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Welcome to the latest edition of the IACI e-news.

Founded in 1962, the IACI is the leading Irish American cultural organization. The IACI is a federally recognized 501(c)(3) not-for-profit national organization devoted to promoting an intelligent appreciation of Ireland and the role and contributions of the Irish in America.

Guest contributors are always welcome! Please note, the IACI is an apolitical, non-sectarian organization and requests that contributors consider that when submitting articles. The IACI reserves the right to refuse or edit submissions. The views and opinions expressed in this newsletter are solely those of the original authors and other contributors. These views and opinions do not necessarily represent those of the IACI or any/all contributors to this site. Please submit articles for consideration to cbuck@iaci-usa.org.

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TOM MOORE'S FANS STALWART

This year marks the bicentennial of Thomas Moore's birth. The exact date, May 28, was noted in Ireland and elsewhere with tributes of varying enthusiasm.

Despite a loss of popularity in recent times — ostensibly because the songwriter was so fashionable and successful in an era when his country was so hard-pressed — Moore's hardcore fans have, nonetheless, remained faithful.

As one Irish journalist put it, "Without Moore, generations of Irish would never have known of their musical heritage." And Moore is credited, too, with helping to immortalize heroic sons of Erin like Robert Emmet and Lord Edward FitzGerald with whom he was a close friend.

While Moore is best remembered as a lyrical poet and songwriter, he was no lightweight when it came to literary achievements of other sorts. His four-volume *History of Ireland* was included in *The Cabinet Cyclopaedia*. He published well-regarded biographies of Lord Byron, Brinsley Sheridan and Lord Edward FitzGerald, and his *Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion* was a two-volume work consisting of 710 pages. His memoirs, journals and correspondence made eight volumes of 3,000 words — hardly the work of an idler!

Born in Dublin in a still-standing pub on Aungler Street that bears his name today, Moore was the son of a Kerryman and a Wexford-born mother whose maiden name was Anastasia Codd.

Endowed with a sparkling personality and a sunny disposition, all his friends agreed that he was quite the most charming fellow they had ever known.

This would seem to be borne out further since biographical information reveals that Moore's first schoolmaster was an alcoholic who beat all of his students with regularity — "except for young Tommy."

When he went to Samuel Whyte's School on Grafton Street in Dublin, Moore was soon on the stage. His first attempt at verse was about a craze for bandalore, bandalore, known to us today as the yo-yo.

A Superstar of His Era

At Samuel Whyte's School, Moore not only learned classical studies, but a good deal of republicanism as well. He entered Trinity College as a Catholic even though this barred him from all endowments or scholarships for his law studies. Instead, his tuition was paid for entirely by his mother who doted on her clever son.



Thomas Moore
(photo courtesy Bord Failte)

It was at Trinity that Moore gained his first reward for verse. Fed up with writing essays in Latin which he thought nobody read, he substituted an English verse for one and netted a handsomely-bound volume for a prize.

It was at Trinity too that he first met Emmet and wrote his first song, "Let Erin Remember." He had also become the darling of the Provost in whose house he frequently entertained.

The unofficial Poet Laureate of Ireland and the darling of the drawing-room set, Moore got some bad press in later decades for acting the part of the social butterfly while his country was racked with famine — and particularly for cavorting around in London, his destination after leaving Trinity.

While he flirted with politics and was a close friend of many Irish rebels, Moore never became deeply involved in revolutionary efforts. Nor did Emmet nor any of the others with whom he associated try to involve their "lovable Tommy" in the activities of the United Irishmen and related organizations.

Not "Ethnic" Enough

According to a writer for the *Irish Press*, Moore's popularity may have declined still further because he was not "ethnic" enough. He belonged to the world of smuggled tea and port, of the starched high collars made fashionable by Beau Brummel while his own countrymen were grappling with issues that were anything but frivolous.

Throughout his lifetime of 73 years, Moore continued to earn a good living with his pen. His family life was tragic. All his five children — three daughters and two sons — died before him. Toward the end his mental health failed. He died on Feb. 28, 1852.

"Dear Harp of my Country! Farewell to thy numbers . . . This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine . . ."

Moore's image of Mother Erin and her stringless harp lives on. So does Moore's memory. In 1952, the centenary of his death, a special stamp was issued to commemorate his life and times.

Yeats Carted to Texas

A treasure-house of literary works by the Irish poet W. B. Yeats has been carted out of Ireland by a wealthy Texas bookdealer who paid tens of thousands of pounds to win the collection of manuscripts, letters, books and family portraits in an auction at Sotheby's in London recently.

In the hour-long round of bidding, Tom Taylor of Austin, Texas, had only one close competitor — a London dealer named Bernard Quaritch. No Irish institutions were involved. The American and the Londoner quickly took the prices out of the reach of most of the other would-be buyers.



W. H. Yeats
(photo courtesy Bord Failte)

HOPE FOR THE DOWN AND OUT IN IRELAND

It happens in Ireland too — like everywhere else in the world. People grow old. They become ill . . . poverty-stricken . . . chemically-dependent. They suffer from loneliness, from depression, most of all, perhaps, from being forgotten.

The past two winters were particularly cruel ones in Ireland. They were colder than usual and plagued still further by a lack of vital services.

The tragic results were reported widely by the Dublin newspapers: An old woman was found dead in a rat-infested basement which had no heat, no cooking facilities. Others perished on the street, even in reasonably comfortable surroundings because they lacked turf to keep them warm.

The homeless and the drifters prowled the streets in search of doss houses and food centres.

The chronically ill, suffering from maladies such as bronchitis, emphysema, alcoholism and acute depression — and lacking medical cards and the knowledge of how to get them — went without proper medical care as well as food and shelter.

Bad as it was, somebody was noticing. And doing something about it.

Some people, in fact, have been noticing for quite a while now.

One of these is a Simon Community-affiliated nurse named Alice Leahy who left a well-paying job with the Baggot Street Hospital to work at a free clinic on Lord Edward Street which provides basic care for vagrants, the down-and-out and the medically neglected.

Working in tandem with the 36-year-old Tipperary-born nurse is Dr. Laurence McGibben, employed by a private charitable trust set up in 1975 to help homeless people. The clinic is open three days a week for drop-in visits. The rest of the time the doctor-nurse team makes the rounds of hostels and other neighborhood dwellings where people need medical aid. Sometimes they even

find patients sleeping on the streets.

"We don't wear uniforms and we are on first name terms with everyone," says Ms. Leahy. She came to her present post after writing an eye-opening report for the Simon Community in 1974 in which she called to attention the wide range of medical problems still unattended for Ireland's socially deprived.

Many of those treated at the Lord Edward Street facility are not critically — nor even seriously — ill. Nonetheless they may be disabled by their urgent need for eyeglasses, by a nagging skin disease or by a dental problem.

Part of Ms. Leahy's job is to provide short-cuts through the red tape of social service and government agencies so that people can get glasses or a prescription when they need it — not weeks or months later.

Before coming to Lord Edward Street, Ms. Leahy "interned" at the Simon Community in Sarsfield Quay for six months. Fresh from Baggot Street, it was quite a switch.

The staff was busy painting and decorating facilities while several people were receiving treatment for alcoholism all around them on the premises, she recalls.

Ms. Leahy does not think that she will return to conventional medicine. Instead, her immediate plans are to take up a Council of Europe fellowship in Holland to study the problems of vagrants and migrants.

"When people see the job I do, they

DUCAS
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DUCAS explores the cultural heritage of Americans of Irish ancestry that, cherishing what is good in their birthright, they may learn to cultivate it for the benefit of generations unborn.

EditorOwen O'Neill

think I must either be mad or a nun," she says. "But for me, it's a way of life."

A Dublin organization called A.L.O.N.E. is thumping for a movement in which concern for the problems of the old, the ill and the indigent will become a "way of life" for scores of volunteers.

A.L.O.N.E. is located at 3 Canal Terrace, Bluebell, Dublin 12. Contributions of any sort will be welcomed by the new and vital organization.

Maidenhair Tree Transplanted

Because it combines valuable medicinal properties with beauty, the exotic Ginkgo Biloba tree of China — also called the Maidenhair Tree — will soon be gracing Irish soil.

Not only will the Chinese export contribute to research and help beautify the Irish countryside but it will also provide many new jobs in the pharmaceutical industry. Already a new factory on a six-acre site at Little Island, County Cork, is being built for this purpose.

Located on an IDA industrial site, the new plant will employ at least 50 people at the outset.

New nurseries are also sprouting up as an outgrowth, adding new income for farmers as well. Experts think that the plantations will thrive in Irish soil and climatic conditions.



GATHERING AT GORMANSTON COLLEGE to begin their IRISH WAY summer were these 138 participants from nearly every state in the country. There were 21 scholarship winners in the 1979 program which annually strives to heighten intercultural understanding between

NEWS NOTES

An industrious Jewish community is alive and doing well in Dublin even though its numbers have decreased in the last decade to about 2,000. On a reciprocal basis, Israel's Irish community is ever growing with a reported 100 Irish-Jewish families living in Israel, most of them in the seaside town of Natanya.



American companies should not be afraid to invest in Ireland where conditions are conducive to the maximization of profits, an official of the Irish Amalgamated Transport and General Workers Union told an assembly of U.S. industrialists in Dublin recently. By 1981, when the manufacturing tax is reduced to 10%, taxation on foreign investment in Ireland may well be the lowest in the Western world, the union spokesman added.



The increase in Irish exports is expected to reach 15% for 1979, following slightly behind the anticipated 18% projection made last December. This is attributed partially to a slowdown in the growth of world trade. Ambitious export targets for 1980 are urged nevertheless. In its recent annual report, C  ras Tr  cht  la alerted Irish exporters to be prepared for "intensified competition, as sharp and tough as any they have confronted to date."



Meanwhile Irish shoe manufacturers are toeing a hard, new line in the race for profits. It is estimated that 80% of the shoes worn in Ireland come from abroad. But Irish manufacturers hope to better their cut by increasing exports as well as through a new government restriction on cheap footwear from Korea.



The award for this year's best-designed Irish shoe, announced at a recent shoe fair in D  n Laoghaire, went to a Kilkenny firm which also manufactures Wallabees, a favorite with President Jimmy Carter. The winning shoe will appear in Irish shops next spring, retailing at just under £ 20. It is expected to be a major export earner with annual orders for 60,000 pair, worth about £ 750,000 at current prices.

Felines Are Her Fancy

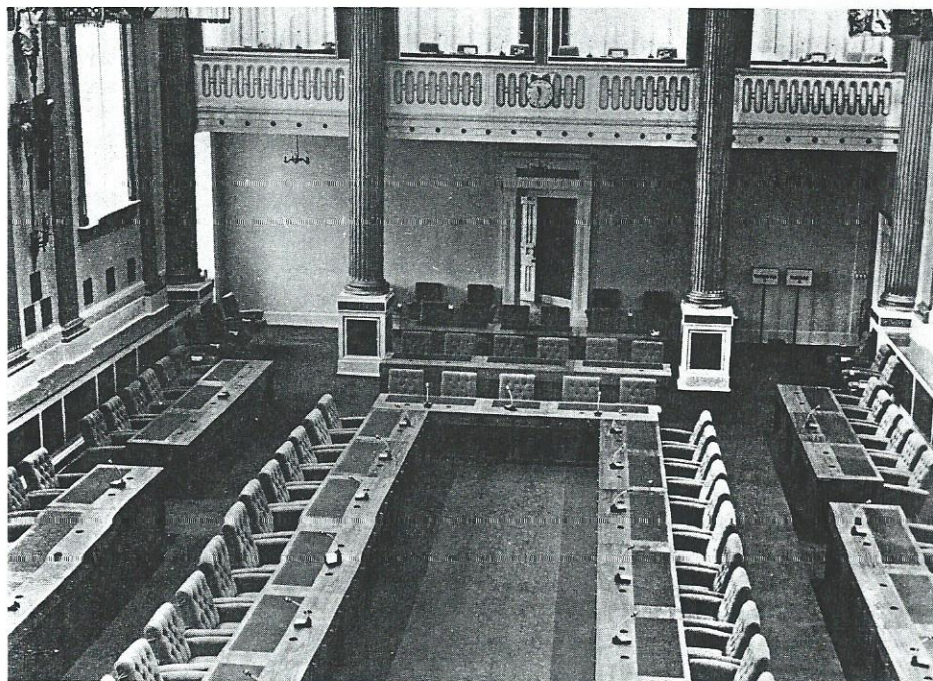
May Eustace, a 75-year-old Irish widow self-nicknamed "the old bird," has combined a lifelong fancy for cats with a profitable writing career which she began when she was 58. She has seven books on cats to her credit and is the only Irish judge on the Governing Council of the British Cat Fancy.

A Kilkenny native, Ms. Eustace — who once sheltered 20 cats under her roof at one time — now lives alone in a block of flats in D  n Laoghaire where cats cannot be kept. This doesn't deter this feline fancier. She is still very active in cat shows and quite recently she gave a talk about cats and politics in the same breath!

Now the "mews" has inspired her to write another book. Departing from her favorite topic slightly, it is the story of her late husband's practice as resident physician on a remote Hebridean island with a population of 130 people and — what else? — two Siamese cats.



Genealogical Office and Heraldic Museum, Dublin Castle. Upper Castle Yard is also shown.



A view of part of the Interior of Dublin Castle where heads of state still gather.

(Photos courtesy Bord Failte)

Dublin Castle Now Citadel of Irish Power

Dublin Castle, once the chief citadel of British power in Ireland, is now a citadel of quite a different sort of influence. Irish influence in Western Europe — and the world — is on the upward climb and nowhere is it felt more keenly than in the magnificent old castle.

When the Chairmanship of the European Economic Community earlier this year rotated to Ireland for the second time since its entry in 1973, Dublin Castle again became the site for all high-level EEC meetings. The Republic of Ireland occupies a proud place at the meetings of EEC heads of states. Not only does it hold the Chairmanship, but also its economic growth record has outshone that of all other EEC countries in recent years.

Dublin Castle and Hall are also the site for other distinguished Irish functions nowadays. Presidential Inaugurations are held there as well as ceremonies honoring outstanding Irish citizens. VIP's from other nations — including the late President John F. Kennedy — have been feted in Dublin Castle while visiting Ireland.

Dublin Castle was founded in 1204 when a mandate for its erection was issued by England's less-than-loved King John. Most of the present buildings date from later centuries, however.

Dublin Castle loomed large in Irish history throughout the long years of British domination and often filled a symbolic role.

It was unsuccessfully attacked at the start of the 1916 Insurrection during which its neighborhood was the scene of fierce fighting. A long chapter closed six years later, in 1922, when it was handed over to the Provisional Government of Ireland.

'GOOD-SHEPHERDING' THE IACI FLOCK

Ever wonder what would happen if you pulled up to your hotel on your first tour to Ireland, only to discover that there had been a fire in your rooms, and there was no other available space?

Rest assured, says Gretta McCabe, frequent courier and guide for Irish American Cultural Institute tours of Ireland.

And she should know. Gretta, an experienced Irish courier, has dealt with this and many other situations which, though unusual, can arise on any trip. (Anxious souls, be at peace! Far more pleasant occurrences are the norm!)



Gretta McCabe

Many of you — IACI tour veterans, especially — already know Gretta personally from past trips you have taken. Generous, warm, and infinitely accommodating, Gretta McCabe is a compliment to her profession.

"I both love and am fascinated by people," she admitted, when asked why she chose this kind of work.

But there's far more to the career of courier than simply liking people. "An essential condition for employment in the tourist trade is certification by the National Tourist Body," said Gretta, when questioned about the prerequisites for her job.

This involves a demanding six month training course consisting of lectures and exams in the home city and in various other parts of the country, covering such diverse subjects as history, archaeology, tour management and human relations. Even after certification, further research is a continual process: all aspects of Irish life, both old and new, are constantly being added to the courier's store of knowledge.

As vital as a firm sense of the country is for a tour guide, a feeling for people may be even more important. Guides must truly care about people to work around the clock, as they do, for the welfare of those on their tour. This may mean anticipating meal and comfort stops, calling ahead for special reservations for someone, making sure all baggage trans-

fers go smoothly — but most of all, it is the special, and extra, touch of someone who is willing to bend in different directions for the individual needs of as many as 30-40 people at once.

Gretta McCabe is such a person. When her husband retired over five years ago, Gretta decided to embark upon a new career, after raising four children. "I felt it was time I set sail," she said, and set sail she did!

An expert on Dublin City, Gretta has worked for many companies, and with tourists from many countries other than America — French, German, Japanese, and Australian tourists are also among her flock.

But she finds a particular satisfaction in guiding Americans through Ireland — and especially those from Irish American Cultural Institute tours. When asked why, Gretta explained that IACI are quite different from other, commercial tours — that Institute tours are designed to give members the maximum exposure to Ireland, taking in more places of interest than the usual tour.

"IACI tours are carefully planned, and one can often spare time to assist in tracing somebody's ancestor, for example, which not only gives joy to the particular person, but to all members of the tour. One case in point was Phil Stock on the June '79 tour. Many other incidents like this have happened over the years, but I have never had the pleasure of doing this on tours other than IACI tours."

Gretta feels that IACI tours have a two-way flow in satisfaction. She can share her knowledge, but she also receives little stories and anecdotes from

Irish Esprit De Corps Appreciated

France sent a special delegation to Ireland in 1871 to thank Ireland for the help it had given French troops during the Franco-Prussian War the preceding year.

Even though the British had chosen to "sit this one out," Ireland lent the French a hand in the form of an ambulance brigade. Just as the French were impressed with the Irish aid, so were the Irish impressed with the French display of gratitude. Feelings were very congenial on both sides during the French delegation's stay of just under a fortnight, highlighted with parades, dinner parties and festivities of all sorts.

At one such dinner in Dublin, a toast to the Queen drew loud hissing and many of the guests remained seated when the band played "God Save the Queen."

The British press took serious note of the tone of the entire proceedings. *The London Times* spent two editorials reprimanding both the French and the Irish and the *Pall Mall Gazette* commented, "Even for those who have disposition to magnify political demonstrations in Ireland . . . the accounts we get from Dublin this morning are very disheartening."

tour members which are very special to her.

"Even before a new group arrives I feel a tremendous warmth for them. This is because of the wonderful encouragement and sponsorship given by the IACI to fostering all things Irish, both in Ireland and America. There is also some magic ingredient in IACI tours — somehow, they arrive strangers but depart friends — perhaps because of their common ancestry."

Institute tours depart throughout the year but especially in May, June, September, and October. Flights alone are also often available — at special rates for IACI members.

Gretta has asked, for all the IACI friends she has made these past years on tour, to say "hello" and greet you all. Several hundred Christmas cards may be impossible, but she does want you to know she remembers you.

SAY YES TO YOUR PEOPLE!

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Gentlemen:

Please enroll me as a member of the IACI in the category of _____ Bronze Member (\$25) and send me my free 1980 calendar.

As a Basic Member _____ (\$15).

Previous zip _____

(if you have moved
in the past year)

Print _____

zip _____

Irish Trivia

Who is Irish writer Cecilia Ahern's famous father?	Former Taoiseach Bertie Ahern
What is said to have been used by St Patrick to teach the concept of the Trinity?	Shamrock
Which Irish band had hits such as Clare Island and Will It Ever Stop Raining?	The Saw Doctors
What is a Galway hooker?	It's a boat
What islands are famous for the heavy woollen knitwear worn by the local fishermen?	Aran Islands
What symbol has been associated with Irish flags since the 1640s?	A harp
What is Cashel Blue?	It's a cheese
What is a Kerry Blue?	A native Irish breed of dog
What is the main use of Wicklow's Glen of Imaal?	An Irish Army firing range
Who or what is Lughnaquilla?	A mountain in County Wicklow
Where in Ireland is the main training centre for the Irish Army?	The Curragh Camp in County Kildare
What iconic Dublin building was wrecked in the 1916 Rising and reopened in 1929, but still bears bullet marks today?	The General Post Office
Fifty years after the Easter Rising a massive statue of which British naval hero was toppled in an explosion in Dublin?	Lord Nelson
Dublin statues are famous for their nicknames. Who is the 'Tart With The Cart' in Dublin city centre?	Molly Malone
'The Time in The Slime' was a clock installed in the Liffey in the 1990s for what purpose?	The Millennium Countdown
What is St Brendan commonly known as?	The Navigator
What is the other main ingredient of champ with potatoes?	Scallions (spring onions)
What is 'a wake'?	A celebration of the life of the deceased
How many leaves does a shamrock have?	Three
Which Irish newspaper was first published on 5 September 1931?	The Irish Press
Who played the part of Eamon de Valera in the 1995 film "Michael Collins"?	Alan Rickman
Which Irish Columban priest spent 5 months in jail in the Phillipines during 1984?	Fr. Niall O' Brien

EVE OF ALL HALLOWS By Leo Crowley

A Very Unusual Event at the "Eve of All Hallows" Irish Pub and Restaurant, One Rainy, Dark, Dreary, Chill of a Slowly Dying Day, One Late October Halloween Evening....

On entering the "Eve of All Hallows" Irish Pub and Restaurant one rainy, dark, dreary chill of a slowly dying day one late October Halloween evening, I was surprised to hear the Proprietor sing out in his usual whimsical baritone the words "Oyez! Oyez! This inaugural meeting of the Anglo-Irish Diabolical Dublin Debating Society is duly called to order on this Halloween night" and he was immediately upstaged by an Aston Villa soccer fan imitating Deon Dublin (flying the flag of St. George) and a resident from the hamlet of Afton Villa near Neon Dublin (and flying the flag of St. Patrick), both of them in a surreal, and dancing wispy cloud of disintegrating cigarette and cigar smoke which was made even more dense, diabolical and intimidating by an unknown cloud of a suddenly inwardly downdraft of disfiguring, wafting and decaying fog-like shroud of an evening mist, partially mixing with the inevitable post-combustible motor car exhausts wafting inwards from the street, and which could be silently heard, sensed and smelt, but not seen. What was even more unexplained was the way in which the nearest regular and usual crowd of customers, gathered around the bar littered with half-empty glasses of lager, whiskey, and Guinness, suddenly disappeared into this "cloud of unknowing" and to this date, as it appeared to me, once again, they may have never been seen again. What happened next was beyond the belief of even my own supernatural imagination and ameliorating awareness.

I was suddenly alerted by what appeared to be the ghost of a long-dead English magistrate, who silently floated upwards from his crimson pleated armchair, and in a hollow, monotonous drone, and speaking directly to an unknown and newly assembled transparently Irish Republican crowd of a very boisterous, bawdy and bellowing assemblage of the tavern's now seemingly new but outdated collection of a quaint semi- and fully inebriated clientele, whose skeletons were causing a clattering, clanking and rattling cacophony of noise, he began reading the British Riot Act of 1714. He precisely commenced with "you are all charged and commandeth to disperse yourselves, and peacefully depart to your habitations or lawful businesses, upon the pains contained in the Act made in the year 1714 for preventing tumults and riotous assemblies, God save the King!" Not to be outdone, a long dead Irish magistrate got up from his emerald pleated armchair and started reading the Irish Code Duello of 1777. He loosely commenced with "the first offense requires the first apology, and hopefully the retort is more offensive than the insult, the aggressor to pardon in express terms. All blows are strictly prohibited between Gentlemen as no verbal apology can be received for such an insult, especially after the parties have taken their ground. Any insult to a lady under a Gentleman's care or protection is to be considered, as by one degree, a greater offense than if given to the Gentleman personally, and to be regulated accordingly. Challenges are not to be rendered after dark unless the party to be challenged intends leaving the place of offense before morning. Seconders are bound to attempt a reconciliation before the meeting takes place, whereas any conflict to agitate the nerves and make the hands shake will end the business for the day." Without further ado, there developed a second noisy rush of speeding footsteps and hastily appropriated overcoats, with the remaining terrified, closeted and regulars and the smaller

cluster of romantics snogging in The Snug, ran screaming, swearing and slandering their way out through the nearest windows, doors and staircases of this said abode, and never, to this day, it would have appeared to me, in my imagination, that they might not have been similarly witnessed or known to frequent the “Eve of All Hallows” Pub ever again.

Approaching the now long-dead magistrates, in what now seemed to be the now empty bar and restaurant, I was visibly shaken by a sudden sensation of being surrounded by the risibility, jocundity and blitheness from the newly arrived ghostly presences, which decompressed into a suddenly demystifying crowd of what I took to be a much smaller eclectic group of ethereal but a very articulate minority gathering of Anglo-Irish ghosts of aristocratic Lords and Ladies of a Presbyterian influence; and an unequally giggling, snickering, sniggering, tittering, guffawing, chortling, chuckling, cackling, cachinnating, roaring and shrieking of a much larger dyslectic gathering of the previously assembled inarticulate majority of Irish Republican ghostly characters of a sinful Catholic persuasion, themselves similarly dispensed into a similar decaying mist of confessional ambiance. At this point the proprietor re-appeared and newly-declared that the “spokesman for the English decadency in Ireland would be Malcolm S. Forbes” which was immediately followed by intermittent, disinterested, impolite skeletal applause from the few apparitions dressed in the sartorial elegance of yesteryear, “and whose notables shall include John Millington Synge, Samuel Beckett, Oliver Goldsmith, Jonathan Swift, Oscar Wilde and William Butler Yeats, to name just many of the few” he concluded. Not to be outdone or overcome, our humble proprietor droned on in his continuous baritone that “the spokesman for the Irish Ascendancy in England will be James Joyce,” and he was met by a sudden, spontaneous, skeletal, evaporating and tumultuous welcome which erupted in the very midst of a seemingly-standing ovation, with righteous shrieking and deafening applause by the assemblage of poorly clad, sock-less, and semi-barefoot laborers of the agricultural classes, “and whose Quotables shall include Flan O’Brien, Patrick Kavanaugh, Brendan Behan, Sean O’Casey, and George Bernard Shaw, to name a few of the many.”

Now here is where the very strange part of my evening really began. All of a sudden, what appeared to be the ghost of Malcolm S. Forbes then appeared, and in a deep, resounding, hollow voice announced that “for more decades than London politicians like to remember, Ireland’s literary might has been making and unmasking British parliaments and masking and unmaking British Prime Ministers,” continued the Scottish Forbes, instantaneously turning the Catholic Irish Republican apparitions into a threatening group of very disagreeable Paddy’s. “Them’s fightin’ words.....” mumbles the newly arrived ghost of Finn McCool, now suddenly appearing to be the ghostly pale-faced rider of the Irish Republican group, as the clamorous, clandestine, and smaller Cameron Clan of Anglo-Irish notables rattled their way selectively backwards. “A Priest in the house and a pump in the yard is no measure of Irish success,” continues the newly arrived ghost of the great Sean O’Casey, “and who is going to speak for our forgotten dead and forever departed, many of them lying dead by the side of the road with slivers of grass sticking out of the sides of their mouths, and their native lands summarily confiscated, disposed, deprived, divested and trodden underfoot by the boots of British oppression, their human souls grist for the mill and flotsam for the tide, their pedestrian soles, their equestrian foals, their trimester roles, their molester bowls, and their sequester souls

occupied by the debris, detritus, dregs, degradation, delinquency, disembowelment, despair, detritus, disaster, drunkenness and detestable dialogue of the proliferating prostitutes and declining destitution of a dying British Colonial Empire." This had the instantaneous reaction of turning the Protestant Anglo-Irish apparitions into a threatening group of very disagreeable fellows. "Them's fightin' words....." mumbles the ghost of Oliver Cromwell, now suddenly appearing to be the ghostly face-paled rider of the Anglo-Irish group, as the much larger dyslectic gathering of the inarticulate majority of Irish Republican ghostly characters of the aforementioned sinful Catholic persuasion rattled their way selectively backwards.

In the meantime, I had this sudden strange feeling that I was on the banks of the River Liffey in Ye Olde Dublin Towne, and it was June 16th, 1904, and on that Bloomsday, that fun day, that Thursday, the very appearance of an ethereal James Joyce himself evolved from the dank, damp, disintegrating and dissolving banks of the opposite side of the River Liffey and declared to all the Heavens and to all the Earth that "nobody in the World understands me." He was visibly shaken, and I could hear the clinking rattle of the startle of his skeleton when I yelled back "well, I do." "And I'm in a prison without healing, with a very strange feeling, and the mice in me cell is all squealing," mumbles the ghost of Brendan Behan, suddenly appearing on the banks of London's Royal Canal, and now happily accompanied by a ghostly spirit of his own imagination, the 'Quare Fella himself. "And I wouldn't doubt it, or clout it, or boxing-bout worry about it" continues the ghost of James Joyce, now wrapped in a flowing black robe of a dark, Sun-less day and a stark Moon-less night, with the blood-green words 'The Scholastic Irishman' scorched into his forehead, and spontaneously screaming at the top of his ghostly chatter, in his brogue and natter, that the real matter was that "Ireland, Ireland, this lovely land that always sent, her writers and artists to banishment; and in the spirit of Irish fun, betrayed her leaders, one by one." This was followed by great applause and cracking of their knuckles by an ever-increasing crowd of the ghosts of long-forgotten and politically interned Irish men and women. Following this thunderous ovation, and with ethereal grace, encumbering a cloudless face, at a leisurely pace, the face-less ghost of George Moore finally stands up to make a speech. "My one claim to originality among Irishmen is that I have never made a speech.....," he starts off, but with a clash of lemur-less femurs and non-humorous humoruses, the 'Quare Fella's coat-less ghost starts off panting and ranting again with "well, don't start now, and the less we hear from Moore the better!" Then I was aware of a ghostly, whiter shade of pale silence slowly wafting above the skeleton heads of the noted assemblage, and a polite applause and clicking of their fingers by the ever-decreasing crowd of Anglo-Irish ghostly apparitions, which then faded into the doom of the room and the gloom of the fateful evening I was experiencing.

One last apparition, in magnificent condition, now materialized and stated in a Scottish brogue "I propose to bring Bill into Parliament and deprive all of you who wish to publish these theses and subject you all to peculiar penalties," concluded the tartan-clad ghost of Lord John Campbell, who, with one dilapidated long wave of his long, bony forearm, led the assembled gathering into a drowning and dropping fog, and up into the hills and into the heather; he tapped his sporran, his kilt, his tam and his feather; and just like that, they were gone. The whole bloody lot of them.

Ring, ring, ring, ring, *ring*, *RING*.....!!!!!! It was the alarm clock that woke me up from my afternoon nap. It was 5 pm. The “Eve of All Hallows” Irish Pub and Restaurant didn’t open until 6 pm. I would be there at my usual time. It was a rainy, dark, dreary chill of a slowly dying day one late October evening when I finally made it to the door, and I wasn’t a bit surprised to hear the Proprietor sing out in his usual whimsical baritone, the words “good evening, Leon O’Chruadhlaioich, your usual table, your usual pint and the usual bacon and cabbage?” “Auch Aye, laddie” I said as I sat down in my usual crimson pleated armchair, laid my usual overcoat on the usual adjacent emerald pleated armchair, and settled into the usual dancing wispy cloud of disintegrating cigarette and cigar smoke partially mixing with the inevitable post-combustible motor car exhausts wafting inwards from the street, as usual, and which could be silently heard, sensed, and smelt but not ever seen. Once again, I became acclimatized to the usual very boisterous, bawdy and bellowing assemblage of the tavern’s semi- and fully inebriated clientele, the regular and usual crowd of customers gathered around the bar littered with half-empty glasses of lager, whiskey and Guinness, the smaller eclectic group of the articulate minority, the even smaller cluster of romantics snogging in the Snug, and the larger dyslectic group of the inarticulate majority laughing and joking between themselves. Ho Hum, I thought, just another evening in the neighborhood pub, nothing unusual, nothings changed, just like any other evening.....

ON THIS DAY IN IRISH HISTORY - OCTOBER

1st 1812 - English balloonist James Sadler attempts to cross the Irish Sea in a balloon. He fails and almost drowns.

2nd 1957 - The Voluntary Health Insurance Board is launched.

3rd

1938 - Britain's last remaining forts in the twenty-six counties are handed back to Ireland.

1940 - The German government announced it was willing to compensate Ireland for bombs dropped on Dublin.

1970 - US President Nixon arrives in Ireland.

1975 - Businessman Tiede Herrema is kidnapped by the IRA.

5th 1968 - Police in Derry baton-charge a civil rights march.

6th

1891 - Death of Charles Stewart Parnell.

1980 - Mella Carroll becomes Ireland's first female high court judge.

7th 1843 - Daniel O'Connell succumbs to government pressure and bans a Monster Meeting at Clontarf.

9th 1932 - Shots fired at a Cumann na nGaedhael meeting in Limerick.

10th

1918 - RMS Leinster is sunk by a German submarine with the loss of around 500 lives.

1957 - Fire at Windscale Nuclear Power Station in England, believed to have caused birth defects in Ireland.

1969 - The Hunt Committee report recommends an unarmed police force in Northern Ireland.

1977 - Mairéad Corrigan and Betty Williams win the Nobel Prize for Peace.

12th

1940 - The Kerry Head ship is bombed with the loss of twelve lives, months after surviving another attack.

1975 - Oliver Plunkett is canonised.

1984 - The IRA kill five people on an attack on a Brighton hotel during the Conservative Party Conference.

13th 1994 - Loyalist paramilitary groups announce a ceasefire.

18th

1880 - Ballycastle railway opens between Ballymoney and Ballycastle.

1881 - "No Rent" manifesto issued by Irish National Land League.

19th

1881 - Irish National Land League proclaimed illegal.

1989 - Three of the Guildford Four are released.

21st 1879 - Irish National Land League founded at Dublin.

22nd

1884 - Alice Walkington becomes the first woman to be awarded a degree in Ireland.

1976 - President Cearbhall Ó Dálaigh resigns over a furore about the Emergency Powers Bill, which led to the Minister for Defence describing him as a 'thundering disgrace'.

23rd

1911 - 70,000 Unionists march against Home Rule.

1970 - Charles Haughey, James Kelly, Albert Luykx and John Kelly are acquitted of conspiracy to import arms.

24th 1990 - The IRA forces three men to act as suicide bombers, resulting in seven deaths.

25th

1917 - De Valera becomes the President of Sinn Féin.

1920 - Lord Mayor of Cork Thomas MacSwiney dies on hunger strike in Brixton Prison.

1968 - The New University of Ulster is opened.

27th

1913 - James Larkin of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union sent to prison for seditious language.

30th

1939 - More than two dozen air-raid sirens are tested across Dublin.

31st

1909 - The Royal University of Ireland is dissolved.

1973 - Three IRA prisoners escape from Mountjoy Prison in a hijacked helicopter.

1990 - Brian Lenihan is sacked from government over dishonesty allegations.

1996 - First Irish language TV station, Teilifís na Gaeilge (TnaG), is launched.