

CEIRANNACH

JOURNAL OF THE IRISH ASSOCIATION



THE IRISH COLLEGE IN PARIS

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GREENPEACE

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EDITORIAL

Welcome to the belated fourth edition of an tEireannach. We hope that the new format, with no price increase, will atone for our backwardness in coming out. The last meeting of the Association took place on Sept. 16th. Issues discussed included the organization of this magazine, the 'Soirée Irlandaise', Irish classes and fund raising. Obviously the existence of a lively and relevant magazine depends on the involvement of a large number of contributors and helpers. Articles, letters, details of coming events and so on should be sent to Le Journal Irlandais 127 rue Pelleport, 75020 Paris, by Dec. 1st. Offers of assistance in the typing and laying out of the paper will also be gratefully received.

The evening on the barge was an almost unqualified success. It is never possible to please all of the people all the time, but it seems a good crack was had by all, despite the conflict between disco boppers and trad. jiggers during the changeover between band and disco. We hope we had the balance about right.

The Irish classes are now underway. At present we can offer courses at the advanced and intermediate levels, and hope to start a beginners' course in the near future. Anyone interested in attending should telephone 42.04.15.13. Our main problem is still the lack of proper premises, not only for the classes but for other activities too. We would be very grateful if anyone could come up with a place we could use perhaps once or twice a week. Finally our thanks to Aine and the rest of the team for their tireless efforts in getting this issue typed and printed.

SEAMUS RUDDY DISAPPEARS

On May 10th, Seamus Ruddy, a founder member of this Association, did not arrive to teach at the language school where he worked. Since then, he has contacted neither family nor friends, no one has admitted responsibility for his disappearance, and the police do not seem to have carried out serious investigations. Seamus, who was born in Newry, came to Paris in Dec. '83 and found work as an English teacher. He soon became a prominent and popular member of the Irish community, working for better conditions in language schools with the C.G.T., and being a prime mover in the founding and initial organisation of the Irish Association. It was largely thanks to his energy and commitment that this newspaper was conceived, and the Association passed from being just something talked about in the bar, to a reality. His disappearance has inspired a certain amount of speculation in the Irish press, and an almost complete silence in the French media. Most journalists favour the line that he was killed or kidnapped

as a result of an internal feud in the I.N.L.A. Seamus was a member of the Irish Republican Socialist Party, the political wing of the I.N.L.A., for a number of years but grew disillusioned with the new leadership, quit and left for Paris. It is certainly true that at about the time of his disappearance another I.R.S.P. member was shot at in Ireland, an I.R.S.P. Councillor received death threats and an ex-member was beaten up in Paris. Whatever the explanation may be, the simple fact remains that a man has vanished, and the police have been slow to act. Seamus's girlfriend, who now lives and works in Ireland, visited Paris and complained to the authorities. She was shown pictures of unidentified bodies in the city morgue, but no public investigation was launched.

The Ruddy family have stated that the attitude of the I.N.L.A. has also been contrary and unhelpful. When challenged with responsibility for his abduction or murder, they first claimed that he had been "taken back to Ireland to face an enquiry", then issued this disavowal, published

in the Irish Times on Aug. 16th: "After exhaustive enquiries in the Newry area we find no evidence to suggest that members of the I.N.L.A. were involved. We are issuing this statement to clarify our position in this matter".

Why the exhaustive enquiries were held in Newry and not Paris has, however, never been clarified.

It is similarly fruitless to speculate on the reticence of the Police. Do they know what happened to Seamus but do not wish to involve themselves, or have they in fact chosen to ignore the affair? An article published in September's 'New Hibernia' links the official silence with continuing embarrassment felt by the French authorities over the 'Vincennes Three' scandal, when three suspected members of the I.R.S.P. were arrested on apparently fabricated evidence, were then released amid considerable publicity. Eversince, the article suggests, the French have been chary of interfering with the Irish community. If they truly fear another scandal, would it not be more logical to start a murder enquiry, rather than face the charge that people can disappear under suspicious circumstances in the capital of France, and the Police do nothing.

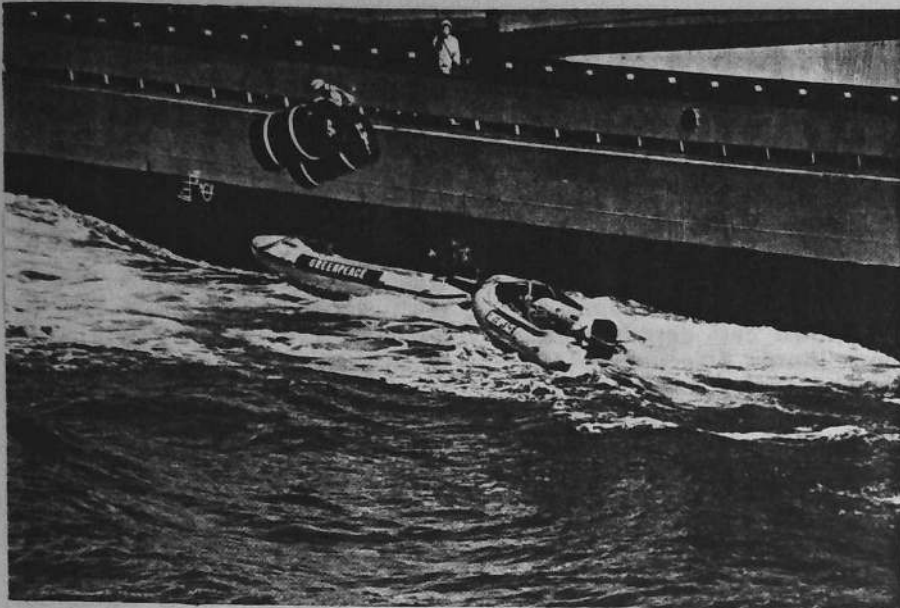
Back in Ireland, Seamus's family and girlfriend believe he is dead. They have asked repeatedly for his body to be returned to them for burial, but they have met with "uncooperative and heartless" refusals to help. For their sakes the truth must come out. We join with them in asking for the return for his body, and demand that the police begin a full investigation or reveal what they know, so that speculation can end, and Seamus's family and friends can mourn for him properly.



An t-Eireannach est édité
par l' Association Irlandaise
9, rue de l'Indre - 75020 Paris
Association sans but lucratif
(Loi 1901)

GREENPEACE

France in Hot Water



Another narrow escape

Greenpeace is no stranger to danger. It was founded in 1971 in Vancouver by a group of Americans and Canadians who decided it was time to do something about the U.S. nuclear tests being carried out then at the tip of the Aleutian Islands, just off the Alaskan coast. It was this protest which first drew attention to the group and, because the U.S. subsequently suspended testing in the zone, proved that determined action, though peaceful, can harass and embarrass the 'Nuclear Powers'. This genuine concern for the environment plus a highly charged mixture of daring and optimism is the fuel that feeds all of Greenpeace's missions.

Its members have gone to great lengths to advance the cause. During their protest action against the Dutch dumping ship, the 'Rijnborg', two barrels of toxic waste, weighing one tonne apiece, were thrown onto a dinghy, destroying it and almost killing the greenpacifist (see photo). In 1980 on a mission against Spanish whale hunters the 'Rainbow Warrior' was boarded and searched by the Spanish Navy and then detained for five months at the military port of El Ferrol (Franco's birthplace) in the northwest of Spain. A piece of the engine confiscated by the authorities was replaced by another, manufactured meanwhile in England, and the ship escaped causing embarrassment in Spain and mirth among conservationists. As a direct result of this campaign Spain voted in favour of a moratorium on commercial

whale hunting which is to go into effect this year. The Whale Hunting Industry, however, is bitterly opposed to the moratorium. The main culprits are Russia, Norway and Japan. The Russians arrested seven members of an antiwhaling expedition for having illegally landed in Siberia. They were released after five days. Last October two members chained themselves to the deck of an ex-Russian trawler, the 'Dorby', and unfurled a banner which read: "USSR - Respect the Moratorium" (see photo). In an effort to embarrass the Japanese government, members in the U.S. launched a boycott of Japan Air Lines. At sea they have put themselves between the harpoon and the whale.

Hence one of Greenpeace's most formidable weapons is imagination. They have scaled the highest chimney in Europe to focus attention on the dangers of acid rain, sprayed indelible green paint on seals to make the skin worthless and ballooned into East Berlin to protest against Soviet nuclear arms testing. Whilst governments ignore the warnings Greenpeace explores the solutions. When beaches were being closed in the south of England because of radioactive slicks that had leaked from the Sellafield (formerly Windscale) nuclear reprocessing plant, it was Greenpeace who plugged the pipeline that pumped the waste into the Irish Sea. Although fined heavily by the British government for this action the organization benefitted from the publicity and subsequent increase in membership. Each protest brings new adherents. At the moment the figures are as follows:

U.S.A.	: 600,000
W. Germany	: 300,000
Holland	: 75,000
Austria	: 57,000
G.B.	: 40,000
Canada	: 30,000
Australia	: 23,000
N.Z.	: 10,000
France	: 6,000
Switz.	: 5,000
Belgium	: 3,000
Spain	: 3,000
Lux.	: 2,000
Denmark	: 30
Sweden	: 20

The bombing of the 'Rainbow Warrior' in New Zealand and the ensuing scandal in France has

Banner: "USSR - Respect the Moratorium"



filled the French newspapers these past few months. France seems to be little concerned about the death of the Portuguese photographer. The big question is : Who gave the order? For 'reasons of State', however, the truth will probably never emerge. The new director of the DGSE, General Imbot, said recently : 'There has been a plot to destabilize and destroy the intelligence services. From now on, anything you hear in the press does not come from intelligence agents.'

A lot of what we have heard already has been dubious and misinformed. Certain elements of the press have conducted a smear campaign against Greenpeace by claiming that it is Soviet funded (see press clippings).

de très nombreux compagnons de route du Kremlin. L'équipement photographié sur le pont du navire-amiral de Greenpeace laisse d'ailleurs planer de sérieux doutes sur ses intentions pacifistes.

Paris Match

J'affirme que Greenpeace est infiltrée par les pays de l'Est.

le journaliste de France Inter Gilbert Picard affirmait que le photographe portugais tué dans l'explosion, Fernando Pereira, était un membre du Mouvement pour la paix, dont on connaît les affinités avec l'URSS.

Le Matin

bateau de Greenpeace? Ecologistes trop bien équipés pour être honnêtes?

Le Point

In an interview with Thierry Maous, the Paris office's Co-ordinator of Activities, we learned that Greenpeace categorically denies the Soviet funding allegation and defies anyone to prove it. We learned also that the organisation is seriously considering setting up an office in Ireland, most likely in Cork. This would be a welcome venture even though Ireland is 'Nuclear Free'. It all depends on whether The London Conference on Toxic Waste Dumping bans such practices in our waters. If not Greenpeace could well go ahead and set up its first base in Ireland.

David Connaughton

Etes-vous un bon agent du transport?

Il n'y a pas longtemps on m'a abordée dans le métro. Normal vous diriez, il y a tant de violence personne n'est en sécurité. C'était une enquête à propos de l'accueil, de ceux qui ne paient pas leur titre de transport, et si je voulais voir la réintroduction de la peine de mort pour ces derniers etc. Parlons plutôt « accueil ». Un questionnaire m'a été envoyé par les responsables du recrutement pour le transport en commun que j'ai l'honneur de vous faire voir.

1. Etes-vous sourd?

- (a) rarement,
- (b) souvent,
- (c) quoi?

2. Etes-vous aimable?

- (a) cela m'arrive,
- (b) comme une porte de prison

3. La dernière fois que vous avez souri, c'était:

- (a) la semaine dernière,
- (b) il y a longtemps,
- (c) je ne me rappelle plus.

4. Quelles phrases font parties de votre vocabulaire habituel?

- (a) bonjour,
- (b) merci,
- (c) il n'y a pas de quoi
- (d) s'il vous plaît,
- (e) aucune

5. Etes-vous capable (sans rougir) de continuer à lire votre journal, Télé 7 jours, jouer au tiercé, choisir les dates de vos vacances etc... quand une grande queue de gens se forme?

- (a) oui,
- (b) avec difficulté

6. Aimez-vous:

- (a) les arabes,
- (b) les africains,
- (c) les européens
- (d) les orientaux,
- (e) votre concierge,
- (f) personne

7. Quelqu'un vous demande des renseignements, vous répondez:

- (a) pas ici,
- (b) là-bas,
- (c) nous, on ferme,
- (d) je n'ai pas que ça à foutre

8. Combien de temps faut-il mettre pour répondre à une question?

- (a) quelques minutes,
- (b) vous attendez que le con se fâche

9. Quelqu'un n'a pas la monnaie, vous dites:

- (a) vous n'avez pas plus petit,
- (b) je n'ai pas de monnaie non plus,
- (c) voyant le billet venir vous faites exprès de ne pas le voir et vous servez 25 personnes avant de l'en informer

10. Vous voulez travailler pour nous pour les raisons suivantes:

- (a) sécurité de l'emploi,
- (b) 13ème mois,
- (c) voyage moins cher,
- (d) congé payé,
- (e) contact humain,

Pour être accepté il faudra avoir répondu:

- 1 (c); 2 (b); 3 (c); 4 (e); 5 (a); 6 (a) (b) (c) (d) (e) (f); 7 (d); 8 (b); 9 (c); 10 (a) (b) (c) (d).

Augustine



REPORT FROM PARIS, TEXAS

Paris Arkansas, Paris Idaho, Paris Illinois, Paris Kentucky, Paris Maine, Paris Michigan, Paris Mississippi, Paris Missouri, Paris New York, Paris Pennsylvania, Paris Tennessee, Paris Virginia, Paris Ohio . . . Paris Texas, the biggest one after Paris France.

It has a population of 27,000 people with 114 churches. Its a very business-oriented town (agriculture has given way to industry on the whole); its the capital of Lamar County (the region); it is situated in the north-east of Texas, and has more of a historical background than its biggest neighbour, Dallas, about 200 kilometres away. It has therefore, nothing in common with the film of the same name which gave the impression that it was a one-horse town in the middle of nowhere. Mind you, some car rental agencies in Dallas had never even heard of Paris Texas, so Wim Wenders wasn't only fooling those of us on this side of the Atlantic.

We (Alex Jordan and Noreen O'Shea) spent the month of August here doing a report on life in small-time America. Here are some thoughts on the experience. The temperature was about 100 Degrees Fahrenheit most of the time; so once you get over the 12 hour journey, you have the heat to contend with. However, after the dollar, air-conditioning is king so you try to organize your day without too much change in temperature. The next near heart attack situation is the price of everything. In order for two people to survive (with no frills attached) you need about 80 dollars a day. One thing you don't have to worry about is the possibility of spending too much money on alcohol. There isn't any available (in theory). Paris was voted "dry" by its people so that if you go into a restaurant or a roadside cafe you can get all the coca-cola (and its variations) that you want but no beer. Being 'foreigners' we were invited to the various clubs around the town and there everything flows. The population of these clubs is practically 100% WASP. However, that is not the end of the story because two miles to the east of Paris and four miles to the west, two towns, Toco and Sun Valley were created (literally); neither of them is "dry", so . . .

This is just one of the ambiguities that prevails in Paris. The population is made up of 75% white people and 25% black people, with very little interaction in any of life's spheres. It must be said that while changes have been made within the social structure; for example integration in the schools, quotas for black workers in the factories, a black mayor etc., black people, in general, do have a more difficult life economically speaking. As a whole, the people are very friendly and welcoming. We were received with open arms by the people of the Chamber of Commerce who went out of their way to help us make the necessary contacts. We met all sorts of people from all the different walks of life and everyone had something to say. There were, however, some taboo subjects - religion, equal rights, homosexuality - among others. Given the fact that religion plays a huge role in the lives of the people (most of the social activities, for example, are organised through the church) and that there is a black-white problem, it seems ironical that more couldn't be gleaned on these topics. At the same time, there is an amazing desire to leave the status quo as it is and this from all sections of the population.

A few of the people we met were able to tell us of a grandparent or other relative who had emigrated to America because of the Great Famine in Ireland in the 1840s. Haydn Swain, for example, is in

the building construction industry and he told us about his grandmother who had emigrated, who arrived in New York and eventually moved south to marry into the Swain family. He was also able to give us some very factual information about some friends of his whose parents had originated from Scotland. This fits in with the importance that is attached to one's roots and one's family life. Which is not to say that there's no divorce. On the contrary, its rampant here, in spite of the pastors and churches you come across on every corner of the street. But then, it only costs about 100 dollars to rectify that situation.

There are a lot of fat people here, so fat that it hurts and you have the Jane Fonda fans too with some variations in between the extremes. Its easier to understand the excess when you go to the supermarkets. A lot of the items are sold in gigantic quantities - for example a 3 litre bottle of coca-cola seems quite acceptable. One of the supermarkets is open 7 days a week, 24 hours a day. Another, called Brookshires, offers a special service - the staff carry your bags of shopping to the car. As Marwier W. the manager told us "every customer that walks into this shop is important". "She/he is the person who pays my salary at the end of the month". The staff of this supermarket and other department stores tend to be teachers. They work for a



Six Parisians

few hours after school to supplement their income. Just as a matter of interest, the starting salary for teachers is 15,000 dollars a year. This apparently is not enough. On the other hand, Elaine Ballard, who is the superintendent of a whole section of schools in Paris, earns 64,000 dollars a year. As she says herself, she's worth every penny of it.

Which leads me on to think about a much-discussed point - the individual and his/her right to individuality in American society. One way of summing up this situation in Paris Texas would be to say that everything which is privately owned/run works well (most of the time) while the public service leaves a lot to be desired. I have never seen such badly maintained roads in my life, for example. Or another way of looking at the problem would seem to be - money talks and if you have it, more power to you. If you don't you can in rare cases climb up the ladder of "success" but most people in this situation don't can't. (This point is not discussed too much except to quote the status quo). This "individuality" status is also largely reflected in the well known low percentage of voters at election time. During the month of August there was an election to vote in a congressman. The turnout was 34%. Apathy certainly, but also a very strong desire to keep politics out of as many aspects of life as possible. The mayor of Paris, George Fisher, is black, and when he is not busy being a mayor he works in Kimberley-Clark (an auto-mised plant which makes diapers, Kleenex and things of that nature). A black mayor seems a new departure but in fact he has very little power and mainly serves as a figurehead. So, while there is change on the surface, traditions die hard. As Jimmy Cliff says: "The American dream is not what it seems"

N. O'Shea

Like a Virgin

After Ballyporeen's moment of glory, it is now Ballinaspittle's turn to make the world press. Collective visions of the statue of the Virgin rocking gently on her pedastal at twilight have made Ballinasaliva (as 'The Pheonix' calls it) a new place of pilgrimage in Ireland. The phenomenon of hordes of people of all ages braving Arctic August evenings and driving rain to stand at the grotto at close of day ('she only moves in the evening' - local witness) has merited front page status in the 'Wall Street Journal' and a substantial article in 'Libération', ever attentive to loony 'faits divers'.

Although Our Lady of Ballinaspittle has been the principal focus for everything from the Leicas to the UCC team of psychologists studying mass illusions, she is not alone in her mild agitation. Statues are moving all over the country. Where there are no statues, there is always the possibility of an apparition. "Normal, truthful and nice." was how their parish priest described the three young girls who claimed they saw the Blessed Virgin one Monday night early in September. The girls were walking down a lonely country road in Carns, a remote part of Sligo, singing hymns because they were afraid. What they were afraid of is not specified, but a moment later they were looking at the BVM herself, accompanied by St. Bernadette (had she taken a charter out of Lourdes?) The vision lasted five minutes and the figures were lifesize. One must not rule out the hypothesis that the inhabitants of the local grotto had felt like a stroll. Crowds have been gathering at the scene ever since; by now they will have returned to the grottoes, which by all accounts have disappointed no one. The degree

The Real Madonna

of activity varies from statue to statue. Take Monasterevin, for example. A recent report says that several hundred people have been turning up at a white, three-foot statue of the Virgin after a local woman claimed that she saw it "open its right eye and close it again." This wink is probably the most appropriate reaction to the whole affair. Reactions, appropriate or otherwise, have been few, and those few noncomittal, from the Irish clergy - a body not noted for its reticence. For example; "They certainly think they saw something." or; "...it's good that people are praying as a result." The most alarming report so far, in a recent 'Irish Times', claims that a County Council worker in Co. Cork was seen to move. Now that's a miracle.

Jean O'Sullivan



McEwan's
The Best Buy in Beer



COLLEGE DES IRLANDAIS



THE IRISH COLLEGE IN PARIS

The Irish College in Paris, a centuries-old institution located in the Rue des Irlandais not far from the Pantheon in the 5th arrondissement, is in the early stages of a renaissance meant to restore its original historical vocation as a cultural and educational centre for the Irish community in France.

The initiative has received the support of the Irish Foreign Ministry, the Royal Irish Academy and the Catholic Church of Ireland, representatives of which assembled last June at Iveagh House in Dublin to set their stamp of approval on a sponsoring organisation called the Friends of the Irish College in Paris.

Several Irish scholars and artists are already in residence at the College while pursuing studies at other institutions in Paris. They share the large facility with the students and faculty of the Polish seminary that has been housed there since the end of the Second World War and whose most notable alumnus is Pope John Paul II.

The hope of Father Brendan Devlin, rector of the College, and Father Liam Swords, headmaster, is to physically renovate the College and restore it to a function similar to the one it performed from its founding in the 16th century until the late 1930s.

At one time a network of thirty such Colleges existed around the world, created in order to

educate Irish scholars in an atmosphere free from intellectual repression by Ireland's British colonisers. The Irish College in Paris was created in 1578 by the Waterford priest John Lee in answer to educational bans imposed by Queen Elizabeth I. When war broke out in 1939, about a hundred Irish seminarians occupied the College but evacuated it. The neutral Irish flag flying over the College "kept the Germans out of it", according to Father Devlin, and it briefly served as housing for displaced persons after the war under American administration.

In recent years the size of the student body at the Polish seminary has diminished, such that there are now only about forty Poles attending. Father Devlin said it was likely the Poles and the Irish would continue to share the College even if its Irish character is to be reinforced. Some Irish activities have already been hosted by the College, including an exhibition of the Tory Island painters and various evenings of Irish music. Father Swords said he eventually looks to see the College serving as an Irish conference centre in Paris.

The idea of restoring the Irish College received a significant boost in 1980, when the Irish Academy met in session there. Father Swords pointed out that the Academy's links with the College go back to 1787, when a

mediaeval manuscript called the Book of Lecan, in possession of the Irish College, was repatriated to Ireland by the Academy. The 1980 Royal Irish Academy meeting in Paris was, Father Swords says, a way of "returning the compliment two centuries later, if you like". But a more important step was the creation in June of the Friends of the Irish College in Paris and the formation at Iveagh House of a steering committee with three members: Father Brendan Devlin, Prof. Proinsias MacCana of the Royal Irish Academy and Assistant Secretary Michael Lillis of the Irish Foreign Ministry.

Funding is still very limited, Father Swords said, but the formal stamp of approval by the Irish Government has raised the possibility of technical assistance by An Chomhairle Oiliuma (the Council of Training), better known in Ireland as AnCo. The Irish College in Louvain, Belgium, was entirely renovated by AnCo students and teachers, and Frs. Devlin and Swords are hoping for much the same in Paris.

The main problem, says Father Swords, is to raise the funds needed to pay for paint and other building materials for the renovation of the more than one hundred rooms and halls of the College. "As soon as money is generated from the Friends of

the Irish College in Paris," said Father Swords, "it's hoped AnCo will send people over. Spring was mentioned."

Despite the need for repairs, the Irish College building is already a rather impressive structure. It dominates the east side of the Rue des Irlandais and its massive wooden portals open onto a long and broad courtyard. The upper stories are given over to dormitories, while the ground floor rooms include a refectory, or dining hall, and another large room where Irish musical evenings have been held.

But the College has some way to go to recapture its past. Although a wooden harp hangs over the door to the music room, the floor is still taken up with the table tennis table and football game of the Polish secondary school students studying at the seminary. Yet the Polish presence is not regarded as a problem, Father Devlin insisted. "We only need about half of it at the most and they only need half of it, so we're content to leave it at that" he said.

But the legal status of the College is extremely complicated like other religious institutions in France, it was seized by the French government after the 1789 Revolution and remains, technically, French property and so no major changes can be made overnight.

We have to proceed very deliberately," said Father Devlin. "Think of the number of interests that are involved." These include the French public administration, the Irish Foreign Ministry, the Catholic Church of Ireland and the Catholic Church of Poland, he said. Agreements must be reached that satisfy one and all.

Yet there seems to be a consensus already that the College ought to be restored as an Irish institution, while other Irish Colleges in Europe, like the one in Louvain, have set a precedent to be followed. (Another former Irish College in Alcala, Spain, is being restored by the local

municipality for presentation to the Irish people in gratitude for Ireland's support of Spain's EEC membership.)

According to Father Swords, the Irish College in Paris is beginning to attract "the top people in various fields" in Ireland, who reside in the College while pursuing higher studies in Paris at institutions like the Ecole des Beaux Arts and the Institute Catholique. He said that at least three television documentaries have been made recently about the Irish College, helping to dust off its reputation back in the Republic. Media attention has been quickly matched by official recognition. Irish Foreign Minister Peter Barry recently said that the College is a reminder to the Irish of the "stubborn magnificent resilience of the Catholic tradition in Irish life through centuries of tyranny and oppression".

"Today", said Mr. Barry, "the College provides, in the heart of the French capital, a symbolic focus for the continuing vitality of the deep relationship between the Irish and the French People."

Brendan Murphy.



Walkmansida

This new illness that many experts think is an import from the United States is currently sweeping Europe and in particular the underground, where many believe the climactic conditions favour the incubation. As a scientist I would like to explain a little more about the disease for ignorance often leads to unnecessary fear. It is, along with acne an affliction of the young, usually between 13-18, a little less between 18-35 and after 35 it is almost non-existent.

The first symptoms are usually feelings of excitement and ecstasy. The first physical sign is a protruberance of the ears and the growth of two metallic discs on the ears, the discs are joined by a long metallic band which embeds itself on the sufferer's head. This hollow thus produced in the head precedes the acquisition of various tics: the mouth may be wide open at all times or pursed up to make the sound «do, do do do do» or «sh sh dobe sh sh»; the feet make an up and down movement; the body often twitches as though it were in severe pain; the hands often flail around and the fingers often click.

Although with age the disease disappears the tics are often incurable, and many older sufferers have complained that their doctors try to diagnose them as Parkinson's disease patients. This disease is not sexually transmissible, although embracing a sufferer may cause discomfort. Nor can it be caught from toilet seats or drinking out of the same cup as a patient. Some have said that the addiction to the little black box or sound emitter can cause isolation from society or other passengers in the underground. Personally I think this is unfounded as I myself would not dream of speaking to anybody. Would you?

A Doctor



**WHERE CAN YOU GET
THE BEST PINT IN PARIS?**

REVIEWS

A SENSE OF WONDER - Van Morrison (Caledonia Productions 1984)

Arguably even within the past three years there seems to have been something of a deterioration in Morrison's music and, of course, his recently well-publicised problem with alcoholism has probably contributed in no small way to this. Yet each new album is both eagerly awaited and anticipated and with continued inspirational flashes of musical genius the indications are that Morrison is very far from being a spent force.

Morrison's work down through the years, from the raw energy of "Them" in the '60s through the creative plateau achieved in the mid- and late 70s - possibly his best period, certainly his most prolific - and more recently the realisation of a new maturity with perhaps his finest recorded album, "Beautiful Vision" (1982) - present to a greater or lesser extent in the corpus of all his work are a number of pervasive influences ranging from Blues, Rhythm O Blues, Jazz, Rock, Gospel and Soul and more recently traditional Irish music with a rock fusion - (witness "Inarticulate Speech of the Heart", 1983). Although all of these areas and his range of experience as a musician are brought into focus in a "Sense of Wonder" and there is enough here to ensure enjoyable listening, nevertheless by Morrison's own very high standards this does fall short of being a completely successful album.

"A Sense of Wonder" opens with Van at his sparkling best in "Tore down à la Rimbaud", here the successful marriage of instrumentation, particularly the brass section, together with the punchy personal conviction of the lyrics blend well to give a finely balanced uplifting number: "Ancient of Days" is lyrically weaker but Van's voice and phrasing carry the song, and the melody itself is enchanting. "Evening Meditation" has little to recommend it. It is an instrumental and although competently performed it is bland and uninspiring. "The Masters Eyes" - here beautiful guitar work from both Morrison and Chris Michie with Thomton O Lazano's back-up vocals give a gospel feel to the song and there is a definite religious quality to the lyrics with repetition for effect. "What Would I Do" give

testimony to Van's longtime admiration of Ray Charles, one of his earlier influences. Unfortunately the song does not work for Morrison. The pace is too slow. It is laboured and he sounds uncomfortable with it.



The title track, "A Sense of Wonder" provides just over seven minutes of consummate musicianship from the Belfast singer and the track crystallises the very best in Morrison's music. The lyrics, often gently nostalgic, evoke an Irish urban working-class background reminiscent of the "Astral Weeks", "Cypress Avenue" and the later "Cleaning Windows" (1981). There are references to "Pasty suppers down at Davy's Chipper" and "the man who played the saw outside the City Hall" gently mocking his own roots. "The days of blooming wonder", of course echoes the 1974 "Veedon Fleece" and a more pastoral setting. Van's vocals are superb throughout this track. He uses his voice like an instrument, slipping, sliding and scattling, embellishing his lines with flourishes and grace-notes, runs and cries. For the first time perhaps with the instrumental backing from Moving Hearts - particularly with Spillanes' Uilleann Pipes giving a distinctly Celtic dream-quality to the work - the whole enterprise is a striking success.

However this stands alone and certainly does not apply to track 2 side 2, "Bobby Blow O Spike". This is another instrumental with Moving Hearts musicians. This is self indulgence on the part of both and constitutes a reversion to the type of track more prevalent on "Inarticulate Speech of the Heart" which most Morrison fans had hoped would not reappear.

The re-working of the Mose Allison number "If You Only

Know" is however quite superbly done. An up-tempo jazz format with faultless phrasing from the Irish singer. It has shades of the wonderful 1970 "Moondance" album and with Pee Wee Ellis on saxophone confidently playing the rôle once filled by Jack Schroer, it is easy to see why Van identifies with the song. The lyrics seem tailor-made:

"If you only knew
All the scruples that go down
in Gin &

Vermouth
If you only knew
What could happen to a man
for telling
the truth."

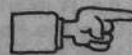
With "Let the Slave" which incorporates William Blake's "The Price of Experience", we have a very ambitious combination of poetry reading from Blake's work set to music. The organ does seem appropriate. The last near equivalent attempted blending of literature and music was "Summertime in England" from "Common One" (1980). That worked very well indeed and once incorporated into Morrison's live performances became a stunning 'pièce de résistance'. This, although it is plain enough in its purpose, is heavy handed. It does deserve some praise simply because it is a courageous departure for a rock musician.

Finally "A new kind of man" sounds off the album with Morrison very much at home celebrating his own achievement in his music. Everything works well together here and it is a good note to end on. "Won't you lift your gaze up to the mountain top, All your trials have not been in vain."

"A Sense of Wonder" then is certainly not Morrison's best work and yet there is still enough here to illustrate just how fine an artist he is and to help explain the esteem he commands both at home and internationally.

L. McGroarty.

The Pogues



The Pogues in Paris

Crazed ceili band or rockers with roots? The Pogues are both. But that doesn't matter. What does matter is their music which is....would you believe extremely melodic, has punch and....God forbidis great fun. They were in Paris on the 19th and, after a great gig at the Theatre du Forum des Halles, I managed to grab hold of Shane MacGowan, the lead singer, and demanded to know where he was hauling Irish balladry, and what rock had got to do with it.

An tEireannach: Has there always been a big folk input into the group's music?
MacGowan: No, no....er, folk is just music. Irish folk, that's what it basically is but we've mixed it with everything else.

An tEireannach: How long have the Pogues been together?

MacGowan: Three years. I've been going longer than that, and some of the Pogues have been going even longer than me.
An tEireannach: Was it always such a large group? How many members were there originally?

MacGowan: Six. We've always thought of it in terms of expanding.

An tEireannach: How did the deal with Stiff come about?

MacGowan: Y'know, there was a certain popularity. Somebody was pushing....

An tEireannach: Have the Pogues ever played in Ireland?

MacGowan: Some gigs. Not a proper tour....after Christmas.

An tEireannach: How many members are actually Irish?

MacGowan: From Irish families? Three.

An tEireannach: Do you listen to Irish traditional music?

MacGowan: Yeah my family used to listen to it when I was a kid.

An tEireannach: You were born in Tipperary, right?

MacGowan: I was born in England. We moved back when I was three months old, then came to England when I was six.

An tEireannach: What was the run in with the BBC?

MacGowan: Just the name, Pog mo thoin.

An tEireannach: Who writes the Pogues' songs?

MacGowan: I write most of them, those that aren't traditional I mean.

An tEireannach: Can the Pogues be compared to other Irish groups, like U.2?

Eavesdropper: Ask him his opinion of Bono.

MacGowan: He's meant to be a really nice bloke. I don't know him. He's a bit....He's got one way of looking at things, and I've got another. That's pretty obvious.

An tEireannach: What is your way of looking at things?

MacGowan: My way of looking at things is that it's all shit but it's still good, it can still be what you want it to be. His way is that it's all good and there's no shit. So I hope he doesn't get hurt (laughs) or lose his faith.

An tEireannach: Maybe he's like that because he comes from a privileged background.

MacGowan: Yeah well....we weren't a heavily deprived family, not rich either, just normal.

An tEireannach: Is there a danger of stagnation with your type of music?

MacGowan: When you've got a band that plays the "Wild Rover" and "The Old Main Drag"

in one set....they're completely different songs....no, I don't think we could end up sounding the same.

An tEireannach: And the feeling?

MacGowan: Well the feeling is whatever you're doing at the time.

An tEireannach: Will the Pogues ever be number one?

MacGowan: I don't think about that. I'd like to be number one, but I'm not obsessed by it.



Rum, Sodomy and the Lash. (Stiff)

The first album from the Pogues is a marvel. Songs like "The Sick Bed of Cuchulainn" and "Sally MacLennan" are fine examples in the art of holding a melody tightly, while singing and playing like mad banshees. Then there are the lovely ballads like "Pair of Brown Eyes" and "Navigator". In fact all of the songs have a good deal of merit, even the reworking of "And the Band Played Waltzing Mathilda", though it does seem rather out of place. MacGowan's voice is superb; a mixture of Tom Waits and Ronnie Drew. In fact the manager hinted that Tom Waits might be interested in producing the next album. This one was produced by Elvis Costello, odd though it may seem, and he has done a good job, insisting on a rough sound, rather than smoothing out their characteristic wrinkles in the studio. The album is going silver this week with 60,000 copies sold.

Right now the Pogues are on their first European tour, playing in Holland (three dates), Germany (ten dates), Switzerland and so on. Long life to them, and may the road rise to meet them.

Paul Butler



Nightshift by Dermot Bolger

In his most recent collection of poems, 'A New Primer For Irish Schools' (irreverently written with fellow Finglas poet Michael O'Loughlin); Dermot Bolger, in 'Two Crowds Gathered', examines the collision of two worlds. As the glinting State limousine parades across the city to the gates of the Park, the hand of 'a vanished world waving' bids good luck to Eamon De Valera and the holy pictures and the black brooding austerity of the Long Boy, ushers in the crude new 'Lords of Petrol and steel/ Of automatic circuits/ Of digits whirling to infinity'. With these new Lords who 'Speed through girders of air/ Coil alien cables around me' come The Sunday World, chicken in the rough, glue sniffers, massage parlours, mohair hucksters, trendy priests, disco bars, waste ground, skinheads and plateglass hamburger joints. This is the world of NIGHTSHIFT. No delightful rock buns in Bewleys to be had here, not an angst-ridden economics graduate in sight. And hanging over all, the lurking

presence of the recent past, the long fingers of the Spaniard won't let go yet. The character Dan, an older man who works the nightshift with the central figure, Donal, moves through the pages of the book like a shadow, evoking the spirit of spent, joyless days, of Legion of Mary meetings in Dublin of the Thirties, of passionless dances in drab London halls, of little Catholic tracts swopped by doomed lovers. Days of internal haemorrhage. Donal and his teenage bride do not swap pictures of St. Teresa of Lisieux or relics of St. Martin. They're more interested in a punk band called SNOTS and making some sense of their life together in a trailer home at the bottom of the garden. An exile from his strange disturbing dreamworld of failed possibilities, Dan drifts through the frantic, decaying streets, rudderless. He stands in the half-darkness and watches as a gang of youths string up a pony and burn it alive. He does not move, observes the apocalyptic scene in horror. The two

worlds collide here with great power. The echoes of this scene reverberate through the rest of the novel.

The most exciting thing about NIGHTSHIFT is its honesty. The rural Ireland of the little birdies and cowpats means nothing to Frankie or Donal or Elisabeth. The north of Ireland means less, everyone having long since lost interest after the initial rush of tribal solidarity. All that matters is coping with the repetitive, anti-social, ultimately soul-destroying routine of the nightshift.

The final pages of the book make bleak reading indeed, with Donal on a nightwalk through manic streets, a Boschlike itinerary of heroin addicts, crazed tinker kids, drunks, video arcades and fluorescent advertisements. Depressing though it is, it is a book that demands to be read. It does not bog itself down with stylistic concerns or literary over-indulgence. It is immediate, white-hot, as uncompromising as the machines and the steel girders of the nightshift itself.

Pat McCabe

A Week in Paris

The first thing I had to get over in Paris was my own prejudices for there are enough knocking round this town without adding to them. It seems strange enough to have two prices in bars but the fact that the Metro breaks down into classes leaves you admiring the British for their greater tolerance. Somebody lost a war here and it is not to be forgiven. If the past is rococo the present is experimental, even amiable. The people that pass the new Arts, whether they be literary or visual, do so with a graceful irony. In fact Paris is one big expensive joke which in the telling has become elaborated, inflated, extended. The point of the story has been lost and this provides the surreal touch, the metaphysical nudge. As for thieves? Thieves and pornography and the bitter adolescent eyes of the Parisian male. "The poor are at eachothers' throats and don't know why." - this from the lips of an Algerian. It is a society in which a small foreign war can receive added glamour. Sinn Fein on someone's lips here sounds like a score from Handel. All philosophies seem to be at the adolescent stage, and yet they have been concluded. Some wonderful buildings got finished, but why then was the traffic not banned from the centre? Why is the nucleus like a hornets' nest from which adults flee like overgrown babes? Everywhere an acid pong of eroticism. The women, it appears, despise other women and flaunt their men. Allah queues up with Lazarus at the tomb of one of the Napoleons. There's this also. A respect for a people who have preserved this city for appearance's sake. It is in

many respects a deserted town where emigrants and symbols flourish. The Algerians leave their wives at home. The Irish sadly have brought much of the 'Wild Rover' mentality with them. Others claim the International scene.

All doing fine, thank you. And friendly. And if things get bad you can always jump the barriers. I met a man in London who was from Paris and he hated the French so much that he succeed in forgetting how to speak his own language. Only a Parisian could have such a sense of purpose. But a person from a French Colony said that the Parisian had just refused to speak French because he was a snob and a racist. That's where the arguement rests for the moment.

There is the expression of disgust through anal vexations from the mouth which can be startling. The visual tricks that dummies display in fashionable clothes shops. And hands, rather than faces, that express emotion. The human face it seems must be preserved, like many other things, for decor, except for that one facial signal - such is life. But to preserve such a surface takes great courage, for underneath working away at the fatalism is another skillful energy, a spiritual fanaticism, which given physical life could wreck great havoc. In Puteaux I saw a hair-dressing salon for dogs, in Montmartre there were chesnuts falling, in Rue des Petits Carreaux there is a concierge like a waif who returns unopened all letters to their place of origin. Among the Irish the arguement was always the same. The British should leave Ireland. And you want to ask - "Pardon Monsieur, Madame, where will they

go?" They are certainly not wanted in Paris. It is unfortunate that the Irish should bask in the hatred the Parisians have towards the British. That they be accepted on such a level could backfire sometime. But these are impolite observations from the tourist, and are only generalisations. The Irish go back a long way in Paris. And the French have been reaping a fine fish harvest off the West Coast of Ireland for nigh on four hundred years. But what I'll take back in my head is the rich and varied humours of the radio stations. Here the cultural transcendence was complete, till out of habit, we switched back to the BBC for the news. And one night in an hotel, below Abbesses, a woman's scream. But at least here, the lesson is, you pay at the end of the drink, not at the beginning. Drunkenness is on trust. The kiss on the cheek means touch, not implication, some-times.

Dermot Healy

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SHORT STORY

HOME

A short story by Pat McCabe

A tiny sliver of firelight glinted in the cat's eyes as Annie paused above the range, gaunt and black as the poker she held, grey threads of hair tucked beneath the limp beret. The lace curtain wavered as the knock came again, two gentle taps, her eyes narrowed as she strove to name its touch. A shaft of sunlight threw a tilted square on the floor, a weakening bluebottle clacked in a corner of the window. He stood in the doorway, her tongue smoothed a bulge in her cheek as she surveyed the plaid suit and thin moustache, the belted suitcases at his knee. Well, he said, I'm-Home she interjected as she wiped her hands on the black skirt, her head jerking towards the kitchen. Long journey, he said, hold-up at Liverpool, thought I'd never... He broke off and stared wide-eyed at me. Not Benny's lad? She answered with her eyes amid the clanging of pans. Bloody hell, he said, grasping my hand, last time you were that size. Tell me, is he well, your Dad? He's OK, I replied, the best... Still the same, she said from the kitchen never comes near me from the day he married, that's the thanks you get.

He squeezed my arm then rose and drummed on his lapels as he stared out across the fairgreen, colourful bodies languishing beside a transistor, Hey Jude Don't Make it Bad... I saw the Beatles once, he said, not far from where I work, crossing the road would you believe... You're doing well, she called, I got your card at Christmas... and the other... Oh just a few shillings Annie, Ellen's got a bit put by, we're not so bad... What were they like, I quizzed. Just like lads really. Lennon, he's the mad one. Got it up here though I daresay. He tapped his temple. I thought of cut stone squares and red kiosks, Lennon with a guitar and white suit, the sun shining on his round spectacles. England is the best, I said. He rummaged in the suitcase, the postcard he held up split in four, a Beefeater at a portcullis, Piccadilly neon flashing CINZANO. The city of cities, he smiled, it never sleeps. How is she, asked Annie, is she...? He hesitated, his brow tightened as he replied: she...she isn't well by times. She set the meal on the table and sucked in her wrinkled cheeks. Her eyes flitted as she made a cage of her fingers. We all have our crosses to bear, she said edging into the grey interior of the scullery.



We sat on the summer seat listening to the Smithboro Fife and Drum Band playing Yellow Submarine. He dressed like nobody from the town, a gold pen shone in the pocket of his stiff white shirt. How come you and Da lived with Annie years ago, I asked. He looked at me in a funny kind of way. Then he stood up and said: here, come on lad. Lets go for a drink.

As soon as the barman saw the way he was dressed, he rushed over and served him straight away. Cheers, he said to a customer bent over the counter, time doesn't be long passing. You're not from about here, said the customer, closing one eye and dragging on his cigarette. Well I was, he replied, England now. The customer sucked his teeth and tapped the cigarette. Aye, ye sound England, he said, then lapsed into silence. He sipped his lager and said: you could come over on a holiday. I'd take you to see United on a Saturday. The Old Trafford cheer rose in my head, George Best's raven black hair flapped as he emerged waving from the tunnel. Busby's Babes. They drink in my local, The Green Man. Every Friday night you could see them when you come over. The Red Devils. He raised his glass and smiled. The other customer stumbled as he was leaving. He took

his arm and helped him up. The customer stared into his face. If you're so fond of England, he said, why the hell don't you stay there? He just kept staring as if he was going to say something else but then just tossed his cigarette impatiently to the floor and left. We stayed for a long time after that. He kept saying we would go soon but we didn't. Then he asked me to go down for Da: Your Dad and me's half-brothers, lad. We came up together. Annie took us from the home the nuns... I didn't know what he meant, he kept hesitating between sentences. You'll go down? Yes, I said.

When Da came into the pub, they shook hands. They started talking about the old days. As he spoke, his voice got louder, Da kept looking around to see who was listening. Times were bad, eh Benny, he said. Like a ghost town this place was. Bloody Dev and bloody disease... Aye, times was tough, said Da under his breath. Soon as this lad's old enough, send him over to me, I'll fix him up. Fifty pound a week start, OK lad? Nothing for you here. Then he started talking about the home in Belfast. Da didn't really want to talk about it at all, he kept shifting about in his seat and swirling the stout in the

glass. The only one who ever gave us anything was Sister Stanislaus. She was the only one who had any heart. He went on and on about it, the blazer they wore there, the gravelled quadrangle, the smell of the waxed corridors. Once, when my mother had asked Da about the home, a dark, hunted sort of expression came over his face.

The more he listened now, the more his face became like that. Then suddenly he slapped the counter with his hand and cried: that's enough Jesus, every year you bring it up! That's enough about the cursed place! The cigarette trembled in Da's fingers as they sat there in silence with the barman staring out at them from the shadows beneath the television.

My mother kissed him on the cheek when he came in. They opened bottles and began to drink again. His shirt was crumpled now and there was money sticking out of his back pocket.

He stretched and said to my mother: you see this little lad here? Best lad going. Come next summer, I'm going to show him the sights. Old Trafford, the lot. He can stay with me and Ellen. He drank a toast to that and kept talking about how great England was and how good it had been to him, then said: And it'll be good to you when you come over. Then Da set his drink down on the table and said in a slow, deliberate voice: he's going no place. His face was white. My mother tried to dissuade him with her eyes. England, he said, then drew a deep breath. He looked at me. Did he tell you about Ellen? Well? I didn't answer. I looked from one to the other. Did he tell you he's married to a woman twice his age? Halfblind and hates him from the day she married him? I could see the glass shaking in his hand as Da spoke. Married an auld woman because he was afraid to ask anyone else. Closing a gate in a backstreet factory this twenty years. Wears a wee blue suit with brass buttons and tips his cap to his betters.

Aye, England, he says, same charade every year. A terrible silence came into the room. Benny, he began, but the words did not come out. He rose unsteadily, then turned and awkwardly opened the door, feeling his way along the dark hallway. Da just sat there in silence taking an odd sharp gulp from his whiskey glass. My mother fixed him with a biting stare, I had never seen her look at him like that. You never got over the home either, did you? Did you, she said. Then she got up and left the room, I could see she was about to cry.

Into the small hours I thought of him, on a high stool in The Green Man beneath the framed photographs of Manchester United, staring into the trademarked mirror where an officious, younger Annie, far away from the stifling smoke and frenzied conversation, stood at the end of a waxed corridor, waiting patiently for their footsteps to approach along the stark, echoing tiles.

Irish—Corsican Relations

Potholing my way into Metro-land last night I took a quiet seat amongst the other expressionless commuters to await lift-off. Along came this middle-aged Corsican shouting about Corsica and declaiming to all and sundry that Corsica had at least one representative on the train. All eyes were quickly lowered in fear or indifference, which is only to be expected in a faceless civilisation of concrete, reflective glass facades, ego-extension motor cars, hostile autoroutes and overpopulation. This didn't stop our patriot though and as I felt like talking to someone I looked down the carriage to his eyes and replied in such all purpose sounds as 'absolutely' and 'certainly'. He was over to me in a flash to show me pictures of his army days before he got wounded in the head. The marks of his wound are still visible by way of a large indentation in his forehead. I told him that I was Irish and that we must have some things in common (a safe enough bet with almost anyone from anywhere). By now the people in the metro were beginning to look around them again and even to find our loud conversation interesting. A couple of well oiled pacifist republicans giving out the pay about the similarities and differences between the French-Corsican and the English-Irish relationships. First of all he decided that there is one immense difference between Corsica and Ireland. In

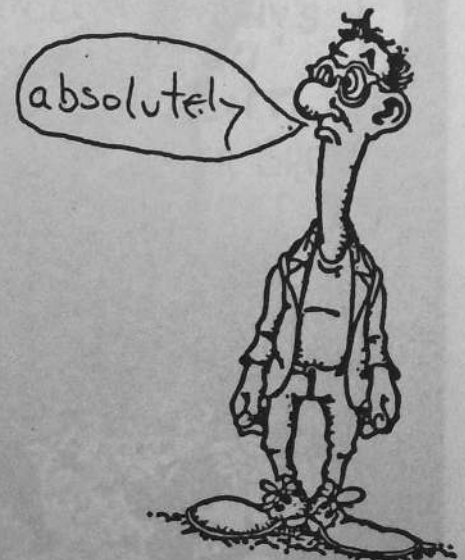
Ireland we have the 'rich Protestants and the poor Catholics' and of course no such division exists in Corsica. Even more than this 'Ireland can survive without England but Corsica could not survive without La France. But you still have your Corsican Liberation Front...' I said. 'No I am French as well and most Corsicans would see themselves as French. In my home town there are the tombs of five Corsicans who died in the French army.' Five! I replied, sure that's nothing, thousands of Irish died in the English army, the French army, Francos army, the Spanish socialist-communist workers army and so on.... By now we were getting excited about the whole thing and both trying to talk at the same time. Large smiles were growing on the other occupants faces and more than one or two of them were getting to get their speak in if a suitable break presented itself. However, it was time for me to get off and if it hadn't been after midnight on one of the most inhospitable nights I've ever lived through we could well have had a carriage conference right to the end of the line and maybe even a jar or two at the end of it.

Which puts me in mind of a political debate in a small metro station one day when I was on my way home. There must have been nearly twenty people on each platform and one of the

hottest right-left debates you could hope to hear, interrupted at regular intervals by the passing trains which were being completely ignored and didn't upset the flow of the battle one bit, going on, and more and more people joining in the row and with a few hot-heads threatening to cross the tracks and hammer a job on the opposition.

They're all only mad for this public show over here you see, all you need is something topical and off you go.

FRANKIE



L. Butler.

photogenius

As a student of photography twelve years ago it was always my dream to show photography in Paris. I think that most of the motivation had to do with early photographic history being largely French. One of my favourite early photographers was Eugène Atget, the pride of the Surrealists. His photography is evocative of turn of the century Paris and its environs. His brown-toned prints show a singular photographic mind at work that was unique for the early twentieth century.

If such musings have any relevance to an explanation of my photographic work it might lie in the distance that I feel from the photographic world of Atget. Photography as Art has long been a matter of subject matter or "personal vision" of a photographer. However in the media-saturated world of the eighties, in order to circumvent the still thorny question of "Is photography Art?", a strategy is needed. We now have a thousand Atgets, a thousand Ansel Adams, each having the same value though of course different names. The sheer use of photo-

graphy far outstrips our understanding and the location of the photographer vis-à-vis his object, as in Atget, is no longer the issue.

For the past three years I have been using photography only for its reproductive value. From the series "Mythology and Mania '85" I wish to highlight the difference between a painting I make and a photograph of that painting. Such a photographic practice I find more interesting because the focus changes from what we photograph to how or why. The photographic reproduction of a painting changes that painting. In the transformation is the Art. Thus the nostalgia in Atget's photography is not merely one of time gone, it is also the nostalgia for a kind of Art photographer particular to an era when photography was young.

Bob Glaubit, Amsterdam '85.

The author of this piece will shortly be exhibiting his work in Paris



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Visions Noires

*Partout, dans le monde,
Ce n'est que violence :
Quand l'enfant jette une pierre,
Quand deux pays entrent en
guerre.*

*Partout, dans le monde,
Ce n'est qu'une souffrance:
Quand un vieux est laissé à son
sort,
Quand des femmes pleurent un
soldat mort.*

*Partout, dans le monde,
Ce n'est qu'indifférence:
Pour celui qu'on enferme, sans
raison,
Pour celui qui meurt dans sa
prison.
Partout, dans le monde,
Ce n'est qu'un grand silence:
Devant ceux qu'on fouille, dos
au mur,
Devant l'animal que l'homme
torture.*

*Partout où je passe,
Ce n'est que méfiance:
Dans les yeux de tous les exilés,
Dans les regards des sans liberté.
Partout où je passe,
C'est toujours la malchance:
Pour ceux qui ne croient plus en
rien,
Pour ceux qui n'attendent que
la fin.*

*Partout où je passe,
C'est toujours le désespoir:
Quand personne ne vous tient
la main,
Quand chacun a peur du
lendemain.
Partout où je passe,
Il n'y a plus que l'espoir
Qu'on garde, caché dans un
coin du coeur.
Pour pouvoir rêver encore au
bonheur.*

SYLVIE LEMAITRE

DUBLIN RAPE CRISIS CENTRE

During the Sixties one of the tenets of the Woman's Movement was that all men are potential rapists. This doesn't really mean that your sweet Uncle Albert or your gentle non-sexist male friends are just waiting for the chance to be alone with you and put into practice their insuppressible fantasies, but that any man can be seen by a woman as a threat; Late at night in the street or on public transport, a woman alone can be terrified by a male presence, however innocent his intentions. At the same time it is a fact that most rapists are known to their victims (which can make her all the more hesitant to bring charges) and that most reported rapes are planned and happen indoors.

Whether one chooses to see rape as a symptom of a society run largely for the profit of men and the loss of women, or as an individual expression of mental sickness, there is no doubt that it is one of the most traumatic and degrading experiences that anyone can undergo. Its results often last a lifetime. In addition, the legal position on rape, police handling of a case and the judicial process which follows it are unfairly biased against the woman and can be almost as harrowing as the attack itself. As a general rule, the official attitude often seems to be that an accused rapist is innocent until proven guilty, whilst his alleged victim is guilty until proven innocent. The Rape Crisis Centre in Dublin has been one of the most effective and determined organisations in trying to change this situation.

Firstly, the Centre exists to give help and information to those who need it by providing a vital counselling service, not only for the victims of rape but also for the friends and relatives of an assaulted woman. The immediate consequences of having been raped are shock, great emotional and sometimes physical pain, and a feeling that one somehow artakes in the guilt and shame of what has happened. All these things make it extremely difficult for the woman to talk freely about the rape to those close to her, yet not doing so will only cause further psychological damage; being able to contact other women who understand all this is obviously important.

The Centre takes as its basis the idea that rape is a generally misunderstood phenomenon, and that the popular views of both rapist and victim is a product of a wider ignorance about the nature of sexuality: "Women are frequently blamed for provoking rape, either by their dress or behaviour. International research findings conclude that men do not rape out of a need for sexual gratification or because a woman attracts their sexual desires, but in order to humiliate and degrade the woman." Many of the anomalies in the existing law, both in Ireland and Britain, exist precisely

ONE OF THE MOST SHOCKING CASES OF RAPE TO COME BEFORE THIS BENCH



because the woman's role in sexual attacks is not properly understood. In seeking to improve the law, the Centre has issued recommendations for changes in legislation and investigative procedures (1983) and on Garda training in relation to rape cases. The former calls for a repeal of the Criminal Law (Rape) Act of 1981 which eliminated some of the worst aspects of evidence but which was nonetheless disappointing in its limited scope: whilst a woman's past sexual history with anyone other than the accused was made inadmissible in court, the judge still has the discretion to allow such evidence if he considers it relevant. Similarly sentencing of convicted rapists is left largely to the whims of the presiding judge. Among the document's other submissions are:

- that the definition of what constitutes rape be broadened.
- that the victims anonymity be guaranteed.
- that all sexual assault cases be held in camera.
- that rape within marriage be made illegal, since under the present act a woman cannot refuse sexual intercourse with her husband if they are

living together and as long as "undue violence" is not used.

The recommendations on Garda investigation and training proposed a more sympathetic and efficient response to women who are already highly distressed and who should not be caused further suffering by insensitive methods of questioning and of physical examination. A panel of female doctors should be established whose duty should be to gather forensic evidence and not to make prima facie judgements about the truth or falsehood of the complaint. All medical practitioners, as well as Gardai, should receive special training in the causes and effects of rape: "...in many instances the Gardai are the first people that the rape victim will speak to after her assault. With this in mind, we feel that it is of utmost importance that all of those officers who will be dealing with her should, in varying degrees, be totally familiar with, and sympathetic to the specific traumatic effects of sexual assault". This is rarely current practice and some women certainly feel the whole procedure to be too daunting and they either drop charges or simply do not make a complaint in the first place. The Irish law was improved in 1981, but if it were improved even further in the ways that the R.C.C. recommend, it is likely that less use would have to be made of its crisis counselling. Whilst the women who run the Centre would describe themselves as feminists, rape should be of concern to everyone, whatever their involvement in sexual politics: the world cannot be changed overnight but attitudes have been slowly altering. Much of the problem is just ignorance and a clinging to old stereotypes and myths, myths which organisations like these are dispelling.

Kate Spencer.



POETRY

BREAKING POINT

Washed city streets under neon lights,
where hope cowers in darkened corners
and death rides a motorbike pillion.
Carlights reflect in grimy puddles.
Night suffocates the heart's timid flame
and a skull cracks on concrete.
Cats' eyes glitter among the dustbins
full of everyman's detritus,
the multi-coloured excreta of materialism.
Indifferent thighs receive impotent love,
the animal grunts of copulation,
and pants of pretended passion
are but passports to isolation.
A woman screams in the city
and plunges three stories to concrete
Her husband, foul beer breath
clouding in the cold night air
grunts in his sleep and mutters,
"Shut the bloody window."

David Waldron

DISPARITION HOLLYWOOD STYLE

C'était un samedi soir
La mort est venue au bistro
du coin de l'avenue Gambetta.
Chapeau, pardessus noirs
Cigarette collé au bec
Réflexion plutôt chic.

Elle attendait les mecs
Qui venaient en cadillac
Un petit règlement de vendetta
(Les voilà en impers gris)
La victime rencardeé avec l'éternité
S'approche, et sa nana ? Tant pis.

Il avait parlé, il avait tout dit
C'était un rat, fallait l'éliminer
Les gars l'ont flingué, truffé de balles
Le sourire de la Mort enganteé, pas de mains sales
"Chef qu'est-ce qu'on fait avec le colis ?"
"Balancez-le voyons - dans le canal."

Ainsi s'achève un scénario banal.

A. Lassive

SEVENTH NIGHT (for Michael O'Loughlin)

Solidarity was to be understood
from poets and the brotherhood
of Abel-minded men

Political poems are peopled
with self-righteous symbols
which hate each other

Behold the generations now
those who fled the sow's mouth
seek her foul gigs

The bigoted priest-ridden
(and the genuflecting gunmen
since the Great Lockout)

have cut aorta from Vena Cava
because they adhere to a different blather
and on different grounds

Does the want of a shibboleth
as spalpeens on foreign paths
breed Bornagain patriots?

Are Aislings and the Armalite fairy-tale
stamped indelibly at Passport Control?
No - that's too simple

Yet last night as I lay in bed
the pressed veins in my eardrum said
"Reconstruct a hateless island".

Tower of David, pray for us
Nelson's Pillar, pray for us

Arc of the Covenant, pray for us
Treaty of Limerick, pray for us

Mother most pure, pray for us
Refuge of sinners, pray for us

Throne of Wisdom, pray for us
Uncrowned King, pray for us

Rose of Mystery, pray for us
Mysterious piss-the-bed, pray for us

Cause of our Joy, pray for us
Juice of the Barley, pray for us

House of Gold, pray for us
Cage-block, pray for us

Al Stewart, June 1982



THE WAR

The war goes on and looks set to go on for a long time yet. What war you may ask? Well when a better awareness of what is going on in this island becomes apparent to a majority of Irish people the war as such will be as good as over. The war continues and is not merely an armed struggle between belligerent forces. What has been called the war "for the hearts and minds of people" has been raging since William Whitelaw first declared war on the I.R.A. way back in the early seventies. He realised then that an effective campaign against the forces leading the struggle against British Imperialism necessitated a policy of military oppression to run parallel with a policy of propaganda and brainwashing.

On the military side the war has continued on a momentum all its own. The British seem to have dug in over the years "keeping the violence to an acceptable level" and crying "foul" whenever their casualties exceed this "acceptable level" indulging in the occasional "gotcha" whenever they themselves score. Their growing expertise in counter guerrilla warfare has done little to shake the efforts of their Republican opponents however.

Two aspects of the situation, however, are clear even to the most partisan observer - less and less non-combatant casualties and a continually rising death rate. The notion of an "acceptable level of violence" like most euphemisms is a lie. The war goes on.

There was a time it seems, when wars were less complicated and slaughter was carried out to the sound of drums and trumpets. One side imposed its will by brute force over the other and that was that. But only in retrospect do these events seem clear. The history books give a false logic to events that happened because in fact people then were as confused, illogical, fearful and subject to circumstance as people are today. We flatter ourselves in seeing the past with such understanding. Can we understand the present? Did history stop off somewhere?

Meanwhile 1985 and the war continues. There is a song written by Christy Moore which expresses the state of things here in Ireland regarding the war.

"Though it's ninety miles to Dublin town
It seems so far away
There's more attention to our plight
In the U.S.A"

Over the years the policy of brainwashing and propaganda carried out by the British has been having its effect.

The Northern situation is presented repeatedly as one of confusion where tribal hatreds result in "mindless violence", "murderous attacks on police" etc., etc. In this situation the British present themselves as peacemakers doing a near impossible job. Of course nothing could be farther from the truth and the facts regarding Northern Ireland speak for themselves. Unfortunately many people in Ireland do not go digging after facts and if one attempts to explain the Nationalist viewpoint in a fair way, one is accused of giving moral support to bombing, murder etc., etc. The British lie that it is in Ireland as a peacekeeping force is eight centuries old. It has to be repeated very often these days to be believed. To understand how far British propaganda has achieved results one only has to try to discuss Northern Ireland with one's friends. For example, once on the Late Late Show, Sean McBride's attempts to discuss the Northern Ireland situation were repeatedly interrupted by Gay Byrne who accused him of supporting the violence of the I.R.A. In the end McBride in exasperation said forcefully: "Look, if I say I do not support the I.R.A. why do you not accept what I say?" Whether one agrees with violence or not, to view the Northern Ireland situation impartially is to justify the struggle against British Imperialism.

But the British viewpoint put forward continually without contradiction puts the truth literally standing on its head to such a degree that one would be excused for believing the I.R.A. and the I.N.L.A. to be occupying foreign armies. For multiple reasons British propaganda and brainwashing have worked on the Irish population over the years so that most people see no immediate end to the war. Their sensibilities have been led to accept a state of perpetual strife on this island or, to put it otherwise, "an acceptable level of violence" as opposed to a "bloodbath" should the British withdraw. This is the main effect of brainwashing; the other great effect being the flat denial that a state of war exists.

The British claim that the groups opposed to imperialism are composed of mindless criminals thus reducing the situation to its crudest terms i.e. good British guys versus the uncivilised Paddies. Unfortunately by dint of repetition the lie is believed, with collaboration now possible between the Dublin and British governments who both recognise a common threat to the status quo.

The war in Northern Ireland will continue as long as the British remain there. The British know that the I.R.A. and I.N.L.A. cannot be beaten but they hope that with collaboration from the south the violence "can be contained to an acceptable level". For the war to continue at this "acceptable level" indefinitely, the British need the co-operation of the Dublin government, of its press and media and through them the acquiescence of the Irish public.

This can only be achieved by continued conditioning of public opinion and censorship. In the South, Section 31 of the Broadcasting Act ensures that any voice favourable to the struggle against British imperialism is never heard.

Is it too much to believe that someday Irish people will wake up and call on the British to do the only decent thing that they will ever have done on this island - that is, to leave? We would be very near that day if people declare openly that the lies do not work anymore and that too many people have died...

Until then the war will continue. What do you think? Or do you leave your thinking to others? And remember that the next time you hear a friend pouring forth the usual clichés from the Irish Independent, The Sun, The Mirror or any other British tabloid it might be a good idea to remind him that he is contributing to the continuation of the war in Northern Ireland. But then I suppose he will answer: - what war? Remember this is 1985 and there is a war.

T. Staye.

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AFTER KAVANAGH

Patrick Kavanagh and the Discourse of Contemporary Irish Poetry

"These studies in Irish and Anglo-Irish literature are frankly experimental. In them I have tried to clear away certain misconceptions, to fix certain standards, to define certain terms."

- Thomas MacDonagh, *Literature in Ireland* (1916)

"Notre heritage n'est précédé d'aucun testament"

- René Char

"My father told me, 'you broke everything on the farm except the crowbar. And you bent that.'"

Patrick Kavanagh, quoted in *Dead As Doornails*, by Anthony Cronin.

In recent years it has become increasingly obvious that there are widely diverging views as to the value of Patrick Kavanagh's poetic achievement. That it is a problematical area has been widely acknowledged, and the nature of the problem has been cogently put by Seamus Deane:

"He is so obviously a lesser poet than Yeats and yet he is also so obviously more influential in Ireland that one is hard put to define his attraction or his quality."

Kavanagh, it is fair to say, is regarded by standard English literary criticism as a minor poet. And it is equally true that in terms of modern Irish poetry, he is a major figure. He is, in fact, for many Irish poets, something of a touchstone. This conflicting view was neatly showcased a few years ago in a TV discussion between Anthony Cronin and Denis Donoghue, where each took opposing sides on the true value of Kavanagh. Their seemingly insoluble major/minor conflict led me to believe that they were looking at Kavanagh from two radically different viewpoints; were judging him in terms of two different discourses. His huge acknowledged influence, his "attraction" and "quality", is due to his prominent position in a discourse perceived by Irish poets, but seemingly invisible to some critics.



What do I mean by this discourse? We often accept that a body of poetry in any language represents a single discourse; that is, it has traditions and assumptions that are central to it, which can be usefully applied to a discussion of any poet's work. The language and culture develops through its experience of history, and its contact with other cultures; but it often seems to follow its own parameters. In a way, every poet stands at the point of contact of these three factors. There are movements which supposedly transcend the language barrier, such as Symbolism, Surrealism etc., but ultimately these movements have to be "translated" into the terms of the discourse of a particular language. If we look at the early development of poetry in the English language, we can see how it developed through importing elements from other languages and cultures, building itself up with French or Latin, advancing by means of translation, parody, plagiarism. Literary historians tend to see this in purely formal terms, but it is obvious that content is also crucial, as can be seen clearly in the case of MacPherson's *Ossian*.

Over the years, in English, a canon has emerged which defines this central discourse, a great tradition. If Kavanagh is merely a minor member of this great English literary tradition, a kind of up-dated John Clare, or a "Poet of the 'forties" according to C. H. Sisson, then his standing and attraction are inexplicable. It follows that he is misplaced in the English tradition.

The problem is that "English" is a polysemous term. English is a language spoken by hundreds of millions of people, containing within it separate and diverging cultures. It is the language of that place called Anglophonia, an empire, says Anthony Burgess, upon which the sun never sets. It can also mean that specifically English tradition in English literature, which traces its way back through Thomas Hardy and Edward Thomas, and which was once the only tradition in the language. Or it can mean British, in a sense that includes England, Scotland, Wales, Northern Ireland, and sometimes, even the Republic of Ireland. These distinctions are sometimes genuinely confused, but more often they are tacitly understood. Thus many critics in England tacitly accept that American poetry is, fundamentally, poetry in another language, that it is part of a separate discourse. However, they often practice a sleight of hand with the terms. Philip Larkin, for example, in the anthology "The Oxford Book of English Verse", includes poetry by American poets - about twenty five percent of the poems in the book. English in this sense obviously means "in terms of the English discourse", rather than the language.

The discourses in poetry in the English language can be roughly identified in geopolitical terms. Australia, America, the Caribbean. And then there is the British/Irish nexus, which contains a number of separate discourses. It is crucial to explicate this relation, which is made more complex by a former political relationship. Any attempt to deal with it is hampered by political and literary-political factors.

The kind of difficulties present are exemplified by C. H. Sisson in his book "English Poetry 1900-1950". Discussing Hugh MacDiarmid, he writes:

"Being a part of English literature is something the Scottish poet, however umbrageous, cannot avoid - any more than the American can - whatever place he may hold in the sub-category to which he belongs by place and history. English in the term English literature refers to the

language and is without prejudice to any independences, rebellions, hostilities or national distinctions whatsoever."

This is fair enough, loaded though the language is. But it must be read in the light of the following; despite the book's title and the above paragraph, it discusses only two American poets - and justifies this on the basis of their involvement with the London scene. Such self-contradiction and inconsistency cannot be ascribed to mere woolly-mindedness - especially when a few pages farther on we read:

"To some extent the object of hostility may be less England than the great British shawl that anyone in these islands who wants to breathe has to get out from under - a task which the English themselves may be less well-placed to perform than the Irish, Scottish, or Welsh, so that they are likely to be the last of the nationalities to re-emerge, if anybody in the end really succeeds in doing so."

This pointedly ignores the fact that a large part of this island stepped out from under that shawl a long time ago. Or perhaps, he is using the word Irish to signify merely Northern Ireland, thus avoiding any awkwardness by rendering the South invisible. This represents a tacit admission that poetry in the Republic of Ireland has been going its own way in recent years - an assumption that we find tacitly echoed in many other anthologies.

This brings us to the problematic area of "Ulster" poetry. If the Irish and British discourses are diverging, then what about the case of poetry from Ulster? Is it part of British or Irish literature, or, as Frank Ormsby and others suggest, an independent entity? Or does it operate under some kind of "joint sovereignty"? The question is obviously weighted with political considerations,

of the kind involved in deciding whether Afrikaans is a European or African language. But what is certain, is that in Britain, it is regarded as British literature. In his recent "An Open Letter" Seamus Heaney registers his unease and objects to being so easily appropriated into the "Penguin Book of Contemporary British Poetry". But anthologies merely make plain assumptions which are current and widespread. The British have surely always regarded poetry in Ulster as part of the British scene, while tacitly acknowledging that the South has spun off out of its orbit, by not including poets from the South in such anthologies. This is a somewhat uncomfortable and untidy fact for some elements, so it has simply been ignored. This "invisibility" has probably not had any adverse effect on the development of poetry in Ireland, but it does present difficulties to the non-Irish reader, who often fails to see it in its proper context. But what is the nature of the Irish discourse in poetry, and how is it perceived. To find this out, we must look to the anthologies.

Three of the most easily obtainable anthologies of recent years show an interesting progression in the perception of what constitutes the Irish discourse. The Oxford Book of Irish Verse (1958) carries the subtext "Anglo-Irish". It includes no translations from the Gaelic, apart from a number of "classic" translations, which form a part of the development of Irish poetry in the English language. Nor does it include anything from the tradition of folk-song and balladry in English.

The Penguin Book of Irish Verse (1970) devotes about one quarter of its space to translated Gaelic poetry - and includes one anonymous ballad. The Faber Book of Irish Verse (1974) devotes about half of its space to translations from the Gaelic, and gives over a whole section to ballads and folk-songs in the English language.

However, allowing for differences in taste among the editors, the three anthologies share a remarkably unified view of what constitutes the Irish discourse in the English language, differing mainly on the importance of the Gaelic tradition, and the folk-song tradition. Of the three, the first is the most catholic in its selection of poets writing in English, though it includes little Gaelic poetry. To the editors, Irish poetry is what is written by anyone born in Ireland, or by anyone with Irish blood, or even in some cases, poetry about Ireland written by non-Irish poets. There is a certain amount of absurdity pertaining to this position, not to mention crass sentimentality. And yet there are cases where it is peculiarly apt. It seems absurd to include a poem by Sir Arnold Bax, who happened to write a poem on an Irish event, in a so-called Irish Mode. It is a minor poem of no great value; but, in fact, it was written by an Irishman, "Dermot O'Byrne", Sir Arnold Bax's Irish alter ego. The fact is that a vital part of the Irish discourse has been obscured by its role as the English "Other". This seems to be a phenomenon closely related to Orientalism, in our case complicated by the sharing of a common language. Perhaps the most important anti-self in Yeats' poetry is Yeats the Irishman. It is only fair to admit that the Irish have accepted and exploited this role at times. Of being just like the English, only more "interesting". It is a fundamentally colonialist relationship. It seems to have begun, like Orientalism, with the Romantic Revival, and remained a strong aspect of Irish culture right into the twentieth century. There is certainly a strong element of it in the Celtic Twilight.

Kavanagh once claimed that "the so-called Irish Literary Movement ... was a thorough-going English-bred lie." It is a typically outrageous statement, but I believe that Kavanagh was basically correct. Kavanagh was

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IRISH PUB!! (OF COURSE!)**

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aware that he himself did not derive from this movement. His authority came from other, for a long time submerged, sources. He was always careful to avoid slipping into this role. In fact, even when he was tempted to do so, he was constitutionally incapable of doing it. In many crucial ways, Kavanagh was the first fully-fledged Irish poet in the English language - that is, an Irish poet whose relationship to Irish nationality and to the English language was not problematical. We do not, with some minor exceptions, find this any earlier. He is the culmination of the nineteenth century, the great watershed where English literature met Gaelic literature, and Irish literature in the English language was born.

The first synthesis of these two forces was Thomas Moore. The National Bard of Ireland has always been a problematic case; both Joyce and Kavanagh vilified him, and he was not popular with the Irish Irelanders. Yet his position is unshakable, or at least it was until very recently. His demise as a popular genre of entertainment is due more to changes in Irish society than to any critical strictures applied to his work. From being the poet of English aristocratic salons, he became the poet of the emergent Irish Catholic middle-class, who provided the pianos and parlours where he reigned. His tunes are sweetened though sometimes effective versions of a harsher, more robust tradition. His words, with some exceptions, are the standard Romantic-Ossianic fare, prevalent throughout Europe at the time. But all that, is, to some extent, beside the point. Moore offers a vision of Ireland guaranteed to please the sensibilities of the Romantically inclined Englishman, the saleable concoction of sentimentality, melancholism and exoticism. It is worth noting that Moore used Orientalism in his other works. But what continues to surprise his critics, is how this mixture came to appeal so deeply to the Irish themselves. This is to overlook the fact that at that time an Irishman was only allowed to feel, legally, towards his own past, the same emotions as an Englishman of Romantic sensibility; and sometimes, not even that much. In 1840, the Government withdrew financial support from the Ordnance survey-based researches of the antiquarians, Petrie, O'Donovan and O'Curry because they felt it would stir up dangerous national sentiments. Moore's audience was the English-speaking middle-class. This period saw

the final destruction of Irish as the vernacular, and its replacement by English. It is often claimed that the language could have been saved if it had been adapted by this class, typified in Daniel O'Connell. But to them, the way to advancement lay along "an bothar fada" of Sean O'Riordain's poem. If at first that meant accepting in the words of John Montague:

"To slur and stumble
In shame
The altered syllables
of your own name:"

- it would not be so forever. The distant sweetened echo of Moore's Irish Melodies was as close as they could get to their own past. The language barrier created a gap greater than time or class, assaulting the Gaelic tradition with silence, infecting large segments of historical experience with invisibility. All that could be salvaged was what could be "translated", in one way or another. It is a nightmarish situation familiar from the work of the great Gaelic poets. Moore was only able to take fairly standard forms within a very limited discourse, and introduce a fragment of Irish content. Seemingly innocuous, and fit for the drawing rooms of London, it was in fact, radioactive material. Trite and deficient though it is, lines like:

"No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells,
Thus freedom now so seldom wakes
the only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks
To show that still she lives."

While aptly describing their own affect, do express something of the experience of an Irishman at that time. We can find the same sentiment expressed, with infinitely greater eloquence and power, in the works of O'Rahilly - but our ancestors could not. A good symbol for Irish poetry at this time would be Our Lady of Dublin - a fine wooden statue which survived the persecution by being hollowed out at the back and used as a pig trough. It was not necessary for Moore to be great - it is enough that he merely existed.

(Continued in next issue)

Michael O'Loughlin

Notice To All New

English Teachers

The first thing to realize is that you will be paid a pittance. For this you will be expected to take classes that the more experienced teachers would not touch with a bargepole; work early morning and late evening often on the same day; teach classes that have astounding level differences (in the name of rentability you do understand) and with your meagre earnings dress up like a mannequin from Vogue.

So, what can you do to get some sort of satisfaction? First, you teach your students not to clutter up reception but to go quickly and quietly into the classroom so that the director does not realize you are late. Be late from the very first, as soon as the students realize that this is a regular habit, they will hopefully start being late also. You can thereby reduce a 2-hour class quite considerably.

Do not make the mistake of tiring yourself out in class, i.e. excursions to the blackboard to write words there; spell everything. This is often very amusing as nobody ever seems to get it right and lots of time can be wasted.

Your students start speaking in French; do not insist they speak in English but take this marvellous opportunity to brush up your French for free.

Try to establish very early on how much you love alcohol, coffee, parties etc. Elongate coffee breaks by waiting to the very last moment to go to the toilet etc.

If you have a cours particulier with an amorous student who is young and not bad-looking, go right ahead and encourage this. It's so much more pleasant having orgasms for two hours than having to teach the turd.

If a student arrives who you think is going to put a spanner in the works, you can adopt the following practice; use everything he says as an example of his grammatical wizardry in the language. Point him out to the other students as a marvel of linguistic knowledge. If all this fawning on the bastard does not produce results, send a few dead cats by parcel post to scare him off.

I hope that this advice will be of benefit to you and I will be only too happy to receive new suggestions.

AUGUSTINE

LETTERS

THE PARIS PUMP

Dear Editors,

There is little that gives me more pleasure than to see those who are willing to, and capable of, putting into print something of themselves. It is with a certain reservation that I would like to make the following comment. Your paper must not become just another vehicle for the publication of those literary efforts which we call short stories or poems. They have their place, a place I would never deny. You have embarked on something quite fine, something more than giving space to poetry and fiction. But too many of these so called literary efforts change a publication, and that change I would not like to see occur in your paper. It is not a "small magazine". It is a paper of information, keep it as such. At the same time, give space to those whose idea of information is not what generally is admitted. But the limitation is important, not only for your, but for those whose efforts you publish. All of which requires decisions, and those decisions will do everyone a world of good.

Thank you.

C. Mills.

Dear Editor

My sincere congratulations on your brave effort in starting an Irish paper in Paris. I think it's a handsome production and a most worthwhile project.

I note with interest your expressed intention to endeavour to reach other nationals, including of course the French, and to avoid creating a cultural ghetto.

Bearing this in mind I would suggest to your editorial board to avoid printing articles of the "Condoms Condoned" type - with its partisan politics, its facetious name-calling, and worse its confused and confusing attitudes to such world problems, mutually non-inclusive as contraception and abortion.

The article brings down the tone of your paper to the level of parochial politics.

Yours sincerely

B. J. Easton (Mrs.)

A chara!

J'ai surtout apprécié les trois textes pleins d'humour (What's behind the green door, How do you spell Dublin et The Crack) et ceux qui, depuis le no. 1 parlent des genres littéraires proprement irlandais. Un renseignement: comment me procurer le magazine américain mentionné dans votre dernier éditorial?

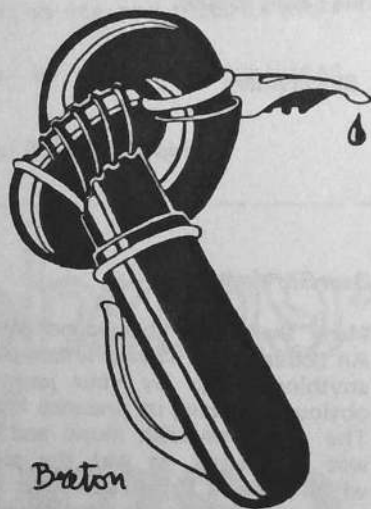
Francine Hatry
9 rue Vaucouleurs

Thank you for your letter. The American magazine 'An Droichead' is not on sale in Paris but if you write to:

'An Droichead'
Keshcarrigan Bookshop
90 West Broadway, N.Y.
N.Y. 10007
U.S.A.

I'm sure you will be able to procure a copy.

Ed.



Dear Sir,

Received the first 2 copies of "An tEireannach". I love it. Congratulations! What a wonderful way to support and help each other in preserving the Irish Culture. Let Eoin West (Letters Page, Vol. 1 No. 2) eat his heart out. Go for it Baby!

Please add my name to your subscription list. I know of a few Irish-Americans who might be inclined to do likewise.

Yours sincerely

Betsy Ross (New Jersey)

P.S. How much is 30 francs in dollars?

Madame,

Le hasard de recevoir votre journal ici me porte à vous écrire, cela n'a rien d'original mais c'est un témoignage vécu sur la condition féminine en Irlande que je voudrais relater.

L'histoire commence en 83 pour me couper du stress j'avais besoin de m'isoler en Irlande; au cours d'un passage à Athlone je rencontre une étudiante en arts graphiques, là très vite on sympathise, la famille semble m'adopter avec gentillesse. Un courrier suit où j'essaye de l'aider pour ses études en lui envoyant des livres et toutes sortes de documentation; j'en arrive même à lui écrire des cours personnalisés de graphisme par ordinateur et de contrôle de la personnalité par le yoga. Elle a 19 ans et moi 33 - pas d'arrière plan sentimentel mais une vraie amitié. La période des concours arrive en juin 84 et en refusant les avances de son maître d'études elle est éliminée malgré la meilleure notation théorique. Les parents, ses amis et les enseignants lui conseillèrent de se taire par peur du scandale. Elle éclate de colère et est virée pour indiscipline car elle avait tenté de porter plainte contre ce chantage. C'est vraiment infect mais tout le monde est complice.

Ce premier coup l'avait traumatisée car elle réalisait que sans bagage scolaire elle ne pourrait échapper à une petite vie dans une petite ville, sa famille nombreuse qu'il faut aider. Là elle prend un emploi où elle est tout de suite l'objet de propositions; elle est obligée de subir les exigences sexuelles de son patron: le lit ou la porte. Le chômage est hélas une arme supplémentaire pour asservir les femmes.

Par intuition j'ai compris sa honte, elle ne voulait pas me recevoir et nous avons souffert ensemble sans oser en parler, par conclusion je viens de recevoir un petit bout de papier où elle me supplie de ne plus correspondre avec elle car elle venait de se marier par obligation, son patron lui avait fait un enfant et elle était forcée de prendre un époux à toute vitesse avec la bénédiction de son entourage.

Depuis je me sens coupable de non-assistance à personne en danger bien que je n'ai jamais reçu de SOS.

En quelques lignes voilà la destinée d'une jeune Irlandaise qui n'est pas exceptionnelle sauf pour moi son ami qui reste avec beaucoup de haine pour votre

société vétuste et très carnivore.

Je ne connais qu'une famille Irlandaise : la sienne où chaque femme doit absolument se caser à tout prix. Sa soeur aînée par exemple m'a avoué son objectif de jouer le jeu à fond et sans se cacher elle s'affirme la maîtresse de son patron par peur de perdre sa place ; elle sait que dans quelques années une secrétaire de direction plus jeune la remplacera et elle sera virée. Ce jeu sans avenir lui permet d'aider sa famille et aussi d'échapper à un mariage sans amour.

C'est dramatique car je suis sans doute trop sensible en ne pouvant revoir mon amie qui est devenue une chose de mon mari : un fermier qui doit la considérer au même rang que ses vaches ou ses moutons. Femmes ou bétail il y a toujours un maître. "Je ne peux plus rien faire pour en sortir" m'avait dit Vera dans ses dernières lettres.

Je l'imagine dans quelques années déformée par les grossesses successives attendant devant sa télé que son époux rentre du pub et j'en pleure de rage. Ecole - Travail - Famille - le même asservissement pour vous les femmes ; j'ai mal au coeur et à l'Irlande dont j'avais une autre opinion. Les gars de l'IRA peuvent tomber, vos soeurs peuvent être le jouet de leurs patrons. Tout le monde s'en fiche et vous êtes pris au piège du silence irlandais. Moi déjà un vieux solitaire et elle brisée à 20 ans, nos routes sont à jamais séparées. J'apprécie beaucoup votre tentative de réveiller les femmes d'Irlande et je juge le courage qu'il faut pour votre féminisme et affronter un système social où tout coïncide pour écraser les insociales. Je pense à toutes ces filles brisées et emprisonnées dans un couvent ou au mariage qu'elles subissent en silence. Je pense également à tous ces hypocrites qui polarisent l'opinion publique d'Irlande sur l'invasion des drogues ; à mon sens ils feraient beaucoup mieux de s'interroger sur le pourquoi. Si des gens se droguent c'est toujours pour finir un monde dont ils ne veulent pas mais dont ils ne se donnent pas les

moyens de changer les règles. Les sermons d'un curé, une émission de TV sont aussi des drogues mais l'usage est recommandé par les "braves gens".

Tous ces parents qui sombrent dans l'alcoolisme et la bigoterie n'ont vraiment pas de pudeur à se présenter en défenseurs de l'ordre moral et des valeurs traditionnelles alors qu'ils sont prêts à fermer les yeux sur le destin de leurs filles. Irlandais je suis proche de vous haïr. Pour vous Irlandaises je suppose que mes propos sont trop courants car c'est une situation malheureusement très classique dont je vous fais le rapport. Je voudrais hurler l'écoeurement que j'éprouve, mais que peut faire un seul français quand votre peuple s'abandonne à une léthargie conformiste ?

Je retourne à ma pauvre amie à peine sortie du collège assommée de catholicisme et livrée aux hommes, je devine et partage sa honte et pour me couper de l'Europe je m'isole actuellement à Cuba, je serais de retour à la fin du mois et je m'interroge sur l'aide que je pourrais vous apporter car votre analyse et vos propositions de transformation des mentalités féminines me séduisent ; j'ai une revanche à prendre contre l'Irlande pour le mal qu'elle m'a fait au travers de cette jeune fille que j'avais adopté.

Sincèrement

Philippe FRILLEY

Dear Sir/Madam,

Many thanks for the second issue of An tEireannach. If your letters page is anything to go by your journal is obviously making its presence known. The article on Irish music and song was interesting, as was the picture which showed British terrorists hanging a piper for playing rebel songs, this had the desired effect as there are no rebel ballads played on Free State airways now (not that there ever was). Even the pirate radio stations, of

which there are about twelve in Dublin alone, will not play any good ballads possibly because they know the Free State government would close them down immediately if they did. If a visitor were to listen to the various radio stations in Dublin he would come away thinking that we had no history, as all he would hear would be British or American pop music. The television stations are the same.

The article on the budget by John Mitchel was well researched. The reduction on the VAT rate of "news-papers" has brought their price down from 30p to 28p, and not 27p as John Mitchel wrote. Even if they were to give them away, they still wouldn't be worth it. The budget was a whitewash job: it has made things harder for those lucky enough to have a job, and impossible for those (almost 500,000 in the 32 counties) without a job. The rich in the Free State have hardly noticed the budget. It was simply to balance the books, with no regard for the people who have to live with it.

The review by T. J. Walsh on page 8 (Same Old Story) was a joy to read. Unfortunately, this anti-Irish racism does not only come from outside the country, as there is no shortage of people living in the country who would like to see us adopt foreign cultures. They do not recognise that Ireland has its own traditions which are set in the history of our country. We have enough problems without trying to impersonate the British or Americans. The article on the back page (Condoms Condoned) was refreshing, and its good to see that even in Paris it can be seen how the government and the church have blown up this issue out of all proportion. However, one correction: Dick

Spring is not a member of the so-called Worker's Party; he is the Leader of the Free State (so-called) Labour Party. Both these parties have, in the words of Frankie, "never done a tap".

John Horan.

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SAVE OUR GHETTO !

I am afraid that this missal bears grave tidings. Rumour (that unhappy creature) has it, that a great number of fine Irish minds are at this very moment leaving Paris to regain the shores of The Emerald Isle. Should this unhappy gossip be proved true, you know (as well as I do) the dramatic consequences that it will inevitably have on the Parisien way of life. This eternal city shall never be the same again. What will happen to the "rive gauche" the "rive droite", the museums, the bars, L'Escale, Le Goblet d'Argent, the Commissariat of the 8th arrondissement?

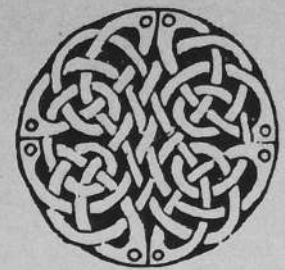
We must do battle with this unhappy exodus! We must extract at the roots the woeful situations that force our brothers into exile (in reverse). I have already organized petitions and rallies to gather support for our worthy undertaking. Indeed, many among you may already have seen this poster plastered on walls in the vicinity of the Irish ghetto:

Come Pray for Those Unfortunates
Among Us
Who Due to Circumstances
Beyond Their Control
Are Driven Back to Eire.
The Rosary Will Be Said
Each Evening At Six O'Clock
In Notre Dame
Be Numerous.

This is only the first step in my plan of action. But I cannot continue alone. I need your help. Send 200frs to P. de Buitlèar acc. 2458798 Credit Lyonnais. This modest and nominal entry fee bestows on you membership of the Save Our Irish Contingent Club, a newly formed, nonprofitmaking organisation whose aim it is to keep Paris (or at least the square mile from rue de Cygne to rue Montmartre) green. Meetings are held Thursday nights in top secret locations which are only divulged to members on the payment of a further 450frs which allows not only the fortunate member entrance to these reunions, but also the right to tea and biscuits after the meetings.

So be patriotic. Send donations now to the abovementioned account number. Save our ghetto.

Pòl de Buitlèar



Anaerobic

*cá'il do scámhóga,
a dhia
gan charbón,
ocsaigin,
hidrigin,
nítrigin ?
nó an tusa
na ceithre eilimintí,
crosphointe dobhoghta
a aontaíonn a n-easaontas,
ceann scríbe gach treorach ?
nach bhfuil smóladán
ag titim ar thine gach beo
a múchfar suas chuig
do staid mhúchta féin,
sinn coinnle lasta
ag léá go hoíche ?
aerobic faoin aer
faoin gcré anaerobic
amhail tusa,
- dia linn -
ar scámhóga go ciuin,
dia sinn ?*

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 - 16H : Orphéus Caledonius
 - 20H30 : Scène Ouverte