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TRINITY NEWS

A Dublin University Undergraduate Weekly

THURSDAY, 23rd APRIL, 1964

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THEFTS

Action Expected Soon

The wave of pilfering in College goes on. Over £160 in cash and kind was taken last term, largely from rooms and the College gymnasium. One student had £46 stolen from his coat pocket in the gym. "Burglaries occur twice or three times each week, and we are at a loss to know what more we can do to prevent them from happening," the Agent said. At present the Gardai have plain-clothes detectives planted all over College, watching especially places to which the general public or large numbers of students might have access.

It seems evident that it is the work of a kleptomaniac.

The catering facilities in College have fared badly in what the "Evening Press" calls this "rampage of robberies." Buttery has been the chief loser, having had over one hundred plates stolen from it last term. It was also broken into and several of its windows were smashed. However, the thieves on this occasion must have been either blind or stupid as only a few pounds were taken from the till, while there was a considerably larger sum of money lying in a box under the counter. Several tiles were taken from the Buttery doorway, and somebody managed to put their fist through the soundproof tiles in the roof of the cloakroom in Buffet.

Number Four has suffered equally badly from hooliganism. The cistern was torn from the walls of the toilets and shattered. The locks on the doors of the Minor Societies rooms were smashed. Even the standard of writing on the walls on lavatories in College has sunk degradingly low, and the Agent was obliged to place this once subtle art in the category of infantile vandalism. A typewriter with Greek letters was

stolen from No. 25 and now that term has started, with all its ensuing parties, pariahs are once more pilfering other people's invitations from the pigeon-holes in West Theatre and Number 6.

Unfortunately, the College is only insured against burglary and not larceny—the difference between the two being that the latter is a theft committed in a place by a person who has no legal right to be there. Thus a theft committed in Trinity by someone from outside College would not be compensated for by the insurance companies. "The only effective way to stamp out this stealing is to raise public opinion against it," the Agent said. "It is incredible that supposedly intelligent people should sink to petty thieving and vandalism, surely the most puerile of crimes."

COKER COLLAPSES

All Dublin boxing supporters were disappointed by John Coker's defeat in the semi-final of the Irish Senior Championships on Friday night, not only by his being beaten but by the way that he was beaten, described cruelly by one paper as "A Comedy of Errors."

The reason for his shock defeat only emerged at an X-ray examination the next morning, when it was found that he had a collapsed lung. This was caused, it appears, by being butted in the first round and it was a near miracle that he even completed the fight.

A hospital spokesman said that "his left lung has collapsed to the size of a clenched fist, yet he remains cheerful and should be out of hospital within a fortnight."

This injury is a great setback to his career for if he had beaten the current international champion, Brogan, he would have had a great chance to get into the Olympic team. As it is he will be "off sport" for six months.



At the Famine Relief Week press conference were: Jill Regan, Anne Slattery, Meredith Yates, Jennie Connell and Fiona Wright.

Players sweep the board at U.D.A.

For the third year running, Players carried off five of the eight main awards at the Universities' Drama Festival in Belfast in March. John Jay's production of "Cuchulain" won the "Irish Times" Cup for the best overall presentation. Players has won this cup at each Festival since the "Irish Times" first presented it in 1961.

Max Stafford Clark's production of "Double Double" won the "Belfast Telegraph" award for the best one-act play. Michael Mossesson won the design award with his sets for "Cuchulain" and "Double Double." Ralph Bates won the Best Actor award as Nimrod and Gimlet in the one-act and the Fool and "Old Poet" in "Cuchulain." The award for the best supporting actor went to Walter Jones as the Blind Man, and certificates of merit were awarded to Constantin de Goguel, Michael Mackenzie, Joanna Van Gyseghen and Gill Hanna.

The Festival owed much of its success to the adjudicator, John Gibson of B.B.C. Television, who had the ability to pinpoint particular weaknesses and strength of every production. He felt insulted that he was expected to give awards, and would have preferred the emphasis to be on the opportunity to see other people's work and learn from it, rather than the mammoth "pot hunt" that it is now.

S.R.C. A.G.M.

The new S.R.C. Executive for next year was elected at Monday's Council meeting. The Executive nominees were returned entirely unopposed — there was not one single opposition candidate for posts. This, the most important of Council meetings and usually a sparkling occasion in years past, fell once more under the dreaded hatchet of apathy and petty quibbling. In spite of a fairly good attendance there was a distinct lack of intelligent discussion on the radical new constitution. Malcolm Saunders was elected as President for 1964/65.

In his report on S.R.C. activities in the past year, the President, J. Michael Newcombe, said that liaison with the College authorities had been better than ever before, due largely to the willingness on the part of the Agent and other College officers to turn to the S.R.C. for consultation. Non-participation by S.R.C. in the Buffet boycott was due to the fact that the Executive did not believe that a boycott was the way to get things done; also they felt that the Agent was perfectly reasonable in his attitude towards investigating the whole matter. Relations with U.S.I. had been good, he said, due to a large extent to Mr. Jacobson being on the Executive of both bodies.

The Treasurer, in his report, said that the S.R.C. had a bank balance of £105 in spite of a loss of £30 on diaries.

The Executive for 1964-65 will be: President, Malcolm Saunders; Deputy President, Lawrence Jacobson; Treasurer, Declan Budd; Secretary, Norah Cook; External Relations Officer, Stephen White. Committee: Moira Williamson, Michael Adams, Patrick Anger, John Goodwillie.

Stay Bright If you're White

Early last March, two Trinity students were attacked outside of Dan's Cafe at Kelly's Corner. The reason for the assault was that the girl was Indian. Of the four young toughs, two were positively identified by the students. In the ensuing trial, these two were both sentenced to three months in a reformatory.

The girl, however, is still not free from harassment. On several occasions on her way home to her digs near Kelly's Corner in the evening she has been threatened and insulted by the two youths she was unable to identify. Her request to the Gardai for a man to patrol her street was refused. However, she was told at the local police station "to tell us as soon as anything happens."

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TRINITY NEWS

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Vol. XI

Thursday, 23rd April, 1964

No. 13

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J. Michael Newcombe

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Douglas Halliday, Colin Smythe, Robin Knight

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Hamish McRae, Max Unwin, Gillie McCall
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"Any attempt to raise money for charity must be welcomed, for it is almost a responsibility that we, in the prosperous sector of the world, should help those less fortunate than ourselves."

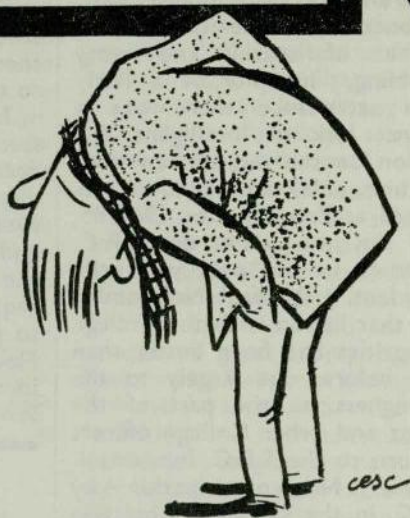
This sentiment will be blazed at students and University townspeople during every Rag Week during the coming months. It will be duplicated in handout; released to the Press; spoken piously, with eyes turned to future employers, by members of committees and committees of members, until the indoctrination is complete. As long as the money is raised—damn the methods used.

The notorious freedom that a Charity Week affords has not been misused here. We have been spared any repetition of last year's hoax kidnapping of the Belfast Beauty Queen, and its subsequent superimposed photographs and "exclusive stories." Yet the tremendous hard work put into the Week by those many sincere people has been marred and cheapened by the tasteless, self-seeking motives of a few. In a riot of self-importance they have moved the emphasis away from charity over to their own schemes; the object of it all has been forgotten in a Clay-like personality race, which can only be considered as highly regrettable.

The survival of College publications depends entirely on the effort and enterprise of their advertising staff. It is an uphill, heart-breaking job; there is little subsidy given; there are no Union bar profits to count on, but it does mean that they are run wholly by students and, therefore, student publications. The pre-publication publicity for "Yes" can only be described as a "literary" crusade against a largely "bolshy" community. Was it really necessary to spend that much time and money? Surely if the magazine is good enough it will sell itself. But the staff of "Yes" have no financial worries since the whole of their advertising was done by a professional firm of publishers. How that advertising space was sold we hope to describe in the near future. At the moment we can only regard the introduction of a professional firm into an amateur field as a move in the wrong direction.

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Driving Ourselves MAD

Professor Buchanan's report compensates in note for what it lacks in notoriety compared with Lord Denning's and will stand as a fine record of the fact that the English always make their mistake in full knowledge of their ultimately catastrophic consequences out of loyalty to the fine old precept that a penny saved to-day is worth a pound spent to-morrow. But not content with merely observing England's mistakes and far from learning by them, Ireland generally does her utmost to learn how to make them too. In a few years' time her success in repeating in Dublin the spectacular chaos of London's traffic will prove to the largely indifferent world that Ireland the coming nation has, in glittering, ponderously progressing motorcade, arrived.

Meanwhile, Dublin is yet a fair city, built in perfect taste by a generation of aristocratic aesthetes unencumbered by such inconvenient concepts as humanity or even democracy. But tourists' Dublin of wide, straight streets, of imposingly long front lawns and tasteful terraces stands in imperial grandeur upon the face of Dubliner's Dublin. Tortuously cornered, cobbled lanes, rank with horse-piss, conceal her hole-in-corner industries and house her workers.

Imagine the impact of affluence on this. The car must inevitably come in its marvellous hordes to Ireland. The iron locust is nigh, his prophet has spoken and is raised in pomp upon the professorial chair, his words received in reverent indifference by the mighty of the land. There is still time to learn from him here. The Corporation could impose a far-sighted plan that would preserve the best of the city and control its development so as to allow for the explosion in motor population. But the demands of free enterprise and our complete lack of any other kind of enterprise make it inevitable that Dublin will grow as cancerously as any other European city and, like any other cancer, will ultimately require far more drastic treatment than would have been necessary to forestall it. The lesson of "Traffic in Towns" is clear and undisputable, have a good look over the cliff before you jump off.

Stephen Mendoza.

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David
Ridley

Last term's highly successful Chairman of "Trinity News," with his brash wit, his incongruous combination of tweed and "mod" and his distinctive laugh is perhaps one of the best known figures round College.

After leaving Stowe he was "finished" at Davies, Laing and Dick — Trinity's nursery — and came to Dublin to study in the School of Commerce. His success there has been due more to intelligence than to hard work; yet it was plain hard work that got him through his subsidiary French. A cheerful lack of any intellectual pretensions is balanced by a natural business sense and sound judgment. This with his friendly and gregarious nature, ideally suited him to launch, as first President, the Wine Society.

A wide knowledge of the turf, acquired through diligent school-

day study, finds expression in Trinity's leading tipster, Captain Becher. His sporting enthusiasm (and his elegant legs) were actively displayed in a gloriously unsuccessful season with the Harriers and in two attempts at the Belfast to Dublin walk, which both were drowned well short of the Border.

David's wide range of talents was best shown in his all too brief appearance in that memorable revue "Feete," where his considerable ability as both a straight and comic actor was finally given an opportunity to be displayed fully. It is perhaps a pity that he has not given more of his time to acting and less to society, race meetings and, despite the lovely uniform, the Cheshire Yeomanry. For beneath the camouflage of tweed is a sensitive personality, a man of real character, integrity and loyalty.

Theodora Thrashbint

Journalists spend as much time in hotels as prostitutes; socialites spend as much time in pubs as alcoholics. My logic may be inadequate, but the sentiment is expressive, and descriptive of the gin-ridden hordes who have swooped yet again on Trinity, with brows neurotically furrowed as they opened their post. My god, what if there weren't any! However, most of them are now happily running round Front Square asking smugly "Have you been invited to . . . ?"

The party and mating season was opened by John Clement Ryan inviting all the rowing eights and a few others. Theodora was thrilled at the prospect of meeting Trinity's intelligentsia for the first time, but the only manifestation of that was a jacketless Robert Hutchinson. So she turned instead to the oarsmen, especially Andrew Gibb who told her he was giving up rowing for a while in order to concentrate on other things. Lynn Hughes, giving his only suit its annual outing, was as ubiquitous as Puck, and as witty, at least Stephanie Kiel thought so. Christian Fehling cracked bons mots which belied his surname. Robin Willcox appeared briefly

in white, Rose Fisher in a daffodil, Philip Mooney looked grave.

The upper classes seized control at the University Club last Friday night when the very kinky Melissa Stanford had along everybody who was anybody AND Simon ("the sorcerer, the great seducer of the people") Morgan. Tojo Dixon was enveloped in Melody Greene's dress, but Ann Rodgers managed to keep both Brian West and Rory O'Moore out in the cold. Helen Benedikt patted Dave Thomas on the head with her fan, while Sue Levinge showed Ricky Wormell that she wasn't as green as she looked. Those two blonde beauties, Mike Hannon and Elizabeth Siggins showed just how susceptible they are to each other, but the question everyone was asking was why Frances-Jane French refused to dance with George Everett.

* Acts VIII.

Quote of the Week:

Gloria Bolingbroke-Kent: "Oh, Chris, you don't like anything aristocratic and super!"

Robin Willcox, Robin Willcox, Robin Willcox, Robin Willcox, Robin Willcox. That's worth a fiver, isn't it, Robin?

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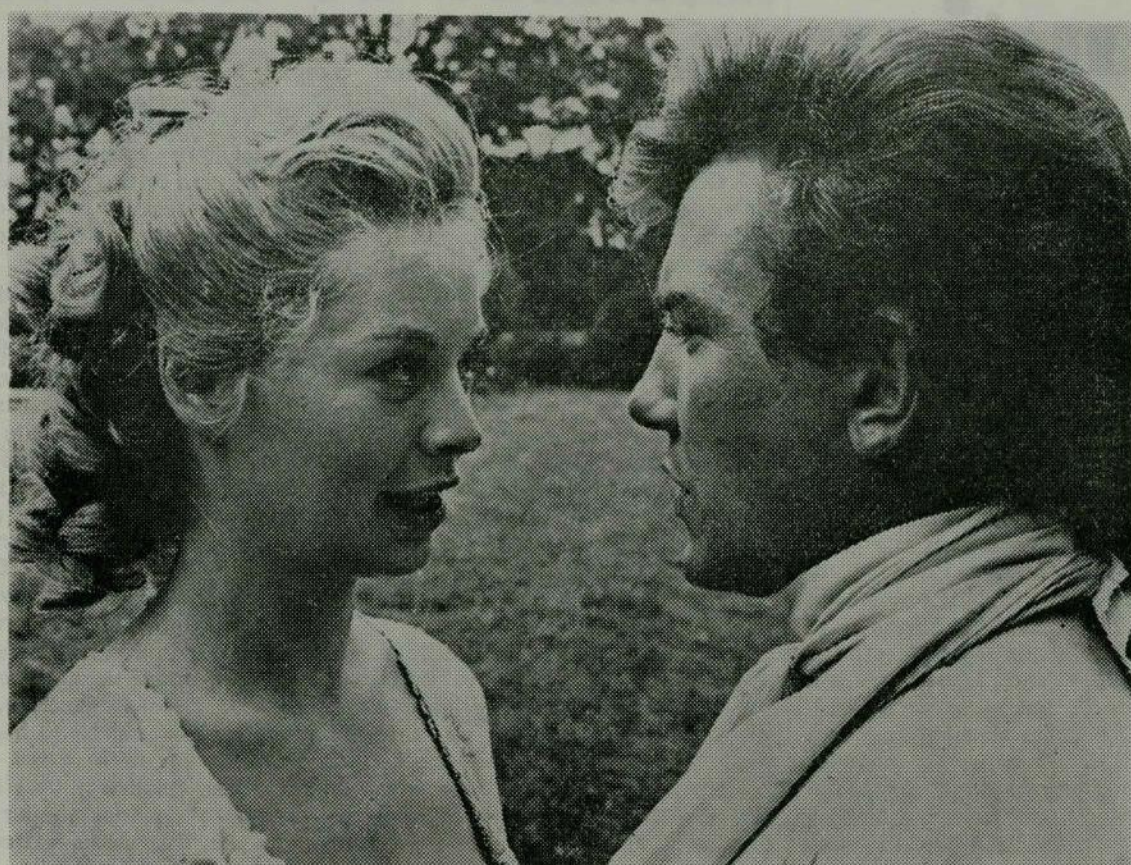
GAJ'S

132 Lr. Baggot Street

10.30 a.m. to 12.30 a.m. Sundays 1-3

Published by TRINITY NEWS, 3 Trinity College, Dublin, and printed by the Brunswick Press Ltd., 179 Pearse Street, in the parish of St. Mark, Dublin.

REVIEWS — REVIEWS — REVIEWS



Sussanah York and Albert Finney in "Tom Jones" at the Savoy.

—Photo "Irish Times"

Cinema Interruptus THE WORLD OF TOM JONES

Woodfall's "holiday" film, "Tom Jones," has at last sneaked past the Appeal Board censors and is now showing at the Savoy; four minutes of it got lost in the sneaking.

Two things mar its arrival in Dublin. Firstly, the colour quality of the rehearse print is way below what the film deserves; in places it is so dark that the night scenes are almost invisible. It seems a pity that a film with four "Oscars" should be shown in this condition. Secondly, the censor has been unnecessarily brutal with one or two important parts of the film. Granted that it might have been irrelevant to show Finney and Joan Greenwood in bed together, but to cut out the delightful innuendo of Tom and Mrs. Watters eating at Upton amounts almost to sacrilege. A picture of the act is one thing, but the suggestion of it is quite another.

"Tom Jones" is a light film full of good-humoured bawdiness and mild vulgarity; the whole style of the picture is intended to entertain. The complicated series

of wipes, fades, crises and frozen-frames is frankly gimmicky, but when the story itself is contrived, these devices only accelerate the action, never deaden it.

Again, the use of hand-held cameras in the hunt scene enables the director (Tony Richardson) to give pace and confusion to a scene which is inherently confused.

Tom, the hub of the story, played by Albert Finney, is suitably naive and charming; he provides a fitting victim for the conniving Blifil (David Warner), the earthly Molloy (Diane Cilento) and the outrageously coarse Squire Weston (Hugh Griffith). Tom's adventures are always the product of either other people's desires or his own lack of control; he is never vicious and always has our sympathy. The outcome of the story, by virtue of its presentation, is never in doubt; thus the machinations of the villains can always be laughed at. All round excellent performances together with slick direction and ingenious editing make "Tom Jones" well worth a visit.

THE CARDINAL

Otto Preminger directs "The Cardinal," which is based on Henry Morton Robinson's best selling novel, tracing the career of a priest from his ordination in Rome in 1917 until he is appointed a Cardinal during the Second World War.

From the technical angle, there is little one can fault. The camera work and colours are excellent and the performances are all of a very high standard, although I would have preferred Tom Tryan, in the title rôle, to have presented the Cardinal with more emphasis on character than example. John Huston gave an especially good performance as the shrewd but humane Archbishop of Boston.

Unfortunately the same standard

is not apparent in either the subject matter or its treatment. The film states almost every question involved in 20th century Catholicism and then skates over it. Amongst others, we are introduced to the question of mixed marriages, whether in childbirth to save the mother or the child, the Church's view on segregation and her relationship with totalitarian governments, but these introductions are not carried to any real conclusion.

With so much emphasis on the dogma of the Roman Catholic Church and scarcely any mention of the inner spiritual quality of the religion, there is little to which people outside the Roman Catholic Church will warm.

Harriet Turton.

BALLET AND POETRY

PLAYERS (Thursday, April 16)

This programme of ballet and poetry was one of the most interesting productions in College this year, on many accounts. It was the first production of ballet in Trinity and the first attempt by Roger Luke at choreography. It also provided an opportunity of seeing some of the dancers of the now defunct Irish National Ballet. Unfortunately, the almost complete absence of advertising resulted in an audience of only twenty.

The poetry reading was severely handicapped by the narrow topic chosen for the evening, "The Rose." In several instances the poems appeared to have been selected with insufficient thought for their integration with the ballet. This was particularly apparent in Douglas Henderson's reading which would have been improved with more concentration on the Metaphysical poets. Leonie Leslie's choice was more in sympathy with the ballet and she obviously enjoyed reading Sitwell.

The principal ballet, "The Nightingale and the Rose," illustrated Luke's imaginative ability although the lack of rehearsal was occasionally obvious. Lorraine McGilligan, as the "Nightingale," danced superbly, but the atmosphere was marred by a lack of sympathy with her partner.

The modern ballet, "Roses 2000," a fantasy based on "Electronic Movements" by Disselvelt, was by far the most exciting piece of the evening. The dancers, especially Joan Mayne, showed a much greater harmony with the music than in their earlier work.

The production of this interesting new venture should give encouragement to any dancers in College and the idea of forming a ballet group may now gain favour.

Michael Shiels.

LUNCHEONS
AT

Ray's Restaurant

TILL 7 P.M.

GARBO

At the Ambassador

In case anyone hasn't noticed during the last few weeks, the Ambassador has been showing a series of films which star the cinema's greatest enigma, Greta Garbo. What qualities did this young Swedish girl possess in order to become the outstanding film actor or her day? The only answer to this problem is to take a walk down O'Connell Street and see for one's self. Probably the most famous of all her films is "Ninotchka," in which Garbo plays the chief planning officer of a Russian delegation sent to Paris to recover the Crown Jewels which were stolen during the Revolution and which are in danger of being sold or pawned. This film shows an equal balance between pathos and ribald comedy, and also the political conflict faced by the Bolsheviks when they are confronted by the ill-gotten gains of Capitalism.

"Marie Walewska" tells the story of the reereat from Moscow by Napoleon, played by Charles Boyer, and his relationship with the wife (Garbo) of an ageing Polish count. She defies Napoleon as the saviour of the Polish people in their struggle for freedom from the Cossacks. The clever, spectacular work is probably the biggest tear-jerker of them all.

In "Camille," Garbo plays a lady of easy virtue who is the focal point of an eternal triangle. The other two vertices appear in the form of a young upper-class servant, played by Robert Taylor, and an older, saucer suitor played by Lionel Barrymore.

The other films in the season are "Anna Karenina," which again concerns Garbo in the midst of dichotomy between the good young man and the not so good older man, and "Queen Christina."

Next week, the Ambassador are to show one of these films each day, so that viewers can see those they have missed or might like to see again. They are all worth watching, as are the cartoons which form the supporting programme.

Bill Rodwell.

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In View

A Guide to what's on

Adelphi: "The Prize"

American answer to the James Bond films; a thriller, almost burlesque, in colour, with Paul Newman as one Nobel prize-winner (and playing Cary Grant better than Cary Grant can) foiling a Red plot to kidnap another (Edward G. Robinson) in Stockholm, with Elke Sommer providing the love interest. Enjoyable nonsense.

Carlton: "Dr Crippen"

Plotting account of the sad little wife-murderer, hovering uneasily between the courtroom and flash-back. The acting by Donald Pleasence, Samantha Eggar and particularly by Coral Browne is far superior to anything else.

"The Raven"

Vincent Price, Boris Karloff and Peter Lorre have the time of their lives as a trio of fifteenth century magicians putting their powers against each other. At one point, Price gingerly takes stock of the ingredients (dried bats' blood, vultures' tongues, entrails of an uneasy horse) to deliver Lorre of his corvine form, only to discover he has run out of dead man's hair. Sounds promising.

Astor: "Sundays and Cybele"

A sad little film from France concernin the relationship between a young man suffering from an advanced state of shock as a result of an air crash and a little illegitimate girl (Hardy Kruger).

"The Testament of Orpheus"

A friendly, candid and often haunting dream-film starring, written and directed by the conjurer himself, Jean Cocteau, with appearances by Yul Brynner, Picasso and Jean Marau, as well as several other well-wishers.

The Municipal Art Gallery

The Johnson collection of contemporary American paintings. A magnificent exhibition ranging from 1880 (Hans Hoffman) to 1935 (Richard Lytle) with emphasis on artists rather than schools. "... a whirlwind of fresh air; to have it here for five weeks is a gift of the gods."

The Ritchie Hendrick's Gallery

An exhibition of oils and drawings by Barrie Cooke, regarded by some critics as the best young artist in the country. Show dominated by a series of large nudes in rich, warm colours, rather reminiscent of Bonnard. The drawings, of almost all figure studies, rather disappointing.

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OUR AFRICAN CORRESPONDENT WRITES

Tea Time in Tangier

There were five bodies littered around a pitch-black room of a squalid hotel in the Arab quarter of Tangier. Occasionally they emitted cries of ecstasy, screams of terror and grunts, but most of the time they simply lay in silence. They had been there for a week. Every now and then people brought food in for them. One of them in a more articulate moment tried to warn me that the hotel was about to be devoured by a great black dog with pink spots and yellow fangs, and the size of ten elephants.

These five were taking cocaine and opium and it is quite likely that they were still there in the same room a month afterwards or, alternatively, convicted dope addicts in their respective European countries.

Hasheesh is the name given in Tangier to the ground stem and roots of a plant called Indian hemp. The most notable effect of smoking this is a couldn't-care-less feeling of well-being, often accompanied by laughter. One's sensitivity is heightened in taste, vision and touch. For instance, a jam sandwich or a chocolate biscuit tasting like ambrosia. One becomes aware of small, unusual things like the pattern of threads in one's trousers, or the delicate structure of petals on a flower. Moreover it has a minor hallucinatory effect. Once I looked into a jar of pea-nut butter and was convinced that I was looking first at mud and then at excretion.

Again, I once had a picture of myself water-skiing in the air, towed by two aeroplanes, and of being split apart, like an apple, by the two strings. Sometimes, too, new and clear ideas are evoked. I once came to realise that to an extent people may be integral personalities, however diffuse and mixed up their individual characteristics, simply by understanding themselves. This very understanding links all the diffuse parts into a united whole.

Marijuana also comes from Indian hemp, but from the leaves rather than the stem. Its effects are very similar to those of hasheesh, but it is rather more powerful and causes in addition sex and colour sensations. I was once smoking it in a Moroccan home with two Arabs, from a long and finely carved pipe. At first I felt a sensual, silky warmth creep up my thighs, then the scarlet of the satin seat covers began to leap up like flame before me, the Arabs' dark faces became twisted and gnarled, and the whole room span in a mist of red and brown. Often, independent of outside stimuli, one gets strong colour sensations, usually rich, warm ones, such as orange, pink and red. One misty night a friend and I were walking along by a canal and we felt as if we had to battle, swim and struggle through the foggy darkness; although we were walking at a normal speed it seemed as if we only covered two or three yards

a minute. Another time I felt the hard, glass-like shape of myself in the mirror, and could make love to it. The emotional and intuitive side of one's nature is heightened, while the intellectual and rational side is subdued. It is often possible to sense very clearly what another person is feeling, but impossible to carry through a logical train of thought oneself.

There is a certain cough syrup, taken in large quantities, which has a doping effect. A single bottle is not as strong as two marijuana cigarettes, but it has the advantage of being available on demand at any chemist. It produces a state where nothing matters, one is relaxed and rather drowsy. Literature, and more particularly music, become clarified and very beautiful. Perhaps the most interesting sensation I have experienced under it was of being a white, flame-shaped plant with many forked, flame-shaped leaves, growing up from a lavatory seat. With this syrup, as with marijuana and hasheesh, time is meaningless and irrelevant.

Against taking these drugs it may be said that they are degrading, unnatural, and to some people habit-forming. It is an admission of the inadequacy of one's personality to extract the maximum pleasure, happiness and excitement out of life; of one's failure to cope with life which is only made bearable when one can resort to these kinds of stimuli.

"AFTER THE BALL WAS OVER"

By Mirabel Walker

"Was it really worth it?" she asked me as we trailed miserably down the wet road, our mascara doing likewise down our cheeks. "Oh, yes," I replied, with a sigh that began romantically and ended unhappily as I stumbled short-sightedly through yet another puddle.

Our situation was desperate. Nature did her worst, weather-wise, and the time by the ever-rite Magdalene clock was 4 a.m. precisely. An hour ago we had been returned to St. Hilda's College from the Easter Ball, and had firmly waved our escorts farewell, declaring that we'd prefer to manage the inelegant ascent over the gate into St. Hilda's alone. The evening's mood would have been entirely spoiled if they had seen us with our long skirts hitched up, fisherwoman style, vaulting up the gate like those wonderfully epicene Russian athletes who win the women's high jump at the Olympics. To our dismay we discovered that some St. Hilda's girls had late leave until 5.0, and as we were supposed to have been tucked up in bed by 12.0 at the latest, we could hardly climb over the gate under the eye of the porter and his wife who were watching for such enormities from their nice little, dry lodge right next to it. Short of flying, or swimming the Cherwell, there was nothing for it but to wander the streets until 5.0.

We sheltered in a telephone kiosk, and tried to sleep standing up like tramps in a doss-house, but it was difficult with the damp

creeping insidiously up our legs, and rain dripping down our necks. We thought of ringing up somewhere fascinating like Greater Bunion or the Principal of St. Hilda's, pretending to be a don declaring passionate love, or a long-distance call from Haiti.

While we were still deciding which it should be the clock tolled five as wearily as we felt, and we bolted out of the kiosk. Alas! the porter's light was still on. Cursing we willed him to gulp down his Bourn-vita before Phoebus' chariot crossed the sky, the dawn chorus started up, and we were revealed, a grisly spectacle, in full daylight. Our telepathy worked. His light went out, and my intrepid companion leapt up the slippery spikes with the confidence and nonchalance of experience. More cautious, I took off my long skirt and began the great ascent in fear and my underclothes. Half-way up I had a feeling of panic similar, I suppose, to that of a prisoner escaping from Auschwitz. I felt as if arc lamps would be trained on me, and I would be challenged out of the darkness at gun-point. I slipped, and "Zing!" went, not the strings of my heart, but one of by suspenders which flew away into the night, a happy little souvenir for the porter. I recovered myself, and struggled on to the top, when my sling-back slung itself on to the pavement with a porter-arousing clatter. I slithered furiously down to retrieve it and eventually regained the top and swung myself over into a welcoming puddle.

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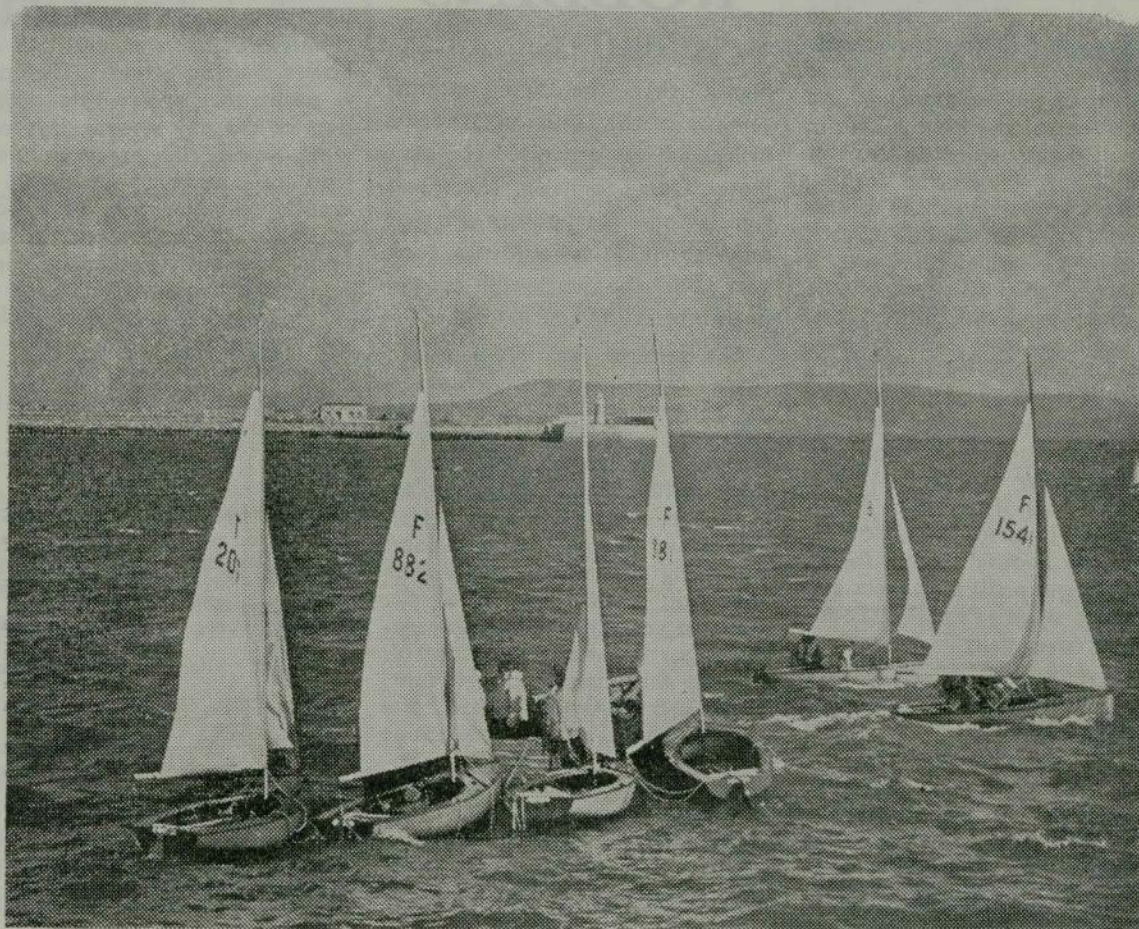
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A SIGN OF SUMMER

Trinity sails at Dun Laoghaire



Around the Clubs

HOCKEY

At first glance two draws and two defeats in four games do not inspire thoughts of a successful tour, yet Trinity in undertaking such an ambitious tour with one of its weaker sides can have expected far less than was actually achieved. Oxford, Cambridge and London were certainly among the top ten club sides in England last season, with a galaxy of internationals of all levels in their sides. Trinity were severely hit by injuries, ending the tour with nine fit players and starting off without one other, and few of the side had experienced hockey at this level before. Additionally the sight of smooth, fast pitches was a revelation to many of the side, nurtured on Irish mud baths.

The best result, 1-1, against a London University side with 130 goals in 30 games and only three times beaten (over Easter this side drew 1-1 with the full Belgium national team, which has beaten G.B.). The worst disaster, 0-8, against Cambridge, with a crippled goalkeeper and inside right passengers most of the game. The other results were 2-2 against Guildford and 0-4 against Oxford.

R. I. E. Knight.

SWIMMING

Trinity proved its water polo supremacy over the London Hospitals by winning four out of five matches, defeating Guy's, St. Mary's, London and Charing Cross.

In the Ginke Trophy match, however, playing a United Hospitals' team, Trinity were narrowly defeated by five goals to four. Turning round at the final quarter with the score at three each, the Hospitals' substitutes proved fresher and won them the game.

Success was largely due to fine team work. In defence, Rice with his long, stretching arms covered every inch of the goal, whilst Jagoe and McClaughlin dealt deathly blows to their opponents' onslaught. In attack, Baldwin's powerful shots, Clark's deflections and Trimmingham's staunch support proved the right combination.

Unfortunately, Trinity were not so successful in the swimming. Barnham swam very well, and Potter, Stainton-James and Gibson gave valuable support, but Trinity won only two out of five matches.

Last Tuesday a combined Trinity and U.C.D. polo team held Manchester University to a 11-11 draw, though the swimming team lost.

T. McCloughlin.

Capt. Becher

Marco Polo's success in the Player's Navy Cut Trial Stakes brought him many friends for the English 2,000 Guineas, to be run on Wednesday. Mrs. Biddle's other candidate, *Scissors*, finished down the field. The Captain now asks his readers to think back to last year's race when Ireland's most colourful owner ran *Partholon* (7th) and *Ionian* (last). The latter was beaten a short head in his next race, England's first classic, by the outsider *Only for Life* which was completing a double for Jeremy Inee—he had won the previous race with *Piccadilly*. The Captain predicts a win for Mrs. Biddle's *Marco Polo* this time, with *Port Merion*, *Djel* and *Piccadilly* in close attendance.

This afternoon the Captain hopes *Groomsman* will win at Limerick Junction and that *Orion's Belt* and *Xerxes* will give J. F. Watts a double at Epsom.

Other selections:

To-morrow at Sandown: 3.0, *Smuggler's Joy*; 4.30, *Guard of Honour*, and on Saturday: 3.45, *The Wolf*; 4.45, *Khalkis*; Naas, 3.0, *Easy Money*; 3.30, *Ragusa*; 4.0, *Shogan*; 4.30, *Osberstown Squire* (if ab., Springfield Lad); 5.0, *River Whistle* (if ab., Devon Daisy).

SAILING CLUB

During the vacation an impressive record has been built up with D.U.S.C. reaching the final of the British Universities' team meeting for the first time, and for the fifth successive year beating 16 teams to win the Northern Universities' Sailing Clubs' trophy. Among the matches won during these meetings were those against Oxford, Liverpool, Queen's (Belfast), Nottingham, Manchester, Glasgow and North Wales.

In the final of the B.U. championships, Trinity lost to London University. F. M. Williams and P. Branigan sailed outstandingly and, despite losing the first race, together with J. Nixon were responsible for putting Trinity in a commanding position during the second. It was at this stage that two Trinity boats had to retire owing to an unfortunate incident, and Branigan was left facing the opposition alone. Held at Southport in gusting force seven winds, much of the meeting was conducted with six rolls in the mainsail, and called for expert dinghy handling.

A ladies' team was also entered and were beaten in the second round. However, they had previously defeated Cambridge, a creditable performance.

The N.U. gathering also brought fresh winds—this time to Dun Laoghaire, where the Irish Universities were hosts. B. L. Bond, as boatmaster, and N. M. H. Prosser, as beachmaster, had Herculean tasks coping with the damage done by the north-easterly winds. Trinity captain J. L. Vernon acted as Chairman of the Committee. B. Stacey and P. H. Shanks showed their capabilities in fighting a rearguard action in the final against Belfast, which was won by a narrow one point margin.

With a full programme of matches for both first and "A" teams, dinghy experts, and the not so expert, should be kept happy in the coming weeks.

ROWING

Trinity returned from England with their oars between their legs. They did not do well. The 1st VIII was entered for two Head of the River races. The day of the Reading Head dawned with the weather as bad as possible—perpetual rain, though the river was calm. The rowing was gentlemanly. The result was a drop of ten places to 31st. But the row itself augured well for the Putney Head on March 21st.

At Putney, Trinity never adapted themselves to the rough conditions created by tugs and barges. But a following wind and a very fast ebb due to flooding landwater meant times were fast. Though Trinity broke the existing record by 1 second, so did 42 other crews.

The result was another drop. If Trinity had caught the crew in front, the second half of the row would have been considerably faster. Nevertheless, two weeks remain before the Liffey Head of the River. This time must be used profitably.

M. Ryder.

CROSS-COUNTRY

The Harriers enjoyed a most successful tour of Wales and England in the first week of the vacation. Four races in eight days was the strenuous programme, and the team stood up to it well considering the varied assortment of courses which it encountered.

The first race was at Bangor where good packing over a mountainous course led to an easy victory over the Welsh Universities' champions, though Liverpool University, runners-up in the British championships, won the overall contest. Oxford, in the second match, chose three of their top four Blues and won convincingly, but most of the Trinity team ran their best-ever 6½ miles, so there were few complaints. With the first five finishers against a depleted Harrow side, Trinity won an easy victory, but the last match brought a narrow defeat to the team from Thames Hares and Hounds at Roehampton. After the tour, Colours were awarded to S. Byrne, M. Boothroyd and S. Matthews, and re-awarded to A. Shillington, S. Austen and I. Angus.

A. Shillington.

GOLF

Before the beginning of this term the Club had a week's tour in Scotland. Matches were played against three Universities, St. Andrew's, Edinburgh and Glasgow, all of which were lost. This is not really surprising since the Trinity team this year is not strong, and two of the better players were not available to tour. Also the Scots have the most powerful University sides in Britain.

Hugh MacKeown won all his singles and was the most successful player, whilst Jeremy Pilch had a good 50 per cent. record. Martin Rees and Alastair Bond both had good wins at Edinburgh, whilst Mick Roche undoubtedly won in the evenings.

Congratulations to Pilch and MacKeown for playing for the Irish Universities against the Scottish. Both of them played high up the order and only lost by the odd hole. Pilch, too, put up a great performance in the West of Ireland championships at Rosses Point, Sligo, reaching the quarter-finals before losing to the redoubtable Joe Carr by one hole after a very fine match. MacKeown won the consolation tournament with a 77.

H. MacKeown.

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McKEITH LOSES ACTION

T.C.D. medical student James McKeith last week lost his suit for damages from three Dublin Gardai. The action arose from a protest march to the American Embassy on October 23, 1962, against the decision of the late President Kennedy in bringing the world to the brink of war by blockading Cuba. McKeith brought a suit for £600 as a result of various injuries including four dog bites and a broken nose.

On the evening in question, 70 people gathered from a National Progressive Democrat meeting and a C.N.D. meeting in College for the purpose of marching to the American Embassy to present a statement of protest. Among them were Dr. Noel Browne, Labour T.D., and Colin Smythe, well-known pacifist leader. On nearing the Embassy, the marchers were halted by a cordon of 21 Gardai quite unexplainably present. Without reason they refused to allow a representative of the group to present the protest.

The marchers were driven back and set upon by Alsatian police dogs. According to a report in the "Irish Times," "No fewer than eight people were bitten and the dogs were so much out of control that one of them actually bit a policeman who was not handling him." In the course of the evening several demonstrators, including women and students, were beaten, bitten, and arrested. Although much heated indignation was aroused throughout Ireland at this unprecedented instance of police violence, both the police and the Government refused to accept any responsibility.

Two weeks ago Mr. McKeith's suit came to court after a delay of 18 months at a time when many witnesses were unavailable.

The prosecution called as witnesses several newspapermen and students at the College, including June Grey, Sean Edwards, Robert Mitchell and Rosemary Gibson, who all testified that the march had been peaceful and orderly, and that no violence had been offered except by the Gardai. The defence called as witnesses several Gardai who seemed unaware of the nature of the demonstration, who had called them to the Embassy, or even that anyone was bitten.

Although the foreman of the jury stated that, in the opinion of the jury the use of dogs "was unnecessary and wrongful on this occasion," no damages were awarded to Mr. Keith for the injuries which he sustained. Judge McGivern, in his summing up, seemed more concerned with the image of Ireland in America than with the injustice done to Mr. McKeith. He said, "You can imagine the embarrassment this country would be in if the procession was allowed to go to the door of the Embassy and create a disturbance."

Boland Opens Santry

After three years' hard work the new sports fields and pavilion, built on a 20-acre site at Santry, have been opened. An April 15th, the new Chancellor of the University, Dr. F. H. Boland, in front of a large gathering of guests cut the ceremonial tape, and the £44,000 scheme became a reality.

The evening was sunny and warm when the Chairman of D.U.C.A.C., Professor J. V. Luce, began his speech by welcoming Dr. Boland to his first function as Chancellor since his installation last term. Professor Luce paid tribute to Lord Iveagh, Dr. Boland's predecessor, and then said he felt the opening was an event of major importance. It was the first extension of ground facilities since the laying out of the College Park Rugby pitch in 1900. Expanding student numbers since 1945 had made the existing facilities inadequate, he said. Trinity with its fine sporting tradition, including the oldest Rugby club in the world, had need of such a sports ground.

Replying to Professor Luce, Dr. Boland spoke of his own modest sporting record. This, he said, was filled with memories of vital catches missed on cricket fields and mortifying own-goals on soccer grounds. But it takes duffers as well as stars to make games, and differences of skill and prowess make for good, keen matches. The effect of all to do their best gives games their zest, the Chancellor continued. As a humble performer himself, he was glad the junior teams were going to be better catered for than in the past. On behalf of all the students who, in future years, were going to use Santry, Dr. Boland thanked all responsible for the grounds. He commended their inauguration.

Mr. Cyril Boyle, Master of the Knights of the Campanile, briefly thanked Dr. Boland who then cut the tape and opened the pavilion.

Whilst guests consumed excellent cocktails inside the pavilion, three matches took place outside on the new grounds. Unfortunately, the Soccer team found themselves without opponents. The Rugby 1st XV played a Lansdowne-Wanderers XV and lost a close game 8-15, A. Bourke scoring a try for Trinity which M. Rees converted. Rees also kicked a penalty. On the Hockey field, Trinity lost 2-3 to a Three Rock Rovers Select XI, K. Heron and P. Stiven scoring for the home side. On the Gaelic front, Erin's Hopes defeated Trinity by 2-5 to 1-6. E. Darcy (1-0), J. McHugh (0-3), J. Malone (0-2) and G. Slowey (0-1) scoring for Trinity.

R. I. E. Knight.

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Edwin Solomons

Mr. Edwin Maurice Solomons, who died on Wednesday, 15th April, aged 84, was principally known to Trinity sportsmen as President of the Boxing Club, and as President of the Rugby Club in 1922 when they won the Leinster Senior Cup. He was a leading city stockbroker and the oldest member of the Dublin Stock Exchange of which he was a member for over 60 years, but he gave much time to College sport, and besides being one of the original members of D.U.C.A.C. he was a member of the Senate.

Mr. Solomons' interest in sport was not confined to Trinity. He was Treasurer of the Irish Olympic Council and was President of the Leinster Branch of the Irish Rugby Football Union for 15 years. Even up till two years ago he used to swim at the "40 Foot" at Sandycove daily, winter and summer, and only two weeks ago was out in College Park taking a lively interest in the Rugby. Even when he was in his 70's he used to go on tour with the Boxing Club and many times used his influence to get members out of scrapes with the Gardai.

Mr. Solomons was greatly respected by sportsman and businessmen alike, he did a great deal both by his interest and his influence for Trinity sport and he will be missed by many.

NO CARETAKER

A shadow was cast over the opening of the Santry pavilion last week, when it was discovered that the contractors were sticking rigidly to their contract and had overlooked a "gentleman's agreement" to re-decorate the caretaker's cottage. As a result of this, the arrival of the newly-appointed caretaker had to be delayed while a new firm of builders was called in to do the job. This left the entire property unguarded at a time when vandalism is becoming increasingly prevalent, to mention nothing of the trouble caused to the poor (and largely forgotten) caretaker.

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AFTER ROBBINS

It was on the 14th and 15th of March that the first national seminar of the Union of Students in Ireland was organised at Ross's Hotel, Dun Laoghaire. There was rightly some disappointment that only about forty students took part, but the week-end proved both interesting and helpful.

The seminar was divided into three main sections. First, a U.C.D. lecturer and two Queen's students read three papers on different aspects of Higher Education. Then the seminar broke into five working groups which met in various parts of the hotel discussing all aspects of higher education from the rôle of the technological college to Government participation and control, and the financing of the student. These groups worked hard, discussing their topics for about eight hours in all and then producing written reports. After the reports had been duplicated and distributed, the third principle session was on Sunday evening when each report was discussed in turn.

The purpose of the seminar was to try to establish some firm lines of policy which the National Union should adopt to try to improve standards and facilities with regard to higher education. Sometimes too little information led to poor discussions, but in general some success was experienced and after a week-end's hard work all those who had taken part hoped that the experiment would be repeated next year.

Trinity's own activity was prominent; one of the organisers of the seminar was Malcolm Saunders who also took the chair at one of the commission sessions. Another commission was led by Michael Newcombe, and in all the seven members of the Trinity contingent was the largest representation of any university or college.

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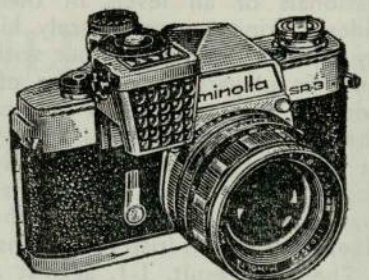
RESO CONCERT.—There may be some tickets (free) left for the Symphony Concert on 28th April. Apply to Concert Secretary, Central Music Committee, No. 5.

ORGAN ENTHUSIASTS' GROUP.—Visit on Saturday, 25th April, to Mariners' Church, Dun Laoghaire, where F. C. J. Swanton, F.R.C.O., will demonstrate the organ. Meet at Front Gate, 2.15. All welcome.

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