

trinity news

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Trevaskis quits Trinity

"WON'T BE AN EXILE WRITER"

Brian Trevaskis, President of the Phil, is leaving College and Ireland this week.

Thus, rumours which have been rife in College circles for weeks have hardened into fact and one of the most remarkable and controversial figures to come to Trinity in recent times bids farewell to the University and Irish scene which he has enlivened for the past two years.

The immediate reasons for Trevaskis' departure are believed to be academic. He failed his second-year English examinations and was unable to gain admission to any of the Honors schools to which he applied.

The speculation continues to grow about who will succeed Brian as President of the Phil. Various names have been canvassed, including that of Gordon Ledbetter who was defeated by Trevaskis in the election for the Presidency. As yet, however, no official letter of resignation has been received and until then the Council will not be taking any measures to deal with the situation.

Brian Trevaskis gained widespread fame, or notoriety, following his appearance last year on the "Late Late Show" when he criticised the Bishop of Galway about the design of the new Galway Cathedral and about the way in which funds were raised for its construction. It was not, perhaps, so much what he said as the fact that he dared to criticise outspokenly an important member of the Roman Catholic Hierarchy that aroused such strong emotions afterwards. For weeks the letter columns of the newspapers were

full of comments about the affair. Trevaskis rapidly became a household word and for a while Ireland was roughly divided into pro-Trevaskis and anti-Trevaskis camps.

Trevaskis was, of course, well-known in Trinity as a playwright, having a number of plays produced by Players and he also wrote a series, "The Delgany Bus," for *T.C.D. Miscellany*.

His virulent public denunciations of many features of Irish life culminated in his Presidential inaugural speech to the Phil three weeks ago when he spoke, as he put it, "for the last time" on Ireland. The significance of this remark was not understood at the time. It is known, however, that the publicity and controversy surrounding his name were distasteful to him and that he was becoming increasingly disenchanted with this aspect of his activities.

Brian had no comment to make on the whole affair except that "I will not write about Ireland outside Ireland." He expects to be based in England, but future plans are obscure. He will, however, be appearing once more on television — a guest appearance on New Year's Eve.

Mixed reactions to coffee machine plan

The proposal to instal a coffee-vending machine at the Science end of College Park has met with a mixed reception among Science students.

Comments on the scheme varied from the wildly enthusiastic ("At last! It's about time someone did something. I'm tired of walking to the Buttery and it would be wonderful during the winter") to the fervently opposed who thought that such a scheme would tend to isolate the Science students and would be the first step towards full catering facilities in the Science block.

Some students objected to the idea of drinking inferior coffee out of a paper mug. "Have you ever tried the stuff at the Airport? No, thank you!" Nor did they think that there would be a sufficient demand since undergraduates do not spend very much

time in the Science department, while Research students make their own coffee on a Bunsen burner and use such coffee breaks as an informal occasion in which to get together and discuss the day's work.

Among the more bizarre requests was one for a coffee bar instead. "I feel that my social intercourse would be restricted with a slot machine—it's hardly conducive, is it? And let's face it—people drink coffee in College as a social institution and not because they are dying of thirst." And one red-faced gentleman remarked: "A coffee machine—who drinks the stuff? We have enough methylated spirits here."

The last word must remain with the realist who said: "Someone's bound to try to get coffee with a farthing and we will have to walk through College Park again anyway."



June Rodgers rests on the Ballot Box.

How the women invaded the Hist

"We are not asking to be members. It was just a plea to be allowed into important meetings."

So said June Rodgers as she described how her small band of invaders had timed, planned and carried out their successful assault on the inner sanctum of the Hist during the Gorder Walker debate.

The idea was born at 4 p.m. that afternoon when June received a number of tickets to the event. She went to the Eliz. tea party and recruited a group of sympathisers. They also secured the services of a member of the Hist whom they refer to, somewhat fashionably, as M.

Their first task was to find a base in Botany Bay. M. persuaded two unknowing gentlemen to give them a room. As one of the gentlemen told the ladies: "Of course you can use our rooms, we are going to the Hist." Little did he know that they were soon to meet again.

Plans were finalised and, as the time drew near, the eight conspirators inched their way, be-gowned, to the loo in No. 26. Schemes to fuse the lights and to plant June Rodgers in the gallery had been abandoned in favour of an assault to be proceeded by diversions.

Gowned figures rushed by on their way to the Hist as the girls lurked in the darkness. There was a moment of panic when one of

the girls stood on Miss Othway-Ruthven's milk bottle, but all was well.

Then M. appeared at the door of the G.M.B. and furtively gave the pre-arranged wave. Like so many Mafia gunmen, the eight moved in for the kill. Six of them crept into the Phil, crouching down behind the Hist members who had overflowed out of the Debating Hall. One man, indeed, noticed them, but was so surprised that he did not say a word.

Meanwhile the other two had infiltrated through the main door and were not noticed for some little time. When they were, shouts of "Out" immediately went up. This was the signal for the other six to burst in.

"Like a knife through hot butter," as Miss Rodgers put it, in they went. Their plan was to fan out and seize seats or knees. Surprisingly, many men moved up to give them room. June Rodgers ran to the Committee bench and attempted to speak from there.

Despite their subsequent removal, they were all impressed by the order and discipline of the Hist. Their final communiqué states: "The plan went off excellently. There was not a hitch in organisation."

SRC

Elections: poll down on last year

S.R.C. officials expressed "disappointment" at the low (40%) poll in the elections. They blamed it on bad weather, out-of-date lists and poor publicity. Some schools had no candidates. Last year's poll was over 50%.

The following are the results of the elections:

Natural Sciences: 5 seats. Poll, 32% — Noranne Cullen, 91; Michael Alvey, 91; Ronald Smyth, 90; Dudley Foyler, 67; Alan Mathew, 56; Athene Clist, 36; Hugh O'Toole, 30.

Physic: 3 Seats. Poll, 38% — Ian Nish, 75; William Russell, 68; Michael Reid, 68; J. Shaw, 55; Alan Evans, 48.

Modern Languages — C. N. Crawford, Robin Crockett, June Rodgers.

Engineering — A. Lowes, M. Schaafsma.

Business Studies — Recount demanded.

History: 2 seats. Poll, 65% — Clifford Radcliffe, 50; William Moran, 46; Rex Coughlan, 33; Poul Whithill, 22; John Hale, 13; Muir Morton, 8.

Economics: 2 seats. Poll, 38% — John Grindle, 16; Norman Glass, 15; J. B. Sinnott, 14; Ian Larmour, 11; Thom Chance, 10; Simon Bolier, 5.

Legal Science: 1 seat. Poll, 45% — Ken Rushton, 36; Eoin O'Murchu, 10.

Mathematics — John Moody.

Divinity: Denis Rietoyk.

Classics — R. Gillespie.

General Studies: 6 seats. — Jake Harries, 133; Paul Cardon, 108; Des McCullagh, 101; John Armstrong, 90; Rosemary Stuart, 88; Jerome de Bromhead, 76; Phyllis Rowe, 59; Gerald O'Kane, 54; Rhoda Tierney, 52; Maurice Carlier, 45.

Mental and Moral Science: 1 seat. Poll, 27% — Paul O'Mahony, 8; W. Bonder, 3.

Agriculture and Forestry — Robert J. Donsmore.

Celtic Languages — Micheal O Siadhail.

Social Studies — Henry Bell.

AT ALL TIMES

TOP READERS

PEOPLE

HODGES FIGGIS

trinity news

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lectures

If 'WORDS' hasn't yet found a steady following of readers, it certainly has shed some fresh light on the thorny subject of lectures in this University. IT's only thorny, though, because every year everyone complains, and each year seemingly no progress is made. Compulsory attendance at some abysmal lectures continues. Sometimes mighty petitions are raised; sometimes mass sit-downs, or lock-outs are planned. They always fizzle out through lack of support. And what is considered one of Trinity's worst features carries on, blind to the criticisms, corrupt as ever.

There are, however, two factors which are regularly left out of these discussions. Firstly, the complaints tend to come from students in their first two years, giving rise to the belief that lectures improve in the final years because there are fewer of them, and lectures are keener on more specialised topics and therefore put more into their lectures to sophisters.

Secondly, if lectures are bad, the lecturers are blamed, as if it was their responsibility to give students value for their money.

These two assumptions ruin any constructive approach to the problem. And it is a problem—Trinity's lectures are among the worst in any university in these islands.

The Freshman who is expecting to gain pure information from his lectures here, as he did at school, will, in most departments, be disappointed, and rightly so. Lectures on material more easily obtainable from books are really waisting the student's money and effort. Luckily there are few information-dispensers among the academic staff.

The tragedy is that university lecturers don't instill the fear of God into students once in a while instead of letting them go completely on their own from the very start. Compulsion, now used to force attendance at lectures might better be employed in preventing termly essays from becoming yearly affairs.

On the students' side the tragedy is that so many of us are unwilling to contribute very much to lectures or tutorials. A lecturer who is allowed to get away with tedious monologues from 1955 notes without heckling is giving the audience what they deserve.

There are more effective means of improving the quality of lectures than complaining to the SRC. Contributing to them vocally is only one—but it is one of the essential attributes of a University; a dialogue between master and apprentice, lecturer and student. We take far too much lying down—or more aptly, sleeping it out.

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The apparent inability of we Irish to build a national individuality through economic self-sufficiency has led us to concentrate our ideals of freedom towards the destruction of the rather pathetic symbols of the old English domination. One of the most obvious manifestations of this lies in the wholesale destruction or mutilation of statues which have even vague English associations.

The year 1701 saw the unveiling, in front of Trinity, near where Grattan now stands, of a marvellous equestrian statue of William III. William's long reign here was remarkable for the excess of passion exhibited by both his admirers and antagonists. The Orange Order held yearly celebrations at the foot of the statue, which was covered especially for the occasion by orange ribbons and flags. However, in 1836 there were three very dramatic attempts to blow His Majesty heavenwards. All were unsuccessful.

Head Struck Off

Then at the beginning of this century, the head was struck off by a prominent Republican. The headless statue remained until 1929 when the Government finally removed and melted it down. So, in the name of liberty and nationalism, vanished one of our finest statues. It is a sad fact indeed that Ireland has never risen to produce anything remotely as good as it has destroyed. Witness the amorphous, lifeless heap now masquerading as the image of Thomas Davis in Dame Street.

With the removal of William III, the self-appointed demolition experts decided that it was the turn of another beautiful equestrian statue, that of Lord Gough in Phoenix Park. This was reputedly one of the finest of its type in the whole of Europe, yet it was on the black list. Gough was an Irishman born in Limerick in the early nineteenth century. Though he never did any harm to Ireland, his crime was to have served under the infamous Wellington in the British army.

Only Wellington

His statue was completed by a sculptor named Foley in 1880, eleven years after Gough's death. Foley, incidentally, was the man responsible for the statues of Burke and Goldsmith outside Trinity. During the Troubles Timex, Gough's horse had a leg blown off, but this was quickly replaced. Other attempts over the years to dislodge this mammoth statue failed and it was not until ten years ago that the rebels made a better job of it; Gough no longer graced the green lawns and tree-lined avenues of Phoenix Park, and people could no longer say, "I'll meet you at the Gough." The statue, which is almost entirely intact, is in the Kilmainham junk yard.

The only thing left in the Park at this stage is the huge granite Wellington obelisk, over 200 feet high. Wellington was the man who when referring to his tenuous Irish connections said that one does not have to be a horse even if one is born in a stable. Such an opinion is not likely to gain great sympathy from those rather less than broadminded gentlemen—the Irish Republicans.

In 1929 demolition men were imported from England with a view to removing this objectionable phallic symbol. However, they discovered that if Wellington went up, then some 500 houses nearby would come down as a result of the explosion, so solid and so immense was the obelisk. Reluctantly the Wellington monument has been allowed to remain,

Where have all the statues gone?

JOHN ARMSTRONG, himself an Irishman, describes the gradual disappearance of all the English statues in Dublin and discovers that Lord Ardilaun is the last remaining target.

an extremely vulgar piece of work to taunt the Irish.

One fellow called Smith, an early nineteenth century sculptor, and the man responsible for that repulsive face on the back of every bank note, had the greater part of his work destroyed in 1922 when the Four Courts were bombed.

—BOB BOLAM.



Lord Ardilaun : his turn next ?

The only record we have of some of these iconoclasts receiving a dose of their own medicine is the incident in 1916 when a group of officer cadets from Trinity tried to blow up Liberty Hall. The gun was not loaded properly and the resulting explosion nearly killed them and Liberty Hall remained undamaged.

The 1914-16 War Memorial Park at Island Bridge near Kilmainham has suffered many attacks but as yet no serious damage has been done.

Into Stride

However, the Irish did not get into their stride until the latter

half of the 1940's. Just after the Second World War there was a period of great destruction when Dublin's store of statues diminished rapidly. Another equestrian, this time of George I, which stood on Essex Bridge was removed quite suddenly and quite noisily, as also was one of a Lord Lieutenant in Stephen's Green.

A very old wooden likeness of one of the Georges, which had stood for years in a niche above a door in the Coombe, a slum area of Dublin, disappeared mysteriously. A statue of George III was blown up and one of the statues in front of Trinity lost its head. The head was replaced, but a collar was added to hide the scars of decapitation. And, *mirabile dictu*, one of our lesser patriots who stands in Fairview Park had an arm knocked off. This was because the arm, held aloft with the fist clenched, was suggestive of Communism. At least it relieved the boredom of the anti-English obsession.

Final Act

The final act of treachery but perhaps the most justifiable was the removal of Queen Victoria from in front of Leinster House by the Board of Works in 1948. It was a monstrous piece of work and from all accounts one of the most hideous the world has ever seen. It was huge and green with age, and it depicted Victoria with a bustle which suggested deformity rather than voluptuousness.

Lord Nelson had been the most recent and undoubtedly the most spectacular victim of this Irish cultural purge. In an orgy of sound and fury, the old tar was reduced to dust late one evening early this year. His head was stolen, taken to London, displayed in an antique shop for a few weeks and then returned to Ireland. Pieces of the statue were on sale in Dublin at bargain prices. The Army were called in to demolish what was left of the Pillar, but as one person put it, "The officer in command told us what would happen and then it didn't."

Since the fall of Nelson, the only Englishman left standing is Lord Ardilaun, the man who gave the Green to the people of Dublin; long may he remain in peace or else we shall soon have to start on the Irishmen.

What's On in Dublin

THEATRES :

Gate—"Jack and Jill and After", a revue starring John Molloy and Angela Vale. Nightly 8 p.m.
Olympia—from Nov. 14th for two weeks: the new Paul Goldin show. Nightly 8 p.m.

Abbey—until Nov. 19th.

"The Plough and the Stars" by Sean O'Casey. Nightly 8 p.m.—from Nov. 21st.

P. J. O'Connor's dramatisation of Patrick Kavanagh's "Tarry Flynn"—satirical account of rural Irish life. Nightly 8 p.m.

Lantern, 38 Merrion Square—"Lens", a new play by Diarmuid O Suilleabhain. Nightly Tuesday to Saturday 8 p.m.

CINEMAS

Capitol—"Fantastic Voyage" starring Stephen Boyd, Raquel Welch. Edmond O'Brien and Donald Pleasance. Daily 2.10, 4.25, 6.40 and 8.55.

Savoy—"The Russians are Coming". Daily 2.50, 5.40 and 8.30.

Ambassador—"Modesty Blaise" starring Monica Vitti, Terence Stamp and Dirk Bogarde. Daily 2.00, 4.10, 6.20 and 8.30.

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Astor—Al Jolson in "The Singing Fool", the original singing talking Picture. 2.5, 4.25, 6.45 and 9.5.

GALLERIES
Municipal Gallery of Modern Art — until Dec. 11th retrospective exhibition of works of Louis Le Brocquy.

Dawson Gallery, 4 Dawson St.—tapestries of Louis Le Brocquy. This week only.

MISCELLANEOUS
Mary Davies Shop, Enniskerry — open Mon. to Sat. 10-6 p.m. Closed Sun. Complete range of Donald Davies tweed and linen dresses, blouses and skirts. Big reductions in garments with flaws, which are usually completely undetectable.

"Of course worry is always prevalent," admitted Burt Buden, Director of Telefis Eireann's "Late Late Show," "Last minute defections often occur." Waiting in the foyer of the Montrose studios a few Saturdays ago, with half an hour to transmission, one could sympathise.

T.E. receptionists began to look anxious as the guests failed to arrive on time, but then a suave voice said, "Hello, my name is Dennis Price, and I am appearing on the 'Late Late Show' . . .", pretty-looking girls, greatly relieved, swept him off to the make-up chamber.

In the studio all was calm; technicians and cameramen were waiting coolly for their cues. From the roof, a jungle of lights, microphones, spots and various devices hung like a honeycomb. "It's an easy-going, free-wheeling show," says Buden, "unrehearsed and spontaneous." Was he worried by the freedom afforded by such a show? "No, it doesn't worry me, but it worries the guests!"

MOSTLY FRIENDS

The audience, mostly friends and relations of those appearing, took

What happens behind the scenes of the Late Late Show

By MIKE HENEY

their seats fifteen minutes before the show was to begin. Gay Byrne, M.C. of the show, gave them a short encouraging chat. "If anyone," he said, "feels like standing up and making a noise, please do." On and off screen, Byrne was his usual affable self. "Burt, the director of the show (indicating the control room), is in the Black Hole of Calcutta, he doesn't come out; it's just as well." Buden stirred his coffee. He'd heard it all before, no doubt.

Then from the control panel came crisply to the floor-manager: "Tell Gay to knock it off and get into position." Buden says of Gay Byrne's function, "It's a multi-purpose job. He must be at once host, a catalyst between the guests, a leading personality and a non-participant, whenever needed. I may be biased, but I think this is a far better show than the Eamonn Andrews show on I.T.V.—that

seems to have no depth and very little of real substance."

ZOOM IN

In the studio, the show continues. "What is all this nonsense down in Ardmore?" Byrne asks Dennis Price, the man who has made his fortune as the television Jeeves. In the control panel Buden slumped in his chair, issuing swift camera instructions and choosing from the three monitors before him the picture to be transmitted. "Zoom in 1!" "Give me an audience shot," etc. Then the commercial break. "Fade sound, take two," and he grabbed at a packet

of cigarettes.

Gay turned to the audience. "Does anyone want to make a statement? Does anyone want to sing? To dance?" No response. "You're very quiet," he told them. Even when the audience does not respond to this kind of provocative invitation, Byrne is liable to leave his chair and descend among them, leaving the director cursing and the cameramen and boom operators struggling to follow his path.

At one point in the show Buden leapt to his feet, shouting "Aw, afterwards, Gay, not now, not now!" as Byrne stepped forward to speak to a singer before his cue, and for three seconds both figures were caught only in dark silhouette. "How did he forget that?" groaned the production panel. But this doesn't often happen.

During the second commercial

break, Burt Buden relaxed again and said he thought "the celebrity off guard approach" lay behind the show. "We don't want guests to talk only about their forte; that becomes a mere lecture. Our aim is to involve them with the other guests, to find out what makes them tick." But he was a little disillusioned, for people tend to be a little cautious on a live show. "The bigger the personality, the more cautious they are." Suddenly, he caught sight of Gay about to leave the compere's desk. "Where's Gay going?" to the floor manager. "He's got about twenty seconds; get him back."

FEVERISH SIGNALS

It was nearly time for the programme to close. "Ten seconds," Gay, however, was in the middle of a story, oblivious of the feverish signals from the floor manager that they were running overtime. "Aw, Gay!" swore Buden. "Get on with it! Give him a wind up! . . . Two . . . Three . . . Out." The credits faded, the show was over.

Essentially the 'Late Late Show' is a happening. It began as a pioneer of the late night conversation type of programme, similar to the American Jack Parr Show, and many feel that given its resources and its limited budget, and despite the duplication of rivals in Britain, the "Late Late" still leads the field.

BIAS

There is a certain body of opinion in Trinity which has always found cause for pride in two things, the absence of a Students' Union and the corresponding absence of red bricks. "Just because everyone else has them," they say, "that's no reason why we should." Conversely, that most others have a Union means that it's worth looking to see if we should have one too.

Anyone giving credence to such obviously gross exaggerations—and in most cases, blatant prevarications—is in need of more education than I can provide in one short letter.

Nevertheless, I consider your printing of this tripe highly irresponsible. Surely you are cognisant of the embarrassment this unfortunate journal has brought on Oxford. One reviewer summed it up with, "Short Walk is only a youthful indiscretion, like roof climbing or too much sherry at an Old Lit dinner, but it may disabuse some readers of the notion that all Oxford students are bright." Was a word to the wise not sufficient, or are you—like your Oxford colleagues—so eager to discredit the American university system that you're willing to underwrite anything for a sensational headline?

—Very truly yours,
THOMAS J. RICE.

HARRIERS

Sir,—You stated in your last issue that the grant awarded to the Harriers for the year 1965/6 was £608, and that receipts for the same year indicated a membership of 14.

While the poor membership was certainly to be deplored, I would hasten to point out that the amount quoted was in fact the combined expenditure of the Harriers and the Athletic Club, the membership of the latter being many times that of the former. In the light of this and the fact that both clubs went on tour last year, £608 does not seem unreasonable, but to imply that this was the expenditure of the Harriers alone shows a regrettable ignorance of fact in the matter.—Yours faithfully,

S. GREER.

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Letters to the Editor

FRATERNITIES

From
PROF. W. B. STANFORD
S.F.T.C.D.

Sir,—In the light of a recent visit to about twenty American universities and colleges, I would like to comment on the excerpt from "A Short Walk in the Campus" published in your last issue.

Its facts and judgments seem to me to be sound. The authors rightly emphasise the two main objections to the system—the cruelty of the initiation ceremonies and its anti-social exclusivism. There are, of course, fraternities not guilty of this practice. But they do not justify the system as a whole.

An instance of criminal cruelty was reported in the San Francisco newspapers last spring. A "pledge" for one of the fraternities on the Berkeley campus was found by the police tied up and gagged beside the speedway on the Bay Bridge where thousands of cars pass at high speed hourly. If he had rolled a little to one side he would probably have been killed. This, no doubt, was intended as a test of courage. The police, being less idealistic than the lords of the fraternity, regarded it as a criminal action. At least it was less disgusting and degrading than many other tests.

Most of the better universities in the U.S.A. are trying to minimise the power of the fraternities. But since the universities depend a good deal on funds collected from the graduates, many of whom have been "brethren" or "sisters" in their day, they cannot act as decisively as they might wish. And, of course, the fraternities relieve them from part of the responsibility of finding residences for their students. Besides, the system has some good elements or it would never be tolerated.

In recent years the more en-

lightened American newspapers and journals have condemned the faults of the fraternities strongly. One may hope that fairly soon they will be obsolete in the more reputable universities.—Yours, etc.,

W. B. STANFORD.

Sir,—Of course it is greatly to the credit of Messrs. Beloff and Aitken that on a two month visit they should have equipped themselves to publish a book about America. It's lucky for de Tocqueville that Beloff and Aitken weren't around in 1839—they would have published first. In their haste, however, the two have made some notable errors:

First: The "habitation" of American students is not always well cared for. In many American colleges the choice a student faces is between a formica-coated room in a cinder block dormitory which wasn't there six months ago, a sleazy flat in the college town, and the fraternity house. Frats. in many colleges are housed in large, old mansions with plenty of breathing space and very often private rooms. At Cornell University, a major "frat" campus, the houses are splendid.

Second: The "grass roots" of fraternities are firmly embedded in the soil of New England, not in the Mid-West. Thus, the scenes which Beloff and Aitken so deliciously describe are not particularly a product of the fraternity spirit.

Third: The racial and social prejudice which is often found in fraternities is more and more disappearing under college and intra-fraternity pressure. Many frats have "gone local" to avoid having to enforce national restrictions.—Yours etc.,

DANIEL SHINE.

Sir,—Having lived in a fraternity house on an Ivy League campus for three years, served as its president one year and visited several Mid-Western and Southern

view review rev

PLAYERS

DON JUAN IN HELL. by G. B. Shaw. THE MAN WITH A FLOWER IN HIS MOUTH, Pirandello.

For their second autumn production, Players provided an intellectual evening with "Don Juan," directed by Roc Brynner. Shaw was both a dramatist and a great thinker; it is, however, only in the latter role that we see him in "Don Juan"—unashamedly a mere platform for his philosophical ideas.

Yet the play holds one's attention surprisingly well, despite, or because of the monotony of the plot and the absence of movement. What matters is Shaw's down-to-earth understanding of social values.

The argument presents two ideals of happiness, the Devil versus Don Juan. The former upholds the line of least resistance, the pursuit of pleasure; the latter prefers a sacrifice to the "Life Force" (Shaw's explanation for man's eternal struggle to better the world) where if happiness is not won, at least mental sterility and boredom are averted.

The presentation of this basically classical dialogue was at first en-

joyable. Mike Waller was impressive and aristocratic, Roc Brynner smooth and credible. But what began most promisingly ended in a shambles of forgotten lines and stammering climaxes.

Such a play demands a sense of conviction, and complete suppression of action in favour of plot. Roc Brynner's direction achieved both to a large extent; but it was distracting to see the Devil exit, and then return in a smooth satin smoking jacket in place of his evening suit; and the catastrophe of forgotten lines in the latter half destroyed all illusion and self-possession; even Don Juan's aristocratic air deserted him in his desperation. It was potentially good entertainment.

A short one-act play by Pirandello, "The Man with a Flower in his Mouth," preceded this production. This is one of his earlier plays, in which the embryonic forms of his later works in the Theatre of the Absurd can be traced. Roc Brynner, however, over-emphasises the illusion and under-estimates the reality. There is too much of the absurd, of the neurotic, too little of the real pathos of this human existence.

NIGEL HORNBY.

BOOKS

GETTING UP EARLY. by Brendan Kennelly. Published by Hodges Figgis. Price 21s.

This rather slim volume (21s.) claims to be a representative selection of ten years' work. That this, or indeed any selection, can be representative is a ticklish point. This is well worth discussing, but is, unfortunately, irrelevant to the task of this reviewer. What is perhaps more relevant is the price tag (this, of course, is secondary in import to the content, but is nonetheless worthy of mention). All of Mr. Kennelly's books have been very well produced by Messrs. Figgis, and all, with the exception of "The Crooked Cross" (10/6), have been expensive. Everyone likes beautiful books but few can afford them. Poetry is not meat which requires a sauce of expensive paper and covering. It is generally agreed that poetry is for reading. Some people, alas, buy poetry because it looks "nice" on the bookshelf; but most of us, I hope, like to read it. Please Messrs. Figgis, cut out the status stuff and give us good poetry which we can afford to read.

And make no mistake about it, this is good poetry. It is no easy task for a man so deeply influenced by Yeats as Mr. Kennelly to write good poetry. Mr. Kennelly has

succeeded. The first poem in the book, "The Gift," is, I assume, descriptive of the coming of "the spark." It IS descriptive. One feels the timid realisation which he expresses, it comes

"Small and hesitant,
Like small children at the top of
stairs . . ."

"Westland Row" conveys very cleverly the feeling of the boat train. Let us hope that Mr. Kennelly is never forced to accept this prize.

And the poem simply entitled "Sonnet" is another refreshingly descriptive piece, but now I find under its excellent Caribbean dialect an air of sadness. The poem trails off into thought.

" . . . My mother fine. But
Man, she think the whole world
made of coconut."

The whole world is made of coconut.

Some of the poems seem to lack the feeling which I look for in poetry, but then perhaps they are too subtle. One such poem is "Birds." But these few are more offset by the rest. My favourite, I think, is "Certain Old Women."

"Like ancient shrunken dolls they
shuffle by
And amble dumbly into shops or
bars,
Are never exquisitely nervous now
But withered stoics after casual
wars," etc.

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ART

EXHIBITION OF STUDENTS'
WORK, No. 12, T.C.D.

It seems to me that the greatest disadvantage that the members of the Art Society work under is their collective ambiguous position as to what they regard as art. Intellectually most of the members are reactionary and seem to feel that great painting went out with Holman Hunt and Millais; unfortunately as they realise they don't possess the technical ability to paint like Millais.

They don't "understand" cubism, surrealism, etc., but they can make an approximation to these various 20th century styles. Consequently, the mass of their painting represents a quaint compromise between "Grand Old School" thinking and contemporary style. This application of academic values to essentially "spontaneous" art forms results in gross hesitancy and perhaps it is because of this that one has the feeling, when looking at the few neo-surrealist painting in the present exhibition, that had their painters lived 90 years ago they would have been painting willowy maidens reclining on river banks. Indeed they would probably have enjoyed it more than their present-day "objects trouvés," juxtapositions.

In spite of this the Society's exhibition deserves to attract considerable attention and represents a new departure in Trinity painting. Several of the exhibits are noteworthy, particularly Borra Doydell's "Blue Ovoid" and Anthony O'Brien's "Christ Mocked." The most interesting painting submitted, M. Ni Suibhne's "Single Horse," was rejected by the hanging committee, presumably because it didn't "look like a horse."

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what trinity owns

TRINITY is not a wealthy college. In spite of investments of £1½m., this year's overall loss is expected to be in the region of £60,000. Financially, then, we are flogging a dead horse, but look at it another way, and we are multi-millionaires. To start with we are property magnates and many of our treasures are priceless.

Broad Bent

But why is the loot locked away in distant strong-rooms or similar sacred precincts? If protest is the birthright of the student, then let us protest. An "annual exhibition" in the library is not enough, it is neither adequate nor comprehensive.

Neither is the present arrangement whereby Eliz. members alone are shown round the Provost's House for one brief glimme at its beautiful period furniture and fine Joshua Reynolds portrait. I'm not suggesting that the Provost's House should be turned into luxury bed-sits, but after all, half Trinity's glamour and attraction is in its historical past and "Irish heritage". I only wish we could see more of it and know more about it.

For example, the collection of College plate is housed in a strong room of No. 1. It is small but very attractive. One of the tureens is valued at £6,000.

maxwell smart

Ever endeavouring to please his insatiable supporters, Maxwell Smart returns after a week's absence. Alas, three would-be selections cantered home unheralded for Trinity's luckless punters. At Naas, tombstone territory of Irish racing, I was just in time to see SPARROW HAWK win the feature at 7/2, and so the bookies live to bet another day.

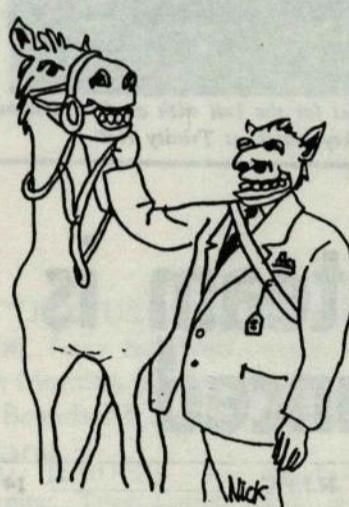
This week at Leopardstown, odds-on favourite of College racegoers, the McLeans and Soames of the Trinity racing fraternity will no doubt be out. In the opening event, SAY WHO YOU ARE may make his presence felt. AMARELLA runs in the next, an impeccably-bred filly out of dual Cambridgeshire winner LARELLA; this one should oblige over the distance. Crafty Clem Magnier

Contrary to public rumour, however, this silver is not taken over to the Dining Hall in a wheel barrow for formal dinners, but in specially designed containers.

Trinity possesses few original or valuable paintings; most of them seem rather boring portraits of former Provosts etc., but College gallery is rapidly expanding and is already worth about £10,000. Its most treasured painting is a tiny Jack Yeats which is insured for £800 and there are several other originals in the £300 to £700 bracket: the Picasso lithograph is said to be worth £300. Mostly, though, the collection consists of reproductions.

As for the Library, it is in a class of its own; with the Book of Kells insured for £100,000 which the Treasurer explained is rather a consolation prize than anything else. Naturally it is irreplaceable; so too are the seventh century Book of Durrow and the eighth century Book of Dimma and its shrine, the eleventh century satchel of the Book of Armagh and of course the famous Harp.

Apart from Kells and Co., the Library possesses innumerable lesser-known items. There is a tenth century lute book, an eleventh century hymn book and a window pane on which Goldsmith scratched his name in 1746. There is also a collection of Dublin playbills dated 1793 to 1796 and one of the three remaining original word books of the "Messiah", first performed in Dublin in 1742.



runs NEFARIOUS, well in at the weights.

At Ascot, DICKY MAY could well be there at the post in the Black and White 'Chase, though INTEROSIAN will be formidable opposition if the going is hard, and on Friday, THORNGATE may prick the books all too easily.

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The copy of the works of Sallust almost certainly belonged to Mary Queen of Scots and is covered with her signatures. The Quin Room too is apparently "full of unique treasures", and if you ask Mr. O'Sullivan nicely he may show them to you.

Even that is not all. Trinity as ground landlord of virtually all

the land bordering its 35 acre campus, follows a general policy of gaining possession whenever a property falls vacant. But the ground rent is minute and the cost of converting the old buildings into student flats works out far more expensively than selling for modern property development.



Tanked Trinity Totties with their Blushing Boozy Beaux poured out of the Boat Club on Friday night, while those less fortunate, like Liza Viner-Brady (seen with her sister, Ethyl Vinyl Bromide) are still waiting to be collected. This static happening was served up by John Cary, Tony Gray and Bill Jacques, the

"Yo, ho, ho, and a bottle of rum Down the back of her dress To her big fat b*m" boaters. Jane Cooper went backless, but not b*mless. Sarah Acheson wore flowers in her chest, which needed watering. Helen Given played safe and went naked.

I escaped to Barbara and Jim Martin's conubial nest in Sandymount, where champagne and ice flowed from the loo—a ticklish problem this—Martyn Lewis mistook Heather Bell for Liberty Bell and ran to the loo to drown his sorrows.

John 'Rupert' Hale grabbed a smoked salmon sandwich and me and took us to the Old Stand. He called Maurice the barman such a rude word that even the smoked salmon went red, so Hale is persona non grata at the pub.

I rushed to Santry Pavilion where the Squash Club was holding court. Morita Emerson was at home in bed, but Jerry Pearson was handling a cool, very-much-on blonde dollie. Marian Carroll felt old, who wouldn't with John Nickson? Liz Alberry wanted to go home when she met Geoff Pack, who made her ill.

On Saturday night I am told my 'chinless wonder' (Tom Chance?) practised his newly-found prowess on Poppy Lyons at John McCormick's (he practised on Geraldine Broderick the night before).

How to ruin a tea-party in one easy move—invite Steven Harris—found Hilary Root and Pat White to their cost on Sunday afternoon.

The Jemima Belch corner—no. 2

Dear Jemima Belch,

I am a little wee slip of a thing, and I find that this has many disadvantages. I am forever slipping on banana skins and damp armpits, or slipping down cracks in the footwalk. This is unpleasant and time-wasting. Could you offer me any advice?

Yours etc.,
Ethel Fleemy-Smith (Miss),
Chapelized.

Jemima Belch replies:

Some women would give a fortune to have your figure. I for one. Many is the time that my husband — a certain Bert Earwax (I write under my maiden name, you see) — says to be "Jemma, you're a great big bag of a bag" and I retort "Come on now, you saucy thing!" pushing him playfully, puny little man with a wispy moustache that he is, into the coal-bin and sitting on the lid for three weeks or so.

Seriously, though, have you ever thought of changing your vowel (I am sending you under plain cover a list of reputable establishments where this can be done), and becoming, say, a lottle wo slop of a thong?

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Graham Martin has asked to be entirely responsible for the above agonies.

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touchline

The dust is beginning to settle after the D.U.C.A.C. expenditure revelations, but it is clear that many people are still dissatisfied with the situation. Some faculty societies appear to be hearing of the level of sports' spending for the first time and are horrified by the relatively low level of their own grants, yet some sports clubs still

claim that they are not receiving enough.

Our "Viewpoint" article a fortnight ago, convincing as it was, really gave but one side of the picture, for most sports clubs in College only apply for essential money and even then are sometimes disappointed. The Harriers were made rather a target for criticism in our front page story and members of this club have gone to great pains since to get the facts straight. Chris Butterworth's admirably lucid letter in last week's issue gave rise to a misleading note of clarification, for which we have been taken to task by Stan Greer. The grant of £608 was for the combined Harriers and Athletic Clubs, while the receipts of £3 10s. were for Harriers only. The Athletics Club has many more members and its receipts were consequently much greater.

There can be no denying, of course, that a great deal of money is spent by College clubs on tours, and it may be that these will have to be slightly curtailed; yet Trinity's sporting flag must be shown, and any severe tour-trimming would be very harmful. There can be little doubt that sporting prowess does more for a university's reputation than renown in many of the other aspects. Whether this is as it should be in a principally academic establishment is arguable, but that is not the point at issue. What matters now is that all club officials should act responsibly in applying for grants (especially for personal expenses), so that the accusing fingers of the faculty societies will veer away from the sports clubs and point at whoever really is to blame for their lack of resources.

GAELIC FOOTBALL

Hunt hurt in rough game

St. Patrick's Coll.	4-11	Trinity	0-5
Trinity	3-8	St. Vincent's	4-9

After an excellent, if narrow, victory over the strong Rathmines College of Commerce in the previous game, the Trinity Gaelic football team last weekend suffered two defeats, partly due to the fact that Captain T. HUNT was injured in the first match.

Saturday's game at Drumcondra resulted in an overwhelming victory for St. Patrick's Training College. The final score was 4-11 (23) to 0-5.

This was a rough and scrappy game. Trinity took the lead after five minutes with a point from P. MURPHY. Then St. Patrick's, after eight wides, equalised and never again fell behind. By half-time the scoreline was 1-6 to 0-1 in their favour and three points by G. SLOWEY and one from R. COPELAND were all Trinity could add in a one-sided second half.

The real weakness was at centre-field. Here, St. Patrick's were in control. Their midfielders were coming through, drawing the Trinity half-

backs and causing a gap in the defence which the home forwards exploited. The injury to centre-back and captain T. HUNT slowed him in the second half and made the defensive gap more obvious.

HUNT was unable to play in Sunday's game against St. Vincent's, a very formidable team with several county players. The result was another defeat for the College, but a narrower one. The final score was 4-9 (21) to 3-8 (17).

Trinity's goals came from R. COPELAND and J. MALONE (2). COPELAND also scored a point, as did O'CONNOR, BRUEN and CARTAN, whilst McHUGH added four points.

After Sunday's more pleasing game hopes are still high for a victory over U.C.D. next Saturday. Freshman J. COX is fitting well into the team and the return of T. HANAHOE, J. LENNON and F. COSTELLO this week will greatly strengthen the side.

SQUASH

Trinity A still unbeaten

There has been plenty of activity this term in the Squash Club. It is reasonable to say that squash has proved Trinity's most successful sport over the past few years and the sequence of league triumphs may well be continued this season. In order to even out the standard, Trinity and Fitzwilliam, Dublin's leading clubs, are both turning out two teams of equal strength in the league and the handicap system has been abolished.

Both Trinity A and B teams made a winning start to the season, the former defeating Triflers 4-1 and the latter recording a meritorious 3-2 victory over Fitzwilliam A. Unfortunately, Trinity B lost their next league match 2-3 to Old Belvedere and then went down by the same score to Triflers. The A team have managed to preserve their unbeaten record, however, and last week they

defeated Fitzwilliam A 3-2.

Outside the league, Trinity recently registered a very good 3-2 win over the strong Bude touring team from Cornwall which had beaten Fitzwilliam. Trinity's victory came after BARR and BUDD had lost the top two matches, there being extenuating circumstances in each case. BARR had only just returned from Spain and BUDD was up against JONAH BARRINGTON, almost certainly the outstanding amateur in these islands, who had just won the Dutch open title.

ANGUS and HOLBER, two of the Trinity victors against the Cornish team, play on the A team in the league; JARDINE, the other one, plays on the B team. Trinity are fielding two other teams in the lower reaches of the league this year; it is the first season that there has been a fourth team.

GOLF

Week-end wins on Merseyside

The Golf Club had a most enjoyable and successful trip to Liverpool over the week-end. They played three matches and won the two against Liverpool University and Royal Liverpool without too much trouble. Unfortunately the experience of Merseyside Colts champions, Southport and Ainsdale, around their home course enabled them to win comfortably by 6 matches to 2. However, two of the matches should have gone our way, but the last few holes on a strange course proved to be too tricky in a tight finish.

The team played well throughout the three days, with DAVID FLEURY and DAVID BISHOP giving the most impressive performances. SUTER, HAUTZ and MORRISSEY made a good showing in their first matches for the Club, and STEVEN BLACK, the captain, set a fine example both on and off the course.

Match results:
Royal Liverpool, 3; Trinity, 5.
Southport & Ainsdale, 6; Trinity, 2.
Liverpool Univ., 3; Trinity, 9.

SOCCER

Costly misses

Trinity	2	Orchard United	3
---------	---	----------------	---

Trinity met league leaders Orchard United in College Park on Saturday and have only themselves to blame for going down to a 2-3 defeat. Two penalties were missed and there were many other occasions when goals would have come had forwards been quicker and more direct in their shooting.

Following the fine 4-0 win over Magee University College, Derry, in mid-week, it was a disappointment to lose this important clash, but there were some redeeming features. Freshman BALLARD had an excellent game at centre-half and there was again some good constructive wing-half play.

REANEY and NOLAN scored the Trinity goals, but their credit marks are dimmed by the fact that each missed a penalty. Trinity must take their chances in front of goal if they are to be a real force and make a serious bid for the Collingwood Cup.

Trinity team:
J. Kynaston; T. Mears, D. Jackson; C. Rae, R. Ballard, I. Pointer; D. Nelson, D. Reaney, T. Nolan (capt.), I. Macready, C. Ilhenach.



Trinity's right half, Catherine Cox, tussles for the ball with an Old Alexandra player during Saturday's hockey match at Trinity Hall.

RUGBY

Colours team is announced

Trinity	12	N.I.F.C.	14
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The following is the Trinity Colours team to oppose U.C.D. at Lansdowne Road on Wednesday week, November 30:

G. MURPHY (Midleton). *P. MICHAEL (Sligo G.S.). *R. HERRON (Belfast Royal Academy). *A. HARRISON (Wesley). A. RAY (Coleraine A.I.). *D. DONOVAN (Belmont Abbey). D. BECK (High School). *R. HUTCHINSON (Hurstpierpoint). *F. KEANE (Douai).

* Denotes new Colour.

The naming of the Colours team a full fortnight before the match is a welcome change from the practice in recent years, for now all the players know where they stand. Instead of bitter competition for places, there can now be nothing but useful consolidation.

Trinity gave a promising display against N.I.F.C. in College Park on Saturday and were unlucky to lose a closely-contested match. Able led by BUCHANAN, the team possessed cohesion but not an over-abundance of fire and penetration. A touchline utterance of "Come on Trinity, toughen up" suggested their only vital deficiency.

The visitors opened the scoring with a drop goal in the first few minutes, to which MURPHY replied with a penalty. A series of off-sides produced five further penalties, each side putting one between the posts.

After the interval, Trinity began to dominate the play. Right-winger HERRON gathered the ball inside the Trinity half and jinked across field to link up with HUTCHINSON. An excellent movement, involving all the backs, produced a try by BECK in the corner. Though MURPHY missed the conversion, he put Trinity ahead for the first time with a penalty ten

minutes later. However, a fine try gave "North" victory in the closing seconds.

The most pleasing feature of the game was MURPHY's return to place-kicking form. Once in the first half he misjudged his run-up, but otherwise he kicked well. Difficult angles, not inconsistency, unfortunately resulted in only three successes from eight attempts. Trinity appeared to have a slight edge both in the line-outs and the tight. Newcomer CHAMNEY and DAVIES jumped well, and HEYWOOD and HARRISON were usually the first on the loose ball. Scrum-half KEANE kicked well under pressure and his partner, HUTCHINSON, was as reliable as ever. The team's biggest weakness is in the centre: DONOVAN was particularly hesitant to penetrate and frequently held on to the ball too long. On the few occasions winger HERRON received possession he gave an example to the rest of the backs; he looked for the gap, ran hard and passed the ball at exactly the right moment.

LADIES' HOCKEY

Trinity held to 1-1 home draw

Trinity	1
Old Alexandra	1

There was a general air of disappointment in the Trinity camp at the team's inability to win this match against one of the weaker teams in the league, but the truth is that Trinity might easily have lost and should be well satisfied with a point. They did not play well, but the general standard was an improvement on the Muckross debacle, with the defence particularly looking a good deal more solid.

Both goals came in the first half, LEE MURRAY equalising after an early Alexandra score had knocked Trinity out of their stride. Alexandra's second-half raids were often dangerous, but Trinity were unlucky not to have had a couple of penalty corners late in the game. However, a second goal would have been an undeserved reward for a forward line that seldom functioned smoothly.

Trinity team:
M. Philp; M. Pike, M. Hayes; C. Cox, J. Kingston, O. Sheppard; J. Keatinge, I. Morrison (capt.), L. Murray, M. Milligan, S. Brock-Utne.

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