

1997-12

## The DIT Examiner : the Newspaper of the Dublin Institute of Technology Students' Union, December, 1997

DIT : Students' Union

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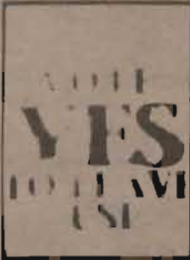
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# the DIT Examiner

The Newspaper of the Dublin Institute of Technology Students' Union

December '97



UCD opted out of USI last month by the skin of the skin of their teeth. Photos galore, PAGE 9.



"It is life, it is life, it is death, it is death. Here is the hairy man who caused the sun to shine." WHAT?! Why its the Hakka, of course, p12. Sport, PAGES 12-15 + more.



Blur the bentley rhythm ace with all saints' black grape in the emerson of a steam pig's shadow. Under the influx of sonic bionic. PAGES 16,17.



"Yo Adrian! I did it! I finally showed 'em I can ACT!" Sly goes good in Copland and Ripley is back for another Allen. Gráinne Fox in REEL Life. PAGE 19.

## USI v UCD: Goliath and Goliath

UCD students last month voted in a referendum in favour of pulling out of the national union, the Union of Students in Ireland, by a total of nine votes. This means a quite devastating hole is punched in USI's political clout, if the matter rests here. It will also mean an approximate loss of £35,000 per annum to USI. The only universities left affiliated to USI are Dublin City University and the National University of Ireland, Galway — formerly UCG. According to the Irish Times Education & Living supplement of 25 November, there were also rumours of a disaffiliation referendum in DCU. (Such a suggestion was scotched by DCUSU President, Dermot Lohan, by saying "Its nothing more than a rumour. There's no-one out here collecting signatures." This was later confirmed in a subsequent E&L.) One way or another, the future does not bode well for USI on the whole.

Apart from the fact that the referendum campaign degenerated — inevitably, some would argue — into rather facile pursuits at times (paper-throwing and heckling at the hustings etc) neither does the result signify anything much more than that UCD are now out in the political wilderness, and are also, for the time being, unrepresented at national level.

The wider ramifications for USI are debatably more damaging; with UCD's 16,700 full- and part-time students off the team, their membership falls from 150,000 to 133,300. Such a loss vastly undermines their own national position (and not purely numerically), and though the Department of Education currently holds the position that it will deal only with USI as the national representative body, faced with an equally sizable and alternative union composed of universities (UCD, NUI Maynooth, NUI Cork, TCD, University of Limerick) it could well revise this attitude as fast as governments do when it suits them.

The result leaves Dublin Institute of Technology Students' Union with the biggest single share in the USI pie in the Republic, with 18,800 full- and part-time students (USI 97-98 figures), not counting evening students, which brings the total closer to 23,000.

University of Ulster's four campuses, at Belfast, Coleraine, Derry and Jordanstown contribute a combined punch of 18,587 students (most recent figures, subject to confirmation), which puts them a close second to DITSU in the aligned National Union of Students / Union of Students in Ireland field. So where will UCD's extra £35Gs now go? UCDSU are adamant that it will go straight to the Union itself. They must wait until 1998-99 to find out, though it would not be surprising were it to be diverted elsewhere in the mean time. Hopefully the end result will not leave both USI and UCDSU losers, if that is not already the case.

For more on referendum see p9



An Taoiseach, Bertie Ahern, TD, accepting his DIT Alumni presentation from DIT President, Dr. Brendan Goldsmith.

## SPECTRUM SPECTACULAR

An Taoiseach, Bertie Ahern, TD, opened the Dublin Institute of Technology - AIB Bank Spectrum 97 Exhibition on Thursday 4 December last in the Gallagher Gallery of the Royal Hibernian Academy in Ely Place. The occasion was attended by almost 1,200 guests from a cross-section of society including students and staff of the DIT itself, public figures and celebrities, members of the art world and a whole host of other areas.

Art guru Mike Murphy performed his part as MC efficiently and comfortably, introducing speakers Kevin O'Kelly of AIB Bank, Dr. Brendan Goldsmith, President, DIT, and the Taoiseach himself, Mr. Ahern.

Though many people talked incessantly during the Taoiseach's speech, showing a rather appalling disregard for — like it or not — the leader of the country (in particular) and other people (in general), Mr. Ahern was unperturbed.

Having finished his speech he was presented with a plaque commemorating his achievement as the DIT's first ever Alumnus, being, as he was, a student of Accountancy in the College of Commerce, Rathmines.

He was also presented with a painting by the Director of the Faculty of Applied Arts, Dr. Ellen Hazelkorn, who was instrumental in the formation and organisation of the exhibition.

Spectrum 97 is the bringing together of every aspect of the creative side of the entire Dublin Institute of Technology in one ground-breaking exhibition. Through its students and staff, there is a vast, virtually unfathomable, well of talent which goes largely unrecognised by the general public.

As if to prove the point, the monstrosity that is the Gallagher Gallery was decked out in a myriad of impressive samples of recent work by students, graduates and staff of the Institute.

For more see centre pp.10-11

## BUSINESS BREAKFAST FEEDING THE TIGER

The first ever Business Breakfast held by the DIT Faculty of Business took place on the 4 December in the Royal Dublin Hotel, and was attended by the Minister for Public Enterprise, Ms. Mary O'Rourke.

The Theme was Fuelling the Tiger for the Next Millennium, and brought together many representatives from across the business spectrum with business students for a full Irish grill and an early morning chat. Though a formal occasion, the breakfast situation makes it a slightly more comfortable scenario for introductions to be made. Organised by Aungier Street's Political and

Economic Forum with sponsors ranging from Aer Rianta, Dublin Bus and The Irish Times to the National Standards Authority and O'Connor Sutton Cronin Consulting Engineers. Following an introduction by Hilliard Lombard, Irene Brady gave a speech on nurturing the Celtic cub to become the roaring tiger it is today, and the important role present business students will have in Irish business in the future. The Minister then delivered the Keynote address, recalling her time in the Department of Education with fondness, and commenting on



Minister for Public Enterprise, Mary O'Rourke, speaking at the recent Business Breakfast in the Royal Dublin.

how (with a little help from herself) the DIT has been making strides in every direction in such a short space of time.

Niall Quinn, Auditor of the Political and Economic Forum, in responding to the Minister's speech, showed why he is a champion speaker and debater, with a marvellous address. With such a high profile achieved with the first staging of the Business Breakfast it is almost certain to take place again next year to even greater success.



<http://www.guinness.ie>

# the DIT Examiner

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Fax: 478 3154

## UCD v USI

In the recent Union of Students in Ireland disaffiliation referendum in UCD, Belfield students voted in favour of pulling out of the national union by a total of nine votes from a poll of over 4,000. Hardly what one would call a resounding victory, or even a clear vindication of the Yes campaign's gung-ho approach to the matter. This must surely tell us something about the interest students have in the political workings of their environment, and the way in which campaigns are conducted. The fact remains, however, that UCD took on the national union and won. Whether they decide to repeal this decision or hold another, reaffiliation, referendum later in the academic year remains to be seen.

The lead up to the election was marred by allegations, hearsay, and assorted mud-slinging, which seem to be the examples of the day if the recent Presidential election campaign is anything to go by.

The lessons to be learned from this entire escapade into the world of (student) politics is that the professional activities of executives and their constituent officers must at all times be accountable to the student body; should conflicts of interest (apparent or imagined or whatever) arise between an officer's personal activities and their public/professional duties, then it is also the duty of the executive in question to clarify the issue beyond any shadow of a doubt. In this way the muddying of waters and petty, niggling, and irrelevant disputes which seem to have overshadowed the UCD referendum can be avoided in the future.

## COBÁC v AMLÉ

Sa reifreann Aontas na Mac Léinn in Éireann ba dhéanaí amuigh i gColáiste na hOllscoile, Bhaile Átha Cliath, vótáil mic léinn Belfield i bhfabhar tarraingt amach as an aontas náisiúnta le naoi vóta as 4,000 mar bhearna in iomlán. Ar éigean más bua cathréimeach é seo, ná dearbhú fiú ar an gcur chuige a bhí ag lucht an bhfeachtais Sea. Is ceart go tabharfaidh sé seo nod éigean dúinn faoin suim atá ag mic léinn sa pholaitíocht a bhaineann leis an timpeallacht acu, agus an tslí ina reachtáiltear feachtais pholaitiúla. Seachas sin, áfach, is fíor gur thóg aontas na mac léinn COBÁC dúshlán AMLÉ, gur sheasadar an fód agus gur bhuaigh siad. Níl sé cinnte fós an mbeidh aontas na mac léinn i gCOBÁC ag iarraidh reifreann eile, comhcheangailte, a eagrú roimh dheireadh na bliana.

Smáladh an toghchán agus na feachtais éagsúla ag líomhaintí, clostrácht agus láib de shaghasanna eile, atá mar eiseamláirí an lae más aon sampla é an toghchán Uachtarántachta ba dhéanaí.

Is iad na ceachtanna atá le foghlaim ón bhfiontair seo le polaitíocht (mhic léinn) ná gur cheart go mbeadh imeachtaí profaisiúnta na n-oifigigh go léir ar fáil le scrúdú ag corpus na mic léinn an t-am ar fad; dá bhfásadh conspóidí suime (bíodh siad fíor, bréagach nó samhlaíoch) idir imeachtaí pearsanta agus dualgais poiblí/profaisiúnta aon oifigeach áirithe, is ansin is gá an cheist a sheiléiniú gan éabhlú ar bith a tháigáil. Sa tslí seo, is féidir gearáin bhídeacha, seafóideacha, ar nós na cinn a loit reifreann COBÁC, a sheachaint sa todhchath.

Cearbhall Ó Siocháin

Nollaig Fé Mhaise Do Léitheoirí Uile  
an *DIT Examiner*

Shiny Happy Christmas to All  
Readers of *the DIT Examiner*

So apart from being the largest  
students' union in the country  
What has **Ditsu** ever done for me?

Well we organise and provide:

- + FRESHERS/ARTS/WELFARE/RAG WEEKS
- + COMPREHENSIVE SUBSIDISED ENTS.
- + FREE WELFARE ADVICE
- + FREE FINANCIAL ADVICE
- + HELP WITH COURSE PROBLEMS
- + HELP WITH GRANT PROBLEMS
- + HELP AND RESOURCES FOR CLUBS AND SOCIETIES
- + FREE STUDENT NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES
- + REPRESENTATION WITHIN THE COLLEGE, WITHIN DIT GOVERNING BODY AND NATIONALLY
- + CAMPAIGNS ON ISSUES LIKE STUDENT HARDSHIP, ACCOMMODATION AND SAFETY, LIBRARY FACILITIES, CATERING
- + RAISES THOUSANDS FOR CHARITY THROUGH RAG WEEK
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- + PUBLISHES FREE YEARLY HANDBOOK AND WELFARE MANUAL
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- + POSTAL ADDRESS FACILITY
- + AND ANYTHING ELSE YOU WANT US TO DO!

# Ditsu

**RUN BY STUDENTS FOR STUDENTS  
SO GET INVOLVED!  
IT'S YOUR STUDENTS' UNION.**

## Clarifications

In the November issue of *the DIT Examiner* the caption under the main photo stated that Mr. Ray Wills was accepting the degree seal along with Dr. Brendan Goldsmith. It was in fact Mr Eugene McCague, Chair, DIT Governing Body, who was pictured, and not Mr. Wills as stated.

EDITOR Cearbhall Ó Siocháin EAGARTHÓIR  
LAYOUT ChaOS LEAGAN AMACH  
Weasels Ripped My Flesh by Frank Zappa  
Printed by Datascope,  
Enniscorthy, Co. Wexford

THE Editor regrets the dodgy quality of the November issue photographs, and assures readers (all 3 of you) that efforts are under way to rectify the situation.

# Lettuce to the Editor

*Any lettuce sent to the Examiner for the attention of the Editor should be clearly marked. Ní ghlacfar le haon leitís mbarbh. Sending dead lettuce to the Editor is a strict no-no. Tig libh scríobh chuig an seoladh seo a leanas:*

*The Editor,  
DIT Examiner,  
DITSU,  
DIT Kevin St.,  
Kevin St.,  
Dublin 8.*

*An tEagarthóir,  
DIT Examiner,  
DITSU,  
ITBÁC Srdid Chaoimhín,  
Srdid Chaoimhín,  
BÁC 8.*

## Where's the Pres?

Dear Editor,

In response to the letter published in the last edition of the DIT Examiner I wish to clarify a few points raised regarding the students in Rathmines.

While I am aware that the students in the Conservatory of Music and Drama are the responsibility of the Overall President, the students of Rathmines are the responsibility of the Students' Union in DIT Aungier Street. At the beginning of the year there was a level of confusion raised on this matter. Since the new Union was elected in Rathmines Road various meetings have been held between myself, the Union representative in Rathmines House, Rathmines Road

and Aungier Street Students' Union.

I am happy to say that a structure is now in place and that all concerned are happy that steps are being taken to ensure that students are represented at all levels.

If there are any further comments to be made please do not hesitate to contact me via the Students' Union in Kevin Street.

Yours etc.  
Sinead Pidgeon  
DITSU President

## Union Schmunion?

Dear "A Student"  
I am writing in reply to your letter

printed in the November issue of the DIT Examiner. You clearly have some major problems with how your Students' Union is being run. As Site President of DITSU Aungier St., I am obviously curious about the motivations of the questions you have asked and would like to give true and accurate answers to the same.

With regards to "your union playing happy families with mobile phones paid for by you", believe it or not, but I pay for my own mobile phone, which I received as a 21st birthday present. Call into Aungier St and I'll show you the bills. And as for our "fat expense accounts", as a Site President I am paid £135 a week. Any student who has asked me this question has always received an honest answer. For this I work an average of 60 hours a week. But of course I claim expenses. As 'Dublin city is our campus', I claim taxi receipts of circa £3 if I don't have the time to walk to a meeting in DIT Mountjoy Square. And as for your worries as to whether your SU "has become a mere stepping stone for aspiring politicians or public relations hacks", I am not a member of any political party and my future ambitions do not involve making Sellafield sound like a nice place for a holiday! I ran for office because I believe I can make a difference.

To answer your final query with regards to the recent November 5th student demonstration in Belfast, I will admit that DITSU Aungier St. advertised it as a trip to Belfast for £1, however only after my Deputy President did class addresses to highlight the serious issues involved while I was in Belfast helping my colleagues in Queens

University. Who paid my expense for that jaunt to Belfast? you might ask. Well, I did. All costs incurred on the day and the 5th of November were covered by my weekly £135. I did not charge this to the students of DIT as I had volunteered my help because I DO take such campaigns seriously. I don't want 3rd level fees reintroduced in the Republic any more than you do.

As a DIT student, I respect your right to air your views as to the state of the Union, as it were. However, as you wrote an anonymous letter, this is the only way I can answer your questions. You refer to "people (who are) outside (our) cosy circle who have an interest in student issues". If this is the case, it is because they have placed themselves on the margin. Don't limit yourself to writing scathing letters and hiding behind them. Actually talking to your Union Officers may not change your mind, but it will clarify a lot of issues for you. You can contact me in DITSU Aungier St. or by calling me on 4023110. I won't give you my mobile number, as it is a personal phone, not a work number.

Also, if you are so interested in student issues, I presume you intend to run for President of your own college and experience the whole thing first-hand. It is only when you do so that you will realise the responsibilities Union Executive members take upon themselves. And this is not to be taken lightly.

Is mise le meas,  
Siobhan Weekes  
Site President  
DITSU Aungier St.



A huge gathering of colleagues and friends gathered to pay tribute to Tom Aherne who was retiring on 9 December after 38 years service as the Bakery Technician in Kevin Street.

His abiding interest in the arts was reflected in the attendance, which included Dermot Lynsly -- renowned Joycean artist; Tom Mac Síomóin, who recited his own composition (13 verses, a baker's dozen), 'The Bird They Called Aherne'; Con Howard, retired Irish Diplomatic Service member; Peter Murphy, famous broadcaster and journalist; Bob Ryan of the Central Remedial Clinic, as well as an assortment of 'Wren Boys' from Sandymount and numerous other thespians.

Not one, but two directors paid tribute to Tom -- Frank Brennan (Engineering) and Matt Hussey (Science). A memorable night was concluded by music provided by the Bag of Nails traditional group.

Jimmy Robinson

Tom is congratulated (left) by Kevin Street SU President, Tony Choi.

## The Word Shop

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Secretarial Service Bureau

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Fax Service, Thesis Binding  
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The Word Shop, DIT Kevin Street, College of Technology  
9.30am-5pm Monday to Friday

November 97 Crossword Competition Winners  
1. Brian Hyland, 2yr Retail Mktg., Mountjoy Sq.  
2. Ruth Delany, 3yr Comms., Aungier St.  
3. Paul Hackett, 2yr SEE, Kevin St.

(special thanks to Richie in Kev St shop for drawing winners)

Royal Institute of the Architects of Ireland  
Architecture Centre  
Exhibition Programme

Running until the 16 January O'Donnell & Tuomey Architects -  
Selected Works

February Exhibition of the works of Burke Kennedy Doyle  
Architecture Centre open 9:30 - 5pm Mon-Fri thru lunch  
RIAI Architecture Centre,  
8 Merrion Square,  
Dublin 2.  
Ph: 676 1703

# "Rock-a-bye-baby..."

Kevin O' Brady

*The dead baby's parents just wanted revenge, even if it meant sending an innocent young nineteen year old to jail for murder. So thought thousands in Britain and in Ireland of the Louise Woodward case, as emotions got the better of both sides. Most people hardly knew half the story, but were convinced of their own verdict; mainly, that she hadn't done it.*

When Louise Woodward was originally put on trial in Cambridge, Massachusetts, earlier this year for the alleged murder of Matthew Eappen, the infant in her care, it is highly likely that her case, and Louise Woodward herself, would have remained as anonymous as the majority of the other cases that fill the schedules of the criminal courts in the United States but for the fact that she is British.

In the event, she has achieved worldwide fame as a result of the extensive news coverage of her trial — particularly in Britain — her original conviction for second degree murder, the substituted conviction of manslaughter and the proposed prosecution and defence appeals against conviction.

There are few people on these islands who have heard all of the evidence given during the trial; the latter stages were broadcast live by Sky television, presumably because that is when the proceedings were thought to have become suffi-

**No-one here is properly qualified to say for certain whether or not Louise Woodward is guilty of murder.**

ciently dramatic, or interesting for a wider audience, but much of the technical and medical advice had been given by then and the subsequent analysis of this by Sky's legal experts was somewhat akin to tabloid coverage. Consequently, no-one here is properly qualified to say for certain whether or not Louise Woodward is guilty of murder. What is apparent is that Matthew Eappen died in circumstances the exact nature of which may never be known by anyone other than Louise Woodward herself.

The reaction to Louise Woodward's original conviction — and indeed to some extent the fact that she was on trial at all — particularly amongst the British public and in the British tabloid press, was instructive of British attitudes towards the judicial system of foreign countries, specifically the notion that

foreign justice is flawed and that British nationals cannot therefore be given proper or fair trials abroad. An example of this was earlier this year when two British nurses were tried in Saudi Arabia for the alleged murder of a colleague; the coverage of this by some of the press in Britain effectively refused to contemplate the possibility that they could be guilty and the fact that they were being tried in Saudi Arabia supposedly gave them no chance of an acquittal anyway.

In the case of Louise Woodward, this attitude culminated immediately after her conviction in a well organised, and very well publicised, campaign to free her, on the premise that as a matter of 'fact' she is innocent. But this overlooks the fact that few, at best, of the campaigners heard all of the evidence and it ignores the fact that Matthew Eappen is dead and that someone — possibly Louise Woodward — is responsible. It is also noteworthy that after the original conviction was commuted to manslaughter supporters of Louise Woodward who were asked about the fact that she is still guilty of homicide answered simply by insisting on her innocence, with no consideration as to the possibility that even the lesser conviction could be legitimate.

It is interesting that the British view about Louise Woodward was adopted wholeheartedly by many in this country, with vigils held outside the US Embassy and those involved being arguably more committed to securing her release than anyone in Britain. This seems to say much about the influence of the British media in this country given the amount that was said about the trial in the British tabloids and that Sky carried most of the television coverage here.

Following the original conviction, the criticism of the criminal judicial system in the United States was unprecedented, from any Western country at least. Criticism of US law is not new, but before this case it was focused principally on the continued use of the death penalty in particular states, for example when Alan Bannister was executed recently in Missouri for murder.

The criticism of the system in Massachusetts, where Louise Woodward was convicted, ran much deeper; the judge was criticised for the way in which he directed the jury when they sought clarification of evidence during their deliberations; the prosecution was criticised both for prosecuting on supposedly inconclusive evidence and for allegedly withholding vital medical evidence from the defence; the jury system itself was criticised, although the basis of this

is not entirely clear, other than the fact that in this case the jury returned the 'wrong' verdict; and Massachusetts law was even criticised for allowing Louise's defence lawyers to have opted to remove from the jury the possibility of convicting for manslaughter, rather than murder only, a choice which appears to have been made because the defence — or maybe Louise Woodward herself — was very confident of an acquittal on that



basis.

It is surprising that the type of criticism previously reserved for supposedly lesser developed countries should have been aimed at the United States, arguably the most advanced of all. A British lawyer, Stephen Jakobi, of the organisation Fair Trials Abroad, declared to Sky News in the immediate aftermath

**Perhaps...the jury convicted Louise Woodward because they mistakenly believed her to be uncaring...**

of the conviction that he had never witnessed such a ridiculous trial in any country, and he asserted on BBC's Newsnight programme on 4 November that the jury's verdict would not have been possible in any other civilised country. This is surely, by any measure, an extraordinary statement, and given Britain's own history of wrongful convictions, it is difficult to accept.

On the edition of the BBC's Question Time which followed the reduced sentence, one of the questions from the audience asked whether the judge's decision to reduce the original conviction suggested that the jury system in criminal trials should be abolished, although no viable alternative was offered.

Perhaps the most extraordinary suggestion, among all the opinions given, was that the jury convicted Louise Woodward because they mistakenly believed her to be uncaring, due to the calm, reasoned way she gave her testimony, and that this 'mistake' was a result of the fact that people in the US are used to dealing with controversy and debate in the emotionally charged environs of the day-time television shows such as those presented by Oprah

Winfrey and Rikki Lake. If this argument is to be given any credence at all, then the same must also hold true for Britain, which now has several similar programmes.

Amidst all the criticism, the Guardian newspaper in Britain was almost alone in reminding people — albeit in an article, not an editorial — that a verdict that was unpopular did not mean that it was poor justice, but this made no difference to the clamour for Louise Woodward to be released.

The conviction of Louise Woodward renewed the debate about the merits or otherwise of the live broadcast of criminal trials, and the arguments for and against are well documented. The point, though, is that verdicts are given — or should be given — according to what transpires in the courtroom, not on public opinion. The size of the audience, other than the jury, and whether or not this includes television viewers, is therefore to some extent irrelevant since the judiciary is independent of the public's view, as was demonstrated in this case by Judge Hiller Zobel in declining to give an immediate decision on the defence's initial appeal against conviction.

The problem, however, with the coverage provided by, for example, Sky television, is the tendency to stand up for one of their own, as with the tabloid press. This means that the general tenet of the coverage is that the defendant is not guilty and if the mass audience is told this often enough, in the absence of any real balance, they eventually believe it and no other possibility is considered.

In one respect the US system has already acted in Louise Woodward's favour by having allowed an immediate appeal against conviction in the court of the first instance in which she was tried, which is almost unprecedented. Normal appeals procedures, to higher courts, can take as long as two years, unless there is good reason to expedite the procedure, for example, where there is some constitutional point to be decided. More significantly, however, the basis of Louise Woodward's appeal was such that she was effectively given the opportunity to ask for a second chance to ask the same court — albeit not the jury — to decide on her guilt or otherwise, which is completely unprecedented in any jurisdiction and would be beyond contemplation in the British judicial system.

Whatever happens next in this case — whether Louise Woodward is allowed to leave the United States within the next year, or at some later point after a further period in the State women's prison in Framington — the British public and press would do well to remember that the system they have criticised with such haste is based on their own (supposedly 'the fairest system in the world') and that it is possible for British nationals to commit crimes in other countries.

*Kevin O' Brady is a Postgraduate student of Journalism in DIT Aungier St.*

# Preparing for Christmas

Finbarr A. Neylon

Another Advent season is upon us and the endless searching begins for Christmas presents, many of which will be presented at the first available opportunity to be exchanged when the sales commence after Christmas or in the New Year. May I ask you to step off the materialistic and secular sleigh, headed up reindeer with antlers adorned with tinsel and reflect for a while on what all this 'season of cheer and goodwill' is really about and get back to basics and develop some sense of priority as we prepare for the festive season. Advent is officially a time to recollect ourselves and get things ready for the holy season. It is a time of waiting, a time of hope, a time for developing a sense of priority as we prepare for the birth of the Infant Jesus.

It is only in latter years that there was introduced any sense of celebration before the 25th. The four weeks prior to this date are a time for people of all religious denominations to take stock of life. Spending some time apart with oneself or in the company of like-minded people helps us to recall the principles by which we try to live in harmony with nature and all of life's creation.

It might help to go away for a few days, a change of environment could create the right atmosphere and temperament for a little soul searching. One could write a little to seek clarification and healing around the trauma of a bereavement or some other significant loss in one's life. If you feel creative or imaginative you may feel like drawing or sketching something if that is your ilk. You could work with some

potter's clay and when the piece is to your liking bake it in the kiln and bring it home for posterity. Whatever helps you to get in touch with the deepest recesses of your being should be used and exercised. In a way you could see it as a type of spring-cleaning of the whole spiritual self.

We also have the option of talking to someone. Some people feel it is a great way to clean out the baggage that we accumulate over time. It is not so much that we want answers, just some significant other as some kind of sounding board, as if we are hearing ourselves speak and we know no-one will interrupt the natural flow. Most times we have all the answers inside and we just need a little time to reflect on them before we allow them to crystallize. At some time in the past you may have done some of this work and all you now want to do is to pick up again where you left off in the past.

Making space helps us check our priorities because with time these can become unbalanced because of pressure from others. There may be an issue around our use of time itself or of creature comforts that is causing some concern. In taking a short break from routine activities we have a chance to see these very situations and relationships in an unbiased light. With support, space and time I can easily correct any deficiency in personality, behaviour or social mores and so step back into my unique world with a better vision for the wider horizon and my place there. This helps as we try to touch into the transcendent whom we believe is the alpha and omega of everything.

DESIGN THE NEW  
TEMPLATE AND LAYOUT  
FOR  
*the DIT Examiner*

How would you like to  
be on the receiving end  
of a cheque for a nice,  
cool ton, or consolation  
prize of 50 bills?

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS  
SEND IN YOUR CAREFULLY  
DRAWN UP PROPOSAL FOR  
A NEW DESIGN & LAYOUT  
FOR YOUR STUDENTS'  
UNION NEWSPAPER.  
SUBMIT YOUR DESIGN ON  
APPLEMAC-COMPATIBLE  
DISC. THE NEWSPAPER IS  
CURRENTLY LAID OUT ON  
QUARK EXPRESS

1ST PRIZE: £100  
RUNNER UP: £50

CLOSING DATE FOR ENTRIES IS FRI  
30 JANUARY 1998. WINNERS WILL  
BE ANNOUNCED IN FEBRUARY 98  
ISSUE.

When in Rome,  
do as the Romans  
do, some say, but  
when in Portugal,  
this is exactly  
what *not* to do if  
you're robbed,  
advises Sarah  
Marriott.

"You can shoot people in your own country but don't come here and threaten innocent boys," the Portuguese military policeman told me and my friends on the midnight train from Lisbon. Our job-hunting expedition hadn't got off to a very good start.

Barry, Fionnbarra and I were on our way north to Porto, to look for jobs teaching English. After settling all our worldly possessions around us in the empty compartment, I fell asleep. When I woke up, the train was chugging through pitch black countryside, and next to me were three young Portuguese guys. They left hastily as soon as my friends reappeared, and suspecting the worst, I checked my bag. My passport, credit card, cash and travellers cheques had gone.

By this time the train was almost completely full of skinheaded teenagers doing military service, on their way back to barracks for another week of boredom. I was the only woman. But the thieves weren't soldiers, so Barry and Fionnbarra reckoned they'd be able to find them fairly easily and, leaving me to guard the luggage, went off up the train in pursuit.

On being confronted, the thieves denied taking anything, so the Irish guys tried to make a deal. "Just leave the passport in the toilets and you can keep everything else - we'll be back in 5 minutes." Meanwhile, the ticket inspector was trying to throw me off the train because, in a vain attempt to enlist his support, I'd told him my ticket had been stolen too. We sorted that one out and my protectors went back to collect my passport from the loo.

It wasn't there. The Portuguese guys now began to get aggressive, and so Fionnbarra, who used to be in the Irish Army, decided to try threats: "We're Irish and we're in the IRA. And I've got an uzi in my bag. If you don't give us the stuff we're going to kneecap you." Followed by a graphic description of kneecapping. In fact, dressed in long tweed overcoats, they did look like characters from Michael Collins.

The thieves chose this moment to translate everything to the soldiers sitting nearby - who immediately launched themselves onto Barry and Fionnbarra. Lying on the floor, each pinned down by three soldiers, they were saved by the arrival of two Military Policemen. When the situation was explained, the MPs insisted that we all get off at the next stop and go to the nearest police station. Since we were passing through seemingly deserted countryside, and the MPs were less than friendly, the Irish guys were somewhat reluctant to agree. After much negotiation, it was decided that we could stay on the train provided we stopped accusing innocent boys of robbery and promised not to shoot anyone: "You can do that in your own country, but you can't come to our country and do it."

We spent the rest of the night struggling to stay awake, paranoid that the soldiers, who were getting off at regular intervals and disappearing into the blackness, would take some of our luggage with them.

Barry and I stayed on teaching for 3 months and still visit regularly, but Fionnbarra, who'd never been to Portugal before, left after a week. He's never been back.

## Poet's Corner with Maolsheachlainn Ó Ceallaigh

### When Mass Has Been Said

The pious who gather when mass has been said  
are never as pure as they seem;  
it's not that they worry the life they have led  
digressed from the heavenly theme;  
they eat and they drink of the wine and the bread  
but they cannot believe they redeem.

They greet one another politely and low  
"You're looking remarkably well"  
and fall to discussing the people they know  
who rose in the world and who fell.  
They speak of those gone and of those next to go  
and hope that they're going to Hell.

They watch and they curse as the dead roll along  
each passing year, wave after wave.  
Recounting how each wrought some trivial wrong  
their holy souls never forgave  
"He laughed at me loud and laughed at me long  
but I'm laughing him into his grave"

With their heads sadly shaking they stare at the floor  
Discussing the week in the news  
each sermon that comes brings a crime to deplore  
a jailing or murder, but whose?  
What matter? Those people don't enter this door  
those people don't sit in the pews.

But the dogs of the devil are barking so loud  
they pierce even here with their bark  
even here, where the faithful have run from the crowd  
who bellow outside in the dark  
"Dark days," say the pious, "but God has allowed  
His chosen to stay on His ark"

"And let God envelop the world in a flood  
if only he saves me and mine.  
I always instructed my flock to be good  
and spare for the beggar a coin.  
But never neglected to teach them that blood  
is thicker than water or wine."

Keep from me the curse that abides in their eye  
it speaks not of peace but a sword  
and when, old and bitter, they finally die  
Deliver them unto their Lord  
for thorns and nails always bespoke them a joy  
that Heaven could never afford.

### Thoughts of A Second Year Egomaniac (With Advice to First Years)

I still don't understand why no-one struck up any band  
When I made my grand debut in Aungier Street  
There might at least have been a hearty welcome from a greeting party  
Crying "Start the celebrations! On your feet!  
We are glad that Dublin (North) has such a jewel to send us forth  
And we pray we're worth this kindness we've been shown!"  
But all they said to me was an abrupt "Here's your ID  
Don't miss your lectures, son. You're on your own."

But I knew I would not bungle and I'd climb up rung on rung til  
I had battled through this jungle, sore and scarred  
There was no-one I would bow to, doff my cap at or kowtow to  
(See the steel-eyed photo on my ID card)  
I came through it bruised and bloodied, but I studied and I studied  
Til they cried "Is that lad good? He's a sensation!"  
My genius so abundant, I'll make lecturers redundant  
I'll run DIT before my graduation.

Every fresh-faced first year novice will be sent up to my office  
And he/she will doff his/her headgear to me  
And I'll ruffle his/her hair and I'll say "Kid, I was there  
where you are now — where I am, you can be!  
You are young and in your prime, just hand in your work in time  
You can be sublimely clever, take my word  
Don't get too caught up in revels — late-night parties are the devil  
Let your head stay level now your level's third."

# STUDENT PARENTS - NOT ALL DOOM, GLOOM AND DIRTY NAPPIES

Sarah Marriott

"Parents make better students," says Emma, 20-year-old Business Studies student and mother of a toddler. "Before I had Eoghan, I did the bare minimum of studying. Now I'm more motivated - I know where I'm going and what I'm doing. I'm much clearer than other students my age about what I want. I'm in college for a reason. I want to get a good career and provide a better life for my child in the long run."

All student parents need to be very determined and single-minded about their education. It is usual for students to suffer some financial hardship, but parents who are in college receive no extra help from the state. To survive on the Lone Parent Allowance of £88 (with one child) is difficult for anyone, but there is no acknowledgement that students are a special case. "We have extra expenses, like books, equipment and travel, and there is no provision for that," says Emma, "It is also hard to have a part-time job, unless you know someone who will baby-sit for free."

Maria, 25, with a 16-month-old son, became ill because she could not afford to feed herself adequately. With no support at all from her family, or the father of her child, she had to work part-time in the evening, after a full day at college. After paying a childminder £50 a week, she simply could not afford to buy enough food for herself. Despite becoming ill, and therefore unable to work over the summer to accumulate savings, Maria has returned to college, where she is expected to graduate in the top of her year.

Even mothers who are lucky enough to have the full support of their families don't have it easy. For women attending colleges some distance from their homes, it is not uncommon for their child to be cared for during the week by the grandmother and extended family. Some students manage to see their kids every weekend, but others cannot afford to travel home more than once a month. Emma is one of the fortunate ones: "I couldn't manage without my mother - Eoghan lives with her during the week. Me and Eoghan's dad pick him up every Friday and we spend the weekend playing and talking. I never open a book when he is around - the weekend is his time to be with his mammy. But it's very hard saying goodbye on Sunday night, especially now he's getting older and he knows what's going on."

Some third level institutions, including the majority of RTCs, offer no childcare facilities or support at all. Some colleges, such as Trinity, UCD, DCU, Maynooth and St Patrick's, have creches, while others, such as DIT, UCG, NCAD and a couple of RTCs, have a childcare fund. This provides a means-tested allowance of £10 - £30 a week, to help with the costs of a kindergarten, (which comes to around £55 a week in Dublin).

Emma wouldn't like to leave Eoghan with strangers because she'd worry too much: "Especially since the Louise Woodward case. But a college creche would be ideal, because I'd be able to see him during the day, whenever I have a free class. I'd know he was okay then."

This committed young mother would love to see more of her two-year-old: "If there was a creche at college, I'd be able to have him to live with me." This is so important that her choice of college for a postgrad degree will depend on their childcare facilities.

The Union of Students of Ireland recognises the need for on-site creches. Women's Rights Officer, Nuala Toman says: "Childcare is an important issue. We feel that equality of opportunity and access is vital. And from the point of view of the college, an on-site creche makes it more appealing and marketable, for both students and staff."

On a day-to-day level, it can be hard for student parents to find time for college work outside lectures, when the demands of a child take up so much time and energy. Emma feels that most of her lecturers are supportive: "I had to miss an assessment when Eoghan was sick, and when I explained to the lecturer, he just said 'I know, it's terrible when they have chest infections. My two-year-old twins have just had one'. But it's important to be open about it and make sure you explain what's going on - there's no shame in having a child." And lecturers will make allowances: "But if you don't tell them why you're missing classes" says Emma, "they just assume you're on

the piss, like other students."

Most other students have no problem with student parents, and Eoghan has been adopted by Emma's class as their mascot. "It was different when I first got pregnant," says Emma, "I was doing my Leaving, and it was all nudges and whispers and staring at my stomach. Out of 120 girls, only 10 would speak to me, and none of the teachers."

When Emma talks about Eoghan and what she wants to buy him for Christmas, her face lights up, but she has some regrets. "I wish I'd waited and had him when I was older and more settled," she says, "But it doesn't matter what age your child is when you go to college, it's always hard. If somebody really wants to go to college they should do it - or they could end up depressed and bitter." And Eoghan's mother, looking forward to a bright future after college, is far from depressed and bitter.

*For information about entitlements and assistance for student parents, contact your student union or USI. If they cannot help, they will be able to point you in the right direction.*

## A day in the life of a student parent

*Sarah Marriott finds out how one student parent finds time to study*

7.45am

The alarm clock goes off and the rush starts. Glen is ten, so luckily, he can dress himself and help himself to cereal.

8.15am

We dash out of the house for the ten minute walk to the bus stop. If we time it right we don't have to wait long for the bus, but usually it's a ten minutes. Glen gets the bus on his own because when I took him I was often late for lectures. Of course I worry about him, but there's another mother from the school who gets the same bus, so she keeps an eye on him.

8.30am

I dash back home for a shower and breakfast: orange juice and a cigarette. Then a manic hunt for my books and a rush to get to college for 9.30.

2.10pm

The creche pick Glen up from school and he stays with them, doing his homework and playing, until I collect him.

6pm

I have to pick him up by 6pm (two minutes late and I have to pay £5). Luckily, the creche is near college, so I usually manage to get there on time. I get some help with the cost of childcare from DIT during term time, but during the summer and Christmas holidays, in order to keep his place open, I have to continue paying.

6.15pm

This is our 'quality time' together, chatting about his day at school, and having a snack. Luckily, I don't need to cook much, because I eat at college, and my son has a big dinner at the creche. Glen's recently taken to watching TV a lot, and so we watch together for a couple of hours.

8.30pm

Theoretically, this is Glen's bedtime but it usually takes about half-an-hour to get him settled for the night.

9pm

This is my time for studying, unless I'm really tired or need a treat, then I watch TV for 30 minutes. I sometimes manage to snatch an hour in the library during the day, but the weekends are out for studying as I spend time with Glen. We usually go to park or swimming.

I'd be lost without my phone. It's my lifeline to the outside world and how I do most of my socialising. I exchange babysitting once a week with another mother, but I don't go out much. Unless there's something special on, those nights are reserved for essay writing.

Midnight

Time to get Glen's clothes out for tomorrow, put his breakfast things on the table, and organise his books and snack for school. Then to bed (another day successfully juggled. Only two-and-a-half more years before I graduate!

*Sarah Marriott is a Postgraduate Student of Journalism in DIT Aungier St.*

# No Room at the Irish Inn

The Body Shop, in conjunction with the Irish Section of Amnesty International, last week launched a Christmas card campaign to highlight the plight of refugees in Ireland. The cards come with a postcard attached addressed to John O'Donoghue, the Minister for Justice, demanding fair treatment for those seeking asylum in this country.

According to Peter Mac Donald, Managing Director of Body Shop Ireland, the refugee issue is "an incredibly misunderstood issue." He contests that "we have a responsibility under the Geneva Convention to provide fast and fair procedures for asylum seekers." He recalls the minister's eloquence, when in opposition, about the plight of refugees, but states that John O'Donoghue is "not the epitome of action" since his appointment to the cabinet.

At present, an asylum seeker in Ireland can expect an average wait of two years before his application for asylum is processed. Even then, there is no guarantee that asylum will be granted. Amnesty International has repeatedly expressed its concern over the situation, and has recently stepped up the campaign in order to put a halt to refugees being deported from Ireland. Recent demonstrations outside Ivor Callely's clinic, and at Bersesford Place were organised to highlight the message "No deportation without a fair hearing." Amnesty expressed concern that the Irish government will deport many people without knowing if they are in real danger.

The Body Shop campaign echoes these concerns, using an evocative image of a woman and child on their cards and posters to enable people to "connect with their responsibility" towards asylum seekers, especially in the Christmas period. The caption "No room at the Inn", was chosen "because it's something people understand. We are lacking in sympathy for people in need. We don't appreciate what refugees go through."

The idea behind the Body Shop campaign is that people concerned are given an opportunity to express it, by sending the cards to friends and relatives, in the hope that they will send the attached postcard to the minister. The postcards can either be sent directly or dropped in to the Body Shop branches throughout the country.

A quotation from John O'Donoghue printed on the cards reminds us that "the status of refugees is an issue which should strike a chord with every man, woman and child here who has any grasp of Irish History, our history books being littered with the names and deeds of those driven from our country out of fear of persecution."

Fiona McCann



# WORLD TOURISM AND TRADE FAIR

*Tourism & Marketing II, Cathal Brugha St., pillaged Britain's capital city last month in the name of all things touristy.*

## Day 1

We congregated at Dublin airport at 9am on Tuesday morning, an unearthly hour for this who had just staggered back home from the Back Gate a few hours previously. After checking-in everyone duly made their way to the very heart of the airport that is Dublin Duty Free. Following the inevitable purchase of large quantities of duty free alcohol we encountered some English soccer players, whose faces meant nothing to some and everything to others. The sight of Steve Walsh and other Leicester City soccer players resulted in one particular class member searching around for paper and pen and running around Dublin Duty Free, waving the aforementioned paper and pen in the faces of said players.

On arriving at Heathrow, we gathered our belongings and boarded the first of what was to be many tube journeys, our destination was Russell Square, a forty-minute tube journey from Heathrow, the far side of Piccadilly.

Our hostel, called The Generator (don't ask!!) was a huge catacomb of small and unbearably warm rooms, the staff were all foreign, with a little English, and were, at times, more than a little weird. [Bloody weird foreigners who don't speak English, what? Shame on them. They're probably racist, too - Ed] The bar in The Generator bore a strong resemblance to the USIT bar here in Dublin, but stayed open until 2am, served half-price cocktails every evening and the power-mad bouncers were nowhere to be seen. It was now mid-afternoon, so we disposed of the bags and the beer and departed Russell Square with the intention of visiting Piccadilly and Oxford Street.

However, two particular class members (two lads, say no more) managed to make their way to the wrong underground station, and miraculously succeeded in boarding the correct train, leaving everybody else standing leaving everybody else standing waiting at the right station for the best part of an hour. Tempers were beginning to fray, when, after an hour, we decided to leave without them, assuming they were now roaming aimlessly through the streets of London, desperately searching for a familiar sight.

As luck would have it, they had found their way to Piccadilly and were sitting in a nearby Burger King awaiting our arrival. Three hours later with a lighter pocket and a film of ridiculous photos of various people embracing giant snowmen in Hanley's Toy Shop we headed back to The Generator.

Showers all round, glad-rags donned, consumption of duty free beer followed by measures of Harvey Wallbangers and Sex on the Beach and then on to O'Neill's, a nearby Irish pub. Singing and dancing ensued, which involved a certain excessive amount of alcohol, proceeded to attempt to trip the light fantastic. With a certain degree of success, might I add.



## Day 2

Awoke at approximately 9am, came to senses at approximately 10am. Had intended to be at Earls Court — the location of the Tourism and Trade Fair — by 10am, to avail of all possible time there. Arrived by tube at Earls Court close to 11 o'clock Greenwich Mean Time, proceeded to untie purse strings and relieve ourselves of the twenty pounds admittance fee, then ventured in to Earls Court to see the suits of the tourism industry in action. (See detailed report opposite.)

Five hours or so later, overflooded with bags of cumbersome brochures and books we left Earls Court, squeezed onto the tube in rush-hour traffic to return to The Generator. Following consumption of cocktails in the hostel bar, we withdrew from Russell Square and decided to grace the local O'Neill's Irish pub with our presence again. The night just wasn't the same when a certain lecturer who, unable to take the pace, retreated to Russell Square, only to be awoken during the early hours of the morning by one inebriated class member (Leicester City football fan), roaring gratuitous remarks at some unfortunate taxi driver.

## Day 3

Decided to spend the last day sight-seeing. Two out of the sixteen-strong class elected to visit Camden Town and the homes of the infamous Gallagher brothers. They succeeded in finding Noel's home and after a brief conversation over the intercom with his wife Meg, the resident security guard and Kate Moss, who happened to be visiting Meg at the time (honestly), they discovered Oasis were in Prague.

The remainder of the class undertook to engage in typical touristy activities for the day, visiting Buckingham Palace, Westminster Abbey, The Tower of London, Harrods, Big Ben, Trafalgar Square and its resident flying rats. Some found the whole experience just too much and nodded off on the tour bus. Who was it said 'When you're tired of London, you're tired of life'?

We landed in Dublin airport that night convinced that there are no Londoners in London but every other possible race — Scousers, Geordies, New Yorkers, Bostonians, Glaswegians, Greeks, Martians, Venusians, little green men... A large proportion of the class can vouch for this but should all available information be disclosed, they may never show their faces in polite society again. A fabulous time was had by everyone, and thanks a million to those who organised all, namely Dr Joe Ruddy, lecturer, Cailín Keane, class member, and Alex Gibney, class tutor, who gracefully endured three days on tour with Tourism & Marketing II. Much appreciated!!

Joanne Hayes



*"Why aye, pet, will ye havvu borrel uv Newkie Brown Aye!, like?"*

## Inside the Earls Court Trade Fair

Now came the whole official reason we'd come — the Fair. After paying the shocking £20.00 entrance fee we were stunned at the sheer size of the exhibition centre. Having gone to the RDS Holiday World exhibition many times it miserably paled in comparison. About ten times the size of the RDS, the Earls Court was huge. We received our map of the stands and started exploring. Over 158 countries of the world had a stand here, Italy seemed to win on size with France coming a close second. As this was a trade show a lot of the business of buying and selling holiday packages was going on around us. The USA had half of the gallery section on the second level. Each State had a unique style. The Texas stand had beautiful women in flowery denim skirts and the stereotypical cowgirl hats. But for me the most memorable stand was the one for Las Vegas, complete with its famous casino lights and the mechanic illuminated waving cowboy. Stewart had his photo taken with Elvis, the King, at the Tennessee stand, much to his delight. Even though it was less than 72 hours since the tragic slaughter of 60+ tourists in Egypt, people were still visiting and purchasing holidays from the Egyptian stand.

Now to our own native Bord Fáilte stand. 'Large', 'modern', and 'impressive' were the classes reac-

tion to the stand. Most regions had a representative here along with the usual tourism hob knobs. On speaking to the reps you could sense their growing tiredness as this was the second day of the week-long fair. One acquaintance we did make was one of the founders of the Erne Cruise Liner Tours with his stories about German tourists and their fascination with cows and farmyards. He helped Joanne and Miriam pass an interesting lunch time. Exhausted, we returned to the main stage in the centre of the hall to watch traditional dancing from Indonesia (surprisingly interesting!!!).

We got to talking to one of the organisers of the dance troupe who enlightened us somewhat on Indonesia; it has 180 islands, each has its own language, and with a population of 210 million it embarrassed our fair isle. It also embarrassed me that he knew more about our tiny island than I did about his huge country. [Check the East Timor story, DIT Examiner, November 97 - Ed.] Rather pointedly, his first remark about Ireland was "I know of Sin Pen" which translated from his pidgin English is 'Sinn Féin'. Strange that. Even after all the finance of the Brand Ireland initiative, the troubles are how people define our island abroad.

Cailín Keane



*"I've had a drink, thank you, and now I'm going to have another one."*

## Fringe Notes

By John Murray

It was my mother's idea that I get in contact with Glen. Mam thought Glen would help me settle into college life. In the early days, in a damp little house in Limerick, Glen was great. On frosty winter mornings she was there for me. In the beginning, it wasn't easy and Glen came close to driving a wedge between me and my flat mates. They always complained about the extra cost of having her around, but Glen brought me comfort and she had to be there.

I have known Glen for five years. Her surname is Dimplex, she is Irish, a fan of mine and has this ability to bring warmth to my life. It is probably not that surprising considering she is a fan heater. Her primary function may be to provide heat, but she means much more to me.

Glen is a she, because machines are always she's. I discovered this vital piece of information from listening to my Dad, who always refers to trucks in the feminine. "She has a fine engine, but I don't like the way her fuel distributor pump goes under the battery." Men believe that machines have to be treated with the kind of chivalry that only a woman can command. It is possible to go too far and I will never forget the day my Dad's friend Austin uttered the immortal words, "I love that car, the way you'd love a woman."

It was Sean Devlin, who introduced me to Glen in 1992. He wouldn't introduce us until I gave him £19.50. He may think of himself as an electrical wholesaler, but in the world of appliances he is nothing more than a pimp. He is better than some of the guys, as he gives a guarantee. This means he is concerned for a specified period of time as opposed to not at all.

I had a very unhappy time during second year in college when I lived next to a very noisy crowd from Tipperary. Even in those difficult times I was able to call on the consistent humming sound of Glen to block out the distraction.

In the five years that have passed the makers of Glen have brought out many variations. They call them up-dated models, but that is just being insensitive. In the midst of mass marketing they lose track of their caring side. Even though these new models have room thermostats and heat temperature dials, there is only one Glen.

In an age of planned obsolescence Glen has weathered well. The only blemish on her figure is a light brown incense stain above her name tag. It is a result of an experiment carried out in my days as a hippie.

These days Glen is not well. She has suffered minor ailments before, like getting pieces of carpet fluff caught in the fan grid, but my worry is that this time it's terminal. Sometimes when I turn her on she doesn't move, the element gets really hot and it is as if she is going to explode. In appliance years she must be around seventy and she has served me well.

Do you ever wonder what is missing from your life? It may be the emotional satisfaction you can only derive from an electrical appliance. Many have tried to convert me from my devotion to Glen, but it won't work. Central heating, paraffin oil, turf, coal or gas fires are luke-warmers compared to the heat you can get off a fan-heater.

# USI v UCD FORMER ALLIES DO BATTLE IN BELFIELD



Above: Julian de Spáinn, NUI Galway campaigns on behalf of USI out in Belfield.

Below: Students of Arts place their bets...eh...cast their votes, that is. Right: Some voters saw the funny side.



## USI v UCD Referendum Debate

Anna Kenny

In the run up to the UCD referendum on whether or not to remain affiliated to the Union of Students in Ireland a debate/hustings was held. Two speakers from each side of the campaign gave their views on why students should or should not remain a part of the national union.

After some argument about the speakers and the impartiality of the Chair the debate got underway with USI President, Colman Byrne, the first to speak. Byrne complained of the treatment those running the No campaign had been subjected to.

He said that as a result of the Socialist Worker printing leaflets supporting USI, those in the No campaign had been penalised and the other side were allowed print more than the number of leaflets originally allocated. It had also been agreed at the beginning that no reactionary material would be allowed once the campaign got underway, but Byrne said the Yes campaign had been handing out leaflets with quotes from the previous day's Education and Living supplement, in breach of the original agreement.

He continued to say: "I am not USI. You, the students, are USI. I have only seven months left in office and USI will last a long time after I am gone, and a long time after all of you are gone. USI is bigger than any one person."

Byrne outlined the benefits students of UCD get from being a part of a union with a membership of 150,000, saying that UCD students would lose their national voice should they vote to disaffiliate.

"We represent you on a national level. The HEA, the Department of Education, all listen to us. They will not deal with anyone else. For £2.50, the price of soup and a sandwich, you get national representation. There is unity in strength. You will not get recognition outside of USI. You must stay with the national union to be strong — for the benefit of all students, not just UCD students. Divided we fall. Chose not to lose, chose to stay in USI," he concluded.

President of UCD Students' Union, Ian Walsh, was next to speak. He

began by saying that USI had been telling lies regarding what would happen should UCD disaffiliate. "The £40,000 (actual 1996-97 figure, £35,336) we pay annually to USI cannot go back to the college. It has to go to student services. For the third time in as many weeks the registrar has agreed today that it will go to student services. USI are desperate to save their jobs and are using arguments that just don't hold up. Why, in five months, have they given us only eight hours of their time? The nice USI officers work very hard and are doing a good job, but they are not working for UCD. I have no problem helping smaller colleges, but I don't think we should pay £40,000 annually for that privilege. When we took up office this year we said we would give USI five months. The reason I am not supporting them now is that I don't think we are getting value for money," said Walsh.

Malcolm Byrne, Education Officer with USI, and former UCD student, argued that USI is bigger than any one individual. "It is not about the nine national officers. It is about representing 150,000 students both north and south of the border. Ian Walsh has a seat on the HEA committee. That is one of four USI seats. If UCD weren't in USI, you wouldn't have that seat."

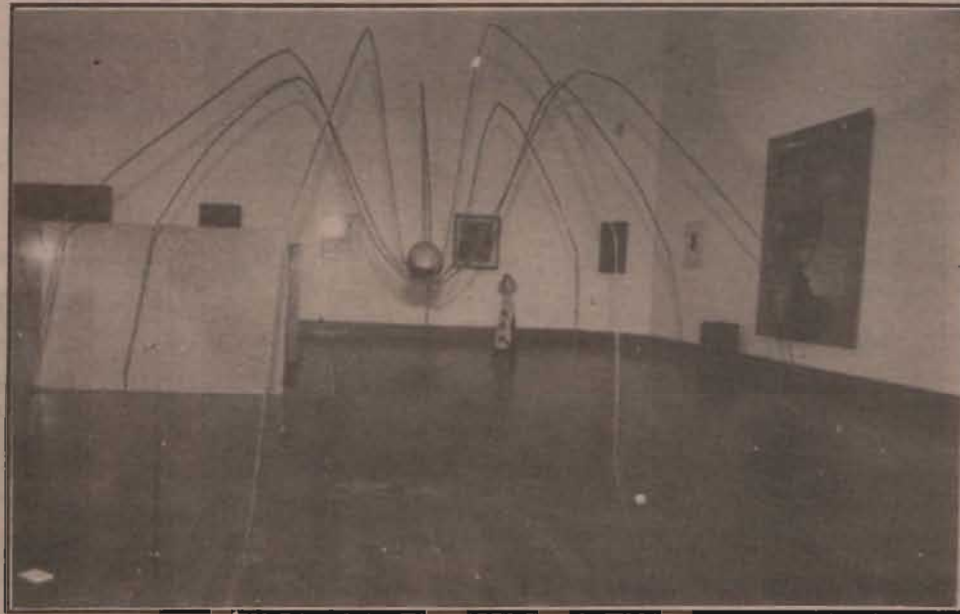
He concluded by saying that the only people who will gain from UCD disaffiliating are those who would like to see a broken and divided student movement.

The final speaker was Diarmuid Conway, former President of UCC Students' Union, who are not affiliated to USI, who said he agreed with the ideal of a national union, but not with the way USI works. In response to Colman Byrne's argument that if there is no national union there would be no national body to fight for such things as grants and medical cards, Conway said he didn't know who was fighting for them when students lost their medical cards.

So while both sides appeared to agree with the notion of a national union, the problem seemed to lie with how USI works and its relevance to USI.

# SPECTRUM

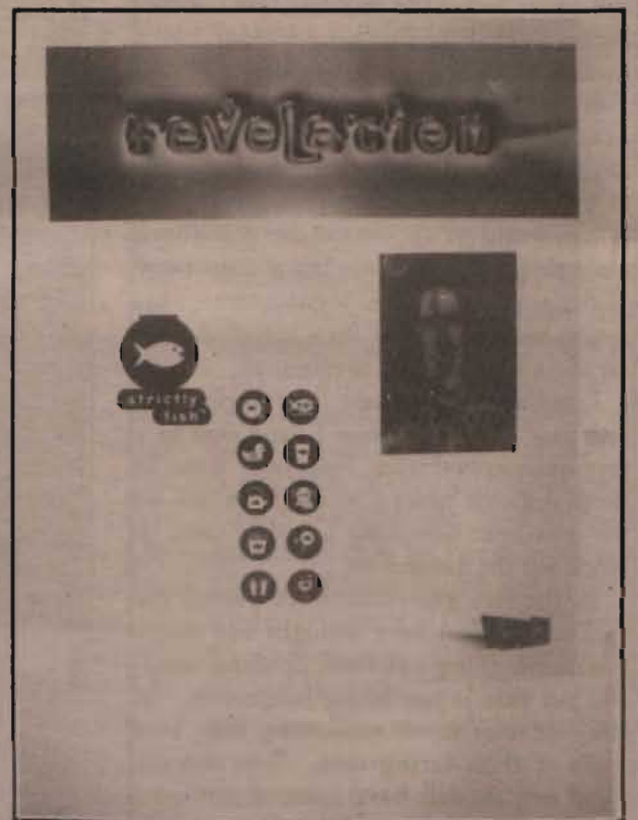
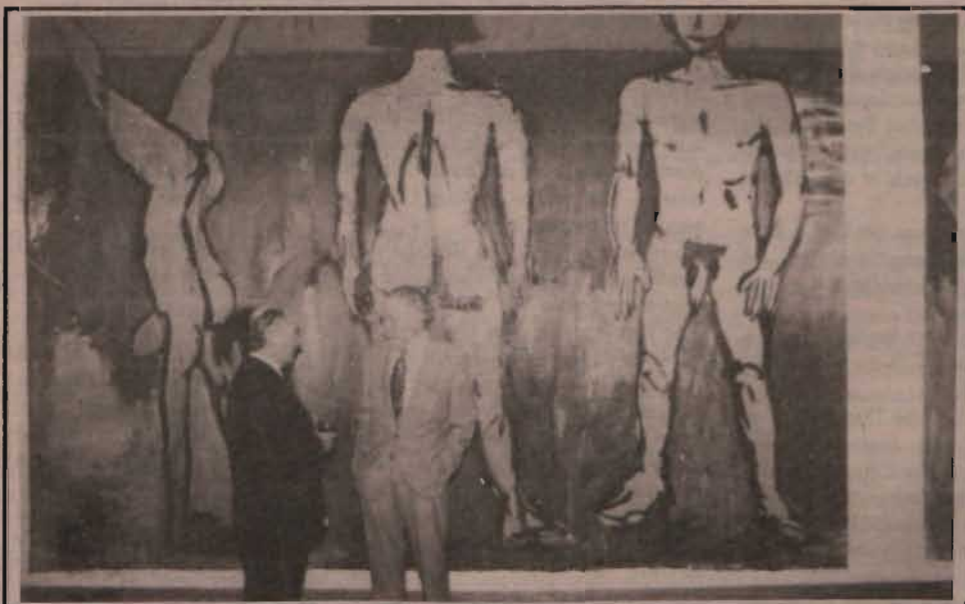
spectrum97  
The bringing together of all aspects of the DIT's pool of talent.



Above: A sculpting of a large spindly spider took up much of the main hall, while (right) in the smaller recesses of the first floor such graphic design works as *Revelation* by Philip Rafferty, *Mr. Smooth* by Barry Craven, and *Strictly Fish* by Brian Nolan took pride of place.



Above: MTV award winning director and DIT Communications graduate Marc-Ivan O'Gorman and the video bank which displayed the work of Communications students and graduates. Below: Discussion before Michael Kane's work, *Figures on a Beach*.



Left: An Taoiseach, Bertie Ahern, addresses the gathering in the main hall of the Gallagher Gallery. And no, Oasis don't own the gaff.



*Above left: The two sole survivors of Scrap Saturday, Bertie and Mike.*

*Above right: Dr. Hazelkorn presents Mr. Abern with Small Business and Talent, a painting by Brigid Collins.*

*Right: Kevin Kelly, Managing Director, AIB Bank, delivers his speech.*



*Above: Members of the DITSU executive discuss the finer points of art, snacks and canapés.*

*Left: Dr. Brendan Goldsmith, President of the Dublin Institute of Technology; a proud moment for him and the administration after months of planning and effort.*

*Right: Columa Cunningham, Kevin St. PRO, in conversation with DJ Shadosa.*



# SPECTRUM

# GAA CLG

Tony Kinsella

## DUBS DEFEAT DIT

Dublin Snr Panel 2 - 12

Dublin Institute of Technology Snr Panel 3 - 6

A pass from wing forward Rory Hickey to half forward Michael Fitzsimons lead to the equalising point in an early morning challenge game played on a soggy pitch at the TCD Sports Complex, Santry. On the tenth minute a slick



"Jonah Who? I dunno mate, but have you seen the DIT Hakka?"

movement which saw Joe Cullen pass to Colm Buggy and receive the return pass to goal for DIT. Four points without reply put the Dublin panel into a one point lead. Buggy collected a high ball from Hickey and found the net while centre half back, Trevor McGrath, sent over a free from 90 metres. The Dublin goal which ended the first half can be blamed on the low blinding sun.

On the resumption full forward, Colm Byrne, added another point to the DIT tally which was followed by another Hickey point. Goalman Dermot Maguire brought off a superb save from point blank range. Hickey drew the backs out to his wing and his pass to Byrne lead to the third DIT goal. Hickey completed his personal total of three points with a converted free and Mick Galvin added the final point for DIT with five minutes to go. A point blank goal and two points by the Dublin Panel saw off the DIT challenge in the closing minutes of the game.

It was nice to see Liam Walsh, who had played with the DIT Fitzgibbon Cup team last year, lining out for the Dublin Panel in his first game after a lengthy lay off due to injury.

The DIT team was: D. Maguire, N. Mac Caffrey, A. McKeogh, D. Clohessy, D. Spain, T. MacGrath (0-1), P. Finnerty,

P. Blake, A. Coate, J. Cullen (1-0), M. Fitzsimons, M. Galvin (0-1), R. Hickey (0-3), C. Byrne (1-1), C. Buggy (1-0)

Substitutions P. Howard for P. Blake, A. Larkin for R. Hickey, S. Callinan for J. Cullen

## DIT HAVE TWO TO SPARE OVER ATHLONE

Higher Education League, Division 1 (a)

Athlone Regional Technical College 0 - 7

Dublin Institute of Technology 2 - 7

The journey from Dublin was enlivened by a diversion through Maynooth due to "Ostriches on the Motorway" or so the rumour which swept through the coach had it. In fact it was no more than a residents protest - no exotic wildlife was to be seen.

It took DIT nine minutes to open their

opponents in a game which was not won until the final whistle had sounded securing two more points for DIT.

The winning DIT team was

Maguire, N. Mac Caffrey, A. McKeogh, D. Clohessy, D. Spain, T. MacGrath (0-1), P. Finnerty (0-1), P. Blake, S. Duignan (0-1), M. Murphy (1-0), C. Byrne, G. Ennis (0-1), M. Corcoran, C. Curran (0-1), N. Gilligan (1-2).

Substitutions T. Holden for M. Corcoran, M. Galvin for C. Curran, J. Cullen for P. Blake.

## DIT HAVE TWO HURLING BLUE STARS

Congratulations to Sean Duignan and Gerry Ennis who were selected right full-back and reserve, respectively, on the 1997 Irish Nationwide Building Society Blue Star Hurling team.

CONGRATULATIONS TO THE INTERMEDIATE TEAM ON THEIR 3 FOR 3 100% RECORD!!!



The DIT Senior Hurling Team who outshone Athlone last month.

scoring account when Niall Gilligan converted a free in front of goal. Another free, taken with aplomb, by centre field Sean Duignan was the equaliser. Gerry Ennis, who was having his first outing with the Senior team, split the Athlone defence with a solo run and his pass to Gilligan ended in the back of the net. Athlone showed their mettle with a sustained siege of the DIT lines which resulted in two points and a superb defensive display by the DIT backs. Alan MacKeogh and Dara Spain saved the DIT bacon in this phase of the match. Niall Gilligan sent over a further point and passed to full forward, Ciaran Curran for another. A superb catch and clearance by Spain relieved the pressure and a fine goal, which outwitted the Athlone keeper, by Mark Murphy saw the visitors lead by four points at half time.

While Athlone only added a single point in the second half DIT had to withstand intense pressure which saw Trevor Macgrath put in a fantastic display of catching and fielding. His comrades in the defence added to their reputations by their performances. The second half DIT scores were from Gerry Ennis who raised the white flag on the 14th Minute, a converted free by Trevor MacGrath and a point by his fellow half back Paul Finnerty. The last quarter of the game was played in semi-darkness which was not conducive to safe and fair hurling. It must be said that Athlone, who won out their section of Division 2 last year, were worthy

## Ladies GAA

Things are starting to look good in the field of Ladies' GAA — especially on the football front. Often forgotten in favour of the men's football and hurling teams, the women of DIT are starting to turn heads with their onfield performances. Despite the inclement weather conditions of recent weeks, all scheduled matches were played (albeit after a number of postponements).

Unfortunately the camogie suffered as a result of several date changes. The game against St. Pat's took place in St. Pat's ground in Drumcondra on Wednesday 3 December in cold conditions. Unfortunately, due to the game being rearranged from a previous date, DIT were unable to field a full team so the points from the fixture had to be forfeited. A challenge game took place instead with St. Pat's lending a few players to DIT for the game. The result was unimportant, however, the game did help to highlight areas which needed improvement.

On a brighter note, there is no stopping the football team at present. On Tuesday 25 November, the team took to the pitch in the Phoenix Park in wet and windy conditions to face the women of Inchicore. Having lost their previous league match to Maynooth, the Ladies' team entered this fixture with a degree of trepidation. However, any fears they had, soon disappeared, despite conceding an early Inchicore goal, and by half-time the ladies were 4-3 to 1-0 ahead. The second half produced more great flowing football with the ball being passed with ease across the field and into the danger zones. More scores were added and, although Inchicore scored another goal in the dying seconds, the final score read: DIT 6-6, Inchicore 2-0.

There were many great performances in the match including a remarkable contribution of 4-2 from Joanne Hayes (Cathal Brugha

# An Improving World

John Murray

St), as well as points from Aisling McDermott, Anne Marie Dennehy and Fiona Keogh, along with a well-taken goal from Sarah Healy. The refereeing was a bit inconsistent and this, combined with some wayward shooting (caused in part by the strong cross-field wind), denied DIT an even greater winning margin.

DIT 3-7

St Patrick's College, Drumcondra  
2-2

After their great performance against Inchicore, a tougher match was in prospect for the Ladies' team against their arch-rivals from St Pat's. This was another match which had been rearranged as a result of the glorious Irish climatic conditions, and which eventually took place on St. Pat's own ground on Thursday 4 December. Some adjustments had to be made to the team due to injuries and unavailability of players. Diane Pepper made her goalkeeping debut, which came as a bit of a culture shock to a girl more used to an attacking role, due to an injury caused to the usual goalie while playing a foreign sport (hockey). The team that took the field that day read as follows:

Diane Pepper; Michelle Fitzgerald; Thea O'Riordan; Ailish Hackett; Avril Boland; Mairéad Gabon; Mary Kehoe; Mary Kiernan; Anne Marie Dennehy; Catherine Cosgrave; Fiona Keogh; Joanne Hayes; Deborah Kilroy; Sínead McNeela; Sarah Healy.

The ground was quite soft underfoot and this, coupled with the coldness of the day, made conditions far from ideal. However, the weather was never going to deter the girls from their quest to beat their great rivals and they were 2-3 to no score ahead before the St. Pat's team knew what hit them. St. Pat's rallied slightly to register two scores leaving the half-time score at DIT 2-5, St. Pat's 0-2.

The second half started with St Pat's beginning to apply more pressure but a well taken point from Deborah Kilroy soon settled the team down. Joanne Hayes then popped up with a superb lob over the keeper for a great goal. Another point for DIT sandwiched between goals for St Pat's left the final score reading: DIT 3-7, St Pat's 2-2.

The game was marked by several great performances: Michelle Fitzgerald and Ailish Hackett were rock solid at the back, along with Thea O'Riordan who shrugged off a mouth injury to keep the Pat's attack at bay. Avril Boland, Mary Kehoe and Mairéad Gabon tackled and blocked with vigour, while upfront Sarah Healy, Fiona Keogh and Joanne Hayes led the forwards line with authority. A special mention also goes to Diane Pepper who performed with admirable courage in goal under immense second half pressure from the Pat's forward line. The victory over Pat's lifted the girls into second place in the league and puts them through to the quarter finals in the New Year. Following the match against St Pat's, Bob Coghlan, DITSU President, Cathal Brugha St, was appointed Manager of the Ladies' Football Team for the remainder of the season. The new manager's main aim for the rest of the season is to increase the size of the playing panel, to increase competition for places and to increase the profile of the team. Bob also hopes to line up a series of challenge games in the New Year with Trinity and UCG topping the list. For further details on Ladies Football, contact Bob Coghlan in Cathal Brugha St at 402 4370 or Barry Downey, the GAA Development Officer, at 402 3424.

Bob Coghlan,  
President, DITSU Cathal Brugha  
St.

The preliminary rounds of the 1998 World Cup have left indelible marks on the FIFA World Cup rankings. The top ten may feature the traditional world powers such as Germany, Italy, Brazil and Spain, but a number of countries have shown a massive improvement. The five most improved football nations according to FIFA's latest rankings are: Cuba, Qatar, Vietnam, Chile and Yugoslavia.

The FIFA World Cup rankings have been in existence since August 1993. They track the progress of 180 senior national teams covering World Cup, Continental Championships and Friendlies. A number of basic considerations are taken into account to assess a team's score such as: result of games, goal difference, home or away and the importance of the game. Improvement of nations position is relative to the level of performance they're able to sustain. As a result there is a clear division in the fortunes of the five most improved teams. The improvement of Chile and Yugoslavia's performances has been rewarded with World Cup qualification, while Qatar and Cuba missed out. At the other end of the scale Vietnam are rated 107 th. and their improvement is similar to rearranging the deck chairs on the Titanic.

Chile lie 17 th in the world rankings and have improved 10 places in spite of an indifferent World Cup campaign. They left qualification late as the fourth of four qualifiers, only finishing on goal difference above Peru. During the campaign they lost five matches and conceded 18 goals in 16 matches, in a group where Argentina, Paraguay and Columbia also qualified. Even though their qualifying record was not impressive, they managed to qualify. During qualification goals were not a problem and striker Marco Salas is the target of many European clubs, with Manchester United the most recent to express an interest. Qualification will give breathing space and coach Nelson Acosta has five months to work on the team's poor defence, before the World Cup.

While Chile were squeezing in the back door at the expense of Peru, Yugoslavia were slamming in it the face of Hungary. The second leg of the group play-off ended 5-0 to Yugoslavia and 12-1 on aggregate. It is encouraging news for a nation which is trying to recover from the terror of war. On the eve of the second leg versus Hungary, Yugoslavia player Zeljko Petrovic was reminded of the terror of war. A caller threatened he'd kill Petrovic unless he left the country and the national team in 12 hours. All this because he played for a club in pre-war Croatia.

Similar to Croatia, the Yugoslav team is a source of national pride. Many of their players are scattered throughout Europe, with Real Madrid's Predrag Mijatovic the star performer. He scored seven goals over the two play-off legs. Other foreign-based players such as Milan's Dejan Savicevic and Savo Milosevic are also key elements of the team.

Cuba is a nation where Olympic sports receive massive funding, but money for soccer is not made readily available. It seems strange considering the national team is consistently getting humiliated by Castro's number one enemy, the USA. Cuba performed well to emerge from their preliminary World Cup group, but in the semi-finals group stages things began to go wrong. They finished bottom of a group containing Canada, El Salvador and Panama. They have improved 13 places and now lie in ninth position in the rankings.

Qatar is a small Islamic country in the Middle East with a population of 515,000. They are 69 th. in the world rankings and have the distinction of being the world's most improved nation with a jump of 27 places. Their World Cup campaign began well when they finished first in an Asian preliminary group, which included Sri Lanka, India and the Philippines. They advanced into a second-round group, where they were unlucky to finish fourth, two points behind second placed Iran. This was a result of losing the crucial games away to Iran and Saudi Arabia. This improvement has elevated them to the brink of World Cup qualification.

Vietnam is most widely known for the war in the 1970's. It has a population of 73 million and is one of the world's poorest countries. They have jumped 12 places and are currently 107 th. in the world, in between a curious sandwich of Burkina Faso and Armenia. With the majority of the nations in the bottom half of the ratings not moving it is a case of bad being better than pathetic. Vietnam finished last in a preliminary "Who's who" of communism group, which included China, Tajikistan and Turkmenistan. They lost all six games with their only goals coming at home to China and away to Turkmenistan.

Improvement of your position in the world ratings is relative to where you have come from. The important thing is not the extent of the improvement but an ability to sustain it. It will be easier for Chile and Yugoslavia to remain focused with the World Cup on the horizon, but the momentum shown by Qatar, Cuba may be lost as they wait for competitive games until after the world cup.

## DIT SAILING NEWS

### Kinsale (Booze) Cruise

Thursday morning, 20 November and three car loads of eager sailors hit the Cork road bound for Kinsale. Students, mainly from Bolton St Sail Club were set for a good weekend, with two B 35s on charter from Sail Ireland. University of Limerick joined forces with the club chartering a Sigma 38. Early arrivals to Kinsale were found already to be indulging in booze in the local waterholes, and soon the question was raised by a nameless drunken crew member — "Are we really sailing tomorrow?"

Early rise by all on Friday, a very hung, over and grumpy crew and skipper got up at around seven, basically because it was too bloody cold to stay in bed. After a hearty breakfast, all three yachts set sail for Cork, UL showing us some tricks with full sail and spinnaker, while the joys of last night were having bad reactions with the wave motion onboard the DIT boats.

No wind Saturday lead to antics around Cork harbour and a brisk motor to Ferrybank. This left time for the DIT crew to discover how to use the hand-held GPS [Gravitational Plotting System? Gargantuan Potato School? What? - Ed] after giving up trying to

find Tetris on it.

Another boozy night in Crosshaven with all having to be awoken the next morning at seven. Weather forecast wasn't good, with a gale to set in at lunch, logic was go early and get to Kinsale before it. 7:30am departure from RCYC [for under-privileged readers, that's Royal Cork Yacht Club] and motoring out. Winds were high and swell was moderate. Set a course for the Old Head of Kinsale. Both boats rolled out a couple of feet of jib and began beating into the wind and waves. Constant tacking and progress was slow. Waves now building to twenty feet and everybody quite sick with water rushing down the sidedecks as the boats heeled, this must be the force nine. Finally after no real headway after two hours, a UHF call to the second boat got a welcome and a relieved "OK. Roger. Over and out." Both boats now reversing back to Crosshaven but not before shredding the jib sail on one of the boats.

Now, fully lashed to the marina, we left the boats and headed home. A really great weekend was had by all, lots of boozing, lots of slugging, lots of *crucic*, some kiling. Hey...let's do it again!



Setting sail before sun-up while Kinsale still sleeps.

### DCU Regatta Challenge IUSA Training

Occurring the same weekend as the cruise. A one day regatta held by DCU out at Howth Yacht Club. Two strong teams were drafted together, unfortunately without much training, to compete in the event. Students from most DIT campuses teamed together to hopefully honour the success of first place last year, but after several hours on the water, DIT 2nds (ended up?) being knocked out in the early stages. However, DIT 1sts put up a strong battle with only UCD standing in our way. Unfortunately some simple mistakes on our behalf let UCD

through to take the title. However, enthusiasm is high among the teams with the Intervarsity on the horizon. Varsity training will be beginning over the Christmas / New Year period. DIT has come second for the last three years and with a trip to France to the championship let's hope '98 will be our year of victory. Any sailors interested in joining the team for the varsities taking place on the 6,7,8 March '98. Please contact Bolton St SU or Sailing Secretary @ 086 811 4301

Dave Doherty,  
Sailing Club Secretary.

# KING DINNY

It's time Denis Irwin was recognised as one of the all-time great Irish soccer stars, argues Emmett Coffey.

Patrick Bosvelt is not our favourite person at the moment. To the uninformed, Mr Bosvelt is the Feyenoord player who lunged knee-high at Denis Irwin in the recent Champions League match between the Dutch club and Manchester United.

Irwin, who has never feigned injury or engaged in the histrionics so beloved of many of his continental peers, hit the deck after the Bosvelt tackle like a sack of coal - and stayed there.

The countless slow-mo replays of the incident confirmed the impression that Bosvelt meant to do damage. Watching the match in a well-known Dublin hostelry one was struck by the shock with which Irwin's injury was greeted. United were coasting when Irwin was felled but it took the good out of Cole's hat-trick and United's comprehensive victory. While the non-United contingent did not share the converted's satisfaction at the victory, they too were shaken by what looked like a career-threatening injury.

Very few players in the modern game evoke such feeling among supporters of all clubs. Obviously the fact the injury ruled him out of the second Ireland-Belgium fixture accounted for much of this shock on the night, but not all. No, most soccer supporters, regardless of club affiliations, have a genuine affection for the Corkman that say, they don't feel for Roy Keane, Andy Townsend or Niall Quinn. In this respect he is a rare breed in the modern game. His strong performances for club and country over many years and the honourable way with which he always conducts himself on the field of play are the primary reasons he is held in such high regard. But this devoted fan feels that while he is very well respected by supporters and players alike, he has never gained the true recognition which his talent and record deserve.

Descriptions which use terms such as honest, consistent, hardworking and dependable are invariably applied to Denis Irwin. He is

"the player you want on your side", "one of the first names on the team sheet" and the one who will "never let you down".

While Alex Ferguson has described him as the most consistent Manchester United player of the 90s and several other managers have often cited him as the man they would most like to purchase, he has yet to be considered as one of the great players of the modern era.

While the solid/dependable/consistent descriptions do reveal much about this man, they do not tell the whole story. Remember this player has been an integral part of the most successful team in Britain for the best part of the nineties. He is a player of considerable gifts, versatile in that he can perform equally well at left or right back, a deadly crosser of the ball, a smooth passer and crucially, a big game player. He is, in short, one of the great Irish players.

Yes, Denis Irwin's greatest attribute is his consistency - he is consistently very, very good for Manchester United and despite the presence of two full-backs who are English internationals at Old Trafford (the Neville brothers), he remains the first choice of Alex Ferguson.

Last season he was dropped from the United team for crucial matches (most notably the Old Trafford leg of the Borussia Dortmund affair) and the team suffered greatly, but Fergie appears to have learned an important lesson from this. While he is now 32 Ferguson rests Irwin for Premiership matches against the likes of Barnsley and Sheffield Wednesday but picks him for the crucial Champions League fixtures. Furthermore, crucial goals for both club and country in recent weeks serve to hammer home the point that his advancing years have not diminished his powers one whit.

His goal for Ireland a few weeks ago in Lansdowne Road was one of the best Irish goals in recent years. With the possible exception of Liam Brady, he is the finest striker of a dead ball to have worn the green shirt in the last thirty years. Remember, he almost won the first leg against Belgium with another well taken free kick in

the dying seconds.

His club career has been a succession of highs since he joined Manchester United in 1990. He has won more honours (four Premiership, two FA Cup, a Cup Winners Cup and League Cup medals) than any other current Irish international and may very well add further domestic and European honours to this impressive haul before the end of this season.

All of these achievements serve to put Mick McCarthy's decision to drop him from two recent World Cup qualifiers (Lithuania at home and Iceland away) into context. These decisions are sufficient reason to question his judgement as an international manager. In both these matches players such as Ian Harte and Jeff Kenna were chosen ahead of the great Corkman.

McCarthy has consistently stated that he wants his Irish team to play an expansive game based on fluid passing and movement, yet at the same time decides to drop a player who has seamlessly fitted in to the one English team that can match anything served up by many of Europe's finest. Along with his premature retirement of Paul McGrath and his insistence on playing a reserve team full back in the pivotal position of centre back, McCarthy's disgraceful demotion of arguably our best player (in the absence of that other Corkman) is sufficient reason to question his right to manage the Republic.

In his more emotional and lyrical moments Eamonn Dunphy has often taken to reciting lists of players who have played international football for Ireland. These lists are designed to illustrate the point that Ireland has a long and proud soccer tradition. Many of the players on these arbitrary lists plied their trade long before the modern era but Dunphy brings them up to date by including such recent greats as Lawrenson, McGrath, Stapleton and Whelan.

Let's hope from now on when Dunphy takes to compiling these lists he will add the name of the great Denis Irwin.

## CHESS CLUB

We had our first chess competition in DIT for several years. It was in Kevin St. on Thursday 20-11-97. The competition went ahead thanks to a lot of people. Thanks to John Potter, the Guinness Rep, WWW.Guinness.Com for the free drinks that flowed afterwards in Devitts. Thanks to Ross and the bar staff in Devitts for fantastic service and a huge thanks to the wonderful Sarah Gardiner (Clubs and Socs Officer, Kevin St) for all her help. Finally, thanks to all who competed, in what was a fun and serious evening.

Congratulations to the winners, Michael, who won the rated league, and joint winners Tom, Rodney and Maurice (Aungier St).

The rest of the competitors enjoyed the games and the celebrations afterwards. Here comes the info bit. The DIT Kevin St Chess Club meet every Thursday at 6pm in K154 in Kevin St. New members of either sex are always welcome. We cater for all standards, all levels, complete beginners to Grand Masters. Also we'll be attending competitions both home and away.

Looking forward to seeing a few new and old members this Thursday.  
Michael Deans,  
Chess Society Treasurer.

For more information contact  
Michael or Tom in K154  
Thursday 6pm-8:30pm or e-mail  
me at  
Doctor\_Who@Hotmail.com.

## Reddit?

*The Lady Who Liked Clean Restrooms*  
J.P. Donleavy  
Little, Brown and Company

Reviewed by Maolsheachlainn Ó Ceallaigh

I doubt that there is any writer in Ireland who could match JP Donleavy, but you might not be able to tell it from his latest novel, *The Lady Who Liked Clean Rest Rooms*.

That isn't to say it's a bad book. Donleavy's trademark grim humour shines through almost every sentence. "Her analyst said everybody was blasting the shit out of their TV sets all over New York and described her new behaviour of following trends as good news." And Jocelyn Jones is a typical Donleavy protagonist; full to the brim with standards and principles whose only effects are to make herself more miserable.

Donleavy's new American heroine cannot forget, in her descent into the working class and below, that she was brought up to be a lady, educated at an exclusive college called Bryn Mawr, and came from a family once listed in the social register. And a dead grandmother who told her to cherish her snobberies and visit only the cleanest of public lavatories hovers over the pages like a class-conscious guardian angel.

Abandoned by her TV executive husband in favour of a laugh-a-second gameshow, and despised by her grown-up children, she sinks into the depths which Donleavy has visited in his books many times before. *The Saddest Summer of Samuel S*, Donleavy's tale of poverty and isolation in Vienna, is virtually a male version of this novel. Is the author repeating himself?

Yes. But it hardly matters; none of Donleavy's books are very different from one another anyway. All his characters share obsessions with money, an estrangement from society, and a stubborn clinging to strange ethical codes that nobody around them even notices. Add the author's 'cheerful pessimism' and you've got any book from *The Ginger Man* right up to *The Lady Who Liked Clean Rest Rooms*.

Having said that, his latest work is different in many ways. And all the wrong ways, unfortunately.

Donleavy's other pictures of humanity swim with all manner of men and women, crazy and cruel, kind and generous. But *The Lady Who Liked Clean Rest Rooms* has no characters like the warm-hearted undertaker Clarence Vine in *A Fairy Tale of New York* or the cheerful police detective aka Alias in *De Alfonse Tennis*. Here there is just cruelty and cruelty. Even the heroine is not particularly likeable.

The only other human being which Jocelyn identifies with in the book's setting of New York is a mad neighbour who

wears handcuffs and shines a torch out of her bedroom window. A woman who is taken away by two minders at the end of the book, "looking haggard and terrified". I have never read a darker book by this author; the jokes are there but the humour is closer to the gallows than ever before.

Even money, the general panacea so lauded in *The Ginger Man* and other books, does not appear to be able to stave off the shadows that cling round Donleavy's latest book. "In the immediate vicinity of Scarsdale it seemed to be an intellectual desert and anyone who wasn't already a bond salesman downtown was practising carrying a big black briefcase to become one, and foaming at the mouth to get richer." Where this writer's most famous character, Sebastian Dangerfield, would read movie magazines and business journals in the midst of squalor to soak up the images of affluence, Jocelyn Jones doesn't even seem to share this enthusiasm. Basic though it may seem to a Donleavy character.

There are less killer phrases in this novel than many of its predecessors. The famous single step between the sublime and the ridiculous is JP Donleavy's usual centre of operations, and even here there are some passages that resonate with bathos; "A lettuce, egg and tomato sandwich, a piece of apple pie a la mode and a cup of coffee. Not cheap but nourishingly reasonable at that price. And the nice man the other side of the counter would say a pleasant there you go. O god if one could only concentrate, concentrate on the very simplest of things there could be no end to the pleasures of life."

But you will search these pages in vain for all the sweetly strange passages from books like *De Alfonse Tennis* and *The Onion Eaters*. Like the first book's depiction of an aristocrat in America:

"...when a cockroach sped along the edge of a table, Charles took a full bottle of Scotch whisky to smash the offending insect into an alcoholic kingdom come. And then reminded everyone protestingly present; 'You bunch of ungrateful buggers, you swindled this island of fourteen thousand acres from the Indians and now you've got bloody filthy bugs all over the place.'"

Passages of contorted sentiment like that, getting under your skin and impossible to remove like a twisted hook, are less in evidence in *The Lady Who Liked Clean Rest Rooms*.

There is a plot. Jocelyn's liking for clean public lavatories seems to go against her when she finds she has stumbled into that of a mourner's suite beside a cemetery. With the body lying in state in the middle of the room and a still living old man watching her. She saves face by signing the empty condolence book of this man, who emerges to have been vastly wealthy. What this leads to is not hard to work out.

Look, I admit it. In 3 months I might think more of this book than just a poor relation to the author's best. Donleavy specialises in novels that weave their spell on you on a third or fourth reading. But I don't believe I will ever think that *The Lady Who...* is absolute top-notch Donleavy.

# PUT THE BOOT DOWN

Martin Searson

## Irish Colleges Rugby Union Ascent Cup

**Athlone RTC v DIT**

**Date: 22 Oct 97**

**Venue: Buccaneers RFC Athlone**

**Result: 17 - 17**

A squad of 25 players were selected for our opening fixture in Irish Colleges Ascent Cup, Division One. The players were selected from the trials held by Hendric Kruger our Leinster Branch Development Officer on Sports Day during October.

We departed on the morning of the match at 11am. The squad included two of our Irish Colleges Representatives, namely, Paul Hatton and Tom Stuart-Trainor. Athlone RTC are the current All Ireland Colleges Champions, having won last year.

The conditions were excellent for open running rugby and it was DIT who used it well to their advantage. An early score by Shane Kavanagh from the Bolton St Bears was created from some great forward driving up the centre, where Shane darted through a gap and ran forty yards to score under the posts. Seven nil. Who would have thought it?

After absorbing some intense pressure for twenty minutes with Athlone fired up, DIT scored again against the run of play through Rob Colleran. Darragh Henry slotted over the conversion, and a strong lead of 14 points was established. There was a great forward contest between both teams with some excellent defensive work from Gareth Guilfoyle and Rory Keane around the fringes of the ruck.

Unfortunately, we lost the services of our dynamic number 8 Paul Hatton due to injury sustained to his shoulders. For the remainder of the first half, we battled bravely and were fortunate to finish the first half without conceding a score.

In the second half, Athlone, not to be out-done, responded in typical fashion. Through their physical pack, they tirelessly worked their way up to the DIT line. After 20 minutes, they garnered a penalty try, after some late tackling on their out half. Almost immediately from the restart, Athlone were again camped on the DIT line and were rewarded with a try five minutes later, when their second row bundled his way over the line. Both tries were converted to leave the score at 14-apiece.

DIT almost furnished the win through Jamie O'Brien, but the referee adjudged the ball to have been knocked on earlier and he was called back for the scrum.

With ten minutes remaining Athlone seemed to have secured victory with a well struck penalty. But not to let sleeping dogs lie, DIT earned themselves a penalty also, with seconds on the clock. Darragh Henry stood up, under immense pressure and scored a match equalling penalty, just after the referee blew his whistle for full time. A draw against the champions, not a bad start

to the cup campaign.

DIT Team: Tom Stuart-Trainor (A); Malcolm Vaughan (M); Brian O'Sullivan (M); Aiden O'Brien (M); Jamie O'Brien (K); Darragh Henry (M); Stephen Brady (M); Paul Hatton (M); Shane Kavanagh (B); Gareth Guilfoyle (A); Rory Keane (M); Tommy Guy (M); Rob Colleran (B); Rory Keogh (A); Gary McGloughlin (c) (M).

Man of the Match: Shane Kavanagh (Bolton St.)

**DIT v WIT**

**Date: 26 Nov 97**

**Venue: Terenure RFC**

**Result: 19 - 12**

DIT bounced back well from their bruising encounter with Athlone RTC the previous month to register a fine win against a highly fancied WIT.

Waterford were a strong team, having won the O'Boyle Cup (Freshers) last year and with a lot of these players progressing to their full team. However, DIT scored the first try through the one and only Shane Kavanagh. The try was converted by Richie Ball. The conditions were poor to say the least, where it was obvious to see that this was going to be a really forward battle. Waterford stuck to their game plan very well, with some power breaks up the middle, only for the resolute defending of Brian O'Sullivan and Neil Finnegan, they would easily have scored three times over. Instead, contrary to the play of the game, DIT again scored through Neil Finnegan, out wide, for well worked effort by all the team.

Waterford, with the more mobile pack, battled back and got their reward minutes before half-time to leave the score at 12-7.

With the pitch beginning to turn into a mud bath, after the torrential rain in the previous days, both sides struggled to maintain any fluidity in their play. The tackling and strong forward play, most notably Cathal Nicholl and Gareth Ryan, helped DIT to extend their score, with a second try from Neil Finnegan of Aungier St in the second half.

With the score now at 19-12, Waterford responded with almighty revenge and for the final ten minutes and a few moments of heart-stopping action, through Rory Keane, DIT held on to take a well deserved victory from a strong WIT team.

DIT Team: Aiden O'Brien (M); Jamie O'Brien (K); Neil Finnegan (A); Brian O'Sullivan (M); David Keane (M); Richie Ball (A); Brendan Walsh (K); Gareth Ryan (B); Shane Kavanagh (B); Cathal Nicholl (K); Rory Keane (M); David Gilmore (C); Rob Colleran (B); Rory Keogh (A); Gavin McGloughlin (c) (M); Tom Clifford (B).

Man of the Match: Rory Keane (Mountjoy Sq)

**DIT v UUC**

**Date: 3 December 97**

**Venue: Terenure RFC**

**Result: 55 - 0**

After beating a highly fancied Waterford team the previous week, moral within the camp was very high. A light training session was organised for 12 o'clock prior to the game under the watchful eye of our coach Hendric Kruger. Players were beginning to hone in on the game and final preparations were run through with great efficiency.

A light lunch was prepared for the team after the training session were a more relaxed mood was adopted by the players. Coleraine arrived at ten past two and every player retreated to the dressing room to focus on the game.

It was a cold, frosty day, but fortunately the pitch had completely thawed out with what bit of sunshine fell upon it. Straight from the kick-off DIT opened the scoring through the powerful Shane Kavanagh, after forcing his way over the line from close range. Richie Ball duly converted and an easy seven points was amassed.

Coleraine came back again, but a relapse in concentration allowed the alert scrum-half of DIT, Aiden O'Brien, to register his first score of the game, after a delightful pick and break from the Coleraine scrum and neat finish in the corner. Again Richie Ball converted. 14 nil after only 5 minutes. From the restart Coleraine attacked through their backs, but some resolute defending from Brian O'Sullivan, Jamie O'Brien and Vinny Murphy prevented Coleraine from making any progress towards the DIT line. However, they were awarded a penalty ten minutes later only for their outhalf to squander their first chance of scoring by kicking the penalty right and wide of the posts.

DIT, visibly disturbed by this chance, upped the tempo of the game with some strong power driving and 'pop balls' from their captain Gary McGloughlin and Rob Colleran, representing Mountjoy Sq and Bolton St respectively, whereupon Tom Clifford secured possession and scored. The try was unconverted.

It was obvious the floodgates were beginning to open and further tries from Shane Kavanagh, twice, Aiden O'Brien and a wonderful effort from Richie Ball, at outhalf, helped establish a well deserved lead of 43 points to nil at half time.

The second half resumed on the same note as the first half with Richie Ball running in for his second try of the day. Unfortunately, from DIT's point of view the game lost its edge in the second half, save for two glimpses of hope. Firstly, a superb 40 yard break from the DIT number 8, Gareth Ryan, helped set up a try for Vinny Murphy of Mountjoy Square. Secondly, some excellent slick handling in the backs coupled with some well organised forward drives gave Stephen Walsh a debut try for DIT to have the final score at 55 points to nil.

DIT are currently top of their Group in the Irish Colleges Ascent Cup

Division 1, unbeaten, and will surely progress to the knockout stages of the competition.

DIT Team: Brian Fitzgerald (A); David Keane (M); Jamie O'Brien (K); Brian O'Sullivan (M); Vinny Murphy (M); Richie Ball (A); Aiden O'Brien (M); Gareth Ryan (B); Shane Kavanagh (B); Paul O'Connor (M); Barry Enright (B); Rory Keane (M); Rob Colleran (B); Gary McGloughlin (c) (M); Tom Clifford (B).

Man of the Match: Shane Kavanagh (Bolton St.)

**Remaining League Matches: (1998).**

**4 Feb UUC v DIT (Jordanstown)**

**11 Feb DIT v DCU (Terenure RFC)**

**Semi-Finals:**

**4 March 1998**

## Sideline View

The recent onset of wintry conditions coinciding, surprisingly, with the Winter months, has effected many matches on the sporting calendar. Matches have been postponed or cancelled due to wind/rain/snow/frost/Acts of God (tick where appropriate); indeed, everything except the dreaded Plague of Locusts seems to have beset DIT's many sporting sides.

The DIT hurlers made the trip to sunny Athlone on a chilly November weekend. Everything was fine until someone noticed how sunny it was and mentioned the fact. In Homer Simpson-like fashion, a collective 'Doh!' was then heard from the players as the heavens opened and forgot to close. Driving rain and fading light made all present curse the Lords at Croke Park for not calling the winter recess some two months down earlier.

The following weekend the usual suspects were rounded up again to travel down to Gorey for a challenge game against a Wexford Senior Hurling Selection. Tony Kinsella, Hurling Club PRO, and Bob Coghlan, Prez of Cathal Brugha Street, walked the sidelines of the pitch compiling their next match report, rather than sit in a delapidated structure posing as a Press Box which appeared to date back to pre-Civil War times. The general consensus was that half a decent strike of a sliotar by Trevor McGrath would probably flatten the structure so it was left well alone for the people from the Building Preservation Society to squabble over.

With the Christmas break approaching with earnest, I will probably head across the water to watch a few foreign sports, however, I will be back once the weather improves (not likely!). From Sideline View have a great Christmas and talk to you all in 1998. Nollaig Shona Daoibh agus Athbhliain Faoi Mhaise.

Yours in sport,  
Bob Coghlan.





## ALBUMS

**Bentley Rhythm Ace  
BRA  
Parlophone Records**

From the guys who slunk into the Cork Guinness Jazz Festival almost unnoticed, comes their swell new recording, Bentley Rhythm Ace BRA. This electro jazz duo ream off a list of names on their sleeve including Norman (FatBoy) Slim, Jon Carter (Monkey Mafia), Charlatans, and Nigel (Blur) Coxon, among others. So they have flash muso mates to begin with. So what? say you. Well, it's an interesting listen for its experiments in percussion and beat-motivations, with pretty harmonious notation, and an interesting contrast of a number of sounds à la Aphex Twin, Richard D. James.

*Let There Be Flutes* opens the record with, surprisingly, flute-music twirling and lilted sunnily to the accompaniment of shuffled drums and a 303. Trivia fans can spot the sample from the Poppies' *Touched by the Hand of Ciccillina* submerged here too. (They're also on the same label as PWEI, Chapter 22.) Second up is *Midlander* [*There Can Only Be One...*], a swinging organ number that grooves with a change of pace that fits the tune remarkably well, though its hardly the most original piece of music ever conceived. Track five is the fifties-style bootie-jiggler named *Run On The Spot*, with the exquisite "1-2-3-Quarter to Four" count in. Number Six is by far the tune of the disc, the released single *Bentley's Gonna Sort You Out!* One listen, forever whistlin', is the case with this one, which is also the most fundamentally jazz based track they have here.

The forgettable *Ragnoskodacarchase* is quickly followed by *Whoosh*, which bleeds disco and includes a memorable BBC-ilk brass-band breakdown. *Who Put The Bom in The Bom Bom Diddleye* (sic) *Bom* features a didgeridoo, cop sirens and some snoring (I think), and sounds like a city. Then there is the tribute song to the orange rubber-alien-ball thing which thankfully failed to outlast the eighties, *Spacehopper*, and it bounces along nicely amid the chattering chorus of a bunch of assorted skin-instruments. This brings us to the last track, the thriftily titled *Return of The Hardcore Jumble Carbootechnodisco Roadshow*. Just rolls off the tongue, that one. Overall a great listen, though by no means classic, timeless, or particularly outstanding. The Ace pair should be watched, however.

ChaOS

**Black Grape  
Stupid Stupid Stupid  
Radioactive Records**

They're back. Or rather he's back, the Ryder organism. Resistance is futile, all things will be assimilated and used in producing a new lifeform which will go on to write some exceptional music and fooken cosmic lyrics. Having said that, *Stupid (x3)* doesn't jump out at your ears in the same way *Its Great When You're Straight...Yeah* did.

This time Shaun is assisted by Kermit Leveridge and a third vocalist, Carl 'Psycho' McCarthy, with Danny Saber doing most of the musical arrangement / programming, and a whole 'nord of sessionists, with additional talent added by Manmade.

Roughly the same formula is tried here, complete with lyrics that blow from the extremes of the ingredients from the back of condiment bottles to the three fathoms deep thoughts on society and culture that Ryder at his best moments can phrase as well as most poets, philosophers and other intellectuals. Stop laughing.

The first song and first release, *Get Higher*, is a bit lame, save for the

slightly-amusing and oft-done re-edit on Ronald Reagan anti-drug speeches. So you've got good ole Ronnie telling us that himself and Nancy are hooked on heroin and other funny stuff. *Squeaky* features a cheeky little rhyming couplet about dinner being in the cellar (sorry, can't print the second half of the couplet, a bit rude y'see). *Marbles*, no. 3, has a great singalong Na-Na-Nah, Na-Na-Nah bit, and a Blues Brothers type brass chorus.

*Dadi Waz a Badi* leans back towards the first Black Grape record, and even as far as some of the stuff the Mondays did. Robbing a line from *My Ole Man's a Dustman*, this one is another *Kinky Afro* affair. *Rubberband* is a loaded electric dirty catapulted in your direction by the Grapes. *Spotlight*, the sixth track, is another full-sounding gem of the calibre of *Its Great...about love-making*, as Shaun would never call it, and it features a hippetty little organ helping things along.

*Tell Me Something* speaks words like "You're chopping down trees and you shout at your hands" which is probably just something SR does before brekkie each morning.

*Money Back Guaranteed*, reminiscent of all the Herbie movie soundtracks, does little to stir the emotions, and *Lonely*, a sort-of-Stories number, (possibly a cover, methinks) dredges up some antique lyrics from the Mondays' tune *Think About The Future*. *Words* finally sums up all that Ryder is about; the fascination with puns, word-play, semantic cleverality (ooh! you posh twat) and thoughts on the human condition. "The mind is weak, but the body's strong" is the message given, draped in a colourful, sunny *WhereltsAt* organ. Nice. Buy it, maybe, but don't expect towering moments like *Its Great...Yeah*.

ChaOS

**Contributions to Sonic Bionic  
regarding anything musical welcome.  
On disk or not at all please.**

## GIGS

**Darren Emerson  
Redbox Fri 31 Oct**

It was a decidedly cold, wet and typical Halloween Night when we arrived at the Redbox at 11:00pm. A monstrous queue had formed from the entrance right back around to the entrance of Findlater's Wine Merchants.

Outside, you could feel the vibrations shake the walls, as Matthew B was already warming up the crowd, playing it trancey with snippets of hard hitting bass drums sprinkled on top. The chef brought the crowd from a mere simmer to near boiling for Emerson to take the reins.

He had the crowd ecstatic and begging for more, teasing and keeping those choons real on the wheels of steel, constantly leading us up the yellow brick road to Oz. Out of nowhere he dropped a bomb on the crowd to which we exploded and erupted with pleasure. There was no stopping this guy.

You could feel the pleasure in the air, and people with smiles as wide as the Cheshire Cat's, as it came to end of the night, when a track was played like no other. A choon which would, if there were any left, get those people still standing at the bar on to the dance floor: the Chemical Brothers, *It Doesn't Matter!*



Whadda tune! And of course whadda night, with a fantastic Jock and an excellent crowd. Thanks Darren, hope to hear you play again soon.

James Murphy

**The Charlatans  
Olympia Wed 26 November**

8:50pm in a packed Olympia Theatre. Not too fashionably late seeing as the doors opened at 8pm, but I have of late realized that punctuality is becoming a part of gig-going in Ireland. Oh those glorious nights of falling into a venue at ten o'clock; the inane cheers as everyone realises that, yeeessss, as expected, not even the support band had made an appearance yet. But not so nowadays. "What time are Bentley Rhythm Ace due on stage?" says I to a fellow punter. "Oh, is that who they were! They came and went like a message on a Tannoy — just background noise mate." Pity, I like Bentley Rhythm Ace.

My first meeting with the new breed of Charlatans fan is unsurprising. Its no different from the same bunch who wiggled out to their heroes in the early nineties. Mancunian



Dubliners; the dialect having a harder Dublin edge with plenty of 'mates' thrown in, covered up by a hoodie. Just like the guys up on stage, this particular breed is an unusual hybrid. Unbelievably unassuming and enormously egotistical. The ones we love achieve the right balance.

Enter, stage left, one Tim 'magnificent mouth' Burgess, a man who has not met a beefy enough burger to fill the expanses of his Gob. Step aside Mr Jagger and Mr Tyler, this North Country Boy has taken the mantle.

I don't know what I expected, but I know I hoped for a mixture of their three finest albums. *Some Friendly*, *The Charlatans*, and *Tellin' Stories*. While its John Squire's guitar that takes me back to nights of extreme excess, Rob Collins' Hammond on their eponymous debut sparks off hazy memories of dancefloors with hardly any movement but a lot of intense passionate respect. Sounds like a bunch of tossers but its a bunch of tossers admiring something of great beauty, something ethereal (ok that's enough of that).

Collins isn't there anymore and the sound of Martin Duffy from *Primal Scream* only serves as a reminder of how good he was as Duffy adopts his style. And fair play to the band, because out of adversity, to put it mildly, they look and sound stronger than ever, kickin' in with rousing renditions of *North Country Boy*. Just *When You're Thinking Things Over*, *One To Another*,

## CLUBBED TO A BLOODY PULP

**Influx**

**@ Redbox**

Dec 26	Mean Fiddler James Lavelle Marcus (NY DJ) Johnny Moy	Thursdays @ Kitchen
Dec 18		Jon Carter (Monkey Mafia) Johnny Moy
Dec 27	The End presents Mr C Derrick Carter	

**Congratulations Influx!!**

**Influx were featured in last month's Face Magazine as CLUB OF THE MONTH. Well done lads.**

**MERRY X-MAS TO ALL Y'ALL!!**

## conversational cHAOS -- the SONIC BIONIC interview

and a host of other classics under the sparkle of Christmassy lights. I don't think Burgess opened that wide-mouth frog gob of his to say one word until the very last encore, but it didn't matter. Two hours of music kept this audience the happiest of campers. *Weirdo* was thumpin. *Tellin' Stories*, the latest single, is the most assured rock of 97 and *Can't Get Out of Bed* from the album which gave them credibility again reminded us all how much we loved baggy and how we need it not to fade into the insignificance that is Britpop. Top gig from a top band.

Michael MacCormack

Blur  
Point Depot Fri 28 Nov

Blur are growing up. We know this because this year's Blur album was allegedly dark, difficult, melancholic and awfully grown up. In the isolation of the studio they must have felt quite pleased with this new maturity. But then they come: blinking into the sunlight to tour the album only to discover they haven't grown up at all. The crowd are younger than ever and sit patiently through the more extreme elements of new Blur, reserving the real fervour for *Girls and Boys*, *Parklife* and, of course, the *Was-Hoo* moment is saved for the very end. Blur's plan to retreat permanently into the studio made serious sense at The Point. After all, how can a man pushing thirty, who sees himself as a rock 'n' roll Martin Amis be content to do a pocket size greatest hits to pocket size kiddies anymore? Outside afterwards there is a parent rank waiting to pick up the kids. Its a taxi rank with parents instead. The kids apparently get picked up by the first parents in the queue and go home with them. They may never find their own parents again unless they happen to strike it lucky at the Oasis parent rank.

Brendan O'Connor

DJ Shadow  
Redbox Sat 22 Nov

All praise once again to Influx for yet another memorable gathering in Harcourt Street. The gig they brought to our shores this time was DJ Shadow, re-inventor and re-moulder of old, and pioneer of next-millennium hip hop. The main support slot was to be filled by Propellerheads who backed out at the eleventh hour, leaving Influx to leggit for an alternative. How about Monkey Mafia, then, for a late replacement? Johnny Moy gave way to Jon Carter early in the night as the place filled up expectantly, and people were all but thumped out as the clock drew towards the one o'clock deadline for Shadow. Monkey Mafia got good interaction going between artist and crowd, stage and floor, but we wanted to see the maestro.

Then he shuffled on in his Fila robes and ski-hat and launched straight into a cut-up of Larry M.'s *Sunday Bloody Sunday* drum intro. (You know, for the natives?) He played with it like putty, implying that no sample, cut-away, edit, concerto, crescendo or bang ever written is beyond his manipulative control. In this respect his art veers towards the performance side of things. He spent about 45 minutes playing tracks from *Endroducing*, easily one of the best albums of 1997, and probably the most important of the final five years of the millenium. Yeah, he played the Guinness track, *Sam*, but better still he played *Organ Donor* and he hit us with a host of others until around 2am or thereabouts, when he very modestly told us over the mike (a DJ speaking to the crowd!!! Good Heavens!!) that he was "just gonna DJ for a while". "Cool by us," we told him, and what followed showed us why he is and will be hailed as a genius for some time.

ChaOS



All Saints  
All Saints  
London Records

Well, they're girls and they're spicy, but they're certainly not the Spice Girls. Not above using cleavage-shots and pouts, mind you, but at least this outfit wasn't assembled in a mismatch, create-a-band mode. So do All Saints really 'know where it's at'? Apparently they held off on record company offers until they could negotiate a deal which gave them maximum creative control. Group

member Shaznay Lewis seems to be their chief songwriter, with the other three girls getting writing credits on at least one or two of the tracks. Their type of music is less poppy and more soulful than one might imagine, and very melodic to boot, exemplified in tunes like *Never Ever* and *Bootie Call*. If they just have the good sense to do what they do best and not try to...err...All Saint up our lives and our world, then I'm sure we'll be seeing a lot more of them.

IOS

## the Steam Pig

Del, Godsy and Boz make up the constituent parts of the Steam Pig, a street punk outfit from de Nortside o' town. Del hits the goat skins, Godsy riffs along to his vocals on a six string and Boz looms tall over his bass. They've just released their debut album on Mad Butcher Records, its called *WY-ID T'D' DUBBLE-IN*, and it was launched at a crowd in the Fusion Bar last month who didn't duck and so it hit them in the face. It got me in the balls. Del spoke to me last week about the album itself (*Wide to the Dublin, in the Queen's English*), the launch party in The Fusion Bar, and whether the Pig gets to leave its sty and roam the world letting off steam at any unsuspecting punters over the next few months.

The Steam Pig recently ejaculated a new album, *Wy-id T'D' Dubble-In*, at the end of November, in the (ex-Barastormers) Fusion Bar, but I've noticed there are only a few tracks on it that were written in 1997, most of them coming from '96 and '95. Is the album a short history of The Steam Pig from its un-oiled beginnings?

Its the best bits of everything we've recorded, its three years as this line-up. We had a second guitarist, Andy, who has since departed, but basically its the same backbone as the original Steam Pig.

How did the launch gig turn out?

That was a breath-taking moment in my life! The crowd was great, a lot of people have come up to us since then and said that a couple of the songs that they'd heard us play before, maybe sloppily, were particularly good that night.

The CD was pressed in Germany — how did that come about?

Well Boz and Godsy and myself have loads of records from different countries and most are on independent labels so we just got the addresses off the back and posted out tapes to absolutely everybody. We got a good few replies from people in independent labels but who had their year's release schedule already planned out. But one guy, Mike, from Mad Butcher Records in Germany who thought the tape was great, hadn't heard anything like it before, so he decided to put out the CD. We just did up the artwork, sent him the DAT tapes and he did the rest, and sent it back to us.

How many records were pressed?

I think there was a thousand overall, but there's another friend of his who wants to release it on vinyl, so I think he's going to get another thousand on vinyl.

Only for German release?

No, I think its Europe-wide distribution, because he has a blues label, and other labels — I think Mad Butcher is only one part of it — so he has contacts all over Europe, the States and Asia, so distribution shouldn't be a problem. So as soon as they sell — IF they sell — then he'll do another thousand.

What was the latest song to be written for *Wy-Id T'D' Dubble-In*?

"I think it was January '97. There were a few songs written in November and December 96, but we had to rearrange a lot of the music because Andy had joined. But since then we've been writing again and I think we've three or four songs recorded already. We have a year to get the next album ready so if we can do three songs every couple of months we should have 17 or 18 songs ready for next year. That's our aim, I think, eighteen songs. One more than the last album.

Did Andy's leaving make much difference to the band unit and how you play?

Before Andy joined we were really just learning how to play our instruments and every gig was a bit of a struggle and you really have to be on the ball to get it right, because, like, Godsy had only started playing guitar about a month before the band formed, I started playing the drums the day I joined the band, and Boz had been messing around with a bass for years. But Andy is an exceptional guitarist, so having him there helped us gel together so well and every gig was just 'Go on stage and play' and there was never any nervousness about the gig. When he left we had all learned so much from him and from playing with him we'd gotten some sort of lift, and we just had to accommodate that ourselves. Godsy is getting a lot better at playing lead guitar solos, so we don't miss him very much. He's still a friend, so no harm done.

Are you going to 'tour this album', you know, push it?

We are. We're gonna do bits and pieces. We have a gig in Norfolk next weekend [organised, Del thinks, by fellow Oi - Band, (as opposed to Boi Band) Manchester's Jumping Landmines, who've been buddies with the Steam Pig for years), I think we're playing in Belfast next month, and in Wexford in two or three weeks, in New Ross the Hilton, I think its called, believe me the last thing you think of when you're in there is the Hilton.

We're playing in the Music Centre with a band called Ogre [who sound like LSD on acid, folks, and LSD ain't no band I ever heard of], their reformation gig on the 28 December [B THERE R B Geri Spice] this year. We're going to go over to London in January or February and then hopefully over to America in May 98 to North Carolina in a three-day punk festival there. The Holmasters are playing as well, I think, another Dublin band [Diamond Dave of Road Records plays with them].

Will you get us a free pass to America?

Yeah.



L-r: Del, Boz and Godsy. Catch them with Ogre in the Music Centre, 28 Dec.

# Irish Museum of Modern Art

## 'Once is Too Much'

Postgraduate Journalism student in DIT Aungier St., June Edwards, recently visited an exhibition in the Irish Museum of Modern Art focusing on the topic of violence against women.

*'And they tell me life is good and they tell me to live it gently' (Ben Orki)*

A poignant opening line to an exhibition which focuses on violence against women. 'Once is Too Much', an exhibition showing at the Irish Museum of Modern Art, Kilmainham, is the result of art-making by a group of international artists working in conjunction with women from the Family Resource Centre, St. Michael's Estate, Inchicore.

In early 1991 a group of Irish and visiting artists, facilitated by the Museum's Education and Community Department, came together with women from the Family Resource Centre. Aiming to raise consciousness on the issue of gender violence they set about producing art that would do just that. Through a series of workshops and discussions 'Once is Too Much' was born.

Thirty white lilies line a wall, a single fragile bloom for each of the thirty women who have died as a result of violence in the past two years. The lily exhibit is simple but thought-provoking. Traditionally, flowers are presented to a woman by a man as a gesture of love, but here they represent life cut short from male violence. Love, hate, violence, silence all share one fragile symbol.

'Beauty and the Beast' is the work of Dublin-based Scottish artist Rhona Henderson. Around a long, glass table are four chairs. One chair sits at the head of the table, with two smaller chairs and a baby-chair placed at the far end. Glass, by its very nature is cold, delicate and once broken can be fatally sharp.

Underneath the table is a time-bomb, a reminder of the potentially explosive nature of domestic violence. Over the dining table hangs a chandelier with familiar domestic objects dangling precariously. A kitchen knife, a hammer, a spanner, objects of domestic use, objects of domestic abuse.

'Open Season' is a series of video installations made possible by filmmaker Joe Lee and a group of women from the community. Exploring the folk rhyme 'he loves me, he loves me not' is done effectively through video images of petals being torn one by one from a red rose. Such simple yet strong imagery focuses on the sometimes destructive nature of love. Oscar Wilde's line from the Ballad of Reading Gaol comes to mind 'Yet each man kills the thing he loves... some do it with a kiss'.

In the same darkened room a video shows news footage of the many violent deaths of women which have occurred recently. The images are distorted because they are projected onto a hospital screen surrounding the hospital bed. The screen protects but also hides, adding the weight of silence to an issue of unspoken truths. 'See Nothing, Hear Nothing, Say Nothing' is the last of the video installations. The faces of ordinary men and women stare out of the screen accusingly, repeatedly covering their eyes, ears and mouths. We are reminded of the silence in which we all collaborate. Little more can be said of this exhibit, so forceful is its message.

These are only some of the powerful images on display at IMMA running from now until February 15th. So shocking are they in their clarity that the viewer is rendered silent, guilty but aware.

## THEATRE

*TEA FOR ONE & A STICKY BUN*  
Written & Directed by Mark Lynch  
BIG IDEA THEATRE COMPANY  
Bewley's Cafe Theatre

Big Idea's first production, penned and steered by Mark Lynch, who plays lead man, Jack Mac, tries to capture the clichéd scenario of the oft-met coffee-house 'character' in this lunch-long piece.

Deborah (Oonagh McLaughlin) and Ambrose (Tomás Ó Súilleabháin) are two young strangers at a table into whose lives enter Jack with his full repertoire of tales, yarns and memories of a full life. To begin with, the two youngsters aren't really interested in grandad's stories, but they are gradually and grudgingly forced to take an interest in the man's often bizarre grasp of life.

The play is almost an extension of a monologue in which Deborah and Ambrose play accompanying roles which run through role playing, mime, clowning and general jig-acting. Oonagh McLaughlin displays a fairly thorough knowledge of dance from Flamenco to South-Pacific-tribal-grass-skirtism.

Mark Lynch is quite convincing as the old man who, despite his failing senses, can still see the realities of life; that he is growing old, that soon he won't even have his reminiscences, and that the two kids have other things on their minds apart from his stories.

Tomás Ó Súilleabháin (played the omniscient barman in punk film *The Last Bus Home*) is particularly effective as the stereotypical 'mad-Connemara man' featured in one of Jack's tales of working on the sites, hair akimbo and nary a grunt of English, he speaks body talk almost as well as Olivia Neutron Bomb can.

The trouble with the clichéd situation drama is that it can turn to mush all too easily, but in this case we are spared overly sentimental and trite dialogue, while the script is kept simple and thus more realistic on the whole. Not bad.

BIG IDEA's next production is "Dream Sweet Dreams" and will be staged in the new year.

# THE IRISH TIMES

DITSU Simplex

# CROSSWORD

## Competition

**PRIZE:** First 3 correct entries drawn will each receive a £20 gift voucher for DITSU Students Union Shop.

**RULES:** Only open to members of the DIT colleges. Employees of DITSU and THE IRISH TIMES are not eligible to enter. No Photocopies - one entry only. Entries close: Fri 19 December

**SEND TO:** THE IRISH TIMES / DITSU, Crossword Competition, The DIT Examiner. (to be dropped into local Union office)

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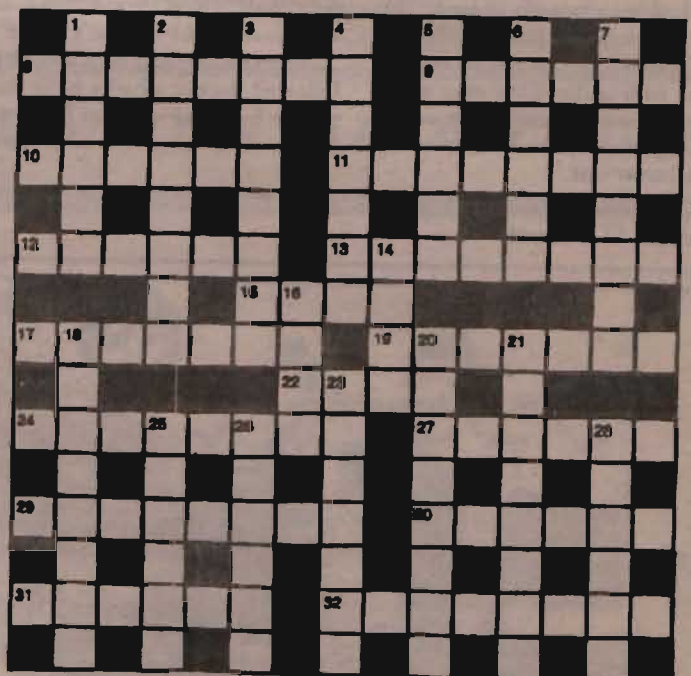


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### ACROSS

- 8 Fine soft goats' wool (8)
- 9 Recall the visitor? (6)
- 10 Intense repugnance (6)
- 11 Property which a moneylender may keep until loan is repaid (8)
- 12 Remove from a high position (6)
- 13 Small hardy Scottish pony (8)
- 15 Give one's support to a candidate (4)
- 17 Went after game, keeping under cover (7)
- 19 Move forward (7)
- 22 Deceive, trick, cheat (4)
- 24 One who speaks several languages well (8)
- 27 Could an adder stagger? (6)
- 29 People gathered to watch or hear (8)
- 30 Infuse slowly into the mind (6)
- 31 Warning added to a legal document (6)
- 32 Praiseworthy (8)

### DOWN

- 1 Coax by flattery (6)
- 2 Wood burnt black (8)
- 3 Search for and recover (8)
- 4 Continue to do something despite difficulties (7)
- 5 Frozen drop of water (6)
- 6 Not singular (6)
- 7 Languages which include English, German, Dutch (8)
- 14 Pile of things thrown one on top of the other (4)
- 16 Chances or probabilities (4)
- 18 Body appointed to adjudicate a disputed question (8)
- 20 Loosened fragments of rock (8)
- 21 Well in which water rises by natural pressure (8)
- 23 Totally, out and out (7)
- 25 Aircraft without an engine (6)
- 26 Ingrained (6)
- 28 Fit to eat (6)



Gráinne Fox

## Alien Resurrection

*Starring: Sigourney Weaver, Winona Ryder, Ron Perlman*  
*Director: Jean-Pierre Jeunet*

Oh the marvels of DNA cloning eh? At the end of *Alien 3*, Ellen Ripley had effectively saved the planet by throwing herself and the only surviving alien - to whom she had given birth - to their deaths. Two hundred years later, Ripley is back, a human/Alien hybrid, to kick some ass.

The story, directed by Jean-Pierre Jeunet (*The City of Lost Children*, *Delicatessen*) goes as follows: having successfully cloned Ripley, the research scientists on board the military ship, Auriega, also use the alien genes from the queen (to which Ripley was host before she died in *Alien 3*) to recreate the species. Mercenaries visit the ship to do a deal with its captain, Dan Hedaya, and stay the night.

Meanwhile back at the lab, the scientifically engineered aliens get a bit testy, break loose and escape, in search of whatever human flesh they can sniff out. With most of the crew from the Auriega dead, Ripley teams up with the mercenary guests as they try to stop their own ship, *The Betty*, from plummeting towards earth.

Because Ripley is now both human and alien, she obviously has a bit of a soft spot for the double mouthed ones who terrorise and multiply with equal abandon. Winona Ryder plays Call, *The Betty's* mechanic, who is more than suspicious of where her loyalties lie. Ron Perlman plays the dimwit member of *The Betty* who tries to beat Ripley at basketball and the movie also features Jeunet favourite, Dominique Pinon.

There are some truly breathtaking scenes in this film, none more than the underwater sequence, which took three weeks to shoot (a fact everyone seems to know) and is highly effective. The outside scenes of the ship are stunning, thanks to cinematographer Darius Khondji, who also contributes to the general feeling of claustrophobia on board. The script, by Joss Whedon, has snatches of black humour, which lifts the atmosphere, sometimes inappropriately.

Sigourney Weaver is absolutely excellent in her fourth outing as Ripley. Knowing, tough and thoroughly dominating, she relishes this new Ripley who

can be callous and brutal, yet motherly towards her DNA cloned offspring.

Ultimately, the real *Alien* fans may be disappointed with this new instalment as it seems to be more concerned with shocking the audience rather than scaring, as the first two *Alien* movies (*Alien 3* received mixed reviews and was considered a failure in comparison to its predecessors). Director Jeunet does a good job in that the look of the movie is very much his own — bleak and murky, with Labs inhabited with semi human freaks, failures previous to Ripley's reincarnation.

For me, the fact that I was subjected to so much slime-meistering (Dan Hedaya gets to see the inside of his own head.....literally) was in the end, immunising. In previous *Alien* movies, the creatures themselves were so terrifying mainly because the audience saw them so rarely, and once you clapped your eyes on them, the effect was heartstopping. They used to lurk around the dark corners of the ship menacingly, oozing acid and sheer terror and although you could hear their victims suffering a horrendous death, it was not shown in such detail and thus, was all the more terrifying.

This time around, the aliens are over-exposed in such a way that by the end of the movie you're no longer clutching the person next to you in a frenzied fit of fear, rather, having had enough of seeing exactly how the characters are brought to their bloody deaths.

All that aside, *Alien Resurrection* boasts great performances from its cast and is visually stunning.

## Copland

*Starring: Sylvester Stallone, Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, Ray Liotta.*  
*Director: James Mangold*

The Local Sheriff of Garrison, Freddy Helfin (Sylvester Stallone) deals with mundane offences like residents arguing over garbage and has resigned himself to the fact the he will never become an NYPD officer after losing the hearing in one ear. This is a small town situated across the bridge from New York, populated by cops and their families, thus Freddy's life is a quiet one. That all changes when he realises that the big city cops who make their own rules in his town are involved in a cover up to

protect a fellow officer (Michael Rappaport) who shoots two black youths.

Moe Tilden (Robert De Niro) is the internal affairs investigator who offers Freddy a crack at some real police work by reporting on the very men he has idolised for years.

Harvey Keitel plays Ray Donlon- the

Somewhere along the line it all goes awry. What starts off as a promising movie about a "good small town cop" finally getting his time to shine and bring down the bad guys is ultimately so drawn out that it is devoid of any tension. The audience knows too early on exactly what the Sheriff has to do and it seems it is just a case of filling in time



*"I bet you five bucks Planet Hollywood Dublin sinks in twelve months!"*

ringleader of this merry band of bent cops, which includes Figgis (played by Ray Liotta) and Joey Randone (Peter Berg), most of whom have no respect for Freddy and treat him as their lackey. As the story unravels, the Sheriff finds a history of crooked dealings in the force connections with the mob and previous cover ups on behalf of dirty cops. He cannot decide whether to ignore the evidence or work with internal affairs.

Following a decision to do the right thing, Freddy seeks the help of Tilden in the city who tells him that the case is closed due to his procrastinating. Thoroughly flummoxed at this stage, Figgis is the only one to tell him to stand up for himself (Figgis having broken free of the circle due to his partner getting killed in yet another double cross a couple of years ago) and tells him to ditch his morals; "...being right isn't a bullet proof vest Freddy...". He needs to be as wily as they are and to pre-empt their next move. The question is, can he do it? What are you crazy?

It is unfortunate and inevitable that this movie will be compared in its subject matter to *LA Confidential*, which is far superior in plot and style. Having said that, this film could have been so much better.

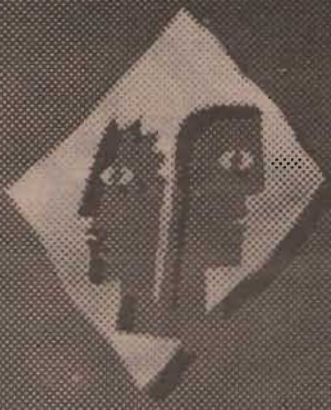
It has a fantastic cast and there is great potential in the storyline with the western idea of the lone Sheriff.

until he arrives at that point. The subplot of Freddy's childhood sweetheart (Annabella Sciorra) goes nowhere and Jeanne Garofalo as his deputy, ups and leaves without any valid explanation.

However, writer and director James Mangold (who previously directed *Heavy*) elicits understated performances from De Niro- (who is sadly, not on screen long enough), Liotta (thankfully on form here after his raving lunatic turn in *Turbulence*), but most of all, Sylvester Stallone.

Stallone has stated in previous interviews that his role in *Daylight* was a conscious move away from the usual action fare he finds himself in. He wanted to be offered the kinds of parts Al Pacino and Robert De Niro seemed to have and indeed this is a move in the right direction. Touted as being his first serious acting gig in years, he could not have picked better movie legends than Keitel and De Niro, from whom to get a few acting tips if not from them? Paunchy and downtrodden he is actually believable in the role of the heartbroken and moral Sheriff. Constantly derided and patted on the head by Ray and his cronies ("...we made your sorry ass..."), he convincingly plays a decent "law man" sickened by the corruption which has crept into his home town.

# Club US1



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