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TRINITY NEWS

A Dublin University Weekly

THURSDAY, 8th MARCH, 1962

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U.C.D. Secede from the Union

*Final Decision by S.R.C.
Executive*

Fragmentation of U.S.I. Possible?

THE tension which has been developing between the Union of Students in Ireland, and the S.R.C. at U.C.D. has now led to an open break. On Tuesday, U.C.D. formally disaffiliated itself from U.S.I.

This step means that one of the larger constituent organisations has left the national student body, and the implications if other constituents follow U.C.D.'s lead would, obviously, be drastic.

For students at U.C.D., the fact that their S.R.C. is no longer a member means that they can only avail themselves of U.S.I.'s services (for travel, vacation jobs, etc.) by becoming individual members—at 10s. 6d. each.

The deterioration of relations which led to the rupture has been going on for some time. U.C.D. have long expressed dissatisfaction with the services provided by U.S.I., and last week they convened a meeting of all its constituent organisations from Dublin. The purpose of the meeting was: "... to formulate a common policy for Dublin C.O.'s within the Union of Students in Ireland," since "the Union as it operates at present does little for the betterment of student welfare in Dublin, and leaves much to be desired in other fields." The meeting is to take place on Monday next. It will presumably not be affected by U.C.D.'s move, for it is, perforce, unofficial.

Speculation on the motives behind these power politics has been running wild. The explanations proffered have been many and devious, but there are still too many imponderables for one to be sure about any of them.

Not the least of these imponderables is the reaction of the Council members of U.C.D.'s S.R.C. to their executive's decision. For it to be reversed democratically would ease everyone neatly out of the impasse.

It has also been suggested that the withdrawal is only a temporary move, a display of strength and determination, to increase U.C.D.'s chances of having its measures adopted by U.S.I. in the future.

Substance is lent to this view by the fact that the disaffiliation comes only 6 days after the meeting "to formulate a common policy for C.O.'s within the U.S.I." had been convened.

If this defection is followed by more, and the ultimate collapse of U.S.I., the inconvenience to all students would be enormous. Possibly by next term there may be happier news.



Photo courtesy Maurice Fridberg.

AN ALGERIAN CASBAH

The casbahs have long been hotbeds of revolt against French rule. The situation, and prospects, in metropolitan France are assessed in an article, on page two of this issue, which has just arrived from the centre of events.

The Truth About Trinity

*More Words
Exchanged*

THIS month's edition of "The Word," the Catholic magazine produced by the Divine Word Missionaries, contains a number of letters dealing with "The Truth About Trinity," an article which appeared in the magazine's November issue last year.

Of twenty-six letters, or extracts from letters, published, fourteen are in agreement with the article, and eleven object to it, with varying degrees of vehemence. The remaining one is from Denis Martin, who wrote the article in question, regretting that he quoted a statement by the Bishop of Clonfert out of context.

One noticeable feature is that all the letters defending Trinity, except one, are from Catholics who have been, or are, students here. There is one from the Chairman of the Laurentian Society, which has a membership of 140 Catholic undergraduates.

Among those who associate themselves with the attack, practical experience of Trinity seems to be very rare, and many correspondents accept Mr. Martin's statements without question. But on the whole the correspondence is a balanced collection, and makes fascinating reading.

U.S.I. MOVE HOUSE An Amicable Re-arrangement

About two years ago the S.R.C. offered to sub-let temporarily to the homeless U.S.I., part of their own office in No. 4 which they themselves lease from the Board. Now, within a few days, this amiable partnership is to end with the removal of the U.S.I. to 43 Dame Street and the arrival of the W.U.S. in No. 4. This eviction, in which the S.R.C. is supported by the Board, is, the President of the S.R.C. argues, solely for the benefit of the U.S.I., which has long been wanting to expand.

This compulsory expansion will have several inconvenient consequences, for the duplicating machine belongs to the U.S.I. and will move to Dame Street. Students are advised to go to the U.S.I. for their travel arrangements, for although the S.R.C. will still deal with a certain amount of travel business, the office will be open only from 1-2 p.m., when it will deal with general enquiries and issue new scarves and student cards. These will cost 2/- from the S.R.C. and 3/6 from the U.S.I.

During the same hour the W.U.S. will run a book-mart. The S.R.C. hopes to expand later, have its own secretary, and consequently be open all day.

[For those who are wondering: U.S.I.=Union of Students in Ireland; S.R.C.=Students' Representative Council; W.U.S.=World University Service.]

GUARDS AGAINST INCINERATION

WE are moving gradually away from the prospect of waking up some morning to find ourselves two hundred hunks of well-done steak.

On Monday the fire-extinguishers all round College were checked and replaced where necessary, and in most houses an extra one has been

added. This has been done as a result of experience gained with the small fire in No. 5 last term, when it was discovered that the extinguishers there were inadequate.

The Agent has also prepared a number of recommendations which incorporate the recent findings of the Dublin Fire Authority. These are shortly to be submitted by the Finance Committee to the Board, but as they are still sub judice Col. Walsh preferred not to divulge what they were.



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TRINITY NEWS

A Dublin University Weekly

Vol. IX THURSDAY, 8th MARCH, 1962 No. 12

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In Camera

The "in camera" rule which was applied to last week's Phil. meeting has aroused a swarm of complaints, and of misunderstandings. The ruling that only members should be admitted to hear a paper entitled "Homosexuality" was made by the Board, and thus accusations that the Phil. was being prissy, or anti-feminist, are groundless.

The reasons for the Board's decision are not far to seek, either. It should be clear to most people by now that misconceptions about this University take root, flourish, and multiply in the fertile soil of credulity outside the walls like quick-growing but intractable weeds—and that these weeds are extraordinary in that they do not lack gardeners and fertilisers to encourage their development. If the Board were prudish, as some critics suggest, they could easily have prevented the meeting ever taking place. The fact that it was held at all is something for which we should be grateful.

Apart from prudery, the other main accusation levelled at the authorities is that they pay too much attention to public opinion, that they are should "publish and be damned," and refuse to be intimidated. But any institution must conform, to some extent, to the wishes of the society in which it is situated, and when the institution has a history like ours, and is situated in a "history-conscious" society like this, the extent to which it must conform increases enormously. Excessive timidity is a terrible fault, but over-brashness would have far more dire results.

But when all this is said, the anger remains—the anger that an important, insufficiently-understood, genuinely tragic condition, which afflicts the individual and for which he is also persecuted by society, cannot be discussed openly just because sex is involved. The taboos and repressions of respectable conversation are able to hamstring civilised discussion.

To criticise the Phil., or the authorities, is the easiest outlet for one's indignation on this point, but is a waste of energy. Rather we must lament that public opinion is not yet prepared to examine the grossly inequitable state of its own laws. Such apathy might do less harm than good in some cases, where the law might fall into disuse and become a dead letter. But only if one could be absolutely certain that this result would follow could one join the conspiracy of silence, and hope to secure freedom of individual choice in this field, almost the last where it is denied.

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—Impressions from the French capital of what may lie ahead, for France, and for Western Europe, as the tension mounts and the possibility of long-awaited peace, or vicious civil war, comes nearer.

THE PLAGUE HITS PARIS

(The name of the author of this article is withheld for censorship reasons)

"Le Monde se déchire, tout croit au désastre, mais Paris garde encore quelques accents joyeux; le factice parfois transparait, mais le fait taire pour savourer pleinement les derniers long moments qu'il nous reste à vivre... à quoi sert de se lamenter avant le drame? Gardons nos forces pour tenir le coup plus tard."

This was not written, as you may think, in 1939, just before the outbreak of war, but by a friend of mine in Paris in January, 1962. I was in Algeria at the time, having made my way from Jerusalem, and civil war was more than just a possibility. I have now just returned from Paris and I am uneasy both for the present and the future. It is hard to explain why. From Dublin or London to Paris is from one city to another, but this time it was after 4 months in the Massif Central and a 3-week tour (not "Tour") of the Middle East. I have the impression—without being unduly dramatic—that there is a chill wind blowing this way.

Paris for the visitor is Paris in the Spring, with the chestnut trees blossoming in one day, and the superb avenues and squares alive with people and noise; or mid-summer, with the cafes and pavements packed with people and music until the early hours—perhaps the finest stage-set in the world. But Paris for those who live there is, as I discovered, something else. It is cold, the trees in the Luxembourg Gardens are stark and bare, there are 25,000 police in and around the city, identity checks through the 24 hours, and the double notes of the ambulance siren haunt the streets—like an animal in pain. It was the physical proof for me that O.A.S. was in the Metropole and that France is the first sick man of Europe.

Deaths in the Metro

French politics for anyone except the adept is a jungle. This helps explain why most people leave it to the professionals in Paris; it shows the independence of the provinces and their traditional love-hate complex with the Metropole, and it explains the comparative quiet of every day life despite the attentats, and the attempts of all political parties to whip up interest and feeling. The sad results of the 8th of February might have been predicted. It was a provocation on the part of its organisers and was a tacit trial of strength with the government. M. Frey made it clear that demonstrations were forbidden (the law had been in existence for some time) and would be broken up by force, if necessary. Friends of mine who were eye-witnesses confirmed both the presence and action of highly organised sections of the crowd, and that in places the police acted with unnecessary vigour; the 8 deaths in the Metro were victims of the major clashes. In spite of the hysterical charges and counter-charges later by all parties seeking to capitalise on the events, all (for different political reasons) deplored the loss of life. The following day both left-wing and right wing parties found themselves in the embarrassing position of being, for the first time since the Liberation, in agreement. It lasted precisely until the 13th of February with the burial of the victims. The tribute that 500,000 people paid to those who died in the manifestations (ironically enough killed by each other), was a tribute from the ordinary people of Paris, and owed nothing save its unhappy origin to the political parties concerned. Jean Cau ("La Pitie de Dieu") explained in an article in "L'Express" why he refused to attend. He was afraid, he said "... de reconnaître—dans une foule de 500,000 personnes aux visages toujours fraternelles—trop de masques." "Les Monuments des Morts" have become an accepted part of French politics.

Nothing is sacred; neither the living nor the dead.

This is reaffirmed daily in the newspapers; attentats, O.A.S. and Algerian Independence. The average Frenchman has been remarkably untouched until now by the successive "colonial wars." He has been content to blame the army for its defeats in comfort. From Dienbien Phu to Algiers 1958, the army felt itself ridiculously alone, unsupported by the French people and only nominally so by the Government. The "putsch" of May, 1958, aimed to make a clean sweep of the Régime, to justify the role of the Army, to keep Algeria French, and to defend France against Communist infiltration. Unfortunately General de Gaulle had other ideas, and with the rejection of integration O.A.S. was born; to keep Algeria French, and to defend France from its worst enemy—itself.

"Les Paras"

The books of Jean Lartéguy, "The Mercenaries," "The Centurions," "The Pretorians" give a glamorous but not untruthful military version of the road from Dienbien Phu to Algiers, 1958. Unexpectedly they have sold over a million copies in France alone, which shows the interest in an unofficial version of the facts; a typical French reaction! And Pierre Leuliette's book about the Parachutists—"St. Michel et le Dragon"—sold out in its first edition. The myth of "le para," with his red beret and camouflage combat suit, has been assiduously cultivated both by the left-wing press (over the tortures) and Les Paras themselves. They have never "jumped" in Algeria, and their high morale and casualty rate is the result of first-class training by Indo-China veterans, and their exclusive use as shock troops. Gille Perrault, in his fascinating "Les Parachutistes," has seen in this élite force a sign of the decadence of the French army and of France. It is true that they are used only for difficult and dangerous operations (the 1st Regiment has been wiped out three times in its short history) and the result has been to lower the morale of the army as a whole. This was the fate of Rome. Secondly, the failure of the French Government and people to accept responsibility for its actions in Indo-China and Algeria has led these regiments to rely on their internal esprit de corps, rather than on an unappreciative country. (It is a fact that wounded troops returning from Indo-China were physically manhandled by a certain political party, in the train on their way from Marseilles to Paris.)

Rightly or wrongly, "le para" has become associated with "les tortures." Let's be realistic about this, there is nothing new about torture in Algeria; it is a part of the Algerian, North African tradi-

tion. Africa is another continent and the customs are different (this is why Algeria will have its independence.). It is difficult to judge who makes the better torturer—European or Arab—but it is not part of Western Civilisation, and that is why it is degrading for us to admit the French failure to transplant our superior values, in such a crude way. The case of Djamilah Boupacha is now well known, thanks to the energetic and courageous efforts of her lawyer, M. Halimi. The story has just been published in book form, introduced by Simone de Beauvoir, and illustrated by Picasso. It is a documented account of her arrest, as an F.L.N. suspect, her subsequent torture (including the electric bath, water treatment, and rape with a beer bottle) and the determination of a handful of people to make the case public. To my mind this act of moral engagement is worth all the Mandarins and any number of Picassos; in general there is a sad gap between the intellectual current and the conscience of the people.

The importance of this book lies not in the individual story, over sentimentalised here, but in its publication; it is a direct appeal to the public, cutting across parties and creeds, and will not fail to have an effect. Secondly, its implications are inescapable; the widespread moral corruption of the Algerian Courts, and the use of torture by the Army. (I questioned the army spokesman on this at the D.G. in Algiers, in early January; he was embarrassed but positive. "There are no more tortures!")

The important point to draw from all this is that 80 per cent. of les paras are national servicemen, like the majority of the 400,000 troops in Algeria. All are tainted by these acts. All will re-

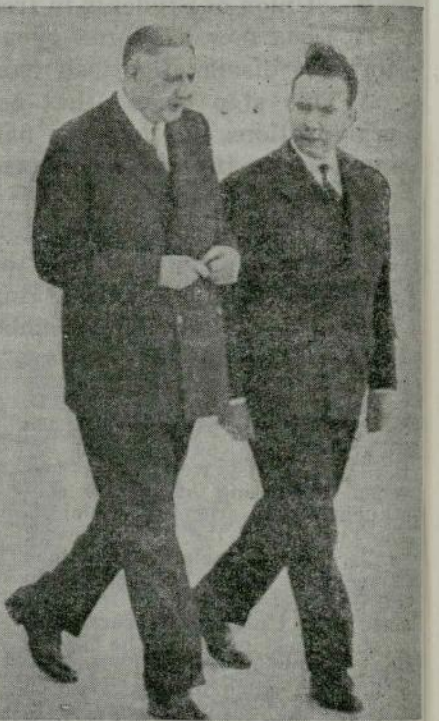


Photo courtesy "Oxford Opinion"

A peripatetic conference between President de Gaulle and Premier Debré.

turn to France as citizens. Both the O.A.S. and the Army have committed acts in the name of the French people which their chiefs would prefer not to admit. Both are signs of the same moral disease. This is the failure of politicians—throughout Europe—to capture the imagination and idealism of the youth, and in France to bind the Army to the Nation by any means save shame, and the promise of a nuclear striking force in Europe!

An Abscess?

Paradoxically, the economic health of the country is sound. France is prospering as never before, and her future in the Common Market is assured. But at the moment Paris is the head of an abscess whose origins lie well before the last war and is made the more obvious by the extreme centralisation of France. Is she decadent? Is the West on a process-packed decline? Or is this all nonsense? I hope so. For the historians, however, it is worth reading de Gaulle's Speech in June, 1946, at Bayeux (Memoirs 19, 44-46, p. 647) which is as useful an analysis of France in 1939 as in 1946—and as 1962.

But perhaps this is just falling out of love. It is hard to forget my first sight of Paris, coming in to land at 1 o'clock in the morning—a city of fairy lights and grotesque shadows. And if you come over in the Spring, as a visitor, the chest-

CONTINUED, PAGE 3, COL. 4

Letters to the Editor

Catholics and Trinity Yet Again

Clonskea,
Co. Dublin.

Dear Sir,

Your correspondent, Harwood, of the week before last, is hardly venturesome enough when he ventures to suggest that the "ban on Trinity is only part of the real problem." To any inmate of Trinity, it is in fact the only part which immediately concerns him; but if he also happens to be an inmate of the Church in question, the real problem comes to look like the prevalence of a disease, of which the ban is only a symptom. And the diagnosis is not so simple as it apparently seems to the non-Catholic in college. It will probably come to him as a surprise—a surprise to be dismissed as just another irritating anomaly in the whole problem—to discover the rather uncomfortable position which Ireland occupies in the Catholic world to-day. He will naturally be unaware that behind all that moribund splendour lurks a submerged inferiority-complex; for make no mistake about it, Catholic Ireland is distinctly uneasy, even fearful.

But it is not, as it might be imagined, fear of the forces of militant (a) communism, (b) Protestantism, (c) liberalism, or even a combination of all three so obviously embodied in that bastion of unbelief, T.C.D. (invaluable whipping-boy that it is) so much as the far more fundamental deep-rooted fear of a betrayal from the rear; who knows where all this new-fangledness from Rome might lead us to... The liturgical movement which is revitalising the Universal Church on the continent and even in conservative England, here meets with a wall of resistance—of puzzlement, apathy, or downright opposition. Thus the scene in Catholic Ireland to-day presents a most God-awful panorama of nineteenth-century Italianate vulgarity, which veils with a reassuringly "Catholic" look every aspect of religious practice. A platitudinous piety is all the

while stagnating within, surrounding a clergy shrouded in cobwebs and tarnished lace—only the intermittent bursts of obstreperous self-righteousness ever reach non-Catholic ears, as when His Grace issues his annual condemnation of Trinity.

Of course, it's all a question of history... The Irish Hierarchy has ever displayed an inspired gift for placing itself in a compromising position in each and every one of the many controversies which have marked its career. We will pass over the unfortunate affair of the Synod of Whitby, however significant it may seem to some of us to recall an occasion when the claims of Irish Catholicism were energetically urged against the counter-claims of Augustine's Romish practices. We shall only mention the outcome of generations of tenacious fidelity to Catholicism—sold for a mess of pottage in the form of Catholic Emancipation; the evidence of Cardinal Cullen's incredible pastoral (has the Archbishop read it?) is left for all generations as a witness to the trenchant loyalty of hierarchy. It remains to haunt the patriotic sentiment of our pulpits to-day.

Is it surprising if we find Irish Catholicism something of a tetchy old spinster, one who requires careful handling? She has been found too often with both feet in the wrong camp... and her instinct is therefore to dig her heels in where she is—in the past.

Yours, etc.,
MARY QUIRKE.

Sir, T.C.D.,
Permit me to make some comments on "University Question." I should like to put the Catholic view as it appears to me.

Catholics are not generally allowed to attend Trinity because of danger of teaching being propounded which is contrary to the Catholic faith. This is particularly true in history and medical school. Obviously a Protestant

Professor as Lecturer would be influenced by his beliefs in dealing with Papacy and Reformation. Again in medical school many Protestants accept abortion and use of contraceptives. Such views are repugnant to the Catholic mind because they are against the natural law and the Divine Law. One might as well expect Protestants to have no objection to attending Maynooth College.

The change necessary to permit Catholics to attend Trinity is one that must come from within Trinity. Less than 1 per cent. of the Governing body and Professors, Lecturers, etc., are Catholics. The Charter sets forth that Trinity is a Protestant University and there are rules governing the attendance at religious services.

So please be fair in your comments. You cannot expect all the concessions to be made by the Catholic Archbishop. If Trinity wishes to be an Irish University then changes must be made in the character of the charter and composition of the faculties.

Yours, etc.,
"ROMAN AND TRINITY."

[Last term this newspaper called on the Board to remove the famous clause, stating that Trinity is a Protestant University, from the Charter. The Board's reply, published the following week, shattered the hoary fallacy—there is no Charter, and the supposed clause is nowhere to be found in rules or documents at present in force.

The widespread persistence of belief in this falsehood is rather extraordinary, and very depressing. Other falsehoods have been exploded more recently; Michael Newcombe (who also merits the description "Rome and Trinity") reported only 3 weeks ago in our columns that in fact 23 per cent. of the Governing body, Lecturers, etc., are Roman Catholic. There are indeed "rules governing attendance at religious services." They lay down that every student must attend his own place of worship once a week, and they are never enforced. What our correspondent's objection to them is remains a mystery.—Ed.]

Success Story

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Dear Sir,

It gives me great pleasure to inform you of the achievement of Mr. Kuma, who was a student in Trinity College from 1952 to 1956. I thought that a short account of Mr. Kuma might be of interest, and give some encouragement to his contemporaries, as well as to other overseas students in Trinity. (I myself read Legal Science from 1950 to 1954.)

- (i) Since Mr. Kuma's arrival in Ghana, he has achieved great political academic distinction. He is a member of the Law Reform Commission.
- (ii) He is also a member of the Council of the University of Ghana.

Yours etc.,
I. AMISSAH-AIDOO.

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THE PLAGUE HITS PARIS

Contd. from page 2

nuts will have flared their way across the city, it will be sunny and warm, the pavements and cafes will be crowded with people and music. And you may not hear the ambulance, or see the crowd gathering or the broken glass after a *plastiquage*. And you may say that France is always living in a crisis, and she will get over this one like the others. And you may be right! But something is wrong somewhere. I don't mean the constant identity checks, the 25,000 policemen, nor the bus loads of activists that pass through Montparnasse on their way to the Camps, but the bookseller who lost his temper when I asked for "Le Romantisme Fasciste" by Serant (Herbert who would have had it was arrested 10 days before!); and

the impression that policemen avoided my eyes—not ONE looked me in the face. Something is seriously wrong for example when an intelligent, well educated Republican tells me that he is not living in a police dictatorship, that he feels "tellement libre," and argues heatedly the difference between "la censure" and "la saisie" of a newspaper, to prove it!

I was in Algiers in the first few days of January when over 100 people were killed or wounded in the streets or cafes. Paris at the moment is only one step from Algiers and all that, and Algiers is one step again from Indo-China.

In Eire and England you are unbelievably free! The English democratic system is considered a luxury here, where it is only the norm of liberty. But are you as free to-day as you were ten years ago? Or are you being slowly weakened by the speed and insulation of modern life? France, like America, has failed abroad because no amount of hospitals, schools, clinics or factories could match an ideal. But the next round will be played on the Home ground.

Exhibition:

"100 BEST PHOTOGRAPHS" (The Little Theatre, Brown Thomas)

An exhibition of a hundred photographs, sponsored by the Photographic Society of Ireland, is being held in the Little Theatre at Brown Thomas. Although the photographs have not been arranged in categories, there is a representative collection of portraiture, scenic, architectural and candid photographs from amateur and press photographers. Some of the prints are disappointing, but this is offset by the mature portraiture of Reg Perry, and the candid shots by Stanley Matchett, whose "By the fire where the billy boils" is the most striking subject in the whole exhibition. It is, in one way, a pity the selectors did not include more every-day subjects, rather than technically highly skilled photography with less interesting subject-matter. You may have seen the press photographs before but take a closer look at them again, for they may be the answer to the subject-matter question. In any case, it is worth while to take twenty minutes to go and see the exhibition before it closes to-morrow evening. Admission is free.—D.H.

School of Business and Social Studies

The present Schools of Commerce and of Social Studies will, subject to the Board's confirmation, be replaced next year by the new "School of Business and Social Studies." The present two-year Diploma course in Social Studies will give way to a four-year Degree course the syllabus for which includes practical work as well as lectures in History, P.P. and E., Psychology, and the Medical and Natural Sciences, together with some Law and casework.

Two degrees will be conferable; one in Social Studies, and one in Business Studies. The latter replaces the B.Comm. but it is not clear at present whether this will merely be a change of name, or whether a much-needed course in business management will emerge.

MUSIC FOR THE WEEK-END.—To-night the Choral Society is singing Beethoven's "Mass in C" and Lully's "Te Deum" in the Examination Hall at 8.15, and to-morrow night at 8.30 the College Singers and Chamber Orchestra will give a concert of seasonal carols, madrigals, and works by Tallis, Byrd and Warnock. To-morrow night also the Gramophone Society is playing Mozart's "Così fan tutte" at 7.30 in No. 6. Further details about such things as tickets for the concerts can be had from Chris. Hayward in No. 22 (Choral) or Antony Pettit in No. 34 (Singers).

Law Society Inaugural

In his stimulating inaugural address the Auditor, Mr. Humphrey Lloyd, stressed the need to separate the two concepts, law and morals, so that the plain man might more clearly understand the relationship between the two. Natural law contributed only a basis for a legal system; it was wrong to attribute to law subjective considerations other than rational and utilitarian ones.

The laws of Nazi Germany were morally wrong but those who obeyed them should not have been punished by recourse to natural law and morality which were subjected to other interests by personal decisions.

The Chief Justice, Mr. Cearbhall O Dalaigh, referred in the course of a brilliant speech, to the Swiss Civil Code which lays down firm rules on which judges should proceed. The Very Rev. Dr. Isaac Cohen, the Chief Rabbi, said that society cannot exist unless there is the maintenance of truth, of law and of peace. Law must be founded on truth and it must result among men in the establishment of peace.

Professor J. R. Montrose, of Queen's University, said that truth and justice were what the world stood on, and we must decide what concepts must be employed in this curious world of ours, to understand it truly, and depict it accurately. Law and morality are two separate concepts and must be clearly distinguished.

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The End Game

SUDDENLY you are a senior soph and it hits you. Time, I mean or the lack of it. A mere nine months and dear mother Trinity will deliver another son into the great wide world. The family resemblance of her offspring is a certain homespun charm, from an obligatory superficial gloss of lectures and the more educational and diverting activities that fill your stay at this Irish approximation to paradise. (Oh, why didn't I fail last year's exam?).

Although I am completely in agreement with the idea that one should immediately be retired on a pension after the horror of Mod. Pt. II (allowed B.A.), the MAJORITY think otherwise. "We must harvest the fruits of learning, trample out the vintage of '62, full bodied and a good frothy head, an excellent year!" Quote from a report to the Societe des Employers anonyme about the white hopes of Trinity '62, by an investigator, who spent all his time trying to drink right through the wine list of Bartley Dunne. He got as far as Oppenheimer - K r o t e n n brunnen 1955 in a week.

The message is, alas, that the arms of industry—screw rampant on a field of ghouls—are soon to enfold you, and for a satisfying affair you'd better choose the right embrace.

Step 1. See the Appointments Officer. HELP! The sticky Imperial purple tape entwines you, form filling and photograph passport size affix here. Woolworths machines stylise everyone into anthropoid apes. Specifications: Early '40 war baby, saw action in Portsmouth Navy Day and lower middle public

school, repulsed in the Oxbridge assault, and joined the Light but Loyal Irishers (T.C.D.) in '58. Absolutely no distinctions. Sex, none to mention.

Step II. Line up for all the interviews. More form filling, this time of a personal nature, i.e. WHAT CAN YOU OFFER OUR ORGANISATION? Simply filled by a horizontal straight line, symbolising a direct approach, a Bergman fan, sloth, and the fact that you have never heard of their products, let alone their happy band of employees. At the same time read the Superior Sunday papers, at least the ads. in them, and collect a few names to throw out with studied abandon, to create the impression of being au fait with the latest breakthrough in commerce. E. G. dichlorodiphenoltrinitraethylene—it kills bugs under the brand name of DDT. A bit old fashioned, but if not out in one breath, even as an expletive, can't help but impress.

Step III. The INTERVIEW itself. Clothing is now important. Wearing the best suit is now out. This year's fashion demands the hairy energetic look, and you must follow. Beg, or borrow, a dirty pair of jeans and a polo neck sweater, with either open toed sandals or holy gymshoes. Creative spectacles—horn-rim or black—are also essential TACTICS; when questioned, mumble or blow your nose, and if conversation lags, sniff and ask in strident tones "what's in it for me?" This exhibits the basic commercial zeal that they are after.

Finale: You will receive through the post offers of employment from all and sundry. Accept every one of them and then emigrate.

A career is what it's worth

If you divide the population into two groups—those who take THE TIMES and those who don't—you find this: those who *don't* take THE TIMES are in the great majority. Those who *do* are either at the top in their careers, or are confidently headed there.

THE TIMES both by its seniority in experience and by its incomparable prowess as a modern newspaper, naturally commends itself to successful people. There is no high level conference, no board meeting, no top executive's private office into which THE TIMES is not apt to be taken.

This choice of a newspaper by people who get on is indisputable.* In which of the two groups do you place yourself?

Read THE TIMES

* STUDENTS AND THE TIMES: As a student you can have THE TIMES for 24d. Write for details to the Circulation Manager, THE TIMES, London, E.C.4.

Theatre

A Question of Form

Dostoevsky's "THE POSSESSED," dramatised by Albert Camus. (Players' Theatre)

THE POSSESSED," whatever else it may be, is certainly not a particularly cosy evening. In the preface, Camus calls Dostoevsky's novel "this vast preposterous, panting world, full of outbursts and scenes of violence," and he certainly said a mouthful. Its vastness is neatly and subtly conveyed on the stage by making the play four hours long; its preposterousness and panting he leaves to the cast, and in the outbursts and scenes of violence line, there are two suicides, at least three murders, and a lot of loud shouting and lashing about with fists. All well and good, and if you like that kind of thing, why not?

But outbursts and scenes of violence are not automatically compelling stage material, and Camus can say that "Dostoevsky uses a theatre technique in his novels" and that he "works through dialogues with few indications as to time and place" until he is blue in the face. Without altering the fact that "The Possessed" is a novel, which neither seventeen

scene changes nor a lot of intense staring at the audience do anything to disguise. It should be obvious to a mental defective that theatre technique does not consist simply of using dialogue without "indications of time and place." It should also be obvious that the diffuseness of emotional content and the slow accumulative evolution which are the essence of this

type of novel are the very negation of what the theatre can do. In the first place, Camus should have known better than to make a dramatisation of Dostoevsky's novel, which lurches along on the stage like an exhausted frog on an ice rink; and in the second Players should have known better than to produce it under any conditions let alone those pertaining in the pocket theatre in No. 4.

Under these circumstances, it is remarkable what the Players production has achieved. Even so, there is a lot missing. Ralph Bates is certainly no Stavrogin; the tragic power of this part is just not his line. This is not to denigrate his abilities; they simply do not coincide with the projection of a tortured man of destiny. Much the same can be said of the production itself. The whole thing is a sad misdirection of a lot of exceptional talent.

After the wit and controlled accomplishment of last term's production, it is a pity to see this retrogression into misguided seriousness of purpose. Most performances (Anthony Weale, Ralph Bates, Jo Van Gyseghen, Caroline Lammert, Mia Swales and Francis Rainey leading the field) are excellent or good near-misses. But one misses the confidence, the easy virtuosity that Players have shown during the past year or so.—W.M.O.

Atmosphere, an essential ingredient of this type of film, is magnificently induced, not only by the conventional creaking door and guttering candle, but by daylight-scenes where the forces of nature are employed to effect. The cold image of dark storm clouds racing above tossed black elms is perhaps the best of these.

Deborah Kerr plays an excellent part as the governess, and her talent for expressing mental torture is exploited to the full in "Face to Face" type close-ups. Martin Stephens is splendidly precocious as the boy Miles—so adult at times that Miss Kerr often finds herself talking to him as to a mature man.

It is a film (based, incidentally, on a Henry James novel) which will frighten you pleasantly as well as giving you something to chew over.—G.F.

Films

Pleasantly Horrific

"THE INNOCENTS" (The Ambassador Cinema)

This film, which lays no claim to a plot as such, deals, in brief, with the attempts of a governess to free her two charges, a boy and a girl, from the influence of two former servants of the family (now dead) whom they hero-worshipped, ignorant of their evil and sin.

The theme, that of the harmony of an almost idyllic life sullied by the power of the demonic working through the two children, is sustained by a series of effective and original symbols. A vase of flowers (significantly white) whose

petals fall at a touch of the fingers, a butterfly the prey of a spider, the repulsive image of an insect crawling from the stone mouth of the statue of a child, and a white pigeon with its neck broken—all contribute an element of horrific incongruity.

The refusal of the governess to rationalise the eerie events leads her to a state of near-frenzy; until at last, the evil spirit possessing the boy Miles is exorcised, but still triumphant, for it kills him in the process.

OBITUARY:

Martin Marprelate

The State funeral has come and gone; he who has justly been called "the greatest gentleman of our time" has been laid in his final resting place. And now it falls to my lot, as his closest friend, to attempt an appreciation of his many faceted, nay, his protean, genius. What deep, broad humanity he had! What Gargantuan laughter! But his closing years were shadowed by an ever-increasing melancholy, caused largely by the decadence of our times. He regarded himself, rightly so, as the last bulwark in a world of decay and upheaval, of a finer, better world. He was particularly distressed by the modern laxity in the question of dress. Often have I seen him in full evening dress, standing in a one and ninepenny cinema queue. This was typical of the man: frugal and temperate in his habits, he yet invested the humblest activities with a rare dignity.

The story of his death has been recounted in all the newspapers, and will be told as long as the human race exists. But I do not feel that I can complete this dolorous task without some account of it. On Saturday last, his melancholy increased noticeably. I remember that he had been discussing with me many of the things which interested him most deeply. Suddenly he turned to me, and as he looked at me, his eyes grew dim, "My dear old friend," he said, "I have outstayed my welcome on this sorry planet. I fear that I shall never see another day dawn. But before I go, I will once more show the world what I can do. I propose to swim the Irish Sea, commencing in one hour." In vain

did I attempt to dissuade him. But he was unmovable. Prudent to the last, he set off from Kingstown harbour, striking out manfully in the icy water in a thick army surplus overcoat. He was, as we all know, never seen again by mortal eye.

On his desk, I later found this fragment, intended in its finished state to be published in his weekly column in this newspaper. Would that he had lived to complete it, and that it might now adorn the melancholy area upon which his obituary is now printed! The fragment runs as follows:

"This morning, as I was walking through the front gate of this hallowed pile, I found a group of people, cowering helplessly in the entrance porch. 'What does this mean,' I asked? In answer, they pointed towards parliament square. I shall never forget the sight that then greeted my eyes. Standing upon the grass was a group of twenty hooligans, whose loathsome appearance I shall not attempt to describe. These unspeakable blackguards were hurling large pieces of compressed snow at the once jocund group which is always to be found at front gate, with the result that they had all taken ignominious shelter. As appalled by this cowardly attitude as by the aggression which had engendered it, I endeavoured to stir up a spirit of resistance among them. In reply, they merely grinned sheepishly. I therefore addressed the now triumphant group of ruffians and juvenile delinquents. 'O misguided young men,' I began, 'think of the misery you are causing. Is this any way to spend the precious hours of your youth? Go

home. Go home, and meditate on the error of your ways. Store up, by diligence and application, a mine of golden thoughts for your declining years...' At this point, my address was interrupted by a large lout with a protuberant nose, who, aiming with uncanny accuracy, managed to introduce into my mouth a large amount of compressed snow, thus precluding speech for some time afterwards. Somewhat discomfited by this reverse, I retreated into the entrance porch, where I was greeted by ill-suppressed laughter."

At this point the fragment breaks off.

Marprelate leaves behind him a world sorely in need of his depth of vision, his breadth of human understanding. His greatest genius lay in social questions. People to Marprelate, were what mattered above all else; people and their problems. And he was fully equipped to deal with those problems. Born in 1895, he spent a large part of his first months in bed with a member of the opposite sex, a fact which gave him a unique insight in matters of sexual morality. He spoke on such matters with an undisputed authority which extended to his writings on sanitary questions. How fitting is the proposed site for his statue, replacing that of Moore above the urinal in College Street. Many generations will remember him with gratitude, as they survey the simple inscription on the plaque erected to his memory in No. 4:

SI MOUMENTUM REQUIRIS CIRCUMSPICE.

We shall not look upon his like again.

Profile:

THE new Senator topped the poll, and he was just as surprised as anybody else. "People say I won on organisation. I had a wonderful committee but I don't think anybody has much 'organisation' for these elections; mine may have been a little better than the others, but you have to work hard when you are an outside candidate trying to break into a tight Staff-held ring. I'd like to think that I got the votes because the graduates approved my programme."

John Ross's programme dealt almost entirely with the broad issues of national policy. In a section headed "The New Ireland" he wrote: "Many people, and especially the younger generation, are glad to look forward . . . It is to this progressive spirit that I hope to contribute." He supported Ireland's entry into the Common Market and her U.N. policy. In Trinity affairs, his aim was "To strive to bring the University and nation closer together, to interpret one to the other and to show the constructive part which the University and its graduates can play in Irish life." Graduates are not, he thinks, playing a big enough part at present; too many are quite content to make a comfortable living in business or the professions without trying to make a contribution to public life.

John N. Ross (N. for Nathaniel) was born in Cork, and went to school at Eastbourne—"Hence the ineradicable accent." In College he took a Mod. in History, was Auditor of the Hist., and was a keen and efficient Adjutant of the College group of the war-time L.D.F. After graduation in 1942 he joined the ranks of the Irish Guards in which he was later commissioned and ended his service

with them as a captain. He returned to Trinity after the war to qualify in law, and entered a solicitor's office.

"Originally I intended to go to the Bar. But already I had a wife, and a family on the way, so I couldn't afford to wait for briefs; I became a solicitor, and I've never regretted it. A barrister's life is much more intellectual than rhetorical, you know. As a solicitor you're much more in touch with people. Any morning a solicitor may have a man into his office wanting to put £100,000 into a new company, and immediately after him an old woman who wants to make an accident claim and hasn't a penny."

He is not a particularly rhetorical person. He thinks and talks crisply; as a committee man he is tactful but decisive. Is the Senate the place for these particular talents? "Well, don't expect an independent Senator to accomplish a great deal in what is essentially a party-controlled body. But he can get a hearing for things that need to be said—not only in the Senate, but outside it as well." There is no shortage of platforms. Ross now spends two or three evenings a week at one meeting or another, and finds that his election has doubled the demand on his services as a speaker.

There isn't much time for recreation. He used to fence (captain of the Irish team and national Épée champion) but now he gets most of exercise by splitting logs at his home, a small country house within 15 minutes drive of his office at Merrion Street. He keeps in touch with College through personal



Senator John Ross

friendships, through the University Club and through membership of the Trinity Trusts Committee.

Does he think Trinity is more in touch with Irish life than it was twenty years ago? "There's been a change, I think. In those days the students were pretty well in touch with national life and the Board seemed completely insulated from it. Now the Board and teaching staff in general are very much aware of national feeling and anxious for Trinity to play its part in Ireland, but many students seem to me very out of touch and the Irish seem to leave a number of organisations almost entirely in the hands of our visitors."

Does he think he will be re-elected? "It will be a terrific fight next time, but I stand a fair chance. It's quite right that there should be people in the Senate who can speak for Trinity from the inside; graduates feel that they are entitled to have a representative who is not on the College Staff and who may therefore be able to speak more freely. I look on myself as the representative of the graduates outside the walls of College."—J. White.

Icarus:

The new cover-design of *Icarus*, drawn by Richard Eckersley, reinterprets the myth: Icarus appears to be bouncing the sun on the tip of his nose, his arms burgeon with feathers and his scarlet eye reflects the coils of the sun's creative energy. In short he is, as he should be in his aspect as our young writer's tutelary Titan, not only threatened by but playing with and reflecting the mystery which he has approached through his own skill. The cover very ably takes the place of an editorial.

The *Diary*, also the work of Richard Eckersley, is a short and moving fiction in which narrative gives way at times to dialogue, dramatic scene and waking or sleeping interior monologue. Through the writer's skill we follow an old man's unconscious interior monologue, released by sleep, and become aware that he has found the "bearings" he seeks, below the level of consciousness. *Story*, by Cheli Duran, convincingly presents the feeling of a would-be suicide, Mary, that she cannot explain to her attendants "How dark the silence of pain is, when you . . . can only point to nothing and say this hurts me." *Point of War* by Ian Blake and *The Retreat* by Alec Rainey view war from different angles and in different contexts. Ian Blake sets his story level of reportage, and holds the moving with competence on the interest with his well-turned plot; Alec Rainey tells a serious fable set in 14th century Lithuania and makes use of his warrior's conversation as a sort of free verse:

They say our country spreads to four seas now.

To countries where the clouds will hold no snow.

Where our pine trees grow not! As can be seen from this extract, uneasy archaism goes side by side with imaginative vigour.

Icarus 36 has thirteen poets, four of them new to us. Thirteen must be the Titan's lucky number. All these poets are interesting. A. P. Johnston, a visitor from U.C.D., writes a poem which wavers be-

tween regular decasyllabic verse and conversational rhythms. Some Wordsworthian diction and sweet effects too casually come by ("Within your sleep now imageless beauty lies" is sweet in this way) do not overlay the curve of a poetic gesture. R. Graham and Katherine Nesbitt use free verse sensibly, Rudi Hopzapfel is at it again and yet succeeds in fixing a slight poem in the memory by the use of a visually brilliant image. Yann Lovelock fixes a more moving image in the mind by being moved by it himself, but the poem slithers out of its form at the end of the third verse when he takes his imagination off the image and says "We realised . . ." Ian Blake's snapshots of Dublin explore the changes an unusual viewpoint will cause in familiar objects. Timothy Brownlow has some rather laboured but classically well-managed lines on the city ("As if a gargoyle, a beggar stoops, Caught in the city's timeless dissonance.") There is a good poem by Paul Davies who seems to be in command both of conception and word. If there is a criticism to make it is that his lines are rather heavily laden with words which are doing their job and consequently with consonants ("Compact black roosting pheasants dream"). Tim Webb writes a graceful love-poem with an irritating pseudo-logical pattern, Brendan Kennelly, a likeable series of couplets on Swift's Hospital. Deborah de Vere White seems to be moving off in a new direction, towards a surrealist imagism (" . . . I saw dead swans/ Float through the sky/ Two trees on the hill-top/ Move as one . . ."). Michael Longley has a sustained vision in *Day of Dancing* and Derek Mahon a most personal engagement in life through the medium of words, these are really exciting poems.

Edna Broderick's *The Poetry of Richard Wilbur* is at its best in the discussion of alliteration, assonance and the poet's "nouveau riche" vocabulary, which she engagingly seeks to defend as "not lapses but head over heels."

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RIDE IN WHERE YOU SEE THIS SIGN

Colonel May

(Trinity's Leading Tipster)

The Irish raid on Cheltenham will be the largest yet, and will probably be the most successful. Let us start with Tuesday's card first. Last year Ireland failed to win either division of the Gloucester Hurdle but the Colonel believes that Silver Green and Farney Fox can do the trick this year. With Fortria out of the Champion Chase, it looks as though Scottish Memories will be the one to chase Fredith's Son round the picturesque course; the Colonel reckons he'll catch him as well. In the N.H. Chase, Dan Moore's Flying Wild, an impressive third to Limeking at Leopardstown recently, should give Alan Lillington a first-day double. Kerforo goes in the N.H. Handicap Chase — need the Colonel say more? Wednesday will see a battle royal between Rupinnini, Vulsea and Coniston; the Colonel's few pence will be on Vulsea after the 7-year-old's super showing at Baldoyle. Another Flash, Anzio, Quelle Chance — which for the coveted Champion Hurdle? Another Flash is undefeated this year, is ridden by Bobby Beasley, won the race in 1960, is trained by Paddy Sleator, will win the race this year. Q.E.D. The Colonel recently had the pleasure of seeing Willow King at Tom Dreaper's stable and he reckons that the next time he will see that handsome performer will be in the winner's enclosure, after the Kim Muir Chase. Thursday is Gold Cup day and Pas Seul is already 1-2 ante-post. It takes a brave man to oppose that magnificent animal but provided the going is firm the Colonel takes Fortria to triumph and so continue this wonderful winning season for Tom Dreaper.

For those who want a little ante-post Spring double gamble, the Colonel suggests Kerforo and Torullo. Please remember that the draw is all important at Lincoln — high numbers being best in the mile course. A Grand National winner must have courage, jumping ability, speed, more courage, and luck. Let us hope that the gallant Kerforo has her fair share of good luck at Aintree. Loyal Tan goes in the Topham Trophy and per haps an e.w. investment will get back some of that Leopardstown money. For the really brave, the Colonel offers Clear Sound and Abermaid as a Guineas double. Finally, the two fabulous fillies of 1961, La Tendresse and Display, bold Baldoyle engagements in March.

FENCING CLUB

Following its victory over Campbell College, Belfast, on Friday, the 23rd of February, the Club enjoyed equal, if individual success, in the Irish Junior Open Foil Championships at Dun Laoghaire on Saturday, the 24th.

Taking part were John Robinson, Chris Robinson and Peter Stallabass, and in the Ladies' Section Susan Brooks, Ann Rogers, Frances Alexander and Hui Pin Lim.

Special congratulations are however, to Pin Lim on her fine achievement in winning the Ladies' Irish Junior Open in the face of fierce competition. Her chief rivals were perhaps Sue Brooks, and Frances Alexander, who deserves congratulations also, for coming third.

In the Men's Section we did not fare so well, John Robinson being narrowly beaten from second to third place in a very closely contested final.

The Club would like to extend its thanks to Professor Duffy, these results being in no small way due to his excellent coaching.

LUNCHEONS

AT

Ray's Restaurant

TILL 7 P.M.

CLEAN SWEEP IN WINE CUP

UNDER the captaincy of Stan Birch the Wine Cup returned to Trinity who last won it when Stan's brother, Gordon, was captain, eight years ago. For some years past the Table Tennis Club has been on the upgrade and last year the team went precious near to recovering the elusive trophy. This year, however, there was never any doubt about the issue and with a very strong team all the way through both Q.U.B. and U.C.D. were "blitzed" in 8-1 and 7-2 victories.

Number one, Chan, won an exciting game with Johnston of Queen's in three sets but was never really in the game against Quinn of U.C.D. D. McSweeney after a slow start, warmed up to beat D. Lem of U.C.D. in a crucial number two match. New colours Peare and McGloughlin played strongly to all their matches.

Congratulations to McSweeney, Peare, Birch and Brown who have been picked to represent the Dublin Universities against the Malaysians later this month.

The ladies' team bettered the men by beating Queen's 9-0 but they had a tougher match with U.C.D. to win 6-3. In both cases number one, Kay Home, proved what a talented player she is by not losing a set in either singles or doubles.

The first ladies' league team of Kay Home, A. Aw and M. Chan have qualified for the final of their Division Cup as have the second men's team of A. McGloughlin, L. Parkinson, A. Shingadia and L. Jacobson. If both these teams succeed in winning their decider it will have been a truly remarkable season for the club.

HARRIERS

The final match of the season was held in Phoenix Park last Saturday. It was a quadrangular fixture against Queen's University, Belfast, Aberystwyth University and Bangor University. Despite the appalling weather which earlier in the day had threatened the cancellation of the match, the conditions underfoot were quite good. Both Trinity and Queen's were

without their top runners, S. Whitome and S. Kochling respectively.

The field of well over 40 runners set off at a very fast pace but close packing was still evident even after the first mile. This continued right up to the finish and it was a fine finishing sprint by A. Shillington (D.U.H.) that enabled him to win in the time of 33 min. 55 secs., a truly magnificent effort. However, mention should be made of the fact that J. Gordon (Q.U.B.) and P. Price (Bangor) took a wrong turning and went 50 yards extra when leading a mile from the finish. Gordon put in a fast burst to catch A. Sparshott (D.U.H.) and tie with him for 2nd place. F. H. Quinlan (D.U.H.) was well to the fore up to the "dips" but then the leading bunch strung out and he finished 8th. The closeness of the finish is well illustrated by the fact that he was a mere 80 to 100 yards behind the winner. P. Toomey, forsaking his track training for a day, ran very well to finish 14th and the counting Trinity six was completed by P. Davey and J. Hill, equal 18th.

The result of the match was a win for Trinity; a fitting end to the season, and definitely the most successful match.

The last round of the Parke Cup was held in conjunction with this race as a sealed handicap and it was won by R. Senior, who is also the winner of the Parke Cup.

After consideration of the season's performances, colours have been awarded to the following: P. Davey, B. E. Davies, J. Hill, F. H. Quinlan, A. Shillington, A. R. Sparshott, P. Toomey, S. Whitome.

Golf Win

D.U. Golf Club recaptured the "Murphy Cup" from U.C.D. with an unexpected but fully deserved win at Royal Dublin Golf course last week.

In the morning the foursomes were halved, two matches going to each side, but U.C.D. had the edge in them since they won both their matches by fairly large margins.

In the afternoon everything rested on the singles, and after the sixth match was finished Trinity was in an unbeatable position, having won four of the six finished. However U.C.D. were drawing up in the other two singles and so the match looked like being a draw. However, to cut a long story short, J. Stokoe managed to win the last two holes in his match to halve it, and to give Trinity an overall win of 6½ matches to 5½ by U.C.D.

Result: D.U. Golf Club beat U.C.D. by 6½ matches to 5½.

CANOE CLUB

The recently formed canoe club has spent this term exploring the possibilities of fixtures with other Irish canoe clubs and has gained valuable experience on rivers such as the Nore, the Boyne and the Blackwater and in salt water canoeing to Ireland's Eye.

Next term several week-ends have been planned to take advantage of the season's mildness. These include three days on the Blackwater in Co. Cork over the Easter, and later in the term, on the river Slaney.

More canoes and cars are available than ever before, and this opens up the possibility of larger expeditions further afield. All interested in taking an active part in summer canoeing are advised to watch for notices at front gate early next term. Lady members are especially welcome.

Sporting Briefs

Under the leadership of John McCarthy, the Badminton 2nd team appear unbeatable at the moment. They have created surprise after surprise in reaching the final of the Midland Branch Cup.

The ladies hockey team will be shortly going on their English tour. Matches will be played against Oxford and London Universities and two Cambridge colleges. Last week, the team drew 1-1 with Queen's University.

The Rugby Club will play their Senior Cup match against U.C.D. on March 31st.

WATER POLO

In a practice match for the forthcoming tour of the London Hospitals Trinity defeated Pembroke by eight goals to two.

Congratulations to C. W. Wilkin-son on being invited to play in the English Open Badminton Championship.

Colonel May acknowledges Mr. Swerling's letter on that most interesting topic, breeding. He cannot, of course, agree with many of Mr. Swerling's wild statements, but thanks him for his kind comments on the Colonel's ability to pick winners.

BADMINTON CLUB

Trinity, 4; Queen's, 5
Trinity, 8; U.C.D., 0.

In the annual Triangular match between T.C.D., U.C.D. and Q.U.B. Trinity lost their title to Queen's. Trinity went ahead to a very convincing 4-1 lead in the match against Queen's. The match seemed virtually won when Trinity led 14-7 in the final set of one of the remaining games, and so were within a point of victory. Queen's drowned our sorrows well during the dinner-dance which followed the event. U.C.D., whose talent was not so obvious on the Badminton Court, were appreciated in the later entertainment.

Informal Interviews

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24th MARCH
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