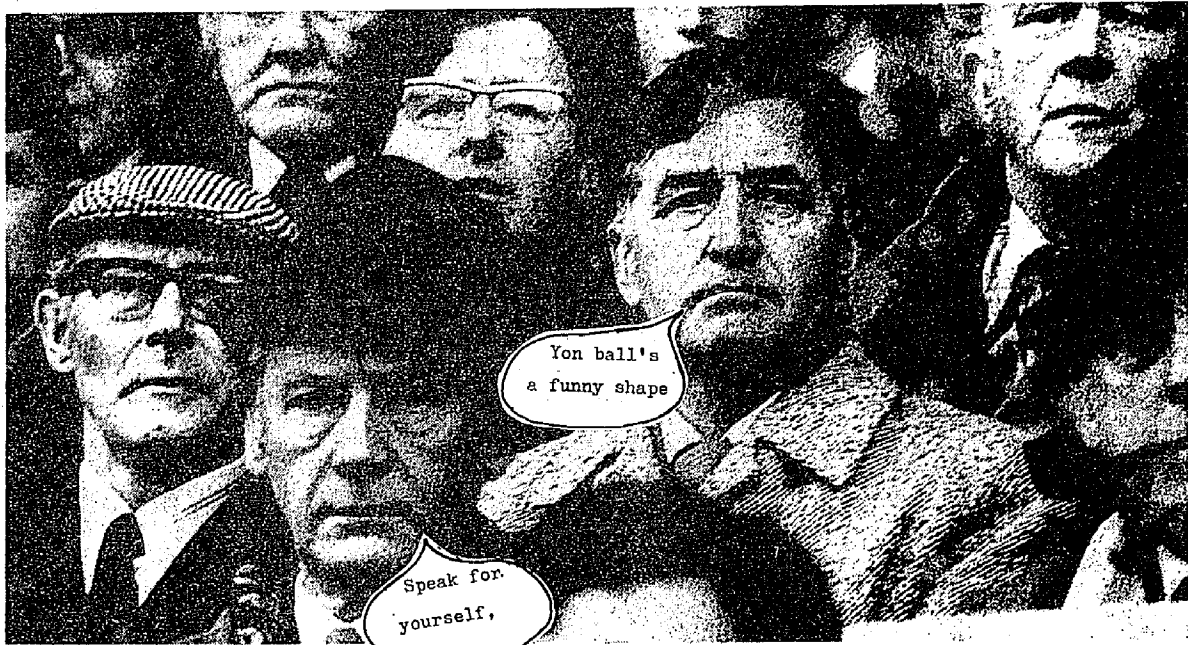


focalin

vol 1000 NO. 9 20p*



*FREE TO THE DEAD

MD-02-

supermick the taxman

problem page and letters

Deep Throat tells it all!



MISSION SUCCESSFUL SIR. I WE GOT KERMIT.... UNFORTUNATELY, WE HIT THE GREENFINCH AS WELL. NEVER WORRY LADS THERES PLENTY OF THEM ABOUT!

Ireland's

satirical

magazine

PEOPLE IN POLITICS

Wanna free dinner? How are you fixed for lunch?

If you are a bit peckish in Dublin these days and fancy a nosh for nix, just put in a call to Micky Mullen, General Secretary of the Transport and General Workers' Union at his Liberty Hall HQ (Telephone 749731) and say you are thinking of writing a few words about the foul anti-Mullen allegations recently made in a scurrilous pamphlet published by the "New Liberty" group. Micko will immediately arrange to have you transported to Bernardo's very fine nosh-house in Linclon Place and fill you to the gullet with the best of ltitie grub, washed down with acceptable wines, liqueurs to follow and the odd ceegar.

MOB

The New Liberty mob which seems to have connections with the International Trot-trot, reckon Mick has been up to good at all. They detail the machinations of Micko, Micko Junior, Michael O'Leary and the shyster-lawyer firm of Bowler-Geraghty (who handle all T & G business) during the last general election and show how back-handers were distributed, planning permissions promised and colleagues and the working class (as it is sometimes called) were knifed in the back in an effort to get Micko Junior a Dail seat for Cabra.

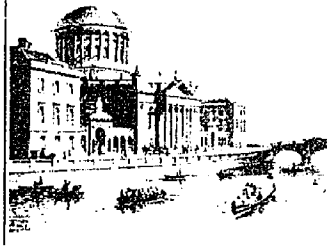
It is the dirtiest story in Irish politics since Paddy Mc Grath was given a licence to print money called the Irish Hospitals Sweepstake - and nobody in the know in Dublin doubts that it is all true. But nobody in the fearless Irish media has dared print a word of it. Why? (Well apart from the fact that most Irish journalists suffer from this terrible congenital disease - recognisable by the broad yellow streak running up the centre of their backs - there is another reason.)

VILE

The other reason is that Micko of late has taken to wining and dining persons who might be of use to him in countering the vile tales. Any journalist who phones him and asks for a quote is immediately whisked to Bernardo's for an "off-the-record" chat.

Thus it is that in recent days you can observe such luminaries as Irish Times "Industrial Correspondent" Eugene Mc Eldowney, ex-Ardoyne, ex-P.D., ex-socialist, ex-penses paid, with his chin sunk in his canneloni as Micko explains that there's "no sruth whassover" in the New Liberty facts, while Micko's pet T.D., Boy O'Leary, slurs agreement.

Dublin



Others who have recently hitched a ride on Micko's gravy train are Eternal Youth Kennedy of the Sunday World (who wrote a ridiculous piece extolling Micko in the Bum-and-Tits broadsheet on December 3); Chris Glennon "Political Correspondent" of the Independent; Michael Mills, semi-literate hack from the Press; and others too disgusting to mention.

Also supporting Micko as he fights to cover up the sordid story of how he sells his members for political favours are, naturally enough the diminishing ranks of the Joe Stalin Fan Club, otherwise known as Sinn Fein, the Workers' Party.

TURD

Makes us sad to think that two such great men as Uncle Joe and the Ice-pick Kid should end up used as totems in a battle over the bona fides of a shrivelled turd like Micko Mullen. In their day Uncle Joe and the Ice-pick Kid fought for bigger prizes than that.

DRINK

Believe there's a war on, do you? Think again. Seen slurping shorts together in the Montrose Hotel in Donnybrook, Dublin, a while ago were (wait for it) - Fine Gael spokesman on the North, Paddy 'It's breaking my' Harte; retired Loyalist warlord Glennie Barr; Eamonn "I'm still a revolutionary" Mc Cann; former IRSP Chief Johnnie White; and two members of the Free State Special Branch. The only person to come out of this "secret" gathering with honour was White - who didn't buy a drink all night, as far as our spy could judge, and can therefore claim that he was only there for the gargle. Near closing time a most undignified quarrel seemed to erupt between Barr and Mc Cann about whose round it was, the pair only being dissuaded from fisticuffs by the intervention of Harte's charming daughter, Mary. Like Uncle Joe and the Kid, they used to have bigger things to argue about...

BET

Now to keep you up to date on the runners and riders (?) in the race to seduce those delightful FF deputies, Sile de Valera and Maire Geohagan-Quinn from the path of virtue. FF's new man in Westmeath, Albert Reynolds, has made the best fist so far at getting Sile into the sack, but emerged unsuccessful to tell eagerly-waiting fans: "I don't think she knew what I was talking about".

A consensus is now growing that Sile is too stupid to be charmed into sin. Expect a frontal assault any day now. Focalin will be there and will let you know.

As for Maire, she is a puzzlement. Handsome West County Dublin man, Liam Lawlor (FF) was seen in the Dail dining room very deep in conversation with Maire just recently, but most tipsters discount his chances. Lawlor's lovely wife Hazel, is no mug and has taken to dropping in on Liam at the most unexpected moments - like at lunch-time.

SIN

Which is why that deep conversation never got to the dessert stage. A better bet, many feel, is none other than Charlie-boy Haughey himself. After Maire made an eejit of herself fumbling over questions in the House, Charlie had her round to his private for a bit of private tuition in parliamentary arts. When filthy-minded observers made comment on this Charlie explained: "I was just giving her a hand." Sure we know what you mean.

FILTH

And what's all this we hear about a Fine Gael T.D. during the last Dail having his wicked way with a young lady on the Ceann Comhairle's chair in the Senate late one night when the Dail was in session but the Senate adjourned. If the filthy scut involved does not publicly confess within one month he shall be named in the next issue of this fearless journal!

OLD

Why did Brendan Corish resign as leader of the Labour Party? The alcoholic hacks who interpret these things in the papers would have you believe that he was "tired", too "old", depressed by the election result etc. He may well have been all of these things. But much more important was the knowledge that any day now one of Dublin's best known vice-kings of a few years back might fulfill his promise to tell in public the scurrilous story of our Brendan's nocturnal wanderings in the Mount Street district of the city. Brendan could claim that, like Gladstone, he was merely on a missionary errand to save the unfortunate ladies of the street from their fate worse than death. But then, that wouldn't explain why one of these ladies once beat a dent six inches deep in the bonnet of Brendan's state car with a hammer, shouting "You rotten b-----d", all the while. Eventually the tale will be told in full! You'll know where to look!

LIBEL

(Incidentally, if we hear of one, just one, of Corish's side-kicks in the press saying that this is a foul and baseless libel and in the worst taste - just one - we will not scruple to give time, date and the name and current address of the lady in question in our next issue; watch your tongues, lads.)

DEEP THROAT

The true voice
of Dublin

**MEAT-HEAD
MACNAMARA**

HELPING OUR READERS
WITH THEIR PROBLEMS

Marriage

Help & advice

Dear Readers,

I have received so many letters from single readers of Focalin that I have decided to launch a new service specially for them. And so, with the full blessing of the Church and the gracious encouragement of His Lordship, The Editor, I would like to announce the MEATHEAD MACNAMARA MARRIAGE BUREAU!

The basic idea is simple. You may be a lonely, frustrated, guilt-ridden young Irish lad living in NW6. You are tired of greasy-spoon cafes. You long for a bit of home comfort - the odd bowl of porridge like your mother used to make, for



example. Your shirts need the odd button, the shoes could do with a good polish. (Stop worrying! Fill in the questionnaire below and the Meathead Macnamara Marriage Bureau will put you in touch with the partner of your dreams.)

Or again you may be a lonely frustrated guilt-ridden young Catholic girl who is tired of the crush in the Gresham of a Saturday night and sick of the horny palm lingering on your backside during the old-time waltz. You dream of a smart young man with a Mercedes, a tractor and a hundred acres of land back home.



In either case, thanks to Focalin the Meathead Macnamara Marriage Bureau is ready to help. Just fill in the following simple questionnaire and send it with your Baptism Certificate and Parish Priest's reference to:

MEATHEAD MACNAMARA
MARRIAGE BUREAU,
FOCALIN.

NAME

SEX

(If you are in any doubt about your sex, do not send in this form.)

PARISH PRIEST

Some important questions

Now answer these questions: -

- Which of the following do you find most satisfying?
 - (a) playing Big Tom records
 - (b) playing the tin whistle
 - (c) playing with yourself.

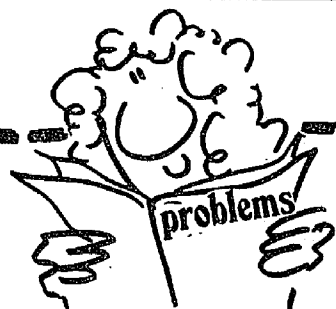


- If you had a completely free choice which would you pick?
 - (a) a week in Lourdes
 - (b) a week in Lough Derg
 - (c) your nose

- What do you understand by the phrase "A STATE OF GRACE"?
 - (a) our only hope of eternal life
 - (b) Monaco
 - (c) bacon, egg, sausage and fried tomato in Joes Cafe.



- How many children do you intend to rear in the Faith?
 - (a) 10
 - (b) 2.5 (Perhaps you should have a word with your Confessor?)
 - (c) As many as you happen to find under the gooseberry bush.



reader reply service

Marriage

Help and advice

Your questions on
marital and sexual problems
answered by *Meat-head*

MACNAMARA

MIRACLE?

Frank Maguire "speaks" in Westminster

FERMANAGH MADE AN IMPACT in the British House of Commons at Westminster on Thursday last when Mr. Frank Maguire, M.P. for Fermanagh - South Tyrone, broke his four years silence in the House since his election.

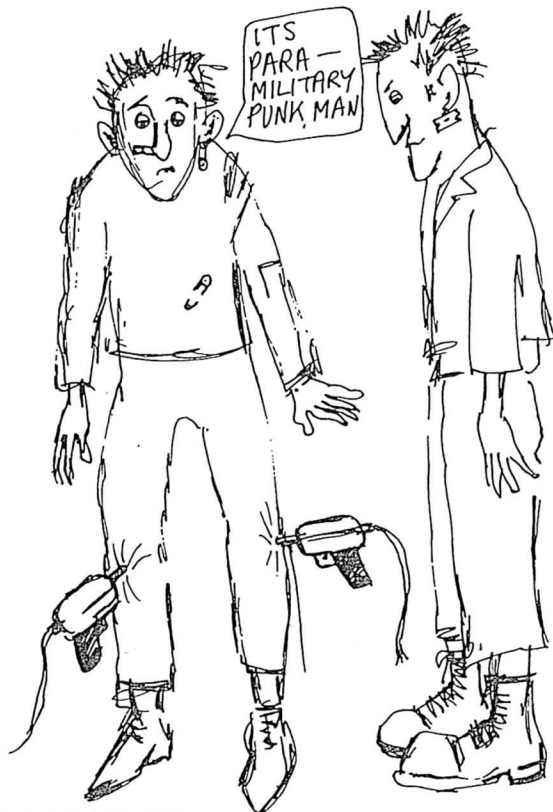
The Fermanagh Herald, Saturday, February 11th, 1978

Frank Maguire, the dumb M.P. who 'spoke' recently in the House of Commons, is certain that he owes his new gift to the intervention of the Holy Bridge, Blessed Matt Talbot. A barperson at Mr Maguire's public-house said that Frank's cure showed that the Holy Bridge, Blessed Matt Talbot was fit to be a saint for the

whole Irish people.

"This is the first time that the Holy Bridge has intervened on behalf of a non-Pioneer."

The barperson refused to speculate on Mr Maguire's future plans. "Frank has just learnt to talk. He is busy at the moment thinking of something to say."



'Wild Irish' at play -Judge

" IF YOU want to see the wild Irish at play go to the dance halls. It is not only in Cavan that you see the native Irish in their lair. Savages — that's what they are. I am surprised that the women don't go on strike."



Thatcher impact

Focalin, ever mindful of the interests of our fellow-Micks in Britain has been consulting a cross-section of the Irish community on Mrs. Thatcher's plan to take the vote away from us.

Our most distinguished fellow-immigrant Conor Cruise O'Brien who is editor of "The Observer" told us:

"I think that this is an excellent idea and I hope it can soon be extended to the ould sod itself. If it had not been for Irish people voting I might still be Minister for whatever it was. This would have helped the country to stand up to terrorism. It would also have helped me and it would have kept Bernard Levin happy."

We asked Dr. O'Brien if he would ever go back.
"Ah, he said, "when you have drunk the gin and tonic in Fleet Street, you never go back."

Gerry Fitt told us:
"My colleagues and I are seeking a meeting with Mrs. Thatcher about this. But I am not too worried. Many of my own voters are dead and I don't think she will be able to do much about that."

Focalin also spoke to a number of North London Irish persons.
A light and bitter in Kilburn told us:
"It's the racism of the ould bitch that I can't stand. Jaysus, she can't treat us like wogs."

A pint of Guinness in Cricklewood said:
"I don't vote anyway. Sure if you try anything like that they get the tax-man on to you straight away."

A bottle of Bulmer's Dry Reserve in Euston Road told us that he always voted for De Valera himself. He wondered if we might help him with the price of a cup of tea.

A rather refined young vodka and orange in Hammersmith told us she thought it was people like us who "always let the Irish down."

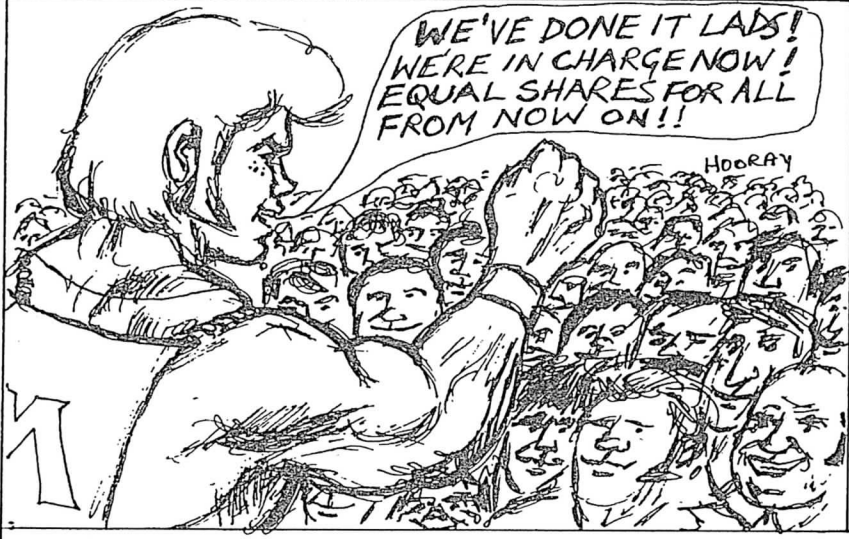
(This cross-section of Irish opinion was brought to you by Focalin in conjunction with Allied Irish Banks, Aer Lingus and B & I Steamships. Our plans for sponsoring feiseanna, three-a-side rugby and refined Irish evenings in Luton are available on request. We welcome entries for our Shit-house Wall Writing Contest which is being held this year in the public toilet opposite Camden Town Tube.

SUPERMICK

PART FOUR

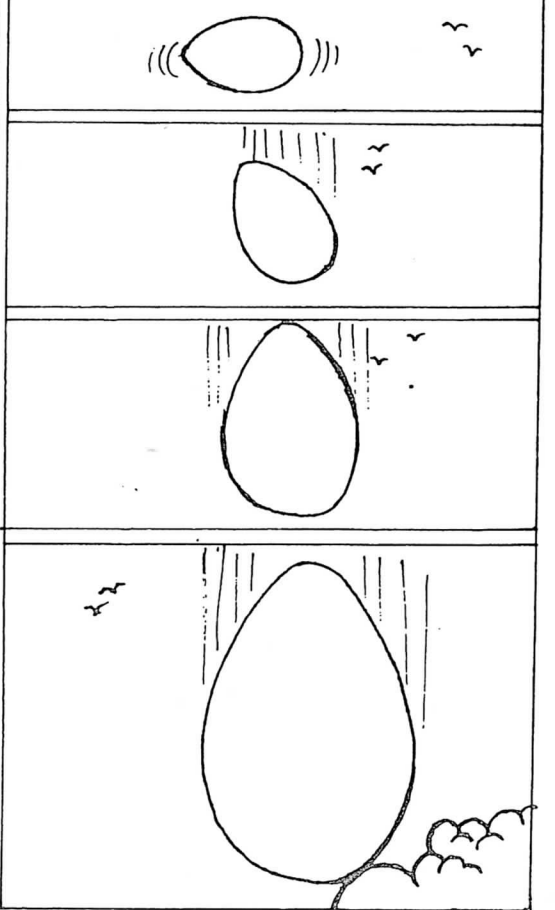
THE STORY SO FAR... OUR MICK, CHANGED BY THE TIR NA NOG CONNECTION INTO SUPERMICK, HAS OVERCOME THE NASTY SIR WILLIAM SKIMPY, TAKING OVER HIS VAST BUILDING EMPIRE AND CAUSING HIM TO JOIN FORCES WITH THE DREADED INLAND REVENUE. TOGETHER THE MAD SCIENTISTS OF BOTH REPULSIVE ORGANISATIONS WORKED TOGETHER TO PRODUCE THE WEAPON TO DEFEAT SUPERMICK. THIS AWFUL CREATION WAS ~~TRADITIONAL~~! IT WAS TOUCH AND GO FOR A WHILE BUT SUPERMICK WITH HIS SUPERIOR IRISH WITS DEFEATED THE MONSTER. TRIUMPHANT SUPERMICK GETS BACK TO THE JOB - MAKING THIS SCEPTRED ISLE A HOME FIT FOR THE WORKIN' MAN...

NOW READ ON!



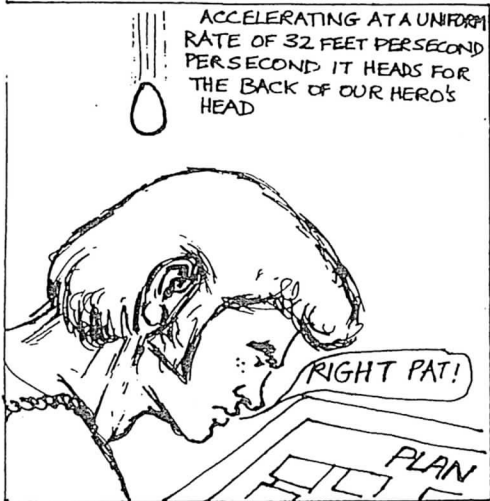
ALL IS GOING A BOMB UNTIL ONE FATEFUL MORNING SIX MONTHS LATER

THE FUGITIVE OVUM DESCRIBES AN ARC IN THE CLEAR BLUE SKY THEN PLUMMETS EARTHWARDS



200 FEET UP THE SCAFFOLDING DIRECTLY ABOVE SUPERMICK ONE PHELMIM O'MURPHY HAS DECIDED TO SAMPLE HIS LUNCH BOX

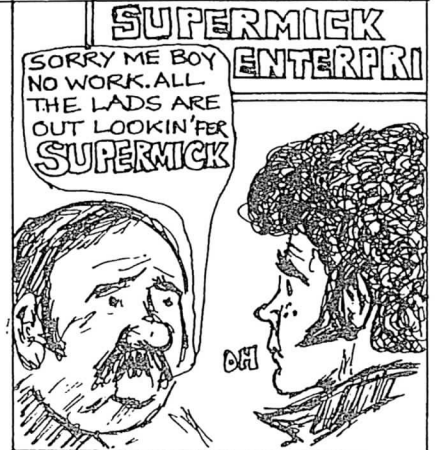
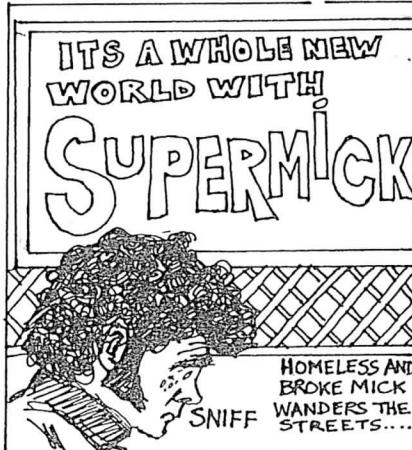
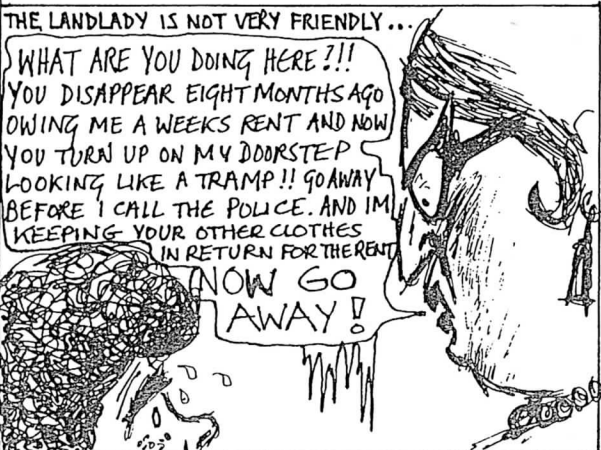
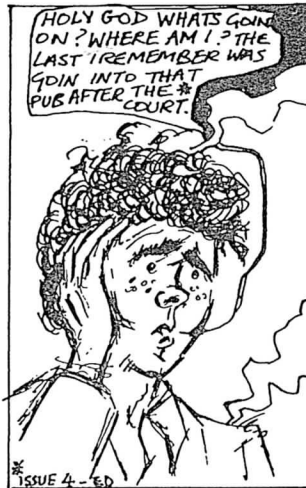
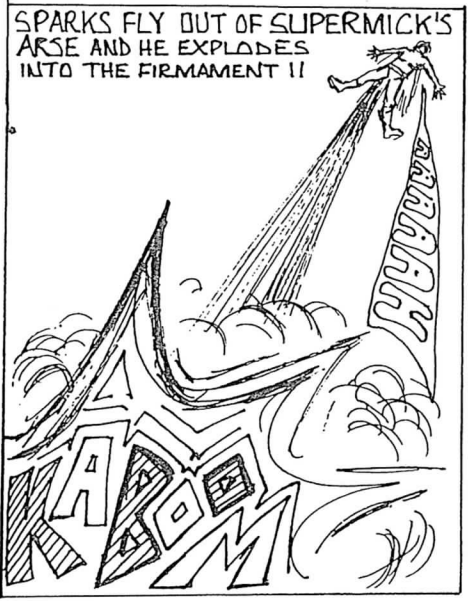




DISASTER THE HARD-BOILED FRUIT OF THE HEN STRIKES THE DARLIN' BOY ON THE EXACT SPOT WHERE OCCURS THE TIR NA NOG CONNECTION WHICH TURNS PLAIN OLD ORDINARY MICK INTO SUPERMICK !!

STRANGE AND AWFUL THINGS BEGIN TO HAPPEN TO SUPERMICK'S CONSTITUTION AS THE T.N.N.C BEGINS TO GO INTO REVERSE !!!

* SEE ISSUE NO 3 - ED.



WHILE AT A SECRET HEADQUARTERS
HERE IN THE HOME COUNTRIES ...

GOOD NEWS SKIMPY MY DEAR FELLOW
SUPERMICK HAS DISAPPEARED!!
AND WHATS MORE OUR SCIENTISTS
HAVE FINISHED THEIR WORK!
IT IS TIME TO STRIKE
BACK!! COME WITH
ME

UNLEASH THE NEW
IMPROVED TAXMAN



WHERE IS
SUPERMICK?
LET ME
AT HIM!

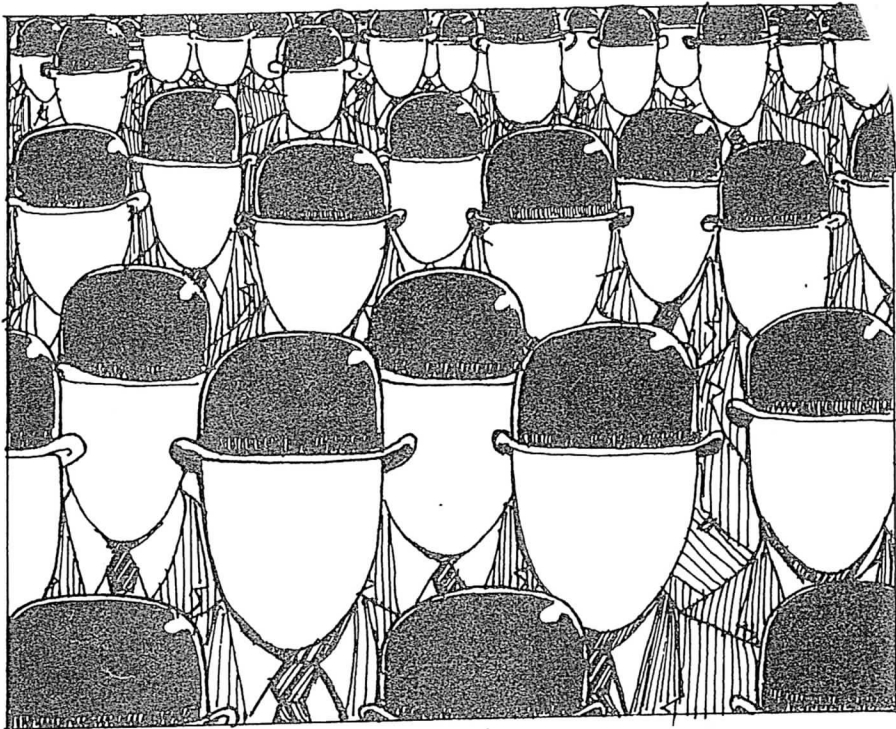




AND NOT ONLY HAVE WE TAXMAN BUT ALSO A LEGION OF FACELESS BUREAUCRATS TO ASSIST HIM!

BEHOLD!

HEH HEH



SUPERMICK ENTERPRISE

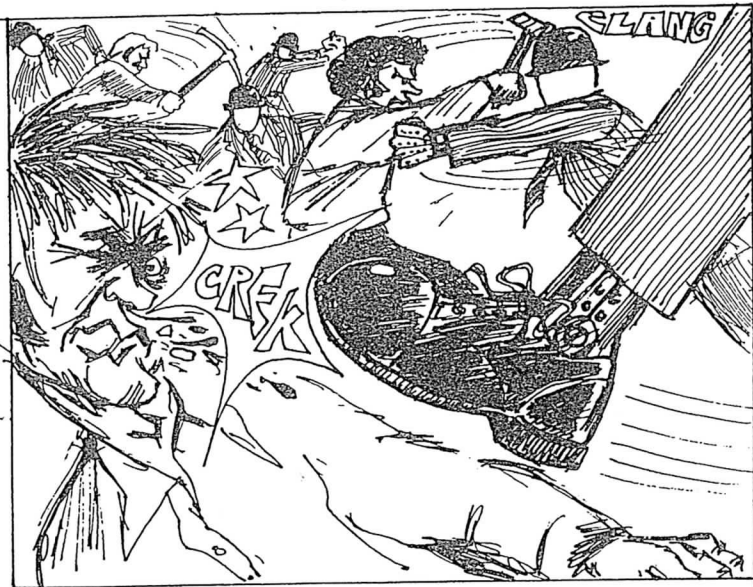
HOLY GOD

DESTROY!

ALL OVER THE LAND THE BATTLE RAGED! BUT WITHOUT SUPERMICK THE LADS WERE ALL TOO QUICKLY SHATTERED....



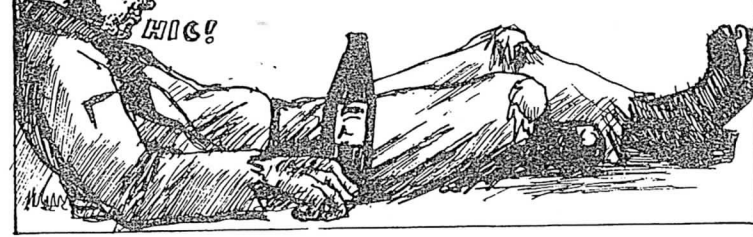
GET DOWN THAT HOLE



SLANG

GREK

MEANWHILE... POOR HOMELESS JOBLESS MICK HAS TURNED FOR COMFORT AND SOLACE TO THE STUFF THAT ROTTS A CELTS BRAINS FASTER THAN ANY OTHER KNOWN SUBSTANCE. - THE DREADED CIDER!!!!



WIC!

IS THIS THE END FOR SUPERMICK? HAS TAXMAN TRIUMPHED? READ OUR NEXT ISSUE!

Marriage

Sexual and marital relations and family planning

Informed Vatican sources have described the Pope as 'cock-a-hoop' at the amazing breakthrough recently made in the field of natural birth-control.

Known as the "Billings" method, it is understood to have been personally discovered and perfected by the Holy Father himself, after months of silent activity behind closed doors.

The Catholic Advisory Council have now issued the Pope's Bull on this new rhythm method, showing how it's done.

Try it in your home

« It's easy when you know how, but getting to know it is a bit difficult and you need coaching for two or three months. The basics are that during the fertile period you have a mucous discharge as at no other time; and you can work out danger days, dodgy days and very safe days once you can recognise the signs.

What produces the mucous is the oestrogen present in your body when you ovulate. The difficulty is in being certain that it's not normal vaginal secretion or even an unhealthy discharge, so you have to keep a chart under the tutorage of a lady trained in the method. You have to abstain from sex for a whole month as seminal fluid could obviously confuse the issue, and you faithfully record the condition of your vagina every single day. Then you report back and are helped to work out what it all meant.

After a second month it all begins to assume a very regular pattern and you can establish exactly when you are fertile and when you are not. And, of course, if you want to have a baby it's a good way of knowing when to concentrate your efforts. If you are interested in this method write to The Catholic Marriage Advisory Council, 33 Willow Pl, Frances St, London SW1. Tel: 01-828 8307. They will supply literature on the method and possibly names of teaching groups in your area.



Now you know what 'off days' really are

A leading Catholic sexologist, welcoming the new departure, admitted that some problems still had to be ironed out. Foremost among these is what consenting married couples are supposed to do on the 300 or so days a year when the mucous discharge says no.

But one mystery which has baffled men of medicine for centuries has now been cleared up - the curious reason why semen is white and urine yellow. It now seems part of the divine plan to help the Pope know whether he's coming or going!

CASTLEREAGH



PUKE ROCK

A recent documentary dealt with the latest scandal to hit the North - Puke Rock.

It dwelt on one group in particular who are a cause of much serious concern among Belfast's working class citizenry.

This group, the self-styled Raving Ulster Cobblers, squat in a rather large office block set in its own grounds near Castlereagh.

They have developed the particularly nasty habit of 'gobbing' (to gob in their jargon means - to hit on the gob and other more sensitive areas about the person with any object - truncheon, chair-leg, gun barrel - which come to hand) all and sundry who enter their squat.

Said Nobbler Newman, Chief Wizard - show me an innocent man and - hey presto - he's guilty - of the Raving Ulster Cobblers, at a Press Conference called after the showing of the documentary:-

"This here gobbing, like man, is a sign, see, of International Brotherhood and Love. 'Sides I never seen none of my lads gob anyone - we just invite them in, friendlylike, for a bit of a chat. I mean, if we

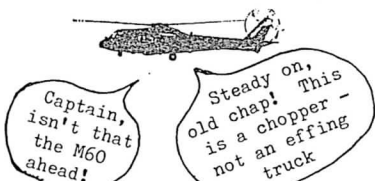
weren't in the uniform, you know like, we'd be on the 'bru, wouldn't we - just be hanging round street corners causing trouble like."

Puke Rock, has ofcourse, spawned such notorious cult bands as White Noise and The Firing Pistols. White Noise are, perhaps, best known for breaking their contract with Strasbourg Promotions Ltd. However the group toured, illegally, both North and South under the auspices of the underground promoters BAMPOTS (British Army Media Personnel On Tour Syndicate) and GITS (Gardai International Talent Spotters).

Their first single - "Mindbenders" - was to put it mildly, extremely badly received by the Irish public, though BAMPOTS plugged it extensively through their outlets.

We can do no better to sum up this so-called Blue Wave than to leave you with the first verse of The Firing Pistols' latest release on the Perjurer Label:

"Ain't no Paddy's anymore,
And if there are - gonna be awful sore,
For we'll thrash 'em an' mash 'em
An' maul 'em aroun' -
Prove we're still rulers of this here town."

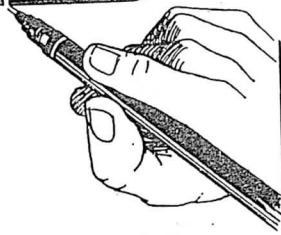


Captain, isn't that the M60 ahead!

Steady on, old chap! This is a chopper - not an effing truck

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dail Eireann,
12 July 1977



HIS WORSHIP,
THE EDITOR,
FOCALIN.

Your Worship,

I wish to apply for the post of Editor-in-Chief of your most distinguished journal. Until the recent election I was Minister For Posts and Telegraphs in the Free State Government. This allowed me to spend all my time talking to British journalists about terrorism. Before that, I worked for the United Nations where I gained a reputation as an author and playwright.

I am sure I would be an asset to Focalin.

Yours etc.,
Conor Cruise O'Brien

THE EDITOR REPLIES

- We are afraid this one is definitely not on, Conor. We are not prejudiced against former members of the Free State Government but the dog cannot stand them. Try "The Observer". We would point out, not that it matters a great deal, that we are usually called "Your Lordship". It's judges who are called "Your Worship".

Yours in Christ,
+ Michael Focalin.

Fanad,
Co. Donegal.

Dear Focalin,

I read an article about you in the "Sunday World". It was by Gery (sic) Lawless and I wondered if there was any truth in it at all?

Yours sincerely,
Concerned.

Cheques, Postal Orders
Donations, Subscriptions
Letters, Comments, Gossip
WANTED

SEND THEM TO:
FOCALIN
27 BASSETT STREET
LONDON NW5

SUBSCRIBE - YOU MAY LIVE
40 REGRET IT.
£1 buys 5 issues posted
under plain cover. DO IT
NOW! Send your money to:

FOCALIN
at the above address.
Sellers wanted! Apply above
for terms.

THE EDITOR REPLIES

My Dear Concerned,

We are aware of the tissue of lies which appeared in the bare ass and tit 'newspaper' called "The Sunday World". Our investigation of this matter continues. We can tell you that there is no such person as Gery (sic) Lawless. The title "Gery (sic) Lawless" is given to a mythological London-Irish figure analagous with, though not identical to Balor, Goll Mac Morna, the Cyclops etc. For further information see the fascinating book: Gery (sic) Lawless: The Quest for Sean Reid by J. Bowser-Hell (New York 1977).

saints of Ireland

MATT TALBOT MOTORWAY APPEAL

FOCALIN has decided to sponsor an appeal for funds to further honour The Holy Bridge. Blessed Matt Talbot.

We have reason to believe that Blessed Matt would have preferred to have been a full-blown six-lane motorway. The Holy Bridge told us in another Focalin exclusive: "I always fancied being a motorway myself but, ofcourse, if God and the powers that be decide that I must remain a Bridge, all I can pray is - "Let the traffic roll over me and the Liffey under me per omnia Saecula Saeculorum. Amen."

So send your money to the MATT TALBOT MOTORWAY APPEAL at FOCALIN.

Exclusive!

CLUNK-CLICK

by
W.B. LINEN, OUR MAN
IN ORMEAU AVENUE.

Sources close to Roy Mason have told me what lies behind the decision to make the wearing of seatbelts compulsory in Ulster. The decision has worried some Unionists because it appeared to treat Ulster differently from the rest of the U.K. In fact the scheme is merely a dummy run for a much more ambitious scheme to bring peace to the troubled province.

STRAITJACKET

If the seatbelt scheme works Roy Mason intends to follow it up by making the wearing of STRAIT-JACKETS compulsory for everyone over the age of seven in the province. Straitjackets are normally used to restrain violent lunatics and the N. Ireland Office believes that the proportion of the Ulster population which cannot be so described is 'statistically insignificant'. Mr Mason believes that the wearing of straitjackets would reduce the level of violence "at a stroke". Petrol-bombers, stone-throwers, snipers and kneecappers would disappear from the streets.

Immediate reaction to the news was largely favourable.

MUTILATION

Mr. Kenneth Newman pointed out that straitjackets would stop people from deliberately mutilating themselves in Castlereagh Barracks.

Ciaran Mc Keown of the Peace People wore a straitjacket at his Press Conference. He said, rather cryptically, "Every penny can be accounted for, Your Worship."

STICKIE

Councillor Jimmy Sullivan of Sinn Fein the Workers' Party, said he hoped the straitjackets would be made locally. "Straitjackets won't solve the problem unless accompanied by a Bill of Rights", he added.

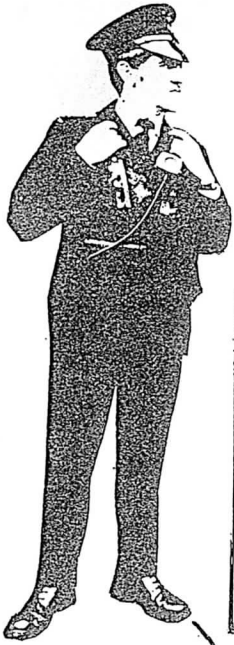
An SDLP spokesman said each strait-jacket must have a green stripe "to conform to the party's policy on the Irish dimension".

Dr. Paisley foamed slightly but merely said he hoped that Enoch Powell would have to wear one as well.

LUNATIC

Dr. Conor Cruise O'Brien said that it was worth a try. As a gesture he thought that a voluntary strait-jacket scheme should be introduced in the Republic.

So it looks as if Mr. Mason's new initiative starts off with a groundswell of goodwill. A word of warning was sounded by senior Nationalist Eddie Mc Ateer - "First catch your lunatic, I always say," said the veteran seanachai last night.



ODDS &

SODS &

INFO &

IDEAS

Sodom and Gomorrah

A RESOLUTION to oppose any liberalisation of laws on homosexuality, first passed by Fermanagh Council, now has the support of Craigavon and Newry Councils. The motion was proposed by a DUP representative, Mr. Thomas Scott, towards the end of the last meeting of the Fermanagh Council before the local government elections in May — it was passed without discussion.

The reports proposed by Mr. Mason, to be introduced for legislation discussion in the present Westminster session, would mean "homosexuality on demand", said Mr. Willey.

When it was suggested that homosexuality was an illness, Mr. Willey said that shoplifting had been so described also, but no one legislated to legalise it.

An SDLP councillor, Mr. Danny Hughes, said the proposed legislation was "an awful state of affairs. Mr. George Graham (DUP), said Queen Victoria was once asked what was the secret of England's greatness and she replied the word of God. Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed because of this sin and England, that once great nation, had been brought down to the level it was at today "because of sin, because of debauchery".

flashback



Another officer said: "The only good thing about all this is that we have at least proved we are an impartial force, for both Protestants and Catholics are making equally fierce allegations."

Jail corruption

FIVE warders have been charged with corruption after a prostitution racket was discovered at Bologna Jail, police said yesterday.

Seven women prostitutes and a male transvestite have been visiting inmates at the prison with the help of warders since last November. Nine warders are being investigated, besides the five now in custody. According to police, the prostitutes were summoned to the jail by phone and their main clients were prisoners working in its hospital. —(Reuter)

Wheelchair pilgrims sail from Rosslare

TIGHT reformed alcoholics from the Cluan Mhuire centre at Athy, Co. Kildare, who are on a walking "pilgrimage of thanks" to Lourdes, pushing an invalid in a wheelchair, arrived at Rosslare harbour yesterday, having covered 120 miles in five days.

'Matador' priest bound to peace

An Anglican priest said to have pranced around at a party waving his jacket like a matador was bound over in the sum of £50 by Newport magistrates in the Isle of Wight yesterday.

The prosecution claimed that Fr. Halahan had perhaps had more to drink than was good for him, that he swore frequently, and hit a 17-year-old youth on the chest after he had refused to dance with him.

The prosecution said also that at one stage Fr. Halahan took off his clerical collar and shirt and danced around in his vest and trousers.

Vanishing reptiles

The disappearance of a number of zoo reptiles is being investigated by Manchester police. Keepers at Belle Vue Zoo, which is to close in the near future, discovered on Wednesday that 28 of their reptiles were missing. They include an alligator, two pythons, other snakes, lizards, iguanas, turtles and toads. The police, puzzled by their disappearance, gave an assurance that none of the reptiles are dangerous.

Body politic

SOME CURIOUS relics of Napoleon were auctioned in Paris last week. Clippings of his hair and beard and a tendon from his left arm, all removed from the body soon after death, fetched £1,250.

The Paris sale last week prompted me to find out the fate of the Emperor's mummified penis, death mask and other relics that are known to have survived. They were last auctioned at Christie's in 1969.

The idea of selling a penis was a bit much for Christie's to swallow, and afraid that more had been bitten off than the auctioneers could chew, it was described in the catalogue as "a small dried up object, genteely described as a mummified tendon," with a hasty assurance that "the authenticity of the macabre relic has been confirmed." (How? Mind you, the fact that the "tendon" survived its cutting off from the owner does prove the old adage that the penis mightier than the sword.)

Jasus! What's in it?

—We mentioned a book last Sunday—"Our Lady Speaks to Priests." This book is printed privately and is available only for priests.

U.F.F. THREATEN I.R.A.

The Western Command of the "Ulster Freedom Fighters" which includes the city of Derry, County Derry, and Tyrone, said on Wednesday night that "I.R.A. operators and officers are on our death list."

The U.F.F. said that unfortunately at the moment, vengeance was not possible.

supermick

Two policemen walked into trouble when they arrested an Irishman, Sean McDonagh—he walked off, carrying their patrol car, after they had handcuffed him to the door, a court was told yesterday.

Then both officers were lifted off their feet as they tried to arrest Mr McDonagh's friend, Sean McDowd, who is 6ft 4in. Chalmersford magistrates were told.

He lifted it on to its offside wheels and walked off, dragging it with him even though the handbrake was on, said Mr Cecil Cheng, prosecuting. The manager of the supermarket jumped in and slipped it into gear to stop his getaway.

Afterwards, PC Taylor said: "It was like something from the Bionic Man." PC Coxhead added: "I was amazed when I saw McDonagh walking away with our patrol car. It seems quite funny now, but it wasn't at the time."

SUGAR HILL, NEW HAMPSHIRE

Mr William Sullivan, the retired assistant director of the FBI, was shot and killed yesterday in a hunting accident near his home. He was aged 61. Mr Sullivan was apparently mistaken for a deer and shot by a young man, later identified as the son of a state policeman. —UPI.

SHIT!!!
ANOTHER
POWER
CUT!

BLACK & DECKER



A LETTER HOME



A Sheáin a Mhic,

Is trua le rá ach níl mé comh maith ansec agus bhí. Tá na h-Eireannaigh, nó na Paddies mar a deirtear i London, faoi attack ar gach thaobh.

Tá Snatcher Thatcher a rá gur mhaith leí ár votaí a bhaint uainn; tá Hairy Knave a rá gur mhaith leisean ár dole a bhaint uainn agus tá bastard eile ann darbh ainm George Gale agus é a rá go mbeadh sé sásta ár very balls a bhaint uainn.

Agus anois, a Sheáin, le top hat a chur ar gach rud eile, tá scaifte eejits ag dul thart fa na pubanna agus iad ag interferáil leis an Guinness. Tá an mí-adh orainn gan dabht ar bith.

Seo an scéal. Bíonn fear i pub agus é ag gulpáil an Guinness go sona sásta ach i ndiaidh tamall, bíonn fonn air dhul fa choinne piss. Nuair a thagann sé arais arís go dtí an bar, bíonn poison 'sa ghloine; ní bhíonn aon suspiciún ar an fhear bhocht agus slugann sé an chuid eile de'n Guinness.

Chuala mé gur green slimy stuff an poison seo a chuirfeadh duine ag smaoineamh ar snotters as do shron féin, a Sheáin. Trocaire Dé orainn! Na fuckerí salacha a chuirfeadh a léithéid i ghloine Guinness.

Bhí an scéal sa'n "Irish Pulse" agus dúirt doctúir éigin nach raibh an poison "strong enough to kill a fully-grown man" ach go dtiocfaidh tinneas damáilte ar dhuine tar éis slug maith de'n stuff. Béidh se ag pukáil agus ag bokáil go dtí go bhfuil a guts torn amach as.

Thug an doctúir seo warning do gach fhear gan a bheith ag ól go dtí go raibh na poisoners grabáilte.

Bhal, a Sheáin, bhí mise iontach glum ag an am sin agus Tomás agus Mairtín comh maith. Bhí fearg mhór ar Mairtín, ar ndóigh - shíl se gur iad na priests a bhí at the back of it all. "Stunt nua ar son an Lent" ar seisean.

"Is cuma liomsa two bugginging damns fa Lent nó priests nó poison féin," arsa Tomás ansin. "Tá mise ag dul go dtí pub. Thig linn dhul go dtí an piss-house fear i ndiaidh an fear eile agus ní bheidh seans ag polluter nó poisoner."

"Sin é alright," arsa mise agus ar shúil linn go dtí pub gan mhoill. Cúpla uair ina dhiaidh sin, nuair

a bhí mé half-full, bhí mé a' caint leis an barman.

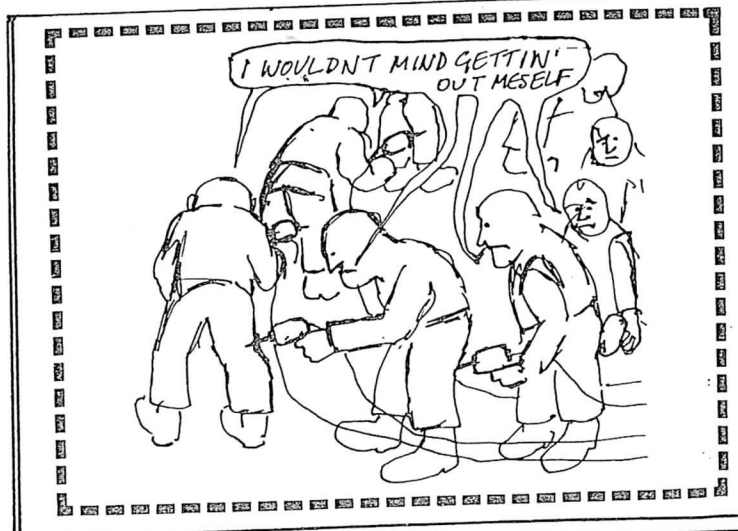
"Éist," ar seisean liom, "Ní chreidim go bhfuil aon poisoner ann ar chor ar bith. Tá mise ag obair 'sa bar seo ar feadh fiche bliana anois agus chonaic mé fir ag bokáil agus ag vomatáil gach aon oiche da raibh mé behind this bar. Níl aon diféar ann anois, a chairde dhílis!"

Bhal, a Sheáin, níl mise cinnte ach oiread. Tá fhios agam go bhfuil dream ann, darbh ainm Palestiní, ata ag cur mercury i oranges. Níl fhios agam fa'n Guinness.

Ach, fan ansin cupla mí eile agus tar across nuair atá an tsamhradh ann. Agus ná dean dearmad fa'n Duty Free ar an bád, a chara!

Mise,

Eoin



Title: Focalín, No. 9

Date: 1978 c.

Downloaded from the Irish Left Archive.

Visit www.leftarchive.ie

The Irish Left Archive is provided as a non-commercial historical resource, open to all, and has reproduced this document as an accessible digital reference. Copyright remains with its original authors. If used on other sites, we would appreciate a link back and reference to the Irish Left Archive, in addition to the original creators. For re-publication, commercial, or other uses, please contact the original owners. If documents provided to the Irish Left Archive have been created for or added to other online archives, please inform us so sources can be credited.