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TRINITY NEWS

A Dublin University Weekly

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 2nd, 1961

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The Agent's Herculean Struggle

WOODWORM AND DRY ROT

A Pyrrhic Victory?

THE Agent must, surely, be one of the most consistently slandered and at the same time, one of the most commendable servants of this University. He must also get through work enough to fell the average ox. A press report recently issued by Trinity's Public Works department reveals a scope of activity of which most undergraduates have not the slightest notion. The idea of the Agent as a kind of irrelevant and Machiavellian Robin Hood in reverse is one which most of us cherish, and which we will be sorry to lose. But go it must. The agent emerges from this report as a kind of amalgam of Napoleon Bonaparte and Hercules. The Machiavellian overtones are still there; it would take a lot to remove them at one blow from the consciousness of most of us. But surely, it must now become tempered with the benevolence we all feel for the overworked.

The comparison with Hercules is not as exuberantly daft as perhaps it might sound. His particular Augean stables might not at first seem as messy as all that. But things are not what they seem. It has recently become apparent that this hallowed pile is riddled from top to bottom with the arch-enemy, dry rot. After completion of the restoration of the exam. hall in 1960, emphasis on restoration work was, accordingly, switched to the college roofs in particular. There are at least five known outbreaks, in No. 6, the Chapel roof, the north range of Botany Bay, and the cellars of No. 1 and No. 10.

PROGRESS.

A survey has recently been carried out by two architects, and an assessment of the full range of the trouble is expected soon. "It is essential," says the agent's report "that we step up the rate of progress of restoration work—the dry rot is probably travelling faster than we are at the moment." But progress is being made. In Regent House, all the infected timbers have been removed and replaced with steel and concrete. The re-roofing is almost complete and the ceiling is being restored. In Botany Bay, the dry rot problem has delayed the modernisation programme by at least a month. The trouble was found in the roof

trusses, and in bond timbers buried in the walls of the top floor. And as if this were not bad enough, there were severe woodworm attacks in many floors. In spite of all this, all rooms are now complete except for the top floor rooms in numbers 12, 13 and 14. The staircases cannot be completed until the builders are out of the top floor. No. 12 was scheduled for completion at the beginning of term, No. 13 should be ready by about mid-November, and No. 14 a week or so later. The top floor rooms are being distempered rather than wall papered, because the fungicidal fluid used to combat the dry rot is likely to exude from the walls for some time.

VAST SPORTS EXPENDITURE

GYMNASIUM.

"It is unfortunate," goes on the report, "that work could not have begun sooner, so that it could be finished in the Long Vacation. The delay in starting was due to uncertainty as to how much cash could be made available, and the necessity for a wise decision on how it should be spent since there was clearly not going to be enough to do everything that is needed."

The Trinity Trust has contributed a sum of £3,500 to pay for the new gallery over the squash courts, providing facilities for table tennis and fencing. College has matched this sum spread over last year and this. Last year's work on the roof, etc., left about £900 to be spent this year. The

present project, which consists, in addition to the new gallery, of extending and improving the changing rooms, providing an attendants room and pantry, and installing a new maple floor in the main Gymnasium, will cost about £5,800, the balance being found from D.U.C.A.C. funds.

When all this work is done, the work remaining for the future will consist of replastering and decorating the walls, putting in a new ceiling and re-pointing the exterior.

SAILING CLUB STORE

The old wooden stables beside Botany have been demolished and a new concrete building is now going up to provide the Sailing



The Changing Face of Dublin—The head office of the E.S.B., who are planning to demolish their fine range of Georgian offices and rebuild in the modern idiom.

Butler Attacks "Illegal" Religious Discrimination

SUPPORT FROM N.U.I.

At the meeting of the council of the Union of Students in Ireland in July, David Butler, President of the Trinity S.R.C., proposed a motion attacking what he called the 'illegal' attitude of many local education authorities who refuse to give Catholics a grant to go to Trinity, but are perfectly willing to do so if the proposed University is one of the colleges of the National University of Ireland. The resolution was passed with no opposition, only University College, Cork, abstaining. The text of his speech (which was reported in the 'Observer' by a member of the staff of 'Trinity News') was as follows:—

"The Irish Universities Act of 1908 (Section 10, subsection 2) allowed local authorities to award scholarships to students ordinarily resident in their areas" to any University in Ireland... provided that in no case shall any grant under this section be subject to or conditional upon any religious qualification, or be devoted to any religious purpose; and subsequent legislation by the Oireachtas on this subject (the Local Authorities Education Scholarships Act, 1944,

and the Local Government Act, 1955) has specifically left this provision unaltered.

"It is at present the practice of certain local authorities—including the Corporation of Dublin—to insist that holders of scholarships awarded by them be held at one of the Colleges of the National University of Ireland, and not at Dublin University.

"It has been claimed that this is not a religious qualification, but a measure designed to ensure that

holders of county scholarships reach a certain standard in the Irish language. This cannot be so, as students at the National University are only required to matriculate in Irish; and any county council that so desired could easily require of Trinity a certificate proving that a student proposing to hold a scholarship awarded by that council there had matriculated in Irish.

"Furthermore, some councils express their willingness to allow their non-Catholic scholars to go to Trinity, yet, insist that those who are Catholics go to the National University—which is quite clearly a religious qualification, and therefore illegal; and no doubt all students here will resent the implication that the N.U.I. is more suitable for Catholics than for non-Catholics.

"That many students in Ireland find it impossible in conscience to enter Trinity is a circumstance that my delegation deeply regrets, and that it believes to be the result of a series of misconceptions about the state of affairs prevailing at our College; but that is not the point here. We believe that the action of the local authorities concerned is illegal (and that in Roman Canon Law it is uncanonical—for only the Ordinary of the Diocese in which the suspect college lies may decide whether or not a particular person may study there); but above all we have put this motion forward for your support because we believe that every principle of student freedom requires that the student alone must decide—in the light of whatever advice or guidance he may himself see fit to accept—at what place of learning he will pursue his studies.

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Club with a store and workshop. The cost is about £750 and will be paid for by D.U.C.A.C.

BOAT CLUB.

A hot water system and new showers are being installed in the Boat Club and alterations made to the men's changing rooms. In addition, a ladies' cloakroom is being built. The work will cost about £1,500, and is being paid for by D.U.C.A.C."

TEMPORARY READING ROOM.

A prefabricated wooden building has been put up in the fellows garden, and seats about a hundred readers. The cost of this project will be about £5,200, which seems, perhaps, like a pretty expensive drop in the ocean; but let us be

thankful for small mercies.

The agent's other activities include the conversion of the little-used north end of the bath house into a men's wash place and lavatory and a small women's changing room, with showers, for tennis purposes.

Around the same area, the new boiler house is nearing completion. As soon as it is ready, the old boiler house will be demolished, and then work can start on the new kitchens, expansion of the common room lunch room, and the new dining hall above the existing kitchen. The whole project, including the installation of a third buffet counter, is scheduled to be completed by April, 1963, and will cost between eighty to ninety thousand pounds.

TRINITY NEWS

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CELTIC TWILIGHT

The importance of David Butler's motion, at the July conference of the U.S.I., attacking the practice of local education authorities in this country of refusing to award grants to Catholic students wishing to come to Trinity lies not so much in itself as in the support it received from the representatives of the National University of Ireland. Only Cork abstained, and none opposed. Indeed, it was whispered that the Galway delegate supported the Trinity motion with such fervour that, at his own request, parts of his speech were removed from the official transcript. The inference from all this is clear. So far as the younger generation is concerned at any rate, many of the old religious and political barriers which once appeared indelibly consecrated in blood are not only losing their aura of sanctity, but appear to many to be unjust and even slightly comic. It is one of the merits of the Constitution of this republic that the Protestant minority is, if anything, over-represented in the Oireachtas. We have a Protestant Cabinet Minister; the reverse situation north of the border would be inconceivable.

But none of this springs from a genuine feeling and respect, between Protestant and Catholic, for the merits and glories of the other's traditions and achievements. What is glibly called the "Anglo-Irish" tradition has been responsible for an appalling catalogue of exploitation and suffering. But it has also produced much that is best in our national life, much that has strengthened and broadened almost every conceivable aspect of the country's political, economic, and cultural structure. The attitude of those who seek to eradicate it from Ireland's future is inately stupid as the attitude of the Anglo-Irish reactionary in the Kildare Street club, fulminating about the government as a pack of 'damn rebels' (A figure everyone has heard of but whom few have really met).

Rules on paper mean nothing. If Ireland is to have a bright and noble future it must be one based on a real understanding between all the country's religious and political subdivisions. The view that Ireland has only a place for the Gaelic tradition is a very nasty idea indeed, and has a strong tinge of Herrenvolk about it. The country's Constitution is capable of fostering such an understanding. But until every written piece of legislation, in University or State, in School or in Political party, which discriminates for or against a man because of his religion has been removed, the future will remain as it has been ever since this country's independence, beckoning but unattainable. The authorities of this college have a small part of the solution in their hands. Trinity's constitution states that we are a specifically Protestant foundation. In the present context, this is not only a ridiculous anomaly (30 per cent. of Trinity undergraduates are Catholics) but a positive stumbling block in the way of progress. This clause should be removed, with the maximum of both noise and speed.

The Universities' Changing Role—1

In this article, the first of two, Godfrey Fitzsimons examines the social and intellectual implications of the changing pattern of the University structure of the British Isles.

OXBRIDGE Vs. REDBRICK

WHETHER we, like Sir Charles Snow, regard the dichotomous process between science and the arts as the growing apart of two separate cultures; or whether we consider the two as divergent aspects of a common culture (in accordance with the later school of thought), the fact remains that the source of this regrettable trend in our national intellectual life is to be found in the present British university system.

The juxtaposition, none too happy, of Oxbridge and Redbrick, as the slogan-factors have named them, is the direct result of a sociological phenomenon, stretching over four or five centuries, which it might be instructive to trace briefly.

From the foundation of the earliest universities right at the beginning of the Middle Ages, with their strong religious bent, up to and including the mushroom growth in institutes of higher learning at the time of the Renaissance, the purpose of the university was frankly vocational. The mediaeval mind, emerging from the Dark Ages, was comparatively shallow and concerned with practical matters, such as preservation of health and legal administration. Even the few intellectuals who existed at the time turned their gifts to utilitarian purposes. One thinks, for instance, of da Vinci.

Through the centuries, however, the role of the university altered. With the increase in learning aided by the ever-widening dissemination of books, the national mind deepened. Social changes, especially the Industrial Revolution, meant easier living circumstances, and the urgency for the student of earning his living diminished. There was a general tendency towards "the things of the mind," culminating in the nineteenth century ideal of university education, exemplified in Cambridge and Oxford — the cult of intellectual quality.

This latter, the "Oxbridge" educational concept, has persisted, albeit, in a slightly altered form, to the present day, but is no longer the model for other universities it may have been in the previous century. It now finds itself on the defensive, fiercely guarding what Mr. Kingsley Ames has called "academic values." Not only does it reject the present debased function of many of the Redbricks, i.e., "careerism," the mere equipping of the student for a career — it also decries the original and purer function of the provincial universities, viz., the pursuit of research even for its own sake, for the advancement of knowledge in a particular field. The object of intellectual application is of little or no importance. What does matter, state the proponents of "Oxbridge," is that the mind should be exercised, solely for the intrinsic value of such exercise. The result is an intellectual independence which is, they contend, an invaluable contribution to a democratic society. This approach, combined with the cultivation of the social graces in nineteenth-century Cambridge and Oxford, was a fairly useful preparation for the administrative type of position

open to the graduate at that time in colonialist Britain; but it has little relevance as a complete form of education in itself to-day. Yet we must not condemn it utterly as having no contribution whatsoever to make to the modern university training. The main fault of such an approach is its disregard of the fact that the human being is at heart a purposive animal, needing a goal in view more concrete than intellectual self-sufficiency, as an incentive to effort, be it physical or mental.

The rise of the provincial universities is, as Sir Eric Ashby has pointed out, closely allied with the Scientific Revolution, beginning in France in the 17th and 18th centuries, crossing the Rhine to Germany and spreading from there to Britain. Hence, the British "Redbricks" are modelled on their German predecessors, set up with the sole purpose of furthering research in all fields of intellectual endeavour, not only scientific. This is the empirical idea of "Wissenschaft," or objective disinterested enquiry, as opposed to "Bildung," or all-round cultural and intellectual development. Education in the sense of the imparting of existing knowledge to student, is of little importance in these universities. The stress is on the teaching of the technique of research, so that each student may make his personal contribution to the range of knowledge in his particular field of study. This method, although admirable in itself, in that it provides intellectual discipline, is also but one aspect of what the true university should be. It is, moreover, being adulterated in two ways. Firstly, the fact that scientific discoveries are often (indeed, generally) useful for practical purposes seduces the scientist from study of it merely for application to material ends, and its significance as an intellectual exercise lapses. This retrograde step is found almost exclusively in the scientific subjects! but the careerism mentioned above, which is a second, and more pernicious misuse of "Wissenschaft," is found in both Arts and Science faculties. Here the student devotes himself exclusively to study of the subjects that will pertain to his subsequent occupation, and emerges as a mere "expert" in a limited field.

Clearly, the type of educational training offered by the British universities, as they have for the past one hundred years, is either regrettably narrow in outlook or simply an anachronism. What was required was a complete "re-think" in the approach, and, happily, such a revolutionary step has been, and is still being taken.

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Books

NOBLE FORMS OF LANGUAGE

Later Poems, by Austin Clarke. (The Dolmen Press, 18/6).

THIS is a useful volume, for it provides a comprehensive view of Clarke's best work. His earlier poems were mostly of considerable length and not outstanding for their readability. In a collected edition of his verse they would probably be appended, like Yeats' long poems, in a 'Narrative and Dramatic' section at the end of the book, and attention would fall naturally on his later and shorter pieces, the bulk of which date from the mid-thirties. Clarke has recently received a great deal of praise from English reviewers, who nevertheless regret the strictly regional idiom and appeal of his work.

Indeed, to anyone who is not an Irish Catholic with a substantial knowledge of Church history, Clarke's appeal must consist to a high degree in what is most obviously characteristic of him — his completely original adaption of Irish metrics to the English language and the strangely elusive effect they produce. The arrangement of his rhymes is sometimes too ingenious, and can result in a dangerous jingle—
A bronze bird fabled out of trees,
Mailing the spearheads of the railings,
Sparrow at nails, I hailed the skies
To save the tiny dropper—

But by and large he resists this temptation and his use of Irish rhyme schemes offers a refreshing alternative to the more usual end-



rhymed iambic line. Although this seems to be simply a variation, his method is based on quite a different system—
Men that had seen her
Drank deep and were silent,
The women were speaking
Wherever she went.

He has a lively sense of the wry and a highly critical intelligence that save much of his poetry from mere ritualism and tapestry. The Church, celibacy, dissent and other matters of purely local importance are handled in a completely modern way that is barely visible through the long procession of Mediaeval images—
The dragons of the Gospel
Are cast by bell and crook;

But fiery as the frost
Or bladed light, she drew
The reeds back when I fought...
Despite and because of his dragons, wine-ships, drumming Spaniards and wandering scholars, it is twentieth century Ireland that he is writing about, and indeed he acquires a new realism as the book progresses—
Horse-eating helps this ill-fare state
To Sunday plate, has the same sauce.
The worst abroad is now our best.
Social unrest can bed in Britain.
The 'Too Great a Vine' and 'Horse-Eaters' volumes (1957 and 1960 respectively) become explicitly satirical and contemporary in reference. The two chords he strikes most often here are — in 'Wolfe Tone'—
We cannot blow his statue up—
and—in 'St. Christopher'—
Fabulist, can an ill state
Like ours, carry so great
A Church upon its back?
That is to say, we must, like the poet himself, forget the past and adopt a more realistic policy. From the lyric Clarke has progressed, slowly but surely, to the satiric, but a further progression to the epic might be a retrograde step. 'The Hippophagi,' the last poem in the book, reveals him as a sort of Irish Dryden, a self-appointed versifier of contemporary history, and is notable for its form — eighteen twelve-line verses, the last foot of one line rhyming more or less consistently at the caesura of the next, and the verse resolving itself in a couplet

often remarkable for an ingeniousness that amounts to sheer brass neck—
Loaders at the North Wall
Hurrah for the Hippophagi.
Tots echo: 'Let's hip off a gee.'
Johnson foamed at something like—
Since boys were skirring with elastic
And space is sending round a last tick.
We have come a long way from the statuesque solemnity of 'Pilgrimage'—
The noble forms of language—
Brighter than green or blue enamels
Burned in white bronze — embodied
The wings and fiery animals
Which veil the chair of God'—
and if much has been lost, at least a little has been gained.
Without a doubt Austin Clarke is the finest entirely Irish poet Ireland has yet produced, but he will have to wait a long time for general recognition. No matter—he has already waited forty years and he has learnt patience.—
D. Mahon.

Films

Christ in the Barn

—Metropole

"Whistle Down The Wind" is a British film about North-country children who think that the murderer on the run whom they find in their barn is Jesus Christ. At last British pictures are responding to the wilderness of Britain that lies outside London. It happened in "Sons and Lovers", and Bryan Forbes, who directed "Whistle Down the Wind," has done it before. The lonely hills and their hollows are really used from the completely dramatic opening scene where the children rescue kittens from drowning. The village street, the atmosphere of Sunday morning, the way from the house to the barn are intimately felt. The children are handled with the same fidelity. To read to them sentimentally would be to insult the film. Hayley Mills, as the eldest girl, is the central figure, the leader, conscious of living in another world from the grown ups, giving her love generously and instinctively to the inarticulate, commonplace, yet strange "Christ." The picture is almost stolen by the young brother, "our Charles," unholy, masculine, sturdy, calling his sisters "rotten cows" — the rude, laconic quality of children talking to one another is perfect throughout. Charles addresses the murderer with sure recognition as "gentle Jesus." When Jesus lets his kitten die he throws stones into the water in bitter silence and the crux of the film is not the false Peter-denying-Christ sequence, nor achieved by melodramatic cutting — but when the magic dissolves and the little boy says, ordinarily, losing something, "He's just a fella."

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THE TELEVISION ELECTION

TELEVISION AND THE POLITICAL IMAGE. Trenaman and McQuail. (Methuen, 30s.)

By Anthony Wedgwood Benn



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Everyone hailed the 1959 General Election in Britain as the first real 'TV. Election.' The air waves were full of politics night after night. All parties had their own broadcasts to prepare and deliver. The B.B.C. ran its 'Hustings' debates and Granada TV. its 'Talkathon' for all the candidates of all parties in its area. The ban on radio and TV. news coverage was lifted—so that everyone with a TV. could really keep up with what was going on.

What effect did all this have on the campaign? No one could quite tell. Some organisers were afraid it would favour the freak candidates with a cheap appeal. But until the publication of this book we have had no attempt at an authoritative answer.

Mr. Trenaman and Mr. McQuail have done a most thorough piece of basic research work on the campaign. With tremendous care they have analysed—in detail—the views of representative samples from two different constituencies. Here you will get to as near the truth as possible about the motives and reactions of real voters. It is worth checking it against the sort of hunches and gossip you so often hear in committee rooms. For my part I prefer to believe the social scientist.

Trenaman and McQuail identify the 'Radical type' appeal of the Labour Party and contrast it with the 'Traditional type' appeal of the Conservatives. They find a remarkable stability of political loyalties and a preference for fair argument by party spokesmen rather than extreme partisanship. The Radio and TV. audiences ran at 70 per cent., as compared with only 10 per cent. who went to meetings, and broadcasting was therefore the main medium for conveying information to the electorate during the campaign.

Rather surprisingly the authors deny that there was any sizeable swing during the election period and they do not think that TV. played a significant part in influencing the voters. They are forced back to the conclusion that intelligent voters must have exercised independent judgments on the issues and that 'The elector is looking for coherent and convincing policy for Government.'

This conclusion is printed as if it were a great new discovery that damns all the TV. and Radio programmes. But does it? The conclusions they reached after months of research was the first basic principle on which we in the British Labour Party built our programmes. It is a great pity that Trenaman and McQuail never bothered to make adequate inquiries into the preparation of our television and radio broadcasts and interviews.

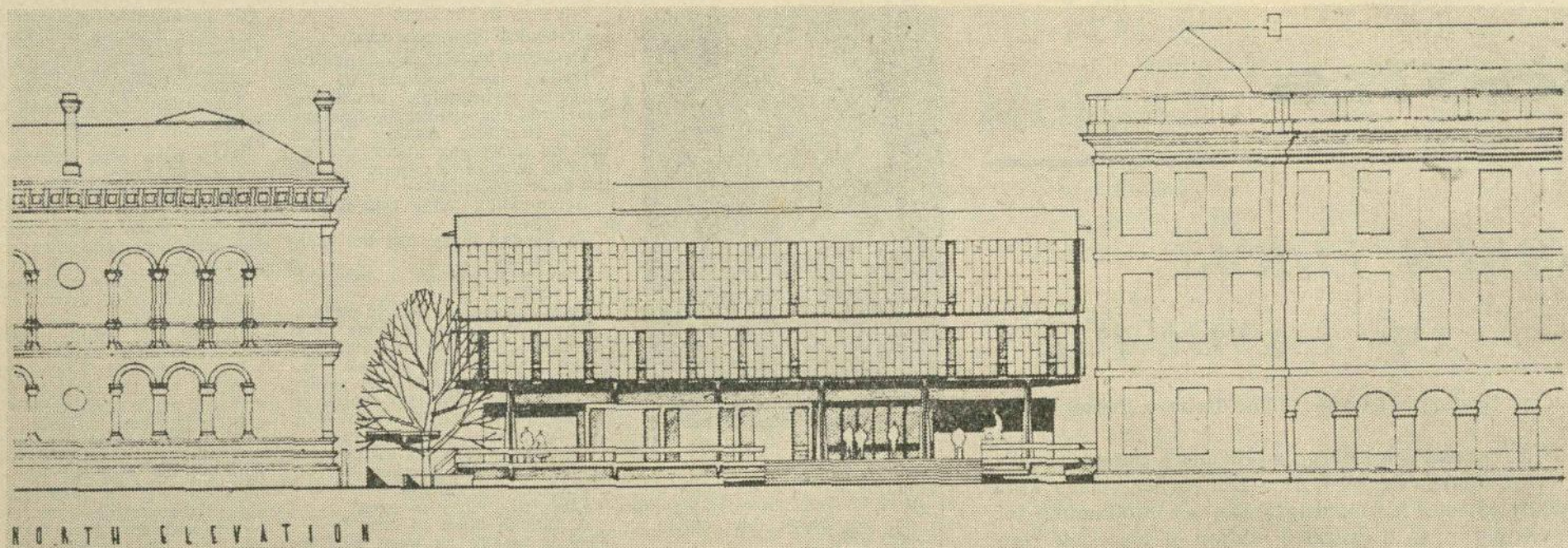
To say this is not to be complacent about our TV. techniques. The format for Britain Belongs to You was designed to give us a standard programme framework into which we could fit whatever we wanted to say (or show) at very short notice. And we were doing that all through the campaign.

By using professionals to carry the announcements, interviewing and statistics we hoped to create the conditions under which the leaders could be themselves quite naturally and unworried by technical problems. Next time we shall be better still, but our aim must remain the same; to put over to the electors what sort of people we are and what we stand for, in a simple and honest way.

I hope that we all make better use of television in the next election. There should certainly be some programmes bringing together the Prime Minister and the Leader of the Opposition, as in the Kennedy-Nixon debates in the recent American election. And there ought to be press conferences every night at which all the leaders could be grilled on the issues of the campaign.

But perhaps the most important conclusion of all in this book is the statement that elections are won or lost long before the actual campaign begins. The next election is being won or lost right now. For me this is the most powerful case ever for the televising of Parliament. Not all the time, of course, but enough of it to keep people informed about the great political issues which come before us without the gimmicks so often associated with politics on TV.

If we want to beat the menace of more and more expensive advertising by pressure groups we need to show people what is really going on. If Parliament is to live it must remain the main forum of the nation and be seen as such—on television.

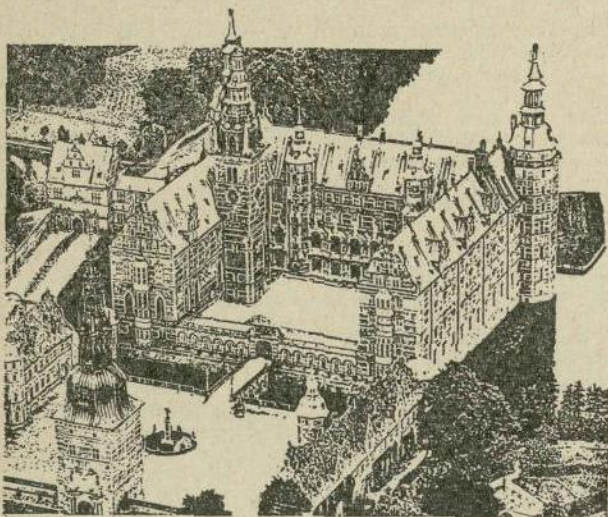


Above: Mr. Koralek's design for the new Library Extension.

Below: The working model.

BUILDING for a NEW WORLD

by Paul Koralek



Frederiksborg Castle, Denmark

The Carlsberg Breweries and History

When Frederiksborg Castle was seriously damaged by fire in 1859, the founder of the Carlsberg Breweries, J. C. Jacobsen, made its rebuilding possible. Today it houses the magnificent Museum of Danish National History, maintained and continuously supplemented by the Carlsberg Fund.

Carlsberg

THE GLORIOUS
LAGER OF COPENHAGEN



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TO explain one's aims and objectives in designing a particular building is, in fact, to explain one's aims as an architect. Fundamentally the problem is always the same and only the specific application differs — different aspects are emphasised.

The problem in designing the Trinity Library was formulated 'to design a building that will represent the 20th century as worthily as the old Library represents the 18th.' This on the face of it sounds an excellent ideal and yet just what does it mean? Of course every building is a reflection of its time—and of the conditions and circumstances in which it was produced. This would in a way be as true of a neo-Georgian building as of a so-called 'modern' one. Either would be a manifestation of the ideals and beliefs of its architect. The very fact that both are conceivable to-day is an indication of the absence of any sort of unity or common understanding that seems to be the particular characteristic of the 20th century.

Outdated conflict

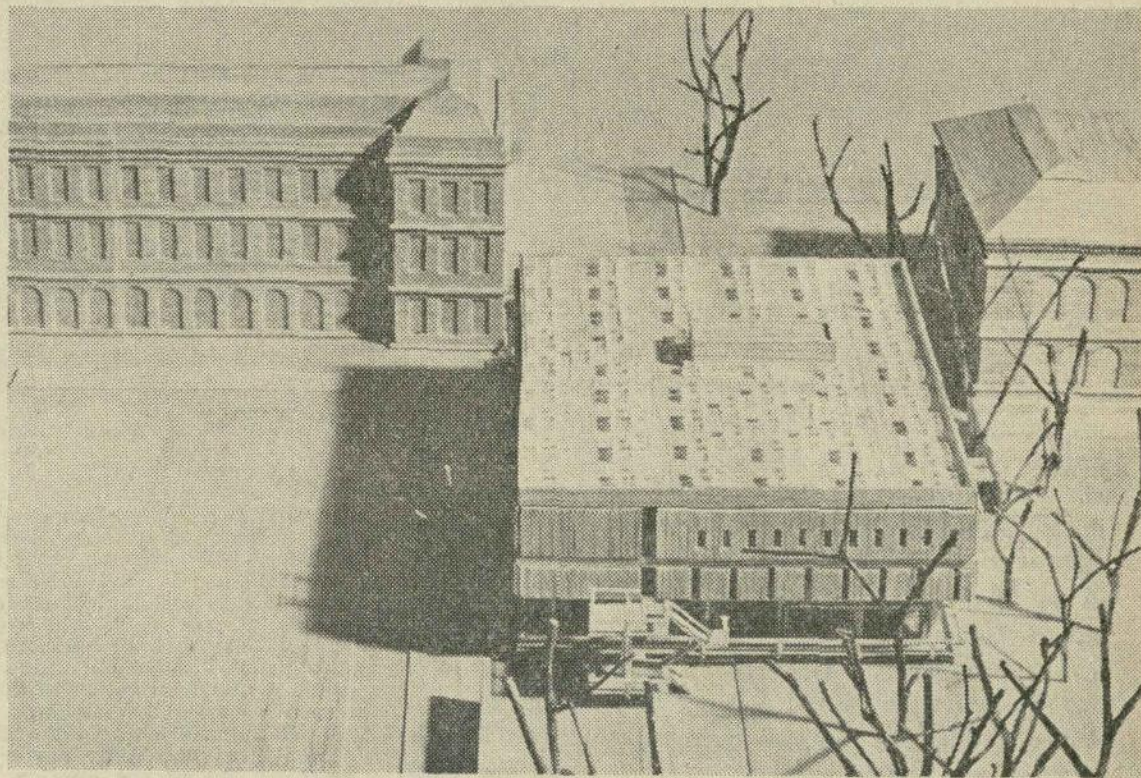
ON the whole this controversy between 'traditional' and 'modern' architecture is out of date. Most people would, I think, agree that merely to imitate a style is not only an admission of

a total bankruptcy of ideas but an acceptance of its inevitability. I think that this question is a very dangerous red herring—it distracts attention from the real question which is what, if one rejects imitation of style, to put in its place. In the past 'styles' have arisen out of a consistency both of aim and of method. To-day these are both conspicuously lacking. Modern technology has put an unlimited number of methods at the disposal of the architect, and probably as a result of this, the question of aim is often forgotten altogether. The discovery of new methods of construction and the resulting excitement has, I think, often resulted in a confusion of the means with the end. In an age of such technological advances, one of course wants to make use of all available methods and techniques, and in fact it is only commonsense to do so. In this sense, of course, the building must represent the 20th century. But when it comes to aims—what aims would be representative of the 20th century? Technology can only be valid as a means to an end and the real question is what end? Up to a point the answer to this is obvious. Of course an architect's job is to provide useful buildings that serve their purpose efficiently, keep out the weather and so on. But to limit it to this would be to ignore nine-tenths of human nature and in any case is impossible. I think that we are influenced by our environment in more ways than we realise. As soon as we build four walls and put a roof over them we are creating an environment, an "atmosphere," call it what we will, and here we are faced with the question of what we want—and how to get it. It is here that the chaos of our time shows itself and the architect is left groping in the dark with only his own feelings and instinct to rely on.

A lost art

IN many buildings of the past certainly the best of them, we feel a certain quality which is lacking in almost all 'modern' buildings. I believe that this quality was the result of a living tradition which we no longer have. It is no use pretending that we do. There is no 20th century tradition in the sense that there was a mediaeval tradition, and in this sense I think that architecture is a lost art — or science — or both. And so we are thrown upon our own resources. The question of 'style' does not arise at all. A style is a result. So we forget style and try to build honestly and without pretence. To a certain extent we can list the qualities that we think a building should have. A library, for instance, should have a solid, quiet and enclosed character, somehow weighty without being forbidding; it should be conducive to study and concentration, and so on. The most important qualities, I think, are the most difficult to define, and it is these that will give the building its life.

The watchword of 'modern' architecture or 'functionalism' has been that 'form follows function.' This is true but it is a half truth. Of course the form of a building will depend on its function, but it is equally true to say that 'function follows form.' The form of a building will inevitably influence the life within the building and how that building is used. It is here, I think, that the greatest challenge and responsibility of the architect lies, and where his values and understanding and his imagination will determine the character and quality of a building, what it represents and, in fact, what that building truly is.



Have you seen this week's New Statesman?

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Profile:

SURPRISE is not the most obvious ingredient of the Reading Room's atmosphere. And it is very easy to avoid looking for it. Edna Broderick works hard and is constantly surprised—this surely is the secret of her outstanding academic success. She is emotionally involved in literature, and intuition strongly colours her intellect; knowledge is not an end in itself but a signpost directing her talents and enthusiasms. Literature for her lives outside the Reading Room and beyond the course. It is not exclusive, but something to live by and live with.

Edna was educated at Glengara Park School and Alexandra College, where she was Head Prefect. (This fact, she claims, "is not significant.") As the First Entrance Scholar she came to Trinity in 1958 to study Ancient and Modern Literature. Her performances in the examination hall have been consistently brilliant, but she is never complacent and never satisfied, dismissing her talents as "a knack" or "an ability to synchronise."

In 1960 she won a non-foundation scholarship with a very high mark. Always eager to avoid specialisation, she plays games keenly—at school hockey, lacrosse and tennis; in College mainly hockey. Last year she captained the 1st XI. Happiest in the open air she likes running and movement, and is intrigued by the changing patterns of a game. If a trifle slow off the mark, she is nevertheless proud of her good eye! Edna enjoyed working on the staff of "Trinity News," but became rather nerve-racked and anxious during her own editorship last term. Dreading deadlines, she managed after much panic and worry to produce six excellent issues. This term a sub-editorship of "Icarus" should prove more leisurely. She also takes her share of the duller offices, and became Record Secretary of the S.R.C. "just to oblige."

Shy and reserved, Edna prefers knowing people to meeting them. Her deep sensitivity reaches inwards, and she smiles unsurely. But, more compulsive and diffuse than the quiet exterior might at first suggest, she can be too optimistic in friendship, and too pessimistic in her own affairs—few people are so nervous before examinations. "The ability to synchronise" and a quick brain are the working parts of her sense of humour which is usually ironic, sometimes satirical. The sharp edge of her wit owes more to care-

fully chosen emphases than to shrewdness. Aware of possibilities Edna will rhapsodise on the effect of cheese followed by coffee, or on her favourite colours. Quite recently she discovered music, previously neglected because she thought for a long time that people who couldn't sing couldn't listen. Significantly, perhaps, her first choices were Chopin and Mozart. She enjoys the theatre and is especially interested in the developing art of the cinema. But literature is her chief love. With a profound appreciation of poetry, she has gained much from her course, especially from Shakespeare, Donne and Chaucer; and in leisure hours she reads the



Edna Broderick

"An Intelligent Heart"

moderns—Yeats, MacNeice, Wallace Stevens, E. E. Cummings. Lighter fiction is also a necessity. She has always loved stories. Jane Austen is her favourite author, and she re-reads the complete works regularly. Edna thinks that Jane Austen and D. H. Lawrence are an ideal combination. Of the Latin authors she prefers Vergil, Catullus and Propertius. She is fascinated by the processes of writing Latin prose—"Almost like crosswords, but deeper, of course. Sure and safe." Some of the qualities which in her school days she saw in maths, she enjoys in Latin; a more mental pleasure. It is strange that with all the qualifications of an original writer

—a great facility and a lovely personal style being not the least—Edna has not written creatively herself. Perhaps, though deeply aware of possibilities, she has not as yet become effectual enough to exploit them; in other words she is not by nature a doer, not an initiator. Anyway, for the moment she is happy to be an interpreter. And this she does splendidly. Her responsive feminine mind throws a light on things; and through astute commentary and sensitive qualifying she includes much which is of herself. Perhaps in the future Edna will extend her efforts to a full and deserved exploration of her own fine talent, and not only add but also create lights.

ARGUS—Glances at People and Things

DUG IN.

Back from perilous adventures in Mesopotamia during the last three months, the Archaeological Society members are now comfortably entrenched in their new rooms beneath the Rubrics. Leader of their Summer Expedition to uncover the secrets of forgotten cities in such obscure places as Tristone and Pakhan was JAMIE MYERS-COUGH. Talking to him last week-end I found his enthusiasm most infectious. When he described the finding of Neanderthal lavatories as a "jolly good show," I really felt I'd missed something. CHARLES CONWAY SMITH, "just another grave-digger," dampened my enthusiasm when he revealed that modern facilities in the places they visited were no better than a million years ago. However they all looked well for all their trials and are looking forward with relish to going even further afield in 1962.

FRESH

Argus has had little time yet to meet all the Freshgirls this term. Among the delicacies however is CECILIA FORSSTROM from Uppsala, Sweden. Fair, attractive, Cecilia likes Bach and Stravinsky

but not the Romantics—alas! Sweden stands not where it did.

LA QUATRIEME PILK

I see too that another Pilkington is upon us and at first sight FIONA lives up to the reputation of grace so admirably kept up for the last few years by brother and sister alike. She looks well set for a successful career with Players.

CAROLINE BEST likes Bingo as all listeners to the B.B.C. Any Questions programme will know. She has started off her Trinity career with a bang—look out for her at the Boat Club Dance tonight. I don't think even she knows who she will be with—is it HUBERT J. who whispers in my ear?

NOT SO FRESH

This evening will see the culmination of the efforts of that indomitable strictly business partnership of D'ARCY and DEWHURST (Dewdrop to SOME of his friends). Miss D'Arcy tells me that "EVERYONE must come to the Boat Club Ball." If they do ARGUS will have his work cut out!

CHORAL ADDITION.

The Choral Society conductor has lost his razor and has grown

the best beard since Adam. MR. GROOCKOCK offers no explanation. He is in College this term to conduct the Society through the Triennial Performances of Messiah. His numbers are "bigger than ever," which is good, but the basses are "like elephants," which is not. However Mr. Groockock seems tireless and I feel confident that he will astonish us all yet again.

OBITUARY.

The "We Want Bigger and Better Bombs" brigade has been considerably weakened by the absence of Trinity's famous right-wingers, TOLSTOY and BRERETON. Nick Tolstoy has a degree now and is a schoolmaster at Millfield. He started yesterday. Mike Brereton should be in Paris now but he might well be anywhere.

Other former T.C.D. characters to be seen if one looks in the right places are RICHARD TOMKINS and PAUL FOCKE. Both were last seen in London doing much the same as they did here—read Denmark for Bailey.

P.S.—The Boss is in Berlin!

THE NEW EIRE

The opening of the 1087 Session, will go down in the annals of the University Philosophical Society as the meeting which could have been a success—but as it happened, it was not one. The Taoiseach had intimated to the Society that he would be coming, but unfortunately he had to cancel his visit, owing to more pressing business in London. He sent along his Parliamentary Secretary, Donal O'Malley, in his place. However the Mayor of Limerick proves a very poor substitute for his chief. He succeeded only in being tedious and boring, although he managed to cause some amusement at the end of his speech, when he quoted a poem, which he claimed to have written whilst on an undergraduate on the other side of The Green.

The President, Mr. C. E. Wood's paper, purported to deal with the Government's Economic Policy since the 1957 general election. However, this topic was largely disregarded by subsequent speakers, who preferred to discuss Ireland and the Common Market. The only important point made by Deputy O'Malley, namely the announcement of a second and more detailed five-year plan, was lost in a welter of Party propaganda.

The second speaker, Major-Gen. Costello, the Chairman of the Irish Sugar Co., made the best speech

of the evening—not that this was very hard. He was extremely modest about his own considerable achievements as chairman of the Irish Sugar Co. He prophesied that ten years from now the value of our sugar exports will be in the region of £50 million per annum. Statements such as this should not usually be taken very seriously, but when made by someone like General Costello, who knows the potential of his own industry, they should be listened to with respect.

The ex-Taoiseach, John A. Costello followed. He made a purely partisan party speech. Nevertheless he was a great deal better than he usually is and mercifully, for once, managed to curtail his remarks to a reasonable length. The impression he gave, was that he was totally oblivious of the fact that Polling Day has been and gone the best part of a month ago.

The last speaker, Mr. Proinsias Mac Aonghusa—another substitute. He was deputising for Mr. Brendan Corrish, the Leader of the Labour Party. Although his opening remarks were somewhat trite, he managed before he concluded, to make an eloquent plea for Ireland to reconsider at this late hour the full implications of what Ireland was being asked to sacrifice in return for membership of the Common Market.

NEW COKER SPARKLES

Sports Comment

During the last few days the average Freshman has been filled with so much information about various clubs and societies in College, that he is probably completely bewildered and little better off than he was at the start. The sports clubs, too, have been extolling the virtues of their own particular brand of athleticism. What does all this mean, and where does it lead to? Perhaps you will permit me to have a word in your ear.

Most sports clubs in college ARE well-organised, and anxious to turn out the best teams each week. Being "one of the chaps" no longer counts (if indeed it ever did). The fact that your uncle Reggie thinks you are the greatest prospect since Obelensky will not, I'm afraid, cut much ice with the secretary of the Rugby Club. Nor is he likely to be frightfully impressed by the fact that you have captained the unbeaten Oundle side for the last two seasons. You will be lucky if he has even heard of Oundle. No, regardless of your past record, or uncle Reggie's opinion, you will be thrown into the melee of Freshmen's Trials with the rest, and if you are very fortunate, Josh Wilkins will ask you to join his merry band of men on the 3rd A's next Saturday.

"What hope, then, for me," you will ask. There is plenty of hope, but first certain basic facts about the College sports clubs must be realised. Nearly all, especially the Rugby Club, have a potentially huge membership, and somewhat limited facilities. It is, therefore, difficult to make your mark immediately unless you have exceptional abilities.

You must be prepared, as most of the present First XV were prepared, to spend a year or even more, on the junior teams. So don't be insulted when they ask you to turn out for the 3rd A's or the 5ths at hockey — be damn pleased that they even know your name. The best way to be noticed is to show that you are willing to turn out week after week, regardless. What is looked for are people who are keen and willing, not just good at sport. After all you can't expect to get anywhere if you give up in disgust after a couple of weeks. This much I do know, it is very much worthwhile to play your sport IN COLLEGE at whatever level. If you think that you are good, get out there and prove that you are. Besides, if you do give up in disgust, how on earth are you going to face uncle Reggie?

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Poor Game

TRINITY beat a lively St. Mary's XV in College Park last Saturday by a try and two penalty goals to a goal and a penalty goal. They can, however, well afford to forget this scrappy game that was brought to life only by an outstanding try from their new wing Coker.

A good penalty goal by Lea in the opening minutes stimulated in the home side the open, attacking play that has characterised several preceding games. Ross and Baldwin were everywhere in attack, while Bielenberg and Caldicott monopolised the lineouts. Farr, ably and efficiently deputising for Rees, gave his out-half, Ryan, a good, fast service and one began to think that it was going to be all too easy for Trinity.

This spirit was frustrated, unfortunately by very bad handling and quick hard tackling by St. Mary's. Far too many attacks broke down either because the ball was tossed hopefully away or because the centre were caught in possession attempting to break through. Indeed the number of passes that L'Estrange and Coker received in the first half could be counted on the fingers of one hand.

As the half progressed the play became more and more and more ragged and St. Mary's equalised with a penalty goal from a loose scrummage infringement. The gathering gloom that was setting over Trinity's game was only momentarily relieved by a fine run from Coker — indicative of what was to come. Just before half-time he showed his versatility by kicking a powerful long-range penalty goal to give Trinity the lead once again.

By half-time the pattern of play had completely altered. No longer were Trinity attacking, their superiority in the line-outs had faded and their heeling in both the tight and the loose was sluggish,

affording Ryan little chance to get his line moving. St. Mary's laid siege to the home side's line. After a series of line-outs and five-yard scrums the pressure was finally relieved when a good attempt at a drop goal just went wide.

Still St. Mary's persisted, and very much against the run of play came Coker's try. From a three-quarter movement outside his own twenty-five he seemed to be cornered by at least three opponents. Accelerating down the wing he handed off one man, swerved round another and then beat the rest by sheer speed. With excellent presence of mind he punted the ball over the St. Mary's full-back and won the race for the touch-down by the corner flag. This superb solo effect produced a standing ovation from the crowd.

Both sides played more attractive rugby in the closing stages and St. Mary's unremitting efforts were rewarded with a try between the posts that was duly converted. The game ended with a fine run by Scott down half the length of the field, only to be well tackled just short of the line.

Better to Come...

The very large crowd in College Park on Saturday was to me indicative of the great support which the Rugby Club now enjoys; when I first came to Trinity attendances at First Fifteen matches were meagre to say the least of it. Since then, of course, Trinity has won the Leinster Senior Cup, and established itself as one of the most powerful sides in Ireland. The Rugby Club has earned, and deserves such support. And what of this year's team? Can it maintain the high standards of the last two seasons? Let me say at once, that from what I have seen so far, this side will be as good as, if not better, than that of last year.

One has been wondering all summer how players of the calibre of McMullen, Patrikios, Meates and Hill were to be replaced. The old guard was leaving, and who was there to fill the gaps? Well, Powell has filled the vacancies and a very able job he has made of it. The pack contains few familiar faces, but is, I suspect, heavier than last year's. The forwards are not yet playing as a solid unit, but that will come. The second row looks very powerful; Caldicott has returned with a season's French rugby behind him, while the huge Bielenberg is, if you will pardon the expression, a man of immense possibilities.

Rees remains the "general" of the threequarters, but the old problem of out-half is ever with us. Three people have already been tried, without much success; the answer, however, may well lie in Read of Harlequins, of whom we have heard so much. There appears to be an embarrassing richness of wings—L'Estrange is without doubt one of the best in the country and a tremendous match-winner, while Coker had a startling debut on Saturday. Siggins, however, is much too good to be left out of the side, and will, I hope, be tried at centre, where at the moment there is definitely a weakness. Lea has a tremendously difficult job at full-back, he will be the first to admit that it is far from being his natural position. At the present he veers between the brilliant and the downright dreadful. He is, however, a sound and well-tested footballer, who will settle-down and improve with more experience.

Saturday's match, I agree, was far from inspiring, but the fact remains that the First Fifteen have won all their matches save one, and that somewhat lucklessly. Now let's wait and see whether or not they can keep it up.

Miscellany

SAILING CLUB.

The A.G.M. will be held in West Chapel at 8 p.m. on Monday, 6th November. Anyone new to College is most welcome, and they will be able to meet the officers of the Club.

* * *

SOCCER CLUB.

Are reported to be asking the Board for an Athletics Scholarship for Jimmy Greaves—perhaps the ubiquitous Agent will negotiate with Milan.

* * *

CRICKET CLUB.

Had the notable achievement of winning the Leinster Senior Cup. The First XI narrowly beat Railway Union in an exciting final with the aid of a fine innings of 73 by Guthrie. A. L. G. Rice was elected captain for the season 1962.

* * *

BOAT CLUB.

Simon Newman was elected to another year of office as captain of the Club.

* * *

PINKS.

Cricket—A. L. G. Rice; A. W. Bradshaw. Boxing — D. Millar. Athletics—H. Kennedy-Skipton; B. Obviagele. Fencing—C. Rye.

* * *

COLONEL MAY.

(Trinity's Leading Tipster)

The Colonel welcomes his readers after another successful "classic" season.

With A. Breasley virtually certain to take over from Piggott as champion jockey, interest has now switched to the National Hunt scene. The Colonel has four jumpers for his clients to follow: Nivose, just about the best novice 'chaser last season; Just My Mark, at her best, she is very good indeed; Greektown and Beau Normand, both were impressive winners at Cheltenham last March.

As to this week's racing, there is a first-class mixed meeting at Liverpool and the Becher Chase on Friday seems likely to go to that brilliant jumper Frenchman's Cove. At Windsor on the same day, the consistently placed Time and Motion should prove a good e.w. proposition. It is Irish Cesarewitch day at the Curragh on Saturday and the best bet of the day appears to be Polly's Deb in the 2-year-old Willy Maiden Plate.

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HOCKEY CLUB.

Stars Gone McCarthy Scores

Trinity, 2; Three Rock, 3

The side has been considerably weakened by the loss of two international players, K. G. Blackmore and I. S. Steepe. The Club is also bidding farewell to goalkeeper R. V. Wood, whose last game this was. His playing and administrative abilities will be sorely missed, and the Hockey Club wishes to record their appreciation of all he has done. It is also unfortunate that this season's captain, M. Webb, has broken his wrist and will be unable to play for some time. These tribulations have so far proved too much for the team, and they have yet to win a game.

Saturday's match was, however, more encouraging, for Three Rock are an immensely powerful side and last season carried all before them. The opposition were soon into their stride, and by half-time had scored three goals. Trinity rallied strongly in the second half and at times almost overwhelmed the opposition. Varian gave an outstanding display, while the prolific McCarthy scored two goals. Trinity fought hard to equalise, but were still one goal down when the final whistle blew.

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