

# Picasso's Left Ear

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## *Three Stones You Will Always Carry*

If life were a walk, and the world were a beach there would be three stones, cut smooth and fashioned by the ocean, which would always accompany you. These stones adopted at the beginning sink deep into the pockets of that overcoat you are wearing to protect you from the weather. Like a pebble into a lake, they are consumed within the folds and depths of life. But they are always there. Emerging strategically throughout life to trouble the mind, as hands in habit rub the surface, hoping that persistence would divine meaning.

Of course there are other stones, found strewn amongst the sands which find their way into one's pockets. These stones are passing problems, each one is burdened with your thoughts, and heavy with your worries. Each one is a representation of a trouble along your walk. When a problem is put to rest, it is as a stone removed from the pocket, and flung into the adjacent sea. When a problem is ignored, suppressed it sinks down into the pocket, and over time becomes malignant. Resurfacing with a vengeance at times of trauma, or emotional upheaval. Thus it is, that passing worries, are cast into the turmoil of the sea, and denser worries, not dealt with, slow one.

These problems though, every one of them, will either drag you down into the sands, their weight eventually preventing you from continuing on your journey. Or they will be soothed and assuaged, inevitably returning to the sea that spawned them. There are though, as we mentioned three stones which cannot be removed. Each of these stones plays an important role in life. When balanced each one of them becomes no burden to bear, when ignored they are sudden sprays of water. Which without warning springing forth from life, cast the bow of one's ship upward into the air, and threaten even to capsize it.

The healthy man and the sick man alike know of them, the healthy man though is in tandem with their nature, for theirs is a mirror of his. The sick man refuses them any presence in the mind, and they take after then his nature, which is oppressed.

The first of these we may call history. Imagine now, that this stone lies in your palm. You can see this part of you, as if it were a physical object, its manifestation carrying with it, all the secrets of its conceptual state. Your eyes traverse the crevasses worn unto the surface of the stone. They see a strange light reflected. In its motion you see what has made you who you are. Every event passes through the stone, until they run into each other. Becoming indistinguishable, the sound of so many memories is like the torrent rush of water, every moment it increases in volume. Eyes transfixed on the surface it seems that you shall drown, as every instance swells, and breaks upon your brow. History, revealing prejudice, background, and deed returns unto the pocket. And the troubling sound ceases. This stone, is reflection, and casts back unto the eye, everything which has already passed through it.

The second of these we may call art. The stone is dull, and unlike history radiates no light, nor influence of its own. It is empty. As it sits so lifeless in hand, its appears to develop a hunger. A longing. It is an instrument, and waits dutifully to be used. As you pass the cold stone to your chest, and feel the warmth of a beating heart, against the callous heavy stone, you witness the very veins rip forth from your chest. They bind themselves to the stone, and pass the lifeblood of your body, through its earthy sinews. Until it courses with life. Then does it, filled with your emotion, and your idea, become an object. A second mirror which reflects, the pulses of the blood. Emotion is carved to the surface, and freed from the constraint of one's body. Takes on its own form. This stone, is a medium through which your very being flows. Through which you connect and influence the outward world.

The third of these we may call philosophy. A deep and dark stone it is. You can barely make out the surface. It is clouded and demands the keenest eye, to discern its hidden truths. It is heaviest of them all. It is the most insidious of them all. It conceals itself in habit, and holds firm, lurking in the depth of one pocket. Until trauma or its ilk, demands its reawakening. And resurfacing its evokes the deepest of wonderings. For upon its surface swirls the nebulae, and there behind the clouds of dust lie stars. So that our life illuminated by experience casts a thunderbolt through the clouds, and instantly the plague of doubt, and the swirling storm descend on one. Begging to be answered. This stone, is the tug of tidal waters. The questions which yearn to be answered, and demand a life of living, years of experience and yet a youthful vigour, to be so answered.

If life were a walk, and the world a beach. Then these three stones would be constant companions. Every step taken therefore, is taken with these in hand. Reflecting on this, try to connect with each. What your own history entails for you in the present (for in the present we are the sum of what we were, and what we can become). How you are going to communicate yourself to the outer world. Finally how you are, when the time comes, going to face down the questions of meaning and purpose in life.

**By Peter Kiernan**

## *Poetry*

This page, reserved for the absurdities of poetry, permits no play of reason or logic.  
The infallible are not welcome here, the absolute should stay away.  
The poet is not born of logos, it is emotion which holds his sway.

## *Court*

*The defendant stands  
with naught but his  
Lawyer standing by his side.*

*The judge, his wig as white as snow  
to match the complexion of his wrinkled skin  
He raises his hands from  
The dark wood of his podium to his face,  
and waits for thee jury.*

*The defendant leers cautiously across the  
Room to the twelve seemingly emotionless  
Men and women, preparing to deliver  
The verdict.*

*He raises his hands, off the table  
Leaving sweaty handprints where they  
once were.*

*The tension turns to breaking point  
as the juryman clears his throat.  
The silence is deafening  
as he clears his throat.  
He delivers the verdict.*

*"Not Guilty!"*

## *The End of the World?*

From the Aztecs to Nostradamus, from Jehovah's Witnesses to Pope Leo IX, people have been wrongly predicting the end of the world for some time now. Depending on what you believe, it could be from deadly gamma rays, meteorites, black holes, aliens or a button located on the underside of George W. Bush's desk. I heard recently that the dreaded day could have occurred on the 10<sup>th</sup> of September 2008, when the Large Hadron Collider in CERN was turned on.

The Large Hadron Collider is the world's largest machine. It is 17 miles long and sends particles whizzing around at ridiculous speeds in a circle before colliding two of them with each other.

One newspaper cleverly quipped, "If you are reading this after quarter past nine this morning, you have survived the end of the world!" A betting agency in England took bets from punters at odds of 1000000 to 1 that the world would end, which is ridiculous because if you were right and the world ended, you wouldn't be able to claim your money- you wouldn't exist!

When the particles collide, miniature black holes are created. Some bright people -insert sarcasm here- believe that these black holes will gel together and eat the world. These geniuses are conveniently forgetting the fact that these black holes are really, really small and only last for milliseconds at a time, overlooking the fact that they are only turning the thing on, and ignoring the scientists who have spent (wasted) 35 years and 5 billion dollars and probably know what they are doing.

It goes to show, I suppose, the ignorance and innocence (idiocy) of people. In researching this article, I looked up conspiracy theories and found a couple of gems. Before I start, I feel compelled to warn you that the Internet is a dangerous tool in the hands of the wrong people. Did you know that NASA faked the moon landing? That Jews were behind 9/11? That Paul McCartney is dead? That Elvis and Hitler are alive? That lizard people run the world? That, in the wise words of Gene Kerrigan of the Sunday Independent, Bertie won it all on the horses? It's amazing what people, lizard or not, will believe.

Besides, they are all wrong. The world is going to end in August 2010 when I get my Leaving Cert results! Or when Liverpool win the Premiership, in other words, never!

*By Niall Brehon*



"The end of the world if Mr. Bush ever gets curious about what the little red button does."

Niall Brehon

## *Nigerian Oil war*

The Movement for the Emancipation of the Niger Delta (Mend), a Nigerian militant group, have declared “war” on the Nigerian government. They claim it is because of un-provoked air raids, by the Nigerian military, on their bases. Both sides are claiming the other have suffered heavy casualties in the little fighting that has occurred.

Mend have been running a violent campaign to try win over some of the oil rich “Delta” region. So it seems contradictory for them to only declare war now, after they have already cut the country’s oil output by 20%. The group is the largest of many such groups in the impoverished delta region, and are frequently kidnapping foreign oil workers and sabotaging the pipelines. Nigerian President Umaru Yar’adua is under pressure to crack down on the militants and make the delta safer for international oil firms.

Mend claim that "The operation will continue until the government of Nigeria appreciates that the solution to peace in the Niger Delta is justice, respect and dialogue,". Also claiming they had launched attacks on many oil platforms, and had killed many Government soldiers. The government on the other hand says that the attacks failed and the militants were the ones to suffer the heavy casualties. With the delta region and it’s oil being the major source of income for Nigeria, they will have to consider sorting out the corruption and poverty that blight it if they want to truly prosper from it.

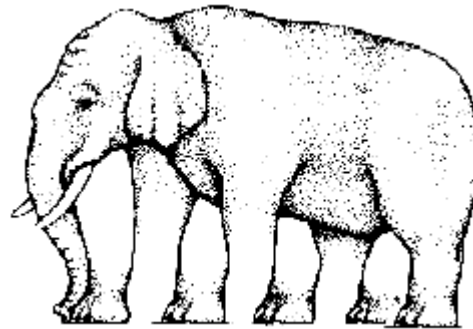
### *Announcement*

This paper is planned to be distributed in the school, for free. It is hoped to be a monthly release to start with, with a format like this sample one, except with more structure.

However, to do so, we will need some students who are interested in writing regularly for us. It would be preferable that any article submitted is typed, and emailed to us. We are also happy to accept anyone who only wants to submit articles occasionally. Any persons interested in taking part, should contact the editor, Neal Morrin. We would like to have a definite team of students, who will write for us regularly, by the end of the month.

Any queries about the paper should be addressed to the editor, and will be dealt with as soon as possible.

Enjoy what has been written so far,



How many legs?

*What can run but never walks, has a mouth but never talks, has a head but never weeps, has a bed but never sleeps?*

"The head which will become a skull is already empty"  
- Michel Foucault

*"There are no exceptions to the rule that everyone thinks they're an exception to the rule,"*

- Banksy