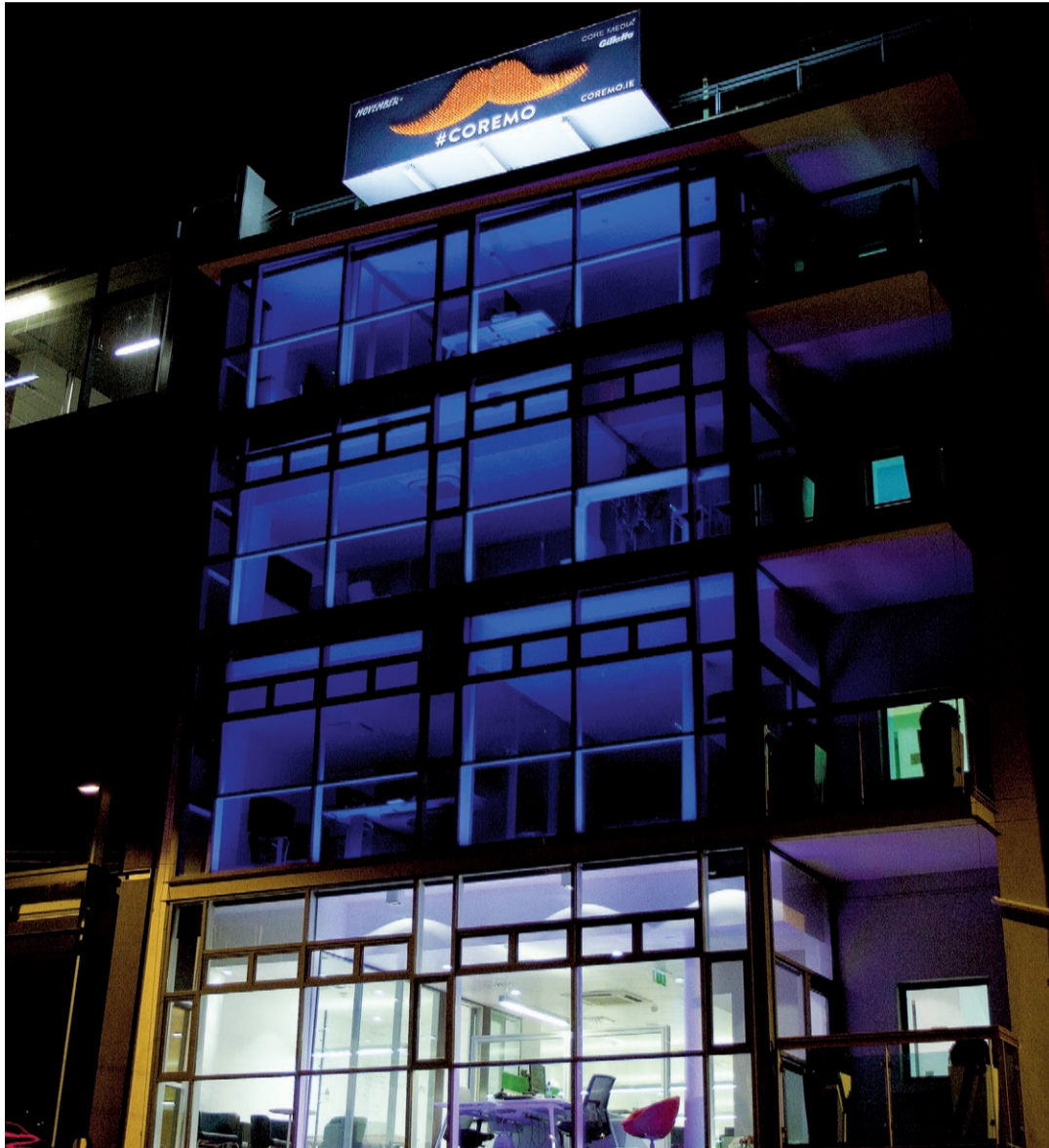


## ADVERTISING FEATURE

# NO SHOW LIKE A MO SHOW

Core Media and Gillette launch a moustache installation . . .



## Becoming the first building in the world to grow a moustache for Movember!

**D**ublin, November 2013 – To raise awareness and contributions for Movember, Core Media, a Dublin-based media group, has partnered with Gillette to become the first building in the world to grow a moustache. Triggered by online donations, the light-up moustache installation grows with each online contribution from the fifth floor of Core Media's river facing office building at 16 Sir John Rogerson's Quay, Dublin 2.

Core Media and Gillette teamed up to raise awareness for men's health by creating an interactive ginger-coloured moustache, which grows in real-time as contributions are made to Movember online. Employees are also showing their Movember support by growing facial hair and sharing updates on the moustache installation across social networks. The media group is hosting themed events throughout the month, starting with a shave-off and charity bake sale for all the 'MoBros' to start with freshly shaved faces on 1st November.

Real-time progress of the moustache can be tracked anytime on the agency's newly launched 'coremo' website at coremo.ie. By visiting the site, anyone can contribute to Core Media's Movember fundraising initiative online, as well as see the agency's involvement and view videos and photos of the moustache installation. Similarly, the conversation can be tracked throughout the month by following hashtags #CoreMo or #bestamocanget.

This is the first time anyone has attempted to grow a moustache on the side of a building that has the ability to 'grow' larger based on the community's participation.

Alan Cox, CEO of Core Media said; "We are delighted to have taken the leap this year and to become the first office in the world to grow a moustache! The Core Media team based in No 16 Sir John Rogerson's Quay are going the extra mile to raise money for men's health awareness and raise awareness of the campaign to passersby on the quays."

# Dr Mark Dooley



## MORAL MATTERS

# The Church is at the heart of the real France

**L**AST week I was 'guest of honour' at a conference on Ireland at Caen University in Normandy. As I had not been to France in more than a decade, I was eager to revisit that land of 'liberty, equality, fraternity'. But if France were once the beating heart of Catholic Europe, who can doubt it is now a model of militant secularism?

Paris is a city no-one should die without seeing. The road from the airport is lined with concrete monstrosities, a reminder that beauty is always the first victim of socialist architects. But then, as you slowly wend your way into the heart of the old city, you see the traditional values of France captured in stone.

These are buildings with a sublime face, one that speaks of a glorious past. Their exquisite beauty and harmony is such that you feel instantly at home. They have seen revolution, terror and socialism, but still they possess a sacred smile.

This is a country where church and state are rigidly separate. Yet, still towering above the Paris skyline are the old church steeples. Those majestic structures stand in defiance of the surrounding secular culture. Like the Ghost of Christmas Past, they remind the French that long before the Jacobins there was Joan of Arc.

From Paris, I made my way to Caen, a city best known for its strategic role in the Battle of Normandy beginning on June 6, 1944. The Allies sought to liberate Caen from the Nazis on D-Day but were resisted until August. Much of the old city was destroyed due to Allied air bombardment.

I went to Caen to deliver a lecture of hope. My audience comprised many from the Irish studies community in France, a vibrant group that understands this country more than most. They wanted me to discuss my controversial articles on Irish seminaries and to give an update on reform in the Irish Church.

Naturally, I was somewhat hesitant given the anti-Catholic prejudice which currently characterises most French universities. But these were people deeply interested in Ireland, its traditions and historical legacy.

I told them that after 20 years of terrible trauma, the Irish Church is finally coming to terms with its dark past. Thanks to the quiet but diligent work of Papal Nuncio Charles Brown, a new generation of Irish bishops will soon be in place to heal the Church's wounds. That is crucial, not only because most bishops failed in their

response to the abuse crisis, but because a bishop enjoys almost unlimited power over his diocese. Hence, where there are good bishops, seminaries and parishes do not, as a rule, descend into chaos.

As I listened to others discuss Irish education and history, the North and immigration, I almost forgot I was in France. Their perceptive insights proved our island has not lost its fascination. For all its faults, it is still a place of intense and lasting interest.

However, before I managed to get too relaxed, I found myself in a restaurant on Rue des Jacobins. The irony that they had taken me to a street honouring those who violently suppressed the French Church was not lost on my hosts.

Travelling back to Paris, I recalled the many French writers I have known. Indeed, the last time I visited France was to meet philosopher Jacques Derrida, who died in 2004. What was it about these people that made them so hostile to the great national ideals of their country? The answer hit me as I strolled awestruck through those stately streets.

Those writers spoke a lot about alienation, difference and otherness. In so doing, they rejected the idea of belonging to a single place called 'home'. But for all its revolutionary chic, France is still a country that values the old experience of settlement.

**T**HE people I met on my travels do not disdain their country or their values. That is something socialist politicians revel in. Ordinary French people are, however, proud of their culture and place in the world.

What's more, I did not encounter an instance of rudeness or discourtesy. Politeness and decorum were everywhere evident. It seems official France is very different from the real France, where people still cling to that old vision of their nation so beautifully described by Edmund Burke as a place of order and tranquillity.

As I stepped off the train in Caen, my host Alexandra Slaby said: 'According to philosopher Roger Scruton, you will reveal a different Ireland, one that still respects its culture, religion and history'.

To my great surprise, it was she who revealed a very different France, one that persists in spite of so much secularist dogma.

She revealed a country where many citizens hold fast to their noble traditions and where, even now, the great French saints continue to inspire.

Back in Dublin, I sipped a glass of my favourite Bordeaux. Somehow, it never tasted quite so lovely.

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