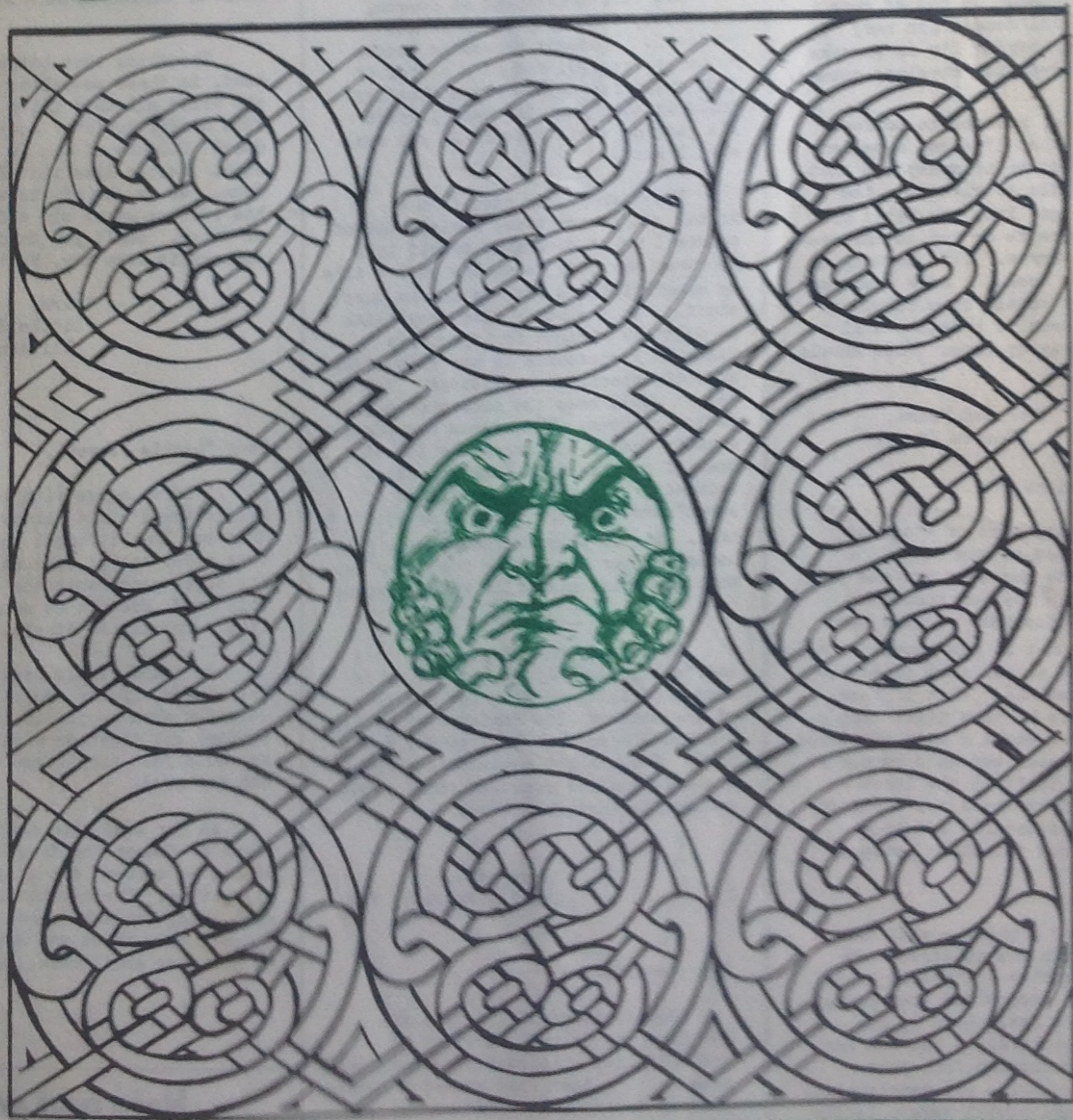




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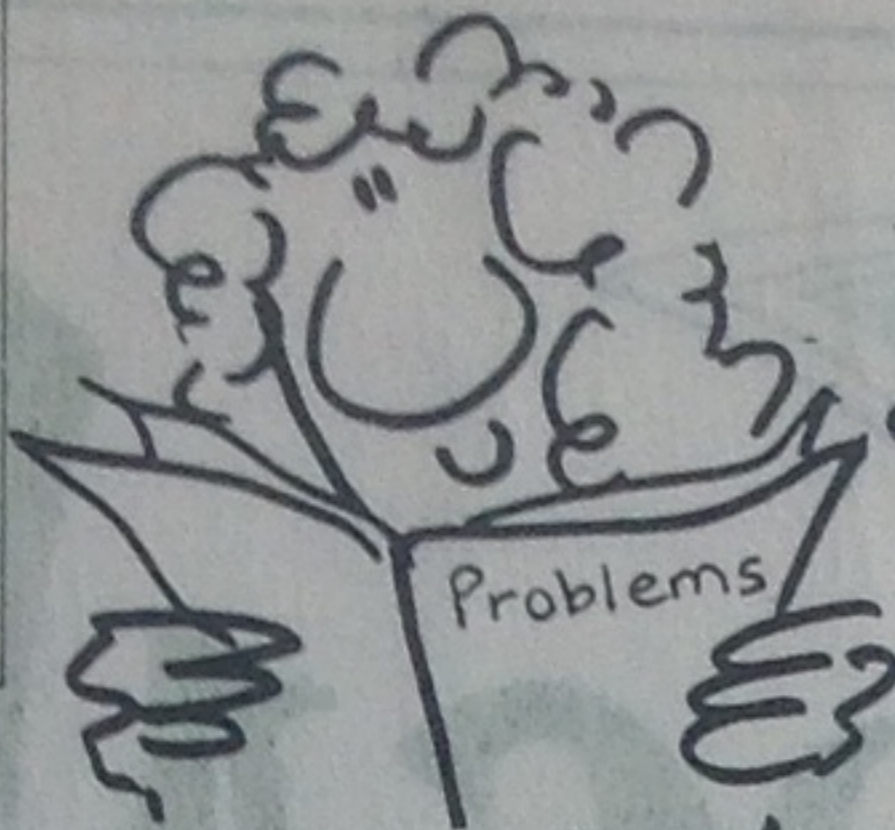
supermick
the taxman
problem page and letters
Deep Throat tells it all!

vol 1000 NO. 11 20p



MEAT-HEAD MACNAMARA

HELPING OUR READERS
WITH THEIR PROBLEMS



Help &

advice

Sexual and marital relations

reader
reply
service

Dear Meat-head,

I'm writing to you in desperation - no matter how hard I try I can't seem to make ends meet. I'm a widow woman with six small children and I've been working out what I spend each week in an effort to balance.

I spend £1 a week on sausage meat and bones for soup, another £1 on flour to make bread - milk, salt, the odd pound of sugar take another pound. What with shoes and clothes I don't have a penny left out of my £8.50 a week. As often as not I have to call on the St. Vincent de Paul to help me out. This last month has been a nightmare, Meat-head, what with electricity bills, gas bills and rent bills all arriving. On top of this I've had my final demand (in red) from the clergy saying I'm in arrears with my planned-giving envelope scheme.

What I feel ashamed to confess, Meat-head, is that I've got a secret vice that's costing me money and that I don't seem able to give up - the truth is I've got into the habit of smoking a cigarette or two in the evenings for my nerves. It's costing me at least 50p a week. I know the needs of the priests should come first but I just don't seem to have the will power to give up my vice. What should I do?

Worried Widow,
Pearce Street

Dear Worried Widow,

Yours is the sort of attitude that really makes me see red - I'm glad at least to see that you use the word "ashamed" - may God open your eyes to the selfishness of your position. I know that it has become fashionable to mock at our good priests - holy men one and all. What if from time to time one of them might take a ball of malt, or smoke a slim panatella, or put a pound each way on a runner at Leopardstown. Isn't it the least we can do to see that these men are kept well fed and comfortable and in a position to carry out their arduous duties.

As to your problem - what does a widow woman with six children want burning electricity - I'm sure tilly lamps did well enough for your mother and hers before her. Give up the cigarettes immediately - you can get valium on prescription from your doctor if your nerves are really playing you up - and you'll have a little bit left over for Peter's Pence and the Foreign Missions. Think of those less fortunate than yourself for a change. What's your problem?

Dear Meat-head,

I'm awfully worried about this problem of contraception; I'm not worried about whether it's a sin or not but my head's sore with the amount of conflicting advice I'm getting.

You will understand of course, Meat-head, that my problem is not personal. I bought shares in London Rubber years ago, and as a matter of fact everytime anyone has a theologically unsound fuck in these islands I'm getting a bit myself (if you see what I mean).

The bishops say that it's a mortal sin to use these devices and of course I never succumbed myself (all my women say they're on the pill - it's my ex-girlfriends who are on the hard stuff.) On the other hand they think it might be alright for specially licenced Protestants to use them under strictly specified conditions. You see it would keep the number of non-Catholics down. Then there are these Women's Groups - Lizzies the lot of them if you ask me! They're always whingeing away about the "rights of women" and indeed I sympathize with them. One of your brightest lads from London Rubber was saying the other day that the Irish market is virgin ground.

On top of that, Meat-head, that hoor's melt Jack Lynch has put me in charge of Irish fucking for the rest of the century (I'm Minister of Health, you know) - so what am I to do, Meat-head? I can't get a minute's peace on the Blaskets for dreaming about giant inflatable dirigible Durex.

Yours etc.,
Charlie Haughey, T.D.

Dear Machine-gun,

You don't mind if I call you Machine-gun, do you, Charlie? I wouldn't mind a holiday on the Blaskets meself. The last time we met I noticed you had lovely soft hands.....

Keep writing - we do enjoy
hearing from you

Dear Meat-head,

It is a pleasure to read your column in Focalin. Your firmness in upholding all that is best in Catholic Irish life is much appreciated in this home. (There's just me and a budgie and the cat but we like to think of ourselves as a Family.)

The thing that bothers me, Meat-head, is these so-called journalists who write all this filth in rags like "The Sunday World". Journalists indeed! Sultans of Sin is what I call them. People like that Eamonn Mc Cann. He is one of the worst with his writing about sin and that kind of thing. Don't you think we need censorship here now, Meat-head?

Yours,
"Little Flower",
Killarney

Dear "Little Flower",

I do so agree with you. "The Sunday World" is a filthy rag and they say that it might put my own dear paper out of business. But do you think censorship the way to handle this one? Doesn't it sound a wee bit like totalitarian Atheistic Russia?

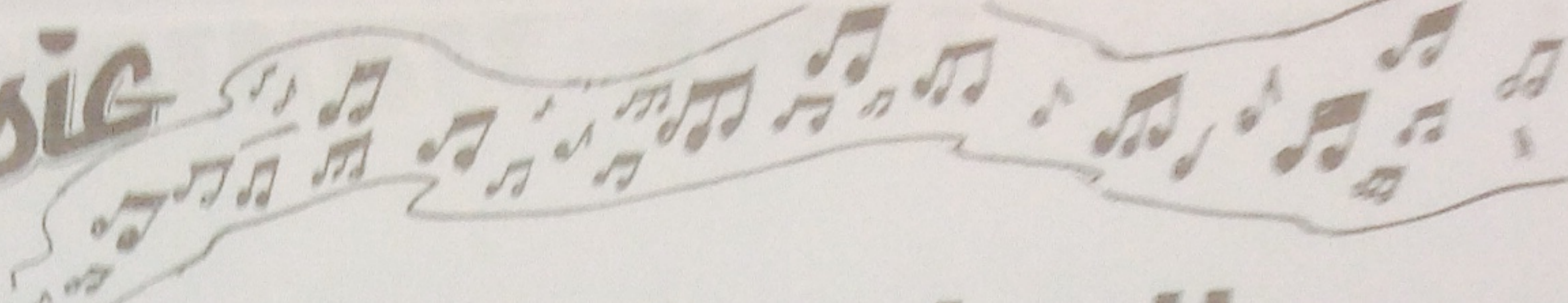
We don't really need censorship. No, indeed, if the whole 3 million decent-minded people in this Catholic country got together with one voice we could just stop these Sultans of Sin for good.

As for atheistic mountebanks like Ulick O' Connor and Mary Kenny they should be driven out of the country altogether. The cattle boat is the only thing for that class of creature. I don't know about wee Eamonn Mc Cann. He has very nice hands.....

Help and advice

Your questions on
marital and sexual problems
answered by MEAT-HEAD

Music



THE FOCALIN GUIDE TO TRADITIONAL IRISH MUSIC

(Introduction to a new cultural series)

Not so long ago you needed only two words when talking about Irish Traditional Music - "Big Tom". This "see and double you" star epitomised all that was pure and ethnic in the popular music of our people. Occasionally, maybe on a lunchtime sponsored programme on Radio Sireann, you'd hear the odd ceille band (two piano accordians, drums and piano) - but if you could hum "The Rakes of Mallow" you could always pass yourself.

NOW ALL THAT HAS CHANGED. Small groups of Philomena Begley fans gather disconsolately in their old haunts only to find that these have been taken over by the new wave - Irish Traditional Music, or I.T.M. Nowhere seems safe - where a man could till recently "lay his blanket on the ground" with confidence at least in Biddy Mulligan's, he is now forced to endure the skirl of the uilleann pipes, the tweet of the whistle and the whine of the concertina. No juke box, no lounge bar, no music shop seems safe from this plague of I.T.M.

Mindful of the old adage "If you can't beat them, join them" - Focalin, in cooperation with the Open University, is publishing a guide to the new music - Part 1 - "The Bodhran" will appear in our next issue. Meanwhile, why not avail of this generous offer: -

THE FOCALIN INFLATABLE BODHRAN KIT - COMPLETE WITH EASY INSTRUCTIONS ON HOW AND WHAT TO PLAY - PLUS A COMPREHENSIVE GUIDE TO THE MUSIC OF OUR PEOPLE - PLUS - (if you send for it today) AN EXCITING FREE GIFT. INTERESTED?? READ ON.....

LEARN TO PLAY

Just think - one minute you're sitting alone on a bar stool, the half-pint of lager'n lime perched before you, minding your own affairs and getting nowhere with the big Irish nurses roaming the place. Then behind you you overhear those magic words - "Do you know this one?... followed by the tun-dee-dee-tum of "The Humours of Westport" or "The Peeler's Jacket" - as a man with a beard pulls a tin whistle out of his sock and strikes up. You don't hesitate for a second - you whip out from your back pocket the FOCALIN INFLATABLE BODHRAN KIT and within minutes your hands are

Booming bodhrans



a flurry of rhythmic activity. You're part of a "session"; nurses fight with each other to supply you with pints; strong men with beer bellies clap you on the back and roar their encouragement. Planxties, jigs, reels, hornpipes - none of them bother you - for the special tutor gives you instructions on all you need to know. During the slow airs you can sit nodding, knowledgeably and sink a few drinks, secure in the knowledge that you'll not be going home alone tonight.



WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO:

Just send us your name, address and Postal Order for £100 and we will rush you the Focalin Patented Inflatable Bodhran. The kit includes:

- * Full adult size bodhran and instructions for easy assembly;
- * A stick;
- * Our unique booklet - "Is it a jig or a reel? - the mystery unravelled!"

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If you send today - a free gift of "Focalin Practice Spoons". The spoons are an ancient and honoured instrument due to make a big come-back soon.

This unique gift is a set of pure white plastic practice spoons - virtually soundless and ideal for silent practice in the privacy of your own home. When you're ready, graduate to the real thing and amaze your friends.

Don't miss this great offer. Send your money to:

FOCALIN CULTURAL SERVICES INC.

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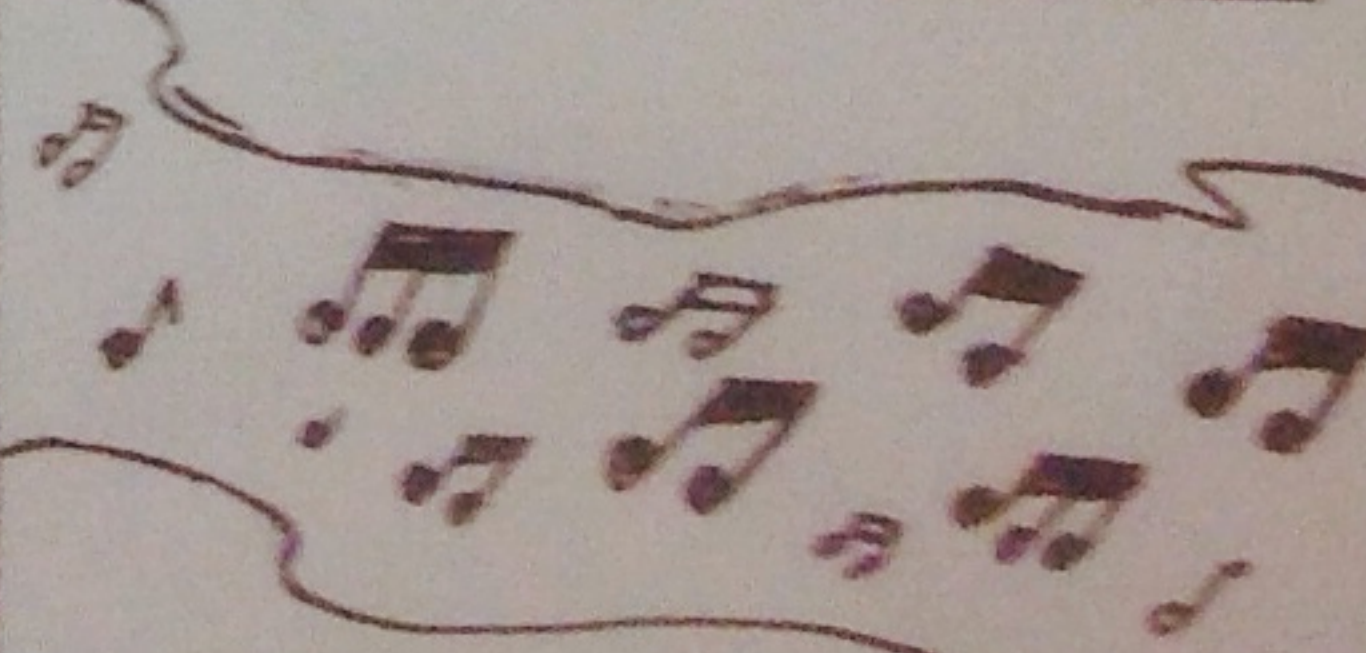
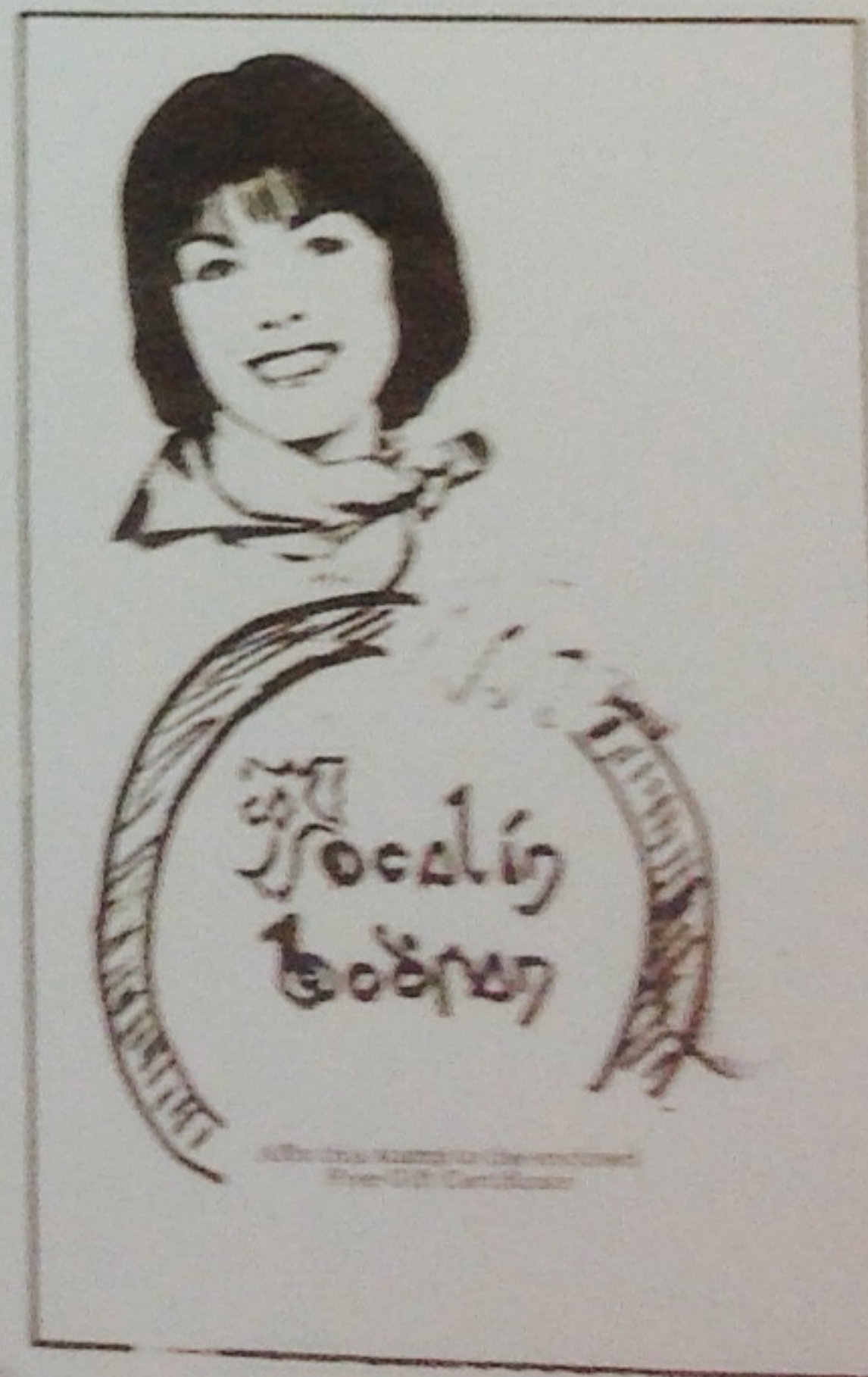
I ENCLOSE A POSTAL ORDER FOR £100

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Open up your purse

and pick up your pen.



fay's irish fiddlers

We Irish have a great tradition of preserving our unique way of life even when we live in miserable exile. Our brethren in America, for example, invented Tammany Hall. Here in London, we have not done quite so well, although we do have Michael O'Halloran, M.P. to our credit.

However, there is one institution of which we can be proud. I refer, of course, to FAY'S IRISH FIDDLERS.

Mark Up

FAY'S IRISH FIDDLERS consists of three shops. The headquarters is in Arlington Road, Camden Town, and there are branches in Kilburn and Cricklewood. Do you want a Big Tom record or one of Billy McBurney's raucous ditties? Drop into FAY'S and pay well over the odds for the record of your choice. Perhaps you like to read the death notices in your local newspaper? FAY'S will sell you one at 3p more than it should cost.

Do you need a Mass Card? FAY'S supplies them at a mark-up of roughly one hundred per cent.

Memories

Many of us go to FAY'S just to breathe in the atmosphere. We remember wistfully the local gombeen grocery shop where everything cost at least three-pence too much. Our hearts ache for the sight of the gombeen man and his lady wife who knew that the sun shone out of their fat arses. Money alone would not guarantee proper service in such an emporium. No, for that you would need a bit of class, or at least a sibling in the clergy.

Museum

Thanks to FAY'S IRISH FIDDLERS, these simple pleasures are available in London. FAY'S is a museum of gombeenery. It is our duty to preserve it.

Mrs Fay has no truck with vulgar foreign notions like fixed meal-breaks, paid over time or statutory holidays.

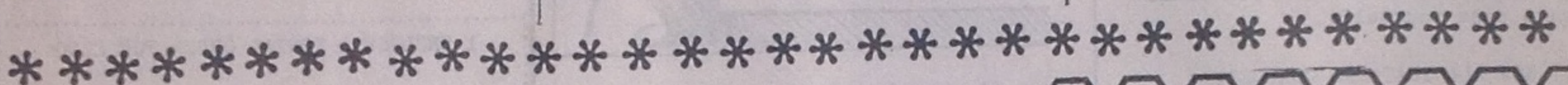
Luck Of The Irish

We are lucky to have a valuable institution like FAY'S with us in exile. So don't go buying cheap country and western cartridges. Subsidise Mrs FAY'S rather flash life-style and ensure that the gombeen shop is preserved for future generations.

Pay-Slips

Do not be rude to the wretched shop assistants in FAY'S. They work six days a week for a pittance. Sunday work is compulsory. FAY'S employees have never seen a payslip. FAY'S clings to our ancient traditions.

Advertisement



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

A Chara,

Perhaps you will permit me to take up some space in the columns of your organ to outline to your readership a scheme for the reunification of Ireland in which every Irishman living in exile can take part. As you no doubt know, our gallant lads who are incarcerated in the British concentration camp known as "The Maze" are continuing with their very successful sanitation strike - refusing to "slop out" or indeed even use the toilets until their demands are met.

The Irishman in England

Their action and determination is a shining example to us all. How wonderful if their fellow Irishmen living in England could follow their lead! I myself have initiated a campaign in the heartland of the Empire - Muswell Hill N.10. Since April I have refused to flush the toilet in my digs for political reasons - a small start but Rome wasn't built in a day. The landlady objected after a while but I soon put her right, and before long had enlisted the cooperation of the nationally minded lodgers. We coined a slogan for our campaign: "We'll never pull the chain, we'll never pull the chain, Till Ireland long a Province, be a Nation once again."

As you can imagine, what with the recent hot spell it wasn't long before matters came to the attention of the authorities. As luck would have it the man from the Sanitary who duly arrived turned out to be a "loyalist" from Islandmagee who marched off saying he refused to clean up after Republicans.

Lately we have begun to escalate our campaign - and this is where your readers come in. A quick crap in a public place, a surreptitious leak in the back of a crowded bus, a shitty nappy discarded from the twenty-second floor of the high-rise - all these can be nails in the coffin of British Imperialism in Ireland.

Even missing the pub urinal and pissing on your boots - though a long established custom and not generally regarded as an act of republican solidarity - can play its small part in the struggle for reunification.

This campaign may seem trivial and even a little distasteful to some, but the leadership of the Republican Movement - who are in a metaphysical sense the real government of Ireland - have sanctioned it. Already we are drawing up plans for a massive "Shit-in" in Downing Street for the middle of July. We will not cease our exertions until Britain, awash in excrement from Lands End to John O'Groats, withdraws its bully boys from Ireland.

Is mise
le meas.
(Name and address
supplied)

SPOTLIGHT

A little bird from Lawrence and Wishart tells me a charming story about Christopher Desmond GREAVES the most famous Irish member of the Communist Party of Great Britain. Comrade Greaves has written a study of Sean O'Casey, a man who never tried to conceal the fact that he was a communist. Does this mean that the proprietor of the Connolly Association and THE IRISH DEMOCRAT is coming out of the closet in Gray's Inn Road at last? Unfortunately not. Comrade Greaves has decided that the time is not yet ripe for the innocent Mick to be told that Comrade Greaves is a communist. The chapter headings in his study of O'Casey are in German!

Such is Christopher Desmond's passion for secrecy that he refuses to translate the German quotations into any language more widely understood by us poor Micks.

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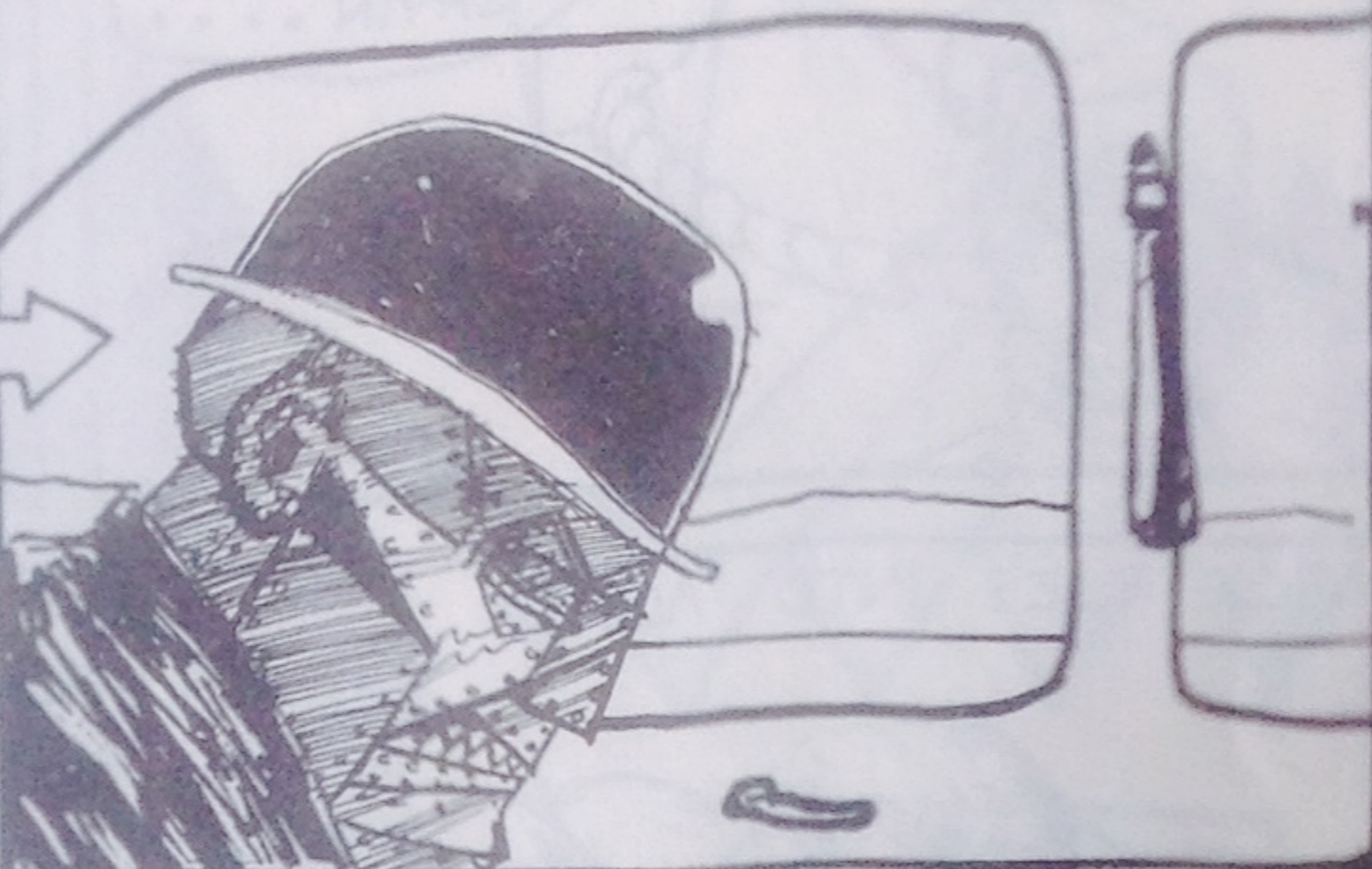
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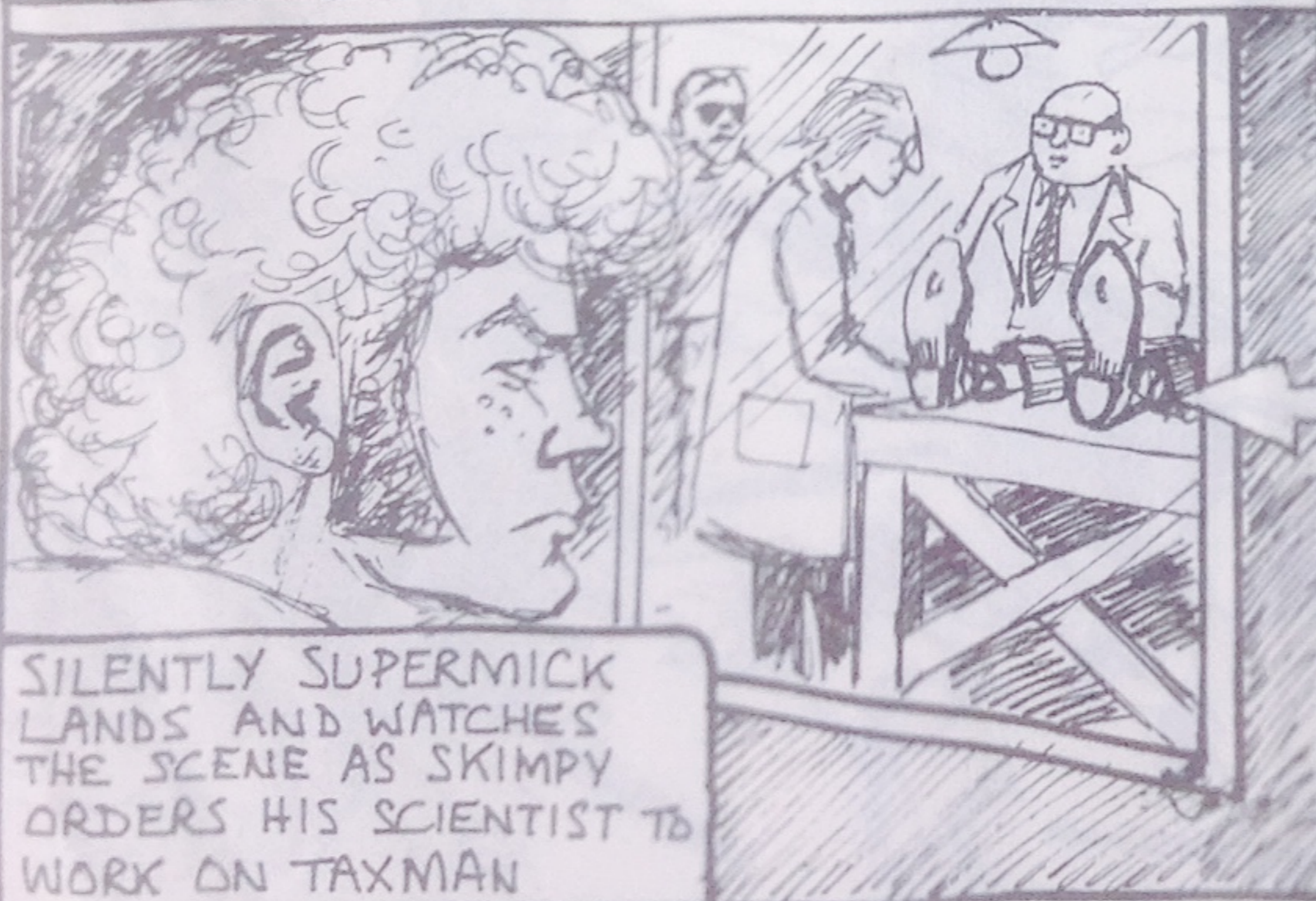
SUPERMICK

SUPERMICK HAS RECOVERED HIS POWER DUE TO, OF ALL THINGS, AN ACCIDENTAL BLOW ON THE HEAD FROM AN OIL-CAN THROWN FROM A SPEEDING CAR BY HIS ARCH-ENEMY TAXMAN WHO HAS BEEN TAMPERED WITH BY SUPERMICK'S EVEN ARCHER ENEMY SKIMPY, WHO PLANS TO USE TAXMAN IN HIS BID FOR TOTAL CAPITALIST DOMINATION.

HIGH OVERHEAD SUPERMICK TRAILS TAXMAN'S CAR AS IT HEADS TOWARDS THE STEELWORKS WHERE THE METAL MONSTER HAD HIS BEGINNINGS



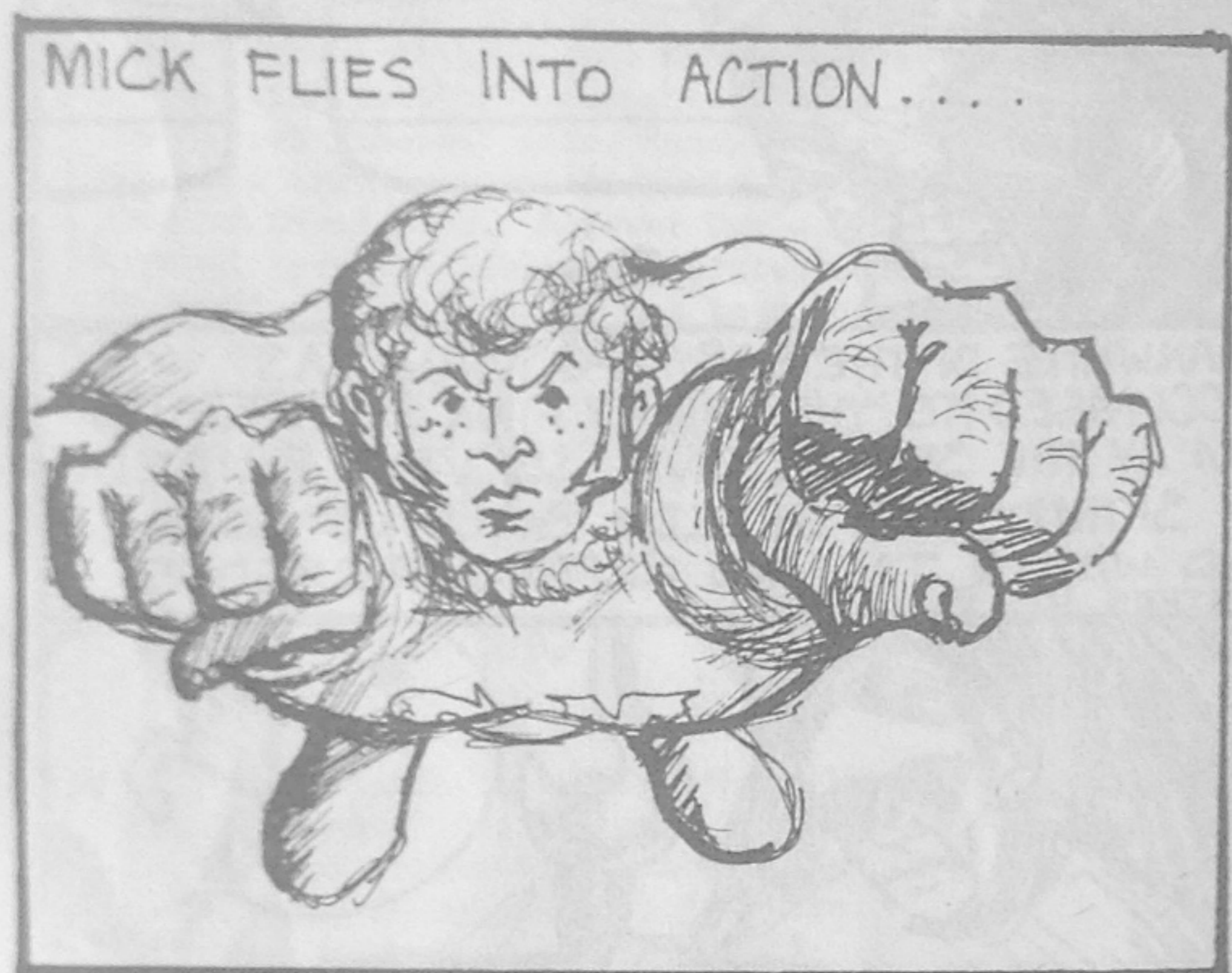
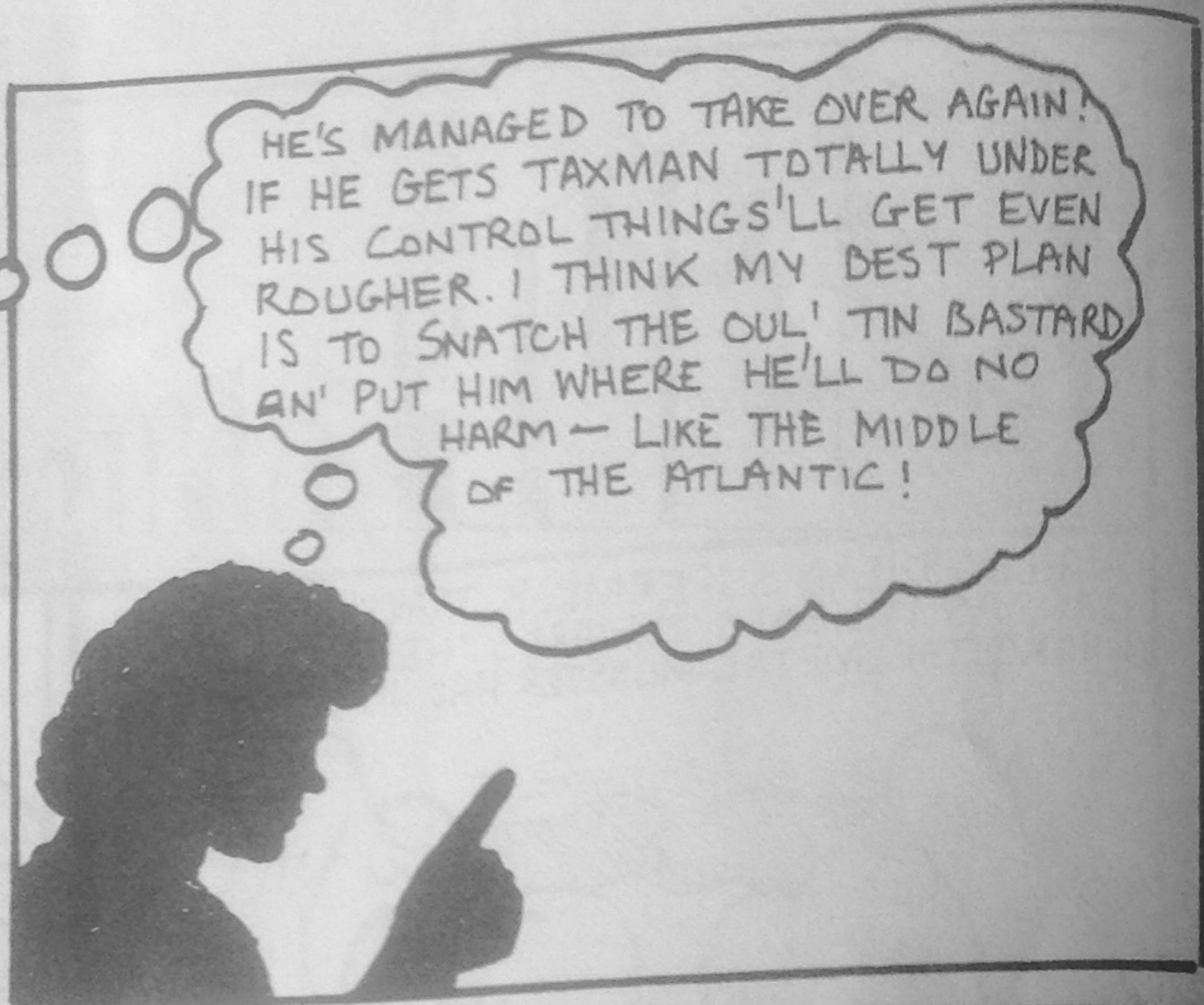
MEANWHILE IN THE CAR TAXMAN HAS SUCCEMIBED TO THE MICKY FINN SLIPPED TO HIM BY THE SENIOR CIVIL SERVANT BRIBED BY SKIMPY THE GREEDY BUILDING BOSS WHO WANTS TAXMAN REPROGRAMMED TO FURTHER HIS EVIL PLANS



SILENTLY SUPERMICK LANDS AND WATCHES THE SCENE AS SKIMPY ORDERS HIS SCIENTIST TO WORK ON TAXMAN



TAXMAN IS HOISTED FROM THE CAR BY A GROUP OF MOONLIGHTING S. A. S. MEN HIRED BY SKIMPY, THEY BRING HIM INSIDE





SNATCHING THE STILL IMMOBILE
TAXMAN SUPERMICK MAKES OFF
INTO THE ETHER. WILL HE REDUCE
TAXMAN TO A HEAP OF IRON FILING
AND SO END HIS MENACE?

SEE NEXT ISSUE!

PEOPLE IN POLITICS



Poor Henry Kelly! One of the most arrogant hacks ever to pollute the pubs around the "Irish Times", this middle-aged boy-wonder has a glorious future behind him. Henry has just failed to become London Editor of the "Irish Timeses" (sic).

Henry has the odd spectacular failure under his belt already. When Uncle Michael retired from his sinecure as "leading political commentator" of the "Irish Timeses" (sic) Henry assumed that his arrogance entitled him to the post of Great Bore. However Uncle Michael gave the job to the pretentious Stick Dick Walsh. Henry has been too busy developing his career to bother with joining anything. However rumour has it that he is now looking around for a likely conspiracy. Watch your back, Martin Cowley.

TURD

As a consolation prize the ailing "Irish Timeses" is going to give Henry the post of writer of "QUIDNUNC" the most boring diary column in Western European journalism - SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI. "Quidnunc" consists of a list of radio programmes inaccurately transcribed by Seamus "Old Moore's Almanack" Kelly. Some "Irish Timeses" staff members think that Henry won't be smart enough to copy out programmes. Lucky old "Quidnunc" fans!



Mr. Charles Haughey

Don't make too many smart-assed remarks about MACHINE-GUN CHARLIE Haughey, the King of the Blaskets! His Majesty Haughey I doesn't stand for that class of thing. A prostitute (no doubt a foreigner - Ed.) tried to blackmail King Charlie a while back. Machine-Gun went around to her place and beat her up with military precision.

I am afraid that we have to tell you more about the odious Dublin hack, Don Michael Cronioni who is chairperson of the Dublin branch of the NUJ. Don Cronioni used to frequent the White Horse Bar, a notorious haunt of the dregs of Dublin hackery. (Legend has it that "The Irish Press" the "Evening Press" and "The Sunday Press" are often invented there.)

Don Michael was barred from the White Horse together with Mr. J. Kelly, Chairperson of the Irish Industrial Council. It transpires that Don Cronioni has a penchant for cats. He interrupted himself in the White Horse Bar to try to get off with the barman's cat.

VILE

The cat wasn't having any of this and the barman didn't like it much either. J. Kelly tried to defuse the situation by saying "FUCK THE CAT". Unfortunately Don Cronioni took this as an order rather than a casual remark. The barman has barred the pair of them. Right on, Barman.

DRINK

I am afraid there is more scandal about Eternal Youth Kennedy recently of "The Sunday World" which will get the knickers off one of its models yet.

Eternal Youth has just got a £9,000 handshake from the gutter rag. Complete with his little present Eternal Youth attended a "going-away" party in Morris' Bar, Terenure. It was a carrying-away party for Eternal Youth's fellow hacks who had to carry Eternal Youth out.

Eternal youth is going to run a chicken farm in Co. Meath. He wishes to be known in future as EARL RATH-DRINAGH OF BEAUPARC. No doubt his few friends will be happy to oblige at least as long as he is setting them up.

FILTH

Eternal Youth tells me that chicken farming involves carrying semen from cocks (male chickens, Ed.) to female chicks (birds? Ed.). I have good news for Meath-based chickens: Eternal Youth is a bit of an expert with the ladies although they don't see it quite like that. Just so long as he remembers the difference between chickens and ladies. Watch it, Meath Chickens!

Willie O'Brien is a wonderful human being who is familiar with all kinds of devices.



Gene Fitzgerald, 44.

As it happens he has been found bugging Union meetings. Questions in the Dail were probably misdirected. The silly T.D.'s should have asked Gene Fitzgerald about it. After all he is the "sleeping" partner in Willie's firm.

LIBEL

I had got fond of the Cruiser because the former Runai of Sinn Fein the Workers' Party (that's enough of that - Ed.) told me he was a nice ould boy. So I am delighted to report that Cruiser has rethought this "two-nations" nonsense. At a recent meeting of the British Advertising Association Conor delighted his hosts by shouting "We are all Hibs together" and "Up the IRA". What does this mean? Does it mean that



Cruiser has returned to the National Fold? (Cut out this crap. It means that he was drunk - Ed.)

BET

Why is Aine O'Connor of RTE presently "on the sick"? I only asked, backs.

Dublin



PEOPLE

Readers of Focalin will already be familiar with the nefarious activities of the Tri-lateral Commission. Funded by the notorious robber-barons, the Rockefellers, the Commission embraces like-minded hooligans from Japan, Western Europe and, of course, the U.S. of A. It has the odd CIA operative in its ranks but we shouldn't worry about it because it is devoted to the concept of "One World Government".

MOB

They haven't quite agreed on who would be in charge of this wonderful new form of human organisation. It might be the mighty warlords who brought us Pearl Harbour. Or again their erstwhile opponents the Mafia-dominated American ruling class might like a piece of the action. The Commission strongly supports the gangster

President of the Phillipines "Filipino" Marcos so that might give you an inkling of their love for peace, freedom and democracy.

Do not be alarmed by all this, dear reader. The Commission has recently recruited the bigoted leader of the Free State Labour Party, Frank Cluskey (Who? -Ed.). So us Micks are safe for the minute. Cluskey is a walking disaster area comparable only in its bleakness to the late Brendan Corish, God rest him.

SIN

Would you believe it if I told you that the hacks of the bare ass and tit "Sunday World" are the highest paid hacks in the history of Irish journalism? Such is the amount of used green ones dispensed to this illiterate shower that your average "Sunday World" hack now drinks nothing but champagne!

OLD

Left-wing NUJ President Dennis Mc Shane is in a spot of bother. It is not so much the evil capitalist system although that makes Dennis' head tingle. No, it is ageing tennis professional Vincent "Furry-Belly" Hanna who was seen colluding with right-wing Tim Fell in a pub on the fringes of Bloomsbury last week. Watch your back, Dennis lad!

DEEP THROAT

The true voice of Dublin

CHARISMA



Next issue of Focalin carries an advertisement for CHARISMA the stunning new bi-sexual aroma which is sweeping Ireland like "Saturday Night Fever". A hybrid concoction originating in the U.S. of A. and patented by tulip-sniffers in Holland the aroma is so strong and pungent that an instant bond is forged between its wearers who have now formed themselves into the Charismatic Movement with the avowed intention of promoting and propogating the smell that gets them so happy and high.

The Charismatic Movement meets in halls and churches throughout Ireland. On these occasions the accumulated power of the aroma causes the members to take complete leave of their senses. Many are moved to tears; some rise to such transports of intense joy that they cry out in foreign tongues: "Take me - I'm yours", and other passionate entreaties to the spectre of the smell.

Strong priests under the influence of Charisma have been known to fling their arms wide and hug to their celibate breasts ladies old and young murmuring soft words of love and affection. Quarrelling neighbours link arms, the tone-deaf sing like canaries, Irishmen embrace and kiss, and all present vow to live and die with Charisma behind their ears.

For those of you who have not already tried this wonderful new aroma it is not too late. The Charismatic Movement welcomes new users with open arms and multi-lingual greetings. Just go along to one of their SMELL-TOGETHERS and get a whiff of the bliss that comes with CHARISMA.

meeting

THE EVEN tenor of life in Dublin's fashionable suburb of Ballsbridge was shattered on Saturday night by swaying groups of people singing on the streets. But they were not the usual late night carousers, fresh from the pubs: priests and nuns mingled among them and the songs they sang were hymns.

They had just emerged from the jumping enclosure in the Royal Dublin Society's showgrounds, ecstatic after a two hour prayer meeting, where they attended this year's international Conference on Charismatic Renewal in the Catholic Church.

The three-day conference ended yesterday afternoon with another emotionally charged session and a celebrated mass. Up to 20,000 people sang hymns, spoke "in tongues," held hands, kissed, chanted "Praise the Lord" and "hallelujah." Old style religious revivalism seems to have gained a significant foothold in the Catholic Church.

The conference sessions, as superbly stage managed as a Billy Graham meeting, seemed slightly incongruous in the "RDS," the home of the Dublin Horse Show and political party conferences. But the delegates, all smiling, pleasantly polite, and greeting each other with "Praise the Lord," seemed quite at home.

At Saturday's session, a Puerto Rican priest delicately built up the atmosphere with his definitions of praise ("Noise contemplation") and Hallelujah ("Holy wow"). "Why don't we stand up and take a look at God," he said, and they stood up, arms outstretched, eyes closed and began the melodious babbling of speaking in tongues.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



Oifig An Taoisigh,
Baile Átha Cliath

11 adh Júil 1978

An Éagarthóir,

Focalín,

A Dhuine Uasail,

It was with great joy we learnt of your decision to publish our communication (c.f. Focalín No 10 available at £1 per issue from the usual outlets) and to throw your (considerable) weight behind the new invigorated "I'm backing Jack" campaign of national renaissance.

We have a special appeal to make to your readers in London. It is with a heavy heart that we learn of the antics of that scut, Cruiser the Boozer. Despite being decisively rejected by the plain people of Ireland the last election, he continues his campaign of vilification in that Foreign Office gutter rag. Week after week, he denigrates all that's best in the Irish republican tradition i.e. my leadership of the Irish Nation and the glorious record of Fianna Fail.

By all accounts, his sojourn in St John of Gods has not done him much good. Reports from London tell of how he rolls home regularly to his house-boat on the Chelsea Embankment lingers drunk.

Will no nationally minded Irishmen (Irish persons) rid me of this meddlesome shooneen? Surely it must be possible for Focalín to organise a London Irish choir, who will regularly greet Cruiser's homecomings with a few bars of "Legions of the Rearguard"?

Eire Go Bráth,

Le Meas,

Jack, (the real Taoiseach).

Derry, 15 June 1978

Dear Focalín,

Why are you picking on wee Father Coulter? I know he is a pretentious snob, but there is worse than him about. What about the Dean (in charge of beating boys) who went mad a few years ago?

"Ex-College Boy", Creggan
(Name and address supplied)

Focalin replies:

We know the one you mean, but we don't like to sneer at a man's sexual tastes. It is rough on schoolboys, but some priests enjoy beating boys. If you have been to the College, you should know that beating boys is not a mortal sin unless followed by hand relief. Since Vatican II, there has been some controversy about beating girls, but that is another question. The whole subject is dealt with in tasteful detail in FOCALIN MANUAL NO 1 - CORPORAL PUNISHMENT - ONE OF THE PERKS OF AN IRISH TEACHER'S LIFE.



A Chara,

Reading your last issue I was appalled to discover that neither my letter nor any of the others orchestrated in defense of Gerry (sic) Lawless and answering those slanderous attacks in Focalín No 8 were published.

I confronted one of your sellers in the Crown. He admitted that there had been deliberate suppression of these letters.

I wish to protest most vigorously against this assassination campaign. Is your newspaper prepared to be linked with such notorious rags as the Sunday Independent, The Sunday Times Insight column, Bowyer Bell and the Workers Press etc. etc. who have in the past also used such discredited tactics to attempt to denigrate a man of the same standing in the eyes of the Irish people as James Connolly?

Mise,

Le meas

Paddy (Cricklewood)

P.S. Unless this situation is rectified, I will reveal all to the London correspondent of the Sunday World.

from the papers

GOOSE VANISHED

A snow white goose has disappeared from an enclosure at Roemill Road in Limavady and police in the town are looking for the thieves. The bird vanished at Easter time and all efforts to recover it have failed. Anyone in Limavady who can help the police track down the thieves is asked to contact the local police station, Limavady 3523.

Derry Journal, Friday, April 7, 1978

● CONOR CRUISE O'BRIEN, moving from Dublin to London in his new role as editor-in-chief of Another Newspaper, is to live on a houseboat, on the Thames. "Well," says a friend, "he's a middle-aged hippy." But it's reassuring to know that it will be moored beside ever-exclusive Cheyne Walk, Chelsea.

THE SUNDAY TIMES

Ex-UDA speaker at Peace Conference shot in leg

Irish Weekly, Saturday 6th May, 1978-9

TELEVISION Peter Cleary

PICK OF THE TV MOVIES

By CIARAN CARTY

YOU CAN see screen history being made in "The Pawnbroker" (RTE Fri.). By showing a woman unbutton her blouse and fully expose both breasts.

Sunday Independent, February 19, 1978

Urbi et Orbe

Conor de Courcy-Whyte



SON ET LUMIERE IN MAYO

Dedicated as I am to the unceasing pursuit of the Good, the True and the Beautiful, I find myself reading "THE CONNAUGHT TRIBUNE" in the early morning. (You think I am joking? Let me tell you that the letters page of THE CONNAUGHT TRIBUNE is a mine of useful information on topics like contraception. It was from that page that I learnt that SELF-CONTROL is the most reliable, theologically sound form of contraception. I had previously imagined that self-abuse was your only man if you didn't lust after the Family Allowance. Self-Abuse is a reliable form of contraception, especially if carried to excess; but it is theologically unsound.)

Anyway, I read in THE TRIBUNE that Fianna Fail have refused to give a grant out of central government funds for the development of a car-park and other facilities at Knock, one of Ireland's most famous shrines. Fianna Fail wants to put the Blessed Virgin on the rates. They will be putting her in the Workhouse next!

My granny used to say that no good would come of that Spanish bastard De Valera's crowd and I am beginning to think that she was right.



PROTESTANT LANDLORD

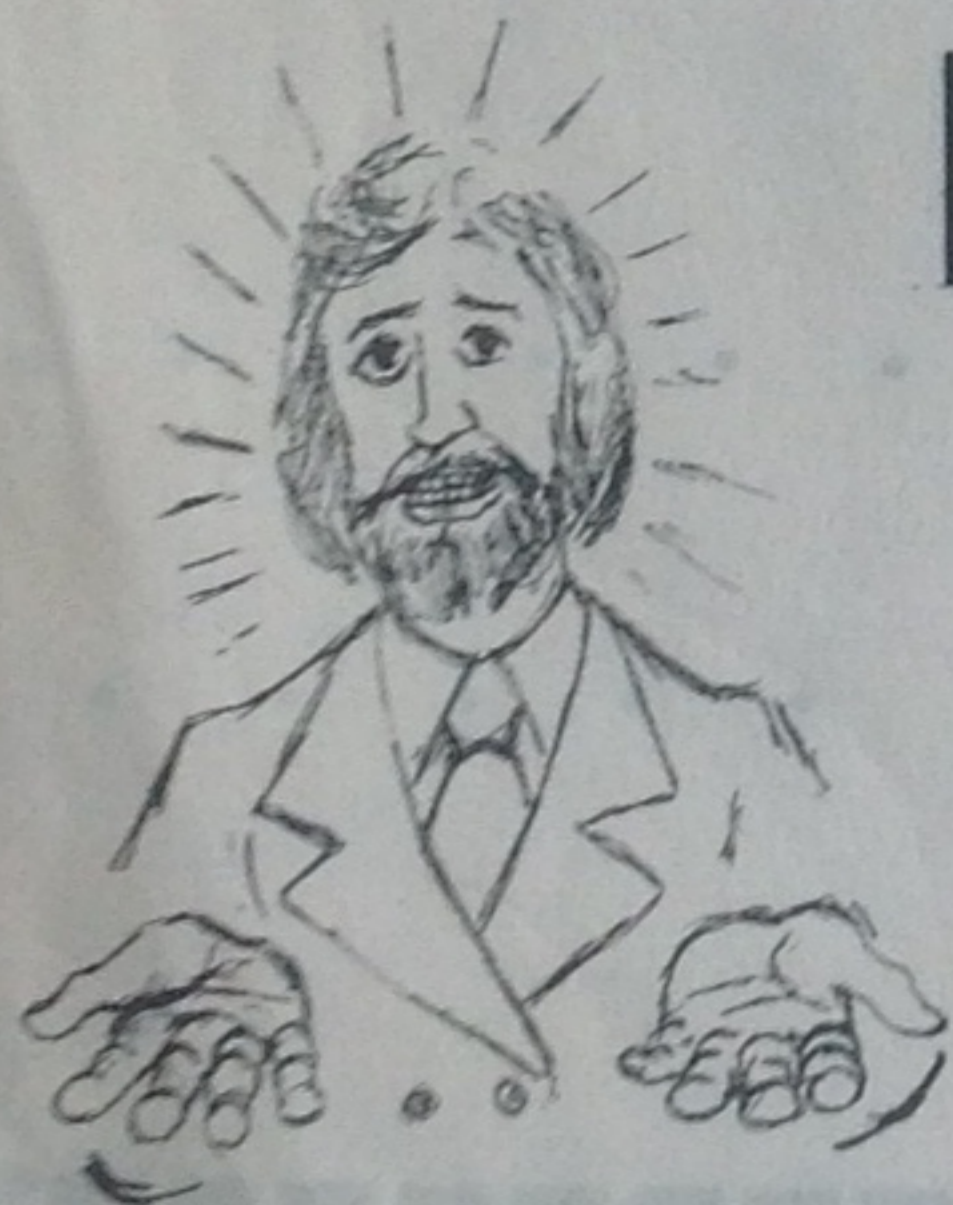
Holy Mary, Mother of God, grant me a happy death, or at least just this once open the pubs at 10.30. 300 days if said with a pure heart. Later in the hangover I find myself sitting on a lavatory bowl reading an old colour supplement of one of your better Sunday newspapers. Actually, I was studying the advertisements when my un-coordinated vision strayed onto an article about poitin. You know the stuff. The Bishop of Clogher made the use of it a "reserved" sin in the early 1950's.

Drop o' the hard stuff

I don't like to nitpick but there was a misprint in the colour supplement and the word 'poteen' was used throughout. Anyway, it seems that Belfast's greatest living anarchist, John McGuffeen has written a book on poitin. As I remember him, John is an old Campbell College boy and a Protestant so I suppose it is alright for him to write a book about poitin. The American sales should help with his mortgage which was put at risk when he was imprisoned for forty-eight hours in August 1971.

Conor de Courcy-Whyte

The power to heal



FOCALIN is happy to announce that we have secured the services of one of Ireland's greatest living FAITH-HEALERS.

Starting with this issue PINTOP O'BANKRUPT will offer a postal healing service in our columns. Send your little problems and your name and address on the back of a five-pound note to Pintop O'Bankrupt c/o Focalin. Don't sit there staring at your warts! DO IT NOW!

Pintop begins his series with a query submitted by the editor's budgie:

Dear Pintop,

What's this "problem of addiction" that I read about in the gutter press? I enclose five pounds.

Yours, etc.

A Wee Bird.

Dear Wee Bird,

Most Irish addicts are hooked on alcohol, nicotine and religion. The first two are easy to give up but religion is a real killer. Its pushers do not need to advertise and they foist their lethal drug on young children. It is not unusual to find an Irish child of eight being 'confirmed' in his or her use of the drug by a "Bishop". (See my forthcoming volume, "The Italian Connection".)

As with all addictions people who become dependent on religion refuse to recognise the harm it does to them. Most Irish addicts mainline the Catholic superstition but in Northern Ireland there is a large group who, for historical reasons, are hooked on the Protestant superstition.

So deep does the addiction go that users refer to themselves as 'Protestants' or 'Catholics'. So we have Catholic 'atheists' and Protestant 'atheists', Catholic 'socialists' and Protestant 'socialists' and even, God help us, Catholic 'communists' and Protestant 'communists'.

(THAT IS QUITE ENOUGH OF THAT, PINTOP. JASUS! WE WILL NEVER GET RICH SELLING THIS CLASS OF CHAT OUTSIDE CHURCH DOORS - EDITOR.)

PINTOP FAITH HEALER



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A LETTER HOME



A Sheáin a Mhíoc,

Tá mé ag scríobh ar píosa toilet paper mar tá mé sa Nick. Is trua le rá, a Sheáin, ach bhí mé ag dul ar bord Sealink nuair a bhí mé nabbed.

"Small matter of a fine," arsa'n Peeler. "Just come with me."

Is dóiche gur chuimhin leat an t-am sin nuair a bhris mé fuinneog ar an Bakerloo Line. Bound over a bhí mé agus £100 le pá agam. Bhí mé sa shít anois gan amhras ar bith!

Tugadh arais go London under escort mé. Tá súil agam go bhfuil £100 ag Paddy Green mar tá mé comhair a bheith marbh leis an thirst. Níl scéal ar bith eile agam an t-am seo, a Sheáin.

Is mise, Eoin.