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TRINITY NEWS

A Dublin University Undergraduate Weekly

THURSDAY, 21st MAY, 1964

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NO FREEDOM FOR THE INDIVIDUAL

Readers of the national press during the past few weeks will possibly remember the questions in the Dail and the Debate on the Adjournment on Telephone Tapping; it is likely, however, that few people will have given the matter another thought after the glib replies of the Minister for Justice. However, for those whose telephones are tapped or have been tapped, the question is of more than mere academic interest. This is but one instance of the numerous ways that the Special Branch in Dublin Castle deal with "dangerous" or "semi-dangerous" individuals.

A number of these people held a meeting last Friday in a prominent hotel in the centre of Dublin. There they discussed various methods used by the State against them and those known to them in order to ascertain their movements and activities. They also discussed some of the more subtle methods that are employed to prevent or make more difficult things which for other citizens are readily available.

Once one is deemed to be a "dangerous" or semi-dangerous person, a file is opened by the Special Branch in Dublin Castle. Such a file is never closed and remains there until the person dies, although it may have been inactive for many years. There is always the possibility that it might become "live" again.

For such people, telephone tapping and the opening of correspondence are in many cases daily occurrences, while for others there may be fairly long periods when they are not actually being watched. Some people require further attention in the form of full or part time detectives who provide suitable additions to the files.

Not only are individuals given these attentions. There are certain places and organisations as well as those which have obvious political association

which include a number of well-known and highly respectable public houses in the city. Among those who are allegedly watched are the Gaelic League, Gael Linn, An Oige, the Irish Mountaineering Club and Trinity's Fabian Society. In fact the hut at Glendalough which the D.U. Climbing Club uses is visited regularly by the Special Branch detectives, both when it is in and out of use, the most recent visit being last month.

Here is one example of how things are made difficult for such people and this will give some indication of the type of methods used. Some years ago, a prominent hotelier bought some premises in Bray which he developed at considerable expense. He wished to apply for an occasional extension of licence for dances. Such a license had previous been granted for this hotel on numerous occasions without an application. Normally applications are made to the

(Continued on Back Page)

Singers' Triumph

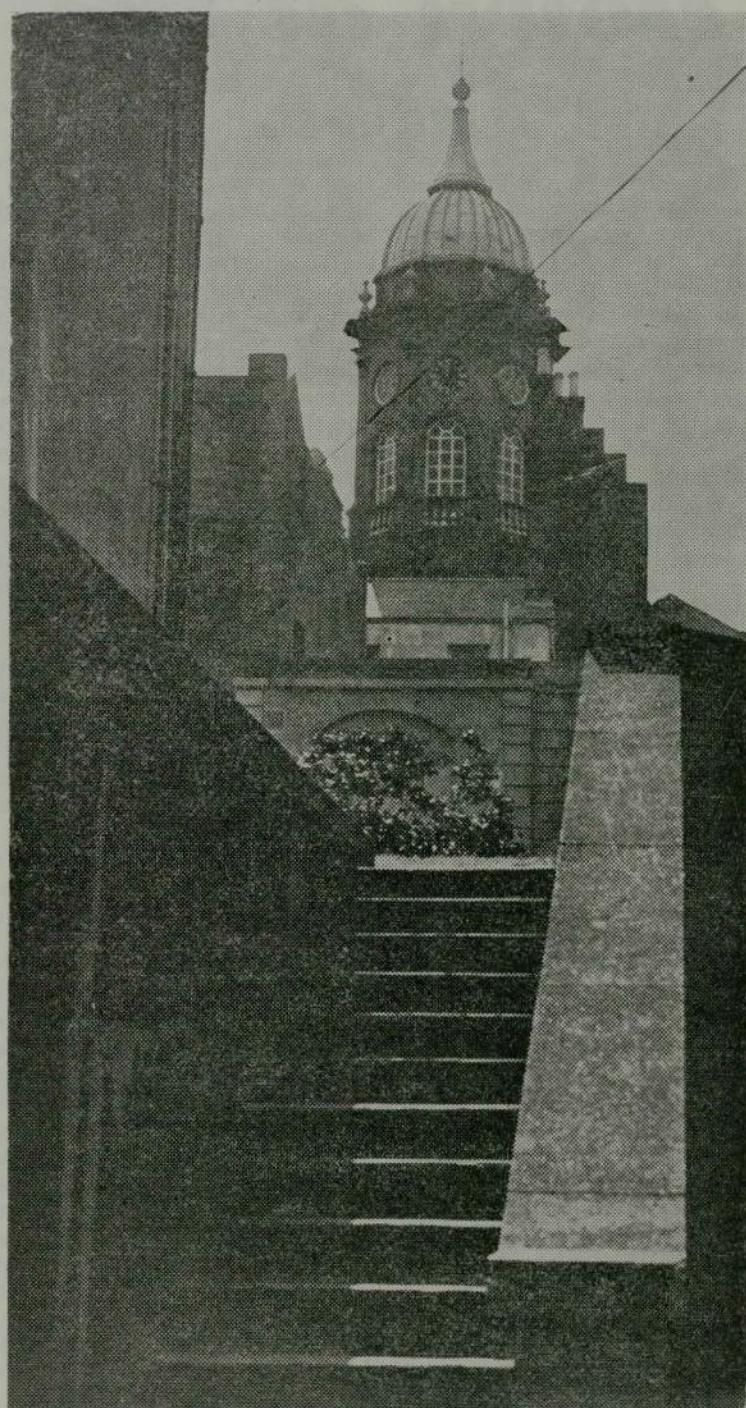
The adventurousness of conductor John Wilkinson was fully rewarded last Thursday evening when the College Singers won the mixed choirs section of Dublin's Feis Ceol at the first attempt.

The fact that only two choirs competed does not detract from the performance because the other choir was proficient to say the least, and a third choir withdrew (reputedly in face of the competition).

The set pieces were "The Prince of Sleep" by Elgar and "Yarmouth Fair," an English ditty arranged by Warlock; both choirs interpreted them equally effectively, the renderings differing chiefly because Singers were numerically less than half the size of their opponents. The final verdict was thus left to the chosen third piece, and here the adjudicator preferred an exciting, accurate and musical performance of Kodaly's "Jesus and the Traders" to a less demanding work by Morley.

Throughout a most complimentary summary, during which Singers were likened to the choral equivalent of a good chamber orchestra, the adjudicator built up an awful suspense only freed by his final announcement: Choir II (Singers), 88, 92, 92—272; Choir III, 88, 92, 89—269.

DUBLIN CASTLE



—Photo "Irish Times"

BLACK MAGIC

An increasing interest in the practice of Black Magic has brought with it ritual murders, orgies, cursed deaths and more advertisements in the "Times" in the "Wanted, charm for dermetitus" category. Students in College are playing with Black Mass techniques and for the ruthless elite of occultism there are endless permutations of blackmail, extortion and unsavoury trafficking in drugs, pep pills and the prostitution of young girls to engage in.

In Ireland, in spite of its heavily weighted Christian heritage, there still exists a hard core of followers of the Old Religion who practise in covens in the Wicklow mountains and in a decaying Co. Down mansion. Within the covens, ancient rites are observed, power and knowledge of the Devil are sought after. If these gifts are received, the price the initiate pays for them is known only to himself. Indeed, the literature of nineteenth century Ireland is full of stories about peasants selling their souls for a loaf of bread. Father Peadair O'Laoghaire's "Seadhna" and W. B. Yeats' "Countess Cathleen" describe how, during the Famine, the rural poor chose spiritual self-destruction rather than physical starvation. However, the Brotherhood of the Left Hand path in Ireland attracts the professional man, the technician and the teacher, as well as those with a taste for the theatrics.

The occultism which is being dabbed in by several students in College takes the form of a necessarily-modified Black Mass. It is rumoured that altar cloths "borrowed" from St. Patrick's Cathedral have been used in the practice of this Sabbath, and stubs of black candles found in College bear witness to the consummation of some occult rite. "Weird tribal chants, drumbeats and incantations" were heard in Botany Bay on the first cross-quarter day in February, 1955, and several Black Magic gatherings have been observed over the past few years.

A white witch has suggested that this growth of interest in the occult could be a form of escapism from the arms race, and that by seeking "the miasma of the Left Hand path, people are in reality choosing a more specific method of self-destruction. However," she warns, "the inept practice of magic can sear the soul beyond repair."

New Authors from College

Following hard on the heels of the success of T. B. Harward's "European Patterns," two more College authors have produced their first books. The first is Tim Webb's "The Voyage," published at 12/6, which is reviewed on page two. Mr. Webb is a Foundation Scholar in Classics and has been editor of "T.C.D." He has written prolifically for "Icarus" and "The Dubliner," and has had poems published in the "Irish Times."

The other new author is Dr. David Thornley whose book on Isaac Butt will be on sale later this month. Dr. Thornley is Lecturer in Political Science and is also Chairman of the Tuairim. He has been awarded several literary prizes in the past for essays on Isaac Butt and the Land League.

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TRINITY NEWS

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Michael GilmourVice-Chairman:
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What could be as fascinating as a room equipped for finding out what was never known before; for adding to our knowledge of the way of a world whose ways are more mystifying the closer they are examined? Such rooms exist and are as mundane as the sheds where the biochemists carry on their patient investigation:

Professor Spener's group is studying the metabolism of the sulphate ion. They are interested in how it is absorbed across the molecular membranes of cells, a process which has been acutely embarrassing to some organisms, including ourselves, because of the similarity between the highly toxic Molybdate ion and the essential sulphate ion, incorporated amongst other things, they have found, in steroid sulphate, an intermediate product in the formation of one of the sex hormones.

Isoniazid is one of the anti-T.B. drugs whose mode of action has been a mystery for which we are very grateful. Mr. Winder has found that this one works by disrupting the fat metabolism of the bacteria. This discovery is extremely important, being the first case found of this mode of action and suggests new angles of attack in the antibiotics field. He is now investigating the use of trace metals; cultivating bacteria in the absence of one, say, iron or zinc, and recording their consequent changes in metabolism. Tracing back the new sequences of enzymes used to the primary lesion where the change was necessitated by the uncontrollability of the enzymes which it show their incorpora-

tion of the metal in question is the main stage in locating the metal.

Dr. Panayotou is working on the metabolism of folic acid which is essential to red corpuscle formation and whose absence consequently causes anaemia. His experimental organisms are pregnant women from the Rotunda. Their folic acid levels are measured on admission and their medical case histories followed carefully thereafter.

Phenylketonuria is an enzyme that breaks down phenylalanine—the amino acid present in virtually every protein we eat. Some are born without the ability to synthesise this enzyme; the phenylalanine accumulates much faster than the kidneys can eliminate, it causes irreparable brain damage and within a few days the infant is an idiot. This is a more spectacular example of the metabolic mutations being studied by research students of medicine.

Dr. Baker is studying the polysaccharide synthesis of connective tissues. Polysaccharides are insoluble chain molecules formed by the linking up of simple sugar molecules. Faults in their synthesis are related to arthritis, the structure of connective tissue being critical in the joints. Congenital faults in this branch of the metabolism cause a condition picturesquely termed gargoyleism.

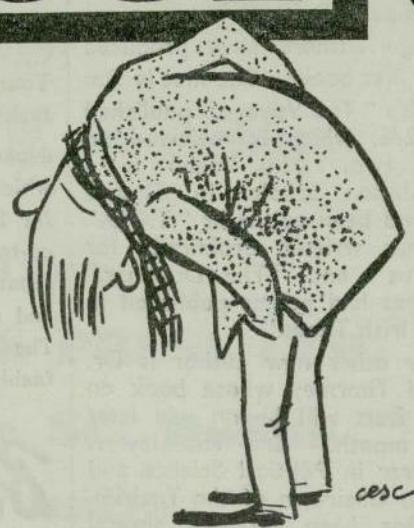
Although the work done here is most easily explained and illustrated by its applications, the basic motivation is, as in any department, academic. The fundamental aim is always for a better understanding of the chemistry of life.

Steven Mendoza.

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SN417

Reviews . . .**Pall Me Mantle**

The one advantage of there being so many mediocre slap happy revues staged in Dublin is that when you see a revue like "Pall Me Mantle" you appreciate it all the more.

Michael Jones and Michael Newling (co-authors of "Feefe" last year) have not limited themselves in their scope of targets for this revue. "Pall Me Mantle" is a varied concoction of friendly satire and mime which adds up to an immensely enjoyable evening's entertainment; and proves finally that Players is the only Dublin theatre with a revue tradition and professional standards.

The targets range from the Edinburgh writers' conference to an anti-blood sports campaign. It was a pity that "Dahling," a filmatic type montage of party faux-pas" and social comment was so similar to the sketch "Dahling's All" in "Feefe." I got the impression that I had heard it all before, as indeed I did with "Death H.P." and the old stand-by "Film Censorship." They were funnier the first time.

The highlight of the evening came with "Stephen W.B.," a beautiful take-off of "Stephen D.", perfect in material and performance, and in the sketch on the British police as seen through "Z Cars" and "Dixon of Dock Green."

The opening sketch on wrestling was a magnificent example not only of how to win an audience over, but for the use of mime and movement. Perhaps the pace was too fast, for the latter stages of each half began to drag. "Bloodgarten Presents" and the Shakespeare sketch need cutting and tightening up.

The cast are all individually good and as a team almost unequalled. Heading the list is the natural comedian Chris Serle, with his india-rubber body and face he shows himself to be one of the cleverest movers I have ever seen.

If Tony Weale, who directs, can remove some of the awkward

staging (Heather Luke's song), tighten up the first half, and ensure smoother between sketch breaks, his job will be complete.

"Pall Me Mantle" puts Dublin professional revues in the shade; it is a splendid piece of team work which is going to give a lot of pleasure over the next three weeks.

Michael Gilmour.

The Voyage

This, Tim Webb's first book of poems, brings together much of the work he has published in "Icarus" and "The Dubliner" in the past couple of years. It is disciplined, perhaps rather scholarly verse—but the scholarship, far from being merely decorative, encyclopaedic name-dropping is, at best, completely organic; for what Webb seems to be trying to do is to relate the great archetypes of life in his own experience. The title-poem announces the main theme of the book—an imminent embarkation, the wind "itching in the stiff sails." "Should I," he asks "Embark with my store of provisions

And finally accept defeat?"

What exactly this defeat consists in is not quite clear, at least not until later:

"Should I go venturing? And if I returned
Would you still be Penelope?"

The defeat looks like the possible forfeiture of an ideal, an almost unavoidable compromise with less than the best. Another archetype is Ahab (Melville's) in "Monologue for a Bedsitter." I wonder where this poem was written, by the way. It is a variation on the voyage-theme, reflects the same cerebral coming and going and is equally chary of a decision. Ahab, stomping around his cabin-bedsitter, voices doubts about the advisability of his quest:

"Why try his noble presence,
test again
His grizzled, known malignity?"

Again the possibility of a prize gleams at the end of the voyage, and again there is implied a certain scepticism, a refusal to commit himself to an irrevocable

chain of events (scarcely Melville, but anyway):

"Remember I have kept for one of you
This Spanish gold doubloon,
said Ahab
Pacing hopefully his cold, unlighted bedroom."

As if to transcend the need for movement and action, Webb sets up a gallery of enthroned eminence—"Song of Generals," "The Arnolfini Wedding," "A Portrait of W. G. Grace," even "Marilyn Monroe." These are some of the best poems in the book, but in them worth has become petrified out of flux so as to be at one remove from our sympathy:

"Now they take up their final positions,
Standing in bronze attitudes,
And tragic . . ."

One of the most pleasing aspects of the book is Webb's excellent style of expression—a precision-instrument with great reserves of strength. His characteristic qualities are a fine lyrical fluency, and a vigorous satirical turn of mind that checks any tendency towards facile sentiment. This is especially true of the love-poems. I find his excursions into straight humour less successful. "Lesson" I don't think comes off at all, nor "Pavilion Piece." Both are too donnish and whimsical. But my favourite is "Lucretius," which, despite some unfortunate bathos, captures a mood of bleak isolation with typical conciseness and (not so typical) rhythmical bounce:

"Considering the nature of the atom, he
Saw the world as deathless and
himself as frail,
Was much impressed by some
philosophers,
The natural force behind the
gale
And the mute wonder of the
mortal beast . . ."

This, and above all the line "Died alone on the crest of a passionate age," with its extraordinary poignancy, are the work of a true poet. Webb has insight, sensibility, a rigorous mind and obviously serious intentions. His book does not deserve to go unnoticed.

Derek Mahon.

THEODORA THRASHBINT

The pre-Trinity Week orgy of cocktail parties becomes less of an ordeal if you divide people into three—grey, brown and purple (with concomitant shades of lilac, eau-de-nil, mud, etc.). Thus you have clearly-defined stratas of conversation which are relatively easy to control. To greys you talk about Mummy and the weather, to browns about exams and the summer vac., and to purples about hearts of course, and purple knitted knockers for dromedaries in Aleppo and things. If in doubt, just drink. A lot of people must have been in doubt this week judging by the sleazy wrecks crawling back from Kilkenny and other Whitsun haunts.

Those two virginal lovelies Margaret de Bunsen and Pat Stanbridge invited all their unsullied friends and a few weirdies to cocktails in No. 40 last week.

Mike de Larabites reared his bare head everywhere, Martin Melancholy Bagley described the agonies of bureaucracy, and Brian Chatterton about neolithic man. From the window Liz Bell wriggled in ecstasy at Ewan Simmons throwing the discus in College Park. The lovely Frances Whidborne dazzled us all with her charm, gaiety and elegant flowery shift.

Lee Langley, Juliet Richardson and Pam gave an exceptionally civilised party on Sunday—no crashers but plenty of people (even Mick Roche was actually asked), no drunks but plenty of drink, though Andy Cairns told me he was "extra mea mente," or classically drunk, and Judy Monahan had to be propped up against various sympathetic shoulders. Peter Hulton was nonchalant and non-committal in spite of the furor he caused in many a feminine heart. Rudi

Wullrich held forth to a rapt audience of one about the intricacies of the nitrogen cycle.

The Boat Club has rarely been as elegant as it was on Monday night under the gentle hands of Rose Fisher, Kay Don, Martin Bagley and Colin McGarraggle. Pat Stokes though Isobel Brady was lovely all over, and Angela Colhoun promised Noel Bolingbroke-Kent "I'll keep you satisfied." Bill Fitzhugh had succumbed to feline wiles, but Moray Scott-Dagleish was active enough not only to crash the party, but even the "Ladies," all in pursuit of the exquisite Julia Parry-Evans. Charles Sprawson's Jacques-like melancholy belied his Falstaffian nose, and Heather Braddell confided that she hadn't got the guts to make eyes at men. Mike Mackenzie led a "Clean up Theodora campaign" (Heh heh, up with purity," said Ruth Ludgate).

O'Brien on Ireland and the United Nations

THE FADING IMAGE



Do you envisage returning to live permanently in Ireland in the near future? If not, what are your plans for the future?

It is, unfortunately, not our human fate to "live permanently" anywhere, but we should like to spend as much as possible of the rest of our lives in Ireland, where we still have a house. I should like to be able to write and to teach, if not in Ireland, then as near to Ireland as possible. I should also like, if possible, to retain some connection with Africa. Apart from that, my plans for the future are highly flexible.

Do you consider that Ireland's record as a neutral nation and friend of the emergent nations in the United Nations Organisation has deteriorated in the past two or three years? Is there a danger that Ireland's desire for a closer connection with the E.E.C. may endanger her neutrality?

There has, clearly, been some evolution towards closer alignment with the NATO countries. The extent of this should neither be exaggerated nor minimised. Ireland's position since 1957 has all along been a "moderate Western" position, rather than a neutral one. I think a check on our voting pattern would show that we were closer to the "moderate" NATO countries, Canada, Denmark, Norway, than we were even to Sweden, and that we were far closer to all four of these countries than we were to any of the non-aligned Afro-Asian countries. This is, of course, quite natural, given our geographical position and general outlook.

The "Canadian-Scandinavian" band on the U.N. spectrum is a respected one and Ireland, working with these countries, has played a useful rôle in seeking to diminish cold war tensions. It is true that we were, and perhaps to some extent still are, more anti-colonialist than these countries. It is also true that Ireland, because of her own struggle, enjoyed a greater degree of the confidence of many countries of Africa and Asia than did, say, the Scandinavian countries, which are not generally thought of as having undergone any form of colonial rule. These differences, though important and real, were less dramatic than they may have appeared to people at home.

The Irish speeches at the United Nations have been definitely more anti-colonial than those of, say the Scandinavian countries. I don't think, however, that Ireland's voting pattern records fully equivalent differences. Thus, on Algeria—for many years a touchstone of anti-colonialism at the United Nations—Irish statements were clearly received with approbation by the

friends of the Algerian insurgents, but it was never certain that Ireland's vote would give them equal satisfaction. When it came to the vote, Ireland's love of freedom had to be balanced against Ireland's Common Market hopes; love of freedom put up, it must be said, a pretty good fight, but it did not always come out the winner, as an examination of the voting record will show. As far as the esteem of the Afro-Asian world for Ireland is concerned, this esteem is not an imaginary factor, but it could easily evaporate in situations where Ireland was felt to be "cashing in" on it for the advancement of proposals whose origins were far from being anti-colonialist. There have been occasions when Ireland has given this impression, or come perilously near to doing so.

It may be taken as axiomatic that Ireland's credit in the Afro-Asian world goes steeply down whenever its delegation enables a Western delegate to use this kind of language: "Even the delegate of Ireland, who represents a country whose devotion to national freedom has never been in doubt, has recommended to the committee the reasonable compromise which is now before you." How much more of this kind of thing Ireland's delegation does now than it did in the past, I would find it hard to say. Press reports give, of course, nothing like the full picture. From the little I have seen, however, I would think that in the case of Southern Rhodesia—which has now become a touchstone, as Algeria once was—Ireland's position seems to have become distinctly "worse" from an Afro-Asian point of view, than was even our—never altogether satisfactory—position on Algeria. Here, the important factor seems to be not so much Ireland's desire for a closer connection with the E.E.C., as desire for a closer relation with Britain. I am all for better relations with Britain, but I don't think it is necessary or desirable, in order to promote them, that we should abet the Tory Government's manoeuvres in the interests of its settler friends. That is precisely what we are doing whenever we vote in the same column with Britain on this issue at the United Nations. Such a policy is, of course, defensible on certain premises, but it could not be reconciled with any claim to exert any degree of influence in Africa or Asia.

Ireland's position in relation to China has been another touchstone; in some ways the most critical of all. When Ireland voted, in 1957, in favour of discussing the question of the representation of China, this was a bold decision which raised Ireland's stature very considerably in the eyes of many members including the non-aligned Afro-Asian countries. Broadly speaking, the smaller countries who voted with the United States on this issue are considered to be (to this extent at least) "stooges" of a more powerful and richer country.

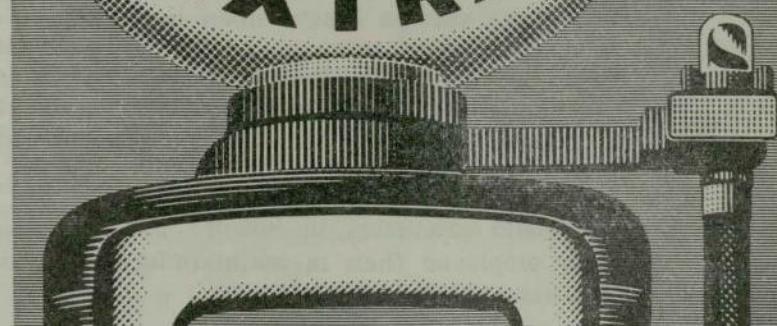
By Mr. Aiken's courageous decision to vote for a discussion, Ireland raised herself out of this class and came to be regarded as a small country with an unusual degree of courage and devotion to principle. Unfortunately, the situation changed when the United States tactically shifted its ground, and put its unchanged substantive policy of excluding China on a new formal basis. The new tactic, presented by Mr. Adlai Stevenson, was to face the Peking Government with the question not merely did it adhere to the principles and purposes of the Charter, but also did it accept previous decision of the United Nations. As China is by right a founder member of the United Nations and Permanent Member of the Security Council, these questions are, of course, irrelevant. The only relevant question is: Where is the Government of China, in Peking or on Taiwan? Tactically, however, the questions put to the Chinese Government were cleverly conceived in that it was impossible for the Chinese Government to answer them positively. To do so, given the previous United Nations decisions at the time of the Korean War, would have meant that the Chinese Government would have had to brand itself as an aggressor, something obviously quite inconceivable.

The predictably negative Chinese reply can, however, be taken as a justification for excluding Peking and retaining Formosa in China's seat. Faced with this situation, both Britain and Ireland changed their position in relation to the fundamental issue. Britain, which had voted against discussion, now found herself having to vote for admission when faced with a straight question; she had no alternative, as she has long recognised the Peoples' Republic. Ireland, on the other hand, which had voted for discussion and had incurred some unpopularity in the United States for so doing, now mended its hand and voted against admission. Superficially this was justifiable, Ireland could claim she had never been in favour of admission, just of ventilating the question by discussion. On the plane of real

political life, however, this is not tenable. The formula of discussing "the question of discussing" the admission of China was all along recognised as a purely tactical one, designed by the United States to get Britain and a few other countries "off the hook" of having to vote for or against the admission of Peking. There was never any question of preventing discussion, preventing anything being ventilated, etc.; the discussion always took place, over many hours, and covering all the issues of substance. The Assembly would then vote, under United States pressure "not to discuss" the question which it had already discussed, thereby safely burying the question for another year. A vote for discussion was therefore always interpreted as implicitly a vote for a change in the representation of China. Ireland's vote was thus interpreted by all in the Assembly, both by those who wanted a

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LETTERS

Sir.—It's a pity that an interesting attempt to evaluate debating in Ireland and the rôle of Trinity (May 7 issue) was so strewn with error. The article's face value was reduced to almost nil—although in fact there was a lot of thought in it, and some truth.

The writer maintains that the manner of marking in the "Irish Times" tournament doesn't favour the precise speaking and thought associated with Trinity teams. This may be true, yet why conclude that the marking system is at fault? Galway's style of speaking was the other end of the scale this year: thundering emotional stuff, pregnant with lectern thump and pause—as good in its way as our own frigid wit, yet no more deserving of the trophy.

Clare and Cosgrave of U.C.D. deserve far more than the implied criticism (denied criticism, next week I suppose) that they are either opportunists or lucky—but almost mediocre debaters in either case. Why must debate (as opposed to oratory) always attempt apotheosis? Clare and Cosgrave won for the second successive year simply because, unlike the Hist or Galway, they speak in a convincing and pleasantly genuine way. Their zeal for their cause is never fanatical nor is their wit forced or over-academic. It seems to be forgotten that speakers don't gain marks by protesting how much they dislike the stand they have to take (but here goes . . .). Judges hear that ploy too often. After all, debate is as much an affair of ingenuity as of delivery.

The Hist, and the Phil to a lesser extent, would do well to adopt a more relaxed and sincere approach.

U.S.I. has long been a fashionable Aunt Sally. Sometimes it seems as though people are more interested in blaming it (cries of "shame" and "oh no") than in finding out where the blame lies. Take the article in question: The Union is taxed with choosing an admittedly ridiculous motion, 'That bingo is the boil on the face of the affluent society' for the annual Scots/Irish debate," when in fact it was picked by the host College, according to the rules. Again, very often we try to arrange that one judge out of the three is not an ex-debater to relieve speakers of the pressure of a too pedantic application of rules. In the same way, if speakers insist on lecturing rather than refuting, can organisers be blamed?

I can't see that criticism is valuable for its own sake; let it throw light on the critic or his subject since so few people know enough of the facts to argue. An anonymous article should at least be factual.—Yours etc.,

Rickard de Burgh,
Vice-President, U.S.I.

Sir.—So Dr. O'Brien regards military intervention by the United Nations in South Africa as unjustifiable until all peaceful means have been exhausted, but he favours the imposition of economic sanctions. I consider that U.N. intervention in South Africa is unlikely even to be justifiable and that economic sanctions in this instance are illegal.

The main purpose of the

United Nations is to maintain international peace and security (Article 1); this restrictive function is expressed in Article 2 (7) which declares that "Nothing in the Charter shall authorise the United Nations to intervene in matters essentially within the domestic jurisdiction of any state." What could be more in the nature of a domestic matter than the present state of affairs in South Africa? If this were the only question the problem would be easily resolved, but appended to article 2 (7) is a proviso that its terms shall not prejudice enforcement measures under Chapter VII—"Action with respect to threats to the peace, breakers of the peace, and acts of aggression"; the power of determining such matters is solely vested in the Security Council under Article 39. Accordingly, if the Security Council, or perhaps the General Assembly in the event of the Great Power veto, were to determine that a threat to the peace existed, then and only then could member states legally impose economic sanctions (Article 41). Fortunately, most countries have refrained from committing breaches of international law.

Finally, Dr. O'Brien asserts that if economic sanctions failed to induce South Africa to abandon its racial tendencies, military intervention would be necessary. Not only would it be unnecessary but it would be an infringement of South African sovereignty. Only would military intervention be justifiable if Dr. Verwoerd called for it, just as Mr. Kasavubu did in the Congo.—Yours faithfully,

S. M. Swerling.
6 Merton Road, Ranelagh.

MEREDITH YATES

ON THE ROAD Just for Kicks

On the road again. Spain in the winter and the oranges were full and ripe. They tasted good in the cool morning air as he flipped his thumb at the passing vehicles . . .

She was big, dark eyed and soft; met her on a Greek island and went dancing together in a hot, sleepy cellar. Shook and sweated to the music, staggered out deliriously and walked slowly down to the beach. Their white heads bobbed in a black sea. Flopping out on to the sand, lay gazing at the stars, the soft night air played gently over damp bodies . . .

Midnight in Paris, drunk, broke and looking for somewhere to sleep. Wandered down to the Seine, where hundreds of glowing candle floats were drifting sadly past Notre Dame. Dropped the shoulder bag and stretched out on the cobbles. The rats squeaked, the drains trickled, the place stunk. Slept intermittently, longing for the appearance of an autumn dawn and the renewal of traffic sounds. In the morning his bag was gone—some of the rats must have been human . . .

Hitching down a valley between Florence and Rome. The sun set leaving a hint of tramping cohorts in the twilight. Made his way up the western slopes and laid out his sleeping bag on a patch of straw. The earth rolled over and so did he. The sun

edged above the mountains, exactly opposite its setting place. He lay thrilled to the beauty of time and nature. Suddenly a straw hat, an angry peasant face and a thick stick rose from behind a wall and came striding towards him . . .

Dropped in Barcelona at three o'clock on a winter's night. The streets were cold, dark and hostile. Nowhere to go. Stood at the corner of a square, watching a small flickering fire. Two market men squatting by it beckoned and he joined them. One of them added apple boxes to the embers—his body tingled with pleasure as each box burst into flame. Dark bulks of the buildings, looming out against the charcoal sky, watched the group from the sides of the square. Asked his companions when it became daylight; they simply shrugged and smiled. Misunderstood?—asked again. But again they shrugged in ignorance and unconcern and gazed on into the fire. Sat on and realised that the hour was irrelevant, the sun would rise. Impatience was pointless and "kicks on the road" seemed increasingly unimportant and stale. They had begun with the all physical, been superseded by the aesthetic but now seemed to fade with the embers of the fire and the approach of dawn. They were waiting for the sun, they were waiting . . .

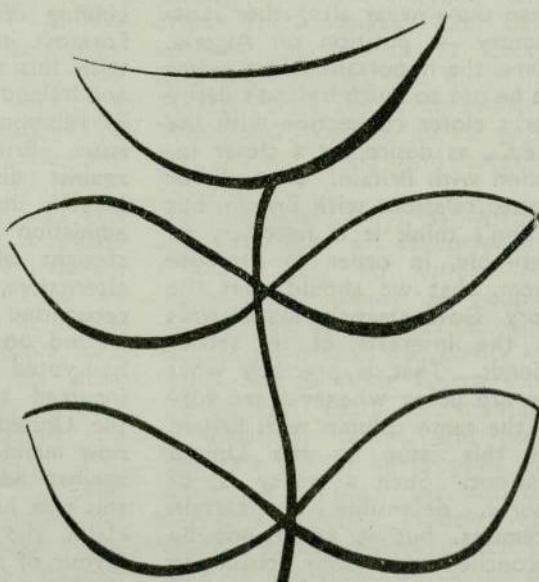
"And he gave it for his opinion that whoever would make two ears of corn or two blades of grass to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country than the whole race of politicians put together."

So said Dean Swift and even if comparisons are odious, there is an increasing number of university graduates finding a satisfying career in the fertiliser industry in Ireland.

Agriculture is the key-note of Irish industry and in agriculture everywhere success hinges upon the scientific use of fertilisers.

There is ample evidence to prove that Gouldings have attained a position at the peak of technological advancement in the production of modern fertilisers for the requirements of agriculture and horticulture.

How could graduates in Science technology and Commerce be better employed than in maintaining this position for Ireland's most essential industry?



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Bridge

Stephen Potter was the first to categorise the psychological warfare of the bridge table: "What system are you playing?" asks the innocent, unwitting opposition.

"Oh! Strong two, two clubs and Gardeners."

"Gardeners?"

"Yes, optional take-out at the six level if partner holds a protected deuce in the penultimate suit bid by the player to the left of him, etc., etc., etc."

The opposition visibly wilts and admit that they're playing Acol, with the inference that a natural bidding system is infinitely superior to any more complicated ones.

Of course they're right, but it doesn't help—the initial blow has fallen—it only takes a few more hands to complete the demoralisation. An artificial system is a very powerful weapon in the right hands, as can be seen from the Italian victory in the Olympiad, but there is nothing more pathetic than a partnership that reaches the most absurd contracts through the misunderstood machinations of a bidding sequence that has gone awry. Clearly a natural system has the added advantage of being within the grasp of any one you may have had the bad luck to cut for a partner. However, there is a useful addition to Acol, which, when used with discretion and skill, has tremendous obstructive value; this is the Benjamin weak two opening. It has a further psychological effect on opponents who are accustomed to opening two-bids being strong and as a result they overbid or underbid with drastic results. The requirements for opening two of a major are simple: Seven to 11 points and six cards in the suit. The point-count can be shaded according to the length of the suit and as your mastery of the bid and its intricacies increases. With three or more in the suit, partner bids two no-trumps—this can either be purely psychic with a very weak hand, knowing that the opposition has a game or even a slam, or it can hide a strong hand; it is, however, unconditionally forcing: the original bidder either rebids his suit, if he has no outside values, or he cue bids an ace, a king-queen, or a void, as long as the suit in which any of these are below the rebid of the original suit. Partner, on a weak hand, merely bids the first suit or, with a strong hand, bids to game and further if justified. If he also has a six-card suit and little support for the Benjamin suit, he bids it naturally; with a moderate hand and support, he passes. It is more useful than the pre-emptive bid of three, in that with the odd trick in partner's hand, the contract is usually made, but it must be emphasised that one of the dangers is that it can pre-empt partner from bidding and thus a possible game may be lost.

In order to cater for the Acol "big two" opening, it is necessary to bid two clubs, holding eight quick tricks and a solid suit; partner automatically bids two diamonds as a relay and the original bidder then bids his suit. Unfortunately, if the strong suit is in the minors, bidding has to start at the three level, but as five are needed for game, this is a relatively slight disadvantage. To cater for the Acol two club opening of twenty-three points plus, a bid of two diamonds is used, for which the negative response is two hearts.

CRICKET

Anderson saves Trinity

Y.M.C.A. proved to be a harder nut to crack than expected, and were beaten by the rather narrow margin of 23 runs. Steady bowling by Hade, coupled with some poor strokes by the partner batsmen, meant that Trinity were never in sight of a large score. However, respectability was reached, thanks to an attractive innings of 60 by Anderson, who is an improved player this year. No Y.M.C.A. batsman looked like standing any length of time and some goodish bowling by Naughton and Parker saw Trinity home with 25 minutes to spare.

By Whit Monday the recent fine spell had given way to the more familiar grey skies and drizzle, so that the start of the game with Leinster was delayed until 12.15. Guthrie and Anderson, opening for Trinity, each produced some pleasant strokes off the variable bowling by Douglas-Pennant, but they and Labbett and Minns were all out when apparently well set. For Leinster, Duffy and Harris were hard to get away. Markham batted cautiously for his 35, and the slowish rates of scoring meant that Trinity felt the need to bat on after tea—but this, of course, gave them less time to bowl Leinster out.

Marchant and Gilmore opened brightly for Leinster, but were both out to near-full-pitches. The scoring rate slackened and the question was whether Trinity would get the wickets in time. Bagley's smile when he was called up to bowl was nearly as wide as his first ball, but thereafter he bowled very steadily, without bringing penetration enough for Trinity to have a chance of victory.

So the game petered out as the sun came out and we had the rare

Rowing

Trinity retained the Gannon Cup last Saturday when they defeated U.C.D. by two lengths, time 7 mins. 2 secs. The start was delayed by a schooner which was perambulating over the course—an oversight by the Port Authority.

From a stake boat start, Trinity went off at 37 and quickly strode to 34, which was held over the whole course. Trinity were soon up a length by the Queen's Bridge, but from thereon they hit quite unexpected conditions. With a slight headwind, the water became increasingly rough and it was due to this, or more likely an inability on Trinity's part to counteract these conditions that prevented them from increasing their lead. U.C.D. held on, but were never able to make a comeback. Nearing the Half-Penny Bridge, Trinity had a little more stride in their rowing, but by Butt Bridge the waves were breaking over the boat, yet this was not enough to prevent Trinity from celebrating their victory in the usual manner.

To-morrow sees the start of Trinity Regatta—the opening fanfare for Trinity Week. All Trinity's crews have very hard fixtures on Friday afternoon, not the least among these being the Senior VIII's draw against Old Collegians. The former have still a long way to go and this week must see the development of a hard, long and even rowing stroke if they are to crack O.C.

Get Trinity Week off to a good start by coming to the Regatta where the Club Fours will be in action.

TENNIS

Another Colours Defeat

Trinity again failed to wrest the McCabe Cup from U.C.D. in their annual Colours match on Whit Monday. However, they went very close to saving it after a rather inept performance in the singles by finishing strongly in the doubles, winning two out of three to go down 4-5.

Mackeown and Ledbetter were the sole singles winners, both accomplishing their tasks in two straight sets with a lot to spare. Avory and Haughton suffered defeat in a similar fashion, and the closest matches were between Sheridan (U.C.D.) and Horsley and McDowell (U.C.D.) and Graham. In the former, Horsley raced away with the first set, only to be worn down by an opponent who was growing with confidence all the time. Frank Graham went

even nearer to success, for he led 6-3, 4-3 with two points for a 5-3 and seemingly invincible lead, but his courage deserted him and although he fought on gamely, McDowell clinched the final set 6-4.

Horsley and Avory displayed their match tightness and won 6-1, 17-15, despite having 6 set points against them in the second set. Mackeown completed a successful day by pairing up with Graham and winning 6-0 in the final set, a feat which is all the more remarkable when one considers that he was playing in the East of Ireland golf championships during the preceding two days. In the last doubles, Haughton and Ledbetter never quite came to grips with their more formidable opponents and did well to win a total of 10 games from them.

Thus another reverse for Trinity, but one which must give a lot of hope for the Tennis Club in the future. Last year the Colours match was lost 0-9 and already the gap is being bridged. Perhaps by the time of the inter-Varsity championships in June and the league, Trinity will be able to claim that they are once again the top university side in Ireland and also the top club side—for it must not be forgotten that U.C.D. won the Leinster League, Class I, last year.

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College Races

Modern athletics owe their start to Universities, and it was in 1857 that Trinity held the first athletics meeting of the modern type, in College Park. It was organised by the D.U. Rugby Club and was held in February. Since then the Races have been an annual event, excepting the years 1879, 1880 and 1914-18. In 1921 they were abandoned after a woman student spectator had been shot dead during the meeting.

Full results do not begin until the mid 1860's, but from the start the meetings attracted large crowds. Initially, "the impetuous desire to see every move induced very considerable numbers to run with the runners, occasioning almost interminable confusion." Strange events were included—long jump with trapeze and a Siamese race (1869-72).

The year 1873 saw A. C. Courtney, a student, become the

first and only man ever to break a world running record in Ireland, when in College Park he ran 1,000 yards in 2 mins. 23.8 secs. The 1870's were the apogee of the Races; 37,000 people attended one year and the event lasted two days, attracting English runners. It was during this decade that the Races became a great social occasion. A writer in the "Field" says that "the highest toilettes in the land" were reserved for the Races.

The 1878 Races were followed by a student "riot" and a two-year suspension. After this things were never the same again, open racing being banned in 1881, dancing in 1908. Since 1909 the Races have formed the central part of Trinity Week, begun in that year, and if to-day they are overshadowed by the Ball and other activities, they are still a vivid reminder of a brilliant past.

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No Freedom

(Continued from Front Page)

District Justice who grants them and will continue to do so until complaints are made. He will then investigate the matter and may or may not grant further applications. This particular hotelier's applications were opposed on each and every occasion he made them. Although he always managed to get the licence granted, it cost five thousand pounds in legal fees in two years. This was because each side were obliged to brief senior and junior counsel on each occasion in order to secure these rights in the Bray District Court, while these rights were readily available to other people for little more than the cost of the licence. As a result of this, the Intoxicating Liquors Bill of 1962 which abolished occasional licences is now law.

Who is responsible for this—the Minister for Justice? Except in the most obvious cases he is, it is believed, unaware of the activities of the Special Branch. It is virtually a law unto itself. Only in the most important cases which are brought to his notice does the Minister sign the warrants over his seal. In fact he only issues them on the advice of the Special Branch whose decision it is, not the Minister's.

No one disputes that he has such powers; they exist under Section 56 of the Post Office Act of 1908 and under Section 2 (2) (H) of the Emergency Power Act of 1939. The vast proportion of these activities are carried out by the Special Branch on their own account. It is only when the situation becomes sufficiently serious that they ask the Minister for a warrant. Of course the subjects of these warrants may never know as they are not told. The Branch also employs a number of full and part-time informers as well, who are suitably provided for out of general police funds, occasionally from the Fund for the Defence of Public Servants and from the Special Branch allocation of £7,000 per annum. Some of these are only known to the detectives who employ them.

What redress have these so-called "dangerous" and "semi-dangerous" individuals? Unfortunately virtually none whatsoever. It would be quite impossible to bring an action for Tort as the State would claim privilege. It would be impossible to get any witnesses as they know that they would lose their jobs and pensions overnight.

For those who possess files in Dublin Castle, this is just part of life and is taken as a matter of course, but to those who do not, it appears quite incredible if not impossible.

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NEWS IN BRIEF

Help for Foreign Students

Far back in most Trinity students' repressed subconscious lies the memory of a cold October morning when they stood in Front Square, damp, miserable and unwanted.

Most of us had our egos partially restored when we were invited to tea by our step aunt's housekeeper's nephew, or some equally tenuous connection. At least this gave us someone to wave to as we weaved our way across a sea of strangers in those first few weeks.

Such feelings of apparent security feel ridiculous two or three years later, but they were real enough at the time. New students from overseas very rarely have the same previous contacts in Trinity that saved our dignity and for this reason the Overseas Correspondence Scheme was set up a few years ago. Volunteers from Trinity undertake to look after one overseas rising Freshman each. They correspond with him, tell him how many sweaters to bring and what parts of Dublin to choose for digs—assuming the Dublin colour bar will give him a choice—and so on. When he arrives they meet him if possible and show him round for the first few days. Their duties are then over, but often the correspondents have found that the boot is on the other foot. They have gained a new friend and are gaining as much as they gave in new ideas and a different outlook from another part of the world.

The ever-decreasing intake of overseas students by Trinity, while regrettable on some scores, has made it possible to run the Scheme on a more comprehensive basis than before. Volunteers are collected during the next few weeks, so anyone interested should contact M. Bernard Smith, No. 6.

Freshers Congress

The arrangement for next October's Freshers' Congress are now well under way. The Congress this year is being organised under the auspices of the S.R.C., and will be, in essentials, similar to the one which proved so successful last year. Again it is intended to publish a booklet, a Freshers' Guide, containing a programme of the Congress, and also some information which it is hoped will be useful to new students. In the booklet will be a list of College societies, both faculty and non-faculty, and should any club, society or group formed in the last twelve months wish to be included, or it is felt that it might be overlooked, a member should contact R. L. Bennett, Congress Chairman, No. 36, as soon as possible. Also, of course, the D.U. societies will get an opportunity to speak at a Societies' Symposium during the Congress, and they have already been contacted on this matter.

Moreover, those who, earlier in

the year, volunteered to help at the Congress have been sent letters (mostly to West Theatre) informing them of the arrangements for meeting and organising their assistance. A meeting in this connection is to be held tomorrow in No. 36.

Honours for Horsley

Jeff Horsley, captain of Tennis this year, achieved the best performance of his career last week in winning the Irish hard courts tournament. Beating V. Steen, 6-0, 6-0; M. Hamid, 5-7, 6-4, 6-3; J. K. O'Brien (No. 2 Seed), 7-5, 5-7, 6-3; H. Sheridan (holder), 6-3, 7-9, 6-4, he reached the final and played P. H. Mockler. Despite his opponent's winter practising in Australia, Horsley settled down after an uncertain start and eventually won 4-6, 7-5, 6-2. This was easily the outstanding Trinity tennis result of the year and Horsley, unseeded and unconsidered, thus becomes one of the few Englishmen ever to win this title.

Commons Birthday

Little notification was given of the change of time for Commons last Thursday. One small notice giving details of the changed arrangements was placed at Front Gate and many students missed the meal for which they had paid 4/6 in advance. However, if all reports received are to be believed, they did not miss much. One student found a live ant in his potatoes. Two complaints to the waiter raised nothing more than a disinterested eyebrow and a frightened giggle from fellow-diners. On Monday another poor insect, this time a baby greenfly, was discovered prancing around in the salad cream. The waiter again showed complete apathy to the user's complaint. The third consecutive week of roast beef on Commons was celebrated at Thursday's meal with the production by the catering authorities of a steak pie reported to have been made from roast beef and beef gravy.

Not-so-Stagnant Society

On Tuesday night a large attendance at the Fabian Society heard four prominent Dublin teachers speak on Secondary Education. Dr. Cathcart of Sandford Park, Mr. Cannon of Sandymount H.S. and Mr. McElligott of Mountjoy spoke of problems facing the Irish education system in a changing world.

The principal problems facing educational reformers in Ireland were, they agreed, the size of schools which were in many cases too small to employ specialist staffs; social stratifications in even small communities, which intensifies this trend; and the general poverty of the country which made money for investment in education difficult to obtain.

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Mr. Gahan, of Sutton Park, concentrated on the internal organisation of schools, and vividly outlined the system he has constructed in his own establishment. His school is organised on "democratic" lines, and most administrative measures are taken after discussion with the pupil body at large. He was severely critical of an education system which inculcated a competitive outlook on life. A healthy emotional development, he said, was more important than spectacular success at exams and games. For this reason he attacked sex-segregation. "Christ didn't give one Sermon on the Mount on Monday for boys, and another on Thursday for girls."

If the new Fabian Committee maintains this constructive attitude towards political problems, undergraduate politics may be said to have come of age.

Cricket Pavilion Thefts

The cricket pavilion was added to the list of looted buildings in College on Saturday. A total of more than £8 disappeared from the pockets of members of the 1st XI during the game against Y.M.C.A. This is just the latest example of almost daily successes for the College pilferers. The irony of the situation is that there is virtually nothing one can do about it.

Singers Concert

To-morrow night the College Singers are having their termly concert with the Music Society in the Examination Hall at 8.0 p.m. The programme consists of a number of madrigals and chansons, an Aria from Bach's Cantata No. 147 and his Motet "Komm, Jesu, Komm." After the interval they will be singing two pieces by Britten, the Hymn to St. Peter and Hymn to the Virgin, three negro Spirituals and a Brazilian Psalm by Berger, together with a Fantaisie by Faure for flute and piano. Admission is by programme and costs three shillings.

Answers to Crossword

ACROSS
1. Burglary; 5. Abacus; 9. Nepotism; 10. Ejects; 12. Nonct; 13. Epicurean; 14. Edit; 15. Chimera; 19. Lycaste; 21. Acne; 24. Ill-at-ease; 26. Reave; 27. Orphic; 28. Diameter; 29. Evenly; 30. Passport.

DOWN
1. Banana; 2. Repine; 3. Latitudes; 4. Respect; 6. Bijou; 7. Cockerel; 8 and 23. Susan's secret; 11. Disc; 16. Ignoramus; 17. Elsinore; 18. Acalephe; 20. Exam; 21. America; 22. Tattoo; 25. Trial.

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