

# LEAVING KATMANDU

Simon Thompson on Girls, Guns and Bribes in Nepal - Travel p 11

# Socialist Workers Student Society dominate “Bewildering” USI protest

USI “yet to approach” Minister Hanafin  
SU President Kieran concerned by politicized nature of protest

### Marianne O'Reilly

Tuesday October 12th saw the foretaste of a new radicalism somewhat reminiscent of the student protests of the 1970's. After a relative quiescence of 30 yrs, it would seem that Irish students have more reason now to manifest their disquiet through protest than in times past.

In a demonstration that began outside Dail Eireann at 2pm, students marched to the Department of Finance where they delivered their demands for much needed educational redress. A lesser number, thought to be in the region of twelve students, later descended upon coalition party doorsteps on Mount Street. It is understood that they entered the office building housing Fianna Fail headquarters at approximately 3:30pm with a letter addressed to the Taoiseach. Gardaí were called to the scene. Unable to access the actual Fianna Fáil offices they left shortly afterwards. A subsequent attempt to occupy the P.D. offices later failed.

The occupation of Headquarters was met with much criticism. Speaking to Trinity News, Fianna Fáil Press Officer Gerry O'Conner said that the Fianna Fail office itself had been “bewildered” as to the reason for the protest. He said that the protesters involved in the occupation had not made it known to the office what group they represented.

“We didn't know who led the protests. We still don't”. Indeed, responding to the events of Tuesday, Minister for Education Mary Hanafin spoke of how she had received no communication from USI regarding the reasons for the demonstration. Nor had she received a request since her appointment as minister to meet with them to discuss their grievances. She dismissed the occupation of government offices as a “futile protest tactic” and emphasized that she would be happy to meet with the executive should they wish to discuss the reasons for their discontent.

Another aspect of the occupation that invited much criticism was the prominence of political party banners. The entire occupation had been allegedly hijacked by the Socialist Workers Party (SWP). Considering the street protests had been planned by the USI, it was deemed inappropriate by many that the SWP should involve itself in such an opportunistic and organised fashion.

In a statement to Trinity News Student Union President Francis Kieran said: “TCDSU was not involved in the occupation of Fianna Fail offices...We do not feel that such tactics were appropriate at this time...Furthermore, we were concerned by the prominence of political banners, flags and placards at the protest, and expressed this to USI officers at the time...it is our view that SU events must remain non-partisan and not be the preserve of one or more parties/movements”.



Marching under the Red Banner. Francis Kieran grapples with Enda Kenny on a day marred by poor numbers and unsympathetic media coverage.

When contacted by Trinity News, Deputy President of USI and a leading member of the SWP, Rory Hearne insisted that the occupation itself had not been pre-planned. He confirmed

that street protests in Dublin, Cork and Limerick were organized by USI but that the occupation was merely “a spontaneous part of those protests”.

Asked whether USI officers partici-

pated in it he confirmed that he had attended “to make sure things went alright”. In response to the claims of an overt presence of the Socialist Workers Party Mr. Hearne outlined that all



Photos: Andrew Leyden

political parties were welcome to attend with their banners and placards if they so pleased. He supposed that “the media gave the impression that they (SWP) were the only ones there” when

that was not, in fact, the case. He also explained that had there been greater numbers at the protest the SWP would

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### CollegeDigest

#### Trinity Ball still in grave doubt

Will there be a Ball this academic year then? Officially, at this moment in time the simple answer is no. Rumours that the ball is safe, rumours that it will go ahead with decreased insurance costs if all ball goers agree to wear flat shoes are just that: rumours. At the current point in time there will not be a Ball in May 2005. It has become apparent though that the discussion on the 2005 Trinity Ball is not yet closed. See page 2

#### Testing times with restructuring at Rebel University

University College Cork (UCC) has been beset by controversy in recent weeks, following a decision by the college's president, Professor Gerry Wrixon, to exclude Students Union president, Frank Milling and administrative officer Ms. Mary Steele from a steering group set up to oversee a program of restructuring in the university. See page 3 & 7

#### Raw deal or new zeal? The Internationals

Under the Provost's proposed Strategic Plan for 2005-2008, the number of international enrolments will be increased to 20% of the student body and a new International Office will handle the recruitment and support of these students. While most students would welcome greater diversity on campus, there is also a perception that Trinity uses International Students as a revenue source without making adequate provision for their integration or accommodation. See page 3

**InternationalNews** Palestinian students march in defence of their right to education. See page 8

#### BusinessNews Student Politics

In the second installment of interviews, Trinity News asks the SU Deputy President what she plans to achieve in the coming academic year. In January and April, Trinity News will run updates on the fulfilment of the promises of the candidates throughout the year. See page 9

#### Features Not exactly Jane Austen, not exactly Trainspotting:

Desmond Ryan meets the crowd at Sziget Music Festival  
Most people know that the one hundred and eighty is the number of degrees in half of a revolution. What most people don't know, however, is that one hundred and eighty is also the number of consecutive hours that the bars stay open at the Sziget music festival in Budapest, nor do they know that, through no coincidence at all, one hundred and eighty is also the number of hours of consecutive music at it. See page 18

#### Comment Trinity News Archive Belfield Blues

Staff Features February 20th, 1969 Printed in Trinity News  
Nothing has been more consistent in the past century of Trinity's history than a good old-fashioned bashing of our rival neighbouring college. This article depicts, pretty miserably, the state of affairs at the new campus in Belfield. Much of what the journalist mentions has of course changed but what are far more fascinating are the aspects of U.C.D. that haven't changed at all.

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# Halls Warden Resigns

### Derek Owens

Residents of Trinity Hall are reeling from the sudden resignation of popular Warden, Carmel O'Sullivan. Her decision to stand down was greeted with surprise, despite rumours of a fractured relationship between Ms O'Sullivan and the Accommodation Office of Trinity College. Issues that have allegedly divided the former Warden from the office include the rent charged to Trinity Hall residents, their catering, and the provision of key cards to her Assistant Wardens.

It is understood that the “key cards” issue finally prompted Ms O'Sullivan's resignation. The twelve Assistant Wardens, who assisted her in her pastoral care within the complex, expected to be issued with “master” key cards for 2004-2005, with which to open any room in the event of an emergency. Key cards for this year however, were not issued to wardens, on the grounds that

it constituted an invasion of student privacy. After arguing the issue at length with the Accommodation Office, Ms. O'Sullivan took the dramatic step of offering her resignation, which was accepted.

The Trinity Hall Junior Common Room (JCR) has already begun an active campaign in support of the former Warden, calling for her return and a resolution to the issues between her and the office. Last Tuesday, the JCR used the opportunity of a fire safety meeting in halls to make an address to the assembled residents and circulate a petition. “What we basically want,” a concerned resident (who has joined the JCR's campaign) told TN, “is the return of our warden, and an independent investigation into the Accommodation Office.” The two meetings were described by supporters of the campaign as “successful” with notable discomfort caused to representatives of the Accommodation Office.

The JCR appear to have laid the

blame on the Accommodation Office for Ms. O'Sullivan's resignation, and an impassioned letter, sent by them to both the Provost and the Student Union, accuses the office of failing to adequately support O'Sullivan in her role. The JCR also heap scorn on the Office for their conduct over the last year, and repeat their call for a serious investigation of the Accommodations Office.

Luke Ryder, Student Union Welfare Officer, declined to comment on the situation, despite repeated efforts at establishing contact by Trinity News. The Student Union however, have issued a survey to students, aimed at discovering the average student's experience of the service. It is understood that data from this will be used in negotiations with College, with JCR members hoping to bring about reform of the office and possibly Ms. O'Sullivan's return. In conversation with Trinity News, the Junior Dean, Mr. Brendan

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# Hearne Survives Council

### Toby Jones

Early reports have begun filtering back from the USI National Council, held last weekend, confirming that the Deputy President and Campaigns officer, Mr. Rory Hearne, has neither resigned nor been impeached from his office. Mr. Hearne has been subject to heavy criticism in recent weeks for his role in the controversial 'fund the future' protest on Tuesday, 12th October. He has freely admitted to taking part in an unplanned occupation of Fianna Fail offices during the protest. He has stated that he joined roughly a dozen members of the SWSS (Socialist Workers Student Society, and offshoot of the Socialist Worker's Party) in the occupation “to make sure that things went alright”. Mr. Hearne, a member of the SWSS, denied that there was anything improper about the occupation or

the prevalence of Socialist Workers Party and Sinn Fein banners.

This was in marked contrast to the Trinity College Student Union. The President, Mr. Francis Kieran, issued a statement before the council, in which he expressed his misgivings about the occupation and the presence of political party material at the protest. He indicated that the Trinity SU would argue strongly that “Students' Union events must remain non-partisan and not be, nor be seen to be, the preserve of one or more parties/movements”. He also intended to bring up the failure of USI's officers to request a meeting with Minister Hanafin before the protest, which gave her “an opportunity to dismiss the protest without trouble” While Mr. Kieran was adamant that any criticism of USI's behaviour would be constructive, he did state that the Trinity SU's concerns were shared by a num-

ber of the other colleges. It was, Union sources have told Trinity News, expected to have been a stormy meeting, and Rory Hearne was understood to be facing calls for his resignation.

Mr. Hearne however, appears to have breezed through the National Council with little embarrassment. While Mr. Kieran informed TN that, as expected, other college Unions joined the SU in voicing their concerns, he confirmed that Mr. Hearne was still Deputy President of USI. The USI officers as a body flatly contradicted Minister Hanafin, claiming that they had sought a meeting with the Education Minister before the protest. While arguing that “a consensus was reached...that protests need to be better organized in the future”, Mr. Kieran indicated that any more public self-examination or apology on the part of USI was unlikely.

# Ineffectual and unsatisfying answers



# Fellows grill Provost over Strategic Review

### David Symington

At a meeting held last week between the Fellows, members of the board and chaired by the Provost, Dr John Hegarty, fierce opposition was voiced against the Provost's proposed Strategic Review – his plan that by October 2005 Trinity College should merge departments together, halve the faculties and create three main Schools. In a Trinity News interview Dr Hegarty justified this by saying that such reform was necessary since universities “are going through a transition that probably hasn't happened before...The demographics are changed...we're into a different era...We have to think about consolidation and substitution.” However sources indicate that at the meeting the Law Department representative began by saying it did not under any circumstances wish to be absorbed with other departments, whilst the Economics Department then followed suit. Many departments wish to maintain their traditional independence in defiance of the Dr Hegarty's vision of Trinity's future. As one Fellow put it, “we just don't understand why the Provost wishes to implement these plans. We are the oldest and best university in this country and there is a

reason for this. We are not like other universities and I am just afraid the Provost is simply copying the example of others such as University College Cork [which is currently implementing similar plans].” One academic explained: “When questioned as to why he wanted to introduce these developments, he gave us ineffectual and unsatisfying answers.” The Provost's difficulties were compounded by his lack of support from the board members present. Although the Board had officially approved the Provost's plans, Trinity News understands that none of the officers present openly spoke in defense of the Provost, who had to justify his plans in front of roughly sixty angry and rebellious fellows of Trinity College present at the meeting. Such opposition has been replicated across the campuses of University College Cork and University College Dublin whose Presidents, Professors Gerry Wrixon and Hugh Brady respectively, have been trying to push through similar agendas. UCC's President has been come under considerable fire for not having been willing to consult enough with its student and academic population. See News Features on page 7 for more.



Trinity Access Programs facing anxious wait

Linda Barry

Fear has been raised in recent weeks over the future of the two current Trinity Access Programme (TAP) Foundation Courses. According to an internal college memo “These foundation courses, despite their success, are now at risk of not being funded as there is a school of thought, endorsed unofficially by the Government, that Universities should not be funded to deliver such courses”.

The courses referred to in this document are run by TAP within Trinity College, one for students from socio-economically disadvantaged areas, and one for mature students. The one-year courses act as a preparatory stage, socially and academically, for these categories of students in advance of the regular undergraduate programme. With TAP widely respected as one of the most progressive college schemes in Ireland, both TAP and non-TAP students have expressed the view that

Trinity would lose one of its best assets should these foundation courses close due to the lack of government funding. Currently the work of the programme is funded partly by the government through the HEA (Higher Education Authority) and DES (Department of Education and Science) with additional corporate funding generated by the Trinity Foundation Office. Another source of income and support should also be mentioned in the form of a new society established this year dedicated

to fundraising for TAP and working for the expansion of the programme and the improved integration of TAP students into Trinity life, during and after their involvement in the Foundation Courses. This Trinity Access Society grew out of the desire of a group of TAP students to give something back to a programme that has opened the door to higher education for them. Membership is open to both TAP and non-TAP students who are interested in improving access to education and their agenda for this year

is based around raising money through social events like their upcoming Halloween ball, raising awareness of the access issue through debates and guest speakers, and improving the sense of inclusive community spirit. Cliona Hannon, access officer of TAP expresses confidence that the college’s support for all TAP initiatives remains as unfaltering as ever, but the government’s financial support cannot be so assured. Noel Dempsey, Minister for Education in the period before last

month’s reshuffle, was indeed ascribed to the belief conveyed in the College memo that Foundation Courses should be delivered through the further education sector (i.e. outside the university system) rather than by the higher education sector (universities). Dempsey’s successor, Mary Hanafin, has not yet made her position clear on this matter. TAP’s government funding is allocated on a year-to-year basis so the current programmes are not guaranteed support beyond that time frame. Hannon

believes that many of TAP’s initiatives, including their involvement in primary and secondary schools in disadvantaged areas, are “relatively safe”, the only doubt surrounding the internal Foundation Courses. It is as yet too early to discern their futures. Those involved in TAP and its supporters will be watching when, in December, the National Office for Equality of Access releases it’s national strategy giving the first indication of what is in store for Trinity’s access programme.

Trinity Ball still in grave doubt

“Old Shep” might finally face the bullet  
SU Ents officer still expresses hope to Trinity News

Niamh Fleming - Farrell

Last May a week before the Trinity Ball an email was sent declaring the cancellation of the May 2005 Ball. The Ball fund was dry, the insurance costs were exorbitant and student interest was waning. The days of the Ball were numbered and the best thing we could all do was get out and acquire a ticket for the final Trinity Ball.

The 45th Trinity Ball went ahead and was a relative success but did not sell out, despite the number of tickets available being less than half the number of the student population at this institution, despite it supposedly being the last Ball ever.

Will there be a Ball this academic year then? Officially, at this moment in time the simple answer is no. Rumours that the ball is safe, rumours that it will go ahead with decreased insurance costs if all ball goers agree to wear flat shoes are just that: rumours. At the current point in time there will not be a Ball in May 2005.

It has become apparent though that

the discussion on the 2005 Trinity Ball is not yet closed. Optimism has not died on the part of SU Ents officer Niall Morris, who is determined that it is possible to hold the Ball next May. He explains that this however, is dependent on locating a sponsor. He adds that the event was a relative success last year and could be made more successful by ensuring there is a student friendly line-up for the event. The Ents Officer’s role in relation to the Ball is to look after the in-house publicity and arrange the night’s entertainment. If the Ball were to go ahead, Morris feels he is capable of organizing an event that competes with Oxegen and other festivals in attracting major headline groups. He does however state that: “the Ball has reached a point where something new has to be done with it”.

Joe O’Gorman, the Honorary Treasurer of CSC and a Member of the Ball Committee, seems inclined to agree with Morris as far as the necessity for change is concerned. He spoke at length to TN about the current state of the Ball and the general attitude toward it among the student population. He argued that for the event to go ahead, the bottom line is that it will have to

prove itself financially viable. It is a well-known fact however that the Trinity Ball does not sell out. O’Gorman argued that students who want to save the Ball must recognize this.

When the Ball generates debts, he pointed out these debts must be covered by the capitated bodies (SU, Publications, CSC) in College. This money ultimately comes from students and so students end up paying for a Ball they choose not to buy a ticket to attend. This produces an ironic situation of students demanding an event be saved that they are not interested enough in attending. Students seem unwilling to pay the price of a ticket to this event and O’Gorman’s realistic reaction to this is that they can either “cough up or shut up”.

O’Gorman went on to speak about what it is we are trying to save in relation to the Ball. Is it the Ball’s immense prestige, it’s godlike metaphysical quality? Is it the actual event, the night, the revelry? Is it the fundamental right of the students of Trinity College to have Trinity Ball to attend? It seems there is no agreement in this respect. O’Gorman is thus blunt. He asked TN,



“what exactly are we trying to save here? –Old Shep? Do we shoot the dog in the head or do we let it die in agony?” The Ball needs to change. 12-14 years ago the ball was a big event, attracting acts of a high calibre. Now the ball is one of many gigs taking place at many old and stately places throughout the country. Either the Ball must compete with these events or become something

different. If there is to be a Trinity Ball then students must decide what they want from it and what makes it worth retaining. What sort of ball will sell out? What sort of Ball will generate queues for tickets?

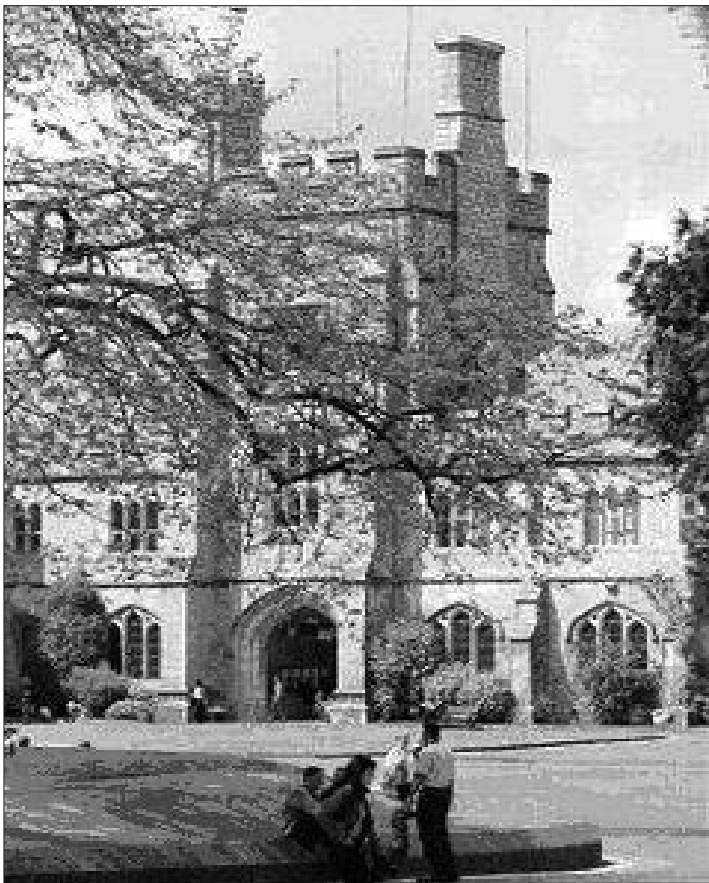
The Trinity Ball has been cancelled twice in the past decade. In both 1995 and 1996, no Ball took place. The ‘95 cancellation was due to funding and the

‘96 to Industrial Action. The return of the Ball in 1997 came with a sponsorship deal, but the resources generated from the two year break and the sponsorship have run out. For the same Ball as took place last May to go ahead in 2005 there will need to be a huge injection of funds, and almost certainly an increase in ticket prices. There is currently an option to

transform the Ball, find a means of making the event attractive to sponsors and students alike and relaunching the largest private party in Europe as a financially viable event. When the Ball was last cancelled this opportunity for transformation was not seized. O’Gorman strongly encourages that this time be different.

Testing times with restructuring at Rebel University

President allows SU representatives on steering committee after threat of protest



Anne - Marie Ryan

University College Cork (UCC) has been beset by controversy in recent weeks, following a decision by the college’s president, Professor Gerry Wrixon, to exclude Student Union President, Frank Milling and administrative officer Ms. Mary Steele from a steering group set up to oversee a program of restructuring in the university. Although Wrixon has since permitted both Milling and Steele to sit on the committee, this decision was not made before the threat of a protest one hour before President Mary McAleese was due to arrive and extensive coverage in the national press. As Student Union President in UCC, Frank Milling explained, the initial group was appointed solely by the college’s controversial president and failed to include any student representative or a non-academic representative from administration.

“As you can imagine, there was uproar in UCC and the admin staff, along with the SU, planned a protest against this lack of consultation” said Milling. At a board meeting on Tuesday 12th October, Milling expressed his dissatisfaction with the

lack of student representation on such an important committee. A protest was planned for Friday 15th October at the quad in UCC to coincide with the first meeting of the steering group, exactly one hour before President McAleese was due to open a new multi-million euro art gallery on campus.

The night before the protest however, Milling received a call from UCC vice-president of human resources, Mr. Noel Keeley, informing him that a decision had been made to co-opt Milling and Steele on to the steering group. The Student Union of UCC has since endorsed Milling’s request to allow him to sit on the committee.

“The Irish Times carried an article last Friday (15th) stating that the proposed Admin/SU protest was to be called off, but in fact this was not the case, and the protest went ahead. About 300 protestors, mainly admin staff, attended,” said Milling. Similarly contentious has been the decision not to allow UCC’s Academic Council to appoint members of the group. The candidates were chosen by Professor Wrixon, who has made many enemies since taking up office in UCC. As was reported recently in The Irish Times, Wrixon’s tenure has featured a

series of legal actions, internal wars and much opposition to the business-style approach Wrixon takes to running the university. In a controversial move, former Education Minister Noel Dempsey signed papers allowing Wrixon’s term of office to be extended by five years. This contravenes the University Act (1997) which allows university presidents to hold office for a maximum of ten years, but not if he/she reaches the age of 65 first. However, these papers have not yet been signed by the Minister for Finance and it remains to be seen whether the move will meet with the new Minister for Education Mary Hanafin’s approval.

As Milling noted, President Wrixon’s term of office could theoretically come to an end in June. “We believe is the real reason for his desire to push restructuring through”. “Ultimately, however, the most negative aspect of this whole thing is the bad press UCC has received – all to do with it’s own heavy-handed and clumsy approach to dealing with this issue”, said Milling. For more details on the controversy surrounding the reforms being implemented at University College Cork see the News Feature page 7.



Last minute registration - students cut it close to the wire

Warden Quits

Continued from Page 1

signaled his intention to move on after the resignation. Although expressing regret at the loss of “an excellent Warden”, he poured cold water on the fledgling JCR campaign. Asked about the campaign, and the possibility of O’Sullivan returning, he flatly stated: “That won’t happen”. He then went on to inform Trinity News that a new Warden had been provisionally selected, and would go before the board for ratification on Wednesday 27th October 2004. Mr. Tangney declined to reveal the identity of the new Warden, saying that it would become public knowledge once the board met. Tangney did however, state that the new Warden intended to meet with representatives of the JCR to discuss their concerns very shortly after assuming office. He also confirmed that Ms. O’Sullivan would retain her academic role within College.

Despite a request for an interview, Ms. O’Sullivan declined to make any comment on the matter, with sources close to the former Warden pointing out the sensitivity of the situation, and her reluctance to exacerbate any tensions caused by her resignation. It was intimated, however, that Ms. O’Sullivan deeply regretted the manner of her departure, and any difficulties that would arise as a result.

Alarming ISS

Statistics

A comparison undertaken by Trinity News between the Information Services budgets of both Trinity College and UCD has revealed surprising differences between the two services. Trinity College Dublin finds itself paying €6.8 million for the maintenance of 560 public access computers, while UCD are able to provide more than 1,500 public access computers as part of their service that costs a total of €5.2 million. While the statistics are less worrying when one takes into account the total number of computers on campus (Trinity maintains 9,500 computers altogether, while UCD have a little over 10,000) the fact remains that UCD appears to get better value for money than Trinity in the ever-growing budget area of Information Services.

Trinity News has enquired of ISS just why this situation exists but a brief inspection of the figures seem to indicate that a colossal staffing budget appears to be the main drain on funding. €4 million annually goes towards paying 72 staff in ISS, amounting to an average salary of roughly €55,000 per person. UCD appear miserly by comparison, spending €2.1 million on staff, but somehow contrive to provide an adequate service. See page 6 for more.

CSC Elections done and Dusted

Amy Colgan

The Central Societies Committee has begun its work for this academic year with a newly elected board of officers and executives. The treasurers of each college society voted at the last AGM of the CSC to put in place Luke Reynolds as Chairperson, Dermot Frost as Treasurer and Emily Taffe as Secretary. Colm Brophy takes up the position of Amenities Officer, and Joseph O’Gorman as the Honorary Treasurer. The executive consists of Renee Illian, Christine Bohan, Paul Brennan, Roisin Magee, Danielle McCormack, Rossa Shanks, Kat Sheane and Rory Treanor. Defeated candidate, Patrick Cosgrave, who unsuccessfully contested the position of Amenities officer, expressed disappointment, but not a great deal of surprise, at the results.

The Officers and Executive of the CSC shall meet once a week to make decisions on a number of things that

affect every society on campus, including, most importantly, the distribution of funds. The Committee is allocated a grant at the beginning of each year to cover the running expenses of societies and each society must put forward a proposal outlining its requirements. Throughout the year societies may also petition the CSC for smaller amounts of money for specific expenses. The Executive and Officers vote on whether to grant or refuse the request.

It has been alleged in recent weeks that this years committee is somewhat dominated by representatives of smaller societies, something which Renee Illian strongly denies. ‘The notion of it being a dictatorship of small societies is completely untrue. “Yes, there are people representing the small societies. There are also members of the Phil, the Hist and Players, some of the largest societies on campus.’ She believes that a balance is important, and that it exists. Illian also refutes any notion that there is bias towards any particular societies regarding levels of



funding. ‘It’s a democracy. We can only raise one hand. The reason that people become involved in CSC is because they want to support the societies and because they are such an important part of life in Trinity. Its not about politics for me.’

Regarding the upcoming year, the Committee do not intend to make any radical changes, but simply continue the work of what Illian regards as a venerable establishment.



# Raw deal or new zeal? The Internationals

*Just how much do Trinity’s International Students get milked by college?*

Abigail Semple

Walking into the International Student Affairs Office on a rainy afternoon, you might expect to find a handful of sullen sun-deprived Europeans and perhaps the odd American complaining about the lack of sport and computer facilities. Instead the office is filled with polite, seemingly well-adjusted students handing in their course-preference forms and gamely ignoring the weather. When asked whether Trinity meets their expectations, most are ready to overlook the slight bureaucratic hassles they’ve had to negotiate and confirm that their welcome to college has been warm. The office itself is staffed by possibly the best-looking and least grumpy administrative staff to be found on campus, and they are patient with

students who seem confused by the vagaries of course credit and lecture timetables.

Under the Provost’s proposed Strategic Plan for 2005-2008, the number of international enrolments will be increased to 20% of the student body and a new International Office will handle the recruitment and support of these students. While most students would welcome greater diversity on campus, there is also a perception that Trinity uses International Students as a revenue source without making adequate provision for their integration or accommodation. Some of these issues, such as the residency status and working entitlements of non-EU nationals who come here as students need to be addressed by government policy, while others can be dealt with internally by the college.

Trinity has always attracted significant

numbers of international students before the abolition in 1970 of the requirement that Catholics obtain special permission from the Archbishop of Dublin to enter the university, non-Irish students represented 50% of the student body. The number of international students is currently closer to the 17% mark: a sizeable portion of the student population, yet one which is not always the most vocal or visible. While there are 85 different countries represented at Trinity, the majority of international students are from other EU countries, with the most common country of origin being the UK. EU Nationals who do not meet the residency requirements to qualify for the government’s Free Fees Initiative pay in the region of €4,000-7,000 depending on their course whereas non-EU students are liable for fees of between €12,000 and €22,000.

These fees represent what the college has determined to be the ‘unit cost’ of education for each course, and the revenue from them is divided between the student’s department and the college’s administrative services and facilities. Such fees may seem steep, especially for courses with minimal contact hours, but it has not dampened the high level of demand for places at Trinity from students abroad, most notably in Medicine where international students account for half of all enrolments. For students coming from the US, undergraduate fees here are comparable to the cost of attending a private college in the US, where the average tuition is \$20,000 a year. This figure does not reflect the actual outlay of students attending private American colleges however, because the wide availability of financial aid means students pay only \$9,600 year on average. Attending

Trinity, where such financial assistance is virtually non-existent, is expensive.

While Trinity’s international reputation is a large part of its appeal to overseas students, there has also been a concerted effort on the part of the International Student Affairs office to attract students, particularly from Asia and the US. ‘I believe that the number of International students will need to be increased if Trinity wants to maintain its reputation as a leading educational institution’ says Ivan Filby, Trinity’s Director of International Student Affairs. ‘Internationalisation is important not just for the financial benefits it brings to college but also for the educational advantages which having a more diverse student body holds for Trinity’.

In order to recruit international students, college regularly funds trips abroad to Asia and America where

liaisons are made with students directly as well as school guidance counsellors and educational officials. There is a perception amongst students that admission standards for fee-paying students are lower, and Filby admits that “there are some tensions” between academic departments which wish to ensure the academic competence of students entering their courses and the ISA and Admissions offices. Most departments choose to allow a quota of non-EU students on top of those admitted through the CAO. The quota varies by department but averages at about 10%. There are guidelines in place for the assessment of secondary qualifications for most of the countries from which students apply, but these are not as rigid as the points system operated by the CAO.

Filby points out that the course-completion rates for International stu-

dents, at 80%, is relatively high. Course failure is not the primary reason for international students withdrawing from Trinity, so perhaps questioning the academic competence of students admitted from abroad is merely sniping on the part of Irish students who have been subjected to an inflexible points system. However, if the admission of International students is to be increased under the Strategic Plan, there is no reason why college shouldn’t commit itself to transparency in its admissions procedures. This would benefit both International applicants who face a large financial burden should they choose to enrol, and the student body as a whole as it would promote the integration, acceptance and valuation of students who have come here from abroad.

# Empty chairs and empty tables - Halls and the non-Café



Liz Johnson & Kathryn Segesser

Teething problems experienced in Trinity Hall last year look set to continue with students still without access to amenities such as an ATM machine, shop and full-time internet facilities. Perhaps the most obvious flaw, however, in Halls is the lack of activity in the newly fitted cafeteria.

The brand new high-spec kitchen and serving area, designed by Buttery manager Eugene McGovern, has yet to be fully utilised by Trinity Hall management. Although food was provided for the first weekend of freshers week, there has been no one available behind the counter since, despite the fact that

the cafeteria was installed at a high cost.

The reasons for these problems are thought to lie in staffing issues, centred around a pre-agreed catering contract with an external body. Pay and shift work are thought to lie at the heart of the debate. Halls are largely vacant during the day, and as Mr McGovern pointed out, it is difficult to find staff willing to work the evening shifts. The campus catering authorities were asked to oversee the operation. However, they declined due to reservations about the practicality of having a cafeteria facility as part of an already self-catering accommodation unit. It seems their views may have been justified.

Melanie Rogan, a second year TSM student, claimed that every time she had passed the cafeteria “it is empty. There

is no one serving and no food on the counters”. However she did admit that the general consensus at Halls was that “a shop would have been more beneficial. Each apartment at Halls has a fully equipped modern kitchen, with easy access to several supermarkets so the need for a cafeteria on-site is minimal”. With eight on-campus catering facilities, many Halls residents, if choosing to eat out, would do so whilst still on campus. Had the residents at Trinity Hall been surveyed last year perhaps this idea would have been more fully explored.

Other problem areas, highlighted by current residents, include the continuing lack of access to a ATM machine. A twenty minute walk is required for access to cash at the moment, despite a fully functional ATM being promised

by Christmas 2003. Again, the facility is there but is not yet up and running. Although there has always been internet access on-site, this year has seen the vital development of access to the college network extended to every bedroom. However, despite an increase in the numbers of residents, the opening hours of the computer room for Halls has been curtailed from all-day to evening access only, resulting in long queues. For those without a laptop or personal computer this can be particularly frustrating. It seems as if Halls management have students’ best interests at heart, however, the problems of making them a reality are proving extensive.

# Residents Defend Halls

Robert McCutcher

Residents of Trinity Hall have this week spoken out against the undue criticism their new student accommodation has been subject to over the last 18 months. “We’re not being heard” complained one inhabitant, “not above the stories about what a waste of time and money the place has been...and frankly, that’s untrue”. So, what is the truth about Trinity Hall? Are the walls crumbling and the neighbours protesting; are the rents extortionate and the facilities inadequate? One wonders how Trinity Students are managing to survive out there; four kilometres off into the wilderness of the Dartry suburb, with only the 14A to ferry them home at night, through the flatland of Rathmines.

In fact, the journey to and from Trinity Hall is nothing short of pleasant, as the Luas breezes through to Milltown in under fifteen minutes. There, carefully camouflaged by the canopies of many trees, you will find a whole complex of buildings, courtyards, water features and balconies which, united, create a very impressive scene. There are only two obvious clues that this is home to over a thousand students; the row upon row of bike racks along the main square, and the floor to ceiling windows in each kitchen which reveal more cans of a popular Dutch beer than might be normal elsewhere.

Immediately, I have a sense that Trinity Hall is very different from Campus. On entering the lift in Block 81, I’m confronted by a group of girls who inform me that I missed a class night out in Coyote yesterday, “everyone was there” they tell me. Unfortunately, I don’t know who “everyone” is because I don’t live here I reply and am given a genuinely sympathetic look, “that must be awful...I can’t imagine not living in a place like this” one admits. I

attempt to explain to her that it seems to me Trinity Hall is fairly unique.

So what is it that makes Trinity Hall so special? Regrettably, it’s impossible to describe without using the usual clichés. “It’s the sense of community you’re hit by as soon as you walk through the gates; somebody will know your name and take an interest in you, you’ll never be left alone unless you want to be” I’m told by one ardent supporter of the pastoral care system which has been implemented in Hall by the Warden, Ms Carmel O’Sullivan, and her merry band of mainly post-graduate Assistant Wardens. They tour the grounds every evening, looking more for a chat than trouble, but are well prepared to deal with both. “There’s a massive transition to be made from school to university and Trinity Hall makes that so much easier. You know there is a back-up system in place if you ever feel overwhelmed, it’s separate from College but more than aware of the demands College places on you” she continues, “I’d love to be able to bottle the spirit you experience here because it seems so unfair that you have to live here to know what it’s about”.

How much can the “Trinity experience” vary depending on your home life I wonder, and Michael, a student who has lived both on Campus and out in Hall gives me the answer; “In Trinity Hall you go home, make some dinner, chat with you flatmates as you do, and then go and play some soccer in the sports hall or go out to whatever event the JCR have organised; on Campus, you go home, make some dinner then go to your room because you don’t know who your housemates are”. It’s even far better than living at home or in digs, I’m told, “you’ve got the freedom of living independently and a sense of security too”.

The majority of students who have experienced life in Trinity Hall

lay all credit for the community that has grown there at the feet of the Warden, Ms Carmel O’Sullivan. “I’ve never met a person more interested in our welfare, not just because we are students but, and some people can forget this, because we are humans too”. Trinity Hall was shaken this week by the news that Ms O’Sullivan has resigned from her position after of years of wrangling with College authorities less interested in student well-being. As testament to the respect and affection she is held in by the residents of Trinity Hall, a petition has been launched demanding an independent investigation into the running of the Accommodation Office and the circumstances which arose to make the Warden decide she had no alternative but to resign. “It’s unbelievable that College has done so little to keep Ms O’Sullivan. We’ve tried to express how integral she is, but it seems no-one is listening to us. We fear that her replacement will merely be a figurehead; will they bother promoting the sense of belonging that Ms. O’Sullivan has; will they fight for us as ferociously as she has?” senior freshman asks, but there has been little response from College.

Trinity Hall has developed an extremely united community very quickly, and it seems very little has changed since the days of less than one hundred students, but it is well aware of its imperfections. “We can live without water for a few days, or without the internet, and for those issues the blame lies elsewhere” remarks a loyal supporter of the JCR’s Campaign to return Dr. O’Sullivan. “The College at large needs to know is that Trinity Hall is a great place to live, and while we will continue to fight to keep our Warden, maintain our rooms, appease our neighbours and improve our facilities, it’s because Trinity Hall is worth the effort”

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# Buckets to be dusted off for Trinity Med Day

Ida Tarbell

White-coated fanatics will emerge from their hiding places on Thursday 4th November, with over 350 Trinity medical students taking to the streets of Dublin armed with collection buckets as part of Trinity Med Day. The funds raised will support the Intensive Care Unit in Tallaght Hospital and a Trinity Access Program medical scholarship to

assist students from disadvantaged backgrounds for university studies. Med Day Chairperson Lucy Soden explains: "The funds raised will be used to support the Intensive Care Unit in Tallaght Hospital. This remains the axis of critical care for severely debilitated patients in the hospital. The money collected will be used to purchase vital diagnostic equipment that will further empower the dedicated staff in their struggle to save these patients.

Your generous donation will make a difference." Last year's Med Day, the second thus far, amassed an impressive €50,000 for the Care of the Elderly program at St. James' Hospital and for comprehensive medical scholarships. Part of the community outreach element of Med Day will see 120 local school children visiting Trinity College to participate in an interactive practical clinical session where senior medical

students will demonstrate a variety of skills as reading x-rays and using a stethoscope. This hopefully will serve to inspire the students to apply for the scholarship funded by Trinity Med Day. "We're not all lazy, whinging or selfish" a stethoscope. This hopefully will serve to inspire the students to apply for the scholarship funded by Trinity Med Day.

Trinity Med Day also aims to promote interaction amongst the medical years and with staff through events such as a "Med Cup" soccer tournament and other fun activities throughout the day such as gladiator sumo wrestling and "Med Idol.". It has been closely modelled on the UCD Med Day, a smiliarly successful charity-based initiative. Though revellers in this year's UCD Med day succeeded in entering Trinity College, it does not appear

that Trinity Organisers intend any invasion of UCD Offices. Instead, organisers seem more focussed upon maximising the amount of funds raised by the event, and keeping the fcus of the evet geared towards inclusion and helping less-advantagd groups in college . This dedicated approach to charity has been praised by both College authorities and societies. Trinity SVP have wished them luck, while a spokesperson for Trinity Suas was more enthusiastic:

"All we hear about are the negative student stereotypes. Still, we're not all lazy, whinging or selfish, and there are some genuinely good people out there. Things like Med Day show that as well as anything. Fingers crossed, it will be another success, and we can look forward to Med Day being a regular occurrence"

## This time, learning will be fun

Klara Kubiak

Back to school blues will be greatly alleviated next autumn, because the fair is coming to town! Bringing with it all the anticipation and excitement of the annual barn dance, the prestigious BA (British Association for the Advancement of Science) international Festival of Science will be held in Dublin next September. Several thousand lab-coated, bespectacled entertainers will descend upon the city for an entire week from September 3rd. The overall aim of the festival, hosted by Trinity College and run by the BA , is "to meet scientists and generally have fun"-such innovative ideas clearly put this event to the forefront of its field. Whilst generally frolicking with scientists, the lay community will also have the opportunity to attend public lectures, listen to

celebrity guest speakers, partake in hands-on activities and field trips, and observe demonstrations, all led by a 300 strong group of experts in the areas of science, engineering and technology. Far from being a purely cold intellectual enterprise , Professor Helen Haste, Chair of the BA, hopes the festival will provide an opportunity for scientists and the public to engage on a much more emotional level, "to connect and talk about their hopes and concerns". Trinity's Provost Dr. John Hegarty, has expressed his delight that that the festival is being launched in Dublin, and believes it will play a big part in renewing an interest in science among young people. The youth of today will be targeted directly at source, as a program for primary and secondary schools in run in conjunction with the main events of the festival, and it is expected that schools nationwide

will take part in an altruistic bid to bring science into the lives of the next generation of Newtons and Einsteins . 700 public lectures in such areas as Archaeology, Agriculture and Food, Anthropology, Biological Science, Chemistry, Economics, Education, Engineering, Geography, History of Science, Mathematics, Medicine, Physics and Astronomy, Psychology and Sociology, will reveal to an awe-inspired public the latest developments in their fields, presumably without any time delay as such advancements simultaneously occur in the hands-on activities tent next-door. While we have received no confirmation as of yet that either candy floss or popcorn will be provided, we can be assured that at least the heartsand minds of all present will be thoroughly nourished in an event that promises to "inspire, engage and challenge visitors of all ages."



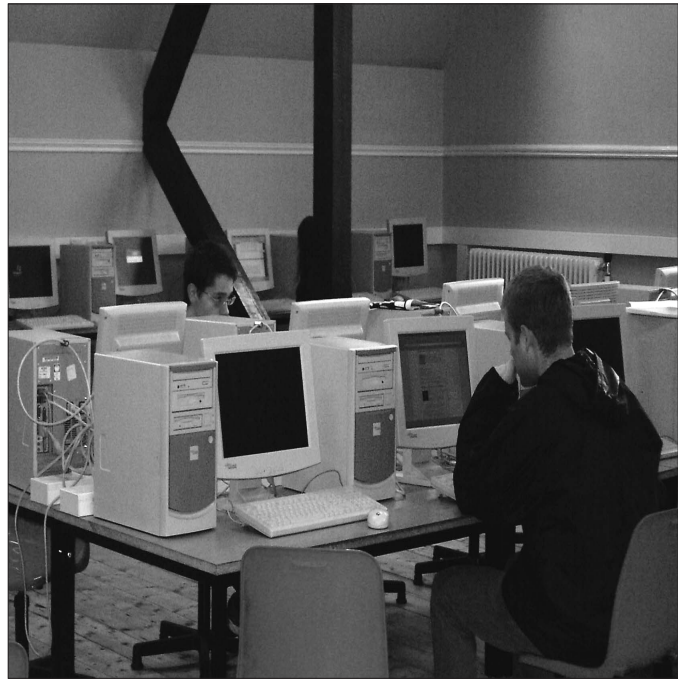
## DURNS remain calm under fire from anonymous student

Whelan and CSC Chairman criticises anti-DURNS campaign

Derek Owens

The Dublin University Rock Nostalgia Society (DURNS) may face a threat greater than the relentless advance of vapid pop, with reports reaching Trinity News of a campaign to remove the society from their society rooms. The society currently share a room on the top floor of House 6 with the Trinity One World society, but have faced criticism on online noticeboards, complaining of excessive noise being made by the society during the day. Trinity News has learned that the still-anonymous author of these posts is currently casting about for support for a petition, calling for the re-location of the society to rooms, possibly in the Atrium near the Buttery Bar. In an email to Trinity News (sent via an anonymous hotmail address), the student in question likened DURNS to "those annoying Temple Bar skater kids. They practice all day, but just don't get any better. Except rather than simply injuring themselves, they inflict their incompetence on us all, day after day after day... there's people who have to work in house 6. Why can't they move to some place out of the way, like the Atrium?" When asked this question by Trinity News, Frankie Whelan, auditor of DURNS, seemed bemused. "It's funny, we've never actually had people coming up here to complain about the noise," he stated, "We have practice rooms down in Regent House, and we really use them more than anything else." While conceding that occasionally people would have "a jam" in their house 6 rooms, Mr Whelan vigorously denied that a drum kit donated by Mr. Luke Ryder, currently stored in the room, featured in these impromptu sessions. He also intimated that it would be a source of regret if DURNS were forced to leave what has become a "spiritual home" for the society, as well as the impracticality of

relocating to the Atrium. "If that happened, any noise we make would just fill the Buttery. I don't think that would work at all" Mr. Whelan, along with other members of the society, also expressed his desire that the anti-DURNS campaigner communicate his dissatisfaction through the proper channels, or come up to the society rooms to discuss the matter. Central Societies Committee Chairman Luke Reynolds also criticized the unorthodox nature of the fledgling campaign. "If there's a society with a complaint, or a problem with another society, I would prefer if they came to me. We would then do our best to sort the matter out. I know we haven't hear any complaints from the society who shares their rooms (the Trinity One World Society). These would be the people who would complain." Faced with these points, the anonymous campaigner replied "What a load of bollockology. I'm not the only one who's sick of DURNS, otherwise we wouldn't be in contact. This is something a lot of people agree with me on." To calls for the author to reveal himself or herself, Trinity News encountered a defensive reply: "I don't want to deal with having a shower of society saps harassing me. I'm not going to say or do anything, before I know what people think about the whole thing. At the moment, I just want it confirmed that I'm not the only one who hates these DURNS kids. Don't you see where I'm coming from?" Trinity News does not endorse the views of the anonymous author, but have undertaken to print his/her email address, and invite any supporters or critics of the proposal to contact: ihatedurns@hotmail.com



## New computer lab: Hidden up in the GMB attic. Naturally.

### UCD arboreal carnage

Mark Owens

It would appear that UCD's creative approach to forest management has caused raised eyebrows and voices with the recent decision to sell "invaluable" tracts of wooded land to greedy developers. The land in question is the driveway of the recently acquired Phillips Factory on Clonskeagh Rd, which the College authorities have declined to save, despite the objections of local residents. David Power, Chairman of the local Park Resident's Association, has referred to the Elms as "a local amenity", but UCD have broken off talks with the Association aimed at protecting the trees from being chopped, leaving them with no choice but to complain. Unfortunately, this strategy has come to naught, with the Dun Laoighaire/Rathdown County Council telling them to that they cannot intervene over the trees in their jurisdiction "They have said they believe the trees are significant, they would like to preserve them and are fully aware of their importance," trumpeted Power, despite all evidence to the contrary. UCD students appeared to welcome the imminent arboreal carnage. Mr. Barry Hutchinson, 4th Medicine, explained: "You see, the thing is, when you have a tree it just gets in your way, whereas when you chop it down, you can, like, build stuff."

### No More Early Houses

Graham Ó Maonaigh

Revelers at the next Trinity Ball, should it go ahead, will no longer be able to avail of an early morning drink on Pearse Street. The 'Widow Scanlon' and the 'Pearse Tavern' have both been ordered not to serve alcohol until 10.30am on the morning following next year's Trinity Ball, despite having early licenses allowing them to server alcohol from 7.30 in the morning. Local residents contacted the Gardai with concerns regarding the behavior of ball-goers next day and blame the availability of alcohol after the ball for misbehaviour. Following these complaints the District Court contacted Liam McNeill, the proprietor of 'Widow Scanlon' and Brendan Dunne of the 'Pearse Tavern' instructing them not to serve alcohol before 10.30am on the morning following the ball. Both pubs have complied with the requests from the District Court and the Gardai. Further to this both pubs were told to serve food, as their licenses require. The Widow Scanlon and Pearse Tavern are located at the far end of Pearse Street, near the Grand Canal. If ball-goers are prepared to travel the kilometer from Front Arch to the Widow Scanlon and Pearse Tavern, then it is fair to suggest that they will travel to any other of the early houses located throughout Central Dublin.

# Lady rowers crash at Islandbrige

Last Saturday 23rd October the Ladies Boat Club novice VIII crashed spectacularly over the Islandbridge weir. The boat snapped in three separate places with its occupants, all novice lady rowers, sent flying over the weir. Luckily though no one was seriously injured. One onlooker told Trinity News: "I was

just watching the river when I saw this rowing boat filled with pretty lady rowers coming down. Then suddenly I heard screams of panic about having to turn and the next thing I know the boat is over the weir!" With damage estimated at around €16,000 the Ladies Captain has initiated a full investigation into the incident. Such

an event is not unprecedented with UCD rowing novices crashing in a similar fashion two years ago. Now however, as one prominent Rowing Club member put it, the Dublin University Ladies Boat Club are the "laughing stock" amongst rowing clubs at Islandbridge.



The wreckage of the boat after the incident at the Islandbridge weir

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Hist relish drama at Northern Ireland Debate

*Sinn Féin speaker accuses Northern Ireland Secretary of phone tapping*

The yearly ritual of the Historical Society's Northern Ireland Debate passed off with much incident, but little in the line of actual bloodshed, despite breaches of traditional 'good taste', the presence of party activists and a valiant attempt to justify Loyalist Paramilitary activity. For an event that relies on the 'pulling power' exerted by top political figures, the Hist pulled off a major coup in attracting Mark Durkan, leader of the SDLP, and Paul Murphy, Secretary of State for Northern Ireland.

The most telling and talked about blows, however, came from some of the less high-profile guests. Daithí Doolan, a Sinn Féin councillor for South Dublin, used the opportunity to grill Paul Murphy on the bugging of Sinn Féin's offices in recent months early on, raising the tension within the room, and exciting Sinn Féin activists. They were further incensed by comments from the Rev. Marvyn Gibsen of the Orange Order, who declared that Unionist Paramilitaries were acting primarily "out of self defense, to protect their communities". As Una Faulkner, a Senior Freshman Arts student put it, "I was raging, ready to sign up for Sinners right there. Then Paul Murphy made this speech"

Murphy, who made his name as a New Labour Secretary of State for Wales, called on all present to bury their differences and succeeded, for the evening at least, in diminishing the tension in the room. As Anne O'Brien, auditor of the Hist remarked, "The secretary's speech was strong, the standard of the debate in general was better even

than most years. The speakers really challenged and interacted with each other more than usually."

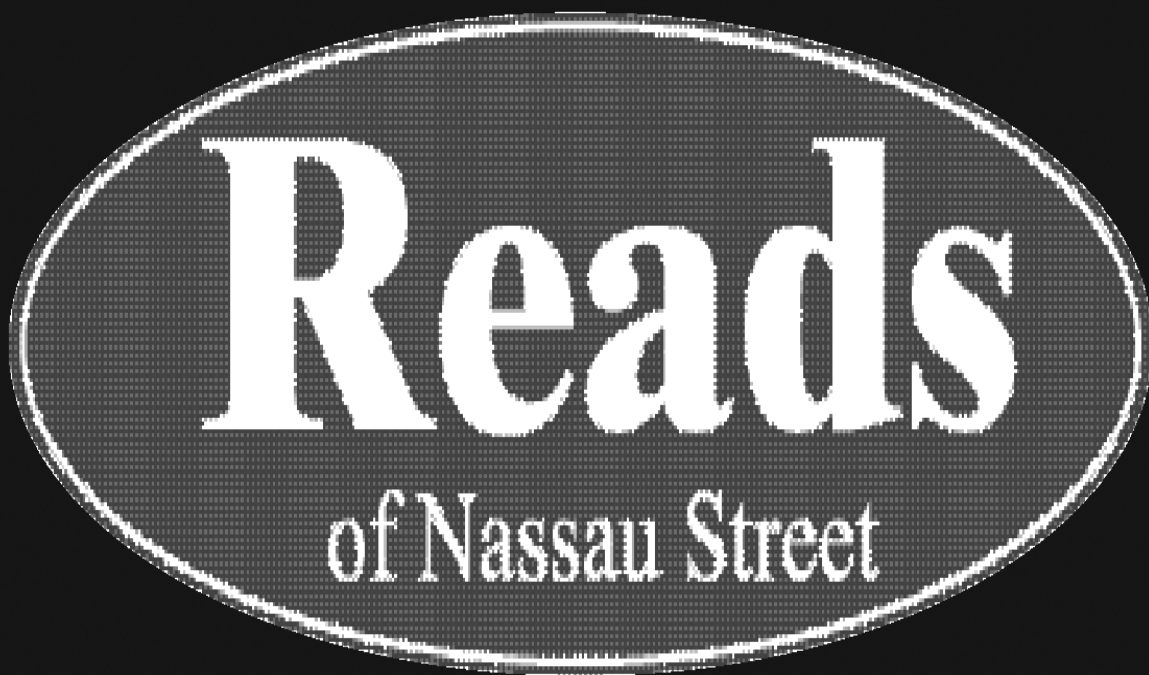
The strong security presence that was required to hold the debate, and the tension caused by some of the more provocative remarks, caused some to question the necessity of promoting "shock value" above debate quality, and bringing in controversial speakers simply for the sake of drama. To this, Ms. O'Brien replied that "we try to challenge audiences as much as possible, rather than boring them. I don't think we sacrifice debate quality, but we do try to keep things interesting"



Daithí Doolan addresses the crowd at the Hist

Photo: Eamon Marron





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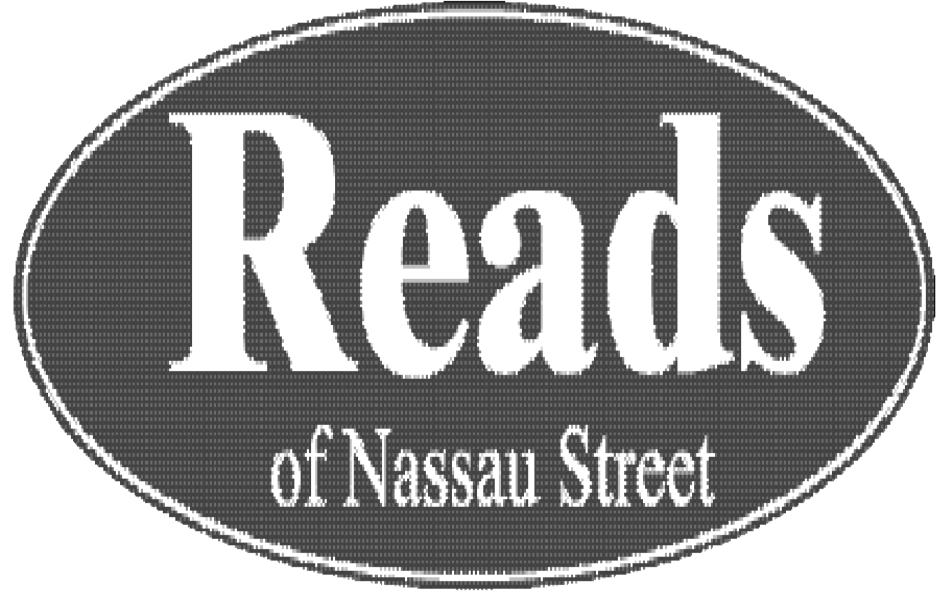
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# ISS Budgeting does not compute

*Questions have arisen as to what extent the services provided by Information System Services (ISS) represent value for money.*

*UCD students have three times as many public access computers as Trinity students, while their budget is €1.6m less than I.S. Services.*

*Meanwhile, pay inflation appears to be out of control, with a 257% increase in the amount of pay over seven years.*

**Roger Hamilton**

Information System Services most recent annual expenditure was to the tune of €6.83m. For this, the average undergraduate can expect stuffy computer rooms, long queues, awkward printing and must go through about 10 dialog boxes before being able to get on to mymail.

Trinity News interviewed Mr. Michael Nowlan, Director of ISS, asking him a series of questions which came to our attention. Mr. Nowlan has been Director since 1995 and has been instrumental in the development of the college network since the bad old days when the internet in college was the prehistoric UNIX machine in a hut over in Pearse Street. Nowadays the college network connects nearly 10,000 machines, manages about 15 million emails each month and uses the latest in wireless technology.

However, technology comes at a price and maintainance of the network counts for a huge part of the overall expenditure in ISS. In 2002-2003, (the latest statistics available from IS Services) pay expenditure amounted to €4.02m for employment of 72.5 people. This is an average salary of €55,500 that is, from top management down to technicians, which Mr. Nowlan admitted “is better than the sweatshops of the call centers.”

Money is being spent on providing a high standard of service, however the way it is being spent and the value for money is questionable. There appears to be a pyramid hierarchy for staff, only it is upsidedown, with lots of people on high salaries and few technicians. ISS has evolved as an inefficient

and reduce the pay expenditure as a percentage of the overall budget. In UCD for example, they budget just 40% of €5.2m on pay whereas ISS spend 58% of their €6.8m expenditure on pay.

**Pay has increased dramatically whereas expenditure on non-pay items such as computer infrastructure has remained largely static.**

Pay inflation seems to be out of control at ISS. Trinity News asked how it was that in 1995/1996 48 people were employed for €1.4m and in 2002/2003 72.5 people were employed for €4.02m. This effectively means that an increase of 51% in the number of staff at ISS cost Trinity College a corresponding 257% increase in the amount of pay over 7 years. When questioned on this statistic Mr. Nowlan replied “I presume it's pay inflation, I don't know, you've hit me with a number”. So pay has increased dramatically whereas expenditure on non-pay items such as computer infrastructure has remained largely static – In 1996/1997 €2m was spent on non-pay compared to €2.8m being spent on in 2002/2003. Despite substantial pay inflation, this year saw the numbers of staff increase even further with the engagement of 3 new staff. Also, when the printing charge was introduced, printing man-

boost to ISS's staffing levels. Seemingly increased demand for network use and getting Trinity Hall in Darty live (after huge embarrassing delays) has led to further increases in staffing requirements.

Trinity News was recently in contact with UCD Computing who essentially take on much the same role as ISS do in Trinity. Their annual budget, to the tune of €5.2m is €1.6m less than that of ISS. For this UCD students can expect over 1500 public access computers as opposed to Trinity's 550 and a telephone helpdesk where students/staff can seek technical support instantly over the phone. When questioned about the fact that UCD have almost three times as many public access machines as Trinity, ISS's response was that “we haven't been given the resources... The resources are about space and money...space is much more expensive here in Trinity than in UCD...it's because we haven't got the physical space, probably more than anything else.” And so it seems that there will be no considerable increase in the numbers of computers about campus for the near future.

Mr. Nowlan sees computers being used much differently in the forthcoming years. Nobody could have foreseen the ease and availability of wireless technology at such low prices. The wireless network will probably soon become a major growth area with students relying on their own laptop/portable device much more so than public access computer rooms. ISS will need to plan ahead for this demand whilst keeping in mind that there is always the issue of making sure that disadvantaged students won't be denied access to technology due to financial overheads associated with the cost of mobile computing. In the mean time though it's long queues and stuffy computer rooms with poor air conditioning.

Most students living on campus will be caught unaware that where a room is fitted with a network point a 'standing charge' of €60 will apply regardless of whether the connection is used or not. A common trait these days is that students attending Trinity are forced to pick up the tab for financial cutbacks by way of charges such as sports levies, ISI levies, student health levies, catering increases, printing charges and €60 network connection 'standing charges'. According to the 2004/2005 Residents' handbook as issued by the Registrar of Chambers (Mr. Brendan Tangney) 'This charge is



“ISS has evolved as an inefficient Frankenstein of a beast.” Photo: Matt Pitt

	Trinity	UCD
Annual Budget	€6.8m	€5.2m
Pay Expenditure	€4.0m	€2.1m (40% of budget)
No. of public access Computers	560	1,500 +
No. of Computers	9,500	10,000 +
Number of Students	15,000	22,000

to contribute to technical support and network costs'.

In response to the €60 charge on residential rooms, ISS were quick to point out the fact that the charge was 'their [accommodation office] charge not ours' however ISS did concede that they managed the network for

the accomodations office in return for payment, however this payment is unrelated to a rate of €60 per student.

So how good is the college network really? Trinity is currently ranked 234th in the world which of course can be improved but a world class university does need a world class

computer network. HEAnet provide a gigabit connection to TCD however, gigabit ethernet is not available to students since all data must pass through a slow firewall. The rollout of wireless technology is also slow with campus wide coverage only a dream, not a reality. Maybe it's time to give

Frankenstein a shock or maybe it's time to replace him with something new. Of course the network is not that bad and works quite well, however it is plainly obvious that investment is not being seen in terms of front end services for students.

# POLITICAL PARTIES: STUDENT MEMBERSHIP CONTRADICTS NATIONAL TRENDS

*An examination of membership of political parties has revealed an astonishing level of student support for government minority parties, especially the Greens. In a two-part story, Trinity News examines the state of Young Fine Gael, Ógra Fianna Fáil and Labour in Trinity and in the next issue will look at the strength of Sinn Féin, the Greens and the Progressive Democrats.*

**Paul McGartoll**

Trinity College has for years been seen as a hotbed of political thought and student activism. Ireland's political parties have seen the college as a recruiting ground for future TDs and a place where the policies of tomorrow are created. The Táiniste, Mary Heaney, is a former student of College where, as a leading light in the Hist, she began her career and honed her skills.

Student membership in Trinity of the main political parties in government stood at 607 for the academic year 2003-04, according to CSC records. Given a total student population (both undergraduate and postgraduate) of 12,403, this means less than 5% of the student population are members of a political party. Nowadays, young people constantly hear how apathetic we are. But are we really that disinterested? True, less than 5% of the student body are members of political parties on campus. However they still exist, and meetings are held weekly in Trinity of all Irish political parties, not to mention the Politics society. So why do people join a party on campus? What do they do? And can they stir up any enthusiasm among students?

What is startling about an

investigation by Trinity News into support for the main political parties is the extent to which student politics does not bear any resemblance to support for

**Support for Sinn Féin is disproportionately low, with the party accounting for 11% of party membership in Trinity, but only 3% in the Dáil.**

the parties on the national scene. Most striking is the level of support for the Greens in College, who attract one-third of student membership of political parties. This compares to only 4% of support for the Greens nationally, based on Dáil representation.

Support for Sinn Féin is also disproportionately low, with the party accounting for 11% of party membership in Trinity, but only 3% in the Dáil. High membership of these so-called minority parties is attracted at the expense of the main government party, Fianna Fáil, who had only 21% of membership of political parties 2003-04, even though they represent 48% of sitting TDs in Dáil Éireann.

Support for the main oppo-

sition parties, Fine Gael and Labour, remains consistent with national trends. A recruitment drive for membership of these parties that took place during Freshers week coincided with the release of an Irish Times/tns MRBI poll that also produced some interesting findings. The results broadly mirrored the success or otherwise of the parties during Fresher's week. The slight downturn in support for Labour, for instance, was reflected in a drop of 2% in the Irish Times poll. Support for Sinn Féin rose by 1%, making current national support for the party marginally higher than it is in Trinity. Support for Fine Gael in the poll remained unchanged, but in Trinity they increased their support by 11%. Increasing support for Fianna Fáil is reflected in consistent support for the party in Trinity this year.

Although student politics is seen as generally rebelling against the status quo, trends in Trinity College, Dublin gravitate towards minority parties in such huge numbers that they represent less of a rebellion, and more of a revolt. The future of Irish politics looks set to be very different.

As part of a two-part series, Trinity News examines the state of political parties in Trinity, beginning with Fianna Fáil, Fine Gael and Labour.

## FG increase membership and plan to develop links with Labour

*Ireland's largest opposition party are building up membership in Trinity, benefitin from government opposition.*

**Anne-Marie Ryan**

Young Fine Gael increased their membership by about 13% during this year's Freshers week, with numbers rising from 121 in 2003-04 to 136 this year. Their chairperson Kevin Pilkington said he was pleased with this return, as many of the parties had found it difficult to attract membership this year. He feels however that Trinity Young Fine Gael is “weaker than other branches in terms of membership”, with the party especially strong in UL, UCC and NUI Galway.

The reasons Trinity students join Young Fine Gael he said, was largely due to “increasing dissatisfaction with the government, this year especially”. Traditionally, he said, stu-

dents joined Young Fine Gael to escape what they perceived as a conservative attitude in Trinity and while this was still the case, an increasing number are joining in rebellion against government policy.

He told how one student had joined purely out of spite for Fianna Fáil. Pilkington noted a “huge dissatisfaction” among students, particularly regarding student fees and the allocation of grants. “Means testing of grants is a shambles”, he said “and there is a great fear that the OECD report will be used as a battering ram to reintroduce fees”.

Trinity Young Fine Gael are very much linked to the national Fine Gael agenda. In light of recent developments leading to the possibility of an alternative government, Pilkington told of plans to have a joint meeting with the Labour party this year. As early as February of last year, Young Fine Gael held a meeting at which Labour TD Brendan Howlin was present, to debate the possibility of an alternative government. This was seven months before the ‘Mullingar Accord’, at which

Labour leader Pat Rabbitte and Fine Gael leader Enda Kenny agreed on a voting arrangement on Westmeath County Council.

Trinity Young Fine Gael also plan to build up their links with the Green party, who may also form part of an alternative government.

While Pilkington agrees that the number involved in student politics is small, he has noted an increase in student activism, with students more interested in policy formation than the social aspects of politics. He also believes that those students who do get involved can make a difference.

Trinity Young Fine Gael meet every week and plan to increase their number of branch meetings this year, having had two so far. Future speakers include the new opposition Health spokesperson, Dr. Liam Twomey, a former Trinity student. Last year, Fine Gael canvassed during the European and local elections.

Trinity Young Fine Gael's influence is very much strengthened by their close ties to the national party,

Pilkington said. A member of Trinity Young Fine Gael, Raymond McAdams, is currently running for the position of vice-president in the national party of Young Fine Gael, which has resulted in Trinity Young Fine Gael being obliged to spend much time in the Dáil bar.

Funding for Young Fine Gael comes more from CSC than it does from the national party, although posters and attendance at the national conference are subsidised by the party. Young Fine Gael also do their own fundraising and held an alumni dinner last year.

**GUIDE TO A SUCCESSFUL YEAR**

1

Make at least one swotty friend

2

Never let your standards slip

3

Join YFG

Young Fine Gael is a registered political party under the Electoral (Political Parties) Act 2002. It is not affiliated with any religious or political organisation. It is not a trade union or a trade union organisation. It is not a political party for the purposes of the Electoral (Political Parties) Act 2002. It is not a political party for the purposes of the Electoral (Political Parties) Act 2002.



# Double vision: Trinity and UCC see eye-to-eye on restructuring

*Planned restructuring in UCC is remarkably similar to reforms proposed for Trinity and is having the same controversial consequences*

## Anne-Marie Ryan

From Front Square in Trinity College to the quad in UCC to the sprawling campus of Belfield, reform, restructuring and reinventing is on the agenda of Ireland's top universities. A vast overhaul of university structures is by no means unique to Trinity, and academic reform has been taking place for some time now in both University College Cork (UCC) and University College Dublin (UCD).

Questions have arisen as to what extent these reform movements are prompted at the university's own initiative, or whether they are the product of a broader plan for third level education. In the last issue of Trinity News, TCDSU president Francis Kieran questioned the motives for introducing restructuring to Trinity.

"Given that UCD and UCC are embarking on similar processes, we have to ask who's pushing this agenda and why?" he said. "Is the Conference of Heads of Irish Universities (CHIU) worried about government cuts and trying to create perceptions of slimming down as a result?"

In an interview with Trinity News, the president of the Students Union in UCC, Mr. Frank Milling, expressed sentiments similar to those of his colleague in TCD.

"There can be no doubt that CHIU is pushing this agenda, as a direct result of the 'perceived' action government will take in the coming years vis-à-vis funding for Third Level education in Ireland. The OECD report acted as a wake-up call for many, both in terms of its recommendations in Section 10

## UCC has frequently secured more money from the Programme for Research in Third-Level Institutions than Trinity

(implementation of a Graduate Tax or Loan Scheme) and as a general precursor to what the OECD, and the 'powers that be' in government itself are thinking" he said.

From the point of view of examining the process and consequences of restructuring, events in UCC appear to be especially relevant to the staff and students of Trinity College. Reform in the Cork university has been characterised by the controversial leadership of its president, Professor Gerard T. Wrixon, which has contributed to a

bitter and divisive feud that has developed on campus and received much coverage in the national media.

Since becoming president of UCC, Gerry Wrixon has certainly made his presence felt. His tenure has thus far seen UCC attract huge amounts of research funding, to the point where UCC has frequently secured more money from the Programme for Research in Third-Level Institutions than Trinity or UCD, universities which are substantially bigger in size than UCC. When UCC was named Sunday Times University of the Year 2003/04, it was primarily because of its outstanding research that it was awarded the coveted title. The number of students who gave UCC as their first preference when filling out their CAO applications rose by 10% in 2004, in spite of a 4% decrease in the number of applications to CAO nationally.

However, as positive as these developments have been, Wrixon's no-nonsense style of leadership has left him with some enemies. As was reported recently in The Irish Times, a number of staff and students are furious with the way Professor Wrixon is directing the university. The lack of consultation as regards the nature of academic change has been a serious bone of contention for many, including the president of the Students Union in UCC, Mr. Frank Milling. Commenting on what he believed to be the most negative measure taken by UCC governing bodies so far, Milling complained of how college authorities had "blindly forged ahead with this restructuring plan without proper consultation".

When President Wrixon set up a 'Steering Group' charged with

one of UCC's vice-presidents, informing him that "in light of current thinking amongst Governors", a representative of the Students Union would be permitted to sit on the 'Steering Group'.

Milling can therefore empathise with the difficulties encountered by TCDSU President Francis Kieran in seeking proper consultation with the Provost on restructuring in Trinity. He says it is not change itself

## UCC consultation paper titled 'Reorganisation of University Structures' bears a striking resemblance to the proposals of TCD's 'Structures Report'

that is being opposed: "There is a broad consensus that UCC is creaking at the seams and needs reform" he said. Like Kieran, he feels it is too early to either welcome or reject the planned reforms and that is why representation has become such an important issue.

UCC, like Trinity, is faced with problems common to the modern Irish university, particularly as regards the unreliability of state funding. Expressing sentiments remarkably similar to those outlined in TCD's Structures Report, the President of UCC, Professor G. T. Wrixon believes that a dependence on state funding has left UCC lacking "the fiscal flexibility to be as truly strategic and innovative as it would wish".

There are striking similarities between comments made in Trinity's Structures Report and a presentation given by Professor Gerry Wrixon of UCC, entitled 'Growing Excellence at University College Cork'. Both documents cite international student recruitment as one of the main sources of future income generation. Both documents recognise the need for funds to be raised externally and through research, rather than depending on state financing. Both documents propose department and faculty restructuring as conducive to making their respective universities more internationally competitive. Where Wrixon suggests target budget cuts based on performance, TCD also encourages a



UCC SU President Frank Milling accuses the Wrixon administration of adopting a "‘Darwinian’ approach to education"

productivity-based system, where those who do the work of the college are rewarded.

A copy of a UCC consultation paper titled 'Reorganisation of University Structures' seen by Trinity News also bears a striking resemblance to the proposals of the Structures Report. Like the Structures Report, the consultation paper proposes a reduction in the number of faculties (in this case from seven to four), the devolution of administrative functions to faculties and also the amalgamation of departments into schools.

Agreement on the necessity of reintroducing third level fees also appears to be slowly emerging between the heads of Ireland's top universities. In the last issue of Trinity News Provost John Hegarty admitted he was in favour of fees, for those who can pay them at least. In his presentation, Professor Wrixon tentatively pointed to top-up fees and student contributions as a solution to the dearth of funding at third level.

Whether there is a wider agenda or not, it is would appear that the reforms of university presidents are being met with government approval. In an interview with UCC News last September for instance, the Tánaiste, Ms. Mary Harney T.D. expressed her delight at what she termed "a new breed

of university president". She was especially pleased with the academic background of the current presidents of Ireland's top universities, describing as "wonderful" the fact that Provost John Hegarty was previously involved in engineering and worked in Bell labs, that UCC president Gerry Wrixon is from a similar background and that UCD president Hugh Brady was a medical doctor and scientist.

In its recent economic analysis of Ireland, The Economist also praised highly Hegarty, Brady and Wrixon for their movement towards the American model of universities linked with industry.

In the same interview with UCC News, comments made by Ms. Harney revealed many similarities between her vision for Irish universities and the actual reforms currently taking place, particularly in relation to the private sector.

"I think we need a lot of reform in the university structure and how people are awarded tenure, greater due diligence, etc." she said. "I'm a great believer in giving professors and academic staff the freedom to work in the private sector. In America, they have nine-month contracts and a lot of them work for three months in industry – I think that's excellent as regards keeping people in touch with the real world."

Her desire for greater autonomy for universities will also compliment the proposed restructuring plans.

"What we need to do with the universities is give them money on the basis of outcomes and results, rather than dictate the a-to-z of how they spend it. I think academic freedom is important and I think the way to fund universities should be on the basis of outcomes, rather than going through line-for-line" said Harney.

Frank Milling believes however that reform at third level is not so much a part of a government agenda as it is a part of the Higher Education Authority's agenda. "I believe that for all his solo runs, Noel Dempsey did not possess much insight into the workings of 3rd level education and that in fact, it could be claimed that Dr. Dan Thornhill of the HEA was pushing much of the Third Level agenda. We'll have to see what Mary Hanafin does!" he said.

As in TCD, reaction to proposed restructuring has been strongest from the Arts Faculty. In 2003, Arts in UCC attracted roughly 5% of research funding, compared with the 22% of research funding received by the National Microelectronic Research Centre at UCC. Milling is concerned about a disproportionate allocation of resources, where science and engineering benefit to the detriment of arts.

"The Arts Faculty would appear to be the big loser in Wrixon's reform package" he said. "I believe that many within the current Wrixon administration have adopted what I would call a 'Darwinian' approach to education; i.e. that it is or should be a case of 'survival of the fittest'. I mean, of course, a Department's ability to attract outside funding for research purposes. This primarily is why the Governors on UCC's governing body from the Arts Faculty would be so strongly against any planned restructuring."

It would appear that for the foreseeable future at least, government focus will be very much on the sciences. Science Foundation Ireland (SFI) has been in existence for the past three years. The government has also created the position of Chief Scientific Advisor (Dr. Barry McSweeney) for the implementation of Ireland's research strategy. There are plans for the establishment of a particular Dáil/Oireachtas committee to oversee policy on scientific funding and to follow a 'value-for-money' approach in attracting research funding. Mary Harney hopes this committee will be created by the next Dáil at the latest.

## Support for FF appears unaffected by government policy

*FF chairperson tells of 'good feedback' during Freshers' Week and the existence of a healthy left/right divide in the Trinity cumann*

## Paul McGartoll

Having matched last year's membership figures of 125, Trinity Fianna Fáil's Chairperson Séin Ó Muineacháin is happy with his society's performance during Freshers' Week. The party received very good feedback at their stand in Front Square, with Monday especially being an "exceptionally busy day". Ó Muineacháin spoke of the positive response of first years: "No one said to us 'you're Fianna Fáil, go away', people were prepared to listen to what we had to say."

In their two meetings so far this year, there has been a high attendance of both Freshers and old members, most of whom, Ó Muineacháin is satisfied to say, have rejoined from last year. There is an international feel to FF this year with Americans, French, English and a Slovakian among those at the meetings. According to Ó Muineacháin, Trinity FF meetings now include American and Continental angles on the party. The highest number of Freshers in five years recently went on the party's annual trip to the Dáil, where they got to mix with many Fianna Fáil TDs and Senators.

FF's dominance of Irish politics on a national level is not mir-

rored in Trinity.

The Greens have significantly more members, and this year Fine Gael have overtaken their rivals in Trinity. Although FF has large organisations in UCD, Cork and Galway, Ó Muineacháin is unperturbed about his organisation's shortcomings: "Trinity FF have never aspired to be the biggest party on campus." He goes on to say that he is not surprised by the Greens' success, "nobody disagrees with what the Greens say, it's all about the environment. FF have a more diverse message; on the economy and foreign policy. We have a legacy."

Paul Sammon, Trinity FF's Treasurer believes it is always harder to drum up support when your party is in Government. He is sceptical about the minor parties' gains in college: "It is easy shouting from the outside in, having protests all the time. It is very dif-

there are close ties between young members of the party and Ministers. Despite this, an exchange of different ideas and active debate is encouraged at the meetings, with Sammon saying that their Cumann have no set line.

In UCD, Fianna Fáil are perceived as being on the right; Ó Muineacháin insists this is not the case in Trinity: "We have a huge left / right divide within the party. We have diversity and we cherish that." Sammon adds that these differing views help to create a consensus. Both Ó Muineacháin and Sammon agree that, whatever their ideologies may be, everyone in the party are pragmatists.

Trinity FF welcome the establishment of the Progressive Democrats in college. Ó Muineacháin believes having a full range of parties and political views can only be a good thing. However he is quick to point out

He goes on to say that he is not surprised by the Greens' success, "nobody disagrees with what the Greens say, it's all about the environment. FF have a more diverse message; on the economy and foreign policy. We have a legacy."

ferent when you're in Government, trying to shape policies."

Trinity FF are a member of the organisation's youth wing Ógra. At the National Youth Conference of the party Ógra proposed a number of policies; one of which, relating to the integration of immigrants, was adopted on a national level. Ó Muineacháin says

that there is no relationship between the two parties here and that his organisation has no intention of coalescing with the PDs. FF's Chair thinks that their approach and policies are too rightwing, citing their plans for a two-tier health service as a prime example of this: "no one in FF agrees with proposals like this."

Trinity FF's motto is 'The Republican Party', however this does not mean any affiliation to Sinn Féin, according to Ó Muineacháin. Unlike Sinn Féin's republican mantra of 32 counties, FF's ideals are more wide-ranging and inclusive: "For us, republicanism means opportunity, helping people who haven't had the best start in life to get ahead, affordable services and education." Sammon confirms that any association with FF is out of the question: "FF is a mainstream party. At both a student and national level, Sinn Féin is a neo-Marxist group with a private army."

Ó Muineacháin assures us that FF in Trinity are a vibrant successful group, however they have no desire to try and influence the workings of the University. "It is a bad thing that in UCD it is always FF versus the Socialists, even in Student Union elections." He goes on to say that it is unhealthy for political parties to be involved in the SU, as "vested interests" would take over, "the SU should deal with issues like food quality in the Buttery and wheelchair access to House 6, not political issues like the war in Iraq."

As they have maintained their membership figures from last year it seems that FF have not suffered in Trinity for Noel Dempsey's plans to reintroduce Third Level fees. Ó Muineacháin has mixed feelings about the issue. He feels it would be unfair to charge students who had got used to not paying fees and he reassures us that the issue is "a golden cow" that the government can not go back on. However he believes that, essentially, abolishing fees have not achieved its aim, saying that access to third level has not improved among poorer young people."

## Labour lose membership but still claim to be the most active party in Trinity

*Labour Youth experienced a slight downturn in membership but reject the idea of links with FG in light of national developments.*

## Anne-Marie Ryan

Secretary of Labour Youth in Trinity David Traynor said that membership was slightly down on last year, when Labour attracted 85 new members. He blamed the decrease in membership on the presidential nomination fiasco, when the party council refused to nominate Michael D. Higgins as a candidate for the Áras. This resulted in the party being seen "in a bad light" during Freshers week, com-

pared to the same week last year, when they had a much better media profile.

Trinity students join Labour, he said, because they see it as a "progressive party". "They are the anti-thesis to the consumerist agenda pushed by the Fianna Fáil/Progressive Democrats coalition", he said. Students join out of a desire to high-light social injustices in Ireland and to create a fair society.

Traynor said the numbers joining out of dissatisfaction with the government was less than last year. Back then, Labour were seen as the only party who could oppose Fianna Fáil.

In contrast to comments made by the Fine Gael chairperson, Traynor rejected the idea of Labour forming any links with the party in light of national developments relating to the creation of a Fine Gael/Labour coalition. "We're not anti-Fine Gael,

but we have our own policies", he said. Fine Gael, according to Traynor are not an active campaigning branch in the same way as Labour are, he said. "The voting system of proportional representation means at national level a coalition is necessary, but in Trinity it's not an issue", he said.

He describes membership of Labour as being very steady, with a constant group of people permanently active in the party. This is what sets them apart from other parties in Trinity, he said. Commenting on the low participation of students in politics, Traynor said it was not so much that young people were disinterested in politics, it was more the case that they were disinterested with the political system. Young people are not enthused by the endless reports churned out by the Dáil, but they can get riled up about political issues, especially the war in Iraq.

	Membership in TCD 2003-04	Support based on Dáil membership	Irish Times/TNS mrbl poll 08/10/04
Fianna Fáil	125 (21%)	48%	35%
Fine Gael	121 (20%)	19%	24%
Labour	85 (14%)	13%	13%
Progressive Democrats	not known	5%	3%
Greens	208 (34%)	4%	4%
SinnFéin	68 (11%)	3%	12%



# INTERNATIONAL REVIEW



## Palestinian students march in defence of their right to education



### Clíona Rattigan

Ar Ram is a Palestinian town on Jerusalem’s northern border. It has been the site of countless demonstrations over the past few months because of the wall. The illegal apartheid wall is close to slicing Ar Ram in two. It will divide one half of the town’s population from the other. That the wall is a cynical land grab designed to further disrupt the lives of Palestinians is all too clear in Ar Ram. The route has been designed to prevent Palestinian children from getting to school. In mid-September there were only a few remaining gaps in the illegal concrete structure that is on course to choke Ar Ram and despite the peaceful protests, those gaps will soon be filled.

On the 13th of September Palestinian schoolchildren demonstrated en masse to protest the fact that the wall is set to come between most of them and their schools. The town’s five schools will soon be on the other side of the eight metre barrier. The march which was led by hundreds of children and teenagers dressed in their school uniforms began

in the centre of the small town at mid-day. The students accompanied by many of their teachers, ranged in age from seven to seventeen and carried flags and banners with slogans in Arabic and English decrying the injustice of the wall and demanding their right to an education. Israeli peace activists from Gush Shalom and Tay’oush lent their support to the demonstration while heavily armed soldiers and police in riot gear assembled near the wall, watching and waiting. Internationals, Israelis and Palestinians who had come to protest spray painted the wall, sang songs and chanted slogans.

Staff at Bir Zeit University lectured at road blocks when students were consistently denied access to the campus by the Israeli army

Going to school is something that most children take for granted, but the occupation undermines the Palestinian education system. Closures and curfews imposed by the Israeli Defence Force in the occupied Palestinian territories have a detrimental effect on the educational

progress of Palestinian children.

Even when schools are open, getting there can be difficult. The children of Tuba, a village in the occupied West Bank, have to be escorted daily to their school (which lies in a nearby village), by members of the Christian Peacemaker Team. The children are afraid to walk along the road, which is used by settlers and on which Palestinian vehicles are banned, because of the harassment and intimidation they receive at the hands of the settlers.

Even when at school Palestinian children are not always safe from Israeli bullets. On September 7th Raghdha Al-Assar, a ten year old pupil at an UNWRA school in the Khan Younis refugee camp in Gaza was critically wounded while sitting at her desk when Israeli soldiers opened random fire at houses in the camp. Universities in the occupied territories are regularly shut down. Staff at Bir Zeit University lectured at road blocks when students were consistently denied access to the campus by the Israeli army. The intifada has entered its fourth year and the outlook is bleak. The occupation will continue to disrupt the lives of Palestinian children and to deny them one of their fundamental rights, the right to education.

## Sexist, homophobic ‘justice’ - EU style

### Karina Finegan Alves

EU tempers continue to flare this week over remarks made by Rocco Buttiglione, bosom buddy to Pope John Paul II, who is also incidentally the nominated justice, freedom and security commissioner. When questioned by the civil liberties committee of the European parliament, Mr. Buttiglione outraged many MEPs by voicing his views on homosexuality, women and his proposals for dealing with asylum-seekers. Specifically he declared that, “the family exists in order to allow women to have children and to have the protection of a male who takes care of them”. He further posited that low birth rates in Europe can be attributed to the fact that women spend too much time careering and not enough time reproducing. Single mothers in his opinion are not very good people and his views on homosexuality are easily summarized; it is ‘a sin’. As for immigration, he envisions sending would-be-EU-immigrants to transit camps in North Africa.

The European Parliament’s civil liberties commission voted against both the appointment of Mr. Buttiglione and against re-assigning him to a different post. Unfortunately its decisions are non-binding and Commission president Mr. Durao Barroso had the opportunity

to diffuse the situation by either asking Berlusconi to nominate someone else, or by re-shuffling the commission posts. He has done neither, and so the outcome of tomorrow’s (27th October) vote, when the European Parliament can either accept or reject the entire commission (but not individual commissioners), remains uncertain. MEPs will have the opportunity to voice their opposition, flex political muscle and prove that the only directly elected

“the family exists in order to allow women to have children and to have the protection of a male who takes care of them”

body of the EU has clout.

The commission will need a majority vote of the 732 MEPs if they want to take office on the 1st of November as planned. Thus far the Socialists, the Communists and the Greens view Mr. Buttiglione as intolerable. This is significant because the socialists with 200 seats hold considerable sway. Mr. Buttiglione however, is not without friends as the European People’s Party who hold 268 seats have pledged their support.

In his defence Buttiglione has claimed that his views will not impinge on how he manages his portfolio. “I may think that homosexuality is a sin,

and this has no effect on politics, unless I say homosexuality is a crime”, he stated. His promise to separate personal morality from EU policy-making contradicts his declaration to oppose any Commission proposal that conflicts with his own code of ethics. Johannes Swoboda, a social democrat involved in rallying opposition to Buttiglione stated that, “Mr. Buttiglione made it clear that his private opinions will influence the way he will handle the portfolio... A man who openly discriminates against homosexuals and who is openly for reducing the role of women cannot deal with these affairs in the commission.”

Mr. Barroso remains confident that despite controversy, his team will be voted in tomorrow. To deal with dissent he assured parliamentary leaders that he would personally take charge of a panel of commissioners to deal with discrimination and civil liberty issues, stating that “the new commission will be absolutely opposed to any kind of discrimination based on sexual orientation, gender, or religious beliefs”.

Either way Barroso is off to a bad start, if the European Parliament veto the Commission tomorrow, his authority and judgement are undermined, whereas if the Commission is accepted, he will be in for a tough five years.

In an ever expanding, increasingly pluralistic Europe, the aspirations of Vatican lapdogs should be checked and bigotry should not be allowed to roam freely in Brussels when it affects the lives of 455 million people.



Buttiglione: Vatican lapdog

## The fruit and footwear of despots

### Rory H. Treanor



The first question to be asked is where is Turkmenistan? Well, it happens to be sandwiched between Iran to the south and Uzbekistan to the north-east and touches on the Caspian Sea in the West. Geo-politically that makes for an interesting set up. It is the poorest nation of the five former Soviet nations in central Asia, which is odd, given its ownership of one fifth of the world’s natural gas and oil reserves. It is mostly desert (the hottest desert in the world), and has a population of just under 5 million. It has huge ethnic diversity though it is predominantly a Turkmen Russian Islamic state. What kind of a regime governs a place like this? It comes as little sur-

prise to know that this is one of the most despotic in the world today. The President is Saparmyrat Atayevich Niyazov, a.k.a. Turkmenbashi, leader of the Turkmen. He is the former leader of the Turkmenistan Communist Party and became President in 1991 after independence was declared. He was appointed “President-for-Life” in 1999. He has all the hallmarks of a post-communist leader, most notably the “Cult of Personality” which follows the people of Turkmenistan everywhere they go. There are several very good examples of this.

If one travels to Turkmenistan, the most probable means of transport is by the state-owned airline. On board, the cabin is dominated by a substantial portrait of Niyazov which one can look upon admiringly for the whole flight. This is excellent training, as his portrait is sported on every wall, billboard and bank note in the country. Before landing, the air hostesses present a lecture (of varying length) on the marvellous works of their great leader. Occasionally they will quote lines of a pseudo philosophical nature from Niyazov’s work, the Turkmenistan Civil Code. This book has virtually

replaced the Koran as the chief sacred work and is compulsory reading for any student in the country.

Not only has Niyazov changed his own name, but he has also changed the name of the main port town on the Caspian Sea to match his new one. A reasonable action and, quite common among leaders of his style. Lenin- Leningrad. Stalin- Stalingrad, etc. But that isn’t quite it. He has also renamed streets to commemorate his glory. Not a major issue, especially when compared to the following acts of self-glorification.

In the centre of the capital of Turkmenistan, Ashgabat, there is a large square, and in the centre of that square is a monument, “The Arch of Neutrality”. A fine piece of 1990s design, with its smooth, curved concrete buttresses sweeping up to the top. What is at the top? A solid gold statue of Turkmenbashi and since their glorious leader has no wish to be seen in a bad light, it revolves constantly so as to always to face the sun. These monuments can be seen nation-wide as a reminder to the populace of just how good-looking their leader is.

As aforementioned, Turkmenistan is an Islamic state, but it was also under Moscow’s rule for decades, so there are some cultural quirks. The National Vodka, “Serdar” which means “Leader” is a perfect example. Plus, whenever you want a drink, you get to look at the great man himself- his picture is on the label.

Possibly the most surreal symbol of the leader’s achievements is the giant shoe that was made by a cobbler. The Shoe used 30 meters of leather and measures roughly 6 metres in length and 1.5 meters top to bottom, side to side. The lace is 10 meters long. The shoe is for the left foot and we are unsure if there will be the need, demand or desire to make another one for the right foot. The cobbler sees it as symbol of the great steps forward made by the glorious leader.

As Turkmenbashi was an atheist

when he first came to power, religious holidays were not an option for an omnipotent commander-in-chief. So he had to find an excuse for days off. One of the largest days of celebration in the calendar (which has had some alterations made to it) is in honour of the melon. A noble cause! The alterations to the calendar have been multiple. Like any good cult figure, he loves his mammy and to illustrate this love, he has renamed Tuesdays in her honour. He has also rechristened certain months to signify his personal achievements.

This is quirky enough, light hearted and reassures us that globalisation has not quite eroded the possibility of an “old skool despot”. Nevertheless, there is a darker side to the Turkmenistan comedy. There have been human rights abuses, poverty to rival any other nation and abuses of the democratic process. All perpetuated by a deluded cult of personality that even Niyazov seems to believe.

73.21 babies out of every 1000 born will die as infants. Roughly 50% of the population lives below the poverty line. For the last decade, Turkmenistan, in all respects, has been rated a level 7 country on “Freedomhouse.org”. 7 is the lowest level of freedom attainable. Though the website’s methodology is questionable, this remains a telling statistic. What has transpired in

Turkmenistan is that its despot sees his position as president for life as a democratically appointed one. In that sense he is the best representative for his people. Who better to know what the good people of Turkmenistan want than him? He has complete authority when he says, “I’m personally against seeing my pictures and statues in the streets - but it’s what the people want.” A well known quote reveals Dev saw himself in a similar position. Ireland was closer than you think to having a 6 meter long shoe!

## Israeli refuseniks in Trinity

### Cíona Rattigan

Army service is mandatory for the vast majority of Israeli men and women of school leaving age. Spending two or three years in their country’s army is not something that many Israelis question, criticise or oppose. For most it is a natural and integral part of life. Adam Moar and Matan Kaminer are part of a tiny minority known as refuseniks. They spent almost two years in prison because they refused to serve in the Israeli army.

Adam and Matan, both 21, came to Europe in the hope that by telling their story and voicing their opposition to the occupation they will help inspire and motivate the European solidarity movement. They are keen, not only to recount their own experiences, but also to participate in and contribute towards the debate among progressive Europeans about the Israeli-Palestinian conflict. Over one hundred people came to TCD on Thursday October 20th to hear them speak.

When they were called up Adam and Matan simply refused to serve. They spent time in prison because they made their opposition to the Israeli occupation of the Palestinian territories clear to the Israeli military authorities at the army recruitment base they were sent to. Others have evaded army service on fictitious psychological grounds. Refuseniks like Adam and Matan take a strong stance on the matter. They refuse to serve as long as the Israeli army is occupying the Palestinian territories. This sets them apart from other refuseniks who have refused to serve in the occupied territories but are willing to serve elsewhere. Matan believes that the difference between working in an

intelligence unit behind the green line and manning a checkpoint in the West Bank is negligible. At first they were imprisoned for a month and then released and re-imprisoned. This happened three or four times before their trial. In the end Adam served a total of 553 days, Matan 646.

Adam also spoke about women refuseniks. In the past most female pacifists have been treated leniently. However, Laura Millo is currently in prison for her refusal to serve in the army. She is the first Israeli woman to serve a jail sentence for resisting the draft. Her imprisonment is indicative of the growing intolerance of the authorities towards Israeli citizens who oppose the occupation.

It is difficult to resist army service in a militarised society that treats people who go against the grain like outcasts. Both Adam and Matan were able to rely on the firm backing of family members when they refused to serve. Their parents are members of the Refusenik Parent Forum. Not many Israelis can count on such strong support. Adam and Matan believe that many more Israelis would like to refuse to serve in the IDF but are reluctant to risk causing divides in their families.

The picture the refuseniks painted of Israel was a bleak one. They described it as a civil society that is losing its way. Nonetheless they hold hope for the future. They believe that regular people like them need to refuse to serve in the army and to resist the occupation. Articulate, thoughtful and inspiring the young refuseniks impressed their audience and prompted calls for action by Irish people on the issue.

## A German Perspective

### Christa Klein

Nun, die Ankunft in Dublin bedeutete nicht gerade einen Kulturschock, aber... Aber! Oder besser: But! (denkt dran, das u" wird irisch nicht wie ein a" ausgesprochen, sondern wie ein „u“ bzw. wie ein „u-a“) Neuigkeiten begegnen einer/m auf Schritt und Tritt. Ich werde wegen meinem ständigen Begleiter, meiner riesengroßen Straßenkarte von jeder/m sofort als TouristIn identifiziert, bin aber plötzlich nicht mehr die Einzige, die bei Rot über die Straße rennt (das scheint hier eher eine kollektive Sportart zu sein) und überlege bei den Preisen, doch noch mal ernsthaft darüber nachzudenken, mit dem Rauchen aufzuhören, oder, als Alternative, mich nur noch von Butter und Toast zu ernähren, um nachher genug Geld für die Pubs (Achtung: „u“!., nicht „a“!) und echten irischen Whiskey zu haben. Aber eigentlich habe ich gar keine Zeit, lange und ernsthaft über meinen Finanzen zu brüten, denn das, was mich hier erwartete, war nicht nur ‘neu’, ‘ungewohnt’ und ‘irgendwie irisch’, sondern auch erstmal viel zu viel auf einmal: In Fresher’s week sah’s in meinem Kopf genauso aus wie auf dem Front Square: ein wildes Durcheinander aus societies und neuen - französischen, spanischen, englischen, italienischen und irischen - Leuten, vor dem Hintergrund bedrohlicher Stichworte wie ‘Registration’, ‘course record sheet’, wo sind die ‘timetables?’, ‘course clashes’ und natürlich auch: Party hier oder besser Party dort bzw. vielleicht doch noch mal schlafen zwischendurch?

‘Confusion’ und ‘tired’ sind zu meinem Lieblingsworten avanciert, und das aus gutem Grund. Es ist gar nicht so einfach, die Kurse zu belegen, die man sich eigentlich herausgesucht hat: in einigen sind Sokratesstudierende nicht zugelassen, dann wieder liegen die Zeiten übereinander oder wurden noch

einmal geändert...aber der ganze Stress um Koordination und Zulassung löst sich angesichts der selbstverständlichen Hilfsbereitschaft von SekretärInnen und DozentInnen auf, und falls nicht, kann man immer noch daran denken, dass dies ein Sokrates- bzw. Erasmusjahr ist.

Die implizite Bedeutung dieses magischen Wortes wird einem nicht nur an der kulturellen Vielfalt, sondern auch an dem riesengroßen Angebot an wirklich erstaunlich gut organisierten societies klar, die sich wirklich überhaupt nicht mit unseren kleinen Fachschaften vergleichen lassen. Wahrscheinlich hat fast jede/r im eigenen Geldbeutel Platz für Tausend Memberships cards geschaffen - ob man es dann auch hinkriegt, sie alle in Anspruch zu nehmen, steht auf einem anderen Blatt... Aber sie bieten eine tolle Gelegenheit, sich endlich aus den Sokratesgrüppchen zu befreien – unglaublich, wie viele Deutsche ich bis jetzt hier kennen gelernt habe! – und auch an die ‘native speakers’ ranzutruhen. Und das bedeutet wirklich jede Menge fun (na ja, bei diesem ‘u’ bin ich tatsächlich unsicher...). Denn bei der Komik, mit der IrInnen ihre vielen kleinen Geschichten bei einer ‘cup (u!) of tea’ oder einem ‘pint (ai nicht i!) of Guinness’ präsentieren, kommt man gar nicht aus dem Lachen heraus. Deswegen gar nicht erst an dem eigenen Englisch (oder Irisch?) verzweifeln, sondern erstmal genießen. Natürlich ist man zuerst verwirrt und relativ überfordert, aber ich habe wirklich noch nie so viele Leute gesehen, die bei den eigenen (dummen) Fragen dermaßen entgegenkommend sind und einem so unbedingt helfen wollen: wenn mich sogar eine Polizistin bei einer Frage an der Hand (!!!) nimmt, über eine rote (!!!) Ampel führt um mich genau vor dem Haus abzustellen, wo ich hinwollte, kann eigentlich gar nichts mehr schief gehen. Und Vitamin B(eziehungen) unterscheidet sich auch nur geringfügig von Vitamin R(elationships). Deswegen: Take it easy und vor allen Dingen: Enjoy!

## The plight of students in Groningen, Holland

### Claire van der Kleij

“Er gaat niks boven Groningen”(nothing surpasses Groningen) is the common consensus amongst international students that studied at the Rijksuniversiteit in Groningen. Yes, there is more to The Netherlands than just Amsterdam. A whole other world has been established in the north-east corner near the German border, and yet we’re still a stone’s throw away from all those coffee-shops and red-light districts, that entice so many Irish students on their summer inter-railing trips. This big northern city has been dominated by students for years and is the official student city in Holland.

About 2 years ago, Holland’s tertiary education system changed. The Dutch system was abolished and supplanted by the Bachelor-Master system under the guise of merry European integration. More significant than token EU discourse though, were the benefits that the new system brought, namely attracting more international students to our beautiful culture and people. The Rijksuniversiteit Groningen is quite ahead of other uni-

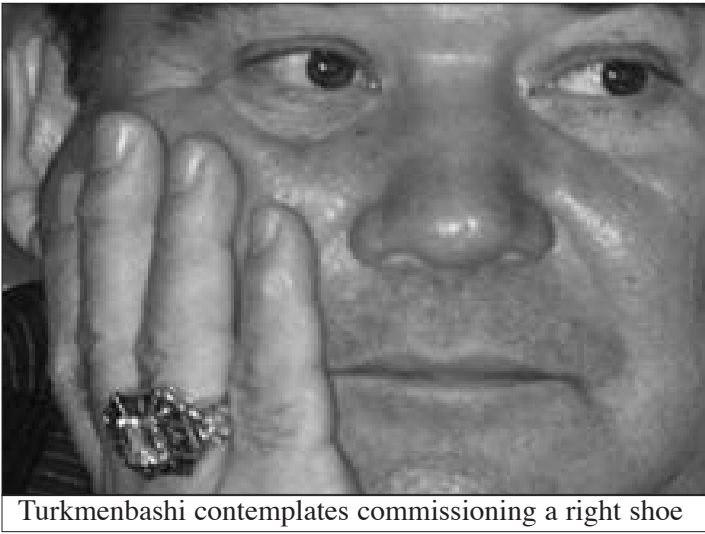
versities in implementing the new system as many courses are so completely revamped that there is barely a trace of the old system left. Problems abound though for those students that started studying before the new system was inaugurated. In some courses where the changes are not so far-reaching, students find themselves repeating huge subject areas so as to include those minor course changes. This is an aspect of European education integration that needs to be dealt with so as not to breed euro-skepticism at university level.

Every year more and more international students arrive in Groningen to study for a semester, a year, or to do their Masters. The Dutch are generally admired for their good organizational skills , and because of these Dutch ‘talents’ the students usually arrive in The Netherlands alive and well. Unfortunately the decentralization of the new system means that there are too many different actors that have diverging views on exactly how the new system should be implemented. The result of this is that students sometimes arrive and realize that the courses they were set to take in English are not actually, in English. Many of these students only have English as a second

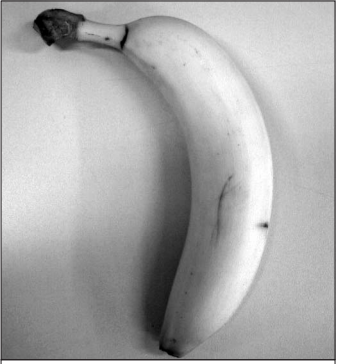
language and are understandably horrified when told they must learn Dutch as well in order to understand lecturers. This situation usually arises in courses that have a very strong Dutch structure such as Medicine and Psychology.

The university obviously values its international student body or rather, they value the substantial increase in funds that they bring, but if they are going to continue encouraging foreign students they need to ensure that they will understand the lectures. The University does actually have a rule that makes it obligatory for a class to be taught in English if there is a non-Dutch speaker in the room, even though the majority might be Dutch. This rule is hardly ever acknowledged and completely irrational.

These problems have arisen in the past years, but things are improving. Most students that do their masters here have no problems at all since most Masters are all taught in English. Even us native Dutch-speakers must come to terms with English as most of the literature we must read is in English. Greater integration will hopefully lead to better harmonization between the two languages and the many nationalities that come to study here.



Turkmenbashi contemplates commissioning a right shoe



Another proposed national holiday



Welcome to the ponderings of our resident Trinity News liberal commentator.

This recent controversy over our perpetually embarrassing health service has been something of a baptism of fire for the new minister. All the same, one can't help but admire the appetite that she seems to have for tackling this monstrous calamity. The official P.D. on campus line is that Mary Harney will be the most reforming minister since Noel Browne. All things considered, I fear they may be right.

The Enterprise and Employment portfolio has got to be one of the least pressurised portfolios in the cabinet. The department of Social Welfare looks after the unfortunate individuals who just don't cut it in the free market system while the majority of state employees deal more or less directly with their relevant Departments. As for economic policy, well sure isn't that a textbook case of collective responsibility. I have no doubt that a lot of hard work goes on behind the scenes but the high profile, life and death environment created by interminable waiting lists, critical staff shortages, and the nightmare that is Accident and Emergency Rooms is a long way removed from what Mary Harney had to deal with before. How long will this enthusiasm last? Not long I suspect if it takes the form of the minister against the department.

At a time when doctors and nurses are harder to find than respect for planning laws, the new minister begins her tenure by trying to bully our physicians. Medical insurance is not a bargaining chip. The prospect of financial ruin is surely unfair leverage. At the risk of betraying my economic ignorance, I was under the impression that the better you treat a profession the more likely people are to enter it. Then again maybe we just have too many doctors, after all large numbers of workers inevitably get uppity and unionise. There has got to be a better way. If only people just didn't get sick.

A short time ago it was announced that we're going to have more competition in the private health insurance sector. Nothing wrong with that, it means lower prices and better services. Well, for those that can afford it anyway. For those that can't there'll be more medical cards. And just because the present government has actually allowed the numbers issued with medical cards to fall is no reason to be sceptical. This government keeps its promises; just hang on until we get a little closer to Election Day.

I predict that we will be bombarded with promises to reform the crippling bureaucracy within the health service, which in P.D. speak probably means rationalisation, which in plainer terms again means job losses. But it's ok. The government has it covered. You see; one of the first changes Micheal Martin will bring to Ms. Harney's old stomping ground involves reversing her cuts to, among other things, Community Employment Schemes so that we can make these people useful again. Yes there is inefficiency and bureaucracy, and yes something should be done about it. But try to remember that we're not just talking about figures and red tape. These are real people, and swapping a social welfare cheque for a pay slip is not the imaginative kind of problem solving we have every right to expect of our public representatives.

Mary Harney claims that we're spiritually closer to Boston than Berlin. That is hardly a comforting approach when President Bush needs the American public to ignore pesky issues, such as his distinct lack of a healthcare plan, to get re-elected. That famous quote betrays more than a passing fondness for low taxes and absent governments. It's similar in sentiment to another, more recent quote that could in time become just as well known. If the government really does believe that our system demands inequality then should they be in charge of dispensing care? If some people, some lives, are worth more than others can they be trusted to divert the necessary resources to take a 72 year old woman off a trolley so that we can ascertain whether she suffered a series of strokes or not? Where's the cold, hard economic sense in that? Noel Browne waded straight in to a crisis, but he did so armed with compassion, and without having to wonder if the money he needed would be squandered on tax breaks for developers or electronic voting. His ethos did not include a tiered system or endless commissions and reports. Some things have to take priority. When it comes to our health we can't afford a different philosophy.

# Sinn Fein and the Socialists in Government: Could it happen?



Who will be the next Tánaiste? Rabbitte or Gerry Adams. Photo: Photocall Ireland

Hugh Roche Kelly discusses and dissects the shifts in power, both potential and present, between the political parties of today; and examines the probable coalitions of tomorrow, asking what effect on us these will have.

At the annual Wolfe Tone Commemoration, Bertie Ahern rejected the views that Dermot Ahern had seemed to express last Saturday, that Sinn Fein are possible coalition partners for Fianna Fail. Well, who could blame him? Who would want to form a coalition with Sinn Fein? For that matter, what are the political parties that could form a coalition of any kind?

If one reads the text of Gerry Adams' speech at the funeral of IRA man Joe Cahill, and then reads the text of Bertie Ahern's speech Wolfe Tone commemoration, you'll see there are surprising similarities between the two. They both wax lyrical about Tone and Emmet, they speak of uniting Protestant, Catholics, unionist and nationalist under the one banner of a united Ireland. Republican rhetoric from the republican parties!! Hurrah, and buy your commemorative 1916 rising postage stamps at the door!

The difference between the two party leaders is that we hear that speech from Gerry Adams on every occasion that he is called upon to make a speech. Its his mantra, and most significantly to this entire debate is that he believes it. Ahern says a united Ireland is 'one of the fundamental objectives of Fianna Fail.' And well done him, but fundamental objectives aren't what people vote for - they vote for results and, unfortunately, promises. Bertie Ahern knows this fact, that's why an event like the Wolfe Tone commemoration is the only time we hear this from him. Gerry Adams has only started to realize this recently. That's why there has been a shift in Sinn Fein's usual rhetoric in their speeches, their election posters, their press releases. They've changed from "creating a united Ireland" to "Creating an Ireland of Equals." It's more palatable, less violent. And give them their due. In their campaign for June's local and European elections, Sinn Fein were the only party to really go into not only the working class areas, but the really deprived localities, the places that have been left behind-the Ballymuns and the West Tallaghts, the Moyrosses and Southhills- and actually talk to their voters. The results spoke for themselves; the resurgence of Sinn Fein was incredible, only matched by Fianna Fail's incredible losses.

Sinn Fein were the only party to go into these areas, I'm sure members of the Socialist party would disagree. But there's a difference between going into new areas and putting up new candidates in those areas-what Sinn Fein managed to do successfully- and enforcing support for your sole TD by getting run over by a garbage truck. There's a joke about the Irish Socialist Party that goes something like this: "Irish Socialist Party. Ha, ha." But what kind of situation could result in the Socialist party becoming a member of government? Well, a desperate one, but as Ruari Quinn said during the 2002 general election, his preference would be a "combination of parties from the Greens and from Fine Gael and Labour to form an alternative administration." Could this include Joe Higgins as the key figure, the one man with the vote to keep an administration in power? Well, probably not. The Dail has always had a comparatively high number of Independent TDs - thirteen at the moment- and the chances of Comrade Higgins coming into any government is, for now, thankfully remote. (If by the way you're interested in comparing Joe Higgins's views and skills with the views and skills of a skilled and popular politician, go along to a debate between Higgins's and former Taoiseach Garreth Fitzgerald this Friday 29th October at 7.30. Details are on the web at [www.socialistparty.net](http://www.socialistparty.net))

Speaking of comrades, we get to Labour. Labour were twice partners in Fine Gael led governments, and each time that happened they didn't seem to get along At All. But now there's Pat Rabbitte and Enda Kenny. Labour and Fine Gael. Both parties are growing through a image crisis - that is, they simply don't have any. Labour appealed to the electorate before the June 11 polls to "Play the red card" to the Fianna Fail and PDs. The Red Card. Well, that's exactly what us voters did, and there was witnessed an incredible slap in the face to Fianna Fail that did not benefit Labour in the way they expected it to. It was Fine Gael and Sinn Fein who benefited. Despite having served in a government not too long ago, no one really knows where the Labour party are at. Ok, they're defiantly left wing, that much is obvious. But beyond opposi-

Right wing commentators can't be all bad, can they? Read on to find out...

The appointment of Fianna Fail heavyweight Brian Cowen as Minister for Finance came as no surprise to most. Once McCreavy was put out to pasture in Brussels, it seemed only natural that the Minister for Foreign Affairs hotly tipped to succeed Bertie as Taoiseach would fill his place. Cowen had a successful term as Minister for Foreign Affairs; he managed to get through the EU presidency without making a complete fool of himself, and emerged unscathed from Dr Paisley's famous comments on his physical appearance.

Cowen is now in pull position to pick up the baton from Bertie; the reshuffle has left him with far more allies in the cabinet than his main challenger for the throne, Micheal Martin (he of the smoking ban) who is now Minister for Enterprise & Employment. Of the eight newly appointed Ministers only three are Martin supporters, the rest being Cowenites. Add to this the second most powerful portfolio in Irish politics and Bertie's approval, and you have an almost dead cert for the top job.

Meanwhile, Brian Cowen's successor as Minister for Foreign Affairs, Dermot Ahern, has already put his foot in it by stating that it is only a matter of time before Sinn Fein is part of a coalition government in this state. This forced Bertie to deny that Fianna Fail had any aspirations in that direction and to say that it would never go into government with Sinn Fein as long as the IRA still exists, despite the fact that by endorsing the Good Friday Agreement he is asking the Northern parties to do just that.

As for the Progressive Democrats, Michael MacDowell is still Minister for Justice so we can expect more draconian measures to eliminate fun of any kind, and for some reason Mary Harney has voluntarily picked up the poisoned chalice of Health. This setup is ideal from a Fianna Fail point of view as these are probably the two least popular posts in the cabinet as far as votes are concerned, and so come election time Fianna Fail can distance themselves from any unpopular decisions that will have had to be made. Another point to note is that the PDs are now out of all the main economic-policy-determining ministries, leaving Fianna Fail the freedom to implement more fully its own economic policies.

Speaking of economic policy, one would imagine that would be one of the main topics under discussion here given the upcoming American election, and the effect that this is bound to have on the Irish economy. One would be wrong. Bush - dodgy election - stupid quotes - invaded Iraq - bad guy. Kerry - not Bush - therefore good guy.

This is the thought process going through many minds regarding the upcoming US presidential election; but unfortunately it is just not that simple. Just because you disagree with Bush does not mean you agree with Kerry. I'm not going to bother trying to sell Bush to you; that would be a difficult task and would probably be a waste of time, but I think it is important that we are aware of the facts of this election before we form our opinions.

Despite the high coverage of his campaign, not much is known about John Kerry's manifesto. Because of the nature of popular American politics the spotlight has been more on his family life (middle American vote), his religion (Irish/Italian/Polish vote), and the fact that he served in Vietnam (the patriotic vote), than what actually matters: his policies.

It would be fair to say that most people in Ireland were against the war in Iraq, and therefore against George W Bush. They see Kerry as the alternative, and so they support him. But it is important to remember that when the Senate voted on whether or not to go to war, Kerry voted yes; so both candidates were pro-war. Of course now that he is running for election and looking for votes Kerry says that the war was "the wrong war at the wrong time"; but the fact remains that when it mattered, both men made the same judgment.

Without US investment there would be no Celtic Tiger and the Irish economy would probably be stuck in the 1980s era of unemployment and emigration. As President, John Kerry would cut taxes for businesses that create jobs in America instead of outsourcing. While this would create employment in the US, it would result in a disaster for an economy such as ours, so heavily dependent on US investment.

Despite what some of George Bush's rhetoric may lead you to believe, the world is not black and white; just because you think George Bush is bad does not mean that John Kerry is good, and this is the problem with having a two party system as exists in the United States.

# Polish no longer a pilot scheme

Aisling McNiffe discusses Poland as it begins its future as part of the EU; and Polish as it begins its future as part of the European Studies programme.

Last Tuesday 19th October, Polish was officially launched as the sixth language of the European Studies degree programme. After over three decades of pilot schemes assisted by the Russian department and Arts Letters, this year officially sees Polish as a choice available at degree level.

At the launch, an interesting and thought provoking lecture was given by Professor Zdzislaw Mach entitled "The Construction of identity in an enlarged Europe". Professor Mach is the director of the Centre for European Studies Jagiellonian University, Cracow, Poland, who have are affiliated to the European Studies department here in Trinity.

Professor Mach, a sociologist by profession, and a recognised international academic specialising in questions of European identity, offered an alternative view of European identity, citizenship while not limiting the focus to E.U. countries, as many current debates have a tendency to do.

He spoke of relations between neighbouring countries, and how, in the case of France and Germany, this may be somewhat symmetrical or equal, but how in many other cases the "significant others" were the dominant and influential neighbours- for example Russia and Germany to Poland, and the repercussions of this. Interestingly, he mentioned that many East European countries such as Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania and Belarus tend to get forgotten, even by countries such as Poland. Such focus is given exclusively to E.U. member states, specifically Western European countries and their history and it is not only important to remember that idyllic, increasingly popular cities, such as Prague are part of Europe, but also countries such as those of former Yugoslavia, and those somewhat away, geographically and culturally from Brussels.

While there are general geographical boundaries to the West and North of Europe, he suggested that the boundaries are hazier to the South and East and offered an ideal Europe with few boundaries regarding citizenship. This does not mean a 'free for all' syndrome, but rather one based on trust, values and negotiating citizenship. It is all too easy to list the many problems, battles, and wars Europe has embarked upon but one must think of vast common ground that also exists: values of democracy, tolerance, respect and also the diversity of the European cultural heritage which could all pave the way for a broader, more encompassing European identity. This is not to suggest that all of Europe is ready for this, or is prepared and Professor Mach suggested rather than people and countries could 'negotiate their European citizenship'- and this would involve assessing what could be brought by these people or country to Europe, as well as compromise. He did warn, however, that certain rules and regulations would have to be adhered to, fundamentalists for example would have to be excluded as they are unwilling to negotiate their beliefs.

There are also various issues facing Europeans: euthanasia, abortion, divorce, homosexuality, legalisation of drugs, and within Europe, various states differ hugely over these topics.

One wonders how far we have really come while listening to the Italian Commission designate, Mr. Rocco Buttiglione, whose views on marriage, immigration and particularly, homosexuality have infuriated many Europeans and M.E.P.s.

Professor Mach offered a fresh view of how things could work in Europe, and accepted that within Poland, many have a narrow view of what Polish or even European identity should consist of. Also, the point was made that although most countries or nations to the West of Europe are changing from the traditional inational identity to a broader European, somewhat isupernational identity, the opposite was happening in the East, where, now more than a decade free from the communist, supernatural identity, countries look to their national ones. This shows the Europe of today in a new light, still grappling with her identity, or even identities.

All in all it was an enlightening vision suggested by Professor Mach at the launch of Polish last Tuesday. A Europe without boundaries- zaden gramiea (well, very few!)

# Student Politics

In the second installment of interviews, Trinity News asks the SU Deputy President what she plans to achieve in the coming academic year. In January and April, Trinity News will run updates on the fulfilment of the promises of the candidates throughout the year.




Ruth Nì Eidhin

Name: Ruth Nì Eidhin  
Age/D.O.B: 22, 27th May 1982  
From: Monkstown  
Studying: TSM English & History (finished)

Position on Sabbat team: Deputy President / Publicity Officer  
  
Previous positions within S.U.: TSM Convenor, Class Rep for 2 years  
  
Reason for running for post: I had seen a lot of how the SU worked from being a rep and sitting on the exec committee last year, and my two years as an editor for Trinity News had sparked an interest in the media side of things. The dep pres job was something I was interested in and it was something I felt I could commit to.  
  
Why you think you were elected by student body: I like to think it was because I was the best candidate! [she was the only one]. I think I ran a good campaign and that students believed I would do the job well.  
  
What you want to do for TCD students: I want to make the Students' Union as accountable as possible to the students of TCD. I'd like all the officers, but especially the five sab-baticals to be both recognisable and approachable, and I'd like every student to know what the SU can do for them - be it advice, representation, or


parties. I would like as many students as possible to be actively involved in some aspect of the union - the strength of the organisation is based on the diversity brought by a large group of people, and it's crucial that that be sustained and even improved upon.  
  
Aims to have achieved in office by Jan 2005: All of the above?! I'd like the SU website, [www.tcdsu.org](http://www.tcdsu.org), to be a little more organised than it is right now and I'd like far more students to be using it. The website has great potential as an information source and as a contact point for the union, and if students are checking their email regularly I'd love them to be checking the website too. I'd like most (if not all) students to know who the SU officers are, how to find us and what we can help with. My job is quite dependent on what the other four get up to, so I suppose between now and January the most important thing I can do is ensure students have access to the officers and to as much information as possible about the work they will be doing over the next few months.



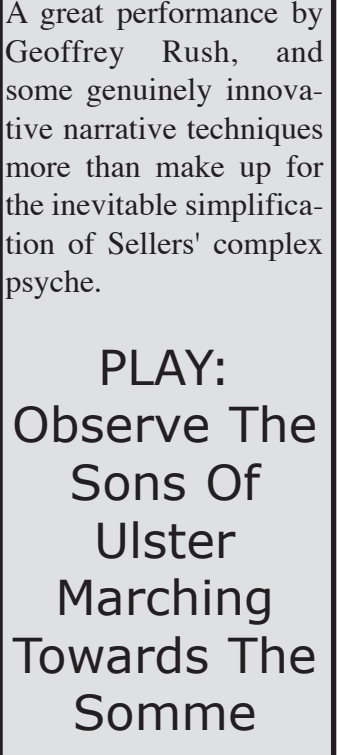


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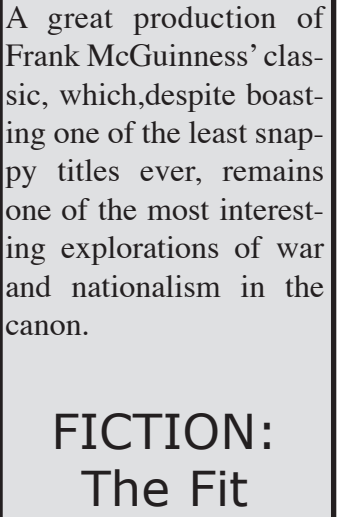
FILM: The Life & Death Of Peter Sellers



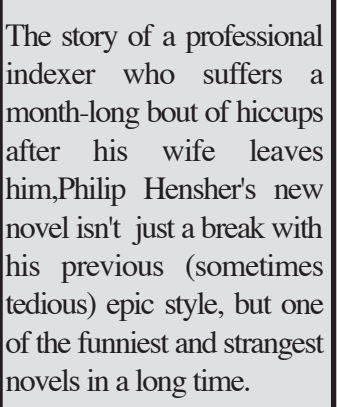
PLAY: Observe The Sons Of Ulster Marching Towards The Somme



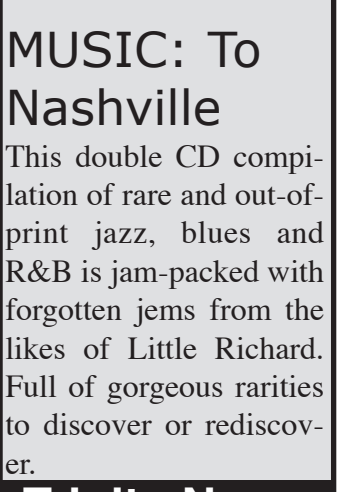
FICTION: The Fit



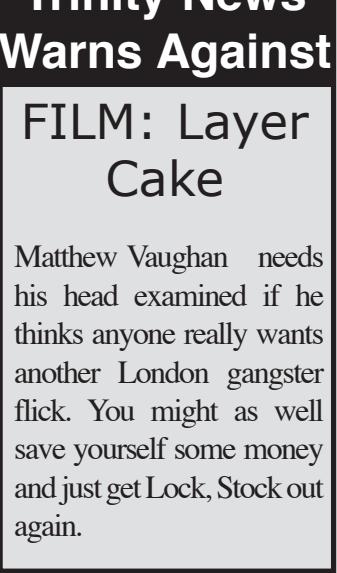
MUSIC: To Nashville



FILM: Layer Cake




FILM: Layer Cake



Technological Revolution

Eibhlin Healey on a 21st Century version of 60s artistic spirit



Altruism is certainly not a word that one freely associates with the world wide web. We grapple with a daily barrage of pop-up advertisements and incessant “sponsored” links bombard-ing us with such 21st century neces-sities as valium and viagra. And as stu-dents tend more and more to turn to the internet for information, discerning pseudo academic mavericks have invested much time in making their substandard wares available for extor-tionate prices: Plagiarism is rife and the quality of the material being pushed is, at best, intellectually questionable. Which is why, I suppose, I was so genu-inely impressed and enthused by [www.ubu.com](http://www.ubu.com). As someone who can safely be considered a die-hard cynic when it comes to the popular notion that the internet is to be revered as a valu-able educational tool, and moreover because I am certified illiterate with regard to technology in general, I con-sulted Ubuweb with much scepticism, yet despite my best efforts to be under-welcomed, I could find very little to fault.

This is not to say that Ubuweb has succeeded in rectifying everything that I have always felt is lacking in other culture-based sites, but it is refreshingly selfless in its generosity, and as I logged off I was left feeling as though it had been genuinely worth my while. It is, of course, entirely possible that the reason why Ubuweb works so well is because its predecessor, Aspen, conceived of at a time when the web was a faraway dream, and 60’s creative idealism was at its height. Aspen was an aspirational multimedia magazine created by Phyllis Johnson, a former editor of Women’s Wear Daily and Advertising Age, which ran from 1965 to 71.

Johnson’s aim was to fuse “culture along with play”, and she executed this by courageously abandoning the long-established bound magazine format: Aspen arrived at its subscribers’ doors quarterly, in the form of a veritable pan-dora’s box of goodies. A culture vul-ture’s Christmas stocking dream, each box contained an array of essay-style booklets, posters, phonograph record-ings, ready-to-make mini sculptures and movie reels. Aspen expanded the concept of the magazine into a kind of far-reaching media synthesis; an all-encompassing cultural panorama.

However, despite Johnson’s devotion to the avant-garde, and Aspen’s illustri-ous contributors (Andy Warhol designed issue 3 – in fact five minutes at Ubuweb gave me a taste of what I can only imagine Warhol’s ‘Factory’ might have looked and sounded like), its sumptuous production made it, ulti-mately, commercially unsustainable – the very fact that the advertising section was separate, and therefore easily dis-garded, underlined Aspen’s commit-ment to art exposition rather than big business.

Fast forward nearly forty years, and the web has belatedly come to the res-cue. It seems as though all along Aspen was conceived of with distribution via the internet in mind. This is where its progeny’s artistic altruism is so blatant: Ubuweb is run entirely by volunteer curators who, in conjunction with the skillful and talented web designer, Andrew Stafford, have adapted all of the ‘artefacts’ from the original maga-zine, and made them universally avail-able on the net.

But the Ubu crew haven’t limited themselves with merely reawakening the genius of Aspen’s 1960’s editors and directors; they are almost militant in their search for contemporary, little-known and unpublished works and recordings.”

Permission from the artist is not demanded; they simply forge ahead scanning at will, making the unfindable readily available. This seemingly cavalier attitude to authorial permission and copyright has yet to cause much hassle, and when it does, the work of the artist in question is pulled.

Each ‘item’ is extensively detailed, its chronology and place of production listed. It is the very thoroughness of Ubuweb which I found most impressive – at no moment did I feel as though someone was having a laugh – these kids really know what they’re doing; the commentary is erudite but concise, not over-indulgent. The site is remark-ably easy to access; none of this fill-in-your-email-address-and-bank-details rubbish. Its honest to goodness artistic generosity disarming.

The collection itself is so bountiful that you’d be hard pressed not to find something of interest, or at the very least, some pertinent quote that will flesh out those word count starved Hilary term essays. “Collection” also seems the more fitting appellation for Ubuweb; there is very much a sense of wandering around the exhibition space of an eclectic gallery to a very trippy soundtrack.

Apart from the extremely high pro-duction values, the completeness of all the items for the net surfer’s delectation is expressly laudable. Each literary work made available has been adapted in order that it can be seamlessly down-loaded, in its entirety using ‘Adobe Reader’, and then printed in a format that loses very little of the quality of the original publication. Ditto for the phonograph recordings and the film reels.

What is probably most enjoyable about [www.ubu.com](http://www.ubu.com) is its element of pick and mix; you can listen to a hilari-ous recording of Gertrude Stein, a woman that grammar guru, Lynne Truss, dubbed “the energetic enemy to all punctuation”, as she warbles through a piece entitled “ If I told him, A Completed Portrait of Picasso”, in de-fERENCE to the comma. Then sample some psychedelic, raga-style acoustic guitar by Peter Walker on the ‘White Wind’ recording, or down load some

David Hockney illustration from the “British” issue of Aspen



‘avant-pop’ by John and Yoko onto an MP-3 player.

Ubuweb is the kind of multi-sensory assault vehicle that is greatly lacking on the net. It smacks of the 1960’s artistic bonhomie and ambition, translated with much skill and imagination into a web friendly media, desirous to inspire and reveal rather than to advertise and dumb down – a rare and brilliant example of more matter with more art.

# Danger! Danger! High Voltage

## TN talks to Electric Six frontman Dick Valentine about music, genetics, and the finer points of Irish culture...

### Jack Cane

With two hit singles in ‘Danger! High Voltage’ and ‘Gay Bar’ and the success-ful album ‘Fire’, Electric Six are one of the hotter bands to be coming our way this year. For the unacquainted, Electric Six hail from Detroit, Michigan, and play some of the funkiest pop-electro-rock this side of the Atlantic of any other band around. The Arts Block Welcome Back Ball at Spirit on Wednesday October 13th was the place to watch the band’s return to Ireland after their awesome set at the Oxegen festival during the summer, with a new internet-only single called ‘Vibrator’ out on October 11th.

The charismatic, funny (“Sure, there’s lots of Americans in Dublin. Like Colin Farrell.”) flamboyant front-man of Electric Six, Dick Valentine, described the new material as there being “more of an emphasis on techni-cal musical precision as we’re doing lots of stuff in weird times and signa-tures. And most of the songs now are about role-playing games, you know like twenty sided dice and dungeon masters, so it’s a bit of a departure from

“What is the deal with the Corrs? I mean, you got those three chicks, and then that guy.

the dance floor. We’re finally embrac-ing our inner geek. And engineer.” Reasons for the change? Valentine puts it down to noticing “that a lot of our fans are actually kinda geeky dudes. So we’re trying to mobilise our core fan-base while remaining true to the rest of them. Girls also welcome. A lot of the stuff you can still dance to. We know what got us to this point, and we’re actually cowards, so we’d never take a risk or a chance. Why risk something if it’s going really good?”

Why indeed? The band has enjoyed success both in Europe and the US with their debut album ‘Fire’ and hopes to continue with an as yet unnamed album due for release in January. One staple of any Electric Six gig that fans should look out for though is the band’s heavy emphasis on showmanship that they are famous for. Such as the gig last November where Valentine took a wal-let from his jacket, leaped through about twenty €5 notes before coming to a €50 and wiping his sweat all over it, finally chucking it away. It got a huge response from the fans. Valentine puts it thus, “You could say that’s why we started the band. Because you can go and see so many bands and they don’t really care about that side of it as they fret too much about their records and how the audience perceives them. We just care about having a good time and making sure the audience does too. All you can do though is put your best foot forward and do what your parents taught you to do.” Which would be? “Eh, to wear really bad suits and play three chord rock.” Pretty cool parents.

Electric Six are also notorious for another crowd pleasing act, the classic Queen standard ‘Radio Ga-Ga’ Indeed, the song has been so well received by fans at concerts that the band has decid-ed to release it as an upcoming single in December. “I’d say we’re moderate fans of Queen” remarked Valentine when prompted about the single. “How can you not like Queen? That said I don’t own any of their records, I’m only familiar with the videos and singles. We just figured that Radio Ga-Ga would make a great single after the reception we’ve got playing it.”

Perhaps one of the most endearing aspects of Dick Valentine however, would have to be his thoughts on Irish-American cultural ties. “In America, we have U2. Does that mean that in Ireland you have Creed and Nickleback?” But it is his clarity and understanding of the Corrs that most impressed on the mem-ory. “What is the deal with the Corrs? I

mean, you got those three chicks, and then that guy. And they let him in the videos? I understand he’s in the band, but he’s there milling around in the background when you’re sitting there trying to watch these girls. I mean he is a Corr right?” Upon being told he was right, Valentine mused “You ever think he ever wishes he was a hot chick? When I watch these videos, I’m think-ing, ‘Hey, this is great with three, but wouldn’t it be so much better with four?’ But I guess you can never agree with the delicate cosmic ballet that is genetics.”

So, with his deep and nuanced under-

standing of the complexities and issues of Irish culture, does Valentine have any plans to tour Ireland with the band? “Unfortunately, there’s no possibility of adding more dates to the tour [of the UK in December]. We had a great time at the Oxegen festival and were sup-posed to do a full Irish tour back in April, but that got taken away from us.” Electric Six have toured extensively over the past two years across the globe, and have spent a lot of time away from their base in the UK and their home-town of Detroit, also home to Jack White, of the White Stripes and ‘Danger! High Voltage’ fame. Does

Valentine feel this has changed the band in any way? “Not really. It’s not a very complex place, so it’s pretty easy to dive back in whenever you’re back. But due to the nature of the band, we were always pretty unique (even as the ‘Wild Bunch’ from 1996-2000) so you never really heard our name mentioned too much.” Contradiction in terms as this may be, Electric Six have been in the music news lately for other news than their musical output. Their former label, XL, again also home to the White Stripes, according to Valentine “decided that we weren’t the best fit and decided not to

go forward with us. So, we were free agents for a year and it could have gone either way, but it ended up going really well for us.” The band signed to Rushmore/Warner Music on September 23rd.

The band’s future looks secure with a new single and album on the way and a firm grasp of Irish culture. If you’re lucky, you might see some of the show-manship the band is renowned for, or as Valentine himself puts it, “We are who we are. At the end of the day we’re pret-ty lazy actually, we just do what comes natural and try to make the audience have a good time.”

# The Cork Jazz Festival

## Lee Jordan, secretary of the Trinity Jazz Society, previewed the highlights of this year’s festival.

The Cork Jazz Festival is Ireland’s largest and most prestigious jazz event. It has established itself as one of the most important dates on Ireland’s arts and cultural calendar. In its twenty-six year history the weekend has hosted many of the worlds greatest jazz musi-cians such as Ella Fitzgerald, Dizzy Gillespie, Dave Brubeck and legendary drummer Art Blakey to name only a few. Another jazz great to play Cork was trumpet sensation Wynton Marsalis. “All jazz,” Marsalis came to believe, “is modern. The only thing that makes it old is when nobody plays it.”

The good news for jazz lovers is that this year some 1,000 musicians from 25 countries played. Around 40,000 jazz fans will descend on Cork City, and be entertained in over 75 venues. The main concert venues are the Everyman

Palace Theatre, Cork Opera House and the Triskel Arts Centre, while the Guinness Festival Club at the Gresham Metropole Hotel offers five stages of top class jazz, day and night.

The most recent addition to the festival’s line-up, and I would rec-ommend as the most exciting act this year, was the Kenny Garrett Quartet. The alto player from Detroit is one of the greatest sax players alive, and his fiery live performances are famed. The Washington Post jazz critic wrote “Somebody should post a storm warn-ing before a Kenny Garrett concert.” He made his breakthrough as a young player in the legendary Duke Ellington Orchestra, first filling in for an ill band member while the orchestra was on tour in his hometown. After his move to New York, Garrett made a huge impact and a name for himself playing

in the bands of trumpet great Freddie Hubbard, Woody Shaw, and Art Blakey. From here he rose to the elite levels, playing with the royalty of jazz music – in Miles Davis’ group. More recently Garrett has been a great expo-nent of pushing back the boundaries of jazz music, working with fusion and hip-hop artists such as rapper Guru, to push jazz frontiers and availability to new heights.

Another top act, and living legend, that was playing this years festi-val was “Incredible” Jimmy Smith, the master of the Hammond B-3 organ. He began recording for Blue Note records in 1957 including collabora-tions with likes of Kenny Burrell, Lou Donaldson and Lee Morgan. There had been other organists before him, pianists who had simply made the switch to keyboard – Smith, however,

realised the potential of the instrument and made it his own. The photographer Francis Wolf recalled seeing him for the first time in Small’s Paradise in Harlem: “A man in convulsions, face contorted, crouched over in apparent agony, his fingers flying, his foot danc-ing over the pedals. The air was filled with waves of sound I had never heard before.” While five Dave Brubeck albums reached the top-forty charts during 1960s, Jimmy Smith had ten. With the recent resurgence in populari-ty of the Hammond Organ, younger musicians are making headlines – Jimmy Smith however is peerless, showing this new generation what great soul, jazz and blues is really about.

If you had planned on making your way down to Cork for the festival but did not want to pay the big name prices, there is more good news for jazz

lovers. The main venues and big names were only a one part of the festival. Other than this, Cork City has become a hot bed of jazz activity. The daytime sessions at Guinness Festival Club have free admission, while the Guinness Jazz Trail offers entertainment in over 40 pubs and clubs, again most of it is free. Furthermore, you’ll find almost all other pubs, restaurants, city hotels and fringe venues will provide jazz music from Cork and beyond, for free.

As for Trinity’s part to play in the festival, The Company (a band formed from our own Jazz Society a number of years ago and now a regular fixture in Dublin’s jazz scene) played three dates over the weekend. The band play a fierce mix of jazz, soul and funk, and include the talents of current Jazz Society President Johnny Taylor on keyboards, and committee member

George Ulrich on drums.

Jazz music, by its very nature, is changing and developing. It’s more popular than ever, claiming larger audiences and creating new sounds. Jazz fanatic or not, if you get down to the festival, you’ll get a taste for some of the best music on offer today; as Wynton Marsalis said, “When you get a taste of that, there’s just nothing else you’re going to taste that’s this sweet. That’s a sweet taste, man.”

*The Guinness Cork Jazz Festival ran from 22nd – 25th October*  
*Kenny Garrett played the Everyman Palace Theatre, on Saturday 23rd October.*  
*Jimmy Smith Band played the Everyman Palace Theatre, on Friday 22nd October.*



# Leaving Kathmandu

Simon Thompson

It's 5am, and the first slivers of light are penetrating the high cloud which surrounds this unknown village in Nepal. I'm not supposed to be here and I really don't want to be here. I am here, however, and it's thanks in part to my travelling companion's unwillingness

long friendship in exchange for a purchase of something, anything. The aura of desperation extends from the unkempt peddling their Tiger Balm to the besuited standing in their shop doorways beside their expensive rugs which used to garner trade but now only gather dust. It is a city where doom is always impending. It is Phnom Pen two weeks before the Khmer Rouge

twelve months over a thousand Nepali girls have been lured into India to work as sex slaves.

Indeed (and purely out of anthropological interest, you understand) an American friend I met in the Irish pub agreed to accompany me to a brothel. When I say he agreed to accompany me, I mean we were walking home late at night, somewhat ine-

stuffed with plenty of attractive young women and some relatively rich westerners (in this case an Irishman and an American). Money was taken off us at the doorway and we were sat down and provided with far too many drinks. More girls than could conceivably find us attractive draped themselves over us. We made valiant attempts at conversation and were succeeding quite well with some of them (only in terms of conversation) when abruptly they all vanished off upstairs somewhere. The reason for this became apparent a few seconds later when Captain Jemal (approximate spelling from my hazy recollection of the phonetics of his name) of the RNA stepped through the doorway, flanked by minions with big guns. He introduced himself and suggested that we may like to give him some money. Bribery is a way of life in Nepal, and as he himself said a man of his rank could have demanded much more than the few pounds we eventually negotiated. I then attempted to quiz him on the vice trade in Nepal, but if I got any answers I do not remember them. I do remember that Captain Jemal appeared twice more over the next hour and a half to see whether there were any more gullible westerners he could shake some money out of. And to answer everyone's question, we were there ONLY out of academic interest.

Back in the Irish bar the next day, I'm browsing the photos which line the walls. Massive parties. Rugby tours (is rugby a big sport in Nepal? Later on, I forget to ask). Smiling white faces with hideous-looking concoctions of drink. I'm the solitary customer, indeed I'm the only person there. Even the staff seem to have abandoned it. Bimal returns a few minutes later, which is fortunate for I'm feeling like I could do with a hideous-looking concoction of drink myself. He looks very unhappy when I tell him that we're planning to exit his country overland, and warns me against communists and flash-flooding, both of which are enjoying a renaissance after a few years of reasonable peace and quiet. I thank him for his advice and completely ignore it.

Which is how I come to be standing in this village in the middle of nowhere, where it has just started raining in an apocalyptic fashion. Ah good, the flash floods. The shops start opening and our driver buys another large bottle of indiscernible alcohol and finally, after a four-hour stop, we're off again. Not for long, though, as halfway up the next mountain the road starts to give way. On one side of the road, mud thunders down the sheer face of the mountain in floods, and on the other there is a near-vertical drop. The quick-

ly vanishing road is at best 4 metres wide, I register as our driver attempts a three-point turn guided by one of his marginally less drunk friends. At one point, the back overhang of the ancient bus is actually hanging over the precipice and I wonder if it's too late to take up religion. Astoundingly, our driver pulls it off, and sweating maniacally from the terror of his close-running, delivers us back to the middle-of-nowhere village where he and his friends first ask us politely for more money as we have to take a longer route. I decline, knowing full well that they have their eyes set on the liquor store. Then they demand more money from us and a French couple, the only foreigners on the bus. We go into a Franco-Irish conference and come up with a counter-demand- to be let off. They refuse. We then form a Franco-Irish scrum and push through them using 'necessary violence', as the Irish police say. Having made it out of the bus of death, we need to get our bags from the roof. This involves more tussling, with the Frenchman actually sending one of the drunken Nepalese sprawling off the roof of the bus into the mud. Eventually, after much more debate, we get onto a bus bound for Kathmandu and the travel agency which sold us both our tickets. I am gratified to see that many Nepalese followed us off the bus.

Having reclaimed the price of our bus tickets and done wonders for European harmony in common causes, we undergo rigorous security at Kathmandu airport which involves sniffer dogs and actually having to put our bags into the planes hold then being marched into the plane (presumably to ensure that if anyone's going to blow the plane up then they will be blown up along with it). As the wide-bodied, ancient and almost empty Indian Airlines jet leaves the ground, I look down on the semi-urban collection of buildings and know that I will return - hopefully before the Maoists. Something I didn't know at the time and only found out in the next days Times of India was that our experience on the bus was due in part to the Maoists moving on Kathmandu and indeed a few days after we left the capital was completely cut off from the rest of the country. The RNA and their American 'advisors' (Vietnam, anyone?) finally managed to break the siege a fortnight later, but it is surely now only a matter of time before the Nepalese seat at the UN General Assembly gets a 'People's Republic of' prefix.



Kathmandu: mystic roads and mad buses Photo:Simon Thompson

to shell out for a plane ticket to India and in part because it seems that the Maoist insurgents who have been gaining power in the rural areas of the country have closed all roads leading out of

entered. In the brief time I was there an entire primary school - pupils and teachers - were kidnapped by the Maoists for the terrifying purpose of 're-education'. The democratic govern-

briated from a few hours at the bar, when a rickshaw driver approached us and asked if we liked girls. We agreed that we did like girls and ten minutes later we were in a brothel. Now this was my first experience of such things, and I have always been curious about how things actually function. I'm sure they differ from locale to locale, but in Kathmandu a brothel seems to be a bar

**We were walking home late at night, somewhat lubricated from a few hours at the bar, when a rickshaw driver approached us and asked if we liked girls**

the country. I am also here because our bus driver has brought a lot of his friends with him on this supposedly cross-country trip from Kathmandu to the border, and they are all very drunk at this stage. We left Kathmandu at 6pm last night, and thanks to numerous Royal Nepalese Army (RNA) road-blocks and the general desire of our driver to party, we cannot have progressed more than a few hundred kilometres in the 11 hours since then. I sip on my Mountain Dew, unhappily imagining crazed communists sweeping down the hills through the mist and butchering me before I can explain to them that I'm broadly sympathetic to their cause.

I had arrived in Kathmandu 5 days previously, and it was a blessed relief after India. No more unbearable heat, vastly less persistent beggars, genuine friendliness and a rather shocking lack of other foreigners. Hundreds of empty hotels, bars and restaurants are in suspended hibernation in this capital city with its sporadically paved roads. Everywhere we go we are offered life-

ment has been in power for a decade and is always on the brink of collapse. There are whispers everywhere that the King and the heads of the armed forces are making overtures to each other and that a military coup will shortly restore the absolute power of the monarch.

I spoke to Bimal, a bartender at the Irish Pub (where, incredibly, there was an Ards Borough Council plaque on the wall representing my home town) about his concerns. He, like most other Nepalese I spoke with during my stay, is broadly sympathetic to the ideas of the Maoists but utterly against their methods. This is a very poor country, he tells me, and indeed all I have to do to verify that is to look out the window. People have very little and even less hope now that the tourists have been driven away. There is no functioning system of state education, so that in the few cases where parents can afford to send children to school, they will most probably be able to pay for only one. If the choice is between a girl or a boy being educated it's always going to be the girl. There is a burgeoning trade in prostitution and in the past



# An Indian Love Affair

Mairead Nally

On the 25th June this year, I found myself, a jet-lagged, disorientated and very sweaty newcomer to India, being driven from the airport through the early morning streets of Calcutta at what seemed like the suicidal speed of a soy racer. (I would soon learn this was par for the course in the vehicular bedlam of Calcutta.) Over the next three months, I worked my way through the whole gamut of emotions in my relationship with the city, until I found myself at the airport again in September genuinely lonely to be leaving a city that I had grown to love. Calcutta is a city that invites description yet defies and goes beyond any selection of adjectives you choose to apply. Throughout history, writers have struggled to portray the city to a European population. Their portraits have often been given in negative superlatives. It is a city that has long been the victim of a bad reputation; once dubbed 'The Black Hole', it still struggles to rid itself of the label. Calcutta has been described by James Cameron in An Indian

Summer as 'the most irredeemably horrible, vile and despairing city in the world. As I discovered there is more to Calcutta than this picture of misery and destitution suggests. A lot more. My first impression of Calcutta was one of a crazy menagerie of sights, sounds, smells, people. Not to mention the wandering cows, enjoying the privileges conferred by their sacred status as they roamed aimlessly, oblivious to the traffic upheavals caused by their presence. As I grew accustomed to these rubbish-munching bovines, I opened my eyes to what else this remarkable city has to offer. Calcutta is an exacting city, which makes continuous demands on the senses. It exerts its claim on the eyes with the rainbow of colourful saris of the women, the spectacle of the street life of people for whom there is no choice but to wash and sleep on the crowded pavements, the extraordinary sight of decaying colonial buildings whose facades are now obscured by a lattice-work of vegetation. There are the olfactory attacks of the pervading, overpowering blend of smells ranging from street cooking to leather factories, from traffic fumes to the noxious smells emanating from the sewers. Perhaps it is the

sounds of Calcutta, above all else, which most strongly assail the unsuspecting newcomer. The noise of the incessant horn-blowing of the drivers, the cries of the market sellers, the chatter of street children, the conductors yelling the bus routes as the bus whizzes by, the muezzin's call to prayer, the ringing bells of the passing trams. Calcutta is a world of relentless commerce. On every inch of pavement, someone is selling something: garlands of marigolds and jasmine, hand-turned clay cups of chai(tea), bangles and beads, paan and tobacco, pictures of the Hindu gods. Walking along the street is a process of pushing past every eager hawk who is anxious to impress 'emadami' with his superior goods and will, given the opportunity, forcibly drag you to view his wares. Shopping in India is an experience in itself, where merely glancing in a shop window is often the beginning of a long afternoon. Cajoled into the premises by assurances of the superior quality of the goods, seated under the fan as roll after roll of sari material is displayed, until the shelves are bare and the shop assistants exhausted; then the haggling begins. No

five minute affair this; chai or Coke is offered to sweeten the sound of the tripled price they inevitably propose. And it is unlikely you will be allowed to leave with only one purchase! Contrast is the central word that comes to mind when I think of Calcutta. The many millions who inhabit the city bring divergences of class, religion, caste; but the contrasts of Calcutta go beyond any individual differences. The extremities of the cityscape are highly visible as one's gaze travels from the clutter of slum dwellings to the crumbling colonnades of buildings that recall Victorian London. The palatial homes of the rich tower above the mudhuts of the poor that are built only inches away. More than anything, I remember Calcutta for the people I met there. People who approached to offer the blessing of namaste, wanting nothing in return. People with whom I shared a remarkably eloquent language of smiles and nods. Above all, I have brought home with me memories of the children with whom I spent ten amazing weeks. I went to Calcutta on the Suas Volunteer Programme and was placed as a teaching assistant in community-run schools in slum areas of the city. I was lucky

enough to know the daily joy of walking into a classroom to be greeted by a sea of smiling faces. I was made to feel like a rock-star as children hurled their scrawny bodies like rockets across the classroom to shake my hand, as they jostled to sit next to me. As a volunteer, I perhaps saw a different side of Calcutta to the regular tourist. I could not avoid the pressing reality of the crippling poverty and disadvantage, especially given the underprivileged backgrounds of the children with whom I worked. I saw the cruelty of life for those who have and expect little. However, my abiding memories of the summer are hugely positive; memories of the smiles of mothers as they watched us play with their children, the flowers daily threaded through my hair and the bittersweet heartbreak of goodbye. I cannot pretend that the poverty long associated with Calcutta does not exist but I can assure you that there is more to that crazy, exciting city. So much more, to explore, to witness, to enjoy, to despair of, to cry over, to laugh about, to learn to love and to never forget. That, to me, is Calcutta.

## A Tramp Abroad

## Saratov, Russia.

## First Irish Pub

Lucy Payne

Saratov, Russia. A place imagined, known only by empty facts; a city of a million people, the 15th largest city in Russia, 16 hours south east of Moscow by train, on the banks of the Volga River. From what little I knew I, and four other European Studies students, decided to spend one year there in the name of improving our Russian while enjoying ourselves in the process.

On the 21st August 2004 I landed at Moscow's principal airport and principal eyesore, Sheremetyevo. Things did not begin well. KLM had the decency to lose all our luggage leaving us with little alternative but to make a mad run across Moscow for the train to Saratov. But at least our disappeared baggage did not weigh us down. As the elegantly jaded 18 carriage train creaked and jolted it's way out of Moscow's Paveletskaya Station I imagined Saratov for the last time. By noon the following morning I would actually be there.

Russia conjures up images and names such as Moscow, cold, St Petersburg, Communism, vodka. All relatively familiar to the average Irish student (particularly the latter). But Saratov? How to describe a city relatively insignificant on the grand Russian scale? Lets begin at the beginning. Saratov was officially founded in 1590 and in the 1700's Catherine the Great invited Germans to establish themselves in the city. This explains the predominance of European style architecture and people's assumption that all foreigners here are German. I get regular greetings of 'wie gehts' and 'danke schone', and that is after telling people that I am Irish and thus speak English. Saratov's main street is Prospekt Kirova, but is also known as 'The German Prospekt'. It was built purposely to replicate Moscow's most famous street, the Starry Arbat, but reminds me more of our own Grafton Street, and also has it's obligatory McDonalds. The pride of Saratovians, they dedicate their weekends exclusively to parading up and down the thoroughfare, never seeming to tire. It is a fine street, the best in Saratov, with well maintained buildings and pavements, but to walk five minutes in any direction brings a new perspective.

The bulk of Saratov is dilapidated and decrepit. Many of it's decaying streets and lanes do not belong to a city but an abandoned country village. Under the shadow of Lenin statues and Soviet tower blocks hastily thrown up the 1950's creep and hunch wooden shacks. They were once pretty, as was Saratov, but a lack of money and energy have transformed their intricate and colourful wooden frames into decaying pitiful structures. When not in college I do my obligatory new city exploring and the overriding feeling I am left with is sadness at such decay, and yes, a sadness at the poverty. The average wage for professionals in Saratov, and most of Russia, is \$100 a month.

But alongside such stagnation and frugality there is a buzz in Saratov. Outside Kirova the old babushkas congregate at the outdoor markets selling their home grown tomatoes, apples, aubergines and the odd parsnip or two. I have never tasted vegetables so good in my life. We think we Irish are fond of the old potato but not in comparison with the Saratovians. Massive trucks from the 1950's are loaded to the brim with spuds and sold by the bucket and sackful on the side of the street by rugged farmer types. The prices of potatoes and all the food in general are ridiculously cheap. An everyday conversation between us goes as follows 'That was dirt cheap! 3 euro for a bottle of vodka! You could buy at least 6 for the same as 1 in Dublin. Sure lets just get another 6!' The final word from Saratov concerns yet another great Irish drinking tradition. There is soon to be the grand opening of Saratov's first Irish pub! We are working hard on how to get our official invitations as Saratov's sole Irish representatives.





# Annie adopts the nation’s orphaned cheese makers

Annie McEvoy wants you to understand cheese. Will she convince us that there is life beyond the dull, flaccid, easy single or the homogenised brie experience that has become devout of real stink?

Patrick O Connor

You are currently working at Sheridan’s cheese mongers and at the same time you are putting together this book on Irish cheese.How did you arrive to this point?

Ok, I moved to France when I was eighteen, as an au pair in the South of France, in the Basque. I started enjoying French cheese like Comte and Camembert and then I moved to Paris. I met a guy and stayed in Paris for three and half years. Mum dragged me back to college, DCU. I discovered Sheridan’s by accident, I didn’t even know it existed. So as a student I go in with my one pound of cheese and one slice of Parma ham. Then in my fourth year I started working there part-time. I fell in love with the whole thing. Then I worked there full time after I graduated. I managed the shop for a while, then I went part-time to write my book. I am full time again now.

What did you study in DCU?

I studied languages: Spanish and French.

And your passion for cheese.

There’s this book called Steve Jenkins, *The Cheese Primer*, it became my bible, just read it cover to cover. He’s the biggest cheese guy in the states.

The Robert Parker of cheese.

Ya. He brings cheese in from Europe, he supplied Dean and De Luca and all the best New York restaurants. There’s another book *The Cheese Plate* by Max Mc Callan.

I live in North Cork, an area full of good cheese makers and yet little is none locally about most of it.

I don’t know how far from Ardrahan (Kanturk cheese maker) you live but I love it. Mary Burns brought me in to make cheese with her. The best Ardrahan I ever had was a slab not in the fridge, just on the side board, messy bits of cheese everywhere, dirty knives and a big pot of marmalade. She put a big pot of tea on the table and cut up slices of brown bread. In France they’ll sometimes have honey.

And in Spain they’ll sometimes have

quince paste or jam.

It’s one of the most beautiful things I’ve had. It inspired me a little bit.

Tell me about the book.

I started writing for the Sheridan’s cheese club. We send out whatever cheese is very good or only available at that time of year and with it is some information about the cheese. So I wrote the information about the cheese and after a while someone said why don’t I get it all together and compile it

“When a baby throws up after being fed on milk that’s cheese.....but I imagine the cheese made from a mother’s milk would be no good. You’d have to put the mother out to pasture.”

into a book. I’m still compiling. Eating costs and I love restaurants so I’ve had to go back to work full time, but it’s getting there.

Why was it that a lot of the contemporary cheese makers in Ireland were foreign.

Basically there was a wave of new age hippies went to the west of Ireland to live, to get away from modern life and live a wholesome lifestyle. Hippy has a sort of a negative slant to it but that’s the only way of explaining it. Like Veronica Steel(Milleens cheese makers), she married an English man and they bought a farm. A video actually you might want to see is about her first making cheese. It was in 1972, you can see her kids running around. They’re all thirty odd now. It was on TG4 and we recorded it. She then taught Mary Burns. Mary Burns does basically the same thing, a brine washed cheese. Ardrahan is pasteurised and actually Milleens is now. Eventually all chesse in Ireland will be pasturised.

Do you think that’s one of the challenges facing Irish cheese makers now.

That’s a huge issue, it really is. Bill Hogan won a court case to make an unpasteurised cheese, it was challenged again for some reason. I was real pro-raw milk in cheese, but when I visited Mary Burns, I asked would it not be better if she kept the cheese raw, would the flavour not be better, the whole character. She said “ not really, it is an awful lot of hassle, it costs an awful lot of money and there can be a lot of wastage”.There is some disadvantages.

Is there a history of cheese in Ireland given the large dairy industry we have.

For a long time I couldn’t figure why we didn’t make cheese. I asked my Mum who grew up in a farm in Sligo and she said they just used the surplus milk for the drinking, in tea or whatever and made buttermilk for the soda bread. Cheese was a posh thing to do. Using milk for butter and buttermilk was more useful.

What is your favourite cheese.

It depends on the time of year.

Right now.

Camembert. It has more to do with good memories though, association with good times. Cheese is amazing. If you think about what it is. When a baby throws up after being fed on milk that’s cheese. The enzymes in the baby’s stomach curdle’s the milk. With cheese you just add the same enzymes but from a calf. You put the enzymes into a vat of milk and bring it up to body temperature. But I imagine the cheese made from a mother’s milk would be no good. You’d have to put the mother out to pasture.

What are the most bizarre animals you’ve ever had cheese from.

Probably a buffalo, but I don’t like buffalo mozzarella. I don’t like drinking milk and I see buffalo mozzarella as a great ball of milk. Sometimes I’ll eat it in a Caprese Salad. I’ve never had yak or camel’s cheese.

Restaurant more than ever have started to challenge the grandeur of cheese trolleys by offering very appropriate compliments, like sauterne poached apricots, cherry marmalade, compli-



ments that are highly specific to the nature of the cheese. Is this a better way of dealing with the cheese course.

I do think less is better. If I’m having people over I’ll have only three or less, but cheese that is in the peak of condition. The cheese trolley can be overwhelming and you can end up losing

some of the flavours of each as you go along. Toasted fresh hazelnuts and almonds are a very good accompaniments.

Is the standard of blue cheese in Ireland as good as we like to think.

Definitely, but the problem is it’s eaten much too young. If you can get some that has matured you’ll see it tastes creamy, full flavour not at all stinging. But most is eaten too young.

When can we expect the book to be out.

Soon. Its got a bit to go but I’m having

fun writing it.

Annie, thank you very much.

My Pleasure

## Pub and Restaurant Review: Peploe’s Wine Bistro & O’Donoghue’s

Peploe’s Wine Bistro, 16 St Stephens Green



Peploe’s massive mural with Pavarotti in the distance.

Photo Beatrix Cavades

I wanted to love this restaurant from the first day it opened, so on the first day it opened I went there. We had hare and roast chicken with garlic. Both were a miserable impression of the morning glory promised, so I forgot about it. I pushed it to the back of my mind and

forgot what I had once thought was the finest menu in Dublin.

Some days I’d sell my liver for French food. Not Escoffier French, but nana French. Petit Salle, Daube, Choucroute, Grand Aioli. Peploe’s is gringo French.

Not the French you get in France but the type of French bistro you get in London or New York. The décor is half sublime and half midlands hotel bar. I suggest you sit at the unsublime half and rip through the menu. Mix the a la carte with the bar menu, juggle them as

you would D4 and D14, as M&S with D&G, the neighbour’s wife and with the neighbours daughter(s). Beetroot tarte tatin, Morteau sausage with potato salad, the sausage meat really beautiful seasoned. Steak béarnaise, for thirteen euro each ( bar menu) with onion puree. Veal, Lobster, Sea bass. The whole hog all for a very good price as long as you sit in Siberia by the toilets and leech off the main dining room atmosphere. The wine list contains loads of nice treats, but you do pay a pretty cent, so forget about looking for bargains. No spirits of any kind are served, nothing even in the kitchen, nothing even behind the bar for the staff. The staff do erotic in a Story of O way. Most are French with professional catering backgrounds. The male restaurant manager is as charming a cigarette burn but the rest make up for it.

In truth if I had went into the main dining room and ate totally a la carte the tone of this review would be completely different. The bar prices are astonishing, an economic miracle. If countries taxed their citizens like this restaurant deals with price discrimination, there would be no poor. For that it gets a 2:1.

2:1

O’Donoghues.15 Merrion Row. D2



Already, and only on issue two of what is the greatest paper in history ( or even before that, conspiracy theorist amongst you I appreciate your support and note it duly in all future issues ), I have taken it upon myself to bid farewell to the pub reviews. It became obvious to me that Dublin is really full of very good pubs and me wankering on about them is neither interesting nor useful. Successful self-guidance is the definitive reward.

I use to be a great fan of Mr Ahern until he got rid of Cristal Charlie. I actually thought, and here is where you’ll appreciate maybe why I’m not advising you where you should be drinking, that at one stage this

year he was the greatest ever Irish politician and possibly the finest on the planet. He was pulling all the right types of bird, Blair loved him, Bush loved him and Mexico went gaga for his spring summer collection. And after all that he turned around and gave Charlie the f\*\*king boot.

Bertie drinks at O’Donoghues. Lots of tourists and people who know that lots of tourists drink there. Its close to the Department of the Taoiseach and a A.I.B bank link. I have never had an average night there. The Guinness is out of this world in both its preparation and taste. On a busy night the Guinness is continually pulled so there is

always a fresh one waiting for you. Pure Fordism. I’m surprised Diageo hasn’t instructed more bars to approach the problem of the settling in the same way. It’s lager mise en place with a stout finish.

It’s shabby in an irish way and the toilets are sub-standard. The staff are brilliant and can sometimes manage a thank you. It really is all you could ever want.

1st.



# Paris takes her knife and appetite to the Zoo

*In 1870 during the siege of Paris, Parisians accustomed to the delicate fare of their burgeoning restaurant scene took to the sewer and to the zoo for their poultry, meat and game. If you’re squeamish do read on. This is a piece about tremendous gastronomic invention, the rise of a new political correctness and plenty of mice on toast.*

## Orlando Bridgeman

In the *Larousse Gastronomique*, the indispensable and erudite encyclopaedia of food, there is an entry for elephant. This recommends that the trunk or the feet should be cooked for 15 hours, and that the meat tastes like ox tongue. The entry closes with the following piece of history:

“During the 1870 siege of Paris, the flesh of elephants from the Jardin des Plantes appeared in butchers’ shops and restaurants. The menu of the Café Anglais offered braised elephants feet with ham, garlic, spices and Madeira, and one butcher was selling elephant blood pudding.”

In their time of acute hunger, the style-obsessed Parisians would not even compromise their fine dining habits even if they were reduced to eating from the zoo.

Yet the elephants (*Castor* and *Pollux* were their names) were just the ostentatious icing on the cake. For as the siege wore on, the increasingly hunger-stricken inhabitants of the city became used to finding cats, dogs and even rats on their menus, as well as the occasional novelty of encountering other beasts from the zoo such as porcupines, bears and camels. An American staying with his country’s legation there recorded the bill of fare for a feast he gave in November, two months into the siege.

Soup from horse-meat  
Mince of cat  
Shoulder of dog with tomato sauce  
Jugged cat with mushrooms  
Roast donkey and potatoes  
Rat, peas, and celery  
Mice on toast  
Plum-pudding  
Expense: Twelve Francs a mouth.

Horses, of course, were the first ‘unusual’ animals to be eaten. Although we associate the French today with hip-hopphagy (the consumption of horses) and assume it is a tradition reaching far back into French gastronomic history, it had only been widely introduced as a practical and healthy method of feeding the poor four years before the siege began. That it caught on quickly must, to some extent, be attributable to the

siege: 65,000 horses were eaten over the course of five months, as well as 1,000 donkeys and 2,000 mules. At the beginning of the siege, the authorities had requisitioned for human consumption all horses in Paris on the advice of scientists who had concluded that horse meat was one sixth more nutritious than beef. These included two of Emperor Napoleon’s magnificent war steeds.

Cats were commonly thought to be the best available meat, one diarist describing it as ‘downright good eating. A young one, well cooked, is better than hare or rabbit...tender and sweet.’ Butchers would try and pass them off as an otter or a rare breed of hare or an extraordinarily small and odd kind of sheep but customers were happy to delude themselves in their famished states. One Englishman thought that cat, ‘when grilled and seasoned with pistachio nuts, olives, gherkins and pimentos...proved a very dainty dish.’ In another diary, one comes across the alarmingly offhand remark, ‘I read some other papers over my ragout de chat.’ For another method of dishing up cat, one cannot fail to mention the man who was fattening up his own cat to serve at Christmas lunch ‘surrounded with mice, like sausages.’ This course of action had no doubt been forced upon him by the price of turkeys that Christmas – 180 francs, compared to ten before the siege.

Rats, despite their relatively cheap price (two francs by the end of the siege) didn’t prove so economical in the end. The flesh tasted so bad that it had to be masked by a lavishly rich and expensive sauce. However, the same American who gave the above-mentioned feast thought rat quite a treat (though he still rated cat superior.) ‘Rats are indeed far from being bad to eat, and they are not indigestible...you may cook the rat in all sorts of ways; but *rat pâté* is a delicacy!’ Meanwhile, on the menu of the Jockey Club one could find *salmis de rats* and ‘rat pie’. There even emerged a quality scale of rats: ‘brewery’ rats would fetch more than normal sewer rats. If one was looking to dine on the latter, invaluable advice could be found in one issue of the *Paris Journal*: ‘fish for sewer rats with a hook and line baited with tallow.’ Once a rat had been caught, one could

follow Victor Hugo’s poetic suggestion.

*Préparez-vous à des ragoûts  
De rats aux champignons d’égouts*

Dog, fetching more than cat, was described by a self-confessed ‘expert’ as ‘fine, fresh, rosy, covered with very white fat; stimulating to the appetite when well cooked.’

It is easy to acquire the impression that the Parisians were driven to eating these animals through pure starvation. They were not. Cats, dogs and most of the animals from the zoo were expensive and as a result it was only the rich who ate them. On Christmas Day, 1870, cats were selling for fifteen francs, dogs for fifty and elephant meat at fifteen francs per pound (or forty if one decided to indulge in the choicer cut of the trunk.) When an ordinary soldier was earning one franc fifty a day, one can see why these animals were out of the reach of most ordinary Parisians. One modern commentator has concluded that these bizarre foods were only eaten ‘by the bravado of dilettantism,’ that the act of eating *rat pâté* was a way of expressing the inherent panache of the Parisian and his indefatigable spirit in the face of the blundering Prussian soldier.

Exotic dining was fine for those who could afford to be dilettantes but what of the poor of Paris? Municipal soup kitchens were set up and at one stage, one quarter of the population was queuing up for a meal there. Yet dire hunger pervaded the life of the poor. Infant mortality was high, although apart from the old, few adults starved to death. However, many poor were forced into selling their ration cards to restaurants, for they could not even afford to buy their allotted food allowance. It was also a period of endless queuing; mile long queues were not unknown and to be sure of a good place, one had to arrive at the shop at three in the morning.

So much for the extremities of rich and poor, but what of the much celebrated Parisian *petit-bourgeoisie*? Alistair Home, the renowned historian of the period has described the duration of the siege thus: ‘for those with even a little money, it was no worse than for the average Briton [or Irish person] during



Narcisse Chaillou, Le Vendeur des rats pendant le siege de Paris 1870, Musee Carnavalet

the U-Boat blockade of the First World War.’ Even if people could not afford elephant, imagination was employed. One man was recorded as cooking a dinner of crow and dahlia roots.

Bread, that essential staple for any Frenchman, deteriorated in quality as the siege progressed. By the middle of January, when the siege was nearly over, the ‘black’ bread was described by one writer as ‘horrible. It tastes as if it were made of sawdust, mud, and pota-

to-skins,’ while someone else thought ‘it seemed to have been made from old Panama hats picked out of the gutters,’ a description not all that far from the truth. When the siege ended, Parisians learnt the ingredients of *Pain Ferry* as it was known:

- One half potatoes, beans, peas, oats and rye.
- One quarter water
- One eighth wheat
- One eighth straw, hulls of grain and

vegetable skins.

At the end of the siege, I can happily report the Parisians did not suffer the eeriness of a silent zoo despite the consumption of two camels, three ostriches, two porcupines, two bears, three kangaroos, a wild boar, two stags, five deer, six antelope and twenty-five tropical birds. Lions and tigers survived since it was decided it would be too dangerous to kill them. Monkeys were also left, with the Darwinian minded

naturalists objecting to the quasi-cannibalistic overtones of poached monkey. And the hippopotamus was also never killed for no butcher could meet the reserve price of 80,000 francs. Quite why it should have been worth so much more than poor old Castor and Pollux the elephants, who only fetched 27,000 francs for the pair of them, I cannot explain.

## The 10 best restaurants in the world according to someone else

1.French Laundry, Yountville, CA, USA  
www.frenchlaundry.com

2.The Fat Duck, Bray, England  
www.fatduck.co.uk

3.El Bulli, Spain  
www.elbulli.com

4.L'Atelier de Joel Robuchon, Paris  
www.robuchon.com

5.Pierre Gagnaire, Paris  
www.pierre-gagnaire.com

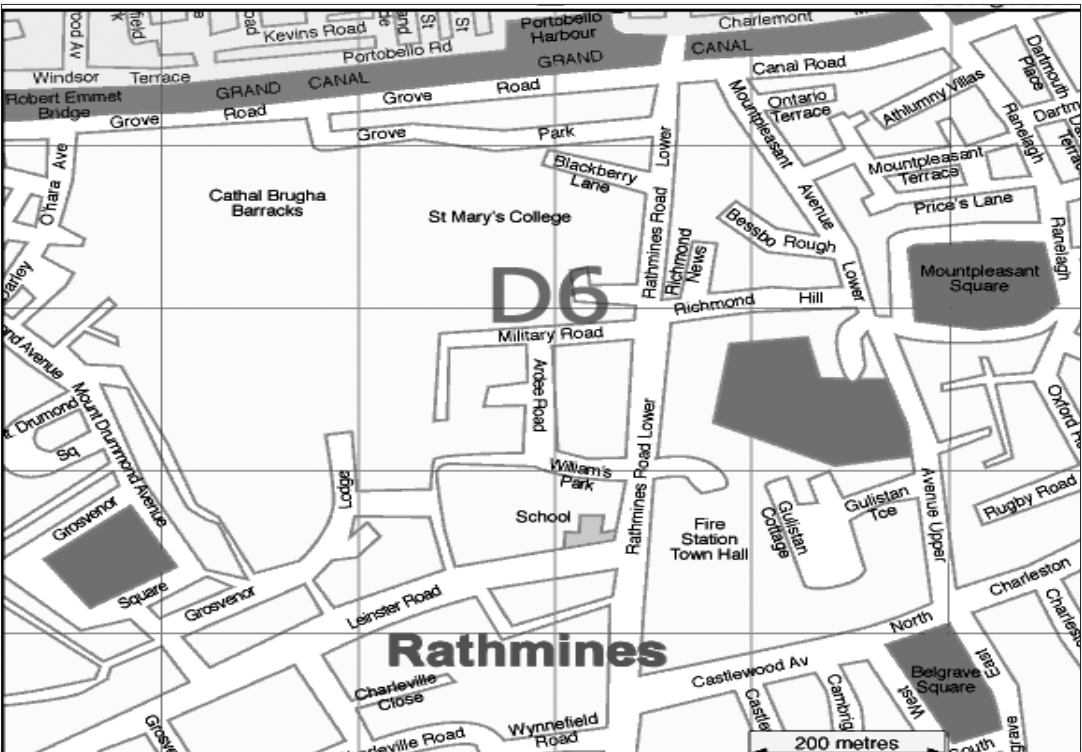
6.Guy Savoy, Paris  
www.guysavoy.com

7.Nobu, London  
www.noburestaurants.com

8.Restaurant Gordon Ramsay, London  
www.gordonramsay.com

9.Michel Bras, Laguiole, France  
www.michel-bras.com

10.Louis XV, Monaco  
www.alain-ducasse.com

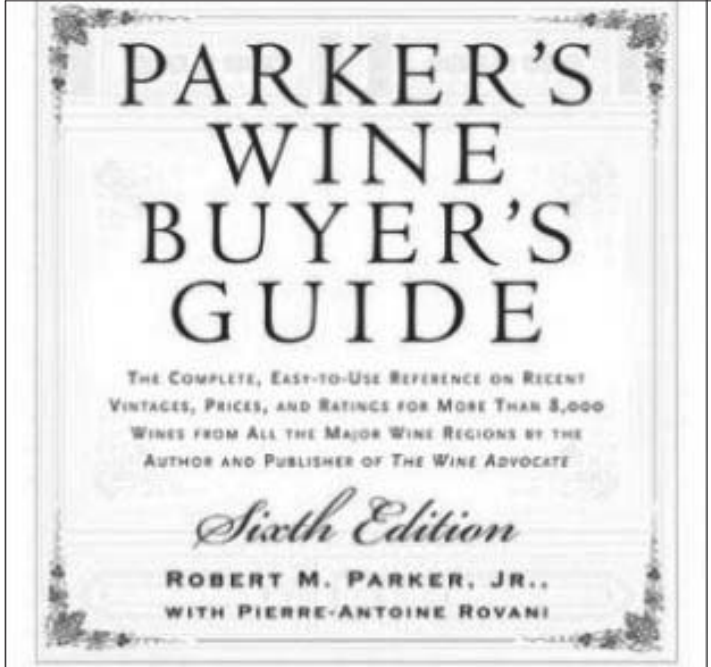


The Trinity News Guide to all your food and drink needs. Issue by issue we ingest the best, on your behalf. Area by area we pick apart your locality. The marks next to the victors are to emphasise how well they do against the very best in Dublin. The total of the marks will give you an idea of which part of town is the real liver and legume of Dublin’s food and drinks scene.

## Rathmines

- Best for booze: Deveney’s, 16 Upper Rathmines Road. 2.5/5
- Best for spices and Exotics: Al Khyrat, 19 Upper Rathmines Road 2.5/5
- Best for meat: Lawlor’s, 143 Upper Rathmines Road. 4.5/5
- Best for fruit and Veg: Tesco, 6 Upper Rathmines Road. 2.5/5
- Best for stout: Slattery’s, 217-219 Lower Rathmines Road. 3/5
- Best for atmosphere: Toast, 196 Lower Rathmines Road. 3.5/5
- Best for the larder: Tesco, 6 Upper Rathmines Road. 2.5/5
- Best for bread and cake: Crema, 312 Upper Rathmines Road. 3/5
- Best for cooking: Bombay Pantry, 14 Rathgar Road. 3.5/5
- Best for cheap eat: Lunch at Monsoon, 306-308 Lower Rathmines Road. 3/5

30.5 out of 50. Some highs and lows, but a 2:1 nonetheless.



## Wine Words Robert Parker.

*"Mr. Parker's palate is thought to be the oenological equivalent of Einstein's brain."* The Economist

At the age of twenty-six Robert M. Parker left the University of Maryland Law School. For the next ten years he practiced law, chucking the whole thing in 1984 to devote full attention to writing about his passion: wine. The Wine Advocate his bi-monthly magazine has over 40,000 subscribers worldwide, from an initial subscription of less than 600. Along with The Wine Advocate his other published offerings include The Guide Parker, The Wines of the Rhone Valley and Bordeaux. It seem he spends quite a lot of his time picking up awards. He is a *Chevalier dans l'Ordre National du Merite*, one only a handful of foreigners to have received France’s two highest Presidential honors.

He has his critics. His own wine preference has led many winemakers to change the natural terroir taste in favourite of a wine with more Parker flavours, structure and even colour. The 100-point system has its enemies. People refer to it ruining the mystique of wine, that wine cannot be so easily graded given that areas have different strengths, high altitude or a particular soil type which challenges the wine-maker. But Parker defends his “metro-politician rationalisation being extended to the provincial earth”. When asked in a recent interview whether he had sympathy for those who thought the 100-point system had a negative effect he remarked that: ‘I am not an apologist for the system, or its effect. I think it has raised the quality of wine, made producers more accountable and educated an entirely new generation of wine consumers, empowering them to make more informed buying decisions.’



LISTINGS

Trinity News

THE NEXT FEW WEEKS IN DUBLIN.....

Tuesday 26th October

COLLEGE

Fianna Fail weekly meeting, 12.00- 1 pm, Seomra 6 in the Atrium  
Meditation class; 5.15- 7.00 pm, Room 50, Atrium  
Management Science Annual pub crawl, 7.00 pm, starting in the Pav  
Orchestral Society weekly rehearsal, 7.00 pm in Regent House  
Falun Dafa class, 7;15 – 9.00 pm, Room 50, Atrium  
One World weekly meeting, 7.00 – 9.00 pm, Room 4050b Arts building  
Juggling workshop, 7.00- 10.00 pm, Goldsmith hall  
Squash training sessions, 5.40 –8.00 pm, Intermediate level.

BARS/ MUSIC/ CLUBS

Live jazz at the International Bar, upstairs, entry is 7 euro, Wicklow St, D2.  
Ri-Ra; Bump'n'hustle, Dame COurt, D2, rare groove/ latino/ hip-hop, from 11-30, 7 euro.  
Spy: Wax Basement: 'Lowdown', South William St, D 2, house from 11.

Wednesday 27th October

COLLEGE

Labour branch meeting, 6.00- 7.00 pm, room 3 in the Atrium  
Photographic darkroom lecture, 7.00- 9.00 pm, Arts block room 5039.  
Fencing Society train-

ing session, 1.00- 2.00 pm. Main Hall in the Luce Hall.  
Canoe Club training session, meeting at the boathouse at 7.30 pm, beginners welcome, weekly.  
Ladies Football training session, College park from 6.45  
Potholing training session, Luce Hall, 8-10pm, Luce Hall. Every Wednesday.  
Squash training session, 5.40 –8.00 pm, Intermediate and Ladies level.  
Swimming club meet at 8.15 at front arch and walk together to the pool.  
Badmington society at the Luce Hall sports centre, form 8.00 til 10.00 pm

BARS/ MUSIC/ CLUBS

Doyles, D-Basement, Fleet St, D 2, dance/ indie/ soul til 2.30, FREE  
Coyote: MonkeyFunk: D'Olier St, D2, Chart/ classics/ R'n'B, 10 til late, FREE  
Wax, Basement Spy, South Willima St, D2, 80's.  
Red Box, Yo-Yo student night; Harcourt Street, Doors 10.30pm, Ladies free until midnight, €5 after 11:30pm  
The Globe/ Ri-Ra; 'U-Turn', Soul to funk Exchequer St, 11:30pm, €7 / €5 with concession.

Thursday 28th October

COLLEGE

Law society trip to Galway, leaving at one pm.  
Fencing Society training session, 5.00- 6.00 pm, Main Hall in the Luce Hall.  
Salsa night at Bojangles, Harcourt Street, 9 euro, 8 pm.

BARS/ MUSIC/ CLUBS

Eamon Dorans: Common Currency, Temple Bar, music/ drinks promotions form 11 pm, 7/5 euro  
Picture House: Dirty House, Camden St, D2, Bowie/ Madonna/ Michael Jackson/ remixes... 10-3  
Red Box: The Pod: 'Graffiti, D2, student night, R'n'B, Hip hop, chart...form 10.30, ladies free before midnight, 5 euro  
Spirit; Rapture, Middle Abbey St, different music on different levels, student night, 5 euro with student card.

Friday 29th October

COLLEGE

Squash training session, 4.00- 6.00 pm, beginners, advanced from 6.00-9.00 pm.  
Dance Society class, 7.30- 9.30 pm, Regent House, beginners are welcome.  
'Shining City' at the Gate, 8pm, Parnell Sq, running until the 20th of November.  
The International Blues Band, J.J.Smyths, Aungier St, D2 , 8.30 pm  
The Shining at the

Turks head, temple Bar from 9.30 pm, no charge.

BARS/ MUSIC/ CLUBS

Cocoon; 'Shakedown', Duke Lane, D2, funky/ soul/ disco, smart dress, FREE  
FRIDAY @ the Odean, Harcourt St, D 2, retro/ disco/ indie/ R'n'B, til 2.30, FREE  
Gaiety Theatre/ Club, South King St, 3 levels...live music, 11.30- 4.  
Hogans, off Camden St, D2, hip-hop, party/electro, 'til 2.30, FREE  
Pravda: 'Icon', Lower Liffey, D 1, soul/ funk/ rock and roll, 'til 2.30, FREE  
Spirit; Revelation, D2, Middle Abbey St, 11-late, 15/ 20 Euro  
Wax: Powerscourt Townhouse, Sth William St, 11pm, 5/8 euro.  
Spy; DJ Quilly with upbeat lounge music, Powerscourt Townhouse, Sth William St, Doors from 5pm , Free

Sunday 31st October

Live Jazz in Café en Seine, Dawson St, free, form 10.00 am- 12.00 midnight.  
The Maladies play at Whelan's, Wexford St, d2, 8PM, 10 euro, 10 euro, only 5 if you dress up!  
Mambo City at the Castle Inn, Christchurch, 9 euro for the session, beginners at 6.30 pm, improvers at 7.30.  
Savannah, Lower

Rathmines Road, D 6, Laid back, chill out sounds 'til 1 am.

Monday 1st November

COLLEGE

Science fiction Movie table quiz, 6.00 – 7.00 pm, Buttery  
One world Meeting, 7.00 pm, House 6  
Fencing Society training session, 5.00- 6.30 pm, Main Hall in the Luce Hall.  
Ladies Football training session, College park from 6.45  
Dublin by Lamplight opens at the Project theatre, Temple Bar, 8pm, 18/14 euro.

BARS/ MUSIC/ CLUBS

Joss Stone at the Olympia, Dame St, D2, 7.30 pm, 35 euro.  
Ri-Ra: Strictly handbag, Dame Court, D 2, Eclectic electrics/ rare soul/ pop, 7 euro.

Tuesday 2nd November

COLLEGE

Fianna Fail weekly meeting, 12.00- 1 pm, Seomra 6, Atrium  
Meditation class, 5.15 pm- 7.00, Room 50, Atrium.  
Falun Dafa, free class, Room 50, Atrium.  
Juggling Workshop, 7.30- 10.00 pm, Goldsmith Hall.  
Aikado meet at 6.00- 7.30 pm on the second floor of the Luce Hall.

Wednesday 3rd

November

COLLEGE

Photographic Night Shoot, 7.00- 8.30 pm, Front Arch.  
Salsa classes/ club at the Exchequer bar, beginners form 7.30 pm, improvers from 8.30, club until half 11, 8 euro admission.  
Tuesdays have belly-dance classes at St Kevin's Community Centre, South Circular Road, 7.30 advanced, 8.30 beginners, bring a scarf! 8 euro.

Thursday 4th November

COLLEGE

The Hist: "This house believes that Islamic fundamentalists take the prophets name in vain", 7.30 pm in the G.M.B  
Also a the HIST- an address from Senator John McCain, 7.30, GMB  
Lesbian Gay and Bisexual daily coffee meetings, 1.00- 3.00 Second floor, House 6.  
Tango at the Green Lizard next to the Tivoli, from beginner level, from 7pm, 9 euro.

BARS/ MUSIC/ CLUBS

Eamon Dorans: Common Currency, Temple Bar, music/ drinks promotions form 11 pm, 7/5 euro  
Picture House: Dirty House, Camden St, D2, Bowie/ Madonna/ Michael Jackson/ remixes... 10-3

Red Box: The Pod: 'Graffiti, D2, student night, R'n'B, Hip hop, chart...form 10.30, ladies free before midnight, 5 euro  
Spirit; Rapture, Middle Abbey St, different music on different levels, student night, 5 euro with student card.

Friday 5th November

COLLEGE

Dance society weekly class.  
Aikado meet at 6.00- 7.30 pm on the second floor of the Luce Hall.

BARS/ MUSIC/ CLUBS

Cocoon; 'Shakedown', Duke Lane, D2, funky/ soul/ disco, smart dress, FREE  
FRIDAY @ the Odean, Harcourt St, D 2, retro/ disco/ indie/ R'n'B, til 2.30, FREE  
Gaiety Theatre/ Club, South King St, 3 levels...live music, 11.30- 4.  
Hogans, off Camden St, D2, hip-hop, party/electro, 'til 2.30, FREE  
Pravda: 'Icon', Lower Liffey, D 1, soul/ funk/ rock and roll, 'til 2.30, FREE  
Spirit; Revelation, D2, Middle Abbey St, 11-late, 15/ 20 Euro  
Wax: Powerscourt Townhouse, Sth William St, 11pm, 5/8 euro.  
Spy; DJ Quilly with upbeat lounge music, Powerscourt Townhouse, Sth William St, Doors from 5pm , Free

JOBS

For more information on any of these positions visit [www.tcd.ie/careers/vacancies](http://www.tcd.ie/careers/vacancies)

Job Vacancies

Trainee Administrative Executive  
Dublin Institute of Design  
Ireland Email CV And Coverletter 05/11/2004

Graduate Software, Test and Telecommunications Engineers  
Hudson Global Resources, client of Ireland Email CV And Coverletter 26/10/2004

IT Analyst Training Program  
Morgan Stanley Ireland  
Online Application ongoing

Manufacturing / Production Engineers and Automation Engineers  
Altran Technologies Ireland  
Ireland Post CV And Coverletter 30/11/2004

Microscopy Product Specialist for the sale of Routine and Research Olympus microscopes, digital imaging and image analysis systems.  
Mason Technology Ltd  
Ireland Post CV And Coverletter ongoing

Personnel Officer (Staff Compensation)  
Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations  
Abroad Application 06/12/2004

Quality Systems and Validation Consultants  
Altran Technologies Ireland  
Ireland Email CV And Coverletter 30/11/2004

Career Opportunities  
AIB Group Ireland  
Online Application 10/12/2004

Apprenticeship Programme  
Matheson Ormsby Prentice  
Ireland Multiple 05/11/2004

Experienced Office Administrator  
Inter Tissue Ireland  
Email CV And Coverletter 26/10/2004

ExxonMobil Graduate Development Programme (EGDP)  
ExxonMobil UK  
Online Application ongoing

Networking Sales Executive  
Comsys Ireland Email CV And Coverletter 19/11/2004

NHS Graduate Schemes  
NHS UK  
Online Application 13/12/2004

Sales Executive [Inside Sales]  
Comsys Ireland Email CV And Coverletter 19/11/2004

Davy Graduate Development Programme 2005  
Davy Ireland  
Online Application ongoing

Design Engineer  
RMD Kwikform Ireland Ltd  
Ireland Email CV And Coverletter 26/10/2004

Graduate Opportunities  
Citigroup UK  
Online Application 05/11/2004

Graduate Programme

Goldman Sachs UK  
Online Application 16/11/2004

Graduate Programme  
KPMG (UK) UK  
Online Application ongoing

Graduate Training Scheme  
John Lewis Partnership  
Ireland Online Application 17/12/2004

Junior Sales Engineer  
RMD Kwikform Ireland Ltd  
Ireland Email CV And Coverletter 26/10/2004

Trainee Trader  
Custom House Capital Online  
Ireland Email CV And Coverletter ongoing

Graduate Analyst - Operations  
Deutsche Bank UK  
Online Application ongoing

Graduate Analyst - Technology  
Deutsche Bank UK  
Online Application ongoing

Mortgage Administrator  
Mortgage Business Solutions  
Ireland Email CV And Coverletter ongoing

Administrator / Project Officer  
AquaTT Ireland Email CV And Coverletter 26/10/2004

Graduate Opportunities  
Data Connection UK  
Online Application ongoing

Graduate Commercial Programme  
GlaxoSmithKline UK

Online Application 22/11/2004

Graduate Opportunities  
Bank Of Ireland Ireland  
Online Application 12/11/2004

GSK IT Programme  
GlaxoSmithKline UK  
Online Application 22/11/2004

GSK Procurement (Purchasing) Programme  
GlaxoSmithKline UK  
Online Application 22/11/2004

International Media Sales  
Executive  
Media Plus Abroad  
Online Application 30/10/2004

Technological & Analytical Graduate & Internship Opportunities  
Bank of America UK  
Online Application 25/11/2004

Account Executive & Entry-level Pilot Program.  
CBS/Sharp Abroad  
Email CV And Coverletter 29/10/2004

Customer Support Engineer  
Irish Broadband Ireland  
Online Application 26/10/2004

Information Specialist  
EAR Accor Services UK  
Email CV And Coverletter 29/10/2004

Research Analyst / Equity Sales - Resources  
Davy Ireland Email CV And Coverletter 29/10/2004

Site Reliability Engineer  
Google Ireland Email CV And Coverletter 29/10/2004

Site Reliability Manager  
Google Ireland Email CV And Coverletter 29/10/2004

Trainee Solicitors 2005  
A&L Goodbody Ireland  
Online Application 05/11/2004

Chartered Accountants  
Dixon Wilson UK  
Online Application ongoing

Diagnostic Technologists.  
Abbott Ireland Diagnostic Division  
Ireland Multiple ongoing

Engineers - Radio Access & Control Division.  
Ericsson Ireland R&D  
Ireland Email CV And Coverletter 29/11/2004

Operations Trainee  
Bear Stearns Ireland  
Multiple 29/10/2004

Opportunities  
Murex Ireland Email CV And Coverletter 10/12/2004

Senior Postdoctoral Fellow (projects) - CMST03  
NMRC Ireland Email CV And Coverletter 29/10/2004

Technical Specialists  
Abbott Ireland Diagnostic Division  
Ireland Multiple ongoing

Trainee Auditor

Office of the Comptroller and Auditor General Ireland  
Online Application 29/10/2004

Apprenticeship  
McCann FitzGerald Ireland  
Online Application 05/11/2004

Graduate Positions  
Oliver Freaney & Company  
Ireland Online Application 26/11/2004

Analyst Training Program  
PA Consulting Group  
Ireland Online Application 12/12/2004

Associate Consultant  
Bain & Company UK  
Online Application 03/12/2004

Career Opportunities  
Enterprise Rent-A-Car  
Ireland Online Application ongoing

Graduate Opportunities  
Mercer Management Consulting  
UK Email CV And Coverletter 17/12/2004

Inv Ops Administrator  
Pioneer Investments Limited  
Ireland Post CV And Coverletter 29/10/2004

Analyst  
PA Consulting Group UK  
Online Application 17/12/2004

Graduate IT Development & Administration position  
Irish Broadband Ireland  
Email CV And Coverletter

29/10/2004

Analysts  
McKinsey & Company UK  
Online Application 21/11/2004

Analysts  
McKinsey & Company  
Abroad Online Application 07/11/2004

Career Opportunities  
Bank Of Ireland Ireland  
Online Application 12/11/2004

Engineers  
Arup Consulting Engineers  
Ireland Email CV And Coverletter 31/03/2005

Software Engineers  
Kalido LtdUK Email CV And Coverletter ongoing

Assistant English Teacher (ALT).  
Co-ordinator for International Relations (CIR)  
Japan Exchange and Teaching (JET) Programme  
Abroad Multiple 30/11/2004

Graduate Recruitment Programme  
Dresdner Kleinwort Wasserstein  
UK Online Application 10/11/2004

2005 Graduate Training Scheme  
M&C Saatchi (UK) Limited UK  
Online Application 01/11/2004

Analyst Career Training Programme  
Bank of England UK  
Online Application ongoing



# Held hostage at camera point

Cassidy Knowlton speaks of the thrills, spills and scary moments she encountered during her internship at a weekly newspaper in Queens, New York

Over the summer, I was an intern at a weekly newspaper in Queens, New York. Queens is one of the five boroughs of New York City and is the most ethnically diverse county in the entire world (a statistic that I heard at many a press conference throughout the summer). At two and a half million residents, it is the second-largest borough in the city, half a million behind my native Brooklyn. Although the word intern probably still conjures up visions of blue dresses and black berets, most Americans do internships in fields that they are considering for careers during the summer before their fourth years. A larger paper probably would have had me file old photographs and get coffee for staff, but a small paper with only 2.5 million people to cover (yes, things really are bigger in America) needs all hands for writing and photographing.

This was the “throw you in the pool and see if you can swim” method of introduction to real journalism. The first day I was there, the borough president (sort of like the mayor of Queens) called a press conference, and I went along to photograph it. I had no idea who the borough president of Queens was, and I didn’t follow anything she said that day. Fortunately, I was the photographer and I came out with the requisite politician-at-the-podium shot. Not so bad, I thought. How hard can this be?

My second day, I had to go to a funeral. The previous week, a homeless 17-year-old had gotten into a fight with one of his friends over a pillow. The possessor of the pillow defended his headrest with a Samurai sword (who has one of those?) and stabbed the potential pillow-thief to death with it. My job, on my second day as an intern, was to photograph the funeral. I drove to the funeral home with a reporter, eager to get my Lois Lane on. I started taking pictures of the 17-year-old’s weeping friends.

“Yo, if you don’t put that f---ing camera away I’m going to smash it,” said one of the mourners. But he was not weeping. He was scowling and looked like he was itching to make good on his threat. I had no idea how to handle the situation. I understood his

need for privacy, but I needed to get the shot for the story. So much for smiling politicians at podiums. Eventually the reporter managed to calm him down and convince him and others to paint a detailed and very touching picture of the deceased’s life. The story ran on the front page, along with my photograph.

That was the first hostile subject I encountered, and it taught me not to get rattled about future ones. I received a tip from someone in the newsroom that a gang of thieves was systematically burglarising Duane Reades pharmacies throughout the area. Duane Reade is the largest pharmacy chain in New York, so this was an interesting story. I rang the head office, and they said I’d have to talk to the Vice President of Loss Prevention and helpfully provided his number. I expected to get a statement. I got a very irate man who denied the entire incident. “I don’t know anything about any burglaries in Duane Reades,” he said. “How did you get my number?” The outright denial made the story much more interesting. I started calling the managers of the stores targeted. The first one told me I needed to call the head office. I told him, truthfully, that I had. I omitted that the head office was not very helpful. The manager opened up quite cheerfully, thinking I had the blessing of the higher-ups. I got similar reports from four or five managers in the area, then confirmed the existence of the police reports in two precincts. Thus armed with information, I called my friend at Loss Prevention again. He denied a second time that any Duane Reade had been burgled. The smug excitement a journalist feels when she is about to call out the lie of a hostile source is a wonderful feeling. I told him that I had five statements from managers as well as police reports from two precincts. He lost it. “If I came to your house and started asking intimate questions about your family, how would you feel?” he shouted. “I’m not giving you anything about what goes on at Duane Reade!” Needless to say, that quote made it into the story.

My summer turned out to be a fairly even balance between politicians’ press conferences and news events. Many of the politicians in Queens came to know

me by name, as journalists and politicians work in very close proximity. Before the cameras start rolling, press conferences are a room full of people who know each other very well and are very comfortable in each other’s presence. Jokes are bandied, families are inquired about, and the entire atmosphere is one of “Mike” (the mayor, Michael Bloomberg) and “the boys” (the mostly male press corps) hanging out. As soon as things get underway a different atmosphere descends, but that formal inquisitive period is the exception, rather than the rule, of political journalism. It is most of what John Q. Public will ever see, but it is a staged spectacle for his consumption. Journalists have an uncanny ability to adopt a persona during that spectacle and go after tooth-and-nail the same man to whom minutes before they were telling off-colour jokes.

The most fun story I had during the summer happened completely unexpectedly. We had a pager in the office that scanned the police radios and let us know the nature and cause of police and firefighter activity almost immediately after they were dispatched. Most of these missives were car accidents or suspicious packages, but sometimes we’d get something exciting. On a Monday afternoon, as I was editing pictures for that week’s paper, the pager went off and told us that a man in the south of Queens had shot a police officer and engaged the police in a firefight. I grabbed my camera, and a reporter and I took off for the scene.

We didn’t know what to expect, and police on the scene were less than helpful. They are trained to tell everyone who asks that they don’t know anything about a situation, and one of their primary functions is to keep civilians behind police lines, the last place a journalist wants to be. We found out by asking witnesses that what had occurred was this: a veteran, who lived alone after his mother died, had fallen behind on his rent and was being evicted. He shot the sheriff who came to evict him (though not the deputy – I did ask!) and had subsequently barricaded himself inside his apartment. Eventually we got a fix on where that apartment was. About two blocks away,



Photograph of the end of a hostage situation taken by Cassidy Knowlton from nearby rooftop. Like most New York brownstones, it had roof access from the stairway and that door was also unlocked. I went onto the roof and lay on my stomach so the cops on the ground wouldn’t see me. Soon photographers from the New York Daily News, New York Times and New York Newsday joined me, and we all settled in to wait. There were snipers on the roof next door and both we and they had a clear shot of the veteran’s front door. Up until here, the whole programme had been very exciting. Four hours on one of New York’s “tar beaches” later, it was less so. The standoff ended after four hours, with the police successfully convincing the veteran to give up his gun and surrender, and all four of us got almost identical shots of the veteran coming out with his hands handcuffed behind his back. I came back to the office with 180 pictures, but only one would run. Fortunately, I got the right one.

One of the things I’ve learned is that if there is information in the world, you can have it if you know the right questions and are willing to be patient and determined. It can be frustrating, but it can also be wonderful when you get what you’re looking for. Most of your job is to find out interesting things and write them down or photograph them. It can be hard, it can take a long time, but in the end it’s almost always worth it. After a summer in the news business, I can’t conceive of wanting to do anything else.



‘Eating on the Job’ Photo: Eamon Marron

## Inside the Employment Fair

Thursday 14th October to Thursday 21st was Careers week in Trinity and there was an opportunity for students to attend seminars, Careers Information days as well as employer Fairs, both on and off campus. **Myles Gutkin** sees what its all about.

An opportunity for graduates to meet with potential employers without any pressure is a valuable thing coming up to the final year recruitment season of November-December. Such an event was organised by the Careers Advisory Service on Wednesday the 20th of October.

The Employer Fair, held in the

Historical Society’s rooms in the GMB was described by Linda Gaughran, Employer Liason, as an opportunity for students to “walk around and talk to a selection of employers about the opportunities they offer”. The event was well attended, and particularly busy from 1-2pm, when many students must have skipped lunch to fill the rooms to capacity.

Representatives of several major accountancy and auditing firms were present. Ernst and Young and Price Waterhouse Cooper, recruit from a diverse range of graduates with degrees both related and unrelated to accountancy, economics and business. There were also recruitment opportunities for engineering graduates with the Defence Forces Naval corps, or Masterfoods / Mars corporation as well as others.

Many representatives of employers were keen to get the message out that businesses encourage the breadth of knowledge provided by employing

graduates with degrees not usually associated with the industrial sector. The Mars corporation even encouraged this writer to apply with a medical degree.

FAS Ireland are offering an Overseas Graduate Programme, which sends inexperienced graduates of a wide range of degrees into full-time work abroad. The programme ensures quality international experience for Irish Graduates, with an appropriate professional salary.

Further information on graduate employment opportunities:

www.tcd.ie/Careers	TCD
Careers Advisory Services	
www.fas.ie/graduate.htm	FAS
Overseas Graduate Programme	
www.pwc.com/ie/graduate	Price
Waterhouse Cooper Recruitment	
www.mars.com/university	Mars /
Masterfoods Recruitment	
www.military.ie	The
Defence Forces	

## Life After Trinity- What Graduates get up to

Sarah McCloskey, a Trinity Graduate, talks to **Wendy Williams** about life after Trinity and her career as a Fine Art Valuer.

**What course did you study at Trinity?**  
History of Art and Architecture with French

**Did it have any connection with what you do now?**  
The Art History course gave me a broad appreciation of both European and Irish Art. Whilst I purely specialise in Irish Art now, the skills I built up in identifying various styles, techniques, art terms and media have been very beneficial.

**Does it matter what course you study if you later decide you wish to go into this field?**  
Yes, a broad grounding in Art History is very important. Students may then wish to embark on a more specialist course depending on their area of interest.

**What impact did studying at Trinity have on you and your career?**  
The History of Art Department has a very strong reputation in terms of teaching expertise. I was very fortunate to have been taught by lecturers who are experts in their fields of study and who are at the forefront of research into Irish Art and Architecture. Trinity was the ideal location to study History of Art as the college itself has a very impressive Irish Art collection and the Douglas Hyde Gallery is one of the top contemporary galleries in the country. Its central location also enabled me to visit the city’s museums and galleries to broaden my knowledge whilst studying.

**What do you feel you gained most from studying at Trinity?**  
The four years I spent at Trinity broadened my own interests. The numerous societies enabled me to interact with students of all faculties and interests beyond the field of study I was involved with.

**What does your job involve?**  
Valuing and appraising art for auction, liaising with prospective vendors and clients prior to the sale, assisting with the cataloguing, design and layout of our auction catalogue, liaising with contractors in organising and mounting the auction exhibition at the RDS and

calling part of the auction on the night of the sale.

**How did you get into it?**  
I began as an office administrator at Whyte’s and progressed from there.

**How long have you worked there?**  
4 years

**How long after graduating did it take you to find a job in your chosen career?**  
On graduating from Trinity, I worked in the property sector for one year before beginning at Whyte’s. Jobs in the art world are hard to come by, especially in Dublin, as there is a very small circle of specialists.

**What is the worst job you have ever had?**  
I have been very lucky with previous jobs - whether on summer or part-time employment throughout my university years - so I have no horror stories for you! However, stocktaking in Macy’s in San Diego through the early hours of the morning whilst on a J1 Visa was probably my least favourite!

**Had you always had aspirations to becoming a Fine Art valuer?**  
I have always had a personal interest in art – both the business side and art appreciation. The fact that my role combines valuing wonderful works of art along with the business side of running an auction house, is a great bonus.

**What has been your career highlight?**  
When I called my first auction at Whyte’s.

**What advice could you give to students from Trinity who would like to become a fine art valuer?**  
Whilst taking a degree course in Art History, I would recommend seeking part-time employment in galleries or auction houses in order to gain experience into the day-to-day running of such businesses, from appraising works of art to the actual mounting of an exhibition. Even if the role involves manual work, packing pictures and climbing ladders, it will still be great experience – you have to start somewhere! I am a firm believer in the hands-on approach to learning. There is no book or manual that will prepare you for working as a valuer – experience is the key.

## Whats On!

Up and coming Employment Fairs/ Presentations	Royal Bank of Scotland 6.30pm, Temple Bar Hotel SS (email sign up)
26/10/2004 Goldman Sachs Firmwide Presentation Goldman Sachs 6.00pm, Shelbourne Hotel email sign up.	03/11/2004 KPMG Presentation KPMG (Ireland) tbc, tbc tbc
26/10/2004 Herbert Smith Presentation Herbert Smith tbc, tbc tbc	03/11/2004 PwC Tax & Legal PricewaterhouseCoopers 12.30, tbc by invitation
27/10/2004 DrKW Presentation Dresdner Kleinwort Wasserstein 6.30pm, Shelbourne Hotel Any degree discipline. (email sign up)	04/11/2004 Case Study Evening Deloitte Consulting tbc, Shelbourne Hotel tbc
27/10/2004 Goldman Sachs Women's Network Goldman Sachs 12noon, Shelbourne Hotel Email sign up	08/11/2004 Lehman Bros Presentation Lehman Bros tbc, tbc tbc
28/10/2004 Arthur Cox Presentation Arthur Cox tbc, tbc tbc	09/11/2004 MetroNet Presentation MetroNet 6.30pm, Temple Bar Hotel Engineers (Sign up)
28/10/2004 Barclays Capital Presentation Barclays Capital 6.00pm, Westin Hotel SS	09/11/2004 PwC Audit & Business Advisory Services PricewaterhouseCoopers 12.30pm, tbc By invitation
28/10/2004 McKinsey Workshops McKinsey & Company tba, tba Sign up	10/11/2004 Credit Risk Management JP Morgan 1-2pm, Davis Theatre SS
29/10/2004 McKinsey Workshops McKinsey & Company tba, tba sign-up	10/11/2004 Murex Presentation Murex 6.00pm, Joly Theatre tbc
01/11/2004 Presentation Investors Trust 6.00pm, Davis Theatre SS	CAS Seminars are taking place under the following headings; - completing application Forms - Completing a CV - Interview techniques - Second round interviews - 'mock' video interviews - Test sessions
01/11/2004 PwC Tax & Legal PricewaterhouseCoopers 12.30pm, tbc by invitation	For further details see the CAS notice board in east chapel
02/11/2004 Royal Bank of Scotland Presentation	



# SCIENCE

## Sexy Science

This week **Jane Ferguson** explores the sexy scent and tricky ways of pheromones

DO YOU SMELL SOMETHING funny on that person over there? No, me neither, but apparently our noses are smarter than we think, and they may be picking up signals from those around us, without us even knowing it! Yes class, today we're talking about...pheromones.

The word pheromone comes from the Greek words pherein and hormon, meaning to "transfer" and "excite", which is a pretty good summary of what these molecules do in animals, and what they are also purported to do in us. Pheromones are chemicals, produced by our bodies and released into the environment, which convey a message to those who detect them. In many animals, and especially in insects, pheromones are used to signal to others. It has long been believed that humans have lost the ability to use pheromones to send signals to other people, but new research is showing that residual effects of the pheromonal signalling system may still be alive and kicking in all of us. And what is one of the main uses of pheromones? In persuading someone to have sex with you; why else would it be in this column?

Pheromones are produced as liquids, mainly aliphatic acids, by specialized cells or glands. Some have a detectable odour, but some do not. They are transmitted into the atmosphere as liquids or gases, where they are recognised by specific receptors in others, and stimulate a neuroendocrine reaction. Most mammals, including humans, have a cone-shaped receptor inside the nasal passage called the vomeronasal organ (VNO). This is used to pick up signals from pheromones, and transfer impulses to the hypothalamus. This part of your brain controls, among other things, your sex drive. The human VNO has been seen as an organ that was left over from evolution, but had lost its function, as it didn't seem to be responsive to odours. However, experiments are showing that humans do still respond to pheromones, and that the VNO and some olfactory receptors are still active and functioning. In humans, 70% of the mammalian genes for olfactory receptors have become non-functional, but some genes remain nevertheless. The VNO in humans is missing some components that are thought to be critical to its function in other mammals, so it is likely that while humans do still have some ability to communicate through pheromones, we have lost the full capacity we once had. Nevertheless, pheromones still have a powerful ability to influence us. As we shall see, pheromones have an effect on the female menstrual cycle, on sexual attraction, and perhaps on many more behavioural traits.

You may have heard before about the phenomenon that often occurs when women are living together, or have frequent contact with each other. Over time, their menstrual cycles syn-

chronise. This is due to pheromones, produced by the women, affecting each other to such an extent, that their bodies adjust their cycles to be in harmony with one another. Ovulation is regulated by luteinising hormone (LH), and pheromones can change the frequency with which pulses of LH are released in the body, and thus change the menstrual cycle. It is still not known exactly how or why this happens. Could there really be some evolutionary benefit to having a group of angry women all PMS-ing at the same time? It has also been noted that married women reach menopause at a later stage than single women. This could be due to many factors, but it is possible that male pheromones delay menopause in their wives, so as to increase the length of time that she is fertile and able to produce children.

Pheromones can also alter the way you perceive someone by making them appear more attractive. In trials undertaken by scientists in Newcastle, females were asked to rate the attractiveness of various males from a photograph of their face. Half the women were exposed to a male pheromone while they were rating the faces, while the other half had no exposure, as a control. The women, who had been exposed to the male pheromones, consistently rated the males as more attractive than those who were not exposed. In another trial carried out in San Francisco, women were either given a synthesised female pheromone, or a placebo, to add to their perfume. They recorded all their sexual activity before the trial began, and for a number of weeks after the addition of the pheromone/placebo. Those women, who had been given the pheromones, reported a significant increase in sexual activity compared to the placebo users. It seems that the pheromones they were given actually increased their attractiveness towards men. Before you run out to buy yourself some pheromone perfume, you should be aware that other trials have come up with inconclusive results, so don't blame me if it doesn't work!

As an experiment to accompany this article, I have purified some of my own pheromones, and infused them in the paper this column is written on. If pheromones are indeed as powerful as some believe them to be, I expect throngs of admirers to begin gathering around me in the next few hours, filled with an all-consuming need to be near me! As a control, some papers have received pheromones from some alternative donors. So if, after reading this, you begin to develop an inexplicable love for David Hasselhoff, or Father Ted's Mrs. Doyle, I'm sorry. The effects should wear off in a few days time. Meanwhile, take cold showers every 2-4 hours, and consult your doctor or pharmacist if your symptoms seem to be getting worse.

## FANTASTIC FOODS

Forget the Buttery ..... here's the A-Z of healthy foods

### Dried Fruit

Ok, so maybe "dried fruit" isn't an official D food, but since it's so darn healthy, it's in here anyway! The most common dried fruits you'll come across are raisins and prunes (which apparently have recently changed their name to "dried plum" but I don't think it has the same ring to it). Grapes and plums already have plenty of good stuff in them, and it will certainly do you no harm to eat them as they are, but the advantage of drying them is that all the minerals are concentrated, so it's easier to eat enough of them to get your daily allowance (you can eat lots of prunes in one go, but try eating 10 plums in a row!). Drying of course also preserves the fruit, so it's handy for when fresh fruit is not available.

Raisins are a great source of boron, which is an important mineral in bone health. Boron converts oestrogen and vitamin D into their active forms, which are vital for bone strength, and which prevent osteoporosis. Raisins and prunes are also rich in potassium, which likewise is involved in bone growth, and can prevent bone-thinning occurring as a result of a high-salt diet. Potassium has also been shown to reduce blood pressure and help prevent against heart disease. Prunes contain neochlorogenic and chlorogenic acids, which are members of the phenol family, and have antioxidant activity. Prunes contain beta-carotene which is an antioxidant, and they also increase iron absorption in the body.

Prunes and raisins also contain fibre, which helps to lower cholesterol, reduce the risk of colon cancer by propagating growth of friendly bacteria, and normalize blood sugar levels; and vitamin B6, which converts the potentially dangerous blood-vessel damaging molecule, homocysteine, into a harmless form.

by Jane Ferguson

# Farting fish and Karaoke

When science breaks out of the dusty labs and hits the streets and schoolyards the effect is bewildering. From the physics of hula-hooping to the validation of the 5-second-rule, this year's Ig Nobel Prizes are almost as prestigious and definitely more entertaining than the "Real Ones".

## Justin O'Hagan

THE DEBATE ABOUT WHETHER science can be interesting and even fun regularly reverts into the pantomime parody of "oh yes it is" and "oh no it isn't". Both of us in this college with the former view sometimes begin to doubt ourselves. However, once a year a series of scientific awards, which have the express purpose of providing entertainment, reaffirm our opinion. The Ig Nobel awards, which have been running for 14 years, were established with the purpose of highlighting science that makes people laugh and then think. They are awarded annually at a gala ceremony in Harvard University by genuine Nobel laureates. Categories include medicine, physics, chemistry biology, engineering, public health, literature, psychology, economics and peace.

This year's winners of the Ig Nobel prize for Medicine were Steven Stack of Wayne State University and James Gundlach of Auburn University for their published report "The Effect of Country Music on Suicide". The paper assesses the link between country music and urban suicide rates. Their theory is that country music nurtures a suicidal mood through its doleful treatment of such issues as marital discord, alcohol abuse, and unemployment. After a lengthy sociological study and statistical analysis it was found that in each of 49 US cities studied the greater the air-time devoted to country music, the greater the white suicide rate. When interviewed Professor Gundlach said he received hate mail from hardcore fans that disliked his findings and references to the genre as "tears in the beer" music.

The award for public health went to Jillian Clarke who as a high school senior is the youngest ever recipient of an Ig Nobel. She investigated the veracity of the "5-second rule" that states that if food falls to the floor and is in contact with the floor for less than 5 seconds it is safe to eat it. Clarke found that 70 percent of women and 56 percent of men are familiar with the 5-second rule. Women are more likely than men to eat food that has been on the floor. Cookies

and candy are much more likely to be picked up and eaten than cauliflower or broccoli. There is some sound reasoning behind this last finding in that cookies and candy have low levels of naturally occurring microflora, unlike fresh vegetables, meat, or cheese.

This year's award in the field of biology went to a team including Dr. Robert S. Batty of the Scottish Association for Marine Science. While studying herring behaviour they made the important discovery that these fish may communicate within a group by farting to each other. "We heard these rasping noises at night," recalls Batty. "There were tiny gas bubbles coming from the fish's behinds". It seems that the fish take in air from the surface and store it in their swim bladder before releasing it from a duct in their anus. These noises are hypothesized to aid the fish in communicating in the dark. Fish at the head of a shoal may fart to signal a change in direction thus enabling the school to keep together while on the move. It may also be used as a danger signal to alert other fish to the presence of predators.

The Ig Nobel award in Physics went to a pair of researchers for their recent paper published in Biological Cybernetics entitled "Coordination modes in the multisegmental dynamics of hula hooping". Ramesh Balasubramaniam of the University of Ottawa, and Michael Turvey of the University of Connecticut and Yale University decided that this innocuous childhood pastime is worthy of 15 pages of detailed computer modeling and mathematical analysis. Seven amateur hula hoopers aged 12 and upwards were paid to participate in a series of experiments whose goal it was to understand how the brain manages to keep the toys aloft. Using sophisticated sensor technology the investigators came to the conclusion that it is all a lot simpler than they originally thought. Seemingly the front to back motion of the hips and the vertical motion of the knees is all one really needs to keep track of to be successful at the game. Still, Dr. Turvey, who obviously has lost none of his youthful amazement at the world, commented at the prize giving ceremony that "It's quite stunning that children can do this". It makes me won-



Broccoli + Hula-hoops + mad scientist = Ig Nobel. Photo: Jane Ferguson

der how funding for science iss allocated and where do I apply.

Some of the other prizes include one for literature that went to The American Nudist Research Library of Kissimmee, Florida, USA, for preserving nudist history so that everyone can see it while the prize for economics went to the Vatican for outsourcing masses for special intentions to India for \$5-10 dollars a go. However, the most interesting award of all may be the peace prize. Unheard of even in his own hometown Daisuke Inoue of Hyogo, Japan, is in

fact the inventor of karaoke. As a cabaret singer in the early 70s he was so bad that his bandmates urged him to take over the business side of their company. He noticed how much local businessmen liked to join in with the band in performing classic hits, no matter how poorly, and how one client actually asked for a tape recording to take with him to a birthday as an accompaniment for his party piece. Within a year Inoue had leased his first set of karaoke machines to several local nightclubs. Despite the invention's popularity he

failed to make much money due to lack of a patent. However, The Ig Nobel committee recognized his achievement in "providing an entirely new way for people to learn to tolerate each other" and awarded him this year's peace prize.

A full list of current and previous winners is available at [www.improbable.com](http://www.improbable.com) with links to the prize-winning papers and biographies of the Ig Nobel laureates.

# The Nobel smell of success

The 2004 Nobel Prize in Medicine or Physiology rewards olfactory research - read on if you want to know how your nose works. In Physics, meanwhile, we may be closer to a "Theory of Everything", thanks to work going on in Chromodynamics.

## Kirsten Bratke Robert Sweeney

COFFEE IS YOUR FAVOURITE smell? The smell of freshly cut grass brings you back to that summer you spent kissing your neighbour? If you ever wondered how the connection between smell and your memories and emotions works, you might be on track for a Nobel Prize. At least that's what happened to Richard Axel and Linda Buck when they scooped the Prize in Physiology or Medicine three weeks ago.

In the late 1980s the two US researchers started working on olfactory receptors, when the sense of smell in the scientific world was treated like the ugly sibling of the visual system. Buck was working as a postdoc for Axel at the Howard Hughes Medical Institute (HHMI) at Columbia University when she developed a method for investigating the receptors. She adapted the polymerase chain reaction (PCR), a tool for amplifying tiny amounts of DNA to a useful level, and used it to flush out the receptors in rats.

Olfactory receptors belong to the same family of proteins as visual receptors, those ominous rods and cones we learned about in secondary school. Instead of detecting light/dark and colour, however, the receptors for olfac-

tion sit in the lining of the nose and catch incoming molecules that carry odours. Each cell only contains one type of receptor and each receptor only recognises only a small number of specific odorant molecules, but each "smell" as we know it is made up of several different molecules, so that a certain smell activates many receptors that lead to an "odorant pattern" that is recognised by the brain as "freshly cut grass", "rotten eggs" or any of the other roughly 10,000 different odours we can recognise and remember.

Each receptor is a chain of amino acids that is located in the membrane of a nasal cell and is folded into a pocket into which fits only a certain type of odorant. When a molecule attaches the shape of the chain is altered, which activates a class of substance called G protein. This gives the family of receptors the name G protein-coupled receptors (GPCR). The smell is then passed along nerve cells via an electric signal, until it reaches the brain. Here it first enters the olfactory bulb, where all cells with a particular receptor come together in the same spot, and is sent from there to higher parts of the brain that deal with the recognition of smells. This way, we can imagine the smell of coffee/vomit/grass even when it is not present.

Axel and Buck won the Nobel Prize not only for "their discoveries of odor-

ant receptors and the organisation of the olfactory system" but also for opening the way for research into related areas. Experts agree that smell is much more likely to help shed light on all kinds of sensory perception and how the human brain processes the information than is vision, for example.

It is surprising, really, that smell is often regarded as the least exciting of the senses. 3% of our genes are involved solely in the processing of smell. Animals often depend on smell to identify good food/rotten food, prey and predators, newborns smell their way to their mothers' teats, and it is invaluable for humans to detect smoke and fire. When we experience a good taste, we owe this sensation partly to our olfactory system, as it gets activated by the odorant molecules in the food. Smell is even involved in sexual attraction and pheromones, chemical signals produced by many animals (for more on pheromones also see Sexy Science this page). Humans, however, have lost some of their odorant receptors in the course of evolution as other senses became more important. While fish, at about one hundred, still have less than our one thousand, mice have more receptors than humans and dogs have more still.

The HHMI has produced 13 Nobel Prize winners since it was established 20 years ago. Linda Buck is only the



What is your nose telling you?

seventh woman ever to win the Prize for physiology or medicine.

The prize in physics is shared by David J. Gross of the University of California

Santa Barbara, H. David Politzer of the California Institute of Technology and Frank Wilczek of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology for their work which helped to explain the unusual nature of strong nuclear force.

It is one of the four basic forces in nature and is responsible for binding protons and neutrons together in the nucleus of an atom. The force acts

between the fundamental particles quarks, which make up protons and neutrons. It was known thatthese particles possessed a certain "colour charge" (hence chromodynamics, though actually unrelated to colour), which somehow interacted with each other. In 1973, Gross with his graduate student Wilczek, and Politzer outlined the highly unusual nature of these interactions, the closer the quarks are to each other, the weaker the force. Thanks to this discovery it is hoped that we are closer to the physicist's Holy Grail, the "Unified Theory" comprising all forces, i.e. a theory of everything.

## Maurice Wilkins, Nobel Prize laureate (1916 - 2004)

MAURICE WILKINS, THE MAN who was often referred to – even by himself – as The Third Man of the Double Helix, died on October 6th, aged 87. He was born to Irish parents in 1916. He shared the Nobel Prize for the discovery of the structure of DNA with James Watson and Francis Crick in 1962.

While Watson and Crick seemed to receive more credit for the double helix, their success would not have been possible without Wilkins' pioneering work on X-ray fibre diffraction.

X-ray diffraction can provide crucial information about the structure of a molecule. Wilkins, together with Rosalind Franklin, worked on X-ray

photographs of DNA, which were to inspire Watson and Crick to find the double helical structure. (see last TN issue on Francis Crick)

Less well known to most people, Wilkins also worked on the Manhattan project during the Second World War, in the race to build an atomic bomb. He was involved in the process that separated radioactive uranium atoms from its more stable isotopes. More recently, he was active instead in the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament and was devoted to promoting social responsibility in science.

Wilkins was a staff member at King's College London.



# Checks and Balances : The SU Constitution

*Daithí Mac Síthigh gets indepth about the Constitution of the Students’ Union, and explains the significance of the review this year, particularly in relation to the officerships.*

**What is the constitution of the Students’ Union?**

The constitution of the Students’ Union is the document that regulates what we do – makes sure we don’t become all powerful and evil. It’s been about 10 years since the current version was adopted. It’s been changed in bits and pieces along the way.

**There’s a major review this year?**

Yep, the Students’ Union Council voted to have a review this year, so that’ll start after the first Council which will take place on the 2nd of November. We’ll elect members to the review then, basically it’s totally open. The mandate is to review the standing orders of Council, which are what keep the Council, and other meetings running efficiently. Schedules, which are what we regulate, things like finance, election rules, and of course the main constitution itself.

Now, there’s going to be other work this year, that I don’t think we anticipated as much. Since of course, college plans to change it’s structures so should that happen obviously the students’ unions’ structures also have to change to reflect that. Certainly the constitution isn’t going to look the same

this time next year. Everything is up for grabs at the moment in college, even in terms of the faculties. Our convenors reflect the faculty structure in college, faculties may not exist in September of next year so certainly there’s a lot of work in front of the review, which will be chaired by a member of Council who’ll be elected. I’ll be the secretary. The chair and the committee will have a lot of work to do, I’m confident that something constructive will come out of it. Which will go to referendum, hopefully with the sabbatical elections, because it increases turnout and more people will participate in it

**How much does the constitution actually affect the day to day running of the union?**

You’d be surprised – Some of the important things like who holds which job, who can vote at which body. Certainly does put limits on the officers, the sabbatical officers are accountable. Certainly you’re very conscious of the power of Council and where we sit in the structure of things. Schedules have a fairly important role as well, they dictate things like what the constituencies are for class rep elections, when elections take place, what the rules for money being spent, the union sub committees

and the running of the university record. The schedules have a strong influence on what we do. The difference with the schedules is that they can all be amended, not necessarily by Council, but by different bodies. They can be amended to deal with what’s going on around. The constitution is supposed to expressed in more general terms, with the schedules to flesh out the details.

Compared to clubs or societies our constitution is a bit longer but you have to remember that we’re a membership organisation of 15,000 members. And to have those safeguards – people are elected, like myself, and there’s a certain level of trust, but there’s only so far you can go on trust. With the level of detail you have those checks and balances to stop sabbatical officers or anyone else elected from abusing the power given to them by students.

**What methods are there for stopping sabbatical officers from abusing their power?**

A couple of examples would be having an independent electoral commission, having the motion of censure and also the potential of impeachment. Having Council as a body superior to sabbatical officers, having require-

ments for a finance committee. So that’s just a number of examples of the controls on us. And of course the rights given to students’ under the constitution. For example, that meetings take place in public, that referenda can be called collecting signatures. Although no one is waking up in the morning and thanking god for their rights under the SU constitution, if you want them they’re there! If a student had a problem with an officer’s work or wanted to see a referendum brought through on an issue close to their heart, the constitution gives them those rights.

**The executive committee are responsible for the day to day running on the union, but they only meet once a week. So how do the sabbatical officers interact with the executive?**

Well the most important thing is that it’s where a lot of the debate takes place, if we’re working on campaigns, now that we’re in term, we bring them back to exec. Exec has 21 members, 19 of whom have votes, so it’s a fairly compact group. We all know each other. The exec officers, particularly the faculty convenors would work with me a lot in that we go to University Council. And I’d interact with them a lot more, Luke (the

Welfare Officer) would interact with the LGBT rights officer etc. on a more on going basis. But really, exec does call us to account more often. There’s only so much that can be done at Council. Council is the more powerful body, but it only meets 8 times a year so the executive committee can and do demand updates on what’s going on. I mean, if something’s said at exec I guarantee to chase up on it.

**So there are 19 executive officers, including the 5 Sabbats, you don’t really hear about the others though?**

Well the executive is formed of the 5 sabbatical officers, 7 convenors – one for each faculty plus one for TSM, and they represent their students on the execs of their faculties, on the exec of the students’ union and at University Council, the main academic body of the college. Then there are 6 part-time officers and they have various briefs – Irish language, LGBT rights officer, Disability Rights, Equality and Equality of Access, International Students and Environmental and Ethical Trading. Then there are three other people, President of the Graduate Students’ Union, and the non voting members - Chair of the Electoral Commission and Chair of Council.

**Aside from the GSU President, the rest are part-time officers, i.e. full time students’ – how much do sabbatical officers expect of part time officers?**

It’s a strange relationship – because certainly we feel a bit awkward about delegating work onto exec officers because we have the office, we’re full time, we have the ability to sit here and ring people all day long. I think that the relationship is more that they prioritise for us. They would direct us to do work on behalf of what they’re interested in. If there’s a problem in a faculty and a convenor can’t handle it on a local level or wants to know where to go to or it goes beyond their faculty they’ll often come and tell me “listen I want you to go and sort it out” really I think the strongest role of exec officers is in focusing our work. Council can do that in broader terms with motions but Council can’t do a motion on everything under the sun. I think that Council members would get fed up if they had to deal with every little detail so exec sort of fills in gaps.

**What about Council Motions? From past experiences there have been a lot of motions which have been ignored?**

My hope on that this year is actually the Students’ Union Policy Document, that we create a policy index, which says exactly which motion each officer is responsible for, and then, in theory, and this applies to part-time officers as much as it applies to Sabbats, they’ll look at the mandates and see what they’re responsible for. I think really, motions apply for the year they’re passed in plus another 2 years which should be enough time to see them through. If you scan through the policy document, you can see some policy changes which were implemented immediately, but others are long term campaigning goals and certainly there difficulties there are priorities, but other things crop up. For example the restructuring of college, which wasn’t in my manifesto, it wasn’t in Council policy. Non of us knew it existed! But it’s dominating, there are entire days where all I do is read is restructuring stuff that’s getting thrown at me by college and student’s expect you to represent them on that. So you try and implement mandate but there are also other issues that don’t come from Council and you have to work on them too.

## We asked some of College’s largest societies to talk about themselves – here are the results...

### The Phil

Last year the Phil was voted “best large society 2004” by its own peers. It added another 2,200 members to its books, and appeared continuously in the national press. This year promises something similar, but with a touch of spice.

For the first term, the Phil has concocted a powerful and appealing cocktail of brains, breasts, balls, and brilliance. America’s most popular politician, former Republican Presidential hopeful, Senator John McCain, will be on hand on the 1st of December to reveal all.

The second and third term offer more. From the man himself JT, whose mother was “touched by the society’s invitation to a son who never had the opportunity to go to college”, to the one and only Pammy Anderson, whose agent was ready to bin the Presidents approaches but for the fact that she had just returned from a summer school in Trinity and thought the idea would be fantastic. Other guests include Nobel Economist Joseph Stiglitz, ‘End of History’ genius Francis Fukuyama, historian-extraordinaire Niall Ferguson, the legendary Tariq Ali, Al-Qaeda’s spiritual leader in the West Sheikh Omar Bakri, Bob Geldof, Jeff Sachs, Rosanna Davison, John Cleese.... and, just check out www.tcdphil.com.

The Phil has teamed up with ENTS and a host of other societies and events to create a non-stop series of parties throughout Michaelmas and Hilary Term. From the Las

Vegas Casino Night, where one lucky poker player won two tickets to Vegas, to the Odd Ball with ENTS and the Trinity Fashion Show, there is enough variety to satisfy the most demanding of party goers.

In September, the Minister for Education, Noel Dempsey TD, launched a new nationwide public speaking initiative with the Phil. The aim of the initiative is to offer secondary schools students the opportunity to learn and hone public skills. An opportunity that until now was wholly unavailable to most secondary school students. The Phil will be working closely with the Voluntary Tuition Programme and Trinity Access Programme on making public speaking and debating accessible to all.

The Phil is also working closely with almost every nightclub in Dublin, all the hippest cafes, the trendiest barbers and salons, the tastiest restaurants and delis, student travel agencies, music sotres, and ‘totally awesome’ clothes shops, to create Dublin’s most powerful concession card – THE PHIL GOLD CARD. It gives students what they deserve: cheaper nights out, cheaper food, cheaper flights abroad, cheaper clothes, in fact cheaper-most-things.

For regular for further information, and all the latest news on guests and concessions, check out www.tcd-phil.com



### The Hist

The College Historical Society, better known as the Hist, has existed in Trinity since 1770, making it the oldest undergraduate society in the world. As the debating society of Trinity College we have dealt with every issue that has challenged our nation in the last two hundred years but we’re much more than a talking shop.

Figures such as Wolfe Tone, Robert Emmett, Thomas Davis, Bram Stoker, Douglas Hyde, Mary Harney, Senator Shane Ross, Provost Mahaffy, Lecky, Issac Butt and Conor Cruise O’Brien were all past members. Indeed our SU President Francis Kieran was a member of committee two years ago. Our turbulent relationship with the College has seen the expulsion of the Hist twice from the campus, while now we are firmly ensconced in the GMB, our home since 1904.

Last year saw a variety of guests and debates that covered issues as diverse as gay marriage, free trade, the power of the media, the EU constitution and just who is the greatest Irish person? Guests included Bertie Ahern, addressing the society as head of the EU on its role and future in Irish society. Ardal O’Hanlon, Martin McGuinness, the Ingrams of ‘Who Wants to Be a Millionaire’ fame, Joshua Jackson, Peter Stringfellow and Garrett Fitzgerald.

Previously Ted Kennedy of the US Senate, Germaine Greer, Winston Churchill, all Taoisaigh and Presidents of Ireland, Bob Geldof and many others have addressed the Society.

This year the Hist has many special events planned for all its members. Interviews with Patrick Steward of Star Trek, Richard Gere, Ryan Tubridy of 2FM and a showdown debate between Neil Jordan and John Hurt should wet your taste for celebrity as we bring icons of stage and screen to be questioned and prodded to share their views and opinions. Our sports debate with Ronan O’Gara and our annual Northern Ireland

debate with Mark Durkan and Ian Paisley’s DUP, promises to be interesting.

Rev Jesse Jackson, the US Civil Rights campaigner and former presidential candidate will join us the day after the US elections as he shares his experiences on the Kerry campaign and the burden of Martin Luther King’s legacy. Other international figures to be visiting us include Rageeh Omar of the BBC, Robert Fisk, Mohammed el Baredi- former weapons inspector in Iraq, and the irascible Jean-Marie Le Pen of France.

Mary Hearney, the former Auditor will be talking about 100 years of women in Trinity whilst we will be celebrating Hamilton 2005 in conjunction with the Royal Irish Acedemy as a Nobel Laureate joins us in Hilary term to discuss Science and its Ethics.

Meetings are on a Wednesday night at half seven and if you want to get involved sign up for the Maidens speaker competition or the R&L to get a look behind the scenes. Our parties are legendary and we promise to entertain. Help us out with the Denny Leinster Schools Debating Competition or compete for a chance to represent our University in intervarsity debating competitions in places like Oxford, Cambridge or even Singapore or Malaysia where the world Championships will be.

The Hist continues to bring you the issues and the characters involved. At the Hist, we don’t worship celebrity and fawn on the idols. Here we challenge the status quo and ask the tough questions. As students we come to university to expand our knowledge and experience. The Hist presents the opportunity for you to questions those who should be, to admire the great and argue with the people who shape and influence the world we live in. For more information check out www.thehist.com or call into us on the first floor of the GMB.

## From Strength to Strength – Trinity FM 97.3



For six weeks every year Trinity FM takes to the airwaves of Dublin on 97.3FM and trinityfm.com to broadcast its eclectic range of programming, showcasing the brightest and best that Trinity has to offer.

From our brand new, incredibly bling studio at the very top of House 6, we put out a schedule of programming covering music, comedy, drama, news, current affairs, sport, film, Gaeilge and documentary shows – basically if you have an idea for something you’d like to put out on air, we’ll listen. We’ve hosted everything in our studio from heated political discussion to a live tango band, from letting some of the Voluntary Tuition kids take over for a couple of hours to our very own topical news quiz

Have I Got Trinity For You. T:FM has a strong focus on music, whether it’s eclectic or specialist shows or live in studio bands - a lot of our presenters started out by presenting a music show (you get to play your favourite songs of all time to a captive audience!)

This year we have our biggest year ever planned – with three broadcasts this term (next broadcast: November 29th-3rd December), we’re aiming to get as many new students as possible involved with the station, at the same time attracting more high-profile guests for our shows and expanding the schedule – for the first time ever our broadcasts this year will be going out live on the internet (check us out now on www.trinityfm.com). We’re also

working on producing shows with other societies such as DURNS (Rock Nostalgia Society), Sci-Fi, Filmmakers, Jazz and Gamers amongst others.

What originally started in 2000 as a side project of Ents has snowballed, becoming officially recognised as a society in 2001 (under the name Dublin University Radio Society) and going on to win Best New Society in 2002 and Fresher of the Year 2004. This year sees a 15-strong committee (its biggest ever) take over the running of the station. The station this year is chaired by Christine Bohan, ably assisted by Station Managers Gareth Stack and Luke Reynolds.



# FEATURES



# How could anyone expect me to be an adult?! Half my socks still have my nametapes on them!

Laura Fergusson

“I’m in fourth year English.” “I’m in my final year”. “I graduate next summer”.

I try it out in several formulations but it’s no good. I can’t convince myself.. Manning the publications stall during Freshers’ Week I perpetually feel that I’m on the wrong side of the table, that it should be me browsing the options and taking advantage of the (marginally tuned down but still omnipresent) offers of free booze. The idea that if I had remained in England for university I would have finished by now surfaces briefly but is swiftly banished as being far too terrifying. How could anyone expect me to be an adult?! Half my socks still have my nametapes on them!

I’m suddenly trying, in a panicked, time’s-up way, to have the kind of student life I hadn’t quite got round to previously – getting properly involved in the paper, giving raucous parties, getting no sleep. The security of a non-student, software developer boyfriend meant that while the past three years of my life were the best I’ve ever had, it had little to do with the traditional student pleasures of intense all-night debates fuelled with cheap red wine, or living off baked beans for a week, and more to do with the distinctly domestic thrills of cooking for each other and curling up with a DVD. Now that that phase of my life is over, the desperate realisation that next year I’ll be the one having to go home early because I’ve got work the next day has resulted in a disturbingly fresher-esque new tendency to be out till 4am every night for a week.

Then of course there’s the terrifying notion of actually having to decide what the hell I’m going to do with the rest of my life. I recognise that this is a discovery announced annually by yet another batch of Senior Sophisters in every student paper in the country, with the same sense of horror and betrayal, but it still seems to come as a genuine shock. Every other major decision and significant new stage on which I have embarked has been within a comforting set of parameters. Choosing A Level subjects – yes, I could only do three, and yes the rejection of all sciences could cause serious complications should I develop an overwhelming medical vocation three years later, but I was fairly certain that unless I first underwent a lobotomy this was not going to happen. There were only around fifteen subjects to choose

between and my selection, despite a brief infatuation with the idea of Russian and the conviction that in two years time I would be able to read Tolstoy in the original, required little soul-searching. University, despite the sense of limitless possibility and life or death drama with which the decision was presented, was similarly self-narrowing. It had been obvious to everyone who knew me, since I was seven and failed to notice that I was in a car crash because I was too absorbed in “In the Fifth at Malory Towers”, that I was going to end up doing English. The idea of spending a whole day curled up on the sofa with a novel and not being told off because it somehow, miraculously, counted as ‘work’, was too tempting.

Where to did it provides more of a struggle, especially as my parents were based in the States at the time which added a previously unconsidered

**It had been obvious to everyone who knew me, since I was seven and failed to notice that I was in a car crash because I was too absorbed in “In the Fifth at Malory Towers”, that I was going to end up doing English.**

set of options. They didn’t get considered for very long however, as the look of horror on my parents’ faces as they mentally processed their finances and tried to say “Of course we think you should apply to Yale darling” while simultaneously realising that this would mean no more Christmas presents for anybody, EVER, as well as the discovery that American universities have compulsory Maths and Science courses dispelled that brief idea. So staying in the UK it was. Until my father, still pinning for Dublin after working here from 1988-91, and glimpsing a potential excuse for frequent returns, suggested I apply to Trinity. His cause was aided by the fact that I had recently been rejected by Magdalen College, Oxford (ensuring that I fulfill every stereotype the charming Simon Thompson lays at the door of myself and my compatriots, but I wouldn’t want to frustrate anyone’s English-bashing), which had appealed to me for the following reasons: it was beautiful, Oscar Wilde had been there, someone I fancied had been there, and my father had been there. Trinity fulfilled reasons one and two.

Dublin sounded cool. I would stand out at school reunions among the collected graduates of Edinburgh, Bristol and Durham. I applied, got in and came, almost accidentally.

The first term felt like a terrible mistake. Having been completely chaotic regarding looking for accommodation, I ended up in freezing, miserable pseudo-halls in Blackrock, trundling gloomily in on the DART every morning for my one lecture which unsurprisingly failed to provide me with the opportunity to discover my soul-mates. Knowing that my school-friends were comfortably placed in centrally located halls among every other member of their year and were already contentedly bed-hopping down the corridor didn’t help. The fact that my life had already been uncomfortably torn between two sides of the Atlantic and that I had now inexplicably added a third country to the mix simply confirmed that I had a bizarre desire to

long and hard about their own particular interpretation of this contribution to the world of literature. I’ve read a number of things I would never otherwise have encountered and will probably never think of again, I’ve kept Fountain Chip Shop on Thomas Street in business, made some fantastic friends and spent a disturbing amount of my parents’ hard-earned cash (to the extent that my siblings are banned from going to university in any city where the price of a pint is more than a pound. Oh, poor them, my heart bleeds.).

Yet having suggested that my whole university career has been an expensive waste of time (albeit one without which I would be condemned to a lifetime of the temp job I survived just a fortnight in this summer), funnily enough the prospect of its approaching end frightens the life out of me. Don’t ask me why, but the absence of any greater responsibility than an essay in three weeks time and dragging yourself out of bed for that 2pm lecture is somewhat addictive. So will I be joining the increasing ranks of those applying for Masters in the desperate attempt to spin it all out further? Actually I don’t think so. Surprisingly, given the damage my student life has already done to his bank balance, my father is pushing this course of action - I think because an effort to persuade me onto the Scottish Literature course last year failed, and he spies one more chance at forcing me to read *Waverley*. But lacking the requisite passion for further further education would mean that a disturbing new level of bullshitting would be required to see me through, and anyway, it would be quite nice to earn some money. Having said that, were anyone to actually employ me the acting required to

**I single-handedly ruined half-term for parents throughout the UK**

look as if I had the faintest idea what I was doing would make pretending to have read *Beowulf* look like playing Courtier I instead of Hamlet. And what the hell does an English degree qualify you for anyway, as Rosanna Thomson recently asked on this page?

Two weeks interning with Macmillan Childrens’ Books this summer provided one possibility. I was in the marketing department, and the most effective way of marketing books to children is to get them to join fan clubs. I single-handedly ruined half-term for

parents throughout the UK by sending their eager offspring CDs of The Gruffalo Song, based on the award-winning picture book by Julia Donaldson and Axel Scheffler. (Brainwashed? Me?!) And when I met the three-year old son of my former English teacher and discovered that he not only can recite *The Gruffalo* by heart but has invented a special Gruffalo-hunting

the idea was sidelined for a couple of years while I mused on the alternatives- I could be a teacher, except I have no self-discipline, never mind the capacity to discipline thirty fifteen-year olds with ADHD. An American internship in PR raised this previously unconsidered possibility, but there were limits to how much I could persuade myself to care about the image projected by vari-

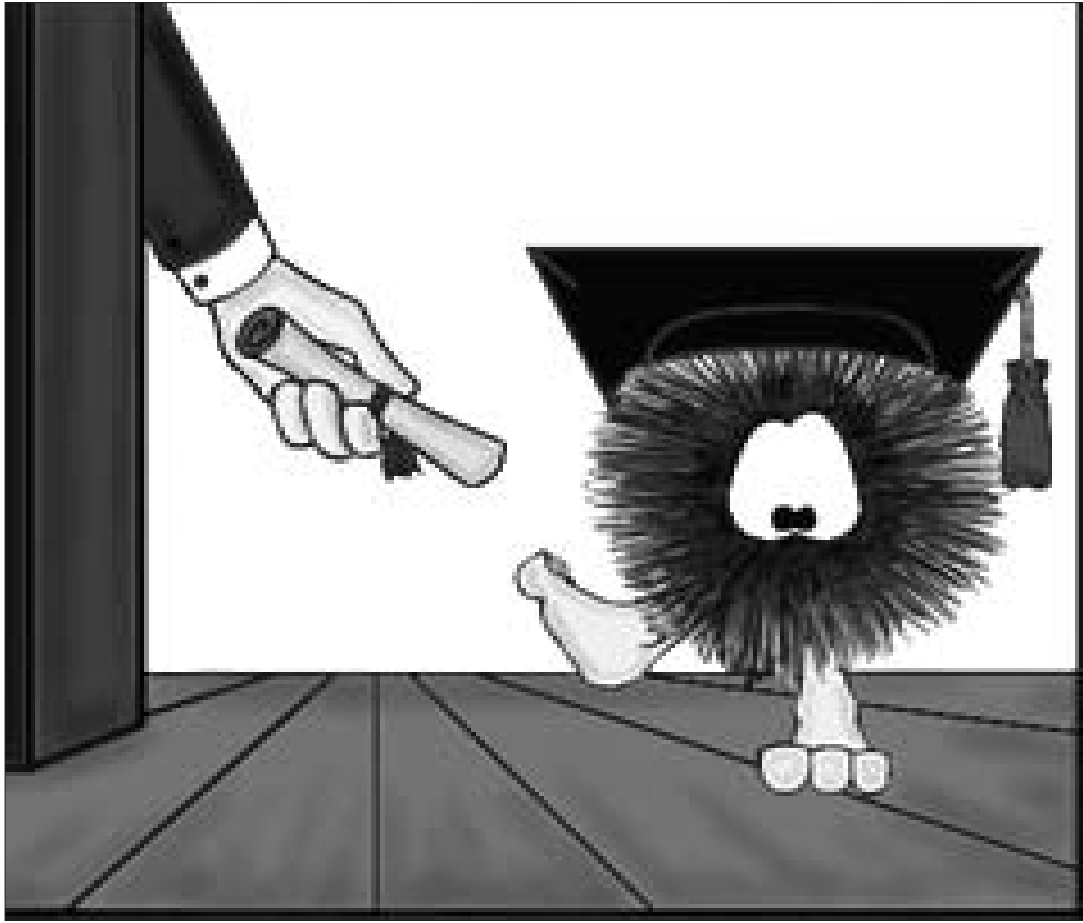
something to say when people ask inevitable questions. I developed a worrying habit a couple of years ago of subconsciously assuming that it was not necessary for me to participate in all the terrifying decision-making in which everyone else was engrossing themselves, because I was going to die before I actually had to do anything about it. But as I have absolutely no intention of dying there seems to be a rather major flaw in this plan. The less drastic method of escapism, I suppose, is to take a gap year. There is something very tempting about the idea of disappearing for a bit, having adventures, and coming back, tanned, sophisticated and fluent in several languages, to discover that my life has sorted itself out in my absence and I am miraculously editor of my own magazine and owner of several large houses. But unfortunately I gather it doesn’t quite work like that.

**What have I actually achieved? The ability to bullshit, is the first answer most English students come up with.**

ous supermarkets. Writing forced its way back into the list, but I could never see myself as a hardcore frontline investigator. Instead I like to write articles like this, where I ramble on and pretend that musing about my life counts as journalism. Who knows, maybe I’ll one day be able to persuade someone other than Ian Carey that it does. Or maybe Ian will take over the Irish Times and not notice that I’ve sneakily added my name to the payroll.

But in the immediate term I have to make decisions, if only in order to have

I will at some stage get to grips with attempting to at least draw some guidelines on the dauntingly blank canvas of the rest of my life, just as I will at some stage sit down and plan my dissertation. But right now I have several more months as a student to make the most of. And I’m going to the pub.



# Not exactly Jane Austen, not exactly Trainspotting

Desmond Ryan meets the crowd at Sziget Music Festival

*Most people know that the one hundred and eighty is the number of degrees in half of a revolution. What most people don't know, however, is that one hundred and eighty is also the number of consecutive hours that the bars stay open at the Sziget music festival in Budapest, nor do they know that, through no coincidence at all, one hundred and eighty is also the number of hours of consecutive music at it. Even fewer people are aware that eighty-five is the number of euros you need to buy a week-long ticket with camping for this enormous eastern European shindig.*

For fifty-one weeks of the year Sziget is the Phoenix Park for people who live in Budapest. It is an island floating ominously on top of the River Danube, about two or three miles north of the city centre, and is overshadowed by its little sister to the south, which is at least recognised by the local map-makers. I can only guess that for these lonely fifty-one weeks, that the island is sporadically visited by lovers sharing an afternoon picnic or tired workers who want an hour’s break from the nearby industrial estates. It has two small B&B sized hotels, a swimming pool, and little else in the way of concrete or people. Then suddenly it is invaded. The people come from near and far. 350,000 people in a week. Sixty bars, sixty stages.. Music, dance, theatre, art. Food, food, food, food. Tents, tents, tents, tents. People, people, people, people. Austrians, Slovenians, Croatians, Bosnians, Romanians, Ukrainians, Slovaks. And most of all Hungarians. Everywhere. Languages and tans. Funny sounds and funny-looking people. We are crammed in. We are queuing. Thousands of us, struggling to get in. I am little. I cannot move. We all have to squeeze across a narrow bridge, before being catapulted into the wilderness. The derelict island is waiting for us. It holds its breath. We struggle for ours. Security are checking bags. Two of us get through. The other is held up. My heart stops. Does he have anything? A giant brown skinhead is rummaging through his bags. His pale face is now beetroot coloured. Surely he is innocent. We wait. His face goes redder. Suddenly it is pale again. He is safe. He squashes his clothes back into his bags

and in we go. It is getting dark. It feels like we have entered a labyrinth. We are in the woods it seems. Follow the people. Another giant brown skinhead hands us a map. The place is massive. We look at the map, trying to find a campsite. There is none. We see people all around us pitching tents randomly. There are people everywhere. There are things everywhere. Bars, banklinks, lights, stalls, takeaways, television screens, bungee jumping towers, inflatable football pitches, things you’ve never seen before. Trees everywhere, tents everywhere. There is no space. We are trapped. No, we’ll go for a pint. At the pub, we meet an English posse, clearly here for the craic. They look like they are supposed to be at a festival. No office jobs here. Some serious first impressions though. Acidheads, drunkards, metalheads, skinheads, rammers t-shirts, lesbians and, curiously, an old man. Not exactly Jane Austen characters, yet not exactly Trainspotting either. The lot of them are drinking, so we take a gamble and stick with them. We have a pint, pitch our tents, and join them again for more. They tell us that most of them were here last year, and that the others are here for the trip. They fill us with last year’s tales, and their excitement is obvious. The tell us we are in The Gay Bar, a name more affectionate than accurate. After many planes, trains and automobiles travelling here, it is nice to relax with some familiar accents. Our tired bodies are awakened by their enthusiasm so we decide to explore the island and see what is going on. Everywhere pints are a euro, dinner two euro and shots eighty cent.

Welcome to heaven. We wander at random, seeing pubs and clubs of every breed. The people walk aimlessly and none at speed. Soon things don’t seem so unfamiliar. Some of them are dancing to Blue Monday in a bar that sounds and looks suspiciously like Doyle’s. Others are skulking pints in a licenced Eddie Rocket’s. Sleazy Italians sip their colas and watch the girls shake their behinds in the Hungarian Red Box. Kebabs and burgers are efficiently transmitted from grills to mouths. Further on, whole chickens are being devoured by ravenous vultures on a break from the dance tent. Everyone yakity yaks in their own language, and all but the Hungarians struggle with pidgin English when they buy their hot dinners. Fifteen euro later it is time to go to bed, not an easy task amid such a maze. Eventually we find our tents. Our efforts at sleeping are almost in vain because of the unceasing noise. We wake up to find ourselves enclosed by new tents that have been pitched while we slept. There is an endless flow of fresh faces with massive backpacks and tents. Today is Wednesday, the official day one of the event. We roam about, again at random to see what goes on by day. The bars are all still packed, yet now the music is live. And there is a lot of it. More than you can imagine. Every brand of music is available. Third World on the main stage mixing reggae and soul, The Klezmatics on the World Music stage playing jewish folk. Cannibal Corpse in the metal tent. Harry Krishnas playing non-stop metal. Autecre wannabes in the Ambient tent. Random French street theatre. The list and variety is endless. There are too many to enjoy them all. The burden of choice is too much to bear and all we can do is walk around admiring the variety on show until we find a gig altogether unmissable. It gets our attention because of the unexpected chorus “ooh way and up she rises, ooh way and up she rises, early in the morning.” It turns out to be a Romanian Irish-trad band. Dancing

along in the tent are some very eager continentals liberally interpreting the art of Irish dancing. Their enthusiasm is endless and all of us sing along to some dodgy renditions of classics you rarely expect to hear inside the pale, let alone in Hungary. Every day for seven days it continues like this. The music, the drinking, the dancing. The Gay Bar became our local. A sense of community grew in that pub. Among the regulars were ourselves, the English, the Ukrainians, the Germans, the Hungarian barmen after

work, and a regular assortment of randomers. That was our base and around it was an astonishing maze of places that slowly became discernible. The (dis)Ability park. The marriage tent. The Metalburger takeaway. The absenteeing football. There were simply too

many things to enjoy them all. At first it was frustrating to miss so many gigs and see so few. Sixty might be going on at one time. But as the week went on, our bodies tired and we cared less. We enjoyed what we could, and breathed that feeling for a week.





# Red Bull, Socks and

# Alcohol

Camilla Bhachu reveals an addictive personality

My friends sat me down and said I had a problem. I'd begun to shake constantly and faint on a regular basis when I didn't get my fix. What had I become powerfully addicted to – drink, drugs, shoes? No. Much to my chagrin I had become hooked on caffeine – no chance of admission to The Priory then.

Admittedly five cups of coffee before I'd even started work, topped up with at least twelve Pro Plus and four Red Bulls a day wasn't exactly healthy, but who needs sleep? So I went cold turkey and came to the realisation that I was a bit of a miserable cow. The bouncy hyper-girl whose voice could be heard a block away turned out to be a fallacy – in reality I turned out to have as much enthusiasm and energy as a tortoise on Valium.

I think I've got a bit of an addictive personality; I did once announce at a party that I had a sock problem (toe socks, knee-highs, over the knee, striped, spots, slogans, pictures, patterns, there's just so much to tempt those of us without willpower). Mind you at the same party I did drunkenly declare that I was a gay man trapped in a woman's body (Eddie Izzard and I would make a wonderful couple).. Drink. It is a wonderful substance. I imbibe enough and even Ian Paisley could begin to resemble Johnny Depp. But the truth is that at the ripe old age of twenty-two I've begun to change, my hair is no longer dyed purple and instead has been artificially coloured a slightly darker brown than my natural colour of dark brown. There has rarely been a Friday night in the last six years which hasn't found me in a pub usually consuming the recommended fourteen

I turned out to have as much enthusiasm and energy as a tortoise on Valium.

units of alcohol for women in one night. And for a while it was fine but it's begun to produce a state of pure ennui. When I was at school a particularly traumatic English lesson resulted in my friends and I converting our lockers into drinks cabinets; it's probably a good job I changed as I am now in the fourth year of an English degree so if I'd continued in that vein there'd probably be nothing but alcohol in my bloodstream. At sixteen I was perfectly capable of consuming reservoirs worth of alcohol, returning home and having rational conversations. In fact I became positively verbose figuring that no would recognise my true state if I was capable of uttering words such as salubrious, lugubrious or lubricous in normal conversation but then most people don't use words like salubrious, lugubrious or lubricous in normal conversation (actually I have no idea what lubricous means but my spellchecker tells me it's a real word as

interestingly is lubricious whose meaning also evades me).

When you're younger, a night is only good if you can't remember any of it. I think I must have lost a good few months of my life in sum total. At seventeen being let out of home to go to the Yeats Summer School in Sligo away from the prying eyes of parents there ended up being very few lectures I

I figured that no would recognise my true state if I was capable of uttering words such as salubrious, lugubrious or lubricous in normal conversation

attended without hangovers. Well there were very few lectures I did attend (would never do that now of course). I also decided to read a very hyperbolic overtly melodramatic poem at a poetry recital (very civilised), that I had written at about fourteen taking the piss out of teenage angst offerings (not that I hadn't churned out a good hundred of those in my time, though that was when I was thirteen and I had matured a lot in a year obviously), about a girl who had committed suicide watching her own funeral;

"She had so much to live for." I hear people say; (Then why am I dead?) The crowd of professional sympathisers Gather around my family Trying to comfort them; But words bring no comfort. Etc. etc. etc.

However, the absolute complete and utter direness of these teenage offerings seemed to escape the audience due to the several vodkas I had downed as dutch courage which convinced me that it was a good idea to read it performance poetry style; with the effect that people kept coming up to me asking me if I was alright and making me reassure them that I didn't really feel like that..

Everyone has their drinking horror stories, I think my worst moment has to be snogging Christopher Gambino (though I must insist on the fact that it was three years ago!) . My friends tell me I once attacked a Christmas tree. I've woken up with countless inexplicable injuries, written dire poems with titles such as 'Tribal Scorpions on Speed,' done my back in doing gymnastics (I could always tell I was drunk when I had strange desires to do cartwheels) and as for the rest, well I would

rather not see it in print. It is a sad realisation that so many significant moments of my life would never have occurred if I had been in a state of sobriety - losing my virginity, even my first kiss - hey I had fourteen years of all girls Catholic schools, you can't blame me for being a late starter and thanks to alcohol I shortly made up for lost time. Drinking became a natural instinct. In moments of stress the words "I need a drink" rolled off my tongue. But I began to think I had been relying on it for too long so I did the unthinkable. I decided to stay off alcohol for a while. So I lost my security, my crutch, the get out of jail free card that absolves you from blame; the thing that transforms you in your mind into anyone you want to be and instead was left with only myself.

Drink helps break down the fear barrier. I'm one of those people who whenever they are on the dance floor finds themselves constantly looking around making sure nobody is looking in my direction as I shuffle around making the lowest level of acceptable movement. However, once suitably saturated with a cocktail of cocktails I am perfectly capable of flinging my body to loud metal music in movements that can only be described as akin to a fit. Entering the Mean Fiddler in Tottenham Court Road caused major trepidation. Though not solely because I was sober but also because I wasn't anticipating going clubbing so having woken up with a strange desire to wear a very girly dress and heels stood out like a chicken leg at a vegan restaurant when surrounded by a sea of Goths. The fear I felt was as immense as Tony Blair's ego but persevering despite the panic can bring its rewards. I suddenly found that all these things I thought I could only do when drunk aren't impossible and that they feel better when you do them when sober, reaching a state that of almost euphoria; absolutely drunk on happiness alone – is that natural?

Even with having only renounced alcohol for a month so far and having no intention of it ever becoming a permanent measure, I feel like I've got to know myself better having been forced to feel my emotions in their true state instead of exaggerated by drink to the point that I have no idea what the reality of what I feel is. You return to the

I stood out like a chicken leg at a vegan restaurant

person behind the mask having to cope with the fear that the mask is more likeable than reality. I have discovered though that not drinking hasn't made that much of an impact on my life. For someone firmly in the grasp of sobriety I seem to be spending an inordinate amount of time singing along to Buddy Holly songs or dancing around the liv-



ing room of the irrepressible Simon Thompson at two a.m. I get vicarious pleasure from watching others drink and try to resist foaming at the mouth with desire (foaming at the mouth should always be done for other reasons i.e. rabies), but somehow I still find myself staggering (due to heels) towards my flat in the early hours of the morning singing Fernando. I can even

suffer two-day sympathetic hangovers. For a while I felt one step back from the laughter, not being able to engage properly but now I've even managed to spend nine hours in a pub drinking coffee, cranberry juice and water still finding it wonderfully easy to contagiously lose my inhibitions (leaving all modesty with my umbrella on the bus) and fully join in others' drunken conversations/argu-

ments about sex, politics and religion. But you do learn to be more picky just because it's so much easier to get bored when you don't have alcohol to distract you from the banality of some people's conversations. Thank God I have such wonderful interesting friends (such as the features editor).

There are plus sides and negative sides to everything. On the one hand I

am never likely to eat a kebab, on the other my likelihood of having sex ever again has plummeted. So without drinking is the glass half empty or half full? As they'd say in the Matrix; there is no glass.

# Are Tattoos Art?

Tattooing has always courted controversy, as highlighted in “The Electric Michelangelo”, Sarah Hall’s new Booker-nominated novel. The book weaves a love story, which is based around the relationship between the tattooist and subject. Indeed, this is a book whose title dares to make the comparison between tattooing and Michelangelo, arguably the greatest of the Renaissance painters.

## Arabella Kirk

This is a book that challenges people to see tattooing not simply as something that deviants have done, but rather an intelligent, expressive art form. To quote Sarah Hall, tattooing is ‘a beautiful and terrible art’.

Today tattooing has become more mainstream. It seems everyone from Eminem to Zara Philips has got one. But does that mean that tattoos are an art form or simply (as many still see them) self-mutilation, defiance, tastelessness, independence and in some cases a way of becoming part of gang culture? It seems that this attitude will to a certain extent always remain, but there is certainly so much more to tattooing than simply shock-value. Cultures worldwide have used tattoos for many symbolic reasons, from Thracians painting themselves blue to frighten their enemies to the 4,000 year old man who was discovered between Austria and Italy, covered in tribal tattoos. All of these facts appear to lean towards tattooing being a legitimate art form, a natural way to define yourself as unique.

Personally, I have always admired tattoos as an art form, the combination of simple ink, basic illustration and the human makes for a powerful triumvirate and an incredible kinetic, 2D and 3D fusion. Tattoos are becoming more and more common; approximately 30 million Americans now have one, and although it appears that many have them done without thinking about the permanence of them there is a growing movement to see tattoos as art to be respected. This is slowly happening with exhibitions like “Skin Deep” at the British Maritime Museum and more and more reference books tracing tattooing through the ages. It often appears that when someone claims they do not like tattooing and cannot understand how it could be perceived as an art form it is because art to them is what is in galleries around the world, not transported anywhere on someone's body. Indeed, some still see tattooing as sordid, working class - it conjures up for them unsanitary back street parlours, filled with life's oddities. Nevertheless the market is still there for tattoos and probably always will be - people want to commemorate a time, with something that is indelible. In

“The Electric Michelangelo”, this need is succinctly put as: “wanting to take home an altogether more permanent holiday souvenir. Something they could call their own and never have taken off them.”

Upon visiting the various tattoo parlours around Temple Bar, it became evident that they were far removed from what many people think of when they hear the words ‘tattoo parlour’. Instead, the parlours were all fastidiously clean and the tattooist I spoke to at “Metal Morphosis” was passionate about the work he does. The shop was decorated with his work and instead of the repetitive designs of roses the work was inspiring, personal and communicated something to me. The tattooist told me that he believes that a good tattoo is a private artistic moment; that the client has his own personal piece of art on him forever. Inevitably there are bad tattooists; clients can end up with tattoos that are nothing like what they requested. Unless you go to a well respected, clean establishment there is a chance that you could end up with a blood infection. There is a risk, but the gap between a good and bad tattooist almost makes it seem like more of an art form,

because like everything to do with art there are good and bad pieces – you just have to make sure that you choose the right one!

The relevance of tattooing is, at the end of the day, up to the individual and is just another way to make our unique bodies even more different and interesting. Whether one perceives tattoos to be only legitimate in an anthropological sense or whether you believe that they are powerful mediums is entirely up to you. The character of Grace in “The Electric Michelangelo” appears, to me at least, to represent the power of the tattoo as an art form. This is a tough, feminist skein who asks to be covered in eyes, thus, in effect staring insolently staring into the male gaze. Grace is a woman who symbolises the power of a woman and the power of tattoos; a strong combination when juxtaposed. Thus, whether you love them or hate them, they are far more difficult to dismiss as an art form when one starts to investigate them. For they are up to the minute, yet with a history that dates back almost to the start of man. It is a raw and expressive form that embodies man's originality.



As used in the film Red Dragon

Photo: Film Forum



FEATURES



Is Islam Inherently Fundamentalist?

Since the collapse of the USSR’s “Evil Empire”, Islamic fundamentalists have become, in a sense, the new “baddies” in the global battle between good and evil. Many in the West view Islam with suspicion and associate it with violence and extremism. Militant groups such as Hamas, Hezbollah, al-Qaeda and now Abu Musab al-Zarqawi (the leader of the group that killed Ken Bigley) are rarely out of the headlines. Moreover, many believe that Islam is hostile to democracy, women, homosexuals and people of other faiths. **Darren McCallig** examines the truth behind the perceptions.

The following report from the Agence France-Presse is typical of the kind of report that feeds Western suspicion of Islam: “Girl coerced into sex to receive 180 lashes- Tsafe [Nigeria]. A pregnant 17-year-old whom an Islamic court sentenced to 180 lashes for premarital sex will give birth within days, her family said yesterday. Bariya Ibrahim Magazu told the court in September that she had been pushed into having sex with three men who were associates of her father. The girl produced seven witnesses. The girl’s family said she was due to give birth within a couple of days and was expected to receive her punishment at least 40 days later.”

Such harrowing reports are clearly very disturbing. Writing about this particular case, Muslim broadcaster and author Irshad Manji, wrote: “The story of this young rape victim has to haunt any decent human being because, what-

ever the minutiae of her case, one reported fact couldn’t be rationalised away: the woman, her dignity already violated, had gone to the trouble of rounding up seven witnesses. Seven! And she still faced 180 lashes! How the hell could I reconcile such an elemental

Manji has been called the “non-fiction Salman Rushdie”

injustice with my Muslim faith?” I’ll return to Manji’s religious dilemma later. But, first a brief word about the term ‘fundamentalism.’ Many scholars balk at applying the label ‘fundamentalism’ to Islam as the term originated amongst traditionalist Christians in North America in the early years of the twentieth century. In short, these conservative churchmen were

reacting to the liberalising trends of German biblical criticism and the growing acceptance of Darwinian theories of evolution. Consequently, it can be argued that the term ‘fundamentalism’ should only be applied to tendencies within Christianity and that other terms, such as ‘revivalist’ or ‘militant’ should be used when speaking of extremists in Islam. But, leaving the terminological debate to one side for the moment, the question remains: How do you judge whether or not a religion is inherently fundamentalist or violent? Where do you start? Let’s try the beginning. One night in 610, the Prophet Muhammad was meditating in a cave on Mount Hira when he was visited by the angel Jibreel who ordered him to “recite” what Muhammad came to understand as the words of God. During the rest of his life he continued to receive these revelations. The words were remembered and recorded, and form the text of the Holy Qu’ran, the



Muslim scriptures. The simple message that emerged was that there is no God but Allah and that life should be lived in complete submission to him. However, Muhammad’s popularity was seen as threatening by those in power in Mecca, and so the Prophet took his followers on a journey from Mecca to Medina in 622. But ten years later, Muhammad was able to return and conquer Mecca..

In the course of his life Muhammad frequently led his followers in battle and the Qu’ran reflects this reality. It

The truth is that all religious traditions are a combination of text and context.

contains a number of “sword verses” which appear to not only justify, but actively encourage violence against people of other religions. For example: •“And slay them wherever ye catch them.” (Al-Baqarah: 191). •“But if they turn away, seize them and slay them wherever ye find them; and (in any case) take no friends or helpers from their ranks.” (An-Nisa’: 89). On the other hand, the Qu’ran commands proportionality in warfare: “whoever transgresses against you, respond in kind.” (2:294). Other verses place an emphasis on making peace: “If your enemy inclines toward peace then you should seek peace and put your trust in God” (8:61). And, before non-Muslims get too self-righteous, let’s consider the following verses from Psalm 58, which is part of the sacred scriptures of both Jews and Christians: O God, break the teeth in their mouths;

tear out the fangs of the young lions, O Lord! Let them vanish like water that runs away; like grass let them be trodden down and wither.

Let them be like the snail that dissolves into slime; like the untimely birth that never sees the sun. Sooner than your pots can feel the heat of thorns, whether green or ablaze, may he sweep them away!

The righteous will rejoice when they see vengeance done; they will bathe their feet in the blood of the wicked. People will say, ‘Surely there is a reward for the righteous; surely there is a God who judges on earth.’”

The phrase, “people in glass houses...” comes to mind! I guess the truth is that all religious traditions are a combination of text and context. They are, to put it another way, a blend of divine revelation (however that may be understood) and human interpretation within a specific socio-historical context. As a result, all religions have their conservative and progressive elements, those who take every word of their sacred writings as inerrant and infallible and those who try to take these writings seriously but not necessarily literally. Moreover, the Qu’ran, just like the Hebrew Scriptures and the Christian Bible, contains both ambiguous verses and poignant pleas for peace. The Qu’ran in particular demands respect for all monotheistic religions: Christians or Jews. As Alan Reynolds of the Cato Institute wrote in the Washington Times shortly after 9/11: “When we speak of ‘fundamentalist’ Christians and ‘orthodox’ Jews, we mean those who follow quite strictly the teachings of the New Testament or Torah. If ‘Islamic fundamentalist’ likewise means strict adherence to the Koran, then the phrase cannot be prop-

erly applied to those who attempt to terrorize Christians and Jews. The Koran demands respect of all monotheistic religions (Judaism, Christianity and Islam), and does not condone war against any of them, much less cowardly acts of terrorism.”

We should also remember the wider global context. At this moment in world history there does appear to be, for whatever reasons, a general increase in fundamentalism across the various religions. For example, in the technologically advanced United States, there are large numbers of Christian fundamentalists who reject the theory of evolution and treat the Book of Genesis as an infallible scientific textbook. In Israel, Jewish fundamentalists vehemently oppose all attempts to come to a peaceful accommodation with the Palestinians. There are also Buddhist, Hindu and even Confucian fundamentalists.

Nonetheless there are some commentators who claim that Islam is intrinsically fundamentalist because it

refusenik. “That doesn’t mean I refuse to be a Muslim,” she writes, “it simply means that I refuse to join an army of automatons in the name of Allah.” She cites three main “troubles” with Islam: the inferior treatment of women; the Jew-bashing that so many Muslims persistently engage in; and the continuing scourge of slavery in countries ruled by Islamic regimes. And while she recognises that all faiths have their share of literalists and fundamentalists, she claims that only in Islam is literalism mainstream.

Manji, who has been called the “non-fiction Salman Rushdie” has written what is, for many, an uncomfortable book. It is uncomfortable for many Muslims because she asks Muslims in the West what she calls a very basic question: “Will we remain spiritually infantile, caving to cultural pressures to clam up and conform, or will we mature into full-fledged citizens, defending the very pluralism that allows us to be in this part of the world in the first place?” But, *The Trouble with Islam* is also

How do you judge whether a religion is inherently fundamentalist or violent?

claims that in the Qu’ran, Allah has given a final and perfect revelation of the ideal society. That is why some say that in the dominant Sunni branch of Islam “the gates of interpretation” were closed around the year 900, ruling out any further evolution in that religious tradition. But, if Islam, like every other faith has its fundamentalists, it also has its liberals. One such voice is Irshad Manji – the author I mentioned earlier. In her provocative book *The Trouble with Islam*, Manji, a Canadian TV presenter, describes herself as a Muslim

uncomfortable for many non-Muslims. If we take Manji seriously, we can no longer take refuge in the easy answer. We can no longer label all Muslims as fundamentalists, and thereby absolve ourselves of any responsibility to work for change. As she puts it: “My question for non-Muslims is equally basic: Will you succumb to the intimidation of being called “racists,” or will you finally challenge us Muslims to take responsibility for our role in what ails Islam?”

Why I Hate Halloween

Halloween brings out good and bad but not so much of the dead anymore. I’m not a huge Halloween fan. Two years ago I dressed up as a witch and was mistaken for Pocahontas. When a classic Halloween figure is less identifiable than a Disney character, I feel it fair to declare Halloween in a pretty unsatisfactory state. Nonetheless we have again reached that time of year when being resident in a housing estate is legitimate basis for fear of exploding crackers giggling in through letterboxes.

Halloween offers plaque on a platter, encased in orange and black wrapping

Dublin’s overrun with brats, bozos and bimbos on this one night of the year and there is little indication that a similar situation does not occur in a more widespread manner. Halloween has grown from a pagan Celtic festival to a children’s begging spree to an excuse for the adult populous to behave badly.

The growth of Halloween from a pagan festival to a burning flesh feast is an interesting tale and in honour of all the orange and black zeal of the season that appears to be missing from Dublin this year, I am going to tell it.

Halloween originated as the pre-Christian Celtic festival of the dead. Occurring on what was the eve of the New Year and Samhain, which marked the beginning of winter, it was thought that on this night above all others it was possible to interact with the dead. Bonfires were lit to aid the dead on their journey and keep them well away from the living. The dead were an assortment of foul creatures filled with darkness and dread, ghosts, fairies and demons. The festival of Samhain was to keep the terror of the dead at bay. With the spread of Christianity the festival of Samhain found itself somewhat challenged. No good Christian could condone such a pagan event, which seemed to worship the core of evil itself. However, in a wisdom his office is not given much credit for today, Pope Gregory sought to use his enemies’ festival to his advantage. So instead of abolishing the festival of Samhain altogether, Halloween became a part of the Catholic three days of the dead.

Acknowledging the dead was done in line with the three strata of the afterlife. November the second, designated All Souls day, was a day pledged to praying for the souls of the dead in limbo or purgatory. All Saints, November 1st, was in honour of those who gained access into Heaven. And the Eve of these two holy days, or hallowed days, was in remembrance of the damned. Halloween is for those in hell, the name of course literally meaning the

eve of the Hallowed or holy. So the pagans, now newly converted Christians, held on to their festival. And now 1500 years later we too retain this festival, our own tribute to hell.

The roots of our Halloween activities can also be traced back across the centuries. The notion of dressing up comes from Celtic times when people dressed as the spirits that wandered abroad. The logic was that their wrath could be avoided if you were mistaken for one of them. Since the early Christian period giving food and drink on Halloween has been done. This was thought to placate the demons, witches and other residents of hell. These two practices have merged over time and become the fine fiasco known as ‘trick or treating’ a

Halloween in Ireland has become an Octoberfest of bangs shattering the stillness and plastic surgeons attempting to make skin look human again.

practice essential to American culture. Of course in the US it seems that the treating element is far more dominant than the tricking one. In Britain it’s a

different story.

In Britain the supermarket giant Asda placed a ban on selling eggs to under-16s. British youths are so hell bent on egging things that this large

corporation has opened its social conscience and made a friendly effort to prevent towns and cities from being spattered with egg yolk. Other big supermarkets have not implemented a ban but have declared an intention to abide by a common sense policy when selling eggs to youths.

Here in Ireland of course a ban on the sale of eggs appears a little petty next to the debacle surrounding temperamental fireworks at Halloween. Instead of worrying about spattered eggs, the use of illegal and unsafe fireworks, exploded in unsafe environments makes worrying about charred limbs and spattered joints more to the point. In the run up to Halloween each year doctors are presented with too many cases of injuries from fireworks to ignore. Every year the issue gets coverage in the national press, and yet every year there remains the same problem as the year before. The basic fact of the matter is that while a large and oft hated corporation can take a hard and socially favourable line on egging, the Irish Government has failed to behave in the same ethical and socially conscious fashion in relation to fireworks.

Declaring something illegal simply isn’t enough. If a declaration of illegality was all the smoking ban ever was it

would not be even remotely effective. Anything illegal needs penalties to back up the law. Currently the penalties for selling illegal fireworks in this country are simply not enough to compel people

Dublin’s overrun with brats, bozos and bimbos on this one night of the year.

to do otherwise. Hence, Halloween in Ireland had become an Octoberfest of bangs shattering the stillness and plastic surgeons attempting to make skin look human again. Perhaps the devils that haunted the Celts are kept well at bay, but the anxiety that plagues worried guardians is rife and very close to home.

But, forget terrifying the ghouls for a moment and concentrate on food. Traditionally, Halloween offered all manner of yummy natural fare. Apples, nuts, jam, pumpkins, it is the time of year for these things after all and they can be easily consumed around a bonfire. Now Halloween offers plaque on a platter, encased in orange and black wrapping, mould shaped figures in chocolate, sticks with more toffee than apple (and who actually eats the apple anyway), lollipops with ghastly faces, sweets - a gooey nasty tooth-rotting assortment.

Niamh Flemming-Farrell mourns the consumerist fate of an ancient tradition

Our costumes have taken on the same artificiality too. Instead of the traditional makeshift, put together from tin foil, bin bag and cotton wool effort, costumes are ready-made matters, not just representing the traditional evils but also the plastic evils of our modern world. Pop stars, kids’ action heroes, animals...basically anything or anyone that isn’t you as an individual is acceptable. Pick up a costume, hope it fits and off you go to rot your teeth, torment your neighbours, blow your hand off or wobble about the city centre drunk and inviting the attentions of real live

demons. Of course much of what I have written is simply recognition of the effects of consumerism on every holiday we celebrate. Ah well...

I want a real Halloween. One that takes place in a field with a big old bonfire, cider, apples and monkey nuts. One where everyone is dressed as a witch or demon and not as Spiderman. The real ghouls, the undead, the pranksters, vagrants, thieves are all human and breathing. I want a real Halloween where fear is of the dead.





# Good old English lording it over us

The woes of a Northern Irishman considering the English-Irish divide in this fine institution. Elizabeth I founded College and her legacy continues in the multitudes of English socialites philosophising around the arts ramp.



## Simon Thompson

You know you're in Trinity when the person beside you on the ramp starts talking in a plummy English accent about the wonderful annual ball at We Think We're Christ's College Cambridge. You just don't get that qual-

ity of upper-class idiot from abroad at UCD. Neither do you get that misguided class of people who think it desirable to be English. You know who I mean. Those folks who speak as if they were born in the grounds of Eton despite having lived their entire lives within site of the RDS, and whom attractive American girls lump together with the

English as 'British', which is guaranteed to annoy you if you hail from Scotland, Wales or Northern Ireland. However, my Celtic compatriots, we have one up on them... we didn't get rejected from Cambridge and they did. Every single one of them, unless they were rejected from Oxford. I have taken to greeting new English acquaintances

thus: "So you were rejected from Oxbridge". Some of them deny it, but they're lying and even though they come to Trinity as rejects, many of them bring with them an innate sense of superiority, as if they're better than all of us poor benighted Irish folk. The shameful truth of the matter is that they're absolutely correct.

Why this vitriol? Well, as I write this it is 9.30am, a time when I'm usually soundly asleep in my bed dreaming of women who would never come near me in real life (many of them ex-girl-friends) and instead I am up and in front of my computer. This is what comes from Sleeping With the Enemy. I was rudely woken sometime around dawn this morning by an English person. While she did her clear-headed callisthenics or whacked herself with a thorny stick or did whatever the hell you have to do to get an Empire that hates you, I rolled out of bed with a hangover and had a nutritious breakfast of one bottle of diet Coke and a cigarette. I only drink diet coke in the morning. Afternoon, I dispense with the healthy life. I didn't get to explain this philosophy to the unnamed English girl. After her morning self-flagellation, she entered the living room and uttered a barely audible 'tut' which made me feel so guilty about polluting her master-race lungs that I extinguished the cigarette. Thus, as I write, I am without breakfast. She then proceeded to pour herself a bowl of some disgusting cereal (think all bran, but worse) over which she splashed semi-skimmed milk, which was allowed to seep into the cereal while some weird ritual was performed around a teapot. The English and their tea. It's not just an urban myth. They really are passionate about that weak-tasting unexciting beverage. I once made tea in the kitchen of an English friend and afterwards, because I had somehow done it in the wrong fashion, he had to buy a new teapot.

So anyway, whilst this girl sipped her breakfast tea and munched in a very civilised manner upon her wholesome flakes, I got a cup of coffee, lay on the sofa and quietly died. Sadly, I didn't die fast enough. Ten minutes later the girl proclaimed her intention to walk to college, and informed me that I was quite welcome to stay in her apartment and finish my coffee, in a tone that implied I absolutely was not and just what the

hell was I doing drinking coffee anyway. I must stress at this stage that the girl in question lives somewhere in the suburbs. I'm not quite sure where and I certainly couldn't find my way to it on foot as I was much too busy keeping her brisk-walking, always 100 metres ahead figure in sight, but from the state my poor, shaking legs are currently in I would guess Galway.

Of course it's not fair to judge a whole nation on how one of their members acts at breakfast time. So let's take other examples. As I have inferred before, I spend a lot of time on the Arts Block ramp, and it seems that I am the only non-English person to do so. Everyone else there is either English and talking very loudly about their siblings at a superior university across the water or American and responding in an inane sycophantic way to English people talking about their siblings across the water. The same is true in tutorials, or at least it is if you're an arts student. If you have an English person in your class (and the chances are you will) you should rejoice. Yes, yes, I know that they're intensely annoying and tend to spout nonsense, but at least they talk. In fact, I would go so far as to say that if you have two or three of them in your tutorial you'll never have to read anything because they'll answer every single question and if no-one asks a question they'll answer it anyway. I put this down to some kind of deep-seated insecurity, and I suggest you do too. It's much more reassuring than the truth, which is that they're much more likely to have some idea of what's going on because they probably didn't spend last night being sick over someone's balcony or spending the last few cents of their student loans in Dr. Quirkey's Good Time Emporium. I send a call out to all Irish students. If you see a lonely looking man in an dirty brown jacket standing on the ramp, surrounded by people in blazers and scarves, talk to him. He'll appreciate it.

Trinity has a grand tradition of educating English people who can't get

educated at home, and I believe we should take advantage of them. They're naive and trusting, like small children or friendly dogs. They also tend to have lots of money and huge parties in central London which you get invited to if you play your cards right. However, you have to choose your English person with a degree of care. The Über-rich and important ones also tend to be the most fun, but are rarely those you expect. They're the quieter type, people who don't offer stream-of-consciousness type commentary in every single tutorial you've ever been to. If your chosen English person talks loudly about his or her house in Mayfair, choose again. Chances are they're lying and their mother and father have gotten up at 5am everyday to go to work so they can afford to provide an education for their children which makes the little dears think they're better than their parents. Worst of all are those pseudo-English types that I referred to at the start of this article. An Irish person who wants to be English is abhorrent. They cast off all the charm of the Irish and gain none of the efficiency the English get from being charmless. They're also much less likely to have large parties in central London. Give them a wide berth unless they happen to be Eddie Jordan's daughter, who already has a wide berth for her yacht upon which I imagine she has some pretty large parties (people tell me she's really very nice, so please, Miss Jordan, don't write angry letters to this paper).

Before I go take a power-nap to prepare myself for my two o'clock tutorial (in which there are English people, so sleeping is the only preparation I have to make), let me reassure all of you who hail from the promised land across the Irish sea that we here in Trinity love you and feel delighted that you have chosen us over UCD. It means we can boast to our friends at that inferior institution about all the great parties they don't get to go to.

# Where is the queue of employers?

## Jim Falvey

Approximately three years ago I engaged in a reminiscent conversation at a banquet with an old retiring happily married man who exclaimed that his three years of college whilst attending U.C.C in the early sixties were by far and away the most enjoyable and exhilarating years of his life. The freedom and camaraderie of college life is something not even his work, wife and kids could never match. The fact is that his wife and kids would never ever go on a 106-hour bender with him and would never even consider allowing him to enjoy some good old-fashioned unashamed plutonic group male nudeness. At the time I have to admit that I took his cute trip down memory lane with a pinch of salt as I viewed my responsible free college life as everlasting and probably just nodded and smiled in the patronising way I treat most people with a grey comb over and a crackling voice box.

Although with my own college years completed I have discovered all too suddenly that all I too have left, like the old rebel are my memories and if my first few months of the 'real world' are anything to go by (thanks History degree!) it appears that my life may have hit its peak prematurely, although that is possibly a touch dramatic! Secondary school was fine! It had its own little idiosyncrasies and charms but in the main it was usually shit. In school one never catches a break whilst in college one just doesn't care. For three or four

one enjoys a generally paid for care free, irresponsible, drink induced life with the only care being to con a pass in a topic which you are expected to become an expert at in order to continue this life of uninhibited bliss. As one may have gathered I enjoyed my college life immensely and am clearly in mourning over its untimely end. My life in college was a blast- bollox naked runs through campus, random road trips to inane parts of the country and the seemingly eternal quest of attempting again and again to shake off ones virginity. Also simpler things such as going days on end eating nothing but Tesco value porridge and pasta and busying myself by catching both the afternoon and evening episodes of Home and Away, all adding to my overall college experience. Yet I believe it is the acceptance one feels in college that makes it so liberating- GAA heads meet other GAA heads to bump shoulders with, those bullied chess presidents in ones secondary school find other chess maniacs to rubbish the theories of Karl Marx over a good game of chess. And in turn I found my own niche of friends.

Yet college has now indeed come to an end I seem to have encountered a life in which acceptance is quickly turning into one of rejection, but I suppose the thought of myself and my History degree entering the job market was never going to be the cause of mass suicide in the global stock markets! I guess when I selected History as my choice of study it was the classical case of not possessing one single clue what the hell I wished to do with my life and perhaps

saw an Arts degree, like many others as a method of procrastination from making a cemented decision on my future career. I'm pretty sure Hamlet himself would have chosen Arts! Of course a great interest in History was also an important factor in my decision and I loved being bombarded with reels of dates, facts and random information on the great leaders, battles and wars of the past. Although in the latter years I did begin to realise that I was in fact dedicating four tears of my life to a hobby-something I could have pursued in my local library or on the History channel in my spare time. Due to the fact that I detest the thought of Secondary school teaching, the only viable option for direct employment from a History degree, I feel as if I have to start all over again as my History degree hasn't exactly been opening doors for me. My lecturers often mentioned how many History have gone on to be successful in various fields such as politicians (such as John Hume) and judges etc. but their success I'm pretty sure has not been on the back of completing a History degree and a lot more to do with their own initiative and hard work. Also people say that that a History graduates are one of the most employable of all graduates, but that is unfortunately just complete nonsense. In the couple of months I've been testing out my new updated C.V with my Honours History degree as its centre piece, with the information pointing to the completion of a 10,000 word dissertation on the History of an old cotton mill in Waterford being the clincher for astounded employers to skip talk of



If times get tough, Ronald will always lend a helping hand. Would you like fries with that?

mere employment and instead dive straight into promises of promotions, company cars and a leggy secretary. The reality is however that I haven't exactly had to hire my own leggy assistant to sort out phone calls and fax's from employers begging for my intense research skills acquired from rooting for Mein Kampf in the college library! It was supposed to be the primary attraction on my C.V and my deadliest

weapon to take the job market by storm but instead it appears to possess as much pulling power as a two week beginners cookery tech course. Even regular jobs in hotels, book-shops, post offices and banks seem to view my Arts degree with a certain degree of apathy. Rejection I'm afraid has most definitely been the reoccurring theme my early experiences of the real world. Similar to the old Cork man mentioned earlier, my

life after college has proved to be rather different with the buzz, excitement and freedom that goes hand in hand with college life quickly becoming a memory. Yet my History degree was never going to make the next stage any easier. Perhaps the blow of departing my happy college life would not be felt so strongly if my degree didn't appear to count for so little among employers. My college life was I believe whilst not try-

ing to be too corny the best years of life and I had many many great times to look back at but I'm beginning to wonder what the hell I have to look forward to. My Cork friend worked in a cheese company for forty odd years on the back of his Arts degree so perhaps theres hope for me yet in the cheese industry or perhaps not!

# A Big welcome with Freshers' Fun & Frolics

## Niamh McManus

You know those susceptible, gullible freshers who wander wide-eyed from stall to stall during Freshers Week, joining every possible society, and even some impossible ones, who then never show up at a single meeting? Well, there's a worse breed of fresher - the susceptible, gullible lunatics, who bounce around joining everything, who will then actively take part in everything, however inadvisable that may be. It is precisely into this obnoxiously over-zealously category which I fit. What all this means is that I have spent my first week in Trinity College handing out money right, left and centre, filling up my timetable with ridiculous

meetings and generally having a ball. Freshers Week for me was interesting, to say the least. Due to a course of antibiotics, I had the unique experience of spending the entire week in a state of stone cold sobriety. Being, by nature, somewhat less than reserved, I don't feel that this curbed my enjoyment. It did, however, have a number of consequences: (1) All those free drink receptions were utterly wasted on me (2) At least I remember all the stupid things I've done (although I'm not sure whether this is a pro or a con) (3) I can't blame drink for all the stupid things I've done (this is definitely a con), and lastly (4) I haven't arrived in with a hangover, all of which combined means that I

have actually checked out the different societies and managed to go to a few meetings and I have to say, I'm having a lot of fun, particularly with the dance society - I came, I saw, I cha cha-ed. Through the various debating societies, my eyes were opened to the rather "special" world of college debating. Coming from the secluded atmosphere of second level debating, the whole 'anything goes' vibe came as a bit of a surprise. During those debates, I witnessed things I never thought I'd see and, frankly, things I really didn't need to see. Anyone who was at the Hist comedy debate will perhaps know what I mean. Someday, I may pluck up the courage to actually get up and speak, but for now, I'm happy to observe these spectacles from a safe and secure dis-

tance. During Freshers Week, of course, I was reminded that I am not in college for solely social purposes. I was brought sharply down to earth by a series of introductory talks about the academic side of things. When I got my timetable, I took one look at it and decided that the psychology department needed its head examined. However, I eventually decoded all their acronyms and discovered that it did, in fact, make perfect sense. Just to make things a little more complicated for myself, I had to be one of those awkward TSM people. This meant that I had to open up a series of detailed negotiations with two separate departments in order to cajole them into telling me where I'm supposed to be and at what time. As for

tutorials, don't even get me started. I'm sure that for most normal, rational people, finding a timetable is a fairly simple procedure, but seeing as I can't claim to be either normal or rational, it took a while. I have since managed to attend my first few lectures, so I think I'm just about on track. It matters such as these - time tables and the like - which really remind you that you've left the structured environment of secondary school. After fourteen years of English, Irish, Maths.... I think it's fair to say that I've been completely institutionalized and the now-found freedom of college makes me feel like I've just been released from a straitjacket. Last year, as I trudged bleakly into school at eight o'clock on windy, rainy mornings, fighting a losing

battle to prevent my uniform skirt from blowing up over my head, the one thought that kept me going was that in college, I wouldn't get up early. To my horror, I soon discovered that I managed to get three early mornings a week (I only have ten hours in total - what were the chances?) so nothing's really changed there. The only difference is that now, when my skirt blows up, I have the satisfaction of knowing that I actually chose to wear it, that it is my own stupidity and not the school uniform which is to blame.

In fact, one of the main differences that I have noticed between school and college is the ethos. In school, the most pertinent question is, 'can I do that?' In college, the question is 'How can I do it?' and better yet, 'Who will pay me to

do it?' No matter what it is you want to do, somewhere on campus is somebody who can help you make it happen. Even if it means soaring to new levels of ridiculousness, there are very few things can't do. This is in huge contrast to the 'I'm telling teacher' attitude of your average Irish school and I have to say, I'm having a lot of fun. I do fear, though, that my motto is fast becoming "it seemed like a good idea at the time." Another thing I found out about college is that you don't have to be particularly talented in any one area to get involved; you just have to be open to making a complete idiot of yourself. As I have relatively few qualms about this, I can honestly say that Trinity is somewhere in which I think I will feel completely at home.



Belfield  
Blues

Staff Features  
February 20th, 1969  
Printed in Trinity News

**Editor's note:**  
Nothing has been more consistent in the past century of Trinity's history than a good old-fashioned bashing of our rival neighbouring college. This article depicts, pretty miserably, the state of affairs at the new campus in Belfield. Much of what the journalist mentions has of course changed but what are far more fascinating are the aspects of U.C.D. that haven't changed at all. Obviously, one-third of the students in the libraries are now not nuns or of clerical devotion (one has only to go to Copper Face Jacks to realise that Belfield priorities have changed). Also, it has become a lot more built up, with a gymnasium, Business building, three bars etc. However, much still remains the same. Its student populace is still "overwhelmingly predominant" Catholic middle-class. It's still cut off from the city. Students still have to take two buses to get there and the Kafkaesque nightmare of empty corridors still remain.  
Lecture halls are still crowded and the buildings are, by and large, still hideously ugly. It was with interest that I read how the journalist simultaneously maligns the lack of core in the college and also describes the student protests without drawing the link between the two. A little-known fact is that U.C.D. was indeed built with these protests in mind and the designers concluded that it would be more prudent to have no central gathering place where a protest could gain momentum. Also, there are hidden underground corridors in college for the escape of authorities if a protest did occur. The bookshop's distrust in the article seems to have been passed down from a higher power. Enjoy the bashing.

U.C.D. in Earlsfort Terrace had the atmosphere of a railway station; U.C.D. in Belfield has that of an international airport. Trinity was built by a leisured class to provide a leisured education for its sons and this quality persists to the present day. Everywhere in College people seem to congregate in groups and allow time to pass by. Belfield, on the other hand, was built by a tight-fisted middle-class Government for the purely utilitarian purpose of providing the State machine with enough technically and intellectually skilled people. Leisure is not included in the scheme and this seems to have communicated itself to the students. Everyone seems to be going somewhere about to do something. An outsider's impression is of so many atoms, doing homage to the new buildings. A thick strain of clerics, of every age, order and shape, colour, size and sex runs through the crowd. In the libraries, about one-third of the students seem to be nuns.  
Built practically in the open countryside, the unlimited space and the scale of the enterprise provided the opportunity to create an architectural masterpiece. The challenge was not accepted and the campus was not planned as a unit. The white and green awfulness of the Science and Engineering blocks is what confronts the visitor when he descends from the bus. Like elongated, flattened office blocks, they emphasise the purely functional intention of the designers. However, behind these and somewhat to the right, the Arts and Commerce complex presents quite a handsome façade. Designed by a Continental architect and departing from the matchbox model of the technological complex, it includes such excellent features as an internal garden (although the doors leading out to it were locked on my visit).  
The Catholic Chapel, the first building to be erected, though not revolutionary in any aspect of its design, is a pleasant and original building. Landscaping on a large scale has begun and should do much to compensate for the ugliness of some of the buildings and the lack of imagination that characterises the project as a whole.  
Inside the Science and Engineering blocks, a Kafkaesque nightmare of bare corridors is a noteworthy feature. Again the interiors of the Arts and Commerce buildings present a much better impression of light and space. The lecture theatres are comfortable and have excellent acoustics, but tend to be vast, about two hundred students being the norm catered for. Students assured me that normally the lectures are attended by capacity crowds and spoke of knowing only a small minority of those in their lectures.  
The subsidised catering facilities are, by Trinity standards, excellent. Basics such as tea and coffee are little more than half Trinity prices and the food is generally better and much cheaper than in I.C.D. However, there is no bar on the campus and not many in the surrounding area, which means that one has to walk about half a mile for one's pint.  
The students who had experienced the cramped conditions of Earlsfort Terrace tend to be much more appreciative of the basic advantage of the move to Belfield, such as being able to accommodate all students for lectures. But the permanent library has not yet been built and was the subject of a major protest last year. Many of the lecture halls are used for study at night.  
One breathes fresh air in Belfield, as opposed to the car fumes and the Liffey stench that waft eternally over Trinity. But being five miles out of the centre of Dublin means isolation, not only from the amenities of the city, but also from society in general. This isolation is emphasised by the opening of a certain Dawson Street bookshop in the Arts-Commerce complex. (Prudence has dictated that neither briefcases nor overcoats shall enter the shop.) Also, not being at the focus of the city's bus service means that most students have to use two buses to get into College.  
While this is rapidly ceasing to be the case, the student population of Trinity still represents a considerable variety of races and backgrounds. In U.C.D. one gets the impression of uniformity; the Catholic middle-class is overwhelmingly predominant. The Catholic Chapel is the only place of worship on the campus and the Catholic chaplains are also the wardens of accommodation.  
Front Square and New Square give a focus to Trinity; Belfield somehow is a collection of building without any definite centre. But while it lacks the lazy informality of Trinity, happenings like the student revolt of 1969 seem to be a symptom of the breakdown of the old pious conformism of U.C.D., and the impersonality of Belfield may well encourage a revulsion against middle-class values.

Sourced by Rory Loughnane

BESS and BUSH- who would have thought there was another connection?

The current US Presidential election and the BESS class rep elections have a lot in common. Its all about hair and make-up, who you know, not what you know, daddy's car, your mates from school, and hanging on the Arts Block ramp.  
For Kerry and Bush image is everything. Kerry is cast as the slightly more adept character. He has policies, opinions, and ideas. Bush, on the other hand, has a truck covered in mud. Big deal. But in the States that matters. It means he can relate.  
Likewise in BESS you'll get the slightly more adroit and idealistic gal. She has plans, ideas, and drive. But up against her is some snotty bint with a Volkswagen Golf, fake tan, and pink fluff. There's just no competition.  
Kerry may understand the intricacies of an Introduction to Macroeconomics class. But Bush would know where to sit, and that's the

real issue in the US Presidential Election and BESS more generally – slightly further back than Kerry, with a good view of some hotties, but not so close as to look like you might be interested. Bush is always in the distance, in body and mind. He's eyes wandering, his mind stationery. Like any genuine BESS student.  
Then we have the campaign managers. The Kerry-esque BESS girl-campaign manager feels it important to tell the truth. The Bush-esque one knows its all about conviction. Sure she may have lied, but what matters is she was consistent in her lying. "Oh may god, you are so gorgeous", "No I don't mind that you weren't on the S's for like three years in a row, you're not a loser", "were you away, because there's no way that's fake tan". She's not a flip-flopper like Kerry. The lying is pretty much consistent. But the real gem with Bush is he doesn't really notice, he just

does what he is told, like a well trained dog.  
And how could we forget the dirty tricks campaign? Don't say it doesn't happen in BESS, because it does, and you just can't deny it in the case of the US Presidential Election. In the US it's all about the rep. Bush is a "chicken-hawk". He didn't have the balls to carpet bomb Vietnamese civilians from the dangerous safety of 30,000 feet. Kerry, on the other hand, apparently lied about his record.  
It's the same in BESS. It's all about the rep. One vicious rumour and your out. "He doesn't want to work for Goldmansachs". "She buys her underwear in Pennys". The Pennys one is a killer. It's got good mileage over the years, and is a great one for general use on the ramp.  
Then there's the partner. Kerry's is apparently way too loaded. Bush's on the other hand is racist, evan-

gelical, homophobe. She's also minted, but that doesn't matter, because when you're a racist, evangelical, homophobe you can relate to the average American.  
In BESS you've got to be more careful. If you're a guy you want stay clear of high-maintenance girls during the run up to the election. They can suck you dry. You also want to stay clear of girls with opinions. That could be disastrous. You may have to talk to them, in some vaguely intelligent manner. So in reality, you need a girl who you'll never feel the need to buy anything for or talk to. Since you will never find a girl like that, your best bet is to remain single and exceptionally aloof. Let no girl, or guy, know what your intentions are.  
If you're a girl, I'm not entirely sure. High-maintenance guys are clearly of the opposite persuasion. If you cast yourself as a rugger-hugger too early on, you run the risk of alienat-

ing a good section of the electorate. The best bet is probably to remain single, but downright flirty. Always attend lectures flanked by at least two wing-men, who seem to be competing for your affection. It gets them every time.  
Inevitably the US Presidential Election will be little short of a sham. A pathetic façade predicated on image, and little else. Both candidates are essentially one and the same. Although, Kerry is a little lighter on the exceptionally crazy neo-conservative front. Likewise, BESS class rep elections are a bit of a sham. The candidates are essentially the same people, and most are my friends. I love my friends. And I love BESS.

The Stupidity of  
Bush Supporters

Simon Thompson

George W. Bush. Everybody hates him, right? Wrong. I was amazed to find that there are some otherwise sane, sensible and intelligent people within this very university, within this very newspaper who actually think the corrupt cowboy is doing a stand-up job. This makes me very angry. Now, I'm angry most of the time about most things, but every so often something happens that makes me shake in apoplexy. The discovery of people in a third-level world-class educational institution who are pro-Bush is such an event.  
Let us recap on what this right-wing president has achieved. Firstly, he didn't manage to win an election, something which you would have thought might have prevented him from having prayer-breakfasts in the Oval Office for four years but didn't due to the ridiculous American system of the Electoral College which no-one in the world understands. Mr. Bush was installed as President by a decision of one of the most right-wing supreme courts in recent times, not by the will of the majority of American people. As for those prayer meetings; they're down-right sinister. I would much prefer a president fooling around with his nubile young secretary on top of that great bald-headed eagle carpet to one who sits around with his fanatical friends singing Kum-ba-ya at 7am before deciding that it's ok for states to take it upon themselves to outlaw the teaching of evolution while his daughters are speedily released from a prison cell where they have been very briefly incarcerated for underage drinking.  
He has committed his troops to a war in the middle-east whose objective is the control of large-scale oil reserves. Let's not even pretend to agree that Mr. Bush's and Mr. Blair's motive for war were out of fear of Weapons of Mass Destruction (and why have these attained capitalised status in the media?) or even to remove a corrupt and evil dictator. The '45 minute claim' which stated that within three quarters of an hour Saddam could nuke the Whitehouse or something equally unbelievable has now been publicly acknowledged by the British Foreign Secretary, Jack Straw, as untrue. He really rather had to come clean on this,

as despite the large numbers of allied deaths in Iraq, no-one has found any weapon of mass destruction or any evidence that there was a large weapons construction programme. Donald Rumsfeld, the US Secretary of State has made similar confessions at least twice before retracting them.  
So did the President lead us all to war because of his moral anxiousness about the condition of the Iraqi people? Of course he didn't. The world is full of dictators. Let's take Saudi Arabia as a case study: thousands of people beheaded or having their hands lopped off for various crimes. Adultery, under certain conditions, is punishable by being stoned to death. Yet do we do anything about it? Of course we do. We give the House of Saud preferential treatment as long as they continue to sell us oil and buy our high-tech, expensive weaponry. What about North Korea? A despicable regime under a brutal, would-be messianic dictator who actually has missiles which can reach the eastern seaboard of the US and if the country doesn't already have nuclear weapons they are certainly developing them. Why does Mr. 'I'm a War President' Bush not then take military issue with a country which actually threatens his own? It's very simple-firstly, North Korea is not exactly overburdened with valuable natural resources, and secondly North Korea is overburdened by a large and powerful military supplied by the defunct USSR and China. Whereas Iraq's 'elite' Republican guard proved easily bribable and all fled before American and British armoured columns, the Armed Forces of the Peoples' Republic of North Korea would prove to be a much more ferocious enemy, and the US has no close allies in the neighbourhood from whence they could launch a large-scale invasion.  
In fact, the US no longer have many close allies anywhere, and the UK's poodle-like following of the superpower is not winning them any more international friends of their own. The Spanish Defence Minister recently described Tony Blair as 'a complete dickhead'. In the wake of the September 11th disaster, the US found international sympathy like never before. George W. Bush squandered this, turning his country into an international pariah with his ridiculous talk of

an 'Axis of Evil' and statement such as 'if you're not with us, you're against us'.  
Another stick to beat the President with (he provides so many that one really has to pick and choose) is his incredibly unenlightened view of scientific progress. The United States has requested that countries should vote for a Costa Rican proposal to the UN General Assembly to ban cloning for the purposes of stem-cell research. This

is the research that offers, almost literally, a new lease of life to the millions around the globe who suffer from Parkinson's Disease, Motor Neurone disease, any other degenerative illness you care to think of and I'm sure a great many other benefits of which I am sadly ignorant. The UK, to its great credit, is wholeheartedly opposing the ban and indeed has passed laws through parliament allowing for such cloning. Whichever way you look at it, it's hard to escape the conclusion that Mr. Bush is anything is an ultra right-wing, conservative idiot.  
In a little over one month (possibly less by the time you read this), the good people of the United States of America have the opportunity to consign their 43rd President to the scrap heap of history where he can get caught up with his father, one of the few Presidents in the last 50 years to lose an election after only one term in office. It

is of course arguable that John F. Kerry is not made of the greatest of political stuff either, and indeed were he to lose the election it would not be a complete disaster, for then we would almost certainly have the extremely talented Hilary Clinton standing for the Democrats in 2008. Mrs. Clinton as President is a notion I am a great fan of and would support almost any measure or ideal to get her installed, but I find the idea of George W. Bush having another 4 years in office too noxious to contemplate even for such a desirable outcome. One of his campaign slogans is 'Four More Years' (how long did it take someone to think that up?). I, and millions of others, would ask 'How Many More Wars?'



spokesperson for the porn industry and wanted to feel included in the establishment, but the very receptive audience only wanted sex. So he gave them sex. I won't go through the meeting but suffice to say that although charismatic and entertaining, he wasn't surprising.  
Throughout most of the evening, he acted in a predictably sleazy fashion. Clumsily acting out the image he himself had projected. Irritating most of the girls on Phil council with demands for kisses, fumbling attempts to see my underwear, posing for pictures, oozing sex non-appeal. Perhaps his only redeeming quality is his honesty about how unappealing he is. But the most pathetic aspect of him is not when he's slobbering nonsense, but when he's

caught off guard. He just looks really tired of it all. He sat himself down for a while and appeared genuinely concerned with the welfare of his friend, a crack whore who looked like a transsexual on one cocktail too many. Once reassured of this fact, he would sometimes just stare into space, emanating an aura of blasé nothingness. You got the feeling that his drivel was irritating mostly him but he was stuck in his rut, cornered by the wall of sleaziness he'd put up to not show the hurt he felt by the rejection of being a joke. A legendary joke, but still a joke. I don't think he wanted to act like a hormonal teenager on Viagra but his ego, stroked as it was by media attention was hurting, and he had to keep it up.

Perhaps a funny incident was after pestering girls to sit on his lap, one particularly bright one suggested that the engineer of this charade, Mr. Cosgrave sit on his lap. Huffing and blowing, he declined and said that was out of the question; he didn't like men sitting on his lap. Hmm, lighten up Mr. Freeloove.  
"A night out with Ron Jeremy" followed in a night club on D'Olier Street with the usual masquerades of courting. Apparently the boys in the chamber had taken the Ron Jeremy thing very seriously, inasmuch that the message was yes, even mingers can get laid. And therefore Coyote was more than the usual "Ugly"; the meat market was just martyrs to the lions really.



Trinity News  
EST. 1947

Trinity News Campaign: Save the Trinity Ball

The end of last year saw the rumour mill in overdrive about the future of the Trinity Ball. Trinity News reporters have discovered that there are several serious moves being made within CSC to see the end of what can only be described as one of Ireland’s most celebrated social events. Cutbacks are rife within college and we need no introduction to the severity of the financial situation. 10 million euro debt at the end of one year is a grave reality to face and change does seem inevitable but above all we must accept what makes Trinity special is its history.

It is sickening to think that we are prepared to sacrifice another part of our history to the pressures of this particular crisis whilst no call has been made to cut much more costly historical oddities. The cost of running the Ball pales in comparison to the cost of running the scholars programme. The cost of the scholars to college is enormous and I am not calling for an end to that important institution but the real issue lies with how we perceive the worth of the Ball to the life of the college. The programme is a relatively unique feature of Trinity and is one of the most generous reward schemes that is offered. The only similar scheme that tops it, to my knowledge, is that of a college in Oxford, which also provides its scholars with £30 a week on top of room and board. The scholars cannot be touched by the cutbacks simply because they are enshrined in the college statute which cannot be altered without the Provost putting that to a vote of the fellows which would most definitely fall. The Trinity Ball is not a dispensable part of our history just because it is mostly student run or because it hasn’t the backing of certain members of the CSC. It is integral to preserving the spirit of the college as not merely stone structure whose achievement can be found in the volumes of the Ussher, but to the living and vibrant student body, which contributes its own volumes to the life of the college and to the life of the country. No one who lives on campus needs an introduction to the Newman quote which has become the mantra of the Junior Dean but for those of you who aren’t familiar feel free to check his website. The point is that the value of a degree for many graduates is not strictly academic; it lies in the wealth of experience that is gathered through societies and clubs and friendships that are forged during our time here. Just because it is not tethered to academia does not make it dispensable. Save the Trinity Ball.

Dear Provost, find funds, not job cuts

The Provost’s proposed solution to the current financial crisis to merge departments, halve faculties and cut staff is merely a blanket admission of defeat to the government’s plan of suffocating Third Level funding, forcing a number of institutions to take increasingly radical measures to offset the rise in costs worsened by a drop in revenue. As highlighted by this issue the Provost stands alone in his support for the Strategic Review, facing strict opposition from all academic staff. Trinity is in a dire financial state: computers are failing, heating is rationed and libraries are closed on Sundays. Yet at the core of a university is its academic endeavours, which if jeopardized, such as by the cutting of departments, the subsuming of courses and the loss of academic staff, goes against the heart of what a university should and must be about. The Provost is adopting the wrong strategy to solve Trinity’s financial problems. He is looking too much at College’s financial statements and not enough at its students and staff and their needs. Dr Hegarty needs to find ways of securing more funding – not at ways of cutting jobs. Certainly some departments are so small that the loss of one staff can be crippling; but this should not be used to justify the merger of such a department with a larger one. Trinity is the best university in Ireland and for a reason: the variety and quality of its departments and courses. We did not make it into the OECD’s Top 200 World Universities, but the only way we will make it and perform on a par with Oxbridge, is by securing funding and investing it into College’s departments and libraries for better research and teaching. Sole reliance on public funding is limiting and private funding and alliances could potentially be damaging in the long-term interests of an independent institution. Most would point to tuition fees as the solution and the Provost certainly believes so, yet these can be alienating. Trinity should copy American universities in a two-fold manner: set up an alumni funds to ask for donations from all graduates; thanks to the Celtic Tiger Ireland is awash with wealthy Trinity graduates. Crucially however, Trinity should ally with Ireland’s six other university and lobby the government for tax breaks for university donations. The amount someone donates to an alma mater should be tax deductible: this would revive interest in Ireland’s universities, make financial sense for donators, and help plug the glut in Ireland’s university financing without the need to grovel and succumb to the government’s financially strangling plans. Mr Provost, you are fighting the right battle: a viable and better future for Trinity, but your strategy is wrong and risks alienating academics and students alike.

Boat Club Rooms

Dear Editor,

I write in response to your article in the Trinity News (Tuesday 12th October) regarding the departure of the Dublin University Boat Club from House 23 in the Rubrics. As a recently graduated alumni and former resident of the Rubrics, I was deeply saddened and angered by this news. The Boat Club is one of the most respected and prolific clubs in College and an integral part of it.

I would be interested to know why the Junior Dean has deemed it necessary to move this society from rooms it has inhabited for past six decades? Surely a little cavoring is not a strong enough reason to deny the Club rooms? Why did the Junior Dean go against the recommendation of D.U.C.A.C.? If the Junior Dean is so enthusiastic to promote the “Trinity Experience”, why is

he destroying a piece of the “Trinity Experience”? If the boat rooms are converted to offices, as the article stated, will an alternative room be allocated to the Boat Club somewhere on campus or it this yet another nail in the coffin of student space on campus?

This action yet again seems to be another move by College authorities to turn Trinity into a place where students are more a hindrance than a necessity to the future of College!

Yours sincerely,

Niall J. Sloane

Loch Gowna P.O.  
County Cavan

The Phil fungus

Dear Sir,

The Phil has become more than just a fungus growing on the backside of CSC. It has become a burden and a leech on the small societies of Trinity.

The Phil may be reaching for the stars, and getting them, but they are monopolising the lion’s share of the best speakers that come to Trinity. They leave the rest of us with only many scraps to feed upon. Moreover, their blitz of parties and nights-out hinders small societies ability to raise more funds.

The other GMB society, the Hist, I am happy to say is not guilty of monopolising the lion’s share of speakers and parties. As of late they seem to floundering in a puddle of their own useless vomit. If only the same could be said about the Phil, it would make a lot of people sleep that

bit more soundly.

Their council parade around campus as if they had nothing better to do, enjoying the fruits of their labour. While the rest of us pay for nights out, they once again monopolise the VIP tickets, the guest lists, and the freebies.

However, I wish not to sound bitter, or to wish bad-times upon the Phil, but rather to ask them to involve the other 80 societies that co-habit this campus in their events. After-all we are all the one: students just looking for a good time.

Nora Ter  
Junior Sophister

State of the Union

Sir -

With regard to your 'SU & Societies' section in your last issue, I feel Mr. Reilly, is over-enthusiastic in comparing student's unions to the old mighty Unions. It is unrealistic to expect any student to display the same level of commitment towards his or her College Union as a worker towards their Trade Union, for a number of reasons.

Firstly, Unions traditionally unite people of a similar social, cultural and economic background. Common ground is much easier to establish between a group of individuals when they actually have much in common. In the Trinity SU of course, we claim to be a multi-ethnic, multi-denominational, classless society with our hands clasped around the world, whether it likes it or not. This, of course, is hardly conducive to creating the 'us

against them' mentality that provides the anger and the fear necessary to get the average pleb out to protest or strike.

The reality though is that Trinity is still a society dominated by the reasonably wealthy elite, the kind of people who can afford to spend four years of their lives learning things they may well never use after they're turfed out into the big bad world. When we complain, it's never against race discrimination, human rights abuses, exploitation, or other real issues. Usually, it's just to reiterate the message that we really don't like paying for the privilege of being here, and refuse to even talk to anybody who suggests that we do. Just in case they didn't hear us the first time. Or the second time, or the time after that... I think you see my point. We have very little to complain or protest about. When we do, it's hard not to feel like an

unreasonable, spoiled child. And we're really above that, aren't we?

Which brings me to my final point. Most of us do feel that we're above all this, that we've somewhere to go after Trinity. Whatever the Union tell us, College is not the apotheosis of our existence. We are only here for a short time, and the fact that some 14 year old might have to pay to use the gym when we're gone and they're here is rarely enough to inspire people to stand out in the freezing cold having a horrible night. It is a rare breed that enjoys being harangued by somebody who pretends to care deeply about the issue (rather than how imaginary power will look on their CV). If you're one of these people, it's a wonder you've made it this far. Good luck out in the real world.

Yours etc.  
David Storey

Race divide in America

Dear Editor,

I am writing in reference to an article in the last issue of Trinity News in the Comment & Opinion section concerning the supposed “race war” which still exists in the United States. Mr Falvey repeatedly reinforces stereotypes in his article and some of his statistics bear closer attention. Admittedly, Mr Falvey does cop out by concluding his remarks as “generalisations” but without a thorough read of this piece, some of his assumptions may mislead the reader as fact rather than fiction. The assumption which stands out is that “98% of all crazy people roaming the streets are black and notch this up 2% come nightfall”. This is

extremely racist as one has only to wander the streets of Dublin or Waterford or wherever to discover that we have plenty of crazy white citizens roaming our dirty streets. In America, this is no different.

Mr Falvey was correct in assuming some notion of division in society but the idea of all the African-American people taking one train to the south of Chicago and the white people taking a different train to the north is unfounded and unconditionally extreme. He mentions how it was only on rare occasions that a white man and a black man would come to his stand to order food. I find this incredible as some of my best friends over the sum-

mer were indeed black. I fell out with the friends I went over with and because of a series of incidents I ended up partying with people of every colour and race. I learned a lot of different cultures. Perhaps if Mr Falvey had stopped generalising and instead listened to his brothers, then he would have garnered a different opinion over the summer. Indeed, the nonsense he spouts would lead me to believe that he could one day be a crazy man roaming the streets at nightfall speaking in clichés and never understanding anything.

Yours faithfully,  
Robert Kiersey.

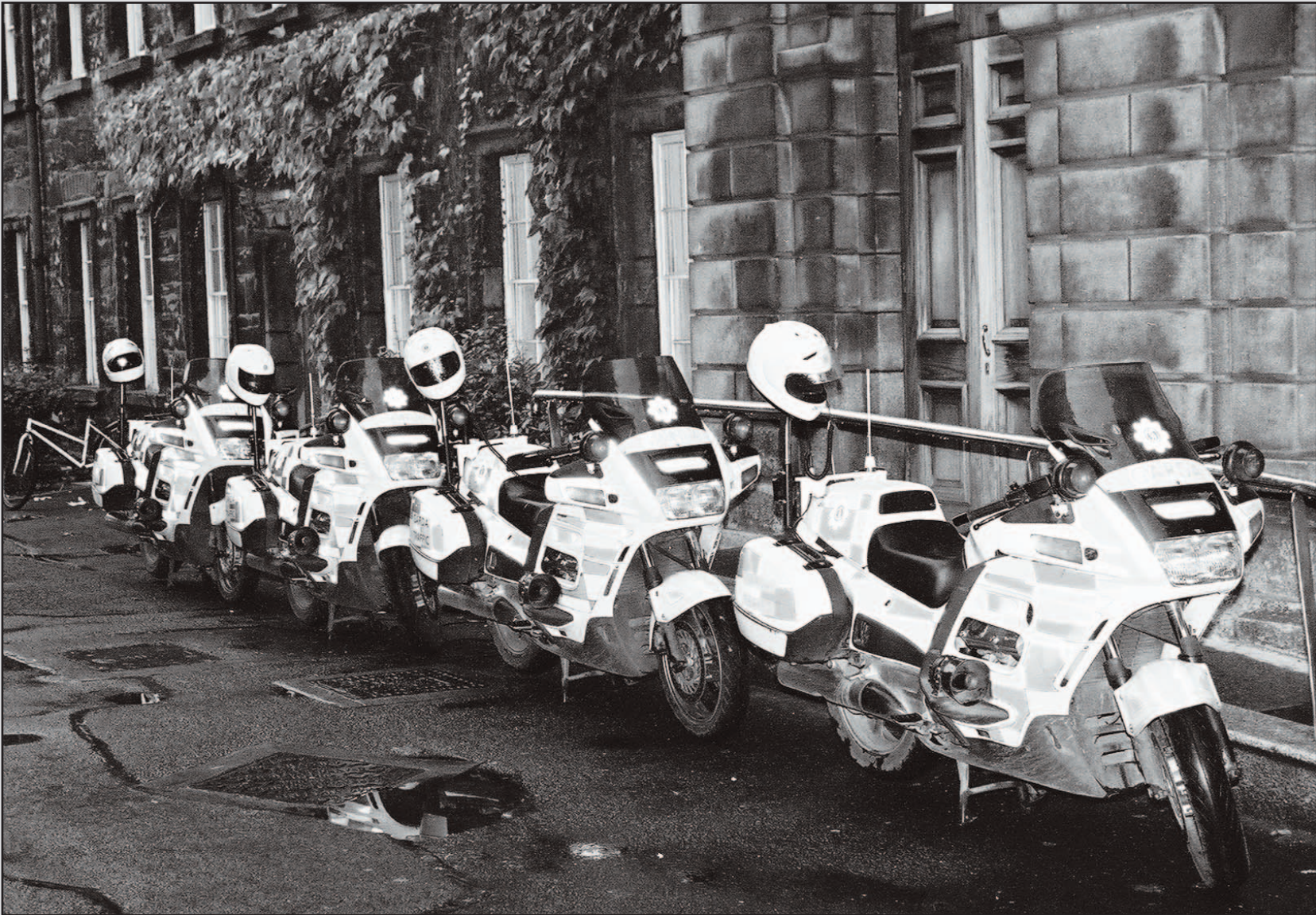
Corrections & Clarifications

In the issue of Trinity News on the 12th of October, 2004. We ran an article in our sports section entitled ‘57 Years of History to be replaced by an office’. Since the issue went to print we discovered that the room in question 23.0.01 will not in fact be replaced by an office but will remain part of ‘student space’ for use by other clubs or societies as the college sees fit.

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Photograph of the Fortnight



Gardaí out in force for Hist Northern Ireland debate

Photo: Eamon Marron



# Ollscoil na Trioblóide!

Míle fáilte romhaibh a ghaeilgeoirí go léir chuig bhliain eile anseo in ollscoil na Tríonóide. Is cuma cén ábhar atá a dhéanamh agat i mbliana, is é seo leathanach s'agatsa le do chuid tuairimí a nochtú faoi chúrsaí ollscoile nó cibé rud is maith leat. I dtús báire, ba mhaith liom mé féin a chur in iúl daoibh. Is mise Antaine O Cuaig, nó Anthony, nó má's fíor-bhaile átha cliathach atá ionat, déanfaidh 'Anto' gnoithe! Tá mé ag gabhail don Ghaeilge agus don Fhraincis sa tríú bhliain. Má tá rud éigin suntasach nó conspóideach le rá agat, gabh i dteagmháil liom ar teacs, nó ar ríomhpoist (quigga@tcd.ie)

Anois tá mé ag iarraidh bhur gcuidiú le rud eigin. Le linn an tsamhraidh, rinne mé mórán taistil thart faoin tír i mo charr nua atá réidh anois titim as a chéile! Agus mé ag tiomáint thart, thug mé faoi deara go bhfuil go leor leor logainmneacha sa tír a bhfuil stáir fhada shuimiúil acu agus a thugann léargas maith dúinn ar stáir na háite sin. Tá suim mhór agam sna logainmneacha gaeilge ach go háirithe, déanaim iar-racht smaoineamh ar chonas a chuir na sasanaigh béarla ar na logainmneacha. Is léir nach raibh a fhios acu go n-athródh ciall focal áirithe leis na blianta. Mar shampla, thug siad 'Muff' ar an Mhagh i gcon-tae Thír Chonaill! Tá a lán coileach i logainmneacha na hÉireann fosta! Mar shampla, Shercock (Co. Mhuineacháin), Killcock (Co. Chill Dara), Cock Hill (Co. Thír Chonaill), agus Stranagawilly (Co. Thír Eoghain)! Chomh maith leo siúd, tá Nobber i gcon-tae Dhún na nGall. Cuirim an cheist orm go minic: an raibh na briotannaigh ag glacadh na múine? Is beag duine nach mbeadh fó-gháire ar a aghaidh agus iad ag léamh na n-ainmneacha sin! Má tá aon ainm-neacha eile agaibh den chineal sin, seol chugam iad agus b'fheidir go mbeidh muid ábalta cruthú go bhfuil Éire ar cheann de na leirscéail is greann-mhaire ar an domhain.



Tá na mílte logainmneacha suimiúla in Eirinn ach tá cuid acu a bhfuil Bearla galanta orthu!

# Ciníochas trí Shúile na nGaelgeoirí

Tony Quigg

Sa tír nua ilchultúrtha atá faoinár geosa anois, tá sé ró-fhurasta do dhaoine a bheith ciníoch i ndóigh amháin nó i ndóigheanna eile. Tá an oiread sin cultúr in Éirinn na laethanta seo agus fulaingíonn daoine ó lá go lá de thairbhe chaolaigcantacht na nÉireannach. Lonsaítear iad, faigheann siad droch-íde, guí gur tabhachtach an ról atá acu i sochaí na hÉireann, agus iad ag déanamh aigní na ndaoine a leathnú.

Is cuma cén tír ina bhfuil tú tá sé éasca an mionlach a bhrú go dtí imeall na sochaí. Tá grúpa eile den chineal sin sa tír seo. Fulaingíonn siad sa dóigh is nach bhfuil na cearta acu atá toilte acu. Déantar dearmad orthu, cé go raibh siadsan ina gcónaí ar an oileán seo le 4000 bliain anuas. Tá mé ag caint faoi ghaeilgeoirí! Is mionlach é an grupa seo sa tír ach cosúil leis na mionlaigh eile, tá ról tabhachtach aige, agus é i mbun an teanga gaeilge a chothú agus a chaomhnú. Lamh ar laimh leis an teanga, téann cultúr, ceol, agus an tradisiún leathan gaelach, rudai atá lárnach i saol na mílte gaelgeoirí ar fud na tíre. Meastar go bhfuil thart fá 70,000 fíor-ghaelgeoirí ar an oileán, a bhfuil ard-chaighdeán acu, agus níos mó ná sin a bheadh ábalta comhrá a dhéanamh. Mar sin tá guth ann le cloisteáil.

Ach in aineoinn sin, tá rudai faoi lathair ina n-éadan. Táthar le fógairt nach mbeidh an ghaeilge de dhith ar aon duine atá ag iarraidh a bheith ina gharda amach anseo. Mar sin tá siad ag glacadh le cearta na n-imirceach sula nglacann siad le cursaí chaomh-naitheachta na gaeilge. Ach dá rachainnse chuig an Fhraince, bheadh na poilíní ansin ag dúil go bhfoghlaimseoinnse an fhraincis, sula dtabharfaidis post dom. Agus nach bhfuil an heart acu? Níl aon chiall lena bheith ag tiontú do dhroma ar do chultúr féin le cultúr eile a shásamh. Faoi lathair, tá daoine ábalta a gcuid gnó a dhéanamh leis an Garda Síochána trí cibé meán is mian leo: An athrófar an dlí seo. An

mbeidh an garda ceadaithe faoin dlí a rá nach bhfuil aon ghaeilge aige? Nuair a fógraíodh i rith an tsamhraidh go raibh tithe nua-thógtha ar an Spidéal le bheith tugtha do ghaeilgeoirí a mbeadh agallamh déanta acu, bhí fíor-thorman faoi. Duradh nach raibh sé seo cothrom, gur géarchúis a bhí ann. Rinneadh pól gutháin ar Sky News Ireland inar vótáil chor a bheith 80% de na daoine in éadan an phlean seo. Ach dá gcuirfínn an cheist orthu ar mhaith leo gaeilge a fhoghláim, déarfáidh gur mhaith leo. An é an t-éad is cúis leis an fhadhb seo? Feicim taobh buntáistíúil practiciúil leis an phlean seo. Is áis mhór thurasóireachta í an ghaeltacht, agus tá daoine ann atá ag iarraidh éisteacht le gaelgeoirí duchais ag insint scéalta, ag

ceol, agus ag bladhmaireacht sa ghaeltacht. Is tabhachtach an ghaeilge a chosaint fud fad na tíre ionas go mbeidh an pléisiúr ag glúin eile focail bhoga dhraíochta na gaeilge a chloisteáil. Ach, ní foirle an domhan atá romhainn. Beidh sé deacair ag an ghaeilge a beatha a thabhairt i dtír sa togechaí mistéireach atá ag titim amach romhainn. San aois seo ríomhaireachta,

theicneolaíochta, chollaíochta, ábharafóchta, tá sé deacair a shamhlú conas a bheidh teanga agus tradisiún na hÉireann - rudai ar a bhfuil sé furasta do dhaoine dearmad a dhéanamh - teacht tríd agus iad slán sabháilte. Cónaímid i dtír an-chiníoch, fiú i dtreo a teanga féin.



Tá An Garda Síochána ag athrú a pholasaí faoi teanga na gaeilge. Ní bheidh sé riachtanach amach anseo, an ghaeilge a bheith agat le fáil iseach san fhórsa

# Doirse Dúnta do Scoláirí ón Tuaisceart!



Ní bhedh an oiread sin mac léinn tuaiscertacha ag teacht fríd na geataí seo amach anseo, de thairbhe go n-ísleofar luach na bpointí ardleibheil

Eamonn Ó Fearain

Fógraíodh i rith an tsamhraidh go bhfuil Coláiste na Tríonóide ar tí luach na ngradanna Ardleibheil sa tuaisceart a íslú, rud a chiallaíonn go mbeidh sé i bhfad níos deacaire do scoláirí tuais-

certacha na pointí atá de dhith a fháil le teacht anseo. Cheanna féin tá sé dóiligh do thuaisceartaigh teacht chuig ollscoil na Tríonóide de thairbhe nach fiú ach 190 pointí 'A' san Ardleibheil. Déanann an gnathscoláire trí ábhar don Ardleibheil, agus déanann an scoláire

eisceachtúil Asleibheil amháin rud is fiú leath Ardleibheil. Is annamh a dhéanann scoláire 4 Ardleibheil. Ach sa chóras nua seo, beith 4 'A' de dhith chun an líon is airde pointí (600) a fháil. Má's as an tuaisceart thú, is cuid thú de thart fa 3% de dhaoirna mhic léinn na

hollscoile seo a rugadh sa tuaisceart. Faoi láthair, téann roinnt mhaith scoláirí sa tuaisceart ar aghaidh go dtí oideachas tríú leibheil, agus téann an chuid is mó acu go Béal Feirste nó áiteanna eile sa tuaisceart nó sa Ríocht Aontaithe. Is beag rud a tharraingíonn siad chuig

deisceart na hÉireann, agus Baile Átha Cliath go háirithe (ceann de na cathracha is costasaí ó thaobh chostas na beatha de). Ba choir scoláirí tuaisceartach a mhealladh go Baile Átha Cliath, in áit iad a choinneal amach.

# Scríbhneoirí de Dhith

Ar mhaith leat altanna suimiúla Gaeilge a scríobh don Trinity News?

Má's maith leat, ba chóir dhuit bheith toilteanach scríobh faoi chúrsaí reatha a bhfuil suim agatsa iontu, trí mhean na Gaeilge

Gabh i dteagmháil liom, Tony Ó Cuaig ar 086 333 4941  
Nó seol ríomhphost chugam:  
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# On the March with the Green Army

*Continuing our series of following Irish fans abroad, Mike Miley travelled to Paris for his first time away with the Green Army*

Promises, promises, promises. I never really kept that one about studying four hours a day everyday, nor did my O'Neills tracksuit spend the amount of time in the gym it was assured it would. In fact, that Lenten guarantee about not eating sweets didn't last long and the less said about the 'only drinking two nights a week' pledge the better. But there was one long-held promise to myself that I was always going to keep. Every few months or so this vow would be taken out, dusted down, looked at intently and, reluctantly, put back in its place until more favourable circumstances arose. Finally, after a decade of waiting, the time came to put the big plan into action: I was going to an Irish away match.

A few months ago, along with two friends, I put one finger in the air and the other in my bank statement and decided that, yes, the financial winds were blowing in the right direction and it was time to activate 'Operation Away-Wa-Hay-We-Love BrianKerr-KevinKilbane-Andalltheboys'. Being a fully paid up member of the Green Army takes training though so it was decided that we needed a two day boot camp in London immediately preceeding our three day trip to Paris. A change in operation name was also desirable so, on the Thursday before the match, 'Operation Joxer' kicked off with a leisurely mid morning flight to Gatwick. Myself, Conor and Ray, my comrades on this mission, were well aware of the disaster that was Saipan. To avoid this we devised a rigorous schedule of pubs, songs, waking up on peoples' floors,

cans, negotiating the tube, Tommy Tiernan videos, very little sleep, meeting old friends and bumping into random strangers that was strictly adhered to. On Saturday October 9th at 11.00 local time, with little more than a match ticket in our pockets and Irish jerseys on our backs, our three-man platoon touched down in Paris ready to join the rest of the Green Army.

It was here that we encountered our first operational problem. We had nowhere to stay. Our contact in Paris, Francois, was unavailable that night or, more specifically, his floor was. It was time to turn to the two things that an Irishman can count on in the 21st century, mobile phones and my brother. A few quickly placed calls to Ronan (my younger brother) and then his mate Dan and all was sorted. All we had to do was get to Rue de Maire, ring Ronan, dump our bags in his place and the city was ours for the taking. It was at this point, in the immortal words of Eddie Izzard, that things began to go tits-up.

By the time we reached Maire's Street the oddest thing had happened, nobody's mobile was working. Attempting technical solutions such as swapping sim cards, bashing the mobile off tables and yelling 'WORK YOU B\*\*\*ARD, WORK' proved fruitless so we moved to plan B, use the French public phones. When this didn't work we went to plan C, sit in a cafe and discuss why plans A and B both failed. The crux of the issue now was that, despite the fact that monetary value of the content of our bags far exceeded the monetary value of

the match ticket, it was emotional value that counted on this expedition. The bags would have to be disposed off. We fell back to the old standby of any Irishman abroad, we went looking for an Irish pub.

Now, in Paris, this isn't as easy as it sounds, there are 70 Irish pubs in the city so choice is all important. Deciding that if the three wise men of the bible could follow a star not knowing their ultimate destination, the three of us could follow the metro in the same vein. We ended up in the very posh sounding Opera metro stop, walked out of the nearest exit and were immediately greeted with a shout of 'Conor, what the f\*\*k are you doing here?'. Conor's cousin just happened to be walking past at that exact moment in time. He just happened to work in the local Irish bar, Kittys, we just happened to mention we had nowhere to dump the bags and he just happened to have some space in the back of the pub perfect for three bags. It just happened like that. Now, the experience really began.

Like every other pub in Paris, Kitty's was packed to the rafters. It was five hours to kick off and if you weren't singing, you were chanting and if you weren't chanting, you were fretting about the French attack and if you were fretting about the French attack sure don't worry, didn't Kenny Cunningham best them all when he needed to, now Come On You Boys in Green! The sheer number of Irish songs was astounding and the fervour and joy in which they were sung made it hard not to fall back on clichés about how Irish fans really are the best in the world. But until you stand in the midst of them far from home you can't really appreciate the feeling of being part of the 'Green Army'. 35,000 Irish fans were there, a real army, and at 7.00 it became an army on the move.

We had logistical problems. We knew where we were and we knew where we were going but we were unsure of how to get there from here. Well, most of us knew where we were going. I spent an inordinate amount of time trying to persuade two lads from Wexford that the match was on in St. Denis and not Parc des Princes and the French man who told them that was speaking through his derriere. The picture of dozens of Irish fans all looking at the same metro map but pointing at different train lines was priceless. Or it would have been priceless if I hadn't been one of those fans. In the end we just followed the most responsible (and by that I mean sober) looking person and once we reached a platform containing about 5,000 green suited fans, things really began to motor.

The one thing I think every fan will remember from that trip to Paris will be the metro to the stadium. The few dozen French people on the train blanchd as soon as the doors opened

35,000 people were primed and ready for action.

Stade Francais in St Denis is surrounded on two sides by bars and cafes. On all four sides it was surrounded by Irish fans. The French supporters were conspicuous by their absence, at least the absence of any colour and spirit on their part. Having a final beer outside and the butterflies doing loop the loops in my stomach, I got chatting to some veterans. John from Ringsend had been there and done it all before: Germany '88, Valetta '89 Italia '90, Wembley '91, Denmark. The Giants Stadium, Anfield, Turkey, Japan. He had seen it all and, after a particularly animated conversation on the virtues of Kevin Kilbane, he decided that this was the moment that Ireland were going to 'do it'. It was time to head inside.

Half the stadium was green. The other half wished it was. Having failed to grab some of the FAI allocated tickets, myself and the two lads were left in great seats on the halfway line sur-

The few dozen French people on the train blanchd as soon as the doors opened and their mood plummeted once the first chorus of 'We all Dream of a Team of Gary Breens' began

and their mood plummeted once the first chorus of 'We all Dream of a Team of Gary Breens' began. This was followed by 'Come on You Boys in Green', 'Fields of Athenry', and a sustained chant of 'Keano'. Suddenly, singing the Cadbury's Flake song became compulsory and I could hear it being repeated from carriage to carriage. Conor launched into the 'Bodyform' advert song and, for some reason, the French perked up a bit. By the time we reached St. Denis,

rounded by French supporters. Not that we felt alone. You could not go ten seats anywhere in the stadium without hitting a pocket of Irish fans. And everyone made themselves heard. I began to feel sorry for the 60 year old guy beside me with the handlebar moustache so, in the spirit of détente, I tried to strike up a conversation. This despite the fact that I spoke no French (shouting 'You can stick your va-va-voom up your arse' doesn't really count) and he spoke no English or

Irish. It was as painful as the time in Frankfurt I got badly shot down while using broken German to chat up an Austrian girl who couldn't understand why I, and I alone, had to prop up the bar. Her moustache was similar to his too.

I'm sure he appreciated the valiant effort I, and all the Irish, made to sing along to his national anthem and the vigour in which we encouraged Robert Pires to atone for his feigning efforts and kindly drop dead. What I'm sure he wasn't too keen on was the fact that Ireland outplayed, outthought and outfought the French. The only thing missing was a goal and that wasn't through want of trying. Robbie Keane and John O'Shea came [oh so] close and Roy Keane and Kevin Kilbane were majestic. John from Ringsend was obvious proof that with experience comes wisdom, and Kilbane was rightfully awarded the man of the match. The Irish fans never gave up and kept up the chants, songs and cheers as opposed to a lacklustre and colourless French crowd but we were still a goal shy of it becoming a legendary occasion. It was a momentous one instead and stayed at that with the Irish pressing till the final whistle but unable to breach the Barthez line. A draw against one of the best teams in the world in their stadium and we took the game to them. It was time for post match analysis, back to the Irish pub.

It was around about now that Ray realised that we had nowhere to stay. The mobile phone plague had affected all Irish phones and, while wondering could we really blame this on David Beckham or the English monarchy (same thing really), it was decided that the bags in Kittys were a real necessity so we had absolutely no choice but to go there. God, in the shape of Arthur

Guinness, would provide. After losing 35,000 Irish fans, a feat we proved is actually possible, myself, Conor and Ray wandered exhausted into Kittys to be greeted by my brother, Ronan. He, by pure chance, had chosen Kittys out of the 70 Irish pubs for his post match tippie.

Arthur Guinness had provided and continued to do so with masses of free drink being handed out to us mere patrons over the next few hours. Somewhere between bumping into a girl I had not seen since Junior Cert results night (I was in pretty much the same state then) and doing a 40 minute impression of Liam Brady, Dan turned up. Remember Dan? We didn't. We had never met him before and were kipping on his floor that night (it actually wasn't his floor but that's a very, very long story). Like Ronan, he just turned up in Kittys out of the blue. To hear Dan tell it, Andy O'Brien had appeared to him in a post match dream and told him to go to Kittys. Or something like that, it was one of those nights. As we headed towards the 48th hour without sleep, Conor decided to find his jacket while carrying it under his arm. The rest of us decided to go home.

The following day was spent doing much the same, songs were sung, shirts swapped, trigonometry discussed (a group of lads had spent two hours before the match trying to kick a football up and lodge it in one of the beams of the Eiffel Tower) and the flight home put at the back of everyone's mind. After finally getting back to Dublin at 9.30 on the Monday night, I had no voice and my Irish jersey had begun to walk around by itself. The first thing that I did was get on the internet for the trip to Faeroes on June 8th. I just had to do it, I had promised myself.

## Kerr-ful now, there's still some way to go

### Jonny Walls

It is, as they say, very much a case of so far so good for the Boys In Green. If one had told the Republic's manager that his team would harvest 8 points from their opening four World Cup Qualifiers he would no doubt have been a happy man. Solid performances and positive results have been the order of the day thus far. Brian Kerr will enjoy his Christmas feast safe in the knowledge that his charges have placed themselves in a strong position to emerge from the group. When he considers the start his predecessor had in the qualifiers for Euro 2004, the Dubliner should find even more reasons to be cheerful.

One must keep in mind, however, that if Ireland are to maintain their bright beginning and remain on top of the Table come this time next year, then they will have to do something they haven't done since 1987 - win a qualifying group. Perhaps it was appropriate that the circumstances of that achievement were a little unusual. Ireland were not playing on the all important final day of action. The scene was a bleak October afternoon on a rain swept pitch at the Levski Stadium, Sofia. A little known Scot by the name Gary Mackay scored with eight minutes to go, vanquishing the Bulgarian challenge and in so doing sending the Irish to Euro 88. It may be hard to believe but not since the commencement of those heady days in the Charlton era have the Republic reigned supreme at the head of a table at the end of the preliminaries. That said the current crop of Internationals appear to have what it takes to buck that trend. This is undoubtedly the most talented group of players an Irish boss has had at his dis-

posal in 10 years. Not since the class of World Cup 94 set out on that American odyssey has there been such able individuals in the national team set up. Andy Reid has been something of a revelation since making his debut against Canada a year ago. Strong, skilful and the owner of an excellent footballing brain, the young Nottingham Forest starlet ran the show in the opening qualifier against Cyprus at Lansdowne Road. Despite coming in for much slack over his performance in Basel it is worth remembering that Reid played a number of sublime through balls during that game, only for poor control by Robbie Keane and an incorrect offside call, to scupper any possible chances. The youngster was then an able deputy for the injured Clinton Morrison in Paris and on hand with a fine display against the Faroes.

Newcastle centre back Andy O'Brien has come on leaps and bounds during his three year international career. He was faultless in all four of the opening matches. His performance in Switzerland was particularly impressive when having to deal with the threat of Hakin Yakin. Waterford's John O'Shea has begun to silence many of the critics who claimed his casual style was making him a liability at left back. His quick footwork and assured positional sense were there for all to see in this month's encounter at the Stade De France. Alex Ferguson believes that O'Shea has the potential to be a regular in central midfield at Manchester United. For Ireland, however, His virtues would surely be best utilised at centre back when Kenny Cunningham and Gary Breen eventually leave the international set-up. For now his berth at left back is all but

secured as Ian Harte has fallen out of favour with Brian Kerr and the very impressive Steve Finnan is now deemed a genuine mid-field option.

And what of the experienced campaigners? Well, the likes of Roy Keane, Robbie Keane and Damien Duff have all shown their undoubted class during the opening qualifiers. The Old Trafford skipper was on song against the French and the Faroes, Duff is clearly finding that his new lease of life at Chelsea is paying dividends for his international form, while Keane the younger has already broken the Irish goal scoring record at the tender age of 24.

The home and away encounters against Israel will determine whether or not we qualify. If six points can be gleaned from those games then the long hiatus between winning a qualify groups will be brought to an end. In this situation it is even possible for Ireland to lose at home to France and still make it to Germany provided they overcome the Swiss in their final game at Lansdowne. All this, of course on the proviso that the away trips to the so called minnows prove none too problematic. It is worth mentioning that the Republic could also qualify automatically as one of the two best second place teams should they attain the aforementioned results.

So there you have it. A lot done, more to do, as Bertie might put it. It's early days and there can be no counting of any chickens. Irish teams of the recent past had no pedigree of winning such groups but neither did they possess the pedigree of players now available to Brian Kerr.



Damien Duff gets a shot in despite Sylvain Wiltord's efforts

## Is now the time to open up Croke Park?

### Patrick Nulty

For over a decade debate has raged about where and when Ireland would have a national stadium fit for world class sporting competition. A lack of clarity on this issue was a factor in Ireland losing its joint bid to host the 2008 European Championship and much needed revenue continues to be lost as Ireland's home World Cup qualifiers are played at Lansdowne Road. The stadium's capacity is severely reduced for such games due to UEFA safety regulations.

Many ideas have been floated ranging from Eircom Park to Abbotstown. Yet years on from these proposals that seem to be confined to history, little real progress has been made. However Dublin does possess a world class stadium which recently received twenty million euros in funding and in total has received forty million euros from the exchequer to fund a ninety-one million euro project. That stadium is called Croke Park.

The GAA, founded in 1884, has done enormous amounts to enhance the social, cultural and communitarian spirit of the Irish people. Gaelic games are a true gem of Irish life. They pro-

vide a truly unique sporting and cultural experience and are an example of fantastic athleticism, skill, and tenacity. Local GAA clubs also contribute to the well being of communities and parishes across the country. However, dynamic organisations must adapt and change with the times and that applies to the GAA. Government has generously contributed to the building of Croke Park and now it is time for the GAA to repay this debt to the Irish people. It is time the GAA opened up Croke Park to Football and Rugby just as it has to concerts, american football, and other activities. Such a move has only positive ramifications for the GAA.

Firstly, in a commercial sense opening up Croke Park would provide the GAA with enormous amounts of revenue which could be invested into local grassroots initiatives to ensure that the next generation of hurlers and Gaelic footballers continued to receive high quality coaching in improved facilities. There is no question that the refurbishments of Croke Park placed a strain on the organisation's finances and this would provide an opportunity to recoup some of that outlay. One can only imagine the excitement, atmosphere, and income that could be generated from hosting

Irish World Cup qualifiers at Croke Park.

Second, such a generous step by the GAA would further enhance the affection in which it is held by the Irish people. It would show that the GAA is modern, forward looking body that does not lurk in the past but is one that is prepared to lead into the future.

Third, there is simply no practical or logical reason why Croke Park cannot be made available to other sports. There would be very little clashes in terms of dates and the continual procrastination of the GAA on this issue does raise questions. Many within the GAA are enthusiastic about expanding the opportunities to raise revenue through Croke Park. Yet a vocal minority continues to halt progress. One must question the motives of these people given the enormous opportunities opening up Croke Park presents for the GAA and the country. Modernisers within the GAA were able to overcome those who opposed changing the outdated rule 21 (This rule prohibited members of the RUC from playing Gaelic games) and the same foresight and conviction must be shown by these people again.

From a government perspective hard decisions must be made should the GAA decide to keep the

doors of Croke Park shut to other sports. The huge cost of building a national stadium would be a tragic waste of limited resources. It seems entirely ridiculous for a city as small as Dublin to have another huge stadium while Croke Park sits idle over the winter. Additionally the money provided to the GAA could have gone on health or education spending. If the government and the country do not receive some return for their investment serious questions must be raised about the decision to give the GAA such an amount of money without conditions.

Sporting organisations should not see themselves in competition with each other but in partnership. The limited resources available for investment in sport must derive maximum benefit across the sporting landscape of Ireland. Our country owes a lot to the GAA but now they owe us a lot too. In the interests of all codes it is time Croke Park was made available to other sports allowing Irish sport to grow, flourish, and play at a world class level in a world class stadium.



Ireland face Australia in the first test of the Internatinal Rules series



# From football to God and back again

## Paul McGartoll

He was a cult figure in his native Argentina, the fans' hero at Real Mallorca. Manchester United, Real Madrid and Arsenal have all wanted the keeper, offering him multi-million pound contracts. However the eccentric keeper left all this behind. Why? Roa is a Seventh-day Adventist who, believing the World would end in the year 2000, chose to turn his back on football and return to his homeland to become a preacher.

Roa made his name as a young, talented member of a successful Racing Club team in the domestic Argentinean league. Even at a young age, Roa's unusual behaviour was beginning to get noticed. Always carrying a copy of the Bible, he spent hours alone in the team hotel reading Scripture. Roa never

drank alcohol and ate vegetarian meals separately from his team mates. In meat-obsessed Buenos Aires, this earned him his nickname El Lechuga - The Lettuce. He continued his good form for Lanus, eventually earning him a high profile move to Spanish giants Mallorca.

Roa's best remembered display came in France '98. His two penalty saves from Paul Ince and, crucially, David Batty earned his country a place in the quarter-finals. It is ironic that Roa's heroics cost Glenn Hoddle - a man who shares Roa's whacky beliefs on reincarnation - his job.

After that World Cup things began to get really interesting for Roa. He enjoyed his most successful season in Spain when Mallorca finished 3rd in La Liga, conceding just 29 goals in 34 games. With a string of incredible saves he led them to the European Cup Winners' Cup final with a win against

Gianluca Vialli's highly fancied Chelsea side in the semis, only to lose to Lazio in the final.

After the '98-'99 season The Lettuce was on the verge of super-stardom. Sure to be Argentina's No.1 at the Copa America, he was attracting interest from many of European football's superpowers. After strong recommendations from chief scout Martin Ferguson, brother of Alex, United made a bid for Roa which was accepted by Mallorca. Ferguson was so keen to sign Roa it prompted a classic tabloid headline in the Daily Mirror: PLEASE SIGN FOR ME ARGIE KEEPER. He was seen as the perfect replacement for Peter Schmeichel. A £2million a year contract was offered to Roa, while Mallorca - eager to cash in on the keeper - offered him a 50% cut of the £8million transfer fee. Roa refused to move to United and also shunned the interests of Real. Although his religious beliefs

were already well known, Roa created a media frenzy in Spain and Argentina by rejecting the moves. Roa's response was simple: "Money isn't everything. God is worth more than \$10m." This quote has become a motto for the Adventist church world wide and Roa is their most high profile member.

Roa's religion did not allow him to see anybody on Saturdays, let alone train or play games. Raised as an Adventist, the devout Roa believed he had no choice as his church demands strict adherence of its doctrines. Only after sunset on a Saturday could he consider playing. Also believing that the Apocalypse was a few short months away, Roa quit the game and returned to rural Argentina. Just before he left, when Jose Pekerman begged him to continue playing for the Copa America, Roa made clear his contempt for the game: "If Pekerman gives me the chance I'm going to teach him the

Bible. I was a footballer because God had a plan for me. I didn't like it and it didn't interest me."

Mallorca fans displayed huge banners at their matches "Roa, for God's sake stay!" His wife Sylvia, despite knowing it was decision he would definitely make, admitted to crying for a month when Roa quit. So instead of helping United defend the Champions League, The Lettuce began the '99-2000 season living with his family as a farmer in the village of Colonia Margarita, 750 miles from the Argentine capital Buenos Aires. In a backwater of less than 500 inhabitants, Roa lived self-sufficiently on his farm; cultivating his turnip patch, rounding up his cattle and, most importantly, preaching his Adventist message to the villagers. They had no telephone or television. When the world didn't end, Mallorca managed to track him down after months of searching. At one with

God and after a year of "learning things that you don't learn on the football pitch", agreed to return to the club.

Hindered by his refusal to play before sunset on a Saturday, Roa was in and out of the Mallorca side after his return, but managed to play plenty of Champions' League games. His talents once again began to entice big clubs. In the summer of 2002 he spent a week long trial at Highbury, Arsene Wenger believing he would be the a natural successor to David Seaman (Roa would have done a much better job than Jens Lehman alright!). However, the playing on Saturday stumbling block stalled contract negotiations. 35 year-old Roa is now impressing between the sticks at modest La Liga side Albacete.

Roa is not the only player whose career has been disrupted due to religious beliefs. Peter Knowles, one of England's brightest goalkeeping talents of the sixties, proving that goalkeepers

are different, departed from the game at just 19, favouring to live a more devout life. Former Luton player Lars Elstrup joined the fanatical "wild Goose" Buddhist sect, which meant that winning the Euro '92 final with Denmark was his last professional game. Even the great Roberto Baggio's form dipped somewhat during his conversion to Buddhism, but thankfully he didn't retire until last season. Realising how privileged they are to be footballers, many have turned to God. The Brazilian trio of Kaka, Giberto Silva and Lucio wear "I belong to Jesus" t-shirts under their jersey, and regularly have conference calls discussing their faith. Remember Taribo West, the former Inter and Nigeria defender who played with the beads in his hair? He is an ordained Pentecostal minister who runs a church for Milan's African communities.

# Fairytale of Florence

## Andrew Payne

Fiorentina have always been known as one of the glory clubs of Italian soccer. The club played Real Madrid in the second ever European Cup final in 1956 and were the first winners of the European Cup Winners Cup in 1961. Their fans have also always been known as amongst the most passionate in Europe. The sale of Roberto Baggio to Juventus for a then world record fee of £7.5m in 1990 led to riots in the streets of Florence. In recent years however the club has perhaps had the craziest experiences of is history.

Despite playing in the Champions League in 2000/2001, by the autumn of 2001 the club was in dire financial straits. Owner Vittorio Cechi Gori had borrowed £20m from the club to fund his media interests, As Gori's projects collapsed he was caught in controversy with accusations of money launder-

ing and cocaine possession. In November of that year players went strike having not been paid in three months. These off-field financial troubles were mirrored on the pitch where the club finished 19th, securing only the second relegation from Serie A in the club's history. This was only to be the start of the club's problems however as in August 2002 the club was expelled from Serie B for failing to pay their league registration. The club went into administration and, at least in that incarnation, ceased to exist.

Florentine businessman Diego Della Valle didn't want to see the death of soccer in the city so set up a new club called Fiorentina Viola who entered Serie C2, Italy's bottom division. Following the dissolution of Fiorentina, all the club's players were released from their contracts. Of these players one, club captain and Italian international Angelo di Livio, decided to join the new club and keep

Fiorentina alive whatever way he could. The new club however couldn't use the old club's crest, offices, or even purple kit though they played in Fiorentina's Artemio Franchi stadium. The new club proceeded to win he Serie C2 championship at its first attempt in 2002/2003. In May 2003 the rights to the name, crest, and kit of Fiorentina were bought back by the club from the liquidation of the old club's assets. Fiorentina were then ready to begin the Serie C1 season with their old name back.

As the Serie B season of 2003/2003 ended however a row erupted over the fielding of an ineligible player. The controversy led to no clubs being relegated. Over the summer however financial problems led to the expulsion from the league of Cosenza. Controversially Italian football authorities decided that rather than promote the champions of Serie C1 to Serie B in Cosenza's place, they would instead award the spot to

Fiorentina on 'sporting merit'. The decision was met by threats of a boycott by Serie B's other clubs. In the end however Fiorentina entered the division.

In order to expand the size of Serie A from 18 to 20 teams, authorities decided to grant promotion in 2003/2004 to the top 5 finishing teams in Serie B, with sixth playing fourth bottom in Serie A. iorentina managed to end the season in 6th and sealed a play-off against Perugia. In the two legged play-off Fiorentina won out 2-1 on aggregate to clinch a return to Serie A just two years after the club had been dissolved and relegated down to Serie C2. With the financial backing and support of Della Valle, the club were able to embark on a spending spree over the summer that included the signing of Italy international Fabrizio Miccoli from Juventus as well as Japan's Hidetoshi Nakata from Parma. Reported attempts to tempt former Florentine heroes

Roberto Baggio and Gabriel Batistuta back for a final season failed to succeed however. The signings that were made have allowed the club to start the season reasonably respectably with a win and three draws in their opening six games.

The tale of Fiorentina is only the most dramatic in a couple of years which have seen the financial bubble that developed around soccer in the mid to late 90s burst but for all but the richest clubs. In ngland the fate of Leeds, who were relegated from the Premiership last May, is the clearest example. Many clubs seemed to have learnt their lessons however, the summer's major transfer activity mainly centred around one or two clubs, most notably Chelsea, while most of the Italian clubs have moved away from big money signings. Hopefully Fiorentina's return to Italy's top division will signal the end of the era of financial mismanagements, but as they say, only time will tell.



Gabriel Batistuta nets for Fiorentina



Adrian Mutu celebrates a goal for Chelsea in happier times

# From horses to cocaine

## Andrew Payne

The last few weeks have seen a number of drug related stories hit the media. These have ranged from the now infamous story of Cian O'Connor's Olympic gold medal winning horse apparently having been doped, to Arsene Wenger suggesting some of his players may have taken substances such as EPO at previous clubs, to Adrian Mutu testing positive for cocaine. Each in their own way raises serious questions for the sporting world.

While it is still unclear whether or not O'Connor will keep hold of his gold medal, the positive test of two of his horses for illegal substances focuses attention on the prevalence of drugs in sport. A few months ago could you have even imagined a show jumper using performance enhancing drugs? Although an animal rather than a human testing positive is noteworthy, and indeed raises an animal rights question, it is just part of the wider drugs problem evident at the Athens Games. Over the course of the fortnight of competitions, over 20 athletes tested positive for illegal substances. This was the highest number since drug testing began at the 1968 Mexico City games. Add to this number what we can reasonably presume is a number

more who managed to avoid getting caught.

Although a higher rate of positive drug tests is perhaps a good thing in that it shows more cheats are being caught, it does little to alleviate the commonly held view that many Olympic sports, particularly those such as weight-lifting or track and field, are dominated by athletes drugged up to their eyes. Any time an athlete makes a notable improvements on their personal best over a short period of time, alarm bells of suspicion normally sound rather than admiration. This is perhaps well founded cynicism given the evidence but it's hardly the image of the Games put forward by the IOC.

One sport that often claims to have little or no drug problem is soccer. In a sport where skill is frequently considered a higher virtue than brawn, substances such as steroids are commonly seen as unnecessary. This view may be a little naive however. Arsenal manager Arsene Wenger's recent comments that he suspects some of his players were given illegal substances at previous clubs, due to abnormally high red blood cell counts when they arrived at Highbury, is a timely reminder that the sport may not be completely clean. Other reminders in recent years have included the accusations faced by Juventus in the mid 90's, and the sus-

pension of a number of players including Edgar Davids and Fernando Couto for testing positive for nandrolone. The idea that there would be little value in soccer players taking these kind of substances also needs to be re-evaluated. Over the last few years the game has evolved to placing more importance on fitness and work-rate. The triumph of Greece in Euro 2004 is the ultimate example of this though the trend can also be seen in the strong showing by teams such as the United States in the 2002 World Cup. In this environment increased stamina and strength are valuable assets. It would also be foolish for footballing authorities to ignore this possible problem and measures should be taken to ensure a bigger problem doesn't develop. The first step would be for FIFA to finally sign up to the international anti-doping programme WADI.

Another form of drugs scandal has engulfed Chelsea and Romania striker Adrian Mutu over the past week. This has of course centred around his positive test for cocaine, bringing to a head a miserable couple of months for the player. Since the arrival of Jose Mourinho the player hasn't had much of a chance in the team, partly due to injuries. This was followed by Mutu denying he was injured and flying out to play for Romania after Mourinho

had removed him from the squad. Rumours suggest that after that incident and a bad performance in the league, Mourinho ordered a drug test suspecting that Mutu may have been taking cocaine. The case is of course not the first time a Chelsea player has tested positive for cocaine in recent times. A couple of years ago goalkeeper Mark Bosnich also tested positive and as well as being fired by Chelsea, was banned from the games for two years. Here lies another issue.

When Davids, Couto et al tested positive for nandrolone they were handed 6 month bans while larger punishments are often given for recreational drug offences. Although players may be role models, and illegal behaviour is obviously to be frowned upon, a question has to arise as to which is a greater crime in footballing terms? At the end of the day cocaine isn't going to improve a player's performance (though perhaps LSD may allow players to pick out more imaginative passes...). Players caught dabbling with illegal recreational drugs should perhaps be a matter for the legal and health authorities rather than for their sporting counter-parts whose time may be better spent on pursuing users of performance enhancing substances.

# The girls' guide to football: Everything you never wanted to know about the beautiful game

## Christine Bohan

Week 2: Roy Keane – Legend or traitor?

Mention the name Roy Keane to any football fan and you will get one of two reactions – utter reverence and adoration of the type usually reserved for boybands by hormone-fuelled fourteen-year old girls or else an intense, angry, black hatred, like Keane just slept with someone's mother and then never called. There is no middleground. No-one is going to dispute that Roy Keane is a great player – it's his behaviour off the pitch that makes him the focus of so many polarised love-hate discussions over a few drinks in the pub. This is the man who walked out on his country at the finals of the biggest and most important football competition in the world, on a matter of principle over

**Top 5 signs you know your boyfriend cares more about football than about you:**

5. He refuses to listen to your pleas to throw out his godawful AC Milan shirt –quite possibly the most hideous football shirt ever created (black and red stripes – isn't Milan supposed to be the home of fashion, not the antithesis of it?)
4. He has a copy of his favourite

training facilities and team organisation – in one masterstroke elevating him to the status of Hero and Man of Principle in the eyes of his admirers and the devil incarnate by everyone else.

Although it wasn't his finest hour, (Keane's departure played no small part in the failure of the Irish team to reach the quarter finals in Japan/South Korea in 2002), the man had a point – squad members were out drinking with Irish journalists in the days running up to important matches, the Irish team were training on a pitch built on top of a car park and the training kit never arrived so the team had to train in the casual clothes that they'd brought with them. Walking out was the most dramatic and extreme thing he could have done to make his point, but it highlighted the inadequacies in the Irish training regime in a way that

compelled people to sit up and take notice, eventually leading to a root and branch overhaul of the FAI in their mansion on Merrion Square proposed by the Genesis report. With Mick McCartney gone, Keane is currently nestling in the nurturing bosom of Brian Kerr where he feels more at home with the strict disciplinarian style (which ironically enough, some squad members have been complaining about lately) which he finds so endearing in Alex Ferguson. We may not pretend to fully understand Roy Keane here at the Girl's Guide, but there's something strangely attractive about his no-nonsense way of dealing with authority figures, his dedication to what he does, and well, the way he looks in a football kit. Shame about that Cork accent though...

Tom Humphries article ever taped up over his bed, whilst you're relegated to a tiny passport photo at the bottom of his wallet

3. He forgets your pivotal four month anniversary but can tell you the date of the Irish qualifier against the Faroe Islands away match next year.
2. He'll talk for 30 minutes – uninterrupted – on why Roy Keane is the greatest player to ever wear the Irish jersey, but when you ask him



Roy Keane challenges for the ball against Juventus



# The Museum Players - A Summer of Cricket



(back row): Prof. Denis Weaire, Stephen Kelly, John Richardson, Anil Kokaram (c), Stuart Warmington, Sean Clayton, Bart Connolly. (front row): Mark Dobson, Darren Martin, Kulpreet Singh, Alok Sinha.

## John Richardson

It's the middle of April. The sun is out, the weather turns warm(ish), the smell of cut grass fills the air and the students' thoughts turn to exams, J1s, the end-of-academic-year drinking binge and the ubiquitous Trinity Ball.

Meanwhile, a group of sportsmen (and women) are re-establishing contact after the winter break, raking out the old kit bag that's been sitting in the corner of the office for the past nine months, and making enthusiastic enquiries about the upcoming season's fixtures. These are the Museum Players, the cricketing establishment of the staff and post-graduate body of Trinity College for the past thirty years.

They have been a familiar sight on many a sunny evening during that time to anyone who has sat in front of the Pav or scurried along the path between College Park and the rugby pitch from one end of college to another. Some people even stop to watch. Some stare in frustration at a game that will always, to them, seem mind-boggling. Few, however, know who they, or their opponents, are.

The name Museum Players originates from the annual grudge matches

which were played out between the departments of Geography and Geology, both housed in the Museum building in New Square. As the two rivals eventually failed to produce a single team between them one year a brave decision was taken to merge them under the same banner (and the same name) and from this new-founded alliance a challenge was sent out to the rest of college to face this newly established and formidable college cricket team which was seeking to kick their collective

behinds. The results of those first official Museum Players matches are, sadly, not recorded but a few honest men with uncanny memories have stepped forward to say that a good drubbing was handed out by the "rest of College" teams to these new pretenders. With tail between legs, an invite was extended by the vanquished to the victors, the team expanded to incorporate the whole of college, and the Museum Players became the de facto college staff team.

Since those heady early days the MP have played not league cricket but a form of cricket called Taverner's Cricket which allows shorter games (useful for those who only have time for evening matches) and involves all of the players on the team in batting, bowl-

ing and fielding to some degree. "Taverner's" also implies that a fair share of drinking takes place after the games have finished. Previously the "Taverner's" tag allowed drinking during a match but this act was dissuaded after an increasing number of glasses received direct hits from hastily dispatched balls, making the field of play hazardous. The on-field drinking practice was probably delivered its death-knell after some dubious decisions were given by cross-eyed umpires.

The emphasis of the Taverner's Game is still very much on its social and fun aspects. A match is played competitively, but never zealously. There are no points to play for. There is no league to win. Only the few matches which are played for silverware are taken very seriously. After all, the winner's name will appear on a trophy for posterity.

Typically the season runs from mid-May until the end of August with between two to three matches played in a week. Occasionally a few matches will be played several weeks before and after the official start of this season as occurred this year. Their opener was against the Trinity 3rds in mid-April just as their season was ending. We hadn't cohered as a team yet and were

very rusty from lack of matchplay but still we managed to win the game. Our last game, by contrast, was a cup match postponed from late August when we were washed out by one of those thunderous cloudbursts which only seem to hit us at weekends in Summer. The refixed match was played three weeks later in one of the hottest, sunniest September days that I have ever experienced. Memory failed on them as to the result of that match but spending a day in the sunny Dublin Mountains more than made up for it!

It may be surprising to learn that the only other academic institution against whom the MP play is the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland. Always good opposition, they compete for one of the four trophies up for grabs in our calendar. There may be a viable explanation why there is no "colours" match against either UCD or DCU but perhaps it is time to add either, or both, to next year's calendar.

Early July saw them play just our second ever match against the team of the Sunday Independent. Captained by the unmistakable character that is the journalist and pundit, George Hook, the MP beat them so quickly during the debut match last year that their sponsor (who was to turn up at the end of the match to make the presentations) was still at home eating his Sunday dinner. They changed their tune for the return fixture this year, however, and promptly returned the hammering the MP had so mercilessly handed them out twelve months previously.

One of their great rival teams is the Theatrical Cavaliers, a team of actors and members of the theatre and film profession, who now play us on three occasions. Not only are they talented cricketers but they are all very colourful characters. Their matches against them tend to be close affairs and usually go down to the wire with only a few runs separating us at the end. This year was unique in our head-to-heads, however, as they failed to beat them once in three meetings. A draw in a cup tournament (which they won) was the closest they got.

Another great rivalry is that with the team of North Wicklow, whom they play both at home and away – the away match usually being the last of the season. This adds a little bit of edge to the game and they tend to be quite keen going into it. This enthusiasm usually results in some excellent fielding and catches as fielders literally throw themselves into the action as was the case this August. Matches against North Wicklow are rarely walkovers and, like those against the Cavaliers, are often closely fought, nail-biting affairs.

The biggest disappointments which occur throughout the season are the unpredictable weather and last-minute cancellation of matches. A calculable proportion of games are lost every year to waterlogged pitches and sudden downpours. The major disappointment this year was the cancellation of the very much anticipated visiting tour by the Pakistani test team from the 1980s – complete with captain Majid Khan – a legend in cricket even to this day. Despite keeping a weekend open for a possible two days of one-day cricket they were unable to continue onto Ireland from their mini-tour in England due to visa problems. Had they been able to do so it would have been a sure thing that College Park would have been packed to capacity to watch them in action. How they would have fared against them isn't that important. To turn out against such prestigious opposition is what most cricketers can only dream of.

The Museum Players hasn't been a team to tour much themselves since their inception and the one and only time we have played outside of this island was in the mid-90s when a short excursion was made to Cambridge University where the MP team of the day faced off in several matches against a combined University team.

Now that they have a West Indian captain a tour to the Caribbean has been mooted several times recently and it looks likely to go ahead in mid-March 2005. Playing cricket during this tour has been mentioned but a week in Trinidad seems more like a reason to lie on a beach all day and then spend all evening clubbing. Whether the captain will be able to get us off the beach long enough to actually play a game remains to be seen. It's hard enough to get an XI together during the normal season but when you're on holiday in paradise?

Despite the handle of the "English game" the Museum Players have relatively few English (or Irish) players on the team. This year has seen a good mix of players from the traditional cricketing countries of Australia, England, Scotland, Ireland, India, Pakistan and the West Indies take to the field with several appearances made by players from the US and France. Not all of the players had a cricketing background, either, with several migrating from hockey, rugby, GAA, baseball and basketball. New players are always welcome to join and play a game or two and we look for enthusiasm over ability. Even if you have never played a match before you will find it a quick and easy game to pick up and, you never know, you might even enjoy it.

# Time to introduce the Half Pink?

## Roger Hamilton

Most students will be familiar with the dark blue and light blue of Oxford and Cambridge. These are the colours which the respective universities' award to their most outstanding sports men and women. Less, however are aware of the colour of their own university which, since 1927, has been pink.

The origins of the colour pink, which the College board initially disapproved of, are not completely apparent. It is said that T.J. Mullin, former Hon. Sec. of DUCAC and Captain of DUFC, claimed pink was the racing colour of Elisabeth I. Previously, green and St. Patrick's blue had been suggested with St. Patrick's blue being the colour of the College shield.

Pinks are awarded biannually by the Captain's Committee of DUCAC, which consists of the Captains of all the college clubs (49 in total), the Hon. Secretary of DUCAC (Ms. R. Collins) and the Captain's Committee Chairman (Prof. T. T. West). Individual clubs may propose members based on individual sporting achievement, usually of international, as opposed to university standard. Each club has a standard which an individual must meet before being considered for nomination to Pinks.

The recipient of University Colours is entitled to wear the pinks tie – navy with the harp of the university shield in pink. They may also wear the pinks scarf which is plain pink. Odd as it may sound now, but back in the day in Trinity, the wearer of a pink scarf would attract much attention from the opposite sex!

While each College club continues to award its' own colours based on participation at public or inter-varsity competitions, receipt of University colours remains the top honour a student sportsman/woman can receive in College. Pinks differ slightly from the Blues of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. Pinks are awarded on the basis of individual merit rather than team achievement. In Oxford for example, the first rugby XV or first hockey

XI would all receive a full blue. In Trinity however, the first rowing VIII may not necessarily be awarded pinks even if they returned with from Henley with a win (Individual recommendations would still be required although they would have some grounds for hope!). Trinity College do not award half colours, however is there merit to the introduction of the Half Pink? The Oxbridge man need not despair entirely if he does not make the first team - he may be the recipient of the less prestigious but equally sought after Half Blue. Half Blues are also available to participants in sports which do not hold full blue status – sports such as archery, e-ton fives, gymnastics, lacrosse, tennis and windsurfing. At Oxford, sports clubs are (often controversially) ranked according to the sports significance and impact with full blue status, discretionary full blue, half blue, and non blue status being assigned to each club based on their excellence of achievement at the highest level.

Here in the University of Dublin, Pinks can be awarded (however vague) to any member of any club affiliated to DUCAC. This has lead to the situation where rugby players who, despite massive competition, play rugby for Ireland and help DUFC into the first division receive the same award as someone who can pot about in a big hole with the Potholing Club. The committed oars-

man, who trains twelve times a week, competes for his country and achieves high profile success at Henley will receive the same award as someone who throws a frisbee around College Park. Ultimately the Captain's Committee decides who is awarded sporting honours but half the time the Captains don't realise the insignificance of a particular achievement and just vote along with the crowd.

Sam Lynch and Gearoid Towey, both Trinity students, world champions and who just recently competed for Ireland at the Athens Olympics in rowing, (although neither were ever members of DUBC) are expected to be awarded honours without objection at the next sitting of the Captain's Committee. Surely pinks should be awarded only to those on account of their especial contribution to their sport and that this power is exercised sparingly and with discretion? Perhaps it is time to review the current DUCAC criteria for the nomination to pinks as it is plainly obvious that large discrepancies in the standard of achievement and level of difficulty from club to club exist.

A half pink may be more appropriate to someone who excelled in a minority sport with full pink being reserved for those athletes who excel themselves at a national and world class level.

New clubs are constantly added to DUCAC's list, however most of these function as a social outlet for students with the primary goals being those of leisurely activity rather than dedicated sporting achievement. This diversity of sport contributes to the 'Trinity experience', but it is a mistake to consider all clubs equal in terms of their true sporting prowess.

# TCD Fencing aspirations

## Aoife Brown

Dublin University Fencing Club is relishing the challenges of the forthcoming season hoping to build on the hard work and progress of last year. The club has come on in leaps and bounds especially in the sphere of the Intervarsities. 2003/04 saw the club achieve a joint second place finish, up from a disappointing fifth place the previous year. Last season also saw Trinity fencers Suzanne Clayton and David Cahill called up to the Irish international squad for the annual Five Nations tournament, held in Belfast. Suzanne capped off last year by winning the women's foil in the South of Ireland Opens. We wish both Suzanne and David every success both domestically and in their burgeoning international careers.

The club is very proud of all efforts that went into the hosting of competitions in Trinity last year. We hosted all four team competitions that took place in Ireland last year: the Trinity Cup, the Prof. Duffy Memorial Team Epee, the Intervarsities and Colours. All these events went off without a hitch. Trinity was represented at all the major competitions hosted by many other clubs and universities. This included an international triangular match with Bangor University, Wales, which was organised and hosted by UCD. It is hoped that a return match will be organised in the future.

For the first time the fencing season spilled over into the summer as a number of competitions were held outside term time. Maria Clair, Kate Harvey and Colm Flynn attended the eight London International Universities Fencathon (LIUF) and they all acquitted themselves very well especially Colm who came in the top 16 in Epee. Club members also did very well Carrickfergus, a fencing competition held in one of the best preserved Norman castles in the country. Suzanne fought it out on the battle-ments to win the Women's foil event. Nat O'Connor and Melanie Bourouche also competed and each achieved top

ten finishes in both foil and epee. In the Federation Foil Cup, held in UCD in August, all Trinity fencers came in the top 15 with all our females coming in the top 8, while the Dublin Epee event in September saw Maria along with a partner from UCD claim 4th place in the Duet Epee. The summer also saw many of our novices attain new successes, most notably Aoife Brown in the Ulster Open where she came second of all beginners present finishing 7th overall. In the same event Maria and Kate came joint 3rd.

Outside of fencing competitions we had many memorable nights out. We met other fencers from around the country at the Irish Amateur Fencing Federation barbeque following the Federation Foil. It was a great success and looks set to become an annual event.

This year we intend to do even better competitively, starting off the year with our annual Trinity Cup. This competition attracts teams from all over the country and this year we are expecting several from Northern Ireland and the UK. We are also forming a new competition this year, the Trinity Team Foil, in conjunction with the annual Federation Foil. This promises to be an exciting and enjoyable event with an opportunity for all our beginners to show their stuff.

Our annual novices pilgrimage to Wild West Cork for the Schull Novice Cup will be taking place in early November and looks to be as much fun as ever. A new Novice team foil event to be held in Galway had been recently added to the calendar to supplement the Schull Cup and the annual DIT Novice Cup. It is also hoped that a novice Colours will be run in conjunction with the senior Colours.

With all these events and more planned the season of 2004/05 looks to be even more exciting and prosperous than last year for Trinity fencers and they fully intend to reap the awards, especially as the club has had an influx of experienced fencers who will hopefully add both skill and depth to the squad. [www.tcd.ie/clubs/fencing](http://www.tcd.ie/clubs/fencing)

## Short Sport Report...

# Trinity Credo?

What is Credo you might ask? Well, if you are feeling unsafe about campus at night or indeed during the day then maybe this kind of class is for you. Credo involves 'scenario based training against armoured assailants' to quote one of their posters which recently appeared on a student noticeboard in the Arts Block. It goes on by including scenarios such as muggings, rape, violent confrontation, gang assaults and ambushes... So the next time you are walking from the Berkley library to the Pavillion bar after a hard days training, remember to keep in mind that shadows are lurking behind those seemingly conspicuous trees.

Although 'Trinity Credo' are not affiliated to DUCAC, they occupy prime time gym space in the Luce Hall between 6pm and 8pm each Wednesday. These classes are not free, since non affiliated clubs must hire the gym from the Dept. of Sport. Classes are not cheap at €4.50 a pop for the two hour 'session'. This begs the question Is the Luce Hall being used to further the development of sport and recreation within Trinity College, or are DUCAC clubs losing out on space in order to raise money? If you would like further information on training against armoured assailants then [www.credo-dublin.com](http://www.credo-dublin.com) is for you.

# Boat Club AGM

The Boat Club's AGM takes place tomorrow (Wednesday) at 7:30pm in the GMB. Much will be said of the squads excellent performance last season, however the real discussion will consist of the 23.0.1 issue, permanently resolving conflicting relationships with college authorities and keeping the Trinity Regatta a success.

The new Committee will be sworn

in with Richard N.T. Moore this year's Captain-elect. Michael Ryder, Chairman of the Long Term Committee and long time supporter of DUBC, retires this year after many years of guidance, reassurance and support. Coach, Tim Levy continues to build his successful training program with further good fortune anticipated this forthcoming season.

# Luce Hall Levy

Sportsmen and women returning this Michaelmas term were somewhat distraught by the introduction of a €1 charge each time they wished to use the Luce Hall. Given the major delays and continued lack of information with regard to the 'Sports Centre' project, this charge was seen by most as a slap in the face and yet another example of college cutbacks being beared by the student population. Undergraduate members can opt to pay a once off annual fee of €75 for use of the facility instead of the €1 levy per visit. -One would really want to be using the gym at least twice a week to make this worthwhile though.

The Dept. of Sport managed to get the student's union to believe that that they originally planned a €2 charge. The reduction of €1 was lauded as a 'compromise' between settling the Dept. of Sport's bank balance and fulfilling the student union's belief that

what they say actually matters.

Despite all this posturing, the fact remains that the Luce Hall is no longer free and nobody knows when the new sports centre will open (or when construction will begin). Being a student at Trinity is now more expensive than ever with gym charges, catering increases, printing charges, health consultation fees etc., it's a sign of the times and will probably get even worse.

So where is all this new money going? One can only guess that it's being spent on old problems such as really expensive planning re-submissions, architectural re-drawings and associated consultancy costs. The student population may not mind paying for a top class sporting facility, however if they think that their money is being spent filling the Sports Centre black hole, one can understand the anger.

# Croquet Antics

Despite current weather conditions being far from conducive to croquet playing, members are eternal optimists and are confident that weather conditions will improve for another bit yet just before winter kicks in.

The Freshers 'at home' tournament takes place this Friday October 29th at 3 pm on New Square. The winner can expect a bottle of the finest champagne the Hon. Treasurer can commit, however this plan is yet to be finalised for such a prize may conflict with College's ultra conservative alcohol

policy. Last year the annual open day sponsored by Pimm's was a rather low key affair after Pimm's pulled out fearing negative publicity that might be generated were the brand name to cause Trinity College a fuss. In the mean time DU Croquet eagerly seek a new, more conservative sponsor for the annual Trinity Croquet Tournament Day which will take place in April 2005. Croquet training continues each Wednesday from 2-5 pm and Friday from 3-6 pm on New Square.

# University AFC

The DU AFC or colloquially known as the Soccer Club, had their first game of term on College park last Wednesday. Under the guidance of Terry McAuley (Manager) and Jimmy Cumiskey

(Coach), the soccer team could only manage a 2-2 draw against the north-siders of Dublin City University. This was Trinity's first game of the Irish University Soccer league.

# Performance Enhancing Drugs at Trinity

## Roger Hamilton

The concept of fair play underpins everything that is good in sport. Without it, sport is fatally undermined. Sport must be safe, enjoyable, welcoming to everyone, and played in accordance with the rules. Doping makes sport unsafe, ruins the enjoyment for all concerned, and undermines its ability to attract new participants and spectators. Of course there is the eternal knotty question that is what is a drug and where do we draw the line? Blood transfusions, vitamin pills, supplements, even genetic implantation are always continual areas for debate amongst scientists and athletes.

Often at university level, drug taking is not monitored as much as it would be in the upper echelons of Irish sport. At the moment there does not appear to be any clear policy toward drug taking amongst the sporting authorities of TCD (DUCAC and Dept. Sport). Maybe it's about time that a policy is formed that explicitly states to all athletes competing on behalf of DU that drug taking is cheating, harms sport but above all damages the good name of the university. Fortunately enough, there have been no major incidents of drug taking amongst student athletes made known as of late, however it is perhaps only a matter of time before a high profile incident does occur.

At the moment, most DU clubs are affiliated with a respective national body, which would publish their own policy on drugs. The Croquet Association even has an anti-doping policy! Somehow though it is hard to envisage the Irish Olympic Council doping van turning up on New Square. It did however appear at Trinity Regatta 2002 where several members of DU Boat Club were asked to provide urine samples (which all turned out to be negative). A list of banned substances for all sporting organisations that compete internationally is available from the IOC in collaboration with the World Anti-Doping Agency. This list is the definitive guide to banned substances and is updated regularly. It is then up to the individual athlete to ensure that everything they take complies with this list.

Irish sport has not really impacted much on the world scene and instead of us having a reputation for being valiant competitors who strive to reach the peak of human ability, we bear the reputation for being cheats. Recent Cian O'Connor scandal coupled with the Michelle Smith affair have really damaged Irish sport. Let's hope that similar embarrassment will not fester its way into Trinity College, particularly at a time when drug testing is more and more common, and so many Trinity athletes are competing at the highest of levels in their chosen disciplines.



# Mixed feelings from Galway in DUFC's opening match

Galwegians 24pts DUFC 24pts

Roger Hamilton

Trinity started their new challenge in the upper echelons of the All Ireland Leage, Division One with a disappointing draw opposit the Galwegians last Sunday October 17th. DUFC, sporting a bright new kit design, should really have won the game handily as they outplayed the home team in every aspect of the game except the scoreboard. A 76th minute try from outhalf Tom Allen saved the Galwegian side from a bruising defeat which could destroy a teams confidence at this early stage of the season.

Only in the opening minutes did Galwegians have the advantage. Trinity looked nervous early on and spilled a few balls as they tried to impose their game on the experienced home team. The home team kicked two early penalties for a deserved lead. Trinity then took complete control of the game. From a line out they executed a well worked try that ended up with Munster under-21 blindside flanker Eddie Molloy scoring after impressive play by the forwards. Last season, Galwegians were lucky to survive relegation to division two. This year however they have been bolstered by the addition of three strong players. New Zealander Scott Donald and former Harlequins academy player Tom Allen, togged out for a renewed Galwegians effort.

DUFC continued to dominate territory and possession into a strong wind, and kept the ball for more than ten phases on several occasions. Full back Simon Mitchell kicked a penalty in this period.

Credit must go to the Galwegians for resolute defence as they managed to keep the visitors out. Their defence was rewarded when Trinity coughed the ball up off a loose pass - right on the Galwegians line and the home team gratefully ran the length of the field for a fine opportunist try. Galwegians went into half time with an extremely fortunate 16-10 lead.

In the second half Trinity continued to dominate. Gaps began to appear in the home defence and it seemed inevitable that the students would score as they made huge gains in to home territory. Out-half Donal Crotty eventually took advantage of a gap to glide through under the posts for the students to take the lead, Mitchell converting.

On a rare visit in the Trinity half Galwegians kicked a 57th minute penalty to regain the lead. The students came storming back with some superb rugby. After going close to scoring a few times Crotty made another break to set up the outstanding tighthead prop Forrest Gainer for his first try of the season.

The home team looked down and out as they continued to defend their line as the visitors took the game to them.

Trinity crucially turned the ball over on the home teams line after several attempts to batter over the line had been repelled. Galwegians seized the moment as they swept up field to nearly score at the other end. Trinity scrambled back to hold up the attack.

From a line out near the half way line Galwegians levelled the scores when their out-half stepped inside the drifting defence and ran 40 metres for a try which was crucially not converted.

True to form Trinity came back to set up camp on the home teams line. The game ended this way as the final whistle was blown. The Trinity players were visibly disappointed after the game as they realised this was a win that had some how escaped their grasp.

Hopefully this will be a huge lesson for the students, who were punished severely for their mistakes, mistakes that they would have got away with in previous years in lower leagues. Galwegians had several Connacht players on their team and knew how to take advantage of any opportunity that came their way. This was the first really tough game of the season and there are a lot of simple things to put right before next weeks home encounter (College park - 2.30pm) with Buccaneers who were a 'top four' team from last season.

The next university colours match takes place on Friday 19th November at Donnybrook. With both teams in the first division, the atmosphere is expected to be unrivaled. Of course the loudest rivalry usually comes from the UCD side with Joe Trainers not feeling the need to reciprocate to such Belfield IT taunts. This match will be well worth attending purely for the oppugnancy, however expect a hard hitting, epic match where the pride and reputation of this fine establishment will be at stake. **Dublin University:** 15 Simon Mitchell, 14 Francis Keane, 13 Barry Kinsella (John Quigley 74), 12 Brian Hastings, 11 Brian Canavan, 10 Donal Crotty, 9 Paddy McCormack, 1 Nial Conlon, 2 Matt Crockett, 3 Forrest Gainer, 4 Martin Garvey, 5 Marc Warburton, 6 Eddie Molloy, 7 Hugh Hogan, 8 Jamie Heaslip.

**Galwegians:** J Liffleton, J Cleary, J Culkín, D Rogers, S maher, T Allen, M Roche, D McFarland, H Bourke, F Farrell, J Casserly (capt), B McClearn (J Muldoon half-time), S Donald, J Silke, A Conboy.

**Scoring sequence:** 8 mins: Cleary pen 3-0; 11: Cleary pen 6-0; 13: Molloy try, Mitchell con 6-7, 20 Cleary pen 9-7; 28: Mitchell pen 9-10; 33 Donald try, Cleary con 16-10 (half-time 16-10); 53 Crotty try, Mitchell con 16-17; 57: Cleary pen 19-17; 60: Gainer try, Mitchell con 19-24; 76 Allen try 24-24.

**Upcoming games:** Belfast Harlequins vs. DUFC (away, October 30th), DUFC vs. UCD (Donnybrook, November 5th), DUFC vs. Ballymena (away, December 18th).

## DUFC under 20s show what they're made of

Trinity under 20s played their first game of the season the weekend before last. It was thought that the new look squad may struggle as they had not played any matches before their first JP Fanagan Premier league game with Old Wesley at Donnybrook. The

students had no problems though as they steamrollered the home team 78-12. This was a very impressive start and a positive boost for the new Trinity under U20s coach Seamus Twomey.



Twomey's squad an important foundation



DUFC in their opening game against Galwegians.

Photo: DUFC

# Blakeney's five inspires Hockey Club



Trinity in control against UCD at Santry earlier in the year.

Photo: Matt Pitt

Stephen Findlater

After a stuttering start to the season, the Dublin University Hockey Club finally managed to break free of their shackles and let loose on a hapless YMCA team. Following to frustrating defeats at the hands of Glenanne and the Corinthians, the side was eager to get the season up and running against one of their mid-table rivals.

As it transpired, revenge for last season's mishap at home, YM managing to salvage a late 2-2 draw to put Trinity into a playoff position, was not only sweet but delectable in its execution. A masterful first half performance in the blustery Santry winds saw the students take a 4-0 halfway lead, a lead they never looked in danger of relinquishing. Peter Blakeney opened the scoring ten

minutes into the game, the first of his personal tally of five, with a well-executed drag flick. This opening salvo was to open the floodgates both on the pitch and in the skies. Alec Barrett netted the second, his first goal for the club in only his third game, from the penalty spot before Phelie Maguire got the third after a strong break through the mid-field. Eighteen minutes gone and the game was virtually over as a contest, the lead coming about as much as a product of strong front running as the tough tackling in midfield from Mark Stewart, John Blakeney and Stephen Findlater. The tenacity shown, a feature absent in previous games, lead to many turnovers and was eventually to play a part in the fourth goal, Peter Blakeney's second just before the half time whistle.

Though well ahead at the break, a number of nerves were still in evidence

as the contest moved into it's second period. These jitters were settled somewhat with Blakeney's completion of his hat trick, conjuring up a breakaway strike six minutes into the second half. With the result free from doubt, the final thirty minutes turned into an end to end free for all. YM did manage two goals of their own after some lazy defending. The emphatic score line of 8-2, though was achieved by another two goals from Peter Blakeney and a nice deflection from Alec Barrett.

The result moves Trinity off the bottom of the Leinster Senior League Division 1, but perhaps more importantly, the sheer magnitude of this victory has announced the arrival of Trinity as a team who can make waves this season. For new coach, Nasir Munir, it can be seen as vindication of his audacious strategy, favouring a particularly attack-

ing brand of hockey. The former Pakistan under 21 international, and a winner of European honours at the helm of Tallaght-based side Glenanne, has taken little time in adjusting to the new challenges faced in the University context. The win will provide no shortage of confidence in the lead up to next week's Intervarsity competition (beginning October 26th).

This same confidence appears to have spread through the whole club, with wins aplenty for the other club's teams. The 2nds, 3rds and 4ths all appear to have realistic promotion chances in their respective leagues (division 4, 8 and 10). The seconds, under the leadership of Matt Smith, have managed three wins out of four, thrashing Monkstown 4-1, after previous victories over UCD (5-1) and Glenanne (5-3). The third team picked

up a draw last Saturday away to RCSI and look to be in a strong position, whilst the rejuvenated fourth eleven got their league campaign off to a flying start with a 4-0 win over Pembroke. With 14 junior freshmen taking to the field last Saturday, the club appears to be in a very healthy state to retain both it's Intervarsity and Under 21 crowns, whilst also being in a position to challenge for a number of league honours.

**Oct. 16 Results**  
1st XI vs YMCA 8-2 Peter Blakeney 5, Alec Barrett 2, Phelie Maguire  
2nd XI vs Monkstown (a) 4-1 Matt Smith, Richard Miles, Michael O'Herlihy, Jonathon Orr  
3rd XI vs RCSI (a) 1-1 David Nolan  
4th XI vs Pembroke (a) 4-0 David Missteart 2, Ben Rodger, Olly Heaton