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Trinity News

A DUBLIN UNIVERSITY WEEKLY

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER

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KELLS SELLS

£14,000 Taken at Exhibition

OVER 58,000 people visited The Book of Kells Exhibition in Burlington House, during the seven and a half weeks it was on view. The amount taken at the turnstiles was over £14,000. The support given to the Exhibition greatly exceeded that the wildest optimism of its organisers. In fact the Exhibition—a very costly venture—has paid for itself, with something to spare.

It is hoped that it will be possible to bring over to Dublin for exhibition purposes, later in the year, the enlarged photographs of parts of the Book of Kells, together with the photographs of various parts of Trinity, and the panorama scenes of the Irish countryside.

We apologise for any inconvenience which our readers may have suffered when early last Thursday afternoon "Trinity News" sold out. We have taken steps to ensure that this week there is an adequate supply of "Trinity News" for all our readers.

which were shown with such effect at Royal Academy. The Library Extension Fund is to be gratulated on its magnificent venture, which will undoubtedly help to hasten the day when work can start on the building of the New Library.

Great Expectations

To-night's Performance of Brahms' Requiem

rumour has it that the Choral Society's performance of Brahms' "German Requiem" (sung albeit in English) is going to be one of the Society's greatest successes to date. The performance will be conducted by John Rocock, and it should be packed to capacity. Tickets are selling at front e., and there may be a few at the r.

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Hostel for Dublin?

Halt Cost Already Guaranteed

A HOSTEL providing reasonable (repeat reasonable) accommodation for visiting foreign students during the vacations has been a long-felt want in Dublin; and now at last something is being done about it.

A committee has been set up by U.S.I. to explore the possibilities of

acquiring a large house in the city, which would be suitable for conversion. The fact that groups of students are expected this summer from the U.S., Germany, Spain, Scandinavia (among other countries) is an indication of the demand there would be for this type of hostel.

It is felt that conversion of existing premises, rather than the building of a new hostel from scratch, is the more feasible proposition, and the cost of the project has been estimated at £25,000. Over half of this sum has already been offered by national student unions in other countries, and it is hoped to obtain further financial assistance and practical help from local business concerns and Bord Failte. The National Development Trust is also giving advice and legal assistance.

The hostel will be centrally situated if possible and will house initially fifty students, with an approximate tariff of 8/6 for bed and breakfast. A combined TV-lounge and community-centre is planned as an essential feature; and office accommodation will also be provided for the secretariat of U.S.I., which, employing as it does a full-time graduate and a shorthand-typist, is feeling the pinch of the cramped conditions in No. 4.

With any luck, the committee feels, the hostel should be in operation by September next at the latest.

RUSSIAN MASTER TO COME?

The Annual Universities Chess Congress, which this year is being held in Trinity, may have an unusual flavour. Chairman of the Trinity committee, Mr. Lutton, hopes to have as a special guest a Russian International Grandmaster. However, this has not yet been confirmed and full plans have not been drawn up for the Congress which will be held in the Eason Hall from April 4th to 8th.

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Dr. Parke on his return from London with the now famous suitcase containing the Book of Kells.
Photo: Irish Times

U.C.D.'s CASE: The Shield Affair

In last week's issue, we reported that U.C.D. were holding on to the old I.S.A. Debating Shield despite requests to hand it over to U.S.I. We gave no space to U.C.D.'s claim, an omission we would now like to rectify.

The S.R.C. at U.C.D. maintains that I.S.A. has never been formally dissolved, and therefore refuses to recognise U.S.I. as a direct successor body entitled to all I.S.A.'s belongings. However, U.C.D. are quite prepared to give the Shield up if a convincing claim is advanced by U.S.I.

It looks to us as if I.S.A. has been finally and formally dissolved by recent transactions. U.C.D. and U.S.I. must now reach their own conclusions on this point—we can only hope that all will go off amicably.

For new readers: — I.S.A. — Irish Students Association (now moribund); U.S.I. — Union of Students in Ireland (now functioning); S.R.C. — Students

Representative Council; S.C.R. — South Circular Road.

LAW MEETS JUSTICE

On Saturday Trinity's legendary Andrew Bonar Law marries Joanna Neill at Delgany—if he finishes his morning's game of golf at Portmarnock in time.

Among his more mentionable exploits were a dramatically achieved Schol., a good Mod., and sporting activities ranging from senior hockey to G.M.B. billiards. He was also on the staff of "Trinity News" until he moved over to T.C.D.

An underground anarchist, he was responsible for changes in Dining Hall and Reading Room decor, and for assaults on film makers and degree getters,

A representative crowd will be going to the wedding from Trinity. To Andrew and Joanna we extend our very best wishes.



TRINITY NEWS

3 Trinity College

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'T.C.D.' and 'Trinity News'

FROM the mass of opinions expressed about "Trinity News" and "T.C.D." this term, one salient, incontrovertible fact emerges — that at last the two papers are different. Because both used to cover roughly the same ground in approximately the same way, it was once possible to make straight comparisons between the two publications, to say that one was better than the other in a given week.

Now this can be done no longer; the powers that be in both papers have realised that competition is useless, and that duplication is pointless. This term, partly by design, but mostly—and this is significant—by accident, the two papers have become complementary rather than opposing forces. "T.C.D." has emerged as a stimulating, cultural magazine; "Trinity News" as a newspaper, concerned seriously with College affairs and with a bias towards the arts. Both have clearly defined and separate functions.

In a relatively small university such as this, where circulation is not very high and subsidies are neither asked nor given, it is both bad economics and bad journalism for two magazines to be in competition. With the emergence of a clear distinction between "T.C.D." and "Trinity News" (and also, incidentally a gratifying cessation of petty squabbles and coy references to "the other paper"), there has been more direction and purpose in both publications. This has beneficial results financially; both papers have had a distinct rise in circulation. (The fine weather had perhaps as much to do with it as anything.)

However, it is a chastening thought that what has occurred this term has been largely fortuitous. The fact is that with the termly changes in management, which are inevitable in a student publication, this fortunate accident may not be repeated. It is in order to ensure that we do not return to the haphazard, wastefulness of past co-existence that the editors of both publications intend to hold a meeting, at which they will try to establish some firm basis for future co-operation. Obviously an editor will not want to reveal his best laid plans, but an exchange of information about broad lines of policy before each term can do nothing but good for student writers and readers alike. Indeed on consideration such co-operation seems vital for the production of student publications which are to be at all satisfactory.

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★ ★ ★ REVIEWS ★ ★ ★

Passion and Periphrasis

MOBY DICK. By Orson Welles. (GATE) THE PLAYBOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD. By J. M. Synge. (GAETY)

Orson Welles' dramatisation of "Moby Dick" is an attempt to bring it into line with professionally "psychological" drama, and it fails as a play simply because Mr. Welles has failed to realise the whole source of the psychological intensity of the novel, which is, quite simply, the sheer immensity of its physical scale. The mental torment of Ahab is huge simply because of titanic hugeness of the physical conflict which is involved in it. Thus, any stage presentation must, first and foremost, convey this physical massiveness, and to the extent that it fails to do this, it fails as a realisation of the novel. Mr. Welles conveys the action largely by narrative; thus, the psychological and physical climax of the play, the killing of the whale, is conveyed here by Mr. Jack Aronson grinding a spear into the stage of the Gate, and a highly R.A.D.A. young actor whose name I do not remember telling us what he is doing, and what it is all about. Everyone shouts a lot, and there is a passionate use of the thunder sheet, but never once do you forget that you are in a theatre. It is highly conscious, it is utterly artificial, and it is artistically quite, quite, dead. Shelia Richards' production of "The Playboy of The Western World," on the

other hand, is brimming with a most wonderful vitality. Miss Richards has an extraordinary feeling for the climax, the explosion of a particular moment, and for the peculiar quality of the silence, the recession which follows it. All her players have a superb ability to convey the passion and richness Synge gives to the most prosaic action or situation by the sumptuous imagery of his dialogue. It is these two factors more than any other which give this production its authority. This production exploits every situation, every phrase. It brings out to the utmost the underlying tragedy of the whole play, the tragedy on which the whole humour of the play, in fact, depends; the very essence of the basic comic situation is that it teeters on the edge of something unspeakably foul. The play is a satire, not simply on a particular set of social circumstances but on the nature of man itself. The underlying theme of "The Playboy" is a deeply disturbing one, and it is much easier to forget it. But it is nonetheless a mistake. To see "The Playboy" simply as a very funny comedy is to deny not only its basic tragedy but the whole essence and source of its comedy too.

Eamonn Keane, the new Christy Mahon, has none of the brilliant contrast between bravado and pathos of his predecessor, Donal Donnelly. His strutting

JAZZ on the Air

Anyone who would like to hear more of some of the instrumentalists who have visited Trinity this term is recommended to listen to Radio Eireann on Saturdays at 2.30 p.m. At that time is broadcast a programme of principally modern jazz by, among others, Ian Henry, and some members of the Southsiders. It is a very enjoyable fifteen minutes and, since jazz on Radio Eireann is rather sparse, this programme, though all too short, is very welcome.

is not emphatic enough, his agony at his capture not deep enough. But his Christy, nevertheless, has a kind of gentle authority which I find more attractive and more real. His use of gesture comes, not as a calculated theatrical gambit, but as the inevitable result of the situations which inspire it. Siobhan McKenna's performance remains definitive; it would be an impertinence to analyse it.

This production is one which remains in mind long after the specious theatrical manoeuvres of the self-consciously artistic have faded away. It remains as worth seeing now as it was in October; no-one who has even the faintest interest in "the theatre" will fail to visit this production, surely one of the summits of its achievement. — W. M. O.

A COLLEGE JOURNAL

By Martin Marprelate

president, disassociated himself and the S.R.C. from his letter, the annual "College Week" would be suppressed. I quote the end of Mr. Browne's letter without comment:

"To prevent any disciplinary action being taken against the council, and to avoid the abandonment of College Week, I have this evening placed my resignation in the hands of the president of the council. My own feelings are of regret that a stage has been reached when the merest whisper of statements with which the authorities of U.C.D. do not agree is visited on their author with vindictive retaliation."

Yours etc., Aidan F. Browne."

These marches really are getting out of hand. For a protest of any kind to have any authority it should have some sort of backing. It just isn't good

enough to march up and down the road with a few lousy old banners unless you have the support of several strata of the society at which you want to protest. Whether or not Britain should have the bomb is not my point. All I am saying is that, right or wrong, these marchers simply make their cause look silly by these tactics.

Take the Aldermaston march. Every year it gets bigger, hairier, and in all probability smellier. It is becoming a social get-together. In future years, proud parents will say "I met your mother on the Aldermaston march" or "You were conceived on the Aldermaston march," when the march in question has become the laughing stock of future generations, a dated piece of period quaintness like the Charleston or the Aspidistria. Of course the H. Bomb and getting rid of it is important but no purpose is served by associating a movement against it with crankery and dirty underwear.

LETTERS ... to the Editor

30 T. C. D.,
3/3/61.

Dear Sir,

Your scabrous article, "Rudeness rather than reason," leaves one with as little respect for the "intellectual equipment" of its author as for that of Fr. Burke-Savage.

By withdrawing the invitation to Senator Skeffington, Fr. Burke-Savage has made it clear that he does not consider U.C.D. students entitled to those rights taken for granted in any civilised country—the right to intellectual liberty, the right to acquire knowledge, the right to think for oneself. Instead, the U.C.D. students must continue to chafe under his petty tyrannies.

Do we find a word of this in the article? Not on your life! Senator Skeffington is made to appear tasteless intruder, a man who wishes "to violate the freedom and privacy" of the students, whereas it was they who invited him in the first place until, of course, they were overruled by Inquisitor No. 1, Fr. Burke-Savage.

We are informed—at some length—that Fr. Burke-Savage is "at liberty to exclude whom he will" from University Hall. Does the author of the article think that this petty legalism will fool anybody? No one denies that he has this "right," for what's it worth; the question is whether he was justified in exercising it. If the Board of Trinity decided to exclude all Catholics, it could equally claim that it was "at liberty to exclude whom it will," but would any of us accept this as a defence of intolerance and bigotry?

We are treated to two quite fatuous analogies, which are somehow supposed to justify Senator Skeffington's exclusion. First, a Buddhist cleric has no right to preach in St. Patrick's, we are told. But St. Patrick's is, and University Hall isn't, a place of worship, so there's no analogy at all.

The record analogy is even more gloriously irrelevant. No Communist has the right to join the T.C.D. Philosophy School. Now Dr. Skeffington is no Communist, he does not want to join the U.C.D. staff, all he wants is that the

students of University Hall should be allowed their fundamental rights. As a matter of fact, a Communist provided he was a competent philosopher, would probably be welcomed in the Mental and Moral Science Faculty, which has both Christians and Jews, who between them, represent practically every shade of the philosopher spectrum from Hegelionism to linguistic analysis.

We are told that everything would have been alright had Fr. Burke-Savage been more diplomatic. Now, if you issue anyone with an invitation, as Senator Skeffington was, and then withdraw it, that's a direct insult, and no amount of smooth talk, in which members of Fr. Burke-Savage's order normally excel can disguise this.

The whole affair is dismissed as "just another twinge of the difficult labour of the Irish Church in a 'pluralist society.'" Which pluralist society? Ireland?! If so, I assume, out of charity, that the words are meant in a purely ironic sense. A pluralist society demands a genuine tolerance, a genuine respect for the other man's beliefs, all which things are non-existent in Ireland to day, except in such enclaves of liberalism as T.C.D., without which, indeed, Dr. Skeffington would probably have had to leave these shores long ago.

Yours etc., Robert A. Leon (Sch.).

[Editor's Note:

The author of the article, "Rudeness Rather Than Reason," Mr. Paul O'Grady, would have replied to this letter had not Mr. Leon refused to allow "Trinity News" to publish his letter if it were accompanied by such a reply.]

Royal Hibernian Hotel,
Dublin.

Dear Sir,

When I say "... or else suffer the insubstantial satisfaction of a Death-diagnosis as the dominant poetic fixation," perhaps I mean "... or else suffer the insubstantial satisfaction of a Death-diagnosis as the dominant poetic fixation."

Rudi Holzapfel.

The Fellows' Well

The exact function of a Fellow of Trinity College is not at once obvious to his students but some of his privileges are readily seen. He has rooms in College; he has a common room where, presumably, he enjoys acrimonious argument with his fellow Fellows on the great issues of the day, such as the rugby team for the next international. He has also a garden — a beautiful garden, an oasis of green lawns (with daisies) in the middle of the maddening metropolis; a place where he can play tennis in the hot June afternoons; that is if there are any hot afternoons in June and if a fellow ever takes such violent exercise. In the garden is a well, called after our national saint—a cool limpid potted where any fellow would be tempted to slake his thirst after the hot game of tennis aforesaid. But stop! Is this water fit to touch the lips of a fellow? Or is it treacherous, fit only for chlorination?

Every year water from this well is analysed by science students. Every year they discover that it is very hard. So far, so good; hard water is refreshing to drink and promotes the growth of strong bones. Fellows, after all, must develop backbone, though the excessive displacement of brain tissue by bone is to be deplored, as is the curious condition found in some examining fellows, where the soft tissue of the heart has been almost completely petrified, possibly through the drinking of this water.

The bacteriologists, however, also examine this water and every year they discover unmistakeable traces of infection. Thus this water, which cools the throat, may inflame the blood, sending the ravaging germs of typhoid into the body, causing a horrible death. The fellows are characteristically willing to risk their own lives that their students may have the necessary practice of their craft, but surely the students should protest at this devotion to duty. Of the two ancient institutions which are here in opposition surely it is the fellows who should survive rather than the well. Or is it?

★ ARGUS

— Glances at People and Things

Party Piece

Friday at the Brazen Head. — Dick Benson Giles emulating Semprini on the pub piano played farewells for Nancy Rubens. Charles Norman enticed Adrienne Chulmleigh into a secluded corner and Norman Sowerby and Sally Steen joined in a rousing "Kevin Barry" chorus. Penny Samuels came without her dark glasses, so unfortunately could see none of it.

Tuesday in Ailesbury Road. — Charles D'Arcy, John De Veulle and Edward Wilson invited a select gathering of their friends for sherry. Gerry Whitcroft handed round eats while Penny Smith and Judy McCormick kept an eye on Reynold "Dahling" Harris. Alan Jones and Michael Stevens discussed the M.C.C.

Victors. — The Rugby team is back from a very successful tour of Scotland. To put it rather pompously, they went to spread the fame and good name of Trinity abroad and to encourage the good old British team spirit. But, of course, they also went for the drinks, the girls (excellent in Edinburgh, ghastly in Glasgow), and for getting to know the lads. Captain of a team of oddly assorted characters is Ian Hill, a tall, dark second-row forward, whose hobbies are music and woman.

Medics. — Doyenne of the side is final year medic Dave Fitzsimons, who has his colours for the past five years. He has a fine tenor voice and brown curly hair. Another medic is the flamboyant bearded Patrikios. Suicide driver and

Greek travelogue George comes from Rhodesia, is tough, versatile and amusing.

Divine Organisation. — The other beard in the Rugby Club belongs to secretary "Josh" Wilkins. A stout untidy divinity student who looks as near to Moses in the Wilderness as you can hope to get, "Josh" can be seen striding purposefully across front square in the bitterest weather in his shirt sleeves. He is superbly efficient, tremendously energetic; finds time to score for the Cricket Club, serve on the Hist. Committee, help organise the Trinity Ball and run the Mission. "Josh" reads both Arts and Hebrew. John West, the other club secretary, is equally efficient. He has red hair, a wicked glint in his eye, and a talent for practical jokes. He is cynical, amusing; a good referee. He has a genius for smoothing out quarrels and problems. John is also treasurer of the Phil., helps with the organisation of Trinity Week, and reads economics.

Heavyweights. — Martin Rees is a Welsh reserve from Cardiff, a choir-master, ace poker player, and excellent cook (porridge!). He has a bright breezy, slightly agonising early morning sense of humour which tends to wear off by lunch time, and an enormous green and brown mohair sweater.

Leading scorer is Larry L'Estrange, rugby fanatic, courageous heavyweight boxer (see black eye), 220 yards hurdler and ex-paratrooper. Larry, who could charm the hind legs off a donkey, is a final year historian and is engaged to Beulah Wells.

Vacation Jobs

The present recession in Britain has made it increasingly difficult to obtain summer vacation jobs. However, U.S.I. has not fared too badly in its efforts to procure jobs for the summer vacation. There are still quite a number of canning jobs, although less men are required this year with the introduction of automation and dehydration. There are quite a number of bus conductors on the wanted list, but here you must stay

for the season whereas the pea-canners are glad to let you go after four or five weeks. There are, of course, some canning jobs available in Sweden which are incredibly well paid. One canning factory in Britain has sent in an order for 250 females—I wish the boss the happiest days of his life.

Further details can be obtained from the Union of Students in Ireland Office, 4 Trinity College, Dublin. Phone 72941.



Not all who read The Times are gentlemen

THE NOTION that The Times is an article of gentlemen's furnishings, like a hat or an umbrella, is not quite apt, as our picture shows. For this young woman, in any case, The Times is a professional necessity as well as a personal pleasure.

On the law, as on other subjects, The Times speaks with authority. This is not the same as speaking for authority. The Times serves no cause except that of keeping its readers informed. It labours no argument, favours no group or region. It could not keep its readers if it did, for Times readers are alike only in that they are all different, and too critical to accept opinions clothed as news. Their quickness to spot humbug and their willingness to think for themselves are among the qualities which, so often, take Times readers to the top of the tree.

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Profile: WILLIE DILLON

Prospective Politician

Yes, here he comes — striding, arms dangling, across the cobble-stones, in his shirt-sleeves. He pauses, issues an invitation to coffee in his rooms at two o'clock, draws something about the surrounding architecture and is gone. You've met Willie Dillon.

He appeared nonchalant and "so cool that he seemed calm," but we had better wait till coffee-time to judge him.

We find that he is a Dubliner, a product of Ampleforth, and a final year economist and political scientist. Most of his time is taken up these days with Mod., which he is taking in October, the Commerce and Economics Society (he's the Auditor), and the Hist., of which he is the Record Secretary. Out of College his main interest is the Dublin Georgian Society where he is student representative.

We cast aside the suggestion of a friend that he is hard to get to know. He takes us into his confidence and expounds his theories about politics, the United States, the opposite sex and college architecture. He speaks with authority and zest on all topics, adding some dubious "true" stories which make one guess that he has swallowed a chunk of the Blarney Stone.

We were already aware of his reputation as a punster. But this is only one side to Willie's value as an entertainer and companion. He has a story about every Georgian House in Dublin, and an apt remark for every situation. One of his many misquotations is "sneech is silver and silence is awkward." Silence —awkward or otherwise — rarely occurs when Willie is around.

He tells us that he seldom takes the same girl out twice as he believes she would get big-headed if she thought he were chasing her! He boasts that he once went on a cycle tour of Ireland, but he nearly forgot to mention that he covered the first 150 miles by train; and another friend tells us that he has not been seen on a bicycle since. He played mixed hockey until last year but now,

like Billy Butlin, when he feels he needs some exercise he lies down until the feeling passes.

What does he hope to do in the future? Probably go into business in Ireland, but he would like later on to participate in politics. His sympathies lie somewhere left of centre and he would



like to see some move towards the attainment of a just society in Ireland and the application of the principles of social justice. He regrets that it is not possible to make a career of politics in this country.

Perhaps the best way to judge anyone is to know how his friends feel about him. Those who know him will probably mainly dwell on the fact of his lively conversation, and his essentially kind nature. Willie goes out of his way to help other people, to congratulate them on their successes, to commiserate with them on their failures or disappointments.

We hope that wherever he goes the sound of his voice will be heard as clearly as it has been during his time in College.



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