provisions relating to years prior to those in question. Exposure Draft No. Seven quite clearly states that these are not to be included in arriving at a company's profit which should be highlighted before any extraordinary adjustments are made. The particular point I was making about Goodbody's accounts was simply a question of logic in that if S.K.C. included the essentially capital item "profit on sale of fixed assets" then it should equally include the writing down of stores.

As far as earnings per share calculations are concerned exposure Draft No. 3, quite clearly states that these are to be struck before charging extraordinary items. Glen Abbey's auditors, Briscoe Smith, attempted this but I see no reason why they should not have included under exceptional items the Tax Claw Back of £13,000 relating to a prior year.

Readymix

RATHER THAN diminishing my conviction that R.M.C.'s flotation of Readymix Ltd. was purely, in the wider sense, a political gesture, has been increased by the company's activity over the past twelve months. That this was not fully appreciated from the very beginning was obvious by

the way some city buffs have continued to show their ignorance. This has taken the form of a criticism of the A.I.B. for having completely mispriced the original Readymix offer last May. However, contrary to what has often been said, R.M.C. were absolutely delighted with the 65% premium the shares achieved on the first day's dealings.

Th sole objective of the flotation was to foster an Irish identity for Readymix Ltd., its Irish subsidiary, so that local sand and gravel pit owners and cement converters would think they were being approached by an Irish firm. This was also seen as a way to cut down the essentially political cry of foreign takeover if R.M.C. ever again tried to make a major move like it did with its bid for Roadstone in 1970.

Since it commenced operations in 1965, Readymix has opened six new concrete plants, four in Dublin and one each in Waterford and Limerick. However, since its flotation, against what one might have expected, not one new plant has been opened. Rather the company has concentrated on acquiring existing operations, especially those with vital sand and gravel reserves.

As the shares are now on a high 6% earnings yield basis, the financial logic should have dictated that the company use its shares when making acquisitions. However, this would have diluted R.M.C.'s 75% holding, something that is obviously not going to be considered. This has forced the company into paying cash for each acquisition which to date have cost £550,000.

On top of this development expenditure totalled £800,000 causing a heavy outflow of cash. However, bank loans still only total £600,000 yet the company is raising double this in a rights issue.

Having already shown its hand and with over £1 million cash in the kitty, pit owners and Readymix operators in especially the as yet untouched Galway regions, beware!



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Gresham's Losse

ALTHOUGH the Gresham Hotel had previously intimated that its trading figures for 1972 were going to be bad, the extent of the loss, which actually amounted to over £100,000, was in excess of even the most pessimistic estimates.

Although the past year was a depressing one for the tourist trade, especially that originating from Britain, on which the Gresham is particularly dependent, there is absolutely no excuse for the company turning in such a massive loss.

A feature of the Gresham over the past three years has been its very heavy expenditure on expanding and modernising its banqueting, bar and restaurant facilities. To do this, the company has had to borrow a lot of money and net indebtedness now totals over £600,000. Considering that most of this expenditure was not related to the tourist trade, especially that spent on the Tain grill and Malt bar, shareholders were naturally expecting a fairly substantial pay-off from these developments, despite the tourist situation.

However, the Gresham's management seems to have failed to live up to expectations, resulting in the massive loss last year, not to speak of their failure to do anything about the previously stated objective of expanding their hotel interests. The Irish Intercontinental Group was a plum the Gresham should have been able to pick with the greatest facility, as it held 10% of its equity and had close links with their bankers, Guinness and Mahon.

One of the problems the company will have to face up to is gross overstaffing. The number of employees in the Gresham itself is believed to total nearly 500, including a whole team of under-employed plumbers, carpenters and electricians. While I can well appreciate that the company's chairman, **Toddy O'Sullivan**, may possibly be too emotionally committed to do anything about this problem, I advise shareholders to press him on every point at the coming A.G.M., which the company have most conveniently decided to hold this year in Wexford on 30th April. With a bit of luck, some of the five directors who resigned during the year will be in attendance at this meeting in order to back up any proposals that shareholders might have in improving the situation.

Tara's Misfortune

THE DECISION of the President of the High Court, Mr. Justice O'Keefe, in favour of **Tom Roche's Bula Ltd.**, holding that the Mineral Acquisition Order made by **Paddy Lalor**, the former Minister for Industry and Commerce, was invalid, could not have come at a more awkward time for Tara Exploration and Development, for only one week before the decision was handed down Tara had announced a rights issue to raise £33m, to finance the initial development of its Navan mine.

As the rights issue was pitched at 16c only 2% under the then market price of 16c Canadian dollars, it is quite probable now that many of the shares will not be taken up. However, a friend of a friend of Lady Pamela's tells me that this could have well

been **Pat Hughes's** original intention. His main interest is in Northgate and over the past few years has made a number of moves to ensure an increase in the Northgate's share of the Tara action, in particular by a swap of shares between the two companies 18 months ago. His present tactic seems to be to put a very high price on the rights issue, specifically in order to ensure that most of the shares end up in his Northgate Group, which is underwriting this particular issue.

Tara originally intended to operate Navan as an open cast mine, starting from **Michael Wright's** farm, but the decision in favour of Bula means that the company will now have to go underground. I wonder what **Tony O'Reilly** and the boys will think of all this, for in April last year they formed a consortium called **Fitzwilliam Resources** to invest over £2m, in a special issue of 350,000 new Tara shares. However, the price paid is exactly the equivalent to the current rights issue price and only just clear of the current market price. Assuming the interest payable on the money raised by **Fitzwilliam Resources** was about 9%, this company has already lost £200,000!

Clondalkin

READERS of my colleague's feature articles will not be at

all surprised by the 170% rise in Clondalkin Paper's profits. Anyone shrewd enough to follow his recommendation into these shares at 49p last year, like Lady Pamela, is now sitting on a capital gain of 60%, while at the current price of 78p the earnings yield is still a fairly handsome at 12%.

However, despite its acknowledged strength in production and a growing one in the market place, Clondalkin still has room for improvement in its financial management. This again became painfully obvious when it decided to buy a further one-sixth stake in C.B. Paper Sacks to add to its existing 50% holding. The price paid for this 16 2/3% stake was £500,000 cash. This was grossly excessive, for it is only backed as to 40% by assets, but on a share earnings yield basis, the return works out at a modest 10%, one-fifth higher than Clondalkin's own shares. The fact that nobody else would be remotely interested in this small holding added to the growing competition in the paper sack market from the joint Reed-Smurfitt, Irish Paper Sack's operation only add confirmation to this.

Ken Bishop (not the GAS man), who got £200,000 and **Dickinson Robinson**, who got the balance, must, however,

be very pleased. But the unfortunate Clondalkin shareholders were left to foot the bill.

McCairns Takeover

LADY PAMELA's portfolio has been doing so well recently that the blood has gone to her head. She decided to take her profits on **Pye (Ireland)** where she has more than doubled her money since I first put her into these shares six months ago. Takeover situa-

tions have an special appeal for her, so I reckon she could do a lot worse than buy a few hundred **McCairns Motors**.

Tommy McCairns, the controlling shareholder, is now approaching his 76th birthday and has gone past the stage of sitting back and hearing his company castigated at each succeeding Annual General Meeting. Even after last year's recovery, profits are still only one-sixth of what they were four years ago. As he has no family to follow him in the business, he would probably

consider very carefully any takeover proposals. In fact, as far as I can see he has no other way out.

There aren't too many candidates who would be interested in acquiring a motor assembler, although the E.E.C. has guaranteed their existence for the next twelve years at least. One candidate who sticks out from the crowd is **Dermot Ryan**. He has been intrigued by cars ever since he bought his first banger at college and would no doubt like to join the ranks of the Irish motor trade Establishment.



RACING being an international sport, extreme chauvinism rarely pays, but this weekend there is exceptional, and very likely profitable, interest in two English meetings. **Lufar**, trained by **Paddy Prendergast**, runs in the Princess Elizabeth Stakes at Epsom on Thursday. On her debut at the Curragh last autumn she easily beat **Grasse** in the Dunmurry Stakes, both fillies having their first run. **Grasse**

was made favourite and **Lufar** probably surprised her trainer with the ease of her win.

However, he was able to find her measure next time out in the Cheveley Park Stakes at Newmarket. The current racing favourite for the 1,000 Guineas on Saturday week, **Jacinto**, proved an outstanding winner and left **Lufar** 11 1/2 lengths behind. **Paddy** will rely on **April Bloom** in the Classic and as I took 33/1 about her chances during the week, a really good performance by her stable companion would see a reduction in those odds. One looks for unfavourable reports of **Jacinto**, who will not run before Newmarket, and latest word that she had trod on a sharp flint without doing her any harm is received coldly. But anything

can happen between now and post-time.

The other Irish, **Prendergast**, runner is **Gombos**. This lightly raced four-year-old had his first race of the season at Naas last Saturday week and goes to Kempton Park for the Brigadier Gerard Stakes. The distance of this race, 10 furlongs, is about all it has in common with the famous race of the past which it replaces, when it was run at Sandown and called the Coronation Stakes.

Bog Road, Seamus McGrath's runner, is not much ahead of him on ability, but because he has won a £3,000 race, has to concede 10 lb. **Joe Mercer** rides and they will have **Scottish Rifle** and **Veilleur de Nuit**, who ran so well at Newbury behind **Rheingold** to beat.

Royal Trust reports on its 73rd year of service.

Highlights from the Company's Annual Report for the year ended 31 December, 1972

Total assets under administration—largely other people's money—increased by \$1.4 billion, \$726 million of the increase being in pension fund assets alone.

Financial Highlights

(Consolidated figures)

(Figures in thousands except per share amounts)

1972 1971

Gross income \$ 264,267 \$ 177,848

Net operating profit \$ 12,477 \$ 10,049

Net operating profit per share* \$ 2.57 \$ 2.14

Companies and Guaranteed Account assets \$ 2,151,190 \$ 1,512,707

Estimated market value of Equities, Trusts and Agency Accounts under administration \$10,494,500 \$ 9,525,176

Total assets under administration \$24,645,000 \$17,227,283

* Profit per share is based upon average shares outstanding: 1972 - 4,850,000; 1971 - 4,710,000.

For additional details concerning Royal Trust's 1972 operations, please write to: The Secretary, The Royal Trust Company (Ireland) Limited, 23 Cannon Street, Dublin 2. Telephone 770607. Telex 34044.

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UNIDARE Reports a Good Year Results exceed forecast

The following is an extract from **Michael McStay's Review**—

It is my pleasure to report that despite the many difficulties with which we were confronted in 1972, your Company has succeeded in improving on the forecasts made at the Annual General Meeting on the 11th May, 1972.

Group sales, excluding sales to subsidiaries, at £10,018,000 are the highest ever achieved, and show a very healthy increase of 22% over the previous year of £8,2 million.

In 1972 trading profit, before tax, amounted to £480,678 compared to £383,552 in 1971. The net profit after tax and the provision for the interests of minority shareholders was £273,749 compared to last year's figure of £20,328.

In common with most other industries, continued inflation in both costs and material prices made it difficult to achieve the desired margins in our business, but both management and personnel improved efficiency and productivity, thereby counteracting to some extent these increases. There is a great deal more to be done in this field before it can be said that the current under-utilisation of capacity in some areas has been eliminated, but the signs are encouraging.

A partial modernisation and expansion has taken place over the past few years, but modernisation and expansion is necessary, and we are now concentrating on the further re-grouping of some activities, which we feel may bring favourable results. The real test will reflect further credit on the efforts of both management and personnel alike.

DIVIDEND: The Directors recommend that a Dividend at the rate of 12 1/2% be paid on the Ordinary Shares at a net cost of £106,098.

SUBSIDIARIES: The planned rationalisation of most of the subsidiaries has now taken place, and progress continues to be made in this

sector. The profit earned in the subsidiaries was in excess of our original forecast, and we hope to continue the trend.

MARKETING: The detailed attention being paid to the marketing sector has shown, not only in our increased sales but also in our increased profits.

Strength and expertise have been introduced to the sales organisation, and marketing plans have been prepared for all sectors.

Co-operation, internally and externally, has been further strengthened with our customers, and we hope this will lead to even better performance in the future.

DIRECTORATE: During the year, Mr. B. D. Gillespie, General Manager, was co-opted to the Board; we welcome him, and look forward to his continued help in the future.

STEEL WIRE AND ALLIED PRODUCTS: The new joint venture with **Wire Industries Limited**, which became operative on the 1st January, 1972, has, indeed brought great new benefits to the Group, and in its first year has exceeded our expectations. The partnership has proved a very beneficial one, and augurs well for this, one of our largest subsidiaries.

CABLE SECTION: The cable division continues to grow, and the results to date indicate the benefits we have derived from our association with **The N.C.F. Group B.V.** The rationalisation of the products commenced last year still continues, and despite the many difficulties in this area, we see further possibilities for the future.

The help afforded by **Alcan Aluminium (UK) Limited** has enabled us to break through into several new fields, and in cost reductions their help and expertise have been invaluable.

DEVELOPMENT OF NEW PRODUCTS: We have continued our programme of research and development, and are looking forward to the introduction of

several new products in 1973/74. Our association with **Alcan Phosphor/Tinsley Wire** has allowed us to go further and further in our quest for new products, both for manufacture and distribution.

FUTURE: We are disturbed by the continued increases in costs, particularly raw materials and services. Wages costs also will move upwards, when the next stage of the 14th round commences on the 1st June, 1973.

We confidently expect that the co-operation which we experienced in 1972 will be a feature of 1973, and that the joint efforts of management and personnel alike will contribute to curbing costs, and increasing margins.

We anticipate that unless something unforeseen happens in 1973, our efforts will bring an increase in sales of at least 10%, and help us achieve a road to our ultimate profit objective.

CONCLUSION: I take this opportunity once again, on my own behalf, and on behalf of the Board, to thank all who have worked for our Group for their great efforts in 1972. With their continued support we can be quite confident for the future of our Company.

The Twenty-fifth Annual General Meeting of Unidare Limited was held at the Shelbourne Hotel, St. Stephen's Green, Dublin 2, 17th April 1973.

Those present were:

Directors: M. McStay, B.L.D.P.A. (Chairman)

P. H. GREER, M.A.I., F.I.E.E., F.I.E.I. (Managing Director)

S. E. CLOWORTHY, C.B.E., D.Sc. (Eng.), F.I.E.E., F.R.A.E.S.

B. D. GILLESPIE, M.A., M.A.I., B.Com., F.I.E.E. (General Manager)

C. B. VAN DE PANNE

Secretary: J. H. SEDGWICK, B.A., B.Com., F.C.A.

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Catholics

FLEET STREET is currently salivating over a lip-smacking story that has recently come out of Italy concerning Catholics and the Confessional. It concerns two Italian journalists, a man and a woman, who went around Italy making fake confessions to over 600 priests—taking with them small tape recorders which they hid in the confessional. They then transcribed the "Confessions" and published them in a book entitled "Secrets of the Confessional."

Upon publication, the Pope immediately took action. He excommunicated the journalists and proclaimed that any Catholic reading the book would be in danger of mortal sin. Subsequently, the book was withdrawn in Italy; but there is a French translation and I believe that *Paris-Match* have published an extract.

From reports that I have seen of the book, its revelations would not actually stun any Catholic; the simple fact emerges that priests differ widely in their counsel. What one priest regarded as a sin was not always the point of view taken by another priest. Particularly in the area of sexuality, both advice and absolution varied considerably. I don't see anything very strange about this—didn't we know there were "soft" priests and "hard ones"—but it seems to have bowled over my agnostic English colleagues, who regard it as a major scandal that the Pope should be trying to "suppress" and "censor" such facts.

(I rather think that Paul was cross over the infringement of the sacrament of Confession more than anything else.) But there is still enough anti-Catholicism in Britain to en-

sure that the popular view taken is that it is yet one more fiendish falsity of Rome exposed.

It will be interesting to see if the book does succeed in getting published and serialised in Britain. There are still enough powerful Catholic forces in Britain trying hard to stop it.

Christians

IT IS MY belief anyway that the Christian Churches will not survive in western capitalism. The sort of society we live in will destroy them, by eroding the mystiques, mocking at the disciplines and seducing through hedonistic materialism. Capitalism, which carries the seeds of its own destruction, is very keen to destroy everything else with itself, albeit sub-consciously.

Thus it is not by accident that the Christian-Marxist dialogue grows apace. It is not by accident that there are now six Brazilian bishops in jail for their Socialist beliefs and that the leadership of the Latin American church is rapidly becoming quite candidly Red. It is not by accident that Paul is pursuing an enlightened Ostpolitik in the East, and in Spain, giving firm instructions to his bishops and cardinals to stand up against Franco. (Three weeks ago, a worker on strike was shot and killed by the Spanish police; for the first time over the Spanish Hierarchy was united in its public condemnation. More recently, a Benedictine monk was shot and killed in northern Spain in subsequent pro-trade union demonstrations. Once again, the Church spoke.)

It is not by accident that, apart from the dotty Albania, Soviet Eastern Europe is the one place where religion is not in decline. The young people

there, trained in social disciplines, in collective thinking, in the concepts of sacrificing some things in life for the collective good rather than grabbing everything for oneself, in the ideals of brotherhood, can appreciate rather better than us what religion is supposed to be about. In the language of *Private Eye*, out goes fuddy-duddy Communitarianism; in comes trendy, up-to-the-minute Christian Marxism.

Barberism

IF FRECKLE-FACED, bald-headed, half-Scandinavian Tony Barber, current Chancellor of the Exchequer here, is appointed Willie Whitelaw's successor in Northern Ireland, we might be in for a very interesting ride.

Barber, whose exterior is that of an urbane, smoothie-chops Tory, is a secret Toughie. He recently distinguished himself by disobeying Ted Heath and voting in favour of the revival of capital punishment in Britain.

He was the only member of the Cabinet to do so, apart from Margaret Thatcher, the Education Minister who is known popularly as Milk Snatcher, since she cancelled the free school milk scheme for children.

Deaths

I WILL NOT dwell too long upon the subject of the death of John Charles McQuaid, sometime Archbishop of Dublin. By now, everyone must have told their own story about him. It is certain, however, that he possessed great charity. My own anecdote is just this: when Anne Harris worked with me on the Irish Press she wrote a memorable series about itinerants. Shortly after it appeared, Tim Pat Coogan received £100 in crisp five-pound notes from the divine palace by hand, marked "For our travelling brethren." It was a great tribute to Anne's journalism and a kind and practical thought. (We were so thrilled that we went out to Mulligan's and drank five quid out of it; later, feeling guilty, we gave the five back and passed it on to the travellers.) I recently found out that he had a secret

vice, however; a man who had acted as his chauffeur recently confessed to a friend of mine that once he was out on the high road and away from the world, there was nothing J.C. liked better than to get behind the wheel of the big black Merc and drive like blazes.

I will not linger over-long either over the death of Pablo Picasso, who died within the same 24 hours of John Charles. My Aunt Maureen always said that she could never understand why he drew people with eyes in the back of their head. It has always seemed to me a very appropriate way to represent the human species. Other people could not understand why a card-carrying Communist could be so rich and sleep with an easy conscience. In fact, it was my Paris colleague, Sam White, who pointed out that reports of his wealth were greatly exaggerated. It was other people who made money out of Picasso.

At the end of his life, much of his work was fetching up to a hundred times what he had sold it for. The best portrait of Picasso was drawn by his erstwhile mistress, Françoise Gilot, who lived with him for a decade and bore him two children: "Picasso had a Bluebeard complex," she wrote in her autobiography, 'My Life with Picasso.' "He collected women's heads—not dead, but alive. He wanted us all breathing around him." Ah, how many men have we all known like that.

I would like to make a point about the death of Sir Noel Coward, however. His work was indeed gifted, and any friend of Michael MacLiammoir must be okay, essentially. But he was the most appalling old reactionary, God rest his soul. He was all for hanging and flogging and in 1966 he was condemning *The Beatles* as common little know-nothings. He was also a dire tax-evader, setting up homes in Switzerland and Jamaica expressly to avoid tax—and constantly condemning Britain for its policy of making the rich pay high taxes. He was also, of course, a gigantic snob. I suppose this is why his work has always gone down so well in Dublin.

Nepotism

I WAS STUNNED to read that Conor Cruise O'Brien had appointed his son-in-law to some grand job at the Department of Posts and Telegraphs. I thought that was the sort of thing that Fianna Fail specialised in.

Not that the practice of nepotism shocks the Irish people. It is quite an honourable tradition in Ireland; as in Sicily, you are regarded as a bit of a bouncer if you don't give the boys a bit of the action. It is the alacrity with which the act was done that will, I imagine, amaze. "You'd have thought," a London Irishman said to me, "that he'd have had the decency to warn the bed first." I suppose this was what they meant by honest Government; doing it all so openly.

Still, I hope that Nicholas Simms turns out to be very good at his job. I think he had better be.

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