CORK SCENE FREE ZONE

CORK FREE PRESS

THIS ISSUE

multinationals in cork. Council and activists clash.

leeside foliage. All you never wanted to know about Cork and never bothered to ask.

eating and drinking. The crucial resource for vegetarians and serious drinkers.

escape the nine to five grind! Careers outside the system.

bread lines. Grainne G. and the art of queuing.

cork aids alliance. New premises opens.

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PLUS - Golden Horde Speak!, 'IN INDIA', Notice Board, Letters, Astrology, Cartoons and all the usual rubbish.

CORK FREE PRESS DECEMBER 1989

Silent Plight



Reviews

EATING OUT

Sally in the 'alley

Aunt Bid's food column for those with vegetarian and vegan preferences.

GLASSIALLEYS
Emmet Place, Cork.



Aunt Bid

In the half dozen or so restaurants I have hitherto graced with my pen and palate, two restrictions have applied: a) no dead animals to be consumed and b) the place must be reasonably priced, partly because I'm reasonably poor and partly because the average you (reader) is assumed to be likewise.

Well, this time, in the interest of finding you somewhere to go when you come of age, get a degree, lose your virginity, find a £20 note in the gutter or...we went a wee bit upmarket. Actually it was because I'm sick of eating white pizza and brown goo.

And so to Glassialley's new place, upstairs across from the Crawford Gallery. Well, the inside is bigger than the old Glassialleys round the corner, though they've kept the cosy wine-bar feel (and the old tables) with loads of hanging baskets, dark red hessian walls and wine racks behind the bar. Large windows and ceiling fans give a contrasting sense of fresh air.

The place was quiet as we settled in to the smooth schmaltz of Sade, Paul Young and the ultimate: 10cc's "I'm not in love". Gulp. We weren't actually feeling that romantic (or old). Later, as the place filled and the chatter rose, the CD's were replaced by a (live) pianist giving forth such gems as "Sailing", "Yesterday once more" (The Carpenters) etc. As loud as she could too, fair dues to her. Nobody else seemed to notice her at all.

Now, the food...from the starters (£3 - £3.50, less for soup) we could have had melon, crudites and crackers with unspecified dips, carrot and orange soup (changes daily) and our choice: a selection of Irish cheeses deep fried in batter. We got six beautifully golden blobs, crisp on the outside and oozing creamy melted lumps of cheese to the bite. Without names we guessed at 4 types - smoked, brie, camembert, and very strong cheddar. A cashel blue would have made the platter orgasmic and the rest of the meal unnecessary. Accompanied by a nice, sharp but sweetish chutney and a salad garnish, it was hard to imagine one person getting through it all and surviving to tackle another couple of courses.

A footnote on the menu said vegetarian dishes were made up to order so we didn't have to apologise for our existence. The waiter told us that they could do a tagliatelle, pancake or stuffed pepper and said it with such confidence that we didn't even bother to ask what was in or on them only "both please, but no peppers". The waiter, in fact, was always relaxed, friendly, knowledgeable about the menu without being afraid to go and ask instead of bluffing, and not at all put off by our pennypinching attitude.

We randomly took a main course each, promising to swop half-way through. The pancake was huge, folded in half, filled with vegetables and beans in a tomato sauce and topped with melted cheese. Simple but nice, though the mixed beans were a wee bit hard (undercooked? my poor sensitive tum twittered nervously). The tagliatelle was topped with a concoction of mushroom slices, walnut halves, carrots and the mixed beans again, with a (unthickened?) cream sauce that was really UNDER the pasta. Not a great success, a bit bland and the textural contrast of hard beans and nuts with long soft strands of pasta didn't really work. Both the main courses came with a small salad that was the same as the garnish on the starter.

We wolfed the pancake, left half the pasta and at this stage were definitely feeling like basically beautiful people, eager to confess to each other's part in last night's row about the dishes. The bottle of Portugese white wine played its part, meshing with the music, the perfect service and those cheese blobs settling int tummies. The wine was £9.50 a bottle, the cheapest on the extensive list, and 50p more than a carafe of house white. I've had this Portugese Dao before from Quinnsworth, at £4.69, suggesting a mark-up of 140% at least. A glass of house Soave is £1.70. All seems a bit excessive.

Calculating that we had surely overspent, we decided to have dessert. From a short list of delicious-sounding concoctions, we chose one Chocolate Bailey's Gateau and two coffees. The cake was scrumptiously sinful though the Baileys, being a weak liquer, was impossible to detect in the rich chocolate flavour. Cream was in a pot on the plate. A nice touch, especially for slimmers on a chocolate diet ?! Coffee was good and refilled ad infinitum whilst we tried to digest the food and distract the raging cholesterol form the most important arteries. Porridge for a week is the only job for it.

We sat and sat, and our eyes glazed, the music smooched on, our fingers touched and eventually we made it to the street, our relationship cemented with wine, dairy fat and the Carpenters. Our bill came to £25.20, to which we added a £3 tip for the wonderful service. The bill broke down to: starter £3.50, two main courses £14, dessert £2, two coffees £1.20, wine £9.50. Very clever, yes, it adds up to £30.20 but let he or she who would have owned up, with £30 in the pocket, throw the first custard pie.

In hindsight, Glassialleys is hard to pin down. The decor and music are cosy and conservative, with flash touches. The clientele was about 80% over-35-female, strange for a "romantic" place. The food is conservative with modern additions. The t-shirted waiters and waitresses give classic sevice. Crucially for this reviewer, they welcome vegetarians and cater comfortably for them. Best to leave everything at the door except your palate, your wallet and your latent sense of classic romanticism.

DRINKING OUT

Golden Gate

North Gate Bar
Shandon Street, Cork.

Actually, I'd originally wanted to have a pint on Popes Quay in **The Left Bank** of hazy memory. I had remembered it as a basement pub, but this Left Bank had merely a few steps down. The last time I was there, circa five years ago, barely was I in the door than a customer came up and asked me to leave as I wasn't a regular. This time everybody was as friendly as Bosco.

Something else I hadn't bargained for, however, was that it was in the throes of a major overhaul, with gaping holes and coils of wire and fresh plaster everywhere. (I was assured that the fruit of all this labour would indeed be worth staying for.)

Anyway, I decided to stroll across the road to the North Gate Bar at the corner of North Mall and Shandon Street instead.

At around 10.30 on a Monday night the place was crowded and a quiz was in full swing.

A pint of Beamish was ordered and savoured and a seat procured (beside table 4, who were doing indifferently. What's the lightest known metal?)

The most noteworthy feature of the decor is the wood, which runs in yellowed diagonal bars along the ceiling and walls. (In what county is Stratford-on Avon?) The lighting is dispersed without inducing moroseness, whilst a tapestry(?) of sorts adorns the far wall, telling of a time of English domination and Irish resistance in and around the North Gate itself.

The crowd was predominantly male, working class, and fiftysomething plus, and evidently were all locals who know each other. The atmosphere was goodhumoured, and I was quickly drawn into giving suggestions and advice. (The patron saint of Czechoslovakia? Common name for the Chilean pine?

The North Gate is a grand pub, very cosy, and for outsiders perhaps best suited to a quiet(-ish!) pint during a weekday. Apparently the quizzes have been a regular Monday night slot for the last couple of weeks (the last Monday before Xmas has a members' draw, with seasonal prizes), with the victorious team (not table four in this case) being stood a round of drinks by the proprietor.

A merry Christmas to them all!

J. M. Withwork

the little skillet

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The Pulpit



Brown Doff

Yes indeed, Art Strike '90 - '93, the most unpopular concept since meatless Fridays, is about to happen. But don't despair; mass eradication of the commercial entertainment disease will not necessarily follow. Those involved in this campaign, like any other that carries unpopular merit, are viewed, if at all, by the establishment and its subconscious supporters, as cranks.

Of the 543 registered Irish artists informed of the strike, one replied. "Art is a vocation you can't refuse" stated the solitary respondent. "Refusal is a vocation you can't accept" pondered this literary pontiff.

Closer to the heart of the campaign's origin, things are in full flight. True to the world renown of San Francisco's eccentricity, a party to celebrate "the last night of art" has been organised. Here, Art Strike cranks can be seen to liberally indulge in playful frolics in recognition of years of preparation and in anticipation of a constructive period of reassertion. In Japan they're playing too, while in Third World slums and the backstreets of western cities, the pawns of civilization's comforts remain oblivious to this minority's concern.

November and ironically, while preparing for the supposed celebration of Christ's birthday, we trade on the Sabbath! Meanwhile 40,000 children (yes just like yours and mine) will rot on the dust over this festive season for the equivalent price of America's cigarette advertising expenditure. Unicef has said "enough is enough". Cranks, the lot of them ... it's time to wave whips in the temple.



Expressions of grim reality, a world away from our high street shops and art galleries

Not at all removed from all this is the annual frenzy of material consumption with which we are now beseiged. The Christmas ethic has well and truely manifested itself into a gluttonous orgy for a one third minority of the world's priviledged citizens. We see sponsored santas shouting slogans in

Next month: "A tin of Cambells soup fetches 10 billion at the expense of another empty stomach".

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Those environmentally conscious souls concerned about the amount of paper they're throwing away may like to know that the Togher Recycling Company takes in all kinds of paper (computer, cardboard etc. as well as your ordinary yesterday's newspaper). This is then sorted and baled and sold to Smurfits. For further information, ring them at 021-311892.

True Cork AIDS figures underestimated- CAA

by Joe Finnerty

The high level of youth emigration since the beginning of the 1980s has resulted in the marked underestimation of the number of Cork people with the HIV/AIDS infection, according to the Cork AIDS Alliance.

Speaking at the opening of their new premises in Peter Street, CAA chairman Arthur Leahy pointed out that our level of understanding of and action on HIV/AIDS , has suffered as a result.

Living in an atmosphere marked by lack of sufficient medical services and by public ignorance, those with HIV/AIDS are virtually forced to emigrate to places like London with the anonymity and the superior medical treatment and experienced personnel available to them there. Moreover, emigrants who contract the disease abroad are encouraged to stay away for the same reason.

The resulting situation in Ireland was described by Claire Watson, CAA Development Co -ordinator, as a Catch-22 one: public concern and funding will only really emerge when AIDS is visible, but this will only happen if the support and concern allowing HIV/AIDS sufferers to live in Cork in the first place exists.

The opening of the new premises in Peter St. she describes as a turning point for the CAA in Cork, accompanied as it will be by an increasing level of services that they hope to provide. These include expanded confidential phone hours for those worried about AIDS, the continuation of the CAIRDE confidential 'buddying' system, the training of over 20 more volunteers in the manning of these services (in addition to the four SES workers recently recruited), and the expansion of their education programs.

These educational programs comprise, amongst other things, the encouragement of AIDS awareness groups in workplaces and organisations, as well as working with the emerging Educational Task Force (including representatives from schools, colleges and the Southern Health Board) to provide training for teachers in schools.

Ms. Watson stressed that the implementation of an effective schools program is essential in combatting HIV/AIDS, and for this to succeed issues such as sexuality and sexual practices must be discussed openly with young people.

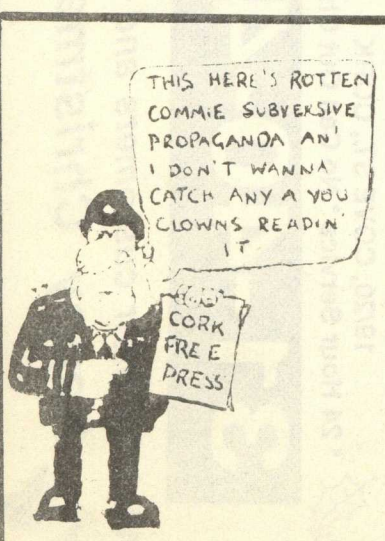
"We are aware that a certain amount of opposition to such an approach exists, particularly amongst some parents who fear that their children may be encouraged to become involved in what they see as undesirable activities.

"However, it must be stressed that many young people are experimenting both sexually and with drugs from an early age. It is therefore of paramount importance that they have access to the facts and are made fully aware of the risks and how to protect themselves from contracting HIV.

"Education is the only vaccine," she declared.



Cclr Falvey with workers at the new Aids Alliance premises in Peter St.



CORK FREE PRESS is a monthly publication read by 10,000 lucky souls in Cork city and county. It's available in all good pubs and cafes, as well as in shops, hotels and numerous other locations.All letters, graphics, photos etc. are welcome, as are offers of help with production and distribution.
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Legal services in Cork

If you have a legal problem you may need to consult a solicitor. If unable to engage a solicitor in private practice then you should apply for legal representation to one of the Law Centres in Cork (24 North Mall and 52 South Mall). If you satisfy the means test and come under the categories covered by the scheme (e.g. Family Law, Consumer problems, Landlord and Tenant) then legal aid will be provided. If, for example, you are receiving basic dole, then you will certainly qualify for free legal assistance.

However, there is a 6 to 8 weeks delay in these applications being processed, and these are predominantly in the area of Family Law.

If you are charged with a criminal offence and in the opinion of the Court you are unable to afford a solicitor and the gravity of the charge merits representation, then a solocitor from the Criminal Legal Aid panel will be appointed to defend you.

FLAC (Free Legal Advice Centres Limited) run advice clinics as follows:

(a)Blackpool, Community Centre, Mondays 7.30pm - 8.30pm

(b)Educational Rights Centre, 5 Churchfield Avenue, Tuesdays 8pm - 9pm

(c) 2 Tuckey Street, Wednesdays 8pm - 9.30pm.

Waiting below the breadline

A slightly fictional account of some delights of the Irish welfare system.

Were you here before me?"
"I don't think so."
"Who's next?...And who's after you?...I'm after you so, am I?"
You can tell the first time applicant in the Community Health Centre if they ask "which way does it go?" It goes every and any which way and it has for years and it probably always will.
"Who am I after?"
("Quien es la ultima?" they say in queues in Cuba. Then they go away and come back later and take their place behind la ultima. When we're waiting to get our weekly bread, we just sit and wait and ask each other who's next and make jokes about going to confession. But, actually, the confession box is more confidential.

We can all hear him telling the people ahead of us to apply for Corporation housing.

"Go down to the office, above the fire station, down by the City Hall. We're conducting a survey for the Corporation of everybody claiming a Rent Allowance in private accomodation."

The start of September, I think this was.

Was that your mother was in last week, when you were sick?", he asks somebody.

"Oh Jesus," we sit outside, looking at the the lino tiles and trying to make noise, shuffling around and rustling paper and trying to think of something to say to mask the conversation in the office.

"It says on your file that your parents are deceased...dead...it says here that both of your parents died."

He's still red when he leaves, with his cheque, through the seomra feithimh.

How many more are there left outside?" he asks the next. We can't hear the answer but then he says "Ye'll have to go quicker." We all laugh, quietly but loud enough for him to hear us.

"*You'll* have to go quicker, you ballocks," somebody says. "Just give him the money."

When it's my turn, he asks loudly about my living arrangements.

"You're living with your boyfriend?" I go red. I can feel my cheeks hot. And I can hear the shuffling outside.
"No. I moved out of that place."
"Where are you living now?...Why did you leave the other place?"
"I split up with my boyfriend."
"Do you still see him?"
"No. I broke it off with him."
"Do you get any money from him?"
"No." I'm getting tired of his persistence. "No. In fact, we broke it off because we were fighting about money." I stare through the glass at him. I think he gets the message.

I told the woman downstairs that I was looking for work.
"You're working, are you?" she asked me, then.
"No. I'm looking for work."

But I told the man in the next flat that I was working in a cafe.
"What's the advantage of living in a flat in the same town as your parents?" he asked.
"There wasn't enough room in the house for all of us."

He met a friend of mine who told him what I was actually doing.
"Don't worry," she said to me, "John's sound."
I met him on the stairs one night and I coming in from work in the pub.
"You work in Soandso's, did you tell me?"
"Yeah." I had never told him that. He offered me a cup of coffee or tea.
"What's the advantage of living in a flat when your parents only live across the city?" he asked me again. "I suppose you don't want to tell me."
"It's for the dole," I told him.
His expression went blank. He went tense and embarrassed.
"I don't know was I ever entitled to it...I suppose some people need it...I mean I suppose you're entitled to it..."

Going out another day, the woman downstairs met me.
"Dirty weather," she said.
"Yeah."
"How's work going?"
"I'm just going out for a walk around town."

I remember when prying was just a word I didn't understand in a book by Enid Blyton. I thought it menat pulling nails out of a plank of wood with a claw hammer, but that made no sense in the context.
"Don't pry," Julian said.

GRAINNE G.

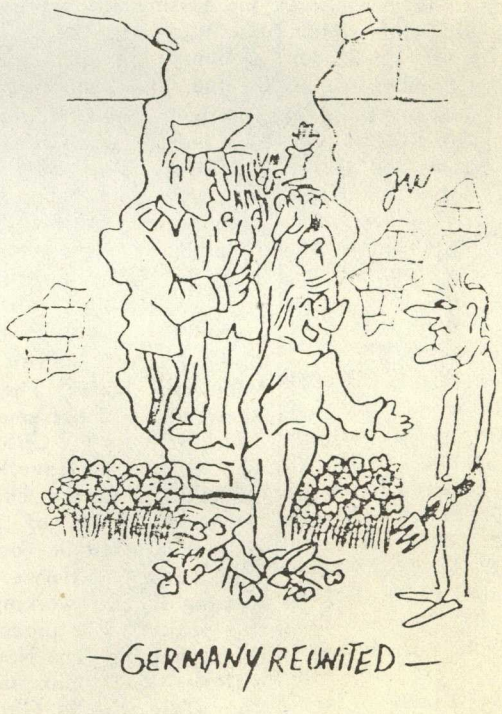
anti-apartheid

CORK ANTI-APARTHEID held their annual 'Day for Schools' seminar on Dec 9th at Connolly Hall. Included were workshops covering a range of topics including "History of Apartheid", "Education under Apartheid" and "Sanctions". A plenary session was addressed by Louise Asmal of the Irish Anti-Apartheid Movement. Much of this lively discussion centred on what local schools could do to help A.A. The meetimg finished with a commitment for further contact between Cork Anti-Apartheid and schools in the district.

This month also sees the launch of the "Anti-Apartheid Trade Union" newsletter produced by C.A.A. It is planned that regular bulletins will be produced for Trades Councils and Union branches, keeping tham up to date on developments in South Africa.

Rally against extradition

About 150 people gathered in Patrick Street on Saturday 25th of November to demonstrate their opposition to extradition. The meeting was chaired by James McBarron and addressed by Enda O Riordan of the Munster Anti-Extradition Committee and Diarmad O Chadhla of the Cork Committee. Those assembled marched to the National Monument in the Grand Parade before dispersing.



Effects of multinational investment here divides speakers

A clear difference of opinion emerged at a recent public meeting between a senior official of Cork County Council and an ecological activist over the implications of increasing foreign investment here.

Mr. Ian Maclean, the County Council's Environment Officer, viewed the strengthening of economic links with European and other foreign investors as vital for jobs and economic growth. The two economic sectors whose exploitation was central for prospects of future prosperity were the indigenous resource sector (which includes agriculture, forestry and tourism), and industry involved in high-value low-volume production (such as computers and fine chemicals). The latter sector was dominated by multinational firms.

Economic growth in either sector involved potential damage to land, water and air. The policy of the CC here was it that it was neither for nor against industry, but weighed up the acceptable environmental risks in each case, Mr. Maclean stated.

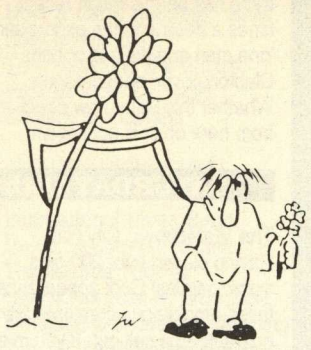
By contrast, **Eleanor Lamb** saw the arrival of multinational investment as sucking Ireland as a 'peripheral' economy more deeply into disadvantageous power relations with 'core' economies. Ms. Lamb, who was prominent in the anti-Merrell Dow campaign, saw multinational firms as offering small employment benefits to this country, whilst repatriating massive profits to core countries and leaving us to deal with all the hazards associated with their operation.

In particular, chemical companies are attracted to Ireland by amongst other things, cheap labour, low company taxation and lack of environmental controls. The increasing public outrage in core countries at the operation of dirty industries had led them to seek other, more profitable locations where comparable safeguards on their operation were not in force, Ms Lamb said.

The effects of this 'export of hazard' can be seen in many areas in Ireland: the lack of safeguards surrounding the transport of toxic chemicals, the ineffectiveness of workplace safety controls and the weakness of local authorities vis-a-vis these foreign firms. In response to Mr. Maclean's listing of the various powers available to Cork County Council to police the activities of chemical companies, Ms. Lamb declared that the chemical industry is intrinsically dirty. "The monitoring proposed by the County Council just tells us how we're being poisoned," she said.

The meeting was also addressed by **Peter Murray** from RICH, and by a worker in the industry locally. It was organised by the **Irish Critical Studies Group**, and was attended by some 160 people.

EARTHWATCH are looking for 10 S.E.S. workers to work on environmental issues. The various jobs comprise campaigns, administration, secretarial, fundraising, producing quarterly magazine and organising local groups. You don't necessarily need



experience in these fields, a more pressing requirement being that applicants have their "wits together". If you feel that urgent, destined tingle, contact Earthwatch, Harbour View, Bantry, Co. Cork or phone (027)50968 for an application form. But hurry, closing date is Dec. 31st.

Escaping the nine to five grind

An occasional series on alternatives to corporate careers. In this article, Joe Finnerty looks at the career move of Derrick Gerety, proprietor of Loafers bar in Douglas Street.

Derrick Gerety now owns and runs the oldest pub in Douglas Street after spending 18 years as a marine engineer in Irish Shipping. In this capacity, he was one of their longest serving staff, so why did he get out?

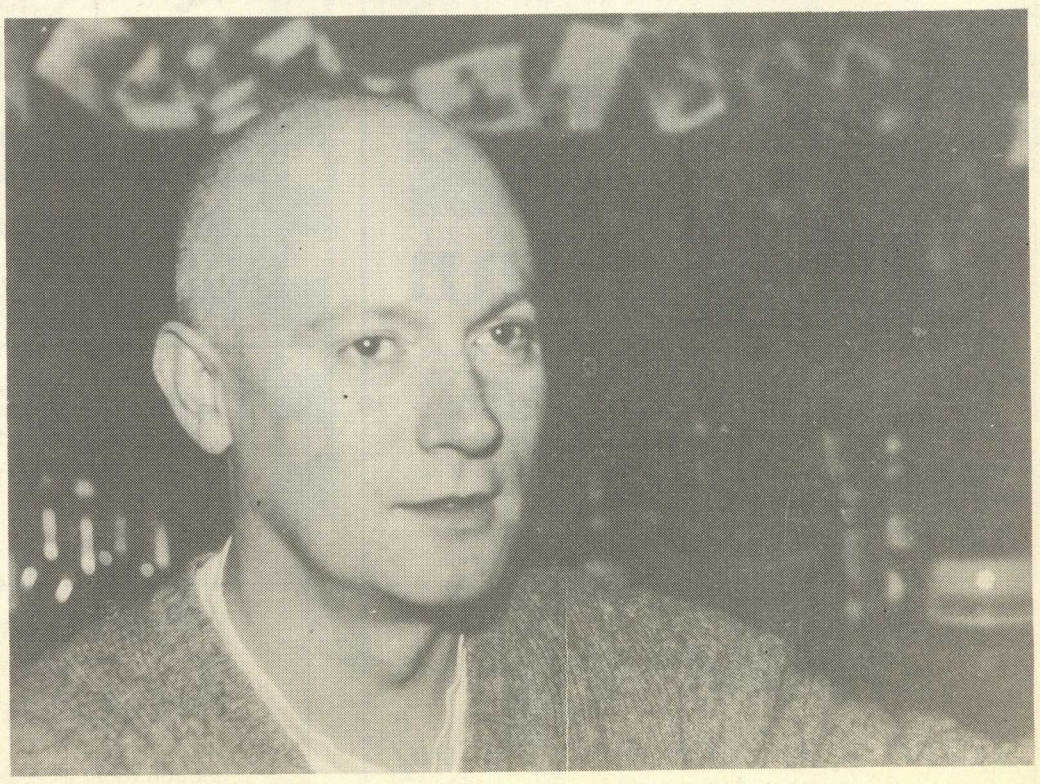
"I was part of the worker delegation that met management monthly, and I just got sick of all the lies and bullshit," he declares.

Born into a working class background in Clontarf in Dublin he firmly believes people from his background can only succeed in a recession. At such times rich people put their money in the woodwork, and some of the businesses that come on the market are within the wallet size of ordinary working people. Even then, he had to mortgage his house in Ballyvolane. "I had to ask myself the question: are you prepared to lose your house and live in an attic flat in Summerhill? It's not as difficult to answer yes if you're single without family obligations."

He leased the pub for a year in 1983, but had great difficulty in getting his eventual loan. He'd never run a business before, and he found banks more disposed to people with families who presumably(?) wouldn't run off with the loot. (He admits to having lost a stone in that first year.)

Derrick likes the idea of a bar that is comfortable, without hangups about neat dress. Loafers used to be a Murphys tied house, and much of its present features, such as the terrazzo flooring and the pitch pine pannelling dates from that period of the mid-thirties. However, he's also brightened up the place through a judicious use of lights: "a lot of Irish drinkers had a guilty feeling about enjoying themselves."

Derrick Gerety sees his pub as a place where everyone, including liberals, women, gay and alternative people can hang out. (However he had to bar a certain biker crowd because they started smoking dope, whilst some punks had to leave because they kept puking in the jacks.) If he ever sold the pub, he'd try to ensure that this same ethos was maintained.



THE GRAPEVIBE

At last! Street cred for **Prince** - Cork's lady mayoress will be supporting July's Prince concert by not attending it (I want to make it clear here and now, that in the interest of balance I will not be attending the ribbon cutting ceremony for the Sandoz opening should there be one, so there) ...good showings on RTE recently by **The Stargazers** (Pat Kenny Show) and **Hello** (Nighthawks)...**Bennys Head** to release eagerly awaited single in January...three big Xmas gigs in the City Hall - **The Waterboys** (16th), Wexford's **Cry Before Dawn** on their "Witness For The World" tour (23rd) and on New Year's eve and end of the decade party with **The Dancing Bastards, Princes Street** and **D. J.** (there could be a record on the way) **Greg**...**Princes Street** to record in Sulan Studios in January with Declan Sinnott producing and Philip Begley engineering...De Lacys shows this month include Dublin's one before the last "next U2" **Swim** (13th), **The Black Velvet Band** touring with their well received debut album "When Justice Comes (There'll Be No More Record Contracts For Bands Like Us)" (27th and 28th)...on (29th) **Big Mistake** fresh(?) from playing at Davy Arthur's wedding will be playing their particular brand of Cajun and Louisiana swamp music...Macroom Environmental Group hold a benefit gig at The Hooded Cloak (29th) with **The Sultans of Ping F. C.** who will no doubt be travelling with their "performing supporters club" (a double act in the making if ever there was one)...on Xmas Eve Mojos are throwing a party featuring a line up including all the luminaries form the local music scene. They follow this with **The International Blues Band** (31st)...**Johnny Fean's** "Spirit of the Horslips" tour will feature all the old Horslips favourites at Reardons Mill (28th). Rumour has it that the band will perform their best known number - "The Theme From Glenroe", expect Irish tour with dates here in February by London / Cork rockabilly combos **The Crawdaddys** and **Rough, Rough and Ready**...Sir Henrys to start a series of English heavy metal gigs opening with **The Claytown Troupe** (9th Jan) "the missing link between The Sex Pistols and The Cult." Also in Henrys U2 alter egos **The Joshua Trio** supported by **Marlise** from Craigavon (5th Jan) and frequent Cork visitors **The Boy, The Boy** (15th Jan)...the same band will be going into Caroline Studios during their stay here. Busy times for Caroline and their ever expanding facilities - currently recording there are **The Parker Band** from Mikleton (single), **The Thin Band** (single, presumably to further impress the CBS scouts who recently travelled to Connollys in Leap to check out the band), **Thief of Hearts** (single), **Dysmistik** (demoes) and **Jenny Howe** from Burning Embers working on a solo project to be produced by Donnagh Long. The New Year will see the studios used by **Four Idle Hands, Ghost Of An American Airman** (screentest winners who can be seen on RTE's latest 7 Bands on the Up series to be screened in January), Lismore's **Birds And Ghosts** and finally Cork band, currently residing in Dublin, **Shimpu Zig Zag**...Smiley Bolger's "Love Song" competition continues apace on Cork Local Radio with the winner getting to record their entry in Caroline in January. Having heard some of the entries anyone who can approach the standard of the Lulu classic "Love Loves To Love" would appear to be in with a good chance of winning...recommended seasonal reading - "**Crosstown Traffic**" the Jimi Hendrix biography by Charles Shaar Murray. Excellent - and I don't even like Jimi Hendrix!

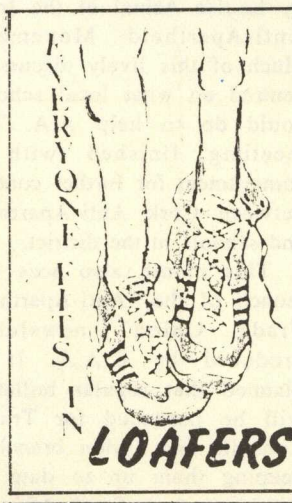
PRESS STOP- Damien McGovern benefit gig starring **Burning Embers, The Thin Band, Eccentric Hedgehogs, Ian Richards** and Irish Euro entry '89 Kiev **Connolly and The Missing Passengers**, Sir Henrys (17th Dec).

? ?



WHAT LOGO DOES THIS STAND FOR?

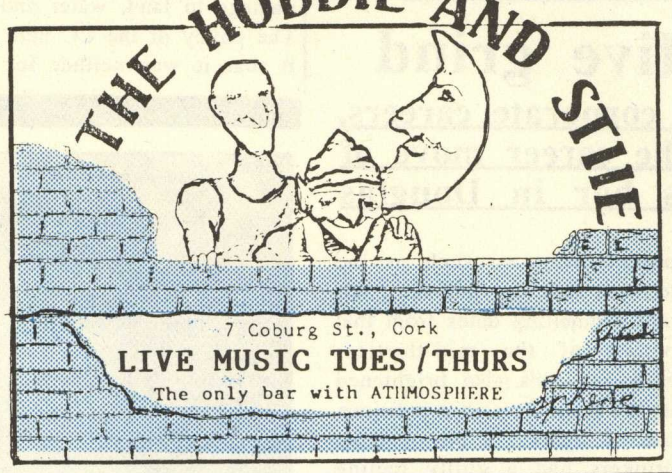
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Can you get INN?

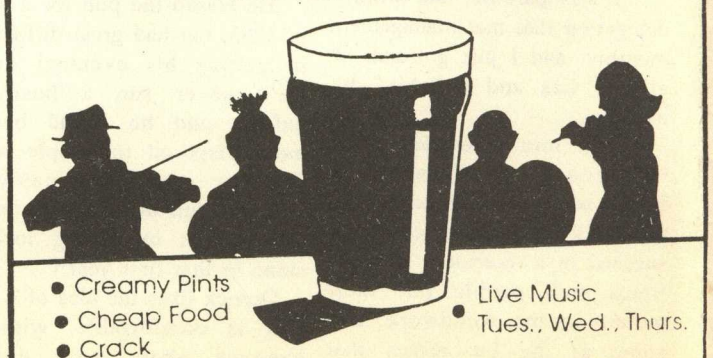
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WHAts Whe

All events listed below, as well as updates and any corrections, can be hear Frida

WEDNESDAY 13th

SWIM: De Lacys. A highly polished 'quality' group with a debut album due for release early in 1990.

Noel Redding/Princes Street/ Ritchie McCarthy & Friends: Sir Henrys. Apartheid benefit. £3.50/£2.50 Ext.
Trad Session: The Phoenix.
Trad Session: Bodhran.

THURSDAY 14th

Jackie O'Connell: The Phoenix.
Redwood Band: The Lobby. Covers.
Tony Stephens: Reardens. A unique chance to catch this fly by night romeo!
So If Anything: Hoddie & Stiie.
Sweat Dance: Sir Henrys. Beat bop house and rap disco every Thurs night for eternity.
Trad Session: Bodhran.
Christmas Party: Tipples. (Hollywood night)!

FRIDAY 15th

'Plum Pudding Concert': Triskel. Featuring Philip King, Michael Burke, The Fabulous Murphy Brothers, Arthur G. and Friends and Any Old Time. In aid of Goal Sudan appeal/Cork Simon. £4/£2.50. 11pm.
The Boy The Boy: Sir Henrys.
Davy Spillane: De Lacys. Most popular and versatile of pipers.
Nick Hutchinson: The Lobby.
Scotus: Mojos.
Harry & Friends: Metropole. Jazz session.
Royal Flush: Reardens. Just pull the handle!
Trad Session: The Gables. Once famed as a music Mecca (often known to have more than one session at any one time!) there has been seen in recent times a decline to the excruciating 'one man and his microphone Clapton cover' phenomenon. Whether this is the new direction from here on in is not known.

SATURDAY 16th

The Waterboys: City Hall. Having played over 200 gigs since their last Cork appearance, these amphibious creatures are guaranteed a sell-out. If you miss it and you're suicidal, they're playing in Clonakilty in a few days time, or Dingle ... Limerick ... Donegal ...
The Blackspots: The Phoenix.
Stepping Out: The Lobby. Blues in the afternoon (4-6) £1.
Redwood Band: The Lobby. (night)
Paul Duffy: Reardens.
Celtic Fusion: De Lacys.
Afternoon Session: Snotty Joes. I don't know ... I suppose its an orgiastic mucus extraction bash.
Energy Disco: Sir Henrys. More house/rap and what's not.
Trad Session: Gables.
Ballads: Joshua Tree.

SUNDAY 17th

Blues Session: The Phoenix. (morning)
Noel & Carol Redding: Isaac Bells. (Afternoon).
Dave Marr: Reardens.
Owen Hegarty: The Lobby.
Trad Session: Thje Phoenix (night).
Trad Session: The Gables.
Ballads: Joshua Tree.

MONDAY 18th

Ray Barron, Ritchie McCarthy & Friends: The Lobby. A session in the bar,free in every sense of the word.
Trad Session: The Phoenix.
Christmas Party: Snotty Joes. Spot prizes, draw, disco, all welcome.

TUESDAY 19th

Dance to the left: Sir Henrys. Disco in aid of Labour Youth.
Words & Music: Charlies Raps and riddles and runs of words with rhythm, rhyme and reason. (I know its a quote but I'm tired and my brain is dead).
Night People: Hoddie & Stiie.
Trad Session: The Phoenix.

WEDNESDAY 20th

The Dancing Bastards From Hell: Sir Henrys. The DBs from H are back!! (sound effects please...)
Lightening Strikes: Reardens.
Trad Session: The Phoenix
Trad Session: Bodhran

THURSDAY 21st

As Such: The Phoenix.
Fleadh Cowboys: De Lacys.
Redwood Band: The Lobby
Jump The Gun: Reardens. Support by Skip The Gig.
So If Anything: Hoddie & Stiie.
Sweat Dance: Sir Henrys. b-b-beat bop disco.
Trad Session: Bodhran

FRIDAY 22nd

Fleadh Cowboys: De Lacys.
Steve Sullivan: The Lobby
Harry & Friends: Metropole. Jazz session.
Chips: Reardens.
Chips: Mr Food, Barrack St.
Trad Session: The Gables.

SATURDAY 23rd

Cry Before Dawn: City Hall. Their recent album "Witness For The World" marked their debut in the British charts where followed tours with Big Country and Tom Robinson.

eRE & WHEN

*eard on the **MARTIN MULLEN** show on Radio South at 1.30am Monday to iday.*

The Big Mistake: Reardens.
The Blackspots: The Phoenix.
Stepping Out: The Lobby (afternoon - 4-6) £1.
Owen Hegarty: The Lobby. (night).
Fat Chance: Mojos.
Energy Disco: Sir Henrys.
Trad Session: The Gables.
Galleon: De Lacys.

SUNDAY 24th

Blues Session: The Phoenix. (Morning).
Fat Chance: Mojos (morning)>
Christmas fancy dress party: Mojos. Featuring many local bands who play this venue throughout the year.
Nick Hutchinson: The Lobby.
Finnegan's Wake: De Lacys. Fol diddildy i tie tie.
Double Vision: Reardens.
Noel & Carol Redding: Isaac Bells (afternoon).
Trad Session: The Gables.
Trad Session: The Phoenix.

MONDAY 25th

MAY I TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY ON BEHALF OF THE CFP TEAM TO WISH ALL OUR FANS A GLUTEN FREE CHRISTMAS. AND WHILE I'M HERE AT ALL I'D JUST LIKE TO SAY HOW WONDERFUL EVERYBO...

TUESDAY 26th

The Drawbacks: Mojos.
Bone Idol: De Lacys.
The Dixies: Reardens. A few decades and many coffee shops later these boyhos are still pumping them out with adhesive ear to ear grins.
Words & Music: Charlies. You won't catch Diarmuid O'Dalaigh waffling about pretty butterflies and innocent young maidens. If you do, search his pockets.
Night People: Hoddie & Stiie.
Trad Session: The Phoenix.

WEDNESDAY 27th

The Black Velvet Band: De Lacys. Late.
Rob Strong: Reardens.
Steve Sullivan: The Lobby.
Trad Session: The Phoenix
Trad Session: Bodhran.

THURSDAY 28th

Martin Vallely Quintet: The Phoenix.
Black Velvet Band: De Lacys. Playing two gigs, one in the afternoon (4-6) for kiddies and teetotalers, and later at 12ish.
Redwood Band: The Lobby.



Johnny Feans: Reardens. "The Spirit Of Horslips".This ex-Horselips man performs a repetoir of their greatest pieces. A rare aural massage opportunity in these musically grim days.
So If Anything: Hoddie & Stiie.
Trad Session: Bodhran.

FRIDAY 29th

Big Mistake: De Lacys. "Ireland's newest and only exponent of Cajun and Louisanna Swamp music"
The Sultans Of Ping F.C.: Macroom (Hooded Cloak). The greatest, loudest most enthusiastic masters of primal screech ... that's the fans. The group are good too. In aid of Macroom District Environmental Group. Miss it at your peril.
Harry & Friends: Metropole. Jazz session.
Tweed: Reardens.
Owen Hegerty: The Lobby.
Trad Session: Gables.

SATURDAY 30th

Stepping Out: The Lobby (4-6)
Nick Hutchinson: The Lobby (night).
In Too Deep: Mojos.
Loudest Whisper: Reardens.
The Frank & Waters: The Phoenix.
Energy Disco: Sir Henrys. House and rap every Sat.
Trad Session: The Gables.

SUNDAY 31st

New Years Eve Party: City Hall. Featuring Princes Street, The Dancing Bastards, D.J. Greg and guests. 9-2am. Bar ext. £8.50
In Too Deep: Mojos (morning)
International Blues Band: Mojos (night).
Colm Hughes: Reardens.
Noel & Carol Redding: Isaac Bells (afternoon).
Trad Session: The Gables.
Paul Malone: De Lacys. Comedy and cabaret.

JANUARY HIGHLIGHTS!

International Blues Band: Mojos. Monday 5th (morning).
The Joshua Trio: Sir Henrys.Not quite as famous but rumoured to be more entertaining than U2, these folk have gone the whole hog and fashioned their very identity on (the real) Ireland's own. Support group is **Marlise** from Craigavan. Friday 5th.
Sonny Condell: The Lobby.(5th)
The Claytown Troupe: Sir Henrys. Their claim to fame is that they've played support to The Cult. This is another Drinkless affair from 7-10pm. Tuesday 9th.

Right, that's it, I'm off, and about time too.

Night Stage at Sir Henrys

Every Thurs - "SWEAT"
Every Sat - "SHOCK"
Every Sun - D.J.A.J. (9 - 11pm)
Fri 15th - THE BOY THE BOY
Jan 5th - THE JOSHUA TRIO

*** DOORS CLOSE 11.30pm on SATURDAY ***

New Year's Eve

PARTY

AT

City Hall

10pm - 3am

princes street
the dancing bastards
from hell
d.j. greg

LATE BAR

TICKETS #8.50 from PRO MUSICA, THE JURY ROOM, MOJOs, THE LOBBY & COMET RECORDS.

FILM

TRISKEL

"Au Revoir les Enfants"
14th - 17th. "*Louis Malle's expert and highly sympathetic portrayal of part of his own childhooh*". French/subtitled.
#2.50/#2 8pm

CINEPLEX

Wilt
Ghostbusters 2
Ernest Saves Christmas
Shirley Valentine
Back to the Future 2
Dead Poets Society
The Delinquents
Last Exit to Brooklyn
Parenthood
Roadhouse
WhenHarry Met Sally

We regret the "Cork Scene" type feel to these cinema listings this month. This is due to pressure of time and space. A more comprehensive listing, with comment & analysis, will appear next issue.

Talk Talk Talk



Photo - Richard Smith

This month's Convenient Alternative Mega-Star Interview Improvision Kit
features
THE GOLDEN HORDE

Hello, what'r your names?
Simon Carmody, Peter "Ping" O'Kennedy, Xanadu Xerxes Fred Bloggs, Des Eoin Simon Obyrne.



Why are you a mega -star?
S.C : God.
P.Ping : Why is God?
X.X : It was written in the stars.
Des E : Because you want me to be.

Who's your favourite Auntie?
S.C. : In Geneva.
P.Ping : Auntie Freeze.
X.X. : Auntiedisestablishmentarianism.
Des E. : Joan. Everyone's got an Auntie Joan.

You've been described as the greatest rock 'n' rool show in the world". Having seen the Sultans Of Ping, does this alter your status?
S.C. : Bunch of creeps. Blew us off!!!
P.Ping : Yes, we're now "the greatest rock 'n' roll show in the world.
X.X. : Status is only a status of mind.
Des E. : Only very slightly.

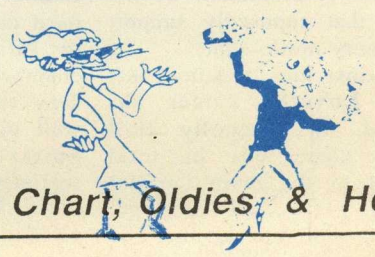
Do you eat meat?
S.C. : No!!!
P.Ping : Oh yes, all the time.
X.X. : Only if it's raw.
Des E. : Only on Fridays.

"The music establishment fear the Golden Horde more than the Internal Revenue". Why is this and do you pay taxes?
S.C. : I am the nexus of the crisis and the origin of the stars.
P.Ping : Because next to us the Internal Revenue isn't particularly scary...and of course we pay taxes.
X.X. :Where havi I heard this before.
Des E. : Don't you dare quote quotes at me! We all fu*king pay taxes of one form or another.(*oh dear - Ed*)

Please state, in as many words as you deem fit, why you think Cork Free Press is fab.
S.C. : Cos you give me free stuff.
P.Ping : Because.
X.X. : Because it's free.
Des E. : Your marketing people made a bit of a screw up because I don't know what a Cork Free Press is! A sexual methaphor perhaps?



TIPPLES BAR



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For the best sound in Chart, Oldies & House music

GIG REVIEWS

Sing a song of Dixons

THE DIXONS
De Lacys

The Dixons feed from the sea of surreality and I'm not talking about emotional fish. They are one with the prevailing neo-beatnik epoch, living in a rock 'n' roll bohemia. Their music is a non-definable soul searching language. On stage, they are the deciples of cool, the gap of generations, unconventionally conventional. Simply speaking, The Dixons are extremely hip. So hip in fact that they have their own label, Purple Records, choosing not to run the risk of losing artistic control presumably.

Tonight, fresh from a brief and successful stint in the U.K. and looking considerably vogue, they were welcomed by a diverse as it was large crowd. Yet in the case of The Dixons, diversity fuels the creative spout. From the Mississipi Delta to the Lithuanian hills, a medly of classics have evolved. "Hellbound" and "Love Machine" and the tongue in cheek "I Have Fun" fired the crowd into uncontrollable frenzies of epileptic squandering while "Sea of Surreality" and "Bartend" had us mesmerised. Niall Toner jnr., despite breaking a million strings and making irrelivant referances to San Fransisco, proved to be an ideal frontman, projecting an uncompromising aloofness which magically fused the set together. Tonight nothing was missing except Ed McGinley's characteristic move and a larger dance floor, the seating arrangement restricting any chance of freaking out completely. Yet we freaked out anyway. My only qualm was that I missed support MacFlynn who, according to reliable sources, went down a proverbial storm. However tonight The Dixons called the shots. I had fun.

- Clive Gash

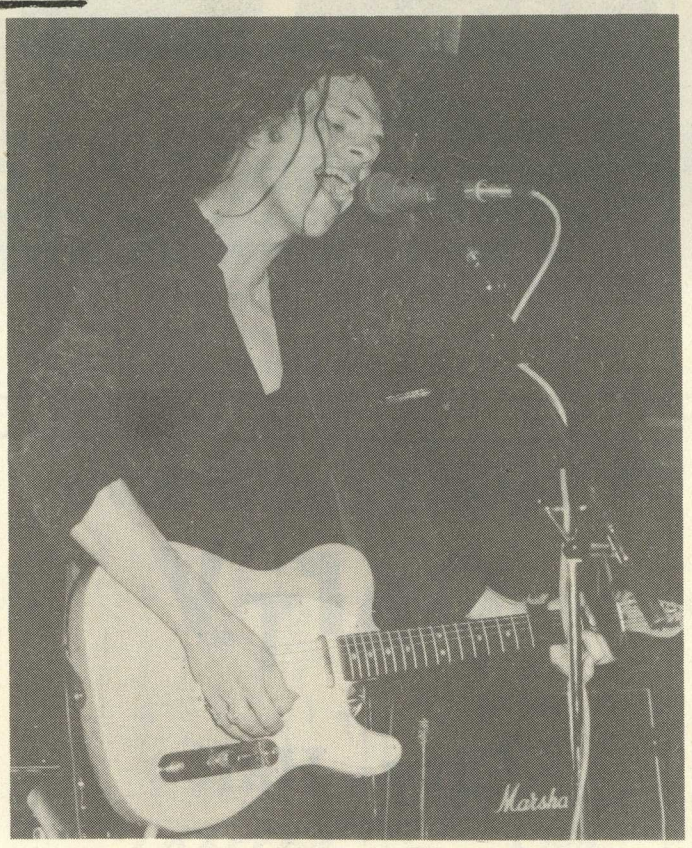


Photo Peter Feerick

Burning Ambitions

BURNING EMBERS
Sir Henrys

Burning Embers returned to the tired and perilous waters of the Cork live music scene well armed with a new line-up, new set, recently released single and video and an army of devout followers. It's risky enough to appear with anything less. Their gig in Sir Henrys was somthing of a celebrated homecoming; understandable when you see the general apathy generated in recent times by the 'blues/cover band' phenomenon which has saturated local sound waves. Let loose, let rip, hit a few off-beats and look beyond I say!

Flash, wham, bam and Burning Embers let loose a tight, polished and balanced sound. 'Melodic' is too soft and cliched a term. It's more of a powerful guitar/bass/drum story, coloured with keyboards, riddled with riffs and empassioned with a confident performance by singer Sean O'Neill. The songs are boppy and optimistic, slightly complicated and ... well ...slightly similar. The main exception is their single "Shadow". This seems as comfortable in their set as a pork chop in the Quay Co-op, crafted to the specifications of a Radio 2 playlist. Almost any other song isolated and marketed would do more to demonstrate Burning Embers' energetic creativity. They've used experience, hard work and technical know-how to produce a sound that fits neatly onto the list of acceptable commercial merchandice. If somthing is missing, it's that extra edge (perhaps, dare I say it, somthing more 'off the wall') which can be lost in the quest to impress, caress, to hit a glossy note. But regardless, Burning Embers have justifiably redefined their status as an established band and, as such, have the opportunity of presenting Cork as a viable focal point for the A & R team's roving eyes.

B. B.

Worth hoarding?

THE GOLDEN HORDE
Sir Henrys

By time The Golden Horde took the stage at Sir Henrys, the crowd was already delirious, having been roused by support group 'The Sultans Of Ping' (see review). The fact that the Sultans had managed to create this ecstatic state suggested that they had already upstaged the headliners (not to mention the fact that the crowd was twice that of The Golden Horde's previous Sir Henrys appearance). But this phenomenon, if anything, worked to the advantage of the Golden Hoarde. No sooner had they switched on their loud abrasive wall of sound machine than the acrobatics responded throughout the hall. Bodies were liberally catapulted over the heads of relatively static slammers, furiously vibrating on re-entry to earth's athmosphere. The building itself appeared to wobble!

On closer analysis it was easy to appreciate such a reaction. The Golden Horde have a formula; a fast and furious double-beat with an almost inaudibly distorted blanket guitar noise. Throw in a few mild vocal obscenities and you could rouse a Daniel O'Donnell audience. However their self-adhesive lable of 'punk psychedelic heavy metal glam rock' is betrayed in the subtle presence of that well-flaad Dublin 'Blades' sound and the 'baby baby ,fucking baby' vocals. What emerges is an overwhelming sense of aggressive decadence. This is what The Golden Horde capitalise on. They're quite happy to rub shoulders with muscular bouncers and wallow protected in the chaos they interpret as worship. I was quite happy to wallow neglected at the bar, hyperspaced to the back row of a Daniel O'Donnell audience, waiting impatiently to be roused.

B.B.

You're a wonderful Ping baby!

Sultans of Ping

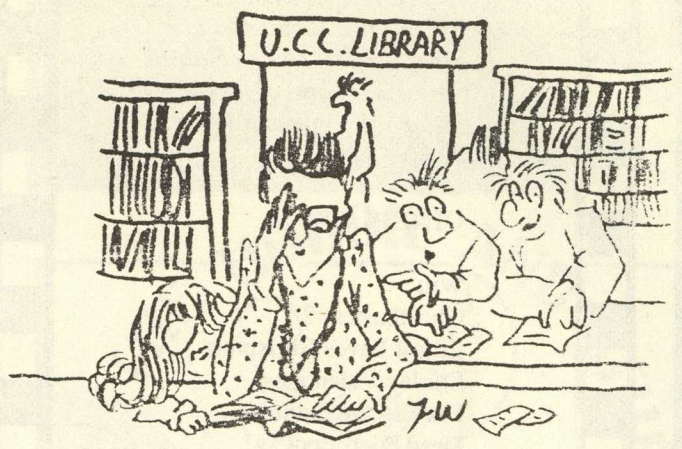
Which ever way you look at it the Sultans of Ping have to be the most exciping, entertainping and moveping band (be prepared to get down on your backs and slam with your pings) you're likely to encounter. No jokeping, these boys are STARS!

Niall O Flaherty, maestro extraordinaire, vocalist, "tin whistle" player and unexploited genius delights his army of adoring and frenzied supporters with remarkable ease. Patrick O' Connell on guitar, Paul Fenley on bass and Ger Lyons on drums provide gifted support and altogether, the songs, the style, the movement and the overwhelming fun of being at a Sultans gig is somping amazeping altogether and not to be missed.

I was lucky enough to catch them at the College of Arts Halloween gig at Bogarts and at the Cork Free Press (ahem) gig in Henrys. As support to Golden Horde same place two days later, I couldn't get down on me back because there wasn't room - give these boys an arena they'll need it.

Tell you what, if one day I don't hear 50,000 people shouting "Ole ole ole Sultans Sultans" I'll eat my scarf.

A.-M. F.



The Late, Lacy show

MARTIN STEPHENSON
De Lacys

Martin Stephenson has been unfortunate when it comes to finding venues to play in Cork. He has to be seen to fully appreciate the witty ironies in his performance. His narrative introductions and his permanent smile for the most sensitive of topics as well as the odd rhythmic headbutt on the microphone, are lost on record as they have been on Cork audiences to date. De Lacys was no exception.

Advertised for 9pm, I neglected other, less enthused, preoccupations and travelled in a frenzy via bus, train and foot in new, sore shoes to arrive, a bit vexed, in the bar at De Lacys at 9.30pm. If you like Martin Stephenson, you'll **want** to see him.

But what's this? Paula Yates talking to the twin Goss's on the 'big screen'! There are a few mic stands in front of the screen so I reluctantly conclude that this is some very peculiar support act. Not so. Some time later, well nourished on cheap(ish), sweet(ish) Beamish, the boys in black move in and ruthlessly clear the bar at 11.15pm! "What, no gig!! But I've been here since 9.30 looking for M.S. and all I've done is drink myself mellow and watch Bross inspire premature hormone activity in young girls!!!"

Doors slammed. Count to 100. Doors open again and re-admission guaranteed on payment of £5.

By time Martin Stephenson came on (12.15ish) it was no longer possible to see the stage, obscured as it was by a sea of perms and highlights and a persistant poultry chatter. Few were interested in the guy on the guitar strumming, smiling, headbutting and his hypnotic whispering (interesting licensing laws that threaten heavy fine for slightest breaches after 11.30, yet £5 can buy you another two hours).

At this stage my company opted reluctantly for Bone Idol upstairs leaving me and my bellyfull of Beamish feeling more like a guinea-pig victim of a cruel and calculated management policy to pack people in at 9pm under false pretences, than the refreshed and enlightened person I'd expect to be having been to a Martin Stephenson gig.

B.B.

"If I had a pony..."

LYLE LOVETT
Connolly Hall

The essence of country music has always been the cameo of domestic life / strife. It is delivered, in time honoured fashion, in a laconic, self-deprecating style (its one almost-but-not-quite-redeeming point) by rhinestone suited, gold teethed grinning rednecks. Mainly a conservative, comic genre its potentially disruptive tales of marital infidelity, brawling and general "lonesomeness" have tended to resolve themselves instead with well worn platitudes about the wars between the sexes or witty, but largely empty, reflections on the human "cowboy" condition. Not surprisingly, this has made the music unpopular with a lot of people.

However, of late the edges of country music have become more than a little fraved. This has come about courtesy of those working outside the business itself. **Robert Altman**'s film "Nashville" started the ball rolling by exposing the political corruption, the payola, the sex and drugs scandals and the fame mania that underpins country music. **Sam Shepherd**, in moving country's geographical and spiritual frontiers further westward into the deserts of Arizona and New Mexico and California produced Paris, Texas - very country and very very western. Radical re-interpretations of the genre such as occur with the songs of **Roy Orbison** in "Blue Velvet" reveal the darker, bizarre underside of country (who can ever listen to "In Dreams" the same way again). And finally, biopics like "The Coalminer's Daughter" and "Sweet Dreams" have led to a complete re-evaluation of the values that suposedly support the country music ethic.

It's against this backdrop that **Lyle Lovett**'s career has evolved. In Connolly Hall Lovett came on, in total contrast to the more familiar country stars, all elegance, restraint and surrealism. The band comprising a cellist, a drummer and a baritione saxophonist enabled Lovett to provide startling reworkings of material drawn form "Lyle Lovett'" "Pontiac" and "Lyle Lovett and His Large Band." There was a dizzying succession of stylistic changes over the course of the evening as the band opened up country music to influences from jazz to chamber music to rock'n'roll. This enabled the set to steer well clear of the usual steel guitar- fuelled blustery sentimentality of country - even if the majority of songs made a virtue of unhappiness they never became maudlin. A good indication of the sturdiness of Lovett's material was that even when the set slowed down to a funeral pace, which it did for long stretches, his good humour and intelligence ensured that he never once lost the audience.

A great night out despite the "thirtysomething" audience that insisted on applauding every "solo." On a point of etiquette, thirtysomethings, that's what you do when you go to your annual "jazz gig". Check your C.D.s if you don't believe me.

D.E.

Ummagumma Rose
COMIC SHOP
18 Fr. Mathew St., Cork City
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LetteRS

meal for the morgue

Dear ed.,
It's laughable to see the spectacle of a collection of old fogies declaring that they're not going to see Prince because his act is too sexy / disturbing / offensive. It's also highly reassuring. For it's when these pillars of society feel comfortable with our music, when they're in the front rows with their rugs carefully tucked around their legs, sipping their flasks of Complan thoughtfully provided by the bouncers, that we'll know that rock'n'roll is well and truly a meal for the morgue.

Elvis,
Gracelands.

SOME CRITICISM

Hallo.

The ad appears to offer "Free Food at the Quay Co-Op". Closer inspection shows its actually just additive-free food. I think it's a low form of advertising, too many of us really need free food to have our feelings played on so lightly.

Sincerely,
B Manning,
The Old Head.

Dear Ed,

I would like to take this opportunity to complain about my neighbour. Thank You.

THE ORIGIN OF DUCK ILLOGIC

Sir,

with regard to the letter from Nicholas Ring in the October issue of your bulletin, I would like to state that the original version of the duck is as it appeared in the September issue. I created it. During the same era in which B.T., of whom it is said "he is no longer with us", created the incisive 'penguins in a shower', which has undergone numerous methamorphoses and now features 'pigs in a trough' as some of its main characters, the duck manifested itself to me.

Plagiarism is basic to all cultures however, I note Mr. Ring's version of the duck featured in a Sunday Independant article on Christy Moore as being his favourite joke.

B.T. and I were both exposed to the same cosmic influences during the late seventies, the point of both the duck and penguin jokes being to close the mind to reason and logic and open the door to imagination and illogic. These too I see in hindsight were both kidnappings. The aspirant to Zen Buddhism as part of his initiation is asked to describe for instance the sound of one hand clapping to teach exactly the same lesson.

Yours etc...
T. Kelly,
Macroom.

MORE CRITICISM

Ed,

my friends and myself have followed the CFP with interest since its begining. Every month we gather in our local and discuss the topics you have written about. Last Friday, Mick brought up a point over a pint. Why does Cork Free Press never do a review of a good pub! Now I am a drinking man with 23 years experience of the joys of Murphys. I believe that I can tell what's important in a pub. Why not come up to our local, Pa Johnsons, and see what a real pub is like. Also you should tell us what the drink is like. After all, isn't that the reason why a person goes to a pub?

I hope this criticism will be taken in the spirit it was written in.

Yours,
Yosser Hughes.

'O'SHITE' IS RIGHT

Dear Ed,

There's too much smut 'n' porn in your paper, and me and my seven daughters won't be reading it any more!

Yours,
Tommy O'Shite,
Knocknahinsesst,
Kerry.

NOTICE BOARD

JOBS! Earthwatch seek 10 S.E.S. workers for work on environmental issues. Contact (027)50968 before Dec 31st.

SAVE OUR GEESE : Stop the shooting now! Support the Irish Wildlife Conservancy.

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I OFTEN wonder what the vintner buys, one half so precious as my hole.

ASTROLOGY NOTES

SAGITTARIUS

After the 'dark night of the soul' of Scorpio the struggle between the personality and the higher self is transformed to a different level in Sagittarius. Here the individual has attained broader vision and independent thinking. The sense of living in the perpetual "now" is left behind and Sagittarius is concerned with distant goals and abstract concepts. Unlike the two previous signs this one is not so oriented towards marriage and partnership and can feel trapped in a close relationship.

Sagittarius often aspires towards the higher nature of man and believes in some concept (philosophical or political) greater than the individual. A strong awereness is felt of the gulf between man's animal and divine natures with a corresponding sensitivity to the ugly side of human nature (e.g., Swift, Mark Twain and Conrad all with Sun in Sagittarius, Luis Bunuel with Moon in Sagittarius). There is an ability to see the whole but with a weakness for details. They are great critics of materialism on the one hand while on the other hand they can be equally scathing about those who suffer from delusions. This is both the challenge and the dilemma of the sign that the aspirations must stand the test of hard reality.

One of the most prominent characteristics of the sign is a fondness for giving advice. Sagittarius feels compelled to proclaim the truth which he does in a forthright and often tactless manner. These most extrovert of people are also great satirists and seldom lose their sense of humour or their optimism (which has a philosophical basis) whatever the situation.

Sagittarius, a highly intuitive sign is traditionally associated both with prophecy and gambling. One modern astrologer believes that compulsive gambling is an abuse of the prophetic faculty and that Sagittarians gamble to lose and punish themselves.

L. E.

CONTACTS

Cork Citizens Advice Bureau: 6 Camden Place 506922
S.P.C.C. 12 Mary St., Cork. 962485.
Cork Family Planning Clinic: 23 Tuckey St. 277906
Womens Centre: Operating as a library service only during renovations. Now at 3rd Floor, Quay Co-op. 317660.
Unemployed Centre: 16 Kyrl's Quay. 275876.
Cork Rape Crisis Centre: 27a McCurtain St. 968086.
Gay Information Line: 317026. Wednesdays from 7-9pm.
Lesbian Line: 317026. Thursdays from 8-10pm.
Earthwatch: Harbour View, Bantry, Co. Cork. (027)50968/51283
C.N.D. 8 Sydneyville, Belvue Park, St. Lukes Cross, Cork. 506411.
Macroom District Environmental Group: 8 An Ceamog Theas, Maighchromtha. (026)41150.

COWBOYS IN INDIA

In the second of a series of 'A Billion And One Alternatives To Ireland', Ted Cooke reports, at great expense, on the trials and tribulations of living in Hindustan (India), and suggests a few crucial do's, don't's and maybes for the would -be traveller

Due to Mrs. Thatcher's *Nationality Act,* sadly Irish nationals are now subject to an entry visa to Hindustan (India). There's no problem getting a visa from the embassy in Dublin. The visa requires certain vaccinations to be undertaken. Do get immunised against cholora and yellow fever. The hepatitis vaccine, which only has under 70% guarantee, is not long available, i.e. no known reports on its effectivness.

Carry Sterling and U.S. dollars travellers cheques in small sums (10s and 20s).

Sirian Arab Airlines are the cheapest return ticket (one year open return) because one in five aircraft is hijacked.

The traveller will likely land at Palam airport in New Delhi. You will meet hassle if you are carrying tape recorders or several watches up both wrists.

Please remain pure vegetarian and you will consequently reduce the likelihood of any illness. Your mood will be more firm. Be warned, the sub -continant tends to come in waves, (i.e. tons of bricks now and again. From April to August stay to the north as temperatures soar to 44 degrees in the lower lying regions south of Delhi, and at this time water is highly infective. Carry your winter clothes alone. These will be required in the north in the evenings. Clothes are so cheap that it makes more sense to have all your clothes tailored. The basic garb is pygama and kirta and it will cost only the price of the cotton and tailors fee (about £3). Carry a good quantity of quality mosquito repellant. The official Indian compound goes out of date very fast and is not effective. Lemon juice is the most effective. Never ever drink unboiled water. This could result in prolonged dissentry, which can lead to hepaptitis.

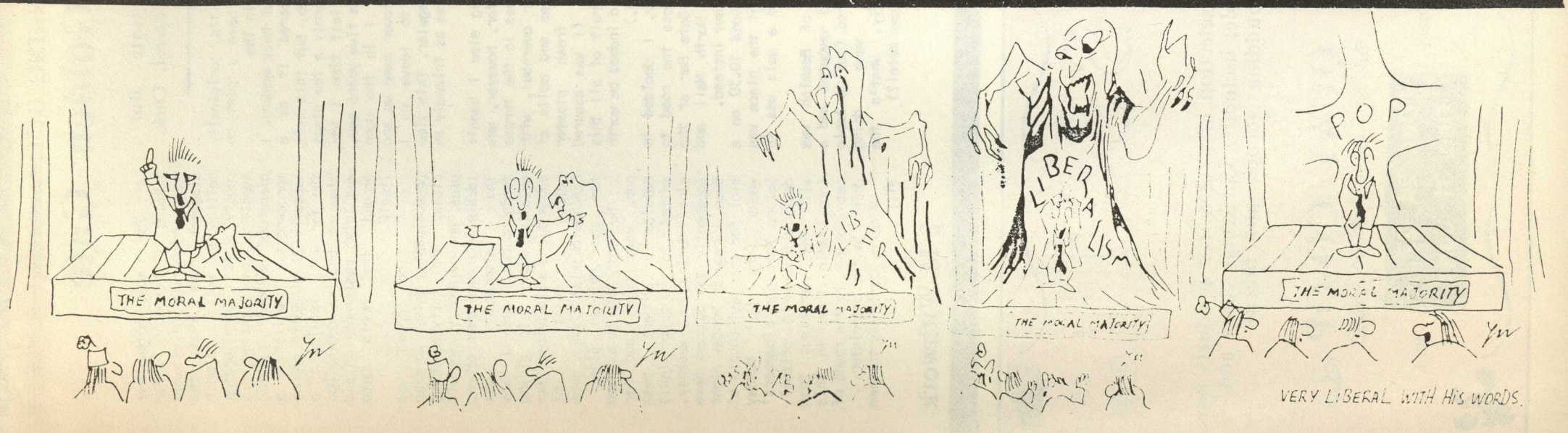
There is initial culture shock. For example, you will note in train stations that thousands are trying to board and alight similtanously, despite the fact that trains do not stop in India.

To generalise, if one may, the Shiite Sike could prove of real help if in difficulty. Make for a Sike temple if in any difficulty. Food and lodging is provided free in exchange for service in the public kitchen or temple gardens.

India is full of festivals. Tuesday is the Hindu Sunday, Saturday the Islamic, Wednesday the Buddhist and Thursday the Sike. Every full moon in the Hindu calender is a religious festival. Three festival to really enjoy are **Shiu Ratri**, the festival of intoxication, where you can find yourself blowing a chillum with the local police inspector. **Ram Lila** is the festival of lights. Every household within the borders burn every available form of light. Even the government switch on all the electricity for 24 hours. This is to celebrate the return to a dark earth of the ever incarnating Lord Incarnate. **Holi** is the festival of water and colour. It celebrates the begining of the dry season and everywhere people splash eachother with coloured waters. Some spacers fire paint at eachother. Like our Hallow'een, the majority of the population are left unrecognisable being covered in colours. It is believed on this day the spirits of the past can make contact, but only under the mask of colour

Kashmire is a little blown out of proportion. **Utaar Pradesh** is a real challange. Eight days from Delhi by bus, serious trecking to remote communities and sacred spots. In the cooler season, the coast of **Kerala** is a beautiful place to be, living on the beaches on pineapples and coconut meals and the native folks loving to serve and learn.

Bakshish (Baksi as Gaeilge) is a way of life. On the traveller querying to Bakshish culture, one is informed that the habit was learned from a bad master. They blame prolonged overstay (by 300 years) by an uninvited visitor, which visitor, unquitting in 1947, partitioned and subdived the people. One is expected to tip at every occasion; in the tea shop, on the Rickshaw, after meals etc. Be very careful of being drawn into the official form of Bakshish i.e. there are police, customs, emmigration and administrative officials everywhere on the take. The writer had his passport regularily and mysteriously lost and found for a fee or a bottle of whiskey. On the Nepalmese border, several border officials covet the camera or the jeans and if you're the unlucky one, they will find some fault, in the foreign tongue, in your passport.



2017.21.QP1.9.14



by Janus

Should Austin Deasy decide to found and lead his own party he is bound to succeed simply because he doesn't want to. Irish political history is littered with such people.

Jack Lynch didn't want to become a T.D. He became one. He didn't want to become a Minister. He became one. He didn't want to be Taoiseach. He became one. He didn't want to get the 'bum's rush' from Charlie in 1979. He did. Paddy Hillery didn't want to become a President. He became one. Martin O Donoghue didn't want to become a Senator. He became one. Brian Lenihan didn't want to become a clown, Paisley an acrobat, the list is endless.

****

Speaking at the last Labour Party Conference in Cork Mr. Gerald Duffy, of Limerick, in the course of making many excellent points said re water charges, "if we don't put a stop to this the next thing there will be a tax on is the air we breathe."

Gerald, old son, dig this.

CORK. DEC. 1, 1386.

'A tax of one farthing was laid on every house from which smoke issued; the money thus levied was called Smoke Silver.' (Cork Remembrancer)

A visitor to our fair city, surviving his trip along Georges Quay, expressed surprise at hearing how warmly regarded the Royal Family are by the members of the Club (Labour Exchange). Can't imagine why. The Royals have always had a hallowed spot in the hearts of the unemployed. They are there to be looked up to. The very pinnacle, the crest for our 'dossers'. They are the cream, the greatest dossers of all time. And look what they get paid for doing nothing. One has to admire them. They are magic.

****

Despite all that is said people are much more civic-minded than ever before. A party of Cork people on a country drive were horrified when they came upon a notice announcing that the fields in the area had been poisoned. Fully aware of what a long and lingering business death by poisoning can be they returned after dark and put each individual field out of its misery by shooting it.

****

Overheard in a Cork street.

'Did yeh hear about Batna's boy?'

'No?'

'He got a job.'

'Is that right?'

'Yeah. Junior Postman.'

'Yerra, 'twill keep him off the streets anyway.'

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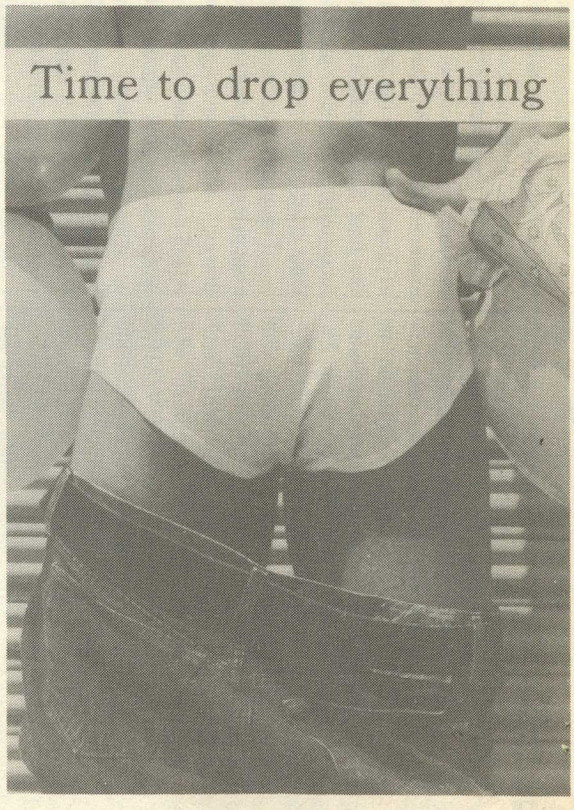
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