

MAGUIRES TRADITIONAL BUTCHERS SPONSORS OF *The Whistleblower*

Starring: Edwina Hoff, nouveaux athletes, learned acquaintance, Jedward, fellow triathlete, Shakespeare, Frederick Nietzsche, Hannah the Great, Michael Jackson, millions of worshippers, an accomplished idler, four readers, Mark Leen, John Paul O'Brien, Herbert Lefcourt, Rod Martin, Beatrice Blaine, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Daughter-in-law, Our Lady, Micky O'Tuama, Charles Duval, student, Erskine O'Shaughnessy, Cathy Ryan, David Syme, Liszt, Chopin, Mozart, Debussy, Virginia Creeper, Maureen O'Hara, George Bush, Liszt, Japanese woman, Alexander Pope, Malachy Greer, Bernard Dunne, Malcolm Hourigan, Malcolm X, Tipp hurler, Soccer Star, Alvin Bishop, Stop-Go Man, Jeremy Beadle, doctor, ostrich and Whistleblower

DEAD GERMAN IN DRAMATIC RESCUE OF TRIATHLETE IN SEA

By Edwina Hoff

Whatever about the swine flu or its swineless cousin, no anti-dote has yet been found for the outbreak of triathlon mania sweeping Kerry and Cork. Triathlon clubs or 'tri' clubs, as they are known by these *nouveaux* athletes, have sprung up as relentlessly as Jedward hairstyles. However one chilling tail—which may be that elusive antidote—involved a learned acquaintance who happened to participate in a recent triathlon and was lucky to escape with his life.

While traversing the ocean's depths on a beach along these coasts, he became quite exhausted and when his body refused to swim anymore—having done in his own words 'a mere half mile' his own voice called out 'help!' Between the time he pronounced the 'h' and the 'p' his whole life—excluding the unsavoury parts—flashed before him. It may be said at this point that, in fairness to the gentleman concerned, there was not much of his life that was savoury and it was no surprise to this writer to learn that the interval of a flash could contain the sum total of the better parts of his life. Lest we are tempted to



delve into *res irrelevanta*, we shall revert to the chilling tale.

The gent's cry for assistance—even though clearly a *crie de couer*—was less heeded than heard. A passing fellow competitor, upon seeing our learned reader call for his life, scampered past the drowning gent in his frontcrawl and was said to have called out 'I have no time!' Such is the pressure of competitive nature of the triathlon beast that no cause proves an obstacle to getting a good time. One can only imagine how let down our reader must have felt.

However as Shakespeare called no less than a play 'all's well that ends well'. Our reader suddenly remembered the words of Nietzsche: 'He who has a why to live for, can bear with almost any how any how'. He also recalled the words of Hannah the Great (dispenstress of porridge in a famous boarding school) who was fond of quoting the great German himself 'Was mich nicht umbringt, macht mich stärker.' (for those who were deprived of German and the said boarding school— 'what does not kill you make you stronger') Being so inspired, he plucked up the necessary courage and reached the shore to live to tell the tale!

REVEALED (YET AGAIN) ELVIS IS ALIVE!

By Micky O'Tuama

Of Michael Jackson's death there is no doubt—at least at present. He did after all appear centre stage but importantly in a coffin in Los Angeles last July. There was no recorded sightings of him dancing or singing at that event or since—although in fairness to his millions of worshippers, it is early days yet.

This publication has been informed by a most accomplished idler, that he has experienced Elvis Presley's very person in in a certain satellite town of Cork—or to be more specific in a certain boulevard in the same town.

According to our honourable correspondent, who is one of the faithful legion of four read-

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ers (note from editor to advertisers: please note 50% increase in readership from in the last six months), Elvis is alive and well and lives in the shower nextdoor to his residence. Thanks to the conveniences of Celtic Tiger building practices our correspondent claims to be within 3 inches at most of the King himself on a regular basis.

He swore and threatened to produce a corroborating affidavit when the eyebrows of this writer were raised, that he hears him morning and night singing 'Are you lonesome tonight?', 'Help me make it through the night', 'I want you, I need you, I love you', 'Scratch my Back', 'Raindrops keep falling on my head' and as if further evidence were needed 'There's no place like home' in perfect pitch, with the perfect voice that only a CD version of the King himself could produce.

The story is rather convincing as it survived this writer's exacting journalistic scrutiny when it was put to our friend that it may have been an impersonator. The gent confirmed that it was not even Mark Leen (Elvis impersonator extra-ordinaire and regular guest at the Greyhound Bar) as his residence is quite a distance from the location in question—in fact the whole matter of 65 miles due west.

In these times of economic woe, all is not lost on our honourable reader who is considering opening a tea-shop on his own premises to cater for the expected influx of adorers of the great King himself.

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It is abundance, positive, healthy (ref. research) It is the oxygen of social interaction and was even found in the ghettos of Warsaw and concentration camps. It is free but one has to be open to it. It is a tradable commodity insofar as jokes have themselves social and business lives. When all else is gone humour remains. Proof of this was related to this writer by a certain young man whose mother had, oddly enough, a continuously strained relationship with her mother-in-law. On her deathbed, the old lady—who it must be said, rather like Beatrice Blaine in F. Scott Fitzgerald's *This Side of Paradise*—preferred the company of higher orders of clerics such as canons and monsignors who had episcopal prospects; one notable exception was a cleric who it is said turned down the papacy;—spent her final days, amidst the fumes of woodbine, calling on the assistance of every idle saint in her holy books to ease her passage from this life and of course did so with dramatic effect. When the old dame was heard to cry 'Mary, Mary...oh Mary!', word quickly arrived at her daughter-in-law's house that she was being summoned for a final audience and that there was every chance that matters would finally be mended and that forgiveness for the taking of her one and only son in marriage might be finally bestowed. Without a moment's hesitation, the daughter-in-law arrived at the foot of the woman's bed and proceeded reverently to her side and took the old woman's cold, dying hand which was wrapped in Knock rosary beads. 'Mary, Mary!' the old woman cried.

'I am here, Granny', said the daughter-in-law in profound relief that she was so wanted at the hour of the death of the matriarch. 'Mary, Mary.....Mother of God!' gasped the old woman. With that she cackled and promptly expired.

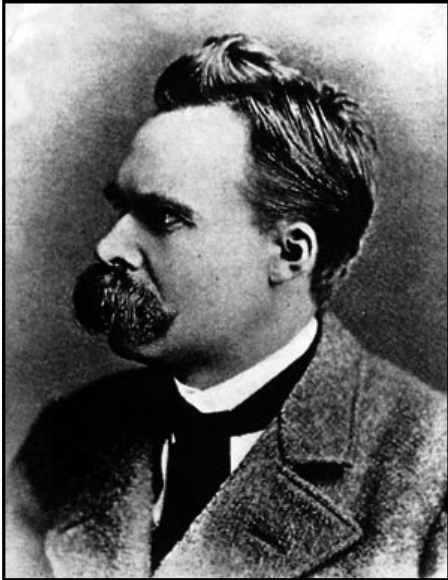
Note: In the circumstances, it is not known whether the daughter-in-law was a beneficiary of any organ of the old lady following her demise.

THE ODD COUPLE
MEET CHARLES DUVAL
AND HIS BERLUTIS

By Micky O Tuama
'My name is Charles Duval'. If you have read

this it is necessary that you do so again in your finest New England accent in order to get the true picture. The owner of the voice is a curious man that made an indelible mark in this observer's mind on the occasion of a quiet visit to inspect some artwork in a glamorous Cork hotel. Inspection complete, the writer retired to the hotel library where Mr. Duval was holding court.

As I engaged in the perfunctory art of perusing the usual photographic books about Ireland, my attention was drawn to a conversation between a middle-aged gent and a younger man—both American and from the



Frederick Nietzsche (1844-1900) See page 1

**GOD LOVES
A TRIATHLETE**
See
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evidence before me, strangers to each other until then.

The young man appeared a typical student but my memory of his dress was occluded by that of Mr. Duval. Mr Duval even as he sat had splendid carriage, abundantly athletic and was resplendent in his couture. Though he was dressed in a most fetching, tailor-made suit and overcoat, his shoes were most conspicuous.

One can always tell the aristocrat—or better still the man of impeccable sophistication. It is not their dress that reveals this but their shoes. Whereas clothes are mere attachments, shoes reveal the wearer's journey—his past, his present and his destiny. So said Mr. Duval as he declared that he wore the most expen-

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HUMOUR
NOT JUST A LAUGHING
MATTER—
RESEARCH REVEALS
By John Paul O'Brien

According to a study by psychologists Herbert Lefcourt, of the University of Waterloo, and Rod Martin, Ph.D., at the University of Western Ontario our tendency to laugh is directly related to our tendency to donate organs. This is because humorous people are more able to think deal with ideas such as death more than their serious-minded counterparts...which brings to the mind of this author a tale concerning death and humour.

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sive shoes not only in the world but also in Cork.

His hand-made Berluti's, he explained, were a set of three—a trio— so that he would never be without a dandy look if one of the company of shoes needed a patch or a darn. If shoes were violins, he declared, his were of the Stradivarius species - only three steps better.

That he was shodden in such Berlutian elegance, he announced, he would celebrate and as a *beau geste* invited the student to partake in a beverage. As chance would have it, his companion had to make tracks owing to some lowly matter, leaving Jack to turn his eyes in my direction. Being a spirited sort, the writer was amenable to join in the celebrations and would have celebrated even if his were the second most expensive in the world.

Mr Duval reached under his chair, revealing a bottle of *Dom Perignon* no less. He summoned two champagne glasses from his Super Valu bag and thus began a most enjoyable party to in celebration of *la joie de feet*.

Of course amidst the mist of *Dom Perignon*, this writer never plucked up the courage to enquire as to the origin of the acquisition of the Berluti. What was the origin of the Mr. Duval's wealth? His unmistakably regal poise raised the question—was he a prince or even formerly known as prince? Anyway in the occasion that was in it, it was decided by the writer that discretion was the best part of valour. If Mr Duval should happen to come across this article, perhaps he will enlighten his champagne companion!

**DON'T KNOW WHERE
TO GO?
IDAHO!
Café on Caroline St.,
CORK**

ODE TO JOY AS MAESTRO SYME PLAYS THE PIANO

By Erskine O'Shaughnessy

It is famous Irish American singer and bodhrán player Cathie Ryan who sings 'It is a long road that has no turn'. But no ordinary turn of events resulted from a sign on the side of the road not far from Castletownbere in West Cork. This indicated a live piano recital. On following the sign, this writer was ushered into a beautiful American-style house with a southern, coastal bearing amidst the lush and at once wild landscape of West Cork.

Upon entering the open door it was clear that the promised piano recital was in full swing in a large open-plan, plush bungalow. Congregated around was a reverent, seated and transfixed Sunday afternoon audience. One's eyes and ears were drawn to the centre of the floor to the enormous figure of a man—one David Syme - seated at a Steinway playing a repertoire that involved moving effortlessly from 'Galway Bay' to Liszt, to Chopin, to Mozart and back to some Irish favourites such as 'Danny Boy'.

Each new piece was greeted by a collective sigh of unadulterated adoration from the privileged audience. Both pianist and piano were one. Had He been present, God himself would have been forgiven for having chuffed of the maestro —'is he really one of mine?' From Mr. Syme's very first note, everyone appeared emancipated from the daily struggle as his countenance inhabited another world way out beyond the frontiers of that of the common man. Only God knows where he went when he struck the first note of Debussy's *Clair de Lune*. The beauty of each piece grabbed you like a loving Virginia Creeper and would cause one to dream how you might be embraced by the real Ms. Creeper. Syme's finale was a stunning performance from Gershwin's 'Rhapsody in Blue'.

From time to time a woman sang in sympathy with some of the old Irish tunes being played by the master. This drew the adoring glance of the pianist in the direction of the chanter. Upon further and most discrete investigation involving a most gentle repositioning of this observer, a heroine of many an Irish childhood was recognised as owner of the voice. Behold Maureen O'Hara just a few years from O'Dea's pub in the Quiet Man! Still beautiful; still majestic and in

concert with Mr. Syme.

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THIS LONG DISEASE, MY LIFE

By Johanna Fry

Life may seem like a terminal illness—as mostly it seems to end in death and, alas, the current depression is the only thing that seems to be exuding life. Yet despite all the gloom; the stars still shine at night; the children play in gay abandon and the jazz musicians play on a Sunday evening in the Greyhound Bar come what may; that while the Irish Empire falls, battalions of public servants inhabit the parallel universe of plenty and mourn the state of the country invoking Alexander Pope's lament—oft repeated in this cheerful epistle—'this long disease, my life' and wonder to themselves 'am I ever going to get out of this life alive?' Poor things!

It seems mildly weird that fun and excitement can live side by side with despair and disappointment. It is almost as fascinating as the great conclusion drawn by one of the most intriguing minds of the 21st century who declared to his satisfaction that 'man and fish can co-exist peacefully'. The gravitas of this statement by George Bush cannot be underestimated as we have much cause to confirm; for this writer is a lover of any kind of fish dish—especially those offered by local fishmongers such as Quinlan's but it is to the exquisite in the English Market in Cork that I would like to refer.

On a recent walk through Patrick Street this writer was led by the nose to the English Market. Being of the coastal community, we were immediately drawn to the fish area which was like a still and sliced version of the aquarium back west in Dingle for we were surrounded by all kinds of exotica cut and ready for relocation on the human palate. We immediately thought of George Bush's profound remark as this was bliss among fish. The writer was surrounded by silver scales that reminded one of the scintillating shines that radiate at Tiffany & Co. In harmony with these were the fragrances that were indescribable for their beauty but were overpowering to the same extent as the gallons of embrocation exuding from the Nemo dressing room in advance of a serious encounter—but of course much more benign where the fish were concerned.

And oh to place the sushi on the palate served by a Japanese woman who offers it as one might a vital organ to one gasping for life! Magnificence indeed amongst the pestilence of our times.

Lest we consign Alexander Pope to darkness he offers some wonderful consolation too in the lines:

*All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance direction, which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good;
And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite;
One truth is clear, whatever is, is right*

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**TIPPERARY
HURLER SPOOKED
BY SOCCER STUD**

By Malachy Greer

Sport is a great leveller. Having partaken for a few weeks in the noble sport of boxing, I can vouch for this just like Bernard Dunne—although when I hit the canvass, only my sparring partner knew about it. I retired early in my apprenticeship and became an undertaker. Malcolm Hourigan was my one and only opponent throughout that relatively short career which although it lasted 3 weeks seemed like an eternity each Monday night. Malcolm wasn't known as Malcolm X for nothing and openly subscribed to his gentle philosophy '*Be peaceful, be courteous, obey the law; but if someone puts his hand on you, send him to the cemetery*'. For this discerning reader will note explains my current occupation.

It was in my capacity as an undertaker that one of my friends and subsequent client related a sobering tale that certainly impressed on me the notion that

sport is indeed a serial leveller. It concerns two gents—one a Tipperary hurler and the other a professional soccer player of some considerable stature. In order to honour undertaker-client privilege, we will not reveal the names of the protagonists concerned.

The Tipperary hurler who was well-known as a man about town entered a certain nite-club. Upon seeing the famous exponent of the beautiful game in the crowd, our Tipp hurler approached him and advised him in no uncertain terms that there was only room for one super-star in the said nite-club. Upon receipt of such counsel, the soccer-player put his hand in his pocket, took out a €100 note, set it ablaze with a lighter saying 'When you can do that, *come back to me*'.

STOP-GO MAN

By Alvin Bishop

In spite of the huge technology that abounds where would one be without the Stop-Go man on the nations roads? They are masters of an ancient craft. While feigning simplicity of mind, they are masters of all the humanity they survey.

An acquaintance who practised this profession for many years and has since graduated to the full stop of retirement recalls the wonderful fun he had playing with motorists whom had ground to a halt on a busy thoroughfare. Without being willing to divulge the secrets of his profession, he related that he took considerable pleasure in halting traffic for no apparent reason so as to enjoy the welling up of the frustration of motorists just short of the point of their explosion. He was truly the Jeremy Beadle of stop-go men or women.

On many occasions a driver would be confronted by an interminable and inexplicable stop sign erected by the gentleman in question. The driver in time would begin to resemble—insofar as the gentleman was concerned, quoting the doctor in Shakespeare's *Macbeth*— '*a great perturbation of nature*', so much so that you could, he re-called '*smell the blood from his face*'. As the driver—most often a man—announced himself with not inconsiderable

**GO WHERE NO MAN
HAS GONE BEFORE!
STALIN'S PUB, TRALEE**

venom, the sign would be reversed and the anger quickly gave way to panic as the driver would flee his stationary position lest others would get in front of him.

The stop-go man is not at all idle. He may stand looking as though in a stupor, have his lunch while the rest of us wonder how little cares he must have, but of course he is a student of life. He studies cars, engine noises, occupants and their talent. He is a master of psychology as he experiments—not in the cosseted laboratory of an experimental psychologist—but out in the open where all kinds of human specimen present themselves for his scrutiny - the slowed, the hurried, the frustrated, the oppressed, the beautiful, the holiday-maker who, like the snail, carries his destiny on his back, the ugly, those full of the *joie de vivre* and of course, the least troubling of them all, the dead.

Exit Whistleblower followed by ostrich.

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