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TRINITY NEWS

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February, XCM Threepence, 7. Vol 1966, No. 18th.

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J. D. SENSATION

Speculation Rife

The J.D. has been banned from Commons until further notice, and restricted to Front Square and Environs by the College Authorities pending an investigation by the Senate following a complaint that the J.D. had crashed a party at the home of the U.C.D. Professor of Music.

U.S.I. report on U.C.G.'s D.U.C.A.C. survey of U.N.S.A. T.O.S.A.

Chairman Dick Johnson (Sch) said yesterday p.m. in an exclusive interview with a Trinity News Reporter that he was supported by the W.U.S. Committee of the D. U.S.A.I.A. and that the story last week titled "U. S. I.—D.U. C. A.C.—I.B.M. Scandal" was in fact true. Official uninformed opinion said that the E.S.B. factors in the C. I.E. sub-committee of Cumann Gaelic had withdrawn their request as reported in last week's news story (not printed because of the U. N. I. L.E.V.E. R. ad) The meeting adjourned for dinner at the G. R.S.Y.W.C.A. where they were addressed by Dr. R. de M. C. Litchen, F.R.S.C. I., B.A., Ph.D., F.T.C.D. P. OX.O.N., O.X.F.B.B., ex-pres of the Mother's Union and M. N. B.U. I., who said that it was a very complex matter and not at all clear to him but he recommended that an immediate report be made to the F.W.R.T. S.

NEXT WEEK in Trinity News

PROFILE of another popular member of the Editorial board.

Mouthwash asks: "Do you . . . ?"

ADS from Hodges Figgis, Bryson Ltd., Kingston's and all your old favourites.

NOTICE announcing next week's PHIL meeting.

NEWS of the remaining 38 participants in this year's ZURS journey who have not yet been mentioned.

Photograph and CONTROVERSIAL INTERVIEW with the Third Assistant Groundsman.

Latest News about the Chairman and all your other favourite Trinity News Staff favourites in LUCINDA LOWDOWN.

Speculation has been rife about the action that can be taken, as the J.D. himself being responsible for College discipline, it is not known who is responsible for the discipline of the J.D. However, official rumours lead one to believe that stern action will be taken. As a member of the Senate Committee said: "Official rumours lead one to believe that stern action will be taken". Remarked the J.D. himself over a Youghert in the Buttery—"Students make me sick. They think they're the only ones who can have fun. Blast! I've sat on my hat again . . ."

Fire in the Rubrics

Porters surrounded the Rubrics yesterday morning when it was reported that smoke was issuing out of a chimney there. It was discovered that the cause of the trouble was a coal-fire: this had been started by a match applied to a firelighter under some kindling wood in the grate of Mr. R. B. D. French's study. A spokesman for the Porters said "We cannot be too careful".

Student involved in Reading Room incident

A large explosion shook the Reading Room on Tuesday and the ceiling caved in, killing four hundred students, three cats and a budgerigar, believed to belong to a third year economics student, who was having lunch in Slatery's at the time. When approached by our special reporter he said "I don't know what I shall do, all my notes were destroyed—I will have to write my term essay again".

Apology

We apologise for a printing error in our last issue. The sentence ". . . and pushed Simon Morgan off O'Connell Bridge," should of course have read, ". . . so the Collegt cannot really expect an increased Government subsidy within the next three years."



Sean Walmisley catches a rare moment of Stafford-Clark in action.

The Editorial Board of Trinity News is very much aware of the complaints about the numerous mistakes in our issues. Of course one can always laugh it off by saying they were deliberate and have a "Spit the Mistake" column each week—but only a magazine with little or no integrity would stop so low. In our case we must plead extenuating circumstances as we have been absolutely overwhelmed by new writers and for the first time Trinity News has a regular supply of material to put between the advertisements. On would agree that the standard has indeed risen and now that we have boosted the standard of written we can concentrate on eliminating the printers errors (It should be stated here that the printer himself cannot go blameless). After all Trinity News is a should be stated here that the printer himself cannot University publication and not a schoolboys rag and therefore it must cater for an evergrowing and more discerning readership. As Trinity news becomes more popular greater responsibility is put on the staff—twenty three boys and one girl all mindful of the responsibility and eager to serve. Never let it be said that the Editorial Board cannot satisfy public demand.

LOWDOWN

There were 23 fun-loving chaps in the cellars of No. 6 yesterday and cries of "how can we still produce such a load of trash for 3d." still reverberate round the room. The Chairman, **Tom Chance**, was seen holding hands with the vice chairman, **John Nocksoff**, while **Sean** and **Charles** were **Walmisley Duttoned** together. **Germey Lucas** and **Red Robin Mathew** were collecting news from off the floor and **Gillie** was making passes at **John** while **Simon** scrutinised them both. **Caroline** was being **Crotty** with **Pepeta News Staff Harrison** and **Tim Cullen** was sportingly covering **Rob Backside**. **Hugh** was **Teaching Charles** the art of **Delapidated** advertising, while **Bill** was playing bank **Clarke**. **Tim McWhattmick** was buying up all last week's issues just to show how high circulation was and **Brian Williamson** was getting in the way of **Mike Sheeny** who looked sweet in his little blue rompers. **Malcolm Benson** without **Hedges** was copying out last week's TCD Theatre Line-up and **Brian Rose** to the occasion and echoed everyone's thoughts when he asked if it wasn't about time they gave the whole damn thing up and join TCD . . . if they would have them.

STOP PRESS

In an exclusive interview, the secretary of the Phil. disclosed to Trinity News that the G.A.A. are supporting the Phil. protest against the slanderous remarks in TCD that a Phil. meeting was 'only half-full.' He stated that such information was completely untrue as the seating capacity of the Phil. is 400 and there were almost 200 people present.

FULL DETAILS NEXT WEEK

THEATRE

Trinity News reviews the National Theatre production of Julius Caesar

The critic's task is made so much more difficult when he is morally bound to express an honest opinion, but it is not the policy of this paper to deprive the National Theatre of public support, so with a charitable pen I write by critique. However I must make it quite clear from the outset that **Julius Caesar** was an unfortunate choice of play for the National Theatre as only a top class cast can put it over.

Sir Ralph Richardson makes a noble attempt at the title role but Sir John Gielgud showed up his weak points as Mark Anthony, although I must admit he did sparkle now and again. **Burton's Brutus** and **Finney's Cassius** were of a commendable standard but showed few signs of serious preparation, while the accent of **Jeanne Moreau's Calpurnia** had a distinctly foreign note.

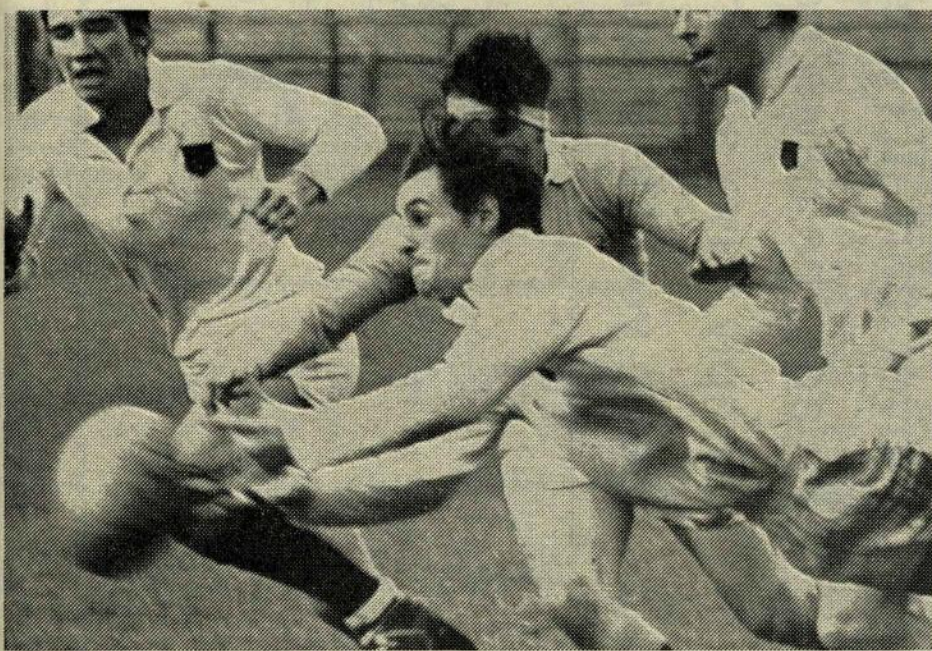
One must ask the question—"What was in the author's mind?" before attempting this play. Perhaps the intended fabrication of dramatic fibre eluded the actors and if the director had read Trinity News' review of **Player's** production of **Julius Caesar** (Vol. XIII, No. 4), he might have avoided the obvious theatrical traps which Shakespeare so cunningly intersperses here and there.

As it is, this presentation lacks a positive motivation or something and I feel that if the play is to be in any way successful, the National Theatre should find a more competent producer than Sir Laurence Olivier.

Solution to T. N.

'Spot the deliberate mistake' contest last week

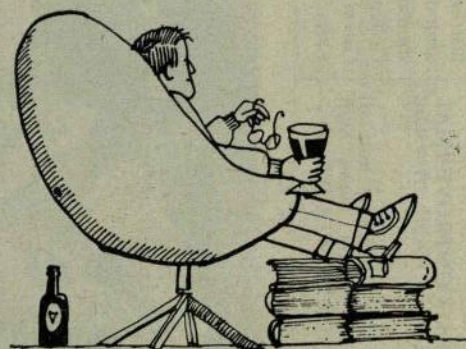
Solution to last week's deliberate mistake: There was no issue of Trinity News last week. As nobody noticed and no correct answers were forthcoming, the prize is held over. Read this week's issue carefully and see if you can spot this.



The Campanile from an unusual viewpoint.



Geopolitics can seem
Unnerving to the student
In a world where reign supreme
Not nice men, nor prudent.
Never shirk it! Face the worst!
Evade the news no longer,
Simply have a Guinness first;
Soon you'll feel much stronger!



GD 382

THE ST. JOHN CROSS COLUMN

The Retreat,

Monkstown.

Sunday: Midnight

Dear St. John,

Long time, no hear. Sad affliction.

I write to you from my hermetic cell of words and smells. Back again in this old bog. Back among the old stones. I was hoping to catch a production of KRAPP. But no joy there. It was over. Dead. I chanced arm and eye instead at something they call THE PILL or The Phil. Extraordinary experience. The antics! You wouldn't believe it. Not at least the way I tell it.

The long dull sub-oxfordian room was filled with chairs and people. And with the hesitant silence of anticipation. A central table had been left bare; obviously for the dignitaries. In the audience only Richard Green and Robin Beresford-Evans were recognisable. Ego and super-ego. They talk profoundly with invisible clay pipes in their mouths. As if posing for a Cezanne print.

There is an announcement. The principals, it seems, will be 10 minutes late. We settle once again to our various silences.

The monotony is broken by Tom Baker who is gallantly escorting three young ladies of varied charms.

Then with a true disregard for ceremony the stars appear. Goaty grey-bearded Donleavy and tight little Miss Whatshername, who was carrying a very large folder which I thought (ha, ha) for one awful moment that she was going to read to us. After some applause she did.

Meanwhile the chief dignitary had slumped into a huge throne which might have been constructed for the convenience of some very large Pope.

The young lady wore an academic smile and some new hair. I'm sure that if she had ever stopped talking she would have looked just lovely. She knows an almost indecent amount about Mr. Macneice.

"Nobody should know that much about a man," said my neighbour, "except his wife, his mother or his dentist".

Mr. Macneice, it seems, was a great man because he

was born in Northern Ireland and because he got married on his last day in Oxford.

Little Miss Thing (I must admit) was hugely impressive and held my attention for hours. She must have read every single book on Mr. Macneice. I mean—to fill all those pages. She must even have glanced at some of his poems (the funny ones) because a tall wild gentleman got up at intervals and shouted them out for her. Sometimes he was funny and everybody laughed, and sometimes he wasn't and they didn't.

Men lounged around the walls smoking professional cigarettes and giving off laughs that they must have rehearsed for hours.

The final impression then of Miss Ummm was one of bristling, intelligent charm; relaxed, controlled, jocular, stern, yielding, holding back. She put us through the whole rainbow of the emotions. I think she might have been funny once or twice because sometimes people laughed (but not Richard or Robin and Tom only once). She left us with the certainty that Louis Macneice may be almost as good a poet as Derek Mahon.

Then we all clapped like mad. It was cold in there. And a man with a chain around his neck jumped up and said that if only Miss Err had been a man she would have been **certain** to win a prize. If only, if only.

Poor JP Donleavy had to follow because he was a "distinguished visitor". Just for the night, of course. But I liked him. He was trim and elegantly dinner-jacketed. An urbane international paranoiac. A bleak and whimsical figure. He kept looking down at the table and was most eloquent when he was saying nothing—which was most of the time. Then we all chuckled. He was anecdotal and withdrawn.

A man who mumbled sadly of money and airport bus-loads of chinamen and a bookish fellow who stepped out of a subway train while reading Berkeley and of an elderly member of The Phil who corresponds from all over the world on the society's notepaper. He spoke of getting 130 dollars for a commercial and drying up because the sponsor, who was sitting opposite him, was sweaty.

Mr. Donleavy sat down. To general surprise. Brian Trevaskis was sitting opposite him but this may have been a coincidence.

Naturally everybody left, except Tom Baker and one of his young ladies. Several more people garbled things about Macneice and it was over. The encounter between Miss Frost and The Ginger Man was done with.

All, all over bar the shouting—which came from Brian Trevaskis. He told us that we were living in a rotten slagheap of a priest-infested nation of lock-kneed book-banners. And we all agreed. He seemed so concerned.

End of evening. Made a change from The Ritz, Ballsbridge. But not much

yours

while strength remains

MACINTOSH LUNG