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Reflections on Irish Music

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Reflections on Popular Music in Ireland from the 1960s to the mid-1970s

I was trawling through my record collection the other day looking for something or other when I came across a double CD that I didn't know I had, or where it had come from. Called 'Irish Cream: The Great Singers and Songs of Ireland 1913-1955'¹ I started to explore the sleeve notes and, while there was hardly a piece I hadn't at some stage in my life heard before (and I never ever forget a piece of music once heard), I was amazed to see that, with one or two exceptions, and they so sanitised as to be virtually unrecognisable as Irish, nowhere among the 44 songs was there one that we folkies in the 60s and 70s would have considered a genuine native Irish folk song.

In fact, most of the songs on this collection, from Edwardian Paddy-whackery to Oirish American sentimental twaddle would have had us all foaming at the mouth and railing against the usurpers of the tradition, polluters of the pure drop. Remembering my own youthful certainties in relation to what was or was not to be admitted to the Irish cultural pantheon brought a smile to my face.

The culture police in Ireland have always been there, whether amongst my own over-zealous 1960s generation; or Yeats casting out the first global Irish musical superstar of the 19th century, Thomas Moore; or the ignoring of the centuries old wealth of native music by the powers that were in 2RN, as Raidió Éireann was called in the fledgling State. Or indeed the marginalisation of folk culture by the Irish State itself in the years between independence and Seán Ó Riada's almost single-handed reinstatement of traditional music to the urban middle classes in the 60s. In the rush to appear as bourgeois as the European states we craved acceptance by, the crude utterances of the fine bold peasantry were not to be admitted to the drawing room.

Even nowadays, with fashion moving in entirely the opposite direction, work by contemporary Irish-born songwriters and composers is not considered by many so-called critics to be really Irish at all unless bedecked in the same traditional motifs that were laughed at by previous generations of so-called critics. The pendulum swings at a dizzying rate in this little country of ours.

I find it truly amazing how visceral is this fight for the musical soul of Ireland and am left wondering what it all means. I mean, I can't quite imagine the same arguments taking place in France or Spain or indeed England. Even our closest cultural neighbours, the Scots, don't seem to have the same obsession with defining what is or isn't a legitimate expression of who they are in the cultural sense. But perhaps the kilt and sporran is such a strong visual statement as to obviate the need for any further symbol of nationality!

In any case, we in Ireland, at least in the contemplative classes, seem to be engaged in a constant state of navel gazing in terms of our culture. Somewhere in all this to-ing and fro-ing I believe there hides a huge hole or sense of loss at the heart of the modern Irish identity. Perhaps one of the main reasons for this is the loss of our language. Whatever we feel about the demise of the Irish language and the constant

failed attempts to breathe life into the corpse, most scholars accept that language is the prime vehicle of a people's individual identity and that the abandoning of it, forced or voluntary, in favour of that of an outside dominant force inevitably leads to a loss in confidence and crisis of identity. Can anyone imagine arriving in Spain or France and not hearing Spanish or French spoken?

The fact that as a race we Irish have an inherent talent for verbal and musical self-expression, globally recognised, perhaps makes this loss even more keenly felt, however subconsciously, and ratchets up our need to commandeer music and literature as vehicles to define who we are to the outside world and to argue vociferously as to what should be said or indeed sung. But I'm not here today to bemoan the loss of the Irish language, however much I regret it, or to try and define what Irish music is or isn't.

We now know that, historically, Ireland was never racially or culturally homogenous and there are those who say that, as we enter the post nation-state era, all this shouting and harking back to a fantasy world of Gaelic culture and music is, while good entertainment, somewhat unseemly and exclusive in the pluralistic sense. I tend to agree with this as my natural state has always been to go, like a river, where my individual spirit and talent leads me and to resist attempts to divert its flow into any stylistic, political or pseudo-patriotic cul-de-sac of the moment.

I have experienced enough rejection and criticism as an artist, considered too Irish by some and not Irish enough by others, to be thoroughly suspicious of those who assume the mantle of guardians of the soul of Ireland. What I'd rather do today is retrace my own journey through music as I experienced it in Ireland—as far along this journey as I can within the time allotted here today—and let you draw whatever conclusions you want as to what, if anything, it means in the bigger picture.

As far back as I can remember and even before that, if my parents weren't exaggerating, I had an immediate and instinctive relationship with music. All through childhood the touchstone that gave me a sense of belonging to the world and of understanding it was music. If I was unhappy, felt isolated or under threat, music was an escape and trusted friend; the sense of order inherent in a beautiful melody instantly a comfort; the architecture of a song a place of refuge. To my continual surprise nobody else in my immediate circle, child or adult, seemed to experience or need it in quite the same essential way.

Growing up in Strabane, a border town, and attending that rare thing at the time, a mixed-sex, mixed-religion primary school in Northern Ireland, I had a dual cultural background as a child—exposed to both Irish and British media—and as children do, I took it for granted. This was long before citizens of the Republic had access to UK television, in fact even before television in every home was the norm.

Though my parents listened to Raidió Éireann exclusively (as did most of those of a Nationalist persuasion in the north) as kids our radio of choice was Radio Luxembourg, the pop station broadcast from Europe on 208 medium wave but whose content was mostly pre-recorded in London. It was on Radio Luxembourg we first

heard Elvis Presley, Buddy Holly, Little Richard and Jerry Lee Lewis and, later, as we became the first Irish teenagers, The Beatles and The Rolling Stones.

Kids nowadays, with access to the entire world via their mobile phones from the time they're just out of nappies, can have no idea of what a thrill it was to listen to pop radio on a crystal set at night under the blankets in boarding school under threat of expulsion if discovered—positively anarchic! What we mostly heard on Raidió Éireann, as we'd get ready for school in the morning or at lunchtime or on weekends was the music of our parents' and grandparents' generation—Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin, Perry Como, Andy Williams, Light Opera like Gilbert and Sullivan, The Classics, Hollywood movie songs from the '40s, many of the 'Irish' songs and artists that would have appeared on the CD I mentioned at the start of this talk.

Notwithstanding the fact that Raidió Éireann's ethos would have been avowedly independent of British media like the BBC, a broad selection of popular British artists of the time like Lita Rosa, David Whitfield, Dickie Valentine, Lonnie Donnegan, Alma Cogan, Tommy Steele, Helen Shapiro and, from Belfast, though from the other side of the fence, Ruby Murray were all regularly played. The strange thing about Raidió Éireann was how rarely, still, you could hear a genuine unaccompanied traditional Irish singer or song of the people, as opposed to one composed or arranged by a professional, except on a specialist 'sponsored' program paid for by Gael Linn or Walton's Music Publishers.

Somehow, in Ireland, what music we made ourselves was just not considered as good as what came in from outside. Nothing much has changed. With few exceptions, and those only because the outside world has embraced them like U2, Westlife and The Script, it's still hard to hear home-grown music of any genre on Irish radio except on specialist off peak programs. But, again, it's not the small-mindedness and provincialism of the Irish critical and broadcasting fraternity that has me here, nor is it to say that unless we first appreciate and really believe in the quality of our own music and then champion it at home, then no outsiders will ever respect us. That's another day's work!

Although music was always my passion, if I was to pick one year that for me was pivotal it would probably be 1962. I was 15 in May of that year. Strange choice perhaps, as it was a year of huge transition in Western popular music as we moved from the American dominated Swing and Rock'n' Roll era of the 50's into the British 60's pop golden age of The Beatles whose big breakthrough came the following year with 'She Loves You'.

Hits that are now standard on golden oldies radio like, Chris Montez's 'Let's Dance', Little Eva's 'The Locomotion', Roy Orbison's 'Dream Baby', Sam Cooke's 'Twisting The Night Away', Bobby Darin's 'Things', The Four Seasons' 'Sherry', the three classic Ray Charles hits, 'I Can't Stop Loving You', 'You Don't Know Me' and 'Your Cheatin' Heart'; instrumental hits too like The Tornados' 'Telstar' and The Shadows 'Dance On' (when did you last hear an instrumental hit?) all these first charted in 1962.

Closer to home, that summer during my first trip as a teenager to Rannafast in the Donegal Gaeltacht, I appeared onstage for the first time with a guitar singing my own translation of the Joe Brown top ten UK hit of that summer ‘Picture Of You’.

But apart from the collegiate songs *as Gaeilge* that we learned while we were there, like ‘Báidín Fheilimí’ or ‘Béidh Aonach Amárach I gCondae an Chláir’, Irish traditional music or song was nowhere on my radio or even on my radar in 1962, although somewhere faintly in the background, on some Ciarán Mac Mathúna program on my parents’ radio, the strains of a very odd song called ‘The Holy Ground’ with a chorus that ended in a big shout ‘Fine Girl, You Are!’ seemed to excite the older members of the household.

As for me, I totally ignored what was undoubtedly the band that ushered in the mid 60s Irish folk boom, which in turn resulted in the huge global success of Irish traditional music and song we now take for granted. That band of course was The Clancy Brothers, whose huge success in America was initially viewed with suspicion among the Irish chattering classes much like Father Ted was a few decades later. We Irish bristle when our sense of identity starts to be tinkered with by outside forces, until they fall in love with it, of course. Then we rush to claim it as our own.

This period between the breakthrough of The Beatles in early ’63 and ’65 when Dylan’s American success was replicating over here was a period of great change for me. I had passed my A levels in St Columb’s College Derry in August ’64 and by that October was in Dublin for the first time enrolling in UCD, at that time housed in what is now the National Concert Hall in Earlsfort Terrace.

The musical atmosphere at the time was unbelievably exciting. Black and White television was fully established in most Irish households. The Beatles and Stones were in full flight, as were dozens of other artists from UK like The Animals, The Kinks, The Hollies, The Yardbirds, The Who, singers like Dusty Springfield, Tom Jones and Lulu. From America there was Dylan, The Byrds, Roy Orbison, The Beach Boys, The Righteous Brothers. From Black America, Otis Redding, The Four Tops, Wilson Pickett, James Brown, all charting on this side of the world.

The Stones’ championing of older blues artists like John Lee Hooker, Muddy Waters and Howlin’ Wolf introduced a whole other chapter that made my head dizzy with excitement. Guitarists Eric Clapton, Jimi Hendrix and Jeff Beck were just ‘on the scene’. The amazing thing about this period was that most of this music was being heard for the very first time.

In Ireland, the showband era was at its peak with gigs, or dances as we called them, pretty much every night of the week. The latter-day ‘dissing’ of showbands as being derivative and unoriginal totally misses the point of what role they played in the Ireland of the time. There was no history of international touring acts coming here, or any recording outlet to the world like there is now. The most popular showbands of the time like the Royal, The Miami, The Freshmen, The Capitol, had some of the best musicians and most versatile singers in the country. They played all the American and UK hits of the day exactly like the records we loved on radio—in some cases better than the original records.

The equivalent in today's world is the tribute band, except that showbands didn't confine themselves to just one artist like Queen, or Elvis or Abba but did them all in one night. It was fantastic. For an aspiring singer/guitarist/piano player like myself, to be able to stand in front of the stage and watch closely how it was done was a brilliant education. People like Bono or Bob Geldof who later slagged off showbands weren't there when it was happening, and they were in search of some other kind of 'attitude' that was part of a later and more self-conscious and cynical time.

This was the background when I arrived in Dublin to go to college. I was staying in 'digs' in Synge Street, sleeping in an upstairs room with seven other students I'd never met before. It was not a lot different from being in the dorm at boarding school. I had brought my electric guitar and a small amplifier, which I stored under the bed. After the first few weeks of acclimatising, I began to lift my head above the parapet and look around at what was going on. There was a huge dance hall called the 4 Provinces on Harcourt St where the Garda station is now opposite the Pod nightclub. All the big Irish bands seemed to play there. I went along a couple of nights and found myself itching to play with a band, any band.

One lunchtime I noticed a poster on Stephen's Green for a Rhythm 'n' Blues extravaganza in the Crystal Ballroom, another popular venue on South Anne St. Four groups, Bluesville, The Greenbeats, The Inmates and the Semitones were playing the following Sat night. This was my kind of thing, Irish versions of the British 60s beat groups with a shot of blues thrown in. I went along and instantly knew that this was what I wanted to do. I went up and introduced myself to one of the bands after the gig and to cut a long story short, after a few weeks hassling them, I was invited to an audition and was asked to join. I guess this was the first move towards a professional career.

Over the next two years while I was supposed to be studying I was in fact playing all round the Dublin area with first, the Inmates, then the Kult, later Rootzgroup and finally, Rockhouse. Most bands in those days didn't seem to last more than six months or so. Others arriving on the scene at the same time were The Black Eagles, featuring an exotic looking black kid on bass from Crumlin called Phil Lynott, a blues band coming out of Cork called Taste, featuring a guitar player called Rory Gallagher and even a cool showband from Belfast called the Monarchs, with a singer called Van Morrison. Exciting times, indeed. Between late '64 and late '66, in whatever band I was in, we supported, Roy Orbison, The Who and The Animals. But my time in those bands was coming to an end and my entire life was soon to change.

Sneaking my way through college, keeping my head down, avoiding lectures at all costs, successfully finding one of the doctors well known for giving you the medical cert to get you off doing your 2nd year exams, the crows finally came home to roost over the summer of 1966. I was called to the registrar's office to explain my virtual complete absence from classes over the previous two years and was told that if I didn't immediately shape up I was out. My parents got wind of this and words were spoken, the result of which meant leaving Rockhouse and going home to the north for

the summer to study. Summer was spent in Bundoran and, well, there wasn't a lot of studying.

I arrived back in Dublin October '66 to a city that was culturally in change. The folk boom had well and truly arrived and throughout the city, folk clubs and ballad lounges were springing up like mushrooms. I was no longer in an R'n'B band and was sharing a flat in Moyne Rd, Ranelagh with a couple of Derry boys from St Columb's. In the flat below us was what sounded like one of those new folk groups rehearsing from time to time. Mandolins, banjos, acoustic guitars and rousing songs about seafaring, whaling or the Spanish Civil War were wafting their way upstairs. Some guy called Bob Dylan was being talked about. I listened to the first Dylan album. I just didn't get it then. All I could think was, 'The guy can't sing, tune his guitar or play the harmonica. He sounds like a Woody Guthrie wannabe'.

My head was still into Chicago Blues, so this was all a bit twee for me and though we enjoyed some all-night poker games with our housemates below, I still wasn't really into 'The Folk'! To put this all into context, among the guys playing in the flat below were Kildare St College of Art student, Donal Lunny, of later Planxty and Bothy Band fame and UCD student Mick Moloney with whom I'd eventually spend five years in one of the most successful folk groups of the time, The Johnstons, and who is now Global Distinguished Professor of Irish Studies and Music at NYU in Manhattan.

I began to notice that the new folk clubs were also offering a platform to acoustic blues and American Old Time bluegrass and I gradually started going to a club in the basement of 95 Harcourt St. One night I got up and sang a Leadbelly song and a Mississippi John Hurt song on a borrowed guitar. Response was immediate and, in spite of the dire threats from college, the addiction to play was re-activated overnight. I was seeing a lot more of the folkies now and getting my own name about the place too. There came an offer to do a 15 min support slot on The Johnstons' Monday night residency in a famous ballad lounge, the Embankment in Tallaght. I jumped at it.

The Johnstons started out around 1965 as a family group of two sisters—Adrienne, Lucy and their brother Michael from Slane in County Meath. They already had a number one record in Ireland with a Ewan McColl song 'The Travelling People', a romantic paean to the Irish Travelling Community which caught the zeitgeist of the time, and several more hits including a traditional song called 'The Curragh Of Kildare'. They had recently undergone a personnel change with brother Micheal leaving the group to be replaced by my erstwhile housemate from a year earlier, folkie Mick Moloney.

Sharing support on the same night at The Embankment was a young accordion player James Keane, brother of the Chieftain's fiddle player, Sean. I was mesmerised by James's playing, his virtuosity and, frankly, balls, and gradually began to be drawn into his music, which was the best of classic trad accordion music of the time. One night he asked me would I back him up on guitar and, never one to shirk a challenge, I jumped up with him. Whatever happened in that few moments as our energies matched and melded brought a smile to the face of the room. It was a Eureka moment for me. In that instant I 'got' what this music was all about and, like a door swinging open into a previously locked room inside me, I found myself in a whole other world that I quickly fell in love with. I was also making my own mark as a musician and

performer.

One thing led to another. The Johnstons decided to expand their musical horizons. I was asked to join the band. Instinctively, I could see this as a defining moment. I was half way through my final year in UCD and my studies were again seriously suffering. I went home to the North for a showdown with my parents. I was 20 years old. Here was a chance to join a nationally famous band, 'Stars of Radio and Television', as the PR machine screamed. I'd be entering the music world at the top level. I finally had what I took to be a credible alternative to the steady job as a teacher and was prepared for a stand-off.

My folks, both teachers, pleaded with me to stay on for a few months to do my finals and get the degree to 'fall back on' but I knew in my heart that I had no chance of passing that year and would be faced with repeats and an extra year or maybe years. Besides I just didn't have it in me to stay on that road any longer. The moment was now. If I missed it I'd always regret it. For the first time in my life I was facing a major decision that I had to make alone and it was scary. But I stuck with it, eventually prevailed, and with a reluctant and qualified blessing, joined the band in June 1967. I've been a professional musician ever since and, in spite of many ups and downs, have never regretted it.

After a few months on a continual whirlwind tour throughout the country, we eventually came to the attention of the leading British folk music record label at the time, Transatlantic Records. Scouting for talent in Ireland in the wake of the success of The Clancy Brothers and The Dubliners, a deal was offered and signed in late '67. Making several trips to the UK over the next two years to record, perform live and on radio and television, we finally moved from Dublin in January 1969 to base ourselves in London, on the way losing younger sister Lucy who was in a long term relationship and didn't want to make the move. We recorded in total seven albums for Transatlantic before we finally broke up in late 1973.

Reflecting the wide variety of music in vogue at the time, from hard-core Irish and British trad music and song to the new craze of contemporary singer-songwriters like Joni Mitchell, Dylan, Leonard Cohen, Jacques Brel and Gordon Lightfoot, we were uniquely schizoid as a band, even releasing two albums on the same day, one of traditional songs and music, the other with orchestral arrangements of contemporary songs by the foregoing writers.

The complete Johnstons story is too long for this talk today. Suffice to say that by 1972, having moved to the USA, the inherent musical tensions within the band led to an eventual parting of the ways. Mick Moloney left to start on a road that would lead to his becoming, among other things, 'Mr Irish Music America' and the band struggled on in one shape or another until late 1973, leaving me finally on my own, stranded in America, at the end of one road and with no obvious direction to take. Internationally the music business climate of the early 70s had ceased to favour the contemporary folk scene. There was an oil crisis, vinyl became expensive, the record business retrenched, not investing in new talent and dropping a lot of existing signed acts. Dreams of being the next Mamas & Papas or Seekers were increasingly just dreams.

With no money, fewer prospects and no idea what to do, I moved around a lot, slept on many floors and couches in various places from Rhode Island to Greenwich Village, took a job as a bartender for a while on Long Island, started going to a few open-mic sessions in Manhattan and even did a solo gig at a club in Newport, Rhode Island to around 15 people, performing a set made up of a Hank Williams song, Van Morrison's 'Into The Mystic', a couple of my own early songs and an Irish song I had just worked up a guitar and vocal arrangement of called 'Arthur McBride'. Little did I know then that the latter item would become one of my most popular creations.

Career-wise, this was my darkest hour. I had flunked my degree, turned my nose up at a 'real' job and my shot at the Big Time with The Johnstons lay in ruins. Amazing to me now, but with what was simply the blind optimism of youth (I was 25) I still didn't feel I had made the wrong choice. Something else would turn up. Something did.

I was living in a small room off Elmhurst Broadway in Queen's New York, fighting off a combination of lethargy, fear, shame and depression when a letter from Ireland dropped on the hall floor one morning. Realising it wasn't the usual one from home fretting about what I was up to, I opened it to find an invitation from piper Liam O'Flynn to come back to Ireland to take the place of the departing Christy Moore in Ireland's premier folk band of the time, Planxty. It's hard to describe the shot of adrenalin that rocketed through me. My nightmare was to have to slink back to Ireland, tail between my legs, yesterday's man (hey I was nearly 26!) and not a penny to my name, a prospect that seemed inevitable at the time. Here, just like the offer to join the Johnstons seven years previously, I was being offered on a plate an entrée into the current top band in Irish music. Tough choice.

I arrived back in Ireland in late spring of 1974. After a week or so of rehearsals I was a fully-fledged member of Planxty and immediately began touring, one of the first gigs being The Cambridge Folk Festival of that year. To my surprise, Christy Moore had not yet left the band for whatever political or personal reasons I wasn't party to or, indeed, once I was in position in the band, all that interested in. He finally pulled out in October of that year leaving me, Andy Irvine, Liam O'Flynn and Johnny Moynihan as Planxty Mark III.

This is probably as much of my musical journey as I have time for on this occasion. When I started to put this talk together, I was wondering how I was going to stretch it out for 40 minutes or so. Now I realise that I've only just scratched the surface of my time in Irish music, just getting to the middle of the 70s and not even yet a solo artist in my own right or having written a song I'd be happy to stand over now.

There's indeed a lot more to tell. Since leaving the world of traditional music behind in 1979, I have written a few hundred songs, seen around 80 of them covered by other artists, released around 14 albums and played to audiences all over the world. It's only now I'm actually beginning to really focus on what went on and what my own journey tells about music in Ireland from the 1960s to the present day. I've really enjoyed having this opportunity and excuse to try and remember it all again. I hope you've enjoyed listening.

To round things off I'd like to leave you with a few overall thoughts and impressions I've marshalled over the years. When I started off playing music professionally I still laboured under the misapprehension that the listener responded to the music I made in the same way I felt it. Put that down, firstly, to an inherited tendency to think the world revolves around me (thanks, Ma!) but also to a strong dose of naivety. Gradually over time and with much disillusionment I came to realize that only a very small proportion of listeners actually hear music 'for its own sake' by which I mean independent of the myriad of contexts in which it sits—the age, style, image, attitude, politics of the artists who make and perform it for a start. So many people wear their music like a tribal badge of identity, a common bond of inclusivity. 'I'm into Florence and the Machine...are you?' kinda thing, with the 'music' being actually peripheral to the whole package.

Later, when I started to play traditional music and worked mainly within the UK 'folk scene', I found these tendencies to be even more exaggerated. More often than not politics (left wing) became the central context in which music was experienced and an artist's music was often judged by the political stance he or she adopted. Worst of all was not to have any. How often, too, did 'musical artists' come to the fore who really were political agitators in disguise, artists whose musical 'arsenal' was basic, unimaginative and wholly derivative but whose agility with the *bon mot* instinct for exploiting and capitalizing on the mood of the moment was finely honed.

Pre-internet and mobile phones, the need for social cohesion that, in my view, gave the '60s/'70s folk scene one of its main *raison d'être* also gave a platform to a host of 'entertainers', comedians and commentators whose communication skills often enabled them to present themselves as leading lights in folk music. Nothing wrong with them tasting success. It was often great entertainment or social commentary. But did it have much to do with music? Not a lot, really. In the Irish arena, traditional music and song has always nestled in an overall political context, that of rebellion, rejection of the old enemy Britain and, to an extent, of modernity in general—a regret for things past and gone forever.

Particularly in the 80s, when the political tension was ratcheted up to a degree between us and our neighbour to the extent that some were regrettably convinced, on their own or by others, that hunger strike was the only option, it was so often assumed within the traditional music camp that a love of 'The Music' went hand in hand with support for the 'armed struggle' in the north. Again, failure to toe the party line was frowned upon. The lone wolf in me got tired of all that appropriation of music for ulterior motives and I have plowed a terminally non-aligned furrow ever since I broke away from the folk scene in the 80s.

I find that people too, depending on whether they feel liberated or threatened by the prospect of the future, tend to mirror those traits in the music they embrace: folk music—old, reliable, substantial, good; pop music—young, reckless, lightweight, bad. Me, I feel there's some really bad pop music but equally some ghastly folk music. Personally I feel that new music, pop or otherwise, is the future and while I fiercely love the best in my native music and hugely enjoy playing it, it no longer interests me as a vehicle for progress—more one of comfort, security and nostalgia, and, yes, joy.

But perhaps this appropriation of music for ulterior motives is just a factor of youth—that period where we will grab at anything to bolster up our sense of ourselves as belonging, having validity, being relevant; a time when we delude ourselves till the cows come home that this or that music is the only one worth admitting to our imaginary inner circle, based on whatever contextual baggage is flavour of the month. As my own audience grows with me I find that more and more they simply relate and respond to what is in the music I make rather than claim it as a badge of identity. There's a lot to be said for maturity. You tend to finally really hear stuff.

And so to end, I'd like to thank Dr P.J. Mathews and the UCD School of English, Drama and Film for offering me this platform to hopefully throw some light on an area of Irish culture I feel is still much undocumented. I look forward to further exploring those experiences of mine I've not had time to focus on today.

¹ EMI 7243 8 32657 2 5