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TRINITY NEWS

A Dublin University Weekly

THURSDAY, 8th FEBRUARY, 1962

PRICE THREEPENCE

“Freedom from Hunger”

NEXT WEEK'S PLANS ANNOUNCED

Bingo and Prayers

NEXT week is Freedom from Hunger Week in College. Details of the crusade were given at Monday's S.R.C. meeting by President David Butler. The Irish Red Cross Society, which is conducting a Freedom from Hunger Week throughout Ireland, has asked Trinity S.R.C. to publicise it in College. The week is all part of the World Freedom from Hunger Campaign.

On Monday, the week will be officially opened by the head of the Irish Red Cross, Mrs. Barry, at a meeting in the Regent House at 8 p.m. The Vice-Provost will also speak, and films obtained from the Rome headquarters of the World Freedom from Hunger Campaign will be shown.

On Wednesday, a Bingo session is being organised, but at the time of going to press information about the venue was uncertain, so watch out for posters.

Renunciation Of Commons?

Other ideas being contemplated include a voluntary abstinence from Commons for one night, the three-and-sixpences saved thereby going to the campaign, and the placing of collection boxes on buffet and in No. 6.

The main object of the S.R.C. throughout will be to publicise the Campaign and the problems it seeks to relieve. Vast sums of money are not expected, but any amount will help.

Jazz And Players.

On Friday, the Laurentian Society is holding a sherry party (invitation only) complete with collection. In the evening, Players and the Jazz Appreciation Society are collaborating in entertainment to be presented in Players Theatre, which could prove memorable.

On Monday, at 1 p.m., the Choral Society are sponsoring an organ recital by John Patterson in

New Society Launched

MUSICIANS FIRST RECITAL

Wednesday, January 31st, was an important day to a large number of musicians in College. An enthusiastic audience were gathered together in No. 4 to hear the first recital of the D.U. Music Society.

The programme consisted of four works. First came a lively rendering of a Mozart Divertimento played by Paul Leppard (clarinet), John Wilkinson (clarinet) and Nick Nightingale (cello). Next a piece in the Spanish idiom by John Leyton was performed by John Pearce. Tony Fogarty (violin), Tim Finney (violin), Nick Nightingale and Anthony Robinson (piano) then played a most interesting version of a tune by



Photo "Irish Times"

The nucleus of the C.N.D. anti-N.A.T.O. march forms in St. Stephen's Green.

The march was part of the Fabian Society's Socialist Week-end School.

More Interest in S.R.C.

PROGRESS ON ROOMS

THREE was a rather more encouraging attendance at the meeting of S.R.C. on Monday night, but even greater support should be forthcoming, especially since the Council is making real headway along several lines, and mainly with regard to College rooms.

The Bursar has announced that, to ease the burden of the high rents for the newly-decorated sets, he proposes to grant up to 50 p.c. of a reduction for Irish students who have been awarded fee-concessions. He has also agreed to the setting-up of a sub-committee of the S.R.C. to safeguard student interests in future policy on rooms. The committee will be in direct contact with the authorities at all times and will be able to report back to the student population via S.R.C.

The President, David Butler, was embarrassed by questions on the subject of the scarf scheme, but successfully parried thrusts from Mr. Branigan. Scarves are temporarily off the market until the air clears.

The Welfare Secretary, Ian Blake, gave details of the "Freedom From Hunger" Week (see this page).

In the elections, Godfrey Fitzsimons was elected as Record Secretary, and John Shipinan as Correspondence Secretary.

UNION OF STUDENTS IN IRELAND

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FABIANS ON THE TROT

THE Socialist Week-end School, unkindly christened the "Trotskyite mission," came and went without too many people taking too much notice. The reasons for this were easy to analyse.

Firstly, publicity was bad—there were hardly any posters and the handouts were littered with glaring typing errors. Secondly, the image of the week-end school was distorted by an unnecessary and unsuccessful "Keep Ireland Out" march against N.A.T.O. Ireland have not yet threatened to join. Thirdly, of all universities, Trinity is the most aristocratic, the least concerned with problems of poverty, equality and democracy. Socialism comes before socialism.

Those who went to the two meetings on Friday were treated to a rare feast of intellectual honesty from Alasdair MacIntyre, Fellow of Nuffield College, Oxford, and Tony Cliff, a Workers' Educational Association lecturer. The former discussed the dilemma of the intellectual socialist torn between ideas and action. He urged that left-wing periodicals be aimed at the factory rather than the heavens. He said that blindness and interest were the major factors preventing the advance of a left-wing movement. He deplored the rise of the meritocracy and discussed the problem of leisure with which future sociologists and politicians will have to grapple.

In the evening in the Regent House, Tony Cliff poured forth the Trottskyite thesis "if you get rid of the bosses, you'll get rid of the bomb, and vice-versa." He mentioned the undemocratic nature of the H-bomb, and explained what an important part it played in the balance of the present British capitalist economy.

Although one may have disagreed with much of what was said at these meetings, it seems deplorable that while thirty members of the Queen's University Labour Club took the trouble to come from Belfast for the week-end, so few from Trinity had the courage or interest, to come and listen to, and question, such obviously gifted orators.

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TRINITY NEWS

A Dublin University Weekly

Vol. IX THURSDAY, 8th FEBRUARY, 1962 No. 8

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Protestants and the Ban on Trinity

The position of Catholics in Trinity is a favourite subject for critical comment in undergraduate journals, and often for more ribald comment in undergraduate conversations. However, misconceptions still abound, and we make no apology for returning to the subject. The Lenten Regulations re-iterate every year the rules of the Church regarding Trinity, and the annual stir runs around College, releasing a wave of ill-informed comment as it goes.

Reasonable objections can be made to the "ban," of course, and one Catholic viewpoint is developed at length in a nearby article. Unfortunately, reactions among non-Catholics tend to be less rational.

Superficially, the "ban" provides an easy target for liberalism, and there is no shortage of superficial liberalism in Trinity at present. A widespread reaction amongst non-Catholics is to treat the "ban" as an attack on Protestants, and on Trinity. In fact, as the Archbishop was at great pains to point out in his Lenten Pastoral last year, no attempt is being or could be made to undermine the non-Catholic's right to choose his own education for himself. The "ban" is a rule of the Church, can only bind members of that Church, and does not seek to impose any restrictions on non-Catholics. And if members of the Catholic Church choose to be bound by its rules, what business have we non-Catholics to complain? If we are to be truly liberal, obviously none at all.

The superficial-liberal answer here would be that if anyone's faith cannot be trusted to stand up to healthy contact with non-Catholics, then it must be a pretty shoddy faith to start with. But someone who thinks himself enlightened and exalted enough to pass judgment of this sort on another person's beliefs has worked himself into just the conceited position he has been ascribing to his opponent all along.

Another persistent myth connected with the "ban" is that it owes its existence to the express malice of the present Archbishop of Dublin. In fact, the present rules are contained in an enactment passed by all the Irish bishops some years ago, and Trinity has been considered unsafe for Catholic faith and morals for the last 100 years.

It is only too easy to feel that one is taking a noble freethinking stand before the overwhelming despotism of Rome when faced with the ban. But the wider implications cannot be ignored.

If Trinity is to be properly integrated into Irish life, the ban will have to go. Concessions will have to be made, therefore, in order to satisfy the church authorities that Trinity is in fact "safe"—concessions which do not mean collapse, or surrender of principles. But whatever practical arrangements the Board may make in the future over such matters as theology lectures, a chapel inside College, and a resident priest, the root of the matter will not be touched until religious disputants forego the luxuries of impetuosity and rancour, and rely on rational argument to establish mutual respect and understanding even when disagreement persists—for this is true toleration and true liberalism.

THE IRISH UNIVERSITIES QUESTION AGAIN

In this article, the first of two, MICHAEL NEWCOMBE discusses the position of Catholics in Trinity in the light of a recent article on the subject by MGR. A. O'RAHILLY in "Studies," and justifies his own position by reference to Canon Law.

LAST term, considerable feeling was aroused in College after a scurrilous attack on Trinity was made by an unknown gentleman called Denis Martin, writing in a missionary magazine. The attack was outspoken and vicious but contained about as much subtlety as an article in one of the lower Sunday newspapers.

Far more dangerous in its implications, however, and far more skilful in its approach was another article which at the time received considerably less publicity. This was a scholarly article in the intellectual Catholic magazine "Studies," edited by Father Burke Savage, who, it may be observed, has refused to publish an answer to the article in his magazine.

The article is written by Mgr. Alfred O'Rahilly, ex-President of University College, Cork, and begins by examining the position of the Catholic Church in its attitude towards education in general. He starts his argument by claiming that the Irish hierarchy's attitude towards Trinity is an interpretation, indeed the only interpretation, of Canon Law. No Catholic could argue convincingly against him, once this original premise is proven. Where there is a suitable Catholic alternative, no parent may send a child to a non-Catholic school, whether of primary, secondary, or university standing. Several observations must here be made.

Canon Law

Firstly, Canon Law is written in Latin and the word used for the child is either *Juventus*—"youth" or *Puer*—"boy." Now in translation, the question arises as to the age at which one ceases to be *juventus*. In this country, the school-leaving age is fourteen. It could be argued that a boy starting work at that age ceases to fall into this category. Certainly the church loses its power of making the boy study his religion as he did at school. It can be argued that the term does not apply as soon as the boy reaches advanced school-leaving age—eighteen. Or it could be maintained that not until he reaches the age of discretion is he free from the restrictions binding on a *juventus*. None of these interpretations would apply to the university where the majority of

the students have passed the age of twenty-one. Yet the Irish Hierarchy continue to apply this particular Canon to T.C.D.

Secondly, it may be pointed out that in other countries of the world this does not apply. In Belgium, there is a Catholic University, Louvain, whose praises Mgr. O'Reilly sings. There are also two other universities at Brussels and Liège. Yet despite the existence of an entirely Catholic university, the Catholics of Belgium are not forced to attend Louvain; indeed, the proportion of Catholics at the other two universities last year was approximately 60 p.c. and 40 p.c. respectively.

Thirdly, there is no Catholic university in Ireland. As a result of the interpretation of Canon Law made by the hierarchy, Irish Catholics who wish to attend university are virtually forced to go to the National University. The result is a very high Catholic population in that university; but that does not make it Catholic. Indeed, it is one of the neutral institutions that the Canon condemns. It is claimed to be "more suitable" and "Catholicisable," but this is only as a result of the original attitude. In other words, the entire situation is a vicious circle.

Misunderstanding

The basis of Mgr. O'Reilly's attitude is in a misunderstanding of Trinity itself. In order to establish the Protestantism of Trinity, the Monsignor quotes several articles dated 1807, 1868, 1880, 1889, 1891, and 1907. It is interesting

LETTER to the EDITOR

Dear Sir,

The estimated cost of £1,000,000 for new E.S.B. offices is statistically equivalent to roughly £15,000,000 on a population basis compared with Great Britain! Is this not "folie de grandeur"? I have written to the "Irish Times" and "Independent" on this aspect but letters have been suppressed. Rather extraordinary seeing that voluminous space has been devoted to verbose letters on the aesthetics of the matter. At £100 a head of £1,000,000 would provide office accommodation for 10,000 clerks!! A full enquiry is needed.

Yours, etc.
T. M. FITZGERALD,
Westpark, Tramore,
Co. Waterford.

Book Jackets and Mod. Lang. Review

Two (relatively) Minor Societies will be in the public eye next week.

The Arts Society is presenting an exhibition of Italian and American book jackets in the Examination Hall from Monday until Thursday. The material was obtained with the help of Pentori (the Art director of Olivetti Milan), the Italian Institute, Dublin; the Art Directors' Club of New York, and the London School of Painting and Graphic Art.

Representatives of Irish Printing Houses and Advertising Agencies, the Schools of Art, the Press, the American and Italian Embassies will be among those at the private view.

On Monday, the Mod. Lang. Society will publish their magazine, "Review." Contributors include Ian Blake, Brendan Kennelly,

ing that the most modern of these is more than fifty years old. He quotes the fact that 80 p.c. of the students were Church of Ireland members in 1907. This seems a trifle irrelevant to the present situation where approximately 23 p.c. of the students are Roman Catholics. Mgr. O'Rahilly then quotes figures for the religion of members of the staff which show the number of Catholics as absurdly low—in fact about two-thirds of the true number. It may have been that the Monsignor's source was inaccurate; we must hope that this will explain the mistake. The exact total is difficult to obtain but, including lecturers and professors, at least thirty-six are Catholics, compared with Mgr. O'Rahilly's figure of twenty-four.

English Catholics

In the much discussed Lenten Pastoral for 1961, his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin denied completely that any political motive lay behind the attitude of the hierarchy. Yet in several places in this article, underhand gibes against Trinity on purely political grounds occur. Monsignor O'Rahilly claims that Trinity is "pushing in every direction (it) can to bring in English Catholics." Later, he refers to the Board's "touting" for English Catholics, as if the English Catholic was to the Irish Catholic rather as an Anglican is to the member of the Church of Ireland. Perhaps I hear somebody whispering something about the universal church?

There is ill-concealed bitterness at mention of the "British régime" and one cannot help feeling that still, after so many years, Trinity stands for all that is British in this country, and that the Irish, instead of being proud of this part of their heritage, are prepared not only to disown it, but also to destroy it.

Great play is made of the figures concerning the domicile of students in order to show how un-Irish Trinity is when compared to the National University. Again, this is a situation of the Archbishop's own making. As it is so difficult for an Irish Catholic to get permission to go to Trinity, of course the number of students resident in the State will be small in comparison with U.C.D. As to the number of British students in Trinity in comparison with the small number in U.C.D., the explanation is simply that Trinity has, rightly or wrongly, an international reputation which U.C.D. has not.

Trinity, in fact, is frequently a first alternative for those who fail to get to Oxbridge. It is not a scrap heap for the English public schools.

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THREE PLAYS by Brendan Behan (Gate)
"MOTHER GOOSE" (Gaiety)

"A H, me puir aul' husband" says a wrinkled old barfly; "He was shot in the Dardanelles." "Janie," replies her companion, "That's a terrible painful part of the body." It is easy, probably too easy, to dismiss Brendan Behan by the music-hall standards his dialogue implies. The trouble is, that these days unless a play reeks with facile "egg-head" situations no-one would think of in a month of Sundays and too-clever-by-half word-plays, it is automatically suspect. Modern dramatists are so fond of demonstrating the way their minds work (and very adroit they are, too, sometimes) that they have forgotten most of their business.

Behan's basic situations are the corniest things imaginable. It is in his miraculous and joyful zest in their implications that their

magic lies. One of the three early one-act plays now running at the Gate, for example, has in it the reluctance of a husband to spread manure over the garden, complete with kitchen comedy banter, and a pub scene in which a report from the "Evening Mail" is read out, relating the theft from a museum of gold bracelets belonging to Queen Maeve of Connaught. Nothing much there, one would have thought. But an anonymous phone call is made to the police station, to the effect that the precious relics are at the bottom of a certain manure heap, and three hefty Gardai arrive, complete with spades, to dig the garden. It is in the almost surrealist combination of such apparently incompatible



Jimmy O'Dea

situations that Behan is at his best. And the most refreshing thing of all is the ease and the Gargantuan gusto with which the miracle is worked. It only occurs to the spectator later that here is art of a high order. Behan's lusty revellings are the negation of the arty, smart Aleck covortings of the "anti-theatre" set, who fulsomely reveal their mechanics for all to admire. The production at the Gate is of the curates' egg variety, but Behan comes through well enough.

Jimmy O'Dea, Milo O'Shea and Maureen Potter are the stars of this year's pantomime at the Gaiety, which is, in a way, only a short step from Behan's three plays: It has all their gusto, if little of their wit. Maureen Potter and Milo O'Shea have nice sketches, and Jimmy O'Dea's Pantomime Dame has all its customary corsets and old lace blandness. There are a lot of brightly coloured scenes and costumes, and a lot of neat legs. All very pleasant.—W.M.O.



Brendan Behan

PLAYERS AT STRATFORD EAST

The Inside Story

JANUARY was a memorable month for Players. Two successes in England have added rosebuds to their prestige, first at Bristol — at the Sunday Times Student Drama Festival—and later at the Theatre Royal (Theatre Workshop) in London.

At Bristol, where they presented "The Bald Prima Donna" by Ionesco, in a non-competitive, guest capacity, Players scored great success for their teamwork and acting ability. For this Michael Ruggins is very largely to thank. His polished, witty and satisfying production gave Mr. Harold Hobson great pleasure. The cast was the same as over here: Ralph Bates, Roger Ordish, Bruce

Myers, Jo van Gysegheghan, Mia Swales and Carolyn Lammart.

The 15th January saw Players racing against time to get their Revue, "Would Anyone Who Saw The Accident . . ." up on time. And somehow, with that little bit of luck, they did. That it went up at all was a major miracle. Time was scarce, the rehearsal rooms one had to use in central London tatty and punctuated with Spanish Dancers and hordes of galvanised jazz fans, and only the knowledge that there was no turning back enabled one to carry on.

Punctually at five past eight the curtain rose on Terry Brady and Bruce Myers in Michael Ruggins' production of "The Dumb Waiter," by Harold Pinter. This was never well received by critics and audiences, due perhaps to the fact that both actors and producer were slightly stale, but more to the fact that "The Dumb Waiter" is not a good play.

Then the Revue. The curtain rose on a disorderly, yet striking, set of scaffold poles (assembled and planned by Roger Cheevey) with the cast of the revue being introduced quite casually to the audience. From the success of this start the revue never looked back—at least very seldom—and the bursts of laughter acted like spurs to an intensely nervous horse. For my part, as pianist, I never want to imagine again the dread at realising that hundreds (?) of critics were "out front" taking

by Carl Bontof

notes and deciding our success and profit at that moment. Sketch followed sketch and at last it was over—thank heavens.

Next day the Press crits were mixed—some raved, some seemed wishy-washy and vague, one or two hated it—but it sold and we had several packed houses, and nearly all were about two-thirds full. One or two sketches were moved or removed, and the popularity grew. Noel Coward came. The Lord Chamberlain told us to cut two words. Joan Littlewood smiled. Suddenly it all seemed tremendously worthwhile. The production by Terry Brady and Michael Ruggins was taut and crisp. I was, apparently, occasionally audible and always visible at my piano, and the lighting did more than justice to a really magnificent abstract (?) set.

Ralph Bates, Roger Ordish and David O'Clee gave of their best—Terry and Mike Bogdin wrote the varied and successful scripts, besides acting prolifically and variegatedly in them, like Calceolarias or Michaelmas daisies—and any questions (or praise) are most worthily in their laps, all of them. Stars.

New Poetry and The Yorkshire Post

New Poetry, by both established and new poets, is published each Saturday in The Yorkshire Post.

This is the only regular market in daily morning newspapers for poets. Contributions for publication should be sent to the Editor, The Yorkshire Post, P.O. Box 168, Leeds, 1.

Films

Profundity or Face Value?

"THE FACE" (Astor)

ONE has become accustomed to the allegorical pattern of Ingmar Bergman's films. In this respect, his most finished work is perhaps "The Seventh Seal," where a phantasmagoric consistency provides the action with unity and integrity. This is not strictly so in "Wild Strawberries," although the control of dream-sequences gives a possibly opportunistic director a considerable poetic licence which he does not hesitate to exploit.

It is even less so in the case of "The Face," now showing at the Astor, in which we get a seemingly allegorical presentation of character and circumstance that ignores one essential requirement of true allegory—a credible, first-dimensional narrative, uniformly horizontal, from which referential plumb-lines fall to a second dimension of deeper significance. Bergman is much too inclined to point naively to second-dimensional matter in terms of his first dimension, thus confusing both dimensions and upsetting his audience's receptiveness. This he does time and time again in "The Face." Questions are left hanging in mid-air, as in an unfair whodunnit where the reader is not given all the clues. Why Vogler's dumbness when he is alone with his troupe? By what metamorphosis does Vogler rise from the coffin where he had placed the drunken actor? And how, after a post-mortem, can he rise in a state of wholeness? The entire attic scene, with the doctor, is at about the level of the Three Stooges at their most inventive. The eye in the ink-well would be funny if it weren't so crude and the detach-

able hand somehow made me think of Tom Lehrer. Moreover, the doctor's dogged rationalism in the face of such horrors is surely too much to swallow. The lay image of the scientist as being personally as well as professionally metallic went out, or should have gone out, a long time ago.

The big question of the film, of course, and one that is left legitimately, if rather irresponsibly, unanswered (the gay departure for Stockholm) is to do with the nature of reality. This is plugged by frequent balloon-pricking (the police chief's baldness—the love-potion motif) and receives the full treatment in the final humiliating exposure of Vogler and his wife. But everything is over so quickly and after such little real struggle that one wonders if the case of Dr. Vogler is not just a fraud within a fraud. The difficulty with Bergman is to know whether he is a profoundly coherent artist or an incoherently superficial trickster. He probably embodies something of both, but at least the photography is good and the cutting of the subtitles in the almost-sex-scenes should give the whole-text fiends something to mark about. —D. Mahon.

A career is what it's worth

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Profile:

Michael Longley has spent most of his time at Trinity writing or reading poetry, and listening to music. They are not luxuries but essential parts of day-to-day living, just as his cigarette is "a necessary extension of my hand."

English by birth, Longley has always lived in Belfast where he attended The Royal Belfast Academical Institution. He was a prefect and head of his house and played on the 1st XV, but has not taken any serious exercise since. Watching rugby still gives him immense pleasure; it is a pity that he refuses to translate creative appreciation into action. "Inst" means a great deal to him, as a school where eccentricity was not only tolerated but accepted, and the arts considered a vital part of education. He is completely at home in Dublin, but one of its gifts is that he has recognised the unique quality and value of the North. "The tough brave city, the gentle countryside, an odd paganism which is really the source of Ulster puritanism"—all stimulate and provoke him.

Longley came to Trinity in 1958 and studies Classics with an emphasis on 20th century poetry. Although several friends and three of his "wives" have been scholars, their academic success has never disturbed him into emulation. "Icarus" has published poems by Michael Longley for some time, and he was Editor last Trinity term. He has written for "Trinity News" in a vigorous, not too serious style—but resigned from its staff on being appointed Advertising Manager. He found the post "bewildering."

Music usually fills his rooms, and his record collection ranges from Gregorian Chant to Stravinsky. He loves Mozart for "his constant and carefully qualified joy" and Brahms for "his values Hardy, Frost and Graves.

cosy greatness." Beethoven's late string quartets have been his most recent and deepest musical experience. He goes to the cinema regularly, taking it as entertainment rather than art. Longley's shelves contain a comprehensive collection of modern poetry. He regards Yeats and Wallace Stevens as the greatest poets of the century, and considers "Sunday Morning" by Wallace Stevens the greatest poem he has ever read. Edward Thomas and Wilfred Owen, he thinks, would have been equally great had they survived the First World War, and he is angry that their achievement has not been properly understood. Eliot and Pound are dismissed as "major distractions." Next to Yeats and Stevens he

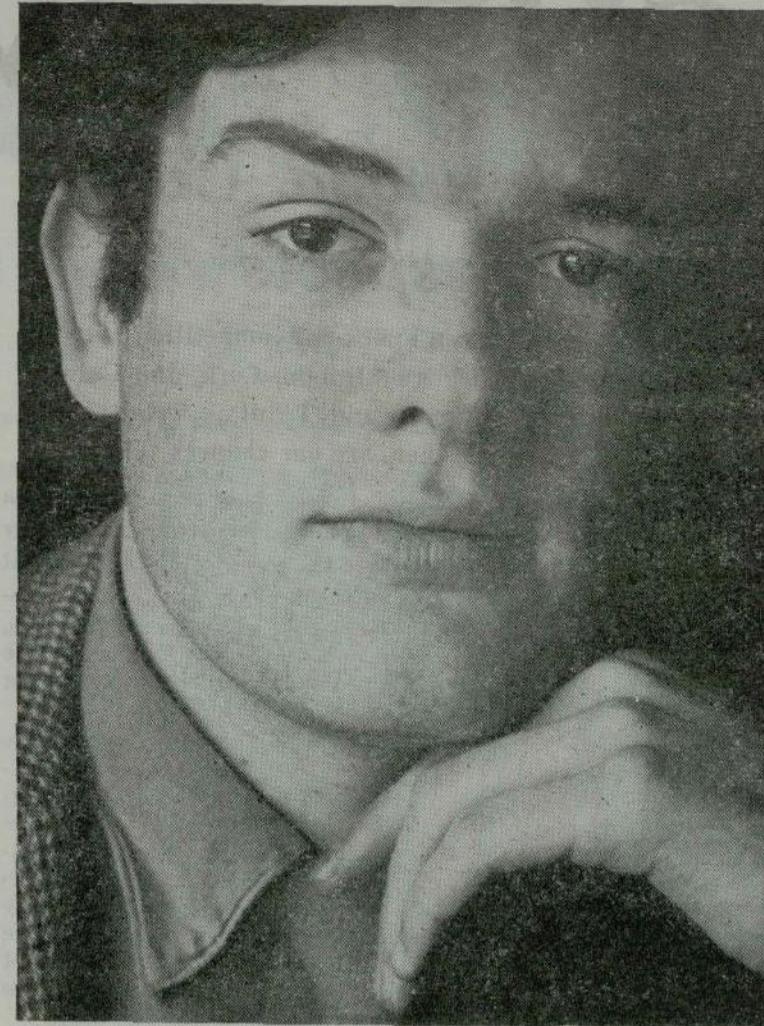


Photo by Peter Ryan.

Michael Longley

He explores all these poets, and others, constantly, and their poetry is a happy and enlightening ex-

perience. D. H. Lawrence "is, perhaps, the genius of our time." A sympathetic but never an in-

dulgent friend, Longley is completely tactful in personal relationships. On the surface he appears easy-going, but thinks of friendship as something to be worked at, and can be deeply disappointed in people. Willing to be delighted by them, he refuses to be unnecessarily invaded. In company he is aloof, but responsive. Proud of having discovered The Goons at the age of thirteen, he enjoys the ridiculous. Thurber is his favourite humorist, and one of his favourite prose stylists.

Longley defines a poet as "someone for whom life without poetry would be meaningless." Poetry is "necessary." His own poetry has developed through an increasingly deeper awareness of what words can do. He aims at control and "a rich economy," spending much time and effort on his writing. In a painful and hurried age it is easy for the undergraduate poet or intellectual to appear perceptive by stressing the negative aspects of life—the frustration of the individual and the futility of self-awareness. To many Longley seems complacent and intellectually lazy. This is the understandable reaction of the adolescent who has just had his dreams shattered and finds that life can be very ugly. Longley, somewhat precariously, has pieced things together again. He stands above his contemporaries at Trinity for two reasons—by nature he feels no need to impress by displaying his knowledge of life's uglier side; and his acutely selective intuition has helped him perceive more beauty in his environment and in his friendships than most people can see in theirs. Longley has found himself in the historical role of the poet; one who positively affirms the beauty of living.

VILE BODIES

The naming of what, for want of a worse word, we will call a gossip column, is no mean feat (though we say it who shouldn't). In the bad old days it was called "Four and Six," a name whose origin was lost in antiquity and which nobody understood. When, one day, its lavatorial implications struck us, we suppressed it, horrified. Since then, Martin Marprelate has appeared, and pretty nearly everything that can be said about lavatories has been said.

So many names suggest themselves, and almost all of them would offend some group. We toyed with "Black List," but the thought of the wrath of ultras whose names might be mentioned, and fear of the plastique consequences, stayed us. "Shopping List" and "Stock Market Closing Report" are unfortunate in other ways. "Probable Runners and Starters" was better, but long-winded. A goon-type gesture would be to use one of those standard headlines which appear every night in the Dublin evening papers: "Family of 15 Saved in Dublin Blaze," or "Intense Garda Activity." But givers of smooth parties might object to the latter, and everybody to the former.

So we settled for Literary Allusion, that last infirmity of hard-pressed copywriter, and after

a lapse of fourteen months we're back again, presenting the people to the people and all that jazz. A declaration of Waugh, you might say.

Last Friday that fine bronzed young man Michael Larra Beite (otherwise known as Lambertini or Apeman) gave a whacking great party—I've forgotten just where. But not to worry; all the best people were there—those renowned connoisseurs of merriment, Jeremy (exhaust-pipe) Cahill, Paddy Alf Backman and Raymond (I-feel-really-wretched) McCluskey—and then real orderly types Kim Kendall and Paddy Skipwith. Just to add further to the fun that delightfully hardy annual Ewan Simmonds was present. This reminds me that charming Tojo (vamp catcher) Dixon wants to know if anybody wants a course in oneupmanship...

The French Group celebrated Antigone on Saturday in Leinster Square. Diarmuid Williams and Pru Furney appeared to be selling glassware to each other but Dan Pouget was sold on Isobel Burke. Fanny de Burgh-Whyte twisted madly, John Williamson and Maddie L. thought this too energetic, whereas Derek Mahon and Dick Eckersley thought it safe to sit only on the floor. Then . . . enter Landlord arguing . . .

Sunday evening brought the end

of the world to Ely Place under the high priesthood of Kendall Skipwith (see above) and Kaulbach. A demonstration was held by Mr. Acker Bogdin and Count Konstantin Gogovitch against a lack of drink and fresh air. They joined Hilary Titters in the twist, Claire Jacob and Nick O'Brien played musical chairs, and all the while Charles D'Arcy wept and Harry Graham just looked glum as the end approached. Midnight came with a benediction from Peter Ryan and, to prove they were still there, David (the flautist) Griffith, Simon (hot-lips) Quick with Charlotte Eastwood and Doonie Townsend began to paint some masculine chest with pink dye.

A curious and inexplicable occurrence

It looks as if a far-ranging poltergeist is at work in College.

A Social Science student, Jane Maloney, left her brief-case in No. 6 one night recently, and found it was gone in the morning—a not unnatural occurrence in this bastion of ethical values.

About a week later, however, she received a telephone call saying that it had been found in a dinghy (!) in the garden of the Blackrock home of Mr. Maurice Dockrell, ex-Lord Mayor of Dublin. Miss Maloney is at a loss to know how it got there, as she has no connection with the Dockrell family. The brief-case was duly returned, damp but with contents intact.

So if you fancy yourself as a private-eye, there's a case for you. Strike that match on the wall, light that pipe, and go to it.

Martin Marprelate

My report last week on the ruffians who get their kicks in the practice of stealing paper from lavatories in Botany Bay has had a curious sequel, which was reported by the "Sunday Telegraph" under the coy heading "Smallest Room Crisis in Poland." The item runs as follows:

"Poland is facing a toilet paper crisis. Warsaw Life, the principal newspaper in the Polish capital, reports that the commodity has disappeared from shops, public lavatories, and hotels.

"It is not that the paper is not being produced in sufficient quantities. The shortage has come about because almost the total production is being bought up by businesses for use as packing material."

This whole thing is becoming a nightmare.

Personally, I wouldn't be in the least bit surprised if the "Sunday Telegraph" made the whole thing up. Imagine the implications if this idea caught on here. Unemployment in the packing material industry. An I.C.I. takeover bid for Bronco tissues. And—aha, you've guessed it—the appearance of the "Sunday Telegraph's" special "Smallest Room" Supplement, on pale blue crinkly paper. It could

be the best circulation booster since Anthony Armstrong-Jones (poor thing.) Net result: Industrial discontent, a realignment of the forces of the right, and a reassertion of lavatories and loos over the bourgeois toilets which only have the "Sunday Express" on the floor. No fools, these lads in the Establishment.

It is, of course, perfectly possible that the report is genuine, in which case the plot becomes thicker. Is there a link between the mysterious disappearance of lavatory paper from Botany Bay and the Polish crisis? Perhaps it is all the work of an expatriate Pole, who is busy sending back roll after roll to the folks back home. If this is so, I apologise for the use of certain expletives last week, and commend him on his laudable sense of national and family solidarity. All the same, he might leave a bit for someone else. On the other hand, it is probably rather more sinister than that. I personally suspect that a certain distinguished Communist, who shall be nameless, is making frantic efforts to ensure that whatever they are doing in Poland, he is leaving no stone unturned in the cause of the better packing of democratic socialist goods. Only time will tell.

Have you seen this week's New Statesman?

World affairs, books, music, theatre, art, films. The best-selling review.

Sporting Briefs

In what appears to have been a most peculiar game, the Norsemens had a last-minute triumph over an Old Wesley selection. After missing numerous scoring chances, ex-secretary West dived over for a remarkable try.

* * *

The Soccer Club had mixed fortunes on tour in England. Lunde got the goal which enabled Trinity to draw with Bangor University. It was a different story at Manchester; against what is probably the best University side in Britain, Trinity went down 4-0 and it could have been even more. However, all credit to our boys for fighting to the very last minute.

* * *

It is hoped to hold a meeting of the Bloodstock Society on Saturday and members can look forward to a lively discussion on the astounding impact which *Aureole* has had on the bloodstock industry.

* * *

In the final match of the Winter Water Polo League Trinity did well although losing to the powerful Half Moon Club 6-3. With improved passing and marking Trinity could do well in the Beveridge Shield to be played this week-end.

* * *

Congratulations to M. Varian on getting an Irish Hockey Trial.

* * *

Winners in the Freshers' Swimming Championships included N. Prosser, D. Potter, N. Duncan and I. Stanton-James.

HARRIERS Steve Stars

The Harriers held their first match of the Hilary term last Saturday against Avondale Harriers. It was run over the Avondale 4 miles course in Phoenix Park. Conditions were reasonable although the strong winds made parts of the course very trying. However, this did not prevent S. Whittome of D.U.H. continuing his fine record of last term by winning in the excellent time of 21 mins. 47 secs. Avondale filled the next three places and the race was only saved for Trinity by the good packing of F. M. Quinlan, A. R. Sparshott, and A. Shillington in one bunch, and J. Hill, P. J. Darcy and R. Senior in the following group. Detailed D.U.H. placings were—1, S. Whittome, 21 min. 47 secs.; 5, F. M. Quinlan; 6, A. R. Sparshott and A. Shillington; 9, J. Hill; 10, P. J. Davey. Result—D.U.H. beat Avondale Harriers by 38 pts. to 44.

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Collingwood Cup Prospects

THE Collingwood Cup is a knock-out competition between the University Colleges of Dublin, Cork, and Galway, the Royal College of Surgeons and Trinity. Trinity have never won the Cup. What, then, are our chances this year?

A look at the record book shows Trinity to have played thirteen games, won eight, lost four and drawn one. Forty-seven goals have been scored and eighteen conceded. This is an impressive statistical record, but it should be borne in mind that much of the opposition has been extremely weak and certainly not of Collingwood Cup class.

Under the guidance of Cyril White and skipper T. Lunde, the team has trained extremely hard and is probably the fittest ever to represent Trinity in the Collingwood Cup. This is an important factor since, if the final is reached, three games will be played in three days. This is no mean ordeal.

The Trinity side is probably a shade better than that which fell to the Surgeons "knife" in last year's competition. T. Lunde and P. Parry have the shooting power to score enough goals—given the opportunities. But they will need support. In defence, the half-back line of R. O'Moore, P. Beale and

G. Horsley have proved themselves rugged tacklers, but whether they have the power to control the vital mid-field region and give the necessary support to the forwards, remains to be seen. It is in these half-back positions that most games are decided.

The Collingwood Cup is the cauldron of Irish University football and to win the Cup is a magnificent performance which requires football skill, fitness and the will-to-win. This latter is very important. If Trinity go out absolutely determined to sweep all before them and also produce their best form, then they may upset a few apple-carts and win the Cup.

The Draw.

Thursday, 8th Feb.—Trinity v. U.C.C. Friday, 9th Feb.—Winners v. U.C.G., 11.30, at Belfast.

Thurs., 8th Feb.—R.C.S.I. v. U.C.D. Friday, 9th Feb.—Winners v. Queen's, 3.0, College Park.

Final at Bird Ave., 3 p.m., Saturday, 10th February.

MIXED FORTUNES IN ENGLAND

Rugby Club Tour

The Football Club's tour of England had a disappointing start when their game last Wednesday against Cambridge University was cancelled because of snow. The encounter against this most successful of English clubs had been looked forward to all season, and a good performance by Trinity would have been fine tonic for the rest of the trip.

The following Saturday the team played Oxford University and in an enjoyably hard match lost narrowly 8-6. Trinity got off to a storming start by scoring two tries within the first ten minutes. The first came from a good movement that carried play almost the length of the field and ended with Coker going over near the corner. Shortly afterwards Ryan, who deputised for the injured Read very capably, punted shrewdly ahead for Coker to gather and score by the flag. Both attempts at conversions failed.

Trinity unfortunately failed to maintain this polish and for much of the rest of the game they were busy defending their own line. Although the pack made several spirited rushes in the loose, the Oxford eight rucked and hooked more efficiently and this seemed to sap Trinity's attacking abilities. Oxford deservedly scored before half-time when a second row forward marked a try from a maul near the Trinity line.

Oxford continued this pressure throughout the second half but full-back Lea had a splendid game

and constantly drove them back. It was not until the last few minutes that the Trinity defence was caught on the wrong foot by a clever cross-kick from the full-back which found an Oxford centre well placed to go over and score. The conversion from an easy position won the match for Oxford.

Although the Oxford XV contained only three Blues, Trinity's performance was not disappointing. Both centres, Scott and Siggins, are playing very well together and Rees' passing has developed an accuracy that had been noticeably absent before Christmas.

The tour finished last Monday with a thoroughly interesting and open game against Waterloo R.F.C. The Trinity XV played with imagination and initiative but several players were in alien positions and all attacks broke down short of the line because of this.

Rees kicked a good penalty early on but just before half-time Waterloo equalised in a similar manner. Although there was no more scoring both sides threw the ball around and were unlucky not to add further points. Rees and Scott were the spearheads of Trinity's movements while the pack did well to hold the experienced club's forwards.

Finally, all success to Larry L'Estrange at Twickenham on Saturday. One hopes that he will be given the opportunity to run with the ball — something rarely seen in International Matches to-day.

Oxford continued this pressure throughout the second half but full-back Lea had a splendid game

LADIES' HOCKEY MORIARTY CUP VICTORY

Last Saturday the Trinity team won the Moriarty Cup by defeating U.C.D. 3-1 in the annual colours match. Despite a strong wind, and at times driving rain, the game produced some good hockey and Trinity's victory was primarily due to good teamwork which constantly gave them the edge over their U.C.D. rivals.

The Trinity centre-forward, V. Williams, opened the scoring after 10 minutes when she pushed the ball past the goalkeeper from a muddle in the goalmouth, and shortly before half-time the U.C.D. centre forward equalised.

After the resumption of play Trinity were well on top for the rest of the game and B. Knatchbull and V. Williams put the issue beyond doubt with two more goals.

With this form the Trinity team should do well in their remaining League matches this term, and in the Oxford and Cambridge matches when they go on tour in March.

Team—Misses J. Dockray, G. Horgan (capt.), S. Purcell, E. Logan, P. Osmun, C. MacDonnell, E. Kennedy, M. Tyrrell, V. Williams, B. Knatchbull, O. Jacob.

MENS' HOCKEY

Pembroke Wand., 3; Trinity, 0

Some heavy rain and a poor pitch helped to minimise skill and constructive play on both sides in this game, but Pembroke took the initiative early on, setting up many dangerous attacks. In the first half, Trinity never looked like scoring; passes were going astray, and the inside forwards scarcely brought the wings into the game.

Pembroke used their fast right wing, who was frequently unmarked, and it was after a hard centre that the Trinity defence failed to stop, that Pembroke opened the scoring.

Playing downhill in the second half Trinity settled down and were unlucky not to score from a short corner when McCarthy's shot cleared the bar, and later a shot from Collins narrowly missed.

Pembroke continued to keep up the pressure, and broke loose to score again. The Trinity defence failed to stop the ball cleanly and were easily rattled, although Martin looked safe in goal. D. B. Clark did all that was required of him, as he substituted for M. Webb (playing for Leinster). Trinity gave up completely when Pembroke scored again, and the forwards dribbled the ball aimlessly, and lost all determination to win.

Team—R. Martin; D. Craig, D. Clark; R. Maynard, M. Varian (capt.), A. McGloughlin; E. Prestage, M. Tiner, J. McCarthy, K. Heron, A. Collins.

FENCING CLUB

On Saturday the Fencing Club were hosts for the National Epee Championships for the first time in the Club's history. This event is one of the largest in the calendar and thanks to greatly improved facilities offered by the renovated Gymnasium we are now able to take on functions of this kind.

Six teams of three fencers each took part in the Championships, out of which Trinity entered two teams. The preliminary round was a knock-out competition in which the Trinity second team was a casualty, due to an unfavourable draw. The first team, Chris Rye, Chris Wood and Rupert Mackeson, carried on to the final where they encountered the strongest opposition so far.

Having beaten Salle Duffy second team, Trinity fought hard to score one further victory to win the Championships, but having lost the next two pools by four victories to five, ended the competition as runners up to the Salle Duffy first team. This in itself is no disgrace on the first outing of our epee team this year which suffers badly from the loss of an Olympic standard fencer.

The Championship result promises well for the Universities Championships in Belfast in a fortnight's time, when Trinity defends its title for the second year running.

Colonel May

(Trinity's Leading Tipster)

The Colonel's two selections having been promptly installed as first and second favourites for the National, he now turns his attention to the long-range market on the Classics.

Noel Murless had, according to the Colonel's information, both Aznip and Cyclone Audry out on the opening day of the Warren Hill gallops indicating a challenge for the Guineas from both. While they both command respect an English winner would be more likely found in either Miraldo or Escort, with a slight preference for the latter. Both, however, may have to lower their colours to Prendergast's Clear Sound; this one took the opening 2-year-old race at the Curragh last year, indicating that fitness will be no problem. If there is to be an Irish Classic success, here is surely a banker.

It would be a brave man who invested on the French horses, despite their obvious class, as the French and Irish Derbys are a powerful counter-attraction. For really hardened men, a personal ranking would read: 1, Abdos; 2, Prudent; 3, Wakamba. Hetherett should enter the Epsom reckoning, as will Xerxes and All-a-Gogo but the vote goes to the superbly bred Valentine with O'Brien's Larkspur as an ultra-longshot.

The fillies are dominated by West Side Story, who turned in such a blindingly brilliant debut that the form must be doubted; if it is anything like right, bookmakers would be robbing their proverbial grandmothers to let this typically beautiful Never Say Die filly start at odds against. The flying machine Display is the obvious danger but is unlikely to "get" either of the Classic journeys.

If Tobago lives up to the opinion one celebrated (and rival) trainer has of him, he should "eat" his field at Sandown on Friday. On the form book at least 4 horses should beat Fortria at Baldoyle but the Colonel has heard all about those sort before and takes him to win from Brown Diamond and Monsieur Trois Etoiles.

Rise and Shine appears to be a "hot" thing for Warwick.

VACCINATION

Dr. Bourke, who conducted the vaccine campaign, asks us to request those who were vaccinated, and who have not reported for a check-up, as instructed on the hand-out, to go and see him immediately at the Department of Social Medicine, Moynihan Institute.

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