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Trinity News

A DUBLIN UNIVERSITY WEEKLY

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THURSDAY, 22nd MAY, 1958

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STUDENTS IN CONFLICT

Algerian Protest March

THE quiet backwaters of Dublin, scarcely ruffled on the surface by undercurrents of the country's own political problems, were violently stirred last Friday when a hundred students, roused by reports of recent atrocities committed in Algeria, staged a spontaneous protest march on the French Embassy in Ailesbury Road.

Students from Trinity, Surgeons and U.C.D. gathered in St. Stephen's Green, and closely followed by watchful Guards, set out in an orderly procession southwards. While the marchers outwardly displayed few of the violent tendencies which characterised the Hungarian protest meetings over a year ago, it was evident that deeper and more immediately personal reactions were involved. The majority of supporters were North Africans, while they were backed by groups from other nations faced with similar problems at home — including South Africans, East Africans and even students from Ceylon. A large contingent of Irish students, always ready to protest against alleged injustice, was, naturally, evident. Banners displayed gave strong indication of the temper of the meeting—"Vive le F.L.N.", "Remember Dien Bien Phu" and "France Quit Algeria."

When the procession arrived outside the Embassy, it was found to be cordoned off by reinforcements of police, and although no incidents occurred, the Guards refused to allow the students picket the Embassy and kept them on the move.

Four delegates applied for admission, but the Ambassador would only agree to see one student, Mr. P. T. Davern of U.C.D. After handing the protest to the Ambassador, who bears a striking facial resemblance to General de Gaulle, the following dialogue, as reported by Mr. Davern, took place:

Ambassador: "Why should an Irishman living in a quiet and peaceful country be concerned with Algeria?"

Davern: "The practice of torture in keeping the Algerian people in subjection is the concern of all, for each man is responsible."

Mr. Davern went on to refer to the book by Henry Alleg—the first to be banned in France for political reasons since the 18th century—and the article by Jean-Paul Sartre, subsequently confiscated by the police.

Ambassador: "Sartre is a fellow-traveller."

Davern: "But he condemned Russia's actions in Hungary."

Ambassador: "This condemnation of Russia was in brackets."

Davern: "All the writers, intellectuals and journalists who have exposed the horrors of French brutality in Algeria cannot be biased, and some are quite conservative politically. You cannot deny that some, at least, are men of integrity."

Ambassador: "I think they were probably misinformed. Terrible crimes have been committed by the F.L.N., you know."

Davern: "As long as the French remain in Algeria there will be bloodshed. This is only to be expected since they own all the best land in a country not very prosperous."

Ambassador: "The French have been in Algeria so long, and have improved the country so much that they have a right to land which they themselves have converted from the swamps."

Davern: "You cannot expect eight million people to tolerate a situation where all the good land is held by Frenchmen."

He went on to draw conclusions from the recent Suez Canal crisis.

Ambassador: "If France leaves Algeria the Communists will eventually take it over."

Davern: "Communism is the modern scapegoat for the necessity of colonialism."

The Ambassador replied that he could not discuss the internal political situation of France as he was not in possession of the latest information, and dismissed the delegate with a French pamphlet on Algeria.

"THE STORM IN A TEA CUP"

The 25 strong, 50 years old Gaelic Society was recently the centre of subdued but angry controversy. On April 27 the "Sunday Review" printed a sharp attack which said: "T.C.D.'s 160-year-old Gaelic Society is to be evicted by the Belfast-born J.D. Historian, R. B. McDowell."

According to the same source, the Auditor of the Society, Mr. Eamonn O'Toole, said: "We intend to fight this move of Dr. McDowell's against the Irish in every way we can."

On May 11th, the "Sunday Review" refuted its own claims and wrote that as Dr. McDowell had not the power to evict societies from their rooms (which in fact is incorrect), he could not be held responsible for what happened.

Evidently the real facts have been seriously tangled up. Within two weeks Mr. Frank McGuinness, who wrote the panegyric, stepped down on all his controversial assertions. We are reliably informed that the retreat was not voluntary and followed a dramatic exchange of letters.

Dr. R. B. D. French, College Press Officer, threatened to sue the magazine for libel on behalf of Dr. McDowell unless a full apology was published. Mr. McGuinness had to make the painful retraction, but persisted in his claim that he had obtained his facts from Mr. O'Toole.

Dr. McDowell has quite rightly insisted on being personally cleared and said to our reporter that he now considered the matter closed.

It seems that the storm arose as a result of confusion and rash judgment. Having decided to move the Gaelic Society, the J.D. informed Prof. Green, the Society's President, of his plans. Communications must have broken down between the Auditor and the President, as the latter says he knew nothing of the plans.

In the meantime, Mr. McGuinness got wind of what was pending and warned the Auditor. The two, being ardent patriots, decided to act. Mr. McGuinness struck first by an article designed to rouse public opinion and intimidate Dr. McDowell. As he got into trouble, Mr. O'Toole left the sinking ship, disclaiming all responsibility.

The Society has now agreed to evacuate its rooms.



Students marching to the French Embassy.

Boycott in U.C.D.

What Will Happen?

U.C.D. is set for a second conflict between students and the authorities, as a result of which their S.R.C. is being forced into a position remarkably similar to that obtaining in Trinity. A semblance of legality is still maintained and a somewhat "cooked" Council exists. There is little doubt, however, that unless the two sides compromise the whole structure will break up. The present deadlock has a long and protracted history.

In February of this year, the U.C.D. authorities submitted a new draft Constitution to the Students' Council for their consideration. The Council debated the proposed Constitution, and having rejected a few of the more drastic changes, including a new method of electing the President, they referred it back to the authorities. On two further occasions the Executive Committee met representatives of the authorities to consider the proposed Constitution. No final decisions were reached, but it was agreed that further discussions should be held. However, before another meeting took place it was announced that a new Constitution was being put out by the main office. The Students' Council were by implication told "to take it or leave it." Further attempts to meet the authorities were ignored, so the students took the only course which remained open and rejected the new Constitution in toto.

The President disregarded this decision and announced new elections to the Council. At the closing date for nominations to the S.R.C., less than the necessary quorum of nominees had been proposed. The President of U.C.D. then deliberately postponed the closing date for nominations. By election day only ten agreed to stand — just enough to form a quorum. A meeting was then held in the Aula Maxima and was attended by over 400 students, who signified their approval of the boycott. The old Council unanimously decided to continue.

Mr. M. Davern, the President of the original Council, told a "Trinity News" correspondent that the authorities had again been pressed to allow the Council

to be elected under the present Constitution, so that the students themselves could decide on the proposed Constitutional alterations. He said "there is no truth in the statement made by the College authorities to the 'Irish Press' that I have found myself in complete disagreement with members of the Council." He also questioned the sincerity of the authorities' statement that their purpose was "to set up a Council which would be as fully representative as possible of student interests and life." He claimed that Dr. Tierney's recognition of the new "Council" inadmissible since the remaining 10 nominees took office with no regard to a proper election. How could they, therefore, represent the true viewpoint of over 4,000 students.

Bitterly he commented: "Should the authorities succeed in this arbitrary violation of our rights, the U.D.C. student will do nothing more than sign a cheque every October."

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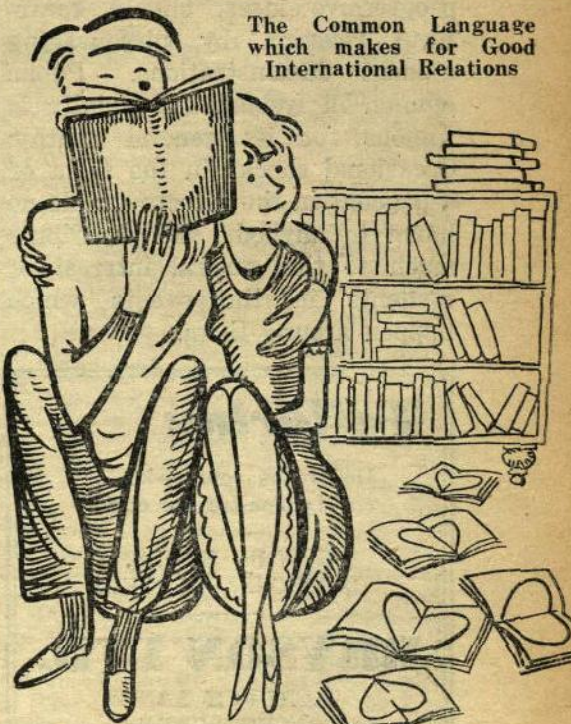


THE CARNIVAL ON TO-DAY

The Carnival of Nations will be on tonight in the Mansion House. Fourteen nations will present a colourful spectacle remarkable for its variety, enthusiasm and energy. Never before have there been so many items and such an impressive managerial committee. Each group is bent on producing its best. The gripping rhythm of the Caribbean "Limbo" will compete with the sweeping energy of the Polish "Smigus Dyngus"; the soft and soothing tone of the Malaysians is there, reinforced perhaps in their effects by India's "Prayer of the Hands." There are several Nigerian dances designed to render "Sounds of the Savannah." For the first time, too,

a masterly Irish act is in the offing.

The Carnival will run for three nights. Unexpectedly, the publicity has markedly improved at the last moment. Last Saturday and Wednesday, Dublin witnessed an unusual and dazzling dancing stunt to advertise the Carnival. "Group One" jazzed it up on a lorry with Africans, Germans and others dancing in their national costumes and a great banner snapping in the wind. The whole effect certainly ensured the attention of both the slightly myopic and the slightly deaf. It is already evident that the organisers of the Carnival have done a splendid job. The show is bound to record its by now traditional success.



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TRINITY NEWS

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Vol. V

TRINITY NEWS

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DEMONSTRATION

THE non-European students in Dublin must be congratulated for their protest march. The parade was not as well attended as might have been expected if one considers the numerous Asians, Africans and Arabs present in the city. It seems the organisation was faulty and somewhat haphazard. Promoters of such things should never forget that no protest at all is much better than a limping one.

Demonstrations, to be sure, are a matter on which we have quite distinct views. Dubliners and, above all, College authorities, appear to be in scant sympathy with what they often chose to brand as noisy spectacles. The turn-coats, on the other hand, have no special feelings either way and as a rule will support the winning side. A monster demonstration can certainly count on their support; a "failure" will inevitably incur their hackneyed sneer. Such indignation as they manage to concoct reflects less a genuine aversion than a personal inability to stand for anything except the changing wind of fashion.

Public demonstration is an institution which is inevitably wedded to a free and vigorous community. A group of people have every right and duty to seek maximum publicity for their views; and others may equally forcibly condemn the content of such an attempt. Democracy cannot assure equal respectability to all shades of opinion. But it must not interfere with the ability itself of demonstrating one. When the public protest disappears we may well suspect either sloth or the sinister shadow of creeping tyranny. It would be ironical if the University, which has always been the seat of progressive ideas, should spearhead reaction by discouraging student demonstrations. Public opinion in Ireland and Trinity is famous for its general apathy. Occasional shocks in the form of a pageant in the streets can do no harm to anybody and contribute much to the general interest of students in the events which happen around them.

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Profile:

DR. R. B. McDOWELL

An Appreciation

The other night I was discussing Dr. McDowell with a friend, a well-known medical student.

"I regard," I said, "that super-human and god-like being with awe; to me, he is quite perfect!"

"But what an absurd thing to say," replied Paddy, "about a man who waters his claret!"

For a moment I was stunned by the enormity of the accusation, then I sprang to the defence.

"If," said I, fixing him with a severe glance, "what you say were true, it might detract from the character of Dr. McDowell as a host, but it cannot diminish the stature of Dr. McDowell—the man!"

And it is Dr. McDowell the man—or, perhaps more properly, Mr. McDowell the character—that I would praise. Not that Dr. McDowell the lecturer, the author, the tutor, or even Dr. McDowell the Junior Dean, is an insignificant figure, but that the man towers over his functions, functions which might be performed by a mere mortal. But Dr. McDowell the man, the character, that superb artistic creation, where may his equal be found? Not in Oxford or Cambridge certainly; only, perhaps, in the pages of Lewis Carroll could he find a worthy peer.

And though Dr. McDowell trotting across Front Square or scampering round the library is a splendid figure, how infinitely more wonderful is he when he speaks! Some mean souls, always eager to belittle greatness, have complained that he can occasionally be boring. But when he is boring, it is on a heroic, a Wagnerian scale! Why, I have heard him talk for one hour and a half upon the importance of always carrying a spare pair of socks in one's pocket in case one's feet should get wet. He explored, he exhausted the subject. He described puddles he had fallen into in Ireland, in France, in Italy; in anecdote after anecdote he pursued his

wet feet through all the mud of the civilised globe; wandering far but never losing sight of the point of his discourse; returning always to his ground base with the grand chord-like words: "But, luckily, I had a spare pair of



—By courtesy of the Irish Times

socks in my pocket at the time!" It was magnificent, like listening to Bach's "Art of Fugue."

But to enjoy him at his best and wittiest, one must listen to him in an after-dinner speech. There our hero is on his mettle; his brain, which normally only works ten times as fast as that of an ordinary mortal, is now working twenty; his face is flushed, his eyes glittering, his hair awry, his spectacles askew, his hands gracefully scattering the wine glasses right and left, and his boiled shirt heaving and buckling with the force of the tumultuous emotions in his breast beneath. And then, in that unforgettable voice, something between a neigh and a shriek, he begins! "Well, of course —"

C.H.S.

The unexpected absence of Mr. Ken Harris from the Hist. debate on Wednesday, 14th, did not prevent a lively discussion on the motion, "That strikes should be illegal." The Librarian, G. B. Holland, took a sensible line of attack for the proposition. He argued that the strike weapon, having served its purpose, was now exercising a dangerous stranglehold on economic prosperity.

The opposers, with more obvious reason on their side, had plenty to say about this outrageous attack on democracy, free speech and the rights of Man. Mr. Moloney made a clear and sincere declaration of these principles, but was overshadowed by Mr. Barbour, who once again made an excellent speech. He was the only speaker who really sounded convinced of the ideals he was expounding; his forceful sincerity reminds one of Mr. Noel Hartnett.

Count Tolstoy ranted rather foolishly, and at the end of his speech was being heckled from all sides.

Many other contributions were made, and several were extremely good. Mr. N. A. Calvert made a sound though rather uninspiring maiden speech. On the whole, the proposers made out a more coherent case, urging abolition of strikes, and the setting-up of impartial tribunals. Finally, the Auditor made a surprisingly impassioned attack on selfish strikers, and the Librarian reiterated his proposals.

Commonsense prevailed, and the motion was heavily defeated. The Chairman, Mr. A. G. M. Moore, welcomed the decision of the meeting and made some concluding comments.

NIGHTS IN PARIS

The D.U. Association for International Affairs joined the C.U. United Nations' Association in a ten days' trip to Paris during the Easter vacation. The venture has by now become a standing spring outing to the Continent, the main purposes of which is to see Paris and listen to outstanding European personalities from various international organisations, viz., the United Nations' S.H.A.P.E., U.N.E.S.C.O., N.A.T.O.

The party of 12 left on St. Patrick's Day and got cracking in Paris while Ireland was still sobering up from the effects of religious celebrations of the previous night. There was an official schedule, but all were free to do as they wished. The first three days were taken up by visits to the international bodies, where the party was generally entertained and addressed by high officials, including M. Henri Spaak, former Foreign Minister of Belgium and now Secretary-General of N.A.T.O.

Part two of the performance consisted of parties given by student organisations in Paris. Few managed to strike up friendly connections with the natives. The majority, however, had to remain content with a visit to the newly reopened Folies Bergères and an occasional sortie to the "more disreputable districts of the metropolis." All who participated appear to be satisfied with what they got for the mere pittance of £13.

Music Concert

I wonder was it the success of the lunch-hour concerts given by Group One last year that stimulated Mr. Koh and his friends to put on their recital last week, equally successful, if rather more sober in vein. The programme consisted of works by Telemann and Arne, which did not appear to frighten anybody, for the G.M.B. was filled almost to capacity.

The solo part in the Telemann concerto was taken by Mr. Koh, who throughout the work demonstrated his masterly control over both his instrument and the music. His playing was always neat, and at times he achieved a most beautiful delicacy of tone.

In the Cantata by Arne, Shirley Dillon was the soloist. Potentially Miss Dillon is a fine singer, but she was rather too reserved and stilted in style for a work such as this, which is especially light and flowing. Nevertheless her clear, sharp voice showed up well. As in the viola concerto, the accompaniment was inclined to be too heavy.

The programme rounded off with another Telemann concerto, this time for violin, with Edward Bruce Hamilton as soloist. This work, one felt, was not quite as polished as the others had been. The faster passages were decidedly ragged. The soloist did not have the difficulty that the others had had—that of making himself heard above the accompaniment, since the violin is a naturally sharp-toned instrument. But he used this to excess, without employing many gradations of tone.

On the whole this concert was well performed, and all concerned deserve hearty congratulations for the effort they put into organising it and achieving such a creditable result.

OBITUARY:

"Dazzler the Rabbit"

Early on Sunday morning the rain-soaked body of one of College's best-known and best-loved personalities was laid to rest in the Rubric's dustbin. This marked the end of the career of Dazzler the Rabbit, beloved companion of Tom and Gerry, found on safari in the Lower Rathmines Road one dark night last November.

His life in College, brightened by cherry brandy and excursions to Malahide, Mullingar and Botany Bay, was an inspiration to his many friends. His literary tastes were wide; nothing was too indigestible for his devouring curiosity.

Although investigations into the cause of his death are still being carried out by Chief Inspector Warren of the Rubric's Borough Police, many of his next-of-kin (up to time of going to press) feel that Dazzler's demise was not unconnected with the departure of his whiskey supply, Brer Gibson and Bunny Delap.

If Dazzler has left any moral in his life, it is already nailed to the wall in No. 23.

College Observed

The quiet approach, so much appreciated in the new film unit, has apparently caught on and College applied it devastatingly to the National Blood Transfusion Association. A small number of tiny notices were efficiently typed out and quietly displayed, with the result that hardly anyone went to the "session" last week. This is a crying shame—a waste of time and effort for everyone involved. However, the damage can be repaired. There are sessions every Tuesday and Friday from 5.30 to 8.30 at 52 Lower Leeson St. No excuse is needed for including this "commercial" in College Observed. The possibility of saving a life should appeal to some of us.

Quietness seems to prevail throughout College this week, except as usual in the Reading Room. It frustrated the Pelicans and seems to be accompanying the Carnival of Nations' rehearsals. Louis Lentin is reported as saying: "Nobody has fallen off a ladder or electrocuted themselves." An apt illustration of the point.

There are signs, however, that placidness will not remain. If you had a red pamphlet thrust at you on Saturday morning, you'll know why. If you did not, but have read the rest of this paper, you'll still know. In fact, I don't see how you can fail to know—I believe Ireland really has an act in it this year.

Talking of changes—I was—"Ghosts" is doing well. A pleasant change from "Exiles" or "The Sleeping Prince." There are three more nights of "Ghosts" before work for the Revue starts in earnest; that is, if they've recovered from to-morrow night's Ball. By the way, if you're going to this and to the Blood Transfusion, remember to choose tea after the latter or the mixed drinks may spoil Saturday morning for you.

Players are not heeding the mixed drinks danger. They have among their spirited spot prizes six dozen bottles of stout. Fortunately, Guinnesses were obviously aware of implicit danger and declined to send a cask—it might have fallen on someone.

In a more serious vein, falling things are very much in the news. If you are one of the don't-knows about the bomb questionnaire, look at it this way: if it came to a direct choice, would you enjoy living, knowing you only did so because you had killed another person? (Directly or indirectly, it doesn't matter.) This is in fact what most of us are doing now—it makes you think.

Brooding over this won't help us, but remembering it might prevent us from making the same mistake again.

Back in a lighter vein, especially for those that live in College: Now that you've eaten the cornflakes, what are you going to do with the marbles?

"BI-FOCAL"

In the Dixon on Monday night, the D.U. Biological Association held its last meeting of this, the 83rd session. A large attendance, including many non-medical students and a few artists, was entertained and entranced by Mr. P. O. Trevor-Roper, M.A., F.R.C.S., D.O.M.S., of London, who gave a very lavishly illustrated talk on "The Influence of Eye Disease on Pictorial Art."

The speaker described and discussed the eye defects of many famous artists, and showed how their artistic efforts were affected. For example, Mr. Trevor-Roper claimed that Sargent's autumnal effects were really intended to give a touch of spring—unfortunately, the artist was partially colour-blind and brown appeared where yellow and green should have been!

Cataract, which develops in old-age, was, and is, responsible for pronounced changes in detail and tone: two paintings of the same scene, by the same artist, made before and after a cataract lens had been removed, convinced the audience of this.

After tea, questions were asked, the answers to which proved, if proof was needed, that Mr. Trevor-Roper, who is a brother of the Historian, is very much the expert in this very specialised field.

The Bi., with Prof. Jessop in the chair, then held what should have been its annual general meeting (along with executive reports and elections, etc.). Instead, the results of the mysterious balloting were announced as follows: Hon. Cor. Sec., David Abrahamson, B.A., M.R.C.V.S.; Hon. Rec. Sec., Mary McElroy; Hon. Treas., J. Lindsay, and a Council of 10. Nine (or was it 10?) new Vice-Presidents were also elected by some devious means which completely baffled most of the members present. One can only hope that the new Council will consult the "Rules of the D.U.B.A." (revised in 1918, 1941 and 1949) and will try, at least, to obey them so that the biggest and oldest faculty society doesn't find itself coming to an infamous end. The support which the Bi. has received in this session is so encouraging that it would be well worthwhile putting the Association on a sound footing.

FOUR & SIX

A Gibbers Gone

Two worthy men have left us—Hughie Delap and John Gibson. To make sure they did not do a Peebles on us and miss the boat, they were given a goodbye party. While Hughie solemnly refereed the proceedings, Gibbers and Barry Brewster performed admirable and quaint gymnastics. Peter Williams managed somehow to get into the rôle of Carmen, with Paddy Burgess-Watson by his side to advise on distribution. The Kidd-Mooney relationship seemed to follow its progressive path, while someone must have introduced Pamela Wilcott to Tom Molyneux.

Who Takes the Helm

First thing I saw were two unsailable objects, Botros Hanna Botros and Omar el Badis. Johnny Cusson was sitting it out with Commodore Baskins and official looking gents and their ladies. Rod Pentrycross was doing a nice two-step with Helga Atkinson; Toni Clark and Toby Gawith, similarly; Graham Reynolds and usual unknown woman, similarly; Brendan Carroll and Zoe, similarly; Edward Hamilton and Daphne Green, similarly; Rod Pentrycross and Helga Atkinson . . . this columnist is definitely writing under disgusted compulsion. I suppose the trouble was that

Blondy Ross-Todd had said that the dance was "out" to his boys in training.

Baby Beulah Makes the Big Time

Beulah and her Larry the Strange put on the works at the Hibernian on Sunday afternoon and only the cream of the cream—as Gertrude Stein might say—were supposed to be there. Whoever they were, they looked a bit curdled, indeed weying it all up if a nice fellow like George Green can look distinctly off-put when told at 5 to 7 that the bar was shut and that orders were taken from the hosts. Perhaps the smoothness was not 100 per cent. appreciated. So we shall leave out the smooth types and discourse on the human or hopeful human element there. Now Ronnie Taylor is a nice fellow and his appearance was noted; Marco Tomacelli seemed to have found himself a situation with Ann Kelly's sister, family resemblance is a strange thing; indeed, Giovanna was being monopolised by Dr. McDowell, while a Brownlow looked on; James Graham decreed that too much activity was a bore so kept popping three whiskies into one glass to save unnecessary un-drinking time. Jan Kaminski was with some organisation borne off by Jill McEvitty to Janet Humphrey's where they confronted a feverish hostess and eager George Patrikios who took over.

EXCAVATIONS AT TOWNLEY HALL

During the Easter vac. the College sent up a team to investigate something out of the ordinary that had been discovered in the land clearance project on the College farm. A bulldozer had been let loose on a rough looking pile of earth, apparently a dump from some nineteenth century road making operations on the estate. Under the dump some patches of bright red clay with specks of cremated bone attracted suspicion, and the contractor's bulldozer was replaced by the archaeologist's trowel.

We lived in the late Georgian mansion, a masterpiece of design and well furnished with sturdy old writing desks, family portraits, warming pans, harpsichords, rushlights, butter churns, and the like. We were assured that there were plenty of beds, and every reasonable comfort. Closer inspection showed that the beds in the servants' quarters were rather harder than boards, and only softened by the thick carpet of fungus that sprouted out of some of the antique straw mattresses. Upstairs the four-posters (as wide as they were long) were richly bedecked with feather beds, but for some mysterious reason the feathers had gone together into balls about the size of coconuts. However, we were not to be outdone, and went to sleep that night on the massive Georgian couches of the library, looked down upon by ten thousand books and by a rather grotesque classical bas-relief of a naked dancing girl being admired by a large group of spectators in togas.

Archaeology presented itself as a series of problems that had to be solved or dug away without any solution. First of all, what was the red stuff? Was it really burned clay? An examination of the contractor's bonfire sites showed that it was. Then, had it been burned in situ or had it been brought from elsewhere already reddened? Cross sections indicated the former. Post holes started to appear—singly, then in twos and threes, finally in hordes. Had the posts rotted in the holes or been pulled out? Was there a way of telling which were

earlier and which were later, if they were not all of the same age? Were they the remains of a structure, or had bodies to be cremated been hung from them? The fact that only cremated bones were found argued for the crematorium theory, but was it that only cremated bones had survived owing to some acid property in the soil? Samples were taken for analysis.

At this point the Boss began to become restive. This was a rescue dig, a rush job. The bulldozer was raring to go. The minutiae of excavation technique might be fun, but did we really expect to add much to the sum of human knowledge by persisting in them? We wondered too. To underline the point our favourite cremation burial was brought to us unceremoniously in a bucket, like the head of John the Baptist.

At long last the post holes began to assume shape and meaning. The only reasonable explanation of their arrangement was that they were the remains of a house, a pretty mean and squalid house—highly primitive—but nevertheless a house. The flints, of course, were pouring in, bag after bag, but it was David Vokes who made the decisive find of the excavation—a few crumbling bits of the beautifully ornamented hollow-necked pottery that can only belong to the very end of the Stone Age. And now, just when we thought we were about to finish, the Boss made the exciting discovery which showed that our little hovel must have been surrounded by a bank and ditch to protect the inhabitants from wolves. Trowels were dropped and the bulldozer was called in again to locate the ditch more exactly, and the men were set to clearing it out when it appeared precisely where predicted. Triumphant we cleared the two sections across it, checked our plans and the labelling of our finds, and returned to start the serious work of the season on Dalkey Island. Boozing parties from College are requested not to kick stones around in our cuttings! Last year the only trace of a neolithic wall virtually vanished this way.

. . . and no Birds Sang

One of the most interesting theatrical phenomena ever witnessed occurred on Monday night. It was, to be concise, a dramatic monologue delivered by Miss Olga Johnson, the prompter. She is indeed to be congratulated on her performance, although at one point provoked to laughter by some ill-mannered interruptions from those on the stage.

These latter tried to prove, with varying degrees of success, that they knew something about the drama, and one was almost convinced at times that such was the case. Perhaps the most convincing performance was that of Donald Wilson, the landlord, who knew most of his lines, though, unfortunately, stumbling at times in soliloquies. He had an unhappy habit of staring at the floor, but moved quite convincingly on stage and achieved at times shades of expression in his deliverances, instead of simply proving he had not forgotten his lines. Sophie, his daughter, was acceptable, though nervousness and an incomplete knowledge of the script were at times obvious. However, she had a natural charm, and preserved an admirable equilibrium even when chaos seemed imminent, while on occasions her natural sensibility produced acting. Robin Anderson, too, proved his acting ability in intermittent flashes, though at times his hands were an embarrassment, and his memory, and even hearing, failed—his asides with the prompter provoked roars of mirth from the audience. Peter Fawcett treated the stage like a crowded dance floor, but his shuffles apart, he was

with Donald Wilson the most convincing. Something like realism was here—a type of sincerity rang in his drunken utterances.

This, which was called a comedy, was a farce; no attempt was made on stage to produce any suspension of disbelief among the audience; the sincerity of their ignorance of this art was patent. The result was that the audience enjoyed it, for they accepted it for what it was—a gay romp somewhere on the outermost fringe of some dramatic no-man's land. The play would have failed miserably in anything but an intimate theatre, and also if that camaraderie had not existed between players and listeners.

We congratulate the four actors behind the footlights, and the twenty-one in front; a unit of comedy was established, which included, quite naturally, the encore for Mr. Ewan Bird's announcement that coffee would be served, and the uproarious applause which greeted the final curtain with shouts for the prompter, the producer, and the author. The author, by the way, was Goethe, and it is a fact that after writing this play he burst a blood vessel. Any critic who is searching for a convincing interpretation of the views which occupied Goethe at this time, and which he expressed in this play, may suffer a similar fate if he visits the Studio Theatre, Mount St., but anyone who wants to see some all-in comedy, with no holds barred, could wish for nothing to surpass this individual production of "Die Mitschaldigen."



"Life's Labour Gained." — J. Murdoch commenced last Thursday.

Festivals in Ancient Greece and Rome

Festivals played an important part in Greek national life from the very earliest times. In the Homeric Hymn to Apollo there is a vivid picture of the scene at the Delia, a panegyris, or national gathering, held in honour of the god Apollo on the tiny island of Delos in the centre of the Aegean Sea. The poet describes the long-robed Ionians gathering with their wives and children to celebrate the festival with song and dance and boxing contests. "The heart rejoices," he enthusiastically exclaims, "to see them there, the men and the women in their beautiful clothes, and their swift ships, and all their many possessions." Similar tribal or national gatherings were held in many parts of Greece, and we may be sure that the custom goes back well before the time of Homer.

The Greeks were competition-minded, and contests, especially athletic contests, were customary at such gatherings. The great Olympic festival, celebrated every fourth year without a break for well over a millenium, has caught and held the imagination of Europe ever since. In the dusty stadium beside the river Alpheius, the athletes ran and jumped and wrestled, watched by a huge concourse of spectators from all over the Greek world. But it should not be forgotten that these Games were a religious occasion, dedicated to the glory of Olympian Zeus, and the procession of worshippers and the festive rites connected with the sacrifices were as splendid a feature as the athletic events. There do not appear to have been musical competitions at Olympia, but at the Pythian Games, second only in prestige to the Olympic, competitions in flute and lyre playing were of central importance.

Besides the great national festivals, there were local festivals celebrated in each city-state. Those at Athens in honour of Dionysus are of special interest to us, as they provided the milieu in which tragedy and comedy originated and developed. Four times in four successive months, from December to March, the Athenians made merry in honour of Dionysus. These were boisterous festivals, basically connected with various stages in the wine harvest. There were contests of dancing on greased wine-skins, competitions to see who could drink most and fastest, and processions of wagons from which the riders poured scurrilous abuse upon the bystanders. But at the focus of the carousing was a god, Dionysus, and out of the songs and hymns sung by choruses of worshippers in his honour grew the stately dramas of Aeschylus and the ribald comedies of Aristophanes. These great works of art were moulded under the stress of that competitive element which seems to have been almost inseparable from Greek festivals. All who aspired to compete at the Dionysia had to submit their plays beforehand for scrutiny by the presiding magistrate. Only a few were selected for performance, and great was the kudos gained by the eventual winner.

The character of Dionysiac festivals was much the same everywhere in the Greek world, though differences in temperament between the various peoples caused some modifications. We are told that the Spartans did not indulge in so much drinking at the Dionysia as other Greeks. On the other hand, the normally sober and reputedly dull-witted Boeotians celebrated the occasion with special enthusiasm and extravagance. Is there a parallel here with the pre-Lenten carnivals of the

Rhineland? Plato, like many a modern moralist, was quick to raise his voice in condemnation of the excesses which undoubtedly occurred at the Dionysia, and he records with disapproval that once at Tarentum he saw "the whole city drunk" on such an occasion.

The Roman festivals did not greatly differ from the Greek pattern. The feriae Latinae, for example, originated as a national gathering of the Latins in honour of Jupiter Latiaris. There were prayers and sacrifices, dramatic performances with song and dance, rejoicings and feasting. At public feriae all business, especially law-suits, was suspended. The officiating priests were preceded by heralds who enjoined the people to abstain from working, and disobedience was a punishable offence. It can be seen that the Romans took their pleasures seriously. Under the Empire, entertainments of all kinds followed one another in an almost unbroken sequence so that Juvenal could complain that the once politically-minded Romans now thought of two things only: "the dole and the races."

The main difference from the Greek style of entertainment is to be found in the gladiatorial contests and wild-beast shows which became increasingly popular. Respect for the Muses was not deeply ingrained in the Romans as a whole, for it is recorded that two-thirds of the audience once left in the middle of a play by Terence when they heard that a tight-rope walker was performing nearby.

There can be no doubt that an ancient Greek or Roman would feel quite at home at an Eisteddfod or Tóstal. When at a modern "rag" or carnival, the performers parade the streets or squares on lorry or "float," they are one in spirit with the roistering villagers of Attica on their wagons long ago. Fancy dress and masks were as characteristic of ancient merry-making as of modern. And when the various nations contend for the palm in singing and dancing at our Trinity "Carnival of Nations" they are carrying on a noble and ancient tradition first recorded from the sunny Cylcades more than twenty-five hundred years ago.

J. V. Luce.

Marco an "Ostrich"

Beulah Welles gave a reception on Sunday night, or so the hall porter in the Hibernian informed me. Many of the usual people were there, including a somewhat nervous Larry L'Estrange, affected, doubtless, by the proximity of his future in-laws. It was also at this party that a rather strange episode in the life of Tomacelli began. Having made perfectly sure that the Martinis were as good as he had been told that they were, he entered into deep conversation with Miss Biddy Kelly, whom he invited, with that expression of courtesy and the spirit of adventure for which he is unrivalled, to dine with him and any friend whom he could find to take them there, at the Glen o' the Downs Hotel. Two hours later, tomato juice, food and mountain air having done their work, he became conscious of the Amazon who was sitting beside him. Unhappily he paid the bill and staggered out into the night air. On the way back to Dublin the party, "Boyd-Miserable and that lot," called at the Royal Hotel in Bray. But Tomacelli preferred to remain ostrich like, with his head buried in the back of the car, unable to face again a chorus of "Climb upon her knee, Sonny Boy."

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Boating

D.U.B.C. or Garda? Exciting Race Forecast

THE Liffey Head of the River Race takes place on Saturday over a course from Islandbridge to Butt Bridge at 4.15 p.m.

The event has been won for the past two years by Portora Royal School, with Trinity Senior VIII a close second. Unfortunately, Portora are not defending their Headship this year, so the Senior VIII, only three weeks in training, will be off No. 1. The Garda VIII, fourth at Chester to the Senior 3rd, and five weeks in training, will be starting No. 2, and the resulting battle for supremacy should provide an interesting spectacle for rowing enthusiasts.

The Junior crew, despite its sterling efforts last term, has not yet settled down as a unit—although handicapped by the loss of an experienced man over the past week, the sight of U.C.D. only 10 seconds behind them over the starting line should provide the necessary stimulus.

The Maiden VIII has no previous experience of Head of the River racing, but a long, hard row at a steady rate will serve them well for the 6-7 minute courses of the later Irish regattas.

Ladies' Tennis

At the A.G.M. of the D.U.W.L.T.C., the following were elected for this season: Captain, R. Ritchie; Sec., G. Kennedy; Treas., S. Leonard; Committee: G. Horsley, A. Dowley, H. Barton, J. Lavan.

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MOTORING

Among the constellation of College clubs, one of the youngest is the Motor Cycle and Light Car Club. However, it is none the less notable on that account, being counted among the premier Irish motoring clubs.

Founded after the First World War, the first president was the indefatigable Professor Joly. Among its most treasured trophies, a special place is reserved for the team award from the International Six Days' Motor Cycle Trial of 1933.

Despite this excess of talent, the Club caters for the newcomer to the sport. Trials, scrambles, grass track races and hill climbs are run annually. In addition to this, a novice car trial is being run in Trinity Week, particulars of which may be obtained from D. W. Leonard, No. 2, T.C.D.

Among the members taking active part in events, Mike Hendron is well known. His (appropriately) blood-red Triumph may be seen daily in the Grafton Street area. It is reputed to use as much fuel as Mike does coffee. Another Mike, Archer this time, is best known in engineering circles. Among other attributes, his car was known for the many unusual parts of College it visited—usually without Mike's knowledge.

Other members to watch out for (with trembling) are Maurice Bryan, whose Jimmy Edwards' handlebar moustache has led to some confusion; Alec Malcolm—another moustached one—sports three cars, a Buckler, a Consul and a Triumph—not simultaneously.

The fact that the club members tend to be somewhat verbose and flamboyant is easily justified by the illustrious record of the club to which they belong.

Fencing

Success at Cork

Two members of the D.U.F.C. entered for the foil and sabre competitions in the Irish Open Fencing Championships, held in the City Hall, Cork, during the Easter vacation. They were Peter Levingstone and Brian Hamilton. The former, fencing in great style, got into the final pools in both events.

The Club has a few very promising fencers in Malcolm Boyd, Malory Makower and Donald McDonald. In the ladies' section—Anne Jones, Mary Dickson and Rosalind Morreau.

The College Championships will take place in the gymnasium on the Friday during Trinity Week at 3.0. Peter Levingstone will be defending his foil title, while John English will defend his epee and sabre titles.

Cricket

Fine Win Against Clontarf

80 RUN STAND BY PRATT AND WILSON

TRINITY had a well deserved victory against Clontarf to get their first league victory of the season. This was a splendid game of cricket with the match poised first one way and then the other; finally, Trinity won by thirty runs and three-quarters of an hour to spare.

Mostert won the toss and elected to bat. Pratt and Wilson proved to be in fine form and added 80 runs for the first wicket, before Wilson was out slashing a bad ball. MacLean followed immediately, playing over a half volley. Mostert and Pratt settled down to push the score beyond 100, but Mostert was out, caught by the wicket-keeper, head in the air attempting to force off the back foot. Reid-Smith came in at a vital stage in the game and remained until the close of play on Friday night. However, Pratt and Singh were both out—Pratt having played another very good innings—and it was left to Foster to appeal against bad light. Score, 112 for five.

Saturday's play opened in sunshine and somewhat ominously Reid-Smith, Martin, Harkness and Hill failed to really trouble the scorers and it was only a sound last wicket stand of over 50 by Foster and Keely which enabled Trinity to pass the 200 mark. Both batsmen batted sensibly, Keely showing a fine array of shots for a No. 11 batsman and Foster, hooking anything short, pushed the score along safely.

Clontarf had 3½ hours to score the runs, but by tea-time it was clear this was going to be a difficult task as both opening batsmen had been dismissed.

After tea the third wicket pair, Brennan and McMullen, featured in a good stand. Mostert found it necessary to bring on Reid-Smith and Keely to halt the scoring. This was achieved, but Clontarf, with 130 for 3, were definitely on top and time was in their favour. However, in his first over of a new spell, Singh had Brennan caught, swinging across a straight ball, splendidly by Wilson in the deep, and this proved to be the turning point in the game. The later batsmen were unable to cope with Singh's spin and flight, and Trinity sped to victory. Singh put in another good bowling display. The fast bowlers, Harkness and Keely, were able to achieve little, although both bowled accurately—they must not be disheartened, but will have to wait for the harder wickets. Hill as wicket-keeper was competent, but dropped a couple of important catches and must be quicker to get to the legs balls. The promise shown against Pembroke was definitely fulfilled in this match.

The 2nd XI during the week beat Enniscorthy and North Kildare most comfortably.

Why not Climb?

One does not have to freeze in wind-swept lands, or become parboiled in steamy jungles, to enjoy climbing. Most mountaineers prefer to leave that sort of thing to people like Sir Edmund Hillary. This type of sport is beyond the means of the average student. The joys of climbing are not to be missed on this account. A bare six miles outside Dublin one may climb at Dalkey quarry for the mere price of a bus fare. There is no necessity to have previous experience of the sport—on any Saturday afternoon, numerous climbers may be found, all willing to initiate the novice in the sport.

Among these one may notice a familiar, tall, bespectacled figure, Ronnie Wathen is well known in College circles, and his exploits on the Cambridge expedition that surmounted Pumasillo have not remained unnoticed. It is worth going to Dalkey just to see Ronnie climb—a master of the art.

One may also be struck by the echo of Mike Middleton's cheerful yodel, which has dispelled the fears of many an anxious beginner struggling up his first climb.

Having escaped from the spell of Mike's yodelling, it probably would surprise the visitor to hear unearthly sounds issuing from a gorse bush. It is a fair bet that Peter Norton is entangled in his favourite form of climbing.

Whether you prefer very severe climbing, yodelling or gorse bushing, you will find it at Dalkey—come out some weekend!

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The Knights of the Campanile

The Society, founded in 1926, has two principal objectives: that of entertaining visiting teams and of promoting College sportsmanship, though its objectives can be said to be legion.

In order to facilitate the gaining of these objectives, many attempts have been made since 1946 to acquire a set of rooms. Now the top floor of 27 has been allocated to the Society; one of the rooms will be occupied by the Secretary of D.U.C.A.C. and Committee. Finance and selection meetings will take place

there. Senior members of the clubs will be able to meet. The scheme may be compared to Vincents of Oxford and Hawkes of Cambridge.

The cost of fitting out the rooms will be largely met by the Society, assisted by donations from members who have now left College.

The whole venture will enhance Trinity's prestige in the sporting world and the esprit de corps of the Society will be re-affirmed.