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TRINITY NEWS

A Dublin University Weekly

Thursday, 29th November, 1962

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Lecture System to change?

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More Tutorials

ONCE again the Trinity lecture system has come into the news, but refreshingly the initiative this time has been taken by a group of young lecturers. They are questioning not just the compulsory lecture regulations that are considered to be pointless and inefficient but also the exaggerated importance that the class system is given in College.

Some of the junior lecturers were undergraduates at Oxford where the tutorial is the main medium of instruction and which in their opinion is vastly superior to the method of relying solely on lectures. They want to see a closer student-lecturer relationship for one thing, as this is almost non-existent in Trinity at present. Secondly the tutorial means that the student has to think for himself, to work, to prepare weekly papers and generally take the initiative in reading his course. Lecturers would be voluntary and only to construct a skeleton for the course and to study one or two special sections of it.

The problems in the way of having a tutorial system are many, not the least of which is the cost. For in order to have such personal attention the staff of the college would have to be considerably increased. This is thought to be a step in the right direction, and we can only hope that it will not be the last.

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Big Names Tonight

TRINITY's biggest political meeting of the year takes place tonight. The Debating Hall in the GMB should be packed out when John Bardon, final year History student, delivers his paper "Ireland: 40 years of stagnation." The Phil is bringing 5 politicians from North and South to answer his questions.

First speaker will be Charles Brett, the chairman of the N.I. Labour party, and a T.V. personality. The leader of the Irish Labour party, Brendan Corish, T.D., will provide quite a contrast.

The government will be represented by Erskine B. Childers, Minister of Transport and Power, and the Fine Gael party by Oliver Hanagan, T.D., famous for his awkward questions in the Dail. The N.I. union and labour leader, Sam Napier completes the platform. With such a mixture the skin and fur should fly tonight.

We asked Phil Secretary Brian Glass about women and the Phil. "They are welcome at all our meetings," he said. "In 1953 the Phil. passed a motion admitting women as members, but this did not meet with the Board's approval then. For the last 9 years they have been welcome to speak at our meetings, just as male visitors are, but only about two or three a year have spoken." He thought that, if attendance topped 200 tonight, there would be about 60 women present.

FOR LOTUS EATERS

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A TRY!—Doyle scores U.C.D.'s first try in the Colours match while John Coker looks anxiously on.
REPORT — Page Five.

Representative Music Committee

Last week a new committee — the D.U. Representative Music Committee — was inaugurated under the chairmanship of College's new Professor of Music, Dr. Brian Boydell. Its members are drawn from the Choral Society, the Music Society, College Singers, the Gramophone Society and the Jazz Appreciation Society.

Its functions are: To cooperate with the Professor of Music in the coordination of musical activity in the University. To deal with matters which affect the musical activities in the College as a whole. To act for musical interests in cases where money may be requested from Trusts, etc. To decide on the conditions of use of accommodation which may be provided by the College authorities for musical activity. It also hopes to produce a Calendar of Musical Events in College.

At the request of the R.M.C., the Committee of the Gramophone

Society have agreed to act as guardians of the School of Music's record collection. In return for their work in cataloguing the records, they will be allowed to play them themselves and will be available on set occasions to play records for those who request them. A "Request Book" will be provided for this purpose. The Professor himself will be holding two weekly one-hour sessions, beginning next term, during which he will play records of music relevant to the History of Music course. Any student will be welcomed at these sessions. The records will also be available to the Gramophone Society for use at its Friday evening meetings.

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TRINITY NEWS

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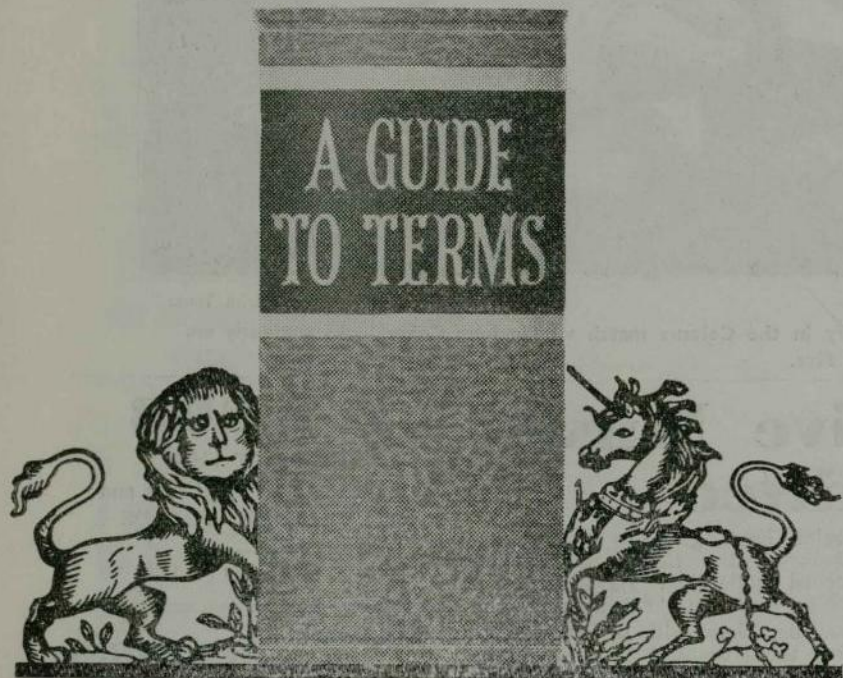
THE WORLD OUTSIDE

THE ESSENCE of any university is that it should be outward-looking. In spite of cries from the staid members of the public about student immaturity and extremism — which cannot be denied — we, as students, are looked to to provide a lead in some measure. Dr. Michael Grant, Vice-Chancellor of Queen's, emphasised this point last week in reference to the press-ban ballyhoo which convulsed that university recently.

Why then, in Trinity, is there such a preoccupation with ourselves? The community spirit in College is, perhaps, one of the closest-knit in any university in these islands — thanks largely to the campus atmosphere afforded by our topography. But the benefits of this atmosphere are in danger of being undermined by the pernicious influence of insularity which seems to be creeping in more and more every day. It has nothing to do with Town and Gown. It has nothing to do with Catholic and Protestant. It has nothing to do with English and Irish.

It has to do with our preoccupation with who is Professor of what (listen on Commons any night), what Dr. McD..... said and our **overdone** concern with the affairs of the community in which we live. To begin with, how much do we know about our most closely comparable institutions, the other universities — even U.C.D.? Far too little, we would suggest. It is a most commendable thing to contemplate one's navel on occasions. The danger is that one's neck will seize up in that position.

University should be a starting-point, a basic training for living. It cannot start to do its work properly until we break out of the comparatively narrow world bounded by the green railings of our tight little, right little College.



(besides the three compulsory ones)

WITH IT To be up to date. To be hip. To read The Observer (It).

WAY OUT To be in. To be with it. To be hip. To read The Observer (out on Sundays, in seven days a week).

HIP The thing that stops your leg falling off. See also with it. See also The Observer.

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THE OBSERVER

WOMEN IN COLLEGE

In this article, the Auditor of the Hist. answers D. R. D. Hutchinson's arguments in last week's issue about admission of women to the Society.

A Reply

IN his article last week, Mr. Hutchison takes it upon himself to advocate legislation within the College Historical Society to permit the admission of women to debates. Admittedly, it is steadily becoming more fashionable for those outside the Hist., or those who do not play an active part in its meetings, to advocate the admission of women. It is not immediately clear to me why the Hist. is regarded as a servant of the College, existing to fit in with what students in general want rather than with its members' wishes. Mr. Hutchison claims that women want to debate. The Hist. is not preventing them. The Elizabethan Society exists for them and if, as last week's article stated, all-female debates could not be considered as a serious proposition, let the Eliz. admit men and organise a weekly debate. Surely it cannot be that women in College want to keep one society all female? This would be most inconsiderate and selfish.

In his ignorance of facts, Mr. Hutchison makes an unfortunate comparison between Trinity and Edinburgh where he says there exists a society comparable to the Hist., the Speculative Society, but also where there is a mixed union. The Speculative Society is a graduates' club with very limited membership (less than 100) which holds debates for the benefit of its members. Apart from these details the similarity is complete. I would

suggest that Mr. Hutchison establishes facts before he attempts any other arguments along these lines.

The old argument of misogyny occurred again in the article and I should have thought by now it had lost its sting (if it ever had any). Members of the Hist. are not anti-feminist; most indeed are members of several mixed societies in College. But it is true that they like the idea of having one all-male haunt whither they can retire when they wish, and why should they not retain it if they so choose?

Mr. Hutchison's true motives are hinted at near the end of his article when he sets out his plans and suggests an open debating competition to decide competitors in the "Irish Times" tournament. This would presumably be sponsored by the S.R.C. and, whilst the idea itself is a very fair one, the S.R.C.'s interference would take us one step nearer the Union which the article claims to deplore. A Union in Trinity would mean the destruction of one of the finest distinctions between this university and so many on the other side of the water, but it would certainly give the S.R.C. a new and greater power in College. Consciously

LETTER

24th November, 1962.

Dear Sir,

Mr. J. B. Houston is quite right to be concerned about the dangers inherent in the Official Secrets Bill, but in practice it is not easy to protect both the community and the individual.

I was present in the Senate for the second reading of the Bill on 14th November. Six members spoke including Senator Stanford. However as the Minister for Justice said, this is "a Committee Bill," and I preferred to hold my fire for the Committee Stage (on 28th November) for which I, like Senator Stanford, have set down my amendments.

Yours, etc.,
John N. Ross

Who was that lady?

The Simon-Morgan Syndicate made a take-over for the Four-Peas last week, — "I have come a long way from the Pike"—Fings really started in the Reading-room where Nigel Bond tie-tacked Mirabel Walker. Some went to chase glamorous Judy Simpkins — "I hope they didn't get Judy complexes; some went to watch Rosemary Gibson train for her "Colours Match brawl" but you've got to hand it to her. Some even went to do the Madison; Simon hopes that you will all come back on Monday to "Model the Madison."

Thursday saw Ross Dixon yet again ejected from an excellent party given in the Mews of Waterloo Road by Alain "I'm French" Bruneau, Ian Pugh, John Teh and Roy Moore. The participants included lovely Linda escorted by the ever smooth Jeremy. Richard T. was seen to be dancing sedately with Ursula while Mike C. got steadily intoxicated. Max McM. and

Susan occupied one corner while Sallie couldn't be found. Maurice and Vivienne talked shop with John S. and 'Hairy' while Nima cast off her shoes and twisted the night away. Alain kept the crowd at bay producing more wine than Irving Shapiro got sick.

We took ourselves, glasses and all, to New Square where the kind sponsors Mike McMullan and Pete Heyelder were overwhelmed by their popularity to such an extent that the booze didn't reach the half-way stage — No wonder the Admiral was there consuming his usual pints as were the rest of the Boat Club. Alastair Corscadden was seen golfing with Jeremy Stokoe; Norman Gillett went out in a shower of glasses, then Roy M. disappeared with lovely Scilla leaving Mike Roach chewing his cigar. Nigel D. rewarded himself with the wooden spoon, Jonathan Ivory had a fierce argument with Snarge, of all people Frank Tisdall

or unconsciously, Mr. Hutchison appears to be arguing with these ends in view.

I have always maintained that there is a place in Trinity for a mixed debating society. I refuse to accept, however, that its existence can be only within the Hist. If the men in College want to support a society which excludes women, if they feel that there is in such a society a difference which it is worth preserving, it is surely wrong to try to force their hand by means of articles and circulars. A mixed debating society should be started alongside the Hist. and when it achieves the success which those in favour of mixed debating must forecast for it, the Hist., in their view, will become defunct and this other society will take over. In the meantime, it is not surprising, and it is surely right, that the Hist. should continue to ignore the attacks being made on it. The Hist. is, whether Mr. Hutchison likes it or not, an all-male society by its very nature, and to introduce women would not demand mere minor constitutional changes. It would involve the abolition of the present society and the founding of a new debating-society which might, perhaps, bear the name of College Historical Society but whose resemblance would go no further.

One final point I should like to make. Mr. Hutchison states that he would wish to see women as debating members only. I believe it is impossible to go half way. A year ago, the Oxford Union wanted to admit women as debaters. Now they are in the process of admitting them as full members. The same would happen in the Hist. Indeed, if one is in favour of women as debaters, it is only logical that they should be full members. If they are worthy of the one it is impossible to deny them the other. If Mr. Hutchison regards the Hist. as having insulted women by inviting them to watch the Inaugural on television, his insult would be so much greater if he tried to stop half way in the matter of general admission.

The arguments against women in the Society are not based entirely on tradition. Logic and reason support the case also. One wonders, in addition, how far those in favour of gaining admission for women are inspired by motives which genuinely seek mixed debates, and how far they are inspired by the prospect of cracking another bastion of masculinity. These are surely suffragettes gone mad.

J. MICHAEL
NEWCOMBE

took a great interest in Rosemary Gault.

The social highlight of the week was the Bi-Ball where the Medics, released from their ties of work, assembled for some energetic dancing. Dr. McCracken watched, smiling benignly, but there was a touch of professional interest in his careful observation of the twisting couples. Dynamic Derrick Waldron-Lynch, M.C., congratulated Dr. Ted Nolan on his Degree and Jeremy Cahill and Tony Slattery on their Birthdays. Noreen Smith looked radiant in gold. Dr. Willy Montgomery looked dreamily at his charming wife Freda. Joe Bolthby shot the mark slightly while Valerie and David Chapman were seen captivated by each other. Pat Brannigan appeared tough in his Sombrero and he brought Jackie Herbert with him. Surely Alec Harden was dazzled by his blonde. No bottles were broken but some

His utterance is an exceedingly direct one. He always aims at simplicity and lucidity. He wants his music to be clear, but I don't think it necessarily follows that his mind or sensibility is a simple one.

Benjamin Britten's "Noyes Fludde" was performed in College just before the beginning of term. His "St. Nicolas" has already been heard on record in the Gramophone Society, and next Tuesday the Choral Society are to give a live rendering of the same work. We print here an exclusive interview, obtained during the summer by Colin Smythe of "Trinity News," with Peter Pears, the distinguished tenor and close friend and interpreter of Britten.

PEARS ON BRITTEN

Sir, when did you start singing?

I had my first singing lesson in 1920 when I was twenty. I did my first concert with Britten in 1938 and I've been singing ever since.

Which of Britten's works have you enjoyed singing in most?

It's very difficult to answer that. When Britten is asked what is his favourite work, he's always inclined to say "the latest, the youngest," and I am rather inclined to say the last thing that I have worked on with him. Each new thing has its new fascinations, but "Peter Grimes" is still one of my favourites.

You have had a very busy summer this year. How much time do you get for relaxation?

I have a certain amount of time for holidays, but it's not very easy to keep them clear. I get booked up rather far ahead for certain crucial dates, Christmas, Easter time for Passions, and so on and it's very difficult to get a good length for a holiday. This summer I am not having nearly enough, but I propose to have some in the winter. I'm going to Greece in January, come what may.

How many of Britten's works are commissioned?

It's a little difficult to say. Quite a number have been actually commissioned in the sense that they have been paid for; quite a number of other ones have been written for

special occasions and have not been paid for. At present he tends to write his smaller works for first performances at Aldeburgh, and has done this for the last ten or fifteen years. "Peter Grimes" was in fact a commission from the Koussevitzky Foundation and not written for any particular occasion until it was picked up by Joan Cross for the opening of Sadlers Wells in 1945. There are a number of works like that. Britten enjoys writing for particular circumstances, but has not so very often written for actual commissions. "St. Nicolas" is a case in point.

Does he ever sit down and write for the sheer joy of doing so?

Yes, one of the things he complains about in a busy life is that he never has time to write the "odd pieces" as he calls them: pieces that suddenly come into his mind, such as a song, the small orchestral piece, a part song or something like that. He is always willing and likes to write for an occasion. He has just finished a very, very simple anthem for the Centenary of his prep. school, which is a setting of Psalm 150. The first performance was in fact on Sunday 29th July. He wrote it for all the forces they had, fifty or sixty small boys under the age of fourteen, various recorders, a trumpet and an organ.

How long does it take him to write a work of average length?

It varies a great deal. "Noyes Fludde," for instance, didn't take too long — about three or four months. On the other hand, "A Midsummer Night's Dream" took about fifteen months' pretty consistent work. The "War Requiem" took between a year and fifteen months. I can't remember how long "Peter Grimes" took. It was talked about very early on—at least two years before it was performed, maybe three. The small songs



might take only a day, but they could take longer. I know the Donne Sonnets were written in something like a fortnight, after he had come back from the concentration camps in 1945 and had a high fever from a delayed inoculation. Friday Afternoons were before my time.

How would you describe Britten's music?

His utterance is an exceedingly direct one. He always aims at simplicity and lucidity. He wants his music to be clear, but I don't think it necessarily follows that his mind or sensibility is a simple one. However it does mean that the effect or impression is very often a straight one.

Did he choose the "Songs from the Chinese" because of their simplicity?

Are they so simple? They are subtle, I think. If you are going to attempt some songs of that nature for voice and guitar, you want poems of a slightly epigrammatic nature. You don't want anything too grand or developed.

How does Britten choose his Libretti?

Many come to him in the post, but none are chosen. He reads, and browses in, large quantities of verse, and takes a lot of trouble to find the right poem. Opera librettos are worked on from the very first idea of the story.

What is he working on now?

He is writing a 'cello concerto for Mstislav Rostropovich, an artist whom Britten enormously admires and whom together with his wife Galina Vishnevskaya he has come to love as human beings. He is hoping to finish it in time to give the premiere in Moscow, on our first Russian visit next March.

- REMARKS
- RECENTLY OVERHEARD
- ★ "A place of pilgrimage." — An eminent D.D. (h. c.)
 - ★ "The finest in these islands." — A thoughtful Ph.D.
 - ★ "The mostest." — An illiterate Freshman.
 - ★ "They have records for everyone." — A broadminded Mus.B.
 - ★ "Paperbacks by the thousand." — A poor Sophister.

THEY MAY NOT HAVE MUCH IN COMMON BUT THEY ALL HAVE EASON'S IN MIND

Review

PLAY

FILM

PLAYERS

"THE FIRERAIERS"

By Max Frisch. Player's Theatre. Director: Michael Ruggins.

"The Fireraisers," as a piece of theatre, raises one or two pregnant questions in a fairly acute form. The most obvious one, quite simply, is whether or not the stage is the place for political allegory. "The Fireraisers" could not be more crass; sections of the play have "Munich" or "the contemporary state of German public life" written all over them in large black letters.

Yet the piece can hold the attention of an audience in a way one does not expect from a mere reading of it, and for reasons that are not immediately obvious.

The play takes place in the house of Gottlieb Biedermann, a wealthy industrialist. It opens with Biedermann's reading in the newspaper of yet another fire started by a gang of arsonists. His reaction, the stock "they ought to be strung up," is as far as he will go to a solution of the problem; it is enough to be conscious that things are happening. He gives shelter to a tramp, quickly joined by another, who sleep in his attic. The play itself deals with tracing his rapidly growing realisation that they themselves are fireraisers, and his total inability to deal with the situation. His final despairing effort is to invite the fireraisers to dinner, in the hope that by making friends with them, he will avert catastrophe. The play proper (there is also an 'afterpiece') ends with the

flames licking round Biedermann and his wife.

To put over a play like this with any degree of success is a formidable test of directorial skill; "The Fireraisers" could very easily degenerate into dull portentousness. Mike Ruggins production has the essential wit the play needs, the kind of wit which conveys itself in gesture and movement as well as in intonation and facial expression; it also has a feeling for the play's pretty tenuous human content which could, easily have been missed by a less talented director. Mr. Ruggins has turned what could have been a disaster into a very positive success, which no one with any sense will miss the opportunity of feeling for himself. (If for nothing else, for the fire and smoke effects at the end of the first section). Excellent set, good performances from everyone — Annabelle Brady, Tony Weale, Ralph Bates and Konstantin de Goguel leading the field. Highly recommended. W.M.O.

"TERM OF TRIAL"

ADELPHI

THIS film must be recommended, if on the strength of the acting performances alone. Laurence Olivier plays with perfect feeling for every nuance the part of a grammar-school master in an English industrial town, a man who lives sincerely for his mission to rescue at least a few of his pupils from the moral degradation of their background — his is a struggle against the indifference and neglect of parents, sometimes physical resistance from a semi-delinquent class, his wife's contagious lack of faith in him, and finally the incomprehension of official society.

He loves his wife (Simone Signoret) above all, but he is for her a nothing, whose idealism is a mere escape from responsibility, and particularly his responsibility to save her from boredom and solitude. In fact, it is she who is nothing. Sarah Miles also gives an excellent performance as the schoolgirl who falls in love with her teacher, throws herself at him, and tries to punish his unresponsiveness by accusing him of indecent assault.

Obviously these situations and characters contain great possibility, yet the film as a whole fails to satisfy, mainly because of a failure to distinguish between real drama and melodrama. In the final scene the teacher saves himself from

desertion by his wife through a piece of psychological sleight-of-hand highly untypical of him. All through the film he has shown himself singularly imperceptive of human beings in the particular, for he does not realise the immense danger inherent in his relationship with the girl and with his wife. The courtroom scene is also a weak link in the film, verging as it does on the cliché, and placing the dramatic climax too far before the end (this is marked by the departure en masse of the audience half an hour before the film ends).

A film, then, which rather unfortunately disappoints, for it could so easily have been a very good one. D.W.

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Profile

It is characteristic of Robert Hunter that, when told he was about to be profiled, he should react with a mixture of reticence charged with momentary despair. He sensed it would be an impossible task. He suggested that the emphasis should rest upon an analysis of his ideas and college activities — but what a man thinks and has done is no more than an indication of what he is.

There is always the danger that a profile will tell us nothing more than what college societies he has run and what a fine fellow he is. Fascinated by people and sympathetic to variety, he is perhaps the best known student figure in College. In this he has the almost unfair advantage of longevity: being a postgraduate student Robert is now in his sixth consecutive year at Trinity. Of more real significance, is a genuine capacity for creating friendship where little common ground for it seems to exist; for he explicitly rejects the pretentiousness of the phrase "he does not suffer fools gladly"; he "suffers" all and usually does it "gladly."

In pinpointing essentials of a personality one is bound to do violence to someone's image of it. However, almost all would associate him with being an accomplished public speaker, a committee man par excellence and a conscientious holder of office. Amongst the latter have been Secretary of Scholars and the multifarious ex-officio posts associated with it, Treasurer and Hon. Member of the History Society and a founder member of the review "Apex" in 1961. An uncontrolled inability to compress ideas, and to over-qualify them out of existence, has occasionally made the execution of these tasks more arduous than it need have been.

The more hoary anecdotes in the Hunter saga would lose nothing in the retelling, except that the outcome would read more like a public

exposure than an unassuming appreciation. He was a discriminating professional, in dedication if not accuracy, at the art of dispensing water from above. Yet, despite an extroverted personality, there is little that is mere affectation. Some would say the briar pipe — now only occasionally smoked anyhow — was at first. (On one occasion when turf mould was substituted for tobacco he smoked the lot and remained blissfully unaware — after-effects are unknown!). The ever-present bonhomie shields a mellowed inferiority complex: more

ROBERT HUNTER

harmless than it sounds for it is a part of the sincerity and distinctiveness which raises him above the uselessness level of the too typical Trinity "chasp."

It is an understatement to say that he remains very much of an unresolved paradox. The essence of it is the conflict of a dual public image — either side of it equally valid. His assiduity in historical research implies a withdrawal which is incompatible with an instinctive drift towards la dolce vita. He does not pretend to find a rural background and being a scholar much help where the latter is concerned.

Although a doyen of several College societies, he has become involved as one with ideas to put across, rather than just as a mere status-seeker. When Secretary of Scholars he was largely responsible for the extension of the time of women in rooms during the evenings. He is keen on an academic future and is itching to introduce a vast number of innovations in



lecturing methods and university administration. The keynote of them is more initiative from below.

Community atmosphere is vital to him — if only as an absorbent for his exuberant conversational ability. But there is none more fully aware that this must not spring from the negative urge for security through identification with the mass. To the outsider the bounds of his research topic appear so limitless that, combined with his own affection for the unrivalled freedom which life at Trinity affords, we can look forward to his being around for a considerable time to come.

Review

STUDENT
WRITING

"ICARUS"

DEREK MAHON edits and contributes two of his own poems to this "Icarus." In his editorial he says he hopes the cover will come to represent a taking off of imagination and creativity; that the new element he has introduced will give edge to the magazine. The rest of the editorial is a turgid discussion of awareness and the writer.

The "new element" is Michael Douse's "Marx and the Mandarins." "Icarus" should encourage this brilliant newcomer to its pages; for in his essay the awesome turgidness of Marxist prose yields to the pen of a master satirist. "There is," he notes, "in consequence, an objective and inevitable logic concerning the revolutionary process that makes present day revisionism as irrelevant as the open condemnation of conventional eclecticism." Exquisite!

Richard Eckersley puts us in mind of "La Chute." Well done, readable: but what more can be said of this sort of thing?

With "The Fazzers" Ian Blake mixes Golding and Murdoch to produce an unlikely oddity which reads a little too much like a parody, the attitudes are too exaggerated; the essence of a parable is its possi-

bility. His poem "Incident" also makes us wonder what he thinks: "The columnists were really quite upset and headlines had the most indignant cries."

The cynicism is all-pervading. "The Visitation" by W. R. Rodgers, a guest contributor, opens with a shock and goes on to give a lesson in construction.

Ronnie Wathen and Michael Longley display simple ideas from several sides, turn them over with wry humour, and the editor mixes ideas and images to generate the power of "An Unborn Child" and the sprung prose of "Before Migrating." These are the poets who seem to know most about themselves and to say something communicable.

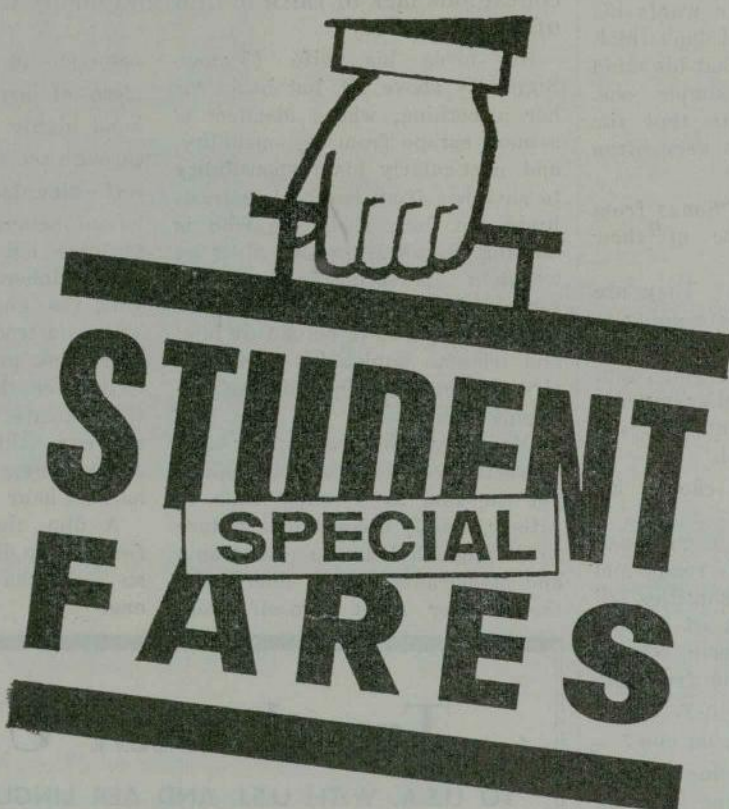
Space is limited, "Icarus" is worth buying. The comments the writers will value most will be from their friends. A.W.

INVICTUS

RAYNER LYSAGHT is to be congratulated for producing a political magazine to be taken seriously and which is notable, if for nothing else, an extremely witty editorial.

However, if a magazine of this sort is to justify itself it must offer us something more than the rapid and usually arrogant jargon in the realm of theory, and the sketchy and semi-factual articles which deal with specific problems. At any meeting of the Fabian Society we can watch Lysaght and

Douse work out their ethereal fantasies, and we can feel impressed with the often penetrating, but always lazy, analyses of Mitchell, Houston, Edwards and Horsley. The latter grouping are the most promising but do little or no research; the theories, on the (Continued on back-page)



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Trinity Well Beaten

Forwards Fail

DUBLIN UNIV. 3, UNIV. COLLEGE, DUBLIN 12

IN DREADFUL conditions at Lansdowne Road last Saturday Trinity were decisively defeated by U.C.D. in the annual Colours Match. The victors showed far better team-work in the scrums but, more important, in certain positions U.C.D. completely outplayed Trinity. As a result Trinity were pinned for much of the game in their own half, defending desperately to keep the score down.

The wet and heavy state of the pitch virtually eliminated any hope of having an open game, and it was mistakenly believed at the kick-off that such conditions would favour the heavier and taller Trinity eight. How mistaken all the pundits were! Argyle and the front-row were out-manned in experience and consequently the Trinity hooker lost four against the loose head. In the line-outs, despite heroic work by Bourke, the slipperiness of the pitch made it difficult to hold and Rees often faced a loose ball coming back to him followed closely by some fiery U.C.D. forwards.

The most blatant difference between the pairs though was in the back row. Doyle, the U.C.D. open-side wing forward had a tremendous game and virtually eliminated Rees as an attacking element by fierce first-time tackling. Tormey was not given anywhere near the same treatment and he was allowed to kick at will to test MacKeown on the wings.

The little that the backs did was impressive, especially their handling of the wet ball. Their main task on the day though was to defend and they cannot be faulted really on this count. Several times the U.C.D. threequarters were felled with hard tackles by Siggins and Hearn before they could get rid of the ball.

Almost from the start Trinity, facing a stiff breeze, had to desperately defend their line as Tormey got his line going or else kicked for his wings.

Murray gave U.C.D. the lead with the first of two fine kicks. The Trinity pack were penalised half-way out from the touchline near the ten yard line and the U.C.D. full back made no mistake. Shortly after this Kelly passed to him in exactly the same position and he

calmly kicked a drop goal. Just before half-time Doyle picked up a loose ball near the Trinity line and, taking advantage of a general reluctance to tackle him, he dived over to score well out.

At the start of the second half the Trinity pack woke its ideas up and Rees and Read used their kicking cleverly to gain ground. A quick heel near the U.C.D. line saw Rees throw out a huge pass to Siggins who passed to Morrison, and then took the return pass to score.

Trinity, though, did not have the quality to make this the spring board for further scores. Snow did attempt to kick two long-range penalties but these went wide and short. Gradually U.C.D. took the upper hand again and Thornton and Tormey engineered the coup de grace when they ran through the whole of a tired Trinity pack and scored.

This was a very good U.C.D. XV and Trinity would have had to have a far better balanced side than they did on Saturday to hold them. Now Rees has the job of reconstructing his side for the Cup matches at the end of the season to regain some of the prestige that the side has lost recently.

Gentlemen's XV

The Gentlemen were in Galway last week-end, as the landlord of the Skeffington Arms and his staff may well have noticed. A handsome victory was recorded over a Corinthians XV. This was a much needed fillip to the Art of Coarse Rugby in Trinity and, needless to say the Gentlemen partook of a much needed fillup before and after the game. They would like to take this opportunity of thanking their hosts for such royal hospitality.

SOCCER XI WIN

TRINITY 5 ORCHARDVILLE 3

Revelling in a mudbath, Trinity thoroughly deserved their victory. They outshone their opponents in every phase of the game with the exception of finishing. Whereas Trinity scored 5 times from innumerable chances, Orchardville goals came from sporadic raids on the Trinity goalmouth.

What a start! 3 goals in 35 minutes, all the result of slick combination between the half-backs and the forwards. Astute use was made of the wingers on the treacherous surface so that Guthrie and 'Chief' Ntina had plenty of the ball which they used cleverly, catching the defence on the turn and then squaring the ball back for the eager inside trio to have a crack at goal. The first goal was the result of this kind of football — The ball was swung over from the left and in the ensuing scramble there was Markham to carefully hammer it past 3 desperate defenders. Trinity surged ahead with a goal from Horsley (in his new role as centre forward) and Markham added another with a grand shot from 20 yards. There was no stopping Trinity now — Pampanini and O'Moore linked up with the forwards in neat football, carving great holes in Orchardville's already mesmerised defence. Markham again hit the post, Parry

went near and even when Orchardville scored, Trinity struck back immediately from the kick-off, the ball finding the net without one of the opposition touching it in a grand move that swept from one side of the field to the other, Horsley adding the finishing touch. Just on half-time Orchardville threatened again to come back with a good goal and this threat was realised soon afterwards when the centre-forward scored with a header. But Trinity were not to be outdone and within a matter of minutes had re-asserted their superiority, the forwards coming back strongly but lacking the same ability to penetrate in the thick mud at the Nassau Street end. The passing was still accurate, the defence sound, (Pampanini, Wormall and McAuley had their best games of the season) and when Guthrie had despaired of seeing his colleagues fail in front of goal, he danced into the middle and did with ease what his partners could not—scored a grand goal with his left foot.

This form is a relief to all those pessimistic pundits who were beginning to prophecy an average season for the Soccer club. Just watch them climb!

Captain Becher

Although overnight declarations have proved an immense boon to off-the-course punters they have been no help to writers of weekly articles such as those in Sunday papers and to your correspondent. Short of ringing up all the trainers and consulting racecourse executives about the forecasted state of the going there is no means of discovering how many of the entered horses are actually going to run. To counteract this difficulty I suggest that my readers consider the chances of my recommendations which don't run for their next scheduled outing. For instance, Some Alibi—recommended in this column for Cheltenham where he did not run—was in the winner's enclosure at Newbury last week. At Manchester tomorrow there will only be a small field for the 1.15 and I can only see one of Whiston's candidates worrying Ivanhoe Court. Vuldon meets Ivanhoe on 3 lbs. better terms than their last contest when he was beaten by 15 lengths. Tenerblue has a bright future in front of him but I shall be surprised if he beats Ivanhoe Court who was a creditable sixth in the 2½ mile Molyneux 'chase.

My other confident vote goes to Beau Normand in the 3.0 at Windsor. This 6 year old gelding ran a great race to finish third behind the very useful Irish Imp last Saturday. Beau Normand—a competent performer on the flat is worth following. The 2.0 at Windsor—traditionally an unlucky course for the Captain—may, with luck, go to the Queen Mother's Laffy.

Sporting Briefs

Boxing

The club is travelling to England next week with a stiff programme of matches ahead of them. This includes Oxford University, Royal Navy and Belgrave Boxing Clubs.

The performance of some members against stronger opposition should give us some idea of our chances in this year's U.A.U. championships. Of the newcomers, D. Sudatna, J. Hodgson and D. Buchanan have particular promise while the return to form of J. Deering and E. Brunker is encouraging.

Tennis

Trinity 4 Gormanstown 5

Trinity lost their first match badly but most of the team were short of practice. The one bright spot was the form of Freshman B. Letbetter who won both his matches convincingly and should prove an excellent prospect for the Colours team.

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Ladies on Form

THE Trinity Ladies hockey team made up for the very bad start to the season when last week in Galway they reached the final of the Irish Universities' trophy, the Chilean Cup.

After having been decisively beaten by U.C.D. the previous Saturday, the first round game with them provided the chance for a revenge. This chance was accepted for, although Trinity were down 2-0 at half-time, the forwards were in great form and goals by Bridget Knatchbull (2) and Veronica Williams ensured them of victory.

The side followed this up with another good win, this time at the expense of U.C.G. The forwards found the goal five times in this game; Veronica Williams scored a notable hat-trick while Sue Shepherd and Liz Kennedy both scored one each.

The final was therefore between Trinity and Queens and despite the dreadful conditions the sides provided an exciting game. Gill Horgan was outstanding in the defence while the forwards were constantly thwarted by the Queen's goalkeeper. Trinity were somewhat unlucky to concede a goal ten minutes from time but nevertheless their performance at the tournament was extremely creditable. To console the side after the final Gill Horgan and Bridget Knatchbull were selected for the Irish Universities XI while Elizabeth Logan, Pat Osman and Carol McDonald were all chosen to be reserves.

Men's XI Good Victory

Dublin Univ. 3, Railway Union 2.

Trinity adapted themselves well to the rough conditions at London-bridge Rd. on Saturday and deserved to beat a rather wild Railway Union side. The pitch, which had earlier been used for a Cup game for the 2nd XI, turned into a mud patch in the second half. In addition rain fell steadily throughout the game. It was

remarkable therefore that such a reasonable standard of hockey emerged. Railway scored first in the opening minutes of the game, but M. Tinn soon after levelled the score. Trinity then began a series of dangerous attacks, and from one of these movements a good centre from K. Heron was well followed up by the forwards to enable E. Prestage to score. But ten minutes before the interval Railway equalised after a scramble in front of goal. In the second half M. Tinn scored the winning goal. No hope of further goals seemed likely in the final quarter of an hour as poor light prevented any further constructive play. Mention must be made of D. B. Clark, who had an excellent game at right full-back.

Team: M. Bagley, D. B. Clark, P. Stiven, R. W. Maynard (capt.), T. King, M. Varian, E. Prestage, D. Budd, D. Williams, M. Tinn, K. D. Heron.

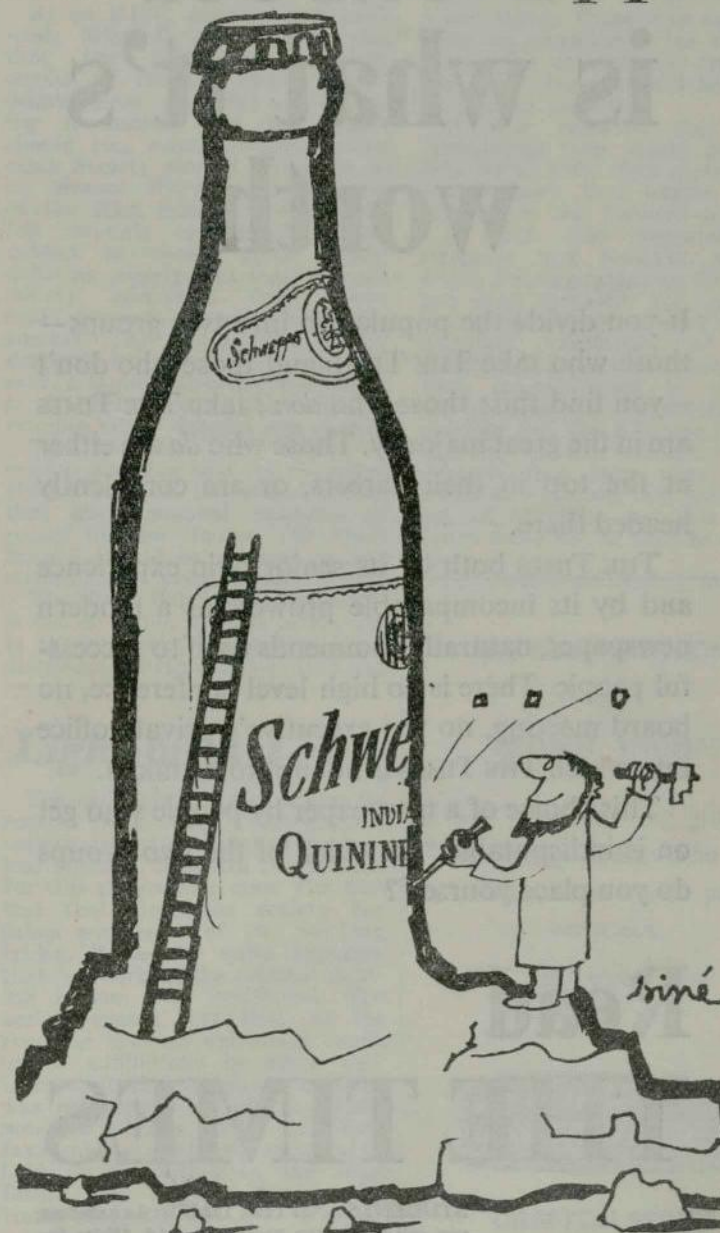
Harriers

This season has not been as successful as first impressions led us to hope. A poor influx of freshers has meant undue reliance on old members. The chief positive aspect has been the beginning of team running, witnessed by the steadily improving packing.

Although the Queens match was lost the individual title was won by Tony Sparshott, a great effort and especially gratifying since he has always been dogged by bad luck on this course.

The course was very wet with mud to our knees in places. In the first of these bogs Steve Whittome lost his shoes, he ran the remaining five miles barefoot. An effort which he later described as madness, but which other people called something else. Anthony Shillington was not on his usual form since he was still recovering from 'flu.

Try a Tonic and make it Schweppes

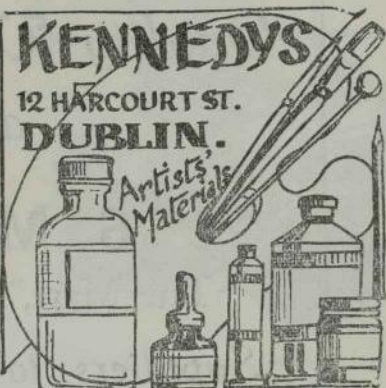


SCHWEPPERESCENT LASTS
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of course



Postgraduate Awards

Late Mod. results meant that it was only in the last week that potential research students have been notified as to their fate. The results confirm that the assumptions of a meritocracy overflow very decisively into this sphere, since Mod. results are the main criteria on which the Research Committee have to base their decisions. Applicants who obtained firsts and upper seconds normally receive an award, subject to a recommendation from their faculty department.

In an interview the Treasurer, who is secretary to the Research Committee, said that for the forthcoming year a total of about twenty awards had been made. It seems that competition for these was of a higher standard than usual. The Treasurer was keen to scotch any myths and emphasised that science students receive no more awards than their numbers entitle them to.

Nobody can claim that the grants are handsome, and there seems to be a tradition that research students work better if they are underfed. On a financial level, of course, the grants are limited by the income available from various benefactions.

So if you see a number of old lags still around, be charitable and don't assume that they have failed their year. They may be aspiring to join the ranks of the underpaid academic elite, or just shaking off a nine-to-five existence.

CAMPUS

The "Oxford Magazine" (the Dons' weekly) has suggested that typewriters should be made available to all examination candidates; at present they are only available to those with physical disabilities.

The National Union of Students is to organise a protest week to urge the British Government into action about accommodation.

Women have again failed to obtain the necessary two-thirds majority for full admission to the Oxford Union.

One university has held a political meeting where the Common Market was not discussed!

Some weeks ago "Campus" reported disorderly behaviour by a London School of Economics sports team at Reading. Now several Reading students have been involved in similar incidents after a fixture at Exeter: Valuable potted plants were removed and a fire extinguisher ruined.

London students have paid their second visit to prison: to debate the motion "This House abhors discipline." They reported a high standard of debating and the motion, not unexpectedly, was passed.

LUNCHEONS
AT
Ray's Restaurant
TILL 7 P.M.

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.

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* STUDENTS AND THE TIMES: As a student you can have THE TIMES for 2½d. Write for details to the Circulation Manager, THE TIMES, London, E.C.4.

SOCIETY

SPOT

THE cosmopolitan line-up of speakers invited by Nahindar Sehmi, chairman of D.U.A.I.A. to speak to his Inaugural Address on "What the Human Race is up to" provided an exhilarating series of speeches on Tuesday night.

Humanism

Mr. Sehmi's claim was that the ideological differences between peoples, threatened peace which he considered "the only right and true destination of the human race." His paper was a plea for tolerance between Capitalism and Socialism, a plea for supra-national Government, but above all a plea for a new spirit to be fostered by education. The aim of this new system was to equip mankind with the wisdom necessary to use Science for man's good and not his destruction—Wisdom is needed more than knowledge. We require the discipline of philosophy and religion to make us work in a spirit of meekness, love and dedication.

The highlight of the evening was, however, the contrasting nature of the speeches by the Russian and Indian speakers. Mr. Lyubimov, a Secretary at the Soviet Embassy in London spoke as a frank advocate of Socialism as providing both the material and moral needs of mankind.

Atoms

Since the 1917 revolution, in spite of Western opposition and the second World War, Russia had achieved a rate of material progress unparalleled in Capitalist societies. Russia would soon enjoy the same level of material prosperity. The only field in which she had no hope of competing with the West, was in the social disorders such as crime and drunkenness, which were the inevitable consequences of a system legitimising greed. One quarter of all her citizens were students, making Russia the most literate nation in the world.

Russia was in favour of a nuclear test ban and was always ready to negotiate. America's insistence on inspection of bases was legalised espionage and threatened the security of the state. While America's economy was committed

to the arms race, Russia would be reluctant to devote any more of her effort to it. She had no intention of exporting her Revolution, for revolution arose only out of conditions within the state; all permanent revolutions were domestic ones and could not be enforced by foreign arms. "The only thing you can't do with a bayonet is sit on it."

"Isms"

The Indian Chargé d'Affaires, in one of the finest speeches ever heard in Trinity, showed us an alternative. Shouldering, with magisterial authority, what one felt tempted to call, the 'Brown Man's Burden,' he showed us the transitory nature of all Western—"ISMS."

Ranging over the whole human saga, speaking magnificent English in a voice worthy of an Archbishop, he expressed his conviction that man, with patience and tolerance, would out-last all ideologies, which claim to be the one truth.

A vital robust figure; with flashing eyes and gleaming teeth, fully conversant with the Western tradition, as he showed with splendid quotations from Balfour, Clausewitz and Cromwell; Ranbir Singh was an unlikely advocate of India's policy of non-alignment, with all its connotations (in Western eyes, at least) of wishy-washy neutrality. The Chinese invasion, to which he made casual reference, had obviously not shaken his convictions.

Compared with the smirking, disingenuous Russian, he appeared doubly courageous, thrilling and right.

INVICTUS

contd.

other hand, are carried away, often for months at length, in an endeavour to make the profound point that revolution means more democracy all round.

More valuable is the attempt to suggest ways and means of democratising particular parts of the world, from the Black North to Sunny Spain.

Where this issue of the magazine succeeds most is in giving us Redfern's researches on "The Economic Consequences of Disarmament." It deals with the United Nations report on this which was neglected in nearly every paper, and is absent from most discussions of the subject. Here at least in this one article an attempt is made to break the conspiracy all too typical of our society to keep the public, (yes even the intellectuals and that means you!) ignorant. V.J.

??????

By PETER MARTELL

The Consumer Research Association's investigation of Buffet finds that there is no safe meal obtainable for precisely 1s 10d, though if whiting is eaten with mashed potatoes, beans and parsnips, then these foods cost 1s. 9d. and cancel out each other's ill-effects. But as one student tells the CRA man, there is no need to eat on Buffet in the first place; it is always possible to cook for oneself in rooms. However, this is not without complications, as the sole facility is the gas-ring provided, and the College meters are of four kinds, according to whether they were installed 10, 20, 30 or 40 years ago. Despite the fact that the meter measures the amount of gas used with a laudable accuracy for the first ten years following the installation, the efficiency swiftly declines after that, so that for the second decade it over-estimates the amount by 20%, increasing this to 30% after 20 years, and by a similar additional 10% for each succeeding decade. (In fact, no meters have yet passed the half-century mark, but it will be interesting to see what further aberrations their behaviour assumes when they do).

Now the Agent is unwilling to entail the expense of replacing meters. So the charges for gas on a student's Incidentals Account bear little relation to the amount of gas used. And in order to complicate any investigation of the basis of the bills by students, he has arranged the following series of purely arbitrary (and, incidentally, highly lucrative) surcharges to confuse the issue. All students with double-barrel surnames pay double the amount read off the meter, but those whose surnames lack vowels need only pay half the amount and are exempt from all surcharges. Residents from outside Ireland (32 counties) pay a surcharge of 35s., and those who paid their last bill unquestioningly, one of 20s.

Mr. C. Fynch-Smythe, an Englishman, sees his first bill is for £5-7-0. The CRA man discovers that the amount of gas he actually used could have been paid for with two bank-notes. How old is his meter? And should he ask his solicitor to have the final letter removed from his name by deed of poll, which will cost 90s., and then ask to be re-assessed?

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