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SUPPLIES

from

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Trinity News

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S.R.C. REVOLUTION

"Solid Representation"—Butler

THE students of this College have too many representatives, and not enough representation," said Mr. David Butler, the newly elected President of the Students' Representative Council.

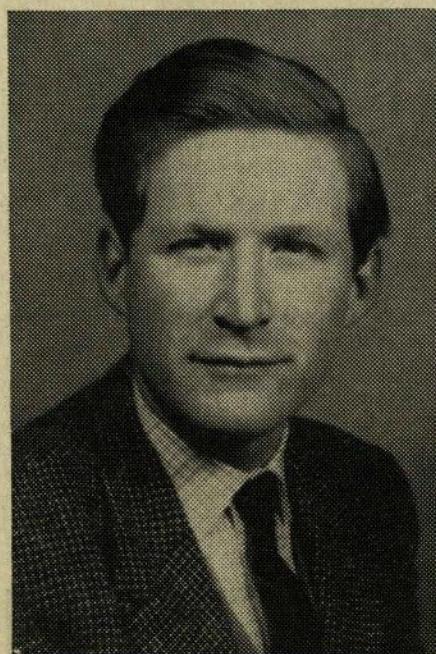
In an interview after his election, Mr. Butler told your correspondent that, while the students of Trinity had as their representatives, as against the authorities, the Scholars' committee, the Phil., the Hist., the Eliz., and the S.R.C., none of these were strong enough to be effective. The S.R.C. alone, he said, is the representative body. (In recent years matters of controversy have been brought to the notice of the Board by the Scholars' Committee, and not by S.R.C.)

To make the S.R.C. a more effective body Mr. Butler suggested that it become just that—a Council; not merely an occasional meeting of Society representatives. To achieve this, he said, each society should in future elect a permanent member to be the Society's representative on the Council, and the Council's representative in the Society. In a circular to be issued to clubs and societies, Mr. Butler points out the deficiencies in the present system, and directs that his new proposal be put into effect immediately.

There was a tense atmosphere at the election meeting on Monday night in No. 5, when the broad blonde Irish history student, an ex-Chairman of "Trinity News," defeated his rival, Mr. Anthony Collins, B.A., B.Comm., by 22 votes to 11. The results were:

President: D. A. S. Butler.
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David Butler.

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ON THE CARPET

INCIDENT OUTSIDE CONVENT

READERS of the newspapers in the last week or so cannot have missed what came to be known as the "Carpet-at-Convent" Case, involving two Trinity students. Apart from a natural curiosity about the antics of two of our companions, this case is interesting in itself.

The facts, according to those involved, were these:—

Two students, one American and one Irish (although resident in Spain) were visiting a friend's flat, and were asked to dispose of an unwanted carpet. This they did by taking it downstairs, leaving it on the doorstep of the nearest house, and going back upstairs.

They were under the impression that the next-door building was a home for student nurses, but in fact it is a convent belonging to an order of French nuns, newly arrived in this country. The nuns, naturally enough, were thoroughly alarmed by this odd happening, and felt that it might be some kind of hostile demonstration.

The Garda were summoned, and directed by an eye-witness to the flat where the culprits were arrested. In the small hours of the morning they were bailed out, and appeared in the

District Court that day (which was Monday, May 1st).

The charges were larceny of the carpet (which, unfortunately, did not belong to the occupants of the flat) and conduct likely to lead to a breach of the peace, and the accused were remanded, on bail, for a week.

This much is fact, but the interpretation of their conduct to be heard around College were generally fanciful. The rumour factories were busy after the newspaper reports that day, and at least one skip had it on reliable authority that the police had arrived just in time to save them from a ravening mob fired with holy zeal. This may have been based on the assertion by the Gardai, before the District Justice, that the accused were lucky to escape from the inhabitants of the area.

At the trial last Monday a more reasonable attitude was evident. It became clear that the students had offered full apologies to the nuns who had graciously accepted them. It also became obvious that a malicious religious demonstration was intended, despite the fact, which the Assistant State Solicitor thought it necessary to mention on behalf of the prosecution, that the Irishman was a lapsed Catholic and the American a Presbyterian.

The decision, eventually, was that the charges would be struck out if each of the defendants made a donation of £5 to the Court poor box.

Thus rumour was confounded, religion abandoned as a cause of action, and a fitting conclusion reached.

The reaction of the College authorities is yet to come.

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WHILE TRADITION CRUMBLES

WOmen have a pleasant time at Trinity; but in a few ways they are subtly under-privileged. Not in an arbitrary comparison with men, but in comparison with what they deserve. It would be absurd to pretend that a University education means the same things to both sexes. Women have no need of what men "get" from living in rooms; or rather they acquire it differently. But an incidental of living in rooms is the possession of a comfortable refuge during the day. This is why sensible women take over someone's rooms as a pied-à-terre. This is why the Coffee Bar is the real symbol of College life. But towards dusk, when somebody has apparently to be protected from somebody, it is unkindly implied that women are strangers within the gates. The Coffee Bar shuts at five. Only the Reading Room and bare Society chambers with tea and biscuits remain.

Number Six was never designed as any kind of focal point or hub. The lunchrooms are cramped and dreary, full of spider-legged chairs and inadequate stools. Chips are unobtainable. The sitting-rooms are bright, but upstairs and isolated. Number Six is just the place for a headache, but depressing to any livelier condition. Even the men who drink tea there in the afternoons talk in small, disheartened voices. It has all the inconveniences of being obviously a convenience. The popularity of the Coffee Bar, the rosy dawning of its extension, indicate the demand for common ground where men and women can talk and eat together. It is ludicrous that the G.M.B. is barred to women merely because it lacks a cloakroom. The long-term project of unsegregated eating at mid-day seems reasonable if it means better food and more space for women students. Naturally, they would hate to interfere with the mystique of Commons.

An article in this newspaper last term commented that the "Major Societies" were becoming less central. Women certainly contribute to the present vitality and energy of minor groups. The Hist. is a charming anachronism. Women may speak at the Phil., but they are not part of it in any significant way. Since women have more sense than to become very absorbed in any segregated group, the Eliz. is mainly chintz and garden-parties. It seems a pity that there is no mixed, fairly informal debating society. And even if women WERE admitted to the Hist. and Phil., we doubt whether they would care to disturb the more recherché traditions and rituals.

Women at Trinity are luckier than at most universities. A recent article in the "New Statesman" painted a dismal picture of over-worked, over-restricted "undergraduates" at Oxbridge. Trinity women have no cause to complain socially. But there are no women "Fellows" or "Scholars," although they were recently admitted to the Common Room. "Non-foundation" sounds vaguely illegitimate, suggests an outsider. Women are still not members of the University with complete physical and intellectual comfort.

REVIEWS

Music

Irish Festival Overture—Badings.

Symphony No. 9 in E. Minor—Dvorak.

("from the new world")

"Pictures at An Exhibition"—

Moussorgsky-Ravel.

"Daphnis and Chloe"—Suite No. 2

Ravel.

Conductor: Willem Van Otterloo

Nothing is more incalculable than the effect in performance of a familiar piece of music. Whoever would have thought that Dvorak's ninth symphony could have the freshness, the newness of its presentation by the Hague Philharmonic last Saturday? Yet somehow, around every corner, there were surprises, fresh aspects of texture and phrasing, in the shape of a tune, in the tone of a particular passage, which gave to this most tired of all warhorses a most amazing new life. But this was not all, not even the most essential part of this performance; there was above all an elegance, a balance, a restraint which is very rare and very wonderful. One of the most telling characteristics of any orchestra is its ability, or lack of it, to convey the feeling of a sustained pianissimo, of the gathering of forces between heavily scored passages, the recession after a heavily charged moment. This orchestra's ability to project this restraint seemed, somehow to overlay the whole conception of the Symphony; always there seemed more in reserve. This was brilliantly controlled underplaying of a too often overplayed role.

And this was the keynote of the concert; balance, elegance, the civilised approach. Here was a brilliant virtuoso orchestra, and its greatest virtue was that we were never made conscious of the fact. The sheer wonder of the solo horn playing, was something which only occurred to one afterwards, as one remembers the details of a dream. Per-

fection was taken for granted; everything was integrated, rounded, mellow as a fine brandy.

Ravel's orchestration, in both "Pictures at an Exhibition" and in "Daphnis and Chloe" was sheer wonder under these conditions. It is rare to hear such music without the minor irritations of an ill-judged piece of solo playing, a badly-realised texture, at least once during a performance of it. It is a pity that the concert was so badly publicised and scantly attended; we do not hear such perfection so often that we can afford to jeopardise our chances of hearing it again through a show of sheer indifference.—W.M.O.

Film

"LA GRANDE FAMILLE"

—CORINTHIAN

This is a gay and grim study of the conscience of the rich. The Schoudlers are a wealthy family bound together by a bank, a sugar-refinery and a newspaper. They can afford to include an important diplomat, soldier and professor. They have married the right people. The head of the family (or rather its managing-director) is played by Jean Gabin, the French Spencer Tracy. He is the great magnate; solid and impulsive, but shaken by thunderous flickers of emotion. He controls the family money, but has become inevitably confused, and is endeavouring to control their lives.

It is easy to find the professor a seat in the Academy. Isabelle is pregnant. A married man. Married in church? dommage. Still, a husband can be found, and the air is so good in Switzerland. But two serious conflicts are the core of the film. Francois the son is eager and ambitious. He considers his father's methods out of date. He wants to alter, to shape, to build. The struggle is not just the obvious see-saw. The father is able and wise. The son is like his father and loves him. M. Schoudler's other conflict is with a cousin, the family black-sheep. They are both rich, but the cousin expresses their division: "Your parties are called receptions, mine orgies." The cousin attempts to crush Schoudler financially, but Schoudler

plans a coup for which he uses shamelessly (or worse, obliviously) the hopes of his son. The climax of the film is an incredible and exhilarating pandemonium on the Bourse.

"Irony" is a word often used in discussing French films. It is the presence of a kind of realism which never completely praises or condemns. This is not more than an averagely good film, but it is continuously refreshing. Perhaps the most interesting relationship is that between Schoudler and his business-lieutenant. They respect each other's disillusion. There is clever comedy—the cousin tiptoes into a grand funeral service past frigid shirt-fronts. Exaggerated under-playing suits the theme and flirts with dullness, sometimes dangerously. Jean Gabin's performance is splendid, and at least four-fifths below the surface.—E.M.B.

ALSO RUNNING:

The Independent Artists' Exhibition in the Building Centre, Baggott Street, is a collection of recent paintings and sculptures by a group of six Irish artists with nothing whatever in common. In quality, it varies from the inept and puerile to the highly accomplished and mature; there are at least ten paintings and three sculptures which are very exciting, a pretty high proportion in any exhibition of this size. Worth seeing.

The Greengage Summer continues at the Metropole, and has probably the best acting performance, by newcomer Susannah Yorke, of any film in recent years. This should be seen.

So should "Days of Thrills and Laughter," an unfortunate title for a nicely controlled selection of choice fragments from a vintage selection of Oldies, at The Ambassador.

"No Love for Johnnie" at the Savoy, is the story of an M.P. (Peter Finch) frustrated in his ambitions by the fact, unknown to him, that his wife is a Communist. Nice performances from Peter Finch, Billie Whitelaw, and Mary Peach; rather flat direction.

At the theatre, Graham Greene's "The Complaisant Lover" opened at the Gate on Tuesday with a good cast; and, we will publish a review of it next week.

Profile :

SOOK YEE CHUNG

Sook Yee's home is in Malaya, in a delightful one-storey house full of orchids and Alsatian dogs. Her town is about an hour's journey from Kuala Lumpur; three hours away from the mountains where she and her family spend refreshing week-ends during the hot season, and quite close to the sea, where they bathe in a travel-pamphlet setting of milk-white sand and palm trees.

However, much of Sook Yee's upbringing was influenced by Western ideas. She came to Europe at the suggestion of her father, a doctor, when she was 14, and she attended Alexandra College, Dublin.

In Trinity she studies Legal Science, and is one of four in a class originally twenty strong to reach the S.S. year. She consistently earns high marks—"apparently without effort," says a fellow-student wryly—and has a good exam. mind. When Mod. Part I was introduced, she, as a S.F. student, took first place amongst S.F. and J.S. candidates. Next year she hopes to continue her Law studies in London and then she may set about the "formidable task" of learning Chinese properly in order to join one of the broadcasting or international administrative organisations.

Music, art and literature mean a lot to Sook Yee, and her tastes are purely Western—in fact, easily accessible European culture is one of the things she misses most when she returns to Malaya. As a child she loved to play the piano, but she has turned to



more direct expression. She has a naturally melodious and surprisingly low-pitched voice and now she takes singing lessons. Trinity Hall corridors ring out with "Where the bee sucks . . ." as Sook Yee swings along to the room where she lives with a large collection of photographs and a temperamental electric ring.

During her time away from home, Sook Yee has become increasingly aware of the problem of conflicting tastes, of the narrow dividing-line between feeling at home in two worlds and feeling at home in neither. But luckily she is very adaptable and has a deep-seated sense of fun which enables her to over-ride such problems.

Sook Yee seems to have inherited little of the mysticism of the East, but much of its serenity. One of her many friends describes her as "a pillar of cool, calm common-sense—a kind of elegant common-sense." Her sensible self-reliance is demonstrated by the unruffled way in which she has embarked upon several trips abroad, a tour of Belgium and Austria, a cruise in the Mediterranean, and a student holiday in Italy. She set off alone, but soon made friends among her fellow-travellers.

Her last trip was a more regular law-school visit to the Hague and she says of her earlier lone holidays: "I wouldn't do it now." Perhaps she feels the need to walk with more caution on the ever-elinating stilts of the years—for Sook Yee has reached the mature and advanced age of twenty.

MARTIN MARPRELATE

A College Journal

My remarks last week on the clods and cretins in this hallowed and ancient university who take their pleasure o' rights by drenching innocent passers-by have evoked numerous and predictable responses, the most obvious of which are epitomised by two letters to the Editor of this newspaper which have been passed on to me. The first reaction is represented by this effusion:

"Dear Sir,

In last week's issue I was very pleased to read Martin Marprelate's condemnation of the all too prevalent practice of waterthrowing. It seems a pity that he should lower the tone of his article by blaming an entirely innocent part of the student body, the Scholars and in particular the Northern Irish Scholars . . ."

O Vanitas! This, dear reader, from one who, I am assured on good authority is a notorious water-thower! Here, you see, is the first stage; a declaration of disgust at your own heinous crimes, a shifting of blame onto others. This distressing document continues thus:

" . . . At present there would seem to

be between twenty and thirty regular water-thowers in College."

(Note the intimate knowledge of the state of affairs.)

"There are only five Northern Irish Scholars in rooms and I can vouch that four never descend so low as to throw water."

And what value are we to place on such an assurance, coming as it does from the very heart of this corruption? I will not embarrass him by publishing his name, but I will reveal the fact that he is a Cork scholar, the only existing representative of a long tradition, the Cork School of waterthrowing. This sadly misguided person goes on to blame the poor old English, who I dare say are responsible for a certain amount of this perversion.

The second reaction was, perhaps more predictable; and was a stark admission, a revelling in degradation. O Brave new world!

Dear Sir,

We take grave exception to your correspondent "Martin Marprelate" in

crediting Northern Ireland Scholars with the very successful water campaign presently being conducted throughout college. Without wishing to detract from the reputation of our Northern Brethren, we wish to claim credit where it is due; among the inhabitants of our region of Botany Bay, largely natives of this Republic.

We do, however, wish to dissociate ourselves with (sic) the childish practice of defacing the walls of No. 4. No water-thower, sir, would descend to such levels, for ours is an arduous and skilled discipline at which only the determined and dedicated can hope to succeed.

Yours, in short,

Curator Aquarium.

I feel difficulty in constraining my emotion as I read this deeply distressing confession. Here is a twisting of all the noble idealism of youth. Think to what ends the spiritual reserves of this sadly astray young man could have been channelled. The waste, the tragic waste of it all. But such is the decadence of our Society. Where will it all end?

ARGUS - Glances at People and Things

Park Prodigies.

Lately the weather has been as unsuitable for spectators as for players in College Park. You, like many others, may have tried to identify the bronzed (or shivering) men in white, with their variegated caps, who perform that ancient rite introduced into this green land by the sport-loving British conqueror. Well, we intend to tell you a little which may help to explain the mystique, which surrounds the biggest collection of "chaps" ever to congregate under the guise of a mutual sporting activity — in short, to take the lid off the Cricket Club.

I. S. G. Foster (Joe's is the name that rings round the bar) who has a more formidable collection of numerals on his blazer than there are pints in the Lincoln, must, one feels, be a worthy captain — on the grounds of hoary antiquity alone. If you wish to identify him on the field watch out girls for that M.C.C. sweater — pink, brown and blue on white — and that captivating grin.

You must have seen A. L. G. Rice, that cheerfully indolent figure who occasionally dis (?) graces the tennis courts in Botany Bay. Even in College Park this tall, dusky figure is instantly recognisable by the ivory brilliance of his teeth, which are so well set off by the swarthy cadaverousness of his countenance.

Treasurer Tony Bradshaw, from Rhodesia, when he is not worried about taking the more erratic deliveries of the Venerable Vernon Keely is anxiously trying to catch gullible tea-girls who, as

it happens, invariably provide aesthetic as well as gastronomic refreshment.

T.C.D. ("Sparie") Mulraine and C. J. Lea need no introduction but Secretaries Graeme Guthrie and P. J. (Dolce Vita) McAfee may not be so well known to you. Modest Guthrie, knee-deep in cricketing correspondence in No. 3, is happy to make fixtures with clubs from Chicago to Johannesburg. Paddy McAfee languidly lounging in Front Square, clad in perfect suiting, throws off his langour when leading his motley assortment of cricketers extraordinary — the famous "Ramblers." His Cheshire cat grin is justified; they have never lost while he has been captain.

The Ramblers contain the cricketing elite of College. First XI members play by special invitation only. Such names as Mike Leahy (poetry in motion), Players Pilkington and Bogdan and Press Lord Bernard Adams; star of the side is squash international Paddy Heaney, who regularly reduces his victims to paralysis or apoplexy by his tortuous slow bowling.

Feat.

A tremendous achievement has not, I think, received due acclaim. The treacherous east face of L2 has been scaled by an Anglo-Lechistani team from Trinity. A great deal of thought and preparation preceded the attempt. In fact plans were laid as much as a day before the start. In spite of the extremely arduous journey to the foot-hills of L2, the inadequate equipment, the most adverse atmospheric conditions, and the roughness and humidity of the terrain covered, the peak was scaled in a comparatively short time. The Lechistani member of the party was obviously un-

fit and his sorry condition forced him to retire from the attempt a short distance from the peak.

The three members of the party would not divulge their names as they said they wished the glory to reflect on their University. Honours have been showered on these climbers. In particular the august E.A.T. (Eccentrics at Trinity), and the S.E. (Society of Eccentrics) have made the leader of the party P. a knight commander in view of his



Photo courtesy Irish Times...
Erskine Childers.

tenacity. A becomes a commander-tremendous endurance, and C. gets an ordinary membership.

Interviewed, they said "because it's there."

P.S. — For the benefit of the more ignorant of our brethren L2 stands for Lugnaquilla. Should anyone feel in a disparaging mood I would "leak" the following additional information. The mode of conveyance to the foothills — bicycle (you try cycling 35 miles after three hours sleep and no breakfast) the same means of transport was used for conveying the half dead members back to Dublin. The conditions on the east face were atrocious, ankle deep bog for miles followed by ankle deep heather. During the whole day a very gusty wind blew and the journey was punctuated by frequent showers.

Cheers for Childers.

It is always difficult to make a debate on Irish politics relevant in a Trinity Society but it is even more difficult to make them interesting. Few Irish politicians could have given such a broad and cosmopolitan view of Ireland, its emigrants and their place in the world, as did Mr. Erskine Childers at the "Phil" on Thursday night. Mr. Childers is the Minister for Power in the present Government.

Party Piece.

The unfortunate start to Trinity term festivities last week was retrieved by this week's party-givers. Mark Goodbody, "Gaga" Church, Patrick Branigan and Mark Devereux opened the cocktail party season on Tuesday, when two floors of No. 19 were thrown open to at least 250 guests. We could do no more than catch a glimpse of what was going on, but as was to be expected of such smooth men, the College lovelies, Deirdre Batchen, Etain Yardley, Prue Furney, Mary Young and Maddy Langford were there. Rosemary Harris, Mary Henry and her sister Joyce did noble work distributing the quite delicious and abundant refreshments. It was no wonder that the party overran its time limit. Each host was fined 10/- by the Junior Dean, who presumably hadn't been invited.

Most people seemed to go on to Parnell Square where Paddy Lyons was host. His lethal though pleasant cocktails were too much for too many. Robert Hunter's scholarly Westmeath reserve was cast aside and he became "frightfully sociable" especially with Hilary Day and Caroline Studdert. Upstairs Pete Wooley took extreme measures to drop Renate Plunkett (from the fifth floor). Mike Duncan looked on, Eddie Clarkson looked ill and Paul Focke passed out.

Charming blonde Angela Kelly entertained College, faculty and County Wexford friends amidst the gorgeous antiques of Beaufield Mews, Stillorgan. The refreshments, service and drinks — martinis and sherry were first-class. Without being stately there was a suitable formality about the affair, and everyone seemed to be enjoying it. Perky Mairin Pilkington fed Bill Oddie with food and other things. Charlotte Eastwood was introduced to Alan Millen. Rachel Phillips and Maureen Brush preferred dry to sweet, while Dick Frost, Fleet St. underwear agent, swapped stories with Tony Endall and others.



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Letters to the Editor

Lawrence and the Party Line
30 Trinity College,
Dublin.
7th May, 1961.

To the Editor of "Trinity News," Sir,

Although it is clear from his article "After The Fuss — 'Lady Chatterley'" that Michael Longley has a deep appreciation of and sympathy with D. H. Lawrence, his interpretation of "Lady Chatterley's Lover" seems to me to be incomplete. His preoccupation with the superficial sexual aspects of the novel prevents him from seeing its deeper social significance.

In "The First Lady Chatterley" Mellors is strongly politically-conscious; he takes work in a factory and becomes secretary of the Communist Party branch. When he wrote "Lady Chatterley's Lover," Lawrence altered the emphasis from the political to the sexual; but let us not forget, as Mr. Longley seems to have done, that Lawrence himself wrote: "I think societal instinct much deeper than the sex instinct, and societal repression much more devastating." We should not, therefore, separate the sexual issue from the broader social one.

Mr. Longley says that Sir Clifford "is little more than a symbol of emotional decrepitude." I do not believe this is so. Sir Clifford's paralysis and impotence symbolise the decrepitude of the British ruling class, and the warm-heartedness and potency of Mellors (still strongly class-conscious) represent the possibility of a superior way of life embodied in the working class. The four letter words are used to indicate Connie's changing class consciousness.

The fact that Gorky regarded "Lady Chatterley's Lover" as one of the greatest exposures of bourgeois society is indicative of its progressive aspects.

Yours faithfully,
Martin Smith.

... : : :
"The Magnificent Seven."
12 College.

Dear Sir,
Michael Longley can, I suppose, make outrageous claims for "The Magnificent Seven," but to use the "continental greyness" of the Astor as the springboard for his eulogy is a churlish slight on this cinema, the only one in Dublin where can regularly be seen films with qualities sufficient, not to heighten the virtues of "The Magnificent Seven," but to emphasise its limitations. It is the other cinemas which house the countless numbers of films whose dull and unimaginative direction make "The Magnificent Seven" seem initially so impressive; and what seems initially so impressive is at the same time the limitation of this film, namely its theatricality. The camera moves almost incessantly along the ground looking up at people, especially Yul Brynner, arms hanging tensed, eyebrows knit, eyes looking through eyelids, nostrils dilated, Brynner against the skyline, Brynner in Blue.

The superficially arresting remarks such as the one Mr. Longley makes — "These walls won't keep me out — They were built to keep you in" seem to me, not profound, but meaningless tricks of dialogue. The gun-slinging cliché "I

deal in lead" seems more appropriate to the jargon of these theatrical gunmen than introspective asides and the "fear-and-three-flies" episode.

Nevertheless I agree that this film is a superior Western and good entertainment, but to call it a perfect picture or a great film is to give it a seriousness and depth which it doesn't and was not meant to possess. (It is not even as good as John Sturges' earlier "Bad Day At Black Rock.")

Finally Mr. Longley's last statement that "Hollywood at its best still means the cinema at its best" needs very careful and strict qualification if it is to mean anything at all. As it stands it is a presumptuous generalisation with which I disagree.

Yours faithfully,
Michael Dibb.

: : :
"Anti-Fascism"
30 T.C.D.
8/5/61

Sir,
In his article, "The Pitfalls of Anti-Fascism," Mr. Müller works overtime to defend that elusive object, the "German Conscience." As one might expect, he systematically omits just about every relevant fact.

Unrepentant Nazis occupy positions of power in every area of German life. As regards the Government, Th. Oberlander who recently retired with a plummy pension, is a former member of the Wehrmacht's "Nightingale" squad charged with genocide which in five days alone in 1941, killed 3,000 Jews, and Ukrainians. To-day, there is Hans Globke, Adenauer's most trusted confidant, author of the infamous Nuremberg racial laws that paved the way to the concentration camps; author also of the "Marriage Health Law" which was the basis for the euthanasia crimes of the Reich, and directly responsible for the death in 1938 of 70,000 German Jews who could have found asylum in Switzerland but for him.

There are 800 known former Nazi judges on the West German bench.

More than 250 Gestapo, S.S. and Concentration camp thugs hold posts in Adenauer's police. This number is conservative and applies only to high offices.

The "doctors" who conducted experiments on concentration camp inmates have been shielded by Adenauer's government, given grants to re-establish themselves, and certificates of priority in employment. Their services are availed of without demur by the "penitent" German public.

The industrial magnates who helped Hitler to power without whom he couldn't have fought the war, who used slave-labour, still control German industry.

As for the "new" Bundeswehr, I will just mention that its Inspector-General, Foertsch, was convicted by the Russians of major war crimes against civilians. The evidence against him runs to over 3,000 pages.

All this is the Germany of to-day, and not Mr. Müller's fairytale where "anti-Nazism is not only right, it is also extremely opportune," where the younger generation is eager "to discuss and condemn" and jettison the past!

Yours, etc.
Robert A. Leon, Sch.

Athletics

Club and Freshman Championships

Boat Club

At the end of last term the two senior eights travelled to Putney for a fortnight's training on the Tideway before the Head of the River Race. Good progress was made here by the first eight which, coached by Pat Bradley, rowed creditably at the "Reading Head" at the end of that week. Of the Putney Race little good can be said. The crew had proved that they could move really fast when they paced the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race crews and rowed a trial course; but on the day they failed badly and dropped to 56th. The second eight retrieved the situation somewhat with a fine row, which put them only four places lower than the first boat after starting 283rd.

At the beginning of term a re-shuffle took place in the stern four of the first crew, which made an immediate improvement, and hopes were high for an upset of U.C.D.'s confidence to win the Liffey Head. But again they failed to prove that they could race and though both crews broke the record for the course, U.C.D. were a clear twelve seconds ahead at the finish. While it is recognised that it is possibly dangerous for a crew to do well early on in the season, this year's first eight, potentially very fast, has yet to produce its best form when required. The second and junior eights deserve mention for putting up fast times in the Liffey Head in conditions which were appalling.

On Saturday, 29th April, the annual Trial Eights dinner took place and proved the usual success. It was encouraging to see so many former members of the club present.

Cricket

Second XI Triumph

The Second XI opened their League campaign with an easy victory on Saturday over St. Brendan's. Trinity won the toss and in just under two hours scored 197 for the loss of 8 wickets. Minns scored a delightful 50 and Parry and Jones added 80 runs for the sixth wicket—Parry scoring 50 and Jones 40. All the Trinity batsmen showed that they were prepared to hit the ball hard and they delighted the large and vociferous, though hidden, attendance. When St. Brendan's batted, few of their batsmen were able to contain the pace of Marshall-Smith and guile of Wicks. Limerick goalkeeper, Pat Skelly, was the one batsman who shaped reasonably well. Thus, Trinity, with Marshall-Smith taking 5 wickets for 12 runs, and Wicks 4 for 18, were left victorious by 160 runs.

Continuing . . . The "Trinity News" Guide to the Irish Turf

Colonel May

(Trinity's Leading Tipster)

Following up last week's comments on Irish race courses, the Colonel now turns his attention to Irish jockeys but not before drawing his readers' attention to the fact that the favourite was in the first two in every race at the Phoenix Park evening meeting last week, being victorious on 4 occasions. On the whole the standard of riding in Ireland is every bit as high as in England. Three jockeys in particular stand out—Liam Ward, Ron Hutchison and Bill Williamson, the latter's handling of Lynchris at Leopardstown being worth the entrance money alone. Ward and Hutchison are especially good in sprint races as is John Power of the Oxx stable. Williamson is seen to better advantage over long distances where his strong finish stands him in good stead. Below these are rated J. J. Rafferty and G. Bougoure but the latter appears to have lost his touch for the moment. One word of warning, the Colonel strongly advises all his clients to keep well clear of amateur riders and the races in which they "perform." Some are bad, the rest are simply awful.

Now to this week's racing; the Guineas meeting at the Curragh is well worth attending. For those attending on Thursday Renegade (3.30), and Vale Blue (5.40) appear to have good chances and if these should fail Sensational (2.30 Lingfield, Friday) should get one and all out of trouble.

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Easy Win Over Clonliffe

LAST Wednesday and Thursday College Park was the scene of much activity when the Club held their Annual Club and Freshman Championships. This year's Championships attracted a much larger entry than usual which resulted in heats for the sprints being held on the first day.

Particularly noteworthy was Francis's "evens" in the 100 although achieved with a strong following wind. Field events too attracted a large entry and while there were no outstanding performances latent talent was unearthed in several events. Pampolini hurled the javelin 156' and Boyd leaped 19' 7"—not outstanding performances by any means but indications of what could be done with training. Lunde had a good treble in the long and high jumps and the pole vault. O'Callaghan consolidated three freshman championships, reaching a very creditable 44 feet in the shot putt. It is a pity that he is unable to compete more regularly for the Club.

The second day was notable for Francis's sprint treble—all in good times considering the inclemency of the weather. Kennedy again ran excellently in the "Highs" but his time of 16.3 secs. was overflattering owing to the track being short. Roe ran a much improved three miles in 15 min. 48.2 secs. but otherwise there was little of note on the track.

On Saturday the Club easily defeated a Clonliffe selected team at the John F. Kennedy stadium, in what was, for the most part a dull and uninteresting match. However, several athletes achieved season's best performances. Skipton is improving daily and his winning throw of 190' 4" is remarkable when one considers that, twelve months ago the same athlete was throwing some 40' less. In the 100 too, he was unlucky not to get the verdict in a blanket finish and recorded his best performance this season of 10.2 secs., as did clubmate Mason. Francis ran particularly strongly to win the furlong and quarter, his time of 50.4 secs. in the latter event being extremely commendable in view of a biting headwind in the home straight. Quinlan ran very strongly in second place to record a personal best time of 51.5 secs., achieved, it may be added, from a standing start. This is to be condemned in quarter-miling and it is hoped that he will master the crouch start.

In both the "highs" and quarter mile hurdles the Club achieved maximum points. Kennedy won a close race from Tyler, both recording 16.5 secs. Later in the quarter mile hurdles Tyler won an exciting duel with O'Clerky, Tyler just getting the verdict on the tape with 59.8 secs.

In the field events Lunde equalled his personal best performance of 12' in the pole vault, winning on fewer failures from the evergreen McGann. Leeson too achieved a personal best performance of 11'. Lunde also won the long jump with a promising 21' 1" achieved into a strong wind. Protain also leaped 20' 2", thus atoning for his defeat in the Freshmans Championship. In the triple jump Osoba is vastly improved with a distance of 42' 2".

SWIMMING/WATER POLO

In the Indoor Water Polo League matches last Thursday Trinity were narrowly defeated 1-0 by Clontarf in a rough game. The only goal was scored with only four men from each team in the water, the other four players being on the bank. It is a pity that in first-class polo, referees find it necessary to put so many players out of the water.

In the Junior League Trinity had a convincing 8-2 win over Pembroke. The scorers were Rooley (3), Stead (3), Cronin, Young. If this team can beat Half Moon this evening (Thursday) they will have won their division of the League.

Congratulations to R. H. Rooley and M. O'Brien Kelly who both swam backstroke for Leinster against Ulster last Saturday.

CANOE CLUB

At the meeting of the Club two weeks ago, it was decided to send a representative to the first meeting of the Irish Canoe Association, still in the process of being formed. We are now associated with this body, and also are in close contact with the Dun Laoghaire Canoe Club, probably the strongest in Eire.

It was decided at the same time, to have our first outing on the River Slaney, starting at Tullow, and six members spent a very enjoyable week-end canoeing and camping on this fast, exciting and beautiful river.

We are anxious to contact anyone in T.C.D. who is interested in any aspect of canoeing, and we should be able to offer sea or river canoeing touring and racing to suit any taste. Contact C. Blazley or J. Pagella, No. 40 T.C.D.

A BAR in College?

D.U.C.A.C. TRANSFORMED

After being passed unanimously at a general meeting, the new constitution for D.U.C.A.C. is now in force. The main object of the revised version is to enable the Committee to satisfy the licensing laws, and if all goes well, it is hoped to have a bar in operation by Trinity Week.

The permission of the Board has already been given for a bar to be installed in the pavilion, to sell drink during limited hours when there are matches in College Park. A serious shortcoming in the hospitality available to visiting teams will thus be remedied.

While the revision was in progress, the Committee took the opportunity of making some smaller reforms, and clarifying some procedures which had grown up since 1924 (when the situation was last revised). But a rigid constitution has been avoided, and flexibility aimed for, since the constitution is meant to serve a purpose, and is not an end in itself.

The Dublin University Central Athletics Club (as they are called under the new dispensation) deserve everyone's congratulations for a sensible and constructive scheme, to which we wish every success.

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