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FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

MARCH 31st, 1972

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Letters to the Editor

The Russian Empire

Sir,—Because of the Editorial mutilation of my last letter to *Hibernia*, I had determined not to write again, but Mr. Cole has provoked me out of my principles. His statistics are not impeccable, for the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* gives the present actual number of Russians in the Russian Soviet Federated Socialist Republic as about 98 million, so that in mere numbers we are both in error; but as the ruling class in Russia is the Communist Party with a membership about equal to the entire population of Ireland, in principle I am even more in error; for if I have underestimated the Russians by 40 million, I have also overestimated the Russian Imperialists by 36 million. However, even conceding Mr. Cole's figures (which do not take Eastern Europe into account), his statement about 55% of the population being Russian, and the rest "sharing the same rights, as well as the responsibilities of the Russians," could equally well be legally made by Brian Faulkner about Northern Ireland, merely by substituting "Unionists" for "Russians".

To turn to the Russian Empire in Eastern Europe, East Germany must be the only Paradise on record, which had to construct a wall, not to keep the devils out, but to keep the angels in. It has also had, together with Czechoslovakia and Hungary, its own 1916, but in all three cases with less fortunate outcomes. The rest of the satellites would undoubtedly revolt too if they saw any prospect of success, following the example of Tito. What will happen to Yugoslavia when he goes is another matter, as the Russians, tempted by a Mediterranean coastline which would make them independent of the Dardanelles, are at present attempting to break up the Yugoslav federation by encouraging old Nationalistic differences. At any rate, Tito himself appears to have the liveliest fears as to what will happen when he is gone. Meanwhile, in Eastern Asia, the Bear grows over the bone the Czars stole from China, more fearful than ever now that Nixon has reached an accommodation with Mao, that here will be the first crack in their Empire. The

long trail of conquest and colonisation from Moscow to Vladivostok which the Russians first blazed in the 17th century is still open; but for how long?

As for low-interest Russian loans, ask Cuba or the United Arab Republic about them. It must at least be said that when we took Marshall Aid, American bases were urged, but not forced, upon us. Nevertheless, like Mr. Cole, I too detest Imperialism, (although not co-operation and federation between States in order to resist it), whether it is Russian, Western, Chinese, or any other imaginable brand. Mr. Cole would appear to be more selective.

To facilitate the Editor, I will end this letter in the middle of a—Yours, etc.

ALFRED ALLEN.
Clashenure House,
Ovens,
Co. Cork.

Irish Emigration Figure

Sir,—In your Economic Review '72 it was alleged that only 2,250 people emigrated in the twelve months ending November, 1971. Such a figure is obviously incorrect. Young Irish boys and girls are arriving in Britain every day of the week, as any British Rail employee can tell you.

The only accurate way of compiling statistics on emigrants would be through British employment exchanges, as a record could be kept of all insurance cards issued to Irish people. But the Irish Government's proposed E.E.C. entry will certainly result in increased emigration. The west of Ireland will die as the young people will be toiling in the work camps of Germany. Cheap food and cheap mobile labour are the reasons why Ireland is being allowed join the E.E.C.

As an Irish citizen, I should be allowed to vote in the forthcoming referendum, but to the

politicians I am just a statistic. Or, as Dr. Hillery would say, "some one with no stake in the country." Special arrangements are made to allow our soldiers in Cyprus to vote, but the rights of the emigrants are ignored.—Yours, etc.,

EAMONN WALSH,
Hon. Secretary,
Irish Emigrants' Association,
Hammersmith, London W.6.

Attacks on the Provisionals

A Chara,—“Those who snipe at and attack the Provos are attacking the revolution for opportunistic and social-chauvinistic reasons.” Thus Deasin Breathnach in your last issue, I would suggest in all sincerity that some people attack the Provisionals — as indeed all other groups who pursue the policy of bombing in public places — for an altogether different reason: namely, the horror, distress, anger and pity they feel when they see fellow humans of whatever racial, religious or social group killed, maimed, terrorised and tortured by these daily explosions. Try as I may I can see no earthly justification for them.—Bear benacht.

DONALL MAC AMHLAIGH.
34 St. Michael's Mount,
Northampton.

Stephen D.

Sir,—Mr. John D. Cully's diatribe against Stephen D. is no more worth answering than the graffiti on a lavatory wall. However, in the same breath he hails Joyce as a consummate artist and deplors “the gross presentation of the Dean of Studies as a Long Kesh concentration-camp guard in a soutane (and) the over-blown and infantile religious fanaticism of Dante.”

Well Read

Sir,—Many congratulations to Anne Harris. What more could a polemicist ask than seven (no less) letters to the Editor (March 17th), in almost Pavlovian reaction to “Personally Speaking” of March 3rd.

And what a diversity of correspondents are astride their various hobbyhorses.

Joseph Foyle, predictable as ever, reiterating his firm belief in imprisonment without trial. Deasin Breathnach (God between us and all dialectic harm) quoting

Lenin and Dr. O'Brien Wexford splendored, delivering one of his more contentious and happily-phrased broadsides.

London, New York and Austin sternly rebuke the bold Anne, and lastly Michael Norris, with rising gorge, deprecates her syntax.

Whatever may colour her opinions, there can be no possible doubt that Anne Harris, catalyst extraordinary, is read.—Yours etc.,

PATRICK H. TERRY,
51 Carysfort Avenue,
Blackrock.

Mr. Cully cannot have it both ways. The scenes featuring the Dean of Studies and Dante are exactly as written by Joyce and in the same context: not a comma has been altered. As a matter of fact, only one line in the entire play is rendered out of context, and every word, apart from personal pronouns, is Joyce's, as is what Mr. Cully calls “the producer's idea of a tart”. So I am afraid that the fifth-rate hack he alludes to is none other than the “literary Colossus” he extols in the same paragraph.

I am sorry that Mr. Cully missed seeing *Blue Water, White Death* on my account. He really wouldn't have enjoyed it. *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls* would seem to be much more his size. Or he could always stay home and read some Joyce for the first time.—Yours, etc.,

HUGH LEONARD.

“Comprehensive” Schools

Sir,—In your issue of March 3rd, the Reverend James McKeown writes of “two Protestant comprehen-

sive schools in Dublin.” The word “comprehensive” as used by the Reverend McKeown and countless other writers on educational matters in recent times has undergone such a somersault in meaning that it is time its original meaning in an educational context be resurrected.

To me a comprehensive school is one that caters for students, of both sexes, of all denominations, of a wide range of abilities and social background in a particular area, and provides a broad range of subjects.

Recent usage of the word, such as Protestant comprehensive school, Catholic comprehensive school, boys' comprehensive school or girls' comprehensive school, measured against the above explanation of the term is, to say the least, confusing.

If we are to use the term “comprehensive” with a particular meaning peculiar to the Irish context let us do so, but first let us define its precise meaning, because as presently used it indicates nothing except perhaps comprehensive misunderstanding.—Yours, etc.,

JAMES M. WRYNNA

Fenagh,
Carrick-on-Shannon.

An Exception

Sir,—While generally enjoying Miss Harris's column, the latter part of her column in your last issue was an exception. Instead of being so indignant about the dismissal of this liberated career girl (no offence meant to Wanda Lib.) for taking her bun out of the oven, she might just as well for a few minutes on your page have been removed.

This nurse has been in the Society is much more than being an illegitimate child, than even a few years ago, there are many people who can have children and are only too happy to adopt them. Is it too much to ask a girl to take precautions, or does Miss Harris with her oh so sympathetic outlook feel that it is? It would be a very good idea if Miss Harris and her pro-abortion friends looked up the dictionary definition of potential.—Yours, etc.,

J. OLIVER FEATHERSTONE

Hamilton Lodge,
South Hill Avenue,
Blackrock,
Co. Dublin.

Internment in the South

Sir,—My friend, Joe Foyle, deems it “an honour” to defend a policy of internment, North and South (*Hibernia*, March 17). Arbitrary arrest, detention or exile is universally acknowledged to be a violation of a fundamental human right.

Joe refers in passing to his own publication and I refer to the *Internees*: “All are law breakers, and it is their determination to remain so which keeps them interned.”

Even by Faulkner's corrupt standards of justice this is absolute rubbish from Joe. Since October last on the recommendation of a largely discredited Advisory Committee 51 internees have been released and a further 5 have been recommended for release but refuse on principle to submit to the signing of the demanded declaration. So, one therefore has the situation where at least 51 of the internees were not law breakers and a further 5 are still interned even though the Advisory Committee suggests that they are innocent of any suspicion. (Strangely enough, Joe fails to realise that 800 men and women are imprisoned without trial precisely as an admission by the State that they are not law-breakers.)

Joe then asserts that if Mr. Lynch had also introduced arbitrary imprisonment without trial in August last many more would be alive today and we would not have had Derry or Aldershot.

The statistics in the North would seem to indicate that Joe could not be more wrong, and I would assert that many more would be alive today and we would not have had Derry or Aldershot, if instead of allowing Faulkner to raise the level of violence in August last, the British Government had introduced political initiatives.

What is it about this 1% — “the misguided people who should be taken out of circulation—that makes it easy for Joe to distinguish them? It is precisely because the selection of those for internment is so arbitrary and indiscriminate that the whole sordid business should be condemned out of hand and phased out. Under the Special Powers Act, since 9th August to February last some 2,350 people had been arrested, of whom approximately 800 are imprisoned without trial. This hardly suggests that military intelligence is all that good and in fact there are grounds for suspecting that the arrests are being used as a means of intimidation and harassment by the British Army.

Arbitrary imprisonment is condemned by one of the Vatican II Documents as criminal and as something which “poisons civilisation and debases the personality more than the victims and militates against the honour of the Creator. Does Joe find no problem in his place of ‘honour’ which leaves him standing in flat contradiction to this judgement of Vatican II?”

Our Holy Father has said that the use of force leads to the setting in motion of opposing forces, and from this springs a climate of a struggle which opens the way to situations of extreme violence and to abuses.



of North or anybody but them Ireland situation as offered a blind mis-estimate how remote see, and he is; “The C.R. by J. relate to sharing out the fairly. There isn't enough ground round to keep all happy. But—is there enough there, any-

way, to keep all happy? Would not more for the Catholic minority mean less for the Protestant majority? Would it be fair and just to deprive the latter, when the minority could get extra by some emigrating?”

God protect us from our friends!—Yours, etc.,
GERARD T. GLENNON,
Belfast 6.

hibernia

FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

Direct Rule

THE NECESSARY BUT PAINFUL PROCESS has been taken a step further. Unionism has been betrayed and the task of arriving at terms of peaceful cohabitation on this island is about to begin in earnest. North and South of the Border a completely new situation has been created by the prorogation of Stormont on 24th March, 1972. But there is still a long way to go before the Government of Ireland is of Irishmen, for Irishmen and by Irishmen.

To describe the Heath decision as traumatic for the Unionist Party is, of course, an understatement. The situation is simply without parallel in post-war Europe. Overnight, the power and patronage entrenched for half a century has been swept aside and the whole institution on which that authority rested has been almost wiped out. In addition to this, as Mr. Faulkner complained to Mr. Heath: "You have also made it clear that this change is intended only to create a situation in which further radical changes, of a nature we believe to be unrealistic and unacceptable, will be discussed." For the Unionist Party, the "initiative" has been nothing short of catastrophic. The Party will never be the same again.

But great as the shock has been to the Unionist Party—it is not irreparable. The Party Organisation remains and, indubitably, it will continue to play a major part in the conduct of Northern Irish politics. But the damage that has been done to the Unionist people—the blow to their confidence—the psychological shock—the knock to their fundamental assumptions—coming, as it has, on top of the tribulations of the past few years—will take a lot of mending. After March 24th, no Unionist in his heart of hearts can ever feel the same again about the Union—nor put his trust in a British Government. If the Conservative and Unionist Party, the party of Bonar Law and F. E. Smith and Edward Carson, can abuse them in this fashion, what further humiliation could they not suffer at the hands of a Labour administration?

It is entirely understandable that many Northern Protestants should feel bitter and confused and resentful at this time. They have every reason to. And it is only to be expected that the more insecure amongst them will vent their frustration as much against Dublin and London as against the more traditional enemy in their midst. In this atmosphere, Mr. Craig's demagoguery may prove a comfort to some, but it can only lead the followers of Vanguard to yet further disillusionment in the long run. Sooner or later, Northern Protestants will have to face up to the reality of the new situation.

In a very real sense, the experience of the past few years has drawn the South closer to the North than at any time since 1920. At least the South has become aware of Northern realities, Northern attitudes and Northern people. And there has been some beginning to an understanding of the changes that will be necessary in Southern society before the process of reunification can be advanced any further. To this extent, the conflict has yielded some positive results.

The changed circumstances and the political vacuum created by them, now present the Taoiseach with an opportunity to demonstrate imaginative political leadership. Feelings are still running too strong for the time to be propitious for overt approaches. But it is within his power to activate cross-Border contact of a personal nature at all levels of the administration, in business, in the professions, even in sport and in the arts. But over and above this, the onus is now on him to present his initiatives; his blueprint for a New Ireland. Until now, the changes, however involuntary, have been all on one side of the Border. It is time now for Mr. Lynch to demonstrate that the South has the capacity to give as well as to take.

North Reaction 1.

Faulkner's Future

A YEAR TO THE DAY after taking up the near impossibility of Prime Ministering to Northern Ireland, Brian Faulkner finally fell flat on his face on the Downing street carpet. The Master Politician's bag of tricks was emptied. He had called Ted Heath's bluff and found it was the genuine article.

Just for the record it is worth going back a little over his fall from grace. In March 1971 when he took over from the willing carthorse who had died in his tracks, Major Chichester-Clark, Faulkner was regarded as Ulster's and Heath's last hope Premier. He was the supreme 'pro' as Downing Street saw it, the man who would get them off the hook, with some political sleight of hand. And it almost looked as if he would make it for a time, reaching his high point in late June, when the S.D.L.P. examined approvingly and almost bought the Faulkner offer of chairmanships of two out of four Parliamentary Committees. They turned it down after second thoughts and thus began the steep Faulkner decline. Internment, road cratering, interrogation methods—the dirt began to rub off on the Chairman-Premier of the Security Committee, and Westminster began to look a bit harder at those unfavourable reports pouring in from General Tuzo.

The credibility-gap widened as the internment gamble was seen to be failing, but the process was a slow one. Heath was fully engaged with Europe, Reggie Maudling was asleep on the job, and it took Bloody Sunday in Derry to bring the British Government to its senses. The danger of allowing British soldiers to be ordered around on Stormont business by a Prime Minister over whom there was precious little control was realised at last. The Scarman Report, commenting critically one presumes, on the role of the Stormont-controlled R.U.C. during the August, 1969, holocaust, must have been a re-inforcing factor. At Downing Street it was decided that Stormont's finger must be removed from the trigger, not only of the men operating the remote-from-the-controls; not only of the men operating the internment policy; but of the security forces generally.

This is the point from which his reading of events went badly wrong. Instead of making the best of a bad job and devising some way of presenting the inevitable phasing out of internment and transfer of some security powers as some form of victory, he kept denying that anything was amiss. Meanwhile, the Westminster Cabinet began their protracted period of Government by Press Leak, each section giving away just enough Sunday by Sunday to keep the Political Correspondents bidding, and the Northern Ireland Government and people sweating. There was hard fact behind most of the speculation, but for some extraordinary and inept reason, Stormont Castle kept completely silent about its exchanges with Downing Street, and told the news-hungry local political journalists almost nothing. Afterwards, of course, Faulkner released the whole correspondence to the Press, revealing that Stormont had moved far beyond the confines of the Green Paper reforms, suggesting a virtual Council of Ireland with Dublin, a Bill of Rights, Joint Chairmanship of the Security Committee—giving the Westminster nominee the right of veto—plus plus plus. But by then it was too late. The resignations were in and good Loyalists could only consider how near Faulkner must have been to compromise if he had played his hand a bit more skilfully.

This at least was the studied reaction of the Stormont Cabinet after the initial shock and dismay following the calling of their collective bluff had worn off. They began to look at the way their leader had led them to believe that it would be alright on the night, when in fact it was not. If only we had tried to bargain with them a little earlier, perhaps, toned down our demands, they were saying later. Mr. Harry West, an ex-rebel over the Chichester-Clark Security Policy, who was brought back into the fold by Faulkner

Q. Where was all the gellignite coming from for the huge bomb explosions in Great Victoria Station, in Clonard Street, in Hope Street and in Donegall Street, the week before the initiatives?

A. Relatively little gellignite was being used in these huge explosions. A new technique had been developed which incorporated the use of fertilisers and diesel oil in the manufacture of the bombs. This explains the heavy columns of black smoke which darkened the areas after these explosions and the reports which stated that the air was "heavy with fumes."

at some cost to the credibility of both, was reported exceedingly perturbed about the Prime Minister's failure, as undoubtedly it was. Others were secretly delighted to see Faulkner come a cropper at last, and attributed his downfall to his inherent over-estimation of his own ability, and his refusal to believe that one who had stabbed so many people in the back—like O'Neill and Chichester-Clark for instance—could be the victim of a similar assault.

No one expected Faulkner to take his humiliation lying down, and he did not disappoint them. In his farewell address to the Protestant Nation, he went out with a whimper about Westminster's betrayal and a bang about the effectiveness of violence as a political weapon. He almost seemed to be wishing for an I.R.A. campaign to sweep Britain, just to prove his point. It was a thoroughly spiteful performance which must have helped restore his reputation in Unionist eyes, but demonstrated to the world and Britain in particular, how justified the demolition of this mini-Premier had been. Even with his country's future at stake, he could still only think of saving his own face.

The Unionist Parliamentary Party took its cue from its slighted leader and voted not to participate with the Westminster-appointed Advisory Commission. Significantly there wasn't a syllable of denunciation about the Vanguard Strike because it happened, and John Taylor even gave it his doubtful seal of approval.

The Unionists acted true to form and no one more so than Brian Faulkner. If Westminster had reckoned that it had cut him down to size, that wasn't the way the Loyalists saw it. They drank in every word about the Tory betrayal, and Faulkner's standing has never been higher, as a man who refused to compromise. If he wanted the leadership of a Vanguard-type resistance movement, it would be his for the taking, but the chances are that he will let things simmer for a while, waiting patiently until White-law gets into difficulties. Prime Minister he may not be, but he is still leader of the Unionist Party and as such will play a big part in devising a whole new strategy for retaining some semblance of power in a Stormont-less Northern Ireland. Some observers expect the Unionist Party to crumble forthwith—splitting off to Vanguard and Alliance and leaving Faulkner friendless—but a party which has been all-powerful for fifty years does not give up without a struggle.

Faulkner will be in the forefront of the struggle, but it is difficult to see what he can achieve. He could try to keep the party together in the hope that in a year's time, Westminster will be so desperate to rid itself of the Irish Problem that it will hand Stormont back to the Unionists. But this is an extremely long shot and more likely he will swing in behind the total integration lobby, when the present hatred of Westminster wears off. If it is accepted that Stormont is finished as a power base for Unionism, the only immediate alternatives are U.D.I. or Westminster, where a bloc of a dozen or so votes—out of perhaps twenty seats for the six counties—would be a considerable force.

For the moment he has chosen defiance of Westminster but that can only lead to a closer association with Vanguard, which is moving inexorably towards a hard U.D.I. stance. Before this, Faulkner will probably back off and if he doesn't retire gracefully with the peerage which has probably already

(Continued on page 4)

(Continued from page 3)

been offered to him, he may try for a seat at Westminster. In the Unionist Party he is still a force to be reckoned with, but he must know that his chances of regaining the Premiership or even Chairmanship of the Ulster Regional Administration are nil. To most Unionists he may be a hero, but to the rest of the community he is a failed politician, condemned by his decision on internment to permanent ostracisation by the Catholics and unlikely ever to regain favour at Westminster. In the light of all this, he may just decide to call it a day and take up the life of a gentleman-farmer in Seaford. He tried as hard as he could to make Ulster work, his epitaph may be that he was a superb politician, who never grew up to be a Statesman.

North Reaction 2.

Paisley's Gamble

A YEAR AGO PORTRAITS of a smiling Rev. Ian Paisley were as common in the machinerooms of Belfast as Chairman Mao in Shanghai. He was the one constant star in Unionism, the one to be looked to for the will to pull through. But this attitude disappeared after internment; more went after his ambiguous talk about a United Ireland, and in the last few weeks they have nearly all gone, replaced by Vanguard posters. The oracle has been displaced, and great has been his fall.

The immediate cause is his stand on direct rule. Flattered by the attention he received from "reliable sources" at Westminster, and anxious to undermine William Craig's Vanguard Movement, he allowed himself to be sold the case for direct rule. From the distance of London it was easy to see it as the logical extension of Unionism—if Stormont is under attack retreat to the one stronghold which can be defended, Westminster. But as with his initiative over the Republic Constitution—suggesting that if Dublin did the right thing he wouldn't be adverse to Unity talks—he failed to prepare the ground for his followers. Stormont was something they had been brought up to believe had to be defended at all costs, and vague talk of "complete integration" in the United Kingdom being preferable to a diluted parliament, went right over their heads. His attack on Craig for his "Liquidation" threats convinced them that he could only offer them words instead of weapons, and when Heath plumped for direct rule, they must have realised that Paisley had made it possible by revealing a Protestant split. For the first time in years, his name was mud on the Shankill. Sensing another *taut-pas*, he immediately tried to go into reverse. Ted Heath's direct rule fell short of his direct rule. He wanted nothing short of full integration of the North of Ireland into the Westminster Parliament. But it didn't wash, even when he hardened it up with support for the Vanguard Strike, which he had previously denounced. The old maestro was slipping, and the credibility gap which had opened up over the border brinkmanship was wider than ever. The explanation for this series of aberrations is that the big fellow has ventured out of his political depth, or at least the waters are too deep for the rest to follow. Paisleyism used to be the simplest of creeds—the Roman Church was the root of all evils. But time after time in recent months Paisley has seemed to be echoing Marx when he said "I am not a Marxist." His policies on Internment, the Irish Constitution and Direct Rule are not Paisleyite, and the silence of his three former colleagues, William Beatty, John McQuade and Desmond Boal—who have gone to earth completely—is ominous. Slowly the hard way he is learning what it is like to be a party leader rather than a one-man band. His troubles began almost as soon as he exchanged the "Protestant Unionist" tag for "Democratic Unionist"—and unlike Fitt, who is in the same boat with the S.D.L.P., his footwork has been at fault. The fact that he is generally right, has little to do with it. Internment is still acceptable to most of his followers, so much so that the leader has to present his opposition viewpoint as being a personal thing—and he will get no credit and prob-

ably some abuse. He was talking about direct rule months ago, prompted by Westminster, but he is more likely to be blamed for helping to bring it about than be praised. It matters not if his standing is high at Westminster or if he gets a sympathetic editorial mention in the *Belfast Telegraph*—in fact, he might be better off without it.

No one, and certainly not the Belfast working class, was fooled by his backtracking and fan dance. The man who was forthright and uncompromising to a fault is now seen to be vacillating and ambiguous. Instead of surrendering to Vanguard, as he has done, Paisley might have been wiser to stand his ground and wait till Craig and his minions overreached themselves.

At that point he would be able to present himself to the realist as a party of realism, but his craving for popularity has been too strong. It is too early to talk about the decline and fall of Paisley, since there is no one on the Ulster scene who can rival him for personality, but if he loses his way politically, his churches could decline in a way that could destroy him.

Students of politics will note that so long as his message was basic and negative, like "Bring back the B Specials" or "O'Neill Out," he never faltered. But his experience in Westminster has perhaps taught him too much sophistication—a fatal attribute in darkest Ulster politics. Craig, rather than Paisley, has learnt the lesson of "Mein Kampf," that the key to winning the masses is not objectivity, but a determined will backed up by power. In the old days, his speeches were based on the Hitlerian model—a constant repetition and bad synthesis. But rather than sifting through his old programme, even when it was out of place—as the Fucherer and Bill Craig have done—Paisley changed his talent confusing his friends.

But there is another reason for Paisley's increasing irrelevance. The Vanguard Movement works through the Orange Order and so long as it has the full support of the Rev. Martin Smyth and his battalion, who needs Paisley? He kept the pot boiling, but now that the organisation men have taken over he must conform or be frozen out.

He has the advantage of a platform for himself at Westminster, which is more than Faulkner and Company have, and theoretically this should make him a more powerful figure. He now has to gamble on the choice of two roles, to join the U.D.I. lobby, which would be another surrender of principles, or to continue to press for total integration. Neither is a very attractive prospect as compared with the limelight of the Stormont wheeler-dealer.

But those are the grim facts of life for the power-seeking Ulster politician today—without Stormont, the best that can be expected is a seat among the six hundred at Westminster and no big brother party to hand out favours.

North Reaction 3.

I.R.A. Dilemma

THE PROVISIONAL I.R.A.'s rejection of the Heath proposals was not just immediate, it ante-dated the proposals themselves. Spokesmen were able to tell reporters precisely how objectionable Mr. Heath's initiatives were, half-an-hour before he spoke at Westminster. It is not surprising, therefore, that the rejection has been the subject of controversy among republicans and confusion among commentators.

The chief of staff of the Provisionals, Sean Mac Stiofain, found the proposals totally objectionable and, after four days of discussions within the organisation and consultation with representative groups outside, the Irish Republican Publicity Bureau qualified Mr. Mac Stiofain's opinion only by adding the epithet "insulting."

But, for all the certainty in their statements, the Provisionals cannot now be in much doubt about the demands of the Catholic population of Northern Ireland for,

at least, a temporary respite. Northern representatives of the Provisionals made the point to members of the army council and to Mr. Mac Stiofain. So did two S.E.L.P. M.P.s, Mr. Paddy Devlin and Mr. Ivan Cooper. So did groups of Catholic businessmen and unattached individuals who travelled south last weekend to beg the Provisional leadership, as one man from Derry said, "not to make the mistake of a lifetime."

The Provisionals, however, have not wholly turned a deaf ear to the pleading. In the statement in which they described the Heath proposals as insulting, they also made much of the defensive role of the I.R.A. and, as it was issued on the first day of the Vanguard strike with rumbles of trouble in Portadown, Carrickfergus and Lurgan, that seemed sensible enough. The difficulty, as Nell McCaffrey pointed out in *The Irish Times*, is how to keep all the actions of all the Provos defensive and identifiable as such.

The Provos are sticking to their simply-phrased major demands for a short-term peace. They want the internees freed and an amnesty granted to all political prisoners; they want the British Army off the streets of Northern Ireland, and they want the total abolition of Stormont. These are demands which have been modified in the past two months: before Christmas, they wanted British troops withdrawn from Northern Ireland altogether. But their insistence on the total abolition of Stormont now seems unreasonable to British politicians, particularly as the Unionists regard their Parliament as having been permanently stifled.

The Official I.R.A. has always followed a different line on Stormont and has laid different emphasis on its (sometimes similar) demands on the British authorities. The Officials, for instance, argue that the elimination of Stormont is not desirable, since it removes power from an accessible local institution to a monolithic central one. They, like the Northern Ireland Civil Rights Association, want the Orange structure dismantled and replaced by a democratic apparatus in Northern Ireland.

Like the Provisionals, the Officials demand the release of internees and political prisoners. Unlike the Provisionals, they are against talks with anyone from the British side until the prisoners are free. The Officials refused to meet Mr. Harold Wilson and when it became known that the Provisionals had seen him they criticised them in a comment: "We are against all talks, even secret talks, until the internees are released."

The Officials hold that British troops should be withdrawn to barracks—the point of view to which the Provisionals have become converted as, at least, a short-term measure. But where the Provos opt simply for the long-distance aim of unity, which they believe to be closer than anyone else imagines, the Officials want a Bill of Rights for the North which would quash repressive legislation and allow Republicans to operate openly in the political arena.

Determined to fight local and national elections, the Officials place more emphasis than the Provisionals on the democratisation of the Northern state. (The Provos see it as virtually incapable of change.) They want constituency boundaries redrawn to allow fair representation to Catholics and Protes-

tants and they want the system of election changed to allow opportunities to challenge Unionist hegemony within the State.

Although Official spokesmen may not agree, the achievement of some measure of peace in Northern Ireland would be more advantageous to the Officials than to the Provisionals. The Provos' campaign has been sustained as the Catholic backlash following August, 1969, and can only receive widespread support while the Catholics feel themselves threatened or are seeking revenge on the authorities and the majority which the authorities represent.

If the Provisionals were now to lose the momentum gathered during the past year, when the population of the ghettos was joined by many middle-class and property-owning Catholics in support of their campaign, they fear they could lose altogether the position they have won by a combination of military strength and assiduous wooing of publicity. That is their dilemma.

Meanwhile, the Government of the Republic is ready to play its part in "cooling" the Northern turmoil by taking stricter action against anyone who looks like upsetting the tentative peace. The Taoiseach, Mr. Lynch, and the Minister for Justice, Mr. O'Malley, are known to be prepared to put a stop to any embarrassing efforts openly to mount a continuing campaign from the Republic. The Provisionals will take note of this.

Thus, while the Officials are certain to intensify their political campaign in Northern Ireland during the next year, the Provisionals will, for a time at any rate, damp their members' aggressive ardour and, if the ghettos are not attacked, relax their bombing for a couple of months.

North Reaction 4.

Inside The Ghettos

THE OPTIMISTIC NOISES echoing in London and Dublin at the present time have a strangely familiar ring. In 1969, parliamentarians in both these places felt the Wilson package would work wonders; today there are similar feelings about the Heath "initiatives." Such presumptions are based on the erroneous views that politics in the North are, like those in the rest of these islands, founded on a parliamentary base. This, of course, is not so. Northern politics have, for some years at least, been street politics and it is on the street that the future of the area will be decided in the coming months. If this is so, the actions of the British Army, both sections of the I.R.A., Vanguard and many other groups will be of no less importance than discussions among elected representatives at the conference table. For, by and large, the area responds more readily to street stimuli than to exhortations from politicians appearing on television. For example, the 6,000 Belfast shipyard workers who, in protest against Stormont's suspension, marched quietly around the City Hall and back to the shipyard, would almost certainly have become a raging anti-British mob had the authorities decided to break up their demonstration. The influence of citizens on political opinion can be clearly seen in just four incidents which occurred in Belfast during the last few weeks.

The first of these accidental explosions which killed four and injured two at a house requisitioned by the Provisional I.R.A. in Clogher Street led to a sharp decline in support for the Provos in that area. British soldiers assisting in rescue operations at the scene were given cups of tea by Catholic housewives, one of them a sister of an internee, and one lady even tried, unsuccessfully, to organise a petition to have a Redemptorist priest, who eulogised the blast victims, transferred from a local monastery.

Two weeks later, four young boys were playing a traditional game of lighting wet fires at Cawnpore Street, in the heart of the district. A Duck Squad patrol of the Gloucesters, the regiment which had been given tea after the explosions, moved into the street, saw a 13-year-old boy with a lighted paper in his hand and shot him dead. The rise in support for the Provos which followed was not immediate. It came only when the Lisburn military authorities, in statements reminiscent of



Courtesy of Private Eye

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those at the time Harry Thornton was shot dead in his van when it backfired, insisted that the children had attempted to petrol bomb their patrol.

A similar set of incidents occurred in the Leeson Street area of the Falls. A few weeks ago, a young mother, Mrs. Hyndman, was shot dead at her front door. A statement issued later by the Official I.R.A. saying she had been mistaken by one of their men for a soldier, did little to stop their sudden slump in popularity in the district. Last week, a British patrol fired on a group of women two streets from where Mrs. Hyndman was killed. One woman was wounded in the knee, another in the thigh, arm and head, and the Official I.R.A. had regained its position in the area.

There are examples of this sort of thing happening in other areas, too. Incredibly, the Paratroops are now regarded with less than hostility in the tough Catholic New Lodge area since they chased the local Tarian Gang back into its home in the Protestant Tiger Bay, roughing up a few of them in the process. But one nervous paratrooper or stupid section commander could reverse this situation in minutes. How easily this could be done was shown on Saturday night last, when any feelings of euphoria which the Catholics in the Beechmount/Whiterock area might have had about Stormont's demise were dampened by the actions of the King's Own Scottish Borderers, who mounted a massive roadblock operation at a time when RTE was announcing, correctly, as far as other areas were concerned, that military activity had been reduced.

While events such as these have most impact in the immediate area, they tend also to be felt well beyond it. Thus, the reports of the roadblocks around Whiterock on Saturday night were translated into stories of military raids and arrests by the time they reached the pubs and street corner shops in the lower regions of the Falls. And that mixture of fear and defiance, which has characterised Catholic working-class attitudes to the British Army since internment was on display again.

With such a situation existing, Westminster cannot afford to have troops remain on the streets in Catholic areas, for any goodwill gained by Stormont's suspension and the promised ending of internment will disappear. Yet, if the troops cease patrolling, the temptation for some of Craig's more militant supporters to put his "liquidate the I.R.A." threat into action may become too great and sectarian clashes will inevitably result. With the marching season coming into full swing at Easter, Whitehall's problems are certainly not in short supply.

North Reaction 5.

The Trade Union Problem

ONE MAN whose pleasure in the Heath proposals must have been diluted by the immediate problems they brought is Brendan Harkin, currently chairman of the Northern Committee of the I.C.T.U. Harkin has been trying to hold a very difficult position since August. He has spearheaded the trade union fight against internment in enlisting the support of the British T.U.C. in the campaign against internment. He has been doing this against a background where many individual trade unionists in the North have supported internment and have bitterly resented the official trade union position. It is such men who have been turning to Billy Hull's organisation—the Loyalist Association of Workers. It is LAW which is the industrial wing of Vanguard and which mounted Vanguard's initial opposition to the Heath proposals by organising the General Strike. In calling such an action LAW is directly challenging the Northern Committee for its control of workers in the North. Hence Brendan Harkin's problem. It would be the supreme irony of his life if in his year as chairman he was to preside over the fracturing of the trade union movement in the North.

Harkin, however, is no stranger to

awkward situations. He has straddled uncomfortable positions all his life.

A Belfast Catholic with an industrial background as an official of the E.T.U. and as chief steward of the Shipyard's Shop Stewards' Committee, he did not seem the obvious choice to become the secretary of the Northern Ireland Civil Service Alliance, a group predominantly Protestant in numbers and white collar in its attitudes. Harkin, however, got the job on his merits and disarmed some initial suspicion by his effective leadership in gaining parity of treatment for Northern Civil Servants with their British counterparts. The confidence he inspired in his members enabled him to lead them into membership of I.C.T.U., a body which was suspect because of its Dublin headquarters and its industrial traditions. Once in membership of I.C.T.U., Harkin's contributions earned for him advancement within Congress and he was elected to the membership of the Northern Executive, as well as to the All Ireland Executive.

Despite his trade union activity, Brendan Harkin was actively engaged in other social activities and in the late fifties and early sixties was very active in resuscitating the Christian Brothers' Past Pupils' Union in Belfast and successfully presided over the centenary celebrations of the coming of the Brothers to Belfast. Indeed, at that point, Harkin would probably have been happiest to throw himself into the organisation of an effective Catholic lay movement to translate the Vatican Council decrees into reality within the diocese of Down and Connor. When Dr. Philbin proved unresponsive to the notion of a lay diocesan council, Brendan Harkin was desperately disappointed and he became more fully involved in his trade union activities. It was these which put him by chance this year in the position of leadership—a position which he exercised more dynamically than many of his predecessors. In his efforts to hold the entire trade union movement united behind a non-party policy of justice and humanity he formulated a four-point policy of reconciliation involving the ending of internment and civil disobedience and got full support for it at the recent Northern Ireland Conference of the I.C.T.U. That the Heath proposals were acceptable to him is evident. That the LAW reaction was inevitable he would also accept. He has enough confidence in his fellow-trade unionists, however, and his own influence with them to believe that in the end of his year of office, the trade union movement in the North will still be united.

North Reaction 6.

Whitelaw Secretary of State

OUTSIDE WESTMINSTER, Willie Whitelaw is not much better known in Britain than he is in Ireland. This is largely because he entered politics late, and disappeared inside the Westminster machine, as Tory chief whip in Opposition and lately as Leader of the House (arranging the order of business with the Opposition). He could well be the most popular man at Westminster, among M.P.s and journalists.

His skill is political management, and he has exactly the right qualities—an ability to listen and to win confidences; and (rare among Tories at the moment) a saloon bar amiability towards all comers. Whitelaw likes to hide behind the image of a golf-playing former Scots Guards officer; his innocence disguises an unswerving loyalty to the party and Ted Heath, and a measure of ruthlessness.

He has been one of the few Tories able, with journalists and in the gloom of the Opposition whips' offices, to jest about the follies of his colleagues.

Whitelaw is by no means a great political thinker; he would be lost running a department. But he is an immensely competent politician, who has kept the Tories together (notably over Rhodesia, on which he is a committed liberal). He is probably Heath's closest confidant in the Cabinet; the bond is deep, unaffected by some of the more embarrassing leaks and indiscretions

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MARY KENNY

In London

THIS MONTH took me to Belfast, there to engage in a debate with Lord Longford and others on "The State and Private Morality" at Queen's University Union. I've always thought it absolutely essential that everybody should go to Belfast at least twice a year; that's been our main trouble in the South for the last 50 years—never actually going to the place. No wonder it almost slipped out of our minds; and I believe that the terrible reaction after the shootings in Derry was at least half-engendered by the guilt of the South. The knowledge, in our hearts, that we have stood idly by—for the last half century. What did any of us ever do for the people in the North except write them all off as bigots? And it took a long time for the Republic even to wake up to what was happening; even in 1969, it seems, so few people were aware of what was going on.

The debate, in my view, was a failure. The students—though personally charming and hospitable—seemed to me to have relapsed into a sort of infantility. They just weren't interested in abstract ideas about morality. I believe they have been so traumatised and so brutalised by the situation that they are now unable to think about anything else except the situation. On that, the ones I spoke to were passionate and articulate; on every other subject, they behaved like babies or people on hallucinogenic drugs. They threw too rolls at us and idiotically tried to kidnap poor Frank; their rag week was carried out in a mood of extraordinary hysteria and childish aggression. They seemed to be acting out the repressed violence they were feeling, mirroring the real violence they were living with.

I SPENT A LOT OF TIME there in Protestant areas and talking to Protestants. I have never accepted the two-nations theory about Ireland and I consider the Northern Protestants as Irish as any of us; on the other hand, it is fatally dangerous to deny people access to their own culture and tribal identity, and one must respect the Orange traditions as their thing. I know that they'd drive you around the bend with their endless conspiracy theories about the Pope (there isn't anything that's happening in the entire world, from the Common Market to the ecological crisis, but Old Red Socks is at the bottom of it), but in other ways I find the Protestants in the North very touching—and I don't mean that patronisingly. It was when I was sitting in a little back-to-back house in the Shankill, talking to a bloke with six kids and no job, his teeth half rotten and his fingernails ingrained with dirt, drinking Guinness and smoking compulsively that this came to me. "I want Ulster to remain British," he said, "because I want my children to grow up with a British standard of living."

You look around the ghetto and you think: is this the British standard of living? It's not that we don't have our slums and our unemployment, too; it's that he could say that so sincerely in that situation. And then I come back to London and hear a Provo-inclined friend talk about the Prods as a Herrenvolk who have to be dealt with. Sweet God! how people have been betrayed into their own myths for the profit of those who have ruled them, divided them, exploited them and turned them against one another.

FRANK LONGFORD is convinced that Bernadette Devlin will end her days as a very pious old lady, devoted only to Mother Church, and he says that Cardinal Conway thinks so, too. Cardinal Conway recently told him that Bernadette's mother was the most devout woman he had ever met and that Bernadette is very like her in every way. It is true that there is a very strong correlation between committed socialism and committed Christianity; both require

the same totality of involvement and both need a strong evangelical streak. That is also the theory about Catholic countries being especially suitable for Communistic take-overs. On these lines of thinking, perhaps Bernadette will indeed end up a nun just when Ireland becomes the Cuba of Europe. Which is a terribly nice thought.

I HAVE RECENTLY become very interested in sociological jokes, stimulated, perhaps, by the number of racist jokes that I've been hearing about the Irish in recent times. (The latest: "What do you get if you cross an Irishman with a chimpanzee?" Answer: "A thick chimpanzee.") A lot of them can be traced to other sources, like the one about the British deciding to drop a bomb on Ireland and doing £15 worth of damage—which is originally anti-Pakistani, I believe. Quite a few were originally anti-Polish Chicago jokes and others are simply a new form of anti-black or anti-Semitic humour (or even anti-women; in his book of corny jokes, Michael Watts revealed that 75% of jokes were directly hostile to women, including those made by women). Possibly the only serious thing that that old fool Freud ever said was that people reveal themselves more in their humour than in anything else.

Therefore, I'd like to hear from anyone who has any good sociological jokes to tell; I'll publish, next month, in this column the one I think best and I'll send a hard-back book, or a book token for £3.00 to the winner. Send your jokes to Mary Kenny, Jokes, Hibernia, 179 Pearse Street, Dublin 2, and say whether you'd like a book I'd choose or a token.

REALLY, READERS OF HIBERNIA have been frightfully nice over the saga of My Leg (in the last episode, I was going through the final reel of *Camille*, telling how I would probably be a cripple in ten years' time on account of having an eroding hip joint). Lots of people have written and sent prayers, for which I'm truly grateful. (One kind person wrote that he didn't care for the cooking, but he liked the cook, and enclosed Blessed Oliver Plunkett.) In fact, by the time ten years are up, they'll probably have invented smashing false hips anyway, so between this and then, on with the dance.

THE REASON that I hate capitalism, I have figured out, is not that I'm stirred by true principle or animated by compassion for the plight of the proletariat; the reason that I hate capitalism is that I just can't work it, I don't understand it and I can't find my way around it and it bores the pants off me. I cannot do income tax forms; I cannot read bank statements; I consider insurance a waste of good money when you could be spending it on drink or men or weekends in America; the very thought of property and investments fills me with horror; I think the stock exchange is a farce; I still don't know what gilt-edged securities are, though its been explained a hundred times to me; I loathe the very word profit; in the catalogue of immorality it comes somewhere between cannibalism and bestiality for me; I think the whole system is a great big cheat, in which the most ruthless tigers in the jungle just eat up everybody else. I know that people in the City can make a profit of £100,000 overnight just because they work the system.

And still a young couple in London who have saved up £1,500 for a house just can't get one because in some cases the prices rise by £100 a week. I just don't want anything to do with it (which is a silly thing to say when I'm right into it). I want to live in a kibbutz-like situation, where everything was shared and everyone worked as best they could and you got £1 a day for beer and cigarettes. £2 a day,

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which have flowed from late-night drinking sessions.

His appointment to the Ulster job stems from his practicality and Heath's trust. Whitelaw was one of the Cabinet's Irish Committee and recognised at least six months ago that some radical reconstruction in the North was absolutely essential. As a former chief whip, his reservations were about the limits of Tory support; he warned that the party would suffer some defections and would have to be played carefully, but insisted that the risk had to be taken.

There is a pattern running through Heath's handling of the take-over. Heath has been increasingly frustrated by the confusion of responsibility and the overlapping departmental responsibilities—not to mention the nonsense of Faulkner's nominal chairmanship of the Joint Security Committee.

All that is ended. Note that Whitelaw's junior ministers are the three most able junior ministers at present in the Government, who will be difficult to replace. Note also that Heath has given Whitelaw's Northern Ireland Office two of the most influential Civil Servants in Whitehall—the Permanent Secretary (who superintended the Common Market White Papers) and deputy secretary from his own Cabinet Office. Again, the cream; seconded to Northern Ireland without much regard to the difficulty of their replacement. The message is clear. There is to be no further policy fixing between the Home Office and the Ministry of Defence—advice from these departments will be tendered at a lower level and the Northern Ireland Office will determine policy rather than merely arrange a consensus between the other departments.

North Reaction 7.

Vanguard's Potential

WHEN THE Westminster initiative seemed that it would be an amalgam of timidity and ignorance, Vanguard was saying that this was due to their strength. Bill Craig, the Vanguard leader, said confidently to a reporter the day before Mr. Faulkner's flight to London: "They wouldn't dare do anything serious. We frightened them too much last Saturday."

He was referring to the Ormeau Park rally in Belfast. Seventy thousand people turned up at the rally—observers noticed that, but they didn't remark on the fact that less than half of them were present when Mr. Craig rose to speak. When he had finished, one of the most stupefying and unsatisfactory monologues ever inflicted on volunteers of any persuasion less than ten thousand people were present. Loyalists might have stood up to be counted, but the count had to be quick, and it became clear that whatever lessons Westminster might have learnt last Saturday, swiftness of action was the most essential. The Conservative Government, tired of facing world odium for a situation it could not control, and thus in pawn to a subsidiary Government of staggering incompetence and duplicity, have taken a decision that no Labour Government could have taken. Effectively it had been decided to brave the backlash.

At his rally, Mr. Craig threatened dossiers of unwanted to be liquidated when the time came. He was promising with little or no equivocation, violence if the Right-wing loyalist position was betrayed by the Tories. But when the initiatives came, Mr. Craig's most conspicuous reaction was of stunned disbelief—then a creeping caution that paid scant attention to his earlier threats of revenge. Only as he sounded out opinion did he readopt the measured threats of holocaust confident all the time that verbal violence decorating armed inertia would suffice. Mr. Craig speaks in a shorthand which readily communicates its true intent to his listeners, if not to a wider audience. He carefully differentiates between Catholics and Republicans in his speeches. He says that when the time comes it will be necessary to act on dossiers of unwanted people in order to exact disciplined and discriminating punishment towards the offenders, rather than launch wholesale butchery in Catholic areas. That's what he says in public. What he says in private is

that Catholics will have to be cleared out of East Ulster area by any means necessary if other encouragement fails. His tragic rhetoric, which unfailingly never rises to eloquence, is acceptable because people, without being told, know what he means.

Since the announcement of the initiative, Vanguard has shown its teeth; and they are effective ones industrially. A mixture of coercion and enthusiasm by the second day of the strike called in reaction to Westminster's suspension of Stormont had frozen Northern Ireland.

Sporadic violence added to the effect of the strike, with Catholic workers in Carrickfergus, for example, being threatened by a crowd of over a thousand Loyalists armed with cudgels and rocks. Despite Craig's failure to excite much enthusiasm in his Ormeau Park rally, he, with Billy Hull of the Loyalist Association of Workers, clearly exercise great power. This has been enhanced by the officially concealed, but publicly acknowledged, overtures from the Unionists. When Brian Faulkner grasped Bill Craig's hand on the steps of Stormont on Tuesday in front of a seventy-five thousand crowd, with the House of Commons in its last sessions, the Grand Protestant Alliance was forged. The form it elects to adopt in public is yet to be revealed; the joint interest though, is not concealed. The future of Vanguard depends on the sort of support it actually commands when extreme action is called for, and whether, in fact, Mr. Craig is able to give the orders for that extreme action. This very much depends on whether the British Army will re-direct its attentions towards Orangemen or reimpose its military might on the minority. To deal with the first two points, Mr. Craig has shown himself remarkable in his inability to order decisive action. The threat call gained much of its strength from the allegiance of the Loyalist Association of Workers to Mr. Craig's banner. Whether Mr. Craig could have brought out such thousands without the trades union infrastructure available to Billy Hull, is questionable. But can Mr. Craig direct his troops, if they are troops, into battle? It is one of the observations generally made about Northern Ireland that the Catholics born into a state of effective illegality in the sense that the law never fairly applied to them, lend themselves more easily to subversion and terrorism. And likewise the Protestants, the dominant tribe in whose favour the law was intended to act, seem only able to mobilise existing *status quo* positions in their favour. The Orange workers were disciplined and heroic ranks, but their officers had come from a different class. Orangemen are, it seems, born to be led.

But Mr. Craig has so far proved himself incapable of giving that lead. Yet that lead might yet prove unnecessary, since the IRA still provide the coherent armed threat to peace, it is most unlikely that the British Army will turn its attentions elsewhere. Internment Orders will still be signed by Mr. William Whitelaw, and the state of euphoria in the Catholic areas will very likely disappear if the people find themselves being dealt with in the same manner by a different government. When the British Army is ultimately seen to be acting on the side of Orange interests, even though unconsciously, Vanguard could well be the fuse. That Mr. Craig is committed to one course is clear. The ranks of his followers could be suitably thinned if present military tactics remain the same.

Q. Who is the latest addition to Labour's long list of nearly-disciplined members?

A. Cashel's Paddy Leahy. Following the repetition of his Party Conference attack on the Archbishop of Cashel and his Holy-cross Restoration Fund in a *Sunday Independent* interview, word was passed down to Tipperary that "Conor and the others" were "very annoyed" and that there would be more about the matter. Probably least excited was the Archbishop himself. Two days after the publication of the *Sunday Independent* interview he somersaulted his car into a ditch near Thurles. To the first curate on the scene to congratulate him on his escape he remarked ruefully: "Paddy Leahy must have been praying for me."

Education

Leading The V.T.A.

CHARLES MCCARTHY has been general secretary of the Vocational Teachers Association for the past sixteen years. He is now about to sever his relationship with that body for at least two years during which time he is to engage in research work in Trinity College. Whether the severance will then become permanent is a matter of some speculation in education circles at the present time. Mr. McCarthy's personal relationship with vocational teachers has not been persistently cordial, and of late has become considerably less so. At the Association's Annual Congress last Easter he was subjected to an unprecedented vote of condemnation for his failure to implement a part of the Association's policy, and one could sense that the affection and respect that were once accorded to him had given way to almost open hostility. Not that Charlie showed any signs of dismay over the event. It was, he told a newspaper reporter, something of 'a kick in the arse', but to hear Charlie telling it as a kick that would leave a battle-scar more proudly to be worn than a wound that would not quickly heal up.

That, it would appear, is where he made the mistake. Never short of charm and self-confidence — not to mention a word—he seemed to fail to grasp that these things become less effective with time. The teachers employed him to fight their case for better salaries and conditions of service and to keep the records and accounts of their association. When these things were not done in a way that brought the results demanded, no display of words, no matter how dazzling, could continue to have its once mesmerising effect. That seemed to have irritated him. An *apologia* in which logic and philosophy were brilliantly invoked, the words chosen and organised with unerring instinct and so artfully delivered as to make a microphone unnecessary, was his strong point. When it appeared to many to be establishing itself as almost his only one, his power was in decline.

Charlie McCarthy put his own stamp on the Vocational Teachers Association. He defined an ideology for it and convinced successive executive committees that it was the right one. A firm believer in the devolution of authority he practised this principle to the greatest degree he could within the Association. Branches were expected to exercise a great deal of local control, to settle disputes without, unless as a last resort, calling in the general secretary or any of the central agencies of the Association. Rank and file members were constantly referred back to their branch secretaries when they approached head office with a query or a trouble. Many became bewildered by this kind of procedure and the reasons given for it, and tended to put up with their lot rather than bring their problems further. Charlie, of course, was for their good. He wanted them to learn to help themselves and he wanted to follow to its logical conclusion the concept of local autonomy and self-reliance that he so forcefully argued for in his book, *The Distasteful Challenge*.

The ordinary vocational teacher did not appreciate all this. He is a relatively unsophisticated kind of person and the question he has come more and more to ask is: Why keep a dog and bark yourself? What he wanted was someone he could go to to solve a problem relating to his conditions of service, explain a knotty point of Depart-

ment of Education regulations or confront a person in authority when he himself could not hope to do so with the same effect. He was not greatly concerned with whether this conformed with one man's ideas on dissemination of authority.

Whoever is chosen to succeed Charlie McCarthy as General Secretary of the VTA will have an unenviable task. There is an apathy among members which is measured by their reluctance to pay their subscriptions will require every trick in the trade to dispel. Non-graduate teachers, teachers of such subjects as woodwork, metalwork, rural science, home economics, are particularly disgruntled as they are, despite strong resolutions at last year's Congress, to continue to be paid substantially less than their graduate colleagues. This was the matter that was ostensibly responsible for last year's vote of condemnation, and the auspices are that it will give rise to a new nastiness at this year's Congress which is to be held during Easter week in Portlaoise.

The VTA is the only organisation of teachers that purposely went outside its own membership to choose a general secretary. It did this for the main purpose of ensuring that the holder of the post would be in a more independent position to negotiate in difficult situations than would a serving teacher. Many are now of opinion that someone who has worked in the class-room would have a better appreciation of the teacher's problems. Whatever about that, the Vocational Teachers Association will never be the same again. Charlie McCarthy brought it prestige. He exhorted its members to think big. He was well known as a member of various international committees dealing with trade unionism and social affairs, and it was his hope that the reputation he gained through his indefatigable efforts in this sphere would rub off onto his Association. Unfortunately for him too many of its members wanted his services in more mundane and personal ways, and Charlie was inclined to be as fastidious in this regard as in his choice of wines at the many social functions at which he was either host or guest.

Labour

John O'Connell's Flair

WHILE THE PROROGUING of Stormont has undoubtedly overshadowed Harold Wilson's dramatic secret meeting with leading Provisionals in Dublin last month, it is certain that the effect on the man who engineered the rendezvous will not evaporate so suddenly. It takes quite an amount of flair to get the Leader of Her Majesty's Opposition, perhaps a Prime Minister again in the future, to sit down and talk for four hours and twenty minutes in a Dublin suburb with the leaders of Her Majesty's most committed enemies, but then flair is a quality which Labour T.D. John O'Connell has in large quantities.

In the normally pedestrian and parochial way of Irish politics John O'Connell, licentiate of the College of Surgeons, publisher and editor of the *Irish Medical Times*, socialist and socialist, T.D. for Dublin South-West, and Labour spokesman for Social Welfare (and more recently Health, since Noel Browne gave up the job) is quite unique.

John O'Connell first expressed an interest in politics in the early sixties and spent some time in the Connolly branch of the Labour Party in Dublin South-East. His efforts to secure a Dail nomination in Dublin South-West were frostily received by the chairman of the selection convention, Mr. Barry Desmond. T.D., the start of a relationship between the two which still remains unthawed, but on appeal to the Administrative Council he was added to the contest as an extra candidate.

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Q. Is the use of petrol bombs increasing south of the Border, too?

A. Yes! In the Dublin area alone, petrol bombs have been thrown in the course of 14 "incidents" with the Garda since January 1, 1972.



"I remember when it was only 1/4d."

Courtesy of Private Eye

(Continued from page 6)

He was elected for Labour in Dublin South-West at the General Election of 1965. At the time it was a constituency of five seats, three held by Fianna Fail, and one each by Fine Gael and Labour. O'Connell polled 4,299 first preference votes (Dr. John O'Donovan received 1,792 in an unsuccessful attempt in the same constituency), a figure which he increased in 1969 to 5,273, despite the fact that the five-seater had been carved up and streamlined to four seats, and the total electorate reduced from 57,000 to 40,000. The result of that election gave Fianna Fail and Labour two seats apiece, and John O'Connell was joined in Dublin South-West by Sean Dunne, who had transferred with the main bulk of the Ballyfermot voters from Dublin County. O'Connell had been longer in the constituency and had secured a greater number of first preference votes. Dunne by his age and length of service held a more senior position in the Labour Party. Almost certainly a bitter constituency in-fight between the two would have resulted—hostilities showed even during the election campaign—which were in fact fought separately—but for the sudden death of Sean Dunne, just after the election. However, his death did spark off a new struggle, on the question of choosing his successor, which served to strengthen O'Connell's own constituency position, though hardly in a way which could have pleased the party bosses in Earlsfort Terrace.

After a great deal of squabbling, Matt Merrigan was chosen as Labour's candidate for the by-election, but he was opposed by an unofficial Labour candidate, Sean Dunne's widow, Cora, and the split Labour vote allowed the youthful Fianna Fail candidate, Sean Sherwin, now of Aontacht Eireann, to take the seat. It was unfair, perhaps, that some Labour people at the time blamed the Director of Elections, Dr. John O'Connell, for contributing to the Merrigan defeat, but it was true that O'Connell looked on the prospect of being joined in the constituency by someone as popular and persuasive with the Labour Left as Matt Merrigan with something less than enthusiasm. And in the past two years, nobody, not even an O'Connell protégé, has emerged, or been allowed to emerge, as a potential candidate to win back what should be a second Labour seat.

In 1966 he had gained major prominence by his involvement with the attempts to rehouse the families living in the squalor of Griffith's Barracks. Both he and broadcaster Pionias MacAonghusa, who was involved in the same campaign, organised public meetings in O'Connell Street and, with characteristic flair, an appeal was made to the Pope (no less) to intercede on behalf of Dublin's poor. This gesture provoked a motion of condemnation from Dublin Corporation on the two men as enemies of the Irish people, the first such motion made by the Corporation since a similar attack had been made on the German philologist, Dr. Kuno Meyer, fifty years before. (Ironically, this time last year, Dr. O'Connell himself, with the help of a still-unproduced film, made a savage attack on hotelier Albert Luvkx, a nationalised Irishman, alleging collaboration and worse with the Nazis in Belgium during World War II.

Seven years in successful medical practice, now discontinued, and later his equally successful publishing and pharmaceutical interests, have made John O'Connell a man of substance. There is the big Mercedes, the large house with swimming-pool attached, composer Elmer Bernstein among the house guests, and a public relations "aide." But more important to O'Connell, his wealth has allowed him to work almost full-time at politics, where he has proved to be a devoted constituency worker—likely to top the poll at the next election—and a frequent and skilful practitioner at Question Time in the House. Internationally, he has been in touch with Ted Kennedy on the Northern issue (he attended the U.S. Senate Committee hearings) and, of course, brought over Harold Wilson.

In party terms, last week he scored his most significant victory, when the threatened censure motion collapsed. Only Conor Cruise O'Brien, aggrieved at being so effectively upstaged and Barry Desmond, his friend of old, joined Brendan Corish in speaking out against him. Not surprisingly, a vote which would have resulted over-

HIBERNIA STAFF

Mr. Patrick Carroll has joined the staff in the capacity of Assistant Editor.

Mr. Terry Kelleher has been appointed Deputy Editor.

whelmily in his favour, was not taken. Within a couple of days he was making an attack on his own party for the "inactive and lacklustre role" they had played in recent months in failing to lead an attack against the mismanaged economy, but he also added that the party lacked "strong and visionary leadership."

Unlike many members of his party, John O'Connell's constituency position is perfectly secure; his single involvement in Northern Ireland affairs has gained him more standing than his Social Welfare brief would normally have allowed him, certainly more than it has Michael O'Leary, the deputy Foreign Affairs spokesman. He can be expected to involve himself in Northern affairs again, and also in the economy and any other matters of import or controversy. Whether or not John O'Connell can provide the brand of leadership he referred to last week, he has already begun to place himself in a position for future consideration in that role.

Defence

After Monaghan

IN ONE SHARP SHOWDOWN in Monaghan town on Sunday week last, the Irish Army succeeded in losing more weapons to unarmed civilians in a civil disturbance situation than the British Army has done in similar circumstances in two years. Two FN rifles and a ubiquitous—but apparently useful—piece of radio equipment were the admitted tally; not counted were the red faces left behind in certain brassbound State offices not a million miles from Parkgate Street, Dublin.

No doubt, when the top-secret political brickbats cease flying at various braided uniform caps, someone will ask the obvious question: "But how do the Brits hold on to their guns in a riot?" And someone else will eventually remember that the armed Tommy never charges into a crowd without one end of his rifle sling detached from the weapon and firmly knotted around his wrist. Not only that, but he generally has a round up the spout and the safety catch off (Yellow Card or no Yellow Card) and is quite willing to fire a "scattering" shot at the ground.

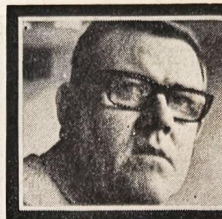
For an Irish Army unit in a Monaghan-type situation, the second alternative, if not unthinkable, is certainly unspeakable—at the moment. The political dynamite potential in a possible civilian victim of military shooting south of the Border is too great for certain quarters to risk it—as yet. We have not yet gone through the necessary ritual escalation.

After all, it was quite an enormous new concept in itself for Southerners to grasp that the figures behind the plexiglass shields and clutching batons were Irishmen. It was escalation enough for the day, that the Irish Army's first riot squad of their very own should be in action against Irish citizens. If there were any Belfast or Derry people present, they must have felt uncomfortably at home. Next time—and there will almost certainly be a next time—the occasion may be ripe for breaking out the first batch of our virgin CS gas stocks, and to Hell with the Geneva Protocol.

It will be some time before bullets become the norm for crowd control in the South, but anyone who scorns the possibility is ignoring history and underestimating the Party of Reality.

There is an incongruous air of mimicry about a fully-equipped Irish Army riot squad in present circumstances. The Monaghan incident was the second showing of military personnel ranged up against civilians since the war. But the two platoons

(Continued in page 8)



MICHAEL Mc KEOWN

In Belfast

I SUPPOSE IN the fullness of time, which means when you and I who saw it all are dead and can't contradict them, the historians will tell us why it happened. For the moment, it is enough that it has happened in the way that was predicted since August '71, and the question is what now for those who made it happen. The historians might judge that the S.D.L.P. was not the most significant force in making it happen, but the contemporary observer must acknowledge that it has happened in a manner more consistent with the claims of the S.D.L.P. than those of any other group.

Their newly acknowledged political significance was emphasised by their delay in responding to the Heath proposals. The Republicans, the Unionists and the Vanguard all responded immediately and negatively. The S.D.L.P. temporised and then responded positively. Ironically, the reason for the delay sprang from the pessimism of the party leaders about the possible complexion of the proposals. It was feared that the proposals would contain too little to command universal support while being conciliatory enough to evoke minority support. One of the reasons for the continuing tension between the Fitt/Westminster pole and the Hume/Dublin pole has been the tendency of each to go in for spontaneous policy-making before T.V. cameras, and accordingly this time precautions had been taken to ensure that reaction was delayed and controlled and concerted. As it happened the precautions were not necessary, at least for the purpose for which they had been taken. The party was united to the point where the Parliamentary Party was prepared to share the limelight with the constituency party and agreed to the party chairman, Eddie McGrady, presiding over the subsequent press conference and reading the statement prepared by the Parliamentary Party. In the event, McGrady was unwell and so the parliamentarians were able to preserve their monopoly of media exposure, but the original intention is undoubtedly a portent of things to come.

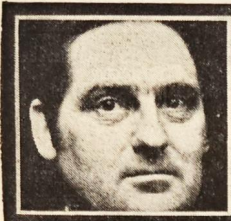
The Parliamentary Party must inevitably be somewhat reduced in stature as a consequence of the transfer of powers to the Secretary of State. The certainty that if and when Stormont is reopened, it will be different in kind from the original model means that there will be no existing claims or obvious rights of succession. The balivick system is gone forever and with it must come a diminution of the powers of the local chieftain. Despite their absence from Stormont since the summer the chieftains were able to keep in the limelight through their appearances on protest platforms or at the head of protest marches and rallies, these opportunities will be lessened. Nor are they likely to find employment in the Advisory Commission which Mr Whitelaw is to set up. It is unlikely in the light of the Unionist Parliamentary Party opposition to the Commission that any full-time politicians will be asked to serve on it. Politicians will, as the New Ulster Movement has suggested, be put in cold storage for the year. By the same token the Alternative Assembly is likely to stand as just as much prorogued as Stormont itself. Nobody other than John Hume was very keen on it, and the S.D.L.P. M.P.s will be happy to see it quietly die the death. Mind you, Jack Lynch will probably be even happier, as will George Colley, who was going to have to fund it.

So the M.P.s are going to be reduced to doing the one thing they have studiously avoided to date and that is to organise the party. Don't laugh. It's no more incredible than the suspension of Stormont. At the moment, the structure of the party is very creaky. No full time secretary has been appointed, although the terms of the appointment are apparently quite attractive. Some branches, like the Foyle branch or the East Down branch are well organised and have a large and participating membership; others, like Dock or North Antrim are little better than paper branches. In terms of organisation, though not in support, the Alliance Party is light years ahead of them.

The M.P.s know this, but to date they have been too engaged in the day-to-day struggle to do anything about it. Since there has been no possibility of securing a parliamentary majority and forming a Government, M.P.s have tended to look to their own strength within their constituency and ignore the general party situation.

Now they have to think in terms of a P.R. system of election and possibly of government. John Hume will have to look beyond the Walls and beyond the Foyle to the whole of North Derry. O'Hanlon will have to emerge from the fastness of Cullyhanna and think in terms of the whole of Armagh. Even Gerry Fitt will have to leave the Dockside and organise Ardoyne. Not only does their own continued survival depend on this, but also their chances of nominating members to a community government. In setting about the organisation of their constituencies the M.P.s are likely to be assisted in their contacts with the Catholic members of the Advisory Commission. An interesting feature of the Resistance campaign was the extent to which various Catholic middle class groupings were prepared to follow the guidance given by the S.D.L.P.; indeed many of the Catholics who withdrew from public service did so at the behest of the S.D.L.P. It is likely that the Catholic members of the Commission will be drawn more from the non-compliant Catholics than from those formerly stigmatised as Castle Catholics. The S.D.L.P. will benefit from its association with such people, since they will perforce have to fill the ombudsman role formerly filled by the M.P.s.

This picture of under-employed M.P.s desperately trying to fill in time and safeguard their political futures by internal organisation does not take account of Gerry Fitt. He alone has still a specific job to do and a public platform to operate upon. His standing is somewhat ambiguous. His record in influencing British Labour Party attitudes is acknowledged by all, but there is a certain unease about his tendency to trivialise the great occasion. His appearance on the T.V. screens lurking around Downing Street like the spectre at the fast as Faulkner conferred with Heath disconcerted many S.D.L.P. supporters, who looked for more decorous behaviour at such a time. His capacity for lurking near the centres of power is his strength, however, as much as his weakness. He alone will be in a position to buttonhole Whitelaw and make a case for individual internecine. If Hume and Cooper are to succeed in squeezing the I.R.A. out of the Creggan, Gerry Fitt must be able to squeeze more releases out of William Whitelaw. All in all, he is going to be a sight busier than Brian Faulkner.



POINT OF VIEW

Hugh Munro

"EDWARD, KING OF ENGLAND, Lord of Ireland, etc., to his faithful Robert de Ufford, his justiciar in Ireland, greeting.

"As the community of Ireland have offered us 8,000 marks if we will grant them the laws of England to be used in that country, we wish you to know that.... it seems to us and our Council expedient to grant them the laws of England, provided that in this the common assent of the people or at least of the prelates and magnates of that land, who are well disposed, should uniformly concur."

Updating this royal message of 1277 to 1968-72 terms, what it means is that the Nationalists were looking for civil rights. Whitehall approved, but thought it wise to ask the Stormont Prime Minister what the Ulster Unionist Council thought of the idea. And, as you may guess, they didn't approve. The mere Irish didn't get full rights under English law till after 1603; only indeed after it became possible to discriminate against them on the basis of religion rather than race. Given the Reformation, policy—with England Protestant and Ireland Catholic; all Irishmen could be made equal under the law in the comfortable knowledge that penal laws against Catholics could restore the old situation of discrimination.

The fact that you could have in the third quarter of the twentieth century an exact playback of something which happened in the third quarter of the thirteenth century shows the amazing consistency of the central feature of England's Irish policy—the idea that Ireland should be governed of one remove.

From 1169 to March 1972, as much of Ireland as the Crown controlled has been governed, not by English power acting directly, but by an intermediary local power-group. Semi-freelance Norman knights, the Anglo-Irish aristocracy of the Pale, the Cromwellian planter establishment, the Dublin Castle ascendancy of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries—the line marches down the centuries, ending up with the Ulster Unionist Party.

Integration of the natives was never attempted, and this despite the success with which the Scots and Welsh, while retaining their national identity, were absorbed into the political unity of the United Kingdom. The Irish Act of Union was most revealing of the indirect approach towards governing the Paddies. The English-Speaking Act of Union of 1707 was a completely successful precedent, crying out to be followed. By extinguishing the Scottish government completely—not even a Secretary of State for Scotland remained—your Scotsman was brought to feel that he would be equally treated with any Englishman, and Scotland's Golden Age, both culturally and economically, followed the Union.

The Irish Union was very different, however. It was only a union of parliaments, to form a single body to legislate for two different kingdoms. The separate Irish government—Lord Lieutenant, Chief Secretary, Lord Chancellor—and much of the patronage and jobbery of the pre-Union era remained. As voters the Irish may have stood equal with the British; but government as administered, government as seen from the receiving end by the average native, was dominated by the ascendancy class from which he was excluded. If there ever had been any chance that the Union might become a union of hearts, it was extinguished by the retention of the Dublin Government, to be a barrier between London and the Irish.

Clearly, the intermediary power-group, the garrison class, enjoyed wielding the power they had; but psychologically they were in a difficult position. Were they English or Irish? If they said they were English, they lost their special rights to govern Ireland; and if they said they were

Irish, it became difficult for them to maintain the discrimination on which their power rested. So prudently they left the matter undecided, appearing Irish to the English and English to the Irish. And in that psychological limbo they to this day remain.

It might have been expected that, when the dust settled after the turmoil of 1912-22, with a comfortable majority of Unionists in so much of Ireland as remained in the United Kingdom, integration would at last be attempted; but no, London again fought shy of full direct rule, and the Northern Unionists were left to run Stormont.

They cannot be faulted in that they called it a Protestant Parliament and used it to defend Protestant power. What alternative did they have? A government that has to run its own police force and security system must have some patriotism behind it if it is to motivate that police force to face danger in defence of the State—and the only patriotism available was Protestant patriotism. The only patriotism which ever could, ever can, ever will unite Protestant and Catholic in Northern Ireland is Irish patriotism; and you can not use Irish patriotism to defend "British" Northern Ireland against the rest of Ireland.

The closing-down of the Scottish Parliament was described by one of its members sadly as "the end of an old song". If, the closing-down of Stormont looks like the end of a fifty-year sectarian hate-ballad, the British are largely to blame. By treating Unionism as a permanent political force they set up a situation of permanent discord.

Unionism should be a strictly temporary thing, a political movement set up to achieve a union, or to defend one under threat. The term "Unionist" itself dates, not as might be expected from 1800, to indicate a movement set up to develop the potentialities of the Union, but from 1886, when the Union first came under serious threat.

Since then it has flourished in times of political instability and waned in times of political stability. The greatest threat it ever had to face until 1971 was the abject surrender of the Northern Nationalists in 1968, when they threw away their tricolours, joined the Civil Rights Movement and said "We accept Northern Ireland's constitution and want to join and work it." The only way to beat off this Trojan Horse attack was to activate sectarian strife, and in this, Craig and Paisley succeeded.

If there is ever peace in Ireland, whether it is a peaceful united Ireland, or a peaceful partitioned Ireland, there will be no such thing as Unionism in it. After 1922, Southern Unionism died out, because it had no meaning; and those who visualise Faulkner and Craig and Paisley in a Unionist party in an all-Ireland Parliament haven't a clue about Irish politics.

When we talk about reconciliation between Catholic and Protestant, there is a sharp distinction to be made. That reconciliation must be on an individual basis; it cannot be on a group basis. If the million Protestants organise politically as Protestants, a sharpening of tension, not a reconciliation, must inevitably follow. Catholics have given the lead; apart from the dying AOH, they don't organise as Catholics. By all means let Protestants be proud of their religion; by all means let them organise as Protestants in as many non-political ways as they like—for denominational schools, clubs, charities, the lot. But they must realise that for as long as they organise politically as Protestants, Northern Ireland will remain the hell it has been for Protestant and Catholic alike.

And if political Protestantism dies out, they will have to find a new patriotism for themselves; and I have no doubt that it will be that of Irishman.

(Continued from page 7)

used so suddenly and arbitrarily against residents of a street in Athlone some months ago, even though their kit was odd and their presence even stranger, did not seem as out of place, oddly, as the sartorially more exact contingent in Monaghan.

The Irish Cabinet will by now have realised the essential difference between the use of Irish Army units down here and British Army units in the North. One force is asked to operate at home, amongst their own people; the other is basically an expeditionary force, operating against and amongst foreigners. Politically, one set of circumstances is a world away from the other, as even Messrs. Wilson and Heath appreciated from the start.

The few platoons produced in Monaghan appear to have been blooded in a deliberate, but clumsy experiment to test the acceptability and effectiveness of army personnel in a riot control situation. It was a botched experiment, in that the units came reportedly from a base in Cooteshill and could hardly have been expected to demonstrate the same cold-blooded sadism against local people that the British paras, for example, revelled in on the Magilligan beach march.

Not that a platoon of Corkmen or Dublinmen (if such a demographically pure unit were available) would be all that much more likely to "put the boot in" effectively against fellow-countrymen. The soldier is trained to kill an enemy—and preferably as remote and alien an enemy as possible. To demand that he should viciously subdue part of the population from which he himself springs, and with whose political feelings he is closely in sympathy, is unrealistic in present circumstances.

Garda training and the whole pattern of a Garda's experience, on the other hand, make him a more willing candidate for this unsavoury task. There is a continuous "dynamic tension" between the Garda and the rest of the community and he is from day to day dealing with or involved in violent or semi-violent situations. Chosen for his size and fitness as much as anything else, sheer physical force comes naturally enough to him and can be painfully and indiscriminately effective—as anyone will agree who recalls the rout of sit-down Housing Action Committee supporters on O'Connell Bridge a few years back, not to mention the Merriam Square baton charges.

The politicians, then, have several choices of action. They can keep the troops out of sight altogether and put in more Gardaí when similar situations occur in Border towns. They can send the troops unarmoured except for batons (and CS?) into future civil disorder situations, a move which would deprive the I.R.A. of bonus weapons but which would also seem to defeat the whole purpose of military presence, which depends for effect on the implied threat of death. Or they can throw caution to the winds and attempt to emulate British Army tactics by putting in riflemen who are ready and willing to shoot at or near civilians in similar circumstances. Apart from the political sting that might rebound from such action, the question also remains: in the present mood of the Army and the country, where could such riflemen be found?

Local Government

Postponing The Elections

AS PREDICTED last June in *Hibernia*, the local government elections which were scheduled for June 5th next have been postponed for a year; they are now planned to be held in conjunction with the Presidential election in 1973. During the past fourteen years of Fianna Fail government the elections have never in fact been held at the time laid down by the Local Government Act. Although this states that the elections should be held every five years, they can be deferred by having the necessary legislation passed by the Oireachtas. It is remarkable that the liberal use of this manoeuvre by Fianna Fail has failed to provide any serious resistance from either the public or opposition politicians; the only

In our last issue (March 17) Anne Harris alleged that a reference to Ardmore Studios on the R.T.E. *Here and Now* programme had been deleted from the programme and in the context of her article it might have been inferred that Mr. Liam Nolan was responsible for the alleged deletion. It has been pointed out to us that Mr. Nolan has no editorial responsibility with regard to the content of the *Here and Now* programme and that in this case he had no contact whatever with this particular item. We regret any misunderstanding that the reference may have created and we apologise to Mr. Nolan.

visible sign of opposition to the recent postponement was in the form of a statement signed by seven Labour deputies. And even when the more drastic step of suspending a local government authority, as in the case of Dublin Corporation and Bray Urban District Council, was taken, the reaction of the public was largely one of indifference. Such is the present state of local government that nobody is unduly concerned that their democratic rights are being tampered with.

As noted above, the recent postponement was to be entirely expected. The Minister for Local Government, Robert Molloy, had no intention of allowing the elections to be held until his proposed legislation concerning the restructuring of local government (the most important of which is the binding of all Dublin local authorities into one body) was fully in operation, and although last October he was quite adamant in the Dail that the legislation would be passed in time for June 5th, he has in fact been keeping it on the long finger. By October he had received for consideration submissions concerning the restructuring proposals and as his interpretation of these at the time was that they were "generally favourable," there should have been no major obstacle to getting the legislation through the Dail during the past six months.

The delaying of the legislation, however, is a tactical move by the Government in that it provides a useful pretext for postponing the elections which for some very good reasons they are not willing to face at the present moment. The most important item now on the Government's agenda is the May referendum on entry into the E.E.C. and they naturally want to direct the party's full resources into the campaign. The holding of the elections as scheduled would also give some valuable platform room to the anti-Market forces. And neither could the Government afford to have the E.E.C. proposals jeopardised by defeat in the local elections.

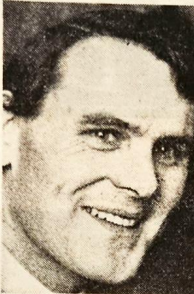
The most serious threat to Fianna Fail, however, still is in the Dublin area. In the 1967 local elections they ended up with a minority in the whole greater Dublin area. On Dublin Corporation before its dissolution they held only 15 of the 30 seats having received 32.5% of the first preference votes. On Dublin County Council they held 9 of the 23 seats, having drawn 37% of the first preference votes. (As a matter of comparative interest Fianna Fail drew 39.5% of the first preference votes in the general election of June, 1969, in the entire Dublin city and county area). In Dun Laoghaire Urban Council they got only four of the eleven places and in Bray only three of the possible eleven.

Prospects for the party in Dublin in the next elections cannot be much brighter, particularly in light of the growing dissatisfaction over the housing situation in the whole area and the recent large increase in rates for Dublin Corporation.

The restructuring of local government electoral areas in Dublin would, however, combat many of Fianna Fail's weaknesses in the area (which it must be kept in mind obtains us less than 40 deputies to the Dail). When the proposed legislation becomes a reality the Greater Dublin Council will have something in the region of 60 Councillors returned from newly-created wards not much smaller than the present Dail constituencies. Such a major recasting of the city wards could in the short-term help to secure a better government representation in the whole area, and also might later be quite useful in a recasting of the area's Dail constituencies. The full census of population results will be available to the Minister within the next three months and with the elections delayed he will have plenty of time to examine the destination of populations to come up with the most satisfactory results.



Jim Hendron



Richard Ferguson



Phelim O'Neill



Robert Cooper

THE 'ALLIANCE' OPPORTUNITY

Michael Sweetman

THE DREARILY FAMILIAR political landscape of Northern Ireland has changed with bewildering speed. As Heath's bulldozer clears away the shattered walls of the old Unionist State, the Republic too is appearing in a new and not very flattering light. It is true what they said — green Nationalist and orange Unionist institutions, methods and attitudes look remarkably similar to those who are politically colour-blind.

Until recently, such colour-blindness was supposed not to exist, at least not in Northern Ireland. That "conventional wisdom" is being impressively challenged by the Alliance Party. By a fortunate stroke the party's second annual conference was held in the Ulster Hall the day after the announcement of Stormont's suspension. The conference was able, in an emergency resolution, unanimously to approve the Heath initiative and to call on all citizens "to work for the restoration of the rule of law and the re-establishment of devolved government in Northern Ireland."

The conference itself was an extraordinarily impressive performance. In present conditions in Belfast it was a major achievement to hold it at all. The checking of delegates and their bags for security was thorough, but so efficient that the delegates, numbering nearly two thousand, were in their places and the conference

underway as scheduled at 10.30 (so confident were the organisers in their security arrangements that when the inevitable telephone call came — "a bomb in the hall and eight minutes to leave" — the chairman was able to say that there *couldn't* be a bomb in the hall but that anybody who wanted to was free to go. Nobody did). The conference got through its business with uncanny efficiency — speeches brief, well-argued, to the point, procedure thoroughly understood both by the Chair and the floor, votes crisp and clear-cut. To a Southern observer, used to ard-theisheanna which, even at their most harmonious moments, so often seem teetering on the brink of chaos when they are not boring everybody to sleep, this steady flow of reasonableness and efficiency had an eerie feel. One almost hungered for an interlude of buffoonery or pure bloody-minded unreason for light relief.

In its two years of existence the Alliance Party has established itself in almost all the 52 Stormont constituencies. In many of these it has hundreds of paid-up members. It is the first political party North or South of the Border to be constructed systematically using techniques derived from modern business management practice. Throughout Northern Ireland the Alliance is conducting a thorough door-to-door canvass for members. This recruitment drive was

given a major boost by Bob Cooper's appearance on the B.B.C.'s "trial" on Northern Ireland. Interestingly, the party's canvassers find that large numbers of those on whom they call have never before been canvassed by representatives of any political party — most seats were so safe for one side or the other that systematic canvassing was not worth the trouble. In some constituencies up to 50% of the electorate have rarely, if ever, voted.

How much support does the Alliance really have? It would be easy to be misled by the inevitable over-optimism of a party conference — talk of an Alliance Government after the next election had the familiar flavour of ard-theisheanna. But if in an election held under P.R. the party secured 25 or 30% of the first preference votes, it could well emerge with a decisive block of seats in the reformed Northern Parliament. The present straight vote system tends to obscure the fact that moderate candidates in past elections, whether O'Neillites, Liberals, Northern Ireland Labour or Independents, have in the past polled enough votes to be certain of seats in a PR election based on, say, five-seat constituencies.

The first real test for the Alliance will come in October of this year, when elections for the new Local Authorities in Northern Ireland are to be held. If, as is probable,

these elections are also held under P.R., the party could do very well in some areas. On the other hand, under the straight vote system, it is liable to be squeezed by extremists of one or other side and could end up with very few seats, despite an impressive percentage of the poll.

The party is often represented in the South as simply a tarted-up version of Unionism. This is a grossly misleading view. It is true that Alliance "accepts the present constitutional link with Britain." But one does not need to listen to many speeches at the annual conference, or talk with many members afterwards, to realise that this is essentially a short-term holding position. Members regard this as a neutral formula — an agreement to avoid the contentious constitutional question for the moment in the interests of bringing people together on immediate practical issues about which they can agree. Alliance leaders frankly admit in discussion that the party as it now stands is a coalition of the short-term objective of establishing a normal, healthy community in Northern Ireland. When that has been achieved will be the time to move on to longer-term, more difficult issues.

Nevertheless, it was abundantly clear at the conference that party sentiment is in fact overwhelmingly for Irish self-government in an all-Ireland framework. The biggest cheer

of the day went to Dick Ferguson, who told the delegates that, while he agreed to abide by the wishes of the majority in Northern Ireland, and did not seek to foist his opinions and ideals on people who did not agree with him, "you know I cherish a particular vision about the future of this community. I hope over the years to demonstrate and argue that the best interests of our people will be served in the long term, not only by a unity of Protestant and Catholic, but by union of Irishmen, North and South." This atmosphere was echoed again and again in the speeches of other speakers, as when Bob Cooper invoked the principles of McCracken and Tone and others, again with very strong applause from the floor, spoke in favour of a resolution calling on the party "to approach those people in the Republic of Ireland who show or have shown their concern for the welfare of all the people of Ireland, with a view to friendship and co-operation in matters of mutual interest."

Perhaps the most exciting aspect of all this is the sense of a whole new generation breaking through into Irish politics. Here are people who have decisively shaken off the past and are thinking deeply and constructively about the future, not only of Northern Ireland, but of the whole country. It is as if the Northern Irish, after more than half a century of political slumber, have awoken refreshed and ready to resume the vital role in Irish politics which they played in the past.

It is my conviction that the Alliance will before long begin to exert its profound influence on the policies of the South. If within the next two or three years this group succeed in becoming the major element in a new Northern Coalition, they will be implementing a political programme based on the true principles of Irish republicanism, which after all originated in the North. As that happens, it will expose its Southern counterpart for what it is — a sham in which Catholic nationalism has stolen the language and forms of republicanism to conceal its essentially sectarian nature. Outlandish as it seems, we may be moving into a phase in which the Southern State will be on the defensive against increasing Northern pressure for unity, but on a basis which would mean dismantling the whole apparatus of Catholic nationalism and the fall from power of those who have so skillfully exploited it.

The suspension of Stormont

is bringing one thing clearly into the open — the vast majority of people in Northern Ireland want self-government. The Union was a convenient way of maintaining a form of self-government which suited one faction. That is now gone. Viable self-government for Northerners in future will not be possible on a purely six-County basis. It is that truth which Alliance has grasped. In the political vacuum now created by the collapse of Unionism and the incapacity of other parties to move outside the ghettos because of their sectarian flavour from the past, a party such as Alliance which generally crosses the sectarian boundaries has the field wide open in front of it.

In Northern Ireland generally the vast majority of people are desperately concerned to use the opportunity of the next few months to launch a new start. In the Catholic ghettos the I.R.A. have been given notice to quit — "now that we have got rid of Stormont, we don't want any Protestant backlash or activities to provoke more army activity." On the Protestant side, few people really believe in a Vanguard-type, U.D.I. As this is written, Northern Ireland is paralysed by the Loyalists' strike, but this is widely regarded in Northern Ireland less as a pledge of future rebellion than as a vehicle for expressing protest at what has already been done. The ultimate logical absurdity of a rebellion against the Crown in the interests of loyalty to the Crown is evident even to unsensible minds. Conceivably you could force the British out by shooting at them; it is hard to see how the same tactics could keep them in. And independence in Northern Ireland without London and Dublin co-operation is both a political and economic impossibility. Most people in Northern Ireland know that perfectly well. That is why the Ulsterman's latent desire for independence now being fanned in the present crisis represents such a threat to the South's present power structure and institutions, while holding such promise for a new Irish society based on genuine republican principles.

We in the South would do well to ponder deeply the significance of these unprecedented developments. Vastly more is called for than tinkering with what is contemptuously dismissed in the North as "paper changes" in our Constitution. If recent events have exposed Unionism for what it is, they have called our bluff, too. Who is for Wolfe Tone now?

Diary of the Year

Wednesday, March 15: Two British Army bomb-disposal experts are killed in Belfast. The Government says it will introduce legislation to postpone the local elections which were due to be held next month.

Thursday, March 16: A man is shot dead in Belfast and in Lurgan, Co. Armagh, a woman dies in an explosion.

Friday, March 17: The Stormont M.P. for Belfast Central, Mr. Paddy Kennedy, is released on 16,000 bail in Belfast when he appears on a charge under the Special Powers Act. St. Patrick's day passes quietly in the North although in Derry a soldier is seriously injured by gunshot wounds.

Saturday, March 18: At Ormeau Park, Belfast, 60,000 Protestants attend a meeting called by Mr. William Craig's Vanguard movement. A shot is fired at the home of Mr. Austin Currie, M.P., in Dungannon, Co. Tyrone.

Sunday, March 19: Gardaí and troops baton-charge almost 1,000 people who surrounded Monaghan Garda Station demanding the release of three Republicans who had been taken into custody. Upwards of 20,000 Catholics in the Andersonstown area march and demonstrate for an end to in-

terment, the withdrawal of British troops from the streets of the North, and the repeal of the Special Powers Act.

Monday, March 20: A bomb explodes in Lower Donegal Street, Belfast, killing 6 people and injuring 146. A British soldier is shot dead in Derry. Bombs are sent to four leading Republicans but none cause serious injury.

Tuesday, March 21: On the eve of Mr. Faulkner's departure for London to discuss plans for Northern Ireland with the Premier, Mr. Heath, the two biggest Loyalist organisations in the North split over what they would accept. Four bombs explode in Derry causing thousands of pounds damage.

Wednesday, March 22: The Stormont Premier, Mr. Faulkner, spends 9 hours in talks with members of the British Government in London. An estimated 150lb. bomb rocks

the centre of Belfast, wrecking Great Victoria Street railway station. In Enniskillen, a 100lb. bomb explodes in High Street, causing extensive damage to business premises over a wide area.

Thursday, March 23: Mr. Faulkner is recalled to London for further consultations with Mr. Heath. A teenage boy is shot dead by troops in Belfast. A 150lb. bomb explodes in the centre of Carrickfergus injuring twelve people.

Friday, March 24: The British Government announces direct rule of Northern Ireland from Westminster. The Stormont Cabinet resigns from next week in opposition to the proposals. A massive peaceful stoppage of all activity in six Counties is called for by Ulster Vanguard. 4,000 British troops are on standby in Britain and Germany. Mr.

William Whitelaw is appointed as Secretary of State for Northern Ireland.

Saturday, March 25: The S.D.P. welcomes the Heath initiatives and offers full co-operation to their implementation. But it adds that internally it remains as an obstacle to talks and it awaits clarification on the question of its phasing out. The Alliance Party at its annual conference pledges full co-operation with the direct rule proposals. The I.R.A. are meeting over the week-end to discuss future strategy. Two men are dead as violence continues.

Sunday, March 26: Lord Wadsworth and Mr. Paul Hannon are appointed to serve under Mr. William Whitelaw as Ministers of State for Northern Ireland. Mr. David Howell is appointed as Under-Secretary. Over 4,000 people march through the centre of

London in protest against internment without trial.

Monday, March 27: A general strike brings industry, commerce and public services in Northern Ireland to an almost complete halt as thousands of Protestant workers rally behind the Ulster Vanguard movement. Mr. Faulkner announces that no political proposal could work without the co-operation of the Unionist Party.

Tuesday, March 28: The House of Commons at Westminster passes the Northern Ireland (Temporary Provisions) Bill by 482 to 10.

Wednesday, March 29: The House of Commons at Westminster passes the Northern Ireland (Temporary Provisions) Bill by 482 to 10. The House of Commons at Westminster passes the Northern Ireland (Temporary Provisions) Bill by 482 to 10.

works in radio is author of the Film, The and The Spirit

on when planning is wrong.

Hibernia Review of Books

Wasteland Of The Imagination

Warren Leamon

DRUID CRAFT. Michael J. Sidwell, George P. Mayhew, David R. Clerk. Editor: University of Massachusetts Press. \$25.00.

THIS COULD HARDLY be described as a book for the "general reader" (does the creature exist?) What it does, it does very well: the various drafts of Yeats's *The Shadowy Waters* are laid out chronologically on very attractive large pages. There are photographs of pages of the manuscripts and the introductions—a general one giving something of the history of the manuscripts, their location, etc., and two others ("Structure and Plot in the Manuscript Versions" and "Mythical Allusion, Symbol & Vision in the Early Versions") are sound enough in that they raise no more questions than are usually raised by any essay on anything Yeats ever wrote. There is a striking and unusual honesty in the way the publisher allows Clark to state baldly that the book is basically a Ph.D. thesis. For certain one can say that the book is a must for anyone obsessively interested in *The Shadowy Waters*. Beyond this any claim for the book is debatable.

The critical study of various drafts of a finished work is relatively modern, obviously because earlier writers (or their wives and children) were not aware that their rejections might be important, either critically or financially. (Now every writer and would-be writer carefully numbers and saves everything he writes—from laundry list to epic—in hopes of selling it all to the University of Texas library.) Like almost everything else in modern criticism, the roots of this method can be traced, in part at least, back to the early romantics and the critical shift from a concern with the writer in relation to his audience to a concern with the writer in relation to his material. In other words, one studies the drafts of a finished work to learn something about the workings of the imagination of the artist. Now at least two questions need to be asked: Can the imagination be studied? If it can, of what good is anything we learn about it?

For example, suppose we have two drafts of a poem by Yeats, the first version (F) and the published version (P). What is the relation of F to P. There are countless possibilities ranging from no relation at all (each represents a separate act of the imagination) to F's totally determining P. Yeats limited himself by what he thought of as imagination. English think P superior to English, does not necessitate that F was inferior; it might have been two

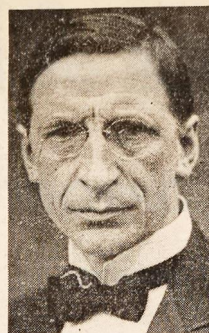
poems and that one was superior to the other (in other words, judging drafts of one poem may be no different from judging two published poems). What it all comes back to is our concept of the imagination; if it in some way shapes the external world into a work of art, can we prove that a poem is any less a part of the external world than, say, a tree or a bird? If Yeats set out to rewrite even so difficult a poem as "The Statues," we could say that his imagination worked on a number of things: statues, the battle at Salamis, Hamlet, a poem called "The Statues." The argument that the poem called "The Statues" was not there when he wrote it the first time is not very illuminating, since the poem "Easter 1916" was there. How does the relationship between the two versions of "The Statues" differ in kind from the relationship between "Easter 1916" and "The Statues?" The various versions of *The Shadowy Waters* are interesting because they tell us much about the development of Yeats as a poet and playwright, but do they tell us any more than we already knew from his published work of the period?

Of course, the whole problem can be solved by one's merely saying that it doesn't matter. If drafts are separate works, we have more works by which to judge the writer. Which is true. But there seems to be a separate critical terminology building up around studies of drafts and I am not sure that that terminology has any sound basis in critical theory. Yeats is a goldmine for studies of drafts and I do not hold with those who say such studies are nothing more than academic empire building. I do not know why people do these studies—whether from love of art, promotion or fame—and I don't care. The finished product is all that counts finally and we have learned much about Yeats from such studies by Clark, Stallworthy, Ellman, Jeffares and others. But I do think some ground-work in the theory of the study of drafts needs to be laid in order to free studies from the attacks often brought against them (i.e., that of critical onepmanship: "I have more drafts than you have, so I know more.") But such a study will lead the critic into the wasteland of the imagination from which no one has returned with the grail.

Warren Leamon, formerly of the University of Georgia, is presently researching a Ph.D. on Yeats and Shaw as dramatists, at U.C.D.



Michael Collins



Eamon de Valera



Arthur Griffith



Sir James Craig

MEN OF DESTINY

Kevin B. Nowlan

A STATE OF DISUNION. By Calton Younger. Frederick Muller. £3.80.
TITANS AND OTHERS. By Malcolm MacDonald. Collins. £2.25.

MR. CALTON Younger's book, *Ireland's Civil War*, is well known and respected as a useful contribution to our knowledge of the early nineteen-twenties. Now, in his new book, he has returned to this formative period in the history of the Irish State with a study of four men "born at a crucial moment in Ireland's history, the further shaping of which devolved largely upon them." The four are Arthur Griffith, Michael Collins, James Craig and Eamon de Valera.

Mr. Younger's work opens with a preface, or rather an isolated essay on present north-south relations, in which he puts forward a solution to our problems. It is based on a federal arrangement involving a nine-county Ulster as an autonomous area within a united Ireland. He goes so far as to suggest that there should be three parliaments in Ireland, including "a new federal parliament to which both the Ulster parliament and the Dail would be subordinate." Such a united federal Ireland could seek re-admission to the Commonwealth, though he adds that "it would probably be more realistic to consider a link with the United Kingdom, a not too formal federation, perhaps, which as Welsh and Scottish nationalism develop, might evolve naturally enough into a group of four States." Mr. Younger does not de-

velop his interesting exercise in federal union any further, but turns instead to his four men of destiny. Here, he is less original in both his ideas and in his presentation of the subject. Having read the book, which remains very much an outline narrative of events, one is left wondering whether Mr. Younger has added much to what is already known from easily obtainable general accounts of the period and from biographies. The repetition of the same information in the separate essays making up the book does not add to its readability.

If the account as a whole is somewhat disappointing, it is necessary to add that Mr. Younger has made skillful use of some material from the British Cabinet records—an important source which has only recently been opened to historians. His extracts help to throw additional light on the attitudes of British politicians, especially Lloyd George and Winston Churchill, at certain critical points in the Anglo-Irish negotiations.

He shows, for example, how keenly the members of the British Government studied the constitutional proposals put forward in 1922, by Griffith and his colleagues, lest they involved too many concessions to the Anti-Treaty party. In the same context we find Churchill assuring his fellow Ministers that the Collins-de Valera Pact, to

cover the general election of 1922, was "an arrangement full of disaster." The British Cabinet, we know, set itself firmly against any arrangements which might have compromised the terms of the Anglo-Irish settlement of December, 1921, and in this it had its way. Again, in his chapter on Craig, Mr. Younger throws some further light on the origins of the idea of a boundary commission and he quotes an interesting Cabinet suggestion, of December, 1919, that "if the ultimate aim of the Government's policy was a united Ireland, it would better that the jurisdiction of the Northern parliament should extend over the whole of Ulster, which included both Roman Catholics and Protestants, both urban and rural districts and by its size was more suited to possess a separate parliament." This was a viewpoint which James Craig successfully resisted. Indeed, possibly the most valuable part of Mr. Younger's book is where he traces, from the Cabinet papers, something of the tangled negotiations between Lloyd George and Craig, in 1921, when Craig eluded Lloyd George's suggestion that the creation of "an all-Ireland parliament" would clearly further an amicable settlement of the problem.

Apart from these points, Mr. Younger's book does not deepen very much our understanding of the character and qualities of the four leaders he has chosen, but it certainly leaves the reader with a sharpened appetite for more material from the British Cabinet records.

Malcolm MacDonald, the son of Ramsey MacDonald, did not attain the highest rank as a politician and Minister, but he was always sufficiently close to the centre of affairs to meet and know the political pacemakers. His book, *Titans and Others*, includes his reminiscences of such figures as Winston Churchill, Nehru, Sukarno, de Valera and Jomo Kenyatta, but probably the most interesting and evocative chapter is his account of his father and his life as a child in a radical household in the opening years of the century. As Secretary of State for Dominion Affairs, MacDonald met Mr. de Valera during the late nineteen-thirties. His description is the now traditional one: the surprise at finding, behind an austere front, de Valera's pleasing and warm personality. The chapter on de Valera, however, throws some interesting light on the constitutional background to the abdication of King Edward VIII. MacDonald rightly saw in the measures taken by the Irish Government at the time changes which might, in time, open the way for the Irish State to leave the Commonwealth. To meet this possibility, Malcolm MacDonald tells how he sought the support of his unwilling Tory colleagues for an arrangement which would have permitted, an Irish Republic to remain within the Commonwealth group of nations. His advice, as we know, was not accepted.

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Books

The Great Autodidactor

Constantine Fitzgibbon

HITLER: THE MAN AND THE MILITARY LEADER.
By Percy Ernst Schramm. Allen Lane, The Penguin Press. £2.50.

THESE TWO ESSAYS, the one on the man and the other on the military commander, together with the appendices, are not only documents of very great historical importance as is perhaps only to be expected from so distinguished a historian as the late Professor Schramm — but also of immense psychological fascination and, incidentally, of socio-political relevance when examining situations of war or violence.

In the first place: Hitler, the man. Before he came to power in Germany, and before he had made his country so powerful in the late 1930s abroad, he was frequently portrayed as a silly, even comical, figure, as in Charles Chaplin's *The Great Dictator*. Later, because of his truly monstrous crimes and perhaps above all the genocide of the Jews, he became both in German and foreign eyes the very embodiment of evil, certainly the wickedest German and perhaps the wickedest man who had ever lived. Both these assessments are only true in part — though there is perhaps more truth to the second than the first — and the importance of this book is that Schramm, who worked at his headquarters as official historian during the second part of World War II, casts a cold, unloving but nevertheless unemotional eye on how he functioned.

According to him, perhaps one key to Hitler's behaviour was a sort of inferiority com-

plex derived from his almost total lack of formal education. What he knew, he had taught himself, at random, picking up this book or that, a complete autodidact, but with an astonishing memory. Much of this self-education had taken place in Vienna, the anti-semitic Vienna of Mayor Lueger where he had spent his youth; some in the German army, where he never advanced beyond the rank of corporal and thus had no first-hand knowledge of how military decisions of any importance are or should be made; and finally in the field of brutal street politics, which we nowadays could call urban guerrilla warfare and which, combined with mendacious propaganda and demagogic oratory, got him into power and kept him there, despite everything and every error that he made, until it took populations of half a billion to force him at last into suicide.

As an autodidact he distrusted and later despised experts of all sorts. With all German medicine at his disposal, he chose a quack. For lawyers he had no time at all, nor for economists. Civil servants he also disliked, and saw to that they were stalemated by ignorant Nazi appointees; and in war the reasoning of trained staff officers was repugnant to him and over-ruled. Although he liked to pretend he should have been an artist, and with his almost uncanny qualities of perception he may well have been



Hitler in military pose, from "Adolf Hitler—Faces of a Dictator," with an introduction by Constantine Fitzgibbon. Published by Michael Joseph. Price £2.50.

right, his artistic taste had fossilised in the Vienna of his youth, while he had, Wagner operettas apart, really no taste for music. He was, in fact, an ignorant man.

He was also a very clever one indeed, nor was he altogether devoid of human virtues. His affection for children, for instance, seems to have been genuine. His private life was remarkably clean. He seems even to have had a sense of humour. And though he murdered his good friend, Ernst Rohm, in 1934, he showed strange streaks of loyalty to most of his old comrades and even to Mussolini, whose political folly in 1940 may have lost Germany the war. That he had an instinct which could be one of genius is beyond question, though in its functioning as such became increasingly un-

reliable as the tensions rose, his vegetarian diet left him undernourished, and the compensating drugs that he took aged him prematurely. After Stalingrad, in late 1942, his ferocity became almost senile, until at last he hated the very German people and finally murdered his dog, his mistress and himself.

Among the great revolutionary tyrants of modern times, it would seem that only Stalin—whom Hitler admired—worked from the same premises of ignorance, instinct and brutality. Whatever one may think of Lenin, Bonaparte, Cromwell, they were never, as somebody once referred to Hitler, "sleepwalkers".

Constantine Fitzgibbon's most recent book is "The Red Hand of Ulster", published by Michael Joseph.

They had a high regard for the sacredness of human life (murderers, they thought, were visited by *Nguzi*, a permanent curse) and looked on manual labour as dignified and ennobling.

When Cecil Rhodes invaded Zimbabwe he claimed he was rescuing the Shona from oppression by the Ndebele (an offshoot of the warlike Zulus) whose Chief, Lobengula, had gained suzerainty over all Zimbabwe. (This is the version also given in the 1966 edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*). Lobengula was hoodwinked in 1888 into signing over his claims to one of Rhodes's agents. His signature became the basis for Rhodes's Royal Charter of 1889, and the first white incursion into Zimbabwe followed in 1890. The present author, arguing from the oral tradition of his people, claims Lobengula never conquered the Shona, and that the story of Ndebele oppression was invented by the whites to cloak their own robbery of Shona lands.

Driven by ruthless exploitation to rebel in 1896, the frail forces of the Shona were put down in a bloodbath which left them spiritually and materially shattered. Zambé's people, the Va Shawasha, were fortunate in that they became tenants of the local Jesuit Mission. The fathers, Zambé says, though dictatorial in asserting the claims of Christianity, did their utmost to equip the natives for white society, but their best efforts were thwarted by the govern-

ment's racist policies. By and large, however, Zambé condemns the Catholic Church in Rhodesia for having over the years tacitly condoned white injustice. (He likens her to an old whore, habitually opening her legs to the biggest power in sight.)

The book paints a vivid and distressing picture of Black Rhodesia between 1920 and the present day. It concentrates in particular on the process by which the author's own people were gradually corrupted and destroyed by close contact with acquisitive white society. There is nothing sentimental in the author's approach. He thinks black men no better than whites, and regards attempts by new African states to revive native customs as both unrealistic and undesirable. All Africans, he claims, are capitalists at heart, and want only to share on equal terms in the affluence of white society. He is pessimistic about the future of the coloured majority in Ian Smith's Rhodesia, and aptly defines Heath's recent "settlement" of the Rhodesian question as "a licence . . . to white Rhodesia to entrench white supremacy and perpetuate its system of racial discrimination". "What an appalling legacy," he concludes, "for Britain to leave to the peoples of Africa!" Few readers of this book will challenge his verdict.

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Novel Departure

William Leahy

THE TENANTS. By Bernard Malamud. Eyre Methuen. £2.25.

IN THIS, HIS eighth book of fiction, Bernard Malamud, the Jewish-American novelist, makes use of subject matters and techniques rarely used by him in his previous work. However, the old narrative excellences are once again in evidence: the perfect pacing, the sense of balance, the rightness of dramatic situations, the remarkable range of devices used to advance the story, the skillful use of verbal and dramatic irony and paradox, the tasteful mixture of modes of narration (especially the oblique use of dreams in this work), and the blending of humour, suffering, and power in the tone.

In most of Malamud's fiction these techniques have been put to use in telling a story within the traditional form of the tale: stock characters such as rabbis, tailors, merchants, whose stories are set in villages or ghettos (even when in New York), struggling through the old problems of love lost or unrequited, bad fortune in business, marriage contracts, family problems, etc., usually resolved into solutions bearing heavy morals even when they are disguised in paradox, symbolism, and emotional richness. Such smooth fiction tends to consolidate folk wisdom rather than to explain or even create a new world.

Though Malamud is classified as an American novelist he has written about the United States with a nineteenth century sensitivity and using as models not American but middle-and-eastern European novelists, ignoring Pound's dictum, "Make it new", and failing (intentionally or not) to express the sometimes grainy and lumpy experiences of a still-changing America. To see this clearly one has only to read Malamud's work after reading that of Saul Bellow and William Burroughs. Of the major American novelists Malamud has been the least innovative; he has tended to do well what he has done well before.

The *Tenants* might eventually be seen to mark the long-awaited change in Malamud's art.

Only in Malamud's first novel, *The Natural*, did he write on a non-Jewish subject, though the story "Angel Devine" is about Blacks. Though two of the three main characters in *The Tenants* are Jewish, one is Black, and the hero, Harry Lesser, seldom speaks or thinks in that delightful and imaginative Jewish dialect and syntax which Malamud can so readily create.

Lesser, the Jewish novelist, here is ten years into the writing of his third novel and rapidly developing the malaise of self-doubt. His refusal to move out of an otherwise vacated building, to the horror of his landlord, Levenspiel, is allowed by New York's potent rental laws. Despite huge bribes offered by Levenspiel, who wants to build a high-rise on the site, Lesser refuses to move, having convinced himself that he can com-

plete his novel only in that building.

Just as everything is going not very well, Lesser discovers that another novelist, a Black man, has illegally moved into the building and a three-sided drama begins with Lesser, both a Jew and a writer, in the middle.

In New York alone among American cities could such a story take place. Only there are Blacks and Jews at such odds, mainly because in no other city are Jews spread throughout the three classes. Economic and social conditions often bring Jews and Blacks into conflict, an instance being the viciously fought and immensely complicated New York teachers' strike.

But the story has a cultural level as well. As Robert Lowell has said, the history of American literature since World War II is largely the history of Jewish literature, and Jewish writers are both popular and respected in the United States. But now after twenty-five years when the reading public might be growing satiated with Jewish novels, Black writers, following the social and political initiatives of the Civil Rights and Black Power movements, are finding it very easy to publish.

Thus, when Willie Spearmit moves in on the two Jewish characters he is moving in more ways than one.

On a more profound level, no country is more fascinated than is the United States with the mental and emotional throes of its suffering minorities. What is at stake between the two writers aptly named Harry Lesser and Willie Spearmit is the right to pass on the record of massive and ancient sufferings. And Malamud is among the first to record this.

Levenspiel is the one character out of Malamud's past fiction. He speaks to Lesser, who has just had a fight with Willie:

"My God, Lesser, look what you have done to yourself. You're your worst enemy, bringing a naked nigger into this house. If you don't take my advice and move out you'll wake up one morning playing a banjo in your grave."

The traditional Malamud prose continues in certain passages, including the familiar Chagall touches:

What's the distant dark mountain in my mind when I write? It won't fade from inscape, sink, evanesce; or voltalise into light. It won't become diaphanous, radiance, fire, Moses himself climbing down the burning rock, Ten lit Commandments tucked under his arm.

Though the novel is short, from its typical opening through its Black prose, poetry, and thought, its dream sequences, and to the wounds at the end, it will be the author's most complicated work.

Admittedly, the novel is mud in the mud of the world, but it is the author of *The Film*, *The* and *The Spirit*.

Whitewash On Dark History

Gerard Lyne

AN ILL-FATED PEOPLE. Lawrence Zambé. William Heinemann. £3.50.

READING THE work under review reminded me of the old adage that history is written by the victor, the vanquished finding only such place in the chronicle as his conqueror allows him. It tells of the white man's conquest of Zimbabwe (modern Rhodesia) as seen through the eyes of the original inhabitants.

The author, Lawrence Zambé, was born a member of the Va Shawasha, a sept of the Shona or Mashona tribe, who comprised the majority of the population of Zimbabwe before the advent of Cecil Rhodes. His great grandfather, Mashonganyika, a Paramount Chief of the Shona, was hanged for leading his people against the white invaders in 1896. Zambé himself was born in 1917 and educated at the local Jesuit Mission (the Va Shawasha lived near Salisbury). He spent three years studying for the priesthood before turning to journalism, becoming editor of an African

nationalist newspaper and following its suppression by the Rhodesian government, Press Attaché for the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. In 1958 he received an M.B.E. for his services in this capacity.

Zambé's tribe, the Shona, were a Bantu people. Long before white settlement they had evolved a stable and relatively prosperous society, based on agriculture. It is a measure of their intelligence that they did not worship idols, but believed in a Supreme Being whom they called *Mwari* (meaning above whom there is no one else) creator and sustainer of all things. The will of *Mwari* was, they believed, made manifest in each generation through the agency of human mediums who became the high priests and priestesses of Shona society. They believed in the immortality of the soul, and revered the spirits of their ancestors who, together with *Mwari*, they regarded as guides and protectors of the tribe.

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Books

Redeeming The Dispossessed

John McNerny

THE NEEDLE'S EYE. By Margaret Drabble. Weidenfeld and Nicolson, £2.25.

"WHAT HAVE I tried to describe? A passion, a love, an unreal life, a life in limbo, without anxiety, guilt, corpses; no albatross, no sin, no weariness, no aching swollen untouchable breasts, no bleeding womb, but the pure flower of love itself, blossoming . . . from dead men's lives, growing out of my dead belly like a tulip."

This Jane, in *The Waterfall*. In her sixth and latest novel, Miss Drabble moves on from limbo to a comprehensive and compassionate portrayal of the hell or purgatory of "the young middle-aged" on middle earth.

The image of a journey is appropriate, and is invoked and exemplified in both personal and social terms. Simon Camish, a barrister of working-class background, specialising in industrial law, wonders whether he hasn't betrayed his class in attaining to a position where he may help to alleviate its condition; Rose Vassiliou, disinherited only child of a wealthy industrialist, is trying to create a new life for herself and her children in a de-

caying London district, having given away a large Trust Fund in a lump donation to an obscure African charity. Simon attempts to assuage her anxieties about her divorced husband's impending custody case, and finds himself attracted, as their lives intermesh, by her sincerity and vision of living.

Rose (who married Christopher "because he was one of the dispossessed") seeks salvation through renunciation, but cannot contemplate the loss of her children, with which she is threatened. "Cruel, isn't it, the way one has to keep wanting things," she exclaims to Simon, whose struggle has left him emotionally disabled, "excluded, judged . . . obliged to live in negation."

Moral ambiguities have often been expressed by metaphor in Miss Drabble's work, most notably in *Jerusalem the Golden*, where we are told of Clara's adolescent development that "time had converted liabilities other than her name into assets" (my italics.) In *The Needle's Eye*,

the prevailing idiom is one of property and possessions. "In order to possess what you do not possess," says T. S. Eliot in *East Coker*, "you must go by the way of dispossession." Simon comes to recognise that a sense of life lived according to love irradiates Rose; in her response to the world he sees what Mann's Tonio Kroger called "the bliss of the commonplace."

Both wish to redeem themselves, from the "pursuing furies" of their past, from the acquisitive society they live in. Simon knows that the sources of great wealth are never pretty and considers his father-in-law's lucrative hire-purchase and mail-order business "unethical" because it is nakedly based on exploitation. The consumer society is a very real presence: Simon's wife, Julie, is "a typical consumer," and the book is littered with the trade-names of various objects of consumption. Contrasted with these are flora and fauna, nature's unbidden gratuitous wonders, like woodspurge and samphire. An important theme is the tension between legal categories and personal values. Explicitly: "love. The word fell uneasily on the official air." The law is "a kind of code," this unofficial Rose observes, "for what really goes on . . . a diagram of woe." But Simon's argument that "the spirit skills and the letter gives life" is borne out by the decision the judge has to arrive at in the custody case.

Excepting *The Millstone*,

Miss Drabble's novels generally reach "a conclusion with no prospects," or very few, as in *The Garrick Year*. Here, reviewing conventions prevent my saying more than that the whirligig of time does indeed bring in its ironic reverses, and its doubtful rewards. Time and change are the great pervading forces of *The Needle's Eye*; it is vibrant with them; their operations, manifest or stealthy, exercise all the characters powerfully.

The book is sown with familiar Biblical tags ("all cruel ones") which, together with the puritanically severe ethical vocabulary of both main characters (the word *corrupt* occurs on almost a dozen occasions), compose its notable moral resonance. This is complemented by the superbly traditional imagery of light and darkness, developed and thickened as the novel grows.

In some ways, *The Needle's Eye* resembles the great Victorian novels: in its solidity; in its concern with class and money, the classic preoccupations of English fiction; most strikingly perhaps in its occasional authorial presence: nowadays we prefer the teller's absence from the tale. (May Shaw's ghost, however, rise and remind her of the existence of semi-colons; and someone should inform Weidenfeld's compositors that, although to pay may be a regular activity, it isn't a regular verb.)

The complex seriousness of her ethical concern is remote



Margaret Drabble

from Irish Murdoch's moral geometry; nor do we ever feel her characters to be metaphorical puppets. This novel conforms more satisfyingly to the requirements of Miss Murdoch's celebrated *Encounter* polemic, "Against Dryness," than any English novel for quite some time. Although some may find it not such compelling reading as her earlier work, the narrative raises considerations that underpin the whole "crazy paving" of the social fabric,

matters that it is impossible to isolate or disentangle from the action: this density of texture, immensely rich and suggestive, embodies what William Trevor, speaking of her last novel, called "the greater riches of a greater truth."

Miss Drabble is a novelist of rare seriousness, and rarer achievement. If *The Needle's Eye* is not the "sheer magnificence" forecast by Mr. Trevor, it is something very like it.

PUBLISHED TODAY

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BOOKNEWS
Terry Kelleher

MAURICE N. HENNESSY, whose *The Rajah From Tipperary* was published by Sidgwick and Jackson last autumn, receiving some very enthusiastic notices, has returned to Co. Cork, where he is working on a new book, this one a study of the Wild Geese, for the same publisher. Hennessy's own background is very much in the Wild Geese tradition — he has spent twenty years in Africa as lecturer, broadcaster, colonial official and author (five books), has commanded African troops in Burma and for thirteen years was U.S. correspondent for the *London Times Educational Supplement*, during which time he also edited the *Fortham University* magazine.

Incidentally, the story of a later group of emigrants is told in *Passage to America* by *Guardian* feature-writer, Terry Coleman, which Hutchinson publish later this month, and which Maurice Hennessy will review in these pages.

ANOTHER much-travelled author/emigrant is Richard Condon (*The Manchurian Candidate*, *Mile High*), who has been living in France, Spain, the United States, Mexico and Switzerland during the past nineteen years, but who last year settled in Ireland at Rossnanna, in Kilganny, on the *alta pampas* of County Kilkenny, as he tells it. His new book is called *The Vertical Smile*, and is described as an "entertainment." Which is pos-

sibly the understatement of the year: it's a hilariously funny satire on the American way of business, politics and sex. Particularly the latter. And, though the story is set in the U.S., Mr. Condon makes a number of references to his adopted homeland. One of the characters is Esau, a twenty-two-year-old methadine fiend and a militant homosexual . . . 'who smoked a huge underlung pipe, which he lights with tapers he imported personally from Moran's in Clonmel, Co. Tipperary.' And there is Jean-Pierre, who handles the Mafia's interests, who kept a charge account 'only at Smyth's on-the-Green in Dublin (for the best grilling mushrooms)', whose latest gimmick was special replica masks of famous people, to be used to bring a sense of 'living history to pornography' and stag movies. One of the projects envisaged is Eamon de Valera and *The Supremes*!

The book is published by Weidenfeld and Nicolson on April 20th, price £2.10.

NEW WRITERS' PRESS is no longer new; four years old, in fact. Four years of, by and large, imaginative and quality publicity, consistency and growth. No profits, of course, most probably a financial loss, which at least gives them something in common with the other Irish small presses. Except that they haven't closed. And they mustn't be allowed to.

This month in their *Zozimus Book* series they publish *On Loaning Hill* by Cork-born Augustus Young, who now lives in London. His earlier collection, *Survival*, appeared in 1969. In the same series they have *Penahedron*, by Trevor Joyce, his first full collection to be published. Both books are priced at 75p in a paper version, with a small edition of signed cloth copies at £1.50.

In May New Writers' Press bring out *Ceremias For Today*, by the American poet, Robert Powlowski, some of whose poems appeared in *Verdict* No. 2. In the same month they publish a collection of Thomas McIntyre's (*The Charollais*, *Dance The Dance*) *Versions of Gaelic Poems*, and in June the fifth issue of *The Lace Curtain*. The very energetic Editor of New Writers' Press, Michael Smith, whose brother, Peter, handles the business side of things, has a collection of his own poetry, *Times and Locations*, published by Dolmen Press later this month. The only bad news from Warrenpoint Place is that publication of John Jordan's *Haemorrhage and Yarns* has again been postponed.

THERE HAVE BEEN a number of versions of Brian Merriman's classic brawny epic, *The Midnight Court*, and even more translations. In 1850 John O'Daly's first edition appeared, and in 1879 a new shorter version appeared. Incredibly, a special "schools version" was published in 1909, edited by Patrick O'Brien, which not surprisingly reduced the length from almost eleven hundred to six hundred lines.

There was another version in 1912 and yet another, by Daithí O h-Uathne, in 1968. The translations are more wide-ranging; Denis Woulfe published one in the *Irishman* in 1880; there was a translation published in Boston in 1897, a translation into the German in 1906, Arland Usher's in London, 1926; Frank O'Connor's in Dublin in 1945, Lord Longford's a year later, David Marcus published a translation in 1953, and now yet another translation, this one by Patrick C. Power, who is author of *The Story of Anglo-Irish Poetry, 1800-1922*, and *A Literary History of Ireland*. It's publication was calculated to be eight minutes.

ELEVEN MONTHS AGO, from April 27th to May 1st, the J. M. Synge Centenary Commemoration took place in Dublin. Curiously though the event was jointly sponsored by T.C.D. and U.C.D., not one single Trinity Academic is included in *J. M. Synge Centenary Papers, 1971*, published by Dolmen Press at £4 this month. Manchester is represented by Hugh Hunt, Ann Saddlemyer is there (of course), there is T. R. Henn of Cambridge, David H. Greene of New York, Sean O Tuama of U.C.C. and no less than six contributions from U.C.D. I doubt that the fact that Maurice Harmon, the editor of the book is a U.C.D. man has anything to do with it, but it's certainly an indication that the University merger plans are a long way off.

TWO LITTLE booklets have come my way recently, both coincidentally about different Brendans. The first is *Brendan Behan: A Memoir*,

published by Proscenium Press of Delaware. Though it is vastly overpriced — 43 pages for \$1.95 — it is a pleasant and interesting little sketch of not only Brendan, but the whole family, by one of Brendan's cousins, himself a playwright and stage-adaptor (*Knocknagow* and *Handy Andy*). There are interesting details of the Abbey's rejection of the *Quare Fellow* and its original production at the Pike Theatre. And most topical the fact that Behan tape-recorded *Richard's Cork Leg*, an adaptation of which is now playing at the Peacock, and that its playing time was calculated to be eight minutes.

The other is *St. Brendan and His Voyage* — an *Adventure Story of the Middle Ages*, by Jessie Crosland, mother of the British politician, Anthony Crosland. It's a charmingly written account of St. Brendan and his monks' attempts to explore the uncharted lands inhabited by the virtuous and the wicked — heaven and hell — based on the Anglo-Norman version of the *Navigator Sancti Brandani*, which first appeared in the late 9th or early 10th century. It costs 35p, and can be ordered from David Neil and Co., Doking, Surrey.

DICK ROCHE, whose *History of the Normans in Wexford* was published last year, is at present working with Sean Cronin on a book on the writings of Wolfe Tone, which Anvil will be bringing out later in the year. Interestingly, it will have a foreword by a Northern Protestant Republican like Tone to give the Tone writings a relevance for Ireland today.

Books

A Sociable Executioner

Maurice N. Hennessy

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE, by George Malcolm Thompson.
Secker and Warburg. £3.50.

IF SIR FRANCIS Drake were alive today he would be an extreme right-wing Unionist, although his religious motives would be stronger and more spiritual than the Orangemen of Mr. Craig's Vanguard. This is not to say that he was in any way lacking the hypocritical element that has for so long been an integral part of our Christianity. Drake's material motives for adherence to his creed were just as voracious as those of so many of our Northern countrymen.

Drake was, indeed, a dedicated Protestant and was, according to his own lights, a pious man, even if at times he was unable to see that his religious whining was merely an excuse to justify his outrageous robberies, his shameless slave-trading and piratical plundering.

George Malcolm Thompson, in his biography of Sir Francis Drake, makes reference to the fact that Drake operated for a number of years around the

Irish coast. Francis Bacon called Ireland "the last of the daughters of Europe . . . to be reclaimed from desolation." Thomson, commenting on this, says: "That kingdom was afflicted just then by one of its periodic outbreaks of tribal warfare, which, if it showed any signs of dying down, was instantly rekindled by a new incursion of Redshanks from the Hebrides or Argyll. Gaelic-speaking descendants of Vikings or Celts, hungry warriors, who thought not only that fighting was the most agreeable form of commerce, but also that it was the only form permissible to men of gentle blood who combined in themselves the proclivities of these two warlike stocks."

Sir Francis would undoubtedly have agreed with his biographer. Although Drake was a marauding product of the uncivilised age in which he lived, his approach to execution and murder gives us food for speculation on the

merits of our own twentieth-century variety of civilisation. On one of his voyages he had occasion to try for insubordination one of his captains named Doughty. "Drake then asked for the death sentence and nobody opposed him. The execution was fixed for two days later. When the time came Doughty received Communion, Drake kneeling beside him at the altar. After that, they dined cheerfully together and said their farewells by drinking a toast." What a pity that some of our more vigorous modern executioners cannot arrange to introduce a similar form of good manners into their operations.

Thomson has written a fascinating, fast-paced life of Drake, and while doing so he has introduced into it a very adequate sharp-edged razor with which he has done such necessary trimming to the kind of history which has been crammed into us for so long. A glamorous, virginal and autoerotic Queen Elizabeth turns out to be a mean-minded, selfish, grabbing bitch who really met her match in a courageous, cunning, cruel corsair who in modern parlance would have undoubtedly been called—and with every justification—a cocky little thieving bastard.

The blurb on the book jacket describes Sir Francis Drake as "the greatest of these Elizabethan giants." Mr. Thomson's honesty and research are very much at variance with his publisher's for Sir Francis emerges finally as just an extremely plucky, puritanical, personable pirate. He is presented to us very often in failure rather than in success, and if luck favoured him in

any particular encounter, like so many of his ilk, he thanked the Almighty for it, forgetting at the same time that the Almighty was being thanked by the Spaniards simultaneously for some measure of salvation.

Thomson's description of the Armada is one of the more colourful accounts in what is, by any standards, a most readable book. It does, however, bring down to earth much of the glory and chauvinistic balderdash that has always been associated with that 1588 "epic." In effect, it was "a great expense of powder and bullet." From the Spanish side it was led unenthusiastically by captains who really wished to take no part in it and who, but for help given to the English by the Dutch and the adversity of the weather, would have been successful. To this reader, the most incredible aspect of the story is that while the English lost only one ship and fewer than 100 killed, they lost 5,000 men because of some form of ship fever. History has so little to say on this calamity.

It would be asking too much of the author to tell us on whose side the Almighty was fighting in this particular conflict with nature. Judging from the honesty which pervades Mr. Thomson's excellent work, I'm sure he would tell us if he knew.

Maurice Hennessy was formerly U.S. Correspondent for the Times Educational Supplement. His most recent book, "The Rajah from Tipperary," was published by Sidgwick and Jackson last year.



A ten-year-old member of the Army of the Republic of Vietnam (ARVN), pictured the day after he had killed two "Vietcong women cadre," believed to be his teacher and his mother. From "Vietnam Inc.", by Philip Jones Griffiths. Collier-Macmillan. £1.25.

NEW NOVELS
John Broderick

IT IS NOT often that a reviewers plea for mercy is answered. In the last issue I was complaining about novels which were chic, modish and artificial, composed of characters which bore little resemblance to human beings. I was prepared to settle for something minor and unpretentious, provided it made some attempt, however feeble, to grapple with the problems of living, which in spite of passing fashions, do not really change. Instead of such a book I find myself presented with a great one: the sort of novel which is likely to provoke discussion, argument and controversy for many years to come.

For a long time now anyone at all in this country who has the slightest interest in literature must have been aware of the presence in their midst of a great solitary artist. They must have wondered at his long silence. They must have asked themselves why he never took part in any public activity; or engaged in any of those pursuits, such as reviewing, broadcasting or lecturing, which writers are apt to take up when they are between books, and sometimes in the case of a particular temperament even when they are in the middle of a novel, a play or a poem. In short, people must have been wondering what had become of Francis Stuart.

He is a founder member of the Irish Academy of Letters. He is the author of nineteen novels, many of which have been acclaimed both at home and abroad in a manner accorded to few Irish writers during their lifetime. At the age of fifty he had already made a contribution to literature which would have ensured him a place in any short list of great Irish novelists. Now after all these years he has produced a book which may well prove to be his masterpiece. The publication of *Black List, Section H** is an important literary event; and it is as such that it should be treated.

It is entirely autobiographical, beginning with the author's first attempt at writing poetry and ending with his imprisonment in Germany after the last war. It is an extraordinary story, and it is told in an extraordinary fashion. Many people will miss the point of it because of the manner of its telling. It is here, I think, that a reviewer may be of some use in attempting to illuminate the method used by this great writer in this summing-up of a lifetime's experience.

First of all it is extremely easy to read, which may lead some people to suppose that it is in some way trivial. They would be very much mistaken. Certainly the writing is on the whole smooth and lucid; but it is lit up on almost every page by some vivid poetic image which brands itself in the imagination and leaves no doubt in the mind that the novelist is also a poet. I would liken it to a pond at the edge of a wood upon which an autumnal sun is gleaming. At first sight everything appears to be smooth, quiet, untroubled. Then suddenly a ray of sunlight dances across the glassy water and one looks closer. The gleam disappears, and looking down into the pond one becomes aware of strange moving objects swimming to and fro under the surface; and at the bottom that fathomless mystery which is the spring of all our lives. It is a book to be interpreted on many levels; but certainly not on the surface.

The narrator calls himself H for the most part. He begins with his very early and highly romantic marriage to Iseult Gonne, the daughter of the mythical Madame MacBride. As Stuart tells it, it is one of the most profound re-creations of an unhappy alliance since George Eliot's analysis of the Casaubon menage in "Middlemarch." Iseult emerges as a strange, pathetic creature, maddening but sympathetic. The reader will, I think, find himself haunted by her curiously potent image. H himself is anything but pathetic; and the only thing one can say about this marriage, which is evoked with such powerful realism that one feels almost an intruder in even commenting upon it, is that it is fatal for a boy of seventeen to marry anyone.

Few authors have revealed themselves in such uncompromising terms as Stuart has in this novel. Some readers may find the portrait repulsive; but this would be to take a superficial view. What really makes a book is the personality of the author. All through this exciting story one is aware of a strange, mysterious personage lurking between the lines: egotistical often, sometimes ruthless, yet always vulnerable. His various experiments with life, love, religion, politics, horses, chicken-farming and mysticism are all attempts to expand his experience of the human condition in general, and of his own in particular. This is true of every writer. Some of them acquire a high social gloss and are very good company; but always behind the mask there is a detached intelligence at work: noting, observing, making use of everything and everybody. Anyone who really gets to know a genuine creative writer always in the end retires with a sense of icy shock. No one in recent times has made this more clear than Francis Stuart. And it is this honesty that makes the novel so important.

He wants, above all, to isolate himself from all conventional attitudes. Any writer worth his salt succeeds in doing this; but few of them set it down with such cool precision. No apology is made for his staying in Berlin during the Nazi regime; and none in my opinion is called for. All this has nothing to do with literature; but it has a great deal to do with the personality of the writer. No more unfashionable attitude could have been adopted by any novelist working in this century than that taken by Stuart. He has left himself wide open to public disapproval of every sort; and he has survived, because in the end he has in a large measure found himself the "lonely old artist man" as Henry James put it. There are many roads to this. Stuart has chosen, not altogether willingly, the most unpopular one. And one notices at the end that the callow youth of the beginning has become a mature man, purged through suffering, and capable of the most courageous kind of loyalty and affection. His affairs and the slow growth of his love for the girl he meets in Germany during the war is most moving and rings absolutely true. Yet even here the ending is left open. One feels that with this writer the quest for the absolute will end only with death. So it is with all of us; but how many have the courage to state it?

This novel may be read as an adventure story of a most unusual man of our time; but in a much more important sense it is a journey into the interior of the spirit: a harrowing revelation of the fires through which a creative writer must pass if he is to fulfil his destiny. In the case of Francis Stuart it is a very strange one indeed; but it has produced some of the most profound and mysterious novels in modern literature. "Black List, Section H" is, in my opinion, the most important of them all: a true poetic pilgrimage of a soul which could quite easily be damned. That it is not is perhaps his greatest achievement. That and the telling of this remarkable story. The surface, as I said, is smooth; but what hidden depths it contains.

The book is published by the Southern Illinois University Press. I do not know if any arrangements have been made to bring it out in England or in this country. I hope so. If not, the general reading public on this side of the Atlantic will have been robbed of one of the most important experiences of recent times. It is a book for everyone; and whether they approve of it or not, it will last. It is outside politics, outside religion, outside every set of values except pure ones. And in the end that is what really counts.

*BLACK LIST, SECTION H,
Southern Illinois University Press

works in
at of Radio
is author of
the Film, Tho
and The Spirit

Books

TIME REMEMBERED

PATRICK O'CONNOR

GLORY. Vladimir Nabokov. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £1.75.
FIRST SIGNS. Barry Hines. Michael Joseph. £2.20.
[THE GOODBY PEOPLE. Gavin Lambert. Andre Deutsch.
£1.75.

ANY GOOD WRITER worth his salt wants to write fiction. It is the only form with which he can come to grips with the truth, in which his emotional experience can be made meaningful. And in this creative process memory, or remembering, plays a vital role. In the case of Nabokov not only remembering, but the act of remembering itself, is frequently all-important, and there is a fascination in correlating events and episodes in the novels with what Nabokov tells us is autobiographical in "Speak, Memory." Nabokov would suggest that what is contained in the fictional works is perhaps more "real" than the autobiography. "I am fascinated," he says, "by the fact that despite superimposed inventions . . . a headier extract of personal reality is contained in the romanticisation than in the autobiographer's scrupulously faithful account."

In "Ada," which might be called a mock treatise on fiction as well as a mad voyage into time, Nabokov hints that those who can see with the artist's penetration know that time transcends space. It doesn't matter how many successive bodies we inhabit on the long journey from childhood to age. Time is the only real element in which the mind lives, and time is the story that man alone can write. We seek, Nabokov wrote, in "Speak, Memory," to know what there was before we were born, and what there will be after we die. In his view consciousness is eternal



Vladimir Nabokov.

life. Man cannot conceive of himself without consciousness, and in this sense "death" does not exist.

Ever since the success of "Lolita" released Nabokov from the grind of teaching at Cornell to go and live in Switzerland he has had plenty opportunity to review in depth a life that even years ago, when he was an impecunious emigre giving English lessons in Berlin, a sometimes tennis coach and the proud scion of a proud Russian family, must have seemed extraordinary in his own highly personal view. He has described his upbringing in St. Petersburg and on the Nabokov country estate as princely and enchanted, a loving saturation in nature, in botany and entomology, in languages, in chess, and in a family that he would always remember as a separate world.

This separate world seen through a complex prism of time past-present-and-future has been the essence of Nabokov's work. It has been pointed out by Philip Toynbee that all the great idiosyncrasies — James, Proust, Joyce, Faulkner — have suffered in the end from an elephantiasis of their own mannerisms and obsessions. To turn from the conundrums, the alliterative jokes, the cryptographic formulas, the distortions of perception, the inventions of language of the latter day books, "Pale Fire" and "Ada," to the novels written in the 20's and 30's is to discover Nabokov's talent in its pure state unimpaired by any of the later intellectual prestidigitations. All of the nine "Russian novels" written in Western Europe between 1925 and 1937, have recently been re-published in definitive English versions. With the publication of "Glory," the list is now complete.

"Glory" was written in 1930 in a rented apartment in Berlin and tells the story of a young Russian expatriate, Martin. The nucleus of the novel appears in the early pages, where the child Martin contemplates a watercolour above his cot depicting a "dense forest with a winding path disappearing into its depths"

After the death of his father, Martin, evermore influenced by his mother, became a wanderer. There were idyllic holidays in Yalta: "the crickets kept crepitating; from time to time there came a sweet whiff of burning juniper, and above the black alpine steppe, above the silken sea, the enormous, all-engulfing sky." From there through Switzerland, Cambridge and Berlin Martin pursues his entirely mediocre way, tasting the joys of the literary life with the intellectuals of Cambridge, and the whiff of revolutionary politics with kindred emigres, as he also pursues the teasing, maddening Sonia. Finally, Martin attempts to regain the past and, in part, himself, by illegally crossing the Latvian border into Russia, and finds death in a dense forest where "the dark path passed between the tree trunks in picturesque and mysterious windings."

In "Glory," one hears echoes of the past in every page, but in the preface Nabokov expresses his hope that readers will not go flipping avidly through the pages of "Speak, Memory" in quest of duplicate items. The fun of "Glory" is elsewhere, he alleges. "It is to be sought in the echoing and linking of minor events, in back-and-forth switches, which produce an illusion of impetus." Although a minor work, "Glory" makes its own contribution to the thesis that Nabokov's art is one that renews itself by constantly taking account of "the inexhaustible enigma of conscious life."

The finer half of Barry ("Kes") Hines' new novel, "First Signs," is also an evocation of the past, as the young graduate, Tom Ramshaw, son of a Yorkshire miner, abandons the *dolce vita* of the Mediterranean and the idle rich, as well as the sexual liberalism of fashionable London, to return to teach in a declining mining town in the North, called by the memory and the scent of home. There he finds that he has to readjust to the social realities and the humdrum life of the industrial north. The early part of the book is uneasy and superficial, but once he returns to the bleak moorland Tom is at home, and so is the novel.

Gavin Lambert's triptych, "The Goodby (sic) People" (three thinly linked stories forced into a dubious unity) begins with its ambivalent narrator, for no apparent reason, visiting the rose-strewn grave of a once beautiful film star. I recognise the scene as I too once stood at the graveside of Marilyn Monroe in the village of Westwood in Hollywood. This piece of parody sets the tone of the novel, the futility and emptiness of Californian life with its rich and beautiful people dreaming of some kind of togetherness amid surf and sex, and the underlying note of unpredictable violence.

Some day Mr. Lambert may write a Hollywood novel to stand beside Nathaniel West's "The Day of the Locust," but this is not that novel. However, the bored reader may find some diversion in deciding whether the ageing movie queen is Joan Crawford, the elusive millionaire Howard Hughes, the long-haired guru Charles Manson, or the dreary homosexual narrator, Christopher Isherwood.

Cultural Thuggery

John Boland

Collected Poems 1958—1970 by George Mac Beth (Macmillan £3.50).

IT WAS unwise of the publishers of this book to follow the increasingly popular fad of recording on the blurb not just quotes of eulogy but also quotes of damnation. This is a creeping trend with books of "controversial" writers. It is also an exceedingly silly trend.

But if the publishers want one to take sides . . . We are given eulogistic quotes from Edwin Brock, Peter Porter, Edward Lucie-Smith and D. M. Black who all regard Macbeth as the finest British contemporary poet. From these people that is only to be expected. Ian Hamilton, Martin Seymour-Smith and the TLS think otherwise. That, too, is to be expected.

I have taken my side. It is, as Ian Hamilton says, "getting even harder to view Macbeth's play-acting with the indulgence it so strenuously courts". And yes, Mr. Seymour-Smith, "one would love George much more if he decided to pack it in, or if he would simply state that

he did not wish his verses to be considered as literary, thus sparing reviewers some embarrassment."

It seems to me that one of the primary functions of any art is, in Philip Larkin's words, to "set unchangeably in order". Applied to poetry, this stipulation is not as stringent nor as exclusive as might first appear: it does not just encompass the formal eloquence and elegance of Larkin or Anthony Thwaite room to contain Sylvia Plath's or R. S. Thomas; it also leaves bell jar and Robert Lowell's night sweat. All that is needed is passion informed by precision, emotional intelligence and technical accomplishment.

Mr. MacBeth possesses none of these qualities. He mistakes ranting for passion and a half-baked clever-cleverness for precision. Of course, Mr. MacBeth is of the expedient school and, thus, has learned not to educate an audience but merely to reflect and pander to the inanities of a neophilic minority—the same Hampstead New

Statesmanites who are lapping up the trendy shallowness of "Sunday Bloody Sunday" just because they see themselves in the mirror of the film and can't see how empty they look. If you totally identify with the world of NW3, well, you're hardly going to be able to recognise its vices.

Not all of the poems in this book are vicious in the way that I have suggested—in fact, about 10 per cent of them are merely mediocre (inelegant, un-felicitous addresses to the Muse). The rest is so crudely trendy (lots of reinforced concrete, mountains of cult-of-violence images, etc., etc.) that it is only saving grace would be the dubious one of its author not intending it seriously. Somehow, I fear otherwise. The crude type-face used by the publishers only serves to make this "cultural" thuggery more unpleasant to read.

The arrogance of bringing out a volume of collected poems when the versifier is neither old enough nor gifted enough to warrant such a book is staggering. Presumably, Roger McGough will soon give us his Collected Poems. And maybe Mr. MacBeth will not make us wait until his death for us to be able to have a look at his Opus Posthumous. The arrogance of the book's price is something else again.

To paraphrase Christopher Ricks (writing of another poet): Mr. MacBeth has the right to waste his own time, but does he have the right to waste mine? I shudder when I recall that this was the only book I took to London on holiday. I had never liked anything I'd read by MacBeth but I decided to be fair to the man. Well, at least that's done.

we have to take much more on trust.

For anyone currently interested in the philosophy of mind this book is essential reading: it is as much a defence of common sense as anything and has the advantage of being rich in just the kind Wittgenstein, desiderated, but so often failed to supply in anything more than a desultory fashion.

Of Professor Broad's essays in moral philosophy here collected for the first time by Professor David Cheney, I have little to say, for they have little to say. Though I admit to an ignorance of Broad's work in logic and philosophical logic, his moral philosophy is unfortunately that of an almost major minor philosopher, doomed to the kind of dating that no great philosopher has ever suffered. This collection is at once lucid and shallow, shallow not because it contains no complexity or sophistication, but because it remains untouched by anything remotely resembling a live and genuine moral issue. Any moral philosopher not by now sick to the hairs in his nose of promises, debt-paying and the like is wanting in humanity. Broad is useless in his pursuit of the logic of such things and subtle distinctions sprout on every page; but his is a garden nobody walks in or feeds from. Dr. Johnson, we may remind ourselves, was aware that he was not obliged to distinguish between a louse and a flea.

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Mind And No Matter

Peter Mew

MENTAL IMAGES — A Defence. By Alastair Hannay. George Allen and Unwin. £4.95.

BROAD'S CRITICAL ESSAYS IN MORAL PHILOSOPHY. Edited by Professor David Cheney. George Allen and Unwin. £5.25.

MENTAL IMAGES, mental pictures, things seen with the mind's eye . . . are they sweet nothings? Alastair Hannay has argued in this intricate, close-packed book that they are definitely not sweet nothings and that philosophers whose arguments would seem to imply that they are (Ryle and Sartre conspicuously) have got confused about what it is for something to be a something: in the interests of defending some general philosophical theory of mind they bring themselves to deny the obvious.

No short review could possibly do justice to the mass of argument which the book offers, but Hannay's main purpose can at least be adumbrated: to demonstrate the pitfalls awaiting any philosopher who attempts an analysis of phenomena, not by examining the phenomena direct, but by peering at them through a pre-posed theory. The phenomena are thus asked

to match up to a misleading model and their failures to do so gets them consigned to the philosophical dustbin. That we cannot locate, rub out, or move mental pictures, argues Hannay, does not mean that they do not exist: just as I may see a picture of my father so also may I see a mental picture of my father, and any philosopher who denies that glaring fact has got hold of a stick both ends of which are wrong.

One of the book's finest features is its careful unravelling of some of Wittgenstein's more cryptic remarks on this topic. In particular, Hannay is concerned to show how Wittgenstein's requirements that mental or inner phenomena stand in need of outward criteria is not universally met in the same way: mental images, for example, do not have publicly observable natural expressions or symptoms as do pains or emotions — from the imager it seems,

THE IRISH CRISIS

C. D. Greaves

After examining the underlying causes of the present crisis in Northern Ireland, Mr. Greaves turns to recent history and current problems — from the origins of the civil rights movement to the present intervention by the British army. The ultimate solution, he argues, must lie in a United Ireland.

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LAWRENCE & WISHART

Art Cinema Music Theatre



Rudolf Valentino in two scenes from what is probably Rex Ingram's best-known film, "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse."

Rex Ingram—Ireland's Greatest Film-Maker

Liam O'Leary

IT IS A very large claim I know, but it is easily proven. Lacking as we do any real tradition of Cinema, we are very ready to clutch at any straw and will proudly claim people like John Ford and Robert Flaherty as part of our contribution. But Ford was not born in Ireland and his vision of "the oul'd sod" is not far removed from Glencamorra. Robert Flaherty is a Canadian of mixed Irish and German blood and I would say on the strength of "Man of Aran" that the latter element is predominant. In fact Flaherty's German mother played a large part in his upbringing. He has always had a close association with Germany and lived there for some time. I know it will break many people's hearts to be told that "Man of Aran" is a German film. But it is not my purpose here to analyse what I wish to do is to propose a shamefully neglected Irish candidate for the role of leading Irish film artist.

Rex Ingram was Irish all right. He was born in Grosvenor Square, Rathmines, in January of 1893. His father was the Reverend Francis Montgomery Hitchcock, a scholar of Trinity College, the author of many books on theological and historical subjects and later to become Donnellan lecturer at his College. His mother was Kathleen Ingram, a daughter of the Dublin Fire Brigade Chief, a gentle talented woman who was interested in art and music and from whom, no doubt, the young Rex inherited his creative flair just

as he derived his patient capacity for accurate research from his father.

Most of his Irish boyhood was spent between the Rectory of Kinnitty, Co. Offaly, where his father had become Rector, and St. Columba's College, Dublin, which provided his formal education. He was a striking personality. His fellow students have pictured him as a rather lone wolf very much taken up with his own dreams but on the other hand his record in games was not to be despised and his particular passion was for boxing, an activity which seemed to run in the family and for which he never lost his enthusiasm. Two of his best friends, Major Roderick Greer and Mrs. Cherrie Gill, remember him with affection.

The death of his mother while he was still at school moved him deeply and was probably a deciding factor in his decision to go abroad. An American friend of his father named Hitchcock, but no relation, offered him a job as clerk in the New Haven stockyards and as this was near Yale University Rex enrolled in their school of Fine Arts where he studied sculpture under the famous Lee Lawrie who remained his friend to the end of his days.

Rex arrived in the United States in 1911 when he was 18 years of age. Only five years afterwards he was to direct at the early age of 23 his first feature film from his own script and story for the Universal Film Company.

That was the beginning of a

remarkable career and before sketching an outline of his story let me give some idea of his importance in his chosen field as represented by opinions of those who knew and worked with him, and of those he influenced. In his day he achieved much honour. For example the French Government conferred the Cross of the Legion of Honour on him. The Bey of Tunis made him a member of the Order of Nichan Iftikar and presented him with his personal jester. Yale University conferred an Honorary Degree, El Glaoui, Pasha of Marrakesh, of General Juin and the visitors to his Nice Studios read like a Who's Who of the literary and artistic world of the Twenties.

His status as a Film Artist may be judged by the many statements of men eminent in the profession of the Cinema. Dore Schary, production manager at M.G.M. said: "The top creative people we think of in the early days of films are all directors — David Wark Griffith, Rex Ingram, Cecil de Mille, Erich von Stroheim." Two of the greatest living cameramen John F. Seitz and Leonce Henry Burel (Robert Bresson's cameraman) are agreed that Ingram was the most remarkable man they ever worked with. Howard Strickling, head of M.G.M. publicity, sums it up perhaps best of all: "He was a pioneer and many years ahead in his thinking and in making of motion pictures. His 'The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse', 'Scaramouche' and 'Mare

Nostrum' are still considered masterpieces in the industry . . . as a man I had a great admiration for Mr. Ingram. He had integrity and class. He wanted everything the best. He was very opinionated and was the producer and director of all his films and his word was law. The fact that he was not a 'yes-man' no doubt caused some people not to admire him as much as they might have, although all respected him as a man and as a fine artist."

Apart from his actual achievements his influence on succeeding film-makers has been considerable. It is perhaps not an exaggeration to say that the present high standards of camerawork, design and lighting which we enjoy in our movies derives to some extent from the high standards he set in his very popular films of the twenties. David Lean pays his tribute: "The man who really got me going was Rex Ingram. He directed 'The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse' and 'Scaramouche', he made Valentino a star, he made Novarro a star and in everything he did the camerawork was impeccable." Michael Powell who worked with him refers to him as 'a great man'. The greatest stylist of his time, not excepting von Stroheim,

That I think makes the case for the second part of my title. Rex Hitchcock began his career in films in 1913 as an actor and scriptwriter with the Edison, Vitagraph and Fox Companies. He learned the job

of film-making from the ground up and brought his artistic instincts and experience to the direction of films when he joined the Universal Company in 1916, changing his name to Rex Ingram. He made eight features for the Universal Company often based on his own stories and set in exotic places as far flung as Hong Kong and Mexico.

All these films attracted praise for their excellence of setting and photography and for their acting. After many ups and downs he made history with his sensational "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" of 1921 in which he became a major director, launched Rudolph Valentino and Alice Terry as stars and salvaged the disappearing finances of Metro, a company later to become part of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer empire. His "The Conquering Power" again with Valentino and Alice Terry was called his little masterpiece and was based on Balzac's "Eugenie Grandet". It was Ingram's favourite film. His marriage to Alice Terry at the end of 1921 was to be a successful lifetime partnership. In rapid succession came "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "Trifling Women" from his own story which he had previously filmed in 1916 as "Black Orchids". By now he had launched Ramon Novarro as a star. Then came "Where the Pavement Ends", "Scaramouche" and "The Arab". The latter marked his break with Hollywood as it was filmed in North Africa. From 1924

Ingram established his own studio at Nice where it still stands as the important Victorine from which many famous films have come. Here he made "Mare Nostrum", "The Magician" and "The Garden of Allah", the last films to be made for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, although Ingram insisted on Metro-Goldwyn as he didn't like Mayer. His final work at Nice consisted of "The Three Passions" and "Baroud" his one and only sound film in which he played the lead. He was only 38 when he retired from films to devote himself to his sculpture, travel and writing. He authored two novels — "The Legion Advances" and "Mars in the House of Death". At one stage of his life he became a Mahommedan and was steeped in the culture of Arab life. His priceless collection was at one time lodged in the Cairo Museum.

On 22nd July, 1950 he died of a heart attack in Hollywood to which he had returned to end his days. One of his last sculptures was that of his direct ancestor The Chevalier de Johnstone, aide de camp to Bonnie Prince Charlie at Culloden. Ingram was always very conscious of his Irish birthright and always made himself known as an Irishman. Is it not time that his country might remember this?

Liam O'Leary who works in the Film Department of Radio Telefís Éireann is author of Invitation to the Film. The Silent Cinema and The Spirit and the Clay.

ROY JOHNSTON'S APOLOGIA

How far back should I go? To a proto-Marxist youth in the Promethean Society (1945-49 or so) shared with Paul O'Higgins, Rex Cathcart, John Jordan, Pat Bond, Barbara Thompson, Malcolm Craig, Jim Fitzgerald, Dick Stringer, Justin Keating and other pillars of present-day society? We aspired to understand the mechanism of the socialist revolution; we had practically no contact with the Irish national revolution. There was no one to tell us about it.

We looked up to the "old left" leadership of the thirties: Brian O'Neill (author of the "War for the Land in Ireland") and Michael McInerney were around but exuding disillusion. The rump of the old CP (dissolved in 1942 on the issue of the attitude to the war; the CPNI kept up the continuity) had fortified itself in "New Books" and was a source of cold water. De Courcy Ireland gave lectures on European revolutionary history. Daisy McMacken and others founded the Irish USSR society; the Dean of Canterbury spoke to a riotous meeting in the Mansion House (the one where Brendan Behan knocked down Ulick O'Connor).

We founded the first democratic SRC in Trinity; we started mass radiography for the students and a book mart. For two or three years a model SRC was run under the Christian-Communist alliance; then with the Korean War reaction struck back, there was a boat-club/rugby-club takeover, democracy was smashed and the SRC let lapse into oblivion, where it remained for over a decade.

MY OWN personal position at that time was at the national end of the left political spectrum. We as a group officially cultivated relations with other Dublin left-wing groups such as the Connolly Group, but it was usually my job to sit in on their meetings. The rest of the studentry, apparently, thought it more important to organise holidays in Prague.

The Connolly group had been interned in the Curragh and had learned some doctrinaire Marxism from Neill Goolld; Denis Walsh, Ned Stapleton still alive and working in Dublin (Ned a great traditional musician and Comhaltas Ceoltóirí man, Denis an electrical contractor); Sean Mulready is now in Birmingham (his son Liam is a pillar of the Connolly Youth in Dublin).

The full story of Neill Goolld must wait until another day; if I state baldly that he is related, quite closely, by marriage to Dr. Simms (the Primate), is currently living in Moscow and reputedly is pro-Chinese, discerning readers will recognise the pure Anglo-Irish-ascendancy dotty radical tradition: Constance Markievicz, Claude Chevasse (the original of Brendan's "Monsewer" in "The Hostage"), Bob Clements, Gobaíot O'Bradaí and all.

* * *

WITH THIS theoretical background, it is not surprising that the Connolly Group had rejected the Republican tradition, throwing the baby out with the bathwater. It could be argued that the same baby was still-born and that the relics of the thirties IRA, which had been born of its politics in the 1934 split, was politically a dead horse. Certainly the right-wing, military atmosphere of the forties internment had left its mark, and the splinter-left which had emerged was isolated, sectarian and doctrinaire.

Still, it was all we had got, and we developed relations with it. We also developed relations with a young workers group in Crumlin, then a ten-year-old scheme where most of the kids were teenagers: Alfie Venencia, Sean Furlong, Dominic and Brian Behan and others. (We used to be shown, with reverence, the scholar-brother Brendan at work in the front room of No. 70 Kildare road). We started the Socialist Youth Movement. We had little or no idea how to organise or run an agitation. We ran meetings at Abbey street; we printed a paper called "Young Ireland" (I was initially the editor) which lasted until the printers dropped us due to behind-the-scenes pressure.

Independently of all this, Michael O'Riordan had started the Cork Socialist Party, stood in a by-election, and got a good vote. This was all around the period 1947-48. The time seemed ripe to pull these elements together, and form a proper co-ordinated movement, with centralised leadership, in the Connolly-Marxist tradition.

This was done: in November 1948 the Irish Workers League was founded. I was present at the first meeting. I half-understood the issues. There was a long period subsequently in which documents were discussed and positions taken up. The basic problem was the attitude to the national question.

IN RETROSPECT, I am now convinced that the foundation of the IWL was (a) premature (b) sectarian (c) opportunist. It was premature because there were more forces around who could have been gathered in to some sort of progressive socialist-republican federation. The Mayo agrarian-radical element of the re-emerging republican movement (O'Mongain and others) was initially in control of the United Irishman when it was founded in 1948. Only later was it ousted by the people who subsequently set the stage for the fifties campaign. Many people who were not Connolly Group but had sound left-republican traditions were around; many of them,

like Paddy Duff, Rural Workers Federation Organiser, with heroic records in Spain.

It was sectarian not only because it used the Larkinite title "Workers' League," but also because of its early educational policy it used as a textbook Stalin's infamous "History of the CPSU(B)" and ignored, largely, Irish history, although John Nolan gave lectures on the history of the twenties and thirties based on his experience.

There was also a touch of opportunism in that by adopting the title "IWL" we seemed to be bowing to the counterrevolutionary obscurantist storm and saying "we aren't really a Communist Party, we're only a League." However, founded it was, and it went on to produce a paper, again with the Larkinite title "Workers Voice." Bravely printed for a period by Dann, in Longford, on a ramshackle press with hand-set type, it was soon banished to foreign shores. Dann, although a Protestant, depended on the church contracts, and this was pre-Populorum Progressio. Shortly afterwards we were beaten off the streets by Animal Gang elements with bicycle chains. Thus began the isolated, introverted Black Fifties, when all the energy of the radical youth, practically unknown to us, was engaged in the Fifties Campaign with the IRA.

* * *

WHY HADN'T we picked up the remnants of the shattered IRA and pointed them in a more fruitful direction? It was not for lack of effort. In summer 1949 Ned Stapleton, Sean Mulready, Denis Walsh and myself went around the country in my father's Ford 8 (he didn't know what we were up to). We contacted all the Curragh graduates known to us and anyone else we could find. We laid the basis of a national organisation. But it never caught on. The old Republican Congress forces were spent (I have a recollection of John Joe Hoey, in a tiny thatched cottage, going out and milking his one cow before breakfast; shortly afterwards, he went to America). Only a few hardy individuals stuck with us (Mick Walsh, the Castlecomer miners' leader and Walter Dwyer of Kiltimagh stand out. Walter died in 1966; he had a Red funeral, with orations from Mick O'Riordan, Paddy Killeen and Fr. Padhraig Campbell, representing the Communists, the Republicans and the Church respectively. All Mayo was there).

I have since credibly learned that just about that time Jerry MacCarthy was going round on his bicycle pulling together the threads for the IRA. Despite the technical superiority (at least for long journeys) of our transport, he succeeded and we failed. Why?

I feel that there are two reasons. Jerry had that Holy Grail, the continuity of the revolutionary tradition, the Republic 'as by law established,' as handed down from the 1916 men via the rump of the Second Dail to the Army Council in 1938. I remember being in Tom Maguire's house, with Caoimhin Campbell, in the summer of 1964, when we persuaded him to write to the local papers condemning the use of Achill as a training-ground for British Army cadets. He pointed out the photograph of the last meeting of the Republican Dail where there was a quorum, with the right to take this decision.

Tom Maguire is the last surviving member of the Dail. He took it upon himself to revoke the 1938 decision and transmit the "Holy Grail" to the Provisional Army Council. On this slender and ambiguous thread rests the revolutionary Legality of the Government of the Republic.

* * *

LET NO ONE scoff at the idea of revolutionary legality. When ideas grip the minds of people who are prepared to act, they are important and to be reckoned with. The Petrograd Soviet in 1917 went to great pains to establish its continuity with its 1905 predecessor. The Paris Commune came into existence to defend the rights of the established municipality. What ever form the Irish Revolution takes, it will need, one way or another, to establish its historical continuity with the murdering Provisional Government.

The other reason was that we, as the infant IWL, were full of half-baked textbook socialist jargon. We argued by analogy with Europe. We didn't analyse Ireland in its complexity. Our ideas appeared alien. They weren't, of course, but we succeeded in making it look like they were.

DURING THE WHOLE fifties period, there was a desultory controversy within the IWL on the national question. I personally found myself more and more out of sympathy with official Marxist thinking, which worried more about Hungary than about Ireland. In the period 1958-60, after the unemployed movement had been defeated, and Jack Murphy the T.D. packed off to Canada (surely the nadir of a black decade!) I started trying to understand the national question. I met Sean Cronin and Charlie Murphy. I wrote articles in the 'Plough' advocating that the Labour Movement should 'take up the national question' and not leave it to the Republicans, whose objectives were impeccable but methods catastrophic. I tried to analyse who owned the country (Irish Democrat, 58, 59).

Then in 1960 my temporary job in the Advanced Studies

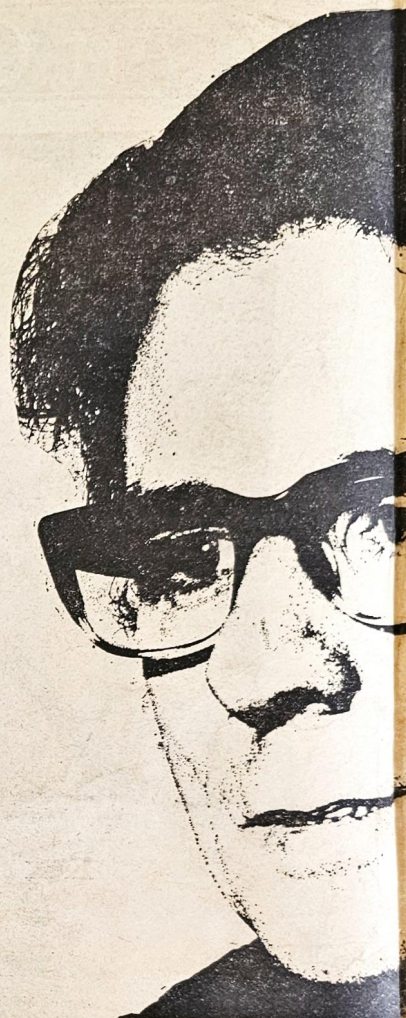
came to an end. Similar temporary jobs held by esteemed and worthy Japanese colleagues somehow managed to get made permanent. What skulduggery went on to get me out. I have never bothered to unearth in detail, but whoever it was did me an unintentional good turn, and I will be eternally grateful to them. They pushed me out of an academic hot-house into the world of practical and human problems, which is much better!

Being pitched into the labour market with over-specialised qualification and experience is a chastening experience. The parallel saga of my drift from basic science into technology and techno-economics has provided material which has served me well in another role. There is, perhaps, a parallel between my "work" background and my "political" background: one can identify a period of academism (whether scientific or marxist) followed by a period of practical work. In both cases there have been people who have deplored my departure from earlier "purity".

Anyhow, the London scene of 1960-63 was dominated by the campaign for the release of the internees. The Fifties Campaign was on its last legs. The Connolly Association held meetings Sunday after Sunday in Hyde Park; I used to hold the crowd, in a roster which consisted of Tony Coughlan, Sean Redmond, Eamonn McLoughlin, Bobby Rossiter, Pat Bond and, occasionally, Desmond Greaves as well as others. We used to sell the Irish Democrat in Hammersmith, Ealing and Acton, the area of the West London Branch, which centred round Shepherd's Bush.

We had our weekly West London Connolly Association meeting. We ran it on meticulous democratic lines. We developed our own members as speakers on alternate weeks, interspersing them with guest speakers. The search for guest speakers taught us who our friends were and cemented alliances.

We used to speak at trade union branch meetings; we explained the origins of the Special Powers Acts to the London A.E.U. branches. We got support at the level of regional council resolutions calling for the release of Joe Doyle (he was the last one to be kept in). We always, at branch level, got an attentive hearing and a resolution of support. They always insisted on paying our tube fares; this is a great democratic tradition which goes back to the Chartists and even to the Jacobin Clubs and United Englishmen of the 1790s. The theory is that unless the workers pay the travel expenses of their delegates, those who can afford



a "New Republic" document for internal discussion in or about 1966. It has since emerged, with various overlays, but recognisable in parts, as the Provisional "New Republic" document. It had little impact, however, and generated much heat in discussion.

In 1965, at Cathal Goulding's suggestion, I joined the movement. We started a local Sinn Féin cumann in Rathmines. (The word "we" from now on will have to be interpreted in context. Sometimes it means the Wolfe Tone Society, sometimes the movement).

* * *

TO UNDERSTAND the next few years it is necessary to go back to the roots of the development of the social consciousness of the republican movement. It was a native growth, arising from long discussions in jail, or among the active service units in the farmhouses of North Monaghan. There already was a trend towards recognition of the realities and away from the rigid, legalistic tradition handed down by the rump of the second Dail. The idea was that if links could be cultivated between the movement and the people, the roots would be firmly in the ground and a principled, political stand could be made, even in "illegal assemblies" such as Leinster House, without automatic corruption.

This idea, which is of course very sound and practical common sense, was espoused with enthusiasm by some and stoutly resisted by others. My own role in its evolution consisted in helping to commit the arguments to paper in a form such that they could be studied, and in helping the movement to understand the nature of the links that must be forged with the people.

I can claim, in the latter respect, to have had only limited success. The key idea is that one must have standing in one's own right, as a trade unionist, or a farmer, if his ideas are to be listened to. Standing as a republican is not enough. We ran educational conferences, all over the country, at which we tried to get this idea over.

* * *

ONE OF THE great opportunities for a movement with rural roots is the idea of a co-operative. We saw the decline of the small farms; we were impressed by Father McDyer. Yet he had failed to make any impact outside his own parish. We tried to analyse why. We felt the need for basic education in co-operative purchasing, production and marketing. The older generation of Horace Plunkett co-ops had become big business and had no interest in marginal areas.

The same idea had been worked out by Ethna MacManus and others, in the O'Mongain tradition referred to earlier. It had evolved, via a Wolfe Tone Society sub-committee, to the stage where a body had been set up on a semi-commercial basis to raise funds and to attempt to fulfil the need for this type of co-operative education and development; this was the Co-operative Development Trust.

Many rural republicans, as a result of work carried out within the framework of this body, learned the art of creative local development work. There are a handful of small co-ops in the south-west and west which owe their existence to meetings convened by the Trust. The Fisherman's Federation, which recently lobbied Brussels, originated in a Trust meeting in U.C.G. chaired by Ethna Viney (as she had then become). This is another saga worthy of the historians' attention. The Trust itself was a disastrous failure. It professionalised itself prematurely, trying to emulate Gael Linn at a time when that particular formula was in decline. It accumulated a substantial debt, and was jinxed by one disaster after another. Yet thanks to its existence, the I.A.O.S. now has a Development Branch.

* * *

MEANWHILE, back in the Wolfe Tone Society, a sub-committee or "working group" structure was taking shape. An economic committee, spearheaded by Tony Coughlan, brought out some memoranda on the proposed Anglo Irish Free Trade Agreement.

The idea of "lobbying Leinster House" while a key debate was going on was relatively novel. The first to do it in recent times was the anti-Apartheid movement. We organised the second such occasion for the Free Trade Agreement debate. Dublin socialists, republicans, Labour Party members, trade unionists rubbed shoulders in Buswells Hotel and went across in small groups of constituents to ask for their T.D.s.

Unlike Westminster, where you are made welcome and facilitated, Leinster House is a hostile place. Those of us who had discussed at our ease with Tory M.P.s the Special Powers Acts and demanded the release of Joe Doyle in 1962-3 commented adversely on the rigidly defensive administrative machinery of the Leinster House lobby procedure. Traces of the Provisional Government imposed by force on a cheated people remain enshrined very obviously in these structures.

Despite this, we influenced the debate to the extent of extending it; most of our memorandum was read into the record. Political republicanism was beginning to know itself; there was a hint of a socialist-labour-republican alliance beginning to develop. This was the urban analogue of what the rural republicans were trying to do in the co-ops and credit unions.

* * *

DURING ALL THIS PERIOD, the North was quiescent. The level of development of an understanding of the need for roots, for status as trade unionists or co-operators, was far behind the 26 county movement. The concern of the Belfast republicans was that the rules governing conduct when in jail should be reformed. We ran educational conferences, but were unable to draw out any discussion. There was, however, an attempt made to start open political activity, under the label "republican clubs", the name "Sinn Féin" being banned.

There was in existence the Belfast Wolfe Tone Society, dating, similarly to the Dublin one, from the 1963 bi-centenary. It had always maintained a sturdy autonomy, but it somehow

lacked the interconnections necessary for it to become an effective ideas-forum. Contact with the Belfast republican and labour movements was tenuous, there was no link with Queen's at a level such as to influence student ideas. Fred Healey brought out pamphlets about the '98 leaders. The father-figure was Alec Foster (sometime headmaster of "Inst" and rugby international). The "Forties" link was Liam Burke.

Into this multi-centred and politically fragile framework came the shock-wave of the idea of Civil Rights.

In retrospect, I am now convinced that the timing was wrong. We knew that the mixture was explosive, but we underestimated, seriously, the difficulty of controlling the magnitude and direction of the blast.

If the republicans club had had a chance to find their feet, get engaged in local political activity, draw a few conclusions for themselves, establish some links with the students etc. the idea of a civil rights movement would have emerged naturally.

This was beginning to happen. By 1966 the Belfast republicans were beginning to be interested in tenants associations; there had been successful agitations about pedestrian crossings etc. But there was no significant trade union influence; most of the republicans, although working-class, were either unemployed or in unskilled jobs organised by general unions where the democratic machinery was not much in evidence from below.

Nor were the Queen's students significantly aware of the problem in national terms. Like my own generation in the forties, they drew their political ideas from abroad and expressed them in pseudo-marxist jargon.

So when the August 1966 Maghera conference of Wolfe Tone Societies (Dublin, Belfast and Cork) discussed a memorandum on civil rights prepared by the Dublin Society (the August issue of *Tuairisc*, the then D.W.T.S. bulletin, contained the essentials), with some of the Republican leadership present, convincing the latter that this constituted a valid way forward, we introduced an artificial, outside element into the situation. We aroused premature enthusiasm at leadership level, and brought about premature action.

The November 1966 War Memorial Hall meeting and the February 1967 inauguration of the N.I.C.R.A. which followed gave the infant republican clubs something to work for. They submerged themselves wholeheartedly, before they had established their own political identity. Their political education, from then on, was, in practical terms, in a broad movement, subject to uncontrolled opportunist and sectarian influences.

The same happened to the Belfast Wolfe Tone Society: it was absorbed into the N.I.C.R.A. leadership and disintegrated as a club. There was therefore no principled political structure within which the lessons of the civil rights movement could be evaluated and tactics worked out.

The local republicans did great work. The famous Caledon incident, with which Austin Curry is credited, was initiated by the local republican club in Coalisland. Tribute was paid by the Cameron report to the discipline exercised by republican stewards in Civil Rights demonstrations. But there was a dearth of politically educated middle leadership, to keep the regular club meetings going and to keep in existence an organised and developing political consciousness.

Thus the basic error was the premature injection of an idea with mass movement potential into a multi-centred and politically immature situation.

The lack of contact with the students allowed an immature ultra-leftist element to emerge, and even sometimes to appear to lead. The basic cause of the rapid escalation was, in my opinion, the heroic but ill-advised and provocative march on Derry through the Orange strongholds of Antrim in January 1969. Burnt-out need not have happened. It achieved nothing except to inflame sectarian hatred.

The rate of subsequent escalation exceeded by far the rate at which the republicans could learn their political lessons, with the result that when the armed Orange counter-attack struck in August 1969, the reaction of the republicans was 100% military.

If the movement had been mature enough to react politically, recognising the basic military impossibility of the situation, the British Army would have had to act to disarm the Orangemen. No civilised government in contemporary Europe can afford to allow one armed section of its citizens to slaughter their unarmed neighbours.

If this had happened, the political solution, with options open towards a united Ireland, could have been dictated by the N.I.C.R.A. and Orangeism (i.e. the Protestant Ascendancy principle) would have been discredited for good.

I am not blaming the movement for having reacted with its instincts. I blame those of us who claimed to be far-sighted for not having estimated correctly the degree to which instincts could be over-ridden by political science.

Once August 1969 had occurred, the stage was set for a military come-back under Provisional leadership. My own personal alienation increased in proportion as the "officials" felt that they had to compete in military terms. Even in a situation dominated by Provisional bombings, I felt, and still feel, that political initiatives in the direction of Civil Rights are the main positive thing. The steps between "U.K. civil rights" and "opening up the national options" need to be spelled out and clearly demanded.

This, I feel, is beginning to happen now, with the NICRA in the lead. Anything in the nature of "reprisals" (e.g. Taylor, Aldershot) take the public attention away from such events as the Newry demonstration and its political demands.

The key to the success of any political reform movement (this includes, of course, reform movements which become revolutionary) is that the instincts should be in tune with the understanding. In the "officials" movement now, these forces are, mostly, pointing in opposite directions.

Perhaps belatedly, they will learn that instinctive behaviour is what the British count on when planning the strategy. It is therefore nearly always wrong.

to pay their own tend to get elected. We built up a network of trade union contacts who could sometimes be counted on to turn up with a banner, to support an event.

The basic idea that the English working man is the natural ally of the Irish fight for freedom, for me, needs no further argument; I have the direct experience of having established the alliance, on a local basis and in a small way, but in a visible and real form. The unanimous support of the 1971 British Trades Union Congress for the N.I.C.R.A. Bill of Rights demand, introduced courageously by Andy Barr from Belfast, is one of the fruits of this long period of spade work, with which I had the honour to be associated a decade ago.

* * *

THE RETURN TO DUBLIN in 1963 started with a period of mild euphoria. The scene had changed. There was more prosperity. The internees were out; the Wolfe Tone bi-centenary had given rise to a new look at the republican tradition. I bided my time and made no political affiliations. I remember being impressed by a week of lectures on Wolfe Tone in the Mansion House, organised by the Dublin Wolfe Tone Committee, or "Directory" as it was known then. This had been set up by the Republican Movement to act as a sort of special commemoration committee, and included Harry White, Unsean MacEoin, the late Lorcan Leonard, Eamonn Thomas, Sean Cronin and others. Shortly afterwards I was co-opted.

Discussions in the 1963-64 period searched for some sort of re-statement of political republicanism on a practical basis. We drafted a constitution and set up the "directory" as a Society, declaring its autonomy from the movement proper. Sean Cronin, I remember, resisted this, suspecting a divisive potential. But such a move was a necessity for any sort of forum for independent thought and source of published material to develop.

Our first act, in our capacity as "Fabian Society" to the republican movement, was to try to put in writing what we thought a 32 county republic would look like. We produced a "draft social and economic programme". Unsean MacEoin and Sean O'Bradaigh contributed as well as myself. I remember introducing it, as a guest speaker, at the 1964 Ard Fheis of Sinn Féin in the Bricklayers Hall. It was, basically, a Utopian document, without its feet on the ground of present-day reality. It went through several revisions and appeared as

Country Of The Past



CINEMA
Colin Swainey

IN MANY of Joseph Losey's films, for example, in "King and Country," "The Sleeping Tiger" or "Secret Ceremony," the intruder as catalyst or as destroyer frequently appears. The solitary outsider finds himself enmeshed in a different world, in which he destroys others or is himself destroyed. One recalls how the intrusion of the girl Anna into the enclosed world of Oxford in "Accident" brought fatal results, and the invasion of his master's world in "The Servant" by the man-servant Barrett resulted in the damnation of both. In both these films the scriptwriter was Harold Pinter, and it is worth noting that one of the hallmarks of a Pinter play, for example, "The Caretaker" and "The Homecoming," is the intruder, who becomes a dynamic agent.

Now, in THE GO-BETWEEN (Adelphi), Losey and Pinter have once again taken the same theme and given us the finest film Dublin has seen since last year's "Death in Venice." From the opening shot, with a voice-over saying, "the past is a foreign country; they do things differently there," the film posits the co-existence of different worlds. Trapped in these different worlds is Leo, a lad of 13, and the film charts his loss of innocence as the boy is sacrificed to the sexual rapacity of his elders. Although the structure of "The Go-Between" is

not as complex as that of earlier Losey-Pinter films, nevertheless, the film is complicated by the use of a flash-forward technique, which shows us Leo, making a silent pilgrimage to the scenes of the past, as an elderly soured bachelor, a burnt-out case, his life and hopes destroyed by the events of that past. In form, the film is an investigation of the past, the turn of the century, which Losey presents as an Edwardian summer of light, languid ease and graceful living, a summer that was doomed to end with the guns of August, 1914.

The handsome setting, a mansion and estate in Norfolk, wonderfully captured in the camera-work of Gerry Fisher, is exactly right for these handsome, wealthy and frightfully upper-class people. We see them through the eyes of Leo, a visitor to the estate, during that summer of 1900, and the film underlines the different lifestyles, with its endless and formal rituals—the bathing party winding through the long grass, the household moving in solemn line to church, the set-pieces of the cricket match and the village concert, the discreet and subservient ministrations of the servants. Although the central crisis of the film is an emotional one, at the same time Losey is drawing parallels of a clash of lifestyles.

Beneath the immaculate and untruffled surface, however, a bomb is ticking, and it is left to the young Leo to set it off and let all hell loose. The daughter of the house, Marian, is having an illicit love-affair with Ted, a tenant farmer on

the estate. Leo is flattered by the special attention given to him by Marian, and soon he is being used by her as a go-between, carrying letters from her to Ted. In his innocence Leo is unaware of what is going on, but Marian's mother finally suspects, hauls Leo with her to the farmer's cottage, where they find the lovers in bed. This discovery touches off a tragedy and has a traumatic effect on the boy. It is his first glimpse of the complex world of adulthood, and his first realisation of physical passion.

Thus, like many other Losey films, "The Go-Between" is also the story of an initiation into manhood. Leo's initiation is depicted on three levels: the middle-class boy transferring to an upper-class milieu, the neophyte being shocked into emotional awareness of the ruthlessness of the sexual urge, the innocent finding himself entangled in a world of moral ambiguity and social hypocrisy. The shadows of the adult world darken the golden summer days, and, as the older Leo comments, as he watches his young self: "You flew too near the sun and you got scorched."

As when Losey and Pinter work together so many things are right in this film. Losey's subtle direction, combined with the photography, has created an elegant film, without any of the obtrusive trick effects that have marred earlier films. Pinter's script projects the sense of imminent disaster through his brilliant orchestration of seemingly desultory conversation, and does not distort either the form or the spirit of L. P. Hartley's original story. And the acting in nearly all cases is superb. Dominic Guard, as the young Leo, is clearly a gifted young actor, and a per-



Dominic Guard, Margaret Leighton and Julie Christie in a scene from "The Go-Between," at the Adelphi 3.

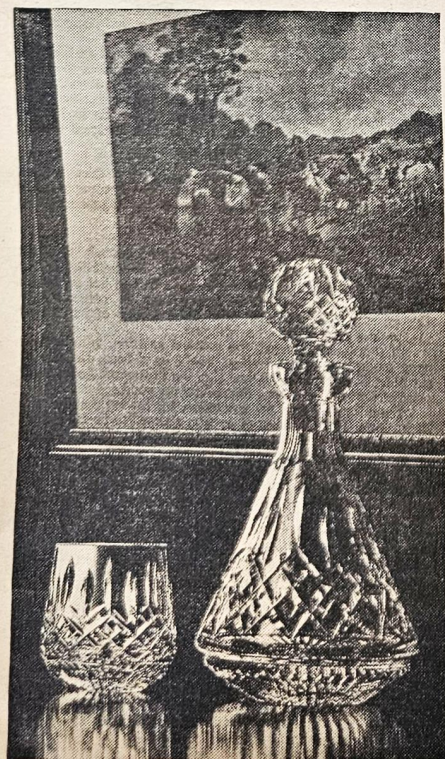
suasive one. Alan Bates as Ted, although the part is only sketchily realised both in the novel and the script, gives a model performance (but it is also a line of country he should now abandon). Julie Christie as Marian becomes a far better actress than she hitherto has appeared. The extraordinary cast is strengthened by Margaret Leighton as the neurotically prescient mother, Michael Gough as the head of the family bound in the rigidity of custom and Edward Fox as a Boer-scarred gentleman who rescues Marian from scandal and the tragedy she has precipitated. "The Go-Between" is a rich and rare film, and what can one say to M.G.M., who financed this film, and then, nervous of its prospects at the box office, despite its success at Cannes, chose to sell it to Columbia for distribution?

THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS, a 50-minute docu-

mentary produced by BAC, with financial assistance from Esso Teo, is director Kieran Hickey's second venture into film iconography. Using the Lawrence Collection of 40,000 negatives, stored in the National Library, he has given us a pictorial survey of Irish life at the turn of the century, the record of the passing of an era when life was much less frenetic and frustrating. One of the more notable aspects of the film is the atmosphere of time in slow motion, of open air and spaciousness, of simple pleasures and tranquility. It cannot, of course, have been all quite like that, and it is to be remembered that the Lawrence photos were mainly concerned with aspects of Irish life that were readymade for tourist publicity. There is no denying the authenticity of the factual material presented, but the film tends to give the impression of a confined view of Irish life. But what

is there is magnificent. We see the people at work and to a greater extent at play, the pattern of rural life seems unchanging out the development of city life is rapid, and the new transport systems, electric trams and motor cars are beginning to leave their imprint on the social fabric.

In selecting and collating the material available, Kieran Hickey, helped by the camera work of Sean Corcoran and Roland Hill, does a fine job of directing. The commentary, finely spoken by Colin Blakely with some inimitable interruptions by Marie Kean in a variety of accents, is overloaded with facts, figures and facetiousness, as is the sound track with unnecessary and intrusive noises of water, sea and motor-engines. Much better to let the pictures speak for themselves, helped by brief and pithy comment, than to have every foot of film filled with sound.



Waterford is a way of life.

Grisly Banality



TELEVISION
Hugh Leonard

PLEASE YOURSELF, but my own reaction to the Eurovision Song Contest is that a man would be better off smuggling down with a good book or a bad woman—preferably the former, since one can always skip ahead and find out how it will end. As I write, this year's contest is still a blessed day away, but less than psychic powers are required to visualise its grisly banality, to know that the decor will resemble a ROSC mobile afflicted with elephantiasis, to see the urbane rictus of the master (or mistress) of ceremonies, and to look on at the fearful succession of songstresses, each one cut from an identical stencil as she unbare her capped teeth, reminding us of an aerial view of Dean's Grange. The purpose of the exercise is, of course, to discover which song celebrates the sex urge with a maximum of inexplicitness combined with a minimum of ingenuity, and there is a certain macabre fascination in watching the various scores being added up with more solemnity than is accorded to Mr. Heath's

"initiative" or an E.E.C. referendum.

The BBC recently gave us a preview of the entries, which were introduced by Cliff Richards. I am usually less than besotted with Mr. Richards, whom I unaccountably regard as the world's tallest midget, but the programme was mildly exciting. It consisted of a succession of taped and filmed clips, each one made in the country where a particular song originated, and the agony was often softened with an accompanying travelogue. Thus, one saw the Norwegian competitor sitting in a sledge drawn by a one-antlered reindeer, bravely miming the words of her song while her face went from chilled blue to frostbitten purple. This, if we must have the wretched contest, is surely the way to do it—not in a format which is as humiliating (and not nearly as funny) as a beauty contest.

I urge both my readers to stay at home on Good Friday evening and watch *The Passion of Joan of Arc*. Dreyer's film was made in 1928 and is as fresh as the Rembrandt drawings on which its compositions are based. The deliberate anachronisms—Joan's tormentors wear helmets which remind one of Mussolini—intensify the

realism, and after seeing Falconetti's anguished performance one can credit the legend that the making of the film destroyed her health ir- retrievably. Certainly RTE needed to make amends for their recent aberration in showing both *Little Nelly Kelly* and *Wings of the Morning* in the same week, presumably to welcome St. Patrick's Day. I have already commented on the belief held by television companies—not only RTE—that on public holidays God causes the tastes of the telly-mass to drop from infantile to imbecilic, and that entertainment standards must be lowered accordingly. Combine this delusion with a plague of rabid hibernophilia, and every TV set in the country becomes a miniature madhouse. One could practically hear every Irish mammy dribbling with wet-eyed delight as Nelly Kelly—from Co. Belvedere by way of M.G.M.—was wafted around the policeman's ball (a dance, sir, not a raffle) by her incestuous old dad. As for *Wings of the Morning*, well, if you watched carefully you could see Bray Bridge—and in colour, what's more, if you had rich friends.

One of the few delights of the week was Eamon Keane's one-man show, *Kingdom Come*. I could have wished him a less cavernous setting—with perhaps a filmed interlude set in Kerry; and when he dropped his walking stick near the beginning, surely a retake was called for. But Mr. Keane's choice of prose and poetry was beguiling: beautifully done, and nicely

presented by Tony Barry, and I cannot wait for Writers' Week in Listowel.

A couple of weeks ago I found myself at the Catholic Television Festival in Monte Carlo. Rain swept down incessantly making the town look like a sodden pizza, and even the judges of the contest were obliged to watch television from time to time. The programmes were, of course, hand-picked, and I realised with some bewilderment that I had seen half of them already on RTE. So our purchasing department is more alert than one had thought, and is sufficiently alive to quality to choose some of the best of foreign programmes before they are nominated for awards. But I implore RTE to buy no more of those abyssmal *Film Premieres*. These are fatty, machine-turned quickies, emulsulated of thought or talent. You will notice that every six or seven minutes there is a blare of music and a pregnant pause, followed by a fade-out. This is where, in America, the commercials occur, and the whole programme is geared towards these moments. The viewer must watch the hucksters with his concentration unimpaired by worrying about whether the bomb will explode, the lovers fall out or the robbery succeed. Dramatic tension is deliberately damped down so that we need not dwell on what has already happened or anticipate what is to come. We don't really need these turdsh offerings, designed for zombies. Couldn't we have re-runs of *Partners in Practice* instead?

My Diary

Mary Manning reviews this year's Theatre Festival



THEATRE
Mary Manning

It wasn't a Festival; it was an orgy of theatre. Twenty-one events in three weeks. The only solution — keep a diary, and your head.

March 14th. Attended opening of the Edwards-MacLiammoir offering at the Gate. It was the world premiere of Fr. Desmond Forrestal's "The True Story of the Horrid Popish Plot." Hilton Edwards was at his best and when he's in top form there's no other director in Dublin within a mile of him. The production was handsomely mounted and beautifully costumed. Dr. M had designed them before his illness. Very good acting from Aiden Grennell and John Franklyn. I wasn't quite sure about Father Forrestal's handling of Charles the Second's domestic life. It seemed oddly cosy and woman's home - company. Also Blessed Oliver Plunkett was too frail and loveable. He was a tough old customer, Plunkett, and a brave martyr, but tough. Frank Kelly's Titus Oates also seemed a bit old-womanish. This horrible creature was a big bellowing bugger with mob appeal. We have our living models for him. Still it was a thoughtful intelligent play and gave us an exciting evening in the theatre. Thoughts of the Spanish Inquisition did run through my mind!

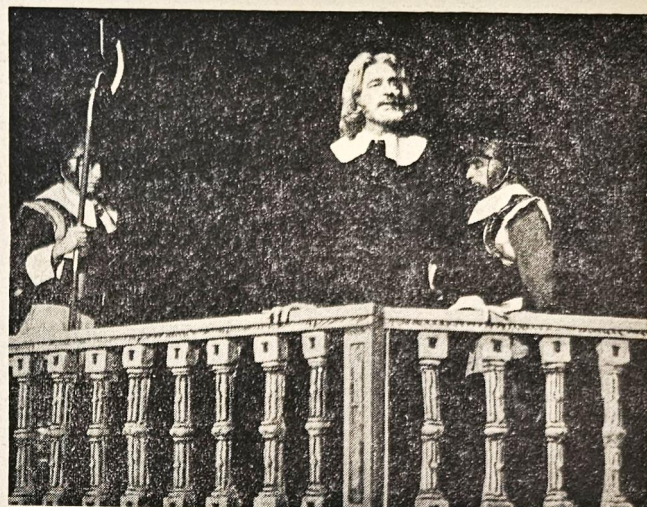
March 17th. To the Olympia for "The Night Thoreau Spent

in Jail," by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee. Rather more for the academic circuit or the small intimate theatre. I say this more in Thoreau than in anger, because I was delighted to see it under any circumstances, having had raves from friends in the U.S.A. It's really a one-man show with incidental characters, but this is right. People were only incidental to Thoreau, who lived his forty-six years, as he chose to live them in solitude, close to nature. "Many of the luxuries and most of the so-called comforts of life are not only dispensable, but positive hindrances to the elevation of Mankind," he wrote. There were those (Emerson's descendants) who have hinted to me that Henry Thoreau, though he asserted he lived on berries, vegetables grown by himself and simple salads, was greatly helped by Mrs. Emerson's kind attentions. She had a habit of leaving apple pies, corn bread and sausage rolls accident-like on the pantry window and Mr. T. used to help himself accident-like in passing. However, Thoreau was a man of real nobility, a brave non-conformist and a good writer. He was one of the greatest of the Transcendentalists. The play was directed by Jerome Lawrence (sensible man) and he was lucky in his leading actor, John Nolan, who gave a virtuoso performance as the hermit of Walden. It's a good thing Thoreau can't see Walden Pond now. It's as close to nature as a Butlin's camp! Liam O'Callaghan looked like Emerson and gave a dignified and compelling interpretation. Mr. Lawrence also performed

a miracle—the play was very well lighted.

March 19th. To the Players-Wills Theatre, which always seems like crossing the Rubicon, though it's only the canal. Here there was a massive crowd and a little trouble about tickets, but kind Mr. Reddy, the manager, produced chairs in the aisle, for which God bless him. It was Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme, a comedie-ballet in five acts by M. Moliere. The production was staged by Maurice Jacquemont, who also played the leading role. The company—Le Troupeau de Paris—danced, acted, sang, played various musical instruments with enormous elegance and verve. We sat through the five acts on rather hard chairs in a trance of delight, with no break whatsoever. No student of drama in Dublin should have missed this production. The perfection of the ensemble playing, the subtleties of the characterisations and the delicious wittiness of the entire conception was an inspiration to anyone seriously interested in the best of European theatre. The play was first produced in 1670 for Le Roi Soleil, just about the time Titus was feeling his oats. I love to think what Moliere would have done with Titus. He came pretty near him with Tartuffe. Thank you, Maurice Jacquemont and your company. Please come next year.

March 22nd. Swept along on a wave of publicised excitement to see "The White House," by Thomas Murphy, the white-headed boy of the Abbey drama squad. A couple of stern previews would have helped here and where is that play doctor? A scalpel was needed to remove at least thirty minutes. Let me murmur in passing that had John B. Keane's name been signed to this play it would have received much less reverential treatment from the critics. If it had been produced anywhere outside the sacred precincts of the National Theatre it would have been soundly panned. As I do not feel necessary to receive Holy Communion before entering the Abbey, let me say at once I found it boring, pretentious, badly constructed and at times in the second half, downright silly. The Pinteresque use of repetition in dialogue has a most insidious effect on our dramatists. It was coincidental, of course, that the first part of the alleged play was called Conversation on a Homecoming. A splendid group of actors assembled to give Mr. Murphy their all and they did. The setting was most impressive, for which we are indebted to Mr. Logan, and the lighting was worthy of the set. Dan O'Herlihy did more to establish himself as a valuable actor in the last ten minutes of the Strindberg play than it was possible for him to do as central figure in the second half of "The White House." But what could he do with



David Kelly as Blessed Oliver Plunkett in "The True Story of the Horrid Popish Plot," by Desmond Forrestal, at the Gate Theatre.

that dialogue? Moving around on an invisible soap box delivering extracts from Kennedy's speeches, which were, in fact, mostly written by a group of talented Harvard professors. I couldn't quite understand Vincent Dowling's direction. Why was the news of the assassination delivered outside the pub, so that the audience missed the dramatic impact on Mr. O'Herlihy, who was standing immobile inside the pub. The result was anticlimax and those banal curtain lines destroyed the effect, for which we had been waiting. Also, I'm sick of stupid clownish priests, even as well played by Philip O'Flynn. I'm just waiting for one brilliant Machiavellian Jesuit to arrive and give them all a run for their money.

March 22nd. The Peacock spreading its tale. Next to the Troupeau de Paris, the most enjoyable production of the Festival. Light-hearted, unpretentious, witty, dirty, blasphemous and splendidly uncommitted to any faction, party, or line of thinking. It was excellently directed by Alan Simpson, to whom credit must also go for clever assemblage of Behan's literary remains. The characters were all suitably disgraceful and amoral. The ladies carried off the acting honours. In order of merit: Joan O'Hara, Eileen Colgan, Angela Newman, Dearbhla Molloy. One criticism: Luke Kelly was not up to the acting role. It needed an actor. In fact, it passionately needed Niall Tobin. Just let Mr. Kelly sing and nobody can beat him at that. There was a lovely set by Wendy Shea and the costumes were suitably bawdy and ghoulis. "Richard's Cork Leg" should run indefinitely. In fact, I can see it off Broadway, with this cast.

March 23rd The Eblana, carrying my gas mask against smokers. I'm delighted that Mr. Gebler has joined me in my lone crusade against smoking in this poorly-ventilated theatre. I think we've won. There was no smoking during this performance, consequently I was able to see the stage. The Gemini production "The Cruiskeen Lawn" was a medley of Myles na Gopaleen and others, arranged by Fergus Lenihan. The real

Myles was an erudite, ruminate satirist and his material does not lend itself to the revue form. I may be had up for blasphemy this time, but I did feel the material was dated, so many of the targets have been replaced by idiocies more relative to our time.

I wish Mr. Lenihan had done his own thing; revue is his métier. Poor Des Nealon had the worst assignment, the singing of flat songs to flatter music. There was a beautiful set by Paul Funge and the production was well lighted and directed and I may say a capacity audience seemed to enjoy it thoroughly. I do think

it might have been better as a late one-man show lasting a little over an hour, based on "The Brother," and Eamonn Morrissey would have been well able to handle it. Jimmy Bartley was a great addition to the proceedings, especially in The Debate. Judging by audience reaction this show will have a long run.

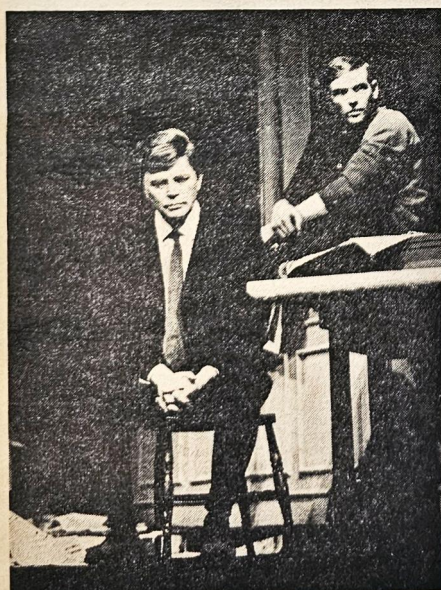
So ends first two weeks of Festival. Everything, of course, will be torn to pieces backstage by this big unhappy family—the Dublin theatre, but let's be fair, Brendan Smith does open a window on to the world.

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Dan O'Herlihy and Bosco Hogan in "The White House," by Thomas Murphy, at the Abbey.



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A Sick-Room Talent



MUSIC
Fanny Feehan

THE LATE H. L. Morrow once described a northern poet as looking like "a pressed flower in a family bible". The description might apply equally well to John Field although he was more of a shrinking violet in some respects. David Branson has written a book in which he produces detailed evidence designed to show that Chopin received much of his inspiration directly from Field, and he makes a good if somewhat laboured case.

If you reach page two of a detective story and know "who done it" there is not really much point in going on with the book and that is more or less how I feel about Chopin and Field. Undoubtedly John Field invented what we know as the Nocturne but, as the sporting gentlemen say, he lacked "follow-through". His Nocturnes are charming and contain some very attractive if undernourished musical ideas. No doubt the fact that Field was rather lacking in physical stamina himself more than contributed to this factor.

On page ten of Mr. Branson's book I found him quoting from that dubious source Grattan-Flood, and a niggling doubt entered my mind because Grattan-Flood produced a very strange history of Irish music and one which most people view with a certain amount of suspicion. It may be unfair to Branson to fault him for calling on Grattan-Flood but evil as much as beauty, is in the eye of the be-

holder, and as I have a very suspicious mind just seeing that name made me tread very warily through the rest of the book.

I must declare that I have always been an admirer of John Field and have thought that he has never really been accorded his due but I think Mr. Branson may have gone a little too far and let his enthusiasm run away with him. Some of his theories come close to wishful thinking, but others are eminently sustainable. I was delighted to see that he has knocked all that tomfoolery about Chopin, George Sand, and the Raindrop Prelude on the head once and for all by demonstrating that Field had used a similar bass pattern in his Polonaises and other compositions long before Chopin had heard of an instrument called piano.

Branson dwells rather heavily on one aspect of Field, namely his skill as a composer for the piano, and by so doing he has prevented himself from writing what might have been a most good reason may have been called the "Racine of the piano and he must have been a very fine if unreliable pianist but Branson has not shown us why this interesting and intelligent man did not develop on stronger lines his talent for creative and original thought. It isn't enough to say that Field was playing so much in public that he had no time to get down to serious writing. Chopin played just as much in public and what about Liszt, Paganini, and even Mahler if it comes to that. All of these were public performers and even if Liszt retired at the age of thirty-seven, Paganini and Mahler lived a very full

life without apparently any lessening of creativity.

Hadow asserts of Chopin that "the want of manliness, moral and intellectual" was his greatest limitation. The same might be true of Field but he also lacked that feminine hysteria which goes a long way to giving Chopin's music its eternal fascination. Liszt wrote very brilliantly of the dance form known to us as the Polonaise and in it may be found the key to Chopin's success as a composer and also alas the lack of it in Field. Chopin carried Poland and its struggles and squalor with him wherever he went but Field shed Ireland and its influence as easily as a snake sheds its skin, and greatly to his eventual detriment.

Branson raises some interesting points which bear thinking about and one of them is the diffuseness of Field's structure. Also, the fact that Field's ear played him false in a way that Chopin's never did, had not previously occurred to me. His predilection for the dominant 7th instead of the dominant chord certainly deprived his music of a strong harmonic foundation. Nevertheless he showed great adventurousness as regards key relationships and one has to admire the grace and ease with which he passes alternative melody to the clarinet in the first movement of the Piano Concerto No. 2. Branson says that this Concerto influenced Chopin's Second Piano Concerto, but Field never shows Chopin's authority and vigour in the orchestral tutti and he was greatly hampered by his lingering affection for Italian influences.

Field's music shows a curious malaise which to this day affects Irish composers. They have the ideas alright, and many of them are better than those of their English or European counterparts and yet apart from Potter, O Riada and Kinsella the actual scale of crea-

tive thought is a small one. They very rarely set the imagination on fire and while I must have regard to the fact that Irish composers of the present day have little or no outlet for their compositions other than R.T.E., such as we have heard to date have not the effect say of Wilkomirski's *Siela 70* which we heard a few Sundays ago in the Gaity. This work was dedicated to his fellow Poles by the composer and it was a work of enormous interest as much for its visual as for its aural impact. It could be dismissed as gimmickry or even pantomime, but that would be to close one's mind to a new method quite unfairly. When the entire string section bowed and proceeded to strike the strings with the flat of the hand one was immediately reminded of a great crowd weaving and waving beneath a platform or on a street, and of flags flapping at a Vanguard meeting. All apparently so harmless and yet with the most sinister of undertones. The distant marching feet which gathered in strength as they grew nearer and more people joined the crowd has been most disturbingly in my mind for the last fortnight as trouble comes closer and closer to our safe snug little haven. I don't suppose it is fair to complain that no Irish composer has given us a piece of music which we could equate with our troubles in the north because after all if you are approaching the eye of a hurricane you don't start to search for a parol.

John Field and Chopin by David Branson is published by Barrie and Rockliffe at £3. It is worth reading not so much for the evidence about Field as for the analysis of Chopin. There is a good index and a bibliography and there are as many musical illustrations as there are currants in a plum pudding.



NEWS IN THE ARTS Maurice Sweeney

THE DUBLIN GRAND Opera Society's Spring season opens next Monday (April 3rd) with a production of Rossini's *La Cenerentona* at the Gaity. The singer to watch out for in the whole season, I'm told, is the young mezzo-soprano from Donegal, Terry Read. She makes her Irish debut with a lead role in *La Cenerentona*, having been in Rome for the past few years, where she was trained and where she sang with the renowned *Virtuosi Di Roma*. Another Irish mezzo-soprano who recently returned to this country is Ruth Maher and she will sing a leading role in Verdi's *Nabucco*, which is being presented on April 4th, 6th and 8th. Brian Dickie, incidentally, was very impressed by Ruth Maher in an audition he gave her before Christmas last and had no hesitation in offering her a good role in Wexford for this year. Perhaps he will soon have the opportunity of listening closely to Terry Read, who would be a very welcome addition, to the rather thin ranks of Irish singers at the Wexford Festival.

Besides the two mentioned

above, the D.G.O.C. is presenting three other operas - "Il Trovatore" on April 10th, 13th and 15th; "La Traviata" on April 11th, 14th, 18th and 21st, and "Manon" on April 17th and 19th. The Italian contingent is, as in previous years, the largest one, their main singer being tenor Iugo Benelli, whom many will know from his appearance at Wexford. Two other important singers who will be appearing are the Spanish tenor, Pedro Forras, and the Japanese soprano, Emiko Kubota.

"CELTIC CHARISMA" is the title of a Group Exhibition of landscape painting in London at the moment, which somebody would do well to give a roof to over here at some stage. Eight Irish artists are taking part, five from north of the border and three from the Republic. They include Kenneth Webb, Margaret Murphy, Margot Leroux, Anne Tallentire, Sara McNeill, Rosalene Birmingham, Clare Cryan and Margaret Hallidan. For anyone in or passing through London who would like to take a look in,

the exhibition is at the Mall Galleries and continues until April 29th.

"FEILE NA MAIGHE," which over the past few years has been growing into one of the most important events for "Gaeilgeoiri," even to the extent of rivaling Club Merriman, will be held this year on April 28th, 29th and 30th. The programme for those three days will largely consist of a tribute to the late Sean O'Riada, who was one of "Feile na Maighe's" most active supporters and the venue is Adare, where the composer spent most of his youth. Claran Mac Mathúna of R.T.E. will officially open the proceedings, followed by a concert featuring Na Filí and Seán Ó Sé. There will also be a lecture by Micheál Ó Ceallacháin on "Ceol Sheáin Uí Riada."

WITH THE publishing world moving back into top gear with their Spring collections, I have been scuffling the lists in search of some interesting titles.

Why a Duck? is an anthology of visual and verbal episodes from the Marx Brothers' films, edited by Roger J. Anobile and published by Studio Vista at £2.50. The same publishers will also be bringing out *The Cinema of Sexual Alienation* (£4.80) by Raymond Durgot; *Pop Art*: In-

ternational Political Posters (£8.00) by Gary Yanker; *Lovers in Art*, by G. S. Whitte; *The Aesthetic Movement: Theory and Practice* (£1.80) by Robin Spencer; and *Futurism* (£1.80) by Jane Rye. New titles in Methuen's Modern Plays series will include Edward Bond's *Lear* (£1.50), Peter Handke's *Kashor*, translated by Michael Roloff (£1.65) and Charles Wood's *Veterans* (price unfixed). Two important music titles coming from Weidenfeld and Nicholson are *Grand Opera*, edited by Anthony Gishford and introduced by Benjamin Britten (£6.00) and Volume III in the 20th-Century Composers series, which covers Britain, Scandinavia and the Netherlands, by Humphrey Searle and Robert Layton. Music titles from other publishers include *The Magic Flute: Masonic Opera*, by Jacques Chailley (£3.75), Bertoz, *Romantic and Classic: Writings by Ernest Newman* (£3.00), both of which come from Gollanz, and *Georg Philipp Telemann* (£3.25) by Richard Pätzoldt, from Batsford.

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HOME HOLIDAYS '72

FISHING

IF YOU intend fishing for salmon on sea trout, the first thing to do is obtain a licence. This costs £4 for all districts for a full season, £3 for a single specified district, full season, £3 for all districts, 21 days, and £1 for all districts, 7 days. Most of the best salmon fishing is in the hands of private owners and hoteliers, and visitors are permitted to fish on payment of appropriate fees. These are generally around the £10 mark per week and as this type of fishing is often booked in advance early application is advised. A licence is not necessary for brown trout fishing or for coarse fishing, but in some places nominal fees must be paid to the local angling association. Quite an amount of brown trout fishing is free, however, e.g. on the large western lakes (Corrib, Mask and Conn) and on the Shannon lakes.

A number of hotels offer fishing holidays, of which the main ones are given below. The rates quoted, it must be noted, are off-season, most of which are in operation only until the end of May.

Sheelin Shamrock Hotel, Mountnugent, Co. Cavan. Weekend £6, week £20. Trout fishing. Boats available for hire from £1 per day.

Isle of Skye Hotel, Kanturk, Co. Cork. 7-£8 with bath, £6 without bath. Week £21-£26 with bath, £18 without bath.

Milford Hotel, Main Street, Milford, Co. Donegal. Weekend £7 with bath, £6.50 without bath.

Port-na-Blagh, Port-na-Blagh, Co. Donegal. Weekend £8 with bath, £7 without bath. Free salmon and trout fishing.

Egan's Lake Hotel, Oughterard, Co. Galway. Weekend £9.45 with bath. Angling weeks and weekends may be arranged at the hotel.

Westpark Hotel, Portumna, Co. Galway. Weekend £6.50 with bath. Week £16.20 with bath. Coarse fishing weeks and weekends arranged at hotel.

Ambassador Hotel, Ballybunion, Co. Kerry. Weekend £8. Mid-week £19.80 (five nights). Salmon and trout fishing on hotel's fishing stretch.

Lakeland Hotel, Ballinrobe, Co. Mayo. Weekend £6.75 with bath, £5.75 without bath. Week £17.50 with bath, £16 without bath.

Breafield House Hotel, Castlebar, Co. Mayo. Sea angling weekends at special rates.

Pontoon Bridge Hotel, Pontoon, Co. Mayo. Weekend £8.50 with bath, £7.50



without bath. Week £20.50 with bath, £17.50 without bath. Game fishing weeks and weekends arranged at hotel.

Clew Bay Hotel, Louisburgh, Co. Mayo. Weekend £5.75 with bath, £5 without bath. Week £16.50 with bath, £15 without bath. Deep-sea angling arranged in Clew Bay or Achill. Trout fishing on Lough Conn,

Mask and Carra at extra cost.

Lake County Hotel, Mullingar, Co. Westmeath. Weekend £5.50. Week £16. Free fishing available on nearby lakes and rivers.

Downshire House Hotel, Blessington, Co. Wicklow. Week £28 with bath (plus 10% service and 5% tax). Rate includes trout and coarse fishing.

Shannon Horse Caravans, Adare, Co. Limerick (Adare 81 and Limerick 47335).

Mr. W. Heverin, Cortoon, Tuam, Co. Galway.

Connemara Horse Caravans, Marquis of Sligo Estate, Westport, Co. Mayo (Westport 130/171).

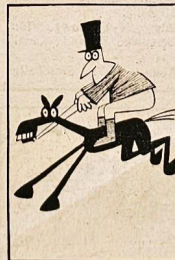
Lyons Caravan Company, Kilmalee, Claremorris, Co. Mayo (Tuam 21360).

Lough Gill Caravans Ltd., Station Road, Dromahair, Co. Leitrim (Dromahair 41).

Gypsy Rover Tours, Heidelberg 3, Ardilea, Dublin 14 (based in Boyle, Co. Roscommon) (984793).

Gypsy Caravans Ltd., Glencaly, Co. Wicklow (Ballyferrier, Co. Kerry, 23).

ON HORSE



THROUGHOUT the country there are numerous facilities available for hacking, trekking, hunting, and in most places riding instruction is also available. The charges for one hour's hacking average around £1.00 and for one hour's riding instruction about £1.00 per person. The charge for a half-day trek is from £2.50. A number of hotels offer riding facilities. These include: **Lakeside Hotel**, Killaloe; **Ardilaun House Hotel**, Galway; **Egan's Lake Hotel**, Oughterard; **Ambassador Hotel**, Ballybunion; **Great Southern Hotel**, Parknasilla; **Kilkea Castle**, Castledermot; **Ballymacanlon Hotel**, Dundalk; **Downhill Hotel**, Ballina; **Hotel Westport**, Westport; **Sail Inn Hotel**, Dromineer; **Five Counties Hotel**, New Ross; **White's Hotel**, Wexford; and **Bel Air Hotel**, Ashford. Special weekend riding holidays are available in some of these.

To explore an area at a leisurely pace a horse-drawn caravan holiday is recommended. The caravans are always fully equipped and are suitable for 4-5 people. The following is a list of

horse-drawn caravan operators:

Bray Caravan Company, 73 Main St., Bray (897601). **Horseshoe Caravans**, Kilmacanogue, Glencaly, Co. Wicklow (Wicklow 8188).

Blarney Roman Caravans, Lancaster House, Western Road, Cork (20088/9).

Cork Caravan Company Limited, Flower Lodge, Ballyntemple (32501).

West Cork Caravan Company Ltd., 27 Rossa Street, Clonakilly (Bandon 43220).

Tipperary Horse Caravans, Monard, Co. Tipperary (Tipperary 51516).

SKIN-DIVING

IN ANY given 20 miles of the Irish coastline you will find locations which are suitable for any type of diver—the beginner, the experienced diver who expects good quality diving from a rocky island or cliff face or the expert who demands depths of at least 200 ft. of water with about 80 ft. of visibility. Conditions are good all round for both underwater photography and spearfishing.

The best diving sites are at Main Bay, Co. Donegal, Achill Island, Co. Mayo, Carraroe, Co. Galway and Kilkee in Co. Clare.

There are approximately 500 divers in Ireland who are catered for by 13 clubs. These are organised nation-

ally in Comhairle Fo-Thuinn or The Irish Underwater Council from which one can get full information—contact Captain Michael Moriarty, 22 Lakelands Close, Upper Kilmacud Road, Stillorgan (Tel. 886653). Manuel di Lucia, O'Curry Street, Kilkee, Co. Clare, takes divers on underwater tours in the area, providing some equipment and unlimited air. Accommodation can also be arranged through him if necessary. Paddy Allen, Courtmacsherry Diving Services, Oldpark, Bandon, Co. Cork, can provide equipment, air, boats and guides for a limited number of divers at any one time. For inclusive skin-diving holidays contact Des Lavelle, Valentia Island, Co. Kerry.

HOME HOLIDAYS '72

WHAT'S ON, APRIL-SEPTEMBER

April 1-4: West of Ireland Amateur Golf Championships, Co. Sligo.

April 2-9: Welcome to Cork Week.

April 3-22: Dublin Grand Opera Society Season, Gaiety Theatre, Dublin.

April 12: Irish Grand National, Fairyhouse.

April 13: Limerick Junction Races.

April 17-22: Oireachtas Drama Festival at An Taidhbheach Theatre, Galway.

April 24-29: Dublin Grand Opera Society, Opera House, Cork.

April 24-30: All-Ireland Amateur Drama Finals, Athlone.

May 2-6: Spring Straw at the R.D.S., Ballsbridge.

May 3-7: Cork International Choral and Folk Dance Festival.

May 6-14: Killarney Pan-Celtic Week.

May 7-14: Clonmel Bianconi Days Festival, Clonmel.

May 8-9: Killarney Races.

May 14-20: Ballinasloe Gala Angling Week.

May 11-14: Howth Sea Fair.

May 22-23: Listowel Races.

May 14: Leinster '200' Motor-cycle Races, Mondello Park, Co. Kildare.

May 18: International Air Race and Rally, Farranfome.

May 19-23: Castleisland Feile Cheoil.

May 20-28: Seafood Festival, Fethard-on-Sea, Co. Wexford.

May 18: Bundoran Lobster Festival.

May 24-27: 105th Annual Show and Industrial Exhibition, Balmoral, Belfast.

May 26-29: Lobster Festival, Bundoran, Co. Donegal.

May 28-June 4: Kilkenny



Beer Festival.
May 31-June 4: Writers' Week, Listowel.

June 2-11: Festival of Wicklow, Wicklow town.

June 3-5: An Fleadh Nua. The Stadium and other venues, Dublin.

June 3-5: East of Ireland Amateur Golf Open Championships, Co. Louth.

June 7-8: Westport Horse Show, Co. Mayo.

June 10-17: Cork International Film Festival.

June 11-18: Festival in Great Irish Houses. Chamber music in two country mansions near Dublin.

June 17-18: International Motor Rally, Co. Donegal.

June 18: Merriman Feis. Feackle, Co. Clare.

June 20-22: Cork Summer Show.

June 21-22: Mallow Races.

June 17-20: Carroll's International Golf Tournament, Woodbrook.

June 18-July 9: Seven Springs Festival, Loughrea.

June 24: Irish Sweeps Derby, Curragh.

June 24-30: Dublin Festival of Twentieth - Century Music.

June 29 - July 2: International 4-day's walk, Castlebar.

June 30-July 9: West Cork Festival, Clonakilty.

July 1-10: Strawberry Fair, Enniscorthy.

July 1: Galway Horse and Connemara Pony Show.

July 1-2: Game Fair, Wicklow.

July 1-5: Galway International Music Festival.

July 9-19: Salmon Festival, Ballina, Co. Mayo.

July 10-18: Strawberry Fair, Enniscorthy.

July 14-31: Avoca Melody Fair, Avoca, Co. Wicklow.

July 15-August 5: Greyhound Racing, Carroll's Derby, Shelbourne Park, Dublin.

July 16-30: Avoca Melody Fair.

July 24: All-Ireland Pipe Band Championships.

July 29-31: Bach Festival, Killarney.

July 30-August 13: Cladagh Festival, Galway.

July 31-August 3: Galway Races.

July 22-29: Bandon Week, Co. Cork.

July 23-30: Shannon Boat Rally.

July 25-28: Fleadh Cheoil na hEireann, Listowel, Co. Kerry.

July 30-August 2: South of Ireland Amateur Golf Open Championships, Lahinch.

July 18: Guinness Oaks, Curragh.

July 29-30: Bach Festival, Killarney.

July 29-August 5: Shannon Boat Rally.

July 30-August 13: Robertstown Grand Canal Festa.

August 5-7: Stradbally

Steam Rally, Co. Laois.

August 6-20: Bantry Bay Festival, Co. Cork.

August 7-8: Irish Golf Cup Finals, Portmarnock.

August 6-10: Gorey Arts Festival (first programme).

August 7-12: Antique Fair, Mansion House.

August 7-September 30: Festival (first programme), Limerick.

August 8 - 13: Dublin Horse Show, R.D.S., Ballsbridge.

August 10-12: Puck Fair, Killorglin, Co. Kerry.

August 13-16: Gorey Arts Festival (second programme).

August 18 - 20: International Deep Sea Angling Festival, Cahirciveen.

August 19: Connemara Pony Show, Clifden.

August 19-September 9: Greyhound Racing, Laurels at Cork.

August 20-27: Birr Vintage Week.

August 24-28: Letterkenny International Folk Dance Festival, Co. Donegal.

August 24-28: Letterkenny International Folk Festival.

August 26-28: Fleadh Cheoil na hEireann.

August 12-25: Yeats Summer School.

September 1-22: Greyhound Racing, Oaks, at Harold's Cross, Dublin.

September 2: The 'Liffey Descent'—a marathon canoe race.

September 2-9: Festival of Kerry.

September 3: All-Ireland Hurling Final, Croke Park.

September 15-October 2: Waterford International Festival of Light Opera.

September 24: All-Ireland football Final, Croke Park.

SURFING



SURFING is a relatively new sport in Ireland which has grown tremendously in popularity over the past few years. There is now an "Irish Surfing Association," in operation, which can be contacted at 'Susswald', Herbert Road, Bray (Tel. 860147); there are also five surfing clubs, the largest of which is the Surf Club of Ireland, 9 Ashton Park, Monkstown (Tel. 805324). The association is adamant in its claim that Atlantic swells produce surfing conditions comparable to California or any of the world's top spots. Which is why the European Surfing Championships in which eight nations will take part, are being held in Lahinch next September.

The best surfing conditions are on the west coast. Waves average 3-12 feet in such places as Lahinch, Spanish Point, Fanore Strand, Louisburg, Achill Island, Bundoran, Tullagh, Glencolumbkille and Rosbeg; 3-10 feet in Reenore Strand, Banna Strand, Ballybunion, Waterville Bay, Inch, Brandon Bay and Ballyheigue, all these latter places are on the south-west coast. On the north coast, Marble Strand, Rosapenna, Portstewart, Portrush and White Rock have good conditions all year round, with waves averaging 3-10 feet. Waves are a bit tamer on the east coast averaging 2-4 feet at

Bray, Brittas Bay and Courtown—and this is only during a storm or strong southerly winds. Tramore Strand, Annetstown, Bunmahon Bay, Barley Cove and Garretstown are a few of the many good locations on the south coast, where waves average 3-10 feet.

Besides the two addresses given above, information can also be had from the following:

South Coast Surf Club, "Clonlara," Lower Branch Road, Tramore, Co. Waterford.

Fastnet Surf Club, 33 Barrack Street, Cork.

West Coast Surf Club, "Inwood," North Circular Road, Limerick.

Rossnowagh Surf Club, Sand House Hotel, Rossnowagh, Co. Donegal.

WATERSKIING

WATERSKIING is an exhilarating sport which is relatively cheap and well catered for in Ireland. At the present moment there are seven ski clubs functioning, and these all provide facilities and tuition for non-members. The charge for a 'run' ranges between 50p-80p, and equipment is generally provided. The clubs are as follows:

Penguin Water Ski Club: At Broadmeadows, Malahide. Contact Miss Rita Ryan, 18 O'Neachtain Road, Drumcondra (tel. 377098/41373). All year round except December.

Dublin Balscadden Power Boat and Ski Club: At the Strand, Malahide. Contact Mr. Adrian Leonard (tel. 302711). April to October.

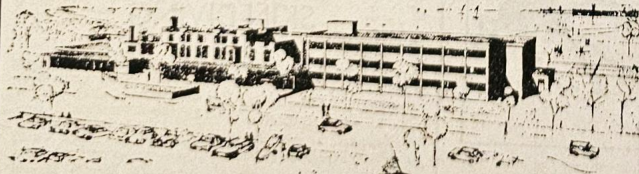
Golden Falls Water Ski Club: At Blessington, Co. Wicklow. Contact Ardenote Hotel, Ballymore, Eustace, Co. Wicklow (tel. Naas 64198). June to September.

North Louth Water Ski Club: At Carlingford, Co. Louth. Contact Mr. Even Henry, Francis Street, Dundalk.

Killaloe Boat and Ski Club: Lakeside Hotel, Killaloe, Co. Clare. June to September.

Cork Power Boat and Water Ski Club: At Kinalea Forest, Coachford, on the River Lee. Contact Mr. Sean Kennedy, Kenloe, Upper Beaumont Drive, Ballintemple (tel. Cork 32411). All year round.

Co. Sligo Water Ski Club: At Hazlewood, 4 miles from Sligo town. Contact Mr. Tony Toher, 20 O'Connell Street, Sligo (tel. Sligo 2896).



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Home Holidays '72



New Street, Bantry, circa 1900, from "The Coast of West Cork," by Peter Somerville-Large. Published by Victor Gollancz, 1972. Price £2.75. This book describes the "Land's End" of Ireland, the bare and beautiful headlands of West Cork, which drive a series of wedges into the Atlantic.



RENT-A-COTTAGE

Rent-an-Irish Cottage, Shannon Free Airport Development Company, Co. Clare. Tel.: Shannon 61555. Weekend: £9.00. Week: £16.00. Based at Ballyvaughan, Corfin, Broadford, Carrigaholt, Feakle and Whitegate. Traditional Irish thatched cottages, all with self-catering equipment, furnishings, linen, etc. Charges for electricity consumption extra.

Goorey Rocks Cottages, Malin, Co. Donegal. Tel.:

Malin 12 or Dunmurry 2876. Three new self-catering cottages by the sea, fully equipped to sleep six to eight people, electric heating, open fireplace in livingroom, turf and wood is provided.

Dates available: 1st February to 30th April, £12.00 (24th March to 26th May.) Extra day: £1.50. Rates include electricity, central heating and fuel for fire.

Mrs. A. McCabe, Sunnymead, Clones, Co. Monaghan. Tel.: Clones 35.

Dates available: 1st March to 31st May, 1972. Three cottages on hillside overlooking hilly County of Monaghan. Each cottage has three bedrooms (two with h. & c., one with bath), dining-cum-living-room, fully equipped kitchen, open fires or electric heating, everything supplied. Week: £15.00.

MOTOR CRUISERS

In some cases weekend hire rates may be arranged during low season, rates vary according to size and type of boat hired and according to time when hired.

Silver Line Cruisers, Banagher, Co. Offaly. Tel.: Banagher 25.

Holland Supercraft, Cloonart Bridge, Newtownforbes, Co. Longford. Tel.: (043) 6633.

Athlone Cruisers, Shanacurragh, Athlone. Tel.: (0902) 2892.

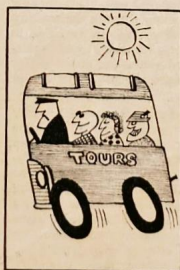
Shannon Cruisers, Cootehall, Boyle, Co. Roscommon. Tel.: Cootehall 7.

Shamrock Cruisers, Cremona, Athlone, Co. Westmeath. Tel.: (0902) 2289.

Book-a-Boat, Belturbet, Co. Cavan. Tel.: Belturbet 2147.

Carrick Craft, P.O. Box 14, Reading RG3 6RB, Berkshire, England. Reservations: Tel.: Reading 22975

Mitchell Marine, Carrick-on-Shannon, Co. Leitrim.



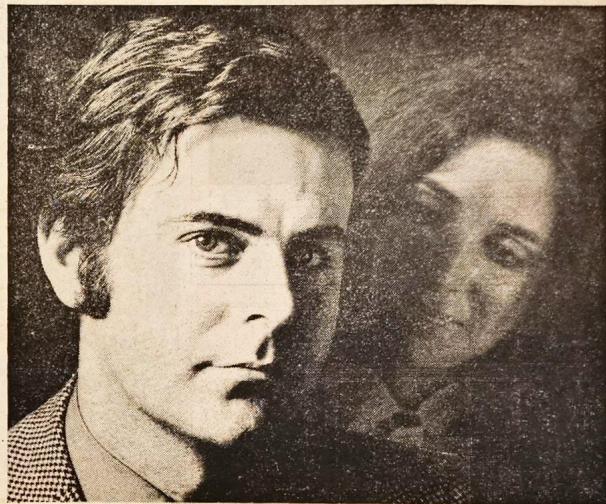
Tel.: Carrick-on-Shannon 172.

Cormacruisers, Lakeland Marina, Killaloe, Co. Clare. Tel.: Killaloe 51.

Cruising Craft (Shannon), Lakeside Marina, Killaloe, Co. Clare. Tel.: Killaloe 65.

Victory Cruisers, Lakeside Marina, Killaloe, Co. Clare. Tel.: Killaloe 51.

Surprise your husband: go off with another man this weekend



Another man? Let us explain.

Your husband works hard for you and the family. Probably too hard. So it's a good idea to get him to relax now and again.

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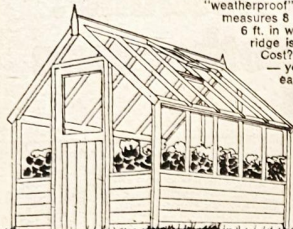
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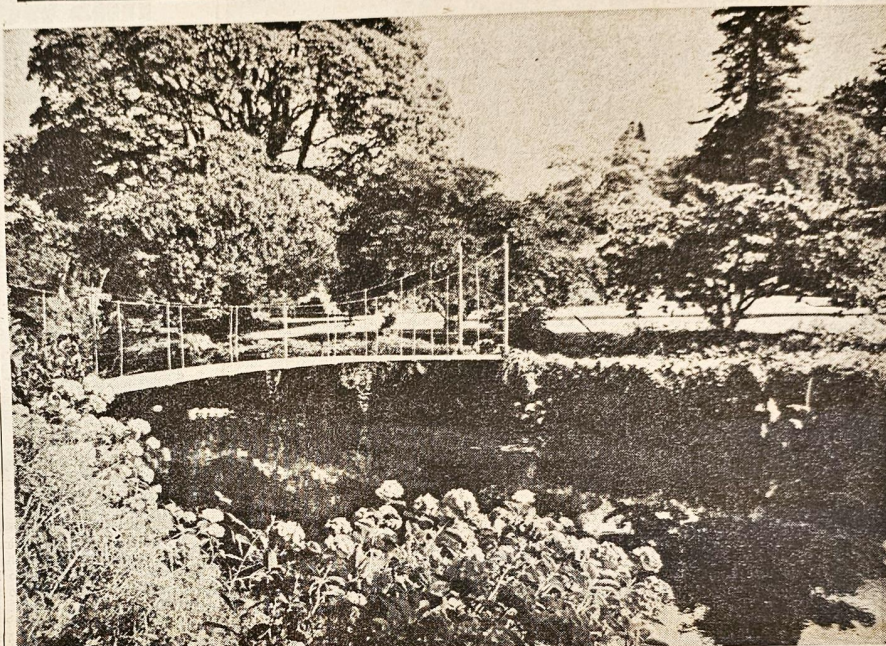
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Finding The Right Design

ANDREW GANLY discusses the subject of Landscape Gardening

GARDENING is amongst the more civilized occupations, productive of beauty and contentment. Many people like to have plenty of flowers and foliage to cut for the house, or like to walk along the paths or over the lawns and admire the shrubs or plants in bloom, but have no wish to do more work than to pull an occasional weed and suffer the chore of grass cutting.

The world of gardening is full of snobs. Dendrologists measure their achievements in terms of height; think in decades and plant for successive generations. Alpinists are frequently concerned with rare and difficult plants which few can induce to flower out of their natural habitat. I once heard a very distinguished gardener, who believed she was the only possessor of a great rarity in Ireland exclaim with the maximum enthusiasm, giving it the highest praise, that, "It has the teeniest, weeniest little flower you ever saw." Well, if some get their satisfaction from magnitude why should others be denied that of minutiae?

Many plantsmen are concerned with growing things superbly well, but have no eye for the general effect; others

despise what is common and easily grown despite its decorative value; more specialise in species, contemptuous of the more spectacular hybrids. The true gardener, however, grows his material well, plans not only for colour through the seasons, texture of foliage, variation in height, surprising and unexpected views, but above all for the achievement of pattern in the complete design.

Some prefer to make their own gardens, first planning them on paper; others develop the layout year by year, rectifying their mistakes in the next planting season. Whether good or bad the result is entirely their own. Incidentally I know a few people round Dublin who have allowed their gardens to spill outside their boundary walls, alongside the footpaths and grass verges with the most charming effects and commendable civic sense.

Owners of new houses may start with little knowledge but Nurserymen are very willing to advise on what is most suitable for situation, soil, site and aspect. The development of Garden Centres, with plants in plastic containers which can be put into the ground at any time of the year, enables the pur-

chaser to see what he is getting rather than depend on the often misleading and over enthusiastic descriptions in sales catalogues. There are many such Garden Centres round Dublin.

To name only two as examples, which is not to suggest they are the best, others inferior, there is **Marlfield Nurseries** at Cabinteely and **Mackeys** at Dalkey. Mr. Stafford Johnson holds the degree of Master of Horticultural Science. While his Nursery is of modest size he specialises in plants in containers for immediate planting; is happy to advise the inexperienced, fully aware of the proper hazards from children, balls and boots. He is associated with Hilliers of Winchester, one of the great Nurseries of the World. From them he will get anything in their catalogue for you and some things which are not listed. He also specialises in aquatics.

Mackeys of Dalkey in addition to their general range, are agents for the great McGredy roses. Dicksons of Newtownards, the other great Irish hybridiser and rose grower, has made little attempt to get into the market in southern Ireland. Go to Garden Centres, see what they have and make your

own choice. Go round all the Nurseries, see things growing and how well they are doing there. Visit gardens which are open to the public, take your note book, but please do not take slips, blooms or cuttings.

A really good design is difficult to achieve. Some amateurs can do it, others not. Professional advice can be enormously helpful. In the Golden Pages of the telephone directory I counted twenty-five firms of professional Landscape Gardeners and Contractors for the Dublin area alone. But professionals, even with University degrees do not necessarily have good taste . . . witness some of the architectural monstrosities with which Dublin has been disgraced in recent years.

In compiling material for this article I telephoned a number of firms. Some I found extremely helpful; others promised information which they did not send; while a few were curiously resentful and rude.

All twenty five firms would claim professional expertise. Do not accept any of these claims until you have talked out your problem with their representative, whether it be ten square yards or as many acres. Then

(Continued on Page 25)

Spring Gardening

(Continued from page 24)

insist upon seeing a number of projects which they have designed, preferably something similar to your own. Only in this way can you assess the value of the advice and work for which you will pay, remembering always there are common or garden chancers in plenty who will rob the ignorant and delude the innocent. Do not assume the most expensive firm is necessarily the best, or the least expensive the best value.

Some firms are specialists. **Goulding Recreation** are interested in large scale projects, and can provide you with instant trees twenty to thirty-five feet tall. If you have the money I have no doubt they could surround your house with an instant jungle . . . though I suspect you might have to provide your own plastic boa constrictor, mechanical monkey or artificial singing bird. However if you know Sir Basil Goulding well enough you may persuade him to supply you with speci-

mens from his own personal collection.

Irish Forest Products Ltd. have forty acres at Kilpoole Nursery where they grow some millions of forest trees, and run a contract planting service. They have ten acres at Glen O'Downs Nursery, where they have also a large collection of trees and ornamental shrubs. Mr. R. Wickham, N.D.H., Dip. Hort. (Kew) is their Landscape manager. They also specialise in the construction of rock gardens.

A well made rock garden, unless the site is a planted up natural area is rarely seen. An elementary knowledge of geology is essential and the stone used must be laid well into the ground so that the stratum is consistent with what nature would have done over several millennia . . . this even on the smallest scale . . . so that the seen rock has the appearance of an outcrop, however clothed in plants. A walk round the suburbs will show hundreds of plum puddings with rocky almonds stuffed into the sur-

face. That is satisfactory only to slugs, snails, wood lice, other pests and the owners.

I have recently returned from visiting my daughter in New South Wales where I saw many exquisitely beautiful flowering trees and shrubs, but there was almost a complete lack of feeling for their proper use as part of a planned design. Amongst these beauties salvias, marigolds, tagetes and other formal bedding horrors were freely used in a climate where almost anything will grow, given a little extra water during dry periods.

However in Sydney I did learn something of value. In the window of a philanthropically minded garden centre I saw four notices side by side.

Indian Famine Appeal—
Give Generously
Queensland Flood Appeal—
Give Generously

Sex Appeal—
Give Generously
Garden Appeal—
Give Generously

With this last sentiment I am in complete agreement.

GARDENING BOOKS

A FAMILY OF ROSES, which was published at the beginning of this year, is the story of the McGredy family from Northern Ireland who have become supreme in the art of rose breeding. The author, Sam McGredy, is fourth in the line and with Sean Jennett has written an account of the world of roses, illustrated by Gillian Kenny. The book is published by Cassell at £2.75. Also from Cassell is *A Gardener's Dictionary of Plant Names* at £3.00.

David and Charles have a very formidable list of gardening books, the latest additions to which include A. J. Huxley's *Garden Terms Simplified* (£1.25), *An All The Year Garden* (£1.75) by Margery Fish, and *Fine Flowered Cacti* (£1.75) by F. R. McQuinn. *Roses* (55p) is a new title in the Hamlyn Concise Guides series and contains full-colour illustrations and descriptions of 85 individual pieces. Studio Vista have published *Orchid Care: A guide to Cultivation and Breeding* by Walter Richter at £2.50.



Flowering Cherries (£3.15) by Geoffrey Chaband is a very lavishly illustrated volume from Collins, who have also published *A Botanist's Garden* (£2.50), which has been written by the distinguished botanist, John Raven. The book covers over 1,000 plants grouped under botanical families and illustrated.

Indoor Gardens and Window Boxes, published by

Butterworth at £1.25, has been specially written by Jisela Gramenz for those who have longed to cultivate indoor plants, but have never known where to start and for all flat dwellers who have only a balcony or a window box. It is illustrated with detailed line drawings.

From Mowbray's is a complete guide to trouble-free gardening, *Semi-Detached Gardening* (50p) by W. E. Shewell-Cooper. And from Macdonald at £1.40 is *Decorative Horticulture*, a description of the methods of preparation and open growing of decorative plants by J. B. R. Evison.

Other titles of interest to gardeners include *Grow Your Own Fruit and Vegetables* by Lawrence D. Hills from Faber at £2.50; *The Complete Rosarian* by Norman Young, from Hodder and Stoughton at £2.75; *The Pocket Encyclopaedia of Chrysanthemums in Colour*, by Stanley Gosling, published by Blandford at £1.50; and finally, Pelham Books have published *Collecting Antique Plants* (£1.75) by Roy Genders

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Two Of A Difference

I seem to have hit a lucky streak in car testing during these past months. It is a long time since I have encountered a dog — a lemon — a sheep dressed in wolf's clothing. This fact at once impresses and depresses me; I am delighted the industry is churning out such a high standard of offerings but I am uneasy lest my reports — tho' honest — begin to read like the pat-a-cake, ash-tray-falls-readily-to-the-hand mush beloved of certain contemporaries.

I did, nevertheless, like the 3000E even more though the Capri's, as a clan, have never grabbed me. There is a great deal of urge in this yoke as one might well expect from no less than 2,994 c.c.s tugging a mere 21 cwt. You can quite easily induce wheel-spin until you learn to be less leaden-footed with the gas pedal for there is a fair amount of twist available at those back wheels and less than 45% of the car's overall weight bears down on them.

It is seldom I speak of a car's exterior looks; all the world and its Mum must now be able to recognise a Capri without narrowing the eyes and I think the sole major

difference in this one is that they have fitted Minolite-type wheels. Ford was lyrical about these in their glossy advertising and many motoring scribes have echoed this admiration; to me, they bring a touch of the boy racer—the Flash Harry — to what is otherwise a most pleasing ensemble. Incidentally, this model must enhance the Capri reputation for having great appeal to women; powered, as it is, with this monster motor which gives it the acceleration many girls, I am told, find stimulating, it will rank high in the passion-wagon stakes alongside such exotica as the Jensen, the E-type Jaguar, the Lamborghini, and mobile aphrodisia of like nature.

The finish is very good, inside and out, and the interior is remarkably comfortable; I liked the furniture and the layout and the heated rear window which comes as standard. I admired the instrument arrangement tho' I thought the switchery was a trifle hit and miss; the ideal set up is to have the switches in a bank and not deployed at what seems random hither and yon so that one is hidden beside the steering column and an-

other over to the far left and so on.

Ford have done quite a lot with the handling even if this thing is by no means a sports car in this respect; as I said once, in a finely-turned paraphrase, "out of live rear axles and semi-elliptic springs, there cometh no sports cars". But a compromise has been arranged; they have softened the springing a little to help disguise the harshness of this rear-end even though this has added to a certain vagueness about what that end is really doing. It is not unduly difficult to induce axle tramp and the car is essentially an undesteerer but, applying a reasonably tight wrist and a no-nonsense approach, it will do what it is told even in very wet wet. So much so, in fact, that this highly-unoriginal back-end arrangement is really only obvious when one gets the thing up and running fast on a broad highway; then the well-known float about the fore-and-aft axis manifests itself and you can almost hear the ghost of Fred De Dion murmuring: "But of course."

All in all, a very pleasant car up with which it would be no strain at all to put. BUT BESIDE the Ro80, the Capri and, indeed, practically everything else in the market place is strictly from the past. This NSU is, I think, the most modern motor car I have ever driven; it is also, and I have paused for thought before formulating this, the finest handling production model I have yet encountered. And, I may also add, it is in the top three of the cars I would most like to own and has even nosed

out the splendid BMW 2000 from its niche in my Walter Mitty dreams.

Not, oddly enough, because it has the Wankel engine — which is to say that its motor is to the conventional i/c engine as the prop-driving internal combustion aeroplane is to the pure jet — or the other way round. Quite apart from that engine, of which more later, the road-holding, the instant obedience and the comfort of this car place it in a class all of its own. You can do — and I did — things with this machine that would make the conventional suspension whimper for mercy — what time it was transporting you through the hedge and, probably, upside down at that. This Ro80 is not only viceless but there is not even the hint of a tiny aberration. It handles quite, quite superbly and, I fancy, would be an astonishingly good motor car with any one of a half-dozen conventional engines.

From whence do these virtues come? Well, for a start, the front are the driven wheels which, to mix a metaphor, get it off on the right foot. The suspension is independent and great care is taken to isolate wheel drive from wheel suspension as much as possible. Unlike many front-wheel driven cars in which care is taken with that front end and the back wheels are given relatively scant thought, the rear end of the Ro80 incorporates trailing arms and vertical struts; allied to all this is a very long wheelbase and a very low c. of g. plus an aerodynamic shape that must be well-

nigh perfect — the car, believe me or believe me not, is virtually impervious to crosswinds. The braking system is a dual system, dually fail safe, operating on in-board front discs and orthodox rear; I need scarcely add that it is servo assisted. The power steering is amongst the best of its type I have yet met; as the speed goes up the feel comes back in the same manner as in the XJ6; you are always in contact with the road.

Because of the relative smallness of the Wankel engine, even in dual rotor form as in this car, the bonnet line can sweep down from the screen and this enhances the splendid visibility which is another feature of the model. That engine, for those who might not know, has none of the pushing, shoving, rocking up-and-downing, clanking gadgetry of the conventional motor. Instead, it consists of a figure-of-eight shaped chamber in which a triangular rotor, eccentrically mounted, sweeps in such fashion that the tips of that rotor are always in touch with the chamber's sides. The area enclosed by one side of the rotor and the inner surface of the chamber thus form a cavity in which, as it spins, the conventional induction, compression, ignition and exhaust functions are performed. In the Ro80 twin rotors are used and these give it, effectively, a capacity of almost two litres.

The sole shadow on the landscape is that the Ro80 is far from easy on gas — I imagine 16/17 is about the per-gallon figure if you keep shoving it. A pint of oil is

also required at virtually every time you fill the gas tank but, to offset this, it is never necessary to change the oil.

The finish, the fittings, the seating and the general look of this car are all, to me, in a class which perfectly complements the modernity of the engine. I enjoyed it enormously, one 200-mile drive in the middle of the night (in which I found the lighting of as high an order of efficiency as everything else) I shall long remember. Whispering through the darkness effortlessly and quietly, the road slipping back whitely beneath you like an endless belt, emerging, at journey's end, much fresher than one would have thought possible. What a splendid motor car.

CAPRI 3000E

Engine V6; 2994 c.c.; C/R 8.9:1 developing 138 bhp at 5,000 and 174 ft/lbs torque at 3,000 rpm (both DIN). Front mounted driving rear wheels.

Dimensions: O/length 14'; O/width 5'5"; O/height 4'2". Weight 21.7 cwt.

Costs: £21,180 (UK, £1,721) Road tax £50.

RO80

Engine: Twin-rotor Wankel rotary engine; nominal capacity 1,990 c.c.s; C/R 9:1; Twin choke carbs; developing 113.5 bhp at 5,500 and 117 ft/lbs torque at 4,500 rpm (net). front mounted, driving front wheels.

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A Deficit Budget?

FOUR YEARS AGO—before the sterling devaluation—the Irish economy was outpacing its British counterpart, in relative terms, in most important measures of economic progress. We were enjoying a faster growth rate, our balance of payments was fairly close to equilibrium and our foreign reserves, relative to the volume of trade, were far larger than the U.K. equivalent. The turnabout since that time is dramatically illustrated by the different conditions which now face Mr. Colley in preparing his budget, compared to the conditions which allowed Mr. Barber last week to introduce a wide ranging reflation of the British economy. In essence devaluation has been used in Britain to the economy's advantage. In Ireland it has been allowed to cause inflationary havoc and completely reverse our performance relative to the U.K.

The latest economic forecast from the E.S.R.I. team of T. S. Baker and P. Neary certainly brought little cheer to the Minister for Finance: — "The prospects that Gross National Product in 1972 may be only 14 per cent higher than in 1971, that economic activity may be no higher in the final quarter of the year than it was at the end of 1971, and that unemployment may rise sharply in the second half of the year comprise a gloomy macro-economic projection. However, within this general framework, the outlook for particular sectors is even worse. The tourist industry, including transport, is likely to suffer a massive reduction in income, while many other sectors of industry are also facing severe difficulties.

The authorities themselves face the prospect of current budgetary problems, in that their planned levels of expenditure and their commitments to meet financial losses incurred in the semi-state sector will now be accompanied by a level of revenue considerably lower than could have been predicted a few months ago."

With this sort of forecast in front of him, the Minister must be wondering how he can balance the budget without deflating the economy still further. If stemming the rise of unemployment is his prime consideration—which indeed it must be—where is the finance to plug the bad spots to come from? Surely the answer at a time like this, is that the Minister should not be afraid to leave the budget unbalanced for once.

Although it is not the only reason, the principal reason for the Minister's difficulties is the economic effects of the Northern violence. And although he has no guarantee that they will not continue and thereby become commonplace, he must treat them as exceptional and react with exceptional remedies. A deficit budget has always been frowned upon in Ireland and in normal times there is every justification for this attitude. But unusual conditions demand unusual actions, and the Minister must face up to this.

There is one other great difference in the approach of Mr. Barber and Mr. Colley to the task of framing the budget. The former approached his task in a fundamental way, incorporating sweeping changes in taxation and introducing measures of a bold and quite radical nature. The same type of attitude is well nigh impossible for Mr. Colley because he represents an administration that has been in office now for almost fourteen continuous years. He would have to possess a deep original streak personally to carry through even minor reforms, in such circumstances.

Nevertheless if he doesn't bring some fresh thinking to his budget on April 19th, the outlook for the latter part of 1972 will be very bleak indeed.

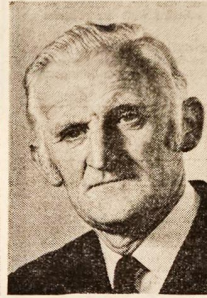
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CORK MARTS/I.M.P. IN TROUBLE

A Special Correspondent

TO GET THE WHOLE Cork Marts-I.M.P. set-up into perspective, it is necessary to go back to the mid-sixties. Cork Co-Operative Marts Limited was originally set up in 1956 by a group of Cork farmers to help facilitate the marketing of cattle, sheep and pigs in the County Cork area. Cattle marts were opened in Bandon and Fermoy in 1957 and at Skibbereen, Middleton and Millstreet in the following year. Mallow was opened in 1959 and to accommodate livestock for export, a 108-acre farm was bought just outside Cork city.

The Group took its first step outside the Cork boundaries in 1965 with the amalgamation of Dungarvan marts and two years later with the Cahir mart when Macroom and Mitchelstown were also brought in.

Having satisfied its initial aim of improving the marketing of cattle in the Cork region by establishing marts, it was probably not surprising for Cork Marts to consider going one step further by expanding vertically into meat processing.

However, before anything could be done, the prospective sale of International Meat Packers came up. By no stretch of the imagination was this an ideal purchase for the £1 million Cork Marts Group. The only other possible buyer in the field, the much larger £2 million Clover Meat Organisation, opted out. And it was not that I.M.P. was going cheap. The £4 million price tag was backed by only £2½ million of net assets and a widely fluctuating profit re-

cord, which was then in the process of nose-diving from a record level of £600,000 in 1967 to a mere £20,000 in 1968.

Even the siting of I.M.P.'s factories, 150 miles away from the Cork region, was very unfavourable. But the most extraordinary thing about the whole deal was the danger of excessive illiquidity for the enlarged Cork Marts Group.

As it was, Cork Marts received £2.6 million cash from its invitation to farmers to subscribe with commitments for a further £0.7 million. This easily covered the initial outlay of £2 million. However, dividends since paid to the old I.M.P. shareholders amount to £400,000. To this has to be added an estimated £900,000 from the first two instalments on the purchase money paid in December 1970 and December 1971. Capital expenditure has been kept down, but still comes to £1 million since 1968, mainly incurred on the new Middleton plant.

It thus only takes a matter of simple arithmetic, deducting the cash inflows and adding on the cash outflows to the £2 million bank overdraft which Cork Marts inherited in I.M.P., to force one to the conclusion that the I.M.P.-Cork Marts Group must now be in a very serious cash position.

And as so often happens when a company overextends itself in taking over another company, the management resources are just not there to deal with the situation. The radical re-alignment of I.M.P., a previously purely profit-making concern, that was needed to fit it into the co-operative movement just did

not happen. I.M.P. just sailed along under its existing management as if nothing had happened.

Jerry Beechinor, Cork's General Manager, was known to be increasingly unhappy with the situation. In 1970, he suggested that "the mere ownership of the two largest meat plants in this country was not enough." The new Middleton meat plant was not, as had been indicated, developed inside the I.M.P. Group, but by Cork Marts itself, under the management of its own appointee, Patrick Ronayne.

Last year, Arthur Young & Co. was brought in to advise on the organisation structure of the Group. This report only came to hand at the beginning of this year and probably gave Cork Marts the final leverage to get rid of both Terry Kennedy and Brian Kernan, I.M.P.'s chief executives.

Despite the cancellation of its Israeli contract and the lay-off of over a quarter of its employees, the problems facing I.M.P. are still immense. Losses continue to mount up despite the cut backs. The number of cattle killed had actually halved in the first weeks of 1972 against the similar period last year.

The central problem is, of course, the price discount of from £1 to £2 a cwt., which Irish-killed meat makes on the London market. This has persisted since meat exports started in the early 'fifties. This problem, however, only comes out into the open when the U.K. price of cattle goes over the standard price, as now. Then the subsidy paid to the Irish factories is withdrawn and as a result these

factories have to face open competition.

Meat processing is an obvious source of long-term employment in Ireland, but the persistent heavy discount on Irish meat in the U.K. will have to be overcome before the full employment potential is realised. A more co-ordinated approach by Ireland for competing meat exporters would help here.

Cork Marts—I.M.P.'s critical financial position is the main spectre overshadowing the whole meat industry at the moment and probably what dictated the proposed loan of £1 million being offered by the Government. The Meat Exporters' Association did not, in fact, ask for the loan, so the sum is primarily geared to save Cork Marts—I.M.P. from collapse. In the more medium term to save employment, what is needed is a subsidy to cover at least some of the discount on Irish meat in London.

In the longer term it is up to the meat industry itself to eliminate the persistent discount on Irish meat to ensure its own healthy survival. Or will the Irish Government step in and monopolise the meat export trade, as it did with butter, despite E.E.C. rules against this? One wonders if Frank Quinn saw all this coming.

In order to fulfil the blind faith of the unfortunate shareholder, the Cork Marts Management Committee should make an immediate disclosure of the true financial situation and the likely benefits of any proposed remedial action. As trustees for the farmers, this is the least that can be expected.

NORTHERN BANK LIMITED

HEAD OFFICE: 16 VICTORIA STREET, BELFAST, BT1 3GQ

Extract from Chairman's Statement on 23 March, 1972

Mr. W. L. Stephens, D.S.C., V.R.D., D.L., in his statement to shareholders: "Last year was a difficult one for a number of reasons, but I think that we can be satisfied with the progress achieved."

The coming year is likely to be another difficult one but we look forward with confidence. We have an able and willing staff and the resources necessary to enable us to play our full part in the banking sphere."

Extract from Consolidated Statement of Accounts—
31 December, 1971

Issued share capital	£	6,000,000
Reserves, less investment suspense account net of taxation	£	14,506,000
Current, deposit and other accounts	£	164,585,000
Notes in circulation	£	12,109,000
Investments	£	48,626,000
Advances to customers and other accounts	£	105,602,000
Trade Investments	£	230,000
Fixed assets	£	5,144,000

	1971	1970
Profit before taxation	£ 3,794,000	£ 3,686,000
Taxation	£ 1,567,000	£ 1,575,000
Profit after taxation	£ 2,227,000	£ 2,111,000

Appropriations		
Dividends	£ 795,000	£ 795,000
Retained Profit (Northern Bank Limited and Subsidiaries)	£ 1,432,000	£ 1,316,000
	£ 2,227,000	£ 2,111,000

Crowe, Wilson and Company Ltd.

Highlights from the 1971 Annual Report

- *Profits before tax up from £85,700 to £220,370;
- *1971 annual profits rate: £290,000;
- *Dividend total; 20% for eleven months (15% for previous year);
- *One-for-five scrip issue and share split to 10p units.

For copies of the Report and Statement of Accounts, please write to The Secretary, Crowe, Wilson and Company, Limited, 26, Lower Bridge Street, Dublin, 2, Ireland.

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WE HAD a most interesting discussion over port the other night. It started when old Major A. asked me if I had heard who was to be Chairman of Cement/Roadstone Holdings, and it ended with a general review of the young Turks in business nowadays. Most of the members share the opinion that there is hardly a man jack amongst them that possesses the wit — and ability — to guarantee a fruitful progeny from the shot-gun affair that brought Cement and Roadstone into the same bed.

After the death of Sean Lemass, Gunnar Larsen took over the chairmanship of Cement/Roadstone "for a temporary period". And while he has shown no great urgency in preparing to vacate the chair, I doubt if he will postpone his ultimate retirement much beyond the next A.G.M. which is due in mid-May.

The first decision concerns whether to elevate one of the present board to the chair or to "go outside" for a successor to Sean Lemass. If the former course is selected it could mean rotating a nominee from the cement "side" with a nominee from the Roadstone "side" or it could result in a compromise like Bob Willis who represents the 10% interest that Irish Life hold. The trouble with selecting young Bob is that it would appear that the Minister for Finance had too much a say in the running of the company — an ill founded assumption but one nevertheless that could be as embarrassing to Bob as to George Colley. Anyhow, I doubt that Bob would have the time to spare for this exacting responsibility.

Personally I can see little hope of genuine integration within the company unless an outside chairman is selected — a man who would be strong enough to insist in all cases on what is best for the overall group. And I imagine that one of his first acts might be to appoint a chief executive for the group to co-ordinate development and to cut into established "reservations".

Three names penetrated through the cigar smoke and were considered as potential for part-time chairman. Frank Lemass, Con Smith and Liam Devlin. But one surprise suggestion which tantalised everyone (and caused a furious rotation of the decanter) was the name of Charlie Haughey.

Three other names recurred in the preferences for a new chief executive—all by the name of Michael as it turned out: Michael Dargan (Aer Lingus), Michael Killeen (I.D.A.) and Michael O'Keefe (O'Flaherty Holdings).

The discussion became heated after this—and I was happy enough to retire to the Billiard Room.

NOT VERY LONG ago I read the suggestion from the Financial Editor that Mr. Colley should cut out income tax at the lower levels. I don't know if the Minister will have the wit to follow this sound advice but I see the British Chancellor has now made this an important feature of his budget. I think our Financial Editor may have been thinking in terms of the morality of taxing lowest incomes today. (In fact members have commented of late on a dangerously pinkish hue in his economic reasoning.) For myself, I am too old to pretend that moral questions mean anything to me. What worries me about the pittance that is deducted weekly from the serving maids here, is the damned inefficiency of the business. And on top of this, we can't get them to work late (over-time) because they say they are "only working for the Government".

I have taken the trouble, therefore, to get comparative figures on the current level of Irish income tax and the new post-Budget level as now applies to the U.K. And if they read my advice in the Bogside, they will have yet another sound reason to think hard before they rush into the Republic.

INCOME TAX SINGLE PEOPLE

	U.K.	Republic
On £500	Nil	£35
" £700	£33	£97
" £1,000	£123	£175

MARRIED COUPLE

	U.K.	Republic
On £600	Nil	Nil
" £700	Nil	£9
" £1,000	£69	£114

I'd happily wager, that if all income tax on incomes

below £1,000 p.a. was eliminated, the saving in collection costs would be greater than the tax lost. And I might persuade young Rosie here to stay on late at night.

THERE WERE SOME murmurings in the club at the time of the John Daly/Beamish and Crawford talks, when several shares were traded while shareholders were still in the dark about what was going on.

You may recall that I suggested that the Stock Exchange should look into it—but of course they did not. As I said then, it is not a question of anyone making a killing out of it—but it is a question of standards. And if standards are not maintained then transgressions of a more blatant nature are only encouraged.

The recent trading in Irish National Assurance shares is another case that deserves the scrutiny of the Stock Exchange. Irish National shares were traded at 40p on January 17th, and at 45p on January 19th. This is as high as they had been for several years past. On Friday, March 10th, they were 50p bid, and on Thursday, March 16th, they traded at 55p. Then on Tuesday 21st, the day before the announcement that New Ireland would bid for the shares it did not already control, some shares changed hands at 60p.

I don't think it should be necessary for the Stock Exchange to investigate dealings in all and any shares prior to every bid situation. But I do believe that

an occasional investigation would warn off those who are tempted to break the city code—apart altogether from breaching the confidence placed in them.

THERE ARE TWO useful lessons to be taken from the latest move by Tonge McGloathlin to escape the grip of Ken Bates and the Irish Trust Bank. The first is the desirability of always having a good proportion of shares still unissued in a company. The second is to have a set of Articles which allows the Board full discretion to issue shares when they want to, without reference to other shareholders.

Glancing down through the Stock Exchange list, I notice several companies where these conditions do not exist at this moment. For instance the authorised capital of the following companies is all issued and fully paid up: Irish Tanners, Irish Wire Products, Irish Aluminium, Irish Oil and Cake. This is not to suggest that any of them is open to take over. In fact in each of these companies, the majority shareholdings are very well controlled. But I notice how little flexibility there is in J. and G. Mooney. The authorised capital there is £500,000 and £486,000 has already been issued. And another narrow margin exists in Irish Distillers, where £2,271,319 worth of shares are issued from the £2,500,000 authorised.

In some Articles the issuing of extra shares to an out-



ON SATURDAY, Roberto, commonly regarded as the best three-year-old colt in the country, makes his first appearance of the new flat racing season, Easter Saturday at the Phoenix Park has always drawn people back to racing who have not seen a horse in action since November, and the presence of a great horse will create the kind of atmosphere that attended the Gold Cup victories of Arkle.

Roberto has to start at odds on, and therefore will not represent a betting proposition to many racegoers. However there are many thousands of pounds tied up in ante-post bets for the Derby and the 2000 Guineas and evidence of the horse's

well being is crucial at this stage.

The 2000 Guineas will be run four weeks from Saturday, and the Derby 37 days later. The half mile difference in distance between the two races is reflected in the current prices on offer about the three main contenders. Roberto is at 5/1 for both races, whereas Crowned Prince is 7/4 for the Guineas and 3/1 for the Derby. Yaroslav, potentially the best stayer of the three, is 8/1 for the Guineas but only 5/1 for the Derby. A convincing win on Saturday will shorten Roberto's price for both races and I recommend ante-post wagers in both cases, before 4.0 on Saturday afternoon.

Moneybags

side interest requires a special resolution. In that case 75% of those shareholders present and voting, must agree with the extra issue of the shares. If Tonge's Articles had contained this provision, the Irish Trust Bank could certainly have blocked the deal with Dublin Glass.

Before the new issue of shares, the Irish Trust was thought to have held about 22% of the voting stock; the directors held about 5% in their own names and a further 13% in family trusts. There were also some substantial institutional interests like Irish Life (35,000 shares), Norwich Union (30,000), Imperial Tobacco Pension Trust (30,000). And James Stafford Jnr., holds about 46,000 shares.

Joe Wallace, of Dublin Glass will now control 25% of the enlarged equity, so that he has in effect taken over Tonge McGloughlin and got himself a quotation on the market to boot. But I don't believe it will end there. Dublin Glass have been working hand in glove with Smith and Pearson on contract work and, at working level, the ties between the two companies have been very real.

Joe Wallace now has the choice of competing with Smith and Pearson or merging with them. I think the latter is the more likely course. But we may not have heard the last of Ken Bates yet.

◆ ◆ ◆

YOU'D BE SURPRISED how many members of the club associate speculation on the Exchange with mining shares in companies at the other end of the world. Far-away hills are green, of course, but I prefer a speculation where I can keep at least half an eye cocked to it. And my eye this week is cocked to Freedex, the shares of which have slumped to only 8p. If they go any lower, the certificates will be cheap enough for wallpaper.

Freedex shares were originally offered on the market at 35p — back in 1965, I think it was. After that, they went to a high of

58p in '66 and again in '68. But they have been on the slide ever since and now hold the dubious distinction of being the lowest price share (which, of course, is not the same thing as the best-valued share) on the Dublin Stock Exchange. As a matter of interest, the

next-lowest price is Greenmount & Boyne, at 10p, then Brittain Group at 12p and then Martin Mahony at 14p. A motley collection, indeed, but nevertheless of interest to the gambler.

Freedex results are due in the next few weeks and will certainly be bad — the in-

terim statement was depressing and the interim dividend passed up. I imagine the final dividend will be passed up, too. The management record certainly does not inspire confidence. And with the Moher family holding 35-40% of the shares a surprise

takeover is unlikely. Nevertheless I have a hunch about this situation. **Ronnie Kavanagh**, who is one of the chief executives there, was one of the toughest and most durable players that Irish rugby has every known, and I'll be surprised if Freedex beats him. But that

is not the reason why I'll switch Lady Pamela out of those Daggafontein mines (now also down to 8p) into Freedex. My reason is related to a well-proven maxim on the exchange: "sell on good news, buy on bad." In other words, don't run with the pack.

When you're the best whiskey around...

The word gets around...

and around...

and around...

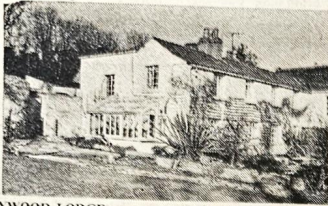
and around.

CRESTED TEN



Linger over it. We did.

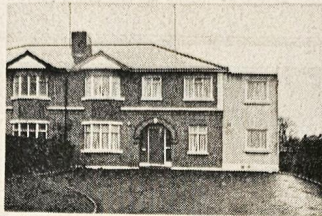
RECENT PROPERTY SALES



**CHERRYWOOD LODGE,
BRIDES GLEN ROAD,
SHANKILL, COUNTY DUBLIN**
Period-style residence with
gardens of about 1 acre, situate
some 9 miles from Dublin.
Cloakroom, sitting room,
television room, dining room,
master bedroom with bathroom
en suite, 3 other bedrooms,

second bathroom and toilet,
fitted kitchen.
Outside: Conservatory, formal
gardens, enclosed yard with
stabling, ample stores and
2 garages.
R.V. £22,50.

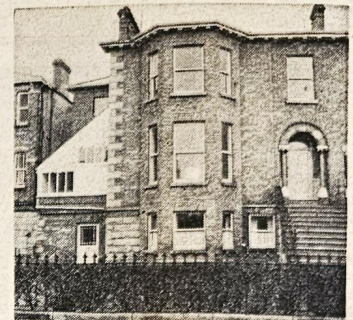
JACKSON-STOPS & McCABE.
Sold for £21,100.



**SPRINGBANK,
ST. THOMAS ROAD,
MOUNT MERRION**
Porch, 2 cloakrooms, study,
large lounge, diningroom, large

livingroom, breakfastroom,
kitchen, 6 bedrooms, 2bathrooms,
boiler house, private gardens.
Freehold, R.V. £27.
Sold for £14,000.

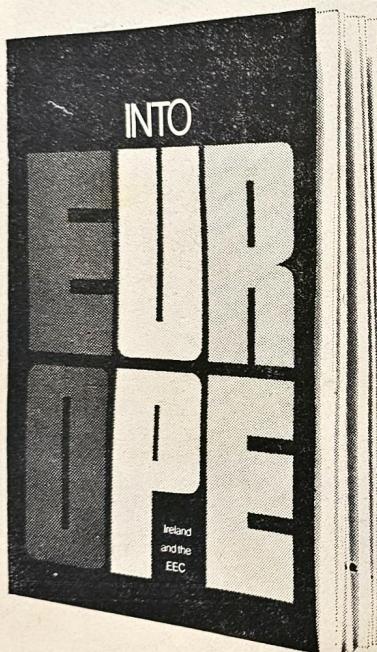
HASSETT AND ASSOCIATES



**64 NORTHUMBERLAND
ROAD, BALLSBRIDGE,
DUBLIN 4.**

Property divided into three
gracious self-contained residential
flats and sold with vacant
possession of hall and first floor

flats: garden flat let unfurnished
at £15.81 per month; potential
development site at rear.
Lease 150 years from 1877.
G.R. £7 p.a. R.V. £67.
OSBORNE KING & MEGHAN
Sold for £25,500.



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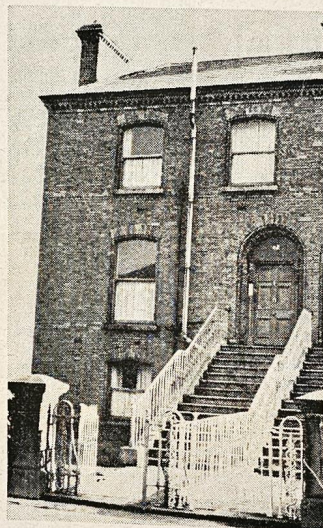
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**42 NORTH CIRCULAR ROAD,
DUBLIN 7**
Corner brick House divided
into furnished lettings producing
£2,035 a year.
FINNEGAN MENTON.
Sold for £13,700.



**13 CALLARY ROAD,
MOUNT MERRION,
CO. DUBLIN.**

Semi-detached residence with hall,
drawingroom, diningroom, study,
breakfastroom, kitchen, pantry,
four bedrooms, bathroom, second

w.c., detached garage, fuel
store, w.c., garden front and
rear.
Long lease. G.R. £15.
R.V. £34.
LISNEY & SON,
Sold for £10,750.



**13 LOUVAIN, ARDILEA,
ROEBUCK ROAD**
Detached residence with L-shaped
lounge, with dining area, three
bedrooms, fully-fitted kitchen,
bathroom, two w.c.s, garage,
landscaped gardens.
Long lease. G.R. £23.50.
RV £38
FINNEGAN MENTON.
Sold for £13,000.

An open letter from **Lyon**

Len
Jackson



You possibly don't know much about us at Lyon
House. We're a bunch of architects, engineers,
quantity surveyors, people like that. But we've been
here in Finglas Road for the past 8 years and we've
built up a sizeable town around us. We're building too
in Robinhood Estate in Clondalkin, in our Dublin
North Wall Estate, in Cork and in Castlebar.

From my office window, I can see some famous
names: Siemens, Rank Xerox, Smurfit, Gestetner. We
like the company we keep and we're proud of our
record. We have constructed over 80 factories,
warehouses and offices throughout the country. In real
terms, that means that we have helped to provide
3,200 new jobs for Irish people and to inject new
capital into the economy.

Our industrial estates are cosmopolitan places;
not just Irish, but American, English, Continental
businessmen find it worthwhile doing business with
us. And we're not simply skilled builders. First, we're
flexible. We build to a client's specifications and to a
fixed all-in price and will guarantee to complete the job
by an agreed date.

Second, we provide a comprehensive service of
specialised skills. We prefer to be approached at the
very start of the job, while the client is still trying
desperately to weigh the competing advantages of
different sites. Site location is a skilled business; we
make it our business.

Finally, with our diverse experience, we can be of
immense help to any industrialist in sorting out
exactly what he needs in a new building or extension.
We have repealed Parkinson's Law!

With due humility, we like to think that Lyon
and Irish industry are growing together, helping the
country to a new prosperity.

We don't like the trumpet-blowing bit, but we are
the leading private industrial development group in
Ireland.

It you would like to talk it over with us, I should
be glad to hear from you.

Len Jackson

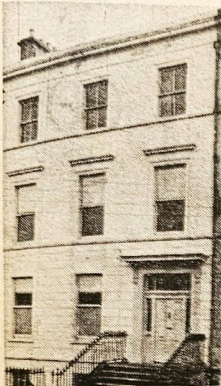
Len Jackson, Director.

Our address is: Lyon Group Ireland Ltd.
Lyon House,
Finglas Road, Dublin 11.



**18 CARISLE AVENUE,
DUNNYBROOK, DUBLIN 4**
Bijou/Mews-style Residence.
Livingroom, sittingroom, kitchen,
2 bedrooms, bathroom, sep. w.c.,

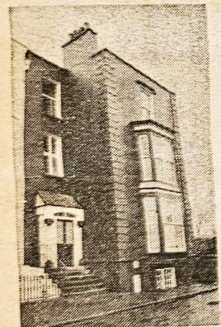
large store-room.
Lease 480 years from 1865.
G.R. £5. R.V. £12.
HASSETT & FITZSIMONS.
Sold for £11,750.



**18 LONGFORD TERRACE,
MONKSTOWN.**

Three-storey-over-basement house
converted into three flats.
Garden level—four rooms,
bathroom, w.c. Hall—three rooms,
bathroom, w.c. 1st floor—three
rooms. Top floor: four rooms,
bathroom, w.c.

Held free of rent. R.V. £62.
JOHN D. VALENTINE
Sold for £11,100.



**1 HADDINGTON TERRACE,
DUN LAOGHAIRE**

Four-storey end of terrace house.
Sixteen rooms, kitchen, two bath-
rooms, three w.c.s, rear garden.
Freehold. R.V. £62.

FONSO SWEENEY & SON,
Sold for £15,300.



**50 WELLINGTON ROAD,
BALLSBRIDGE, DUBLIN, 4**
Three-storey City Residence
with valuable Mews Site at rear.
Accommodation: Hall Floor,
3 rooms.

Top Floor: 3 rooms.
Self-contained garden Flat.
1 Livingroom, 2 bedrooms,
bathroom and w.c.

Kitchen.
Freehold. R.V. £45.
MURPHY BUCKLEY & KEOGH
Sold for £16,100.



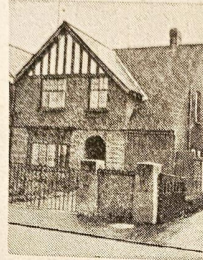
**11 ARDAGH AVE.,
BLACKROCK, CO. DUBLIN**
Dormer Bungalow—Corner
position. S.D. Hall,
sittingroom, diningroom,
kitchen/breakfastroom, three
bedrooms, bathroom.
Outside: Walled gardens,
fuel store.
Long lease. G.R. £1260.

R.V. £21,50.
DOCKRELLS.
Sold for £6,500.



4 COLIEMORE ROAD, DALKEY
Two-storey double-fronted house
with lounge, sittingroom,
breakfastroom, kitchen, two
bedrooms downstairs, four upstairs,

bathroom with w.c., separate w.c.,
laundry room. Outside: Gardens
front and rear, garden hut.
Long lease. R.V. £28.
HASSETT & ASSOCIATES.
Sold for £10,000.



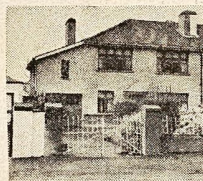
**34 WILFIELD PARK,
BALLSBRIDGE**
Semi-detached dwelling.

2 reception rooms, conservatory,
breakfastroom and kitchenette,
4 bedrooms, bathroom, sep. w.c.
Outside: Gardens front and rear,
garage, tool and fuel stores,
and w.c., and side entrance.
Lease 150 years from 1935.
G.R. £10. R.V. £24.

SHERRY & SONS.
Sold for £8,700.



**28 GREYGATES, MOUNT
MERRION, CO. DUBLIN**
Semi-detached house. Accommoda-
tion includes entrance hall, cloak-
room, drawingroom, diningroom,
kitchenette, four bedrooms, bath-
room and separate w.c.; outside
garage, fuel house, w.c.,
gardens front and rear.
Long lease. G.R. £14.
R.V. £275.50.
MURPHY, BUCKLEY, KEOGH.
Sold for £11,500.

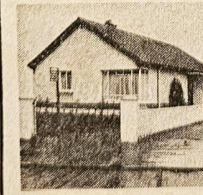


**11 CLONKEEN ROAD,
DEAN'S GRANGE.**
Semi-detached, double-fronted
residence. Hall, drawingroom,
diningroom, breakfastroom, study
or telephone room, fitted kitchen,
five bedrooms, bathroom, separate
w.c. Outside: garage, two
tool-sheds, garden front and rear.
Lease 500 years from 1946 subject
to £12.00 p.a. R.V. £34.00.

HAMILTON & HAMILTON.
Sold for £9,200.

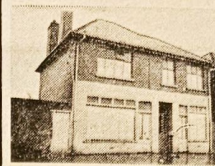


**1 MILLTOWN BRIDGE
ROAD, CLONSKEAGH**
Semi-detached corner house with
entrance hall, cloakroom, w.c.
and w.h.c., drawingroom, dining-
room, patio, fitted kitchen with
pantry, four bedrooms, bathroom,
hot press, w.c. Outside: garage and
garden.
JAMES H. NORTH.
Long lease. G.R. £10.
R.V. £22.



**57 RATHDOWN AVENUE,
TERENURE, DUBLIN 6.**
Detached bungalow with drawing
room, diningroom, kitchen, two
bedrooms, bathroom, large rear
garden, garage.

R.V. £25. G.R. £16.
OSBORNE KING & MEGAN
Sold for £10,150.



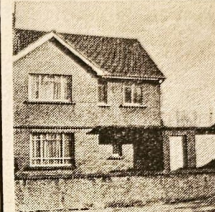
**151 DRIMNAGH ROAD,
DUBLIN 12**
Premises with residential quarter.
Two shops, two stores.
Separate entrance to
accommodation which includes
sittingroom, kitchen, four
bedrooms, bathroom.
Enclosed rear garden.
Lease 21 years from 1964
at £700 p.a. until 30/11/74
and £750 for remainder. R.V. £36.
FINNEGAN MENTON.
Sold for £9,000.



**10 ST. MOBHI DRIVE,
GLASNEVIN, DUBLIN 9.**

Semi-detached residence with
three reception rooms, four bed-
rooms, kitchen, bathroom,
separate w.c., garage, gardens
front and rear.
Long lease. G.R. £10
R.V. £29.

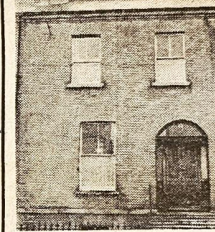
HASSETT & FITZSIMONS
Sold for £11,750.



**30 SOUTH HILL,
DARTRY, DUBLIN**

Semi-detached dwelling.
2 reception rooms, breakfastroom,
kitchen, 4 bedrooms, bathrooms,
sep. w.c.
Outside: Gardens front and rear,
garage, fuel stores and side
entrance.
Lease 900 years from 1949.
G.R. £16.80. R.V. £30.

SHERRY & SONS.
Sold for £8,500.



73 GROVE PARK, RATHMINES

Accommodation: Hall level:
2 rooms; bathroom, sep. w.c.,
return room.
1st Floor: 3 rooms. Garden
level: Sep. entrance, 2 rooms.
Outside: Small yard, w.c.
Title: 500 years from 1895.

G.R. £4. R.V. £30.
LISNEY.

Sold for £9,300.

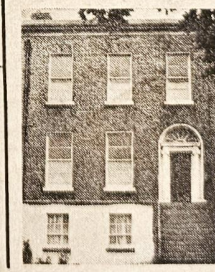


8 RICHMOND ROW, DUBLIN 8.

Residence adjacent to Portobello
Harbour. Accommodation: Entrance
hall, sittingroom, bedroom, kitchen,
bathroom and w.c. 1st floor:
sittingroom and bedroom.

Freehold. G.R. £4.

COSTELLO & FITZSIMONS LTD.
Sold for £4,400.



**169 RATHGAR ROAD,
RATHGAR.**

Two-storey over garden level
residence converted into three
self-contained flats. Hall flat—two
large rooms, bathroom, separate
w.c., kitchen. Top flat—three rooms,
bathroom, w.c., kitchen. Garden
flat—two rooms, lumber room,
bathroom, w.c., kitchen.
Long lease. G.R. £5. R.V. £45.

DANIEL MORRISSEY,
Sold for £1,000

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