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TRINITY NEWS

A Dublin University Weekly

THURSDAY, 15th FEBRUARY, 1962

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No Reprieve for Bishton

BOARD'S FINAL ANSWER
TO STUDENTS

Harsh Interpretation of Regulations

THE fate of John Bishton, the Honors Economics student who failed his subsidiary subject by only three marks, seems to be almost sealed, as far as College authorities are concerned. The Board's reply to an S.R.C. request for the decision to be changed has now been given. It is a firm negative.

Bishton passed his first two years of Economics with second-rank honors. He took French as a subsidiary subject at every available opportunity—once in the first year, twice in the second. On the last two occasions, his marks were 34 p.c. and 37 p.c. This was held not to "satisfy the examiners," and the Senior Lecturer ruled that Bishton must repeat both the French exams.; and his Senior Freshman Economics year.

Mr. E. H. Thornton, Bishton's tutor, spared no pains to have the rigour of the law alleviated, but without luck. The S.R.C. also took the matter up, with the result described above.

The main complaints made against the ruling are:— That to make a satisfactory Honours student repeat an entire honours year, and its exams., is a punishment out of all proportion to marginal failure in a subsidiary subject— even assuming that his local education authority (Reading County Borough in the present case) are prepared to continue his grant.

—That in every other College exam., compensation of marks is allowed when the student's fate depends on more than one subject.

—That this case could be treated more leniently without any danger of the precedent letting through a flood of failures. The regulations require students to "satisfy the examiners," and not to "pass an examination." No rigid formula is laid down for what will satisfy the examiners, and the use of this word must mean that they or the Senior Lecturer have discretion to consider individual cases on their merits, if it means anything.

Bishton is employed by the Commissioners of Inland Revenue for the greater part of the time outside terms, for which he is given leave of absence. His intention at present is to work at home for the year, returning to take French exams., paying fees himself, not attending Economics lectures, and hoping that Reading County Borough will be kind enough to hold his grant in abeyance for twelve months. One can only wish him the best of luck with all these inponderables.

Whatever action is eventually taken, one practical suggestion which has been put forward would seem to deserve careful attention—that it be made possible for the subsidiary subject to be taken in the third year of an Honours course, as was sometimes done with "Littlego."

Such dire results from such strict construction of the rules might then be less likely in the future.

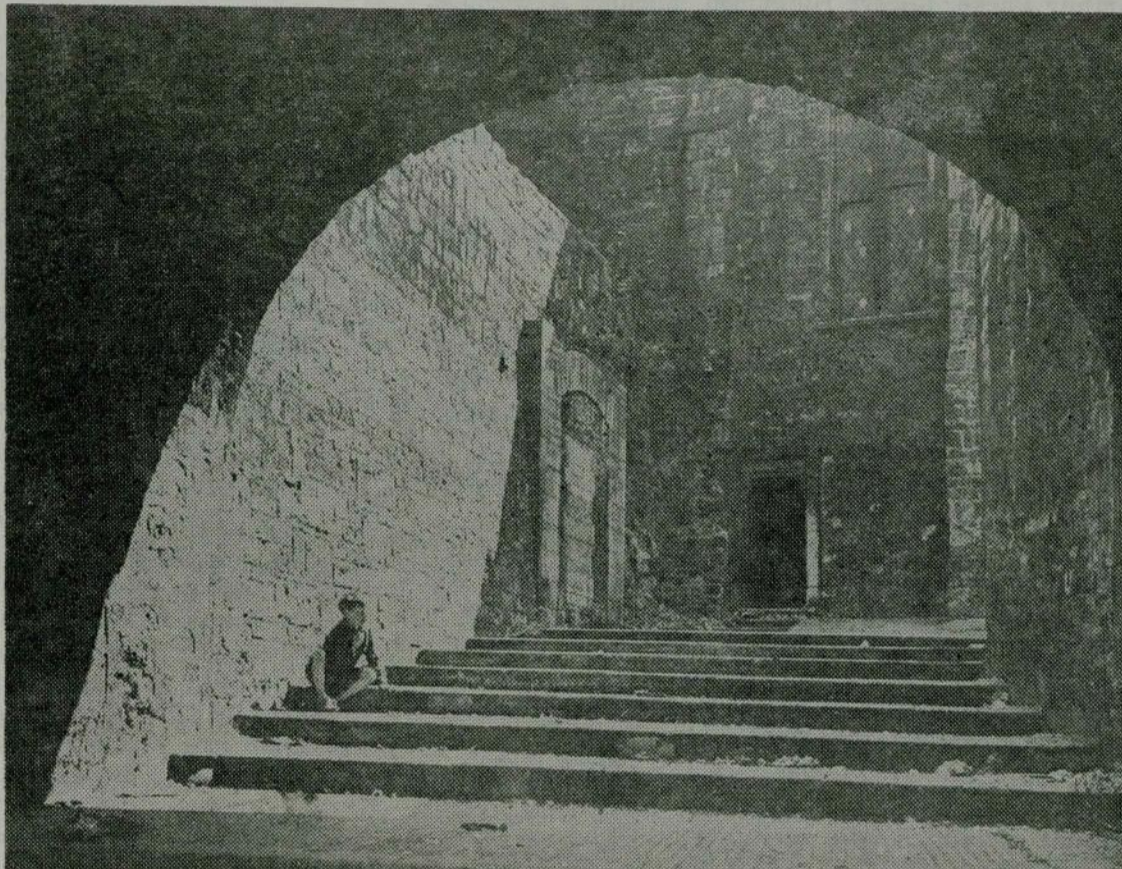


Photo "Irish Times."

A striking photograph of St. Audoen's steps, near Christ Church Cathedral, one of the most ancient parts of the city.

Red Cross in Regent House

TRINITY'S Freedom from Hunger Week is on. It was opened last Monday evening in the Regent House by Mrs. Barry, Chairman of the Irish Red Cross. It was a successful meeting, though only a fairly well attended one.

That there was anyone there at all was mainly due to a last-minute panic by the S.R.C. (sponsors of the meeting), which resulted in a week-end spate of posters, the appearance of the President at Front Gate at lunch-time on Monday clutching a handful of leaflets, which he pressed on all comers, and the dramatic arrival at the very last moment of a Red Cross officer in full uniform, who stood outside the Regent House touting for custom.

The Vice-Provost opened the meeting—a truly remarkable effort, as he had had a fainting fit on Commons only a few minutes before. He introduced Mrs. Barry who for 45 minutes addressed about 40 people in a poster-bedecked house—though not before the whole proceedings had been

held up, to the general amazement, by A Man With A Camera.

Mrs. Barry's talk was first-class—tinctured with academic wanderings, as befitted her surroundings, avoiding controversy, yet factual, personal and interesting. After she had finished Dr. Parke asked for questions, and then there was a long embarrassed silence, followed by Dr. McConnell, Presbyterian Dean of Residence, who by putting the birth-control cat among the charitable pigeons, livened things up no little. All was smoothed, however, by a tactful Mrs. Barry, and after some fairly brisk discussion the meeting broke up. It was a pity there were not more there, but those who did turn up may probably feel that they left a good deal wiser than they came.

And To Follow ...

"Freedom from Hunger" Week acquires impetus as it proceeds. The opening meeting on Monday night was comparatively quiet, but last night we had the Bingo Session, and to-morrow two really big events are coming up:—

The Laurentian Society is holding a sherry party at 5 p.m., open to all comers. The only condition is that they make some contribution to the "Freedom from Hunger" funds. It is not "invitation only," as we reported last week.

The Jazz Society and Players are presenting performances by a rich variety of groups in Players' Theatre, at 8 p.m. The word "Concert" has been avoided, for

the atmosphere is not going to be as formal and desiccated as that term would suggest.

The bands playing will be Ian Whitcombe's Rhythm and Blues group, the Dixieland Rhythm Kings, the Bill Somerville-Large Trio, and Ian Henry, plus a "strolling folk group" from Players.

This day week at the Phil, Alec Taylor, chairman of the Irish United Nations Students' Association, will be reading a paper (planned long before the Week was suggested) on the World "Freedom From Hunger" campaign

Socialist Week-end School

We would like to apologise for inaccuracies in our report last week of the Socialist Week-end School. The School was not, as we stated, organised by the Fabian Society, but by various individual members of the Irish Students' Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, Dublin University Fabian Society and the Queen's University Labour Club, acting in no official capacity.

Of the four and a half people shown in our photograph, only the half was actually a member of the Fabian Society and took part in the march.

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TRINITY NEWS

A Dublin University Weekly

Vol. IX THURSDAY, 15th FEBRUARY, 1962 No. 9

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Arthur Parke, Robert Hutchison, Michael Newcombe, Derek Mahon.

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Paul L. Beale.

Charity

"Freedom from Hunger" Week is upon us, and it naturally prompts some reflections on Charity in general. Among all sorts of people, those who are "religious" and those who are "not," one runs into all kinds of complicated attitudes to this superficially simple matter.

All religious and humanitarian thinkers are agreed that in principle anyone who can should help someone worse off than himself, by giving time, money, or effort to alleviate his lot; and practically nobody would question this on rational grounds.

But apart from plain old-fashioned selfishness, and other obvious factors, like intense irritation at the near-assaults favoured by so many of this city's flag-sellers, people are sometimes unwilling to contribute to apparently charitable causes on quite recondite pretexts.

One reaction, rare, but even at that too frequent, is for an otherwise religious person to refuse to support a charity run by a rival sect or church. One would have thought that afflicted or deprived people needed help because of their affliction or deprivation, and that these things did not increase or diminish with the proximity of their religious beliefs to one's own. But religious people do exist who deny even this much fellow-feeling to co-religionists.

It is even possible to meet people who abstain from charity on political grounds — who point out, fairly enough, that endless charity is humiliating to the recipient, and could and should be more effectively administered by government agencies.

It is true that when social reform or revolution is ultimately successful, and the powers of society are re-organised for the good of society as a whole, charity as we know it will become redundant and will wither away. But until that happy day we must use whatever means exist for relieving want, and surely the humiliation of charity is better than nothing at all for the recipient, even if it means soiling our hands with pragmatism.

A touch of pragmatism would not come amiss with some of our airier humanitarians either. Charity's greatest trouble is arousing mass support, be it admitted, is the amount of unctious in which its administrators deal—the clogging atmosphere of condescending humble love which surrounds it. And it is unfortunately true that some people extremely active in charitable works would set anyone's teeth on edge when met face to face. This fact is particularly damaging in a university, where large numbers of people, newly emancipated into agnosticism, semi-atheism, or general nondescript what-have-you, fall back upon something called "personal relationships" as a humanist standard for judging people. The fact that too many charitable workers "fail" in their "personal relationships," in that they are unfriendly or downright inconsiderate when faced with individuals, prevents many earnest humanists from assisting in their enterprises.

Then there are the sincere people who are worried when they realise that their own motives for being charitable are not selfless—that they enjoy the warm glow resulting from the good work too much — and accordingly stop their activity rather than persist in hypocrisy.

To both over-sensitive humanists and self-critical Christians the pragmatic answer is obvious—the object of charity is to relieve suffering. Anyone who helps to achieve this object deserves support, and the state of his mind and the niceties of his motives in doing so are absolutely immaterial to the sufferer—who, when all is said and done, is the most important person in the entire operation.

THE IRISH UNIVERSITY QUESTION—2

In the second, and last, of his articles on MGR. O'RAHILLY'S statement of the Irish Hierarchy's case, MICHAEL NEWCOMBE discusses the position in other Catholic countries, and considers Trinity's past record in treatment of Catholics.

MGR. O'RAHILLY claims that "Catholic parents and young people have firm convictions about their education and their Faith" which makes them prepared to accept the ruling about Trinity without question. This was not immediately obvious at the hostile Pax Romana meeting in U.C.D. last December. There the obvious feeling was one of dissatisfaction with the insularity of U.C.D. and envy of the breadth of education available in Trinity. There was also a sense of bewilderment at the hierarchy's hardening of its attitude when the rest of the world is softening in its approach to other faiths.

"T.C.D. can hardly request an amendment to Canon Law," writes the Monsignor. He himself refers to Louvain more than once in his article, but does not explain the fact, mentioned last week, that in Belgium there are two non-Catholic universities as well as this Catholic institution. Yet despite universal Canon Law, Catholics are not forbidden to attend them, nor are they even advised against them. A similar situation occurs in Italy where the only Catholic university is at Milan. Nevertheless, inevitably one finds Catholics in all of Italy's universities.

The hierarchy claim continually, and Mgr. O'Rahilly repeats the claim, that they can do nothing to change their attitudes with Trinity's charter as it stands. They do not state what they object to. Since the charter's last revision in 1926, there can be no longer any grounds for objections. To quote earlier versions of the statutes which were admittedly anti-Catholic can scarcely be of great importance when considering the Catholic question in 1962. Irishmen have very long memories and it would seem that much of the controversy concerning Trinity arises from a failure to come up to date—a slightly perverse dwelling in the past.

The 'Catholic Herald'

Mgr. O'Rahilly roundly condemns the "Catholic Herald" of 10th March, 1961, which wrote, "we have recently read of university ordinances in Ireland, which do indeed raise controversy, at least in this country where there is a widespread sense that Catholic education should be broader, not narrower." Earlier in his article,

Mgr. O'Rahilly, talking of the function of the university, calls for "a deep grasp of religious truths" to be kept at the same level as advancing knowledge. It is difficult to see how, in a world where only a small percentage of people are Catholics, a student educated to the age of twenty-three or so in an entirely Catholic atmosphere will be able to cope with the new situation when he faces the world. The likely result will be a complete lapsing from the Faith, as indeed happens in so many cases. The result of a so-called "mixed" education at university level is a strengthening of the convictions inspired by faith as a result of discussion and argument with others at different beliefs.

Trinity's Bigotry

Let us not forget that the blame in the present controversy is not all on one side. For centuries, Trinity was the epitome of intolerance and bigotry. Now, at last, the Board have arrived at a more realistic approach to the religious question. But it was only in 1941 that such topics as the following occurred in the Divinity examination:

"The Romish doctrine concerning Purgatory."

"Mention some popes of the Middle Ages who favoured heretical opinions."

"Write a note on 'Transubstantiation had a disastrous influence on the life of the church.'"

As long as such obvious material is provided in Trinity for attack by the Catholic church, there can be no hope of ever achieving a satisfactory solution to this problem. It would appear that the Board now, while maintaining their own views, are not concerned with

maligning the views of the Catholic church.

The Archbishop's position, and that of the hierarchy, are an understandable reaction to the persecution of Catholics in the past, but the time has come when a more modern and realistic approach has to be made. About 22 p.c. of the staff and some 23 p.c. of the students are Catholics—the highest proportions for any university in



Mgr. O'Rahilly.

the British Isles, with the exception, of course, of the National University. Yet Trinity remains the only university without a full-time Catholic chaplain. At Keele, North Staffordshire, a system has been devised whereby Catholics, Anglicans, and non-conformists share the same chapel. Yet in Trinity religious apartheid is enforced by the attitude of the hierarchy who refuse to allow any religious meetings within College.

Pastor's Obligations

Perhaps it would be appropriate to point out to those who adhere so strongly to Canon Law that this same book obliges all pastors to provide for all sections of their communities, including Catholics at non-Catholic institutions. The position is urgent and important. We can only hope that time will bring changes. Who can tell how soon these may be? Let us not be too hasty in our condemnation, but we should make it quite clear what the position of Trinity is. An article such as that by Mgr. O'Rahilly can surely be the result only of misunderstanding. What a tonic it would be to hear somebody say "Let's forget the past." Then indeed the flicker of hope which Catholics have at present would flame more brightly. Then indeed perhaps a Catholic divinity school and a permanent chaplain would not be far away. At least Trinity College might be placed within the boundary of a parish. Trinity is Irish and neutral and willing to help Catholics to further their education. At present, the Catholics here are outlaws in a Catholic land. There is enough misery, argument, and dissension in the world without increasing it unnecessarily.

(CONCLUDED.)

Letters to the Editor

3 Trinity College.

Dear Sir,

What you said about the Ban on Trinity made me cross, and what Mr. Newcombe said only a little better than he has said before made me crosser; for you do owe an apology, at least in humility, to your public whenever you ask them to help you pat yourself on the back. And you are asking just that when you proclaim Trinity the only place an intelli-

gent Irish Catholic should like to go to. Good gracious, do you think that is the Irishman's "University Question!" The intelligent Irish Catholic has seen by now, I hope, how valuable the common wealth of Faith is and how much better off Ireland is than England, which lost any faith we can call common some time ago. His question is how to channel this Faith, how to make the best use of it, not how to become acceptable in

British drawingrooms and not drop bricks about someone's sensitive agnosticism. Oh, I know, it is very sad that we British can no longer prove that foreigners have everything to learn from us. But what is sadder still is the sort of thing one sees in the Colonies, in my own home-land, for instance, where we British have preferred our white-collar mission to the mission of the Faith.

JAMES CORMICK

Continued on Page 4.

Review No. 4

Published by the Mod. Lang. Society. Price 9d.

THE pleasing design on the cover of the latest Mod. Lang. "Review" is presumably a work of literature confronting a bad translation of itself. The Editor, Richard Eckersley, claims that the "Review" will fill a conspicuous translation-gap in Trinity writing. On these terms the most appropriate and successful contribution is Derek Mahon's splendid translation from "Le Poète Contumace" by Tristan Corbière.

There are two courses open to the translator of a poem. He must either provide a straight crib in prose, or create a parallel poem in another language which may sacrifice or transpose a few details, but reproduces what has to be called "the spirit of the original." Mr. Mahon translates brilliantly, and he has written a brilliant poem. It conveys the mood and meaning of the French by a tension between English words (it seems a more usual practice to obscure everything in a strain between English words and the words of the original.)

"Not knowing how to live at sea, he lived in shallows;
Not knowing how to die, he wrote as follows:—"

Despite a single confusion of slang and idiom—"snog"—the poem is perfectly controlled, and Mr. Mahon legitimately includes one effect impossible to the French poet:

"It rains into my hearth, in my heart it rains fire."

There is small excuse for a bad prose translation. Prose translation is a minor but helpful art like Biography and a reasonable standard should be within the reach of most Mod. Lang. students. Jennifer Greenleaves, Duncan Jarret and Gillian Athey have obviously enjoyed their work, but the merit and interest of a prose translation depends entirely on the merit and interest of the original, and there is nothing startling here.

It is a long time since Trinity has seen rhetoric comparable to Hugh Gibbons' essay on "The Uses of the Past."

The only critical work in the "Review" is Ian Blake's enjoyable discussion of "Joseph Andrews"—a book that should be frequently mentioned. Mr. Blake meets the

novel on its own terms, refusing to regard it as Fielding clearing his throat before "Tom Jones." It is astute of him to insist—as Fielding insisted—on the connections between eighteenth-century picaresque and classical epic. Mr. Blake fully appreciates Fielding's quality as a wise and serious comic writer and, most important of all, invites us to share his own delight in the novel.

Since "Icarus" doesn't seem to mind, the "Review" continues to publish new poetry. Timothy Brownlow bravely clothes his Muse in French to meet the occasion. Unfortunately the experience "communicated" in "A la Rose de la Vie" could only be expressed by Hamlet during his worst crises. Michael Longley contributes "Hurricane," a dramatic and disturbing poem whose action carries overtones of the nuclear menace. "Animal, Vegetable, Mineral," by Richard Eckersley is amusing verse in the style of Edward Lear. His other poem is carefully worked-out, but seems concerned with the wrong things, or is approaching something from the wrong angle. As the title of "Reeds and Marshes" suggests, Brendan Kennelly appears to be in pursuit of "a more thoughtful and quiet power." He is reaching after effects new to his poetry:

"Somewhere, a mind
Flared in the reeds and marshes, a battling thing
Past pain or poetry or long philosophizing,
Unutterably sovereign, creating its own kind."

This skilful sonnet falls off sadly in the last two lines—an earlier lapse is "beyond all understanding."—But Mr. Kennelly's new tone is exciting, so more power to his thought.—E.B.

Art Society Exhibition

THIS year's renaissance in the Modern Languages Society has been matched for enthusiasm and drive among college organisations, only by the rapid rise of the young and vigorous Art Society.

Their latest effort has been the staging of the exhibition of Italian and American Bookjackets in the Examination Hall, which ends its four-day run to-day, having been opened with sherry and ambassadorial wit on Monday.

It is inevitable that comparisons between the relative merits of the covers from the two contrasting cultures will be drawn. But as the tasteful and interesting exhibition hand-out emphasises, the covers from the two different nationalities are not comparable so much as complementary, since the American covers are exclusively from paperback whereas the scope of the Italian covers is far more comprehensive being particularly strong in series of non-fiction books.

The covers from Italy, however, are the more obviously colourful and striking, with a particularly attractive set of designs for a Children's Encyclopaedia collection, whereas those from the States have perhaps more "hidden persuader" commercial value.

Bookjackets, like the poor, are always with us, and this is why this exhibition is valuable. Simply because it emphasises the fundamental importance of aesthetic activity in all spheres of life.

It also accentuates the necessity of conveying by a word or by design, in a space that on the average is little more than six inches by eight, the feeling and character of a book which may be four or five hundred pages long.

The Art Society deserve the fullest credit and support for organising this exhibition, and for laying it out so decoratively and imaginatively. The pity is that the books aren't also there for the reading.

A SANITARY RESHUFFLE

New Bath Hours

As from Monday, the hours of opening for the bath-house are to be extended. You will then be able to wallow from 8.30 in the morning until 2.30 and from 4.30 till 9 p.m. (8 p.m. in the vac.)

The Agent, Col. Walsh, told "Trinity News" that this was in the nature of an experiment only. The attendant, who is at present on duty at the evening session, will in future knock off at 4.30 p.m.; so that, when you bath between 4.30 and eight, he will not be there to wave an admonishing "Vim" tin at you, if you splash or throw soap.

If the new system proves satisfactory, there is a possibility that

the hours could be extended further to include Sunday mornings.

Some people have complained that, with opening time being 8.30 a.m., there is no chance of having a bath before a nine o'clock lecture. This, however, can't be helped, because, as Col. Walsh pointed out, the attendant will have to start work at 8 a.m., anyway, to clean up the mess of the previous evening, and to open the bath-house at eight would mean him coming in at 7.30 or earlier.

Incidentally, if Bay dwellers have noticed that the lavatories and wash-hand basins adjoining the bath-house are now closed in the evening, they have only themselves to blame. Apparently some of them have not only been doing laundry there, thereby wasting bath-water, but have even been slipping in at night to use the "Ladies" showers!

LETTERS from Page 2

34 Trinity College,
Dublin, 2.

Dear Sir,

There can be little doubt that of the two articles on Roman Christianity in your last issue, the one by Mr. Newcombe was of greater value. Nevertheless, his article contains phrases which betray his ignorance of non-Roman Christian systems. The most glaring of these is "... as if the English Catholic was to the Irish Catholic rather as an Anglican is to the member of the Church of Ireland." Now, as every Christian should know the word Anglican includes the Church of Ireland just as much as it includes the Church of England and many other churches throughout the world; in fact the Anglican Communion embraces more than 110 dioceses.

I do not want to single out Mr. Newcombe for special blame; all the Roman Christians I have talked to in Ireland suffer from this misunderstanding. One feels that until Roman Christians

consciously acknowledge the existence of Catholic systems apart from their own their can be little prospect of improved mutual understanding among Christians.

Yours, etc.,
C. J. LESTER.

19 Trinity College,
Dublin, 2.
11/2/1962.

Dear Sir,

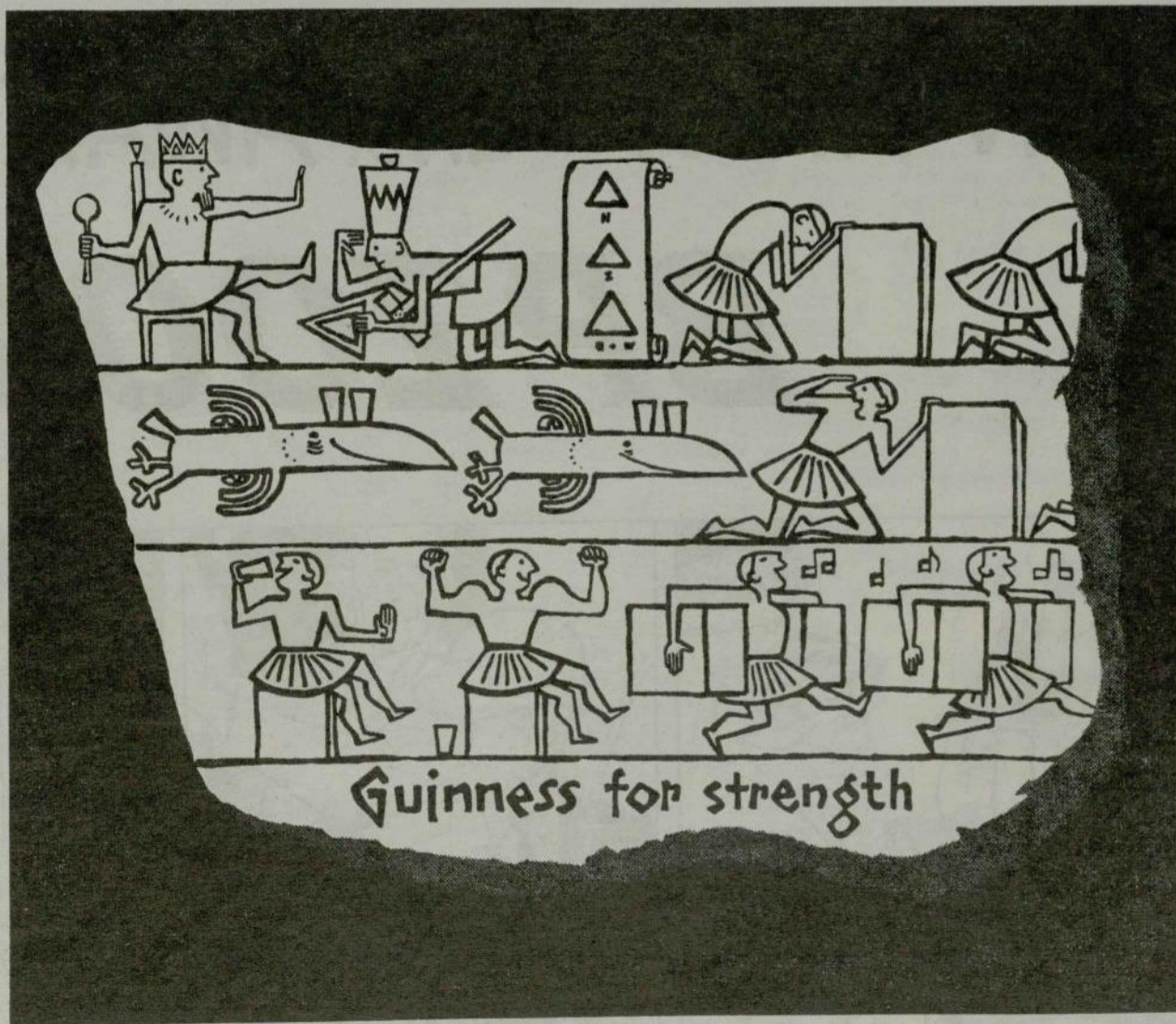
Martin Marprelate is to be congratulated for the diligence he has shown in searching high and low for evidence for his articles.

The fact that he can get bogged down for two weeks in the same, to most minds, uninspiring subject, proves the versatility of his mind. Could it be that this singleness of mind was occasioned by the recent discovery of one of the joys of civilisation?

Marprelate prattles on—go to it, lad! This time we are not with you.

Yours, etc.
C. DUNIN-BORKOWSKI.

And it is told how King Guinn of Ess did instruct his Royal Architects to erect a Pyramid II And how when the long drought had made his slaves weak and unwilling to toil the sky was suddenly filled with Toucan Birds bearing on their beaks nectar for the thirsty people and how this refreshment came to be called Guinn Ess in honour of the Great King II And how Guinn Ess gave to the men great strength so they were able to build a huge Pryamid II And as they laboured they sang a happy song which being translated means Guinn Ess is Good For You.



Books

New Fiction From Russia

WE live in a strange and puzzling world, and one small way of reducing tension could be the free exchange of literature across the Iron Curtain. For a student publication to be sent complimentary copies of books to review is a rare kindness. When we receive a free, and beautifully turned-out, copy of a new work direct from the Foreign Languages Publishing House, Moscow, it would be churlish indeed to let the gesture go unremarked.

But the literary form of this book is so unfamiliar as to baffle a Western critic almost completely. Its cryptic title, "Documents of the 22nd Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union," does little to clear up our difficulties. A phrase which may mean a good deal to the initiated, it has obviously suffered much in translation—as, indeed, has the story itself.

Perhaps the most striking of the anonymous author's devices is the abandonment of dialogue in favour of monologue, the entire narrative being delivered in this way. Counterpoint to the monologues is supplied by a background body, superficially resembling the ancient Greek Chorus, with enigmatic interpolations.

The monologues are delivered by the two characters, but their personalities do not develop and the plot is weak.

The first speaker, and the main character in the book, is N. S. Khrushchev, known as "Comrade." The opening 167 pages contain his

wittily-titled "Report of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union to the 22nd Congress of the C.P.S.U.", which is immediately followed by his pithy 148-page "Programme of the Community Party of the Soviet Union." His brief 48-page "Concluding Speech at the 22nd Congress of the C.P.S.U." then paves the way for F. R. Kozlov, whose rank is also "Comrade," to deliver his amiable 36-page "Amendments to the Rules of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union." The turgid, repetitive prose rolls on and on as remorselessly as a collectivist tractor ploughs the boundless steppe. The repetition is presumably intentional, but two volumes arrived by post from Moscow, and not until your reviewer had nearly finished the second did he realise they were two copies of the same book.

The comments of the "Chorus" on the other hand, are piercingly terse, "Applause"; "Stormy Applause"; "Prolonged Applause,"

and even "Prolonged Stormy Applause" are repeated at carefully timed intervals. Variation is provided by "Laughter," and once or twice Comrade Khrushchev evokes "Animation."

The Chorus turns out to be "The Communist Party of the Soviet Union . . . the tried and tested vanguard of the Soviet People," and 222 pages of lengthy resolutions, all unanimous, are its contribution to the plot.

The sacrifice of plot throughout makes for more "atmospheric" writing, but it leaves irritating points unresolved, such as the fate of that mysterious minor character, the successful virgin, Lands Scheme.

In the closing scene, swift exchanges take place between the hero and the chorus, and at last the work becomes lively enough to appeal easily to the Western sense of humour.

Khrushchev—Let's set to work, comrades! May Communism win new victories!

Chorus—Stormy, prolonged applause! Ovation. All rise.

Khrushchev—Allow me to declare the 22nd Congress of the C.P.S.U. closed!

Chorus—Rousing Ovation! The Congress delegates sing the Party anthem, "Internationale," with immense enthusiasm! Salutations ring out throughout the auditorium . . . "Viva Cuba!" . . . "Hurrah!"

This passage shows promise, and we must hope that in future works the author will consolidate the experiments of this book, and find a more coherent and universally applicable form for his ideas. A step in the right direction, we suggest, would be the removal of the "hero" Khrushchev, to an arena better suited to his undoubted possibilities. The Moscow State Circus springs to mind as eminently suitable.—J.W.

Theatre

An Anti-Romance

"LUNCH HOUR"

By John Mortimer.

—Players Theatre

Once again Players have offered us an hour of profitable pleasure to fill that awkward time around 4 o'clock, when the reading room palls and the coffee bar loses its attraction.

John Mortimer distinguishes himself from other contemporary playwrights, such as Pinter, by remaining basically interested in human emotions, and not indulging in sheer fantasy for its own sake. This play, while verging on the insane, holds our interest because we are constantly aware of the central theme of man—the amorous hunter—and woman—the coy prevaricator.

The play presents us with a conventional bedroom farce situation, and then demolishes our eager anticipation of a grand seduction with flights of irrelevance and absurdity. The proverbial bored, married business man invites his cute young girl to spend the lunch hour with him in a hotel bedroom

so that they can "talk." A Cockney landlady fusses in at crucial moments with cups of tea and insidious remarks, and gets in a fine huff over money for the gas meter. The whole thing becomes exceedingly funny as we watch the scheming, world-wise male baffled by the obstinate naïveté of the girl who constructs a highly effective barrier of fantasy, of which she herself becomes a victim. The play ends with the clock chiming them back to work, and the man shrugging wistfully, "we didn't even take our overcoats off." The moral of the tale being that sordidness kills romance, and that girls are remarkably adept at kidding themselves, and refusing to accept romantic implications.

Tony Weale as the truant husband was perhaps too diffident a lover. Dee Manning as the girl twittered and flapped with fitting vivacity. Sarah Barcroft, a newcomer to Players, was splendid as the smarmy, then offended landlady. Laurie Howes is to be congratulated on his polished and very convincing production.—N.S.

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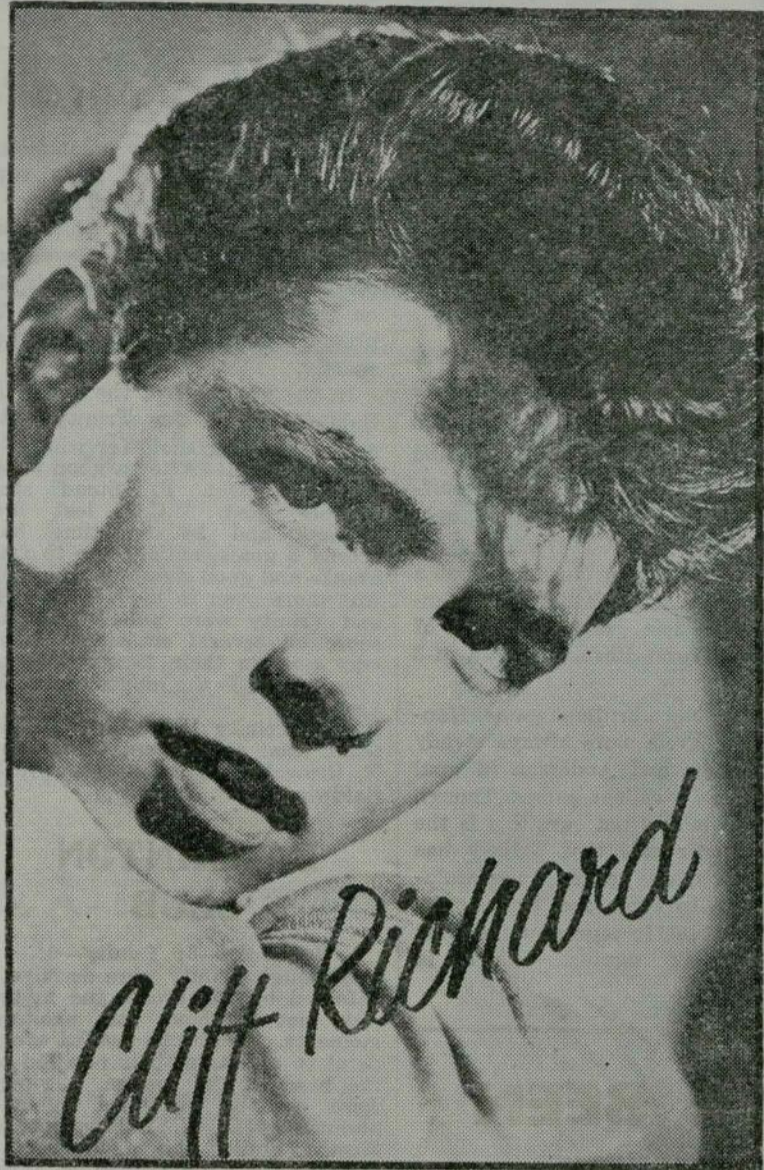
Pleasure at the helm

"THE YOUNG ONES"
(Adelphi)

LET'S face it, Britain has never produced a good musical. Of course, this isn't to say that Britain hasn't produced a financially successful musical. We went to "The Young Ones" last week up to the neck in prejudice, and came out realising that it simply didn't matter that much really.

The plot is a slight excuse to feature Cliff Richard and for his singing. It involves symbolic square pomposity (Robert Morley works in the city, wears a bowler, and probably went to Trinity for that matter) opposed by Cliff Richard and his Shadows and (special offer) his youth club. Cliff wears some fantastic garments, among them a Hamlet-type duelling-shirt, and the rest wear an assortment of nicely "Kooky" numbers. We are thus given an impression of clean-limbed-lively-kids-of-to-day. In the film Morley, heaven help them both, is Cliff Richard's father and he hopes to demolish the youth club (the building, not the group) in order to build an office block (vide E.S.B.) in its place. The club's answer to this is to raise £25,000 (it sounded like that, really) and buy it outright. And this they hope to do by giving one variety show (vide Georgian Society?) The build-up, and the show itself have their moments. Cliff is billed as "The Mystery Voice"; the dancers, particularly Carol Gray, are good, and everybody from schoolgirls and their teachers, to bridge playing old ladies, roots them home. And so on and so on until you find yourself in the Pillar Cafe having coffee and getting your balance back.

It is quite enjoyable though; in fact it's quite hard to remain detached from all the excitement in there. Whether your excitement is quite the same as that of the fans is beside the point. It would be very interesting to see Lionel Bart do something along these lines. There's no doubt that the financial encouragement is here. (Too much



BRITAIN'S CLIFF RICHARD
Songs and Sensuality

money to spend, that's what's wrong with kids to-day). Mr. Bart, besides putting himself in the

market for another Facel-Viga, might be able to slip in a bit of class. You know, Pine Cinema.

SLAVES TO THE EPIC

"SPARTACUS" (Regal)

A galaxy of stars performing in a battle filled tear jerker in the splendour of

magnificent technicramervis-tacolor, would lead one to the opinion that "Spartacus" is

the sequel to "King of Kings." Yet its impact on the multitudes cannot fail to be greater than the usual sentimental self-indulgent morality of most "epics." Briefly, "Spartacus" (Kirk Douglas), leader of a slave revolt, prefers to die defending his right to be free, than to live servile and spiritually dead.

It is true that the film contains the prescribed number of anachronisms and that we can read it as a manifesto for any political party or religious creed.

Spartacus was in fact killed at Apulia and not taken to Rome; most of his followers did not share his idealism and out of desire for more plunder did not follow his excellent advice of going home while the going was good; Gracchus died in 121 about 50 years before the slave uprising.) However, historical inaccuracies and crude political interpretations of the plot have no real bearing on any appraisal of the way in which the theme is developed. It is the personal clash between Spartacus and Crassus (Laurence Olivier), worked out against a savage background of hopeless captivity on the one hand and sickly political scheming on the other which is meant to be the dramatic core of this fast moving three-hour film. The hero's dilemma has a universality implicit in it and his response is never allowed to become completely superhuman. At the end we feel in a very real way that this slave who faces certain death has in a few months experienced more freedom than Crassus will ever experience even should his designs on the dictatorship come to anything... not because he has won the love of an honest woman (the Hollywood tradition here might obscure the significance of the whole film with its distracting love theme) but because he has

gained his self-respect and can defiantly spit in the eye of the wealthiest and most powerful man in Rome who is jealous of his pride and seeks his own unsuccessfully among titles and minions.

Some of the skill in the delicate handling of highly emotional scenes which distinguish Kubrick's "Paths of Glory" can be detected in this less well integrated film which on the whole does little to dispel our lack of faith in the "epic" as a medium for exploring human character. The clamour of tens of thousands of soldiers and slaves in brutal combat or in harsh captivity, and the agony of six thousand crucifixes on the Via Appia tends to numb the dramatic impact of the essential conflict between the two main characters, excellent though their acting may be.

The acting and scripts of Caesar and Antoninus are ludicrously bad. John Gavin looked like someone left over from "King of Kings," the sort of West Point boy who cannot tell a lie; not exactly the kind of person who looked capable of manipulating Crassus, the manipulator and money-bags of Rome. Tony Curtis looked rather sweet and sorry for himself at having such a small and weedy part, and as the lieutenant of Spartacus never came to life. These two beautiful "guest artists" did not rescue us from the "epic" tradition, but rather moving so close to the heroes, contributed to what was already phoney. Ustinov and Laughton, on the other hand were superbly at ease as decadent republicans. They contributed an often welcome air of reality and their scripts are full of life and dignity, as well as light relief.

Given the same director and script-writer (Dalton Trumbo) a far superior film could have been made with but a fraction of the cost, cast, and colour. But, alas, Hollywood has no faith in us, we must have the full works every time.—Victor Blease.

VILE BODIES

The story is told (very effectively, by Old Campbellians) of how Samuel Beckett ended his career as a master at Campbell College by surveying a meeting of its governors and announcing, fortissimo, "The Cream of Ulster! Rich; and thick!" Apocryphal though the story may be, its punch-line is undoubtedly a beauty, and is far too good to be confined to the North of Ireland.

So our wandering reporters continue to supply information on the doings of the Cream of our own academic circle, and if everyone they observed does not deserve the full force of the dictum above, we will try to do better next week.

Bright was the neon lighting outside (and inside) 46 Gladstone Villas, on Thursday when Eric Greenaway and Marjorie Townsend provided glasses, bottles (full—later, empty), seats and nuts for a motley throng—not much mott, but plenty of leeway, though.

Sons and daughters of these august precincts threaded their baby-pink ways towards the bar, where Marjorie controlled the state of the inner man. Smiles and gay badinage flowed as freely as the excellent wine-cup, and merrily we sang indeed, Ian Southmore was deserted, and so Mary I've-forgotten-her-name giggled at him, very sweetly. With a sigh, Carl Bontoft resigned himself to the plenitude of womanhood and contemplated his toe-caps. Beefy Charles Edwards talked rugger to anyone (usually no-one) in particular and was very popular, while Deirdre Macken shrugged her lily-white shoulders and tripped engagingly to the loo, where she was sick. She's better now. Players were not present, although they were not invited—though it was rumoured that Bill Oddie might appear. Alas, that privilege was not forthcoming, so we grabbed our mittens and muffs and retired to

Bartley Dunne's for gaiety and fun. We all loved it.

Back on the noisy front, the big thing of the week was the Major Societies at the Shelbourne. Patrick (A u d i t o r) Branigan brought Angela (President) Kelly, and Sam (Bloodstock) Swerling borrowed Stella for the evening. Jim Bird sailed in with Hilary Roche (—where's Bill?). Josh Wilkins sang "On Ikla Moor . . ." to the delight of Miss Willow, and amazement of Jacques Chuto and Miss Germany, 1963. Gunpowder ran out of the heels of everybody's boots.

The Profile is held over until next week.

Hot Snacks

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RESTAURANT

Brown Thomas

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Martin Marprelate

HAVE recently undergone a most unpleasant experience, which I now pass on in the hope that it will save others from a similar error.

A few weeks ago, whilst purchasing a packet of frozen petit pois, a bottle of milk, a small apple tart and other comestibles, my eye chanced to alight upon a shelf set back a little from the others in the shop. Upon it were ranged books of various descriptions. The cover of one, I recollect, had upon it the image of a young lady of a most pleasing and amiable appearance, and the legend, in bold lettering THE BLONDE DIED LAUGHING. There were many others, of less interest. But it was to a row of coloured booklets that my gaze was, in the end irresistibly drawn. Picking up one of them I idly scanned its cover. "A Moment of LOVE," I read. ". . . can be YOURS for your very own, in these wonderful stories of the NATIONAL ROMANCE GROUP." I read on, with bated breath. "All your exciting dreams come alive as you live through The Thrill of a Kiss . . . A Touch of Heartbreak . . . A Moment of LOVE." Who could resist such an invitation? Certainly not this column, which promptly purchased a copy. Later that evening, having dined from a modest repast of cold pheasant, pommes parisiennes, and the aforesaid petit pois, accompanied by the remains of a bottle of White Chateaufort du Pape (a most unjustly neglected wine), I perused it more fully. To my per haps rather secluded mind, this fascinating periodical revealed itself as a veritable Ars Amatoria. A world, peopled by beautiful and flawless young men and women, all of whom seemed to be engaged in the most delightful pursuits, re-

vealed itself to my dazed consciousness. The most singular feature of all the Romantic tales contained in this lavishly illustrated and enchanted collection appeared to be that the young women within its pages were, without exception deeply enamoured of a particular young man who invariably seemed to me almost indistinguishable from the other male characters in these stories, apart from certain superficial distinctions, such as the colour of the hair. I decided to examine one of these tales more closely, in order to analyse the secret of its hero, thus gaining knowledge which might be profitably put into practice at a later date. The answers to my investigation seemed to be contained in a passage in one of the stories in which an analysis of this very problem was attempted by the heroine, who was the story's racontatrice. A short description of the passage will serve to summarise my findings. "One can guess the story from that moment on" read the caption to a picture of the hero and heroine walking under trees profuse with blossoms, their fingers fondly intertwined, "What could I blame? The spring? The beautiful, beautiful spring. . ." The picture now changed to an evening scene of the loving couple walking, now more intimately together, against a street background of neon lighting advertising various beverages. "Or the romantic night" went on the super-scription, becoming more lyrical, "under Magical lights. . . ? Or shall I blame it," went on the narrative, "on Bret's deep, burning eyes. . . ?" (the hero helping the heroine onto the roundabout at a fairground) ". . . Or his arms . . . ?" (close juxtaposition on a dance floor) ". . . or the sound of his voice against my ear. . . ?" (The mouth of the young man

pressed smilingly against the organ in question). "Or was it the fault of my own foolish heart that beat wildly whenever Bret kissed me and drowned out the voice of reason. . . ?" Here the passage ends with the representation of an abandoned embrace.

Apart from the last possibility (the foolish heart), most of these ideas seemed to me very sound, and I was impatient to put them into practice. Accordingly, the following day, I passed a note to a young woman of dazzling appearance who was sitting on the opposite side of the lecture room, and for whom I had long cherished a secret passion, inviting her for a country ramble that afternoon, to be followed by dinner, a walk through the streets, and a visit to a fair I had seen advertised in a neighbouring seaport. On receiving my note, she eyed me rather oddly. I returned her gaze with an insolent glance of the type that had always seemed highly successful in "Secret Hearts." As a result, she sent me a note accepting my invitation to dinner, but declining my other proposals.

I shall now, I fear, never know how efficacious the whole plan could have been. It was certainly disastrous without the apple blossom and the neon lighting. (Of the fairground, I never did have great hopes.) As things stood, I was thrown back on the burning eyes, and the juxtaposition of my mouth with the young lady's ear. The use of the former technique elicited enquiries as to whether it was altogether wise to wear such a manifestly undersized collar, the latter a sharp blow on the back of the neck which rendered me unconscious for fully twenty minutes. My relations with the young woman in question are now very far from cordial, a state of affairs I shall not attempt to change.

GALLANT LOSERS

Sporting Briefs

Colonel May

(Trinity's Leading Tipster)

What a triumph for Tipperary trainer Willie O'Grady! Solfen having survived a de-nerving operation on the leg, slammed the opposition at Haydock Park last week to show real National form. The Colonel hopes that a fully fit and sound Solfen will go to start at Aintree on March 31st.

There should be a bumper crowd at Leopardstown on Saturday to see the rich Leopardstown 'Chase. This is probably Ireland's most attractive course and the Colonel recommends an afternoon's racing to anyone who is not quite sure what to do on Saturday afternoon. The 'Chase should prove to be a most interesting battle. Both Kerforo (9-11) and Kilorry (10-3) will have support and Fredith's Son (10-7) is always a danger on this course. However, the Colonel takes Loyal Tan with 10-1 to beat them all. A defeat for Kerforo now should have interesting consequences on the National market. The Scalp Hurdle has a rather Curragh-like appearance with Farney Fox, Lucky Guy and Counter Attack in opposition. The Colonel, however, remembers the dazzling display of Silver Green at Naas in December and takes the 5-year-old to enhance his Cheltenham prospects.

Fresh from his winning debut at Naas over fences, Rupunnini—that old friend of the Colonel's—makes the trip to England on Saturday and is recommended as a sound e.w. proposition. One to watch when Cheltenham time comes around is Vulsea who had a most impressive triumph at Baldoyle. Now that Just My Mark is out for the rest of the season, the Colonel inserts Narratous for the vacancy in his half dozen to follow. Finally, the Colonel is looking forward to meeting many of his readers at Leopardstown and he assures them that they will have a thoroughly enjoyable, and profitable, afternoon.

HARRIERS

Last week-end the Harriers held the second round of the Parke Cup Handicap Competition in Phoenix Park. Conditions were excellent and several good times were recorded, the most noteworthy being those of S. Whittome, A. R. Sparshott, F. M. Quinlan, and A. Shillington. S. Austen was the surprise winner of the handicap race, finishing nearly 1½ mins. ahead of B. E. Davies, the second man.

MAURITIUS CUP PROSPECTS

The Mauritius Cup is a competition between U.C.D., Queen's, Belfast, and Trinity. This year Trinity are hosts, as well as being holders of the Cup, and the games will be played at Londonbridge Rd. on Tuesday, 20th February., Wed., 21st, Thurs., 22nd. Trinity play on Tuesday and Thursday.

This season has been a poor one for Trinity and results have been disappointing, although the side is not lacking in talent. Failure to reach top form may be due partly to inexperience to the newer members of the side, but the real root of the trouble lies in the lack of team spirit, co-ordination and determination.

The team has trained consistently, and individually have improved. R. Martin, in goal since the English tour, has done well and is now quite capable. M. Webb has missed a few matches due to injuries, and M. Varian has had to take over the captaincy on numerous occasions. Varian has played centre-half throughout the year, and, although happier at left-half,

Trinity go Down Fighting in Collingwood Cup

WELL, another Collingwood is over and a most exciting one at that and yet there is a feeling of disappointment that we came so near to that elusive cup but could not quite hold on to it.

It began on Thursday when in a grim struggle with U.C.C., in which Cork Celtic's McCarthy was a constant menace, that Lunde shot a great goal in extra time to put us through to the semi-final against U.C.G. One change was made, that of Stuttard replacing an injured Beale at centre-half. With Galway leading at half-time by two lucky goals Trinity seemed almost out of it but in a great rally led by Markham we stormed through to a 3-2 victory; Parry and Ntima collecting goals and the third being an own goal.

In the final, Trinity found Queen's a formidable opposition comparatively fresh after only one game; also Horsley was out because of injury and was replaced by Prole not yet fit after his recent attack of

the flu; but Trinity leapt into attack with smooth football and fierce tackling, goals by Parry and Ntima putting us 2-0 up at half-time. Queen's fought back to 2-1, then Ntima scored again putting the cup almost in our grasp but a determined Queen's, taking advantage of their greater reserve of energy, burst through to a 4-3 victory.

Ntima had a brilliant game, Hansell and Prole were always steady in defence and Anderson in goal had three excellent games. Though the cup is still not ours this is the best soccer side that Trinity has seen for many years. Congratulations go to Prole and Hansell for being chosen to represent the Irish Universities against Wales in March.

COULD HAVE BEEN BETTER

Trinity—10; Instonians—8.

Trinity can field a full-strength side all too rarely nowadays, and Saturday's match with the powerful Belfast side was no exception. In the threequarters Dick, Snow and Endall came in for Coker, L'Estrange and Scott, while there were also several substitutes in the pack. The Club is indeed fortunate to have such a fund of experienced reserves, for it seems that for this match the side was scarcely weakened at all.

The forwards gained a considerable amount of possession for Trinity, and if they can be faulted it must only be for not heeling the ball sufficiently cleanly and swiftly to Rees. For his part, however, Rees was rarely caught in possession, and proved a constant stumbling-block to Instonians, either driving them back with shrewd touch-kicking, or initiating attacks with darting breaks from the base of the scrum. Rees is such a complete footballer and always so completely in control of any situation that it is only when he is absent that one realises just how great his contribution is.

After some fifteen minutes, constant Trinity pressure was rewarded when Endall intercepted a loose pass from the Instonians out-half and raced in under the posts. Rees converted. This was perhaps a lucky score, but not entirely unjustified as only once in the first-half was the Trinity line endangered by an Instonians attack. With the wind behind them in the second-half, Instonians looked somewhat more impressive, and out-half Austin Hewitt was able to get his backs away with greater facility. Hewitt's individual effort was to drop a neat goal shortly after the interval. The ever-alert Endall, however, was not to be outshone, and picking up a dropped pass, moved through the Instonians' defence with Sharpe-like felicity. Rees again converted without difficulty. Instonians came back strongly at the finish and Hewitt sent his centre away for a good try which was duly converted. The opposition were now within striking distance of Trinity's score, but it would have been more than unjust had they managed to snatch victory at the end.

WATER POLO

U.C.D., the indoor champions, once again displayed their supremacy by defeating Trinity 7 goals to 3. The match, which was in the first round of the Beveridge inter-university shield, was played on Tuesday, Feb. 6. U.C.D. are to play Q.U.B. in the finals at Belfast shortly.

In the first half of the match J. Baldwin scored for Trinity with one of the long shots for which he is well known! After a good passing movement P. Stead shot another goal. U.C.D. lost few chances and by half-time had scored 5 goals, mainly due to fast breaks and good shooting. The play was more even in the second half and Trinity were unlucky not to score on several occasions. The only goal in their favour was an own goal off the opposing goalkeeper.

The Trinity Beveridge Shield team was: C. Mollan, C. Cronin, R. Brownlee, R. Jagoe (capt.), J. Baldwin and P. Stead.

BADMINTON CLUB

Pembroke—8; Trinity—0.

Although Trinity were decisively defeated by Pembroke, the match was not without its exciting moments. Pembroke needed every point to maintain their position at the head of the league. Trinity were greatly weakened by the absence of C. W. Wilkinson and Miss H. Smiley due to injuries.

Trinity will be defending their title in the Triangular match between T.C.D., U.C.D. and Q.U.B. in Belfast on the 24th Feb. Queen's with a well-balanced side will present strong opposition.

The Trinity Fencing team goes to Belfast on Friday to defend for the fourth time in the Universities' Championship its titles in foil, epee, and sabre. Team: Men—C. Rye (capt.), C. Wood, C. Robinson, J. Robinson, M. Robinson. Women—Susan Brookes (capt.), Hui Pin Lim, A.N. Other.

The golf club are in Cork to-day to play U.C.C. in their annual fixture. The Trinity team is—C. McCarter (capt.), B. Caruth, P. Bunbury, R. Henry, G. McCambridge, J. Stokoe, P. Arundell, A. Rice.

C. W. Wilkinson gains another Irish badminton cap to-night when he plays against Scotland here in Dublin. He partners ex-Rugby player Noel Henderson in the doubles.

Robert Prole and Mike Hansell have been selected to play for the Irish Universities Soccer team. This is the first time that two Trinity players have been picked for the side.

The Cricket Club will be on tour in England between June 29th and July 9th. Amongst the clubs to be played are Heathfield Park and the Sussex Martlets. The tour will begin and end in London with matches against Ealing and Enfield respectively.

Next Saturday the first cross-country match against U.C.D. will be run at Belfield. The 1st team has been training hard for this event and any support would be greatly appreciated.

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