

**ALL
OPTICAL
SUPPLIES**

from

**DIXON
HEMPENSTALL
111 GRAFTON ST.**

Trinity News

A DUBLIN UNIVERSITY WEEKLY

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER

COPYRIGHT

Vol. VIII—No. 12.

THURSDAY, MAY 4, 1961.

PRICE 3d.

Tailoring

Under the supervision of
our London-trained cutter

GOWNS, HOODS,
CASSOCKS, BLAZERS

3 CHURCH LANE
COLLEGE GREEN

**BRYSON
LTD.**

SLUM CLEARANCE IN BAY

Part of General Modernization Scheme

This summer East Botany Bay will be a victim of the Board's grand plan to streamline college buildings to the standards of 1961.

Residents in East Bay were informed by circular at the beginning of this term that "as a result of intensive work to be carried out this summer" they are asked to vacate their rooms by June 30th.

The completed work will be similar in structure and outlay to the G.M.B. In each house hallway and stair will be redecorated and showers and toilets installed on the scale of one per eight

persons. In each set the skipper will be redesigned to incorporate a dresser, gas breakfast cooker and washbasin with hot and cold water. The rooms as a whole will be furnished and carpeted. The new rates of charge will be £27 per ten week periods and £2-5 outside these if the college does not require the rooms for the purpose of conferences, etc.

Minority.

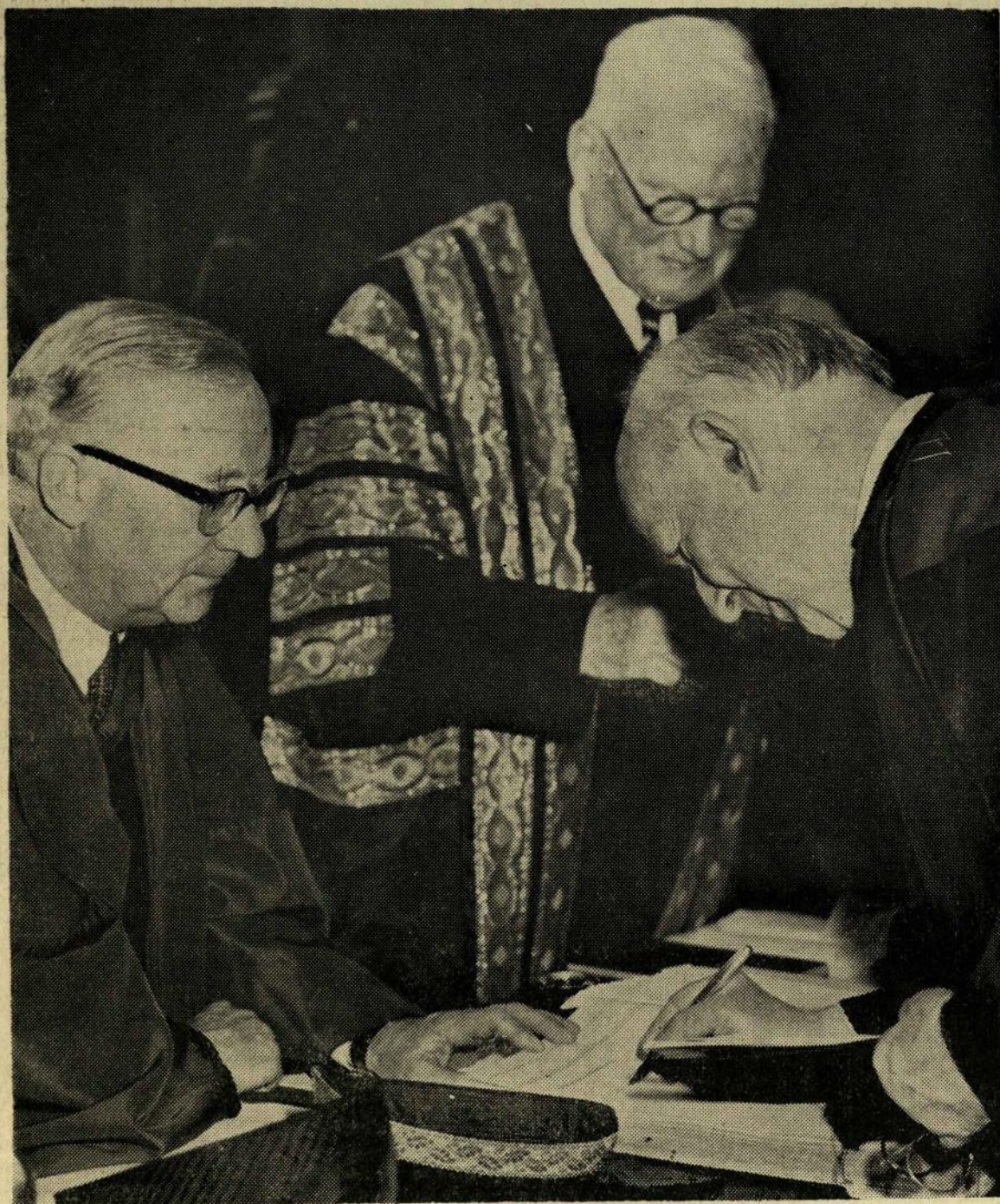
These are no doubt welcome and long overdue improvements. However the consensus of opinion among residents to

the new arrangements seems unfavourable. It is indeed unfortunate that as a result of the new improvements the cost of living in the same set in College next year will be more than doubled. It must be remembered that at present only a small proportion of the undergraduate body can afford to live in the G.M.B. To raise the cost of living to a similar level all over college would surely be undesirable, especially to the Irish student who cannot present his expense account to a county and whom after all should have a right in his own university. Rooms have many regulative disadvantages to the mature male, to make them more expensive than flats is surely moving towards economic jeopardy.

Not So Sweet Home.

It must also be regretted that the Board find it necessary to introduce the ten week system already operating in the G.M.B. Whilst being aware that this is very much the practice in other universities it was indeed one of the most pleasant idiosyncrasies of the Trinity room system that the student could regard his rooms as a permanent base and home.

Number Four: It is now possible to wash one's hands in number four with the added luxury of hot water. It is to be hoped that since its redecoration the artist and poets will channel their energy into more recognised societies.



Photo, Courtesy Irish Times

The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Fisher, who was in Dublin for a meeting of the British Council of Churches, signs the register after receiving an honorary degree last Thursday.

TABLOID

Bentley For Sale—There was a considerable discussion in Dublin car circles when the ad. for a well-known College Bentley was rather abruptly withdrawn. Since the car has not been sold those still interested in a private deal might contact the Economics School.

Irish Undergraduates! Mike Bogdin Bruce Arnold and John Streather told in B.B.C. TV. audience, during vacation, of the sad plight of Irish Art.

£300 For Gallery—The College Art Gallery has been given £300 by the Arts Council.

Under The Green—Ladies will be pleased to hear that the ban imposed by the Irish Censorship Board on Vogue has been lifted. It is rumoured that the reputable fashion journal will no longer interest itself, in future, in the non existence or otherwise of Irish ladies underwear.

Appointments—J. S. Pringle, B.A. M.B. (Dublin and Cantab.) to Regius Professor of Surgery from March 21st, 1961. Dr. C. J. Bourke, M.B. (N.U.I.), D.C.H., D.P.H., to Lecturer in Social Medicine. Dr. M. McCarthy to Professor of Pathology from April 21st.

Promotions—J. K. Walton, M.A., B.Litt., to Lecturer in English from September. F. A. G. Lösel, M.A., Dr. Phil. to Lecturer in German from September.

Resignations—Dr. L. Bass, Lecturer in Mathematics, from September.

Mr. P. O'Grady disclaims responsibility for his door slogan "Cuba is Yankee."

There are vacancies on the plane chartered by the Commerce and Economics Society to take them to Shannon on a visit to an internationally-run Industrial Estate. Fare £3 (half the normal rate). Contact the Secretary, C. and E.S. Society, 25 T.C.D.

ICARUS—Closing Date for Contributions Tuesday, May 9th, 1961.

CAFE

Both our Cafe and Restaurant are decorated in gay contemporary colour schemes. The Cafe in grey and yellow, the Restaurant in pink and grey. Just the places to relax over a cup of coffee, a tasty lunch or a substantial tea after the exertions of study.

Switzers

CAFE AND RESTAURANT

GRANADA TV is recruiting a number of PRODUCTION TRAINEES

This year in the hope of finding talented young people who will make television directors and producers of the future. The training course will cover all aspects of television and will take approximately one year to complete and will start in July, 1961, at Granada's Manchester TV Centre.

Do not apply unless you have already shown some evidence of talent for writing, drama, revue, painting or music, hot, straight or square. A University degree would be an advantage. Write to:

NORMAN PRICE, GRANADA TV NETWORK LTD., MANCHESTER 3.

Honorary Degree for MacLiammoir

Among those to receive degrees at the Summer commencements in June are the well-known Irish actor, Michael MacLiammoir, and Sir Charles Wheeler, the prominent sculptor and President of the Royal Academy since 1956. They will receive the LL.D. degree together with Miss Letitia Overend. Dr. Michael Grant, Vice-Chancellor of Queen's University, the noted authority on Roman and Greek coins, who read a paper at the auditorial meeting of the College Classical Society last Thursday, will receive the Litt.D. degree.



TRINITY NEWS

3 Trinity College

Vol. VIII TRINITY NEWS No. 12

THE OTHER HALF

MOST intelligent people are glad that a man has entered Space. It is easy (gulping a little) to see through a triumph of the Russian mind to a triumph of the human mind. Is it quite so easy to see its universal meaning as a triumph of the "scientific" mind? In most universities there is some feeling that the studies of Arts and Science are totally disconnected. In Trinity Science students probably learn a language perfunctorily, or just functionally. Arts students need do no more than read "Brave New World," superstitiously. Sir Charles Snow believes that "the chronic danger of our time, not only practical, but intellectual, is to let the world get divided into two halves." Not knowing how the other half lives is some kind of death.

This problem should be resolved or eliminated in the universities. Here, the shadow of division can be seen almost geographically. The Science buildings huddle severely at one end. At the other, Front Square basks, aesthetically sure of itself. It is of course easier for the Arts student to lead a fairly full, or rather "integrated," university life, but the danger of non-communication on what concerns us most vitally is a two-headed serpent. The Science student may lack standards of evaluation, and so be unable to see the real meaning of what he is doing. He will talk shop. The Arts student will, more subtly, also talk shop. He may be unaware of the true excitement of living in the Twentieth Century. And he may acquire so many "intangibles" as to make him, for all practical purposes, invisible.

No-one is here "just to get a qualification." The plus element is partly a respect for all kinds of "learning" and their unity. It is odd that science students are not required to wear gowns. The Keele Experiment includes a general year when people intending to study Arts take mainly Science, and vice versa.

Consider mathematics and architecture. Observe not only "that inspired expression which is in the countenance of all science"; but that hunger for precision which is in the countenance of all humanism.

But there is no immediate need for a Lord of Misrule Season in Trinity when everybody will change places. The jargon-barrier of neither group is impenetrable. There are "College Activities" — which Science students should have more time, and possibly urge, to take up. There is the bridge of Philosophy. Interestingly, the Metaphysical Society occasionally holds a joint meeting with other Faculty organisations, including D.U.E.S.A. and Mod. Lang. But every student should be recommended or obliged to take some Philosophy-course. Double Mods. seem to be dying or discouraged. Something of the fine intention of the old Littlego has disappeared. We have a four-year course, and subsidiary subjects should be considered not only as "broadening" but as significant; particularly in the first year. It should be easier for people to change their minds. But this is an incidental of the central fact that the function of University education is to make the student aware of possibilities.

We hope the men who sent up Gagarin realise that it took Puck only forty minutes to put a girdle round the earth . . .

Art for History's Sake

"Apex" A Trinity History Review, 6d.

I predict in the near future a very worried Mr. Cecil King. Through the acres of glass in his new "Daily Mirror" palace he will see approaching a dark cloud from the west—the shadow of a rival magazine Empire based securely, structurally if not financially on the Wicklow granite of Trinity College, Dublin. For last week yet another "Review" took its place alongside its tottering brethren from other Faculty Societies and presumably, despite its name "Apex", we cannot expect it to be the last. Under the guidance of the more fervent members of the History School, "Apex" sets out with the same aim as the Mod. Lang. Review and the Economic Soc. Review, and succeeds in being as dissimilar from them as those various Societies' attempts at Hops in the Dixon Hall.

The all too familiar editorial justifies the appearance of the review on the grounds that the set faculty course can be too narrow, and that the contributors consider their work "worth communicating" in print instead of solely in the desert air of tutorials. This I find hard to believe since these specialist articles can only profit by discussion with the author since in cold print they are obscure and often tedious. It is also a pity that there is no rigid standard to determine what is "worth communicating" to the student reader. Such a standard would save him from feeling a hopeless idiot on not being able to understand such highly charged intellectual references as: "the art for art's sake of Pater and Wilde, bolstered by William James' 'stream of consciousness' method, the artistic theory of Flaubert, the current symbolism, and the intuition of Henri Bergson." This is undergraduate writing at its worst. It was Mr. T. S. Eliot who declared that a religion requires not only a body of priests who know what they are doing, but also a body of worshippers who know what is being done. To students of History, like myself, it is a form of religion. It is ours to defend from verbosity and intellectual pomposity.

Having got that off my chest I can only commend the effort and obvious work which produced "Apex." Significantly, the most effective article was the only one of purely historical interest; Mr. John Cox's brilliant little search for the origins of the new greatness and maturity of Elizabethan England. He admitted that the quest was not completely fruitful, but at least the reader was told for what and where to look. Less happy were the attempts of Mr. Christopher Daybell and Mr. Robert Hunter to place the poetic genius in its historical background, though in his effort to portray the formative Joyce as the rebellious child of the "sadistic betrayal" of Parnell, Mr. Hunter was the more successful. If the words "sadistic betrayal" are Mr. Hunter's own, then he should re-read his history of this event, and use less emotional language. If they are from the pen of Joyce then we can more fully appreciate his first literary adventure at the age of eight being the three words, "Et tu, Healy." Mr. Daybell reminds us that the Romantic era in English poetry boasted its angry young men, pre-

eminent amongst whom were Coleridge and Wordsworth with a disgust for the "dominant tenor of society." He further suggests that maybe "the Romantic poets had considerable effect on the social consciences of the middle and upper-classes," but weakens his thesis by not defining the relationship, if any, between such poets and the Owens and Shaftesburys of early nineteenth century England.

Films

After too much grey continental confinement in The Astor, it was pleasant to expand technicolourfully in the gaudy vastness of the Theatre Royal. A quaintly pathetic stage show preceded what must be one of Hollywood's best Westerns, "The Magnificent Seven." Westerns, like everything else now, must have a message to flavour their traditional straightforward morality. But this film is not so obvious—everything is underplayed delicately. It has a message, yes, and its fair share of gun-slinging clichés, but the total effect is vital and original. It is like seeing a Western for the first time. This is a perfect picture.

Based on the Japanese film, "The Seven Samurai," this version tells how some Mexican villagers, who are pillaged and harassed by bandits, hire seven gunmen to rid them of the pest. The villagers can pay very little, and here we could easily have been burdened by a corny sequence where the tough gunmen became romantic idealists overnight. They are indeed incensed by the injustice of the villagers' lot, but it is also made obvious that they accept the

The editorial concludes with the plea that the presentation of history in College is a worthwhile endeavour. I agree, and perhaps future editors of "Apex" will concentrate on just that; for it is too easy to brand a magazine "historical" because it deals with movements which happened before the hour. If Mr. Cecil King does not make a take-over bid for "Apex"—maybe the Mod. Lang. Review will.—A.C.G.

"The Magnificent Seven"—Theatre Royal

task through a love of a fight and the hunger for action.

The film is carefully constructed. All the characters have time to grow—both major and minor roles are well rounded and realised. Yul Brynner, dressed completely and magnificently in black, is the strong, silent, cheroot-smoking leader of the gunmen. His verbal and physical clashes with the chief bandit (played by a hairy Eli Wallach) are the dramatic highlights. Both actors make the most of excellent parts. The dialogue throughout is well written and perceptive—the mind of the gunman is thoroughly explored. There are many moments of subtlety ("Just before a fight my hands are wet and my mouth dry. You'd think it would be the other way round") is just one example.)

The red hot climax, which is preceded by an oppressive lull, is unbearably exciting and, finally, moving. The photography is tastefully handled. The screen is never packed with great splurges of Mexican colour, but is often filled with balanced and pleasing pictures. A great film and first rate entertainment—go to the Theatre Royal and see Hollywood at its best, and that still means the cinema at its best.—Michael Longley.

"The Greengage Summer"—Metropole

The cinema is one of the most artificial of all (terrible phrase) media of expression. The theatre is not, simply because it states its criteria at the outset; we accept its artificiality as reality simply because we can pin it down so easily; here, we say, are people on a stage, and we are required to meet them halfway. But the cinema can approach, so often, so close to reality that its very immediacy, its ability to convey the sound, the nearness, the texture even, of a human situation, can act against it by showing up the imbecility of many of its conventions.

Or so it should be. But it doesn't alas, work like that. Most films establish, not a new artistic convention but a new form of life. They present us with the stickiest sentimentality, the rankest melodrama, and we can accept it because we have accepted new values; not new artistic values, but a new idea of what life itself is. And this is insidious and dangerous.

But occasionally we get a film in which there is a dash of truth so vivid, so real, that the falseness of the whole sticky business is exploded. "The Greengage Summer" is such a film. Its basic material is of the direst falseness of which the cinema is capable. "Tell me about yourself. What do you do in Paris?" says Danielle Darrieux to Kenneth More, with whom she has been sleeping for two months. "Oh, just

business," he says. This, you see, establishes the fact that what he does is a mystery. As dialogue it is nonetheless an insult to the intelligence. The plot, no less mechanical, concerns a master criminal (Kenneth More) who repairs each week-end to the arms of a bitchy and attractive redhead (Danielle Darrieux), who runs a hotel. And very nice too. And if only Miss Susannah Yorke, as the sixteen-year-old girl in charge of a small brood of children at the hotel hadn't been brought into it we wouldn't really have noticed the artifice of it all; as films go this is competently directed. Miss Yorke swiftly emerges from her ankle socks, and one of those triangles gets going. And this is where the whole thing becomes false, because Miss Yorke's portrayal of a young girl falling in love for the first time is so true, so painfully and wonderfully true, that the turgidness of the cinematic gimmicks which surround her become all the more shoddy. The sticky foulness, for instance, of making the girl return (not once but twice) to the garden seat where she "found herself" becomes a shouting, glaring indecency, an insult to the wonder and tenderness of her performance. Susannah Yorke, make no mistake, is one of the most formidable actresses the screen has seen for some time. By any standards but hers, "The Greengage Summer" would be very acceptable indeed; for that very reason it should be seen.—W.M.O.

MARTIN MARPRELATE

A College Journal

There are some ridiculous and uncalled for people resident in this seat of learning. I reported the scandalous drenching of a harmless and kindly tutor in this column last term with sorrow and compassion, failing to mention that this column had also been drenched, from head to foot some months before, wearing one of its best suits. But now the time has come to speak. Others have suffered, and this column, ever the defender of the weak, is now going to expose this practice.

Only those who have undergone one of the abysmal jests of these intolerable morons can know the full extent of my anger. Their perversion takes many fiendish shapes, including throwing paper bags filled with water from a high window. I suspect that this type of mind is also responsible for the puerile messages of a pseudo-political and pseudo-sexual nature which appear on lavatory walls from time to time.

To return to the water throwers. They are to be found all over College, but there seems to be a concentration of them in Botany Bay. I have been carrying out for sometime a survey of their normal methods and mentality, and I have come to several conclusions, apart from the fact that they are unspeakable and should be suppressed. The main one is that quite a percentage of them are Northern Irish Scholars.

Now there may be something about the type and intensity of the work involved in becoming a scholar which renders the unfortunate scholar a virtual idiot for all normal purposes. But there are, in fact, several very sane, sensible, and thoroughly praiseworthy scholars. I know some personally. Nor do I have anything against denizens of the North. But a combination of the two seems deadly. The exceptions to this must be many, and are undoubtedly possessed of amazing powers of mental resistance. It is also only fair to mention that the vast majority of these clods hardly have enough brains to write their own names, let alone get Schol.

Whatever the common factor which makes these oafs behave in the way they do, it is time strong measures were taken against them. I suggest leaving them in front square for a week with their feet set in concrete and gags over their mouths. This would be a good piece of formative education, and would stop them howling late at night and whooping while running thunderously up and down staircases (two more of their perversions) for some time afterwards. Certainly something must be done soon; it is rumoured that one of them has a hose. God preserve us all.

The Archbishop of Canterbury's visit here to receive an honorary D.D. brings

to mind famous churchmen who have visited these hallowed precincts of late. The most famous, of course, is Dr. Bryn Thomas, who was unfrocked recently for immoral behaviour. Personally, I enjoyed the reports of his trial enormously. There was an air of eighteenth century improbability about the whole thing, like the Irish Bishop who, after a service, would quickly change into mufti and hold-up his congregation on its way home. The trial, which, especially in the English Press was reported in fairly great detail, abounded with such delicious exchanges as:

Counsel: And how many times did you commit misconduct together?

Mrs. Elsie Brandy: Between seventy and eighty times.

Counsel: And why are you bringing these charges now?

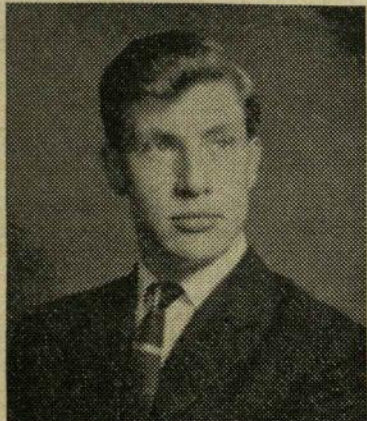
Mrs. Brandy: Because I want to expose him. He is an evil man.

The glorious and completely unconscious hypocrisy of this is stunning in its naïveté, and we should be thankful to live in the stirring times which produced it. Dr. Bryn Thomas, though, let the side down subsequently by imputing political motives to his opponents (He is a Communist, another nice touch) and by writing for the Sunday papers, declaring that he was tempted, after all his wonderfully and obviously untrue declarations of complete innocence. A pity.

Profile: Bernard Adams

Ex-Chairman of "Trinity News"

Equipped with an Entrance Scholarship in History, Bernard Adams came to Trinity in 1957 to study English and Spanish, having received his early education at Sandford Park and Portora. A bright young blade, he passed a quiet first year in college, content merely to



do very well at exams, write animal yarns with an inwrought moralistic bent, and indulge in that activity which can be rewarding only to the thoughtful—looking around.

To the idle eye, looking around may look like idleness, but acute observation enables a man to assess, and then, if he wishes, to comment. Bernard Adams observed life within and outside Trinity, and as editor of last term's "Trinity News," expressed his opinions with intelligence, courage and imagination. He has always wanted to write and had the distinction of having half a short story accepted by "Icarus." With careless magnificence he had lost the other half. It seems that writing is to be his life, since Bernard, now in his final year, is leaning towards journalism as a career.

Bernard is a Dubliner, quieter than most. He prefers peace, but a harassed expression becomes him. Last term's responsibility never quite flustered him, though he confesses that he "never gave an order without a pang." He is even a little shy, but that barrier once overcome, one stumbles on a warm, compassionate character. He likes to think of

himself as moody, but persuaded or ignored, he talks with increasing passion and deepening accent on most subjects. After that, it is closing-time. He admits he enjoys talking about women; this is hardly a fine art, but blending delicacy with authority, Bernard strikes a note of austere finality in his comments on "les girls." The fact that he is, for an Irishman, remarkably well-dressed, helps, in some strange way, to convince his listeners of the absolute veracity of his statements. Well-dressed Irishmen are rare; consistently well-dressed Irishmen are among the major phenomena of western civilisation.

Bernard is interested in films (he has written and read articles about films on Radio Eireann), in the theatre (he made a memorable appearance in a memorable theatrical disaster "Gruach" in 1958). But that, as the bishop said to the girl, is a long time ago. Most of all he would like to be a theatre critic. He reads Spanish poetry beautifully, and it is held that he has written some. He has spent three summers in Spain (including one long hot one), and appreciates the moment of truth in bull-fighting.

He says that he is "devoted to sport" and to racquet games in particular. He flirts occasionally with squash, and plays badminton and tennis regularly. Cricket awes him; he is caught by the spectacle, the pure pageantry of the thing, and he considers cricket, like love, as something more than a mere game.

Anyone who has been entertained by Bernard will remember him as a lively warm host, though still slightly worried. He is inclined to rush out and buy large quantities of citric acid when he has over-sugared the wine-cup. He admits to having a limited stock of social small-talk and prefers to act as brother-confessor to a small group of friends. Bernard has a pleasant belief that he would have been a poet had he been less interested in sport. He may become a Neville Cardus with a different split to his journalistic personality. But not perhaps here, for like all Irishmen, Bernard intends to emigrate at least temporarily. He will certainly be a loss, because men of his tolerance, warm humanity and intelligence are needed now. He is another Dubliner whom Dublin cannot afford to lose. The pity is, it almost certainly shall.

REVIEW

BY ROCKET and JAUNTING-CAR

"The rain, the moon"; poems by Rudi Holzapfel and Brendan Kennelly. Dolmen Press; 10/6.

By Rocket and Jaunting Car.

The publication of this second volume by two Trinity poets requires an assessment of their imaginative climate rather than an "ultimate value" judgment, although this may be implied. An attempt to understand is the correct tribute to a young poet.

Mr. Holzapfel is essentially a narrative and dramatic poet, Mr. Kennelly a lyric singer. Mr. Holzapfel's words and poems progress serially.

"From gut to beach, from slot to scoop

From frig to whistle tart to troop,
From pedalboat to yankeesloop;"
they are an addition-sum. His first poem adds up simply and accurately:

She never
Counted anymore,
But made her forest
With four trees;

And all she had
When two days dead
Was three friends
And four memories."

But sometimes the progress is purely external, though always zestful.

"I see tin cans on hotel roofs,
Sleek limousines on hearse's hooves,
Zoot poets with their galley-proofs."

The lines could have been written in any order, and there is nothing—really—to hold the words together. Mr. Kennelly's poetry is easier to know, it coheres in the round, because objects belong to an emotional context rather than try to build one. He is continually reflecting. Mr. Holzapfel is continually telling. So Mr. Kennelly's poetry has more shape and less form than Mr. Holzapfel's. His poetry takes you somewhere, steadily; Mr. Holzapfel's is like being on several exotic conducted tours simultaneously.

When Mr. Holzapfel allows an idea time (is he afraid to pause?)—

"I skimmed three stones
Across the thinness of the water,
Sought her in that great run of
evening

Caught her slight image in the
greying pools . . ."

it repays him, almost casually. The words have a chance to get to know each other:

"Crickets can sleep in the snow."
At other times he is tiresomely bright and synthetic

"The horse on the ocean
The boat on the peak
Noah rides Pegasus
And Murphy is Greek."

He often cheapens what he is trying to make valuable by his use of an unvarying, slick and chromium vocabulary.

"In your dreams you have tied
Love and Death to a tart."
This is a bathos of bad taste (not of art); so is:

"And I ran to my mother to comfort
On my brand new aluminium legs."

He is trying to shock us into an emotion which the whole poem should have generated.

But when Mr. Holzapfel is not going into orbit above his subject, or coxing it vigorously along, he inhabits a region of an unusual and individual light on things:



Brendan Kennelly.

"When the sun blows
And when the wind shines
They might find us there
On an old kitchen chair,
Just wishing that we were in love."
It is a wistful place, the light that passes from man to the moon; at the moment it works most vitally when it works humorously:

"Luv could be love
If only we spoiled it
Correctly
Or mispilled it wrongly

AFTER THE FUSS — "Lady Chatterley" — By Michael Longley

The fact that Lady Chatterley's name has at last been vindicated does not excuse the unseemly fuss which was made over a sincere and wholesome work of art. Nor does it excuse the silence too long imposed on this, Lawrence's last novel, which is the flowering of many of his long considered ideas. The trial of "Lady Chatterley's Lover" was inevitable since most people are unwilling or incapable of combining their awareness of sex with an awareness of beauty. Lawrence was aware of both, and aware of the beauty of sex.

"Lawrence the Puritan" was a phrase often used by witnesses for the defence. He was certainly easily shocked — and frightened. In "Lady Chatterley" the descriptions of earlier unsatisfactory love affairs were written not in disgust but in fear. In many ways the novel is a warning from a Lawrence frightened by the developments in the world around him. And when he was frightened he was fierce. His book is a warning and a lesson—a lesson not of "Don't's" but of "Do's." His Puritanism burned positively and deeply. He felt everything profoundly. He wrote not only about human beings but also about animals and plants. He sought the essence of things, and his interest in sex was inevitable and necessary to his development as an artist and a philosopher.

A hot battle raged around the four letter words. In literature all words deserve to be considered in context, and four-letter words are no exception. Here Lawrence was possibly being too romantic. He certainly did not wallow pornographically. He used these words exactly to convey his strong feelings and clear thoughts. If he missed centre (and I don't think he did) we must at least recognise his honesty and his sincere desire to dispense with clinical Latinisms. Though four letter words may jar, they are a definite improvement on the unwholesome euphemism of the asterisk. And besides, Joyce's "Ulysses," which is on sale everywhere (even in Dublin) abounds in these words—used not with sincerity and precision but most often merely for their force as expletives. The motive is questionable and the effect empty. Indeed, in his abortive masterpiece Joyce perpetrated many deliberate obscenities. He seemed to derive equal interest and excitement from the excretory and sexual functions, and his preoccupation with the former is a manifestation of a phase most human beings grow out of before adolescence. Not only did Joyce fail to calibrate the different physical functions, but he also preferred the titillation of sensibilities through semi-nakedness and underwear motifs to the truth and beauty of the body completely revealed. It is a question of innuendo and emphasis, since no physical fact in itself is pornographical. Joyce's emphases and innuendoes are unclear. Lawrence, unlike Joyce, is completely adult in his attitude to sex.

In literature Lawrence restored the stamen to the flower of sex. The anatomical exactness in his novel compelled an embarrassed section of the public to condemn him as a pornographer. (Would a pornographer bother to rewrite his work four times?) The

human body is beautiful, and Lawrence described it beautifully and poetically. The sexual passages grow naturally out of the book and are its most important parts. For Lawrence "the essential oil" of the sex experience was love. "Lady Chatterley's Lover" is, simply, above love. However, were a publisher to excise, assemble and publish the love scenes out of their context the result would be pornography. And, ironically, such a volume would be as emasculated and feeble as the expurgated, "respectable," edition which has been available for years. It is possible to read "Lady Chatterley" pornographically.

The accusation that Lawrence in this novel condoned adultery springs from an unbalanced viewpoint. Connie Chatterley's husband, Sir Clifford, is little more than a symbol of emotional decrepitude. The book is in fact one long marriage hymn. At its roots is fidelity which Lawrence in a poem described as "the gem of mutual peace emerging from the wild chaos of love." Connie had to think out her fidelity to Sir Clifford, but with Mellors her fidelity grew with an instinctive sureness from the love deep inside her and was not imposed externally by her own intellectualising or by convention. Lawrence understood and felt deeply the conception of fidelity. He knew that it was more than a mere convention. Connie Chatterley may have behaved "unconventionally"; she was not a common adulteress. Again we must remember that Lawrence in searching for essences could not weave his characters into a straightforward social or moral pattern. It is the emotional development of his characters that he traced with such disturbing honesty.

One unfortunate result of the trial is a lopsided emphasis on the corpus of Lawrence's writings. The trial made literary history, and yet this book, though very important, is not his best. Perhaps, like "The Plumed Serpent," it is written too much from The Will and not from "Here" as Lawrence would have exclaimed, thumping his solar plexus. The book is in many ways the personification of a theory—it is a bit too didactic and not written as compulsively as, say "Sons and Lovers" or "The Rainbow." "Lady Chatterley's Lover" is nevertheless the work of a genius. It is his last novel, and the more the reader knows of the earlier work the more he will gain from it. Lawrence was amazingly prolific and left the world a vast fund of writings—novels, short stories, essays, letters and poems. Too many people judge this great and important writer by just one of his works.

A society which tolerates a facile and thoughtless exploitation of sex through mass media and prefers sex, like everything else, to be standardised, is bound to be shocked by a book like "Lady Chatterley's Lover." And the book shocks because it is truly and deeply imagined—truly and deeply and beautifully. If in the shock there are elements of surprise Lawrence will have achieved something. The continual surprise of the two lovers fires their affair and gives the book its impetus. Like the artist the lover should always be surprised.

QUADRAGESIMO ANNO

Willy Dillon, opening his paper on "Aspects of the Role of the State in Ireland," at the C. and E.S. auditorial, he elected not to comment on the desirability of State enterprise in general, but only to suggest possible implications which seemed to him inherent in our Irish situation "forty years on." He asked, not "Is state enterprise a good thing?" but "What now?" It soon looked as if he was going to slide off into vague platitudes about the importance of civic responsibility, etc., but fortunately he recovered and instead produced useful, if not original ideas of some significance; the need for a better Senate, and for an "Ombudsman," or state whipping-boy; for a better educational system, more talents among the Oireachtas, the wider use of a new system of Parliamentary Committees, Civil Service reform, and the end of compulsory Irish.

Garret FitzGerald, almost Ireland's only "popular economist," supported vigorously, wittily, pungently, and well. Of 43 "vocational" members in Seanad Eireann 40 accept a party whip.

The problem of how to control state-run companies has become nearly insoluble. Perhaps Mr. Dillon's Parliamentary Committees were the answer.

Senator Sheehy Skeffington was, naturally, more doctrinaire. If "private interests" were so sacred, why couldn't they run the telephones, the railways?

The essential Irish religion was materialism — money being the object of all endeavour here.

This was followed up by the evening's only original thought on what is of course our greatest problem—education — which the Senator said was at the moment a hopeless cause—all criticism being classed as anti-clericalism.

The last speaker was Frank Winder, President of Tuairim. He refused to follow Dr. Skeffington into the bull-ring, and on the whole confined himself to agreement and praise for Mr. Dillon.

Correctly

You get me . . ."

Mr. Kennelly's best poem is about Yeats, and like Yeats he has the contour of Ireland in his writing:

"I have watched them go, my sons,
Walking with the terrible strength of men

Who hated what they did . . ."
His best poetry blends edges into a larger consciousness:

"The purity of cold and ruin was their loss,"

Like mist between mountains and sky. Or it comments boldly, with the curve and sharpness of a Celtic cross:

"The wet dead body of a bird
Beneath a lifeless stone;
The wish; the face; the life; the word;
The man alone."

His best writing succeeds, in his own metaphor,

"Nonchalantly, like rain

That wanders down on April wind."
At other times an external anxiety weighs down this nonchalance (which is precise) and Mr. Kennelly cannot bear to stop. "The Mother" would succeed better if in the last line the poet and his inspiration were on less cosy terms.

Any word or rhythm may be part of a good poem. Undiscerning people might call Mr. Kennelly old-fashioned.

"He wed his wonder to his strife
His sorrow to his song."

But they have not heard this before. Still, he is often too indulgent to words:

"Afraid of insufficient self-content
Or some inherent weakness in itself."

(oddly Wordsworth this, with the Wordsworthian fussy refusal to let well alone). But even at his weakest, there is something irresistible in the sound of Mr. Kennelly's poetry, true charm if he keeps it cool, and (I quote from "Easter")

"The bells, like whirlpools, scatter
where light fails away."

—E.M.B.

THE EICHMANN TRIAL

By ROBERT LEON

There are four main objections to the jurisdiction of the Israeli Court now trying Eichmann; that he was unlawfully captured; that the acts with which he is charged were not done in Israel or against Israelis as no Israel existed when they were committed; that Eichmann stands no chance of a fair trial since it is being conducted by his victims; that the Israeli Statute under which he is charged is retroactive and so violates the principle that no man may be tried or punished for acts which were not offences at the time they were committed. What is the Israeli reply?

Precedents.

I — No English or American Court questions how a man is brought before them. The mere fact that he is there is enough. There are precedents ad nauseam to prove this.

Eichmann's admittedly unlawful capture was unfortunate but necessary. Israel couldn't have extradited him nor could anyone else owing to an Argentine statute of limitations. Argentina has no laws dealing with laws against humanity, so he couldn't have been brought to trial before an Argentinian court. If he hadn't been kidnapped, Eichmann would to-day be a free man. Anyway, the injured government, Argentina, has settled the matter with Israel in a friendly fashion and resumed normal diplomatic relations, so there seems little point in harping upon the mode of Eichmann's capture.

Not Against Israel.

II—The fact that the crimes were not done in Israel or against Israelis is beside the point, and once again there is a surfeit of precedents. Anyone has the right to try pirates, slavers, white slavers, in fact, any host is humani generis, enemy of the human kind. Their crimes are universal in character and the place of trial does not matter.

Neutrality and Impartiality.

III—Doubts as to whether Eichmann can receive a fair trial from Jews derive from a false equation of neutrality and impartiality. Neutrality means having no feelings, one way or the other, impartiality means not letting one's feelings have any influence. Neutrality is a matter of caprice, its conditioned by good fortune; impartiality rises above these. Nobody fit to be a judge, whether Jew or non-Jew, could possibly be

In this article Mr. Robert Leon (he describes himself as an unorthodox orthodox Jew) defends Israel's right to try Eichmann, the German war criminal. Mr. Leon, whose family live in Dublin, is a scholar in Mental and Moral Science.

"neutral" towards Eichmann, but then they aren't called upon to like him, all they're asked to do is give him a fair trial. The past 16 years Polish judges have been trying German war-criminals responsible for the death of 6,000,000 Poles. Did anyone ever question their impartiality? Did anyone ever doubt that they could discipline their personal and national grief. Why should this be impossible for Jewish judges?

Retroactive Law.

IV—The laws of many nations impose retroactive penalties for crimes against humanity where they're of a universal nature. The Allies at Nuremberg provided penalties for crimes that were already committed.

However, neither Nuremberg nor the Israeli Statute under which Eichmann is charged introduce any new principle. Law may be created either by instrument or by custom. Law created by

custom does not have its source in written instruments nor does its validity depend on them. This sort of law grows up gradually from case to case, and at a certain time it becomes convenient to set it all down in writing and publish this writing either by decree or Act of Parliament. From that time on the enactment serves as evidence of the existence and content of the law—that it is and what it is—but no such enactment is needed to create the law. In this way the relevant Israeli Statute merely serves as evidence for the existence and content of an accepted though modified body of law—the Hague Convention of 1907, the 1929 Geneva Convention—but the Statute is not needed to make it law.

The maxim—"nulla poena nisi lege," has been so much bandied about that its meaning and extent must be cleared up. It means that no man may be punished for an act of his when both the act proscribed and the penalty for its commission have been defined in writing only after the date of the act. Consequently the maxim only applies in statutory jurisdiction; it cannot apply in common law jurisdictions which are based on customary laws seldom or never written down. The defendant can no more plead, "No written penalty, therefore no penalty," than he can plead, "No written law, therefore no law."

Competence of Israeli Court.

V — If the competence of the Israeli Court is denied, where is Eichmann to be tried for acts the criminality of which is not in dispute? If Israel cannot, then Argentina cannot, "a fortiori," Germany? But which Germany, East or West, Bonn or Pankow? If West Germany, is Eichmann to be judged by the 1,000 former judges on the West German bench? Do murderers have the right to try fellow-

murderers? In any case, the German Jews whom Eichmann killed weren't even German citizens, citizenship being confined to "Aryans," so it's difficult to see what claim West Germany has to try Eichmann. If it is to "atone" as Servatius, Eichmann's advocate argues let her begin by getting rid of men such as Gleihe, Adenauer's Secretary of State, author of the infamous Nuremberg social laws, or Foentil, Inspector General of the Bundeweher, convicted by the Russians of major war crimes against civilians.

VI—Many glib demands are made for an international tribunal, yet no one has answered the impertinently pertinent question, Which Tribunal? The Hague Court can try neither individual nor crime. The U.N.? It has already ruled that Eichmann is to be tried in Israel. A revived Nuremberg Tribunal? Britain and the U.S.A. have declined to send observers to the Eichmann trial on the grounds that it's none of their business, what then could make them sit on such a tribunal? Anyhow, Britain, France, and America were Eichmann's accomplices either by omission or commission; Britain with the White Paper of 1939, U.S.A. and France with their immigration policies, so these countries have forfeited any right to sit in judgment upon him. Will someone please explain why the sovereign State of Israel alone among all other nations, should have to hand over its war-criminals to an international tribunal? or how the States acting together should have a better based jurisdiction than any one of them acting separately? Lastly, what is the purpose of the Eichmann trial? Very briefly,

VII—It is a homage we Jews pay to the dead millions of our own people; it is our warning to the living of all other peoples.

THE PITFALLS OF ANTI-FASCISM

By MARTIN MÜLLER

When I was asked to write something about the "German conscience" I thought at first to write about the intense public discussion of Nazism that has been going on in West Germany for the last few years. Wireless and television broadcasts, history books, trials about war crimes, the uncovering of scandals in the civil service by the press and—on the other hand—violent last ditch outbursts of anti-Semitism and neo-Fascism have for the first time in post-war Germany given the impression of vigorous investigation into the German past and the German conscience. Yet it might be more useful to write about some problems that face my generation in particular:

Leaving aside the minority of active pro- and anti-Nazis who do not create any tricky moral problems there are two groups of Germans. The first is my generation. Our first-hand acquaintance with Fascism is very scant; we were never involved beyond membership in the Hitler Youth. Our knowledge is based on rather deficient and often reticent textbooks at school, in news papers, paperback publications of documents, documentaries and old newsreels and some excellent, though demanding histories mostly written by Americans or Englishmen. There are some literary attempts to grapple with the past; Thomas Mann's "Dr. Faustus" towers above them all. For us anti-Nazism is not only right; it is also extremely opportune; you certainly don't need courage to denounce Hitler in West Germany.

My parents' generation had the first hand experience of living through the Nazi period—which for most of them excluded any but the vaguest knowledge of concentration camps and the "final solution of the Jewish question." They had grown up when Hitler came to power or they began their careers some time during the Third Reich. They "mucked" through those twelve ghastly years trying to reconcile the problems of their job and family with the demands of a dictatorship. They were sceptical at first; for even in 1932 less than half the electorate had voted for Hitler; subsequently they were taken in by the economic recovery, the dazzling successes of a national foreign policy, and the victories in the early stages of the war.

Disillusionment, depression and cynicism soon took over until the bitter end in which relief and humiliation were oddly mixed. The Nuremberg trials and the "democratic indoctrination" had un-

foreseen by-effects; humiliation engendered a certain defiance; people were quick to notice whenever the preaching Allies did not live up to their own standards. For many Germans democracy is still a prissy hypocrite whose stumblings are recorded with a certain glee. Such people were not free from errors, or were they unimpeachable, yet they had never anything to do with criminal guilt. They have little to gain by dragging the past into the open. They can learn few facts, but they have to live again through despicable and degrading situations they would rather forget. With the great issues they were out of touch.

For them the recent discussion of Nazism—aimed mainly at the younger generation, smacks invariably of "holier than thou." They suspect the facile glibness with which young Germans say

Martin Müller was born in Bresslau in 1939 and is, he says, fairly typical of the postwar generation in West Germany. He is here on an exchange scholarship with Berlin University and has been active in the German Israel Society, a non-Jewish organisation which exists for the purpose of fostering good relations between Israel and Germany. His family was politically active, on both sides, during the war.

"We" meaning "our parents." They are indignant when they are asked "How could you ever allow such a stupid farce to happen?" because this half, rightly feel that the questioner is really saying: "It could never have happened to me." The preposterous upshot is that the sins of the fathers bolster the clean conscience and complacency of the sons. If this generation is unwilling to admit faults, tends to extenuate and seek a scapegoat (Hitler conveniently committed suicide and everything could be blamed on him afterwards) we should not be surprised and worry as long as there are no actions to disturb us.

My generation is curious, bewildered and horrified about the past. Yet this leads often to a wholesale rejection of the German tradition, which shoots be-

yond the mark. The very word "Prussia" is anathema to us. Yet Prussia contained much of what was best in Germany. Though many Prussian Officers sympathised with Hitler in his dislike of liberal parliamentary democracy Prussian generals, civil servants and aristocrats led the conspiracy against Hitler, men of such integrity that they lacked the necessary ruthlessness to achieve their aims.

Our eagerness to discuss and condemn the past seems to compare favourably

with the prevarication of our parents. Yet all this eagerness is nothing unless we realise that it is easy to condemn in words what has already been condemned by events. It is useless to ask: "How could it happen?" unless one asks "Given the conditions of the time can I be quite sure that my choice would have been better?" Awareness of the same dangers in different guise, self examination and gratefulness that our generation has been luckier so far, are worth far more than complacent condemnation.

Independence of "English School" Pernicious Specialisation or Not?

"A specialist is someone who learns more and more about less and less until he knows practically everything about almost nothing."

With the proposed introduction next year of a new Arts course, offering English Literature and Language alone and leading to a single subject, Moderatorship, tubs are again being thumped about the dangers of undue specialisation and the proper goal of university education. Is such a course a Good Thing, or is it another retrograde step in the process of converting the university into nothing but a teacher-training college?

Staff In Favour.

Prof. Edwards, who is responsible for bringing the whole scheme to fruition (it was first mooted by his predecessor), was emphatic about the significance of English as a complete education in itself. It provided, he said, among other things, a survey of history, of man's social progress, giving an insight into life and reality, and bringing him, who studied it into contact with a wide range of philosophies. Further, he hoped that, by thus consolidating the position of the English school, he would later be able to introduce new courses combining English with such subjects as Mental and Moral, History, etc., to add to the more conventional courses at present in existence.

Mr. Reid felt that the inclusion of features like discursive prose in the syllabus did away with the prevalent conception of "Eng. Lit." as a subject confined and dry-as-dust. He also greatly approved the idea of making the Junior Freshman year a survey of the various "genres" in English writing, ranging from the period of Old English to the Romantics; and he was glad to see the introduction of reading-lists as opposed to set books. Such a course, he stated, was designed to accommodate the (at

present) frustrated student who, although having a gift for the literature of his native tongue, had little feeling for foreign languages.

Undergraduate Views.

Student opinion was also generally favourable. Chris Fettes, who reads English and French, described the move as "admirable." He was not against a course comprising two foreign languages but he believed that one's approach to one's own language was entirely different. He disposed of the "specialisation" accusation by merely quoting C. S. Lewis: "The opposite of the specialist is the student enslaved to somebody else's selection."

Valerie Paul, a Senior Freshman, felt, however, that to have two different languages at one's fingertips was an advantage, since alteration helped one's appreciation of the two different forms of thought.

The provision of "background," as well as more detailed study, was also commended by Alan Miller, who decried the lack of lecturing staff.

A hope for more emphasis on tutorials and essays was expressed by second-year Declan Smith. He was pleased to see, he said, the inclusion of more Anglo-Irish literature.

Carol Challen, Senior Sophister, favoured the new course because, in her view, a course embracing two languages often led to superficiality of approach, and she believed that concentration on one literature would induce deeper, more fundamental penetration.

On the whole, then, the criticism that this new course is too particular and narrow in concept would appear to have little foundation, since both staff and student are agreed in praising its merits as a comprehensive intrinsic system of education.

★ ARGUS ★

The "Universities Drama Association Festival" was held this year in Galway. Players came back well pleased. They had presented "The Long and the Short and the Tall" in the three-act section and "Dock Brief" and "Embers" in the section for short plays. These were placed first and third in their sections, hence Trinity retain the trophy won last year. The long, short and tall play was third.

Terry Brady gave two superb performances to win the "Best Actor" award, which last year was won by the "bastard" in Cardiff University's "Revenge's Tragedy." Terry, you may remember, played a corporal. His performances



Terry Brady in Flower.

were astonishing considering that he rushed down from Belfast, where he was appearing in "Glory Be" to give one performance in the afternoon and another in the evening, returning the next morning to Belfast.

The whole cast worked literally all day and night striking and preparing sets. There were the usual crises; the recording of the background music to "The Long and the Short and the Tall" disappeared from "Players' Theatre." A

new record was flown out to Shannon and Paul Shepherd who had motored down to collect it was appalled when the Customs refused to give it to him. It arrived in time however.

The social side of the Festival was somewhat disappointing. The parties were rather dull except for two at the end of the week which are described as "fab." These were unique in that a donkey gate-crashed. Mike Bogdin and Roger Cheveley were characteristically eager to share their favours, but they drew the line at donkeys. All the players seemed to be there, except Bontoft. Two surprising additions were Ronnie Wathen and Martin Müller, who seems to be going everywhere these days.

Another "artistic lot" who have plenty of parties are singers, who, incredibly, attract surprisingly "social" types. Last Wednesday two vastly different parties were held. They were in the nature of a farewell to singers' distinguished conductor Julian Dawson, who is going to Glasgow to be chief accompanist to the B.B.C. Scottish Orchestra.

At the first, chez Dawson, Dr. Brian Boydell gathered round him a suitably spellbound circle, and Hugo Patten, the new occupant of the Singers' hot seat had his first indoctrination into Dublin musical politics. Strong rumours that singers parties will cease should be put down at once.

We then moved on to Bray where Mr. William Somerville-Large (such a name demands the prefix) threw open his gazebo to a very select body (singers and their immediate satellites again). Bruce Arnold cast an indulgent married eye on the young things enjoying themselves and talked. Wagner with Martin Müller who was unimpressed, and Pat Breach and Undine Concannon (lovely name that), to mention but a few, rallied round WITH HOT SOUP and chicken.

.. ..

The champagne corks popped on Friday at an exclusive little party in the Merrion Square flat. Charmers Dick Longfield and Dan Corbett delighted debs Rosemary Turritt and Christine Critchley imported from the London social scene. Humbert Jordan looked as



Dan Rogers.

though he could have danced all night but that darkest of horses Peter Rudland was burnt out much before lights out at four o'clock. It was good to see Archie and Caroline back after a long absence. Penny Rosier and Paul Marland were there too. Those in the know can imagine how frightfully dull it all was really.

On Saturday evening somebody gave a barbecue, so off we went to Whiterock, where we intruded on a rapt audience listening to Stella L'Estrange telling fairy tales. Russell Telfer and David Elyan arrived followed shortly by Peter Hunt and entourage. Peter doesn't care what parties are like nowadays, he always has better things to do in the next field or garden. Some people ate, most just drank and a vigorous minority just slopped and grovelled in the sand. Jim Kennedy claudicated. Paul Davies went swimming. Then it started to rain. It was no fun out there in the rain with a meagre fire, no music, no food, no drink, no hosts. We're crossing such "barbecues" off our list.

COIN PORTRAITS

In the past the College Classical Society has had respected if not great popular visitors for its auditorial meetings; some of the best English classicists, some (Mr. Louis MacNeice) erstwhile or marginal ones.

Last week Michael Grant, one of the foremost authorities on coins and their elucidation of Roman history, was

snapped up by the auditor, Brian Dee, as usual the support of the President, Dr. Paine.

Dr. Grant is, of course, the head of Queen's, Belfast at the moment, though English and Scottish universities could tell how his academic career at home is punctuated by prolonged jaunts to the Near and Middle East and Africa. A diverting speaker, an apparently accessible man, and if we are to believe reports from Aden, a slow left arm of some guile.

Another visitor was Harold Mattingley of Nottingham University, introduced without fail as the son of the Great Mattingley, denizen of imperial coin history and responsible for the splendid British Museum catalogue. But the image not envisaged from the son's fairly audible comments on the paper, and his conversation in the evening, was of a very pleasant man who already behaves like the Mattingley we know of old—in his perversity in praising the republic for himself and in his astonishingly versatile acquaintance with everyone's pet topics. Dangerously young for a sound classicist, he is evidently, like President Kennedy, undeterred by the family behind his back.



Lorna Rankin.

ENGAGEMENTS

Lorna Rankin to Dr. Harry MacMahon; Jean Scott to Michael Martin.

MARRIAGE:

Dan Rogers to Sue Leonard.

THE MYSTIQUE OF THE MARCH

Aspects of Aldermaston

Notes of an interview with Martin Smith (Sch.). Smith, sitting in an armchair in pyjamas and overcoat with bare, bloodied feet, following his walk from Belfast to Dundalk.

*

If non-C.N.D. people think the political aspects are now flogged to death, the C.N.D. people equally think the "beard" aspect is hackneyed.

Randolph Churchill said in the "News of the World" that many C.N.D. supporters had never thought deeply about their beliefs, but surely this applies much more strongly to non-C.N.D. types?

Camaraderie is an attraction of the march subsidiary to the pull of duty and conviction, although of course the friendship and international brotherliness is notable. A small boy of 6 in the Irish contingent contrasted with 84-years-old ex-mayor, vegetarian from Sweden who shook the hands of hundreds all along the way.

There was no opposition with force by pro-bomb factions—compare this with the Dublin march. Empire loyalists shouted slogans inefficiently.

Eighty per cent. of the marchers were young people—Mr. Smith wonders whether this promises a new generation of responsible adults or merely illustrates youthful immaturity and idealism which will fade with increased experience.

His parents didn't approve. Father completely silent but apparently expressed annoyance in Martin's absence. Mother and relations Quakers—so O.K.

Routine: Start 9.30 a.m. Two stops during the day in a park or field at mobile canteens. Stop 1 p.m. and 5 p.m. for about 3 hours. Took an hour for march to pass through catering points. Stop 7.30 p.m. Slept in schools, etc. No segregation of sexes but saw no petting. March tiring, largely because of slow pace. No fortunes made by spivs. Irish contingent received vouchers for food from C.N.D. funds. Few marchers dropped out for good. Mr. Smith got from walking an experience of satisfaction like climbing a mountain. But found Aldermaston, unlike the Belfast thing, a bit of a bind since duty was being done. Few marchers ill-equipped—C.N.D. middle class.

Irishness: He carried a banner with slogan in Irish. At first, he wouldn't tell anyone what it meant. Translation: "May we be alive this time next year." Onlooker's remark: "Is that Chinese, Mate?"

Sang Irish songs: Passing Westminster—"A Nation Once Again." At the back of the Irish contingent marched the Catholics of the Irish Workers' Union; one of them, an ex-Communist, tried to persuade the Catholics at the front to come and bloody well march with their own.

The Walk

At 11 o'clock last Saturday morning 21 students trotted cheerfully away from Belfast City Hall—talking, laughing—and even sprinting as they left the dreary centre of the city by the Lisburn road. At 5 p.m. on Sunday evening two very weary men—Ian Bray and Dick Harvey—walked side by side through Front Gate. These two alone had achieved the (theoretical) aim of all the 21—they'd walked it. The other 19—including, it must be admitted, Your Correspondent—had, somewhere along the route, retired sick, cramped, blistered, stiff, or just exhausted, to recovery in a friendly car—or more usually a friendly pub.

The entrants were a mixed bunch. A few—very few—hearty athletes, some coffee-bar types, a sub-committee of the Hist., and a Communist. The two winners could, broadly, be placed in the first category—probably the whole distance is impossible for anyone not in good training.

They began to drop out within the first ten miles—sickness claimed a victim after seven—but the first major eliminations did not come until between 25 and 30 miles. After that, the field narrowed to about 12. Dundalk is 51 miles from Belfast—and only 5 people left it on their feet. Chris Oakeley, a widely tipped winner, had collapsed. He'd been going well, but when he stopped for a rest he found he couldn't start again. Shortly after Drogheda, the two winners were alone.

The organisation was good; mobile and stationary check-points were frequent—and generous with water and biscuits. When the fall-out began, the victims were given lifts to the nearest town. Chief hitch was a let-down by the "appointed restaurants"—they had expected more trade, and when they didn't get it, inconsiderately closed down at about two, when they were most urgently needed. Otherwise, nothing serious went wrong.

Entrants agree it was "worth it"—but also that they would never do it again. A barrel of Guinness was the promised prize—the strangest thing, perhaps, is that it didn't attract more optimists in the first place. It doesn't seem a very difficult thing to walk 103 miles.



Students of the world read The Times

PEOPLE whose minds are still open and eager learn about the world from The Times.

There the resemblance of Times readers ends and their infinite variety begins. They are scattered all over the world. They do not necessarily agree how the world, or even their own countries, should be run. They read The Times because it does not attempt to bolster one set of opinions, but provides the facts on which intelligent opinions are formed. It has views of its own, but it does not attempt to pass these off as factual reports. This is the reason why those who will shortly be examined on facts read The Times; and why those who like to be free to examine the facts for themselves so strongly prefer it.

If either description fits you, then you are likely to like The Times. If you are studying in the stricter sense, The Times makes a special reduction in price* to you during your student years.

Top People read THE TIMES

*AS A STUDENT YOU CAN HAVE THE TIMES FOR 2½d
WRITE FOR DETAILS TO THE TIMES · LONDON · E.C.4

Cricket

UNCERTAIN START TO SEASON

Athletics

Easy Win Over Birmingham University

On Thursday, April 27th, the Club opened its season on a high note with a comfortable win over a Birmingham University touring team with a total of 88 points to 38. While it must be said that Birmingham were unable to field their full team the result augurs well for the future. Particularly gratifying is the improvement shown by individual athletes in the field events. Kennedy Skipton, who competed in the Empire Games achieved his best ever throw with 188' 4". Obviagele applied his fifteen stone to advantage in winning the shot putt and discus but mention must also be made of Snow who has greatly improved his technique in the aforementioned events and is a very reliable competitor. The ubiquitous Lunde again demonstrated his asset to the team by a versatile treble in the Long Jump, High Jump and Pole Vault, and O'Clery, in spite of academic commitments out-bounded his opponents in the Triple Jump.

Times in the track events were disappointing save for the sprints. One will not easily forget the fiery sprinting of Birmingham's burly Jarvis, and his "even" time on a relatively unresponsive track was superb. Kennedy-Skipton though, as a preliminary to greater deeds, ran well to record 10.3 secs. in second place but Mason, as yet, is only a shadow of his former self. Francis, drawn on the inside lane in the furlong started poorly but showed his ability by holding Jarvis to three yards at the finish. He later won the quarter mile in what was for him the slow time of 51.4 secs., but very impressive was the late rush of Twomey, a freshman, in the outside lane. As expected Shillington won the half mile easily enough but in unimpressive times. Mention though, must be made of Quinlan, who, in his first competitive race as a miler raced very pluckily and showed sound tactical judgment. In the three miles Roe ran a courageous race against the Birmingham runner Spence and in fact overcame Sparshott, his conqueror in the University trials. Kennedy, out on the track for the first time this season, surprised all by a very creditable win in the "Highs." If he persevered he could become a very competent hurdler. Trinity won the sprint relay but only after some truly diabolical changeovers but it is hoped that, by the next match, this initial teething trouble will have been rectified.

100 yards—1, J. Jarvis (Birmingham University); 2, H. Kennedy-Skipton (Dublin University); 3, G. Mason (Dublin University). 10 secs.

220 yards—1, J. Jarvis (B.); 2, R. Francis (D.U.); 3, R. Wild (B.). 22 secs.

440 yards—1, R. Francis (D.U.); 2, P. Toomey (D.U.); 3, P. Mills (B.). 51.4 secs.

880 yards—1, C. J. Shillington (D.U.); 2, P. Toomey (D.U.); 3, P. Mills (B.). 2 mins. 2.3 secs.

1 mile—1, C. J. Shillington (D.U.); 2, B. Roy (B.); 3, F. Quinlan (D.U.). 4 mins. 29 secs.

3 miles — 1, D. Spence (B.); 2, D. Davis (B.); 3, B. Roe (D.U.). 15 mins. 25 secs.

Relay (4 x 110 yards)—1, Dublin University (G. Mason, H. Kennedy-Skipton, R. Francis, G. Protain); 2, Birmingham University. 46.2 secs.

120 yards Hurdles — 1, J. Kennedy (D.U.); 2, R. Dale (B.); 3, A. Scott (D.U.). 16.6 secs.

High Jump—1, T. T. Lunde (D.U.); 5ft. 8 ins.; 2, A. Crawford (D.U.), 5ft. 4 ins.; 3, A. Bodet (B.), 5ft. 2 ins.

Long Jump—1, T. T. Lunde (D.U.), 20ft. 5 ins.; 2, A. Bodet (B.), 19 ft. 9½ ins.; 3, G. Protain (D.U.), 19ft. 5½ ins.

Hop, Step and Jump—1, H. O'Clery (D.U.), 40 ft. 8 ins.; 2, A. Quinn (D.U.), 39 ft. 9½ ins.; 3, J. Adotey (B.), 39 ft. 3½ ins.

16 lb. shot—1, B. Oybiagle (D.U.), 43 ft. 6½ ins.; 2, A. Snow (D.U.), 38 ft. 3½ ins.

Discus—1, B. Oybiagle (D.U.), 132 ft. 5 ins.; 2, A. Snow (D.U.), 121 ft. 9 ins.; 3, R. Dale (B.), 94 ft. 9 ins.

Javelin — 1, H. Kennedy-Skipton (D.U.), 188 ft. 10 ins.; 2, T. T. Lunde (D.U.), 166 ft. 8 ins.; 3, R. Dale (B.), 158 ft. 10 ins.

GRAFTON DRESSWEAR

DRESS SUITS FOR HIRE

10/- Complete to Students
50 Wellington Quay

near Metal Bridge

PHONE 71435

Experienced Batsmen Fail To Master Bodell

IN College Park on Saturday the first eleven opened their League season with a disappointing display against a poor Clontarf side. With eight old colours in the side the batsmen crumbled on a slow wicket to the accurate bowling of Bodell.

Unfortunately this story has been told many times before. With a very strong side on paper the home eleven collapsed after dismissing the opposition for a rather generous 126 runs. The match began well for the university when due to the accurate bowling of Keely and Willis 3 wickets fell for a mere 15 runs. The slow wicket played its part in the batsmen's downfall but this must not be allowed to steal any praise from the bowlers. Wickets continued to tumble after the pace bowlers were replaced by the off-spin of Inglis and the leg spin of Mulraine. With 6 wickets down for 55 runs the university looked in a strong position. Fortune decided otherwise. Carroll, the younger, lifted Inglis for three sixes and with the limited but stubborn Bodell added 40 runs. When he left at 94 Bodell continued on his way until at 49 he was caught and bowled by Rice who had replaced Inglis at the scoreboard end. Mulraine, having bowled accurately for an hour closed the Clontarf innings by bowling the last two batsmen.

The target appeared well within reach. Lea and West made a tentative but sure start until the former ran himself out at 16. The rot had begun. Foster, Mulraine and Guthrie fell quickly. And the total collapse was only saved by a steady maiden 33 from J. R. West and smaller but equally valuable totals from Bradshaw, Inglis and Rice. When with the total 96 Keely was bowled by Bodell in the gathering dusk the wheel of fortune had turned full circle.

in this instance to attribute the defeat to early season rawness. The side is very strong on paper and under the fine understanding captaincy of Foster it can go far—one can only hope that the obvious talent will be used to its best advantages.

Clontarf:

G. M. Carroll ct Bradshaw b Keely	5
M. A. Carroll ct Bradshaw b Willis	8
S. B. McMullen ct Mulraine b Keely	0
A. W. Spence lbw b Inglis	6
O. M. O'Sullivan ct and b Inglis	4
F. S. Carroll ct Foster b Inglis	27
E. H. Bodell ct and b Rice	49
A. Rubbathan ct Bradshaw b Fuller-Sersian	11
J. A. Bell b Mulraine	3
M. Moffatt b Mulraine	4
R. W. Buckley not out	0
Extras	9

Total126

Dublin University:

C. J. Lea run out	11
J. West ct O'Sullivan	33
I. S. G. Foster ct O'Sullivan b Buckley	4
T. C. D. Mulraine b Bodell	1
G. S. Guthrie b Buckley	0
A. W. Bradshaw ct and b Carroll	22
C. Inglis b Bodell	14
A. L. G. Rice ct O'Sullivan b Bodell	10
J. Fuller-Sersian b Bodell	0
P. Willis not out	0
V. Keely b Bodell	0
Extras	1

Total96

Sailing Club

Although for the majority of club members the season has only just started, Trinity teams have already travelled far and wide, leaving a wake of success.

A week before Easter, in conditions varying from gale force to light airs, Trinity won the team racing trophy of the Association of Northern University Sailing Clubs. This year fourteen teams competed under the flag of the University College of N. Wales on the Menai Straits.

For the first time ever Trinity was represented at the British Universities team racing trophy on the Brent Reservoir in London, April 8th/9th. Trinity went down to a strong United Hospitals team by a narrow margin in the semi-final. Twenty-three clubs took part in this event.

It is no small measure of the success of the club that the following week-end the D.U.S.C. captain was invited to sail for the successful British Universities against the French Universities in Paris.

Last week-end the club retained the Elwood Cup and the Irish Universities Salver. This was indeed an historical occasion for whilst the Trinity men won, an all ladies team sailed as well. The Trinity ladies proved formidable opposition to U.C.D., Queen's (Belfts) and the Royal College of Surgeons.

This week-end Trinity sail another "six helmsmen team" at the premier Firefly team racing event at West Kirby. This is immediately followed by the tour in which we meet Oxford, Reading, Cambridge, the Norfolk Broads Y.C., and London University.

To date the following men have sailed for Trinity. Mr. R. Howe (capt.), G. R. Henry, J. R. Mason, A. MacGovern, M. Moorhead, J. Vernon, D. McSweeney, G. Wheeler and P. Branigan.

On the lighter side we had a record attendance at the Summer General Meeting and the Summer Dance at the Crofton Hotel was an overwhelming success owing to the untiring efforts of Miss H. Roche and D. McSweeney.

COLONEL MAY

(Trinity's Leading Tipster)

The flat-racing season being now in full swing in Ireland, the Colonel has decided to begin his first column with a few remarks about the various Dublin area race-courses, especially for the benefit of newcomers to the Irish racing scene. The four principle Dublin area courses are The Curragh, Phoenix Park, Leopardstown and Baldoyle. The Colonel recommends, most strongly, the 10/- enclosure at Baldoyle and Phoenix Park. To go elsewhere on these courses is to invite disaster for the punter will only catch odd glimpses of the horses from the cheap enclosure. The same really applies at Leopardstown for the straight 5 furlong course is virtually hidden from the cheap enclosure and the card always contains at least one sprint and probably two. The Curragh is the only course which provides adequate facilities for the cheaper patrons and unless one is an expert judge of a horse in the paddock, the 2/- enclosure is better value for money on this course.

As regards betting, on the whole favourites have a superior record in Ireland to their counter-parts in England. This is especially true in 2-y.o. maiden races where it is a golden rule over here to follow a strong favourite or else leave well alone. The 3 big stables over here, O'Brien's, Prendergast's and McGrath's are accurate assessors of their charges chances on the whole and

since between them they monopolise a large section of Irish horses in training, it is a wise decision to follow their horse if there is money for it. Undoubtedly, both Phoenix Park and the Curragh are favourite's courses especially the former. At the Park it is quite common for four favourites to win in a card of six. The length of the straight is the key here for if the favourite is shot in on the bends, he has at least half a mile to extract himself. This is not the case at Baldoyle where the straight is a mere two furlongs or so in length. Leopardstown too can have dangerous twists for a favourite and a down-hill finish giving all equal chance of staying the distance. In short the rule at the Park and the Curragh is to "follow the money."

As to this week, the evening meeting at Leopardstown on Friday is full of potentialities but Lynchris looks a good thing in the big race. At Chester on Thursday Rescind has a good chance in the Lily Agnes Stakes but beware—in the draw here low numbers have a great advantage in sprints, 7lb. to 10lb. difference.

Finally the Colonel can always be contacted for advice through this paper or he can be seen in the bar in the 10/- enclosure between races on all Irish courses and is distinguishable from the crowd by his bowler hat and large cigar.

Sports Profile

Charlie Mulraine

— Loves his sport

Derisive wolf-whistles always greet T.C.D. "Charlie" Mulraine as he embarks upon a loquacious game of tennis clad in excessively abbreviated shorts which do nothing to hide the fact he is of a neat, muscular build—something which perhaps accounts for his sporting versatility.

Versatility — well, lets see. Since making a century for the 2nd XI in his first season he has played regularly on the 1st XI and last year headed both



the batting and bowling averages. His application and concentration when batting are such that he has an almost professional approach to the game—talents which restrict his performances in a land dominated more by G.A.A. than M.C.C. He is a superlative fielder; his bowling is sometimes "fairly fruitful."

As Trinity is so well endowed with scrum-halves Charlie last season transferred to Wanderers where in a disastrous Cup series he emerged with greater distinction than more celebrated members of the side.

Though modest of his cricket and rugby abilities Charlie will spend many hours telling you that he is "fairly useful" at golf (ladies tees), snooker (definitely below par), dramatics (courtier, Act III), hockey (incognito, Birmingham Division) and poker ("pennies in chops").

"His mind's on the game
But his heart's elsewhere."

Table Tennis

Team and Individual Successes

The 1st Ladies' League team of Kay Howe, Adelero Aw (capt.), and Mayee Chan won a bitterly contested match against Hospitals' Trust T.T. Club, to win their Divisional Cup. This is an extremely fine effort, as it is many years since a Trinity team has won any of these events and it is the first time one of our Ladies' teams has ever achieved the distinction.

Undoubtedly the star of the match was Kay Howe who played extremely well throughout to win all her singles and doubles matches. The outcome of the match depended on the final doubles which was keenly fought but the Trinity pair, Howe and Aw, managed to win and so emerge winners by the narrowest of margins—seven matches to six.

The men's third team of L. Jacobson (capt.), B. Hutcheson and D. Evans, having won their section in Division IV won their way through the semi-final but lost to Crofton Club in the final.

At the end of last term in the Intermediate Championships both T. Chan and D. McSweeney won their sections and Chan went on to be narrowly beaten in the final.

FRED HODKINSON
OF

LYKNU CLEANERS LTD.
will repair your suit like new
133 St. Stephens Green Dublin