

Tony Carroll.

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3rd yr. Fine-Art.

Dedicated to A,  
without whose help, encouragement  
and understanding, this was written.

Also special thanks to —

B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q,

R, S, T, U, V, W, X, Y, not to mention —.

Once upon a wall there sat a man, and his dog. This dog was wise, to the ways of the world and was completely carefree and had every thing going for him. The man had the dog.

Now this man was too bored and cynical to realize that he was lonely. He viewed the people who passed by with contempt but even then they didn't notice and this hurt him most of all. Every now and then a stranger would stop and pat the dog on the head and tickle him under the chin. The man pretended to be unaware of this but deep down he grew to resent the dog's popularity and began to treat the dog too with contempt and kept a sharp eye on him.

This jealousy and envy that sprang up between master and dog grew and eventually formed an even stronger bond between them than had the friendship which had once existed.

The dog, for his part, also pretended to be unaware of his popularity and standing in the community and acted like a victim of his own charm and personality, under whose influence he was powerless to constrain himself. Could he help it if he was warm and lovable? It was simply a cross he had to bear and occasionally he would complain of his good fortune.

Only occasionally does anyone stop to talk to the man and then it is usually just to ask him who owns the dog. Many people do pass by the wall however. Some write on it, others speak from it and at night, drunks relieve themselves against it.

I've seen the girls in Grafton Street  
And the boys in Stephens Green.

I've seen them from as far afield  
As Kentuck and Scherzeren.

I've seen me share, here an' there  
But the sight I've never seen,  
That can compare with the bum that's bared  
And the tits on page thirteen.

So spoke the poet. That, at least was what he was said to do.  
So many vices were attributed to him that you would wonder  
How he possibly found time for them all. Yet he was, basically  
a very simple man who wanted nothing more than what he wanted  
and had never tried to change the world but was quite willing  
to hate it just the way it was.

Born into a poor, working class, corporation estate, which to  
protect the innocent shall remain homeless, his father being  
a man of letters, his mother, French. In fact it is a wonder he  
was ever born at all. The two people whose effect on his life  
can't be ignored were his mother who nursed him in sickness and  
ill-health and his favourite sister who he loved deeply but  
possibly not as often as some people thought until eventually his  
parents put a stop to it. In truth, his parents didn't understand  
him and would frequently criticise him, saying things like "What  
are you doing to that dog?" or "Take that lipstick off!"  
These unsympathetic remarks led to a deep feeling of guilt  
and embarrassment, which were later to form the basis of his  
first book, written about his childhood entitled "Diaries of a  
Mis-spelt Youth." In it he tells of his first hobby, which  
consisted of trying to invent a new word with the concise,  
expressiveness of -----, which wasn't easy. Eventually he  
came up with ----- "which was close enough but then  
he was always a brainy kid. This kept his mind occupied  
when at night he could overhear his parents arguing over whose  
turn it was to wash the whip.

From a very young age he had been aware of the opposite

sex and wondered just what the difference really was. He was puzzled by the fact that when he tried on his sisters clothes they never seemed to fit in the right places, apart from the ones that didn't fit anywhere at all and he would wonder just where the little larks that she left in the sink had been shaved from.

What began as an awareness became a passion, as age set in and eventually turned into a raging obsession. By the time he was thirteen he thought it had gone far enough and was, by this stage, way beyond a joke and yet as he grew still older there was little sign that anything but more frustration was forthcoming. At this rate, he thought, he would still be a virgin at fifteen, he might not have even found out what "virgin" meant.

He couldn't understand how women should find him so utterly irresistible, as he had everything they could possibly want in a man, apart possibly from good looks, charm, intelligence, money and a sports car but then no-one's perfect but they he did know exactly how to handle the opposite sex, it's just that he had never been given the opportunity to see if it worked or how it felt, even though he had tried everything in his power short of actually talking to them. When it came to sex, he was not one to give up easily, and would stop at nothing, and unfortunately was the fittest he ever got.

So as not to appear hard up (figuratively speaking) and to save as much of his pride that was thrown back at him, he would occasionally act aloof and uninterested hoping that arrogance might do the trick but alas, like most women he met it didn't. It seemed like, of the few women he did know, the majority of them slept with their hands under the pillow at night and because the other variety didn't know how to react to him, they simply didn't.

His smutty was at stake (medium race) and his friends told him to take himself in hand. He tried this and it did afford some consolation but he knew that it probably wasn't as much fun as the real thing but he practiced self-control and after many years he was a master and could control himself to split-second accuracy. He would often maintain that masturbation should be a recognised art form and didn't understand why after five years he shouldn't get a diploma in it, stating that he was now ready to move on to better if not bigger things.

And so every night, he would climb into bed with Sophia Loren, Brigitte Bardot or the girl behind the cash-register in a certain coffee-shop but next morning he would always wake up alone.

In his later years he kept, hidden underneath his head, a small, brown paper package in which was wrapped one thousand french letters and a tattered old copy of "Manfair". The contraceptives, he said, were just in case he ever needed one in a hurry, as he was always an optimist at heart and every night he would retrieve them from their hiding place and count them to make sure they were in readiness, and was amazed to find that after a year, their number had dwindled to fourteen. The magazine had also seen better days and nights.

Possibly all he'll be remembered for is his not inconsiderable contribution to the arts, his most famous and popular work being the series of hand come up, free-standing socks of seventy two. This exhibition was hailed at the time, as the work of an up and coming young artist and caused Vasari to write — "As an artist, he has more talent in his little finger than in the rest of his body put together."

Despite his fame, his health and sanity began to show signs of serious degeneration and he aged prematurely. The fact that he was always a self-made man partly accounts for his falling apart at such an early age and he could be seen wandering aimlessly through the city streets, bumping into young schoolgirls and would volunteer for every known charities flag day so that he could stick the flag — equally aimlessly — on all the pretty girls and most of the ugly ones too.

And yet, was it really his fault that he was chosen by God to be a slimy little runt, whose sole ambition in life was to become an ordinary and respected member of the sophisticated community, if he was ever even lucky enough to catch V.D.? Who was to say that this warped and disgusting little sexual deviant was not a gentle misunderstood soul? Everyone! And who was to say that he was not the natural result of the life of sexual privation that he had led? — The Judge.

So it was, that on the third of April, nineteen seventy four he was arrested for ball-baring in Mountjoy Square, having sunk to the depths of depression and a plastic mask. He pleaded congenital genital,

saying he had inherited the tendency from his father but the judge would not be moved and found him guilty, saying that his flimsy arguments were purely hypotestical.

Tropical Wacker (which incidentally was the name by which he was usually known) often said that one should always live for the day and spend the next two years living for that one in Mountjoy Square.

She sits there bare, with flaming hair  
Her lips still wet from licking,  
Looking to me like a laden tree,  
With a pear that's ripe for picking.  
Enthusiasm and orgasm  
As though page after page I'm flicking  
Our relationship I will not let slip —  
Though the pages they keep sticking.

I wish I knew her name as well  
So I could write and thank her  
Good luck, God Bless and Toodle-doo

Yours Truly  
Wacker the Wacker

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Jesus Christ runs screaming through with Angela McManara  
and three members of the League of Decency in hot pursuit,  
looking for his autograph and a cure for menstruation.  
He tells them he will be back later but they are not going  
to fall for that a second time.



Along comes "La Belle la Pinqne" wearing down dead rabbits and a goat. She can be seen Mondays to Fridays, wearing a stool in the Bailey, her knees tied together and the furthest thing from her mind being brains.

Like many liberated ladies she believes she is being exploited by legislation and more especially advertising, because of her sex and claims that in the eyes of most male chauvinists, women are still little more than sex objects or "objets de arse" as the French would say and that the male population (and in particular, the men) are only after one thing and as soon as they get that they are looking for it again.

"Sex! That's all they want a woman for," she asserts. "I speak from long and painful experience. Do you know that at least ninety nine out of every hundred men that I have slept with only wanted me for my body. They used me and abused me and then just rolled over and went to sleep - often before I was even finished with them.

When asked her opinion of those men who regard women as inferior, unintelligent and shallow creatures whose sole endearing quality is that they don't wet the lavatory floor, she said "What?" When the question was repeated she answered: "Some men regard women as inferior, unintelligent, and shallow creatures whose sole endearing quality is that they don't wet the lavatory floor!"

Asked again for her opinion of these misguided sons she added "Also I would like to add (see I told you) that these 'men' seem to think that women were put on this earth purely for the sexual gratification of the male species, and that all they are good for is copping and having babies. Well let me tell you this, I and other women like me are not going to take this lying down. We have had a belly-full of copping and babies.

Not one has ever asked my opinion on the crisis in the Middle East - even though my Mother comes from Birmingham! Not one has ever asked me if I thought Muhammed Ali would win back his crown from Cassius Clay! and not one has ever asked me what I thought of the poetry of Jack B. Yeats or the paintings of Pablo Cassals!

However she was not one to let her bitterness stand in her way and was very popular. Her beauty was legendary and was renowned the length and breadth of many a mans social organ, whose erection she could transform from a centi-meterite to something more like a yardstick but, this was only a temporary measure. With her sexual desires and demands she had put many an alleged young linc in his proper place. Some of them were so inexperienced that they had trouble finding it, especially if it was dark at the time.

When at a younger age she discovered her virginity, she reacted to it like a Jew to a ham sandwich during the pass-over, and since then she had given herself up to a fate worse than death so often that she thought she would live forever. Although it was probably true that more men had laid on her than on Howl Beach, she wouldn't just jump into bed with the first man who brought her a drink. She still had some sense of honour even though she had tried hard enough to lose it and knew that money wasn't everything — she also wanted flowers, chocolates and a ride home in a sports car — one that matched the colour of her hair, whatever colour it happened to be that week but it was an exaggeration to say that she would never refuse any Tom, Dick or Harry because she had been known to turn down one or two Toms and Harrys.

But who can blame her? She obviously knew she had that something a little extra and this was rounded for by many of the men who had seen it. Contrary to popular belief that the way to a mans heart is through his stomach, she had found a shorter and much more direct route via a rather more sensitive part of the male anatomy — less frequently used perhaps but seldom as soft.

Like so many other beautiful women she looked so happy and comfortable since she discovered that she was sitting on a goldmine — literally and one that is never likely to run dry — her own personalised Fort Knox with a long line of eager customers waiting to make a deposit — like a sailor lured to his death by the beautiful mermaid, hearing his name called in her tantalising daisy, ore an oasis, in the hot desert by which a weary traveller lugs sooth himself and sleep all day, depending of course on wild bed-ou-in.

And yet is it possible she who was the victim of her own desire and beauty? So overcome was she by her special position in society (not many women in society even know of this special position and of the few who did not one could claim to have been come over as often as she while in it.) and whereas she moved easily amongst the beautiful people - and these social deviants from a certain establishment, in Clarendon Street who sat leaning from the corner, - none really knew or cared about the possible tensions, anxieties and heartaches that may have laid behind that glamorous and very exotic facade. Skin deep - as beauty is said to be - is deep enough for most men who, if given the chance, just wanted to go off somewhere quiet - like her bed - and talk. Her skin-depth like that of so many "femme fatales" had been frequently measured but maybe she still had no-one close, no-one to confide in or share her deepest emotions. Possibly after all was said and done - and then said and done again - there was deep within, a frail, frightened and lonely little girl who just wanted to be soothed some more.

An old friend who knew her long before she became the doyenne of the Clapham Street Garden, when she did her work, employed picking insects out of the chocolate in a certain north city factory spoke of her rise in social status. Like I, "I jumped into her outside the Bank of Ireland when she was buying the women's papers and eh, as I was goin' er back er, change we got to talkin' like, about the old days in the factory and eh all the little chocolate covered spiders and like how we'd have to wash our hands before we could even pick our noses and how we used to go to the flicks" and just sit there all night lickin' our fingers and tastin' the chocolate and like eh. I was askin' er, you know, if she was happy now with her parthouse flat or dookin' whatever it is and er colour television and er wall to wall Jeremy's and Gordons and drivin' around in er little red Lamborghini and she said she was and that's why I hate her and her breath smells.

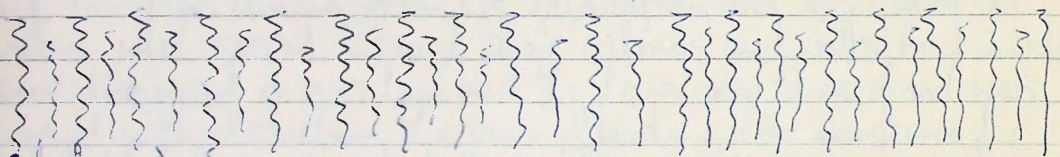
Yet, though some of her past appointments may result here abdication from the title of "Daisy Milk Queen '13" and think she

Had a fine cheek denouncing her past (though the other cheek was equally fine) her present acquaintances were unperturbed and welcomed her with open arms, for there is no doubting that she is now a perfect lady and would not even cause a scene if someone robbed her pint.

She walks through the haze proudly displaying the backside that has seen more action than John Wayne to the eyes of every lecherous male, including the aforementioned, up and coming social deviants whose number has now risen to five - and still rising. When they entered the haze some hours previously they all had a soft spot for her but this was no longer the case. During the course of the evening it had turned semi-hard to stiff, their sexual appetites requiring sustenance - which is the way they take in the "Bailey".

As she walks, if part of her body doesn't bounce, it rolls. All this action is very revealingly concealed beneath her elegant and not quite seductive gown - a nice little number suffering noticeably from deflation - her thighs slapping together with each step as if applauding themselves. Eventually she reaches her stool and rests her posterior lightly upon it as if it was almost used to being sat on. She quickly lights a cigarette, her dark, smoldering eyes gleaming like a wet ash-tray and inserts it sensually, between her dark, crimson lips, painted on somewhere over her pale, pink mouth. At night she practices puckering them before a mirror, trying to imagine how lucky the men are who have swallowed her spit. Her heady, seductive perfume reaches out and caresses the face of the man opposite her causing him to gas. It reminds one of the disappointments of youth when you discover for the first time that women don't naturally smell like that, linked with first hesitant caress of girls with five o'clock shadow. Her long, blond hair, cascades seductively over her bare shoulder, then over the other, then into her drink and finally onto the floor, from where the barman can be seen busily sweeping it up. Her breasts are proud and strong enough to stand on her own two feet and seem ready to pass a vote of no confidence in her bra, cross-your-heart, low-cut, micro-mesh, see-through, peek-a-boo, backless, bra. Like a "Cecidius wine" and reinforced somewhere with stainless steel to take the strain.

Beazie's designers have evidently been too concerned with fashion and such like, to pay any attention to the scientific findings of Archimedes or Isaac Newton—who after receiving a severe blow to the head from a pendulous pomme, eventually ended up in second rate Hollywood movies, playing a pirate with a stuffed parrot strapped to his shoulder and hobbling about on his wooden leg shouting demurely, "Pieces of Tree! Pieces of Tree!"  
Between the two of them (and all haem) they could have invented the world's first soap hea—the New-Archimedes-Newton-Boat-Boat, or maybe the Eureka-pomme Gravity Defier.



(fade in.)

In his workshop, in a little street next door to Denis Moustafis Greek Take-away, Archimedes had been carrying on—secretly but also—secret experiments into water displacement, specially in regard to the female breast. For this purpose he had had specially built an enormous bath to accommodate his enormous specially built models, specially imported from a region in Brittany where the climate was conducive to the growing of massive mammals. Also in the bath were his two assistants whose dedication to science was only surpassed by their extreme laziness and their delatation in connection with the aforementioned breasts of the aforementioned female women mentioned previously—who incidentally were quite willing partners to the aforementioned connection and the aforementioned, three-dimensional, two demented assistants, neither of whom could swim but practiced the breast-stroke with great zeal and soap notwithstanding.

Also erected, there was a huge crane: women into the water, for the lowering of, which was the scientists own invention and was the first and most effective "tit-dipper" known to man. Finally there was the inventor himself, calculating with one of the models, and going down for the third time, and last but not pleased, his good lady wife, for whom the proposed havenness was destined.

It was in his titanic lab that Archimedes made some of his greatest discoveries. He claimed that following his laws on the displacement of liquids, he could not only gauge the size, weight and circumference of any given breast but could also tell what it contained. He also found that the same given breast - which wasn't exactly given with the price these models charge - when submerged in water and the amount of displaced liquid measured, it still felt very nice.

Following complaints from the other tenants over the shouting and laughing coming from his laboratory and also about the water which seeped through their ceilings and walls, Archimedes soon discovered a new law and the long arm thereof and was charged with disturbing the peace. Pleading his innocence he stated that he had not disturbed the piece, as she was quite willing and that theoretical experiments such as he had been carrying out were a necessary and integral part of his work which was a serious and scientific study of disproportion about which he was presently preparing a thesis to be entitled:  
"BOOB-BOBBING, NIPPLE-DIPPING AND TIT-TOTALING"

#### —THE ARCHIMEDES WAY.

This, he added, was a line of study to which he had selflessly dedicated his wife.

"Mr. Medes," said the judge after careful deliberation, "or may I call you Archie? While there is no doubt in my mind that you are a responsible and highly ethical man of science and while I realize that you have been a devout and practicing tit-totaller all of your adult life, I cannot help but feel that the title you have just mentioned gives rather a grandiose status to a study by a man who is after all just someone who likes tits!"

"Your Honour, I admit that the name itself may seem rather a mouthful but then so is the whole subject. For too long tits, or breasts as they are occasionally referred to have been swept under the carpet by people who think that they should be kept in their place (this is before the advent of feminism which was always spelt wrong in those days). Many feel that by ignoring them they will go away but I say let's get breasts out in the open. Let's not get around a table and thrust out tits, once and for all!"

"For time immemorial - just how long I forget - the female breast has been the rule of vicious stories and lies. Tales of the so-called tit and the redundant nipple abound. Young, upstart design students say that the breast is no longer a practical container, since the discrepancy of the screw-top bottle and they say it is not "now". I tell you that this and other deliberate mis-tenths are just part of a slenderous campaign of malicious, vituperation put about by "Bored Baine!"

"There have always been knockers, Ladies and Gentlemen. There always will be knockers. In a less civilised society than our own they would have been made swing long ago. But are we to believe these mischievous mis-tenths from these devious and cunning entrepreneurs, whose sole aim is to undermine the very foundation of our women's garments! I am confident that you will agree with me, Ladies and Gentlemen, that the tit is not an antiquated vessel and we should keep it near to our hearts, as it has always been and should always bear in mind its practical use and advantages, such as not only does it keep its contents warm but is also impossible to spill and last but not least, when you put your ear to one you can hear the sea.

"So finally, Ladies and Gentlemen, I ask you, Do breasts too not deserve a fair crack of the whip? Tits may be able to stand up for themselves but, I say, it is our responsibility, nay our duty to support them

And he was found guilty.

Meanwhile 'Al Sir Isaac is still sitting under the tree. In one hand is a picture of Rachel Welch, while with the other he is tossing an apple in the air. Each time as it descends he tries to duck out of the way but his reflexes are too slow. "Pieces of Tree! Pieces of Tree!" He again studies the photograph, makes a calculation on his slide Rule and then scribbles something in his notebook. Again he flings the apple into the air and looks even more perplexed as it plummets and is appled on the 'appless' 'lead'.  
 Pieces of Tree! Pieces of Tree!





A woman having allowed herself to be won can uncross her legs with the delicacy of a lock gate.

The crack through which we were all so eager to fall, closed behind us, like a revolving door. Receiving and presenting another life - requirited spunk, wet and withered, blind from the dark, began crying, its eyes opened to the blood and the violence of which he himself is part, a human time bomb, primed and exploding nine months later, safety and warmth ending in a red splash, the center of the universe born into a smaller world and from here on it is on it is open.

He will soon realize that although everyone may be born equally birth by necessity, lasts but a short time and in life and in death he will never regain the company he rejected by being born. The hand given him to hold is still in his own hand but has been severed from the body and now is his to keep. He may climb to the body to feed but is no longer a part of it and has fallen to the ground like a fruit too heavy for the tree. Unknowing to himself, he carries deep within, his own small seeds and someday someone will come and peel back the skin to read them.

And this will be done, as it is on Earth. Amen.

And like the fruit, he himself will be holy, contentedly and warmly, growing and turning before bursting headlong, out in its own bloody whirlpool, as an offering to the world.

But let us return to the heroine of this piece. It was fashionable then, as it is now, for young ladies of society to help those less fortunate than themselves - the miserable wretches, known as the community. Feeling herself to be unfulfilled she decided to become a nurse.

Ignorance, and not altogether rare mental affliction, was in her case more than a state of mind but despite her galleping stupidity she was very popular with the patients who came to regard her as a mother - which one of them came to make her.

Sisters caught more than an infection

But who administered the injection?

It was, not me, it was some other

Dirty nigger who made Sister a Mother.

This experience also went to her head, which didn't have much defence and she began to show signs of madness.

She had always claimed that she had copulated not for money but love - the love of God and his fellow man, of whom one would have thought there were enough to suffice but now that she had become gripped by insanity, she lost all reason and began to claim immaculate deception by the "Big G" himself.

Gabriel (with silver locks) the man who blesses maidens knees  
(with golden chains) was the bearer of the good news and he supervised the proceedings.

Meeting all here's needs

And pleasing all here's pleadings

While implanting holy seedlings

And verily I say unto you that the woman was overcome amidst waves and tidings of great joy and sang:

"MY THIGHS HAVE SEEN THE GLORY OF THE COMING OF THE LORD"  
—and then goes marching off.

Humpty Dumpty sat on an egg  
When all the King's horses pissed on his leg.  
He wouldn't forgive them ~~as~~ as they might —  
So they all went back and had a good shite!

The man approaches timidly, edges closer to the wall and says:

nothing.

The next was not quite so eloquent. He was a revolutionary and as he rushes forward he accidentally knocks over an old lady who had been hanging around all day impersonating the silent majority. The large crowd of bystanders hush as he comes forward to speak.

"Comrades.. In the words of Lenin <sup>to quote Stalin</sup> "Marx once said  
"So well put by Trotsky" Remember Mao saying

HELLO!

and walks away.

Like most revolutionaries he appeared to wear his skin inside his bones and smoked more than was good for his health or his comrades' health. This did not worry him as he proclaimed that he would live forever. He refused to die, saying that he would never become a member of any majority group.

His political career however was short lived. One day in heated conversation he was heard to say that he would willingly cut off his right arm for a brother. The brother in question was somewhat cynically inclined and wanted proof. Cajoled his leader he would shout "if you love me and the cause you will cut off your arm. His credibility had been shattered and he narrowly escaped physical dismemberment after paying the comrade the same amount as he was set to receive from the College of Surgeons for the limb.

Dear Antler,  
Who do you think you're calling a heel? eh? eh?!

Yours Truly  
Achilles.

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## A CALL TO ARMS.

HELLO ARMS —  
DON'T WORRY 'BOUT THE FEET.

And all the Queens horses  
And all the Queens men,  
Couldn't put Ireland together again.

"I am a patriot, I am ready and willing to die for my country!"  
The next to speak was a fool. Like many fools he had read many books and believed them.

Though some people die from heart-attacks, others from cancer, some even of their own free will, many die from one of the most contagious and consuming diseases that has plagued mankind since the beginning of history - "Valour".

It often starts in school, where one is taught (apart from the fact that one should always use "one" when referring to oneself) that to lead an honourable life, one must be prepared to die. To die for ones country, ones religion, ones family or anything else in fact that makes life worth living.

Dead heroes are responsible for far more deaths than their living counterparts, for no matter how much good a person did for a cause during his lifetime, he is of much more value and is put to far greater use, long after he's gone to meet his creator in the happy burial ground in the sky. In the immortal words of someone who died long ago "There is no hero like a dead hero" and a would be revolutionary who never knew how long to hold a gun before throwing it, can actually kill a lot of people and he already, six feet down pushing up shamrocks and counting the bullet holes in his lovely, green uniform.

Of course they never really thought that their teaching would lead to trouble. They naturally assumed that like everything else we learned, we would quickly forget it as soon as we left school. We all wanted to be heroes though, even though we were all afraid of getting hurt and we sang the songs, old and new, praising the beauty of the land and the bravery of the men buried beneath it. We were told that there is no future like the past and no present like an automatic machine gun, not realizing how soon it would be necessary for the patriots to liberate the people by killing them and to blow the country to pieces to unify it.



We knew that we were, by far the most superior and righteous race of martyrs in the world to-day, apart possibly from the Jews but then we were partially persecuted because we believed in the one true God, whereas they were persecuted because they did not.  
And behold the angel appeared to Graeme Mhead and said - as quoths -  
"Thou art to have a home and thou shalt call it 'incendiary' and our two patron saints were both fittingly enough called 'Patrick'. The first rid Ireland of snakes while the second was less successful in relation to the British."

Jack and Jill went up the hill  
To kill their brother Barney.  
He was knee-capped and his neck was snapped  
FOR joining the British army.

But let us not believe that we own the copyright. Bravery and the willingness to die for ones beliefs are by no means a new discovery and has been used as an antidote to disease and old age as far back as you can chuck a stone or in other words to the first martyr who died for honour, dignity and truth:  
Behold Daniel kneeling in the lions den, clutching his bible and proclaiming  
"TRUTH IS BEING ABLE TO READ BETWEEN THE LIONS!!"

Some authorities believe this form of heroism to be hereditary. Others say that it is a virus that can be contracted from other people, sometimes referred to as a "carrier" or a "source". Either way, heroes can often be extremely difficult to diagnose and some people have been known to live their entire lives, not realizing that they had it until, as little as two seconds before their death when they felt the bullet entering their brain.  
Once diagnosed however, it spreads quickly and if not caught in time soon becomes malignant. Treatment can vary considerably. One of the most effective and widely used cures has already been tested upon. This involves the insertion of a small capsule into one of the main organs, injected through a long metallic syringe known to the experts in this field as a "gun" or possibly a "rifle".

Sometimes however the antidote is not so quick or painless. One sufferer was known to bleed to death after being pricked by the pin on his Victoria Cross. Another slowly smouldered away when he could not remove a cigarette from his mouth, having carelessly misplaced his arms on a lead in the South of France. Yet another died after holding a bridge single-handedly for four hours, while his comrades went and got dips.

Autopsies carried out on a large number of ex-sufferers after a recent war, showed an unusually high level of lead in many of their bloodstreams. This discovery led doctors to try to find a connection between lead and the food we eat as they also noticed that the disease was most likely to occur in people of certain professions. These new facts formed the basis for an extensive series of tests which eventually led to the major breakthrough. It was found that an alarmingly large proportion of those apparently killed by bullets, bombs and other flying paraphernalia, had in fact died of nothing less than an extreme case of courage.

Subsequently, attempts were made to isolate the infected ones in special quarantined encampments as far from the cities and towns as possible. On these locations they were given free food and board - which they slept on - and were serenaded morning and evening by the soothing strains of a strained trumpeter in the belief that light music would be beneficial in their rehabilitation. Here also, they were sorted out into their various grades and categories, depending on how seriously they had been infected. The terminal cases were to be referred to as "privates", while at the other end of the scale were the "Major" and "Generals", etc. The latter were the aforementioned "carriers", who although carrying the disease, were not physically affected by it themselves but can and do pass it on and contaminate anyone they come in contact with, while they themselves appear to live forever.

To keep the inmates separate from the community at large and to make them easily recognisable on sight as being infected, they were each made to wear special clothing. This move however proved to be one of their less inspired ideas and if anything actually aggravated the situation because when news of these uniforms leaked out, people, out of natural curiosity, came from as far away as

Germany and Japan to look at them. This gave the authorities another idea.

When they had failed to effect a cure by other methods, such as exercise etc. they thought that possibly group therapy might be the answer. To this end they would arrange to hold huge, international conventions on any suitable piece of waste ground that was handy, whereby sufferers from all over the world would be invited to partake in the proceedings. These guests would come from all possible races, creeds and political ideological backgrounds. None of these factors however would influence the proceedings and the delegates would converge at the appointed place, each in an earnest bid to alleviate each others problem, that of courage.

During these rallies, competitions would be run to see who could die the most glorious death in a public relations bid to keep up its good name and insure that death would live on - after all they were professionals. For this, various medals would be awarded, with special attention and consideration being given to those who showed a creative or inventive approach, with a special prize each year for the most original demise. On the back of these medals were engraved the words "He died a glorious death for - " into the gap would be inserted his country, "Mom", "Betsy" or suchlike and then enclosed in a special glass presentation case and sent off to lucky winners. Luckier mother, which will make her the proudest woman on the street and while she glowingly dusts its new resting place above the mantelpiece, she tells her other children that when they grow up, if they too leave their legs under the pillow at night, they also could get a nice shiny medal from the good fairy in government.

Could this be the big break-through for which they had worked so hard and so long? Could they have found at last the elusive, long-sought cure? Eagerly they set about deciding on a name for the new invention, and finally, after much haggling, settled for the tag "WAR". To handle a product of such and such potentially gigantic proportions they would need a new department whose job it would be to handle the advertising and public relations side of the business as well as to arrange and promote new data and lectures for upcoming events and most important of all, to furnish a constant supply of diseased and suffering patients. This special department was to be called "The Ministry of Agro-Culture".

And so it came to pass, as with all new and exciting discoveries, the pioneers gathered to further the cause and develop ever more advanced methods and equipment. In the years that followed, the great powers such as Germany, England, France and the U.S. of A., etc. were quick to recognise the importance of the then current experimentation and exploration and its potentially beneficial human aspects and did much to sponsor and promote its use. Each in turn were to show how eager they were to help smaller and weaker nations and share with them the benefit of their advanced science and technology in the field of "WAR".

See the politician talking on the television, smoking a cigar and saying "Come! Come! It's only the A bomb, it's not the end of the world."

In conclusion, an eminent psychologist and author of the book "Death: a means of self-expression", says however, that valour is something that can be lived with but only if you are extremely lucky or else a commander. A prime example and also one of the most famous sufferers is, of course, the movie star John Stein, who as a protest, recently turned down an offer to play the toilet roll in a new film being shot about the recent war in Viet Nam entitled "Uncle Tom's Good Book".

John, who rocketed to stardom after appearing in perhaps the most popular war musical of October nineteen forty three, "Over There!" will always be remembered for the solemn dedication which he read at the end of the epic and which touched the hearts of the free world.

"THE PRODUCERS, DIRECTOR, AND STARS OF THIS MOTION PICTURE WISH TO EXPRESS THEIR SINCERE GRATITUDE AND THANKS TO ALL THOSE BRAVE YOUNG MEN WHO COURAGEOUSLY AND FREELY GAVE THEIR LIVES IN THE CAUSE OF FREEDOM AND DEMOCRACY FOR ALL MANKIND, IN THE COURSE OF WORLD WAR TWO —

WITHOUT WHOSE DEATHS THIS FILM WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN POSSIBLE.

Vincent Van Gogh rushes across the stage and shouts —  
WITH THIS GUN I WILL CHANGE THE WORLD!  
and shoots himself.

This causes havoc in the theatre as everybody charges  
out to buy one of his paintings.

The World it will not end tomorrow  
There's no need for joy or sorrow  
Grab as much as you can borrow  
And blow it all today.

The sixth was a poet who had never read Jean-Paul Sartre and was much feared around his village.

In later life he was never to mention his humble beginnings. Not out of shame but because he didn't wish to bore people. His concern is not to be repeated here.

It has taken many years for the details of his petty and mediocre existence to come to light. He was born. He was also christened - Longfellow, Sheridan, William, Mackenzie O'Reilly but was called "Long" for short. His parents came from good hardworking stock, his father being a shrewd business man with all the symptoms of success but who knew the value of money and would make sure it went as far as possible by only betting on long races. On top of this he drank and could be completely irrational, unco-ordinated, even violent on the rare occasions when he was under the influence of society. It was said he would drink and drink until it came out his penis and his wife would harangue him saying he was on his way to an early kick - or else back from a late one. Often he would wake up screaming in the middle of the night having dreamt of being turned out of heaven by St. Peter, every day at half past two.

His mother, on the other hand, was a serene and gentle soul and his voice would soften when he recalled how she would never complain or grumble and never asked for anything for herself - before dying of malnutrition and neglect at the age of twenty four.

His dismal home life was only surpassed by his even more dismal home. His childhood and youth were spent in a very small town, roughly situated about two and a half miles from the middle of no-where. On most maps the village was completely obscured by the dot over the letter "i" in County Lais.

The was so quiet here that if one spent two weeks in the town you would get three days change. The village itself lay at the base of a small hill and would appear as though, one night, during a heavy rain storm, a few houses slid down the side of the mini-mountain and the owners were too lazy to haul them back up to the top again. The houses themselves, although very clean, appeared unusually quiet and desolate. This could give the casual observer the impression that the inhabitants didn't actually dwell within but came out from the fields and forests once a week to clean them and milk the goat.

Each of the locals, when spotted, carried, suspended from their belts, a slim, cheomjung plated battle-axe. This was in case an American tourist (thanks be to God) passing through should happen to roll down his windows and shout "hey duddy! Ya gotta battle-axe!" which had been known to happen.

So narrow was the main street - which was also the only one - that people had to walk along in single file. One day a pair of strangers, in town for the annual blessing of the sheep ceremony, were taken by surprise when the locals came rushing to their windows and doors, waving flags and showering them with confetti, thinking them to be a parade. It was an unusual town in other ways. A stranger happening on it might be forgiven for wondering to what religion it belonged - certainly no Christian. Contrary to the general rule, it had four enormous churches and yet, not one pub. Normally a village of this size would contain at least two dozen bars and still some people would manage to get to mass.

During the County Council's modernisation scheme, a white line was painted down the centre of town. This caused havoc among the natives who were afraid to cross it and eventually after many months of habituation they began to use it to park their bicycles along. Hh horse and carts were compulsorily fitted with wing lights and at the end of the village, jutting out high above the privet hedge was the most wondrous sight of all. A long pole with red, orange and green flashing lights that could also change colour by themselves without anyone having to lift a hand in their direction. At least that is what they knew it would do, when they got

the electricity to run it off. The old tractor or horse drawn vehicle that happened along the horizon would halt at the sign to allow the occupants to marvel at the sight. On week-ends people would come from all over the mountains and hold picnics around the base of it and occasionally there would be a fight, as families jostled for the best spot. Eventually it had to be removed. Partly because of the congestion it caused but also because farmings from as far away as five miles complained that the bright, flashing lights were frightening the sheep.

The quietness of the village was such in fact that a story forms an integral part of the village folk-lore and is often told and attested to be true by the older members of the community which tells of a group of young Dubliners who came upon the town by accident having gotten lost somewhere west of Harcourt Street. These jackeens had never seen the "country" before and never really believed it existed. They were also amazed by how friendly and open the natives were and regretted not having learned the language.

Like all city people when taken out of their unnatural environment, they were somewhat akin to fishes out of water, so far away from the cities, death, robbery and violence, not to mention the new strange air which went straight to their heads, that they were easy prey for the quick-fire humour of the yokels and this eventually is where the story begins.

Legend has it that in an inebriance and ignorance, one of the intrepid cosmopolitans, casually inquired in the "Dublin Priest" as to the town's night life and as to where it might be found. He didn't understand the hilarity he caused and wherever he went afterwards he would see people elbowing each other, pointing at him and laughing helplessly. You see not only was there no night-life but sometimes, in all seasons, the days were so quiet that there weren't even any nights!

It has been said that out of adversity and hardship there often comes sensitivity and even genius and from this somewhat daunting background he grew up somewhat daunted, which just goes to show that you can't believe everything you read in books. In short he was sick and tired of it all. Not being one to take sickness and tiredness lying down



↳ he decided to run away and crawled twenty six miles on his hands and knees to the nearest train station.

Arriving in the big city one cold, wet and grey morning, he sat in the train station for three days thinking it to be O'Connell Street. Eventually he ventured out and in the course of the next few hours fell over backwards five times, while trying to see the tops of the buildings. He at last, after much searching found and moved into a flat, downstairs from a musician of note who lived in B Street. Here he was free to relax and devote more time to his depression, he being one of those suffering people who suffer as only they know how.

Sometimes he would lie in bed all day, trying to decide whether or not to get up. When at home he never had this problem. Then - which seemed so long ago now - when he would stay in bed in the mornings, searching for the same reason, the silence would be shattered -

"Get up ye lazy bastard - I want to make the bed!" This was the reason he had been looking for. Now, however, he felt like a captive in his own prison. He knew he could have been quite happy, if he just didn't try so hard, to enjoy himself. While still lying in bed at night, trying not to listen to the ticking of the clock he would suddenly become aware that just outside the window, there were millions of people, milling about, living, falling in love and otherwise having a good time and not one of them was thinking of him. Although time itself seemed suspended as he lay there night after night, he knew that something was ailing him. The troubles and injustices of the world weighed heavily on his shoulders. He didn't realize that to live on this earth you have to be tough and couldn't understand man's hatred for his fellow man, his greed for the possessions of others and the necessity of not worrying about either.

To facilitate this depression and lethargy he devised a plan, which would alleviate any unnecessary wear and tear on both his brain and his body. He, on the one hand, would not subject his mind to needless concentration or contemplation and in return would not conjure up any grandiose ambitions or desires that

might involve menial labour.

For a time this worked quite well and he and his brain co-existed in tranquil and docile disharmony. Only occasionally did they happen to cross paths and meet in the same place at the same time but this was beyond the control of either party and anyway didn't occur often enough to cause any major discomfort but could be rather unpleasant. Gradually, his pace of life slowed to such an extent that he had very little to do with the outside world and his only fear and occupational hazard was the feared hazard of an occupation. The questions he had once asked when he was young also faded somewhat in their urgency. Now that he was older but no wiser he still didn't know the answers but had learned to stop asking.

Naturally enough, the thought of suicide passed through his otherwise vacant head occasionally but most times it kept on going. He wasn't afraid of suicide as such but it always seemed to entail death and that sealed the living night-lights out of him. Death may have some advantages, for instance it can help people to lose weight. He didn't think that that however could justify the risk involved, as his body, slightly decrepit as it may be, had been with him since childhood and he had grown quite attached to it and also, although he often maintained that he believed in the here after, he didn't want to risk going before his time, as it is in essence a one way journey and he just might be wrong. Also he thought that the good lord might not be too pleased to see what was probably a border-line case in anyway, turn up uninvited on his celestial doorstep and he might be told to go to hell.

On top of that there was also, no denying the lingering, niggling, little doubt, engrained in the back of his mind, that after two thousand years of religious belief, devotion, sacrifice, persecution - but enough about the Christian Brothers - and martyrdom, not to mention the countless millions who have organized their lives and deaths around it, all the great minds who have expounded on even greater philosophies concerning the majesty of it - and even if Charles Teston was in the movie - maybe - just maybe, it was all a mistake, a silly joke.

He couldn't help but notice that people's beliefs grew stronger and more fervent, only after they had nothing else to believe in. At this point he would roll over and try to sleep. He didn't want to think about it and was sure that if he ignored it, someday it would all fall into place - just like he would. At this point he would waken up again.

And so, for many years, his fear of death vied with his dissatisfaction with life. Someone who knew him slightly remembered him as saying that the last thing he would do was kill himself - it was. His own words were a fitting epitaph and suitably matched the mediocrity and passivity of his entire existence:

The world won't laugh,  
The world won't cry  
The day I die.

and he was right.

"Oh Granny! What an exquisitely large and protuberant malar-cular structure you have," said Little Red Riding Hood who had just been to college.

"All the better for eating you with my dear!" said the Big Bad Wolf.

Little Red Riding Hood pondered on this seemingly simple sentence and wondered that although the message had been conveyed succinctly and compactly, would the dramatic impact of the delivery not have been considerably enhanced and the syntax (which is not another name for verbalism), vastly improved upon, had the wolf paused, ever so slightly, before adding the "my dear" — as the wolf chewed his way along her upper thigh.

Next is the Intellectual. He is a socialist of sorts and a man of slender knees and happy dis-possession.

He treats money with the contempt he feels it deserves, except on the rare occasions on which he has any and then can often be quite fond of it but like a true communist, even when he is down and out, flat broke, with hardly a shirt to cover his horses back, even then he is still quite willing to share. "Capitalism," he would say, "is a disease but one that can be cured quick and painlessly."

He also displayed a marked disregard for his personal appearance. The clothes he wore were in such a sad state of dis-repair that it seemed obvious he had chosen them specially. His hair was parted to the left, to the right and to the centre and what little of it was left was leaving fast. The rather large and protruberant nose, which crowned his countenance would, in a lesser mortal, probably be considered a sign of ugliness but in his case it merely accentuated his uncanny resemblance to Einstein.

An unemployed zeppelin mechanic, he had been so pampered and become so lazy that he didn't even wash his own hands but would rely on someone else to do it. The many books he had read went straight to his head and stayed there and occasionally in heavy conversation, they could be heard rattling. Many tongues also thrummed in his gulf and although most people never understood a word he said, they still felt inferior and were intimidated by the knowledge that he had been to college. This in fact was true but he didn't particularly like it so in the afternoon he went to the pictures, although this did impress the people, they still didn't invite him home for Sunday tea and to meet their parents.

He knew all the answers to most of the questions that no-one ever asked and had a solution for every problem. It was probably true to say that the only thing he didn't understand was why the good Lord had chosen him to be a genius and would appear to be genuinely queased at times in his own understanding of the ways of the world. He could sit enthralled by himself for hours on end as he expounded on philosophies of unparalleled divergence.

In what almost amounted to a clinic, he could readily diagnose people's problems and hang-ups and also recommend the remedy which always seemed more enlightened and profound than such a paltry little problem deserved. Sitting on the inside of his own little two-way mirror, he was in complete control. Everyone could come and see themselves, bared and reflected on his wisdom and knowledge, which he was kind enough to share with the mere menial masses. He knew what ailed people and caused them to laugh and at the same time could find the rationality and common sense of others irritating and would occasionally try to convince them that they must have some neurosis or phobia of which they were unaware, like telling a person who looked disgustingly healthy that he will probably die young - as all people who expect too much from their bodies do. At parties, he will be the first to urge someone to sing, knowing full well that he is tone-deaf. In short, he doesn't like winners and will never forgive them for their success and independence. He would like us all to realise just how futile our lives are, like the scientists who persistently tell us that we are breathing dirty air, eating bad food, are going to die young, and the world is going to end soon anyway! Meanwhile the politicians and big businessmen are telling us that we are not breathing dirty air, eating bad food, going to die young and the world would not dare end, but just in case they ring up Cecil B. De Mille and ask if he would be interested in filming it.

Problems of international magnitude and concern could suddenly be wrapped up and dispensed with, leaving one wondering what all the fuss was about and how come no-one ever thought of such a straight forward and simple solution. One such read of wisdom was, "There will never be peace in Northern Ireland until people stop killing each other." On the other hand, maybe if all those proud patriots who are so eager to kill others were to quietly do away with themselves, they would have the name of being a martyr and dying for their country, while saving everyone a lot of money, time, trouble, bullets and bombs and everyone else would be happy and living in peace long ago. Meanwhile they could proudly survey the scene from their own little resting place, where all good patriots should be at this time of night.

But alas, although he believed in social change and revolution, he didn't believe that martyrdom was worth dying for and would always maintain that he was a pacifist but when he was alone in bed, at night, he knew deep down, that he was really only a coward - at least from the waist down, as that was the part that kept running away. His cowardice was at such a low depth that he once turned down a trip to foreign climes because he was afraid of heights.

Even then, his pleas for social equality and justice were always tinged with ~~and~~ ingrained and unconscious paranoia and bigotry. He knew that the niggers were out to get him and were spreading lies about him at one time when he was accused of being prejudiced against coloured people. After all, was it not he who led the local civil rights movement in their fight for equality for women, jews, negroes, homosexuals and various other ethnic groups? Was it not he who said that even black men deserve a few cracks of the whip?

What he really meant to say however was that he believed that all the aforementioned minorities should all be treated completely equally - but still as inferior subordinates to all good, clean, middle-class, Irish Catholics, of which he of course was one. He summed it up thus:

I have never in my entire life called a yid a yid, a spade a spade or a lorse a lorse - protestant a lorse protestant. I love all these people like brothers! - but not my brothers.

An intellectual is like a habitual liar who finds that if one talks with enthusiasm and authority you can easily intimidate people in general, even though they are possibly aware that what you are saying is untrue, they are made to feel inferior because they realise that they are talking to an educated man who after all, has many years of study behind him on which to base his inherent ignorance and stupidity.

Education is believed to be the right of everyone - especially the privileged - no matter how naturally stupid he may be or how little use he may eventually put it to. A person may have an education inflicted on him, simply because he is no good for anything else or

has absolutely nothing to offer the World. Society enforces the necessity of an education. A person who is stupid will be accepted, far more easily than one who is simply ignorant. Anyone who has ever stepped inside the doors of a University or College will have discovered the necessity of concealing their ignorance - in fact, this is merely all that a so-called education consists of. Most people would prefer to be stupid and have others believe them to be intelligent than to be intelligent and have people believe them to be stupid. This accounts for the necessity of awarding diplomas and degrees. The knowledge itself is secondary to the proof of its acquisition.

It is, in a way, like a Race, where a person can pass his opponents by intellectual conversation and the winning of arguments, by quoting Kant and saying, "Of course I know what I'm talking about - I have a degree in it." This piece of paper is framed and hangs on his wall next to his "I'm over six feet away". He acquired the latter so that, if anyone should ever come up to him and say "You're never six feet", he will be able to answer "Oh yes I am - I have a degree in it."

"Okay Leonardo, so you've designed a tank and a submarine but you're still not leaving this school until you learn how to write properly."

Every child before he or she reaches the age of reason, is delivered into the creative hands of a teacher, whose sole qualification and justification for being given such a responsible job is the fact that he or she has spent a number of years reading and memorizing facts and figures with the intent of regurgitating it all onto some unsuspecting child who hopefully will grow up and continue the tradition. Ideally, the child will be moulded into a predetermined shape that the teacher can display proudly and say "Look what I've done!"

The educated man to be, must have a completely open mind. Into this vacuum will be placed a wide variety of the required data, on which his betters will decide. The object of this procedure is that he should accumulate more knowledge than he will ever need to call on - a veritable aladdin's cave of hoarded philosophies and archaic information on a broad spectrum of subjects, garbed



to buffer him on his heady climb through life and the Trinity College canteen. He must be capable of engaging in intelligent conversation on any given topic - none of which he will ever have the slightest effect upon - while wielding a "proper" accent with the delicate grace and vulgarity of a loutcher's cleaver, and a port old woman in a mink coat, who answers to the name of "Malam". These people believe themselves to be cultured but in fact have only read a book about it and of course they have got a degree in it.

ATTENTION!

P.135, Sec. 4, Sub sec. 7, par 3.

A. PLEASE NOTE.

All things must be carefully labeled, itemised, hung on its own nail OR placed in its own box. This includes items, labels, nails and boxes. Items which do not fit into any of the above categories, shall be referred to as "Miscellaneous Items" and these will be placed in the "Miscellaneous items box". Any miscellaneous items which do not fit into the "miscellaneous items box" should be broken up and disposed of discreetly.

B. The "Miscellaneous Items Box" may also be referred to by its more common title - the "dust-bin". Only articles which are certified to be Rubbish and devoid of any form of value or worth may be placed in the Rubbish bin. This does not include Green Shield Stamps, Lyons Tea Minstrels, University degrees etc. These items can be extremely valuable, especially when you fill a whole book. If you have not got a box for these items make one NOW!

The philosophies, questions, and plethora of intellectual dissections in which the average intellectual partakes, are in the position of the proverbial dilemma that would have to be invented if it didn't already exist but their existence is to say the least, doubtful. While philosophers occupy themselves in trying to rationalise the troubles of the world and telling us that we should live together in peace and harmony and treat each other in a human

Why but does he not realise that if he looked at life in a purely simple manner, he would see that man has been acting humanely for time immemorial — murdering, robbing and raping but this he will never accept, saying that it doesn't make sense in print.

But all these people who devote their lives to ignoring ignorance possibly the furthest from understanding the very essence of what it is to be human? Is there in fact a basic reality existing outside and completely unrelated to intelligence and Rationality. The human brain is, possibly the most interesting part of the human anatomy. An intelligent man will explain how there cannot possibly exist such things as ghosts and yet he fears the dark. Is this intelligence? An intelligent man will explain his theories and tell us the answers to our problems but still will not take into account or even recognise the existence of such irrational traits as greed, jealousy, passion and hate, which despite the ever increasing rampant wave of wasteful study of equally unimportant subjects, are still the most basic human characteristics and this is why capitalism, because it feeds off these emotions, distasteful as they be, will outlive communism, which idealistically strives to ignore them.

Is it possible that Hitler's extermination of the Jews, for instance, was not really madness at all but a frighteningly calculated and Rational answer to his problem and is the most worrying thought of all not, that we all know that in the right circumstances, we ourselves are quite capable of committing the same crimes and atrocities for which we self-righteously condemn and imprison others.

The intellectual sits in a room painstakingly explaining his theories to the fool. Every now and then he turns to the fool and says "Why do you hate your brother?" "Because he's a cunt," answers the fool. "But that is no valid reply," says the intellectual, hitting the fool in the back of the neck with his stick. "There is no sound or philosophical basis to validate such a silly and dismissive statement. Now tell me again, why do you hate your brother?" "Because he's not a cunt," says the fool.

Where are you now my Sweetie - just when I need you  
most. Every hour seems an eternity, which sometimes lasts  
all through dinner. The aching I feel is not to be soothed, save  
by your return.

Yours, Tony.

P.S. - And don't forget that pound you owe me.

In warts Diet, Dick, a suppressive of no fixed hairstyle, who by the age of twenty three had slept in some of the finest gutters in Dublin

Soap, he said, was a capitalist plot to stage a white-wash and cover up the dirt and grime of the working classes, to make them and others believe that their occupations and merial standard of living were such that in the first place, they didn't get dirty, and in the second, that they could afford the likes of soap. He would also claim that the media were brainwashing the masses into washing hands and faces, washing teeth and feet (as well as various other more delicate parts of the anatomy) washing clothes and lastly and least tolerable of all - Washington.

As self-styled champion of the under-dirt, he led protest marches to the infamous Department of Sanitation, carrying placards and shouting "You can't sweep mud under the carpet!" and "We demand the right to DIRT!" and "Contamination breeds Content." It was he who organized the "First National Dirt Day" on which the populace were to stick to-s-thair and refuse to wash, and it was he also who collected a petition of some ten thousand signatures, body stains and get well cards, demanding the preservation of the remaining one per cent of household germs.

His movement did meet with some resistance however. During one march people of the city lined the route and licked the protestors as they passed and showered them with damp sponges and "Fairy liquid" impregnated Rags. During a scuffle, one marcher was brutally knocked to the ground with a loaded loafah and had his nads cleaned. Another, a man of Mexican distraction by the name of Dominic Estés was later found suffering from severe exposure after being set upon by a group of "Brillo Pal" waving youths. Having been overcome by a petrol soaked towel held over his nose, he was dragged by the neck of his scruff around a dark corner whereupon he was indecently assaulted with a toilet brush. On admission to hospital he was found to be clinically ill and suffering from shock. Next day the news paper headlines read:

"DOM ESTÉS: CLEANED 'ROUND THE BEND!"

He was not a big man for a leader of so many. In fact he was not even a big man for a man but his followers would say that as far as dirt and disease were concerned there was no-one who could touch him. The hold that he had over them was such that some were known to row that they would walk over warm seas for him. His vital statistics were five feet, seven and half inches and two miles downwind.

People from all over the land came to hear him speak and despite harassment from the public and an ever increasing list of casualties, he led his disciples on, collecting new germs wherever they were to be found. They watched as he preached to the people in the public baths, connected in the wastewaters and spread the word and the plague in the operating theatres.

The authorities began to fear the power that he had over the people, who obeyed his every word. He commanded them "Thou shalt not worship false Gods" and by the following day his followers could be seen hurling their washing machines and bath-tubs over the cliffs in Howth. He could be seen baptizing his new followers in the slime on the banks of the River Liffey and telling them "It will be easier for a horse to get through the ear of a corn than for a blind Venetian to open a window."

He went out upon Dollymount Strand for forty days and fifty nights, where he was tempted by a "Brand X" detergent salesman, who came to him saying as he pointed out to Dublin bay "Behold dirt and grime, pollution and sewage as far as the eye can see. All this I will give you if you will but change your underwear." And he came to him a second time — "See in my hand a philly. In it are the scrapings from Johnny Rotters teeth. These too will be yours if you will only say that "Daz" washes whitest." And though he was weakening he refused to give in and ran away from his tormentor but was soon overtaken and tempted a third time. Look on this toothbrush, taken from the mouth of a dead decaying leper and also the mattress from the bed of an incontinent geriatric. All these are yours.

One day the sister of an old friend came to him and told how a pair of her wretched washing socks had fallen into a vat of water and if he didn't come straight away they were in grave

danger of being cleared. As he entered the house, friends and relatives stood in a wide circle around the rot, slipping away, each making his way through the covering crowd. He stooped over the bath, his arms outstretched and shouted "Get up and walk!" The story was often told of how he and his parents were honoured guests at a wedding in Glenhish at which he turned twenty six kegs of Guinness into stagnant vomit. This was when he was but a child and would sit in the public lavatories, astounding the local tinmen, fishermen and cess-pool keepers with his deep and far reaching smell, which was all the more astonishing in a lad of his age. Here they would often spend the entire day smelling each others arm-pits, comparing mounds of earwax and trading plants, Rose bushes and other flowers, which they would then bring home and sprinkle on their manure heap. While walking along a country Road many years later, he came across ten of these former associates. They had been found to be clean and had been cast out from their homes and villages and walking up to them he touched each one in turn and changed them in to lepers.

He picked many lost souls out of the gutters and made them a nice comfortable home in the sewers. One day as he and a small band of followers were promenading through the streets, they happened upon a wise man who had set upon a young girl with intent to cleaning her. Turning to the crowd he shouted "Let he who he without germs cast the first flag!" and as they stood, much taken aback and trying to decipher the meaning of his words, he and the girl ran away.

And so it was, that after infecting everyone in his own village, he and his chosen few - the Septic Seven - set out on their crusades and bicycles to foreign lands, to spread the word and the zeal to all men of all creeds and walks of life. Stories of his travels abroad were rampant and the wonders that he worked grew ever more miraculous. It was said that once at an enormous gathering on a hillside outside a city, he to the last to which thousands had come, many walking a long distance from their homes and villages to hear him speak, that he contaminated the entire multitude with an old jock strap and an odour emitting insole.

His fame grew and green and greener. So did his reputation and his head. He had a list of successful infections and contaminations as long as his right arm and a right arm that was nearly as long as his left arm. His name could frequently be heard on the tongues of the old people as they sat in the sun, picking their wafts. In his triumphant return home, people lined the streets and pushed and jostled, each one trying to reach him and touch him and, maybe scrape some dirt from between his toes or smell his breath.

The authorities were growing ever more anxious over the threatening influence he was exerting over the populace, some of whom had even begun to refer to him as the "MESSIER" and ordered an investigation.

Sensing that his time had come, he gathered his seven closest friends over a plate of grease at Joe's Steak House and said to them "Before this sausage congeals one of you will betray me." They looked to each other in turn and disbelieved and then said in unison, at the same time and one after the other "Is it?" Except for one that is, Lou Bruff - who was known to be a stickler - sat uncessantly at the end of the table - his teeth cleaned and his hair combed. His leader asked him to pass the salt, and as he did so, they all saw that his hands had been washed. He rose from the table, overcome by grief and food poisoning, folded his napkin - and the one on the table as well - and hurried from the room.

Lifting the cracked mug of stewed bread like tea he said "If it be possible let this cup pass from me." Then, as he turned to his remaining, faithful friends he said to them, "I am to be with you for but a short time, and taking the stained soup bowl containing bacon rinds, half chewed bread crusts and cigarette butts, he emptied the contents down the inside of his shirt. Then taking the greasy fried eggs he massaged them deeply into his hair saying "Do this in commemoration of me."

Just then, in haste six sanitation inspectors, two rat catchers and the public fumigator, each armed to the teeth with toothpaste and disinfectant and at their head was a hovenet and the fallen partner in crime, wearing a three-piece suit, Italian shoes and

smelling distinctly of Deit' afterlave, who, stepping up to his lost leader, touched him delicately on the cheek with his scented handkerchief as his disciples stood back in awe, then disbelief and finally cowardice. At this, however, Sam Sengase, who was known to be and not to be hot, tempered and easily moved, lunged forward, took hold of a putrid chicken, which had been hovering just off the table, and felled a Rat-catcher with one foul blow. His master held him back and delivered himself up freely to the intruders.

From there he was taken to the governor "Horrid Anti-puss" - so called because of his hatred for cats - who merely washed his hands of the situation and ordered that the prisoner be taken to the Public Prosecutor Punter the Aristocrat - an ex-world wide two foot who had made many people cross - who also washed his hands and hung them out to dry but not until he had found the defendant guilty. He had not helped his case any by refusing the advice of his lawyer, who had urged him to plead insanity. This, he said, he could not do, as it was contrary to his beliefs, while also fearing that the move could lead to clemency.

Not long afterwards, Lou Brush (maybe First In Piss) overcome by grief, shame and Brylcreem, walked to the town's abattoir, took out a gun and hung himself. Scattered in the sawdust beneath his feet were thirty pieces of soap.



DEPRESSED? SUICIDAL? NO MONEY? NO JOB? NO WOMAN?  
NOBODY LOVES YOU? NOBODY CARES? BAD BREATH?  
ACNE? BOILS? INCONTINANT? NO TEETH? NO HAIR?  
BIG-BUM? DANDRUFF? SMELLY FEET?

We are looking for people just like you in our new  
executive firm. Apply TO-DAY. Top MONEY. Excellent  
opportunities for PROMOTION, Three weeks HOLIDAYS and  
time off for PILES.

And now Ladies and Gentlemen lets conclude with a song!  
# but "and the" are just some of the words used by Sir John Betjman in describing "F-ART" the new anthem dedicated to the fine art department of the NCAD. He also forgot to add that this song is guaranteed to boost the sagging morale within the college and also fill the need, which has been much neglected, for culture, not to mention beauty - which he didn't either.

After listening to "F-ART" for three hours, Allan Ginsberg still refused to commit himself. Leonard Cohen did however but his doctors say he is doing "nicely". A spokesman for the record company responsible for the disc said when pressed "Like man, F-ART" is like the hottest property we've handled in like a long time and like eh, when its released we're expecting it to go straight up.

The song comes from the same pen as "Porky Pig" but the name of the author still remains a mystery due to his desire for anonymity, which is believed to be a taxi-dodge (people keep trying to run him down). He does however wish to say hello to his mother, who is Mrs. Mabel O Hemmahan of 118 cabin, on a ship bound for South America. He would however like to dedicate it to the staff and students of the NCAD and tell why for art students everywhere, HAPPINESS IS F-ART!  
(Note: should be sung as "F" and not "fine".)

## F-ART! (to the tune of the patriot game)

Come all ye art students, I've got somethin' to say.  
It's somethin' you've all heard day after day  
Although it's unpleasant, dont take it to heart  
Because my story is that of F-ART!

While lacking in culture and not yet twenty  
For salvation I went to the NCAD.  
I sat the exam and talked ever so grand  
And I said for F-ART there was no better man.

But then they said "First you must do your Pre-Dip  
You'll do plant drawing and graphics and no bleedin' lip!"  
I did tea-towels and grass and a biscuit box too  
But F-ART was all I really wanted to do.

The weeks passed so slowly and passed once again  
They passed not so fast and then slower again  
How long does it last and ~~how long~~  
I've been for myself better-but not - but back!

I talked with a friend in Bewlays one day  
When our final assessments were yet far away  
I asked "What are you doin'" as he sucked his jam tart  
And he answered slowly "I'm doing F-ART!"

Then he sat back slowly and let out a sigh  
I said "Why that's funny because so am I."  
It will be a relief though Muair a mheidh se thart  
Cause it can be hard to pass F-ART.

And then as we feared they assessments they come  
When even our footprints were mounted and framed  
Twas a sight to be seen when it finally did start  
Teachers were everywhere assessing F-ART

Well I knocked on the door and they brought me inside.  
They had me surrounded - two on both sides  
I begged them so gachy "Kind sirs have a heart"  
"You'll never know how I yearn for F-ART."

They asked me "Do you think you'll fit in with hie?"  
And had I the makings of F-ART in me  
I thought for a moment and then answered "Shore!"  
They asked me for proof, so I opened the door.

When interviews etcetera had finally ceased  
A fierce bout of thirst with relief was released  
We drowned our sorrows on a gay merry note  
Until we discovered that the bastards could float!

We gazed in Kehoes way into the night  
And us pretendin' we couldn't give a — damn  
But don't think for a minute we left our troubles behind  
'Cause all that drink gave us was a trouble behind.

Later that night, under the moon  
I stood there hummin' — not a very nice tune  
I stood for an hour and continued to hum  
And thankin' the hee'd that I had a rum.

## PART II

He drew poor Heidi oh so much, till up we all were fed,  
Sittin', walkin', hoppin', round the place, and stardin' on her head.  
She was stark-naked-nude and sometimes on her nip  
An ESB man once electrocuted himself when he let his wire slip.

But there's all kinds of art there, let ye be warned  
The finest F-ARTists what ever were borned  
From Kerry and Galway there, 'craps' in their hands  
F-ART it comes from the ~~whole~~ whole of Ireland.

There's paintings on cardboard and canvases, and things  
And pieces of sculpture of sellotape and string,  
We once built a dome, so strong and so sound  
F-ART put it up and F-ART knocked it down.

Now some say F-ART is a load of crap  
But Nigel and Rob could be wrong about that  
We almost finish before we start  
No-one can do things as quick as F-ART!

So list' to me now as the truth I doth speak  
I like 3-D and Graphics, please make no mistake  
But still its no secret, in fact its well known  
That I think F-ART has a charm of its own.

Well some work so hard that they just cant be beat.  
F-ART can work up a fier-o-cious heat  
Don't stand in the way of F-ART at work  
Or you could end up in Kerry or Cuck!

If ere you're in trouble and if friends you lack  
Its nice to know you're F-ART at your back  
You'll know that F-ART wont lose its cool  
He may knock a chair but never drop a stool!

So dont blow your own trumpet and leave your friends behind  
Dont say "Im alright Jack" and stand back to the wind.  
Dont tell them "Go for a bite" and bury your head in the sand -  
You must bend over backwards and give a helping hand.

Oh yes here in F-ART we love liberty  
We believe that F-ART was born to be free  
We must be as free as the wind you see  
F-ART will not stay in captivity.

Though some people dont like us and they put us down  
And some hold their noses when we are around  
But we are not as dirty as some folks think  
And I tell you now that F-ART doesnt stink!

I know that F-ART will rise to great heights  
Like truth it will out though things be tight  
We cannot be tricked cause we quickly suss!  
When it comes to F-ART theres no flies on us!

You'll always know when F-ART is around  
Our presence is felt the whole year 'round  
You may dislike us, hate, loath and deplore  
But F-ART is one thing you'll never ignore.

We had our hot dinners, like wed never seen  
When at one time for two weeks, we had a canteen  
With baked beans and cabbage and thats just for a start  
Especially prepared just for F-ART!

Now smokin' is frowned here and for some its no joke  
They're afraid that F-ART will go up in smoke  
Though we're only F-ART, we still need a home -  
Its a cold, cruel world for F-ART on its own.

Trouble is growin' theres something in the air  
Angry words are heard everywhere  
We're told by the union to stand up for our rights  
And before you know it F-ART strikes!

So if you are workin' from nine till five  
For six days a week in some rotten old dive  
And you find in your life that work has no payet,  
Dont you wish that you were as free as F-ART!

You make sip you're hot brandy and smoke a fine cigar  
And cruise down "Grafto" in a big whore of a car,  
With you're Saville Row suit and you're painted up tart  
For all of your money I wouldn't give F-ART.

Now I won't say F-ART will change your whole life  
F-ART has its own share of trouble and strife  
But in the years that I've spent here, I love for it has swide.  
F-ART is a fine thing - on the ~~xxx~~ whole.

So you may be in Graphics, Fash., Ed. or 3-D  
But still you're as good as F-ART and we'll be  
So come on dont grumble, dont envy our part  
Wed like everybody to join in F-ART.

And now after five years, I've done my time.  
I think of FART that I'm leaving behind  
and though I may travel far over the sea  
I'll still have a bit of FART in me!

THE END.

THE OTHER END

Meanwhile back at the wall, the man has fallen asleep and off. I have only two things further to add, to all that shit," says the dog - "Calcutta" and "Goodbye".

$$\begin{array}{r} \text{CALCUTTA} \\ + \text{GOODBYE} \\ \hline = \text{GOODUTTA} \end{array}$$

—————→

GOODUTTA