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TRINITY NEWS

A Dublin University Undergraduate Weekly

TTHURSDAY, 25th FEBRUARY, 1965.

Vol. XII, No. 11

PRICE THREEPENCE

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D.U.P.A. Faces the Bill

The risks which Minor Societies run when insufficient checks are made on officers have been fully realised by the Photographic Association. As a result of alleged mismanagement a couple of years ago, the Association is now faced with demands for £100 by Gaevert (Eire) Ltd. D.U.P.A. claims that the debt, originally £217, was incurred by a former Secretary and charged wrongly to the Association. When the matter came to light, the Junior Dean was informed and eventually Peter Charles Ryan was prevented from attending Commencements until the debt was cleared. By January, 1964, about £117 had been paid by Ryan.

At this point, however, payments ceased, and Gaevert turned their attention on the present officers of the Association. They have sent to date three bills and a solicitor's letter, as well as interviewing Timothy Coe, the Treasurer. He told "Trinity News" that he also had taken legal advice, and that the Association could not be held responsible for a debt to which an individual, by paying half of it, has admitted liability. "We haven't got the equipment which was bought; his debts—incurred for equipment he has in his own possession—are his own affair. We refuse to become involved."

The Association has already received the backing of the College authorities; yet the threats are still being made. As Cliveast resort."

Wilkinson, the Secretary, put it: "We cannot afford either to sue Ryan or for that matter to take any legal action." With a total of £12 awarded in grants to the Association this year, the financial position looks bleak at a time when vital new equipment is needed for an expanding society. It seems likely that the constitution will be amended to prevent the recurrence of this affair—other societies might well follow their example. Yet all is not well. D.U.P.A. have still to prove their innocence, or be faced with a court action. "In the last resort, we can liquidate and re-form under another name," commented Tim Coe, "as we aren't a competent contracting body. But that really will be the

Ulster Bacon

Buy your bacon, and eat Helen Campbell. Within weeks markets at home and abroad are going to be assailed with pictures of Trinity's glamorous fourth year General Studies student. As a result of her work at Olympia, advertising Northern products,

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Trinity Fire

Tuesday night saw the first fire in Trinity for a long time. At 1.30 a.m., four fire engines raced up to the Printing House in New Square and whilst pyjama-clad students watched from their windows the small blaze in the caserom was extinguished.

An inquest was held in the morning as to the cause and the extent of the damage. A spokesman for the Press said that it was thought to be the result of an electrical fault which has meant a loss of power, but the exact cause was still unknown. He added that there was little financial damage, but because of the clearing up that was necessary, work in the caserom would be probably retarded for one day or two. This fire again indicated the vulnerability of Trinity in the night. As Back Gate was locked, it meant that the fire engines had to enter by Front Gate where the height of the roof is strictly limited.

W. U. S. in U. C. D.

The World University Service in Ireland received a long-awaited boost when its U.C.D. branch was recognised by the college authorities. U.C.D.W.U.S. can now take a full part in the fund-raising activities which have hitherto been organised largely by Trinity and the Royal College of Surgeons. A grand student dance has been arranged for tonight in the Four Provinces Ballroom as a celebration and we hope that this heralds a new era of co-operation and exchange between the different colleges in Dublin.

Trinity W.U.S. has fallen on evil times, with its money-spinner "Fiesta" banned by the Senior Dean following complaints about the noise and repeated violation of the no smoking rule in the Exam Hall.

Having thus lost the source of a regular income, W.U.S. has had to concentrate on its less ostentatious methods of raising money, although big things are planned for next term.

Rumour Denied

Rumours have been circulating to the effect that the date of next term may be changed to include the Easter week-end in the vacation. These rumours are quite unfounded. As stated in the Calendar, Arts and Science lectures will commence for the Trinity term on Monday, April 12th, while Easter Sunday will be on April 18th.

As provided also in the Calendar, there will be no lectures given on Good Friday, Easter Saturday or Easter Monday, even though those dates fall in Trinity term.

To change the term dates would have caused considerable difficulties. Trinity Week is traditionally the last week in Trinity term, and already many of the arrangements for the week and for the ball have been made. It is not known how the rumour started, but it has gained considerable credence amongst Science students and others at the other end of College Park.

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Marianne Faithfull, the singer. (See page 5 for the other half.)

Bluesville Again!

"This Sporting Life," the Bluesville record which entered the American hit parade two weeks ago, has climbed 15 places in the American charts. Reviews in the three leading pop music magazines have been very favourable. Bluesville are now in the course of making a long-playing record for the same company, Columbia Records Inc., which will be released for circulation later this year. Jerry Denon, a pop-man attached to the company, has flown over from California to supervise recording of this L.P.

Two members of Bluesville, Peter Adler and Ian Whitcombe, are in College. As well as making their own records, Bluesville also recorded the backing for a new song by Rosemary and Howard, for release in England. "This Sporting Life" will not be available on this side of the Atlantic until March 15th.

Another Trinity pop singer, Ruth Buchanan, has recorded a song she wrote herself with Silverpine Studios in Dublin. The song, entitled "You're Gone," was backed by Peter Adler on the piano, Ian McGarry on drums, and Mike — no surname — on guitar. Ruth has also composed a pop song in Irish, "Táim ag Lorg Fir" ("I'm Looking for a Man"). Telefis Eireann and B. P. Fallon, a Dublin pop journalist, are interested in the Gaelic record, though Peter Adler does not think much of it.

Sound City, featured in last week's "Trinity News," is showing considerable interest in Trinity pop singers. Tony Boland,

manager of Sound City, is planning an E.P. record to be made by Bluesville and The Cyclones, which he believes to be the two best blues groups in Ireland. Next Friday, Bluesville is appearing at Sound City—fans, please note.

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EDITORIAL

"Trinity News" for the first time this term devotes five pages to the musical and theatrical sphere. That these very valuable forms of art have been ignored so far this term has been for reasons of copy-space and the fact that most of our features have been topical. However, with the opening of "Six Characters in Search of an Author" at the Players theatre in No. 4, and the imminent performances of Bach's "St. John Passion" by the Choral Society it seemed appropriate that "Trinity News" should give coverage as widely as possible to all aspects of the theatre and the world of music.

* * *

"Trinity News" this week received a great deal of correspondence on the subject of Coleraine as a University site and on the proposed South African Rugby tour of Ireland. We regret that we can only print a limited number of the letters, but hope to make amends in our last issue of term. It is the policy of the newspaper to present all the pros and cons of all controversies and any editorial this term has expressed the views of the Chairman. Any failure to publish a letter has been due to lack of column inches and not through any form of discrimination. It would be appreciated if the writers of letters kept them short, sharp and to the point.

The Cream of Milk

JERSEY MILK

**Ask your Milkman for the
Bottle with the Green Top**

COMMENT by Brian Crotty

Dr. McQuaid, like Ian Paisley, is not a popular public figure. It is fashionable to be counted among while Paisley is never slow in mounting verbal counter-attacks against his opponents. Dr. McQuaid almost always maintains a most annoying silence. Last week he spoke. He told the members of the National Film Institute at their annual meeting that the Irish "accept and want censorship." It is significant that he addressed his speech to the clerical, as well as lay, critics of our present system of censorship. Undoubtedly, Dr. McQuaid is determined that the Jesuits should be silenced . . . for it is they who in recent years have

been in the forefront of the campaign to have the censorship laws amended. The sheer stupidity of those laws has been highlighted by the success for the wrong reasons of the film "The Sky Above, the Mud Below," and the banning of the Ardmore-made film "Of Human Bondage." Dr. McQuaid, at the meeting, had the audacity to call for "open and just" criticism. Has he not heard of Hickey, Kelly and Linehan? The Archbishop would do well to realise that to at least the present generation of young Irishmen freedom of thought is most important. He has no rights to claim, at least in this censorship matter, that he speaks on our behalf.

A FABIAN LETTER

Sir,—May I correct the statement, made some weeks ago in your columns, that the Fabian Society was founded in 1952?

To the best of my recollection it was founded in 1935, the first Secretary being Richard Hanson, the undersigned being Chairman. We had a little difficulty about the title; we wanted to found a "Labour Club," but wisest Fate (in the shape of the Board) said no, as this was "too political." We then suggested the "Spartacus Society," thinking to win the Board by invoking Roman history, but were told that this was "even worse." We then reflected that Fabius Cunctator might be viewed with more affection by the Board, and he was.

At about the same time, a Trinity College branch of the Irish Labour Party was founded, though it received no official College sanction. Its member-

ship was pretty much the same as that of the Fabian, and it sent delegates to Labour Party conferences and Constituency Councils.

In the late 1940's the Fabian was torn by internal strife between the Socialists and those who thought that Stalin's régime represented the best and indeed only legitimate approach to Socialism. The latter group finally gained complete control of the Fabian in 1952, and many of us resigned or were pushed from office. After a couple of years or so of a purely Stalinist régime in the Society, the Fabian was allowed by them to die. This would have been in the middle nineteen-fifties. After a lapse of some years, the Fabian arose from its ashes, and with Miss Heather Laskey as its Secretary, was reconstituted in 1957.—Yours truly,

O' Sheehy Skeffington.

Choral Society

Next Wednesday and Thursday the Choral Society are performing one of Bach's most evocative works, "St. John Passion." Soloists represent the principals in the story of the Passion of Our Lord, while the chorus represents the people. The music is particularly suited to the words (which are in English), providing moments of great beauty and high drama—for instance, at Peter's Denial, and when the people cry "Crucify Him." Some of the singing is difficult, and at times electrifying. One of the most moving choruses ever written comes near the end, "At the Sepulchre."

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"SIX CHARACTERS IN SEARCH OF AN AUTHOR"

By Pirandello Players' Theatre

In the first act one of the characters shouts out in exasperation, "Words, words," and this can be taken as the theme of Ranald Graham's direction. For "six Characters," as presented in Players, is an academic thesis which stimulates but never moves as drama should.

This play is Pirandello's revolt against the romanticism of the Italian theatre. It marks the end of the Naturalist movement in Europe which was started by Ibsen when he felt it necessary to change from "The language of the gods" to creating "The perfect illusion of reality." In "Six Characters" the naturalist method of drama is finally realised and finally questioned.

The play opens with the actors waiting to rehearse a comedy. As the rehearsal gets under way it is interrupted by the appearance of six characters who demand that their story be heard, for it has all the essentials of a tragic drama. The resulting contrast between the various stages in the process of dramatic illusion and the relation of the process to its context of reality is the material of Pirandello's play. But the contrast is not between artifice and reality; it is more a contrast between two levels of artifice. The characters do not represent a reality against which the artificiality of the theatre may be measured; "they are not a convincing life character, but rather a different degree of abstraction."

"When a character is born he acquires at once such an independence, even of his own author, that he can be imagined by everybody, even in many other situations where the author never dreamed of placing him." This statement by the Father is the

pillar on which the play rests. That characters can exist on the stage is absolutely realised.

The play is an argument and this argument comes across clearly, but the impact is verbal and rarely visual. It arouses and provokes, but as a piece of theatre it is shapeless and static. The fault lies partly in the play itself and partly in the interpretation.

As to the acting. Constantin de Goguel as the Father needed to relax. He was too intense for too long; when he came to the high moments of passion he had not the range to meet them. But he did achieve some real moments of pathos in this incredibly difficult part. Judy Monaghan, who came out of "The Lover" with so much credit, is sadly ill-equipped to play the part of the step-daughter. There was little sensitivity as to what she was saying and she invariably plucked the wrong words to slam emphasis on. Why is it that so many actresses believe that one jutting knee and a hand on hip is all there is to being a tart? It is no more than a pale imitation unsuited to the glacial hardness and disgust of the step-daughter. Nigel Ramage's director, at once relaxed, frenetic, cooing and crashing his way about the stage, was a completely professional performance. For the rest there were some good touches, and Gill Hanna's "Madame" was one of the brilliant portraits of the evening.

"Six Characters" in the hands of Ranald Graham is interesting and has depth, but he has not succeeded in making it come alive on the stage.

M. G.

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"FORESTS OF THE NIGHT" By ARNOLD SUNDAARD

"Forests of the Night," now playing at the Gate, is one of the most powerful plays that has been exposed to Dublin theatre-goers for some time.

Set in present-day America, it studies the relationships within a group of Norwegian immigrants. It flashes back through half a century to their native land, and watches how circumstances have developed and decayed the participants' souls and bodies. Back in Norway, the boss's son, Ansgar, clears off with Inga, the orphan who works for his father. We learn why their mutual childhood friend is their lodger in America. The triangle becomes a relationship with Inga is cruelly exposed. The second generation's behaviour in adversity is contrasted with their elders! If the situations and instincts they expose are simple, their effect on the personalities is subtly com-

plex. But this complexity is never contrived. It stems naturally from the complexity of all human relationships. For this play is the result of the improvisations that a group of actors, working together with the author, built into the basic script, over a period of six weeks in 1963.

The resulting script has crude power (must the audience titter at the use of the word "screw" in its colloquial sense?), but also when we return to Norway it has lyrical beauty. These changes in tempo help to make the difficult movements through time seem plausible. That these movements do convince is also tribute to the quality of the cast. We have waited many years for Eithne Dunn to return to Dublin. It has been worth it. As Inga, she gives a sparkle to the play without which the action might sag.

Stephen Murray as Ansgar and Robert Somerset as their lodger and friend both give polished performances. Joe Lynch is a competent father; Linda Marlows equally competent as their daughter-in-law. And she's sweet too. But their son, Gerry Sullivan, is less controlled and a little uneasy when making the age jump—his American lapses to Moore Street.

The tightness of the cast speaks well for Louis Lentini's direction, and though this lighting (like the set) occasionally resorts to gimmicks, it lies in well with the "mood music."

This is by nature a rather shapeless play—the final curtain is not entirely happy. But the superb cast make it a plausible entity. Dublin is privileged to have first crack at this formidable production.

M. M. D. McR.

HARLEQUIN BALLET Gaiety Theatre (This Week)

The first visit to Dublin of the youngest British ballet company began with a version of Folkmire's original "Les Sylphides." This was an unfortunate choice because of a complete lack of unity, and because the classical choreography posed considerable problems for a company of only fourteen dancers. The dancing of the Corps was barely adequate, while that of the soloists, Paula Rufina and Paul Vlasic, was even worse. Both made several obvious slips and failed completely to express any of the excitement found in Chopin's music.

The orchestra was partly to blame for this; an overworked piano, a 'cello, a flute and a tortuously scraped violin pro-

vided no solid basis for the dancers. The use of recorded music in the latter ballet, "Jazz-naks," proved that they were more at ease with better music. The loudspeaker does, however, add a touch of unreality which tends to alienate a sensitive audience. In "Jazznaks" this was an advantage because the modern jazz choreography and music relied very much upon an air of unreality for their effect.

The company was infinitely more at ease in the modern ballets, with John Gregory's choreography. "The Unicorn in the Garden," based on a fable by Thurber, was very amusing and gave the dancers an opportunity to express a sense of humour.

M. A. S.

rarely found in ballet. The most successful piece of the evening was, undoubtedly, a Ukrainian folk ballet, "Harovad," in which the dancers gave a really colourful, if rather hectic, display of folk dancing, only excelled by this week's profile as he leap down Grafton Street after the performance.

The success of the modern ballet does indicate that small companies, which cannot afford really good dancers, should concentrate on recent works rather than exhaust themselves in futile efforts to revive the classics. It also promises well for the entirely modern programme occupying the second half of this week.

X + X + X + X + X
X Miss Ann Thrope X

Rather a change of faces at the Eliz. ball. Most of the Junior Fresh I do embroidery with in No. 6, but they hadn't invited our usual crowd of parboiled social ticks. Trinity's tender youths and innocent debutantes were being put through their paces under the amused eye of the staff of Morgans, dug in behind a barricade of glasses. While the stronger gambled on the parquet, the weaker retired below . . . dear, dear, there were some upset tummies.

Julian Hudson remained on the side line, quite drunk with his charm, while Doug Halliday entered the fray, taking no chances, in burnished helm and visor. Tom Baker stood nonchalantly amid the writhing bodies, puffing at a cigarette; Jill Stanley was occasionally visible spluttering beside him. The masks proved the salvation of many a face, really quite a shame when they had to come off. Sur-

prising what one thinks one can get away with incognito, forgetting that all is known at midnight. Simon Metcalfe and Alison having wet their palates, decided that kisses were sweeter than wine. Juliet Brodie played another hand with Robert Ervine Andrews, who answered with a knavish trick. Dior spoke, and necklines fell; Paula Street and Gill Hanna richly interpreted modern vogue in an Elizabethan manner, though some, like Jane Mason, were unable quite to take the plunge.

Tony Kevin, Nick Greville, Richard Bury and Ray French were the hosts at Islandbridge on Saturday. I was delighted the hosts had chosen to relieve the Sahara social scene this term in this way, and so it appeared, was everyone present. Clifford Thomason Gould expressed a desire to see his full (aristocratic?) name in print. His only

"PRESSURE POINT"

(Ambassador)

Sidney Poitier and Bobby Darin star as doctor and patient in this Stanley Kramer production. Poitier is the Negro prison psychiatrist handling Darin's case which starts in childhood with a resentful butcher father and a feeble mother who would have been possessive had she had the strength. He develops Fascist tendencies and joins the American Nazi party. Soon afterwards he lands in prison.

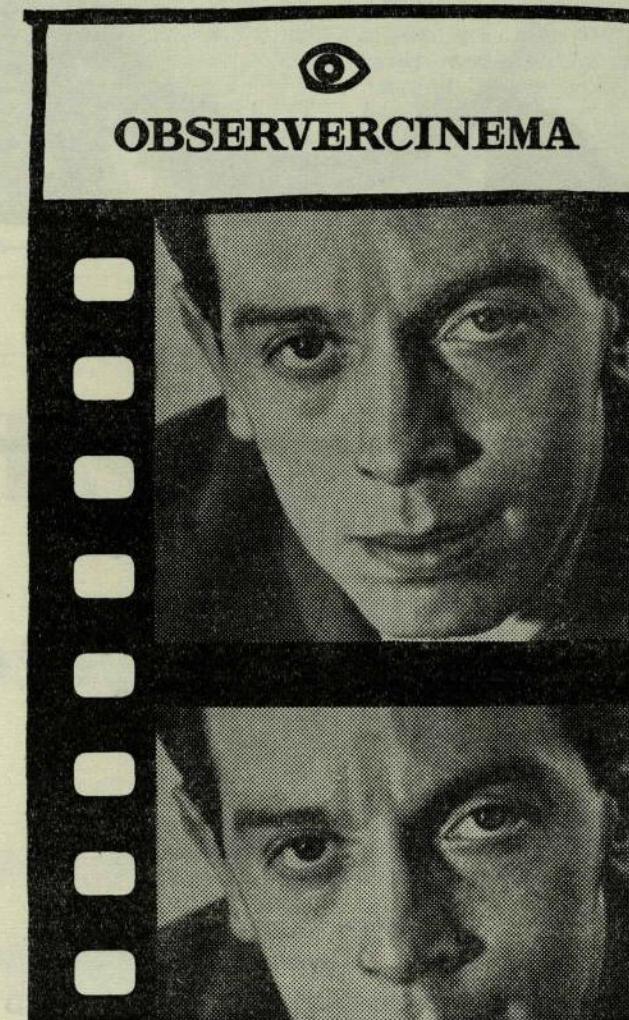
Kramer treats the subject through flashback. Using a boy who resembles Darin very closely, there are some superb boyhood sequences in the butcher's shop with the father following the boy through a phalanx of swinging carcasses to slap his face or rub it with a silvery lump of liver. And in adolescence there is the almost surrealist scene in a speakeasy when Darin and his mates play noughts and crosses over everything, including the owner's wife.

But the most important theme of the film is not the patient's

case, but the relationship between patient and doctor. Neither has a Christian name, for as well as characters they are symbols—the patient of Christian whites, the doctor of the Negroes. The patient's convictions, mad as they are, find a raw nerve in the doctor. He reacts, tries to get taken off the case and finally leaves the job. This is the dilemma the film presents: the problem of being objective with the weight of racial prejudice on one's whole personality.

Both actors play with great sensitivity, Darin showing remarkable potential. The film, however, does show the limits of the clinical type of film. It is a black-and-white world and more difficult to turn into good cinema than the straightforward chunk of life. Occasionally the camera seems strained to raise the film above the documentary. However, it succeeds and "Pressure Point" is well worth seeing.

C. S.



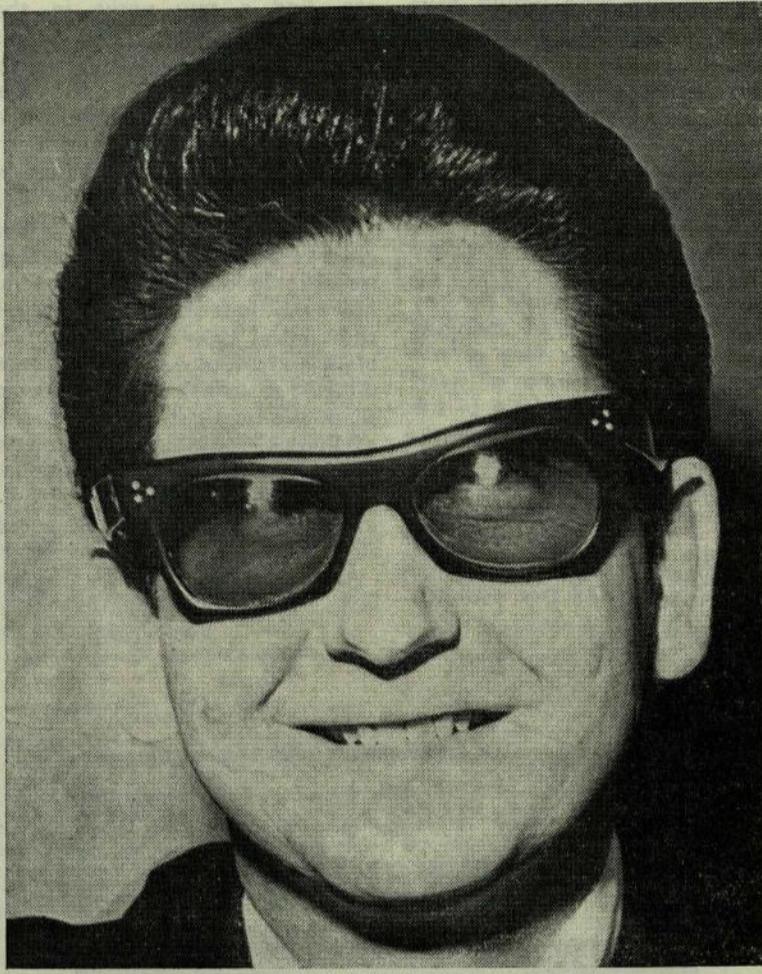
KENNETH TYNAN
in the celluloid jungle

(Stupendous! Colossal! Dynamic!)

What happens when a celebrated theatre critic goes to the cinema? The readers of *The Observer* find out every Sunday morning, when Kenneth Tynan sorts out the truth from the puffery. He says what he has to say, on the lines, not between them!

In The Observer every Sunday

The big O Roy Orbison



Born at Vernon, Texas, in 1936, Roy Orbison began to sing at the age of six, and soon developed his talent to the extent that he was in great demand as a child entertainer at parties. After a few years, he met Joe Nelson, and it was the combination of these two men which produced what songwriter Bryant chose to call the "new doo-wah, year-year and dum-de-dum" sound of Roy's great classic, "Only the Lonely." The sound was firmly driven home by "Blue Angel."

As one who regards Orbison as being the finest and purest vocal artist on the contemporary pop scene, I cannot be alone in regretting—and regretting deeply—the abandonment of his original measured ballads in favour of the style of "Pretty Woman." I put it to him that, while any voice can be processed by electronic devices to produce an acceptable staccato rhythm, science is unable to produce a record such as "In Dreams" and it was thus a pity that he was no longer fully manifesting his mastery of voice-control. Roy affirmed that, while "Crying" was his favourite disc from a musical standpoint, "Pretty Woman" has been his greatest box-office success.

Orbison, who freely admits to his "dum-de-dum" and falsetto gimmickry, had plenty to say on the subject of the exposure of an artist to his public. Whereas a sex-symbol can suffer from overexposure due to the fact that no public wants to gaze repeatedly at a handsome face, the true artist who has a vocal skill to demonstrate has nothing to fear

from repeated appearances. Roy's success lies in the ear rather than in the eye, and, this being the case, he regards his impact as permanent. With this I was inclined to agree.

The performance was something that will live in the memory in much the same way as a State funeral. The beat was slow, moving, and somehow immensely dignified, while this happy, smiling man gave of himself to an audience well seasoned with the mark of middle-age. One felt that for every ecstatic scream from the teenagers there sprang a tear to the eyes of those old enough to remember Caruso.

Orbison's amusements include the driving of a 1,250 c.c. Harley Davidson motor-cycle, from which he is never separated while at home. Having graduated from the Presley passion of Cadillacs, he adores his bike, and did not seem unduly perturbed by my suggestion that he was set to join Messrs. Holly and Reeves in the Records Department. "When you have to go," quoth he, "you have to go." In the street as in the studio, Roy is the leader of the pack.

The interview was only granted by virtue of the fact that Roy himself once attended North Texas University, reading History and English and feels that University life is of great value to the individual in that it allows time for the birth of ambition and the equation of values. His closest acolyte, who must remain nameless, and who is officially barred from work for two years by the Federation following his removal

of his trousers in the wings during a Rolling Stones performance at the Adelphi, Slough, was insistent that Roy would not have granted the interview to any University except Trinity College.

When his European tour ends in April, Orbison will return to America where, he says, the Beatles, Keeler and Profumo have contrived to put England on the map. He is of the opinion that perfection in England is better than perfection in America; this explains the Brain Drain, but I was surprised to hear the statement applied by this prince of perfectionists to the home of the Big Beat. Every note of every concert is discussed by Roy with his backing group, so insistent is he on perfection, and his pianist, Barry Booth, is one of the top accompanists in the world.

Back in his homeland, Roy will rest with his wife and two children to think things over. He will roar about on his infernal machine, he will indulge his passion for vintage cars, and he may possibly bring his recording career to an end. It is to be hoped that he will not do so, but if he does, his sale of 18 million records without a wiggle, without black leather, without a mohair dinner-jacket, without a film and without even a distinctive hair style, will stand—as stand to a lesser degree Buddy Holly and Jim Reeves—as a landmark and monument to the union or artistry with perfection.

It might be said that Roy Orbison is to the microphone what Segovia is to the guitar.

SIMON MORGAN.

Dublin Folk Scene 65

Tim's, Thursday.

You play a hunch. Sometimes it pays off, sometimes it doesn't pay off. I found well-rounded, intense, randy, ironic Trevor Crozier paddling his latest L.P. towards Dalkey Island. "This is not a publicity stunt," he said. "I'm writing my latest article for the Sunday papers—'Adrift on an L.P.: How I met Douglas Bader.'" I was relentless. "What do you like your women to wear?" "Clothes, man," he said. "How did you come to take up singing folk songs?" "As a child," he mused, "I heard my old granny singing 'The White Cliffs of Putney' in strict ragtime. This is a veiled allusion. I figured there must be something better than this."

We waded cautiously ashore, finding Tim Booth (lean, intense, randy, ironic, inventor of the clockwork orange), miming to his latest L.P. "Call me Baldie," he said, pausing to tune an armchair in E flat. I was inexorable. "How do you like your women?" "Short, intense, randy," he replied. "How did you come to take up singing folk songs?" "At the age of three," he reminisced. "I was thrown out of the same bar as the Clancy Brothers. From there it was a natural reaction."

We moved cautiously inland,

finding Jake Harris alone in a deserted flat jamming Radio Caroline with his latest autoharp L.P. "I'm trying to capture the Mrs. Dale audience," he said. I played it cunning. "Do you object to being interviewed?" "Not at all," he said. "I like seeing my name in print. It helps me to remember it." It turned out that the three had already met; when sufficiently drunk they play with one another. At this point I left, and, ignoring their suggestions, tried what I could find about the folk scene in Dublin.

I found the revival in full staggering swing at the Parkside Hotel, North Circular Road (Tuesdays); the International Bar, Wicklow Street (Wednesdays and Fridays); the Neptune Rowing Club, Islandbridge (Fridays); the Abbey Tavern, Howth Village (most nights); the Studio Club off Molesworth Street (Sundays); and the Parnell House in Parnell Street (Mondays and Wednesdays). They charge admission, but it is usually worth it; you may hear Johnny Moynihan, Al O'Donnell, Maeve Mulvanny, the Dubliners, Andy Rynne, Catrina Colbrook, the Prentice Folk, Margie Ferns, the Castle Group (particularly good revival group) and numerous Clancy-type formations. Brian Frye plays good

blues guitar at the Parkside; if you want the genuine product of this country, however, there is no substitute for the Fiddlers' Club, Church Street (Wednesdays and Fridays), and the Pipers' Club, Thomas Street (Saturdays); Joe Heaney, Colum O Lochlainn and Seumas Ennis can be found if you're lucky. All kinds can be found at O'Donoghue's in Merrion Row, any night of the week.

I broke off on Monday to recuperate at the Ritz, Ballsbridge (always a good show). On Thursday I ran into Crozier, Booth and Harries again. They were going to the regular Folk Song Society session in Number 4 at 8 p.m. I made a last attempt. "Can you suggest a punch-line for this article?" I ventured. "No," they responded in barber shop harmony. It seemed as good a punch-line as any.

The following said they would like to be mentioned: Brian Trench, Valerie Russell, John Streather, Kelly (The Boy from Killane), Peter Adler and Haircut Oakley.

The following are not being mentioned: Players, the Agent (as per instructions) and Simon Morgan.

Fill in your own name in this space

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A CONSUMER GUIDE TO DUBLIN MUSIC

Music-lovers in Dublin suffer the lack of a really adequate concert hall. Plans have been approved, however, for the Kennedy Memorial Concert and Assembly Hall being built by the Government on the site of the old Beggar's Bush Barracks in Haddington Road. The cost and date of completion will presumably be released when official information of this is given to the general Press within the next three weeks.

In the meantime, here is a survey of the existing venues in Dublin, ranging from a boxing stadium through assorted meeting and dance halls to a theatre on the cast's Sunday night off.

To consider this latter first. Against the backcloth of the current theatrical—not the pantomime—the Radio Eireann Symphony Orchestra has assembled on five successive Sundays this term and given a very varied programme of symphony concerts: works by Stravinsky, Carl Orff, Brahms and Neilson being included. Although a radio orchestra, they have no need to be subjected to the exigencies of programme planning; in fact Dr. Hans Rosen, conductor of the Radio Eireann Choral Society, has

said that far from being told what to perform, they make the decisions. Being a theatre the seats are very comfortable, but for 4/- you can have a good view of the backs of the conductor's shoes from the very front row! Tibor Paul, the resident conductor, prefers to perform music written after 1750, notably that by Bela Bartok and Richard Strauss—remember the Rosenkavalier last term?—which means that outside College and the odd church no Bach is heard. Under the exuberant baton of Dr. Grocock the Choral Society and Orchestra do Bach proud with their regular attention to his works.

The Musical Association of Ireland had the planning of the Beethoven concerts in the National Stadium last summer when Julian Katchen played the five Beethoven piano concertos. This same society were responsible for Igor Oistrakh's performance—out of this world—in the Metropolitan Hall. The spare bleakness of this venue was only relieved by a large scroll bearing Jesus's dictum on what constitutes the Way, the Truth and the Life.

On a raised stage in the Library of the Royal Dublin Society, the Smetana Quartet's performance

was well liked by those to whom the music penetrated above the click of the knitting needles! In a much more sophisticated atmosphere young German professionals are given encouragement at the German Institute. Student tickets for this, the R.D.S. and the M.A.I. concerts are to be had very reasonably.

The St. James's Gate Musical Society encourages local talent in the performance of Chamber Music at the Rupert Guinness Hall. It seems a pity that there should be only one amateur chamber orchestra, but the Dublin Orchestral Players under Dr. Brian Boydell do valiant work, particularly by providing opportunities for practical experience for student conductors. Their concerts are in the Marian Hall.

Although the theme of this résumé is where to hear what, the dominant note is the lack of a focal point which might attract top grade artists who at present see no future in a radio orchestra. However, I will not labour the point for, as a friend confided: "Coming to rest on the dominant is like having biscuit crumbs in bed."

A. M. R.

Marianne

Last Thursday night I became, in a mild sort of way, a Marianne Faithfull fan. I refer to the singer, not the person. She is sympathetic, interesting and interested, but, perhaps justifiably, self-effacement is not amongst her already considerable attributes.

But first of all let me assure you that her name is the full seventeen years old, and that what the frequent accounts of her short career stress a charming countess mother, a convent education, and her own refined tastes are equally authentic.

Launched by Andrew Oldham, her first record was an immediate success. Since then she has discarded two managers and now has only an agent—I suppose there is a financial difference—for her business affairs. Her singing, too, has changed, so that now "Pop" is a particularly unfair epithet to apply to her performances. Last week at the Adelphi she sang two, out of three, folk numbers, and it is a measure of her talent that she can succeed with folk songs to a beat loving audience, as it was. Yet she is not surprised.

"All my appearances take this form now. To-morrow night I go to East Ham. If it's a success there it's a success anywhere." Her first L.P. is decidedly folk and that there is much Joan Baez influence is nothing but high recommendation.

Of course, she has a gimmick, "a small blonde figure on a large stage—the luxury of expensive cigarettes—a white dalmatian called 'Sarah'—talking to her favourite girl friend on the telephone—long rides on a white

pany"—as the programme introduces her, but even that is well done.

She has a beautiful voice with a lack of purity of tone which in opera would be an imperfection but in folk is an advantage. She wears long blonde hair over a straight black dress and sings to a single guitar—the projection of the mystical aura of innocence is almost complete. But it is largely a gimmick and the sooner discarded, as no doubt it will be, the better. For her strength is the emotion with which she delivers her performance, and she is very beautiful.

Soon she goes to America.

Does she never regret the abrupt ending of her academic career? "Not really. My education always did centre on reading and I find twice as much time for it now. Besides, I am still excusing in my release from convent school." It is understandable, for it's not the easiest place to imagine her in. Ideas of reading English and even of R.A.D.A. seem to have fallen by the wayside.

After New York, predictably, films are her next objective.

Most important of all, she possesses that indispensable power of being liked by the people she meets. Her love affairs are necessarily complicated and usually short-lived. "But I don't have any real friends," she says.

The name will be on an even increasing number of lips in years to come.

CHRISTOPHER CORDESS

STUDENTS!

CLUB

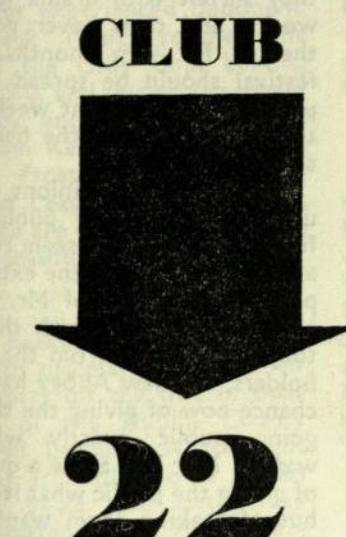
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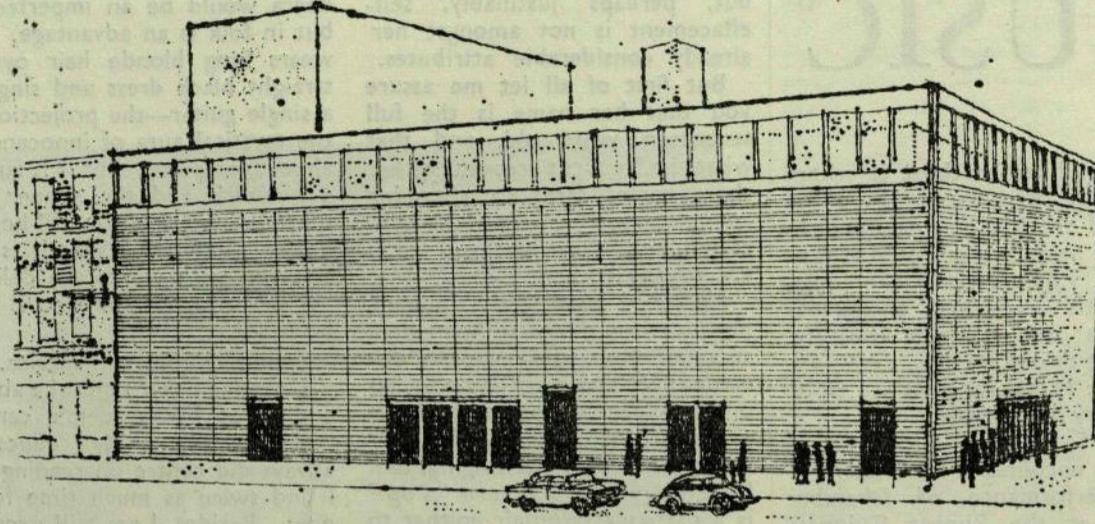
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STELLA
Mount Merrion

the new abbey

...on the morning of the 21st January 1951, the Queen's Theatre was destroyed by fire. The company had to leave their premises and find temporary accommodation elsewhere.



Dublin Drama Schools

At present there are only four drama schools of any consequence in Dublin. Their standards are deplorably low and, in spite of the impressive lists quoted on some prospectuses, the number of successful graduates is very small. Lack of success seems due to the absence of financial security and the small size of the permanent body of trained teachers and actors in Ireland. To encourage pupils, fees are low (few scholarships are available), courses are all part-time, and the entrance qualifications are virtually non-existent. The classes tend, therefore, to contain a high percentage of casual amateurs who invariably prevent standards from rising above mediocrity. There are no "full-time" schools, no "full-time" teachers and, frequently, there are no "full-time" theatres or rehearsal rooms. For example, the Abbey School, originally founded by Lennox Robinson, and resurrected by Frank Dermody, is limited to two hours in the theatre, twice a week. This is the only school attached to a company, and is a training ground

for aspiring Abbey actors rather than a public academy.

There are two unaffiliated drama schools: The Brendan Smith Theatre Academy and the National Academy of the Theatre and Allied Arts, both of which are more commercial than educational establishments. The former has over seventy adult pupils, while the other would not disclose a figure. Their prospectuses are impressive, but the practising list of teachers is often seriously depleted when more creative work is available. Lessons tend to be mere lectures rather than supervised practice so that many students are not at ease on the stage.

The most recent school is one formed in January of last year, in the Royal Irish Academy of Music, Westland Row. Under the direction of John O'Donovan (Abbey playwright and critic), and with the support of a well-established Music Academy, this should have been a success. However, there has been opposition from members who believe that music should be the only subject

in the Academy and they have shown considerable reluctance to provide financial support. Mr. O'Donovan believes that after this year, when it is shown that a drama course is needed, and that one can be run with little interference to the music faculty, the course can be placed on a definite footing and more professional teachers be employed.

In spite of high hopes among academy directors it appears that serious full-time education for the theatre is unlikely to be established in Dublin. The restrictions imposed by a poor general system of education, lack of proper finance and an imbalance of ten female students to every three males in the existing schools, can only be removed by a much greater educational planning than is likely to be undertaken by any Irish Government. The only hope lies in the new Abbey, where the small Peacock Theatre and more sensitive direction from the Board could easily provide the facilities which are so desperately needed in the Irish theatre.

MICHAEL A. SHIELS.

LETTER

Rugby Tour Ban?

Sir.—Laying aside our idealism for a moment, let a few pragmatic thoughts be allowed to intrude into what has up to now been a completely emotional dialogue on the subject of the South African Rugby tour.

I should like to ask and try to answer two questions: "What is likely to happen if D.U.C.A.C. withdrew its offer of training facilities?" and "What do we want to see happen?"

It is conceivable that the Board direct D.U.C.A.C. to make such a withdrawal and just possible that this action would induce other Irish clubs not to offer their facilities. If there is not widespread opposition to the South African tour our action will be ineffective and will be dismissed as yet another oddity from the "last bastion." If there is widespread support, the inevit-

able result will be no more South African tours and much bad feeling. Ireland will lose the chance of playing against and learning from one of the finest teams in the world, and yet another, albeit small, liberalising influence on South Africa will have been thrown away.

Is our aim in doing all this the attainment of that warm feeling obtained from being rude and smug at the same time, or is it that we truly want to isolate South Africa and force yet another race into the ghetto? Is it that we still think, despite our failures with Hitler and Franco and our eventual hard-earned success against the slave-trade, that we can change people's minds by moral pressure, or do we actually want to help, if possible, all South Africans towards a stable society?

If this last is our aim, and I think it is of most students in Trinity, we should think, rather than feel, how to achieve it. We should ask ourselves whether our natural reactions might not do more harm than good.

I believe we should take every opportunity we can get to try to convince white South Africans that they are heading for political suicide, that perhaps their only hope lies in the proposed round-table conference of all races, and that we would be prepared to support for their own good a temporary crippling of their economy, aimed at bringing internal pressure to bear on the government.

Moral indignation, apart from giving a warm glow, never did either the giver or the receiver any good at all.—Yours faithfully,

Michael A. Catty.

The Abbey Theatre was burnt in 1951. At the suggestion of the Minister for Finance, Sean MacEntee, the company decided to use the Queen's Theatre as a temporary measure until arrangements could be made for the erection of a worthy National Theatre instead of the old cramped building. In 1961 plans were prepared; in January, 1962, tenders were invited, and in June of that year work began. When it opens in October, the company will have their own premises for the first time in thirteen years. This is all history. What the theatre-going public wants to know is whether, after spending a quarter of a million pounds on a new theatre, and drawing a representative selection of leading citizens on to its board, it will have a theatre worthy of the title "National Theatre"?

When I talked to Ernest Blythe on Friday he stressed that with the opening of the new Abbey Theatre "There will be a return to the original ideals." Taken literally, this means that there will be plays which will "bring upon the stage the deeper thoughts and emotions of Ireland and show that it was . . . the home of an ancient idealism." In practical terms, it means that plays will no longer be rejected because the possibility exists that they may be box-office failures.

The running costs of the Queen's Theatre are so inordinately high that a box-office failure cannot be contemplated. "In the old Abbey," said Mr. Blythe, "we might gain £100 in a good week, and lose the same on a bad one. Here," indicating the dilapidated walls, "we might gain the £100 on a good week, but we would lose up to £700 on a bad one." In the new Abbey, the running costs will be lower, due to greater efficiency of design. This will enable the company to produce more plays that they "would like to put on," which would please a sophisticated minority of theatre-goers, rather than one which are assured of a good reception from a less critical audience.

"We might venture to the classical dramatist, to Moliere and Racine, but hardly to Shakespeare—Shakespeare has been seen in the Abbey in the past—King Lear and others, but it requires a completely different technique . . . We used to do all the Continental authors—Ibsen and Pirandello included—but then the Gate with MacLiammoir and Edwards started doing them too. Too many people dipping in the same bucket."

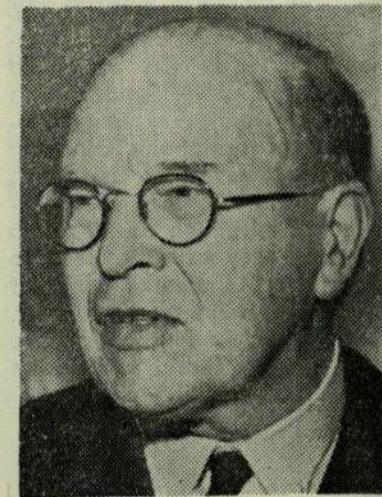
Widening of the repertoire may help to eradicate one of the chief reasons for criticism of the Abbey. "There are," said Mr. Blythe, "over five thousand people in Ireland whose plays we have rejected." Irish playwrights in the past have felt aggrieved that a national theatre should refuse their plays. By raising the standard of plays produced, the Abbey will henceforth have more excuse for rejecting the work of moderate playwrights without too much ill-feeling.

In the new Abbey, there will be what Mr. Blythe calls "promenade space"—space for people to walk around and be sociable. "I learnt when I was in Reykjavik," said Mr. Blythe, "that to encourage the social angle contributes greatly to the attendance. Mrs. A. likes to see Mrs. B. when she goes to the theatre, and in Reykjavik a large theatre restaurant also helps to draw people."

Another change to come about in October will be the part which the new shareholders will play in our National Theatre. "Perhaps,

said Mr. Blythe, "we have been standing too near to see ourselves properly. The shareholders will keep us back and, we hope, offer helpful criticism about the Abbey. We shall encourage the shareholders by giving them several free tickets for each performance."

The present policy of maintaining a closed company will be continued. Visiting artists and producers "demoralise" a company, and prevent inside development. In a National Theatre it is necessary to make quick revivals of certain plays as the need arises. Visiting artists who have filled the main rôles will probably not be available for the revival. Some of the Abbey company, however, do indeed leave for the West End, but, as Mr. Blythe explained, it keeps younger actors from being discouraged of ever getting a place in the Abbey Company.



ERNEST BLYTHE.

While declining to talk about the Abbey's part in next year's Theatre Festival, Mr. Blythe reiterated his statement that it "should be run on different lines. There is a crowd of plays to which the Dubliners feel obliged to go; they surfeit with drama for two weeks, and then never go to a theatre for two months. The festival should be spread over a period of six to eight weeks, and these should be at the height of the tourist season."

Whatever the opinions of the usually ill-informed public, the future of the Abbey seem remarkably secure. Under the extremely practical guidance of Mr. Blythe and the directors, with the help they hope to get from the shareholders, the new Abbey has more chance now of giving the theatre-going public exactly what it wants. Nor is it alone a question of giving the public what it wants, but of making them want what the Abbey can give.

By producing good plays, therefore, a good National Theatre can be one of the greatest assets and civilising influences that a country can have. This, we hope, will be the rôle of the new Abbey.

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RUGBY

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Trinity surprised themselves, their supporters and certainly their opponents in beating the powerful Old Belvedere side on Saturday. Few had given them much of a chance in this match, especially after Aubrey's Bourke's injury and the mid-week caning they took from Queen's.

Playing into a biting cold wind, with their captain on his back, Trinity did very well to be only 6-3 down at half-time. Read having kicked a neat penalty. Belvedere had plenty of scoring chances in the first half, but poor passing and resolute Trinity tackling kept them out. With the wind in their favour one felt that Trinity were always in with a chance, especially after they'd got really warmed up in what the "Times" would have called "a series of heated forward exchanges." Read used the wind well, driving Belvedere back with a succession of long kicks, but it was a bad mistake that finally presented Sheridan with a gift try. There was also a stroke of luck about our second try when the ball bounced back off the post and Buchanan crashed over to win the touchdown. A little fortunate, yes—but with a Read kick hitting the cross-bar and

HOCKEY

Leaders Held

Monkstown, 0; Trinity, 0

Giving a performance that would have pleased even T.C.D.'s armchair hockey critic, Norrie Boultong, Trinity, reduced to ten men after twenty minutes, drew with championship contenders Monkstown. For the second time in successive weeks the University side fought back after being unlucky early on. Indeed in the first quarter it was all Trinity and the forwards created more chances in this period than they have done for some time in whole matches.

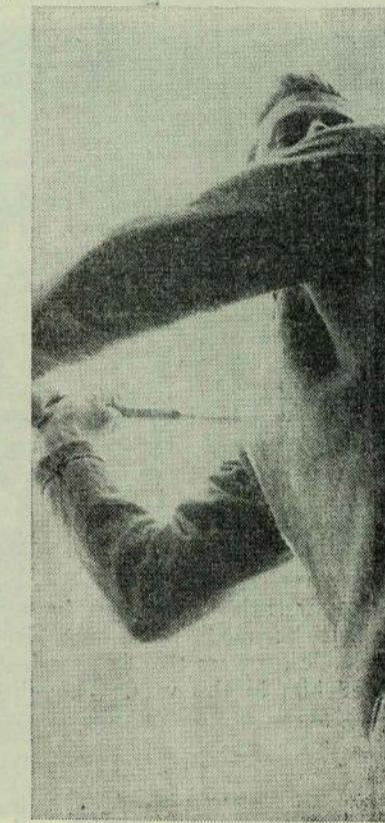
A few features of Trinity's play stood out—some good, others bad. On the credit side was Sheridan's performance. He is a rangy wing forward who reminds one of Johnny Baldwin and has improved a great deal in recent weeks. Praise also to Parker for his excellent fielding in testing conditions, to Whitaker for repeated efforts to make that outside break (!), and to Buchanan for being Buchanan. But on the debit side must go Ollie Bourke, who must be one of the slowest forwards playing to-day. Also, Read's poor marking of his opposite number who was able to break at will.

GOLF

Colours Match Preview

Next Thursday, Trinity and U.C.D. contest the Murphy Cup in the 39th Colours match, which takes place at Royal Dublin, Dollymount. Foursomes begin at 10 a.m. and singles at 2 p.m., and support on the course would be more than welcome. Wins against U.C.C. at Portmarnock by 6½ matches to 5½ last Friday, and against Carlow by 6 matches to 2 on Saturday have done much to boost the confidence of Trinity's golfers. U.C.D., as usual, have a strong and experienced team, and must start as favourites.

In Jeremy Pilch, the captain, we have a class golfer who is capable of reaching great heights. His golf in last year's West of Ireland Championship, when he put up a magnificent show against Joe Carr, is a proof of this. Hugh Mackown, one of the distinguished few triple colours in College, possesses immense length off the tee, and fighting qualities which make him a difficult man to beat. His record of nine wins and only one defeat in university matches is a fine achievement. Richard Fleury will be playing in his fifth Colours match, and his experience should be most useful in the foursomes; a little inconsistent off the tee, his short game is very sound. Alastair Bond, whose form has been up and down lately, is a capable golfer. John Gray has played for Scottish Universities, and Freshman David Bishop has a good record so far this season. It looks as if the steady Ned Stokes will fight for the last place with David Fleury and Charlie de Lacey Staunton.



Jeremy Pilch.

SPORT IN BRIEF

The Squash Club's "A" team lost their unbeaten record last week, failing by the narrowest of margins to defeat Fitzwilliam "A." Merrick and Angus both had good wins, so the team got off to a fine start. Barr and Budd also performed very creditably, but they were unable to overcome their international opponents. So it was left to Horsley, who put up a most determined effort, eventually losing only 9-10 in the fifth set to a very experienced opponent. Last week Trinity reached the final of the Gray Cup, beating Triflers 3-0, and during the weekend they entertained Sundridge Park from Kent, winning all five games. Prospects for the Gray Cup and League wins are good, and there are three more matches in the season.

* * *

The Basketball Club report their fifth successive win in their bid to carry off the title in their division of the Dublin County Basketball League. A fortnight ago they triumphed over Jacobs B.C. by 51-28, and last Friday they defeated "Old Hope" 50-30. In both these games, A. Tryfon (captain), P. Alscher and T. Lau were Trinity's main scorers. But our correspondent reports that success has come through team effort, rather than by the performances of individuals. In fact Trinity's team seems to be a United Nations, with players from as far afield as Hong Kong, Cyprus and Iraq.

* * *

The Gaels, under the captaincy of Rob Ervine-Andrews, their

place-kicker and leading points scorer, have won the Junior League of the Rugby Club for the second time running. They made sure of victory when they defeated Norsemen 19-3 last Saturday, scoring five tries in the process. A feature of the Gael's success has been their willingness to throw the ball about, and their line has only been crossed twice in six league games this season. Runners-up in the league should be Freshers "A" under Martin Lewis. They beat Pirates 5-3 last week and gave Gaels a fright earlier in the term, before the Gaels finally ran out winners.

* * *

Congratulations to Jeff. Horsley who represented Trinity in the Irish Universities' soccer team which played in England and Wales last week. The Welsh Universities were beaten 2-1 in Swansea and the English Universities were held to a 0-0 draw at Bristol. In the second game the Irish defence was described as "brilliant."

* * *

The Harriers were beaten 45-34 by Queen's in Phoenix Park last Saturday. Shillington, who trailed the Queen's star Nixon for most of the way, eventually shot ahead to win in the good time of 33 minutes 3.1 secs., after Nixon was hit by cramp in both legs. Byrne and Bryan followed up well to take 4th and 6th places respectively, but there seemed to be no one else with either the ability or the fitness to support the four runners. Our Harriers' correspondent tells us that the absence, through injury, of Kellett

Croupier

Everybody loves to see a champion, so the whole world and his wife will be at Leopoldtown on Saturday for the reappearance of N.H. King-pin Arkle. Defeat seems inconceivable, and I expect to see Arkle score yet another facile win at the expense of Persian Signal and Greek Vulgan. Half an hour later Flying Bolt will doubtless have notched a Dreaper-Taaffe double, although the presence of Air Commodore and Clusium will ensure that this is no bloodless victory. To set us off on the right foot, on what will assuredly be the best day's racing this term, "Croupier" look to French Kilt, who was a shade unlucky last time out at Navan. The top Irish hurdlers are a very moderate bunch this year, and it could be significant that Sleator has repatriated Havago to win the Scalp Hurdle. Crown Prince and Running Rock will have to put in good displays here if they're going to have any sort of a look-

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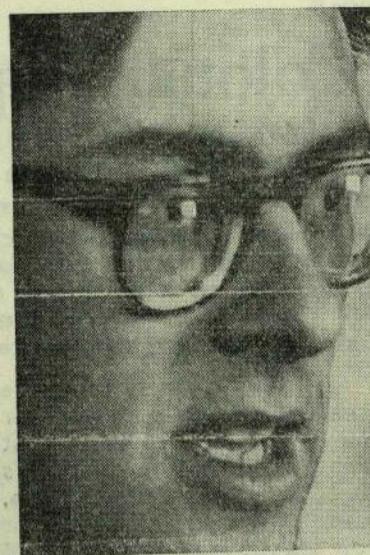
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William Young

An American historian once described the feudal system as "chaos, quite well organised." The words could well be said of William Young. Despite this (or is it because of it?), William is perhaps the most widely known "personality" in Trinity. His circle of acquaintances transcends all the University sets and most of the Dublin ones too. But beyond this superficial fame is a generous and sensitive person, which perhaps only his close friends really appreciate.

But first: his claims to be a College "name." It is not his academic prowess that has established him in this way. Though



he has a fast and able mind, he has never concentrated himself sufficiently on his work to do himself justice. Nor is it his part in the Societies. Though he has appeared at most of them at some time or other, he has never limited himself sufficiently to rise to the top of any particular one. Thus his speeches at the Hist have been sparkling, his appearance at Players polished, but he has not followed these up. Nor, finally is William a typical socialite—the Coffee Bar smoothies are not of his ilk.

No, this fame is based on his eccentric, somewhat flamboyant

personality, and his willingness to talk at length on any and every subject you dare to mention. In this city of wafflers, William Young is a waffler supreme.

This gift was apparent before he came to Trinity. At Fettes he excelled at the convincing the dour Scots that the Irish were quite mad. But when he came here he found a place which truly appreciated his verbal dexterity. It is rumoured that he was coached by the J.D. Be that as it may, it is this ability that has opened the door to all types of society.

But his very sociability gives a clue to his inner personality, for not only is William universally known, he is universally liked. Behind the ecclesiastical manner hides a practising Christian, highly tolerant of other people's weaknesses. The rather intense approach in conversation conceals a warm understanding of other people's problems. If he is unreliable in small matters, he displays a loyalty to his friends rare in this University.

When William Young's tall, gangling figure, with shock of curly hair, open polo-necked sweater, and hob-nailed shoes, is no longer seen striding across Front Square, Trinity will be a poorer, as well as a duller, place.

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review

"LAND O HEART'S DESIRE"

Yeats can no longer fill the Abbey. I expected to have difficulty in getting a seat, but in fact the theatre was scarcely half full. Has "Yeats and the Abbey" become such a cliché that the Dublin audience no longer wants the plays, or is the poetry too much for a mid-20th century audience?

"Land of Heart's Desire," however, would not encourage even the most ardent theatre-goer. The production is inconsistent. Some excellent effects are marred by bad acting and poor appreciation of the poetic qualities demanded by a Yeats' play. Mary O'Neill, in the part of Mary Bruin, brings out the tension of the play's central theme — the conflict of unimaginative good and seductive evil—but the production in general is average, and not worthy of the Abbey Theatre.

* * *

The main interest of the evening was the play "Cathleen Ni Houlihan." Written in 1902 when Nationalist feeling was strongest in Yeats, it is the epitome of the thought of that

(The Abbey)

time on the subject of Nationalism. People had referred allegorically to Ireland as an old woman, but no one had ventured more than a poem or ballad on the subject. The Old Woman is excellently acted by Branda Wilde; her conversion of Michael Gillane (Donal McCanna), who represents the youth of Ireland, is very credible. It is easy to imagine the effect which her high-pitched cry,

"There shall be speaking for ever,
The people shall hear them for
ever,"

had on the youth of Ireland when the play was first produced in 1902. Peter Gillane (Michael O'Brien) is good as the stoutly realistic and rather stupid peasant, also typical of that age. The peasants understood little of what was happening at the time, as is shown when he says of the Old Woman, "She doesn't know what she's talking about."

There is a good set, and the producer, Thomas MacAnna, has done a good job; the play is shorter, better and easier than "Land of Heart's Desire."

M. J. B.

Central Copying Service

Next Term

Next term a central copying service is to be installed in College. There are several duplicating and copying machines in College at present in various stages of disrepair. The Economics department, the Engineering School, the School of Natural Sciences and other staff bodies all do their own duplicating on their own equipment. With the advent of the central copying service, obsolete and unreliable

equipment will be scrapped and all schools and staff members can have their duplicating done on the most modern and efficient equipment. The central copying service will also do a copying service for students similar to that operated by the S.R.C., at a cost, of course.

As well as the standard duplicators, the new department will operate Xerox and similar photographic copying processes, at present unobtainable in College.

Conchordas

In November, 1963, a few members of Trinity met in No. 4 to discuss the possibility of running a work camp in Ireland. In November, 1964, there was a meeting of eight people who had participated in a work camp in Donegal, to discuss the possibility of running four work camps in Ireland in the summer of 1965. Conchordas has since been established as a work camp committee in Ireland, under the auspices of U.S.I. Its aims are traditional to those of France's Concordia—to help the underdeveloped areas of the country, to establish an understanding between the people of town and country, and to bring students of different nationalities together.

The experiment in Glencolumbkille, County Donegal, was an overwhelming success. Twenty-eight students from America, France, Holland, Sweden, Denmark, Germany and Ireland stayed in the village for three weeks and during that time laid main water pipes for fourteen households along 1½ miles of main road and up one side of the valley. Besides this practical help they also enjoyed several evenings with the people of the village, sharing the benefits of the barrels of stout which Guinness sent up to help the camp. The students were so popular in Glencolumbkille that the villagers have asked for another work camp to be held up there this year. There are similar plans under way for camps in Co. Mayo and on the Shannon.

It is hoped that Conchordas will be able to run a course for potential camp leaders during the spring vacation and send some of them to Paris to assist a Concordia camp. If anyone is at all interested in becoming a camp leader, participating in or helping to organise a work camp, they should get in touch with: Conchordas, U.S.I., 43 Dame St., Dublin 2, where they will be very welcome.

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Trocadero Restaurant
3-4 ST. ANDREW ST.,
Open daily till 1 a.m.
Sundays, 5.30 p.m. till
midnight

Spare Part(s)

Mr. Halsey Raines, with Hallon Film Productions, is staying at the Montrose Hotel, Donnybrook, whence he looks in vain for young lovelies of Western or Oriental extraction to be extras in the film "The Face of Fu Manchu," which will be made on location here early next month, with Christopher Lee and James Robertson Justice. This chance, not Tom Chance, of immortalisation and money in films must not be missed, so please contact him at his hotel as soon as possible.

PERSONAL

THE VOLUNTARY SOCIAL WORK SOCIETY is holding its A.G.M. on Monday, 1st March, at 5.15 p.m. in West Chapel "A." All social workers are requested to come along to elect a new committee.

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CATHOLICS.—Help is needed from social workers. Legion of Mary meets 45 Lower Mount Street, Wednesdays, 7.15 p.m.

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JOURNEY through Europe this Easter. Visit Amsterdam and Munich, and return from Paris. March 14th until April 6th. For as little as £13-15-0. Full details, U.S.I. Travel Dept., 43 Dame St.

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WANTED Flats to sub-let for Easter vacation. Please contact P. Warwick, No. 6, T.C.D.

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TO-NIGHT, Student Dance. Greenbeats. Four Provinces. Tickets, 5/-, Front Gate.

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THE FEDERALS, one of Ulster's leading young Showbands, now available for Dublin bookings. Recent dates include top Northern ballrooms, Magee College "rag" dance, etc. Special terms to College societies, private dances. Contact Manager, 332 Holywood Road, Belfast 4.

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D.U. MOD. LANG. SOCIETY, Friday, 26th February, 8 p.m., Regent House, George Dupont will read a paper entitled "La Double Disposition Bon-delaireenne." Speakers: Dr. Thacker, Malcolm Stuart, and Derek Mahon who will read some of his translations of Baudelaire's poems.

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WHY NOT Take an Easter Vacation Abroad? Student Flights: 14th March, Dublin - Amsterdam, £7-10-0 single; Dublin-Munich, £9-19-0 single. 6th and 27th April, Dublin-Paris-Dublin, £6-5-0 and £7-15-0 single. Full details: U.S.I. Travel, 4 Dame St.

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Giornali

Journaux

Zeitung

from

EASON'S
O'CONNELL STREET

UNIVERSITY PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

MR. BERNARD DEAN will read his paper entitled "DYLAN THOMAS"

On THURSDAY, 25th FEB.

At 8.15 p.m. in G.M.B.

Tea, 7.45