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SUPPLIES**

from

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Trinity News

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THE CANON GOES OFF

Francis and Collins Versus the Rest

It is unfortunate that Canon John Collins, whom those of the audience who opted for their buses were forced to miss, was the main attraction of the evening at the Hist. Inaugural last Wednesday.

What is more, the Auditor of the College Historical Society, Mr. Anthony Francis, told your reporter that he felt the strength of Canon Collins's arguments had been impaired by the latter's sympathetic understanding that brevity was desirable at that stage of the evening. Should this be true, most of the blame for the situation must attach to the previous speaker, the Rt. Hon. George Brown, M.P., who spoke for 45 minutes. It is a pity that all the speakers did not follow the precedent set by the Auditor and Mr. Nigel Nicholson of limiting themselves to 25 minutes. Experience would definitely seem to indicate that only speakers with exceptional delivery or with outstanding subject-matter can hold an inaugural audience for longer than this.

The discussion at the meeting turned out to be in essence a discussion on whether or not unilateral disarmament by Britain would help to bring about multilateral disarmament. This topic arose at the end of the Auditor's address, the rest of his essay being an adequate though rambling outline of the dangers and consequences of atomic war and the failure of all approaches to the problem of disarmament to date.

Mr. Francis supported unilateralism by Britain because he believed the support of all neutrals and thinking people for such a gesture would force the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. to reach some agreement on nuclear disarmament. He pointed out that such a move would not necessarily weaken N.A.T.O. since Britain's forces were only 5 per cent. of Anglo-American strength in an alliance which was already weakened by internal disputes and the lack of an authoritative command. Now, too, Polaris submarines removed the need for American bases abroad. The emphasis which Mr. Francis gave to these views did not seem to be deeply felt and, consequently, did not do much to alleviate the monotone in which he delivered his highly competent address.

Apart from the fact that Mr. Nicholson followed the Auditor's example in speaking in a monotone, the form and content of his speech was superb. He dealt with the Auditor's paper step by step, pointing out first where he agreed with it and later refuting thoroughly and artistically the case for unilateralism.

There seemed to be no facet of the case which he had overlooked; he even indicated that unilateral action could have no effect on Russia unless Britain were at the same time prepared to submit to complete Russian inspection to show that she had in fact destroyed her weapons. Positively, he had confidence in the possibility of progress in disarmament discussions under the U.N. and showed his satisfaction with the balance of power as an interim means of keeping the peace by quoting Oscar Wilde: "There is only one thing worse than injustice; justice without a sword in hand."

The Rt. Hon. W. B. Maginness looked and spoke like a wise old owl. With the inspiration of ancient history he

The speakers before
the debate.

Photo "Irish Independent"



diagnosed the present era as one of uncertainty due to the failure of the minds of men to deal simultaneously with the social and moral problems created by new inventions. He saw our fear of the bomb as an incentive to us to solve such problems and pointed out that they must be solved constructively since the negative step of renouncing atomic weapons was in reality impossible; the knowledge behind inventions cannot be erased from the minds of men. Only the destruction of intolerance, ignorance and hate, the roots of war in the minds of men will bring peace, he said. Repetitiveness and a slow, broken delivery make the wisdom of the ancients lose its attraction.

"Brother" Brown was a personality of whom much was expected, so by comparison he was probably the most disappointing speaker of the evening. Lively though his high-pitched voice sounded, good though some of his points were, one could not stop oneself thinking "when will he sit down." His arguments were marred, too, by the George-John relationship between himself and Canon Collins and his habitual use of the adjective "damn." He was obviously unfair to the unilateralists when he accused them of a sell-out to Russia and a man of his calibre should not have needed to make petty ad hominem remarks about his "friend" John. Nevertheless his explanation of the philosophy of the Deterrent was powerful and clear. Our problems do not arise because of our weapons, but because of the other fellow's; disarmament of our weapons is the price we pay for disarmament of his. Look after the political problems and the bombs will look after themselves.

Finally, Canon Collins (if we excuse a lapse to vulgarity) put forward reasonably, colourfully and with true conviction the case for unilateralism. One must agree with him that the deterrent policy is dangerous and negative, but nonetheless it is the best the West can do at the moment. Unilateral action by Britain would have little effect on the two great power blocs unless all the uncommitted nations aligned themselves with this policy. As the critics of Canon Collins and the Auditor pointed out, there is no sign as yet that the neutrals would do this. Unilateralism may be the policy of the future, but much more constructive work, not only in Britain but throughout the world, needs to be done before it can be used as an effective weapon for goading the world towards general disarmament.

With perseverance one learnt a good deal and was entertained a little—the Auditor and all his speakers gave solid performances—a good, successful inaugural.

Iron Curtain Entries

LIBRARY COMPETITION: HUGE RESPONSE

NEARLY 550 architects from 31 countries want to design Trinity's Library extension. Its challenge has aroused more attention than any similar international competition in recent years.

Mr. J. V. Luce, F.T.C.D., Honorary Secretary to the Committee, said yesterday that they had had little idea of such tremendous support. Not surprisingly, the largest number of entries is from Great Britain—over 200; the U.S. field over 100; Ireland is well in there with 70, and Japan astonishingly (or perhaps not) take fourth place with 25. There have even been replies from Iron-Curtain countries, five from Russia, a few from Poland, and one or two from Hungary and Czechoslovakia.

The closing date was August 31st and candidates were given a further month's question-time. They used it enthusiastically and seriously. Last week Mr. Luce circulated in the teeth of the printing strike a document containing 427 answers. This has meant enormous and detailed work for the Committee, with

occasional modification of original plans. They have been confronted by stark and subtle linguistic problems:

"What do you mean by a tarmac strip?" (Teutonic?)

"Would you kindly explain the meaning of lavatory?" (French?)

Most replies are matter-of-fact, but they couldn't miss answering "What sort of assistants will serve at the reception desk?" by "attractive."

Entries have to be posted here by March 1st. After preliminary scrutiny, the judging will begin on April 22nd and the result should be known early in May. Meanwhile world-wide interest continues, and the British Museum, who plan to extend their own library, are studying the requirements sent to entrants. The final result of Trinity's competition is going to affect a lot of books in a lot of places.

Class-Consciousness Blow to Marksists

Anyone who has gone along to look at Mod. results recently, either in an interested or handkerchief capacity, or in the hope of being stood a drink, must have felt the cool, disconcerting breath of a breeze of change. Bureaucracy still remembers all these odd Christian names, but has forgotten the marks. In future, Moderators, like railway compartments, must be content with being called first, second or third class.

This brings Trinity into line with practically every other University in the British Isles. (Don't worry, we have plenty of eccentricities left.) The class of a degree is the most subtle and important thing, and examiners take infinite pains to determine it exactly. The change is not really very radical; a proposal to publish results alphabetically was squashed; and marks will still be revealed in all other exams. Only Moderators are left to wonder a little, and a small dark place in the human mind remains unsatisfied.

Some people will regret the cosiness and intimacy of the old arrangement but, after all, 56 per cent. has no greater significance than 55½. Well, if you got 55½. And a weakening of emphasis on marks is a step, or at least a shuffle, to a weakening of emphasis on exams.

Art for Art's Sake

A Long-Needed New Society

An embryo art society met last Saturday under the chairmanship of Mr. George Dawson, and framed what may be taken as its manifesto.

The main aims set forth are, briefly: To promote lectures by artists on their own work and by authorities on the plastic arts generally; to arrange discussions and debates, and exhibitions of both students and outside artists work; to promote visits to galleries, museums, private collections and artists' studios; the provision of facilities for college artists (of whom, incidentally, there are more than one might think) and to build up a library of art books.

It is an impressive programme, and richly deserves success. The first reception-cum-general meeting of the new society will be held at 8 p.m. next Monday, in West Chapel. Meanwhile, anyone interested, should contact Cheli Duran, No. 6, or Chris. Rye, No. 13 College. But Monday is a must.

TRINITY TROOPS

The Army is planning an all-out recruiting campaign in College. It is hoped to raise the T.C.D. contingent in the Regiment of Pearse—12 members at present—to the level of a platoon in this special reserve unit for student officer trainees. A display of weapons and equipment is to be held in College this week in the hope of attracting some Freshmen recruits.

Under the 1921 Anglo-Irish Treaty, citizens of the United Kingdom can serve in the Irish forces without loss of citizenship or British military status, and the Army is hoping for support from men with experience in English school cadet forces or the Territorials. Undergraduates cannot become officers, but they could well be senior N.C.O.'s after their four years, and could thus be commissioned almost as soon as they were commenced. Not a bad way of spending those unfillable Sunday afternoons.

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TRINITY NEWS

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Holy and Undivided

LADY GREGORY, when asked why she had sent her son to Cambridge and not to Trinity, replied: "Because Cambridge is nearer to Ireland"; and the slur on this University which the remark implied is one of which we have been trying, almost desperately, to rid ourselves for years—at least since the State was set up. There is no longer anything highly original about preaching that Trinity should be more Irish, yet nobody has ever made it very clear how we should go about it. Public figures have been given degrees and invitations to come and open things, the number of non-Irish students has been limited—though not very severely—and the teaching of the Irish language has been encouraged—though not very strongly. Yet responsible public representatives still apparently regard the place as the Last Bastion of Imperialism, most Irish counties (including Dublin) still refuse to allow their university scholarships to be taken up here, and above all, of course, the Roman Catholic Hierarchy still considers that those of their flock who attend here will endanger their Faith in the heretical atmosphere of the "Protestant University of Trinity College"—so that no Roman Catholic resident in Ireland may enter College as a student without a dispensation from his Bishop.

That this situation is unfortunate, both for Trinity and Ireland, goes without saying. This, the oldest University in the country, boasts an international tradition of scholarship and of liberal principle among its students which the nation cannot afford to do without. But at present we are kept going by admitting an excessive number of non-Irish students, who (essential though they be in making Trinity what it is) aggravate the grievances of those outside who are hostile to us; while the University Colleges are hopelessly overburdened with the desperate task of educating Irishmen for Ireland—yet this University is in so many ways better fitted to do so!

On the religious side of this most intractable of Irish questions, yet another effort is now being made to find an answer. Many of the Roman Catholics in College, both Irish and "foreign," not content with the grudging Church recognition afforded the Laurentian Society, have formed an External Society, among whose objects, whether officially or not, is in fact that of securing some measure of recognition for such a society in College, and perhaps eventually the appointment of a chaplain on a better-defined basis than that of the "exterior" Father Byrne.

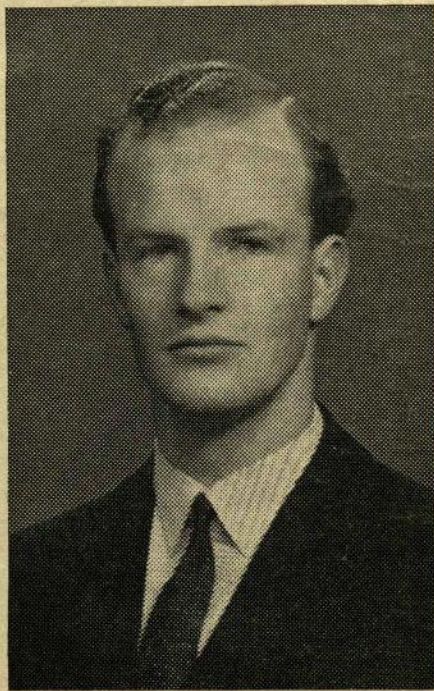
Any move towards a change in the attitude of the Church to its students here—an end towards which we understand the Board and Fellows have been working for years—would obviously have the widest implications for the future of Trinity College. If Dublin University had the blessing of the Irish Hierarchy, what sort of a place would it be? The question is, obviously, unanswerable, but we hope that next week we may give a few indications and try out a few ideas.

Profiles:

John Anthony Francis—Auditor of the Hist.

The familiar red bubble car bouncing over the cobblestones of Front Square gave way to a blue Mini-Minor—still referred to as "bubbles"—at about the same time as its owner—still referred to as Tony—was translated from Treasurer to Auditor. The cheerful, handsome face behind the wheel is now deservedly at the helm of the College Historical Society.

Tony Francis (he used to insist on Anthony, but the more laconic fare has



prevailed) has risen steadily and quietly to his present position in the Society, previously holding the offices of Librarian and Treasurer, with great competence and capacity for hard work (his obtain-

ing of well over 500 subscriptions last year was a record). Perhaps his foremost asset is his diplomacy, his ability to get on with people, to mix well and to get things done in an efficient and cheerful way. This might well sound platitudinous when applied to many of his contemporaries, but is completely true of his character.

Tony was born in England nearly 22 years ago—spent the early part of his life in India and came to Ireland when his father retired from the Army shortly after the war. His schooling has been in Ireland—at Castle Park and St. Columba's, where he was second prefect, and on the sports field a determined front row forward. At College his sporting activities have been mainly limited to occasional Sunday afternoon tennis in the Bay—invariably mixed doubles.

His main recreation is classical music. He is also fond of the theatre and of talking politics. A fluent French speaker, he enjoys nothing more than jaunting around France in "bubbles" during the vacations.

He is due to graduate in Production Engineering at the end of this year (he also holds office in the Engineering Society) and would like to spend a year in America studying business management before he fully embarks on his career.

As an orator Tony is sound if not outstanding, but though this aspect of being head of a debating society is undoubtedly important, it requires much besides—organising ability and tact, facets which he possesses to a high degree. He is the first member of the Engineering School to reach this very important position and was awarded a medal by the Engineering Society of Ireland last year for his debating.

A delightful companion with an excellent sense of humour, he has a capacity for making friends which will, combined with his energy, be valuable in his Auditorship and will, without doubt, bring him an even greater degree of success when he graduates.

Robert Hallam Johnston—Phil. President

The President of the Phil. will never by a neurotic. He is completely unflappable and is able to accomplish difficult tasks quicker and more efficiently than most men. For example, he begins this term with a successful opening meeting and an examination result worthy of his position as a Scholar in Mental and Moral Science already behind him. One cannot doubt that such proficiency in academic and non-academic fields will continue throughout this session of the Phil. and in his work for Moderatorship and the junior Divinity class which he enters this year.

Whilst Hallam Johnston makes no enemies, he has critics who wonder whether his success is due to the horse-sense of a Corkman or the intellect of a philosopher. There may be some grounds for such musing. On the one hand, his inaugural address could be cruelly described as one part "potted-history," and a second part "rejected as obvious"; on the other hand, it undoubtedly impressed many as a work of scholarship and informed insight. Even if the first part of the latter alternative were true, the President could still be congratulated on his brilliance at convincing lesser men and one feels sure that Mr. Johnston himself would accept this as a compliment rather than an insult.

At the moment a man in a responsible position, an essential element in Mr. Johnston's personality, may be driven below the surface. This is the part of



him which is pure "goon"—as expressed in red pullovers and water throwing. An analogy which perhaps throws light on present character as well as future possibilities is to compare him with the Bishop of Woolwich who lately gave evidence in the "Lady Chatterly" trial.

Sweet Music of Speech

The seeds of peace are more important than the seeds of war, though we are reminded of them less often, and the Eliz. inaugural on Tuesday night was a pleasant memento vivere and contrast to recent stern masculine stuff. The President, Prue Furney, had chosen a brilliant subject, "Talking and Talkers," for her paper, even if it made speakers unnecessarily self-conscious about their own performance. Scope was wide, but not bewildering, though no-one mentioned Oscar Wilde.

Eliz. Presidents become interestingly cosmic on these occasions, and Miss Furney began her warm and witty paper in some unspecified primeval forest (not Kipling's). She attributed speech—origins to the monkey's desire for admiration (College orators should think about this)—and traced growth as far as modern times and the weather-convention. After an amusing list of bores, the President returned movingly to the central impulse of her paper: you must communicate, you must contribute with your voice to life and love. It is selfish to remain silent for fear of being unoriginal.

Lady Molony's "contribution" this evening was the first words of her sons and recollections of the art of Sir

Winston Churchill: two important reminders of the sheer wonder of words.

The British Ambassador, Sir Ian MacLennan, made the usual joke about women, and stressed the importance of the parliamentary institution and conversational give and take. We must always press the button A of our minds, or be ready with a brilliant "flash of silence."

Lord Shackleton, O.B.E., defended "political gramophones" (Miss Furney's phrase). He reminded us that Sir Winston may only have forgotten his jubes, and that communication is simple in Borneo after a few drinking-songs. The Labour Party is definitely replacing Weather. Through his wise and mellow speech ran the urgent fear that mass-media and electronic devices might calm the passion of this human search with voices.

Myles na Gopaleen just talked. From Hail Mary's in Irish on the tops of trams to Cain's missing wife in the Garden of Eden. Monkeys came back again too.

Prof. Moran, Chairman, spoke a final hymn to the beautiful words she loves. It had been a human evening of humanism, pleasant people talking pleasantly—and they all had such lovely voices.

COLLEGE OBSERVED...

I checked with several reliable sources before plowing this particular field. I am going to have to associate what is on the left-hand side of No. 4 with what is on the right. Players have played it very slick. It transpires that all the parts for the Ionesco play were already filled before Freshers even started to exhibit their timid talents to the albino Torquemada. What a waste of time, and what false pretences! We can hardly suppose that even a Gielgudable newcomer could out the already initiated Player from his pre-elected post. This type of thing makes us yearn for Marian Arts productions, honestly. Honesty.

At long last Trinity has seriously begun to patronise the poor devils who week after week, month after month, donate advertisements to no less than four College publications, to numerous functions which have need of them, and to a dozen little society-oddments which have to have outside support. It is a good rule to tip when the service is extra good, and not otherwise; likewise it is a good rule to subsidise those who take an active interest in Trinity—even if it is a mercantile one.

Food varies in quality and quantity all over College to an almost absurd degree. The moocher can't get ulcers: some have four delicate fromages for his fifth course, while others offer him the use of their stilettos to pierce the quartz-like pumpnickel and scrape the mould off the shrivelled sausages which decorate the table. People stay alive on a shilling a day and a little cadging. Buffet appeals more and more to this Communist gourmet.

We offer our sincere condolence to Ruthven Alexander on his recent exam. What would have been an almost perfect Trinity career lies shattered shard on shard about the precincts of the Senior Lecturer's office. He passed.

A marvellous apparition has just returned from a distant land dressed in a long-haired coat, an alpine hat, and a bright blue blazer. It tells everyone that it is married now... everyone gasps... to two women... everyone faints. The coffee bars hum with the electric news, as with the edge of his razor-creased pantaloons he cuts a mince bun in two.

Cars are getting competitively noisier. X, grimacing, pulls the chrome exhaust-tip from his car. Anxious Y pulls the pipe from his muffler off. X, annoyed, takes his muffler off. Infuriated Y takes the entire length of the exhaust system away. X frantically dismantles his exhaust manifold. Y, in a frenzy, removes the air-cleaner. X, sweating profusely, adds an alky mixture to the tank. Y, swearing vociferously, mills the cylinder head. Full of horrible invective, X sets back the spark. The moon is up behind the Campanile as they jump from under their cars, switch on their ignitions and accelerate hugely. In neutral. Why?

I am in hot water concerning the last paragraph of "College Observed" last week. Look it up. Instead of "decreased" read "increased." Courtaulds have depreciated. The artificial-flower market is forced to deal. Buy now.

The Social Gospel

The previous Tuesday evening saw the combined meeting of the Fabian and S.C.M. Societies; the topic, naturally enough, "Socialism and Christianity." To a closely-packed room in West Chapel, Mr. Fuge delivered, what was to this writer, the best talk ever tendered within these sacrosanct precincts. Running counter to the spirit of the evening, which evinced a strong tendency to consider Christ the John the Baptist of Messiahs Marx and Fourier, Mr. Fuge delivered a closely-knit discourse on the Christian theory of man. Decisively rejecting the Hegelian and Marxian accounts of man, Mr. Fuge advanced Christianity as the "most materialistic of religions," avoiding the extremes of pietism and atomism. By virtue of Christ's commandment, the Christian must be implicated in social life. Concluding, he apologised for a too-frequent use of abstract concepts. The apologies are rather due from the low estate of theological learning in Ireland.

Considering much of the subsequent discussion, it is doubtful whether Mr. Fuge made himself too clear or whether his audience attended very carefully to what he said.

Mr. U. Blease argued (reasonably enough) that the Churches in Ireland were remiss in social commitment, and this line was pursued to its better end by the Chairman, whose summing up included a lively excommunication of Dr. McQuaid.

Mr. H. Cox made a strong and brief appeal to Christians to realise the social imperatives of the Gospel, concentrating less on the private, sacramental aspects of the Church, only to be gainsayed by Mr. Downing who denied any social implications in the Gospel at all.

Few, if any, societies in the University have provided so simulating and vigorous an evening.

FOUR & SIX

The shock was, last Saturday night, that of the four sweet young things who threw that Medicine Ball in Pembroke Street, only one was Anne Gillette. Having dispensed with the open-sesame formality, David Elyan, insisting that he had fallen from the top of the staircase to the bottom and that all must take him in, feed him, love him, and keep him from the cold outdoors, was attended to by sulky page Robert Buttmore, shaded and sockless; and nervous, quixotic squire Simon Quick. Mr. Dowse, Esq., sat alone on the stairs. Ula Ooo-la-la, from Bonn, smiled over the bobbing heads of those intensely preoccupied couples who danced, talked shop, made love, ate, wandered about, and felt ill. Two long-legged Indians ambled about in the lukewarm lava of this small United Nations, listening prettily to the faint drum of the music.

While Milner tweaked the freshgirls' cheeks, candles burned in 36 last Thursday for the Italian Wine cup session (albeit lights had failed). Debonaire and slightly bent, Patrick Keith-Cameron talked circuitously to a gathering of College nonchalants: Kirwan, Roberts, Fitzherbert, Clinch, and la Titterington (as it has been calling itself). With glowing rostrums all about him, an immaculately garbed Peter Vernon-Hunt recalled his tragic past to make the present pleasant.

Jane Gwyn's Fifth Nymphony: A limpid-eyed Scott-Taggard wept quietly as Gillian Crampton twisted careful, soothing fingers through his ample curls. Tony Jameson was drinking Powers, hoping violently that nobody would notice. Evergreen Chris, and Young Mary made ambitious love. Too many men. Stagnation. Secret Gin.

Corks pop, champagne flows, Trinity's huntin', shootin', fishin' man, Charles Dewhurst, celebrated his birthday at the Boat Club Ball, assisted by Jenny D'Arcy, Mark Goodbody and his willing and well-dined friends. Other people were there, too. Simon Newman brought Felicity Miller and coach. Cigar-smoking tycoon Joss Foster came with Anne Ward but occasionally lost his partner in the crowd, and sympathised with Larry L'Estrange who was hunting for Beulah Wells. Tony Jameson enveigled Gita Plunkett into his late gold-plated M.G., but Peter Vernon Hunt couldn't live up to such standards for sister Renata.

Jane Gwynn, having achieved an unexpected 2nd, had good cause to celebrate on Saturday night and the effort was much appreciated by friends Gillian Howe and Dorothy Wilcox, the latter having mislaid Gerry had to make do with Mike Philcox's knee. Chris. Green gave the necessary support to Chris Thompson. Trinity's young Adam Faith, Ted Nolan, was also there amid the haze and the motley crowd.

the bells of hell go...

Olympia Theatre. THE HOSTAGE By Brendan Behan.

Unless this production differs very radically from Joan Littlewood's London one, I believe that, on this evidence and that of "the Quare Fella," Brendan Behan's success is quite disproportionate to his actual achievement. There can be no doubt that "The Hostage" marked another irreverent advance in the present revival of the English theatre. But it has been overpraised because it allowed the English middle-class audience, and even the critics, to indulge themselves in a rarely-permitted series of uninhibited belly-laughs. But to call the play anything more than theatrical entertainment is unwise, and perhaps even harmful to its author.

As I say we must make allowances for the change in producer. Avis Bunnage, the new one, gives us a non-stop, all-action, topical (or at least semi-topical) revue. Behan has got hold of an excellent plot: An I.R.A. man has been captured in Belfast, and is about to be executed for murder; the I.R.A. capture a young British soldier, hold him in a Dublin brothel, and say that they will execute him unless their own man is reprieved in Belfast... There are endless possibilities here, but by the end we are so dazed by the ceaseless battery of music-hall bawdiness that we don't much care about the fate of the hostage; by that time we have given up any desire to learn and to understand—we merely sit back and laugh.

Now, making people laugh is no small achievement, but even here Behan

sometimes fails. There are some marvellous topicalities but after two hours some of the antique jokes fall even flatter than they did the last time one heard them. One cannot stand indefinitely this sort of music-hall wit:

He—Where were you in 1916?

She—Sure I wasn't born then!

He—Ah, don't be makin' excuses!

All that the content of the play did was to bring the anti-heroic, O'Casey view of Ireland and Irishmen rather limply up-to-date. One longed for a sense of form in the structure, for more concentration and economy—in fact for "art." Somebody described the "Quare Fella" as a sprawling play; I would re-apply this adjective to "The Hostage" and add "untidy." This is a mixed dramatic assortment full of hits and misses (one character, Old Roepen, completely fails to come across the footlights at all). It is no more a play than the "Scatterin'" and I found it a less attractive entertainment.

All this is not to say that the evening was a total loss; certainly the cast gave of its very best and the largely irrelevant song and dance acts went with an enjoyable swing. Dermot Kelly, as Pat, came nearest to providing us with a real human being rather than a wisecracking caricature. Derek Martinus, Peggy Marshall and Brian Hewlett managed to hold our sympathies to the end.

I am afraid that we must have expected too much.—B. R. R. A.

Letter to the Editor

Sir,—Whilst applauding the general standard of reporting in your paper, we feel that certain articles fall far below the standard one expects of University writing. Last week's "College Observed" was such an article. Surely the object of this column is to entertain, and possibly to expose, with gentle ridicule, the various foibles of College life. To do this the writer must be objective, sincere and, to some extent, generous.

The writer of last week's article, whoever he was—that does not concern us here—appeared to disregard all these qualities. Indeed, his main pre-occupation, it seemed, was to impress readers with his own cleverness, cynicism and sophisticated wit. How he failed! The use of words like "whorl" and "Nick-like" as well as high sounding metaphors which, apart from their sound, mean nothing, does not testify to an erudite mind, but merely to an inferior ego in need of acclaim.

There are many other points in which this and similar articles might be criticised, but it is not our purpose to do so here. Our purpose is to suggest that more reality and integrity in undergraduate's approach to writing would greatly improve the standard of our College papers. Let us abandon this exaggerated pretentiousness, and realise that the majority of us here are young, far from brilliant and that we lack a wide experience of life. If contributors to your paper would write fully conscious of these limitations, their articles will cease to irritate with their pretentiousness and distress with their lack of vision, but instead will entertain and interest.—Yours faithfully,

David Mellock,
Laurence O'Shaughnessy.

Miscellaneous

Brendan Kennelly and Rudi Holzapfel are giving a poetry reading at the Eblana Theatre (Busaras) on Sunday, 13th November. The last reading was a howling success. Mr. Holzapfel quoted Yeats in a Northern accent to an audience of three people, while Mr. Kennelly made vain attempts to leave, 15 minutes before the three people came, having had a premonition that all was not well.

fianna fail

This term we are planning a series of articles, written by Trinity students, about the chief Irish and English political movements. Here is the first of them:

There is a curious idea current in this country that, while we reject all other things British, our salvation can only be achieved by imitating English politics in one respect: the two-party system, where there is one party of the left and one of the right. Why this idea has been propagated—even from such influential sources as the "Irish Times"—has never been made clear. We are told that such a set-up is "normal," and, therefore, we are to assume that it is perfect: it is nothing of the kind.

Abroad

In the United States the two main parties each have their right and left wings, and the old idea that the Democrats are to the left of the Republicans "since the New Deal" is in no general sense true. In almost every democratic country of Western Europe the Right-Left division has been obscured by the splintering of parties into tiny groups, frequently forming coalitions on no discernible common principle, for the purpose of keeping one party out. So we see Fascists and Social-Democrats united against Communists. The English two-party division is by no means normal; it is almost unique.

At Home

The position in Ireland is that the "committed" or doctrinaire Left is weak, whereas the two main parties both have a kind of pragmatic left-wing movement within them. In Fine Gael it is a rather more vocal movement than in Fianna Fail, but in the latter it is not only present but effective, as I hope to show.

That there is a need in Ireland—more than in almost any other country in Europe—for the kind of policy and the kind of reforms usually associated with the Left should be obvious to any observer. We have here an ill-organised agriculture, one of the worst educational systems in the civilised world, and, above all, in town and country, a high proportion of our people under-employed or unemployed, in serious want for the most elementary daily necessities.

This situation calls for a programme of social reform by government enterprise which might seem to require an avowedly Socialist party to carry it out. But if you have a party of the Left you will also have one of the Right, and sooner or later the latter will be elected. It seems reasonable to suppose that the best arrangement which would secure a consistently progressive social policy—not bound by name or commitment to any doctrinaire principles of classic Socialism (and "Socialism" will probably remain for many years a dirty word in Ireland)—would be a situation where the existing main parties could contain and respect a strong progressive element in each of them. Only thus can the pressure for social reform remain steady and effective, both in the Dáil and in the Committee Rooms.

The Party and the Socialists

Ever since it was founded, the Fianna Fail party has shown itself open to policies of the Left. Although it has been—to too great an extent, an honest supporter might consider—primarily a party for the employer and professional

classes in the country, it has also been the party most responsible for that preponderance of the public sector in industry which has been one of the most notable features in the Irish economic situation since 1922. More significantly, it was a Fianna Fail government which approved and put into action Mr. Whitaker's five-year "Programme for Economic Expansion" which, followed by the establishment of an Economic Planning Branch in the Department of Finance, represented an almost sensational new departure in Irish government policy. It would, obviously, be absurd to suggest that Fianna Fail was a Socialist party; but I believe that these recent developments prove its flexibility: Where a particular policy is indicated by the needs of the country it will be implemented without reference to the party's position in the field of political theory. It is precisely such an organisation, "uncommitted" in the usual political sense of that word, that is best fitted to carry out the economic and educational programme which all thinking people agree this country urgently needs.

The Galls and the Gaels

This is only the most general reason why Fianna Fail is the party most worthy of support. In numerous smaller matters—notably that of foreign policy—it differs from its more publicly articulate chief rival, Fine Gael. But it is Fianna Fail which preserves that Nationalist tradition that has too long been seen by some as its only distinctive feature; and it is this tradition, which can not only guarantee the party a reliable measure of support from the country, but also may (for all its abuse) be the most valuable aspect of our political life. If our society is ever to be a reasonably pleasant place to live in, it must remain conscious and proud of its social and cultural traditions—all of them—in order that we may avoid merely becoming another competitor in the rat-race towards that unattractive mirage, the Affluent Society. I believe that Fianna Fail is the only party which can provide a proper balance between the economic and the educational or cultural ends towards which we should aim. Of all the Irish political groups, this has been the one most misunderstood and most criticised in ignorance. This is hardly surprising in the light of recent Irish history, but the time has come for a re-assessment—even if only in the detached atmosphere of a university.

David Butler.

Symposium on the Nuclear Age

A clearer understanding of the problems connected with the Nuclear Age would be beneficial to all students. With this aim, D.U. Experimental Science Association has decided to present a symposium.

The first part was held last Wednesday when Prof. E. T. S. Walton—Nobel prizewinner and obvious choice for first speaker—summarised his original experiments in splitting the atom.

Other speakers will include: Dr. Searle and Mr. G. W. P. Dawson, authorities on biological hazards and effects of radiation; Dr. C. F. G. Delaney, who will discuss the peaceful uses of nuclear energy.

Finally, in the Trinity term there will be an open discussion when the problems of nuclear disarmament will be discussed by people with outspoken views on this topic.

More Sports News ...

FENCING CLUB

A promising start to the season was made last week at the Club's first meeting. Our membership has greatly increased, and the Board has very kindly given us permission to use the Dixon Hall for the rest of the term, which will give us sufficient space for our increased numbers.

The teams should be unusually strong this year, with Brian Hamilton recently back from the Olympic Games, all last year's members still present, and with the addition of several experienced fencers who joined this term.

The Sunday before last the épée team, in its first match of the season, narrowly lost the East of Ireland team prize, but went on to gain three places in the final pool of the individual event, Brian Hamilton coming 5th; Christopher Rye, 6th, and Vernon Armstrong, 7th.

On Monday, 31st October, a mixed foil team, consisting of Miss Pin Lim, Miss Juliet Maguinness, Petter Stallebrass and Vernon Armstrong, beat the British Legion, Dun Laoghaire, 15-1.

This is a hopeful start and, when standards of training and fitness have improved, the Club may well expect to retain the outstanding position it gained in Irish fencing last year.

RACING

No word has been heard from Colonel May this week, and it is believed that after last week's successes he has quietly retired to stud.

SWIMMING

The first rounds of the indoor water polo leagues were played last Thursday. The senior team triumphed 1-0 in a scrappy game against Half Moon. A win which, but for valiant play in goal by D. Dowse might well have been defeat. In the Junior League Trinity A had a goal-less draw against Trinity B in a game noticeable for its good humour.

On Saturday, in the Leinster eliminator for the Irish Trial next week, M. O'Brian Kelly and R. H. Rooley both won their heats in the backstroke event in times of 70 and 69.8 seconds, respectively.

Freshman Trials will be held tomorrow (Friday) evening in Tara Street Baths at 9.0 p.m.



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Rugby

Return to Form

Morrison and Hall Impress
 Trinity, 8; Clontarf, 0

WITH the pack once again at full strength, Trinity showed something like their old form, and gave a thoroughly competent display in beating the tough Clontarf fifteen. Despite the low score and bad conditions, this was a most enjoyable game to watch. To their great credit, both sides made every effort to play open rugby, and the pace was very fast indeed. Trinity made some startling changes in the backs for this match, the successes of which I will discuss later.

Trinity started in fine style with two foot rushes from the half-way line. In each instance, Clontarf just managed to get the touch-down for a "25." Robbins was getting the ball away very well, but H. Siggins at stand-off was having considerable difficulty in handling the wet ball, and the opposition backs were ever ready to pounce upon the slightest mistake. Bad mistakes there were in plenty from both sides, with the result that play swept from one end of the pitch to the other. Trinity did most of the pressing, and when Lea cut through and was tackled, Ross was on hand to dribble the ball expertly over the line for a score, which Hall failed to convert. The Trinity backs, capitalising on the hard work of their forwards, continued to show plenty of initiative, and had Siggins' handling not broken down, the score must surely have been increased.

Hall at full-back was playing magnificently; he could scarcely be faulted in any respect, and often started movements of his own—I recall one instance when he ran fully 40 yards after fielding a kick for touch. Close on half-time Lea brought off a fine save on the Trinity line, with half the Clontarf side chasing him for the ball.

Trinity flagged a little in the early stages of the second half and Clontarf pressed strongly. Hall, Patrikios and Ross, however, seemed quite sure that their line was not to be crossed and thwarted many promising Clontarf movements. Play tended to become scrappy, and the forward exchanges fiery, neither pack being able to get a good bind and quick heel. Robbins, surprising enough, began to fumble, for he usually relishes the wet ball. In the line-outs, Dowse and Hill were conspicuous, but there was a tendency to put the ball back, which made Robbins' task more the easier. Morrison and B. Siggins both had excellent runs on the wing, but apart from these sorties, Trinity seemed content to hold on to their three-point lead. Just on full-time, however, a foot rush brought play up to the Clontarf line; Trinity were awarded a scrum, and cleverly holding the ball in the back row, pushed the opposition over the line to score. Moore, in the unusual rôle of place-kicker, had no difficulty with the conversion.

As to the success of the experiments with new players, the wings, Morrison and Brian Siggins, are a definite improvement. I was particularly impressed

Ladies' Hockey

Better Play but Worse Luck

Trinity, 1; Old Alexandra, 5

In their second match of the season—they were routed last week by Pembroke—Trinity were beaten by Old Alexandra, and the last-minute unavoidable absence of their goalie. A third back was hastily substituted, and both teams decided that the rain didn't matter. It didn't, after about 10 minutes.

Trinity really sparked from the bully and their brisk initiative was rewarded by a goal from M. Tyrrell. But after this encouraging start the bite was gone and the winners successfully exploited a slightly blatant gap between halves and forwards, together with some hysterical defensive muddles.

But on Saturday's display Trinity has the makings of a good and interesting team. G. Horgan plays superlatively at centre-half, E. Kennedy is a promising left wing, and P. Brierley distributes the ball nicely at centre-forward. The left wing and inner must learn to pass right, and in general the whole team should make its passing more accurate.

with Morrison—his defence is very reliable and he shows a fine turn of speed. Hugh Siggins had an unhappy time at out-half. However, conditions were certainly not in his favour, and a lot was being asked of him. I know him to be a sound footballer and he deserves another chance. With the colours match in the near future, however, a reliable out-half must be found shortly. What one does with Hall when McMullen returns, I do not know; he is playing too well to be dropped. Could he perhaps return to out-half? There are many problems ahead for the selectors. I do not envy them their task.

BOXING

The novices' competition next Tuesday and the U.C.D. opening fixture on Wednesday are expected to help the selectors to choose those who will represent the Club on Tuesday, November 29, in a home fixture against Liverpool University. This fixture is a warm-up before the Club goes to England—to box Belsize on 7th December and Sandhurst on 9th December. These matches will be tough. Sandhurst beat London University recently, and Belsize defeated Sandhurst and Oxford in one fixture. Although the Club need not turn pale at this news, wisdom before an event is seldom misplaced—and neither Frank Kerr, nor Dermot Sherlock who is helping him to mould a team, under-estimate the prowess of the opposition.

Motoring News

The D.U.M.C. and L.C.C. held their annual general meeting in West Chapel on Tuesday at 8 o'clock. After the secretary's report had been read and adopted, the treasurer told the meeting that last year had been a very successful one financially. The chairman, secretary and treasurer were all re-elected for a further year's office. David Leonard was unsuccessfully proposed for captain; John Simpson being elected. In the past year John has done tremendous work to promote the popularity of the club and will be a good man to lead it this coming season, but Dave was in a way unlucky not to get in, as he is the only undergraduate who regularly competes in events, and as this obviously is the most important side of the club's activities, there are many advantages in an active driver as captain.

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