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the magazine

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Seen on this page: Michael Dwyer, John James, George Maguire, Colum Cronin, Ger and Gemma O'Donovan, Eamon Lankford and Eugene Daly, Fintan O'Connell, Dominic Carroll, Paul Goode, Dominic Casey, Cathal O'Donovan, Brendan Lyons, Finola Byrne, Sean Murray, Cecilia O'Callaghan, Declan Newman, Celeste Shorten, Christine Nagle, Anne Breen, Rita O'Connell and Ann Cahalane.

On this page: Fintan O'Connell and Dominic Casey make a presentation to Jonathan Self, Jonathan Self speaking at the launch, and Lorraine from Mike's BBQ supplies the food.

Author predicts success for INSPIRE BOOKS

More than 200 people attended the launch of Inspire Books on Thursday June 2 last. Author and journalist Jonathan Self, who gave the keynote speech at the launch, said that although the book publishing industry was now undergoing a major upheaval, he believed there were a number of reasons why Inspire Books would thrive.

"About a decade ago two changes occurred that have made life very tricky for traditional publishers," he said. "First of all, the Internet transformed the way in which information was distributed. Why pay for something if it is available for free?

"Secondly, new handheld devices such as the Kindle and iPad have made publishing completely virtual. Why suffer the inconvenience and expense of printed material when you can read and store 10,000 books on a device the size of a paperback? Not surprisingly, sales of newspapers, magazines and books have been plummeting. The publishing industry as we know it is going to the wall."

"Under these circumstances you might think that it was rather a brave decision to be launching a new publishing company, especially in the middle of a recession, and in a small, relatively rural community.

"But I believe there are lots of reasons why Inspire will thrive. To begin with, they aren't planning to be a traditional publisher. Yes, they are producing these very attractive printed editions – but they will be publishing all their titles as ebooks and – of course – tonight we are also launching their new website. Then there is their choice of material. I am certain that their first two books are going to sell well and if you look at their forthcoming publications there are plenty of exciting titles planned."

"Finally, they are based in West Cork. West Cork spreads its tentacles far and wide. I remember that years ago – long before the Internet – I wrote an article for the Chicago Tribune and within 48 hours someone had come up to me while I was shopping in Fullers in Union Hall to ask me all about it.

"I am certain that this West Cork network is really going to help Inspire get the word out about what it is

Seen on this page: Fintan and Rita O'Connell, Dominic and Gemma Casey; Declan McCarthy and Gearoid MacEoin; Mr and Mrs. Tadhg O'Donovan; Paul Vassallo, Maurice Sweeney, Seamus O'Brien, Perry O'Donovan, James O'Brien, Sophie Pentek and Sara Haggerty; Gerald O'Brien, Jerome Geaney, and William Casey; Catherine Fitzmaurice.

doing. I am also certain that the inhabitants of West Cork are going to give the company lots and lots of support."

Inspire Books is a subsidiary of Inspire, which is owned and managed by Fintan O'Connell and Dominic Casey. It provides a wide range of print and design services using state-of-the-art digital printing technology and also offers a bespoke web-to-print facility to a number of clients.

The first titles to be published by Inspire are Sketches in Carbery by Daniel Donovan and Irish Family Names by Peadar O'Donovan. These are part of the Inspire Classic Books series, which will re-introduce readers to important works that shed a light on different aspects of Irish history. They will be followed by George Bennett's History of Bandon.

Sketches in Carbery is the charming and much loved homage to the Barony of Carbery by Daniel Donovan, son of the famous "Famine Doctor". Published originally in 1876, it was the first book about West Cork by someone writing not from an essentially colonialist point of view, but about his own people, his own landscape, and his own world. This new edition has a comprehensive bibliography and guide to sources as well as an illustrated map.

In Irish Family Names, published to sell-out success 20 years ago, Peadar O'Donovan provides a splendid guide to Ireland's rich and tangled past through the lens of family history. Politics and other ways of understanding ourselves and society come and go, but families are forever, as this classic work so powerfully testifies.

Other titles from Inspire Books will be Love From Cork by Perry O'Donovan, a unique view of Cork county and city as presented in postcards from the last century, The Way We Were, a poignant account by Alfie O'Mahony of his years at Baltimore Industrial School, and Peak Oil, an important contribution to the debate on world oil reserves presented in a series of essays by leading experts and edited by Colin Campbell, recognised as the main pioneer in this field.

Jonathan and Marianne surrounded by friends (including many from Cork) at their wedding in Grand Central Station in New York

Self discovery

Author and journalist Jonathan Self tells Maurice Sweeney about his abiding love affair with West Cork

There is a strong theme of unconventionality running through Jonathan Self's life, an unconventionality that is starkly revealed in his autobiography *Self Abuse*, where he lays out all the details of a dysfunctional upbringing that he and his younger brother (the novelist Will Self) had to endure at the hands of a distant father and a difficult, erratic mother, followed by an addiction to cocaine, two failed marriages, large doses of therapy, and making a fortune by the time he was 30 in direct marketing but hating every minute of it.

Even his first introduction to Ireland as a child was different. "We actually used to stay with a friend of my father's, an anthropologist, who lived in Corofin in Clare," he explains. "His name was Bernard Schaffer and he was working with and studying the itinerants. I remember helping to teach itinerant children to read as part of my holiday. Afterwards we would be invited in to their homes—often little more than a shack by the side of the road. It was a huge eye opener: children without shoes, people without food.

"On these visits to Ireland we made little side trips to West Cork. My father loved Ireland. He first came during the Second World War when he was part of the team that negotiated food prices on behalf of the British government. He made a lot of friends as a result of that job and in the 1960s and 1970s used to go and visit them a great deal—disappearing for weeks on end, to my mother's annoyance. So, I was conscious of West Cork from a young age. I came back with my own children for holidays in the 1980s. When Dublin stopped being so friendly I decided to chuck it in and try here."

Jonathan sold his direct marketing business in the early 1990s in order to concentrate on raising his three children. As well as *Self Abuse*, he has written *The Teenager's Guide to Money*, and writes frequently for a number of UK newspapers and *Country Life*—for which he wrote a major series with Arabella Lennox-Boyd on landscaping, creating, piece by piece, a fantasy 10-acre estate with a Georgian house as the centrepiece.

He is a trustee of the World Land Trust whose aims are to ensure conservation of plants, animals and natural communities in areas at risk, such as tropical rain forests. Google him and you will find a YouTube video in which he is promoting Darling's Dog Food, a company of which he is a founder and which produces organic food for pets. Versatility comes with unconventionality.

He has been living in Glandore since 1993 and is not shy about confessing his love for West Cork. "I suppose what attracted me most was the people. I've lived all over the world but I have never come across such a diverse group of people offering such a strong sense of community and yet never imposing themselves on each other. It isn't that I am looking at my neighbours through rose-tinted spectacles, but I would defy anyone to be short of company or bored in West Cork.

"Would I ever leave? I hope I won't ever have to. Actually, I can't bear to get in the car to go anywhere. If I was permanently imprisoned in West Cork you'd never be able to wipe the smile from my face."

"I like the fact that it remains essentially a farming community, because farming is what really fascinates me. And also because West Cork produces some of the best ingredients and produce to be found anywhere. I feel the farmers and artisan producers make the area what it is. Also, there is a great spirit of enterprise. Not just in business, but in every other area of endeavour from painting to teaching and from music to environmental management."

He is reluctant to name a favourite spot. "I walk two or three hours every day and sometimes more. We live in Glandore so I tend to do a circuit as far as Roscarberry to the east, Myross to the west and beyond Leap to the north. So my favourite haunt is really everywhere I walk."

He met his wife Marianne by the information booth in Grand Central, New York. "For me at least it was love at first site. We got married in the same place on the same day at the same time exactly three years later with a large contingent of West Cork guests.

"When I met Marianne she was living in Connecticut, which I hated. So we moved to upstate New York, which I liked a little more but still didn't really feel comfortable in. However, I was besotted and—you know—people are more important than place.

"I waited to see what would happen and said nothing. Well, after four years she suddenly announced one day that we were going to move to Ireland. I couldn't believe my luck.

"Of course, it may have had something to do with the fact that I spent all my savings and mortgaged my soul to re-arrange things so that she could keep horses at home. As to the children. They come. They go. They come again. None of them show any signs of wanting to settle here. Well, not yet.

"Would I ever leave? I hope I won't ever have to. Actually, I can't bear to get in the car to go anywhere. If I was permanently imprisoned in West Cork you'd never be able to wipe the smile from my face."

AN EXTRACT from Alfie O'Mahony's *The Way We Were*, an account of his time in Baltimore Industrial School, to be published shortly by Inspire Books

"Those who failed to suck the marrow from the bones bashed them in later on with stones in order to finish their meals"

A group of boys at Baltimore Industrial School just after making their Confirmation in the early 1940s. The suits and shirts were mothballed afterwards, keeping them for the following year's group

ALFIE O'MAHONY was sent at the age of 10 from an orphanage to Baltimore Industrial School, where he was to remain for six years until leaving at the age of 16 in 1945. After spending most of his working life in England, he returned to Ireland and now lives in Skibbereen.

THE REFECTORY'S table tops were unvarnished deal planks affixed to each other and our plank benches were from the same block. In our idle moments after eating we thumb-nailed the clogged food waste in the crevices between the planks. The white enamelled tableware that we used was flaked and battered. A Biblical sense of fairness had determined that equal food amounts should be apportioned out to each boy at meals, even though the nutritional needs of the ten-year-olds were different to that of the sixteen-year-olds. It left the ten-year-olds hungry and the sixteen-year-olds famished. Our unchanging breakfast menu was a half a pint of gruel, a mug of cocoa, and two slices of buttered bread. The gruel, which was invariably speckled with rat droppings, had a consistency that would have made it flow through any domestic tap.

For our dinner, two small potatoes sat beside each plate, and not until we peeled them did we know if they were edible or rotten. A bad potato was never replaced, and it was a disaster to receive one, but to receive two such was a catastrophe. The sparse barley content in our soup allowed us to see the plate bottoms, and like an island in our soup sat a portion of meat. These portions came in four grades: pure meat, meat with a bone, a bone with marrow but no meat, and a bone with neither meat nor marrow. Those who failed to suck the marrow from the bones bashed them in the later on with stones in order to finish their meals. After our supper of two thin slices of bread and butter with a mug of cocoa, Grace After Meals was followed by the Rosary, and during Lent the Stations of the Cross were added.

With preservatives unknown and with no refrigeration, the bread that was delivered to us in summertime became mouldy within two days. An accidental cocoa spillage that made mush of a boy's supper in the summer of 1945 stands out in my memory.

When he walked the refectory's length with the sodden slop in his hands and showed it to Father McCarthy, he was told to return to his seat and to eat it. As he did so with the tears flowing, we who were watching with a deathly silence had so unnerved the priest that he blurted out "that thousands of starving Germans would love to have bread to eat that was dipped in cocoa".

The tapeworms that thrived in each of perpetually were directly due to the unhygienic conditions in which we lived. Eradicating this infestation was beyond the comprehension of the management and the governors. The tapeworm originated in the unsalted rump and leg of a slaughtered old cow, which once a week was dumped from the train guard's van on to the wooden platform by our play field. If these hunks of meat had not been for our consumption they would have ended up as dog food. Hauled by donkey and cart from the railway platform, the hunk of meat was dumped on the unwashed concrete ground near the kitchen, where a kitchen lad chopped it up with a lumberjack's hatchet and then barrelled it without it being salted or iced or refrigerated. That kitchen lad secretively ate a little of what he chopped and, dog-like, buried some for later; he outgrew the rest of us.

On autumn Sunday mornings, we could hardly wait to begin our weekly walks along the local roads, where 175 of us descended like a locust swarm on the blackberries that gleamed everywhere. The food we devoured in our first hour was greater in bulk and higher in nutritional value than our daily fare in the refectory. Salivating during the rest of the week at the thought of blackberry-picking, we organised mock fist-fights to divert our recreation supervisor's attention, slipping through the railway line's long grasses and heading to where the most succulent of blackberries grew in a sun-trapped hollow near Church Strand graveyard some 300 yards away. We had to be alert to the possibility that whistle blasts would summon us to line up on parade. This usually happened when the recreation supervisor noticed the lower level of cacophony level from the remaining boys. Those who ventured the farthest had to scamper back the fastest, and because they arrived sweating and panting they were asked to open their mouths; betrayed by the blackberry dye on their tongues, they were given "six of the best".

Long before its appearance, the train from Skibbereen heralded its arrival three times a week among the hills six miles away, hills whose frost-hardened soil in wintertime amplified the whistle blasts. Smoke puffs zipped those hill tops before the locomotive with its ragged Victorian passenger carriage and guard's van emerged to trundle along the inner harbour's eastern shore. It then rounded an amphitheatre of land before halting at the wooden platform by our play field, where the guard dumped the leg and rump of an old cow and a wicker basket of bread from Bandon.

Jer the farm hand and Ned the donkey were always to be at the ready to whisk the bread basket away quickly to the pantry. The bread was safe when we were in our classrooms, but when we were off on holiday from school Jer was never to be late; if he was, our recreation supervisor had to guard the bread basket vigilantly until its removal. As the newly baked bread's aroma drew us towards the platform, the supervisor always shouted for us to clear off. The docile lads scattered immediately but the defiant ones dallied to hold the supervisor's attention as their pals a hundred yards up-track were sliding commando-style through the rail line's bank grasses and creeping down the gulley towards the bread basket. The raiders met failure when Jer and Ned arrived at the platform before them, but when he was late a lad rose like a cobra to cut the strings at the basket's side, inching the lid up very slowly; after a few loaves exited the basket, the lid was very slowly inched down. With the spoils they made their escape to a grave-sized hole in the ground, camouflaged with growing grassy sods on top of a corrugated iron sheet. The raiders devoured some and kept some for their mates who had diverted the supervisor's gaze. When he found the basket strings cut, Jer counted the loaves in the pantry and reported the numbers stolen to Father McCarthy who then berated the supervisor for his negligence.

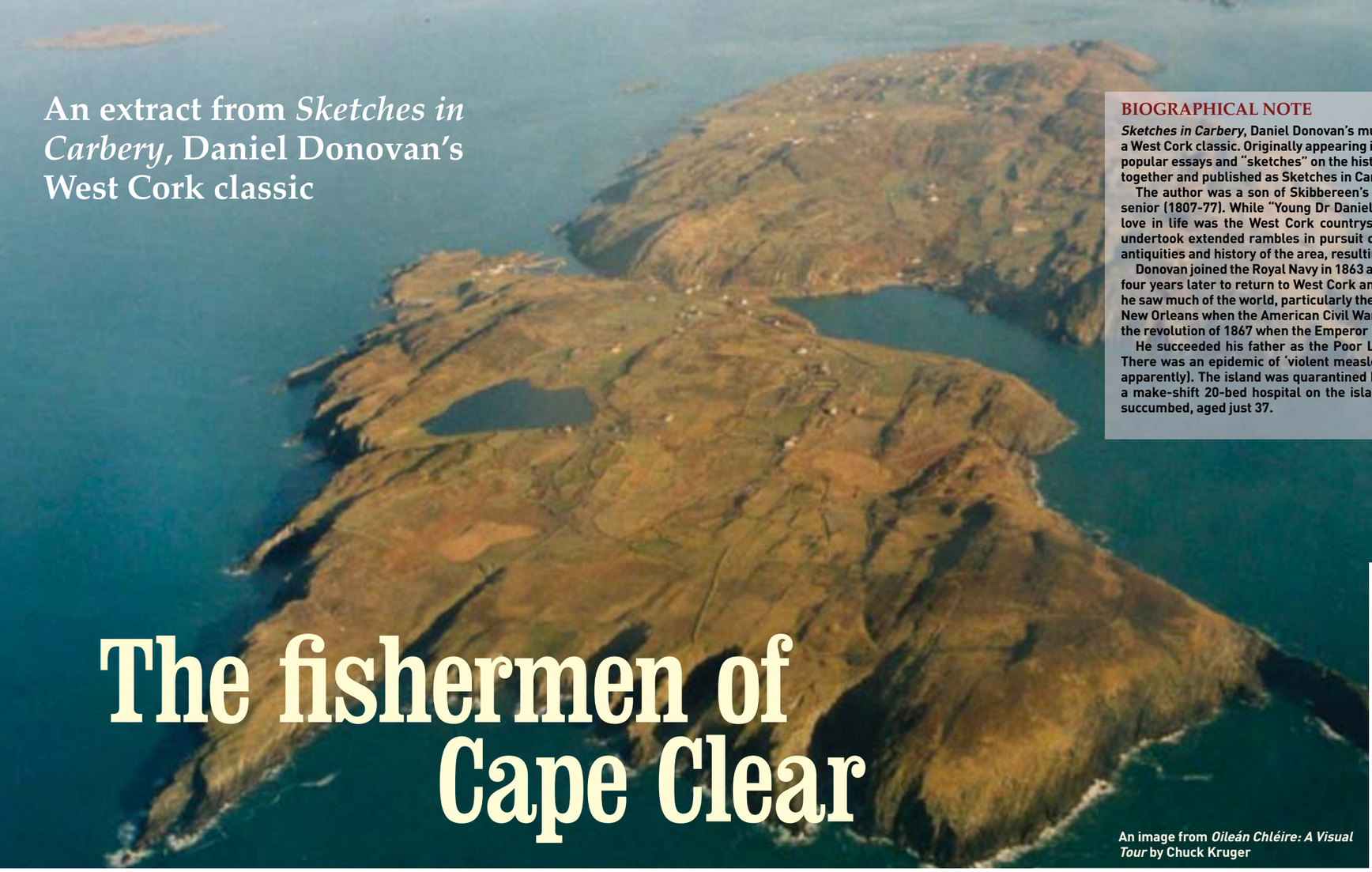
One day when Father McCarthy was our supervisor and Jer was late, the priest kept his eye on the bread basket but had to run for shelter from a sudden downpour. Three lads used the opportunity to creep down the rail gulley and steal ten loaves. After summoning us on parade, Father McCarthy was unable to discover the culprits and roared: "Since you all have the loyalty of thieves, the stolen loaves will not be replaced, so blame yourselves that the bread slices will be thinner until the arrival of the next bread basket."

There was no refrigeration in the school, and because chemical preservatives in bread were unknown, the mold fungus that invaded our bread in summer thrived all the more in our unventilated and windowless pantry.

Bread slices with marbilised green streaks were the norm every summer for breakfast and supper, and when these were shown to Father McCarthy he ordered the complainants to eat what they got. None of us knew that the mycotoxins in a bread mold fungus could not be destroyed, and that contaminated bread should be dumped rather than boiled, and that mouldy bread was unsuitable as animal feed even after boiling.

An extract from *Sketches in Carbery,* Daniel Donovan's West Cork classic

The fishermen of Cape Clear



An image from *Oileán Chléire: A Visual Tour* by Chuck Kruger

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

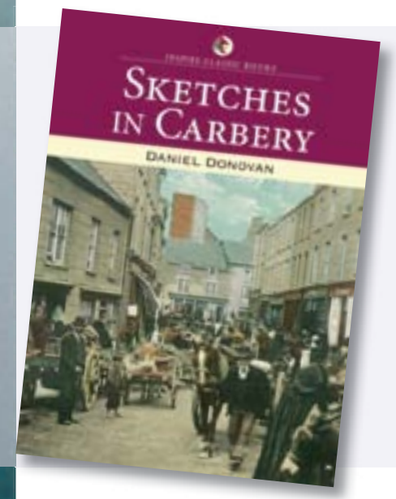
Sketches in Carbery, **Daniel Donovan's much-loved homage to the barony of Carbery, is a West Cork classic. Originally appearing in the pages of the West Cork Eagle, Donovan's popular essays and "sketches" on the history and topography of the area were collected together and published as Sketches in Carbery in 1876.**

The author was a son of Skibbereen's famous "Famine Doctor", Dr Daniel Donovan senior (1807-77). While "Young Dr Daniel" followed his father professionally, his great love in life was the West Cork countryside, in which in leisure hours he frequently undertook extended rambles in pursuit of his interests in local lore and the forgotten antiquities and history of the area, resulting in this fabulous West Cork period piece.

Donovan joined the Royal Navy in 1863 as a medical officer but retired from the service four years later to return to West Cork and assist his (by then) ailing father. In the navy he saw much of the world, particularly the Americas—he was, for example, in the city of New Orleans when the American Civil War came to an end, and he was in Mexico during the revolution of 1867 when the Emperor Maximillian was overthrown and executed.

He succeeded his father as the Poor Law Union doctor for the Skibbereen district. There was an epidemic of 'violent measles' on Cape Clear at the end of 1879 (typhus, apparently). The island was quarantined but Donovan went out and attended, fitting up a make-shift 20-bed hospital on the island. Tragically, he took the fever himself and succumbed, aged just 37.

Perry O'Donovan



A new edition of *Sketches in Carbery*, with a comprehensive bibliography and a map of West Cork, has been published by Inspire Books as part of the Inspire Classic Books series. Visit www.inspirebooks.ie for more details.

In ancient times, when Spain was more flourishing than she is at present, the Spanish fishermen frequented the vicinity of Cape and Baltimore in great numbers, and used to reside upon the island occasionally. A neighbouring portion of the mainland, near Baltimore, owing to this circumstance, still retains the name of Spain. During the last century the Kinsale fishermen also were in the habit of building huts in Cape, during the fishing season, where they cured the fish. During the summer months the native fishermen man their hookers and boats, and nearly all the adult population weigh anchor every Monday or Tuesday morning, and proceed far out to sea—the hookers steering for the Durseys, and the open boats for the neighbourhood of the Fastnett. Sometimes, in pursuit of their calling, they go thirty leagues off the land; they remain out during the week, and return on Friday or Saturday with their cargoes of hake, ling, cod-fish, congers, and other deep sea-fish on board, then they anchor near St Kieran's strand, and soon the beach is covered with the captured spoil of the finny tribe.

The scene which ensues is most interesting and exciting; all the female population rush to the beach, attended by the "gorsoons," and soon the fish are packed in baskets, which they swing upon their shoulders with the greatest ease, and carry away up the steep and slippery pathways of the island. The women are engaged then in curing the fish, a process which is accomplished with great skill; and the men rest for a couple of days to recruit themselves for further expeditions out to sea. As the agricultural produce of the island is comparatively small, chiefly oats and potatoes, and as all fuel must be brought from the mainland, there being no trees or turf on the soil, it is evident that not alone their welfare but also their principal means of procuring a livelihood depend on the success of the fisheries. The chief time of the year for disposing of the cured fish is at Christmas, when very large quantities are sold, especially in the town of Skibbereen.

Owing to the active and industrious life which the Capers lead, their steady and temperate habits, the sanitary influence of a mild and wholesome climate, and an almost constant residence on the ocean wave, they are exceptionally free from disease, and seldom die except from the effects of old age. In the summer months the air is balmy and refreshing, largely impregnated with the ozone, which has such a purifying influence on the atmosphere. We may therefore consider Cape at this season as a regular sanatorium. We may safely say that it should be therefore rightly outside the pale of the Sanitary Act. Some of the inhabitants attain to a very old age; they are generally of large stature, robust, capable of enduring great fatigue, and very muscular and strong; they certainly as a rule are built in a larger mould than the inhabitants of the mainland.

Formerly one or two families on the island (O'Driscolls) were celebrated for their gigantic stature, one celebrated specimen in particular, who flourished about a hundred years ago, named Cruathir (Cornelius) O'Cadogan, sobriquet for O'Driscoll. He was a man of immense proportions, and his celebrated feats of strength are still recited at times upon the island. We will refer to this giant again in connection with Tra-Kieran. Dr Smith, who visited Cape, a little over a century ago, pays a very high compliment to the Capers. He says: "The natives pay their rent by fish; when a bad season comes they fall in arrears, but very honestly clear them off when fish returns; they are strong and healthy, die chiefly of old age, owing to temperate habits; brandy drinking being the only debauch" (I suppose he must mean when a stray keg of brandy drifts in from a wreck near the island, a rare event); "they are kind to each other, courteous to strangers, and excellent pilots."

Lewis remarks that "the men are expert and resolute seamen, and the best pilots on the coast; they are remarkable for discerning land at a distance in snowy or foggy weather, possess an uncommon sagacity in discovering the approach of bad weather, and are exceedingly skilful in the management of their vessels."

At the eastern end of Cape Clear there is a shelving strand called File-Cooagh [Cliff of the Cuckoo], which, from being the most adjacent point of debarkation from the mainland, has been used by the inhabitants as a convenient site where they may haul up their boats. A deep cutting has been made in the side of the cliff, near the strand, and up this precipitous incline the stalwart boatmen pull their heavy six-oared boats, displaying wonderful strength in its accomplishment. Occasionally, however, during very heavy weather, the sea has on one or two occasions encroached, and swept away some of the boats. Here the post-boat, presented by Sir Robert Peel, used to land, but, unfortunately, during a severe gale some years ago, it was washed away, and since that time its place has not been supplied, a cause of great inconvenience in the postal arrangements of the island. By means of some additional labour, and with very little cost, it would be possible to complete the useful work begun, but not accomplished, of lowering the level and increasing the breadth of the present cutting, which would then be a convenient and safe dry-dock for the open boats, so indispensable to the islanders.

My allusion to the post-boat, called after Lady Peel, awakes at once the memory of the name of the respected and much lamented pastor, whose untiring energies and deep devotion to the interests of the inhabitants of Cape Clear, during a most eventful period in the history of that island, ought to be recorded with honourable and well-deserved mention. In the year 1862, Cape Clear suffered severely from destitution. Failure in the potato crop, a bad harvest, scarcity of fish, and a general depression of trade throughout the country—all combined to weigh heavily upon the poor fishermen, and in spite of their best efforts to struggle against the tide of adversity, they would have been borne down, and swamped by the accumulation of misfortune and misery which threatened them, and which they were quite unable, under the circumstances, to contend against.

Happily for themselves, at this desperate crisis, they had as their parish-priest the late Rev. H. Leader, a gentleman whose generous and noble exertions in the cause of suffering humanity were rewarded in a great measure by success, and whose kind philanthropy and active advocacy homestead, which would otherwise be desolate and deserted. Influenced by the necessity of the moment, he determined on proceeding at once to England to lay the real state of the case before the Government, and contrived to have a personal interview with Earl Russell and Lord Palmerston, who were then in power, and who were so impressed with the truth of his statements, and so convinced of the fact—that a famine was impending over the island—that they not only gave an audience to the reverend petitioner, but also contributed personally by charitable subscriptions to relieve the distress. They also drew the attention of Sir Robert Peel, then Secretary for Ireland, to the matter.

Sir Robert Peel, in company with Father Leader, visited Cape. The former presented a donation of his own accord, and also established a postal communication between the island and the main shore. At the same time a plan was originated for securing South Harbour. This necessary work was not however completed, as the cost of its construction, £5,000, was considered too expensive. At the same time it would have been a great advantage by giving employment to the inhabitants, and thereby relieving their immediate wants by the wages which would have accrued, and also a permanent benefit by securing for them a sheltered and commodious harbour, where they could safely anchor their pilot boats and hookers.

Fishing for New Talent

Publisher Clem Cairns tells Darragh Browne how and why he got the West Cork Literary Festival off the ground

This year's West Cork Literary Festival, running from July 3 to July 9 in Bantry, is enjoying its 14th consecutive year, having grown from humble beginnings to become a prestigious annual event attracting an impressive role-call of international writers. One hallmark of its success is the fact that it caters for a wide range of literary formats, with workshops this year, for example, on writing memoirs, writing for the stage, poetry, crime-writing and freelance journalism among others, while young people are also well catered for with a host of readings and workshops.

The event was initially a sideshow to the highly successful West Cork Music Festival, which Clem Cairns, who runs Durrus-based Fish Publishing with Jula Walton, initially used as the occasion to launch the annual Fish Anthology of poems and short stories.

"We originally started off just launching the Fish Anthology during the music week," he says, "then along came a few poets including Séamus Heaney, Michael Longley and Michael Hartnett who all gave readings at the festival and it has grown from there.

"We very quickly added a variety of literary workshops and always tried to focus and add to the educational and informative side of the festival as well as the entertainment side of things like the readings."

Another ingredient to the festival's success has been the fact that it provides readers and aspiring authors with direct access to established writers, and to publishers and literary agents.

"I've always wanted it to be a place where writers could come to get together, develop and hopefully find opportunities as well," Clem says. "I've always tried to invite and include literary agents and publishers, just to throw them into the mix and see what would happen."

"I never wanted it to be high brow, I wanted it to be engaging, something that everybody can participate in."

The problem of finding a literary agent became clear to Clem in the early 1990s when he was writing short stories and coming to realise how difficult it was to get published in Ireland. "I was a member of a writing group at the Skibbereen Arts Centre. Most people I knew who were succeeding in getting published had to go to London to do so."

The festival's competitions were an effort to find and publish the best new literary talent Ireland had to offer. After the initial few years the reach of the festival stretched worldwide with the annual Fish Anthology publishing writers from every corner of the globe.

Clem feels that it has given a lot of those writers a boost in the writing world, providing them something concrete that they can bring to an agent or publisher. "We don't try to be the end result for writers. We aim to be that vital stepping stone into the literary world."

Every year sees a wealth of literary talent descend on the festival "So often we have had writers that have just lit the place up," says Clem. "Roddy Doyle did it, for instance—there were people hanging out of the light bulbs when he was there. He was so engaging, warm and funny. Pat McCabe was another. He filled the place to the brim, then ad-libbed later on in the pub. For everyone that came in, he composed a verse and sang it to them. Colum McCann was there for my last year as festival director. He was totally informative and original about his craft.

"One of the elements that predicate the festival is that literature doesn't just come in the form of books. Everywhere that you find writing, whether it be in a magazine, in a newspaper or even on the back of a box of Corn Flakes, it still has to be well written, so we're doing workshops on things such as speech writing, which I think is really underrated."

What Clem always wanted to do with the festival was to make it accessible to everyone. "I never wanted it to be high brow, I wanted it to be engaging, something that everybody can participate in."

In recent years a lot more local writers have started to take part in the festival. And another interesting thing is the amount of new writers enetering the competition whose first language is not English, with entrants from places such as Iraq, Iran and India adding to the cultural stew. American poet Brian Turner, known for his raw writing on the Iraq war, is launching the 2011 Fish Anthology and Clem is looking forward to seeing what impact he has overall on this year's festival.

Clem Cairns named his publishing company after his days as a trawler fisherman. He loved the imagery of throwing out a net and bringing back in new writers. This net is now thrown out annually to catch the new school of writing talent.

THIS MORNING

by Michael McCarthy

Like any morning in summer the light wakes me.
I do not look at my alarm, so I won't start figuring
if it's worth my while going back to sleep. I toss
and turn going nowhere, until, drifting off again
I'm taken to a meadow where a pathway leads
through the next field and the next, to a mountain
resting on its side, where I dream of white butterflies,
cartloads of apples trailing behind a squad of horses,
a ship that heads down a tall river, arriving four-wheeled
on a cobbled square in Cornwall. The sound of water
shushes the flock of seagulls that swing in and out
of clothes-lines, till the smell of evening lures them home.
Sometimes I climb onto a cloud and look over the horizon
where I hear a cat purring as she sits snug in the middle
of a stone circle. Sometimes I'm surrounded by battalions
of three-eyed gunners, who tell me I have to do whatever
they say. Next thing my talking clock cuts in announcing:
7.22am.

This poem is the runner-up in the 2011 Fish Poetry Prize. Michael McCarthy is a native of West Cork. His first Collection Birds' Nests and Other Poems won the Patrick Kavanagh Award. His second Collection At the Races was the overall winner of the Poetry Business Book and Pamplet Competition judged by Michael Longley. His children's books The Story of Noah and the Ark, and The Story of Daniel and the Lions Den have been translated into 17 languages. He lives in North Yorkshire.

The cover of this year's *Fish Anthology*.

THE LONG WET GRASS

by Seamus Scanlon

The resonance of tires against the wet road is a mantra, strong and steady. The wipers slough rain away in slow rhythmic arcs into the surrounding blackness. The rain falls slow and steady, then gusting, reminding me of Galway when I was a child where Atlantic winds flung broken fronds of seaweed onto the Prom during high tide. Before the death harmony of Belfast seduced me.

The wind keeps trying to tailgate us. But we keep sailing. The slick black asphalt sings on beneath us. We slow and turn onto a dirt road, the clean rhythm now broken, high beams tracing tall reeds edging against the road, moving rhythmically back and forth with the wind. No lights now from oncoming cars.

We stop at a clearing. I open the door, the driver looks back at me. The rain on my face is soothing. The pungent petrol fumes comfort me. The moon lies hidden behind black heavy clouds. I unlock the trunk.

You can barely stand after lying curled up for hours. After a while you can stand straight. I take the tape from your mouth. You breathe in the fresh air. You breathe in the fumes. You watch me. You don't beg. You don't cry. You are brave.

I hold your arm and lead you away from the roadway, into a field, away from the car, from the others. The gun in my hand pointed at the ground. I stop. I kiss your cheek. I raise the gun. I shoot you twice high in the temple. The coronas of light anoint you. You fall. The rain rushes to wipe the blood off. I fire shots into the air. The ejected shells skip away.

I walk back to the car and leave you there lying in the long wet grass.

This story is the winner of the 2011 Fish One-Page Story Prize. Seamus Scanlon is a native of Galway and currently living in New York. He has an MFA in Creative Writing from City College where he won numerous awards for fiction and drama. He was a runner-up in the 2010 Fish Publishing One-Page competition. He won the 2010 Over The Edge Writer of the Year award and was a finalist for the 2009 New Irish Writing Contest.

Finding a voice

Mental illness does not deserve the stigma it has borne for so long. But attitudes are beginning to change thanks to new efforts to raise awareness about the issue. Eoin Bourke looks at an initiative in Cork that has given a voice to the people who count the most

Speak your Mind is a twice yearly publication for people in the mental health community in Ireland, with the primary focus on Cork. The idea for the magazine came from Declan Gould, a resident of Glenmalure House in Cork city, a home to 18 people who have come through the mental health system and are adjusting to life outside of an institution.

According to Catherine Jackson, a staff nurse at Glenmalure, Declan "felt that people in the physiatric services didn't particularly have a voice" and believed this could be addressed by starting a magazine. She agreed with Declan and in 2008 they began their first tentative steps into the world of magazine publishing.

Although contributions are welcome from all members of the mental health community, the main focus is on those from service users in the community. The first issue, which contained stories from the residents of Glemmalure House, had just a small circulation, covering only two of the South Lee mental health services, both of which are located in St. Finbarr's Hospital in Cork. Today the distribution has grown to include not just both North and South Lee health services, but also St. Stephen's Mental Hospital in Glanmire.

The magazine can also be found in places like doctors' waiting rooms and hairdressing salons in a bid to raise awareness of mental health issues in the community at large. Catherine, who is also editor of *Speak Your Mind*, speaks proudly of the fact that 500 copies of the current issue are available for the first time in Easons in Cork. And, encouraged by the reaction they have received so far, they now have plans to have the magazine distributed in Dublin.

The magazine is non-profit making, and its readers are asked to make only a small contribution towards its publication costs. Since the beginning, people's generosity has played a big part in bringing the project to fruition. The current issue, which received money from the National Lottery, is the magazine's biggest challenge yet, with 3,400 copies in circulation.

Glenmalure House was first opened as a supervised residence in 1980. Most of its residents would have come from Our Lady's Hospital in Cork when that institution closed in the late 1980s. Because of this, a lot of the residents had not really looked after themselves since they were very young and as such had become institutionalised. Catherine says she believes strongly that "institutionalisation is detrimental to recovery", while acknowledging that this was the only care available for people with mental health problems at that time.

Residents are encouraged to pursue activities outside of Glenmalure, and some of them are employed in the community at large. They are also encouraged to use outside facilities, shop for themselves and to self-medicate. All the residents contribute to a social fund, which is used to pay for day-trips on bank holiday weekends and for the annual excursion to Rosscarbery in West Cork.

In keeping with the values of Glenmalure House, the residents are also encouraged to take trips on their own.

Speak your Mind is just one of the many initiatives that are helping to change Irish attitudes to mental health and to have people with mental illnesses treated with dignity. It deserves support.

***Speak Your Mind* was designed and printed by Inspire.**

From the most recent issue of *Speak Your Mind:*

SIMON'S STORY

by Ciarán O'Carroll

This week a 14-year-old was admitted to a Waterford adult mental health inpatient unit. Stopping this practice isn't a luxury item in a recession; it can be a matter of life and death.

As a kid I used to look up to my friend Simon, he was five years older than me, a 14-year-old teenager listening to Metallica, popular with girls and banging the door on the way out to house parties. He was exactly everything I thought was cool and what I wanted to become.

But last Friday I attended Simon's funeral, struggling to fold enough mass booklets in time as devastated mourners overflowed the church. Simon had experienced mental health problems, most notably schizophrenia, and took his life on the banks of the River Dodder.

His battle with mental illness lasted 14 years, it was valiant and inspirational. He wasn't just fighting to recover, he had dreams and goals he wanted to achieve and he was going to accomplish them with or without his illness. But he couldn't get better in Ireland, life in a mental health unit had no meaning for him, he wanted to work and feel empowered. But in Ireland, despite the boom years, we did not invest in sufficient holistic community-based facilities and Simon went abroad for treatment.

' He wasn't just fighting to recover, he had dreams and goals he wanted to achieve and he was going to accomplish them with or without his illness.'

After spending time in St. Vincent's Hospital in Dublin, with its excellent staff, his mother managed to get a visa for him to travel to Gould Farm in Berkshire County, western Massachusetts. Gould Farm is a residential therapeutic community, dedicated to helping adults with mental health problems move towards recovery, health and independence through community living, meaningful work, and modern clinical support. It's here that Simon said he had the best years of his life; Gould Farm empowered him and provided a community environment. One day his friend asked him what he wanted to do with his life, the answer was scuba diving, and the photo on his coffin was of him diving off the coast of Massachusetts. He was living life and enjoying it. However, Simon's visa did not allow him to work for money in the USA, so he returned to Ireland to try and find a meaningful job and begin a new happy life at home. Tragically he could find no work in the recession, was admitted a mental health unit, stopped taking his medication and didn't survive.

If there was a Gould Farm in Ireland, chances are that Simon would still with us.

We need to see change, end discrimination against people with mental health problems and demand that our mental health services are given the funding and facilities they desperately need. Because, as we see from Simon's story, it is a matter of life and death.

Farewell to petroleum man

The *Wall Street Journal* once went so far as to call Colin Campbell a "doomsayer". It is not an accurate description, but such a knee-jerk reaction may be understandable given the nature of the message about world oil reserves that he has been trying for years to get governments to understand.

It is a message that centres around a concept known as Peak Oil—that point in time when the rate at which oil is extracted globally reaches its maximum, after which the rate of production enters a terminal decline. He believes that this crucial point has already been passed and that because of our almost total dependency on fossils fuels as a source of energy the world is set to face a series of, political, social and economic upheavals greater than it has ever experienced.

"The species homo sapiens might not become extinct," he says, "but the sub-species of petroleum man certainly will."

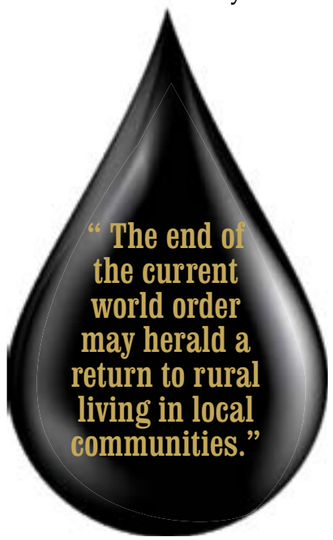
In 2002 he was instrumental in founding the Association for the Study of Peak Oil and Gas (ASPO), which has been steadily taking centre stage in the whole debate on oil reserves.The detailed argument built up by APSO on Peak Oil has too much weight behind it to discount—a weight that has been added to greatly by his own experience as a petroleum geologist working in the heart of the industry for more than 40 years. Now aged 80, he describes himself as living in retirement in Ballydehob, having moved there with his wife Bobbins in 1999 to be near their daughter and her family, though he is still activeky engaged in the whole ccampaign on Peak Oil.

His interest in geology was sparked off at an early age when he was intrigued by the figure of a geologist in an Arthur Ransome story, after which he began to look more consciously at the rocks around where he lived in Cornwall. "I began to observing their configuration and spotting the quartz veins that cut across them in the hope that they would contain gold," he says. "These images are still locked in the back of my mind."

After school came Oxford, where he did his degree in geology, doing fieldwork for a time around Leenane in Connemara, and then completing his doctorate when he returned from a year-long mapping expedition—"under gruesome, if colourful, conditions"—to Borneo.

The oil industry was an obvious direction for someone with his qualifications and in 1958 he went to work for Texaco in Trinidad, where he met his wife and where he became interested in the then pioneering method of studying animal and plant fossils to identify oil prospects. Most of his career has been concentrated on fieldwork in Latin America, though he has also done stints in Australia, Borneo

Colin Campbell is the pioneer of a worldwide campaign warning governments about the future of oil reserves. He talks to Maurice Sweeney



(where he had to work in the midst of tribal warfare and massacres), the US, Norway, and Ireland. In 1963 he moved from Texaco to BP and subsequently also worked for Amoco, the Shenandoah Oil Corporation, Aran Energy, and the Belgian company Fina.

In the late 1960s, Amoco launched a programme to evaluate the potential for exploration throughout the world and gave him the task of evaluating Latin America. He had already written a comprehensive report in 1966 on Colombia for BP, which gave hims his first insight into the finite natural limits of a country's oil and gas resources—"although at the time I had no perception of the global limits." He now saw that the same limits applied to the region as a whole, while reports from other Amoco geologists indicated that it was in fact a worldwide pattern. He had what he calls "My Peak Oil Moment": that it was obvious that the oil-driven age of consumerism, nowhere more evident than in Chicago, where he was living at the time, could not continue indefintely.

In the late 1980s he began working with the Norwegian Petroleum Directorate to determine the world's oil and gas resources, working out a depletion model for each country that listed the dates of peak production and the onset of decline. This was published in 1991 as The Golden Century of Oil 1950-2050 and was followed in 1997 by The Coming Oil Crisis, which summarised the findings. The influential Scientific American magazine took notice and requested an article, which Colin wrote with petroleum engineer Jean Laherrère under the title "The end of cheap oil" in 1998. This attracted a great deal of attention, and as a result general media interest began to to waken and invitations started flowing in to address conferences.

Colin reckons that he has since then delivered well over a hundred lectures on Peak Oil and given countless radio and television interviews as well as always being on hand to answer journalists' questions.

In the late 1990s he started to issue a newsletter as a simple attachment to an e-mail sent to about a dozen recipients entitling it the "Newsletter of the Association for the Study of Peak Oil (ASPO)" to give it a degree of substance. In 2002 APSO became a real entity following a workshop at Uppsala University in Sweden and annual conferences began to be held, with the readership of the newsletter expanding in parallel with the association until it reached thousands. Colin ceased publishing the newsletter after its 100th edition.

"It has been a successful endeavour in many ways," he says. "The term Peak Oil is now almost in the dictionary, and a growing library of books is being written to cover the impact of what promises to be a major turning point for mankind.

"The evidence indicates that the peak of all categories of oil was passed in 2008. The decline is gradual at no more than a few percent a year, but there is a significant difference between expansion and contraction. Some forecasts suggest soaring oil prices, but the economic impact may limit both the demand and price of oil, thereby reducing the investment needed to bring on expensive unconventional oil and gas and tap renewable energy sources.

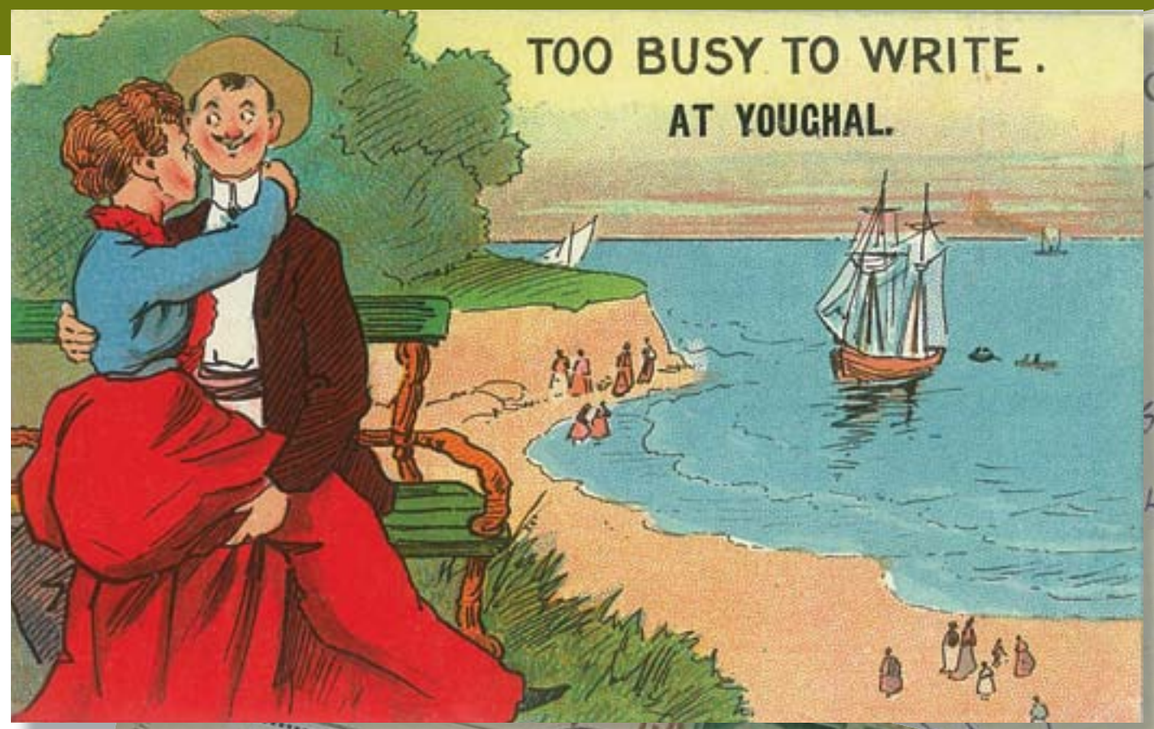
"It is, however, not necessarily a doomsday scenario," he concludes. "The end of the current world order may herald a return to rural living in local communities, opening a new more benign age for the survivors who may develop a greater respect for themselves, their neighbours and, above all, the limits within which nature has ordained them to live."

***Peak Oil Personalities*, a series of autobiographical essays by Colin Campbell and others involved in the Peak Oil campaign, will be published by Inspire Books this year.**

Love from Cork

by Perry O'Donovan

The collectors: Kinsale's John James (left) and Skibbereen's Adrian Healy talking postcards. Although both had been collecting postcards of Cork for two decades (and more) they had never met each other. This photograph records their first meeting.



A Metropole Hotel postcard. Commercial promotions like this were the original picture postcards (John James collection).

A John Hinde picture of Youghal strand in the 1960s (Adrian Healy collection).

Prayers of the faithful at St Fanahan's Holy Well (John James collection).

Royal Navy manoeuvres in Bantry Bay in 1914 (Adrian Healy collection).

Bridge Street, Skibbereen (John James collection)

An American News Company postcard of St Anne's church tower in Shandon (Adrian Healy collection), and a City of Cork Steam Packet Company card promoting its Fishguard to Cork ferry service (John James collection).

POSTCARDS once were what Twitter is now—shallow but brief, and mostly happy. And not that much less instantaneous: in the 1930s, for example, a man working in Union Hall sent a postcard to Skibbereen to tell his wife that he would need to stay late to finish the job he was working on and therefore would not be home for supper until about 8 o'clock.

The card was posted just after lunchtime and it was delivered sometime after 5.15 in the last post of the day.

John James began collecting postcards systematically in the 1980s. He was interested in collecting (he was not sure what at first)—old naval maps relating to Ireland, railway station stuff—and then postcards caught his fancy. He went to several exhibitions and postcard fairs and sought advice from dealers and experts. All said the same thing: pick your subject area—churches, castles, railway stations, fashion, saucy seaside cartoons, your hometown or city, whatever—and just start collecting. John started off collecting postcards of Kinsale, his hometown. After a few years his area of interest expanded to the whole of the county. Today, quarter of a century later, he has over 2,000 postcards of Cork.

Adrian Healy began collecting as a schoolboy; stamp-collecting was his first love. And it was in hunting for stamps that he first began to acquire a collection of postcards. "Also, while I was at school I worked part-time in a shop in Leap. It closed down and there was this turn-around rack of West Cork postcards which they let me take away when they were clearing out the place. So eventually I had boxes and boxes of postcards which I'd acquired over the years. Then in the 1990s after I got married and set up my own house I started sorting through them. That is how my collection of Cork cards started."

Love from Cork, which will published shortly by Inspire Books, is based on the collections of John James and Adrian Healy and presents a unique view of Cork city and county.

From the golden age of postcards in the early part of the century—the age of Lawrence and Valentine and Fergus O'Connor—to the impossibly beautiful brochure blues and verdant greens of John Hinde in the middle of the century, and the knowing irony and obvious self-confidence of the 1980s and 1990s, this is a portrait not just of a place but of a people.

In addition to the postcard illustrations, *Love from Cork* presents all the information relating to the card—that is, the messages on the cards and the philatelic and publisher information. Moreover, interspersed among the postcards are short excerpts from well-known Cork writers (and some not so well-known).

Love From Cork **by Perry O'Donovan will be published shortly by Inspire Books.**

The poet Dáibhí Ó Bruadair in the 17th century, dispossessed of belongings and patronage, frequently invoked the names of the great families to remind his audience of what he perceived to be a past golden age

Blarney Castle, chief seat and stronghold of the Muskerry MacCarthys

Family MATTERS

Maurice Sweeney writes about Peadar O'Donovan's classic history of Irish family names

Anyone thinking of starting on the potentially obsessive pursuit of tracing their ancestors should first acquaint themselves with the mathematics of genealogy. We have two parents, four grandparents, eight great-grandparents, and sixteen great-great-grandparents, the figure doubling with each step backwards. Over three or four generations, the number remains fairly straightforward and understandable, but the problem is that the deeper into history we go, the more enormous and unwieldy it becomes. Taking for example a conservative figure of 30 years for the span of each generation, the formula tells us that in medieval times, say aound the year 1200, we had more than 64 million ancestors.

That doesn't make sense, of course, since the population of Ireland at that time, although there are disagreements about the actual figure, was certainly no more than a million people—but what it does point out to us is the extent to which we share a common ancestry, all of us being much more closely related than we commonly assume. Recent studies in genetics have reinforced this point: a study by scientists at Trinity College Dublin on a specific DNA pattern showed that about three million men are descended from one fifth century Irish ancestor, whom they surmise to be Niall of the Nine Hostages, the legendary high-king, on the basis that the particular pattern in question is prevalent among those with surnames related to the Uí Néill dynasty. Three million descendants is an impressive achievement, but it pales when compared to the figure of 16 million that a similar study has claimed for the 13th century founder of the Mongol Empire, Genghis Khan.

All of this is worth bearing in mind when reading Irish history, where the characters on the stage—kings, queens, bishops, abbots, patriots, murderers, and traitors—may seem distant figures, but with whom we may in fact have some sort of kinship or possibly even count as one of our ancestors (and that, for a variety of reasons, does not rule out clerics). In a book like Peadar O'Donovan's *Irish Family Names*, which brings a large cast of characters, including many minor ones, to the fore, such a possibility is greater, especially for those readers sharing a surname with the historical personality or family under discussion.

It will be interesting to see if future genetic studies will be able to tell us more about descent from figures such as Donal Cam O'Sullivan Beare, William de Burgo, the putative 13th century progenitor of all the Burkes, or Brian Ború—or, even more fascinating, if they help to lift the mist on our earliest origins, with a recent study, for example, showing genetic connections between the Basques and the Irish. (My own hunch is that we will eventually discover a link between north-western Spain and West Cork, but for that we will have to wait and see.)

In the preface to *Irish Family Names*, Peadar O'Donovan explains the genesis of the book. "My own interest in and 'gra' for the subject [history], which started at national school, led towards the reading of historical novels, biographies, autobiographies, and more formal history, not alone of Ireland but also other countries. Despite this, I was to discover, on retirement, I knew very little of the history of my own family and the process of remedying this deficiency inevitably led to other family histories."

Dealing with 15 families, most of them with familiar Cork names, and the majority of these with West Cork connections, his task, he writes, was "to present to the layperson in a simple and readable form" the work and research undertaken by historians—an invaluable addition to the book is the revealing of O'Donovan's sources in the extensive bibliography compiled by Perry O'Donovan, the editor of the present edition.

Peadar O'Donovan sets himself the task of pinpointing the geographical origin of each family, which because of forced migration was frequently not in the area commonly associated with them (the O'Sullivans coming from Tipperary, the O'Donovans from Limerick, to cite just two examples), as well as examining the claims for a reputed ancestor and unravelling the various branches, which are not always obvious because of name changes—the common ancestry of the Cadogans and the O'Driscolls, for instance. Certain figures and events are given a fuller treatment (O'Sullivan Beare's march to Dunboy being one) and more contemporary well-known bearers of each surname are also noted.

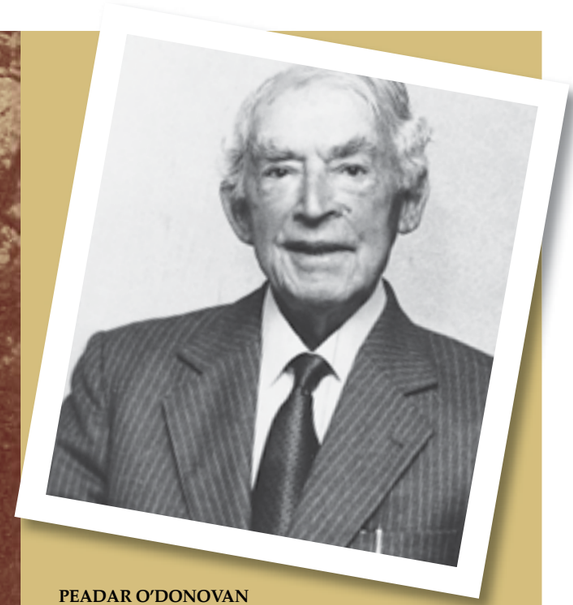
Looking at the past through the undulating fortunes of powerful families is well suited to medieval Irish history, but becomes less so after the Battle of Kinsale when Gaelic society, which was centred around the sept system and the kaleidoscopic relationships between different dynasties, entered its death throes. The preoccupation with the prestige of certainly family names remained long after, however.

The poet Dáibhí Ó Bruadair in the 17th century, dispossessed of belongings and patronage, frequently invoked the names of the great families to remind his audience of what he perceived to be a past golden age. And in the 18th century the Clare poet Aodh Buí Mac Crúitín took a swipe at the pretensions of people who claimed noble descent: *is gairid go ndéarfadh an fuad/ Dar faith! Má mhairim beidh gairm Uí Néill dom uaidh* ("Soon you will hear the wretch proclaim 'By faith! As sure as I live I come from the same stock as the O'Neills.'")—though "the wretch" may well have been speaking the truth as we now know from genetic studies. Mac Crúitín was echoing the sentiments of the 17th century anonymous writer of Páirlimint Chlainne Tomáis, who savagely satirised the Gaelic lower orders who indulged their social pretensions with the collapse of the aristocratic ruling families.

The social cachet attached to family names had a long period to develop. The Irish were one of the first peoples in Europe to used fixed hereditary surnames, the earliest appearing to be those that used the prefix "Ó" or the earlier form "Ua", meaning grandson, a practice that began in the 10th century and was well established by the eleventh when many families had acquired true surnames.

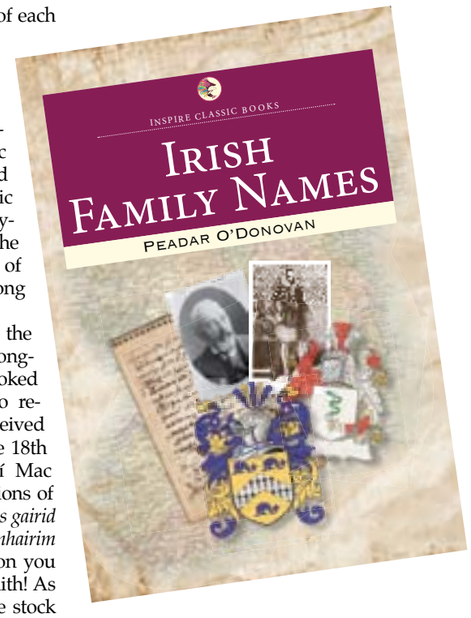
All surnames in Irish without exception begin with either "Ó" or "Mac", underlining the importance of family and genealogy, which was meticulously kept and often served as political propaganda. It is also interesting that, unlike in other parts of Europe, surnames in Ireland have a strong geographic connection; it is possible, for instance, to have a fair guess where someone with the name Crowley or O'Donovan, is from, or at least where a not very distant ancestor originated. It is all part of what the German historian Michael Richter referred to as "the enduring tradition" of medieval Ireland.

Peadar O'Donovan quotes G. K. Chesterton in his preface: "The disadvantage of men not knowing the past is that they do not know the present. History is a hill or high point, a vantage from which alone men can see the town in which they live or the age in which they are living." This is a book that will certainly help the reader to reach the summit.



PEADAR O'DONOVAN
was the son of margaret and J.P. O'Donovan of O'Donovan's Leap in West Cork. Peadar's father was the national school teacher in Leap and, following secondary schooling at Rochestown College in Cork, Peadar followed his father into the teaching profession.

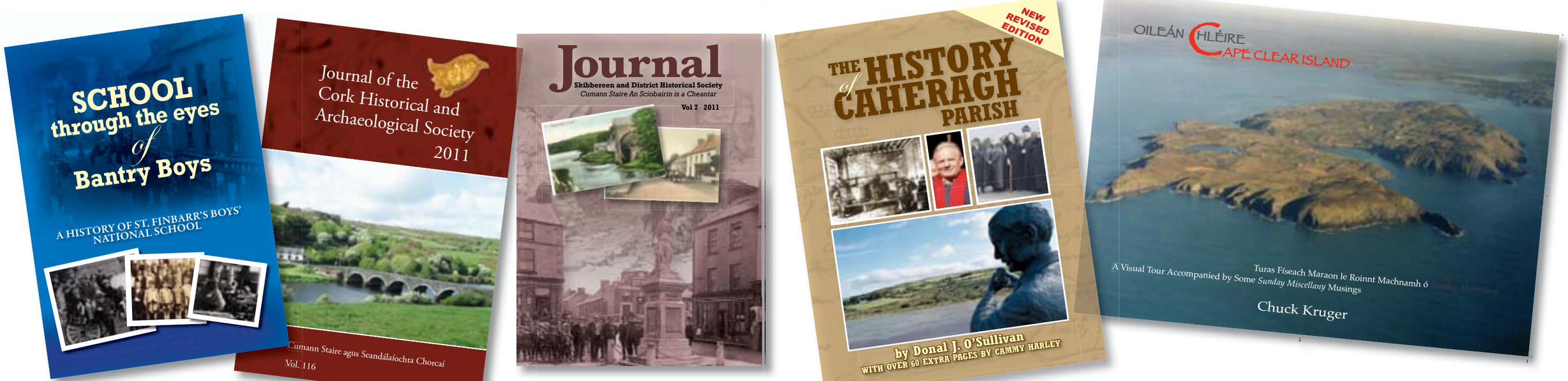
In 1944, he was appointed to the schools Inspectorate and was posted to Co Mayo; thereafter, he worked in educational administration (he also worked for the Schools Inspectorate in Kerry and in Meath and Monaghan), retiring as a senior official based in the Department of Education in Dublin. Throughout his career Peadar maintained his West Cork connections, not least by regularly holidaying in Leap. In retirement he developed his life-long love of Irish studies, frequently contributing essays and articles to *The Southern Star* and to the *Mizen Journal*, the local history publication.



A new edition of *Irish Family Names*, edited with a comprehensive bibliography by Perry O'Donovan, has been published by Inspire Books.

How to get *that book* PUBLISHED

Thanks to the Internet, book publishing is undergoing a revolution, opening up new opportunities for authors. Maurice Sweeney explains



A number of books produced and printed for clients by Inspire

For as long as there have been books, there have been publishers. Even the Romans had them, many centuries before the first printed book came off Gutenberg's handpress. However, it is only in the past 150 years or so that publishers have played such a dominant role, mainly because of the steadily increasing commercialisation of books following improvements in printing technology, which allowed more copies of an edition to be produced, as well as the rise in literacy and the consequent emergence of a larger market. Before the publishers really took over, it was quite respectable for an author to publish his or her own work: Shakespeare did it, as did Byron, Wordsworth, Dickens, Beatrix Potter, Proust, Yeats, and Joyce, to name just a handful.

The rise of commercial publishing houses did not, of course, erase self-publishing but confined it to a backwater, where it earned a rather shady reputation because of the methods of the so-called "vanity presses". In the reading public's mind, a book's worth had come to depend first of all on it having the imprimatur of a publishing house, though there have been a number of instances—the exceptions that proved the rule—where self-published books have been highly successful in the mass market: *The Celestine Prophecy* by James Redfield or *In Search of Excellence* by Tom Peters, for example.

In the past few years, however, self-publishing has begun to find a new lease of life and regain a degree of respectability. This is thanks to the Internet, which has not only changed how books are marketed and sold but, with the arrival of the e-book, how they are delivered. The power of the Internet as a marketing and selling tool is tremendous: for the small or independent publisher it opens up a whole new market as well as allowing niche markets to be more easily reached. In theory at least, a book, say, on the flora and fauna of West Cork, could find a buyer in Samarkand as easily as it could in Skibbereen. In practice, of course, it is not so simple, since possessing a powerful tool is not enough—you also have to know how to use it, and the Internet is no different in this regard.

Another boon to self-publishing has been the development of print-on-demand technology, which allows self-publishing authors to test the market with a small number of copies—and thus with a smaller investment—and then have more copies printed according to demand. This is a major improvement on the previous situation, where a self-publisher had to estimate potential sales and have that number of copies printed. Given the inherent optimism of self-publishers, that number was often overestimated, and authors were left with enough books on their hands to build a small house.

Desktop-publishing software has also brought a financial saving for self-publishers, putting the means of design and production directly into their hands, but the caveat that applies to the Internet as a tool applies even more forcefully here. Having a sophisticated page-layout and graphics programme guarantees a high standard of design as much as a word-processing programme guarantees a high standard of writing; knowledge, skill and experience are the more essential ingredients.

Why self-publish rather than let an established publishing house do all the work? Publishers have a lot to offer any writer, from editing and design to publicity and advertising; above all, they are good at selling books, with an intimate knowledge of their market and with established distribution channels that a writer on his or her own might find it difficult to harness. But for first-time authors the hard reality is that getting a publisher can be a slow, uncertain process, more often than not ending with the sickening thud on the doormat of a returned manuscript.

Self-publishing, on the other hand, provides a shortcut to publication, side-stepping the need to knock continually on publishers' doors. And for many authors it is simply a way of getting noticed, a stepping stone to an eventual deal with a publishing house. Writing in this year's *Writers' & Artists' Yearbook*, G.P. Taylor tells how within weeks after publishing his first novel, *Shadowmancer*, in 2002 he was signed up with Faber and Faber; the book became an international bestseller and was translated into 42 languages. That was a tremendous feat, especially for a work of fiction; authors for whom similar success is in store may have to wait a little longer.

Books that don't aim to be international or even national bestsellers but are directed at a specialised or local market are also ideal candidates for self-publishing or a co-publishing arrangement. Their authors will have the advantage of knowing their market well and have the necessary contacts to help generate sales. The Internet is a definite boon to niche publishing, allowing easy access to special interest groups connected with the book's subject. A niche market, of course, doesn't necessarily mean a small market. Specialised books, if the marketing is handled properly, can generate quite significant sales.

If you are considering the possibility of publishing your own work, you should also examine the arrangement known as co-publishing, where you share the expenses of production—and the profit from sales—with a publisher. This brings you all the advantages of having a publisher's expertise to hand and also ensures that the publisher has a vested interest in the book's success, thus steering well clear of the disreputable methods of the vanity press, which unfortunately still has its practitioners.

TURN OVER FOR A GUIDE ON HOW TO SELF-PUBLISH

What self-publishing involves

Producing a well-made book is a collaborative process, involving a number of different skills. If you feel versatile enough to handle most of these, well and good, but keep in mind that there is often no substitute for experience. Anyone arranging their own publishing will be naturally keen to keep costs down, but remember that achieving a high standard in all aspects of your book should be the primary aim.

STEP 1 ✹ EDITING

The first part of the battle is over and you can look with justified admiration at your neatly typed manuscript. But don't let your pride in what you have done blind you to the fact that there could still be room for improvement. There is hardly a manuscript that cannot be improved by editing, and it is well known in the publishing industry that there are a number of best-selling authors whose initial work is extensively edited, or even re-written for the simple reason that they are better at developing stories and plot lines than they are as actual writers.

An author who has something of value to say but fails to say it in the best way possible is doing himself or herself a disservice and probably only helping the book to speed more quickly to that great black hole of the unread. Writers are often too close to their work to see what needs to be done so it really is essential to have to have someone else take a hard, critical look. A friend whose judgement you trust could be at hand, but there is no real substitute for the cool, clinical eye of a professional editor. If you are serious about your work and feel it is something that can make a mark, don't skip or skimp on this part of the publishing process.

STEP 2 ✹ LAYOUT & DESIGN

The next step is to have your book "composed" into pages. In the pre-computer age (which now seems almost prehistoric but in fact was not that long ago), this required the book to bet set up in type by compositors and then meticulously proofed and corrected. Desktop publishing now gives authors direct control over this crucial part of the process, but if you want to do it yourself, and do it well, be prepared to learn not just about the operational ins and outs of the application you are using but about the principles of page design and typography. For example, selecting a typeface for your book demands serious consideration; not all typefaces are suitable for long tracts of text, and some typefaces, while they have excellent readability, may take up more space than necessary and thus add to the printing bill.

Most readers will not be able to enunciate the principles of book design or typography, but they will certainly know when something is wrong. A book must establish a bond of trust between the reader and the author, a trust that can easily be broken by awkward or incorrect presentation as it can be by poor writing.

Certainly ask an experienced designer to work on the cover. The hard commercial reality is that book buyers often do judge a book by its cover, and it is essential that this is designed to attract and that its appeal is relevant to the market in question.

STEP 3 ✹ PRINTING & BINDING

This will take up most of the cost so it is essential that you get it right. If you are using a standard litho-offset printer, you will have to make a guess at the number of copies you can sell, which is always a risky business. If possible, use instead the services of a printer who can provide some degree of print-on-demand, starting with a small print-run and then having more printed if there is the demand—something that is costly to do with standard printing but not with digital. Whatever method used, it is important that the printing and binding is of the right quality. If you are using the services of a designer, they will be able to guide you or even see the book through the press for you. Better still, use a printing house that has its own design department so that the whole process is integrated.

STEP 4 ✹ GETTING AN ISBN NUMBER

This is a 13-digit number that uniquely identifies a specific edition of a book. It is the device used by the booksellers and librarians to keep track of titles and so is an important part of the marketing mix and is essential for any book if it is to be treated seriously. An ISBN number is also necessary to generate a barcode. National centres throughout the world, acting on behalf of the International ISBN Agency, assign ISBNs to new books shortly before publication.

STEP 5 ✹ MARKETING & SELLING

This is where you can wear out a considerable amount of shoe leather. There are a few companies that will distribute self-published books, but they don't guarantee this. And even if they take on your book, it is important to ensure where possible that it is getting the right shelf space. In many instances, authors themselves will have to do the rounds of booksellers as well as keeping track of sales and sending out invoices.

The more publicity you can generate, the more seriously booksellers will take your book, so it is important to have a well worked out PR plan. Reviews are very important, but in truth there is still some prejudice against self-published works in the media. Try to get over this barrier by contacting book editors directly.

Marketing and selling books is the most daunting part of the publishing process and the one where authors going on their own will most likely fail. It is yet another good reason why you should enter, if possible, into a co-publishing arrangement with a company that has experience in dealing with the book trade. Such a company will also have the expertise to build an effective publicity and marketing campaign and to harness the power of the Internet to make sure your book gets all the chances that it deserves.

Pride & Prejudice

Despite its faults, George Bennett's *History of Bandon* merits a place in anyone's top ten Irish books, writes Perry O'Donovan

The History of Bandon, and the principal towns in the West Riding of County Cork, which was first published in 1862 (with a second much enlarged edition appearing in 1869), is the story of the rise and fall and rise again of the Protestant work ethic and the spirit of capitalism in Ireland.

It was written in the heyday of British world power, at a time when the British Protestant worldview was absolutely dominant—this was, remember, the age of the first Great Exhibition in the Crystal Palace in London, the time when the British completed their conquest of the Indian subcontinent and proclaimed their monarch the Empress of India, the days of the Opium Wars with China, a time when Queen Victoria merely had to set her royal foot on the soil of the Cove of Cork and the Irish authorities, overcome with joy, renamed the place Queenstown in honour of her regal footsteps—and, as such, the book is inevitably triumphalist: "Look on our glorious achievements, ye Papists," it says, "and despair."

It is also, frankly, racist, and inaccurate about many things here and there—and much else might be said against it—but Bennett's History of Bandon is an absolutely fabulous read, a fantastic creation by a wonderfully intelligent man, and an excellent writer; indeed it is one of the most important books on modern Irish history you will ever read (it merits a place in anyone's top ten Irish books). Even the racism and the Protestant triumphalism is interesting—one cannot claim to be interested in Irish history and not be deeply interested in such attitudes and prejudices: whether we like it or not these things are columns in the architecture of our make-up.

As we are told in Holy Writ, 'Pride goeth before a fall'. It says a lot about the world we live in—about history and about the nature of power—when one reflects on the fact that within a comparatively short time of Bennett's History of Bandon being published (600 months or so—two generations) all was washed away: the British Empire, the walls of Bandon, the name of Queenstown—the bunting and the trumpets and the Jubilee mugs all out on a renovation rubbish heap.

In fact, it is this roller-coaster character of history which allows us, today, to read a book like this and tune-out the racism and the Protestant triumphalism—read it anthropologically, as it were. The book is full of fascinating stuff: like the fact that the Bandon River before it was called the Bandon (because the settlement of Bandon-Bridge was founded only in around 1600) was called the Glasselyn, or, sometimes, the Green River; or the fact that the term 'boxing' (as in fighting with your fists) comes from when Cromwellian soldiers were paid in the form of plots of forfeited Irish land and would sometimes agree to 'box' for plots, that is, draw lots out of a box, settling the matter by box-trial: only afterwards did 'boxing' involve trial by other means—using you fists and physical strength in a boxed-off area.

Above trooping the colour at Bandon: an early picture-postcard (from the Adrian Healy collection) showing the British army garrison at Bandon on parade on Kilbrogan Hill. The church spire in the background is Kilbrogan parish church, the first purpose-built Protestant church in Ireland, the story of the building of which is told in chapter 2 of George Bennett's History of Bandon

Aside from magnificent nuggets of information and the fascinating insight into the mindset and worldview of the dominant caste on this island at the time our grandparents were born, the book contains passages which are simply excellent writing. Writing of the devastation of war (in the wake of Cromwell's New Model Army), this is how he sketches the scene at the opening of the chapter:

". . . the country was a vast ruin. A traveller might journey thirty miles along the public roads and not see a human face. When Cromwell's troopers were on the line of march, they used to wonder when they saw smoke arise from a chimney, or saw a light at night. Wolves roamed about unmolested; their hereditary enemy—man—was absent; and the wolf-dog, whose deep bay

Continued on next page

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often rang along the wooded hill-side, or who had often kept faithful watch and ward at the Irish chieftain's castle-gate, had accompanied him, or his sons, to distant lands . . .

". . . fences were broken down; houses were levelled to the ground; drains, that had carried off the superfluous waters, where choked; the ditches were filled with briars and rushes, and the meadows with weeds; the dock and the thistle flourished in fields where—in happier days—the wheat shook its golden plume. The wild duck rose lazily from what had once been an ornamental lake; and the flower-garden, where the blooming rose commingled its delicate perfume with the rich fragrance of the honey-suckle, and the savoury aroma of the thyme, was now the home of crawling creatures who trailed their slimy bodies through the rank grass, and of noxious animals, who burrowed holes in the ground, and fed on carrion. Silence was everywhere, and it remained unbroken—save when the raven croaked as it soared into the sky; but the lively twitter of the birds, the buzzing hum of the bee, and the low of cattle, were absent. The latter were nearly all destroyed." (History of Bandon, 1869 ed., pp. 176-7)

The people who built Bandon—the original English Puritans—and places such as Clonakilty and Enniskeane and Dunmanway afterwards, are the same people who built New Haven (Connecticut), Baltimore (Maryland), and Boston (Massachusetts). They were often literally the same people—brothers and cousins and sons and daughters—with the same outlook, the same spirit, the same background, the same purposes, and the same gene-pool. The Mayflower and the like were full of people with family in Ireland—the eldest son got the few acres or the business in Ireland and, maybe, there was money for one marriage dowry, but the younger ones had to move on and do in the new American colonies what their fathers had done in places such as Bandon. Not to know that, not to see that, not to feel that as you go about these West Cork plantation towns is to side-step the essence and meaning of things altogether.

George Bennett himself, in fact, followed on in this way too. Born in 1824, he studied for a BA at Trinity College, Dublin, in the 1840s; clearly he spent a good part of the 1850s researching and writing his history, which was first published in 1862, with a new enlarged edition appearing in 1869 (which was twice the size of the first edition). In the 1870s, he went with his young family to the United States, where he settled in Oregon, on the west coast, which we know about because there he founded a town in Coos County called Bandon. Today, Bennett's Bandon in the US—pop. 2,500—is famous for its cheese and production of cranberries.

A new edition of *The History of Bandon*, edited by Perry O'Donovan, will be published shortly by Inspire Books.

Elaine O'Sullivan, far left, with staff members Triona Hegarty, Amanda Jennings, Eilish Murphy and Gillian Barry.

ELAINE O'SULLIVAN
The Beauty Spot Salon

Elaine O'Sullivan doesn't look old enough to have been in business for 18 years—the best possible advertisement there could be for the beauty salon she has owned and run for that length of time. She went out on her own with The Beauty Spot at the age of 23, having worked for a few years in a small salon in Clonakilty, and is now based in a custom-built premises on Skibbereen's Townsend Street—complete with a very pleasant reception area and private air-conditioned treatment rooms, which are also sound-proofed, allowing Elaine and her staff to give their undivided attention to clients. The largest room, which has a lot of natural light coming through a large bay window specially fitted with frosted glass, is reserved for facials.

As with other businesses in the town she suffered badly with the flooding of 2009 but turned the crisis into an opportunity with a refurbisment of the premises. The recession, of course, has also brought its own travails, and she found it necessary to restructure the business, downsizing a little, but also looking hard at how to progress against the economic tide.

Things are beginning to level off again, she says, and two developments are working well: an online booking system on her web site (see below), giving 24/7 access to customers, and a loyalty rewards card promotion, allowing regular clients to build up points and make savings.

Elaine offers a wide range of face and body treatments using Decleor and Dermalogica skin care. All Dermalogica facial treatments include face mapping. Decleor facial treatments include an introductory back massage using Decleor essential oils and specialised masks tailored to your skin type.

The Skin Scanner uses black light to look "beneath" the skin to reveal its true condition. This allows skin care therapists to recommend products suitable for home care use and also to determine which skin care treatment is most suitable at the salon. The cost of the skin analysis is redeemable with purchases of Decleor and Dermalogica skin care at the salon.

Elaine is also trained in colour analysis, which apart from providing full wardrobe colour co-ordination, uses Arabesque makeup to complete your new top to toe look. Other treatments include light heat energy, reflexology, hot stone treatment, Indian head massage, Apilus Electrolysis, a Universal Contour Body Wrap and a stand-up Sun Shower.

The Beauty Spot Salon is open Tuesday to Friday, 9.30am-6.00pm and on Saturday9.30am-5.00pm.
Visit www.beautyspotsalon.com for more information.

Inspire designed new branding and promotional literature for the Beauty Spot Salon.

Finding an answer in the soil

Top right, John Devoy with daughters Aisha and Meriel; above, Sara Devoy at the market.

John Devoy likes a challenge. He once cycled from Cork to Capetown and now runs a successful organic farm with his wife Sara in West Cork. He talks to Maurice Sweeney

John Devoy is one of those people who is clearly head over heels in love what he does, his enthusiasm showing just how deeply he is engaged with every square foot of the five-acre organic vegetable farm that he and his wife Sara have been running for the past 10 years just outside Rosscarbery.

Devoys Organic Farm grows a wide variety of fruit and vegetables, supplying local restaurant and hotels, selling directly at famers' markets and through vegetable box schemes and at Scally's Super Valu in Clonakilty, where they have their own special display. The approach is intensive: they have 300 apple trees, 250 hens supplying organic eggs, beehives, six 32-metre polytunnels for protected crops and about 2.5 acres of field crops.

John admits that he only discovered what he really wanted to do well into adulthood, the journey to organic farming and Rosscarbery coming in a fairly roundabout way both mentally and geographically. He studied medical science at Kevin Street in Dublin after leaving school and then went to work in the biochemistry department of the CUH. After a spell there he took leave of absence in order to realise a dream he had long cherished—to cycle to Africa. It was something that went back to his childhood in Whitegate, where he was mesmerised by all the different nationalities coming off the oil tankers.

"Whitegate was unique at the time as it was probably the only place in Ireland where Africans could be seen," he says. "It brought home to me that there was a big wide world out there, a world I knew from the beginning that I wanted to see and experience."

The trip from Cork to Capetown was circuitous, to say the least. He headed first to the Continent via the UK and then north to Norway, cycling along the west coast until he could go no further and then back down through eastern Europe and Yugoslavia and Greece, arriving in Cairo for Christmas in 1985. In Athens he had met up with Eamonn Wallace, a friend who was also undertaking a gargantuan cycling trip, in this case from Ireland to China. Eamonn is now also deeply involved in organic farming, in Callan, Co Kilkenny, and has been an important mentor for John and Sara.

From Cairo, John cycled south through Sudan, Uganda, Zaire, Zambia and Zimbabwe, arriving 4,467 miles later (as the crow flies) in Capetown in early 1987. He admits that arriving in Capetown was something of an anti-climax. "It became just another day. There was nothing challenging left to face." He cycled around South Africa for another two months and then in the spring flew home to Cork and his job at CUH.

That trip has remained a huge influence in his life. Seeing first-hand how things worked on the ground, he learned how aid could often be counter-productive and he was also fascinated with the way work was done and how people produced their food.

"It taught me as well that it is important to leave yourself open, to be vulnerable. It is only when you leave yourself vulnerable that interesting things happen." It is a philosophy that he still strongly adheres to.

Not long after returning he realised that he wanted more than his job at CUH could offer. Taking the opportunity to job-share, he taught Tai Chi for a while (he has a Black Belt in karate) and also ran a Shiatsu clinic in Wellington road in Cork.

What he wanted most of all, he says, was work that was a challenge, that would satisfy him emotionally, mentally and physically. And always remaining at the back of his mind was the idea of being involved somehow in producing a primary product, which he had seen in Africa.

In 1990 he met Sara when she came to Ireland to do a dissertation on Puck Fair in Killorglin. Her original career was as an anthropologist and she had worked first for Anita Roddick and the Body Shop, travelling the world to do research into what different cultures used to decorate their skin. They settled in Cork (they now have three children) where Sara practised as a nutritionist and worked in a health food shop. Then came a move to Annacotty to be nearer Limerick where John did a degree at the age of 40 in science education, teaching for a while afterwards in the community school in Scarriff, Co Clare.

West Cork, which they both loved, always beckoned, however, and they took a house here and began the search for a place where they could not just start growing but was also in the centre of a community with access to all the social amenities. Rosscarbery ticked all the boxes and they were able to buy their present plot.

As much as he loves the farm, he admits that it is gruelling work for both of them. "It is not something that you can take a holiday from," he says. "No matter what time of the year, there is always something that needs to be done."

One source of welcome help comes from volunteers known as Woofers through a project known as World Wide Opportunities on Organic Farms (WWOOF), which arranges placements for young people who want to learn about organic growing and sustainable lifestyles.

John says that what is also crucial to the business is the clear division of labour between himself and Sara. He looks after the farm while she deals with marketing, selling, and accounts. A perfect combination for growth. For more information, visit www.devoysorganicfarm.com.

Inspire has created new branding for Devoys Organic Farms.

With customers now more price-conscious, they have moved away from the dearer brands, and he also notes that their habadashery section, which is part of their home interiors department, is doing very well.

SEAN MURRAY

The retail business, and none more so than clothing, has been caught in a pincer movement for the past three years: people are not spending because they don't have the money or, if they have, they are holding on to it.

Economists all agree that getting customers to spend again is the key, but it is proving a difficult one to turn. Retailers here would be glad to have something like the "Kate Middleton Effect" in the UK, where the media wait intrepidly at every occasion to see what the Duchess will wear next. She has a preference, it seems, for high-street labels and each item she has been reported as buying has sold out within a matter of days and in some cases are no longer available. On auction sites certain garments she has worn are even selling for twice the recommend retail price.

Without such a rolling bandwagon, retailers here have had to take different approaches. Sean Murray, who with his wife Maria runs the homewear business under his own name on Main Street, Skibbereen, admits that they have had to make adjustments.

With customers now more price-conscious, they have moved away from the dearer brands, and he also notes that their habadashery section, which is part of their home interiors department, is doing very well with people returning to the old-fashioned way of fixing and making rather than buying.

The shop is an impressive one and guarantees a good shopping experience. The frontage may not be wide but anyone crossing the threshold for the first time will be surprised at the amount of space that opens up before them, all of which is used effectively to display a large amount of stock over two floors. The shop has six departments: menswear, schoolwear and dress hire on the ground floor, and ladieswear, lingerie (which Maria looks after), and interiors on the first floor.

The dress hire department, Sean Says, has also had to change focus because of the recession. There is not the same call as there used to be for evening wear as fewer formal functions are being held, so they are now concentrating more on providing wear for weddings.

The shop was started 43 years ago by Sean's parents—in the year he was born. He remembers spending a great deal of his time as a boy and teenager around the shop, absorbing a lot about the business. He went to college but realised quickly that what he really wanted was to work in retail and took a job for a number of years with the Smart Brothers chain in Dublin. His older brother Don, who was in the Skibbereen shop, then decided to go out on his own, opening up a retail outlet in Bandon, and Sean returned to the family business.

The shop was among the casualties in the flooding of 2009, suffering 18 inches of water, with matters being made worse because of the wooden flooring on the ground floor. The setback, however, provided an opportunity for a complete refurbishment and with an eye naturally also to guarding against future disasters, the ground floor now being covered wit. The branding of the business has also had a makeover along with a new web site, to be found at www.seanmurrays.com.

Sean is also very involved with the local business community as chairman of the Skibbereen Business Association, a position he has held for the past three years. The association, which has 110 members, has been considering various plans, Sean explains, to heighten awareness of Skibbereen as as a shopping and business centre and will anounce a number of new schemes shortly. This follows a survey carried out among its members and non-members to identify the local business community's views about Skibbereen as a place to do business.

Sean Murray's re-branding and new website were done by Inspire.

MUNSTER RUGBY

In 1999, the IRFU, following a devastatingly poor world cup campaign, decided to increase their investment in the Irish game in an attempt to keep Irish-grown talent at home rather than let players be poached by clubs in England or France. The decision had a momentous influence on Irish rugby, and nowhere more so than in Munster.

Even before the advent of the professional game, Munster had a near mythical status in the minds of many Irish rugby fans. The history of the club was already rich with iconic moments such as the defeat of the All Blacks in 1978, but by the mid-1990s there were new and different types of challenges to be faced. In 1995 rugby union began the process of becoming a professional game and as a part of this development a new cross-border competition was launched--the Heineken Cup, which has in the past 16 years grown to become one of most prestigious competitions in world rugby. The move away from the amateur game was the making of Munster, allowing them to compete consistently at the highest level in Europe's premier contest.

> ' Even before the advent of the professional game, Munster had a near mythical status in the minds of many Irish rugby fans.'

The relationship between the IRFU and the provincial clubs cannot be understated and is unique in world rugby. In Ireland, most of the country's star players playing at provincial and national level are centrally contracted to the IRFU. This has removed some of the financial burden on the provincial clubs and avoids many of the country verses club arguments that have plagued other unions. One of the main reasons why the IRFU can afford to have this relationship with the leading players is because of lucrative deals put in place by both the ERC and the Six Nations Council. The contracts in question centre on the broadcasting rights of games at both club and national level.

The ERC is made up of stakeholders from all six participating rugby unions. In a bid to foster a competitive equilibrium across all participating unions, the stakeholders agreed that all commercial viewing rights to the Heineken Cup are to be controlled centrally by the ERC. This has allowed the ERC to impose a system under which the resulting revenues from television coverage are distributed not on the basis of a country's contribution to the fund based on viewing figures but on a structure that encourages competition. This approach has benefitted the IRFU and Munster greatly and has been paramount in securing funds from an organisation that includes clubs from France and England. The Irish market is considerably smaller than both these countries and only contributes 9% or about €2 million per annum to the total annual broadcasting revenues. The system put in place by the ERC allows the IRFU to receive funds of up to €5 million each year.

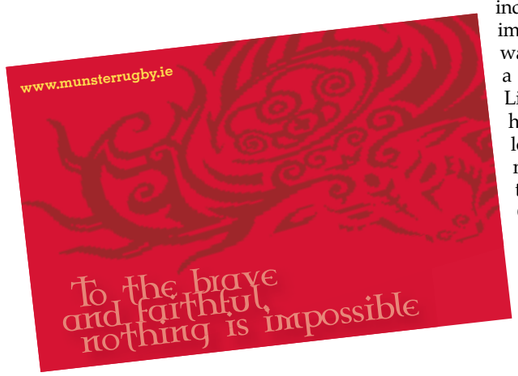
Munster's success on the pitch is quite phenomenal, with two Heineken Cup victories under their belt. The attitude of the players and their supporters has been quite extraordinary throughout the years. The sight of Munster's legion of supporters, who come from all walks of life, going to astonishing lengths to support their team both at home and abroad has been inspirational. This devotion coupled with results on the field has meant that Munster has been able to attract some high-profile sponsors.

In August 2010 Toyota, who have been involved with Munster since 2004, announced that they would be extending their partnership with the club until 2013. This deal will be worth €5.75 million to Munster over the three-year period and will bring Toyota's total investment in the club to over €13 million. German company Adidas is another major brand that has strong links with Munster. In 2007 the company signed a three-year sponsorship deal, which saw them become the official kit supplier to Munster Rugby. The deal, which allowed Adidas to sell replica Munster shirts, was renewed in 2009 for a further four years—a clear indication of the strength of the Munster brand.

Another cornerstone of the Munster experience is their home ground at Thomand Park. Between 1995 and the 2007 ,Munster maintained a 12-year unbeaten record at Thomand in the Heineken Cup. Although this run was eventually stopped by the Leicester Tigers, the ground itself is still considered a fortress and is heavily embedded in the Munster experience.

In early 2007 work started on the redevelopment of Thomand Park and was completed in autumn of 2008 at a cost of €40 million. In 2010 an independent analysis of the economic impact of the newly developed stadium was carried out by Focus Consulting, a chartered accounting firm based in Limerick. Its report stated that events held at the stadium had benefitted the local economy by more than €132 million. The report, which focused on the two years since reopening up to October 2010, found that 30,000 bed nights had been sold in hotels due to events held at Thomond and that more than €600,000 had been paid to local people involved in operations at the stadium.

Eoin Bourke



Designing a logo

THE LOGO
The existing Munster Rugby club logo uses three main graphical elements:

1. The three gold crowns from the original Munster crest retained on a solid navy background.
2. The stag, as noted in Irish Folklore as an animal that always defended it's own territory. One of the great Munster families, the McCarthys, who trace their origins back to Carthach, the 11th Century Prince of Munster, also had a stag on a shield of metal grey as their crest. The motto on this crest, "To the brave and faithful nothing is impossible", is particularly apt when considering the achievements of the Munster Rugby Squad.
3. The rugby ball.

THE NEW SUPPORT LOGO
The new Munster 'tattoo' was recently designed as a bespoke support graphic for the Munster Rugby Club. This graphic was to represent the spirit of the existing brand.
The designer decided to create an illustration based on a mix of tribal tattoo styles and relevant Celtic symbolism with historic reference to Munster, combined with an image of a rugby ball embodying the feelings of energy and passion.

1. The illustration needed to be textural in nature and could contain relevant hidden/ unhidden Celtic symbols.
2. The overriding feeling of the design needed to embody the Munster Rugby qualities of strength, agility, skillfulness and power, already present within the brand in various forms.
3. There also need needed to be a strong sense of movement within the support design as teh main brand is very static.
4. The Celtic aspects of the design must relate to the province of Munster and the meanings behind the symbols must be traceable as having positive meaning.

The new tattoo brand was designed by Sara Haggerty at Inspire

WAYNE LLOYD

Wayne Lloyd would be the first to admit that he has a strong competitive streak in him—a streak that probably guaranteed that the small, unassuming hair salon he once dreamt of running in Ballydehob would not remain like that. He discovered West Cork first in 2007 when he came to visit his sister in Schull and fell in love with the place immediately, deciding there and then to ditch his hairdressing career in London—where he had worked in several large salons—and set up in Ballydehob. He was all set for the quiet life but things soon began to take off in a different direction.

The salon, a hive of activity on any day, hosts a staff of eight and is a highly visible landmark on the Irish hairdressing map, with strong support from Cork City and West Cork but also with clients travelling from as far away as Dublin. It has been refurbished twice to cater for the growing business and plans are now also underway to add an online wing selling hair products.

Behind this success has been not only Wayne's natural drive but the high profile he has gained through a series of successes in hairdressing competitions domestically and internationally.

The list of awards is impressive. He has been a part of Team Ireland for the past three years, having been chosen to represent the country after winning the gold medal at the Haute Couture Hairstyling Awards. Other successes, among many, include gold and silver medals won in Paris, Athens, and Oslo at major events under the auspices of the Organisation Mondiale de la Coiffure as well as an Outstanding Achievement Award with the Irish Hairdressing Federation.

He encourages all his staff to take part in competitions. "I believe everyone can learn a lot by competing," he says, "and competitions are also great for team-building." His staff, he adds, have won more medals than any other salon in the country.

"There is a massive passion for hairdressing in Ireland," he says, "and I have found that there are more opportunities here than I ever came across in London."

He is deeply involved in hairdressing education, teaching in Bandon and Cork City. At the end of June this year he travels to Connectitcut to give a course at the International Institute of Cosmetology, one of the major hairstyling schools in the US.

His philosophy in business, he says, is to leave yourself open to opportunities. "If anything interesting comes along, don't think about it, just say yes and worry about it later. To learn to succeed you have to learn to lose."

For more information, visit www.waynelloydhair.com.

Inspire created new branding for Wayne Lloyd's Hairdressing Salon

PADRAIG O'DONOVAN

Padraig O'Donovan grew up within a stone's throw of the sea at Union Hall but admits that it was only when he got into the business that he began to learn about the ins and outs of fishing and fish. He studied for a degree in food science at UCC, after which he went to work for a cheese company in Thurles, where he remained for three and a half years.

"I loved the job," he says, "but not the area as much, and I was always thinking about coming home." He did so in 1996, becoming export manager for the Union Hall Fishermen's Company, moving from this job about a year and a half ago to set up on his own.

The fishing business, he says, has its own difficulties, not least of which is having to generate a profit from small margins on a product that has a very short sell-by date, but he loves the challenge of the demands that it brings. "I don't think two days are ever the same in this business," he adds.

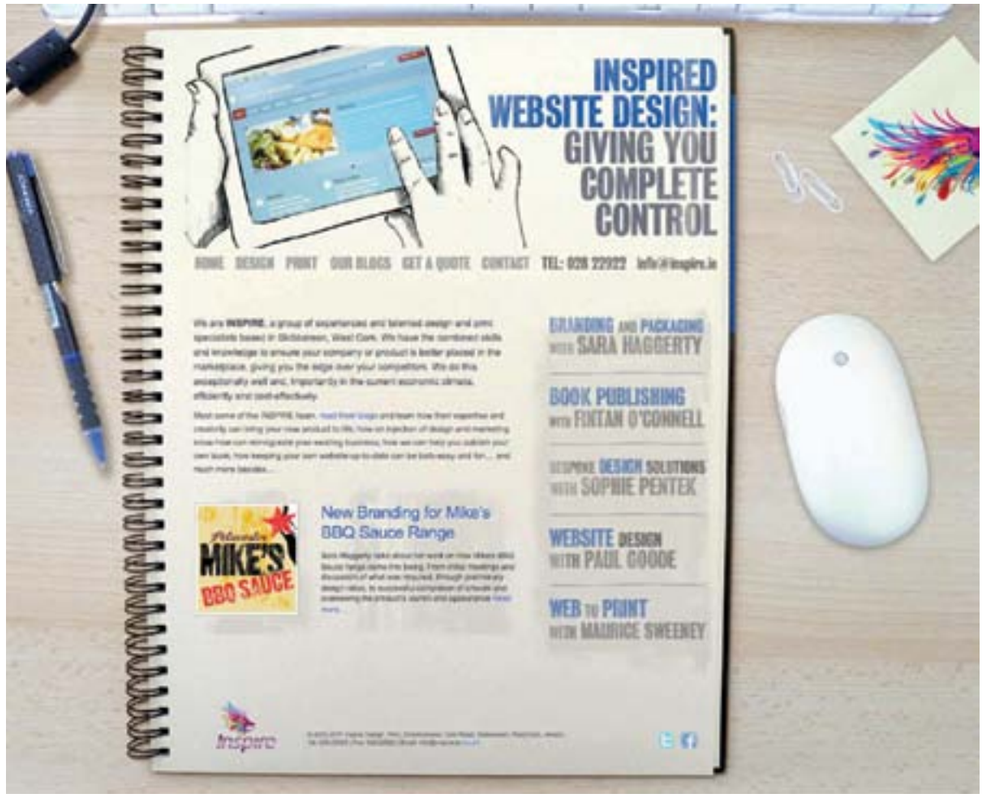
He buys directly from Irish trawlers coming into Union Hall, Baltimore, and Schull, and exports most of the catch mainly to Spain, France and England. His biggest market is Spain, where there is a strong demand for lantern fish (sometimes known as "megs" in this part of the world). He also supplies wholesalers, retailers and restaurants as well as, of course, the Fish Station, his own shop on the Marsh Road in Skibbereen.

The Fish Station was for a while located in the Union Hall Fishermen's Company premises in the same part of town but then moved next door to Fastnet Candles, which is owned and run by Padraig's father. The name of the shop reflects its location on the site of the old Skibbereen railway station.

The shop has an impressive daily display of fresh fish, with special offers always there for customers to avail of. Padraig emphasises the 100 per cent traceability of his produce because of his buying methods and he is also keen to keep prices for the ordinary consumer to a minimum. Freshness is another major consideration, with no fish remaining on sale for more than two days. The shop also stocks products from Union Hall Smoked Fish and other suppliers.

Padraig believes that the Irish taste for fish is widening and changing. "People here are certainly eating more fish, perhaps mainly for health reasons, and their tastes are becoming more adventurous, falling into line with those on the Continent. Price, naturally, will also be a major factor here, and is something we are always conscious of."

The branding for the Fish Station was done by Inspire.



PAUL GOODE

Born in Birmingham in 1969, Paul Goode decided he wanted to live in Ireland while holidaying in Wicklow in 1995. Back home, he applied to all the design companies listed on a page he had torn from the Golden Pages and within months was working with the BFK design Group in Dublin.

He had worked originally as a trained illustrator, doing detailed drawings of engines and engine parts for manuals with old-fashioned pen and ink but, realising that the work was limited career-wise and was in any case being taken over by computer-aided-design, began to work in the UK for a few years as a freelance graphic designer.

When he came to Dublin he found the type of work he did with BFK exciting, he says, as it introduced him to a lot of new styles and challenges. It was mainly print design but also included a few web sites, a medium that was then just a few years old and which nobody saw as ever taking off to the extenf that it did. After a year with BFK he moved with his partner to Cork, where he worked for a number of years with Kunnert and Tierney, becoming very influenced by Christian Kunnert, whom he regards as "one of the best designers in Ireland".

He then took the freelance route again, moving to Skibbereen in 2001, by which time he was becoming more deeply involved in web design. The downturn in 2008 saw a lot of his regular clients pull back and work began to dry up, but he has recovered in the past year after doing some intensive marketing and now has clients in Ireland and the UK ranging from large multinationals to small start-up enterprises.

He has a well worked-out, pragmatic approach to design. "There are many who can learn to use the tools of the trade to become competent artists," he says, "but as designers, our greatest asset and tool is our brain. Learning, exploring, experience and good mentoring can help, but I don't believe that creative thinking is something that can be taught at college."

> "As designers, our greatest asset and tool is our brain."

Design, he emphasises, is "ninety per cent functional and not cosmetic. It is about understanding how to get to the heart of a company's ethos and express that visually." Also essential, he adds, is a meticulous attention to detail—something that comes naturally to him as a trained technical illustrator.

His approach to clients is not to talk them through a design but simply let them see and experience it, allowing it to work on its own visual level. "It's a reall thrill to come up with an idea, show it, and get a positive reaction—that is the right way to go." Recently he was asked by Ghostlight, a new media company based in Clonakilty, to devise a logo that would be different, even somewhat quirky. After a lot of thought, he came up with a simple, rough drawing on a scrap of paper (see the illustration on this page), showed it to them, and they loved it. "It was one of those perfect design moments," he says.

Other recent clients include The Clonakilty Hotel, Data Purity in the UK, Cellcode, a UK software developer, MJ McGrath Electrical in Cork, Costelloe's Malthouse in Clonakilty, and Stream Solutions, an authorised Apple training centre in Cork. The brief from Stream Solutions was to create a platform from which the company could promote its series of courses. This has received an accolade from Apple itself, and it has reccomended the design to other companies as the one to follow.

Paul Goode has worked freelance with Inspire for several years.

AYNA O'Driscoll PHOTOGRAPHY

Born and raised in Turkmenistan, Ayna O'Driscoll says with a laugh that she is now quite used to having to repeat where she is from, and also to explaining how she came to live in West Cork.

She grew up "very much a city girl" in the capital city Ashgabat but after school took a few years off to live in the countryside to learn more about her traditional Turkmen language and culture—the country was still part of the USSR in her school years and everything, including the Soviet view of the world, had been taught through Russian. She then went back to Ashgabat to enter university where she studied history and after graduating got a position with the UN, working for two and a half years with refugees from Tajikistan and Afghanistan and travelling in neighbouring countries. To advance her career, she realised that she would have to learn English. She asked a visiting journalist for some advice and he suggested working as an au pair in England.

After a long trawl through the Internet, she found Baltimore. "Or rather it found me," she says. "When I first arrived I was amazed how small it was, just a few streets, but it felt so cozy, just a perfect piece of paradise." Living as an au pair with a family and working part-time as a waitress in a local restaurant, she threw herself into village life, getting to know everyone and forming close friendships.

She had been interested in photography for a long time and with her first au pair wages bought a camera and began to take pictures of people and places around her, giving her the opportunity to immerse herself even more in Baltimore and West Cork. After a year she moved to London to undertake formal training in photography but was back within 12 months and spent three more years in Baltimore. She met her future husband, Liam O'Driscoll, while he was back in Baltimore on holidays from Boston. They both moved to the US, where Ayna brought her skills to a new level by studying full-time at the Center for Digital Imaging Art at Boston University, graduating with a degree in photography.

After six and a half years in the US, Ayna and Liam moved back to Ireland in 2009 and now live in a beautiful setting high above Lough Hyne with a panoramic view of the coast, from where she runs her photographic business.

Ayna says that although she has always felt captivated by the scenery of West Cork, her main interest is in taking photographs of people. "With people, it is as if I can almost see the picture beforehand, knowing exactly what I want, but this doesn't happen to the same extent for me with landscape," she says. Such a natural flair for portraiture has also put her in demand as a wedding photographer.

She loves to talk photography, about what is good and bad, about cropping, about digital versus film (which she still experiments with), and about post-production techniques, which she has a special interest in.

She returns to Turkmenistan when she can to visit her mother and sister—her father died six years ago—but sees herself settling down in West Cork. "I have always understood when people say that west Cork is such a gem," she says. "Here I can wake up every morning happy, loving my family, my job and where I live."

Ayna O'Driscoll does regular photographic work for Inspire. To see more of her photographs and for contact details, visit www.aynaphoto.com.

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