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Of course there's Hard Rock in Ireland, and every kid in every ghetto is familiar with Dylan, Pink Floyd, and the Rolling Stones.

Of course there's Free Verse, Concrete Poetry, and an imposing array of "liberal-guilt" poetry collections in both the Irish Republic and Northern Ireland.

BUT THE CRITICAL eye tends to look aside sympathetically when pursuing Irish insurrectionary verse, and the critic's ear doesn't seek the qualities of German lieder-cycles when approaching Irish rebel songs. The point being that you find the best poems and songs are exciting, moving and visionary. And the rebel material is by far more popular in Ireland than contemporary works.

The Irish have been struggling for so many centuries to kick out the British that this Patrick Pearse poem (c. 1915, just before this revolutionary was executed by the English) might have been written any time in the past four centuries:

My mother bore me in bondage,  
In bondage my mother was born,  
I am the blood of serfs;  
The children with whom I  
have played,  
The men and women with whom  
I have eaten,

Have had masters over them,  
They have been under the lash of masters;  
And, though gentle, have served churls...

The fact that one of the most influential of the revolutionaries of the 1916 Rebellion, James Connolly, had spent years in America as a founding organizer of the radical labor union, the Industrial Workers of the World (the Wobblies), is echoed in some of the lines from this fiery poem which sounds like much of the Wobbly poetry of the 1920s. The poet is Jim Connell, an unknown.

Arise in our might, brothers,  
Bear it no longer.  
Assemble our masses throughout the land,  
We'll show these blood-suckers  
who are the stronger,  
When workers and robbers confronted  
shall stand.  
Through castle, court, and hall,  
Over their acres all:  
Onwards we'll sweep like the  
waves of the sea,  
Claiming the wealth we've made,  
Ending the tyrants' trade—  
Till Labour has triumphed and  
Ireland is free!

From the pages of Rose Catha, the newspaper of the Official IRA support group in England, comes a similar poem, admittedly over-didactic but illustrative of the leftward swing of the Irish Republican Army in the past decade. The theme should sound faintly familiar to people in the Madison community.

Listen to what I say, come join the IRA  
Stand by the ideals of Connolly.  
Let us agitate,  
Organize and smash the state—  
Let's fight for a Socialist Republic now.  
Not great poetry, of course. But it's the kind of stuff that keeps the Republican freedom-fighters going.

SAMUEL FERGUSON'S 19th-century translation of a 16th-century poem is appropriate today, dealing as it does with Queen Mary's imposition of a "plantation" system in Ireland. Then, as now, bribes effectively silenced the population into loyalty to the Crown. As the poem relates, the native Irish tribes had their lands confiscated and were forced off the land.

We talk of Liberty, Ireland one  
& Ireland free,



## Revolution in Irish song & poetry

That day we'll have Equality  
So stand together now,  
Let's raise our Starry Plough:  
It's the flag of our Socialist Republic now.  
The Downfall of the Gael  
\* \* \*

My heart is in woe,  
And my soul deep in trouble—  
For the mighty are low,  
And abased are the noble:  
\* \* \*

The Sons of the Gael  
Are in exile and mourning,  
\* \* \*

From Boyne to the Linn  
Has the mandate been given,  
That the children of Finn  
From their country be driven.  
\* \* \*

Through the woods let us roam,  
Through the wastes wild and barren;  
We are strangers at home!  
We are exiles in Erin!

Trying to say something intelligible about rebel songs which must be heard before you can savor their excellence is a tough task. And we found that listening to IRA songs in pubs is obviously the greatest way to hear them. It is an eerie thing to listen to men "on the run" from the British Army singing in Belfast lounges; but it is a very frequent occurrence, if not foolhardy on the part of the wanted guerrillas.

Some songs you hear in lots of pubs, like the "Belfast Brigade" which is always sung loudly and happily in ghettos like Belfast's Falls Road or Ardoyne areas. The closing verse is great for recruiting young rebels:

Come all you gallant Irishmen  
and join the IRA  
We'll strike a blow for freedom  
when there comes a certain day;  
You know your country's history

and the sacrifice it made:  
Come join the First Battalion  
of the Belfast Brigade.

Since the "Troubles" began anew in 1968 in the North of Ireland, there has been a number of best-selling single 45's about the struggle. One of the best is "The Men Behind the Wire," obviously a support song for the liberation fighters interned without charges. Probably every Irish Republican kid in Northern Ireland knows it by heart.

Armored cars and tanks and guns  
Came to take away our sons;  
But every man will stand behind  
The men behind the wire.  
\* \* \*

Through the little streets of Belfast,  
In the dark of early morn,  
British soldiers come marauding,  
Wrecking little homes with scorn.  
Heedless of the crying children,  
Dragging fathers from their beds,  
Beating sons while helpless mothers  
Watched the blood pour from their heads.  
\* \* \*

Not for them a judge and a jury,  
Nor indeed a crime at all:  
Being Irish means they're guilty,  
So we're guilty one and all.  
Round the world the truth will echo:  
"Cromwell's men are here again!"  
England's name forever sullied  
In the eyes of honest men.

THERE ARE also dozens of songs written about the heroic actions of Irish insurrectionists of the past 400 years; Wolfe Tone, Henry Joy McCracken, the 19th-century Fenian men, Sean South, Kevin Barry, Robert Emmet, Tom Barry, the Manchester Martyrs, and others. Some of the songs are meant to be sung lustily, others in slow sad tones.

Often there's a fine sense of humor in the

rebel ballads, Irishmen laughing in the faces of the oppressive sectarian police or the British Army. But it's a grim humor, too: a little more daring, a little gutsier, than our giving the symbolic phallic finger to the local cops. "The Bogside Doodle Bug," dating from the 1969 riots in the Bogside neighborhood in Derry City, bestows high praise on one of the few defensive arms the Irish can produce quickly out of materials in their basements. Here are 2 verses:

Now the doodle-bug's a weapon  
Quite easy for to make:  
Just get yourself some petrol  
And soap-powder and some paint.  
It's the pride of the Bogside warrior,  
And feared by the Men in Blue:  
Cause when it hits the armored car,  
It sticks to the side like glue.  
\* \* \*

Now to conclude this faithful story,  
Look up to the sky at night:  
You'll see an object passing by  
Going at the speed of light.  
It's not a lunar module  
Or Aladdin's magic rug—  
It's the Discrimination Wiper-Out,  
The Bogside Doodle-Bug.

Some rebel ballads celebrate guerrilla skirmishes against the English. One of the most joyous, "The Boys of Kilmichael," boasts of an ambush pulled off in 1920 in the wilds of County Cork on the desolate Kilmichael-Macroom road. The verse below is justly famous, and was the playright Brendan Behan's favorite pub song.

On the 28th day of November,  
Just outside the town of Macroom,  
The Brits in their big Crossley tender  
Went roaring along to their doom.  
For the lads in the Column were waiting,  
With hand-grenades primed on the spot,  
And the Irish Republican Army  
Made shit of the whole fuckin' lot!

Of all the rebel neighborhoods in Belfast—like Andersonstown, the Ardoyne, the Bone, the Falls, the Lenadoon, Divis Flats—surely the Ballymurphy section on the west side of town is one of the most staunchly anti-unionist (i.e. opposed to continued union with Britain.) "Ballymurphy," which has the same tune as our traditional "She'll Be Coming Round the Mountain When She Comes," is very popular, and I've heard 4-year-old girls singing it in the neighborhood markets. It's obviously about young kids stoning the soldiers every day when school's out. Here's the chorus and 2 verses.

If you hate the British Army,  
clap your hands.  
If you hate the British Army,  
clap your hands.  
If you hate the British Army,  
If you hate the British Army;  
If you hate the British Army,  
clap your hands.  
\* \* \*

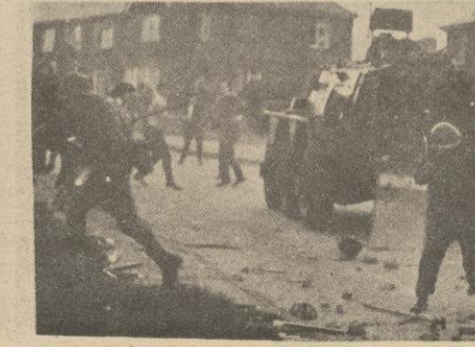
We don't want the British Army here to stay,  
We don't want the British Army here to stay,  
We don't want to be defended  
By an Army that surrendered  
When the kids of Ballymurphy came to play.  
\* \* \*

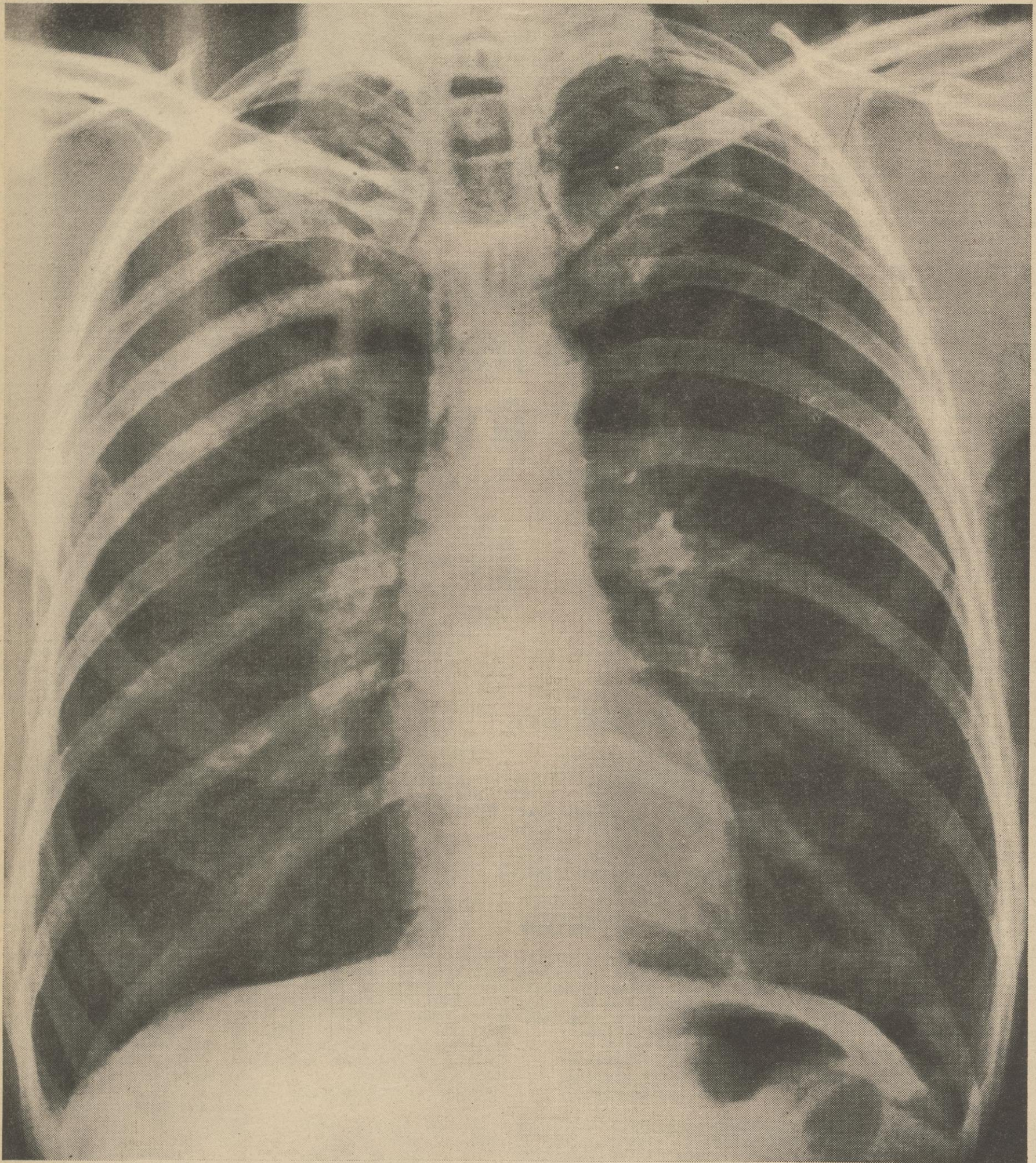
The British Army, they will never  
be the same.  
The British Army, they will never  
be the same.  
The bravest of them "fighting men"  
They were beat by kids of ten—  
Ballymurphy put the Army all to shame.

IN SHORT, the Irish Republicans have an abundant store-house of poetry and music to draw from in their unceasing rebellion against British occupation and repression.



## Derry, Northern Ireland





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# A sense of loss A sense of gain

By PADDY MURPHY

Marcel Ophul's 1972 flick, *A Sense of Loss*, dwells almost exclusively on the everyday realities of the Northern Ireland struggle. It is the purpose of this review to deal with the abstractions behind those realities in the 6 Counties of the North, in accordance with the ancient dictum that the visible can only be judged in term of the invisible.

The opening and closing sequences of his film are good cases in point since they should be fairly strong in the memories of those of us who saw the work. That absurdity which is the Saint Patrick's Day parade in New York is interesting for at least 2 reasons. First, that the parade opens the film reminds us that there would be no Irish in America, nor indeed any parade, had there not been the Great Starvation in Ireland in the middle of the last century. Because of England's economic policies vis-a-vis Ireland, several million Irish either starved to death at home, perished aboard ship trying to reach the Promised Land, or managed to establish themselves in the U.S. In the latter case, they were able to avoid the religio-economic discrimination which still rages in Ulster today. Mythographers like Graves or Campbell would probably compare the Irish parades in Gotham to ancient victory rites, primeval celebrations that the oppressors and enemies had been once more thwarted and repulsed.

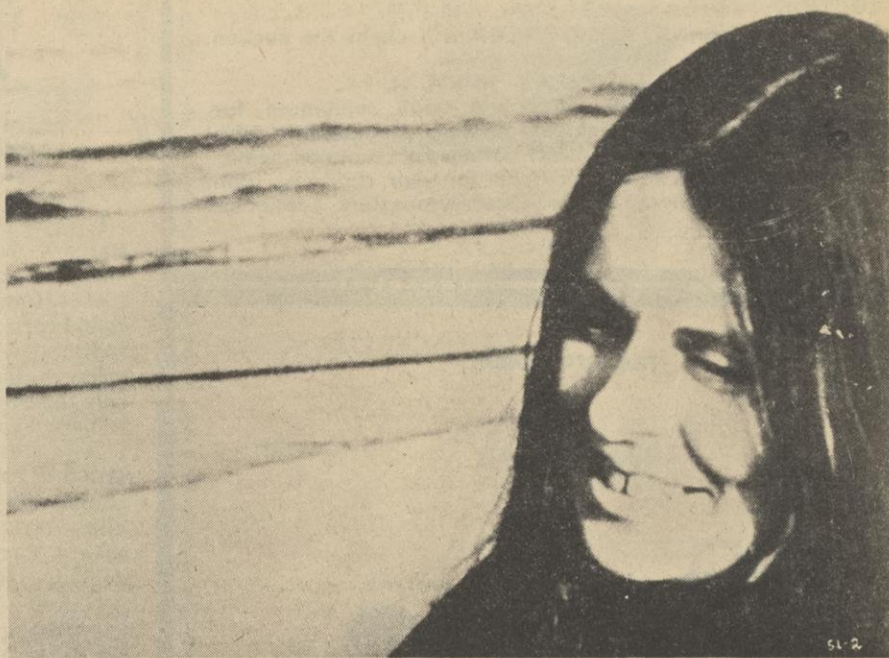
SECONDLY, THE LATER footage tends to confirm, by contrast, this notion. Ophul includes film-clips of the early 1968-9 Civil-Rights marches in the 6 Counties, and especially the march to Derry in which the traditional oppressors and enemies, the sectarian police and sectarian mobs, literally kicked hell out of the demonstrators who were doing no more than walking along the Claudy-Derry roadway. (It shocked the English viewers when first shown to them in 1969). That the marches have periodically continued to this day mocks, and yet also reflects, the monster marches in New York.

So much for the beginning of the film, the quasi-pagan St. Pat's Day orgy down Fifth

did every teeny-bopper become enamored of the tune. I can remember sitting in a ratty little social club deep in the heart of the nationalist Ardoyne area of Belfast one Sunday afternoon last Autumn, a fearsome place which made me produce credentials to get in the door, and watching several hundred men—all supporters of the Provisional IRA (the Ardoyne is their turf)—singing that goddamn song, or whistling to it, or dancing around to it. And they'd laugh when somebody would try to sing the falsetto lines. Even the armed citizens guards at the door, pockets bulging, eyes bouncing from the door to the festivities, would grin at the fact of all these "lads" kicking out the jams not 300 feet from the Brits' observation post on Flax Street. Three days earlier, one of the troops had killed a 17-year-old member of that social club, a kid named McCloskey who was sauntering brazenly across one of the few green spaces in Belfast, hands in his pockets. He was Irish, no doubt Catholic, looked like he might have a machine-gun in one of those pockets, and so was shot dead on the spot. And so, the next day, Monday, the Provisional snipers as well as the Official IRA snipers, would open up again—for the fiftieth time that Autumn—on that Army post. Hopefully their retaliatory strikes would be successful. But today was Sunday, and the Brits hadn't the guts to try to invade this ratty little pub.

PERHAPS OPHULS' simpatico attitude toward the oppressed Irish of the Belfast and Derry slums led him to linger over the deaths of infants and kids. But the sides need to be more clearly defined—after all most of those kids—had they lived to maturity—would have become (in one way or another) actively involved in the struggle against the oppressing forces of church and state.

Ophul interviewed representatives, both official and unofficial, of the church and the state. But again, seeing/hearing those people does not reflect the reality of where they're at and the unseen ideas and forces



Bernadette

Reverend Ian Paisley, recently of Bob Jones University, a crack-pot, red-neck school in South Carolina. (I went to high school with lots of stupid southern kids who attended BJU to become saviors of mankind and preservers of the Southern, Protestant, Status Quo.) Paisley's fire-and-brimstone pulpit horseshit in the film demonstrates perfectly the neanderthal, quasi-mongoloid states of mind of those who are primarily the troublemakers in Ulster. That moron preaches of the Papist World Conspiracy and Irish Republican Communism, and his followers (whom Ophul wasn't foolish enough to try to interview) take him literally at his word. The Red Hand Command, the Woodvale Defenders, the Ulster Defense Association: dozens of these groups, usually with the unspoken approval of the State, roam through nationalist-mostly Catholic neighborhoods trying to kill "Catholic scum," "Fenian fuckers," "Papist shit," "IRA bastards." Ad nauseam.

So we see Paisley thundering away in his East Belfast million-dollar church. Again, what M. Ophul doesn't show us are the results of Paisley's swill: e.g., in the past 8 months, a Catholic church in Greenisland-town has been smashed 6 times; a Catholic monastery in Enniskillen was fire-bombed 4 times in two days last week. (Source: the reliable Irish Weekly 3-31-73.)

PAISLEY, aside from a brief stint behind bars for fomenting a riot in the North, has not been seriously hampered by the N. Ireland government, even though indirectly he and his ilk are responsible for the deaths of hundreds of Catholics in the past 45 years. Why?

Paisley is a big gun in the Unionist Party, that group of super-loyalists who have completely controlled politics in Ulster for exactly 50 years (since England separated the north-eastern 6 Counties from the rest of the Republic). Paisley is relatively immune to judicial remonstrance.

Not only Paisley. Ophul spends a lot of time with John McKeague, the interviewer's camera placing this bigot against a background of pics of Queen Elizabeth: the Ulster infant holding on to Momma's skirts. McKeague is one of the commanders of the Ulster Volunteer Force (UVF), one of the still-legal but dreaded loyalist para-military gangs. You might as well call McKeague a representative of the State, that Ulster parastate which has condoned raids against Irish Catholics regularly for 60 or so years. Ophul devastates McKeague, of course, by interspersing his remarks with footage of the infamous Bombay Street (Belfast) house burnings of August, 1969, a pogrom

so successfully led by the swine under McKeague's immediate command. The UVF is an Ulster equivalent of the KKK when the Kland flourished in Dixie.

Ophul treats General Tuzo, head of the British forces in Ulster, with the same disarming approach. Tuzo reveals his pigginess with his own words: even the audience snickered at the smug oafishness of this lout.

WILLIAM CRAIG, leader of the Vanguard Party (a sub-party of the totalitarian Unionist party) and a dangerous man in his own right-wing politics in Ulster, is demolished by Ophul's camera. The sly eyes and the even slyer tongue which marked Craig's years as Minister of Home Affairs were obvious to all the viewers.

The more dapper Terence O'Neill, sitting in his quiet study, comes off as the aristocrat who headed the N. Ireland government for several years without paying even the slightest heed to the needs and wants of the minority Catholics (who comprise one-third of the Ulster population). Despite the growth of the Civil Rights Association, O'Neill and others whom Ophul captures on film refused to allow reforms to be made and hence added immeasurably to the conflict in the North. Again, Ophul's interviews with the heads and former heads of the Ulster statelet make sense only when related to the background of civil strife during their terms of office.

In a revealing contrast to the pompous, bigoted politicians, Ophul films Bernadette Devlin at the sea-side and Gerry and Rita O'Hare in their tiny flat. Bernadette's hard-fought successes for the oppressed minority, through her participation in the British Parliament, come through in Ophul's footage as well as she talks of them in her autobiography, *The Price of My Soul* (which is very popular in the North).

She lets us know that the people can be

She lets us know that the people can be moved to do tremendous things for themselves once someone comes along who cares enough to help them organize. The Catholic and Protestant working classes owe a great deal to Bernadette.

In contrast to the elevated status to which Bernadette has been rightfully raised is the equally illuminating role shown by the grass-roots workers of P.D. (People's Democracy), Gerry O'Hare and his wife Rita, still crippled from a bullet wound received from a British soldier. Theirs is the same task as Bernadette's, but again, theirs is the more difficult task, in that Ophul shows them speaking of the quotidian hassles which everyone on the civil-rights movement endures. In short, one struggle, many fronts.



A Loyalist

Avenue. Ophul dealt only with the visible externals, the gaudy trappings, rather than at least touching on some of the political perspectives and underpinnings which would make the parade appear more significant.

*A Sense of Loss* has a finale which is beyond the realm of good taste. All that footage of the bedroom of a teenage girl accidentally killed by a speeding British Army vehicle, all those stills of her trinkets and pictures of rock stars, the lengthy recital of the girl's traits by her best school-chum. True: here as in several other places Ophul dwells excessively on the pathetic. That's what makes most of the "Irish Situation" films so bad to date.

However, this sentimental sequence makes more sense if you know that the shitty pop tune which accompanies the finale, Melanie's horrible "I've Got a Brand-New Pair of Roller-skates," was the most popular piece of American music on the charts when the girl was killed. And not only

they represent. Among the demagogues most responsible for the sectarian killings in the North is the

### IRISH LIBERATOR COMES TO MADISON

People interested in the revolution in Ireland will want to meet a representative of the Irish liberation struggle who will be speaking in Madison after spring vacation, April 30 and May 1.

Denis Cassin is an organizer for the Northern Ireland Civil Rights Association (NICRA), spent several years as a radical shop steward in the English labor movement, and was held in political concentration camps in Northern Ireland for three long periods (including a recent stint of 15 months as an internee in the infamous Long Kesh camp) for alleged insurrectionary acts against the colonial government.

Cassin is spending several months in the U.S. helping to organize the chain of front groups known as Irish Republican Clubs, speaking about the nature of the Irish battle against British imperialism, and raising funds for the victims and families involved in the Ulster strife.

Details of Cassin's Madison meetings will appear later this month.

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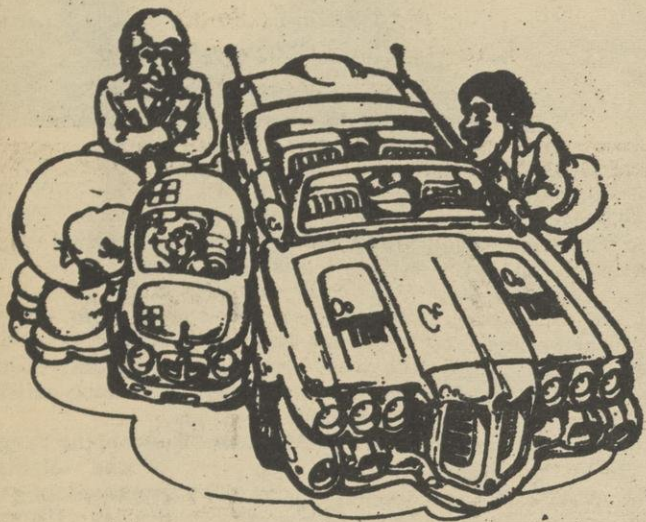
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# Instruments of torture Brit's devices of vice

Instruments of Torture  
A British Virtuoso in  
Vice and Device

By SEOSAMH GAHAGAN

It might be sold undercounter in Rated-X bookstores across the nation. It could be a miniature rocket from a child's toychest. It would certainly be gasped at with indignation in any prominent tearoom. But in its function could only theorized and guessed at, an endless source of vexation.

This undefined object, composed of hard rubber, possessing phallic dimensions 3" by 6", shiny glittering black, without detail save a circular appendage line, declining to a rounded peak, is produced in Akron, Ohio and exported to the United Kingdom for the purpose of quelling street riots, potential troublemakers, and suspected "terrorists." Its identity, to the dismay of most, is the legendary rubber bullet. Yes, the rubber bullet that Americans have heard talked and written about has been seen by few and experienced by even fewer.

"I THOUGHT rubber bullets were smaller. They must really hurt."

The oblong bullet of larger dimensions than a hand grenade travels at approximated speeds ranging from 90-120 m.p.h., bruising, crippling, maiming, and occasionally killing its intended as well as unintended victims. It is shot from a launcher similar to the tear gas guns used on Madison streets. Its effective potential is fatal at close range, crippling at a longer distance. Recently a controversy was stirred up over a nine-year-old boy whose eyes were knocked out of his head by one of these American-made devices. Human Interest tears were copiously shed. Irate articles were written in Boston and New York. It was understood that this artifact was only meant to stun its victims temporarily.

Overlooked, of course, were the numbers of deaths caused by this "humane" crowd quieter. Several dozen people have lost their lives from either being hit directly over the heart with the missile or being struck at close range in the head or testicles. It is also not unusual to see children in Belfast coming home from school with only one eye. Sensational stories have reached hungry American ears about the horrid behavior of these children (War of the Children, et al) stoning British troops daily coming to and from school. What the stories and statistics often do not show is the response by the troops to the street confrontation. Permanent damage often incurs

with the indiscriminate use of weaponry by the foreign invader.

One reason this domestic bestial missile is unknown to Americans is that it has not yet been legalized for street control situations. Another weapon alien to Americans that is being used in the North of Ireland is CS gas, a numbing, nauseous, nerve gas used with insouciant abundance in the ghetto regions of the Bogside and Derry, seeping under the doors of the elderly, sick and innocent inhabitants of these areas. This gas, as yet, is illegal for riot situations in the states likewise.

Visions of Vietnam research loom warily over the Pale of Ulster. More sophisticated



Graphic by Bruce Parsons

weaponry is being developed with the help of American research aid.

TWO SUCH EXAMPLES are the plastic bullets and the Nerve-Strobe. The plastic bullet is smaller in size than its rubber cousin and more effective in "stunning" its victim. The nerve-strobe, on the other hand, hideously reminds one of the phosphorous-light developed for use in Vietnam. But while the phosphorous-light was meant to blind its victims, the Nerve-Strobe sends its victims into muscular spasms and epileptic seizures. Its main intent is for the dispersing of large crowds, which may be interpreted in many ways. It is a paralyzing, nonvisible, inaudible, flashing strobe, which can only be used at night. Put into effect without warning, since it is untraceable, the device induces spasmodic and epileptic fits to at least 10 per cent of the crowd and emetic nausea to at least 50 per cent, causing panic to run rampant and allowing officials to break up the "disturbance."

Put into effective use in the future, this type of weapon could make street demonstrations of any kind obsolete. We still, however, maintain our right to peaceful demonstration both in

the North of Ireland and back in the U.S.A. Use of these instruments of torture has not been implemented in the U.S.—yet.

The following is an excerpt from an underground publication from Derry, Ireland:

"RUBBER BULLETS are supposed to be humane agents of riot control. The British army considers them a bit too humane. In the Broadway area of West Belfast which links the Lower Falls to the newer estates, four youths were shot by soldiers at a barricade they were defending with stones. After the shooting, TV cameras arrived.

"Shortly beforehand, S. Collins arrived in the area and here is what he saw:

"Soldiers were standing at the top of the street not forty yards away when another military vehicle arrived. Soldiers then began exchanging rifles for rubberbullet launchers.

"The cameramen are coming," said one of the youths. I asked him how he knew and he said, "We've seen it all before." Surely enough they did arrive—about five minutes afterward."

Although not capable of killing at a longer range, a rubber bullet can break a leg. At less than thirty yards they are highly dangerous. It is precisely in this situation that, at close range and inside houses, soldiers are increasingly using these weapons. One incident demonstrates two "anti-terrorist" practices made possible with this weapon.

"With the Falls neighborhood (Belfast) relatively quiet during the day, foot and armor patrols on the ghetto perimeter were frequent on Tuesday afternoon. Occasionally a youth would throw a stone at a passing Whippet or infantry platoon. On the Grosvenor Road a brief riot developed. As it subsided, a man was left lying on the roadway — his leg was injured, how was never established immediately because a group of soldiers ran over to him. He was trying to life himself off the ground. The soldier held back several women rushing to help him.

"One of the soldiers then walked over to the injured figure. Placing his boot on the man's injured leg, he used his heel as a swivel and swung his body across him. Standing astride his victim, he then fired a rubber bullet into his testicles. The unconscious figure was dragged off. A girl nearby who protested had a rubber bullet gun thrust up between her legs. 'How would you like a rubber baby?' she was asked."

# Saletime!

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## English masters Irish slaves

What happens when one country invades another, displaces the native people, parcels out the confiscated lands to settlers from the intruding nation, and hopes to maintain the new colony? It is an old, familiar story: sooner or later, the natives rebel and the entrenched colonists fight back.

The strife in Northern Ireland is just such a colonial problem. When the English overran the Irish 3 centuries ago, the London government awarded land grants to loyal settlers from Scotland and southwestern England. The new land-holders were colonials first, and Protestant only secondarily. The dispossessed natives, mostly Catholic, rebelled time and time again: in 1641, 1761, 1798, 1803, 1848, 1867, 1916, 1939, 1956, and 1969, to mention only the better-known insurrections. Present day natives and settlers are still at deadly odds.

Now the British regime has a nightmare on its hands, one of its own making. The Crown will not give Ireland back to the Irish, just as the Portuguese are trying to hold on to Mozambique. Instead, the British government March 20 issued a "White Paper" of official policy statement entitled "Northern Ireland Constitutional Proposals" in which this foreign government brazenly tells the northern Irish how Britain will rule them for the next year. Let's look at the highlights of this document, described naively in an Associated Press dispatch as a "new constitution of compromise."

Great Britain asserts the right to rule directly from the Westminster parliament for another 12 months, (having dissolved the corrupt provincial parliament outside Belfast 1 year ago). Northern Ireland is to remain part of the United Kingdom until those Ulsterites loyal to the Crown should see fit, for some strange reason, to drop their desire for union with England. An Assembly for the province is to be set up, and Assembly elections held next Autumn. A Human Rights Charter, forbidding civil or religious discrimination will be adopted by the Assembly. Army, police, and reserve

forces will be at the control of Westminster. New emergency legislation to deal with militants will ("regrettably") be enacted. The principal administrator of Northern Ireland will remain English (i.e., William Whitelaw).

Two carrots are offered to the Northern Ireland donkey to lessen the sting of the stick. The new Northern Ireland Bill will provide economic assistance from the Crown "to raise the Ulster standard of living to that prevailing in England." And after the Assembly elections, the British authorities will "invite" representatives from both Ulster and the Irish Republic to come together in London to discuss possible ways of mutual co-operation between the 2 islands.

In short, the whole affair reeks of presumption, paternalism, and bribery. England presumes to legislate for Northern Ireland, England refuses to allow the Irish to rule themselves, and finally England knows that the majority in the Northern 6 counties will capitulate to promises of money.

That the Irish in this British colony are rightfully fighting for national liberation is not surprising when viewed in light of recent disturbances in other parts of the British Empire. Political assassinations occur in Bermuda. The Bahama Islands are granted independence. British Honduras becomes independent Belize. The Vorster regime in South Africa has become so corrupt and repressive that even the New York Times refers to it (March 19) as a "police state." There is public outcry against the War Measures Act in Canada's Quebec (like Ulster's Special Powers Act, the law allows radicals and union leaders to be arrested without charge for militant agitation). White reactionaries in Rhodesia pulled off a coup in the 1960's seizing government control to prevent native Africans from establishing a free government. In short, the present insurrection in Ireland is a centuries-old revolt to "dump the masters off your back."



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# Working-class solidarity: only way to united, socialist Ireland

By Kevin Donleavy

"The British, whatever their politicians may say publicly, will shed very few tears indeed when that distant but inevitable day arrives, and Ulster and the Irish Republic are reunited as logic dictates."

The author of the above quotation is not an I.R.A. man, as might be supposed; Max Hastings is a widely-read English journalist. The quotation, from his thoughtful 1970 study, *Barricades in Belfast*, suggests how widespread and commonly accepted is the idea of the joining of the 6 counties of Northern Ireland, commonly but incorrectly called Ulster, with the 26 counties of the Republic of Ireland.

AT THE VANGUARD of forces pressing for the emancipation of Ireland is the Irish Republican Army, the I.R.A. The forerunners of today's I.R.A. were responsible for forcing Great Britain into granting, albeit reluctantly, independence to southern Ireland 50 years ago: these were the Citizen Army and the Irish Volunteers, urban and rural commandos of the 1916 Rising.

For the past 5 decades, the I.R.A. has been militarily active in trying to recoup for Ireland the last remaining 6 counties. (Originally, before the British partitioned the island in 1920, the ancient province of Ulster contained 9 counties. England established a new "Ulster" by including only those counties composed of a majority of people descended from 16th century settlers from Scotland and England and ergo loyal to the Crown.)

After a 1956-62 campaign in which Irish Republican men concentrated primarily, and ultimately unsuccessfully, on trying to eliminate customs posts along the north-south Border, the officer staff and the volunteers met for a number of months to examine their politico-military strategy. The results of that long self-criticism session will have far-reaching consequences for the future of Ireland.

What was commonly agreed upon has been issued as a Republican document, one essential to an understanding of the role of the Irish Republican Army today. Let's look at some extracts from *The I.R.A. Speaks* published in the past 3 years.

THE ARMY COUNCIL, which is elected by rank-and-file volunteers in the Movement, concluded that the 56-62 campaign did not succeed in chasing out British interests because "The Irish Republican Army had become remote from the people." The guerrilla volunteers had assumed all the work of the military campaign, leaving no part to be played by the civilian population. The ordinary people "were spectators and not participants in the Republican struggle against British Imperialism."

Furthermore, the I.R.A. had attacked only installations of the British military occupation in the North to the total exclusion of "direct assaults" on 1. the British-supported political administration of the North, 2. British manipulation of both southern and northern economies, and 3. the bourgeois southern Irish political structure. It was hence decided that the I.R.A. would "organize for a revolution in the whole country against all the forces of British Imperialism and native Gombeenism," gombeen being a great Irish word for fat businessmen, bourgeois capitalists, and other naturally undesirable elements in the make-up of any country. In short, "Our objective was to be the re-conquest of Ireland, not simply to place an Irish Government in political control of the geographical entity of Ireland, but to place

the mass of the people in actual control of the wealth and resources of the Irish Nation and to give them a cultural identity."

The new orientation of the volunteers of the I.R.A. coincided with, and developed inextricably with, the birth of NICRA, the N. Ireland Civil Rights Association. More than any other movement, the Civil Rights Assn. has been able to educate and awaken the repressed people of the North. That all of the local Executive Boards of NICRA are half civil-rights workers, half Republican Movement organizers, attests to the viability of the new activist consciousness in the Six Counties.

As the popular strength within the NICRA grew by leaps and bounds, so too the volunteers and the Army Council itself became increasingly orientated as a "people's army." The needs of the common people—the working classes both Protestant and Catholic, the "men of no property" as the 1798 revolutionary leader Wolfe Tone said—were to become the primary focus of the Republican movement. Cathal Goulding, for the past decade Chief-of-Staff of the I.R.A., set the tone in a monumental speech to annual Army Council in 1967 in which, speaking for the whole Movement, he declared the goal of the I.R.A. to be the establishment of a socialist republic. A brief paragraph from *The I.R.A. Speaks* sums it all up:

"Armed struggle must be linked with, must be integrated with, all other forms of struggle...The fight for freedom is bound up in the fight for the land, for jobs, for houses, for our children's education, for women's rights, for the elimination in fact of all of the many injustices and abuses that the workers suffer in a capitalist state.

It is essential that all who are involved in the National Liberation struggle realize that the national struggle is a people's struggle—a class struggle."

THERE WERE, needless to say, those in the organization who found all this talk of socialism distasteful in the extreme. It seemed that there were reds under every bed, and that an "alien ideology" was creeping into the ranks of the I.R.A. Not only were there grumbles of discontent from some of the Republicans, but the established parties in the Irish Republic became quite alarmed at all this yak of overthrowing both the Northern regime as well as the government of Mother Ireland herself. The dominant political party in the south, Fianna Fail ("Warriors of Destiny"), having at least some faint remnant of anti-British sentiment, over a period of months in 1969 offered both considerable arms and huge funds to the I.R.A. in an attempt to stay the revolutionary tide from sweeping the bourgeois parties under the Irish table.

To make a long story short, those of the Republican forces whose anti-English vision was limited to physical force alone, fell for the bribe and have—over the past 4 years—concentrated only on guerrilla actions against the oppressor in the Six Counties. Since the winter of 69-70, there have been both Official I.R.A. and Official Sinn Fein (the revolutionary political party) and a "provisional" I.R.A. and "provisional" Sinn Fein party. The results of this "split" in the Republican Movement has been to the great satisfaction of the southern government in particular: since the Provisional I.R.A. have attracted more supporters and concentrated their campaign on the North, the



southern Dublin government has been relatively free from concern of a physical coup from the forces of insurrection. Dublin does not understand that its ultimate concern should be rather with the Official Movement, since that group engages in mass agitational activity aimed at arousing popular consciousness to the point of overthrowing the Dublin as well as the Belfast governments.

The bullet-and-bomb campaign being waged currently in the North needs some explanation. For some 2 years the Provisionals have carried on this extensive guerrilla activity, sometimes slacking off, sometimes pouring it on the British troops. Their fervor has been commendable, and the original idea itself was commendable as well. That is, the volunteers in this Provisional Alliance set out to disrupt, and then to dismantle, the economic stability of the Northern statelet: to force Britain out economically.

THE RESULTS of their campaign, however, have been less acceptable than their motives. There was no strong loyalist backlash until the Provo campaign began to effect the daily lives and work habits of the majority (by 1/3) of loyalists. Such loyalist-Protestant bodies as the Red Hand Command and the formidable UDA (Ulster Defense Ass'n.) have grown to frightening strength since the Provos' military intensification in the North. Had this Republican element limited its efforts to British Army installations, things in the North would be different now. But the destruction of stores, pubs, and meeting halls has done at least one terrible thing: by disrupting the normal way of life of the Northern Protestants, the Provos have driven the majority to desperation. Gangs of loyalist kids ("Tartan gangs") and their somewhat older counterparts have, for over a year, engaged in politically inexplicable assassinations of working-class Catholics. In return, there have been great numbers of Protestant civilian killings by quasi-Republican sympathizers, i.e. sectarian bigots engaging in a tit-for-tat competition.

The Official I.R.A. has stopped their fighting. But the Officials have called a cease-fire as far as offensive actions go. Their policy for the past 9 months has been one of retaliation and defense: retaliation against any British Army killings or any loyalist extremist outrages. Which means, in effect, that the Official I.R.A. still have their hands full, since actions by the 2 pro-

Crown groups continue week after week.

But the Officials have come to realize that working-class solidarity is the only way to a united, socialist Ireland. As *The I.R.A. Speaks* says, "Nothing could be more contrary to the revolutionary strategy of the Republican Movement than the indiscriminate bombing and burning campaign of certain elements (i.e. the Provisional I.R.A.). It is completely sectarian in that all targets are Protestant-owned, and seems designed specifically to alienate Protestant people from the struggle for justice of their Catholic fellow-citizens. It is anti-social in that a number of targets are co-operative shops or stores and is thus designed to alienate workers."

In short, then, though the Provisional I.R.A. has a political wing, its own Sinn Fein, through which a likeness of popular politics is promulgated, nevertheless the Provos are, at least for the time, sticking to their guns and gelignite bombs.

THE RESULT has been that the real revolutionary groundwork has to be done by those who are willing temporarily to shelve the gun. It has been a frustrating task for the Officials to expand their programs of mass involvement, as a lot of organizers told us last Autumn. Yet the Officials will simply plug away at grass-roots stuff, waiting for the Provo campaign to wither away.

How does the Official program operate? All over Ireland, north and south, there are Republican Clubs in virtually every town of any size. The members sell the I.R.A. paper, *The United Irishman*, assist the local farmers in organizing relevant agricultural co-ops (in opposition to the monolithic, big-farmer-oriented IFO, Irish Farmers Organization) and encouraging them to join the Small Farmers' Defense Association; set up Advice Bureaus which offer legal services, housing demands, shopping guides, and other services. The Clubs also engage in protest demonstrations which in Ireland are amazingly effective in arousing public sympathy and co-operation (Ireland's never "got over" its militant heritage).

In short, what the Official Republican Movement has evolved into is a true "Army of the People" in the making. There is a huge world of difference between a Cuban or a Chinese "People's Army," and the inchoate Irish People's Army. But, as an early Irish hero of the Left said, "There will be another day."



# What to Read

By KEVIN DONLEAVY  
of the Cardinal Staff

The University Book Store has co-operated in setting up a selection of books on the Irish struggle. The display is located on the 2nd floor, and comprises most of the works cited in this brief bibliography of items recommended by the IRA support group here.

A **Beginner's Guide to the Struggle in Ireland.** In newspaper format. Comparable to **Beginner's Guide to Cuba.** Best study published in the Americas about Ireland, and the briefest (16pp).

Andrew Boyd. **Holy War in Belfast.** A nationalist, rather than socialist, study. Aply sub-titled: "A History of the Troubles in Northern Ireland." A good place to start.

Liam de Paor. **Divided Ulster.** By a history lecturer in Dublin. Excellent, concise look at corrupt N. Ireland politics.

Bernadette Devlin. **The Price of My Soul.** The best account of the Civil Rights movement in Ulster, written by the Irish revolutionary and Member of Parliament. (Gasp!)

T.A. Jackson. **Ireland Her Own.** The authoritative socialist history of Irish insurrections. Any doubts about the justness of the Irish struggle will be eliminated by Jackson's work.

Desmond Greaves. **The Irish Crisis.** The best left-wing study of the current uprising. Typical: "It is not a question of incorporating the colonial north (i.e. Ulster) into a neo-colonial thirty-two county Ireland. It is a question of freeing the initiative of the Irish people for a general onslaught on the whole imperialist system."

**Northern Ireland: A Report on the Conflict.** Considering that this is a study conducted by a team of London Times reporters, it's remarkably pro-Irish and a source of irritation to Her Majesty's Imperial Government.

discrimination and gerrymandering kept alive by the Northern Ireland authorities. It's all documented fact.

Marx and Engels. **Ireland and the Irish Question.** Letters, speeches, excerpts from larger works by the Two Greats.

Irish Republican Army Internal Bulletin. The IRA (Official) Chief-of-staff explains the nature of this literal "army of the people".

**Irish Revolution: Can the I.R.A. Meet the Challenge?** Two pamphlets by a member of the Young Socialist Alliance who travelled with Malachy McGurran, the Official IRA commander of the Northern Forces, on a 4-month European tour recently to drum up support for the Republican movement. Foley's interviews with the Chief-of-staff are worth the \$ .60 alone.



photo by Jim Klukkert

Covers the important last 15 years in the Six Countries.

Clive Limpkin. **The Battle of Bogside.** An amazing photographic study of the daily battles waged by the Northern Irish against the British Army. CS gas, rubber bullets, Molotovs, gelignite blasts, tough 8-year-old kids, swinish British officers: the chaos that is present-day Derry City.

Richard Rose. **Governing Without Consensus.** An economist's analysis of the

Crucial 4-page pamphlet available only through the Irish support group, 306 N. Brooks (the University YMCA building).

United Irishman. The monthly revolutionary paper issued by IRA headquarters in Dublin, in co-operation with their revolutionary political party, Sinn Fein ("We Ourselves").

Gerry Foley. **Ireland in Rebellion.** And, Problems of the

This selective bibliography ignores, purposefully, two points of view: that of the neo-colonials living in the north of Ireland who crave a continued union with Imperialist Mother England, and that of the British government itself which—throughout the centuries—has been determined to rule as much of Ireland as possible.

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# Local Poetics

By MORRIS EDELSON  
of the Fine Arts Staff

Three local publications show Madison writers still active in a culturally depressed time and area.

David Gitin's *Guitar Against the Wall* has been issued by the Panjundrum Press in San Francisco (\$2) in a handsome format. Gitin and his wife Maris arrived in Madison this year and edited the San Francisco mag *Bricoleur*. Gitin guest-edited one issue of *Amphora*, directed the SF Poet's Theater, and produced radio programs for the Pacifica station there, KPFA.

DAVID STUDIED with Robert Creeley (by whom his work is influenced) at San Francisco State, and was closely associated with Lawrence Ferlinghetti and George Oppen. He has published in *Quixote*, 10, *Smith*, *Rolling Stone* and dozens of other little mags.

*Guitar Against the Wall* shows a broad sampling of his work, ranging from humor, through found poems and cut-ups, to narratives, word-pictures and portraits and meditations. Gitin shows new trends in modern poetry, as well as now younger poets (he's 31) are integrating the major influences of recent years, the Black Mountain School and the NY School. Overall a new formalism is returning, one is even beginning to see sonnets, sestinas, and villanelles by young poets.

Gitin does not impress as a formalist, his controls and shaping are subtle, flexible. He can make a memorable single line: "I am alone but for patrol care" or set up a mini-crama in a paragraph:

a young man, hippie, approaches  
for sex or dope?  
but quietly asks: "Who is Judas  
Iscariot?"  
and looks me in the eye.  
"Nobody to me" I feint as he  
walks away  
returns with "Are you him?"  
"no."

In "What of the Voyage," he pins it down to "not freedom that is asked/ but necessity which permits the voyage."

There's an air of necessity about the work, all right; they aren't either jottings or ravings. Gitin is a calm and thoughtful person. He asked "Who could swallow America?/Sperm of a dying whale/I take my eggs and butter/ by halves." Yet he is aware, as in

"Collected Papers on  
Psychoanalysis"?

When the rain came to wet me  
and the win to make me chatter  
they told me I was everything

Then kill, kill, kill, kill,  
kill,  
kill.

The new formalism is certainly evident in *Madison Review*, produced by the department of English students. This issue (50¢) contains the work of students of George Barker, last year's poet in residence. Some of the reasons Beats rejected formalism show up, too. For instance, Lois Drapin says, writing to Barker, "Between our two continents, the buffer breathes the breath/of friendship." She likes the metaphysical (or mixed) metaphor: "At nine o'clock, the sacrificial day/leans her industrial shade against my office window." Nonetheless the wrecklessness of the true poet shows.

Bill Wadsworth and Beatrice Cameron put in poems that hit hard orally; Cameron with a repetition that hammers away at the subject until she gets it said and gets it gigantic, and Wadsworth with an anvil clanging rhythm in "They Sleep at Mid-Century"?

Basements of brick, the bias at midnight, rolling down

Down the scorched corridors of mid-century towns,

Doen the beaten tin, the poor man's cornice, to the prejudice  
And affairs of our own: like a priest in hiding, the thieving night;

That cannot claim an evening.

Some of his language is for the garbage can, but the lines do march along.

The *Madison Review* will accept manuscripts for its next issue until April 15, they may be sent to MR, 6195 Helen White Hall. Here's hoping they get some poems from English-Department-sponsored reader Ed Dorn, who will be here shortly.

Warren Woessner has just produced a handsome issue of *Abraxas*, the seventh issue. Found and concrete poems, reviews, and wacky graphics on good paper, with many interesting poems, a lot of them by ex-Madisonian David Hilton. Keith Wahle, Ray

DiPalma, and Woessner himself, as shaper, make it a pleasure to leave through and sit with. At the same time Woessner comes up with *Abraxas 8*, poems by himself and Hilton, several of them found, one of them a selection from the "11 East Gorham Poems" of Hilton, and a few jointly-authored. Hilton and Tim Hillebrand, who had *Mandala* here, are masters of the found poem, an example of which is in *Abraxas 9*:

If the railroads should cease to exist,  
the United States of America as you know it would grind to a paralyzing halt.

You would soon have very little to eat.

And no electricity to light your house. Or heat it. Or pump water into it.

Your job would wither away.

You'd have no television, no radio, no telephone, no newspaper to tell you what was going on.

And try as they might, the trucks the pipelines, the airplanes, the barges would not be able to fill the gaping demand.

Chaos, even rule by panis, might erupt.

Hilton and Hillebrand learned how to take a Madison Avenue effusion and by subtle adjustment in presentation or just isolation on a page make it really say something, of course not always what the ad hack intended. It's as if you isolated some of the gems of the typical Cardinal film review. People miss their beauty because no one ever reads them.

If you are interested in further attacks and slashing you might pick up the latest issue of *Quixote*, which like *Abraxas* can be found in lower State Street bookstores. Shit-slinging is always to be found in that magazine, the targets usually local heavies in culture or politics: the Wisconsin Poetry Alliance, the Madison Sustaining Fund, the theater, or film people on their way to TV land. This issue

(continued on page 11)

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# Irish Republican Clubs

By KEVIN DONLEAVY of the Cardinal Staff

"Republican" clubs? What are they, right-wing crazies who support Nixonite policies? Nope. In the South and in the North of Ireland, there are several hundred groups—some large, some small—which support the ideas and policies of the revolutionary side of Irish life. They are called "republican" groups, of course, because they support the idea of a united Irish republic: i.e., a republic which will include those six tiny counties in northeastern Ireland which Britain still claims as part of her Empire, as well as those 26 counties "liberated" in 1920.

WHILE REPUBLICAN clubs in the Republic of Ireland (the 26 southern counties) are legally recognized by the State (that is, as locals of a duly registered political

party in Ireland, Sinn Fein), those in the British-occupied North are illegal and must ergo operate clandestinely. They do primarily grass-roots stuff: organizing rent-and-utilities strikes, conducting tenant unions like the one here in Madison, offering legal services to the poor (like Madison Defense League), advising citizens in matters of police intimidation (there's lots of that in Ulster: real intimidation, not penny-ante stuff like in Madison), or dealing with anti-Catholic discrimination in job situations.

The other side of republican club activities is best left to the imagination. It has been rumored that the clubs are havens for official I.R.A. liberation fighters. Who knows?

Here in the U.S. and in Canada Irish Republican clubs (some 30 of them) serve a variety of func-

tions: One: we raise funds for the wives and kids of fellas who have been spirited away by Her Majesty's forces of law and order. Two: we do not raise funds for bazookas, AK-47s, Browning shotguns, or special issue hand grenades. Three: we serve as information centers to distribute literature about what's really happening in Ireland: not just what the established Irish and British press claim is happening in Ulster. Four: we operate as Public Relations freaks who make contacts with sympathetic Irish-Americans in our areas, people who are interested in news about what the English are doing in their last colony, Northern Ireland.

In short, the activities of Irish Republican clubs on this continent are totally legal, but simultaneously embarrassing to imperialistic regimes like Trudeau's and Nixon's.

ARMSTRONG DEFENSE There will be a meeting of all people working on or interested in the defense of Karl Armstrong tonight at 7:30 in the Old Madison Room of the memorial union.

Correction: In Tuesday's story on the women's takeover of the stadium locker room it was incorrectly reported that the women involved run at the Camp Randall track only on Mondays. In fact, the women run on Monday, Wednesday and Friday and they invite others to join them. Watch the Cardinal for further reports on this front.

I.R.A. IN THE MOVIES Like Jimmy Cagney, that mean guy of all mean guys? Cagney stars, with members of Dublin's Abbey Theatre, in a 1957 great film about the heroes of the U.R.A., Shake Hands With the Devil. It's at 8:00 Monday

(tonight) in 19 Commerce. There'll be another, bonus Cagney film, too. More movies from Tar and Feathers.

URGENT: WITNESSES WANTED!!! Anyone who was in the vicinity of University Ave. and Brooks St. Wednesday March 25 around 8:40-8:50 a.m.—If you saw a blonde girl on a bike wearing a powder blue ski jacket and blue jeans fall off her bike to avoid running into a yellow Impala with a black vinyl top, you can help. The Impala was making an illegal turn and the girl on the bike broke her hand in the fall. The Impala didn't stop. She needs witnesses to help corroborate her account and obtain restitution. In other words, if you were there, you can help. Witnesses please call Judy Hilgendorf at 233-7733 or Curtis Kirkhuff at 257-4715. Soon.

BRITISH INJUSTICE AGAIN Two lawyers exiled by the apartheid regime in South Africa will talk today at 4:30 in room 239 Law School. The public is invited to hear A. Lukele and W. Nagan speak on "Law as an Instrument of Racial Oppression in South Africa."

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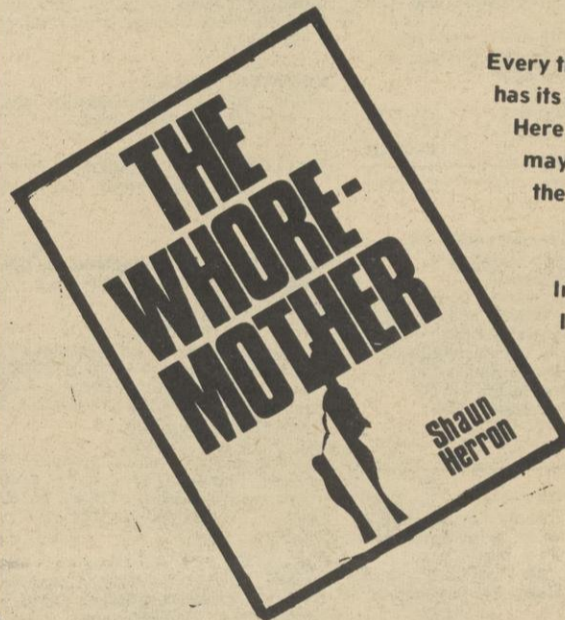
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# The Falls, Belfast--after the Protestants



photo by Jim Klukkert

## Local Poets make good

(continued from page 8)  
poetry, and a good chunk of local history gets set down under review and letter from the editor section.

Most of the magazines mentioned here, and the Kafka Memorial Union's Modine Gunch invite contributors. It might be well to read, or even buy, the magazine first. This spring might be a nice one for poetry, somehow, with Ed Dorn and Ted Berrigan agreed to come in, Diane Wakowski and Jerome Rothenberg in the area, perhaps to read, of the mag features some woofy wit by David Zack, an art teacher

up in Canada, "The Great Red Chinese Ceramic Art Contest." about an artistic Olympics, and the breathless rush of "The Opium Must go Through" by Charley Potts, sometimes known as Laffing Water and also sometimes as Little Lord Shiva, one of d.a. levy's buddies. David and Maria Gitin, Mary Gestelund, Richard Ihle, Bob Watt, and Jim Swadlo have poems in, Watt and Hannibal give it to the editor in angry letters better than most of their with Tuli Kupferberg on his way, with four literary magazines once again active, and —of course— with those outasight readings

each and every week and the good Good Karma Milwaukee mission. Wonder if there's any hope for drama?

Karl Armstrong is charged with bombing the Army Math Research Center—is charged with the destruction of a research center which produced and still produces blueprints for tools of genocide. We believe that a government which has conducted the most vicious bombing in the history of war has no right to try anyone for bombing!

Karl has also been charged with deliberately murdering a researcher who was in the building. First, we know that whoever bombed the AMRC timed the explosion to occur at about 3:30 a.m. on a week-end during semester break and phoned a warning to clear the building, which police ignored. It is clear that every effort was made to avoid injury to people. Second, while we regret that a life was lost in the explosion, government agents, police, and the media have callously used this man's death to stir up hysteria against Karl Armstrong, at the same time ignoring the fact that hundreds of innocent people lost their lives that same day in S.E. Asia under

genocidal bombing by the U.S. war machine. Nixon, Laird, and all the other admitted bombers should be on trial for murder, not Karl Armstrong!

Karl Armstrong is innocent! Since he has already been tried and convicted in the media, and since there is no justice in courts which serve the rich and oppress the poor, we do not believe that Karl can get a "fair" trial in Madison or in any court in the United States. At the same time, it is clear by the Majority Judgment of the Tokyo War Crimes Tribunal and the Principles of Nuremberg, that even bourgeois international law condemns Nixon and the U.S. ruling class as war criminals. In view of this, we demand the immediate release of Karleton Armstrong and the jailing of Nixon and Agnew, the real bombers and murderers. FREE KARI, ARMSTRONG!



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