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TRINITY NEWS

A Dublin University Undergraduate Weekly

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Price Threepence

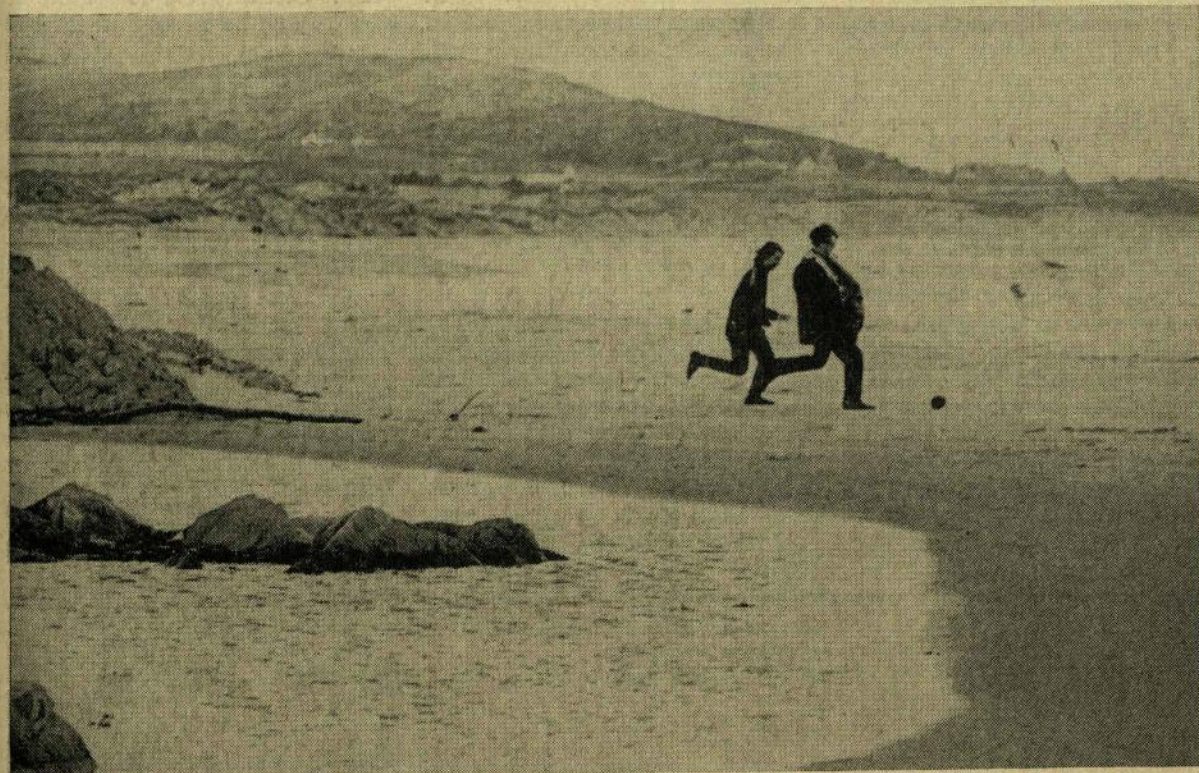
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—Photo Mike Welch

This week's weather has given everyone the chance to get fit for the vacation.

ATTEMPT TO BAN ICARUS FAILS

"Objectionable style"

An attempt by Professor Edwards, head of the English Department, to withdraw "Icarus" from the stalls on Tuesday morning was unsuccessful. It is believed that he objected to the style of the magazine, and asked Tony Lowes, last term's "T.C.D." editor and member of "Icarus" staff, not to sell it at all. This personal request was apparently made "to prevent the embarrassment which would result from a full-scale banning by the Board."

Tony Lowes refused to withdraw "Icarus," but did agree, as a concession, not to sell it in any Dublin bookshop or outside Trinity. Professor Edwards declined to comment on which particular aspects of the magazine he found distasteful, saying only that he found the issue "provocative." He had been asked to review "Icarus" in "T.C.D. Miscellany" this week, and made his personal request after receiving an advance copy on Monday. "Icarus" contains only one mildly suggestive poem, that by Ian Sinclair, entitled "Strip," illustrated in some detail by Tim Booth. The rest of the issue, while negating the style of "Icarus" in the last few years, could hardly be described as offensive. It is understood that Professor Edwards' objection was academic and not administrative. This has been taken by some to be his parting shot—Professor Edwards leaves Trinity for Essex University at the end of the year.

S.R.C. blame

Board for brain drain

After heated debate the S.R.C. on Monday night passed by a substantial 17-3 majority a motion which regretted the departure of senior staff from the College, feeling that it was due not only to lack of money but also to apathy, lack of imagination and limited promotion opportunities. The blame for this could "just be ascribed" to the Provost and Board. Proposing, President White said that it was not so much for what they had done, but for what they had not done that the motion had been introduced, although many felt that the case was over-stated and the naming of names was in bad taste.

BRIGID BROPHY AT THE PHIL

"Peter Pan" slated

"What she said was absolute rubbish, but she said it awfully well." Thus spake a partisan critic of Bridget Brophy's performance last Thursday at the Phil, where she proposed the vote of thanks to Dermott Scott's paper, "Peter Pan." While a substantial minority might dissent from the first half of the above critique, all those who listened to Miss Brophy's erudite and tightly argued case would concur with the latter half.

"Peter Pan," she argued, was a first class drama, but a pernicious work of art. It was an adult snigger at children's ignorance of sex. Miss Brophy knew what her audience expected of her, and, unlike J. P. Donleavy, she set about giving it to them in a manner which showed she rather enjoyed the sense of outrage which her remarks evinced from many of those present. "If I believed in censorship, I would certainly ban 'Peter Pan' before the perfectly innocent and charming story of 'Fanny Hill.'" Sly, puckish grin, as the audience explodes in shocked anger. "Thus it can be seen that 'Peter Pan' is a play whose main components are homosexuality, transvesticism, and incest." Another grin, another explosion of shocked laughter.

She went on to draw a comparison between Sigmund Freud and Sir James Barrie. Both were aware of children's nascent sexual obsessions. Where do babies come from? What is the difference between boy-babies and girl-babies? But whereas Freud had attempted to deal honestly and frankly with these obsessions, Barrie had flirted with them, sniggering at them, perhaps wishing in his heart that there might be no difference between boy-babies and girl-babies. Freud was an honest thinker, Barrie was a dishonest blackmailer of little children. Barrie's play had and still has vast popularity, Freud's work, "The Interpretation of Dreams," had been and indeed often still was, reviled and denounced. Miss Brophy drew the obvious conclusions.

TCD debaters through to Observer final

The Hist debating team, David McConnell (ex-Auditor) and Cian O'Eigartaigh (ex-Record Secretary), are through to the final of the "Observer" Mace Debating Competition, involving all the universities in these islands.

The team which, for the second year running, won the *Irish Times* trophy on February 9th, and thus took part in a semi-final for the *Observer* competition, went to Leeds last Wednesday and came away victors again. They were speaking against the motion "That this house would emigrate," and in their success defeated one of the teams from Glasgow, which has won the Mace seven times in ten years. Esmond Smyth, of U.C.D., and the team from Galway were also successful in semi-finals, and thus almost half the *Observer* final will consist of Irish teams, and for the second time all the *Irish Times* finalists will have gone further. The Hist has never won the *Observer* Mace, although although Neville Keery, now Assistant Appointments Officer, was in the final as an individual speaker in 1959.

The final will take place in Birmingham on March 14th, both the other teams involved being from Cambridge, which has never before taken part in the competition. The Hist team will also take part in the *Scotsman* Scots/Irish competition which was last year won by Cian O'Eigartaigh and Michail O'Siadhail, David McConnell having been unable to take part.

HARVEY ORKIN

of "NOT SO MUCH A PROGRAMME" and "TW3"

AT THE PHIL TONIGHT

Essay: SEX & NO. SIX
by MELANIE NESBITT

Early Ball Tickets

Application forms for the Trinity Ball, May 27th, will this year be available from the first day of next term (April 12), and tickets will be allotted on a strictly first come first served basis. The deadline for completion of forms will be April 27th.

Trevaskis plays

Two plays by Brian Trevaskis are to be performed in Players' during the next five weeks. "The Captain's Daughter," a one-act play with Heather Lukes and Malachy Lawless, is to have performances this afternoon and tomorrow afternoon, and will appear next Thursday in the U.D.A. Festival in Galway, as will Marat/Sade. The "O'Neill" will have a two-week run in Players' during the vacation. It deals with the death of two exiled Irish chieftains in Renaissance Rome.

Walk for Oxfam

Six Trinity undergraduates will walk from Cork to Dublin, leaving Cork on Saturday, 19th March, taking a week to cover the 160 miles. They will drag a miniature coffin and hope to raise £1,000 for Oxfam.

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IRISH POLITICS IN TRINITY: revival or apathy?

Apathy is endemic in politics. Until recently, it seemed as prominent a feature of student political involvement, as of the nation in general. Then on January 31st, the "Irish Times" discovered a "revival": "University students are showing a new interest — and a growing independence and autonomy—in their political party organisations." The evidence cited for this included the recent formation of the Irish Association of Labour Student Organisations (I.A.L.S.O.) and a new movement within Trinity College to encourage participation in Fianna Fail. Was this a great student awakening. Visions of a meritocratic Utopia hovered momentarily before our eyes, Trinity students at last asserting themselves outside the so high College walls.

But the *Irish Times* had more imagination than insight in declaring such a revival. The "brute fact of apathy" is as strong among students to-day as it was yesterday. Recent developments are fully explained by the heads of their respective bodies. I.A.L.S.O. has been founded almost completely upon a tripartite personal relationship between Paul Gillespie of the Fabian Society and the respective leaders of Queen's Labour Group and the Univer-

sities' Labour Branch. Personal bickerings have delayed its birth for years; they may cause an early death. In its day to day operations the Labour cause north of the Border has little common ground with the Labour Party of the south: the main link is in the ultimate Socialist ideas. I.A.L.S.O. is a praiseworthy "hands across the Border" gesture; whether it has any future remains to be seen.

Accepting that the main problem of student politics is one of involvement rather than activity, the new Fianna Fail group within Trinity, led by Simon Hewat and Billy Reid, is perhaps of greater significance than I.A.L.S.O. While Paul Gillespie says of the Fabians, "We are a Socialist educational body," Simon Hewat is not so deeply committed to Fianna Fail. He is concerned with the outside image of Trinity as well. Whatever criticisms are levied at political groups within Trinity, they all stand for a refreshing and encouraging identity with Irish problems. Billy Reid denied emphatically that they were merely a Fianna Fail recruiting centre: "There is no forcing of the party line," he said, and then added with a certain naivety which a surprising number of those interviewed displayed: "If you put the facts before people, they will vote Fianna Fail." The strength and novelty of this group lies in its fresh approach to meetings, emphasising the need for informality in order to encourage discussion.

The membership of Fine Gael University Branch has doubled in the past year, according to Treasurer Hubert Burke, but this increase relates more to U.C.D. than Trinity. When asked what he hoped to achieve, Burke replied



News
Feature

MIKE HENEY.

simply, "We wish to dethrone Fianna Fail," and when asked why he had chosen Fine Gael, he gave three reasons in this order: "My parents were in it," "It is the successor to Redmond's party," "It is the most conservative party in Ireland."

Michael O'Leary, T.D., a graduate of U.C.C., felt student interest in politics was no higher than the national average. He emphasised that many apparently brilliant student politicians were "mere receptacles for secondhand ideas," and supported Paul Gillespie's suggestion that a number of T.D.'s resented the criticism and interference of students, especially when presented with the political snobbery which a university education tends to produce.

Trinity contributes a small share of the membership to the Univer-

sity branches of the three main parties. Prominence of English students partly explained this, perhaps also a Protestant tradition of aloofness from politics. Middle and upper class backgrounds militate against the Fabian cause. Intrusion by politically-minded students into bodies like the Phil and S.R.C. may also have helped to produce a revulsion from student politics. Perhaps such student political bodies as do exist have not fulfilled the greatest need, that of involving more students in politics. When Michael O'Leary refers to student political apathy, his claims are justified. All the present groups are committed, and they have an air of the recruitment camp. A notion of bias is contained in the label F.F. which creates an instant blockage in the mind of the uncommitted. The main *raison d'être* of these groups at the moment centres around their effectiveness at election times. One feels there could be a great future for an uncommitted society devoted solely to discussion of Irish politics. The Hist seems to place more weight on frivolity than serious debate, while the Phil fights shy of political subjects. Furthermore,

students really interested in political advancement would do better to volunteer for social research than waste their breath on the often misguided criticisms and airs of unwarranted self-importance so characteristic of their present groupings. Dr. Thornley asserts that at this stage of Irish development, a pound of sociological fact is worth far more than a pound of ideas. Students as a body are best situated and best equipped to provide this vital research. "Politics involve realism, compromise, stamina and the study of sociological facts. The idealistic student who fails to realise this at 20 is likely to end up a disillusioned Conservative at 30." However, Dr. Thornley prefers any student participation to the "grey, non-political apathy so common among the Irish youth to-day." Trinity's student political groups, alongside men like Senator Skeffington and Dr. Thornley are helping to mould an image of a Trinity interested and involved in Irish society. For this alone, they justify their existence — their tragedy lies in their comparative failure to attract and involve more weight of student numbers.

Letters to the Editor

Sir,—Your "Scrutiny" to-day on the Major Societies is filled with inaccuracies and designed to demoralise. I am not competent to discuss the Phil. and the Eliz., so will confine myself to what you say about the Hist.

To my knowledge, the Hist. has never attracted all the "best men in College." Not one, least of all ourselves, would want a monolith of virtue, a sort of banyan tree under which presumably no other Society would be able to grow. It is good that Hist. officers also take part in other societies, otherwise they would be unbearably narrowminded. This has not in the past led to a shortage of suitable men, and there is no reason why it should.

The claim that "the choice is between a minor society, a part-time union and a premier debating society, and at the present its course lies between the first two" is wrong and unrealistic. How can a society with so many active members be a "minor" society? How can we, who do not seek to eliminate other societies ever be described as a part-time union? Of course we are a premier debating society. It is not known that we have always produced some of the cream of Ireland's debaters, that for two years running we have won the *Irish Times* Debating Competition, that last year we won the Scots-Irish competition and stand to do the same again, and that we have just defeated some of Britain's best debaters and reached the final of the *Observer* Mace?

The facilities that we provide for our near-record membership are of the best. There is no danger of members being "swindled."

I don't know what you mean by the lack of "gentlemen interested in debates and conversation." If a gentleman is a man who is

reasonably courteous and tolerant you will find him in the Hist. You will also find him at debates: most of our members this year have been to debates.

No sir, so long as we don't interfere with other Societies, continue to have the support of most of the students of this College, and continue to produce some of the best debaters in the country, indeed in these islands, you cannot regard the days of the Major Societies as we know them as "over."—Yours faithfully,

M. J. CAMERON, Auditor,
College Historical Society,
Trinity College, Dublin 2.
24th February, 1966.

Sir,—Your report of the inter-Varsity Trophy was sadly one-sided. The trophy having been won by U.C.D. for the first time in history was presented to the U.C.D. captain at the dinner we gave after the match. Also present at the dinner were the other teams and their presidents, some of whom are notorious practical jokers.

Shortly after its presentation the U.C.D. captain found he had lost the cup; we all assisted him in a search, but could find no trace of it. His claim that a T.C.D. student "boasted that he had the cup" appears to be auditory illusion heard through a haze of alcoholic hallucinations; no other person heard this "boast."

Since he is obviously incapable of looking after his own property, I will do what I can to help him; I am making every effort to trace the trophy, but I am hindered by his wild accusations and distressed by his libellous statements and threatening tone, which soil the excellent relationship existing between the clubs.—Your, etc.,

BRIAN DENHAM.

O'Malley on his own ground

"Backbencher" in the "Irish Times" never lets Donogh O'Malley forget his last visit to Trinity; even a year and a half after the event he mutters "shades of Trinity College" any time the poor man slips out an indiscretion.

When Mr. O'Malley did come back to No. 4 last Thursday he was on his own ground as Minister for Health, however, and there were no ructions.

While describing the Christian rather than the Socialist basis of the White Paper he suddenly realised that he was preaching religion in Trinity, which upset him considerably. He went on to give alarming details of unmarried mothers living on 15/- a week, and about one of the three five-star restaurants near Trinity having kitchens so dirty that the staff refused to work in them. Answering questions afterwards, he admitted that he didn't yet know if he was responsible for the public lavatories, but otherwise showed great grasp and, above all, urgency — the famous O'Malley hustle.

Eliz vacation work

Continuing the high intellectual level of Wednesday afternoon Bewley's cakes meeting, the Eliz fascinated its members last Wednesday with a series of short talks on holiday work. These ranged from work camps in Ireland and I.S.E.C. projects abroad to picking peaches in France or slugs in England (from conveyor belts carrying peas). Most of the holiday work discussed was non-profit making, but for any Eliz members desperate to make a fortune quickly — two months as a chalet maid at Butlins seemed to be the answer.

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ARE THE NORTH OF IRELANDERS VULGAR?

"That's a stupid question, if I may say so. It isn't worth answering."

"There are two sorts of Northerner in Trinity: those from Magee and those simply from the North. The Magee people I find intelligent bores, by and large. But then the Magee people aren't all Northerners."

"I think the political climate warps their minds. I've yet to meet anyone sane from up there. It's tragic that no one from the North is able to think rationally."

"They're certainly getting more blood thirsty."

"They have a vulgarity born of simple mindedness and lack of sophistication."

"Yes. They're so desperately economic. Everything must be economic and worthwhile or they won't tolerate it."

"I wish the bastards wouldn't whistle."

"I've never heard that before. They're no more vulgar than the rest of the Irish. It's just that they're Puritannical as opposed to being Catholic... poor old Irish."

"They're just common."

"There are enough English in Trinity without adding to them with strange variations."

"Yes. It comes from not knowing if they're Scottish or Irish."

"They're a crude ignorant lot. I was born up there myself."

"No more than anyone.. I've lived among the English and among the Irish. That sounds like Ovid in exile on the Black Sea: 'I've lived among the Romans and now I'm among the barbarians.'"

"They've a good clean filth about them and if you call that vulgar, then they are."

"Have you ever met a complicated person from the North?"

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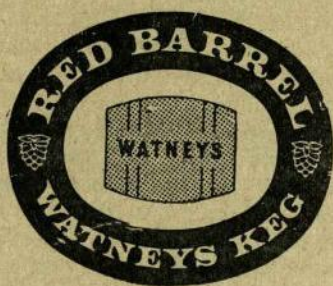
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Digs

"The landlady of a boarding house is a parrallelogram, that is an oblong angular figure, which cannot be described but is equal to anything."

Although most students spend their latter years in rooms or flats, most begin by passing through the hands of landladies, who might or might not have conformed to the above description. Chance and Miss MacManus, the Warden of Residence, determine the type of digs the student will find himself in on his arrival at Trinity. To some extent it is true the nature of these lodgings is decided by the price he is prepared to pay, but in the final analysis it is the landlady's personality which really counts. Most people appear to be reasonably happy in their digs, but "Scrutiny" did find cases of genuine bitterness amongst female undergraduates provoked by narrow-minded regulations and unnecessary interference into private lives. In some digs, midnight curfews were imposed; in others baths were strictly rationed and many landladies frowned on friends of either sex entering the premises. Living with a landlady and her

family can be a success, if there is a little give and take on both sides. The fact remains, however, that in the majority of cases the size of the digs demands that the lodger is almost permanently in the company of his landlady unless she chooses to set aside a room for his exclusive use. Too often bedrooms are inadequate for anything other than sleeping in and free time must be spent in the enforced company of other lodgers, landlady, her family, "T.V. and flea-infested sausage-dog." This is liable to have an abrasive effect on all parties: in addition the student might also find that the set meal times are inconvenient to work into his College programme. However, he must not overlook the obvious advantages of digs. If he wishes, they afford a measured and predictable life, and any outstanding injustices may be reported to Miss MacManus who can organise a change of lodgings.

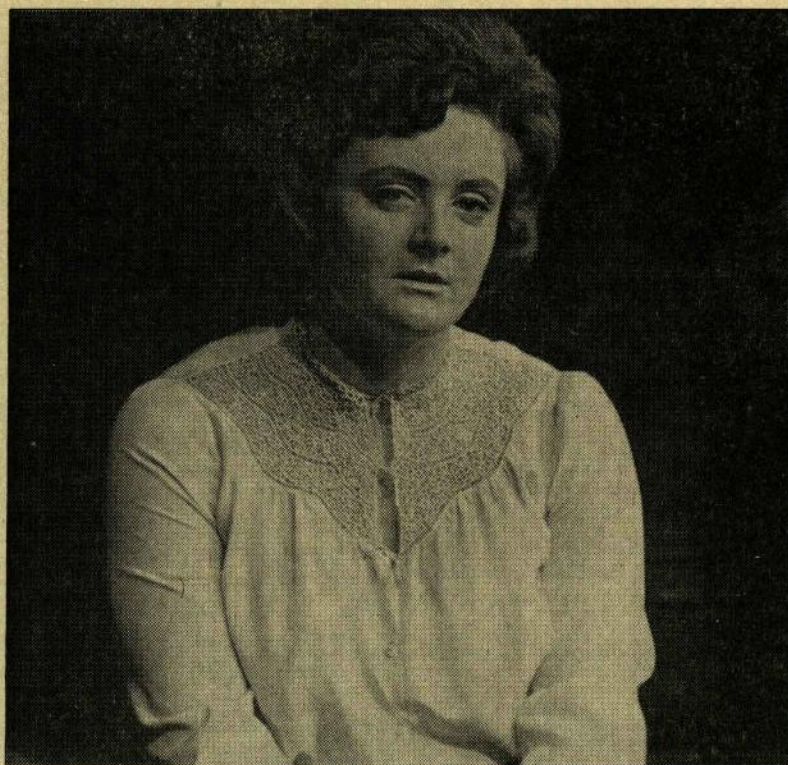
Bogus Landladies

The desire for independence and the wish to live with one's own choice of friends eventually prevails and many students move out of digs into rooms or flats before the two-year period is over. If he follows the latter course, the student may be ensnared by

College regulations. These prescribe that no student may live in a flat unless he is over 21 or in his third year; that no flat will be approved unless there is a responsible person (not necessarily the landlady) resident on the premises, and no Trinity students of the opposite sex residing there. Many and ingenious are the methods used to bypass these rules. The more obvious ones include omitting to register the change of address and the well-known "bogus landlady" ploy. Thus, one student in an illegal flat wishing to have it approved by Miss MacManus manipulated the following ruse: Having invited her to visit his "digs," he performed a Professor Higgins on his char and persuaded her to adopt the role of a high class landlady. On arrival Miss MacManus was greeted by the sight of a transformed char serving a three-course meal to her lodgers. Approval was obtained at once.

Flats

The potential flat owner begins the search with a certain degree of gay abandon, a sense of adventure perhaps—few appreciate the difficulties involved. Most flat hunters spoke of two or even three weeks before a satisfactory flat had been found. They mentioned innumerable



profile

gill hanna

"I'm like Tinkerbell, you can't catch me and put me on paper." Undeterred and unarmed, except for a butterfly net and a copy of "Winnie-the-Pooh" just in case, we visited this suburban sylph in her Ballsbridge reclusium.

More like Penelope, she was polishing off a bizarre tapestry of hardy perennials. "Since I discovered that Trinity is little but an elegant waste of time, I have been occupied in finding more elegant ways of wasting it." (Like getting the Mod. Lang. prize last

term for coming second in Schol.?)

Other elegancies include lone excursions to Glendalough in order to slide all the way down again with a total loss of dignity. Her love of Ireland was carried to alarming extremes at school, too, where she distributed sham-rock to her little pals on St. Patrick's day.

Like another Trinity Notable featured in this column earlier this term, her clock struck midnight in Player's Theatre. (Unlike the aforesaid, however, she does not know what effect she has on little boys, and, frankly, does not care.) Her mother played principal girl at pantomimes in the Theatre Royal. Despite this Gill's theatrical idol is Eleanora Duse who used to give her audience their money back and send them

packing if she felt off form. Gill first trod the downwards path of bawdiness as drunken, rum-bustious Ursula in "Bartholomew's Fayre"—as neat a piece of type-casting as ever Players saw. She has enjoyed similar parts the most since then "The bawdier the better."

On those mornings when she forgets to look at herself in the glass she worries about the decline of eccentricity in Trinity. "It used to counteract its low academic standard by its entertainment value: now there's no-one to talk to either."

Her own conversation is raw. That is, it is unseasoned by "Well... you know... I mean..." etc., but rather peppered by a shrewd, ambiguous wit. Like most of Gill it has an earthy, Wife-of-Bathiness about it. Nevertheless, she still has "intellectual pretensions", and frequently has to answer charges of being a secret reader.

"If people are interesting they can be syphilitic monsters for all it matters" is the motto embroidered in gold lurex on the family crest (two bottles of whisky rampant). This is off-set by Gill's unexpected tolerance "You can forgive people any amount of faults if they are asserting themselves as they really are". She always does, and, like Giles' Grandma, "Everybody appreciates me"—so it doesn't really matter what we say, does it?

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Are the Regulations Anachronistic?

able disappointments, pedantic landlords who required long leases and large deposits, refusals by the College authorities to approve the residence. Within the last six months flat rents have increased inordinately, the average rise being around £2. It is now a rare occurrence to find a respectable three bedroomed flat for under £10 per week. However, few undergraduates are particularly concerned about whether they have to share a room or not — independence, freedom from Dublin's landladies, and being able to live with chosen friends are more important.

The greatest obstacles encountered are the year's leases and the objection to students as tenants. Ninety per cent. of flats available either have a year's lease or are barred to students, and not many landlords show any willingness to compromise—demand for flats is so high that they have no need to. Despite the hardships involved in looking for a flat, none feel daunted by the prospect. Once it has been found, hardly any complaints reach Miss McManus. Undergraduates unanimously declared that on no account would they return to digs, after life in flats have been tasted, and one said that he would "rather camp out in Phoenix Park."

How severe are the punishments for living in an illegal flat?

Miss MacManus disinclined to be definite, in fact the regulations themselves are vague. To a large

out after 12 midnight; with the application she has to give the man's name, his address and the reason for staying out late. Three-quarters of an hour is allowed to

ever, that Trinity's regulations concerning digs coincides with those of the majority of British universities. But there are 10,000 students to be accommodated in Dublin, far more than in any city of comparable size. The final responsibility for all aspects of student accommodation rests with the Lodgings Committee. At present there are no student representatives on it, which means that it is out of touch with the realities of student living problems. With members of the S.R.C. on the Committee a recent injustice which "Scrutiny" unearthed might never have occurred; and the girl concerned would have felt her interests better protected. This was the case of a girl, newly arrived at Trinity, whose parents lived in Greece. Because she was unable to return home to Greece in the vacations and remained in Dublin she was allowed to live in a flat with another girl. After two terms the Lodgings Committee revoked this decision, ordered the girl to be out of her flat within 24 hours, leaving her flat mate stranded. This type of ham-fisted bureaucracy could be avoided if a more realistic attitude was taken towards accommodation problems, and student representation on the Lodgings Committee was both allowed, and when elected, respected.

→ scrutiny ←

degree the severity of the punishment depends in the Lodgings Committee which meets once a term, and makes decisions on various accommodation problems. Normally the offender loses credit for the term, and may have to return to digs and a watchful landlady.

Trinity Hall

To many women, Trinity Hall and digs are synonymous terms for squalor. It appeared that Trinity Hall was disliked even more than digs. The wide measure of control exercised over the private existence of the women was castigated most of all. Elaborate measures are taken to curb truant girls. A "clocking-in" machine costing £57 has been installed to check on the time the girls return at night. A girl has to apply for permission if she wishes to remain

return to the Hall after a party—late-comers are gated for a week or more.

Few complimentary remarks were heard about the establishment. Six pounds a week for a single room with three girls in it was considered exorbitant. The telephone system was said to be totally inadequate and it was suggested than an internal system could easily and inexpensively be installed. The general opinion amongst the majority of girls was that although it was a useful venue in one's first term to get to know people, its petty enforcement of minor regulations made it "as bad as a girl's public school."

S.R.C. Representation

It is true to say that the consensus of opinion in College is against enforced residence in digs for more than a year. Miss McManus has pointed out, how-

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marat sade

The only real fault with Roc Brynner's production of the Marat-Sade is that such a short time has elapsed since Peter Brook produced it with better amenities and more inspiration; a comparison with the Shakespeare Company's production is inevitable. At the Aldwych the company played on a vast stage, removed from the audience; in Players the nearness of the actors put the audience on the defensive, made them retreat rather than identify themselves. The size of Players' stage confined the action, so that there could be none of the mad rushes of frenzy; the smallness of the theatre restricted those bursts of song that in the Aldwych aroused a hilarious pathos, and in Players remained just an outburst.

Brynner's was a shadow production, right to Duperret's coxcomb; and where it deviated from Brook's it was a pale shadow. Perhaps it was on purpose that what had been the most dramatic moments in the Aldwych production, the flagellation and Marat's death, were lost in the immediacy of the lunatics' lack of reaction. Charlotte Corday herself is more moved by her question, "What kind of town is this?" than by the events of the play. Nevertheless, there were moments when Brynner did go beyond what he had termed Brook's "adequate" production: these were when the characters peer over the tricolour and mock Marat, the Universal Copulation sequence, and the last song which somehow manages to revive the play even though Marat's death has left one quite cold. But this alone could by no means be termed an adequate presentation of the play.

MANIFESTATIONS

brophy

Bridget Brophy is a vegetarian who eats omelettes, presumably of infertile eggs. She hides behind Players Tipped and seem rather inapproachable; she says she could speak at universities every day of the week, but turns them down; Dublin is honoured. However, her stay was short, arriving at 6 p.m. and leaving at noon the next day, narrowly escaping, or attempting to escape, the clutches of Radio Eireann.

At a short acquaintance, she is charming but reserved, a monument of introspection. Her husband, who works in the National Gallery in London, is much more volatile, communicative, articulate. Even on the subject of writing, Miss Brophy is difficult to draw out: she has a nine-year-old daughter, who makes a writing time table impossible, and what writing takes place is done in the evening. Nevertheless, she complained of writer's cramp, not merely in the hand, but also in the elbow; she attributes this to writing and typing as consecutive activities. To her, creative writing is obviously hard work.

She willingly undertakes television recordings, but finds live programmes a strain, not simply in that she is being watched by six

million people, but also that she would enjoy taking some absurd stand and defending it, and is deterred by the probability of complete demolition and ridicule. One is left with the impression of a strongly disciplined character, wary of exposing herself, yet to whom communications on her own terms is a thing of final relevance.

college cartoons

It is strange considering the numbers in College that there are only three cartoonists generally known — David Mole, Nick Robinson and Henry Bell. All



'A Buttery Bruiser' by Henry Bell

three are would-be Scarfes, and interested in the human face; Mole's attitude is sick, Robinson's optimistic and Bell's cynical. But even these are not well-known, which fact they attribute to their difficulty in securing outlets for their work is "No one will accept undergrad. humour." Trinity publications, they say, are too financially-minded and consider cartoons only as space-fillers, although there is great potentiality for them to accompany features like profiles or Lucinda Lowdown. In fact, *Yes* is the sole magazine to offer active encouragement. Therefore, their work in College is limited to posters, or, as Mole says, "to the Campanile for Christmas cards." The art society holds nothing for them—"we don't do pottery." They feel posters aren't worth the effort—no matter how much work goes into them they usually end up torn on the ground.

Cartoonists in College do have reasonably grouses, but they would do well to remember Trinity isn't Dublin, and there's always *Dublin Opinion*, even though Mole's opinion of that is: "If *Dublin Opinion* accept you, you may as well give up."

inglis

Mr. Brian Inglis, Dublin Airport, noon Tuesday—a shortish, balding man with an up-to-date suitcase and an American mackintosh. "Just like what he's like on the Telly." That rather smooth lilting voice with none of the bitterness of "West Briton" that floats out over the headlines, "What the Papers Say," merges with the scratchy news reel on "All Our Yesterdays," and vanishes down the Dublin telephone to his

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successor, "Quidnunc," in the *Irish Times*.

Mr. Inglis was in Dublin for the Hist's meeting on "The Press is Too Powerful" and it was a touch of irony that the morsels he threw to them were utterly misconstrued. He said: "I think the Irish press is much better now than in the 30's." "Irish papers better than Britain's," reported the *Irish Times*. "Irish newspapers more responsible and better balanced than British counterparts," reported the *Independent*, lovingly referred to as the *Indo*. There were some home truths about Mr. Anthony Howard's spell as Civil Service correspondent. "The message went round 'Don't receive Mr. Howard' and so he was sent off to the States." A few home truths about Dawson's editorship of the *Times*. "He didn't even know what he was doing" and "I'm glad that the *Daily Mail* has left behind its *Express* habits and is becoming a very good newspaper."

Mr. Brian Inglis, Dublin Airport, Thursday. Leaving for London.

LOWDOWN

With the connivance of club member **William Clarke**, **Neville Priestman** and **Hilary Root** set the champagne flowing at the Kildare Street Club on Friday evening. Perhaps fittingly with such a beverage it turned out to be something of an Etonian evening, with **Peter Ind** in a borrowed O.E. tie, and **James Farrer** protesting that the high collars that he and **John Jenyns** were wearing were not leftovers from their schooldays. **Martyn Knight** bragged of days in the Eton College Corps, and to complete the number **Roger** (I was at Wellington, actually, but my brother went to Eton) **More Nisbett** introduced **Charles Talbot**, a cousin of a cousin, who was trying to find out how to get into Trinity.

Wellington was not to be outdone, however, as **Hugh Teacher** swayed in from another party across the Green, whilst **John Platt** excused his drunkenness to **Bridget O'Brien-Twohig**, before marching **Susie Hutton Bury** off to Nobbits. Heading in the same direction were **Julian Matthews** who had Napped the Nipper, with **Martyn Rix** leading the field. None of this for **Mirabel Walker**, though, who could not find anyone she knew to talk to, but **Paddy Scott** chatted on to all who

came in, and from his position by the door he did not miss many. He was still bubbling on by the time that **Clive Rowe** arrived near the end, as was the champagne, despite the efforts of **Giles Atkinson** — always willing to do his share. In the midst of all this **Miranda Ind** found that a secretarial course does not give her the same training as Trinity might — for one thing she'll be sober at the end of it.

Adam Hardiman transformed his creation in No. 6 into a celebration more like the Golden Calf. The vision of **Eve Bonham** made **Mike Lambert** forget his ark-load down the other end of T.C.D. **Joan Birch** enticed **Martin Jonathan Benham** away from **H. David Prosser** who went off to sling the odd stone at **Catherine** pillar of salt **Stewart**. **Peter Reed** (she found me in the bulrushes) burned but was not consumed for **Delilah Winmill** who might well have cut **Chris Johnson's** hair but for the intervention of **deu sex machina Hamish Revelations McRae**. **Andrew Allen's** successful fishing forced **Ian Sinclair** to take up his boots and walk and on the road from the inn he soon overtook a bewildered **Richard Stamp**, (locusts? never touch 'em).



—Photo Sean Walmsley

"David, darling . . . I think Mirabel's just swallowed another glass."

CROSSWORD RESULTS

Rosemary Conley won the free shampoo and set at Steiner's salon and **Stephen Strong** the free meal for two at Slatery's Grill Bar.

SOLUTION

Clues Across: 1. Chatterton; 6. Avid; 10. Verdi; 11. Desdemona; 12. Cerebral; 13. Strata; 14. Rave; 15. A. Deb; 19. Dole; 20. Bust; 22. Tenant; 24. Misreads; 27. Increment; 28. Photo; 29. Even; 30. Hot and Cold.

Clues Down: 1. Civic; 2. Air Travel; 3. Trilby; 4. Red-Handed; 5. Oast; 7. Viola; 8. Dramatist; 9. Nettles; 14. Right Size; 16. Ballintra; 17. Club-a-go-go; 18. Counsel; 21. Tripod; 23. Niche; 25. Stood; 26. Nero.

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Horsemen

pass by . . .

I was just a-totin' down Main Street, Dublin, when I passed these great swing doors. Feelin' my thirst a-risin' I tossed my reins to the little ol'horse boy at the gate and went through to find myself in the meanest movieset I ever did see . . .

On the right I saw the Olde Tyme Corral, but it was full of books and hacked-out fillies so I went to look for better blood in the Saloon across the way. Jeez! what a randy dive! Rank, fetid, subterranean, even its doors were swinging!

And it was just crawling with talent — I found several guys with star quality — **David Lamb**, for instance, toting a genuine Amos Burke lighter from a ready-made .45 groin (he assured me, however, it was custom-built); and Antiseptic **Whittaker** who'll look just fine if we put most of him behind a rock.

From an assortment of villains I chose "**Buttocks**" **Buck** and **Maxie Lightfinger** — all the unspoiled crudity of the Wild West was there. For local colour I picked on big-time cow-poke **Eugene Lamb**, and hairy prospector **Robin Mathew**, while **Julian Hutson** is all set to swing. Our roaming lingerie salesman had to be **Simon Morgan** (the only man in the Deep West with Shot-silk sock suspenders) who brings news of faraway to guilt-ridden, shot-ridden, terrified but truthful local editor **Hamish McRae**. King of the Crap game was Mississippi

Mikey the man who does most with the **Shortt** throw, and under the bar I found Hoover **Hugh**, the first human garbage-disposer to hit Texas. I can't go wrong with fase-talking **Sheriff McDowell** and assistant, money-lender, **Julian Matthews**. And for the Grand Exit occasional preacher **Tony Lowes**, and acolyte, **Sam McDonald**, can be hired for only a dime a day I'm told. To provide a cortège like Tombstone never knew jovial, him-singing **Norry** "Boot Hill" **Boulting**, with lugubrious laying-out from under taker **Robin Clarke**.

Back inside I found Madame **Patsi Warwick** keeping her saloon girls on the level. Toeing the back-line were **Sarah Ingall** and **Eleanor Lennox-Cunningham** with **Eve Bonham** who shoots from a good-looking hip. **Clare Gaynor** in her dimity apron is The Woman Who Waits Miles out on the **Morland**. And hard by, in a remote fastness, **Bernadine O'Neill**, oblivious to all, was brewing moonshine liquor to the entertainment of A Horse-Thief (anon).

And a bonus! Tethered outside the saloon, **Evie Soames**, a thorough-bred filly by **Tony Quinn** out of **God Almighty**. Watching her for a buck was olde tymer **Tom Haran**, raising no dust with his spittle.

So what more did I want? I'm on my way back now to make the prettiest littl' epic yerz ever saw. And what'm I gonna call it-why, "How The West Was Lost"

VICTORIANA . . .

Still exhausted from the conversion of two curtains and a chaircover into suitable garb I shall quote you some reviews of **Victoriana**, a collection of skits and disguises, now showing at the Cr*st*l B*llr*mm. Opening night, last Monday, 21st February.

"Superb . . . Miss Hanna's rendering of 'Sir, take your hands off me' was probably one of the most piercing pieces of theatre I have had the privilege to hear" (D**gl's H*nd*r*s*n, Sporting Life)

"The end of 'Hugh Teacher's Glass' — which began well — rather went over my head, but the general effect was shattering" (L*z M*g*w*n., Roget's Thesaurus).

"I thought **Ian Jefferies**, playing the beach boy, was an immense success, but the question mark rudely painted upon his garment . . . I couldn't quite see the affi-

nity" (P**l* Str**t, Girl Weekly)
"I know it's irrelevant, but I was horrified to find in the cast not a single Irish-born American to make a good story for the front page" (Seamus O'Grady, *v*n*ng Pr*ss)

"The scene where the Bishop (so realistically played by **Tom Chance**) stripped and danced with the actress, left me, at any rate, close to . . . both of them" (L*z *llb*rry, Zambian Times).

"Shocking. Nauseating flesh showing beneath nauseating disguises. It's about time something was done to clear decent theatres of this decadence" (R*c Br*nn*r, Charenton Nightly).

"Heartwarming. Miss **Liz Morgan**'s execution of the can-can in the interval revealed a side of her I had never appreciated before" (*ndr*w G*bb, Catholic Digest).

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