

between Central and York Road Stations, en route to the Jordanstown station increases the environmental and economical benefits and would help to develop the rail service throughout Northern Ireland. Some courses at Jordanstown – Sports Studies, Physiotherapy, Hotel and Catering etc could be retained in buildings not demolished on the site/campus, allowing some – if not all – students to benefit from the practical application of academic study and an industrial/working/commercial environment.

The sporting facilities on the campus could also be retained for use by home and visiting teams, before fixtures are played. Additionally, some of the student accommodation currently available could be renovated to provide rest and training provisions for our 'home,' 'visiting,' and domestic (club, county, provincial and national) teams playing at the stadium. The opportunity to use the site for others wanting to avail of our facilities can also be incorporated into both academic and commercial purposes.

The M5 motorway provides swift access to the Jordanstown site and the Shore Road entrance. Could you imagine how impressive such a stadium would appear as spectators or visitors ascend the road up onto the current campus and view a vast stadium sitting imperiously overlooking Belfast Lough? There are two entrances from the Shore Road. Access to the stadium could be increased by utilising the disused 'Jordanstown Deaf and Blind school, beside the campus/site, along with the already existing Jordanstown Road entrance.

This suggestion has the luxury of time and could be completed in phases to help ease budgetary constraints whilst the local economy recovers. The first phase would be the clearing of the Maze, the building of a new campus and the residential, commercial, sporting, cultural, developments for an embryonic new town. When that first phase is completed, with academic courses transferred to the new campus, or the new campus and other (Belfast?) campuses, work could commence on retaining some academic presence at Jordanstown, and the building of the new shared national stadium, with accompanying facilities. All this could secure the prospect of a shared national stadium and allow Northern Ireland to shine on the provincial, national and international sporting map.

London letter

Cian O'Neill

Slow and silver, like a sea of [artificial] hipsters, the last crowds wend home from the Albert Hall. As the vulgarly nationalistic Last Night of the Proms execrations end, so does England's Summer – just like it was and may be, as long, that is, as there are crowds enough to attend. Enlightenment may not be cause sufficient, as Nikolai the Horsefly Clegg might tell you. No, no; whether you're playing Guy Fawkes with cacti on a school-trip to Germany, or playing Scrabble with George Osborne. *Der Will zu macht* (the will to power) is the thing. Accordingly, having hosted FIFA's Sepp Blatter at Downing Street, probably with a platter, or perhaps just some plain brown envelopes, the soft-mouthed Clegg has been playing the PR intern, pumping England's bid to host the 2018 World Cup competition while David Ham-eron attends to the extension of his line, somewhere in butter-lined Devon. If Dave is holding the baby, Nick is left the can, given that the Institute for Fiscal Studies has determined that the ConDem

Coalition's Emergency Budget is going to hit the poor hardest. Clegg dissimulated without shame or grace in the face of this, declaring the research 'selective', because it didn't factor in an unknown futurity, i.e. the impact of new private sector jobs [to be created by unspecified agencies] as shall remedy the Coalition's slashing of tens of thousands of public sector jobs that exist right now. Alas, Reasonable Nick is now as prone to politicking as all the others, and it's, 'Hang on, Marie!', as we toboggan down into the wasted lands of the Havenot's future...

Along the route can be seen the Labour leadership race fun-park. Step inside the straw enclosure and behold the freaks: feed bananas to the Bird-stained boy called David; throw popcorn to his brother Gromit. I mean Ed; slip a jam bun to Andy Burnham, the Human Idiot; project your thoughts down the mirrored hallway of Diane Abbott's eyes; kick Ed Balls in the shins, before he does it to you. Slim pickings. The Labour Party conference hangs raggedly over the coming politi-



Cameron left holding the baby, er, puppy

cal month like some giant skeletal flamingo drained of red and might, and it is there, in Manchester, that Labour's great long winter-to-come will be properly counted off. Donkey coats may be more welcome in such chill climes than they were in the late 90's, back when all bathed in the margarine glow of Blair's promise. In fact, Labour may very well take an interesting turn to the left, with a view to mopping up the disaffected progressives made collateral damage to Clegg's ambition.

That does, however, depend on whichever of the Millibands claims the Christmas cracker

crown. David is a Blairite. Ed is a Brownite [quiet at the back]. It might be best to have them both as leader, as between the two may lie the makings of one human soul.

Speaking of crackers, the Hechs and the Hadjibs can be seen to the right, being airlifted out for their trip back to Washington, where they are to be interrogated by Sturmhauptführer Clinton about that whole life-before-death idea they were knocking about a few years back. With all that hummus of millenia-old hatred on the table, one could only guess what the breadstick expenses were going to look like, but the odds were pretty high that someone was going to walk out, assuming that they didn't get caught in

the tractor beam of Hilary's eyes, or the spider web of one of Obama's simpler locutions. You'd fancy being a fly on the wall at such a meeting, were Ehud Olmert not a lizard in a three-piece.

Enough with the freaks, though, and down on to the floodplains, whence Orla Guerin keeps broadcasting plain and clear the value of proper journalism, and how lucky Ireland can feel that it can absorb excess rains thanks to our waste-ground 'buffer zones',

known colloquially as 'Fermanagh', and 'Leitrim'. The benighted peoples of Pakistan are

in very serious trouble and need help now.

If the West does not provide succour sufficient, the men from the mountains will recruit many who have no other way to feed their children but to work to others' dubious ends. You'd be better off down pit, lad, maybe, unless that pit were in Chile, where a group of hardy guacamolemen are facing several months underground while a tunnel is dug for their escape.

It makes real the human cost of those 'energy crystals' that sit in the offices of Sociology lecturers, it really does - let's just hope that tunnel doesn't open up into the Swat valley.

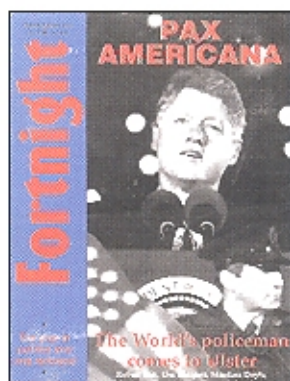
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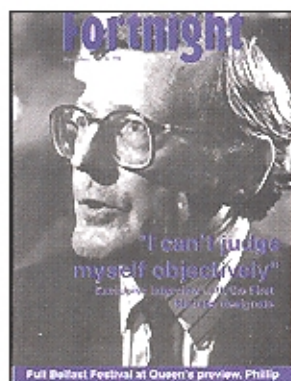
Forty years of Fortnight



1991



1996



1998