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TRINITY NEWS

A Dublin University Undergraduate Weekly

THURSDAY, 3rd DECEMBER, 1963

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COMMONS AT CROSSROADS?

S.R.C. Committee Reports

The S.R.C. Sub-Committee which was recently set up to investigate Commons has completed its report. It expanded its terms of reference to include all aspects of evening catering, and its inquiry proceeded along the three lines of examining relevant documents, interviewing various bodies of College opinion, and assessing undergraduate feelings.

Under the first head it was seen that the Board had appointed a committee under Professor Moody which suggested the provision of an evening meal for non-resident students. This was accepted by the Board which asked the Agent and Treasurer to examine its practical application. From their investigations the following facts emerged:

Commons is expensive because of the use of waiters, the provision of stout and the variations in attendance. At present it is being subsidised by about £3,500 per year. Since costs are likely to rise and since kitchen capacity is stretched, the Board will have to decide whether Commons will be maintained whatever the cost of providing it. An evening meal for outside students cannot be provided at the same time as a traditional compulsory Commons on account of physical restrictions.

On the basis of that evidence the Board decided at the beginning of June to provide an evening meal for all, and retain only a single voluntary Commons. Within a fortnight, however that decision was changed after protests were made by Dr. Luce, the tutors, and the Standing Committee of the Junior Fellows.

Dr. Luce pointed out that the Statutes would have to be changed before Commons was

made voluntary and argued that three aims should be sought. These are, in order of priority, the saving of the historic Commons as a common, orderly and graced meal for staff and students, the provision of a wholesome meal at the lowest possible price, and the saving of the "Cista Communis" from all unnecessary expense.

From the results of the questionnaire held by the S.R.C. to assess undergraduate opinion it emerges that "there is a demand for an evening meal in College for all classes which is sufficient to make it a practical proposition," and that "there is sufficient support for one voluntary Commons."

W.U.S. Week Profits

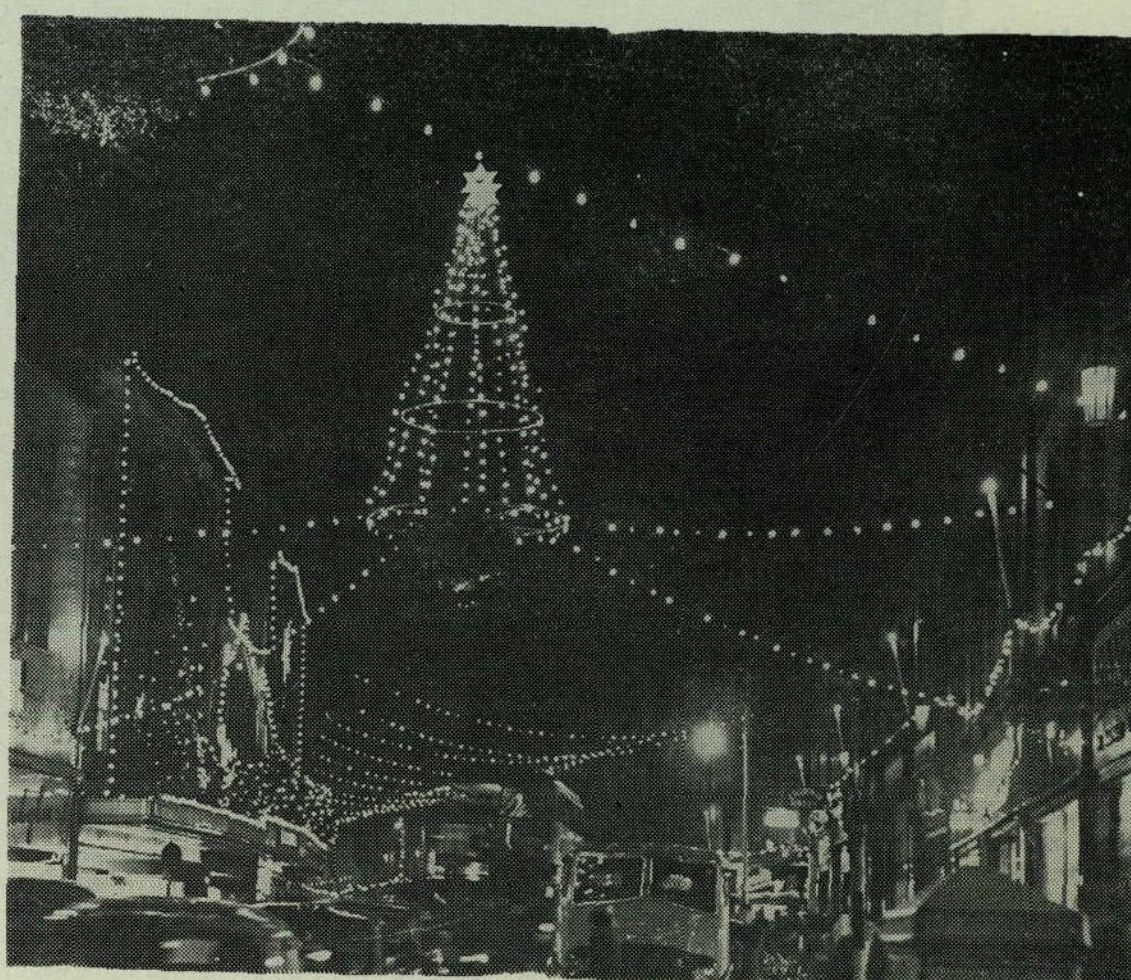
W.U.S. Week is over for another year and it is now possible to stand back and look at the results. These are, in fact, most encouraging, showing a net profit of over £200 and a marked improvement on last year's total.

On the whole, plain, straight forward collections, with no overhead expenses, seem to have been the most successful methods of raising money and over £33 found their way into the carboy at Front Gate from collections on the march and at Fiesta and the soccer and rugby matches. Similar methods outside the all-night bridge match in Eason's shop window raised over £20.

Perhaps the most popular item on the programme was the folk-singing evening organised most successfully by the new College Folk-singing Society. Both attics of the G.M.B. were packed and a large sum of money was raised for W.U.S.

The saddest aspect of this week was U.C.D.'s inability to participate fully in all the functions because W.U.S. is not yet recognised by the authorities there. However, recognition has been applied for and we hope to have their full support and co-operation next year.

The Secretary and Treasurer of W.U.S. in Trinity would like to thank all the individuals and College societies whose help made the week such a success.



ONLY TWENTY-THREE DAYS TO GO . . .

—Photo "Irish Times"

UNREST IN NEW SCHOOL

There has been trouble in the new School of Business Studies between the staff and third-year undergraduates. Bitterness has been aroused over the nature of the course which, some of the students maintain, has not been properly planned.

Bad feeling was first created by the fact that a huge proportion of last year's Senior Freshmen were failed on the basis of the results in Accountancy alone. The principal complaint, however, has been the large amount of work which pupils are expected to cover before their exams in April. One student told us that 145 books and 50 periodicals were described as "essential reading" in one month. There was also confusion over the standard which was expected in the compulsory language. No clear ruling on that was given until well after the middle of term after many weeks of vacillation.

When questioned about the uneasiness in the Faculty, Mr. Pakenham-Walsh admitted that he had received a representative committee from the students. He said that most of them seemed unable to use a book-list properly and discounted the large failure rate in Accountancy by pointing out that many people did not have "numerical intelligence." He also said that the students' strongest case lay in the fact that they were the pioneers in the new faculty, and that he was prepared to discuss problems with them. However, "the habit of work" did not "seem to be ingrained in many of them."

S.R.C. Elections

Last week we stated that T. M. L. Stuart had been elected to the S.R.C. for the Mod. Lang. faculty. This was a typographical error and we wish to apologise to Mr. Stuart for any embarrassment that he may have been caused by this.

The Divinity School wish to have it pointed out: (a) that they had the highest poll—96.1 per cent. of eligible voters; (b) that since the first results (which we used for our news story) were published a revision has been made to the percentage of spoiled votes cast in that School. The new figure is 20.1, which, however, leaves the Divinity School still at the top of the spoiled votes poll, its nearest rival being the Engineering School with 3 per cent.

LABOUR'S LOST YEARS

By JOHN DARLEY

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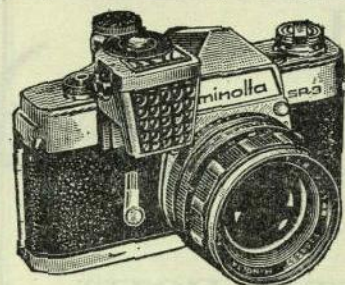
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TRINITY NEWS

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Vol. XII

Thursday, 3rd December, 1964

No. 5

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ANY OLD RAGS?

W.U.S. Week is over. This, one of our first embryos of a Rag Week, has once again managed to restrain itself to the channelling of student charity into the more intelligent (and slightly less extroverted) pipe-lines of extravaganza. Dublin has never really known a Rag Week proper, and any movement towards introducing such an institution could possibly bring disastrous results. The English Rags become little more than an excuse for an annual orgy of destruction, with the (slightly soured) 'milk of human kindness' argument poured over it to make the whole thing palatable. Indeed, the charity aspect of the Rag is often lost and usually forgotten in the fantastic near-hysteria that takes a hold of what were initially well meaning but slightly naive students. The organisers become obsessed with raising the target to be achieved, adding, purely in passing, that the extra money will be divided amongst numerous deserving charities. One wonders whether, if they were in a position to choose, these unconsulted vehicles to student terrorism would approve of the somewhat dubious methods used to collect money in their names.

It cannot be denied that Rags as a whole raise more money than any other more civilised method of collection. However, if we look back at the results of last year's Famine Relief Week (which is, perhaps, the institution most comparable to a Rag) it will be found that the results fell only slightly short of the amount raised by the Southampton University students who felt it necessary to break into Parkhurst Jail and write "Soton Rag" on the prison's compound walls in order to make their case for public philanthropy. Dublin is too small a city and Trinity too important a part of it to be able to stomach a fully-blown Rag. In the past there have been vague attempts at a Rag that have, however, quickly degenerated in West-side story-type gang warfare. This College has both reputations to keep up and live down. Trinity has always seemed rather distant to most ordinary Dubliners and the descending of several hundred paint-potted money-hungry students on the city (complete with all the normal Rag Week gimmicks) could only result in resentment by the slightly bemused citizens—the border between good publicity and "over-kill" is very fine. Receipts would very likely fall. Coupled with this, Trinity's reputation as a centre of civilised learning would suffer, and we would sink into a morass of redbrick stupification. Let's just try to keep our heads above that.

This week we publish our music supplement. The Chairman wishes to express his sincerest thanks to Colin Smythe who was in charge of this production from its inception to its publication. Without him, the supplement could not have appeared in such an excellently organised fashion.

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PLAYERS and Pinter

By Michael Gilmour

The recurring problem of communication between people is seen in "The Collection" and "The Lovers" as not so much of lack of communication, but the evasion of it. In both plays the characters are intelligent and alert enough to communicate if they wanted to, but for various reasons they don't.

The *Collection* was originally conceived for television and the change of media in this production has not been altogether successful. The plot has as its focal point the unknown act. Did Bill, a young fashion designer, sleep with another man's wife during a business stay in Leeds? Pinter gives fragmentary views from all who are concerned. Stella, the wife, admits it; her husband James is inclined to believe her but is determined to find out the truth behind it all. The supposed lover Bill as first denies, then hints and finally elaborates, while his patron Harry is doing his own bit of detective work. The story gets twisted, lie piles upon lie, equivocation upon equivocation, and James is left not much the wiser.

These fragments needed the decisive movement of a television camera for the full contrast of moods to be achieved. The play requires two very different rooms and a telephone kiosk; by deciding to work within three angled sets, Patsi Warwick, the director, gave herself an almost unsurmountable problem. The sets themselves are magnificently accurate and ingenious, but they limited the actual playing space and made a quick movement from one set to another virtually impossible. Where there should have been brief pauses there were long blackouts and the mood suffered.

Yet with the controlled underplaying much was achieved. The juxtaposition of the expected and the unexpected was fully effective, but the climaxes were all missed. When James comes after Bill, who sees him as the unknown menace, the ritualistic reversal of the host: guest, defender: attacker, relationship culminating with James' sudden move forward and Bill's falling on the floor was a tepid nothing, utterly devoid of tension. Much more could have been made of it.

The acting had little depth to it, and if it was not inspired then at least it was workmanlike. Nigel Ramage's Harry had all the savvy but only glimpses of the sinister undertones implicit in the character. Douglas Henderson's Bill was straight out of the world of Compact and chi-chi coffee bars, but there was no trace of the slum-boy background or attitude. As James, Max Stafford-Clark got the tone of the distraught aggressor just right and Michele Berriedale-Johnson as Stella expressed the agonised ache which was all the part allowed her to do.

The over-fussy naturalism and the inconclusive climaxes left too many loose ends waiting to be tied up which severely weakened the impact.

If James set out to find the truth that is the last thing that Richard and Sarah want to find in "The Lovers." Here the naïve escapist world of bears and squirrels which Osborne created in "Look Back in Anger" has grown up in Pinter's hands into a kind of sexual charade.

The casual opening remark, "Is your lover coming to-day?" the objective depersonalised arrangements immediately set the atmosphere which is gradually developed and intensified throughout. Richard and Sarah are supposedly happily married; that is their facade. Their domesticity is cold and sterile. The evasion from communication on this level is complete. Yet when Sarah's lover does arrive he turns out to be none other than her husband.

To counteract the lifeless husband and wife relationship, Richard plays protector, aggressor, consoler, accomplice and finally lover. Sarah in turn plays the conscientious housewife, the innocent, the mistress and the whore. On one level it is partly a game and partly a salvage operation on another it is a means of reaching into themselves and rebuilding a world in which they can both live. A sad nightmare, but it is a world of sorts nonetheless.

In "The Lovers," Pinter returns to the familiar one-room image, but unlike his earlier plays the menace or fear is not external infiltrating into that room, but it is inside the room already. There are only occasional references to the forces outside and one hilarious moment of bathos when the doorbell rings and instead of the lover it is the milkman. But the menace "Is the desire to have things clear and unequivocal which is part of basic human nature and almost impossible to vanquish." This is the real threat to their world.

Ronald Graham has directed with his attention firmly on the script and not let himself be side-tracked into artificiality. He has kept the play moving and direct. Constantin de Goguel and Judy Monahan achieve a rapport which is superb and completely essential to the play.

In Judy Monahan, Players have found an actress who with discipline will be very good indeed. At the moment she is still indecisive over changes in character that the part demands and her voice lacks control. But that she was able to bring the depth and sensitivity to the part that she did is a fair enough indication of her potential.

Constantin de Goguel proved yet again his amazing versatility. Perhaps his Richard was a shade too studied, too tense; but this only slightly upset the balance and the insight that went into his performance.

Sincerely yours...

On Wednesday evening we took a *Chance* on Merrion Square and found Gillie dispensing gin and gracious living. (The former rather more than the latter by the end of the evening.)

Lot No. 214, Junior Fresh Francis Gilbert hawked himself unsuccessfully to bidders Frances Whidborne and Gillie Hawser but eventually found a buyer, Penny Oakley. Jeff Thurely had no difficulty at all in selling himself Turkey Sue gobbled him up at speed and only regurgitated him in favour of John Tylor.

Adrian Hamilton expounded ad infinitum et nauseam on his grandmother's chickens, but George Harris had no need for words with the lovely Miss McCormick.

Wanted: A piece of string by Bernadine O'Neill—for keeping her eyes inside her head and tying admirers on.

Friday evening saw the resort of many to the Leeson Street dwelling of Gordon Bolton, Mark Davies, Alastair Kane and Geoffrey Perrin. Slick David

Dunne gave a radiant Jane Baxter the heat treatment and solicited an invitation to her party. Meanwhile Helen Campbell was single but heavenly and mistaken, while Carris Berkely was preened, polite and impertinaceous. Rob Irvine-Andrews fawned on A to N but said that his cocktail party was to be so exclusive that he hadn't invited himself. Suzanne Jackson synthesized the un-mouthed conversation of Paul Thompson with James Stevenson who was not heard to ask Dr. Church if he had read the article on sex in the "News of the World." Ian Stainton-Jones practised being a successful Russian cosmonaut, and Melissa Stanford mentally hugged everybody. Afterwards I saw that bearded clandestine half-editor Peter Gower in conclave with M. G. B. Lowes and Jo Pirie loving Alan Smith.

Eugen Lamb proved to be an immaculate host on Saturday, plying his willing guests first with whiskey-based wine cup (closely guarded by Snakebite), then with straight whiskey until we went on

to gin at about three o'clock. It all had a remarkable effect on Barry Hannigan who spent at least an hour swinging on a door murmuring "schvodka" to anyone who happened to enquire how he was. In fact, "schvodka" was the one thing it was not. Will Fitzhugh lost one of his teeth in some bread and cheese. The other three hosts, Altaras, Mathew and Greaves, were a bit like the three bears, one large, one small and one medium. Chris Oakley rather lowered the tone of the party, but all was retrieved when Sheelagh McBratney swept in surrounded by dinner-jacketed swains, straight from the Four P's. Simon Boler was easily the mod-est there; Charles Taylor just modest until he collapsed, oh very gracefully full length on a sofa and was heard no more. Ann and Hugh Iremonger had given up their struggle outside Kilmartins to join the party. Andrew Gibb achieved the conquest of the year, none other than Jane (the Berg) Lipscomb—keep it up Andrew, we're proud of you!

THE BICENTENARY OF THE CHAIR OF MUSIC



1764—1964

A Trinity News Supplement

TRINITY NEWS

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Vol. XII

Thursday, 3rd December, 1964

No. 5

MUSIC SUPPLEMENT

EDITED AND PRODUCED

BY

COLIN SMYTHE

Ever since I joined "Trinity News" three years ago my aim has been to produce a Music Supplement, but it has only been just now that a suitable opportunity for the production of one has presented itself. I hoped to combine a programme of the bicentenary celebrations with articles from a number of musical personalities who were to take part in them and invite other leading figures in Ireland to contribute, so as to give as wide a glimpse of Irish musical life as possible. This, unfortunately, was not altogether successful as neither Dr. Donald O'Sullivan nor Dr. A. J. Potter were able to accept the invitation. I was also unable to get anyone to write on the jazz scene in Ireland to-day. However, I have included two contributions which might be described as light refreshment after an interesting and (I hope) stimulating collection of articles; one is a schoolmaster's view of Pop music and the other a light-hearted history of the Twist by a recent graduate of this University.

I wish to thank all the contributors for their articles in this Supplement. A lot of work obviously went into their essays and I am particularly grateful to Dr. Grocock as he has had an extremely hectic time recently. My thanks, of course, to Prof. Boydell who has been very helpful and who modelled the original score of the supplement, and to those who have given me much advice as to the layout and design of the pages. I am extremely grateful to the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, who allowed me to search through their files to find a suitable photograph from one of Michael Tippett's operas.

Financially this supplement would not have been possible had it not been for the generous grant of £50 from the T.C.D. Trust and the help promised by the Standing Committee of Clubs and Societies, and those firms who of their charity have kindly advertised on these pages.

Colin Smythe

MICHAEL McNAMARA

Michael McNamara is Principal of the College of Music, Dublin. This position he had held now for ten years and it is fitting that he should receive an Honorary M.A. from Trinity College after a decade at this post. He has long been associated with the School as he joined it in 1928. He became an L.T.C.L. in 1933 and A.R.C.M. in 1934.

Married with six children—"the first and last are girls"—his 18-year-old son Brian, who has won every Feis Ceoil honour, is already following in his father's musical footsteps and is backed by critics for a brilliant future. This, naturally, pleases his father:—"I am looking forward to 'I am looking forward to Brian's development as a violinist.'"

Principal of a college with 1,600 pupils and 40 teachers, he remembers his own early days, after leaving the Christian Brothers in Dublin: "I was always interested in music and started to study it with Patrick Delaney and Arthur Darley. I suppose it was the love of music that made me do it first, then I found that I would be more successful at it than anything else, so here I am."

His favourite instrument is still the violin. "I like to play a little for pleasure," he regrets that "I started too late to be a good player so concentrated on the teaching side." He is a firm believer in starting early. "I don't advise anyone to commence



—Irish Times

over twelve years of age. Five or six is the best age to start either the piano or the violin."

Playing an important part in bringing much-needed music into our lives, he enjoys his work which is our pleasure. A direct, likeable person, with a friendly manner, he will always be the same, no matter what degrees or other honours come his way.

(My thanks to Michael O'Reilly and the "Irish Independent" for allowing me to make use of a profile of Michael McNamara which appeared about a month ago.—Ed.).

THE CONTRIBUTORS

The Duke of Wellington was born in Dublin in 1805, went to Eton, and entered the Diplomatic Service in 1808, serving as Secretary at Petrograd, Constantinople and Rome, retiring in 1919. During the Second World War he was a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Grenadier Guards, serving with the British Expeditionary Force from 1939-40, the Middle East Force in 1942, and the Central Mediterranean Force in 1943, during which year he succeeded to the Dukedom. He was Lord Lieutenant of the County of London from 1944 to 1949, and of Hampshire from 1949 to 1960, was Chancellor of the University of Southampton from 1951 to 1962, and has been Governor of the Isle of Wight since 1956. He was created a Knight of the Garter in 1951, and from 1950 to 1957 was a Trustee of the National Gallery. His publications include an "Iconography of the 1st Duke of Wellington," written in collaboration with John Steegman, published in 1935, and "The Journal of Mrs. Arbutnot, 1820-32," edited with Francis Bamford and published in 1950.

Michael Tippett was born in 1905 and studied composition with Charles Wood and R. O. Morris and conducting with Sir Adrian Boult and Sir Malcolm Sargent. In 1940 he was appointed as musical director and choral conductor at Morley College, London, which post he held until 1952. His fame rests chiefly on the oratorio "A Child of Our Time," the "Concerto for Double String Orchestra," and the operas "The Midsummer Marriage" and "King Priam." His other works include the song-cycles "Boyhood's End" and "The Heart's Assurance," two symphonies, three string quartets, a piano concerto and piano sonata and the "Fantasia Concertante on a theme of Corelli." He is a broadcaster and writer; his book "Moving into Aquarius" was published in 1959.

Joseph Grocock was born in Croydon in 1913. He was a chorister at St. Michael's in Tenbury and then a scholar in Classics and Music brought him to St. Edward's, Oxford. He completed his official education as a pupil of Dr. Thomas Armstrong at Christchurch, Oxford, where he received his Mus.B. In 1935 he was appointed Precentor at St. Columba's College and since 1944 has been conductor of the University's Choral Society. He is the music organiser for the Foras Eireann/Carnegie Plan for the encouragement of musical activity in Ireland and administrator of the Dorothy Mayer Foundation. His compositions include numerous Choral works published by Chesters and Elkins and which have been broadcast on the B.B.C. and Radio Eireann. To-day he receives his Honorary Doctorate in Music from this University.

Aloys Fleischmann was educated at Scoile Ite, Christian Brothers' College, Cork, and St. Finbarr's Seminary, Farranferris, Cork. In 1927 he entered University College, Cork, and graduated in 1930 with First Class Honors in English and German, and in the following year received his Mus.B. From then until 1934, he attended post-graduate courses at the State Academy of Music and the University in Munich, when he was appointed acting Professor of Music at U.C.C. and then to the Chair of Music in 1935, which he has held since then. He was a founder of the Cork Symphony Orchestra in 1934 and the Cork Orchestral Society in 1939. He was the initiator of the Cork International Choral Festival which was founded in 1954 and has been Chairman of it since then. His publications in English (mainly) and German are numerous, the most important being "Music in Ireland," a symposium which he edited and was published by the Cork University Press in 1953, and "Music in Munster," which appeared in the Irish Art Handbook in 1943. He is a contributor to "Grove's Dictionary," the "Encyclopaedia Americana," the "Encyclopaedia de la Musique, Edition Fasquelle." For his services to Irish music, the University is to-day conferring an Honorary Mus.D. upon him.

Anthony Hughes was born in Dublin, 1928. His general education was received at C.B.S., Synge Street, and his musical education was pursued at the Royal Irish Academy of Music and at University College, Dublin, where he obtained the B.Mus. degree in 1949. Three years later he won a Travelling Studentship in Music awarded by the National University of Ireland which enabled him to study in 1953-54 in Vienna composition with Dr. Karl Schiste and piano with Bruno Seidlhofer. On his return in 1955 he obtained the D.Mus. degree, and was appointed assistant to Dr. John F. Larchet in U.C.D. He succeeded Dr. Larchet as Professor of Music in 1958. He had taught piano at the R.I.A.M., 1947-58. As pianist he has given recitals in London, Paris and Vienna, while in Ireland he has frequently been soloist with the Radio Eireann Symphony Orchestra, has given recitals throughout the country and broadcast in many chamber music programmes. In 1956 he was awarded the Arnold Bax Memorial Medal. He has lectured extensively in Ireland for Foras Eireann. He is currently Chairman of the Feis Ceoil Association and Chairman of the R.D.S. Music Committee.

Philip Cranmer: Music Scholar, Christ Church, Oxford, 1935; Assistant Music Master, Wellington College, 1938; Royal Artillery, 1940-46; Director of Music, King Edward's School, Birmingham, 1946; Staff Accompanist, B.B.C., Midland Region, 1948; Lecturer in Music, Birmingham University, 1950; Hamilton Harty Professor of Music, the Queen's University of Belfast since 1954; Fellow of the Royal College of Organists; Past President of the Society of Professional Musicians in Ulster.

Seóirse Bodley was born in Dublin in 1933. In 1956 he received the Arts Council Prize for Composition and the National University of Ireland Travelling Studentship, and in 1957-59 studied in Germany under Johann Nepomuk David (composition), Alfred Kreutz (piano) and Hans Mueller-Kray (conducting). Since 1959 he has lectured on the staff of the Music Department of University College, his Doctorate being awarded in 1960. In 1962 he received the Macaulay Fellowship in Musical Composition. He has been active as a conductor, pianist and adjudicator, his works receiving performances in America, Germany, Belgium, France, Australia, and Iceland. His record of "Music for Strings" was issued by Decca (America). In 1964 he was appointed Director of Studies in Irish Folk Music at University College, Dublin. His Chamber Symphony will be performed during the next series of public concerts at the Gaiety under the baton of Tibor Paul.

Hans Waldemar Rosen, born 1904 in Dresden, studied at the Landeskonservatorium Leipzig conducting (Hochkoffler), composition (Karg-Elert), piano (Martienssen) and at the universities Leipzig (Kroyer) and Innsbruck (Rud. von Ficker and W. Fischer). 1930: Dr.Phil., thesis: "The liturgical works of Johannes de Limburgia acc. to Cod. Bologna Lic. Mus. 37." Theatre conductor, 1933-39, Leipzig, Music Critic "Leipziger Neueste Nachrichten," editor of Gewandhaus programmes, co-editor "Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung," conductor university choir, radio correspondent on music, etc. During first war years service in office for preservation of musical activity in Berlin; 1943, conscripted, sound expert in radio reporter unit; 1944, prisoner of war in England; 1947-48, viola player in travelling P.O.W. string quartet; 1948, released to Ireland; choir conductor, Radio Eireann; since, 1962, Vocal Director.

Brian Boydell was born in 1917, being educated in Dublin, at the Dragon School, Oxford, and Rugby where he won the Peppin Cup for Pianoforte. He entered Clare College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1938 with a First Class Hons. degree in the Natural Science Tripos (Geology, Physiology, Organic and Bio-Chemistry). He had also been to Heidelberg for a short period of study in 1935. He studied at the Royal College of Music under Patrick Holley and Herbert Howells for composition and paper work, Shepley and Goosens for oboe, Angus Morrison for piano and Louise Trenton and Lady Harty for singing. At the Royal Irish Academy of Music he studied composition, harmon and counterpoint with Dr. Larchet. He is a Licentiate in Singing at the Academy. He became Professor of Music at Dublin University in 1962 where he had received his Mus.B. in 1942 and Mus.D. in 1959.

GARRET WESLEY EARL OF MORNINGTON THE FIRST PROFESSOR OF MUSIC AT DUBLIN UNIVERSITY

By HIS GRACE

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

Garret Wesley was born on July 9th, 1736, to Richard Wesley of Dangan Castle, Co. Meather, and Elizabeth Sale, his wife. Mrs. Wesley descended from a family of ecclesiastical lawyers. Richard Wesley was the younger son of Henry Colley of Carbery Castle. The Colleys had been settled in Ireland since Tudor times and had built the Castles of Edenderry and Carbery. The Wellesleys had emigrated from Somerset to Ireland in the 13th century. They died out in 1728 and the last Wellesley bequeathed his estates to his cousin Richard Colley, who took the name of Wesley. This was a contraction of Wellesley and has no connection whatever with the Wesleys of Epworth.

But we must return to young Garret. He early showed signs of being a musical prodigy and was composing before he was 14. He stuck to the violin till that age and then he took to the harpsichord from which he was frequently chased by his sisters who said that he spoiled the instrument. He played the organ at the age of 15½.

Mrs. Delaney's letters contain accounts of the life at Dangan where existence was cultivated and musical. Richard Wesley was raised to the peerage as Baron Morning in 1748 and he seems to have spent money lavishly on the house and gardens at Dangan. Little now remains except two obelisks designed by Cassels. Lord Mornington gave his son at the age of 12 a History of Greek Antiquities in two volumes which perhaps shows the general bookish tastes of the boy apart from his love of music.

In 1758, Lord Morning died and was succeeded by his son, then aged 22. In the same year, the latter founded a musical academy for amateurs which met in Fishamble Street, and gave concerts often for charity. In the same year, 1758, the young Lord Mornington courted Lady Louisa Lennox, daughter of the Duke of Richmond, the Lord Lieutenant. At first he was well received and encouraged, but later dropped on the appearance as a suitor of Mr. Connolly who, according to Mrs. Delaney, had double his fortune and half his merit. However, in

the next year, he married Ann Hill, daughter of a brother of Lord Hillsborough. Mr. Hill was a banker. At this time Lord Mornington's income was the very comfortable one of £8,000 a year and the young couple lived in a big house in Merrion Street and at Dangan. During the last weeks of the reign of George II, in the autumn of 1760, Lord Mornington was raised to an earldom. The reasons for this step in the peerage are not very obvious, but he seems to have taken a prominent part in the life of Dublin. He raised large sums of money for charity by his concerts and was Chairman of the Governing Body of the Lock Hospital.

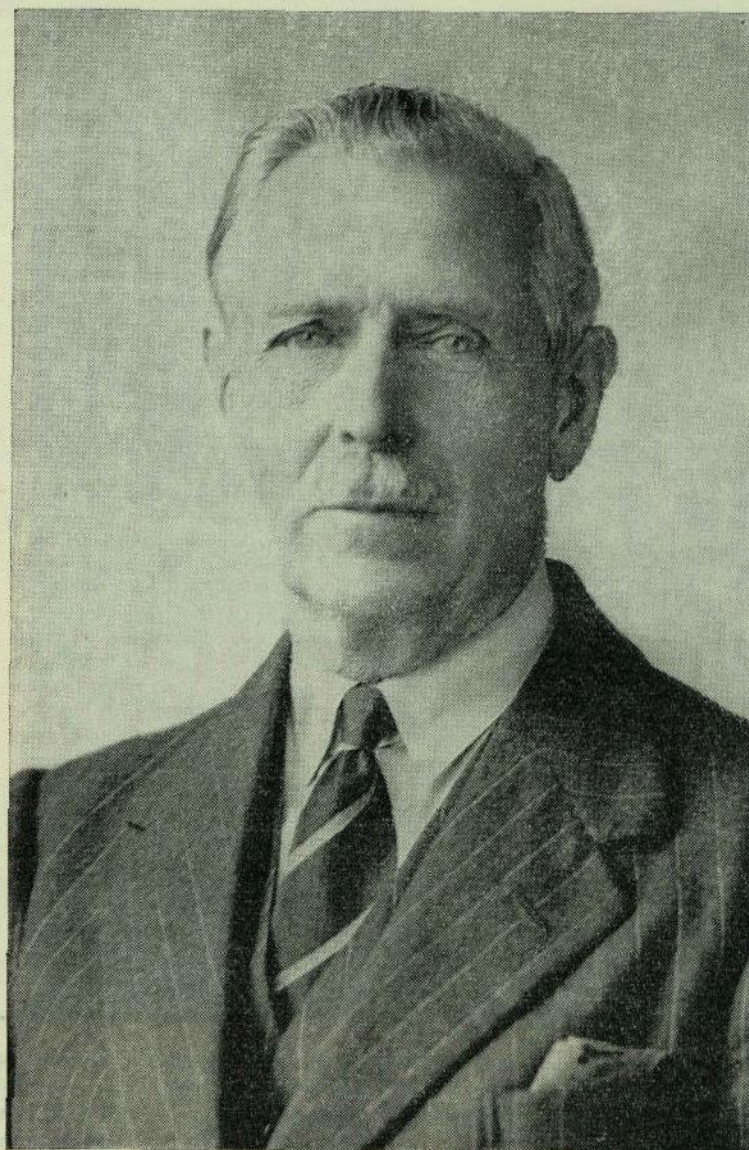
Lord and Lady Mornington had a large family of whom five sons and one daughter survived to maturity and marriage. All the sons rose to eminence and the third became the 1st Duke of Wellington. Descendants in the male line of the two elder sons having died out, the earldom of Mornington merged with the dukedom of Wellington in 1863. In 1764, Lord Mornington was made firstly Doctor and then, shortly afterwards, first Professor of Music at Trinity College. He was then 26. It is this event that we are now celebrating.

Very little is known of the life of the young couple in Merrion Street and Dangan. Lord Morning had all the business incompetence which might be expected from a musical genius

and his affairs became more and more complicated and gloomy as his family increased. By the year 1780, they all had to move to London and the only letter of Lord Mornington which is known to survive was written from there in October, 1780, to his Irish agent William Lyndon. It appears from this letter that of the £8,000 a year accruing from the Irish estates, £2,200 was allocated to pay interest on mortgages and loans and there were outstanding debts. Altogether the picture is a very gloomy one. The letter ends on a true Micawber note with a request to Mr. Lyndon to buy ten lottery tickets.

Lord Mornington died in London in May, 1781, and was buried in a vault in the Grosvenor Chapel. The bill for his funeral expenses has survived; it amounts to the considerable sum of £80 15s. 9d., which, in view of the straitened circumstances of the family, appears to be very extravagant. The bill includes a fine of £2 10s. 0d. for burial in linen.

This, in brief outline, is the life of an amiable but ineffectual man who died at the age of 45 leaving a widow and a young family very poorly off. But Lord Mornington, apart from the fact that he sired a very remarkable family, has a claim to remembrance in himself. His published works include 11 collections of glees, catches, madrigals and similar works. His glees "Here in Cool Grot" and "When for the World's Repose" are still frequently performed, and his chants, though now seldom heard, remained popular during the whole of the 19th century. Unpublished works still existing in manuscript include incidental music for a cantata "Caractacus" and a march for the installation of the Duke of Bedford as Lord Lieutenant.



—Photo: Salmon of Winchester.

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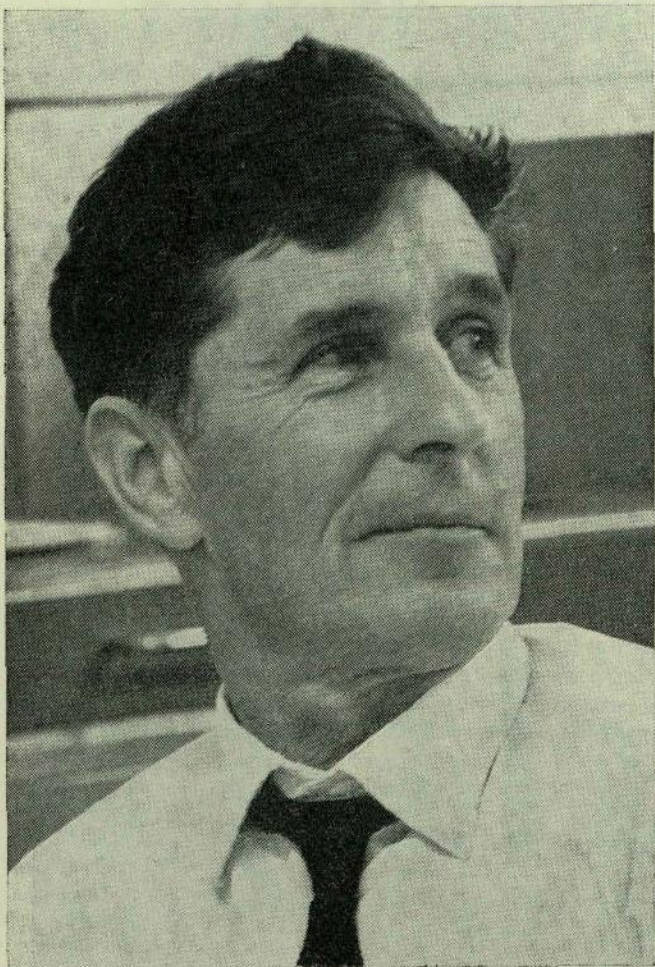
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N.B.—The picture of Garret Wesley, Earl of Mornington, which is reproduced by courtesy of the Duke of Wellington on the front page of this supplement, is the only picture which can be identified with certainty as being a portrait of the Earl. It was painted about the time he became Professor of Music at this University and has come to the present Duke of Wellington by family descent. C. P. S.



MICHAEL TIPPETT.

Photo: Axel Poignant.

An interview with—

MICHAEL TIPPETT

Is music becoming too difficult to perform?

Some is and some isn't. There is obviously a response from composers of the present time to the virtuosity of young players. This is increasing and apparently the performers enjoy using their virtuosity for playing so that the actual technical virtuosity of

performance in instruments is an excitement to a professional player and he likes having music for it. He is not so keen about music whose esoteric complexities of utterance make him feel that he is unsure what the music is about at all. There are, therefore, two differing kinds of complexities and modern music can

be difficult not only technically but also emotionally. At the same time, of course, there is a great deal of quite satisfactory music being written for large school orchestras by very good composers which is scaled down. Thus the question boils down to "For whom are you writing?" On the whole the answer is that music which is going to subsist does not in the end get more difficult than the techniques of the professional players who are going to play it.

Does music carry a message?

I don't think that music carries a message, if by message you mean an intellectual or ethical—possibly ethical certainly not moral—message. We are bothered in a sense by the fact

that music uses or sets words and the setting of words, of course, complicates the issue in that the words may contain messages, if we know what that term means. And by that process of analogy we come to the conclusion that music may itself contain messages. In general, music springs from an ethos of some kind in which the composer lives or which he expresses, and in this sense there is always some ethos behind every kind of music which has ever been written: I should say that that is a necessity, but I would never phrase it in terms that music really conveys a message. It inhabits a certain kind of world and that world is proper for it to express, but if you start naming the ethical, moral or other intellectual concepts that appear to be expressed, then you falsify the music in some strange way.

What branch of music holds the most hope for the future?

This is really too big a question; in the sense that music is so very much a social art that changes in social habits can always bring one branch further than another. At the present moment in the concert world, the music of large concert halls and theatres has more resonance amongst the public than chamber music. But this may easily change; for example through intimate television. I should say as far as the future is concerned, that opera certainly has a continuing and exciting future. Probably all branches such as we know at the present time will go on because they feed the varying degrees of needs, and at the moment I cannot see that any of them are going to disappear.

What of electronic music and musique concrete in this context?

If we are to produce works of art at all, I should doubt whether these techniques will be much used for the purpose. Larger questions are in the air. The nature of Da-Da and anti-art is so strange; we don't know what this destructive force is. It may be that our whole idea of substantial works of art may disappear, but provided that it doesn't, then it seems on the face of it that works of musical art are not much helped either by electronic music or musique concrete, while these technically are extremely satisfying in the theatre. That is for incidental music to total theatre, or producing that mood that theatres want,

especially in the latest form like the theatre of cruelty and so forth; but it doesn't seem to have a great relevance to the subsisting music of musical works or art.

Who was the greatest English composer in the past?

Two of them in different periods are very great. One was Byrd and the other was Purcell. I think to a certain extent we hold them in esteem partly through our own temperament. I would have said that an older figure like Vaughan Williams was closer to the Elizabethans, and that Britten and myself, for example, are closer to the Restoration and to Purcell, but this doesn't mean we don't appreciate them both. To a certain extent the technical things which Purcell offers to the English composer, music for the theatre with a high degree of coloratura and dramatic articulation of the English language, are very important. At the same time, as he was a very great composer he is almost a necessity for English composers of this time, whereas the possibly greater music of Byrd and his peers like Gibbons is less close to us so that we have to search a bit in order to obtain his greatness. When we go back to another figure who had a tremendous name like Dunstable we are really unclear because we have to accept him as being something without any living experience, much as we have to accept a person like Pérotin who was called the greatest composer of his day. We don't know why now because we have lost the habit of listening in this way, but insofar as we understand what music of the past it, then the greatest figure of English music is Purcell.

Which present-day English composer influences you most?

We all influence each other. The figure who influences me a lot obviously is Britten as I influence him. We are close; we are complementary, in some ways being very different. But certain techniques are so contrasted that we influence each other. Of the immediate generation beforehand, I should think the strongest character to me was Holst.*

How does your inspiration come?

This is partly possible to answer and partly not. That is to say,

* I stress "English." It leaves out the greatest influence—Stravinsky and Bartok and Hindemith.

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I visited Michael Tippett at his home in Corsham for this interview in August. He lives in a most interesting house in the High Street, but the rear merely has a wall between it and the countryside. Within it is the garden with a rather bumpy croquet lawn and a gazebo in one corner which looks over the wall at and through the avenue of trees on the other side. The old High Street used to run where the avenue is now, but "Capability" Brown levelled that part of Corsham and planted it to improve the approach to Corsham Court, the home of Lord Methuen. The native Coltswood stone is almost universally used for entire buildings including the roofing tiles which are most uneven and which seem to keep nothing but the rain out.

He answer my questions in his warm, airy, first floor studio with french windows overlooking the garden which could be reached by an outside staircase. The main features of this studio, which he likes to keep warm, are electric heaters, large and extremely comfortable leather armchairs and sofa, and the piano at and by which he composes. The work at which he is at present working lay on its top.

C. P. S.

inspiration is absolute and unconscious and as the Germans say is an Einfall: it falls into the mind from outside. What in practice happens is that in a long work, a work that is possibly going to be a world in itself like "The Midsummer Marriage," it is a case of a concept slowly forming in the mind over a very long period. It then articulates itself slowly: that is to say it gets decided as a work for the theatre rather than an oratorio for example, and then the nature of the work is slowly apprehended. I like to carry this process of gestation in my mind as long as I dare, deepening all the time and looking at it from every angle. This can go on for a long period while I am completing some other work. It produces in the end a kind of damming up of aesthetic creative energy which eventually breaks and when it does, as far as my experience has gone, it can hold and produce what it needs to fill this immense conceptual scheme almost without ever having to cross out and begin again.

"The Midsummer Marriage" was the most extraordinary experience because I had no certainty that it would ever get on to the stage and it took about six years. If you imagine working at one work of art for six years you will see why I got ill and why the exhaustion was so great. But I learned from this that the magic or inspirational side of it is something which, if you have done the "gestatory" work beforehand, will appear. But the quality of the thing, I am sure, comes from the amount of energy you can dam up from all the conceptual thinking you do first, or the feeling around for what it is that is going to be expressed.

Britten likes to live by the sea. What attracts you to Wiltshire?

I don't think that the attraction is quite of that type: I wanted to move away from Sussex which was relatively near London and also because I wanted to move at last away from the ambience of London itself, which means going at least 100 miles away from it. I knew this part of the world and I had friends here. As so often it is partially an accident which turns out to be substantially the real thing you are looking for. I like to let the accidents happen when they seem to be real and in this case it was. I now know why I like it so much: I like the Cotswold stone and I like the ambience of being so close to

various things; to South Wales and the Midlands as well to Bath and Bristol where I am. It seems to be an ideal place to be centred in. It is close to all that I am interested in at the present moment in England. This is because I hold the theory that English music-making, private and public, is re-appearing with tremendous vigour in English provincial life and this is partly where the future is going to lie.

Do you have an urge to write?

Of course. The urge to write is absolute, and if an obsession has gone on for thirty years. It is something you are used to so that is the end of it!

When did your obsession start?

The obsession didn't start, because it was unknown. It was only there in embryo during school life. In fact I didn't comprehend it. My parents were not musical in any way and at that time in middle-class England there were few connections with musical life. It would be much easier now. Also schools' music wasn't very active then, so it was a matter of my waiting until the thing was so clear in one way or another that it had to happen. But it was very delayed. My first work of worth didn't appear until my late twenties: the first being published when I was twenty-eight or nine. Up to then the compositions were always so immature and had so many derivative traits within the interesting things that nothing was published—and I was very grateful it wasn't—until very much later.

What are you working on at present?

I am composing a large-scale work for soloist, chorus and orchestra which has for its text St. Augustine's famous vision of eternity, which so preoccupied him throughout his life. I have extended and in a certain sense dramatised this text by the addition of further bits of Latin from other parts of "The Confessions" and the Bible. It will be performed in January, 1966, at the Festival Hall, London, by Fischer-Dieskau and the B.B.C. Chorus and Orchestra with Dr. Schmidt-Isserstedt conducting. It is a B.B.C. commission.

One last question, when were you last in Dublin?

I came twice after the War, really to walk in the West. The

first time I couldn't come direct to Dublin so I had to come through Belfast, which I didn't like very much, and walked down through Donegal as far as Galway and then came to Dublin. That was an unforgettable and exciting experience. Then I wished to go the other way, so I came once again later into Dublin and went down to Cork and walked from there up to the Dingle Peninsula.

Taking the poems of Yeats with you?

No. When I go away in that form I like to go away anonymously from everything and I must carry the Yeats poems in my head. I was, naturally, rather excited when I got to Sligo, but I didn't go to see the Tower for example, as I didn't know very much about it. My interest in Yeats didn't come until rather later when I was meditating on "The Midsummer Marriage." So I haven't been in Dublin for between ten and fifteen years and it will be extremely nice to be back again. I have never lived in Dublin and have never been close to the intellectual life of Dublin except purely by reading. I wasn't thinking of it in that way; my interest in Irish life and letters didn't find direct expression by talking to people. The only one I met, curiously enough, was a man who was collecting Irish folk songs and he certainly fascinated me and gave me accounts of collecting folk lore with a tape recorder, which he



Photo: Leslie Stuart

The Old Man (David Kelly) prophesies the death of King Priam (Forbes Robinson). His wife, Queen Hecuba (Marie Collier), watches. From Michael Tippett's opera "King Priam."

was systematically doing, but I now have forgotten his name.

I have always had this very strong feeling for Ireland at one period or another, but, like all our literary things, they are always historical. When I think of America now, I tend to think

of New England because I like the New England writers. But until you live in a place you are not close to the actuality of it in a political sense. So my view of Ireland is desperately coloured, of course, by my passion for particular periods.

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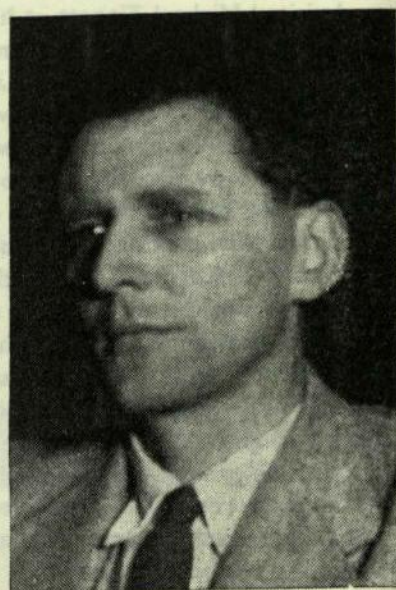
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Most children spend their most formative years in a primary school. And in so many cases it's an unmusical environment. Training Colleges have done their best to promote musical interest among their students. But the curriculum is crowded, and a teacher is not yet trained to regard music as seriously as other school subjects. Nor is there any real provision in primary schools for the adequate teaching of music. Song books are virtually unknown, serious musical instruments are neglected. A child may leave primary school with some acquaintance with the major scale in sol-fa, but without the ability to read even the simplest music. Lip-service is paid to the great musical tradition of Ireland by teaching (by ear) a few well-worn Irish songs. Meanwhile the great treasures of Irish music remain as unknown as the last string quartets of Beethoven.

All this is a dark background, against which there shine out all the more clearly the examples of schools in which music is taken

seriously. For there are many teachers, among the 4,000 or so primary schools of the Republic, who have a deep love of music.

What is just as important, many of them possess the skill and the patience to lead the children to share in the delights that music can bring. Their work is an uphill struggle against formidable odds. But they have succeeded in many cases in establishing a choral tradition, in forming instrumental classes, in setting up and maintaining complete orchestras. Too little help at present can be given by the Department of Education. Inspectors have too great distances to cover, and there is no financial support for even the most elementary musical needs. In this respect we start our musical life at an enormous disadvantage as compared with children in England, where the Local Education Authority can appoint a staff of music advisers,

and provide financial grants for all normal needs.

Music generally has a more settled place in secondary schools, especially the larger convent schools. Unfortunately, there are still some schools which seem to be unaware that music exists. And this is especially true of many boys' schools. In this matter we lag behind other countries, where it is no longer considered an unmanly activity to take a serious interest in music.

Outside the convent schools there is a sad dearth of good music teachers. Music students who decide to take up a teaching career could build up a big practice in many an Irish country town if they had the courage to go and settle there. I know of a town, 50 miles from Dublin, where 200 children at present are demanding piano lessons, but there is no one to teach them.

In the capital we have become accustomed to weekly Symphony Concerts, at which all the seats are sold. So great is the demand for good music. If only country dwellers could somehow share in this wealth of music! For public concerts in any but the larger cities are almost unknown. If there is a concert, it is rarely put on for its own sake. Most often it is associated with the idea of making money for some charity or other. A laudable object no doubt, but not one that serves to increase the prestige of music in the country.

If the picture that has so far been sketched is to some extent a true one, it is, fortunately, not true of every place in the country. Everywhere there are a few enthusiasts for good music. They can infect others with their enthusiasm, and they can succeed in doing so to a really high degree. These musical leaders have started gramophone societies, with the emphasis on serious music. So that even in remote villages it is now possible to join with others in listening to good recordings of symphonies, concertos, operas. They have started operatic societies, that are busy at this moment rehearsing "The Gipsy Baron" or "Maritana" in dozens of towns up and down the country. They have started brass bands, and have organised courses for conductors and players. They have started music festivals, some of them in tiny villages, where this form of music-making acts as a great encouragement to everyone who takes part.

They have started amateur orchestras in places as far afield as Tralee and Ballyshannon. They have formed choirs in the Guilds of the Irish Countrywomen's Association, where the keenness has reached the point of bringing hundreds of singers from all over Ireland to join together in a cantata of Vaughan Williams or Bach.

Musical leadership courses have been organised by Foras Eireann, the body which interests itself in so much that affects rural Ireland. The same body assists in the administration of the Shaw Trust, which provides lectures in music and other subjects: these lectures have now been given in scores of places. The Shaw Trust and the Arts Council have helped to provide the much-needed financial backing for public concerts. The Music Association of Ireland has been active in organising country-wide tours by the best artists. While the R.E.S.O. can at present perform in relatively few towns (owing to the lack of suitable halls) it is becoming increasingly possible for even the smallest towns to enjoy a visit from such a group as the newly-formed Irish Chamber Orchestra.

Steps are being taken at last to find the teachers who are so badly needed. Local committees have taken the responsible step of engaging teachers and bringing them in some instances great distances from where they live. All this costs far more money than can be provided from local sources, and the musical life of Ireland owes a great debt of gratitude to the Carnegie U.K. Trust and the Dorothy Mayer Foundation, two bodies that have already given so much of the necessary financial backing to these projects.

At long last, music in the schools seems to be gaining new life. We still have too few good music teachers, but at least we are beginning to acquire some of the musical instruments that we needed so badly, mainly through the generous grants of the Dorothy Mayer Foundation. And school music, both vocal and instrumental, is now given a new incentive to progress through the non-competitive festivals which have been started by Departmental inspectors and local committees in the larger towns. We have a long way to go to catch up with the more musically-developed countries, but we are no longer entirely stationary.

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MUSIC IN RURAL IRELAND

By

ALOYS FLEISHMANN



Photo: "Irish Independent"

Swift's quip that geographers, in their maps of the African continent,

"O'er uninhabitable downs
Place elephants for want of towns,"

applies no less to the cartographers of music, who measure the progress of the art exclusively by its manifestations in the chief cities. To them, as to the geographers, the unknown hinterland might as well be "sandy deserts full of wild beasts and unapproachable bogs." Yet the vitality of the art of music, centralised as this must be in the larger centres of population, depends to a certain extent on the nourishment which these can derive from the steady infiltration of gifted immigrants from the rural areas. One of the reasons for the pre-eminence of music in central Europe has been the diffusion of musical activity throughout the small towns and villages. The cities have no monopoly of talent, and a high proportion of the most gifted composers and executants have been brought up in the provinces. If there had been no tradition of music-making in the villages or small-town areas where they and their parents originated, such composers as Haydn, Dvorak, Bruckner, Wolf, Mahler, or executants such as Joachim, Nikisch, Schnabel, might never have found their vocations in music.

In Ireland the peculiar relationship which existed for centuries between the towns and the hinterland could not have been more adverse for the development of music here. The inhabitants of the chief towns, mainly of Danish, Norman or English descent, were ignorant of, and indeed hostile, to the language and traditions of the surrounding native population, and the town and the country traditions, one a pale reflection on the contemporary English scene, the other a virile growth of the highest individuality, remained separate and antagonistic, until the plantations and later the abandonment of the native language by a majority of the population set the seal of decline on the Irish tradition in literature and the arts. The elaborate harp music which had flourished at the Irish courts in the medieval period died out by the beginning of the seventeenth century, leaving only the popular music to carry on, and it took another century and a half before this rich stream of song, fiddle and pipe music began to enter the consciousness of the townspeople — even then of a small minority of them only.

To this day a trace of the old cleavage can be seen in the genuine and spontaneous dislike of their own folk music by a high percentage of Irish townspeople, a dislike not extended to the folk music of other countries. A similar antipathy is certainly not evident in the attitude of the average French, German or Italian townsman to his own folk music. To take the other side of the picture, broadcast programmes of ceili music, and of Irish

ment of music centres in the chief county towns, with panels of qualified teachers who travel to the outlying places, and also organise concerts, combined performances between neighbouring groups, and festivals.

In the realm of Catholic church music, an instruction of Pope Pius XII dated September 5th, 1958, laid down that each diocese of the church, or if necessary groups of adjoining dioceses, should set up a schola cantorum for the promotion of liturgical music. Yet no such schola, not even a central institute for the country, has so far come into being in Ireland, so that trained organists and choir-masters have, as a rule, to be imported, and the general standard of church music is deplorably low. This can be readily explained as the effect of centuries of warfare and of penal enactments against religion. A people whose ancestors had to worship for so long in the open field or in mud cabins can be forgiven for not considering liturgy or church music to be of prime importance. But in a stable and relatively affluent society the externals of religious worship should by now have become a subject of greater concern. In some dioceses liturgical festivals are held for the furtherance of plainchant among the school children, but notwithstanding such efforts it is a singular event indeed for plainchant to be heard at the service of any country (or for that matter cathedral) town, while Irish congregations generally, at home or on pilgrimage, are notoriously dumb. To raise the level of church music and infuse some enthusiasm for services worthy of St. Cecilia would need the establishment in most dioceses of commissions on sacred music (on a par with the admirable Commission on Sacred Art already established in the Dublin Archdiocese) and the founding of at least one centre for the training of organists and choir-masters. If enough of the latter were available, a qualified musician could ultimately be appointed to the chief church of every town, even to the sole church in the smaller towns, to lay the foundation of a proper standard of liturgical singing and organ playing, and at the same time become the mainstay of musical activity in the neighbourhood. This is the normal situation in small towns on the Continent, whereas here

the duties of church organist are too often foisted on the primary teacher or the amateur.

So far the negative side of the picture. On the positive side a certain amount of headway is being made by some devoted organisations. Foras Eireann, an association of rural bodies, has a music committee and employs a music adviser and organiser, Dr. Joseph Grocock, who has produced a comprehensive survey of music in the Republic, and has achieved the feat of organising a national festival of I.C.A. choirs. Foras Eireann administers the Shaw Trust, through which support has been forthcoming for such worthwhile activities as the sending of lecturers on various subjects, including music, to all parts of the country, and the financing of numerous recitals organised by the Music Association of Ireland, often in small centres where chamber music by the Radio Eireann String Quartet, madrigal singing by the Dowland Consort or choral singing by the Cor Cois Laoi has been as entirely new experience.

Six years ago Lady Dorothy Mayer made a major gesture to this country by establishing a Foundation to encourage music making, develop a music-loving public and advance education in music by giving financial assistance to deserving projects, preference being given to group music making in localities other than the larger cities. Since the Dorothy Mayer Foundation came into being some £12,000 has been dispensed throughout the four provinces, in terms of aid given to small orchestral groups for the purchase of instruments, aid given to teaching schemes, music courses and a variety of other activities, along with constant encouragement and advice to all who have been in touch with the Foundation. The beneficial results have been widespread — not readily obvious, perhaps, but contributing in a vital way to the new spirit of initiative which can be discerned in the Irish countryside. In "Man and Superman," Don Juan suggests that "hell is full of musical amateurs; music is the brand of the damned." By their benefactions, both Mr. Shaw and Lady Mayer have helped to better the Irish musical amateur, and to reduce the allegedly infernal sufferings of those obliged to hear him.

It seems a pity that the phrase

"uisce fé thalamh" has a sinister meaning, because "water under ground" would be an apt phrase to cover the work of the Dorothy Mayer Foundation, and also to describe a scheme based on the long-term policy of ultimately supplying music supervisors to all the counties. Nine years ago with the approval and active participation of the Department of Education a scheme was initiated whereby County Vocational Education Committees are invited to award a scholarship each for the training of a suitable candidate at U.C.C. for a three-year period in general musicianship, with emphasis on choir training, conducting and traditional music. Provided that he has secured the B.Mus. degree at the end of the course, the scholar is then appointed as Music Supervisor in the county which has awarded the scholarship, his duties being to start junior choirs in the vocational schools and adult choirs in various centres in the county, to organise schemes of instrumental music teaching, to encourage the formation of pipe and brass bands, music appreciation clubs, feiseanna and festivals, and to organise courses for teachers and prospective teachers of choral singing. Five committees agreed to co-operate in the first instance, and four scholarships have been awarded so far, starting in different years. Three of the scholars have graduated, and have now been appointed as County Music Supervisors in Mayo, Galway and South Tipperary, respectively, while a fourth scholarship-holder from Co. Kilkenny is at present studying for the degree. North Tipperary also agreed to award a scholarship, but no suitable candidate could be found. It has been difficult to persuade the members of the Vocational Education Committees to the worth of the scheme, because the majority of them have never been given an opportunity of learning the value of music as an educational subject, and so they tend to perpetuate the conditions of which they themselves have been victims. But according as the supervisors already appointed begin to show good results and to demonstrate what can be achieved when a comprehensive music scheme starts to operate throughout a county—it is hoped

(Continued on page 14)

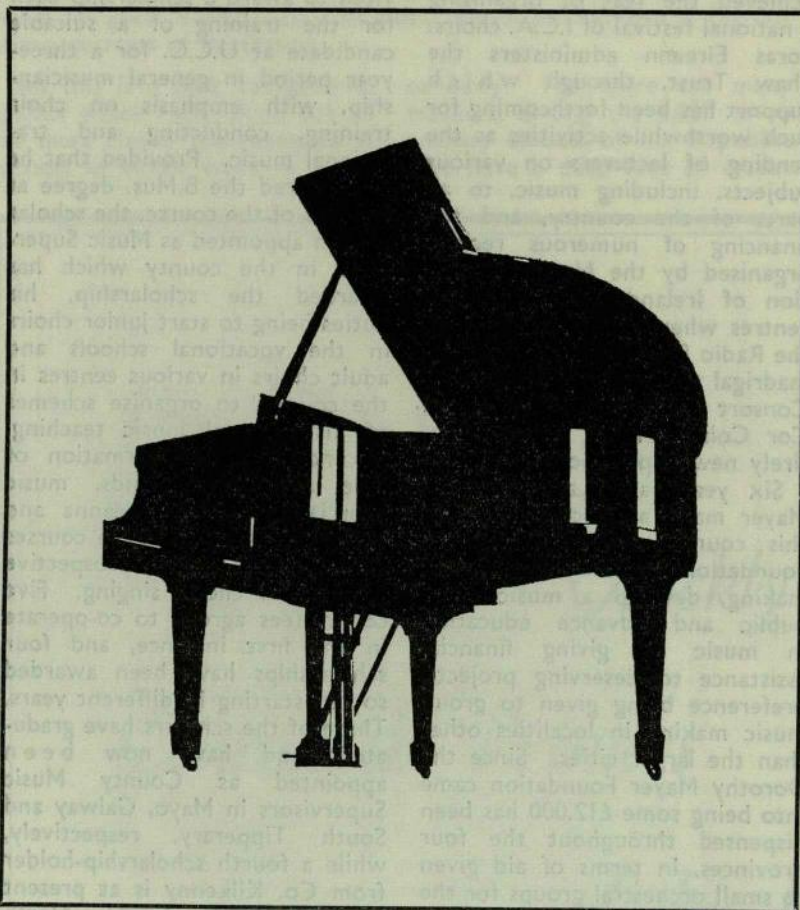
BEETHOVEN

AND HIS PIANIST RIVALS

By

ANTHONY HUGHES

"It has always been known that the greatest pianists were also the greatest composers, but how did they play? Not like the pianists of to-day, who prance up and down the keyboard with passages they have practised." These are the words Beethoven used to dismiss Tharberg as a serious artist. They prove sufficiently arresting to modern ears to invite a consideration of one aspect of Beethoven's career that tends to be overlooked. The average music-lover knows that Beethoven succeeded Mozart as the prince of pianists of his time and that his forceful personality and powerful technique transformed the character and nature of Piano Literature. It is easy to forget that in the decade 1793-1803 Beethoven dominated the Viennese musical life as an astonishing player long before his great status as a composer became apparent.



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Beethoven's position was not an isolated achievement; he had to struggle relentlessly to accomplish his eminence and to strain even more earnestly to retain it. His main contenders are now almost entirely unknown, so much so that it is a great surprise reading contemporary papers and advertisements to find that the two most celebrated pianists residing in Vienna at this time with Beethoven were Gluton Eberl and Joseph Wölfl.

Eberl was born in Vienna in 1766, wrote successful operas and became a friend of the aged Gluck and a confidant of Mozart. After Mozart's death, Eberl was in constant demand to play in public concerts as well as in the aristocratic salons. When Beethoven arrived back to Vienna in November, 1792, Eberl was the most highly respected player in everyone's estimation and it was by Eberl's standards the young Beethoven was assessed. Eberl inherited the finest qualities of Mozart's style—clarity, delicacy, restraint and a formal compactness that helped the listener to readily follow the paths of his improvisation. Beethoven's growing status is evinced by the fact that he, not Eberl, was invited to perform a Mozart concerto at a memorial concert in 1795 organised by Mozart's widow. Shortly after this, Eberl embarked on a tour of Germany with Constance and her sister, Mme. Lang, which won him unanimous praise. 1796-1801 found him as composer conductor in St. Petersburg. He returned to Vienna where he died in 1807. He had one further triumph there when his Symphony in E. Flat preceded the first performance of the Eroica. Many of the audience and some of the critics thought Eberl's the finer work.

Joseph Wölfl was born in Salzburg in 1772 and died in London 1812. Leopold Mozart and Michael Haydn were his early teachers. An early success in Vienna secured him a position as pianist in the household of Count Oginski in Warsaw. His return to Vienna in 1795 coincided with Eberl's departure. His playing now made a sensational impression, and he was also successful as an opera composer. In

1800 he left Vienna to undertake a European tour that lasted four years, and in 1805 settled in London where he spent the last seven years of his life. In his lifetime his concertos and sonatas were celebrated, above all his "Sonata non plus ultra" which provoked the same kind of amazement at its technical difficulty as did Liszt's sonata half a century later.

We learn much about Beethoven's own playing through contemporary comparisons between him and Wölfl. A correspondent wrote in the "Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung" of April 22, 1799: "Opinion is divided here touching the merits of the two; yet it would seem as if the majority favour Wölfl." He tells us then "Beethoven's playing is extremely brilliant but has less delicacy, and occasionally he is guilty of indistinctness. He shows himself to greatest advantage in improvisation"—the writer places him almost on Mozart's level in this sphere, emphasising how Beethoven not only varied a theme by figurations but really developed it. In this respect he outstripped Wölfl, "but W. has advantages in this that, sound in musical learning and dignified in his compositions, he plays passages which seem impossible with an ease, precision and clearness which cause amazement (he is helped by the large structure of his hands) and that his interpretation is always, especially in Adagios, so pleasing and insinuating that one cannot only admire it but also enjoy."

Ignatz von Seyfried writing some thirty years later makes a more glowingly romantic comparison. He, too, comments on Wölfl's large hands and his technical command, that he "was always equable; never superficial, but always clear and thus more accessible to the multitude. He used art only as a means to an end, never to exhibit his acquisitions." Seyfried remarks on Beethoven's tendency to the gloomy and mysterious in improvisation. When Beethoven began to play "he was transported above all earthly things, his spirit burst all restricting bonds, shook off the yoke of servitude, and soared triumphantly into the luminous paces of

the æther—he tore along like a wildly foaming cataract — so forceful the strongest structure could scarce withstand it, and anon he sank down, exhausted, dissolving in melancholy." There is more in this strain, but Seyfried takes care to state the two artists respected each other, because they alone knew best how to appreciate each other.

Later in 1799 John Cramer visited Vienna, and he was the pianist who most impressed Beethoven. Although born in Mannheim in 1771, he was brought to London as an infant. His early training was with Clementi. He lived in London for the greater part of his life and died there in 1850, the head of a publishing business and a successful firm of piano-makers. He played on the Continent rather infrequently and at widely spaced intervals. As a young man he won Haydn's affection and interest during that master's London sojourn, and his purpose in visiting Vienna at this time was to renew Haydn's acquaintance. He and Beethoven frequently met and performed on the same evening in the houses of the nobility. Beethoven had the greatest respect for Cramer and often in later years remarked on the fluency and evenness of both hands and the distinct character of his inner part playing. Beethoven admired his touch above all others. Certainly Cramer was Beethoven's most stimulating rival, because all reports refer to his astonishing brilliance, which was always controlled by taste, feeling and expression. Many years later Beethoven still spoke of him as the only player of his time, "all the others were but little to him."

Hummel has been omitted from the present discussion because while it is true he was a companion of Beethoven's studies with Albrechtsterger, it was to be some years before he established his fame as a pianist — when he relinquished his post as Kapellmeister of the Esterhazy family in 1811 he founded his Piano School, and became renowned as an interpreter of Beethoven and Mozart. He instigated the rôle of the modern pianist, who is the performer almost exclusively of another man's music.

TONE QUALITY IN ENSEMBLE MUSIC

By
PHILIP CRANMER

When two or more musicians play or sing together, one of the main difficulties which they face is that of blending or matching their different tone-qualities. I want to make some observations about this difficulty in relation to the various groups for which composers have commonly written.

The most homogenous sound in ensemble music is, I suppose, that of the string quartet. The instruments belong to the same species, and the four players often take this matter a step further by acquiring instruments of the same make. Moreover, such is the repertory that they almost certainly rehearse together more often than any other sort of groups, and during rehearsal they attend to matters of detail hardly considered by other musicians, such as matching the speed and extent of their vibrato. Accordingly, it is not surprising that string quartets often achieve a unanimity of tone unequalled in music. Their team-work can be compared to that of a finely-trained rowing crew, and indeed sometimes it is apparent that the music issues not from four instruments but one.

Such homogeneity is approached by no other groups. Add a piano to a string group, and you have a piano trio, quartet, or quintet, with fundamentally two contrasting tones. Here, for good ensemble, match rather than blend is required. No pianist can so alter his tone that the piano will sound like a stringed instrument; but there are a number of things that he and the string-players can do to ensure that their playing matches. For instance, their phrasing must agree, not only in general terms but also in minute detail. Their staccato notes must be the same length (if the string-players are playing staccato by stopping the bow on the string, the pianist's notes should be slightly longer; if off the string, slightly shorter). There are two important respects in which both must refrain from exaggerating the differences between their instruments. Vibrato is alien to the nature of the piano, just as the sustaining pedal is to the violin. Therefore, in all phrases where the playing is required to match, the string-

individual tone-qualities are audible; but is is unsatisfactory only if the intonation is poor, or if the instruments' more disagreeable qualities, those which agree less with other instruments, are exaggerated. The blend is obviously less good if the oboe's tone is too nasal or the flute's too breathy.

In certain conditions a surprising unanimity of tone can be achieved, even with woodwind instruments. Some years ago in Birmingham we experimented with close-knit four-part chords such as the one at Ex. 1, played by flute, clarinet, bassoon, and horn, in varying order. At a piano level of tone it was exceedingly hard to tell which instrument was playing which note. Naturally, at a higher dynamic level the individual tone-qualities went their several ways. Schubert writes a similar texture in the introduction to the first movement of his Octet (Ex. 2), and it is not always easy to hear in which order from the top the clarinet, bassoon and horn are playing.

Most writers on orchestration agree that the tuba does not make

What of voices in this matter? Certainly they can hardly rival the unanimity of the string quartet. In terms of tone-quality, it is the voice with fewer outstanding characteristics which blends best in ensemble music such as the 16th-century motet and madrigal. I often think that in Cathedral choirs the blend on Cantoris side is better than that on Decani, and if this is not pure fancy it may be because on the whole the more striking voices are placed on Decani side. I do not think that the voice should be required completely to suppress its personality in a colourless ensemble; madrigal and motet can be compared in this respect to the wind ensemble, in which phrasing, balance, and intonation must all match, but individual character remains.

Vowel sounds can be a hindrance to good vocal ensemble. On the whole, altos and basses sing darker vowel-sounds than sopranos and tenors, and some give-and-take is needed here; so it is in the matter of dialect. The greatest obstacle to voices in consort, however, is vibrato. Have we not all winced, during the last movement of the Choral

Symphony, to hear four eminent soloists drawn from the corners of the earth, probably having met to rehearse for the first time the day before the performance, each out-vibrating the other until it seems that there are six or seven notes to each chord? Occasionally their final six-four chord sounds like something by Varèse or Hába, and I long for four local soloists, ready and able to give the weeks' rehearsal-time necessary to come to terms with each other and this difficult music. Many other works, such as Mozart's Requiem, make equal demands upon soloists from an ensemble point of view.

It is probably too much to hope that singers could ever learn to equalise their vibrato for ensemble singing. Vibrato in singing is a far more involuntary

action than it is in playing, and it can never be controlled to the same extent. Furthermore, there is much vocal ensemble music, especially in opera ("Bella figlia" from "Rigoletto" is an obvious example), which would completely lose its character if sung with even moderate vibrato.

I make these more or less random observations to show that, in ensemble music, few tone-qualities are equal, and some are more unequal than others. It seems to me that those of us who like to play and sing as well as possible in ensemble, whether as amateurs or professionals, should be fairly content with our different tone-qualities, but pay much more attention to our phrasing, balance and, above all, intonation.

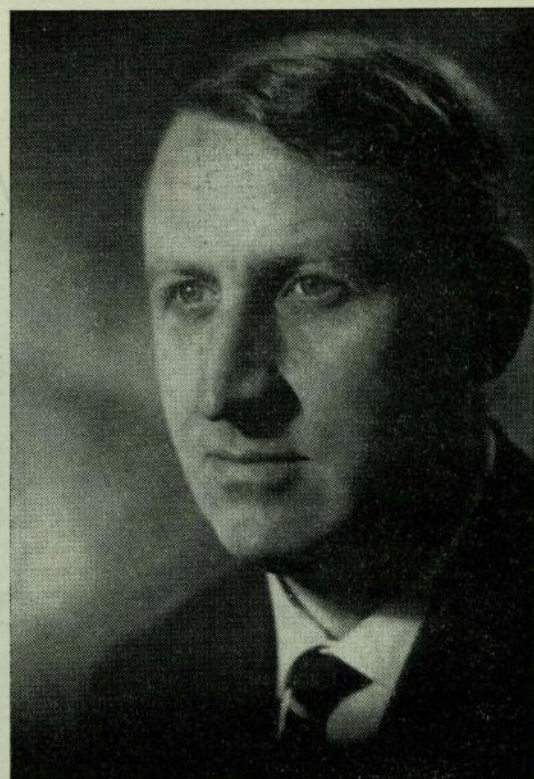
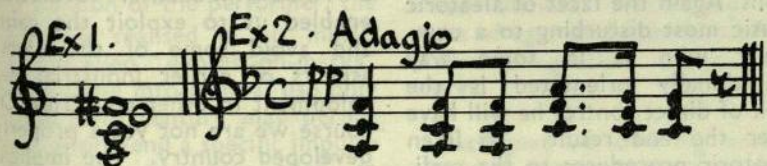


Photo: Reg. Wilson.



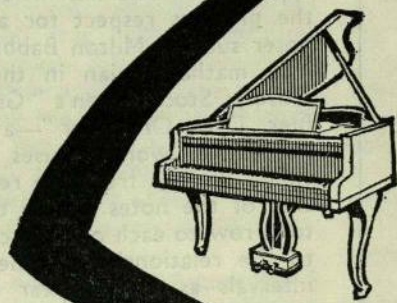
player should moderate his vibrato and the pianist his use of the sustaining pedal.

The characteristics of woodwind instruments are more individual, and some writers think that with them no really satisfactory ensemble is possible. This implies a misunderstanding of the nature of ensemble. Woodwind ensemble is not intended to be the same as string ensemble. If you want homogeneity of that sort, you engage four clarinet-players to perform (and very effective they can be in Haydn string-quartet movements). Personally, however, I think that a passage like the opening of the slow movement of Brahms' violin concerto, where the composer uses only the usual eight woodwind instruments and two horns, can be just as beautiful a piece of ensemble writing as many string quartets. The type of sound is quite different, because the

a satisfactory bass to the brass group. Its tone is much rounder and less incisive than the trombone's, and few four-part chords for three trombones and a tuba show well-blended tone. In this rôle the contra-bassoon is often more effective, and this is splendidly shown in Brahms' first symphony, especially in the last movement. I recently heard a performance of this work in which, for economic reasons, the contra-bassoon was replaced by a tuba, with unforgettable results. The student of music will find it most interesting to make a comparison between Brahms' writing for contra-bassoon in his first symphony and for tuba in his second. The tuba comes into its own as a bass to the full orchestra in the more opulent scores of Richard Strauss, Elgar, and Sibelius. It is also—and this has been less explored—a noble and sensitive solo-instrument.

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A COMPOSER'S VIEW

By

SEÓIRSE BODLEY

Whether or not one agrees with Herbert Eimert's remark that the position of the composer to-day is the position "after Webern," one thing is certain. It is not possible to ignore or dismiss as pure eccentricity the post-Webern or avant-garde school of musical composition. In the last two years at the international summer-school for contemporary music in Darmstadt I have seen both a fellow-composer and an Irish music-critic in attendance for at least some of the time. Perhaps this points towards a growing awareness in Ireland of the importance of being informed as to the latest developments among the avant-garde. In the past Irish composers have most often discussed the question of the relationship of folk-music to art-music.

While this is worthy of consideration, the musical problems now being faced by "advanced" composers the world over are to a considerable extent our problems also. The use or non-use of material derived directly from Irish folk-music is to a large extent irrelevant to the problems, and I do not intend to discuss it further in this article.

What is the choice before an Irish composer who wishes to consider his relationship to the latest developments in music? Are there special problems that face him as a citizen of a small country?

Let us consider firstly the question of total serialism in which all parameters* are controlled by a more-or-less serial process. The main problem of this form of statistical composition is that one cannot foresee the harmonic result of the procedures used except in a general way. One is frequently composing merely textures—which may or may not be beautiful in themselves. A perceivable relationship between notes, in either the classical twelve-tone or in the tonal sense, is often absent. A further confusion arises from the use of a quasi-mathematical approach. (One has incidentally the greatest respect for a composer such as Milton Babbitt who is a mathematician in the true sense.) Stockhausen's "Gruppen fuer Drei Orchester"—a most impressive work—uses time-values derived from the relationship of the notes of the twelve-tone row to each other according to the relationship of the same intervals as they appear in the overtone series. Since the use of a twelve-tone row at all implies the use of a chromatic scale of twelve equal semi-tones this is not quite consistent. Boulez in his "Structures" arranges his series of time-values according to the order-number of the notes of the tone-row in the corresponding I, R and RI—but does not provide an analogy for pitch-classes in the dimension of time. Again a defect, if the work is to be considered as totally serial. In other words the mathematics involved in this type of work cannot be taken too seriously. This is not to condemn these works from a musical point of view. As well

as considering points such as those above, an Irish composer might well be disturbed by the enormous rhythmic complexity involved in performing works in this style. When, however, one has heard well-known exponents of this type of music admit to playing only approximations of the time-values written in the score, one realises that one can get a somewhat misleading impression when one knows totally serial works only from score and recorded performances.

In a totally serial work the element of choice over which the composer has control exists in a region far removed from the resultant music proper. The position of the composer in relation to aleatoric music is rather similar. When one realises that a musical texture resulting from complex serial manipulations may bear a close similarity to a texture produced by "chance" procedures, one can see yet a further reason for the synthesis of these seemingly opposed streams of musical thought now being attempted by many composers. One cannot deny that it might well be extremely difficult to tell at first hearing that Legeti's "Volumina" or Earle Brown's "Dec 25" were not the result of serial calculations. Again the facet of aleatoric music most disturbing to a composer who is in some way traditionally orientated is the lack of direct control he will have over the end result. To liken aleatoric procedures to the realisation of a figured-bass tends only to confuse the issue still further.

Closely related to aleatoric procedures† is the realisation of "musical graphics." While this procedure does make some sense in a work such as Stockhausen's "Zyklus fuer einen Schlagzeuger," one can see but little point in an extreme score such as Robert Moran's "Four Visions." Still the possibility of a development in this direction could not be discounted. Certainly one can gain a new insight into the problems of notation (and of composition) by considering the relative merits and demerits of conceptual notation, performance notation, action-notation, notation of result, and notation that is merely provocative. The consideration

of this set of problems and the use of gains made from it would, of course, not involve complete rejection of musical tradition by any means.

One can see how the lack of sufficient funds to finance performances of difficult serial music can in turn affect the type of music being written in a small country such as Ireland. The situation is even more acute in relation to the field of electronic music. A studio for electronic music is an expensive item. In view, however, of the great possibilities opened to a composer by the use of electronic means, it would be indeed a pity if Ireland does not make some attempt to enter this field. The invention of the RCA synthesiser has, of course, made all other electronic studios seem old-fashioned in their methods. It would seem, however, that the further development in the production of electronic music by the use of computer may possibly hold some hope for the future of electronic music in Ireland. There are a number of problems such as the clicks produced on the tape by quantation errors that have as yet to be solved before this method becomes satisfactory. A late entry into this domain might not be without advantages. Our belated industrial revolution enabled us to exploit the gains and avoid some of the worst aspects of earlier industrial development in other countries. Of course we are not yet a properly developed country. The implications of our industrial state as a simile for our development in the field of electronic music are obvious.

I have mentioned some of the problems that are likely to face the Irish composer who wishes to define his relationship to the latest musical developments. It does not seem to me that I should attempt here to present solutions. There is no easy way out for the person who wishes to compose good music. These problems must be tackled in relation to the musical inclinations and interests of each individual composer. The solutions are as likely to be found in empirical procedures as in theories. Integrity is needed. One must have courage to resist pressures in either direction, a willingness to ignore the road to easy (and probably short-lived) success, and a mind open enough to consider carefully the advances that have been made.

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* Parameter is a word borrowed from mathematics. It refers in this context to the dimensions of a musical procedure. In the case of a single musical tone for instance pitch, intensity, duration and tone colour are parameters.

† Aleatoric procedures are those which are defined in their larger aspects, but in which some element or elements are left to chance. (alea = dice.)

MUSIC

"SENZA ESPRESSIONE"

By

HANS WALDEMAR ROSEN

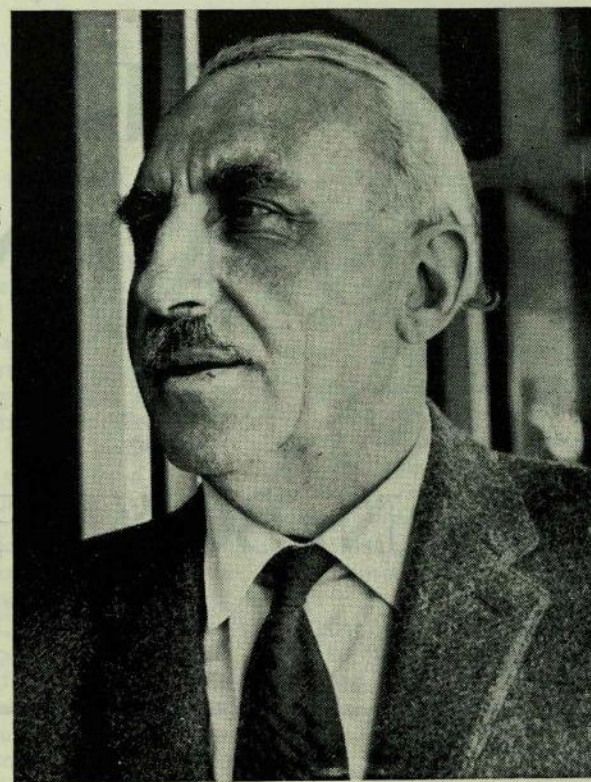


Photo: Radio Eireann

Sometime in the middle twenties a young pianist undertook the formidable task of presenting the piano music by Paul Hindemith then published in two recitals in Leipzig. Before repeating these programmes in Berlin, where Hindemith lived, the artist went to see the composer and played his music for him. Hindemith listened and said: "My dear young friend, I appreciate very much all the trouble you took in studying and memorizing my music. However, I am sorry to tell you, you make a fundamental mistake: You play this music with expression."

This attitude, at the time of the incident regarded as a snobbish cynicism, seems to be becoming common practise in the performance of modern music nowadays. We may notice this in occasional live performances or in recordings, but one has perhaps to attend a festival of modern music on the Continent to evaluate it as a matter of principle.

Expression in a musical performance in this context may be described as the reproduction of emotional perceptions which, in the opinion of the performer, the composer realised in his music. The so-called "expression-marks" which came into general use only in the 19th century may permit us to apprehend a specific impulse which the composer tried to translate into music. Richard Strauss has been ridiculed for giving the accompanist of a lied an instruction as "Habgierig" (covetously) "nicht wählerisch" (not fastidiously) or "gleichsam wie mit einer Verbeugung" (as if making a bow). As a matter of fact, Strauss' music is so descriptive that a sensitive performer could not play these phrases in any other way. This, however, is a special case, because Strauss, the man of the musical theatre, believed in visual images as the source of his creative genius, and his achievement was to find for them translations into sound which are hardly ever mistakable. The range of expression in his music is, of course, not confined to the picturesque, but comprises every human emotion as well as abstract thoughts. It is an extraordinary, one might say, visionary coincidence that the first strict twelve-tone theme in music-literature, as far as I know,

appears in the section "Von der Wissenschaft" (about Science, i.e., philosophy) in Strauss' "Also sprach Zarathustra." This tone-poem was composed in 1896, when Arnold Schoenberg, 22 years of age, confessed himself an ardent Wagnerian in his early works.

Bach gave his towering masterpieces of counterpoint to a world which rejoiced in the easy melodic charm of neapolitan opera. Strauss, in a similar way, became outmoded during his life-time. While in 1911 the magic sounds of the presentation of the silver-rose in "Rosenkavalier" were heard for the first time, Schoenberg was sitting over the score of his "Pierrot lunaire"—the one final climax in an evolution—the other starting point of a revolution. Both works, however, demand a highly expressive performance. Schoenberg gives detailed instruction to this effect, and even if he, in the fourth piece of the cycle "Eine blasse Wäscherin" demands all instruments to play "in exactly the same degree of loudness, all without any expression"—this may be taken as an "expression-mark" aptly befitting the picturesque content of the poem: the pale washer-woman washing pale linen in the pale moonlight.

Technically, the performer may

give expression to his interpretation in many ways: by choice and changes in tempo—tempo rubato; in dynamics (attack and development of a single tone or a phrase, effects of contrast); in rhythm (accents, modifications in duration of a single tone or in a rhythmic pattern); in colouring the tone or by ornamentations and portamenti. Musical style will suggest or prohibit one or the other of these media of expression in the performance of a particular work. A "tempo rubato," unthinkable with Bach, is indispensable with Brahms. One hundred years ago when Bach and Handel were re-discovered, clarinets and trombones were added to their scores. Our forefathers knew as well as we do that the composer's sound-intention was different, but they did not care. The maxim of approximate historical truth in the reproduction of music, a *sine qua non* for us, was non-existent then, and they felt that the use of these instruments was necessary for an exhaustive realisation of expression in this music.

We try to see and understand our classics in the spiritual environment of their own epoch: Bach representing the static mind of the baroque—Brahms the ec-static of romanticism. We are rather convinced that we are right—though generalisations in this respect may lead to almost grotesque misrepresentations—and they not seldom do. We find ourselves now in the same danger as far as music of our own country is concerned. In very recent years, the contemporary medium of "Composition in twelve notes, only related to one another," initiated by Arnold Schoenberg and to-day accepted all over the world, has developed a type of music which is essentially unexpressive and, by its adepts is claimed to be the valid realisation of the spirit of our age of advanced mathematics in sound. On a journey to Germany

last month I heard, score in hand, the first performance of a sacred oratorio in this style, sung twice at the same night to help the audience to a better understanding. The performance, technically impeccable, could be described as of a cold intensity and, although so many devices listed above as means of expression were introduced, it never seemed to make even the attempt to express anything but perhaps mathematical formulae. And yet I felt this music could not be performed in a different manner.

It is quite another matter when a record presents the "First Cantata" by Anton Webern in a rather similar conception. The relation between word and tone reveals this as highly expressive music, and this is underlined by the introduction of 17 ritardandi in the 73 bars of the last movement. The recording certainly impresses by its perfection, its brilliance, but, in my opinion, it is not in accord with Schoenberg's answer to the question "Feeling or Intellect in Music" which should be valid also for Webern's art: "First, everything of supreme value in art must show heart as well as brain. Secondly, the real creative genius has no difficulty in controlling his feelings mentally, nor must the brain produce only the dry and unappealing while concentrating on correctness and logic. ((See the article "Heart and Brain in Music" from Schoenberg's book "Style and Idea," published by the Philosophical Library, New York, 1950.)

If history is the mirror of the future there is little hope for an "art based on the belief in techniques as a saving grace" (Schoenberg, Problems of artistic education, 1911). "The Coronation Mass" by Guillaume de Machault with all its intricate display of isorhythmic devices—quite incomprehensible to the modern era without any knowledge about this technique

—still casts its spell on modern man, 600 years after its conception, as the work of a genius. So much music written since, even more brilliant in technique, remains dead and meaningless. When Josef Rufer, a former pupil and teaching assistant of Schoenberg, planned a book on twelve-tone technique the master warned him "Do not call it 'Twelve-tone Theory,' call it 'Composition with twelve tones.'" Personally, it is on the word composition that I place the emphasis. Unfortunately, most would-be followers of this method do something removed from the idea of composing music."

The situation as Schoenberg saw it 15 years ago has not changed since, though the application of his method has become much more universal. This would be no great danger if interpreters and audiences were less concerned about serving and being served with something new, different, and, if possible, sensational. The real danger is, in my opinion, to make the lack of fantasy and inspiration a virtue and to apply this attitude to the performance of all new music as a matter of principle. There is always a possibility that the performer may err in expression in his interpretation—it may be his fault, because he did not gain insight into the work, or the composer's, because he did not express himself convincingly. If, however, the interpreter, as a matter of principle, refrains from expressing himself in the service of the composer who wanted to express something, the latter is deprived of the very essence of his artistic product. The last responsibility, in any case, is with the listener. If he is always prepared to be ignited by that divine spark which, at all times, has made music so mysterious an art, and if he, on the other hand, responds to emptiness by silence, music without expression will die soon, as every fashion does.

THE CONCERT AUDIENCE AND THE ENJOYMENT OF MUSIC

By

BRIAN BOYDELL



—Irish Times.

Arreste un peu mon coeur;
ou vas tu si courant?

These words by Phillipe Desportes, which are set to such striking music by the sixteenth-century composer Guillaume Costeley, could well apply to many aspects of human behaviour. In the field of music, they could apply to some trends in contemporary composition; but they also point a warning finger at certain habits which are the concern of that large and increasing number of people which makes up the concert-going public. Habits and traditions can steal up upon us like the flowing tide, cutting off our retreat from saner attitudes that ensure greater musical enjoyment, unless we stop for one moment and think where the habits we are adopting are leading us. One could hardly hope that an article such as this could stem the tide with one Canute-like gesture; but I do hope that it could be of some value to the individual, who might be persuaded to stop and think how the greatest enjoyment can be obtained from listening to music before this tide of habit and tradition sweeps him into an attitude which distorts the perspective of his enjoyment.

My contention is that this tide is leading audiences into an attitude which denies real musical enjoyment so that many concert-goers would be better off at the circus, attempting to tune pianos, or working in one of those sinister secret offices, to be found in most broadcasting institutions, devoted to the grading of artists. One is indeed appalled by the number of people one meets

emerging from a concert who are bursting to say "Wasn't that awful!" Is not this state of affairs rather alarming? It leads to the heretical and dangerous assertion that standards of performance have now reached a stage where they are so high that fewer and fewer people can really enjoy a concert (unless one accepts destructive criticism as a form of negative enjoyment which

reflects the spirit of our age). This growing tradition that it is "non-U" to admit to having enjoyed a concert springs from the artificial standards of performance to be heard on gramophone records and is encouraged by the general tenor of press criticism.

It would be an interesting experiment to screen the members of an audience through a psychological laboratory in order to find out exactly what each member of that audience was thinking about during the performance. There would be quite a large section who were actually rather bored with the music itself, who attended for social, personal or inquisitive reasons. Some of these would have obtained a vicarious enjoyment from a study of personalities among the audience or artists; and if there had been an item on the programme such as Tartini's "Devil's Trill" arranged by Dragonetti and played on the double bass by an infant prodigy who had recently been smuggled out from East Berlin, they would be delighted, and would talk about the concert for months afterwards. This section of the audience has always been present at concerts, and it has, and always will be an accepted part of the scene.

The section of the audience with which this article is concerned is that increasing proportion whose thoughts dwell for a great deal of the time on the problem of what to say to the connoisseur who will demand a critical opinion as one shuffles out through the foyer after the concert. To be safe, the opinion will have to be "Wasn't that awful? But to substantiate such an opinion, a great deal more of the time during the performance must have been devoted to discerning whether the performers were playing out of tune or not; whether Klemperer did it better; or in searching for some stricture which will provide a good reason for having suffered torture.

This is really a plea that we should allow ourselves to enjoy musical performance more than

we do in the face of the onslaught of an unprecedented rise in the standards of performance brought about by mass communication and all that is thereby implied. Performances as a whole could be divided into three categories. There are those which are so superlative that we are uplifted and burst into spontaneous applause. There are others which are so frightful that one would wish to reverse the habit adopted by George Antheil, who placed a revolver on the side of the piano before beginning his recitals in Paris. In between, there is a great big category of performances which could be described as *adequate*. Is this not the opportunity to make an effort to overcome that shortcoming in the art of music brought about by the necessity of relying on the executant to bring to life the original conception of the composer? Think how successful that effort was when we used to enjoy those scratchy old "78" recordings. A similar effort could be made to cut out the irrelevancy of acting the amateur critic in all these "adequate" performances, and concentrate as much of our

attention as possible on the music itself. When we hear such a performance of a work which we have previously superlatively done, I suggest that far greater enjoyment can be obtained by using the adequate performance as an aural stimulus to re-create the ideal in one's imagination; rather than making the occasion an opportunity for dwelling on shortcomings and manipulating them as instruments of masochistic self-torture.

There are, of course, many sides to the arguments put forward here, and one would wish, were there more space, to develop many of them. I do not mean to imply, for instance, that all critics are destructive; or that one does not welcome the raising of standards. The whole business, however, may well become entirely irrelevant if eventually the electronic boys have their way and all executive artists become redundant. We shall then only be able to criticise the music, unless the tape machine goes wrong. But before we reach that stage, let us once again take heed of the words of Phillipe Desportes:

Arreste un peu mon coeur
Ou vas tu, si courant?

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SUFFOLK STREET

"THE SINGER NOT THE SONG"

By

PETER BANDER

At a recent educational conference the general manager of the Research and Development Services department of the Mirror Group startled his audience with facts and figures of the amount of money spent by teenagers on reading matter; an equally staggering sum is expended each week on gramophone records. Averaged out per head of the teen-aged population, these totals give the weekly figures of 3.5 magazines and 1.5 records per teen-ager. These figures would appear to indicate a high expenditure on cultural matters by British youngsters of these age groups. But a closer study reveals a depressing state of affairs; the reading matter can by no standards be considered of any great literary value, whilst the gramophone records are 95% "pop" music.

I am not qualified to pass judgment on the musical value of this kind of music; I have, however, some comments to make from the educational standpoint. Market psychology has shown that the ten to seventeen year age group is potentially the biggest buyer of anything which is appropriately advertised. To appreciate the impact of "pop" record advertising one must look at the whole range of persuasive sales-talk which bombards everyone without intermission. Primarily, no item is sold on its own merit: the emphasis is on the great advantages the purchaser will gain socially, including a remedy for personality deficiencies. The whole problem can be quite clearly analysed if one starts from the premise that a young person wants to be popular. This statement is, of course, an over-

simplification but nevertheless true. The personification of ultimate popularity is the "pop" star; such a star becomes popular without apparent outstanding qualities or abilities other than those latent in every youngster.

To do justice to "pop" culture, I must concede that a very large part of our industry owes its very existence and prosperity to this new phenomenon — the "pop" idol. It would be quite wrong to look on him as a successful folk singer, or even as just an entertainer. He has become an indispensable sales promotion gimmick. His contribution to the sales of toothpaste, hair cream, shirts, jeans, shoes and many other articles is probably greater and more remunerative for him than his income from the sale of records. In fact the process of creating a "pop" star is weary and long. Although a certain

degree of talent is necessary, the end product which appears on television or is heard on gramophone records is the result of hard work by a whole team employed by the manager concerned to adapt the personality of the "pop" star for commercial purposes with the avowed aim of persuading vast numbers of teenagers to part with their money. Most managers and "pop" stars admit this.

Recent months have seen many fans change their allegiance from the Beatles to the Rolling Stones. I interviewed some two hundred teen-agers about their change of allegiance. Having just caught up with the Beatles cult I found it most inconvenient to have to re-adapt myself again to another new "sound," and more than this — to the scruffy appearance which these young men affect. I was astonished to discover that the only reason for the change in allegiance was that the Beatles had reached a measure of respectability appreciated by the adults. The very fact that parents and teachers accepted the Beatles as talented entertainers rendered them unacceptable to youngsters. I further discovered that previous changes had occurred for the same reason. It would be foolish

to maintain that there are no "pop" songs equally acceptable to adults and teen-agers, but it is a fact that "rebel" groups have by far the greatest attraction for teen-agers. I have little doubt that if headmasters and principals were to encourage long hair styles — thus placing a cachet of adult approval on the Rolling Stones or the Pretty Things — the next "pop" idol would have a Yul Brynner coiffure.

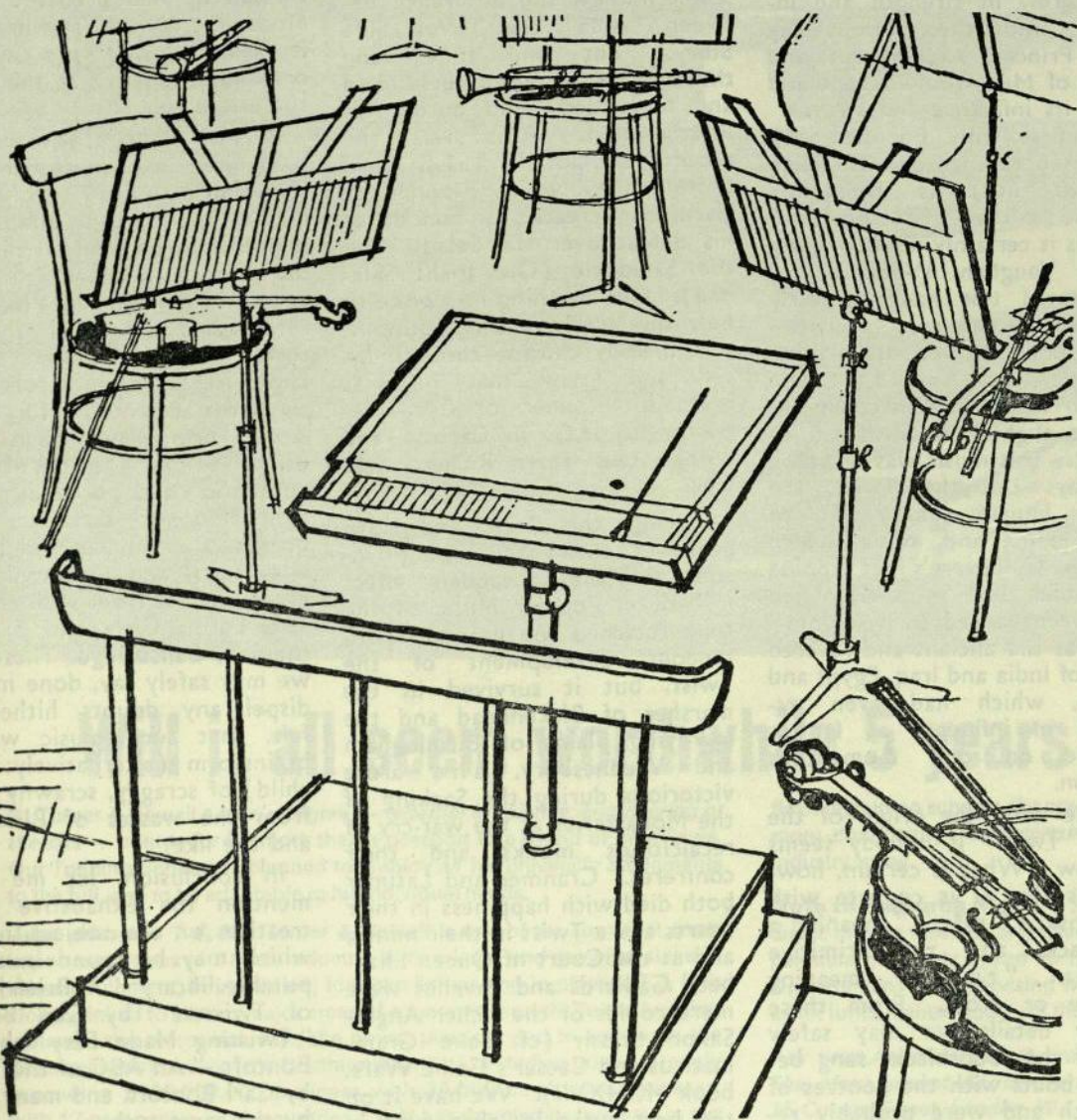
In one London secondary school the influence of the long cuffs and exaggerated cuff links, as sported by the Dave Clark Five, was very apparent. It proved impossible to suppress this fashion, as the cuffs could be speedily pulled up when reprimand was imminent. The staff then adopted the opposite tactics: no objection was raised to the cuffs provided that they were as clean and smart as their originators. The pupils had gained a Pyrrhic victory, for after a week, long cuffs vanished. At the same time, Dave Clark Five music lost its popularity in the school dancing club and the prefects' common room.

On being asked their reason for liking a record, teen-agers invariably reply that they like the performers rather than the record. The one notable exception

in my experience was the record "Dominique" made by the Singing Nun. The tune was the attraction — until the pupils realised the actual meaning of the French words.

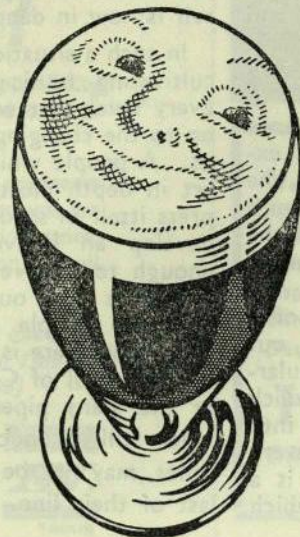
The conclusion which emerges from my investigations presented here very sketchily and in a flippant vein is that the money is spent because of the singer, not the song. The only musical requisite for a successful record is the beat; lyric and tune are mere trimmings — it is the name of the "pop" idol which sells the record. The process of making the idol's name has been well described in the documentary, "Lonely Boy," a film about Paul Anka.

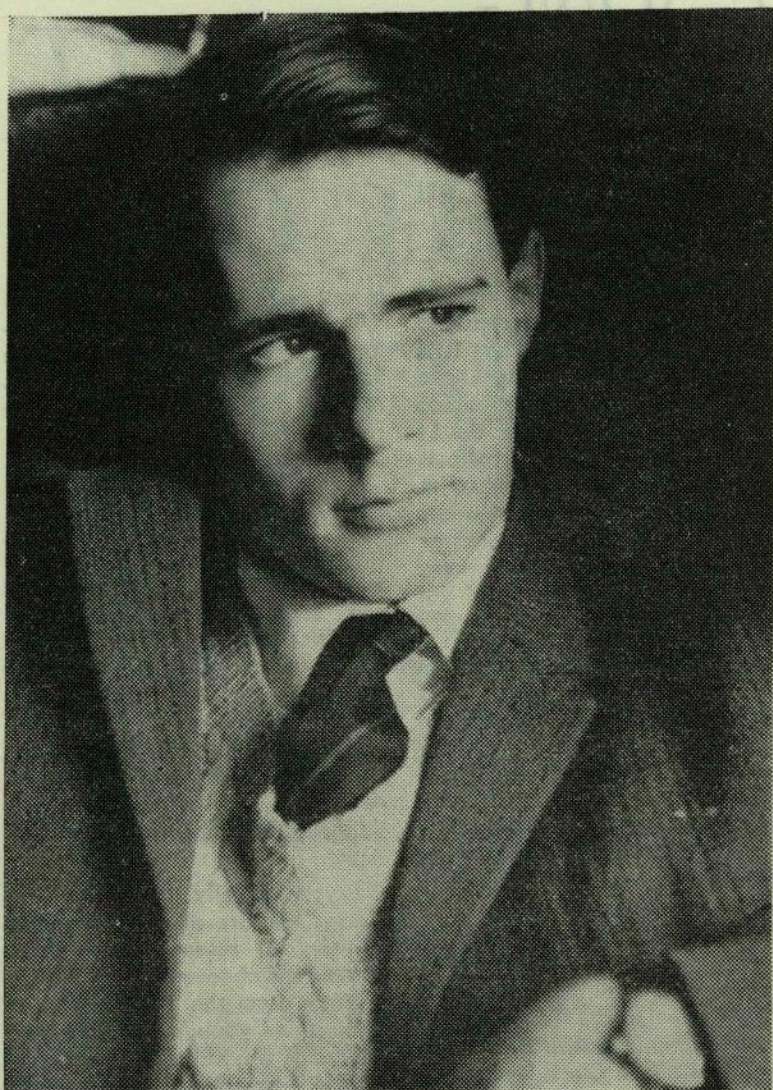
Psychologically the field of "pop" culture offers rich opportunities for research — even to the extent of several Ph.D. theses, and so does the exploitation of immature youngsters by purveyors of this culture. The secret of the "pop" idol is his origin. He is a boy from the street, chosen at random by a manager; this is his attraction for the teenager who identifies himself with the idol, especially with the financial and social prospects offered by a short spell of popularity.



Intermission for & GUINNESS

Right from the opening bars
there's nothing like a Guinness





—Photo: Peter Ryan.

CARL BONTOFT DE ST. QUENTIN.

MUSIC IN RURAL IRELAND Contd.

that neighbouring committees will follow the example already set, one by one.

Leaving aside music as education or practised as an art, few other activities can be so effective in anchoring people to their homes, in drawing together the bonds of community life. The amateur drama movement has proved itself to be a valuable force in countering emigration in rural areas by giving people something to live for. Music could do as much if it were properly developed so as to provide a network of organisations in the many different fields of communal music making.

Like most other countries, we are faced with a rising tide of commercial "pop" music (if it deserves the name) which has infiltrated to an extent never possible before because of radio and television, threatening to flood out whatever vestiges remain of traditional song and dance. Outside influences have made themselves felt in every period, and have seemed to endanger the very existence of the native forms of expression — for instance, in the first half of the eighteenth century Italian music was all the rage here, yet Irish dance music took its present shape in the course of this century out of a welter of styles and types, out of the Italian giga and popularised forms of court dances, which all became fully assimilated into the Irish tradition. In every corpus of folk music there is a hard core which is static, which

consists of the best out of the old tradition, and a larger part which is dynamic, subject to varying degrees of flux as a result of the impact of new ideas from outside. This dynamic flux is the mechanism which enables a folk tradition to survive by adapting itself to its ever-changing environment. But in our time the gap between tradition and the new influences has become almost unbridgeable, these being a debased form of a non-European, primitive culture. The efforts of Comhaltas Ceoltóirí Éireann, however valiant, in building up a national revival may not be sufficient, for the old formulas need revitalising if their grip on the younger generation is to be retained. With a gap so wide between the old and the regrettably decadent new, the adapting mechanism referred to above can hardly function, so that the hard core of the tradition itself is now in danger.

In such a situation it is only by cultivating music intensively at every level that we can measure up to the changing world around us. A people which practises an art in depth must inevitably express itself in so doing, and must develop an individuality strong enough to survive any menacing influences from outside. Provided that the people play and sing creatively, there is still hope that a Máire Phuí of Céim an Fhéidh, or the many pipers and fiddlers who still produce new dance tunes, may not be accounted the last of their line.

A SHORT HISTORY OF A POPULAR ART FORM

By

CARL BONTOFT DE ST. QUENTIN

Some thousands of years ago, we are told, primitive tribesmen somewhere along the coast of the Mediterranean discovered the richness of music by simply hitting two pieces of wood together. This was the beginning of Popular Music. (Incidentally, the capital letters are mine.) From this humble cacophony, redolent with the flavour and full-bloodedness of bygone ages, early man saw the full measure and enormity of his invention. It may be fairly stated that some years later he discovered that the bowels of a dismembered jackal or mongoose, being rubbed together, produced a different sound; and in later years he revelled in the exquisite fascination that the dried belly of a goat stretched across a saucepan (Old French: Pôt) made when attacked by ladles or human thigh-bones.

Such was the dawning of a totally new era in the life-span of man; a life-span, one may say, which was to survive the most monstrous assaults during the 17th and 18th centuries A.D. Somehow the indomitable, incorrigible spirit of man prevailed against these onslaughts upon his brain-child and the age of Popular Music grew in strength and influence, until the glorious day when Princes, Archbishops and Rulers of Men would accept and revere its influence and sway.

The first truly Popular Song (Old French: chanson, Old High German: liet) is frequently thought to be "Greensleeves," but this is certainly not so. Long before Vaughan Williams had resuscitated this haunting early 20th century folk-song, a vivid — indeed one may say vital — Song-form had already existed and held sway in the Arthurian courts, as well as slightly down-stream of Shalott. This music was what we nowadays call the Twist, the perfect human combination of dance, mime and music, which had kept Guinevere's feet tapping and which had in a simplified form been danced to by Salome. This was the ancient and revered music of India and Iraq, Egypt and Eritrea, which had even extended in influence as far as Elsinore on one momentous occasion.

Quite what the origin of the word "Twist" is nobody seems to know. What is certain, however, is that it is cognate with the Sanskrit "tuāssit" meaning a bootblack, and the primitive Bulgarian "tuāsz" meaning garbage or dross. From these skimpy details we may safely assume that bootblacks sang between bouts with the booties of the rich and were probably rewarded with a pail of garbage (or dross) for their pains.

To give the average reader some idea of what influence

the Twist has had on history, one has only to turn to the several accounts of Richard I's imprisonment in Austria and his subsequent discovery by his faithful and devoted lutenist Blondel, or Cyril as he is sometimes referred to. Richard was indubitably tone deaf, scarcely knew the difference between "Aida" and "West Side Story," but one tune rang through his bemused, befuddled and beclouded mind during his incarceration. This was the recently composed "Tuāssit durh dī tulpanen" which Blondel, or Cyril, had created in honour of his defeat over the Saladin and the Saladoyle (Old Irish: Saladail). One morning he awoke to hear the strains of this glutinous, rich melody cascade through his cell and knew that he was rescued. Blondel, or Cyril, reported to H.Q. in Carossa and within two years Richard was free.

During the 14th and 15th centuries the growth of plain-song and the consequent effect it had on Popular Music of the time retarded the natural, spontaneous development of the Twist, but it survived in the marshes of Birkenhead and the low-lying plains of Birmingham and Wednesbury, and arose victorious during the Sacking of the Monasteries as the war-cry of recalcitrant monks and their confreres. Cranmer and Latimer both died with happiness in their hearts and a Twist in their minds, and at the Court of Queen Elizabeth Galliards and Pavaues were mere copies of the richer Anglo-Saxon tuāssit (cf. Saxo Grammaticus and Caesar's Gallic Wars, book MCMXVII). We have it on the best authority that even in the time of Cromwell, the twist survived in obscure religious rites performed on Thursdays over the corpses of herrings, but this

is still disputed by better authorities.

Young Johann Sebastian Bach grew up, a solid and sober little rascal, with the strains of some primeval twist firmly embedded in his mind, and upon reaching adulthood promptly inverted the subject, added an occasional Neapolitan Sixth and made it the counterpoint of his Overture: The Coffee Cantata. Hochbauer, indeed, insists that Beethoven used the Mixo-Lydian chordal progressions of a Bohemian Twist quite frequently in his Ninth Symphony, basing the fugal subject of the last movement (bars 223-269 incl.) upon an ancient "tscha-tscha" from his childhood days in Bonn. Certainly, it is known, and recorded, that Franz (von) Liszt managed to seduce George Sand during a concert version he had prepared of the Mozarabic "tviszt" and nearly did it again during the eight-bar orchestral cadenza at the end of the 6th movement.

By now, I hope you will have recognised the inestimable and frequently quite revolutionary part which this simple, yet dignified, Art Form has played in our musical heritage. In recent years, the age-old tunes have been refurbished in serial form by such eminent composers as Plszt and Tutescu, while recordings of this most ancient art (forgive me; Art) Form have been made, using, as far as possible the authentic and original instrumentation of sackbuts, washboards and human thigh-bones with vocal and mnemonic background effect from such choirs as The Luton Girls and St. Polythenia's, Ballsbridge. These have, we may safely say, done much to dispel any doubts hitherto felt, that such music was the brainstorm (alternatively; brain-child) of scraggy, scrawny youths from the wastes of Birkenhead and the like.

In conclusion, let me simply mention the exhaustive list of treatises on the subject, none of which may be found in any reputable library: "A Brief History of Twisters" by Carl Bontoft; "Twisting Made Easy" by Carl Bontoft; "An ABC of the Twist" by Carl Bontoft, and many others by the same author.

(Extract from a lecture given in Rotterdam, 1924, as part of the celebration in aid of National Sackbut and Thigh-Bone Week.)

BICENTENARY ODE

By

DR. D. E. W. WORMELL

Annis ducentis scilicet elapsis ex que in Universitate Dubliniensi fundata est cathedra his studiis dedicata. Quan cathedram primus obtinuit ornavitque prae-honorabilis Garret Wesley, Comes de Mornington, pater viri nobilissimi, Arturi, Ducis de Wellington.

Caelum relinquo, Melpomene precor
Festumque praesens commemorare diem;
Annos recordamur ducentos
Pieridum studiis sacros.

Ex quo iuventus discere musicam
Consuevit artem, dum generosior
Aulis in antiquis magister
Instituit dociles modorum.

Mars est Hibernis indomitus pater
Et Musa cordi est; agmina ferreus
Dux fregit instantis tyranni,
Dura lyra tolerare doctus.

Oblivioso tecta silentio
Virtus caducis splendet honoribus,
Sed fulget aeterno nitore
Carminibus decorata vatum.

Tendatur ergo, Cythie, barbitos,
Et tibiae vox mobilior sonet,
Suavique concentu Camenae
Te celebrent citharae potentem.

TRANSLATION

ODE TO MUSIC...

in celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the Chair of Music in Dublin University. The first holder of the Professorship was the Right Hon. Garret Wesley, Earl of Mornington, father of the Duke of Wellington.

Descend from heaven, Melpomene, I pray, and in person join with us in commemorating and celebrating this day; we recall two hundred years devoted to the Muses' service.

From when our youth with ear quick to learn first began to study the art of music in our ancient halls instructed by a noble teacher.

Mars is the father of the indomitable Irish, the Muses have their love. It was the Iron Duke, schooled to alleviate hardship with music, who broke the ranks of the lowering tyrant.

Valour if hidden in silence which brings oblivion glows with a transient distinction, but shines resplendent with immortal radiance if the songs of the bards bring glory.

Tune then the lute, Apollo, and let the running notes of the pipe sound clear, and may the Muses in sweet harmony sing of you, lord of the lyre.

FOLK MUSIC

A large gap is being filled in College music by the formation of a Folk Song Society. It is now in the process of being formed and judging by the concert during W.U.S. Week organised under its auspices it should go far.

It aims to hold similar such concerts throughout each term, inviting a well-known artist to appear; also talks on the traditional side of folk music will be held at irregular intervals throughout the year. It is hoped to improve the standard of folk music in College and anyone interested should contact T. Crozier or J. Harries.

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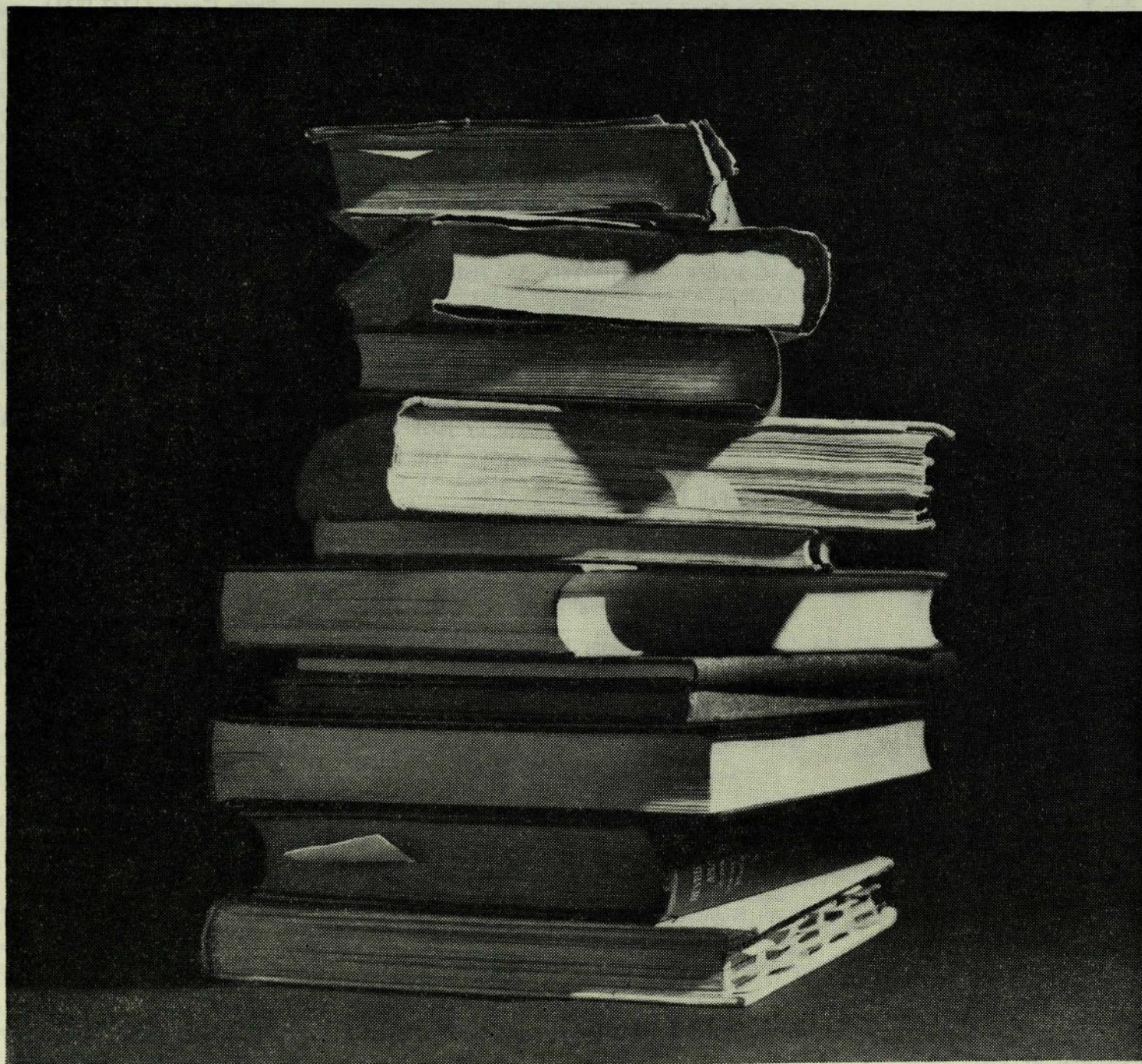
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Ebenezer Prout, B.A., Mus.D.	1894-1910
Percy Carter Buck, M.A., Mus.D.	1910-1920
Charles Herbert Kitson, M.A., Mus.D.	1920-1935
George Henry Phillips Hewson, M.A., Mus.D.	1935-1962
Brian Patrick Boydell, B.A., Mus.D.	1962-

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Sir John Stevenson	1791
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Chevalier S. Neukrom	1852
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Rev. Sir Frederick Arthur Gore Ouseley	1887
Sir George Alexander Macfarren	1887
Rev. John Pentland Mahaffy	1891
Sir Charles Hubert Hastings Parry	1892
James Cooksey Culwick	1893
Ebenezer Prout	1895
Frederick Niecks	1898
William Hayman Cummings	1900
Michele Esposito	1905
Charles George Marchant	1911
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Sir Herbert Hamilton Harty	1925
Sir Henry Walford Davies	1930
Ralph Vaughan Williams, O.M.	1939
Sir William Walton	1948
Ninette de Valois, D.B.E.	1957
Lady Dorothy Mayer	1958
Michael Tippett, C.B.E.	1964
Aloys Fleischmann	1964
Joseph Grocock	1964

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BI-CENTENARY PROGRAMME

WEDNESDAY, 2nd DECEMBER, 1964

2.30 p.m.

THE OPENING OF THE EXHIBITION OF PRINTED AND MANUSCRIPT MUSIC
IN THE LIBRARY by F. L. HARRISON, M.A., Mus.D., D.Mus.,
Reader in the History of Music at the University of Oxford.

4.00 p.m.

RECITAL BY THE RONAYNE STRUB DUO IN THE PUBLIC THEATRE,
TRINITY COLLEGE

- Sonata No. IV in D. Major Handel (1685-1759)
Andante sostenuto; Allegro; Larghetto; Allegro
The continuo part has been realised from the figured bass by Elgin Strub.
Sonatine in G Minor D. 408 (1816) Schubert (1797-1828)
Allegro giusto; Andante; Minuetto; Allegro moderato.
Vier Stücke Opus 7 (1910) Anton von Webern (1883-1945)
Sehr langsam; Rasch; Sehr langsam; Bewegt.

INTERVAL

- Vier Stücke Opus (repeated) Anton von Webern
For Pianoforte.
Sonata No. 2 in G major Opus 8 Philip Cogan (1747-1833)
(Dedicated to Clementi).
Sonata in D major Opus 12 No. 1 (1798) Beethoven (1770-1827)
For Violin and Pianoforte.
Allegro con brio; Andante con variazione; Rondo; Allegro.

5.30 p.m.

RECEPTION IN THE COMMON ROOM.

8.30 p.m.

A CONCERT PRESENTED BY THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY CENTRAL MUSIC
COMMITTEE on the occasion of the Bicentenary of the Foundation of the Chair of
Music. Held in the Public Theatre, Trinity College.

Let Us Now Praise Famous Men George H. P. Hewson
(Professor of Music 1935-1962)

THE CHORAL SOCIETY. Organ Accompanist: SIDNEY BOAL
Conducted by JOSEPH GROOCKOCK

Address by HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

- "As It Fell Upon A Day" The Earl of Mornington (1735-1781)
"Sweet Aurora" Timothy Geary (1783-1806)
"The Blackbird Song" Percy Buck (1871-1947)
"O Leave Your Sheep" arr. C. H. Kitson (1874-1944)
"The Cruishkeen Lawn" arr. Robert P. Stewart (1825-1894)
"Holy Lord God Almighty" Thomas Bateson (c. 1570-1630)
"Fair Phyllis I Saw" John Farmer (c. 1565-c. 1605)
"A Little Pretty Bonny Lass" John Farmer
"Cupid in a Bed of Roses" Thomas Bateson

THE COLLEGE SINGERS, conducted by JULIAN HALL
Pianoforte Accompaniment: FRANCIS RAINEY

- Suite for Flute and Pianoforte Joseph Grocock
Specially written for the occasion.
Allegro; Allegretto; Andante; Allegro.
Performed by DOREEN DROSTE and JOSEPH GROOCKOCK

INTERVAL

- "Dark Brown is Thy Valley" } From "A Child's Garden" Joseph Grocock
"All Night Long" } by R. L. Stevenson
"I Loved a Lass" (George Withers) Brian Boydell
"The Windhover" (Gerald Manley Hopkins) Michael Tippett
Performed by THE COLLEGE SINGERS, conducted by JULIAN HALL,
with Pianoforte Accompaniment by FRANCIS RAINEY

- Three Excerpts from "Songs of Colmille" Aloys Fleischmann
(Poems by Roibeárd Ó Faracháin) Specially written for the occasion.
Orchestral Prelude; The Pets; Murmur and make music.
Performed by the College Singers with Chamber Orchestra and conducted by the
composer.

- Carmen in Honorem Artis Musicae (D. E. W. Wormell) Brian Boydell
Specially written for the occasion.
Performed by the Choral Society, the College Singers and Orchestra, and conducted
by the composer. Baritone solo: Stephen Ryle.

THURSDAY, 3rd DECEMBER, 1964

3.00 p.m.

At the Commencements Ceremony in the Public Theatre, Trinity College, the
conferring of the following degrees:—

- Doctor in Music (*Honoris causa*):
MICHAEL TIPPETT, C.B.E., Mus.D. (h.c. Cantab).
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Hockey

TRINITY, 0; ST. ITA'S, 2

The high hopes of October have become forgotten memories in November. When the pressure is on, it seems, unfortunately, that the hockey side is quite unable to rise to the occasion. Last Saturday, St. Ita's, a moderate team who Trinity had brushed aside in the league earlier this year, produced fighting, determined cup hockey and, like Pembroke the week before, deserved their victory.

The regular reader of this column who hasn't seen the team in action may well be asking what has gone wrong. Basically it is the forward line which has let the side down. The defence is the strongest in Leinster with no apparent weaknesses. The opposition have scored goals this year certainly, but through opportunism, as last Saturday, or penalty corners. Trinity's forwards have lost their directness and weave intricate midfield patterns which get nowhere. Far too much of the attack is plugged down the centre of the field where the opposition is generally strongest.

As in the previous match with Ita's, there was no score at half-time, but this time Trinity produced no second-half rally. Only when St. Ita's took the lead did the side start to play with any spirit and for a time were well on top. Wild shooting, however, marred this offensive. Players who stood out in the Trinity side were Stiven at full-back who now is playing as well as he did last year, and the vastly improved left-half, Webb.

Athletics

Last Tuesday the athletic clubs of Trinity and U.C.D. had the honour of meeting the Curragh for the last competition this eccentric wooden track will ever see.

The match was historic. Five indoor records were washed away and two were equalled. Trinity's sprint king Austen shot round the derelict tanks to regain his 220 yards record in 25.4 secs. Sergt. O'Keefe of the Curragh pipped Tom Power of U.C.D. to cut the 2-mile record by 2 secs. to 9 mins. 28.5 secs. Lt. Cummings slaughtered his own record in the mile to win from team mate McCann in 4 mins. 24.2 secs.

Trinity's athletes, except for the sprint double by Austen in the 80 and 220 yards, were a little disappointing. Shillington "blew up" in the 880 to trail in third place behind Murphy who set a new record of 2 mins. 2.8 secs. Martin was left to win the high jump with 5 ft. 9 ins. when his team mates Russell and Jeffries failed. Unbeatable Hatt was well beaten in the shot by U.C.D.'s Mulreany with a putt of 44 ft. 5 ins.

The Curragh won the match with 31 points, but Trinity with 25 points managed to beat U.C.D. with 21 points.



Soccer

TRINITY, 2; HAMMOND LANE, 1

This match at Clonskeagh was played in a very strong wind which blew in the same direction as the slope. Trinity, playing with the wind, immediately asserted midfield domination and a series of attacks were mounted, many of which included all of the forward line and were a treat to watch. After thirty minutes Sowerby picked up a nice pass from Leonard and shot Trinity into a well-deserved lead. Just on half-time a tame shot from the opponents was dropped by Haslett and so at the interval Trinity appeared to have a difficult task ahead.

They rose magnificently to the occasion and Horsley, O'Moore and Pointer all combined well to prevent the inevitable long, high probes from conversion into goals. Haslett dealt spectacularly with any other danger that threatened. Although under pressure for much of this half, the defence held firm. The two new wing men, Baker and Unwin, frequently aided the defence while still keeping an eye for an opening. This was often provided by Nolan who appeared to be everywhere. After eighty minutes Pointer, on reception of a delightful pass from Unwin, left the defence flat-footed, showed the goalkeeper the ball and then put it past him. The defence hung on grimly after this and although many corners were conceded all these were cleared.

This renovation of team spirit stemmed mainly from the wing-

halves. Here the pivot around Horsley worked well, and with Lawless and Wormell covering continually, Pointer and O'Moore were enabled to concentrate more on attack. This, combined with a greater accuracy in passing, meant there appeared to be a certain fluidity in the side that has been lacking recently. As it was, the result was most gratifying.

Ladies' Hockey

The 1st XI began the season well with two creditable performances against Pembroke Wanderers and Muckross. With promising reviews, the team seemed all set to repeat last year's record of success. However, recent matches have been disappointing. There is a marked lack of tactics and method, whilst a strong defence is offset by weak forwards, none of whom score consistently.

In the inter-Universities' Chilean Cup competition in Belfast last week, Trinity first met U.C.D. After a scoreless game and two periods of extra time, Iris Morrison netted a goal from a corner. The final against Queen's was played in torrential rain and Trinity were unable to match their opponents' stick-work or tactics and lost 2-0.

Pat Osman and Marion Pike have been chosen for the Irish Universities' side, Pat's third year on the team. Trinity's team at Belfast was: M. Philp; M. Pike, O. Sheppard; J. Ludlow, P. Osman, L. Logan; O. Meagher, L. Ganly, I. Morrison, S. Sheppard, N. Cook.

DEFEAT

Experience Wins the Day

TRINITY, 3 points; U.C.D., 11 points

One superstitious supporter turned pale when both our centres appeared with number 13 emblazoned on their backs. This apparently spelt double trouble and after fifteen minutes Trinity certainly appeared bothered and bewildered even if they weren't bewitched. At that stage, with the "Last Post" sounding in the stand, and U.C.D. eleven points to the good, a cricket score looked very much on the cards. Fortunately, this was averted, but Trinity never really looked like getting on terms, despite the encouragement of Meldrum's drop goal at the beginning of the second half.

We lost to a fitter, better co-ordinated and more decisive U.C.D. side. Their fitness was well demonstrated by the fact that both tries were scored by the second row men—a feat, one suspects, wholly outside the capacity of Jones or Ollie Bourke. U.C.D.'s greater cohesion was most noticeable in the loose where their forwards really hunted as a pack, while our eight, with certain honourable exceptions, were too inclined to hang about. Their decision was spotlighted by our own indecision, especially over taking penalties or when faced with the prospect of actually crossing their line.

Fatal hesitation and some almost criminally bad marking meant that Trinity were fighting an uphill battle almost from the start. Things got better in the second half when the binding in the lineouts improved and the wind was in our favour. However, the backs completely failed to utilise the increased possession that resulted from this.

U.C.D. really had the edge at out-half, centre and wing-forward. Murray attempted little, even though he was given plenty of rope, but what he did do, he did well—kicking intelligently, handling accurately and getting through a lot of covering. But Meldrum's handling was very shaky, he overdid his kicking and, to make matters worse, didn't do

that very effectively either. Instead of testing Hickie with towering punts, or using the wind to gain long touches, he persisted in lobbing the ball over their three into the full-back's hands. The U.C.D. three were no more than competent, but looked streets better than Trinity because they practised the basic art of giving and taking a pass. Thus, while our handling was disastrous, with Meldrum and Wilson the chief offenders, the U.C.D. backs scarcely dropped a pass. Worse still, there was some very poor marking, with Bresnihan really giving Wilson the run around. Only two terrific last-ditch tackles by Morrison prevented further tries. U.C.D. also had a great advantage at wing-forward where the inexperienced Butterworth and Sheridan were not in the same class as Doyle or Roughan.

It was all very disappointing then, especially as there were occasional flashes from Whitaker and Morrison that showed what might have been achieved. For Trinity, the front row were the best of the forwards, with O'Morchoe outstanding in the loose. Stafford-Clarke gave a good all-round performance, and Morrison did sterling work at full-back. Finally, all praise to John Coker who, despite repeated injury, gave it all he had and came so near to scoring.

Ah well, there's always next year.

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The Theo. and Homosexuality

Mr. Fred Graham's paper to the Theo was a balanced assessment of the problem of homosexuality. His main point was that homosexuality is sexual immaturity and so it should not be condemned nor condoned, but should instead be understood.

Dr. MacCracken, guest speaker, said that Kinsey's system of grading stages between homosexuality and heterosexuality was far more accurate than the idea of three groups, homosexuality, bisexuality and heterosexuality. He mentioned the importance of environmental factors, but, unfortunately didn't develop this point.

The level of the speeches from the floor was high. All the speakers were sincere in wanting to understand the problems of homosexuals, but one got the impression from listening to the discussion that few had first-hand knowledge of the subject or were used to mixing with homosexuals. One felt that they pitied homosexuals, much as one might pity animals in a Zoo, rather than being perfectly sound citizens apart from their sexual desires.

The Theo is to be congratulated for allowing women to be present. Women were excluded from a meeting on this subject held by the Phil a few years ago.

Spiritualism in College

From Our Occult Correspondent

A number of séances at which supernatural spirits manifest themselves are presently being held in and around College. Your correspondent has witnessed one at which the spirit of a woman who formerly lived at Clonskeagh has been present.

The type of séance was one commonly known as "Planchet," and the spirits make their voices heard by propelling an object, usually a glass or an egg cup, around a sheet of paper on which all the letters of the alphabet are printed. The spirit which spoke at the séance to which I was party replied to questions put to it and was eloquent on the nature of God which it said "was love."

Most undergraduates who have not attended a séance tend to be sceptical. Sizar Dermot Scott said "They're rubbish," but mystical Jane Welland told us that she had "communicated with spirits." Many, however, would seem to agree with Margaret Sinclair who said "I have an open mind."



Constantin De Goguel De Toulouse-Lautrec

Trinity Players have made their impact on the world at large. Bodgen, Bates, Myers and Brady have all made their names in the outside theatre and it is pleasing to note that the disappearance of these actors has not meant a decline in either the high standards of old or in the scope of performances. (This term's Pinter's productions, reported elsewhere, indicate that the ambitious spirit built up has been maintained even in the tiny theatre of No. 3.) Part of the credit must go to this year's Chairman "Gog" who has now taken over the avuncular rôle previously held by Ralph Bates.

Gog is a born actor. Who wouldn't be if they were born of a Russian mother, a Dutch-French father, bearing an American passport and living in London? In a more serious vein, Gog has always had an interest in acting which Dartington Hall carefully matured, a school which is particularly suited for developing artistic flair in a person. Gog's exceptional character enabled him not only to develop his acting ability but also to maintain a sufficiently high academic record to read Honors Economics at Trinity. Now a Senior Sophister, he has at last accepted the necessity for getting a degree as well as pursuing an acting career. In his first two years, his passion

for acting reached such a pitch that he was prepared to sacrifice his degree for furtherance of his acting. Now he admits that "Economics is boring but essential." Those who know him better think this compromise may have resulted from his letter-a-day from Corsham, Wilts.

Gog is a versatile actor. He is well remembered for his best supporting actor rôle in the U.D.A. festival of 1963 as Beaudricourt in Anouilh's "The Lark," and in 1964 as the old man in "Cuchulain" by Yeats. These parts contrast sharply with his "Bartholomew Cokes" in Johnson's "Bartholomew's Fair" where he played an infantile fool. Of late, he has become a Review artist with a good performance in "Pall Me Mantle." He has always worked hard at his acting, sometimes with little reward but an application which even his most harsh critic cannot deny.

Off stage Gog is friendly. He does not live in a dream-world as some far less competent actors do, but has a word to say to everyone. He does not suffer fools gladly all the same and his life still revolves very much around the theatre. However, both the Rugby Club and the Soccer Club have benefited from his support, although they are unsuccessful in their efforts to get him down to play.



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LETTER

Sir,—Your heading of last week, "Hostility to the S.R.C. Elections," was, so far as one could judge, the personal view of the writer rather than an attempt to judge the consensus of undergraduate opinion. As officer in charge of the elections I should like to make a few points in reply to what I consider to have been an irresponsible and unfair article.

One should no more believe extravagant electoral promises than that a particular washing powder washes whiter; the test here is what the electorate wants done and who they considered is more likely to achieve it. I would, however, be most interested to have details of the manifestoes which have pledged candidates to "stopping the inflationary price-spiral," and those, apparently "almost all," which have described their approach as "radical" or "far-reaching." Among the considerable number of manifestoes I collected during the campaign one promises to "work for a levelling-off of the the price spiral" and another wants a sub-committee on College eating facilities and rooms, which has in fact been done. This is all. The only reference to a "radical" or "far-reaching" approach I could find was "in favour of radical changes, but only when they do not affect what is best in the tradition of this University." The substance of the manifestoes in fact was generally constructive and valuable, with regard, for instance, to maintaining as close links as possible with the students in their schools, to the abolition of compulsory lectures, to rooms and Commons, and to Reading Room hours.

No one expected everybody in College to like every manifesto; nevertheless, the fact that there was a satisfactory poll, on the results of which the chief canvassers were almost uniformly

successful, most notably perhaps in General Studies where canvassing was most intensive and the margins of victory among the largest, surely suggest that advertising generally neither produced hostility to the elections as a whole nor lost support for the main advertisers; indeed the contrary. A "vigorous election campaign" is by definition a successful one, both in maximising the poll and letting the electorate know the aims and policies of the candidates.

With regard to the question of "democracy," briefly, the identification of votes was made necessary in order to eliminate voting at more than one of the three booths, which were made necessary in turn to give Science students the same facilities as those who have lectures nearer Front Square. Your correspondent was also presumably unaware that votes would not be signed.

Stephen L. White.

NEWS EDITOR COMMENTS

My assessment of College feeling was that it was hostile to the particular manner in which the S.R.C. elections were fought. It has been substantiated by the results, since interest was so small that less than 49 per cent. of eligible electors exercised their voting rights, while in eight constituencies there were no contests at all. In one constituency 86 votes failed to elect a candidate, while in others the support of 6 and 13 were sufficient to secure success. The machinery of "democracy" was clearly somewhat rusty. Most people to whom I talked considered that they could represent their own interests better than could delegated representatives capable only of making promises which even White admits they cannot be expected to fulfill.