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TRINITY NEWS

A Dublin University Weekly

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9th, 1961

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A Fierce Attack on Trinity

"DANGEROUS TOLERATION"

Accusation of subversive aims

GREAT interest and surprise have greeted "The Truth About Trinity," an article in the November issue of "The Word" (the journal of the Divine Word Missionaries). Printed in Holland, and published in Ireland, Australia and Britain, "The Word" is available on most bookstalls in Dublin, price sixpence.

The article in question, by a Denis Martin, would seem to be primarily for the Irish market. It is quite a lavish affair, running to four pages, with excellent photographs. The first two-and-a-half pages consist of an historical account of Trinity's foundation and early growth. While some historians may not altogether agree with many of Mr. Martin's statements (e.g. "The parallel between the Reformation and the present-day phase of Communism is only too obvious"), his account of Trinity's years as an instrument of persecution is a useful reminder of why College is sometimes regarded with suspicion even to-day, and even by quite prominent people.

It is when Mr. Martin comes to consider Trinity to-day in the light of its history that interest is stimulated by surprise, if not astonishment. Briefly, his contention is that things are substantially what they used to be:—

"In recent years, due to the changed political situation and to the petering-out of Protestant zeal, the old-time religious bigotry has been replaced by the more subtle and dangerous toleration as an instrument of policy."

And this policy? "... to dis-integrate Catholic loyalty," which is to be done, according to His Lordship Bishop Philbin of Clonfert, as quoted by Mr. Martin, "no matter whether secularism, religious indifference, or Communism should be the gainer."

At first glance, toleration might seem a rather ineffectual weapon for those dedicated to the overthrow of Catholicism in Ireland to choose, but Mr. Martin quotes from "Catholics in Trinity College" by the late Bishop Dignan of Clonfert to show its perils:—"This is the old argument of Religious Indifference... A man who talks toleration really asserts that one religion is as true as another. That is the real issue."

Final proof of Trinity's pernicious influence is afforded (to Mr. Martin) by the fact that "many Trinity graduates in Irish public life have become well known for their championing of Socialism." He goes on to describe the Fabian and Promethian Societies as Marxist. Members of the former are incensed by his remarks; at the time of going to press, it has been impossible to discover anyone who has ever heard of the latter.

The view of some people (including Mr. Martin) that Trinity is implacably anti-Irish often seems to be weakened by the number of prominent nationalists who have been associated with it. Mr. Martin, however, is able to show that in fact the Trinity brand of nationalism is worthless; "It is

interesting to recall, as Professor Michael Tierney, President of University College, Dublin, points out, that the modern doctrine of Irish nationalism, with its rejection of the true and traditional concept of Faith and Fatherland, was a product of Trinity College."

This concept of Faith and Fatherland sounds very interesting, but not altogether unfamiliar, echoing as it does very similar sentiments recently entertained in Central Europe. But Mr. Martin does not develop it, and we are left tantalisingly unaware of the details of "true and traditional" Irish nationalism.

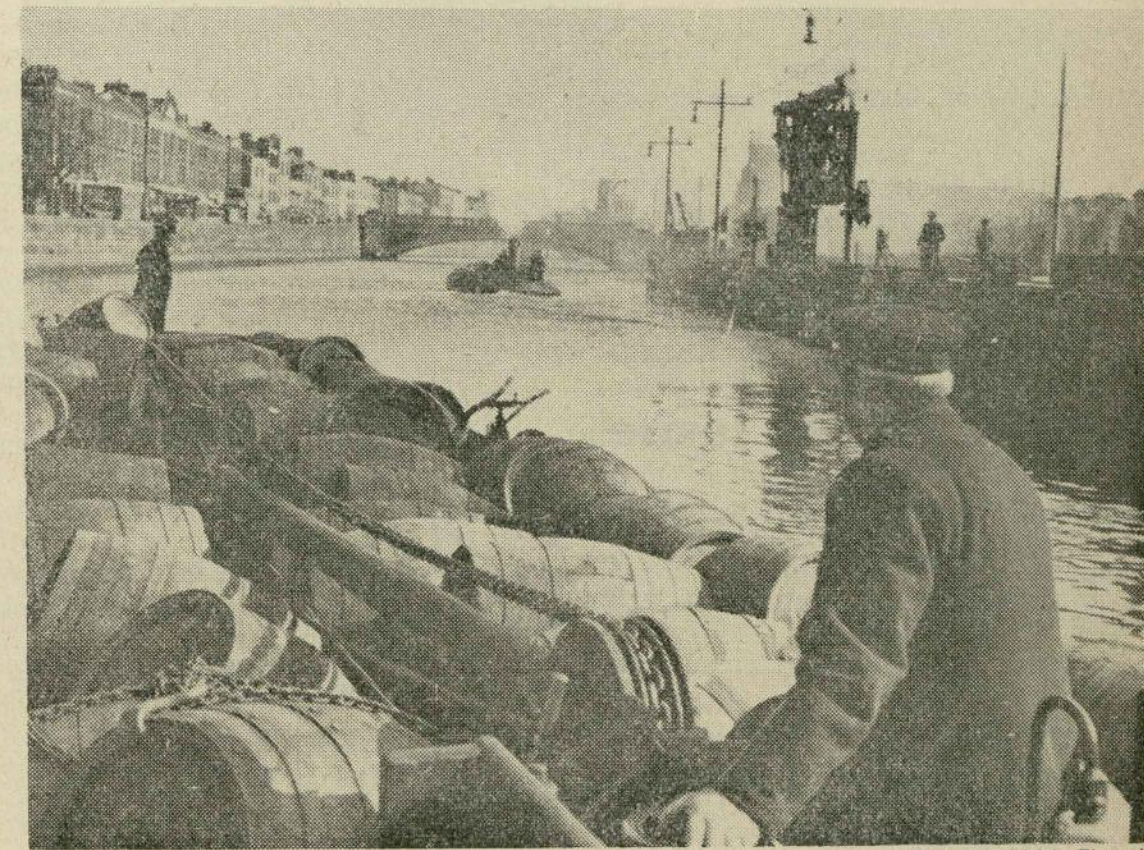
The character and aims of Trinity having been established as anti-religious, anti-Irish and pro-Socialist, it comes as yet another surprise when Mr. Martin writes in his final paragraph of "Fair minded Protestants," and their understanding attitude of the Hierarchy's ban on Trinity. Such a compliment is very welcome—but does it not smack of subtle and dangerous toleration? — or is it rather an invitation to Mr. Ian Paisley to undertake an article in Focus entitled "The Truth About Fair-Minded Protestants?"

The temporary reading room's success

THE new Reading Room in the Fellows' Garden has been open for just over a week now, and Mr. Hurst, the Deputy Librarian, described it to our reporter as a complete success. It is being used extensively by students, and criticisms are very rare — many readers claim it as quieter than the old Reading Room.

The seating capacity in College (new Reading Room, old Reading Room, Regent House) is now about 450, which is, unfortunately, Mr. Hurst said, still inadequate.

Readers will by now be familiar with the docket system in the new Reading Room. Apart from this, one great improvement concerns periodicals. In the old Reading



—Courtesy "Irish Times"

The Changing Face of Dublin: One of the Guinness barges which are now being taken out of service. There are, at the moment, only two still on the river.

A Garrulous Session of the S.R.C. SPANNERS IN THE WORKS

A PECULIARLY topsy-turvy opening meeting of the Students' Representative Council took place on Monday, 30th October, in Regent House. Council was obliged to wade through an agenda composed of a welter of trivia, before the big fish were brought up for attention; and even then most of these occurred under the heading "Other Business"!

S.R.C. President, David Butler, who was in the chair, managed to steer a garrulous Council through such world-shakes as the scarf scheme (three-and-six a foot—you've seen the notices); a Trinity guide-book for tourists (but no juke-box in the Long Room), and the proposed election of an External Relations Secretary.

Then the meeting got on to a subject which has been a running sore over the vacation — the redecoration scheme. Butler didn't go to see the Provost after all, but the meeting reported in "Trinity News" of May 25th with the Bursar and the Junior Dean did take place. To all accounts the connecting cogs between the respective machines of Us and Them were suitably lubricated with sherry; and the following points emerged. The redecoration will go

on. The Board is committed to a long-term policy, whereby eventually every set of rooms in College will be refurbished on the model of East Bay. But some sort of scheme will be evolved to assist poorer students, who want to move into rooms, but who cannot afford the increased rent.

A report on the U.S.I. Summer Council Meeting in Belfast last June was read by the Treasurer, Bill Morris. Just as the President was on the point of asking for the

adoption of the Report, Hugh Mooney rose to insert a soft-spoken spanner in the works. He resented, he said, the lack of objectivity in the report, and made special reference to the sections on the failure of Mr. Anthony I. Smyth to secure the post of Deputy President, and to the election of Mr. Ian Kennedy and Miss Heather Marshall to the posts of Vacation Work and Travel Secretaries respectively (they already hold these posts on S.R.C.); whereupon Mr. Smyth, U.S.I. Treasurer, who was an observer for the Union, leapt into the breach and delivered a gallant and reasoned vindication of his colleagues. Eventually the Report was adopted.

When "Other Business" was finally reached, Robert Hunter brought up the questions of (a) compulsory lecture-attendance, and (b) the variation in examination marking-scales (especially in Mod.) from school to school (Why weren't these most important matters brought up long before now?). A motion combining the two was passed unanimously.

Finally, Hugh Mooney, who was being obstreperous (thank heaven) questioned the ethics of the Board's policy in allocating income from the increased Capitation Fee to facilities designed for a limited sector of the student population, e.g. the reconstruction at the Boat Club, and not for the general well.

There was a disappointing attendance, especially from observers, but this can probably be put down to poor publicity. Apart from the President's brief "plug" at the Freshers' Reception, the meeting was badly advertised. Maybe they do need an External Relations Secretary.

Postscript—David Butler again met the Bursar and the Junior Dean on Monday of this week, to lay before them the proposals of S.R.C. in connection with redecoration. Said the Bursar: "No comment."

Room periodicals were rather inaccessible and the periodical room's opening times were restrictive. Now, all periodicals are to be found in the new Reading Room; they are shelved, and available without formality. Feeling that this will increase students' interest in periodicals, Mr. Hurst has compiled lists of magazines by subject, and sent them to the college authorities concerned with those subjects. He hopes that suggestions for deletion or addition will help bring the selection completely up to date.

Finally, aesthetics have not been neglected. Four pictures, which arrived too late for the College Gallery draw, have been lent to the Reading Room by Mr. Dawson, and will be on the walls within a few days.

TRINITY NEWS

A Dublin University Weekly

Vol. IX THURSDAY, 9th NOVEMBER, 1961 No. 2

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MEA CULPA...

This paper has always prided itself as being, for an undergraduate journal, fairly responsible. It is, therefore, distressing to find that our leading article last week was largely based on a misconception. The misconception is a widespread one, but this is no reason why a newspaper should propagate it without checking on its accuracy. The misconception in question is that this college is officially a Protestant university, and that the constitution of this University contains a clause to that effect. As we have subsequently learned, this idea is totally untrue. Its currency can probably be ascribed to the efforts of enemies of Trinity, and we are sorry to have aided and abetted them.

The mistake is all the more unfortunate, coming as it does at the same time as a fresh attack on the integrity of this college, published in "The Word," the organ of a Dutch Catholic order. The substance of the attack is contained on the front page of this paper. Its main point is that our aim in Trinity is to undermine the Catholic faith in Ireland. This idea is, of course, totally preposterous. The magazine reveals its real meaning in the phrase "dangerous toleration." It is difficult to imagine the mentality which could conceive such an idea, let alone put it into print. But that is beside the point. The point is, that until Catholic students in this University are allowed a chaplain, no Catholic body has any right to attack it for undermining the Catholic faith. This College has expressed its willingness to afford any Catholic chaplain every co-operation. The reaction of the hierarchy to this attitude has always been a cold and uncompromising negative. No-one, therefore, has any right to attack this College on the ground that it is undermining Catholic values. Our tradition of respect and toleration for different religious viewpoints could be one of our greatest contributions to Ireland. Until this kind of attack ceases, our influence will not be what it should. True or not, such writings always finds an audience willing to believe them.

The Universities' Changing Role—2

THE NEW UNIVERSITIES

In this article, the second of two, Godfrey Fitzsimons discusses the emergence of a new sub-division in the British University structure.

THE first of the new universities to be based on an underlying fresh philosophy of higher education is the University College of North Staffordshire, founded in 1950 and generally known as Keele. The second, the University of Sussex at Brighton, opened its doors only in October of this year; and others are planned for different parts of the country.

Essentially, the type of training offered by these new colleges is dependent on a gradually changing definition of democracy. This new ideal tends towards the direct democracy of the ancient Greeks with its tenet that all men should have an equal responsibility in the government of the country (or city-state). Oxbridge encouraged incidentally the representative system of democracy in that it provided the representatives but the Oxbridge system was not founded on a definite philosophy of education as the new universities (and the Redbricks) are. The late Lord Lindsay was the guiding genius and father-figure behind Keele, and in a recent book Prof. W. B. Gallie has outlined Lindsay's philosophy of education which led to the foundation of the new college.

For Lindsay, the pursuit of democracy was all-important. Pursuit, for he believed in a platonic ideal of democracy which is ineffably desirable, and towards which our standards of democracy should always be rising. And it was for this pursuit that Lindsay intended the university should equip the student, by enabling him to participate in the various "free associations" which comprise the democratic state.

It is fairly evident how subjects like history and literature may contribute to a "self-understanding society," as Prof. Gallie again has termed it; but one of the aims of the new universities is to bring home, especially to science students

themselves, how scientific thought and activity can be of value to society in ways other than technological. The "science mind" has a way of looking at things, which is quite different from that of the "humanistic" mind. Both are equally important, and each must be familiar with the other.

The new universities are, then, an attempt to combine the means of intellectual development offered hitherto to the student, as well as adding some new ideas of their own. The Foundation Year at Keele, in which all students read the same wide range of subjects, and the deliberate breaking-down of faulty barriers in the University of Sussex, are intended to give

students a common ground for discussion, which will develop later, as they separate to devote themselves to study of a specialised branch of knowledge, into an awareness of, and respect for, the subjects of their fellows, and the way in which those subjects and their own interact.

Hence the student benefits in two ways; he gains a general knowledge of the whole map of Man's intellectual activity; and his mind is disciplined by concentration on one aspect in particular. As well as plumbing the depths of one facet of Man's knowledge, he finds himself able to fit that facet into a comprehensive context, to realise that it is but a facet.

In its efforts to get away from the utilitarian tendencies of many of to-day's universities, "Bright-keele" has happily not gone to the opposite extreme. As well as proposing its own new concept of the purpose of university education, as a preparation for the perfection of the democratic state, it draws from Oxbridge the importance of teaching in the role of a university, and from the Redbricks it borrows the idea of research in order to increase knowledge. Neither does it deny that a university in many cases should provide professional training. But its principal virtue is that it has not adopted any one of these approaches to the exclusion of the others. In its attempt to draw what is best from them all, it seeks to emphasise the affinity, other than radical, between the words "university" and "universal."

LETTERS to the Editor

Building for a New World

Dear Sir,

I was most interested to read Mr. Koralek's article on the new Library building last week. It was good to see that you had devoted a whole page to this important subject. I was only sorry the layout was so confusing for the photographs were very decorative. When I eventually discovered that not just the advertisements at the side but also the article itself was written by Mr. Koralek I was still interested but depressed. What Mr. Koralek had to say gave us

none of the enthusiasm and inspiration that must have gone into the prize-winning design. Instead we were given a gentle apologia for a "dead art or science — or both."

Architecture is supposedly "dead" because it can no longer follow a living tradition. In the same way, I presume, as a modern artist is dead because he refuses allegiance to a set school. Mr. Koralek would, of course, point out that the comparison neglects the functional side of architecture

—that the well-known form-function quality of architecture puts it in an unique position. Mr. Koralek has struggled with the other problem of the neo-Georgian box of bricks versus modern bomb-shell — the final design is his conclusion.

I shall always try to approach the building from behind. Here the effect is less slit-eyed and squat; in fact there is a nice fusion of eighteenth century simplicity of line with modern asymmetry. But is there no other way of getting in behind but by those curious steps?

Mr. Koralek lays emphasis on the importance of creating an atmosphere in a building — the moon surface roof will perhaps inspire the scientists. The atmosphere of the building inevitably influences the attitude of mind of those who use it. Could Mr. Koralek according to this conscientious concern for the welfare of the individual student spare us the monastic fish-pond included in the design? — a death trap for the absent-minded book-worm or unpopular lecturer.

Many would be our pleas to the architect if it was not already too late. Had the competition been for a Cambridge College library, the Architectural School there would have ensured plenty of discussion and commentary. Here, perhaps, quite rightly, our judgment was considered immature, and we were altogether too concerned with the arrangements of our summer vacation to bother other people with our opinions.

This was a pity. I can only hope that as we watch the building growing, so too will our enthusiasm for the results of a decision, so wisely taken for us.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
N. C. A. Eastwood.

Celtic Twilight

Dear Sir,

I was disturbed to read the following sentence in the editorial of your issue of November 2, referring to the Council Meeting of the Union held in June last, 1961 (not July as stated).

"Indeed it was whispered that the Galway delegate supported the Trinity motion with such fervour that, at his own request, parts of his speech were removed from the official transcript."

I feel I must make it quite clear that the Galway delegates did not speak at all during the motion which was being discussed at the time. We have in fact checked the original shorthand notes taken during the meeting and have found

that the minutes are in accordance with these notes.

If such a situation were to arise, a speaker could not have his speech, or parts of it, deleted from the minutes merely at his own request. It would in fact require an Emergency Motion to be tabled, introduced and passed for this to happen.

Yours faithfully,

Noel A. Igoe, President,
Union of Students
in Ireland.

[Last week's leading article seems to have been an object lesson in the dangers of listening too readily to hearsay. We apologise for this and any other inaccuracies. — Editor, "Trinity News."]

Profile:

THE word "charm" is now used so slickly that it is difficult to apply it meaningfully. But to call Angela Kelly charming is an attempt to grasp the flavour and essence of her qualities. At first sight "too good to be true," the frankness and naturalness of her conversation prove that her femininity is deep and complete. The most important thing about Angela is being herself.

Born in Pakistan, Angela lives on a farm in Co. Wexford. She is absurdly fond of animals, rides a horse for fun but hates big jumps. She distrusts tractors, and machinery generally. Liking fresh air and exercise she is intuitively a child of day. She was educated at a convent school in Mayfield, Sussex; and is now a Senior Sophister student of English and Italian. She is particularly attracted by the Romantics, the novel and Dante. Angela got a first in her Junior Sophister Honors exam, and this fine success is due to an intelligent and warm response to literature. She works hard, but thinks it more important to like things than to be absorbed in the evaluation of critical theories. This year Angela is President of the Eliz., after being a miraculous librarian who transformed the Eliz. library from a few scattered books into a collection more worthy of the name. Some women in College have recently complained that the Eliz. is too preoccupied with chintz and sewing machines. Since the Eliz. has to cater for all the women in College Angela thinks that its basis should be broad. She is concerned to find interesting speakers, and considers that the society should combine a blend of comfort, elegance and ideas. Nothing would be worse than intense little groups of women continually debating.

Angela tried for Oxford and Cambridge, but is entirely glad to be at Trinity where she thinks that individuals have more chance to relax and develop. It is big enough and small enough for people to find others without losing themselves. Angela is a Catholic but admires deeply what is best in Protestantism. Instinctively she feels close to the Catholics in College. She loves Ireland but has the urge to travel, and travels historically as well as geographically. She is happy where there are ruins and was aware of archaeology at the age of six.



Angela Kelly

Sugar and Spice

Angela cycles efficiently everywhere and says that she is always in a hurry. But at the centre of this delightful flap is a steady concentration of effort which gets things done. She admits to talking too much, which is part of her eagerness and spontaneity. She is generous and helpful and a perfect hostess.

Angela is engaged to Mike Stubbs, cartoonist and engineer, late of Trinity. She hopes to do some teaching before becoming "a cabbage," although content to be one eventually. But she will never allow her responsiveness to vegetate. She is definitely not a career-woman but should make a brilliant career of being a woman.

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ARGUS glances at people and things

The success of a party in the modern mode seems to depend on the difficulty obtained in entering it. Tish McCormick offered physical difficulties such as tiddled cart tracks and malevolent trees, the Boat Club merely alcoholic ones.

Hallowe'en was chosen by Tish as an excellent day for an indoor barbecue set in the heart of the Wicklow mountains. Jeremy Cahill had the best approach to it. He and his merry men donned scouting garb and crept drunkenly from trunk to trunk in the vain attempt to discover the Summer House. The set-back to the whole scheme was that the end was not worth the means. Within the summer-

Simon Newman has been harassed by thoughts of the Boat Club Ball, and wishes here to offer his apologies to Jan van Biekenstip and others for not inviting them to his party. He had a good party. He laid his house open to a select gathering, and did them well. A wine-cup of Bacchanalian excellence and lots of little eaty-things. The Uptons, Nick and Jay, were the centre piece of the performance willowing in their excellence, while such roves as Michael Church were left to flutter up to the lampshade. Jim Killand, sportily formidable, left early to meet his fiancé for the night from the Belfast train.

So on to the Ball. As usual in the Metropole; and unusually the sale of tickets showed a profit. Jenny D'Arcy and Charles Dewhurst were enchanted, with what is left unsaid. Eyes sparkling, legs tingling old dogs, Sluck and Rebbeck produced their surprises. The prior Saturday they had done the Dixon, and as from the hat produced two delightful dames who might well have been their mothers. Penny Rosier, slightly on the fringe since Brady has left us, would not talk to Alison Wingfield. It seems that Edward Holding had invited them both to the Ball, but had settled for the blonde. Socially late, Renata and Gita Plunkett swept in with their squires, Mike Duncan, unbearded, and Hamish Riky-Smith.

The other University did little to enhance its reputation at this gathering by throwing fireworks and passing out irregularly and generally; but despite this the Ball was mediocre, or maybe I have seen too many. The floor was too crowded, the band too hearty, the service too slow, and my woman too bitchy. Algie Rice is his inimitable toothy fashion turned to his Wendy and whined in summation: "Well, I didn't know, you know, I mean is it worth it in the end? I mean, Oh well, oh dear, let's go to bed."



John Streather, who is not mentioned in "Argus" this week.

house was a morass of juveniles, drunks, and firework throwers; also a lack of drink. Tony Jamison, grasping Hilary Keen, ran into the night, but his battery had gone flat. Only two couples strolled out, Eddie Clarkson and Monique, Michael Chamberlaine and Tish, though they later were found to take it lying down.



Not all who read The Times are gentlemen

THE NOTION that The Times is an article of gentlemen's furnishings, like a hat or an umbrella, is not quite apt, as our picture shows. For this young woman, in any case, The Times is a professional necessity as well as a personal pleasure.

On the law, as on other subjects, The Times speaks with authority. This is not the same as speaking for authority. The Times serves no cause except that of keeping its readers informed. It labours no argument, favours no group or region. It could not keep its readers if it did, for Times readers are alike only in that they are all different, and too critical to accept opinions clothed as news. Their quickness to spot humbug and their willingness to think for themselves are among the qualities which, so often, take Times readers to the top of the tree.

If you believe that news and views should be kept apart, and if you don't wait for a crisis to find out what's happening, you are yourself the sort of person who should be taking The Times. ★

Top People read THE TIMES

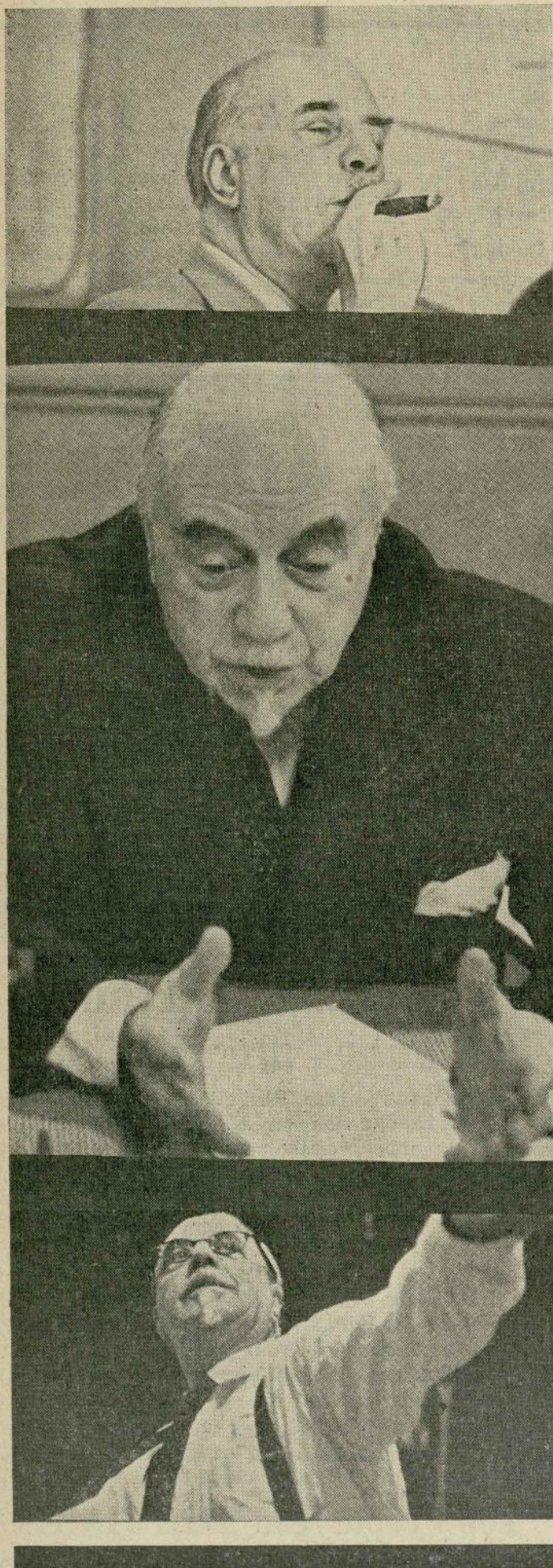
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Books

THE LAST GREAT PANJANDRUM

"SIR THOMAS BEECHAM," by Charles Reid (Gollancz, 21s.).

"THOMAS BEECHAN: A MEMOIR," by Neville Cardus (Faber, 12s. 6d.).



SIR THOMAS BEECHAM'S enormous public appeal had, really, very little to do with his genius as a conductor. It outlived the amazing and often slightly grotesque catalogue of second and third rank composers he had for a short while established in the repertory by a mixture of sheer arrogance and passionate wrongheadedness; it was even augmented by his slashing denunciations of many of the giants of music. "I thought you were in the country, Sir Thomas," said someone at a soirée. "I was," replied Beecham, "but the other day I had the misfortune to conduct the pastoral symphony of Beethoven, and it has given me a profound distaste for the country ever since." "Bach?" he exploded on another occasion, "he has two tunes, one fast, the other slow. He is all counterpoint, moreover, all Protestant counterpoint." He dismissed Elgar by playing fantastically cut versions of his monumental second symphony, Vaughan Williams by the casual remark "Dr. Vaughan Williams' Fantasia on a theme of Thomas Tallis is a highly commendable work; unfortunately, in succeeding compositions, he omitted to use a theme by Thomas Tallis."

But he remained faithful to Mozart. His Mozart playing did not satisfy everyone, naturally enough. "It is magnificent," a bewildered musicologist was heard to exclaim during the Beecham symphony orchestra's tour of Nazi Germany, "but it is not Mozart." The remark is a just one. Music, for Beecham, existed for him alone. The public, the composer, the orchestra, be damned. He would often continue rehearsals into the small hours, oblivious of the fact that his players were dropping with fatigue, simply for the pleasure of listening to the music again. Composers fared no better. During the rehearsals of Ethel Smyth's opera "The Wreckers" (one of his lost causes) the unfortunate composer jumped about furiously on the stage, giving the orchestra her tempo, while Beecham, sublimely ignoring her, gave his. Beecham, of course, won.

With his seigneurial attitudes, came a curious mixture of kindness and cruelty. Charles Reid relates that on one occasion, the orchestra's regular harpist was ill. The relief harpist was a young Italian, who, probably overawed at playing under Beecham, fumbled entry after entry. After a while, Beecham stopped the orchestra, and quietly arranged for another harpist to be engaged. He continued to pay the boy's salary for a fortnight, and allowed him to attend rehearsals to gain experience. On a similar occasion some years later, the relief harpist was a woman. After her third or fourth mistake, Beecham stopped the orchestra. "And how," he demanded icily of the orchestral manager, "did this young lady get here?" He completely ignored the unfortunate culprit, who slunk miserably away.

This streak of cruelty runs through many of his most celebrated mottos. During his tour of Australia, he was taken by the mayor of Sydney to see that city's famous suspension bridge. "And how do you like it, Sir Thomas?" asked the mayor, a meek little man, quivering with pride. "It is most unpleasant," replied Beecham,

"Why don't you have it removed?"

It is this disregard for little men, for little ways of thought, that is at the root of the Beecham mystique. In an age of pettiness, he was exuberantly and gloriously expansive. Charles Reid retails the story that, one hot summer's day, Beecham was walking through London. Suddenly he hailed a cab, and peeled off his overcoat. "Follow me," he ordered loftily, throwing his coat into the back seat of the taxi. Cardus claims that the story is apocryphal, but, true or not, it contains the essence of Beecham's persona; he was one of the last specimens of inspired autocracy, one of the last members of a ruling class to which it was a pleasure for lesser mortals to defer.

But we are in danger, these days, of losing sight of Beecham's real contribution to British music, in a sea of *bons mots*. He elaborately constructed public image should not obscure his achievement. The value of Charles Reid's book is that it is an accurate and painstaking account of this achievement. Single-handed, he created three superb symphony orchestras; single-handed, he virtually created the British Operatic scene. He poured millions of pounds of Beecham's pill money into the box office breach. His influence extended into every branch of British Music.

Neville Cardus' book is simply a collection of personal reminiscences, interlarded with occasional slices of criticism. It is not as ambitious an undertaking as Charles Reid's book. I suppose it is about half the weight, *avoir-dupois*. But it comes nearer, I think, to the heart of Beecham. Cardus sees him, not as a Klemperer or as a Toscanini, striving to plumb the depths of the human spirit; rather is he the connoisseur of small china figures, who ignores the achievements of Titian and Rembrandt. This judgment, in the end, does not in any way dismiss Beecham. The wall looks pretty bare without pictures; but the mantelpiece has its claims, too.—W.M.O.

Films

Salt in the wound?

"SAIORSE": Regal

"Saoirse?" (Freedom?) is the second half of the Gael-Linn history of the years 1900 to 1923—the period in which the "Irish Question," after some seven hundred years, finally came to a head, and, for the foreseeable future, was resolved. The first half, "Mise Eire" (literally, "I am Ireland," the name of one of Pearsé's poems), was widely, and justifiably hailed as a triumph when it appeared last year. The conception behind the Gael-Linn venture is a grand one—to document the emergence of the Irish nation during its most crucial phase, using only contemporary material.

The passionate desire of the Irish to record the details of this period, and to preserve its memories at all costs, often appears slightly hysterical, if not remote, to an outsider. But to dismiss it as such is to ignore two things.

Firstly, there is the sheer magnitude of the Irish achievement. In recent years we have become almost blasé about the births of nations. Most come about painlessly, but those involving a struggle are subjected to all the publicity available, exploited for the sake of power politics, and generally involve outside help. The spectacle of an imperial gaolbird being translated to World Statesman has simply lost its impact.

Thus we tend to forget that Ireland fought Britain without any help from outside, and with one corner of this island remaining loyal to the Crown. An uninterrupted series of complete failures was the only record of Irish rebellions for the previous two hundred years, at least. Considered in this context, the pride of the Irish at having broken the Imperial power is readily understandable.

Secondly, that strident urgency to glorify every tiny episode, and burn its (often sordid) details into the national consciousness, comes from the older generations, for as time goes by fewer people are left with first-hand recollections of the period and they naturally struggle to leave an exhaustive record behind. At present no one below the age of 45 can have any coherent memories of British rule, and in ten or twenty years, Irish nationalism should present a quite different appearance to the world. (Though what may happen in the meantime to upset all predictions is, of course, anyone's guess.)

The biggest dangers inherent in any treatment of Ireland's valiant years are the treacherous sentimentality in which patriotism, killing, religion, and love are commonly enveloped and congealed, and the ludicrously partisan approach favoured by most popular commentators. It is greatly to the credit of the Gael-Linn films that they avoid both these major disasters.

Both films consist entirely of contemporary newsreels, still photographs, and newspaper headlines, with a commentary in Irish, and a first-rate musical score (by Sean O Riada). To manipulate these materials successfully obviously requires a deft touch and sure judgment, for the result could so easily degenerate into a deadly lantern-slide lecture, or a maniacal whirl of faces, slogans, and milling crowds.

"Mise Eire" covered the period from the beginning of the century to the end of the First World War. "Saoirse?" takes the story from there to its unhappy ending in the Civil War.

This period is hideously complicated, and much as one may wish success to the film makers, the task proves too much for the medium. Most of "Saoirse?" falls curiously flat. The fault does not lie in the "plot" and still less in the

Continued on
next page



—Courtesy "Irish Times"

FISHERMEN AT INISHBOFIN, CO. GALWAY

FILMS—from previous page

performers; the scenes of both Collins and de Valera in action convey even now the effect of their tremendous personalities. But the overall effect is confusing and unsatisfactory. Events great and

small are treated almost alike, and what differentiation is made depends on the amount of material available for an incident, rather than on its true importance.

For the "Black-and-Tan War" there must have been a dearth of suitable pictures, but a long succession of newspaper headlines cannot make up the deficiency.

It must be admitted, at this late stage, that an understanding of the Irish language is not part of the critical equipment of this reviewer. But by all accounts the

average audience's command of that tongue is less than complete—and anyway the language was no barrier to enjoyment of "Mise Eire."

The failings of "Saoirse?" will make it unintelligible or uninteresting to someone who knows little or nothing about the events before going to see it. But they do not cancel the fascination the film should have for those interested in Irish, or English, history during the relevant years. —J.W.

Ein Heldenleben

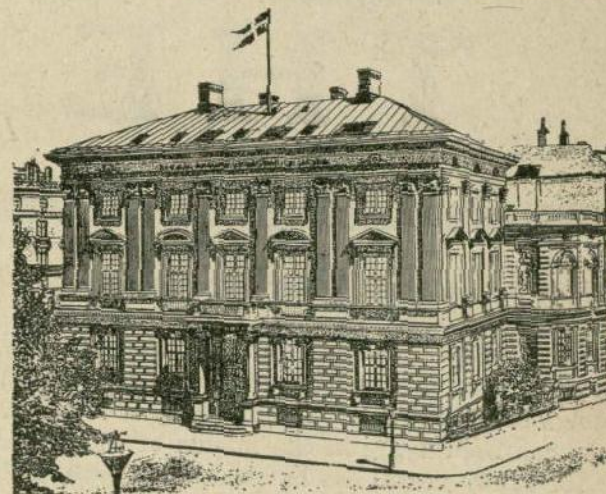
"THE YOUNG LIONS":
Ambassador

The best films have a simplicity which belongs to the essence of narrative art. Two films now in Dublin tell good stories directly, and also make convincing statements about heroism and love. In "The Young Lions" debate is sometimes allowed to influence the pattern of action, and "Whistle Down The Wind" occasionally forgets that symbolism should be used as carefully as salt, but both are primarily achievements of narrative, secondarily of parable.

"The Young Lions" is a film with stature, it is about heroes.

Marlon Brando, making alive the usual half-hearted convention of "the good German," is God-like and puzzled as he witnesses hideous death and mutilation, tastes the sickness and anger of occupied Paris. Montgomery Clift is an American Jew, on the other side of the world, and his heroism is made of earth and blood as well as fire—not a son of the gods. Perhaps his eyes burn too much, but every oddly incompetent gesture is of a man making and keeping his dignity, and daring the world to tear it down. Victimized by bullies in an American army

camp he fights four men, and wins something from the ugliness and violence. Dean Martin is not so strongly ravaged. It is never much in doubt that he is not a coward. Backing up the Jew, he is big and calm, telling us that everything is really safe. This quality of the American hero is not unsubtle. By the end of the film, when all roads have become the same road, we have also met a dedicated German with a hard, unlikeable but admirable courage; a soft one who can appreciate Paris but also German; a bad American soldier, and a good one who lets the Jew hold a service when a concentration camp is liberated. The tragic figure is Brando, the warrior, "the best of the best," slow-speaking, coping with a world that denies the gods, and finding it inevitably bestial as the bonds of duty break terribly.



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Berlin TO-DAY

1

William Oddie has just returned from Berlin, where he has been helping R.I.A.S. (Radio in American Sector) in the compilation of a radio documentary on the crisis there. He carried out an exhaustive examination of the wall which now divides the city, visited the Soviet sector several times, and talked to people in the University, in schools, in the refugee camp, along the wall, and in their own homes. He presents his findings in this article, the first of two.



—Courtesy "Irish Times"

West Berliners protesting against the erection of the wall dividing East and West Berlin, which was erected by the Volkspolizei during the night of the 13th August.

THE WALL

PERHAPS the most disturbing thing about Berlin is its air of normality. It is difficult to realise by the way in which Berliners discuss their situation how very near to them it is. There are no histrionics, no worried wrinklins of the brow, no mental biting of fingernails. The Berliner has been living in the middle of some kind of insanity for thirty years. He has learnt patience, and he has learnt resilience. He does not scare easily.

And this atmosphere is infectious. Even confronted with the wall itself, it is difficult to feel the full depth of its implications. It stands, about five feet high, an irregular, shoddily constructed affair of concrete blocks, topped with barbed wire. It is something a petulant farmer might put up to keep small boys away from his apples. Volkspolizei—"people's police"—stand, idly talking and laughing in twos and threes, fingering their guns like extras in a bad film.

But the calm is deceptive, the laughter forced. At any moment, something can happen. A week ago, I stood by the wall, watching Volkspolizei and workmen demolishing houses near the border. They were nearing the end of a hard day, and were packing up to go home. On the western side of the Wall, two policemen were watching them casually from a wooden observation tower. We walked over to them, and asked if there had been any incidents that day, mentioning that we were from R.I.A.S. One of the policemen saluted, and came down from his tower. We stood talking in the

half-light. On a Railway bridge on the Eastern Side, I could see three Vopos, examining us through binoculars. I turned round to ask the policeman a question. Quite suddenly a large stone whizzed past, missing me by about six inches. We retreated warily, and continued our conversation at a point further down the wall. After about three minutes, a small object, about the size of a lemon, dropped nonchalantly over the wall, and sat there, fixxing and throwing out sparks. We again retreated, this time hastily, to the opposite side of the street. The lemon suddenly fizzed louder in a brief

climax, and went out. We walked away smiling, albeit somewhat grimly. About thirty per cent. of the teargas grenades used by the border police are faulty in some way.

Disruption.

The atmosphere of slightly inept melodrama which surrounds the wall itself gives little idea of the depth of the disruption its erection has caused. Among the more obvious effects is the total elimination of an entire social category, the Grenzänger, which literally translated means "border goer." Before the thirteenth of August, thirty thousand people who lived in the East crossed the border every day to go to work in the West. At night, East Berliners thronged into West Berlin's theatre and night clubs. In the West, the East Berliner could buy Western newspapers, and Western cigarettes. But it is the Grenzschule, or border schools which are the real symbol of the ideological split which has existed in the city since the War. Before the thirteenth of August, many East Berliners sent their children to these schools. Now, there are many who have stayed, leaving their parents in the East. They live with relatives, or with anyone

who will look after them. I asked one of the older children at one of these schools why their parents sent them to one of these schools rather than to a school in the East. The question is not as naive as it sounds. The reason is not entirely that parents wish their children to escape Communist indoctrination, though this accounts for a large proportion of it. But many children were not admitted to schools in the East at all. Often, the reason given was that their father was a "war criminal," which means that he served in the army during the War. To be admitted, these children had to prove their "political reliability," by joining the Communist organisation for "Youth and Sport." "Sport," in this context, means learning how to use firearms and how to interpret Lenin. Even before the thirteenth of August, parents of children who went to border schools were liable to "restriction of privileges." Often this rebounded on the children. A sixteen-year-old girl told me that her best friend, who was very ill, had been refused admission to hospital until she had proved her "reliability," a process usually lasting at least six months. She was about to move into a Western hospital; then came the events of the thirteenth of August. The girl told me that she had not seen her

friend since, and could not find out what had happened to her.

Stories like this have been part of everyday conversation in Berlin since the Wall's erection. But even the Berliner, with all his stamina, cannot accept them without horror. "The Thirteenth" is a phrase you hear again and again. "After the Thirteenth" — "Before the thirteenth"—even now, the words are uttered with a kind of incomprehension, a dull, dazed expression. The precautions of the Volkspolizei have been amazingly effective. Apart from a route through the sewers which has now been discovered, West Berlin has now been completely cut off. The statistics at the Marienfelde reception camp for refugees have dwindled to their lowest point for many years. The three refugees whose reception I watched had all fled on or before the thirteenth, but they all had permits to stay in West Berlin, and had not found it necessary to apply for recognition before. The first was a thirty-six year-old theologian. He had been in a prisoner of war camp in France until 1948, and had caught T.B. there. For a time he studied medicine in the East Berlin University. After a year, he was expelled from the University. When he was asked for the reason, he got a short and simple reply: "We don't want preachers here." After several attempts to carry on studying in the East, he began studying in the "Free University" in West Berlin, but carried on living in the East, working at the same time in an Evangelical Church. He was taken by surprise by the events of the thirteenth, and managed to escape the same day.

The second was a painter. His father was Russian, and had a Soviet passport, although he had left Russia in 1910. Soviet nationality had been handed on to the son, and his escape had taken place comparatively recently, by the simple expedient of walking through the Friedrichstrasse checkpoint. The Volkspolizei had saluted respectfully at the sight of a Russian passport, and let him through without question.

Such opportunities are now rare. The only opportunity of contact between people living on both sides of the Wall is to stand and wave. In Bernauer Strasse, the houses on the Eastern side have been completely evacuated. The windows are bricked up to prevent people escaping by jumping from a high window, into the sheets held out by the Western fire brigade. People stand in small groups, waiting for something to happen. Towards the Northern end of the street, they have put up a stepladder, for families to stand on, and wave to their relatives in the East. One old woman I spoke to had come there with her grandchild every Tuesday and Friday, from one until two, ever since the thirteenth. Her daughter and son-in-law were still in the East, but had managed to smuggle their child out. And at the prearranged time, twice a week, they stood and waved from a distance of two hundred yards. This was their only contact, and they were grateful even for that. The Volkspolizei moved the small group on. The old woman came down from the ladder. "Soon," she said, "they will not even let them wave. When that happens, I don't know what I shall do."

CO-EXISTENCE OR REVOLUTION?

The Sino-Soviet Conflict

by Desmond Donnelly, M.P.



THE greatest, most important single event, for some years, anywhere in the world, took place last December. It was the meeting of 81 Communist parties in Moscow, and the division that has appeared between the Soviet Union and China.

The argument was conducted ever so politely. It was all about Communist theology. It seemed remote. But because of it the modern world will never be the same again.

Why do I regard this as being such an important event, when our newspapers did not make more of it and carry banner headlines for many days, examining all its implications?

The first answer is that presented in terms of Communist theology the ordinary man in the street wasn't interested. And alas, most Western newspapers are run by men who are too busy to think.

Secondly, and this deals with the substance of the dispute, the real significance is that as a result of the difference, which was not bridged, there are now two sources of Communist doctrine in the world, not one.

The dispute, basically, is about the Communist attitude to World Revolution.

Both sides—Russian and Chinese—vehemently still believe in and intend to prosecute the progress of world Communism. There is no disagreement about that and they both intend to see a Communist Government in Delhi, Paris and London just as soon as they can achieve it. The argument is about means. The Russians consider that world war is now so destructive that there can be no victors. So war has to be ruled out as an instrument of policy. Instead, so the Russians argue, the struggle must be waged by political and economic means. In other words, they define co-existence as the right to go on changing the world, extending Communist authority, by every means short of shooting. That is what they mean by co-existence, and it is broadly what we in Britain know by the term 'Cold War.'

Different view

On the other hand, the Chinese take a different view. They are not prepared to rule out little local wars and exercises in brinkmanship, because they do not regard world war with the same horror as the Russians. This is partly because the Chinese society is much more primitive. As an underdeveloped Communist country they have much less to lose. There are many more of them. If 400 million Chinese are wiped out there will still be 300 million to attend the

coup d'état and shot all the Communists in his government overnight. Those that were left had to flee to Russia, or they went underground like Mao Tse-tung.

Mao himself was dismissed from the Chinese Politbureau at the time. He and his group endured isolation from Moscow for years and underwent great privations. The memories of listening to Russian advice on co-existence die hard.

The Russians have nearly all the Western Communist parties on their side. Those from the industrialised satellites in Eastern Europe are too much under the Russian influence to be independent.

On the other hand, the consequences can be very considerable. My belief is that the Russians have always been—or at least for the past six years—concerned that China's foreign adventures might commit the Communist bloc to a situation from which it cannot extricate itself.

Nuclear weapons

There is also the question of nuclear weapons for China and the value of any disarmament agreement without China. Both worry Russia and the rest of the world. And this is why it is so important to get China into the United Nations and at the disarmament conference table, as soon as possible.

Here I am only concerned with the central problem of the effects on world security of the Sino-Soviet disagreements.

The first, as I have said, is that we now have to deal with two Communist powers, not one. This is very important. And what one says is not necessarily what the other one will say. Here China has a specific appeal to the Afro-Asian Communists.

Similarly in security systems, like NATO and SEATO, and in all disarmament negotiations, it means taking note of China's military plans, as well as Russia's. At the moment I do not attach very much weight to Chinese military power. They have a vast manpower strength. But there it ends, largely. But give them five years and nuclear weapons and the situation is transformed.

Explosion

It would be a rash man who would prophesy. Personally, I think that China will break out one day. Her vast population, 700 million now, 1,000 million by 1970, clearly indicates an explosion unless steps are taken to bring China to the conference table before it is too late.

I adhere to the belief that the maintenance of peace with China depends upon an accumulation of the maximum deterrents against any aggression by her, coupled with a sincere attempt to redress genuine grievances.

This is why we must now take note of China's grievances as well as Russia's, and at the same time be prepared to consider our own national security. In this, I think we shall not be friendless and in the long run we shall have the support of India and the other countries of South-East Asia—and who knows, the Russians too?

BLOOMINGTON, MY BLOOMINGTON

Martin Muller, who spent last year at Trinity, is spending this year at the Indiana State University, Bloomington.

GOING from Dublin to Bloomington sounds rather like one of Joyce's lesser puns, but it should be pointed out in fairness to Indiana's academic flower that Bloomington was founded in 1825. For its respectable founders and subsequent mayors and councillors Ulysses has always been a general in the Civil War. The town itself is best honoured by silence; it was "All America city" in 1957 and even Americans keep clear of it unless they were born in it. The "campus" however is a different matter. The word is entirely appropriate for the large area covered by woods, lawns, parks, various residence centres and the faculty buildings. A true seat of learning and a haunt of the music, for Indiana has the best school of opera in the country.

Who would have expected to find in the Midwest a man who has devoted his life to proving that Samson Agonistes was written before Paradise Lost, who is going to publish the authoritative biography on Milton to supersede Masson's monstrous volumes, and who treats his students to such truly academic exercises as dating Milton's letter to his father written in Latin hexameters? Milton, by the way, might have had second thoughts about the following lines had he ever come to Bloomington: Gloria Virginibus debetur prima Britannis/Extera sat tibi sit, femina, posse sequi."

Having followed a truant disposition at various European fountains of learning I frankly admit that never has my eye been so dazzled by charm and my ear by wit—allowing for an occasional uncouthness of intonation. Were it not for the obligatory tennis shoes or 'sneakers' which every female sports as a sign of

femininity I might even give the palm to Indiana fashion. But white woollen socks and plimsols (sometimes rather greyish) are apt to detract from even the most elegant attire. Here is moreover, that air of morbid delicacy and blasé weariness which I have looked for in vain in this more healthy clime. It is the distinguishing mark of a full social schedule and alas, Bacchus who is banned from the campuses (!) of state universities has left the field to that most unsociable of all horrors, Coca Cola. How often have I regretted that fastidious languor that continued well into the early evening when a radiant face beamed a cheerful 'Hi' at me at breakfast which is served on weekdays from a quarter to seven to a quarter past eight. And how relieved was I when a girl whom I had rung up at half past nine did not speak to me for three days because I had woken her up. Even American Graduate students have their human side.

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Colonel May

(Trinity's Leading Tipster)

This has been a wonderful season for Newmarket, trainer Harry Wragg. He won the Derby, the Irish Oaks, the Timeform Gold Cup and only last week he shared the Cambridgeshire with his smart filly Violetta III. The question is—can he overtake Murless in the prize money championship? The Colonel is confident that in Gailswind and Flower Drum he can win the November Handicap at Manchester and so take the title. There have been strange results before in this race but Flower Drum is in good form and should win. While still at Manchester, one of last week's non-runners Polly's Deb should score in the Final Maiden Plate.

At Cheltenham there is a minor Irish invasion for the Mackeson Gold Cup. In the field are Fortria (last year's winner); Grallach Cnoc, Scottish Memories as well as Pas Seul and Saffron Tartan. The Colonel has no hesitation in naming Fortria as the likely winner and as his nap selection for the week. In the Mackeson Novices' Chase that expert novice Blessington Esquire should repeat last year's triumph. Saturday's Lingfield meeting should provide Another Flash with another visit to the winner's enclosure and at the same meeting Strapin, who missed an engagement at Windsor on Friday, should prove too fast for the opposition in the November Nursery H'dicap.

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Rugby—SECOND DEFEAT FOR FIRST XV.

A Disappointing Performance

Read Shows Some Promise

Trinity 3; Bective Rangers 12.

THOSE Trinity supporters who braved the cold last Saturday at Donnybrook were given little reward for their trouble. The College XV were deservedly defeated by Bective in a rough game and thus recorded their second successive disappointing display.

Trinity were penalised in the opening minutes of the game and Keogh kicked the first of two mighty penalty goals from the half-way line. This early set-back can scarcely be blamed for the fact that Trinity never really settled down; their play generally lacked cohesion and intelligence.

For most of the second half the forwards balked it out along the touchline. In the tight Argyll more than held his own against a very experienced opponent who was furthermore assisted by much heavier props. The heeling in the tight was one of the few pleasing aspects of Trinity's game and enabled Rees to get his pass out to newcomer Read, despite very quick covering by the Bective back row.

Of the attacks that Trinity did launch almost all broke down because of incredibly bad passing, thus neutralising the effects of Trinity's potential try-scorers, Coker and L'Estrange. Read helped to add a touch of quality to the play and invariably gave his centres plenty of room in which to move. Scott alone made any use of this and his return to form was very welcome. He made several fine solo runs and at the same time was less inclined to do too much on his own.

One got the impression that although Trinity would suddenly burst into aggression every now and then, this was mostly due to the efforts of one individual. Once the gap had been found, as often as not there was nobody to continue the movement. Bective on the other hand played much more as a team and frequently made use of their opponents' many mistakes. They were helped in this respect by inexcusably feeble

tackling and were able to move from one end of the field to the other with few serious efforts being made to stop them. Only the kicking of the Trinity half-backs relieved this pressure and prevented more tries being scored.

Keogh kicked another long-range penalty goal, this time from a difficult angle and ten minutes later the Trinity defence fumbled a long kick ahead to enable the Bective out-half to rush through and touch down. Just before half-time Trinity had a chance to reduce the margin between the scores but Coker's penalty kick fell short.

Powell's lecture at the interval seemed to produce some results for Trinity went straight into attack and despite another missed penalty they looked like scoring on two or three occasions. Rees made one thrilling run round the blind-side and was only stopped well inside the Bective "25". Then a few minutes later Read eluded the wing forwards to race through the gap, Scott continued the run before passing to Coker who was bundled into touch while going strongly for the line. Read frequently cross-kicked to the wings, but to no avail for Keogh was always there to drive Trinity back with lengthy kicks for touch.

Hardy dropped a goal for Bective that made the score 12-0 and with it went Trinity's hopes of ever catching up. They missed two more penalties before Scott re-

Sports COMMENT

There is one question which has for some time intrigued me, and perhaps others too, and that is how good is Trinity at sport? How, for instance, do we compare with Oxford and Cambridge; do we reach the same sort of standards, or are we miles behind? I have always found this a controversial question, and one which is difficult to answer, chiefly, I think, because one cannot really generalise. Perhaps we can get a clearer picture if we look more closely at particular sports, rather than "sport" in general.

I think it would be fair to say that in the so-called major sports we rarely reach quite the same standards as do Oxford and Cambridge. Whether they like to admit it or not, these universities can still find room for those whose athletic abilities far outstrip their academic qualifications. A great aura surrounds the gaining of a Blue, and it is still one of the surest ways of attracting the attention of those who select international teams. Whatever we like to think, a Trinity Pink does not command the same respect.

It is true that the rugby fifteen has acquitted itself very well in recent years, and even convincingly defeated Oxford last season. But this, I would suggest, is very much the exception rather than the rule. The major English universities have, of course, many more to choose from, and they rarely lack good reserves. The biggest difference is undoubtedly at cricket, where we come nowhere near Oxford or Cambridge who play at the same level as the English first-class counties. We may have won the Leinster Senior Cup last summer, but we are never any better than a good club side. The Hockey Club seem to manage a couple of internationals every year, and they, perhaps, reach higher standards than most.

It is at the "minor" sports that we do frequently excel; here we can say that we are often as good as, and even better than, the rest. The record of the Boxing Club speaks for itself—nine successive years as Universities Champions, while the Sailing Club enjoys a very high reputation indeed in England. Our climbers perform the most dexterous feats and the Fencing Club defeated Oxford last year. The Athletics Club, though scarcely qualifying as a minor sport, remained undefeated last season, but have yet to meet a full-strength Oxford or Cambridge team.

Perhaps it is scarcely fair to compare Trinity with the large English universities, their facilities are so much better, and their members much greater; we, after all, are really only a College. To my mind it is good enough that we can compete at the same level with Oxford and Cambridge. Whether or not we can beat them is not really so very important.

ceived a long and intelligent pass from Rees following a scrum beneath the posts, and he was able to touch down unopposed. Towards the end of the game the Trinity pack were visibly tiring. A cross-kick by the indefatigable Lea, who unfortunately attempted to open the game too often, was not followed up by the eight and Keogh

was allowed time to kick to touch.

The weakness in the centre was very obvious on Saturday and one can only conclude that Siggins must be given a chance in this position especially after his fine display for Connaught last week. Read is obviously a player of some class and experience and should be a considerable asset to the team.

SOCCER

Mixed Fortunes

THE new season has opened in a rather frustrating way. Two matches have been played against Mr. Ulick O'Connor's XI and in the first match his team was overwhelmed by 7 goals to 2, while in the second Trinity, lacking Lunde and Beale, went down by 3 goals to 2. In between, Trinity lost 1-0 against the College of Surgeons in a match which is best forgotten.

To date, the 1st XI consists mainly of last year's side, with the addition of Conway, who is, of

course, an old "colour." The only Freshman who has appeared on the side is Russell who made quite a promising debut on the right wing. The most pleasing feature of play so far has been the strength of the full-backs, Hansell and McAuley. They are both quick, keen tacklers and fine distributors of the ball and if they have a fault it is perhaps that they play a little too flat. With Beale at centre-half they form an excellent defence which will give away very few goals.

Danny Blanchflower has said that successful sides are built around the two wing halves. He is, of course, quite correct and I would predict that a Trinity side with O'Moore and amateur international Robert Poole as the two wing halves, would have a very good chance of bringing the long-

awaited Collingwood Cup to Trinity.

What of the forwards? The scoring power of the line depends largely on the form of the captain, Lunde. Although he got four goals in the first match of the season he has been badly off form and as a result the line has shown a definite lack of penetration. Guthrie, Ntima and Parry, good players though they are, have not shown themselves particularly adept at putting the ball in the net. The problem is, therefore, a goal-scoring inside forward.

This year's first XI should be a really fit side. They have in their captain, possibly the finest all-round athlete in Ireland and a dedicated leader, a man who is determined to turn Trinity soccer around the corner from its previous state of mediocrity.

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