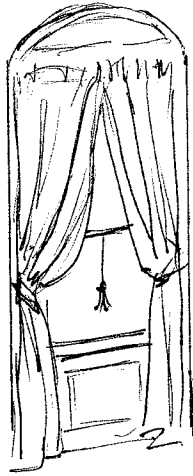


## THE CITY: DUBLIN REMEMBERED



From my window in Pembroke Street,  
I looked out on rows of brightly-  
painted Palladian doors and  
polished black railings.

Across the street the Gray Door,  
destination of couples wandering  
arm-in-arm on Sundays after last  
Mass. To the left the Booterstown  
bus coming slap-slap along the wet  
pavement of Leeson Street, brightened  
by patchy morning sunlight. Overhead  
the gulls cry, the wind whistles  
through the warped window frame.

In the morning the tap-tap of high heels along the footpath would wake me from a sound sleep ....girls on their way to work in the offices on Fitzwilliam Square ....the breadman making his deliveries ....the kittens whimpering in the coalshed ....the motor scooters roaring by, carrying their Beatle-like charges to jobs as shop assistants. All the morning sounds.

Dublin for me meant crash helmets, Saturday morning coffee in Bewley's, dress dances at the South County Hotel, Chinese dinners, foreign films at the Green Cinema, walks after Sunday Mass in St. Stephen's Green, cycle rides to Dunlaoghaire, midnight ballad sessions at the Grafton Cinema, dances at Palmerston, washing dishes in the UCD canteen, Saturday night debates at UCD, Sunday hikes with the Irish Ramblers, fish and chip snacks on the steps of the Four Courts, skiing at Djouce in the Wicklow Mountains, cheering at the UCD-Trinity Rugby Final.

I remember swans on the canals at night, the view of the city from Killiney, the harbor at Sutton, the Naas races, the St. Patrick's Day industrial parade.

I remember holidays from Dublin -- Kruger Cavanaugh's shebeen on the Dingle Peninsula, Clogher strand on a brilliant sunny day, a picnic at Castletownbere, the diamond-bright waters of Bantry Bay, snow-capped peaks seen in the distance from Loch Dan, Glendalough shrouded in medieval mist -- and the return to the lights of O'Connell Street.

In the evening a fresh-faced urchin cries "Hurruld" .... couples whisper on their way to the pictures ....a crowd of lads pile into a car ready to start out on a night of dance ....gay laughter rises to my window - Dubliners going home from a dress dance.

The City was a home away from home,  
the place for embarking on new projects,  
doing things never done before, finding  
new faces, acquiring new knowledge,  
exploring new ideas, finding one's self.

Donagh McDonagh once said it:

"Dublin made me."

--- Patricia A. McGivern