The DIT Examiner : the Newspaper of the Dublin Institute of Technology Students' Union, September, 1996

DIT Students' Union

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Cathal Brugha St's SU Moving on Up and Going Down

The Students' Union in DIT Cathal Brugha Street will be getting a spanking new home when the extension at Marlborough Street is completed.

Currently operating in what can be generously described as snug conditions, the students union will be moving into the basement of the new extension which is due for completion early next year. Realistically, though, the eight storey building will not be completely ready for occupation until September 1997.

"We never expected to go in there until September '97 although the college were saying when they started that they hope to be ready by Christmas," said Colin Joyce, Overall President of DIT Students’ Unions. "The reality is that if the building isn't going to be completed until February, no students are going to be moved into it until September. It's more realistic to wait until then when everything is kitted out and ready."

It is hoped that there will be no repeat of the Aungier Street experience. When that building opened two years ago, the students' union area wasn't ready - missing doors, no shop, unfurnished common room and the like - and, more seriously, the journalism and communications were left twiddling their thumbs due to lack of operational facilities. That situation resulted in a two day protest that was rather embarrassing for the DIT authorities.

Mr Joyce, himself a former President of the Students’ Union, was instrumental in ensuring the new building was completed on schedule and well equipped. He expressed satisfaction with the plans for the new location.

"The new place will consist of a common room and main offices off that common room. It is envisaged that the old common room in Cathal Brugha Street will become a snackbar and the canteen will remain as the canteen but will get a face lift."

Final decisions have yet to be made on the layout of the offices. Mr Joyce stressed the importance of the layout of the offices. That is all open plan, no partitioning, but we are quite happy with the area that has been set aside for us.

Less certain is the future location of the DITSU shop in Cathal Brugha Street.

"We are still unsure as to the future of the shop," said Mr Joyce. "Where the shop is situated at the moment is unacceptable and it was hoped that provision would be made in the new extension to place it nearer the Students’ Union area. That provision hasn't been made so we are looking at alternatives somewhere around the students’ union area."

There was some concern about the location of the students’ union in Aungier Street, fears being expressed that it would be too out of the way for many students. This hasn't been the case and so Mr Joyce is not greatly concerned that the new location for Cathal Brugha Street's SU is also in the basement.

"I don't know why they chose that floor but in the plans it was always that floor that was set aside for the students' union. There are a lot of disadvantages in people having to go out of their way to get down but it can work quite well for people who want to avoid classes and meet up and have a bit more noise than we would normally make if we were adjacent to classes.

The move will greatly welcomed by the students union officers and staff who have found the present cramped office, it seems, forever. Another bonus is that the new premises are unlikely to suffer the sporadic flooding suffered in the current office. DIT has tended to adopt a Band Aid to a Gaping Wound approach to dealing with this problem.

The most favourable set up for the new premises seems to be one that is close to that of DIT Bolton Street's.

"Most of the unions try to structure themselves like the Bolton Street area set up. It is the most favourable office and shop, student area set up. However the set up finally works out, one thing is guaranteed. It will be an awful lot bigger than it is at present."
Strange Days Indeed

How well do I remember my first days in college? Too much negative. Actually, it depends on how much you enjoy engaging in any given time. For there are few things to cause one to smile wryly and remember fondly as specifically as the recollection of those first few baby steps taken in a third-level institution.

It's a strange, frightening time, when you take to walking the corridors of your new home with the most unending trepidation, unreasonably nervously of what lurks around every corner (quick, bird-like peek before you take a step) and behind every door (rush of blood to the face, prickly feeling on the scalp as you realize that you have in fact deduced your shiny new person's head into the wrong room by the way, the correct response on this occasion is 'so sorry').

Eyes signifying point you aren't trusted; you'll feel yourself staring at them, seeking out the non-existent small print, looking away and suddenly flicking your eyes back, just to make sure that they haven't changed and are planning to lead you any worse advice. Then, and only then, do you move, self-conscious howards easily intimidated by the ever-obvious less than coshfuls guise. If you're on your own for this first few days, even weeks, this can be a period of unavailing traumas as the super confident, swaggering teenage warrior is mercilessly stripped away, leaving a hunk, a pathetic, queering weapon, blindly wandering the corridors pondering why the demoted forces of evil have conspired in such a way as to make your life so utterly miserable. Just kidding. It only feels like that.

Not that fresher's (there were even more daunting description, aside from 'nay'. Spars Supporter's) are difficult to spot even when cloned together in protective groups. One of the great giveaways is a pair of shiny dops and the attendant expression of exercising pain on the face of the water. But even a substantial amount of cotton wool and a cortisone injection have been employed to remove the aged spots, the short shrugging shaviness of this part of the student ensemble is enough of a pointer. You might as well simply carry a big sign and damn the rest of your group with you. If you manage to escape recognition in the college, the place where you take most likely to affix upon yourself the label 'freshet' is the pub, whatever the local nomenclature happens to be. There the drinkers will be as varied and varied as the products on offer, but often the fledgling five-year's door does not open to two things: alcoholic and the point (may), a lot of it is ordered with heavy and wholly unconvincing bohomic and subsequently sipped with the kind of suspicion usually reserved for the coris or cab and its several successors are faked into the unsuspecting body with scant regard for love, bladder or brain. Pretty soon the world becomes fancy - chains don't work, the ground is off wheels and the human simplex refuses to understand what you are saying.

If all of the above sounds like the sledge, cheap wearing of some one who no longer a first year and hasn't been one for many years, you are indeed correct. Sure, this writer can fling the pipe and give the weary look of public indifference but the wearer is simple and staggers, it's all ahead of you, the rest of us can only be reminded of it.

The next few years will be in your time of great change, new experiences, trial, error and ultimately, all going well. Success assured, the rest of us envy you and since that is the case, you must do all you can to make this time as memorable as possible. Don't waste these years because if you do, you'll regret it and the rest of us will call you names.

The DTI Examiner

The DTI Examiner has been published monthly for the past three years. It is a newspaper primarily for the students of the DIT and if the staff read it, then all the better because they're more aware that are of the students' grievances, issues, the best. In the past, they used to appreciate strong feelings, they had to deal with hundred of angry students sitting on the street outside their college. We feel that all this positive is place. They feel that they should be covered, and the rest of us envy you and since that is the case, you must do all you can to make this time as memorable as possible. Don't waste these years because if you do, you'll regret it and the rest of us will call you names.

Time to Go

This issue of the DTI Examiner is my last. I have been editor since the paper began in 1993 and have tried in that time to make it as interesting, worthwhile, relevant and enjoyable as I possibly could. I have been a fine time, very less than interesting, occasionally hilarious, and, once or twice, random. It has been a real pleasure to work here. I have made good friends, some of whose bought me drink. I have watched DTI change and grow and I have had the pleasure of watching students once again getting angry enough to take to the streets and protest in a way and in a manner that we have not seen for years.

I do not know who will be the new editor but I wish him or her the very best. One word of advice: if the printer acts up, click your fingers three times and up it gently on the left side. It doesn't work, but it'll get you noticed. To the friends I have made here, I wish only the very best in all they do. I will think of them often.

John Carroll

So apart from being the largest students' union in the country

What has Ditsu ever done for me?

Well we organise and provide:

+ Fresher's Arts/Welfare/Rag Weeks
+ Comprehensive Subsidised Ent. 
+ Free Welfare Advice
+ Free Financial Advice
+ Free Medical 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
+ Raise Thousands for Charity through Rag Week
+ 2nd Hand Book Service
+ Detailed accomodation list at start of every year
+ Interest Free Welfare Loans
+ USSR cards
+ Cheap Photocopying
+ SU shop with wide range of products at competitive prices
+ Secretarial Service, Past Exam Papers and Fax Services
+ Pool Tables and Video Games
+ Payphone in SU Office
+ Condom Machines in Toilets
+ Fresher's, Halloween, Christmas, Rag, Easter, Last Chance Balls
+ Fashion Show
+ Beer Promotion
+ Cheap Passport Photos
+ Fresher's Welcome Packs
+ Postal Address Facility
+ And anything else you want us to do!

Ditsu

The DIT exam system has redeemed itself in these cynical eyes. For a long time I viewed the secrecy and action of exam boards as being on a par with the KGB. Now having experienced the fair and impartial exam appeals board, I have far more faith. Unfortunately a very low percentage use the appeal board system.

One of the major contributing factors in non-use of the exam appeals is a lack of trust amongst the student body. This distrust is unfounded and based on ignorance. The other main factor is the £50 charge. Hopefully we can get this reduced, the £50 is refundable if your appeal is successful. If you can't afford to pay the £50 then contact your local Student Union office and we will try to make some arrangements for you.

The appeals board is a sub-committee of the examination and awards committee which is itself a sub-committee of the DIT Academic Council. The full-time officers of the Union are entitled to attend as your representatives or on your behalf.

So don't be afraid of appealing your exam results. If you have any doubt contact your local Student Union office for advice.

Colin Joyce
"Joycey"
Overall President
DITSU
Watch Your House!

I used to live in a basement flat in Leeson Street, back in the days when the part of the street known as the Strip was a late night haven for drunks, drunks, sad people and women, though these last were often working as prostitutes. One fine night, over a hundred years ago, and far away from the air of the damned, the house in which my flat was located was broken into. Luckily, my love life being what it was, I was wide awake and reading, when the basement door caved in some concerted pressure from a hammer or some such implement. I sprang into action, lost my page and nerved myself. Once the shaking had subsided enough to allow me to walk in a straight line, I made for the door of my flat which led directly into the corridor, down which four of the butilus masked men were so doubt that very moment, had been left on the bed of the night, everyone of them, but flatly. It left it in an instant. In fact, I think it felt then that I moved out, which must have had the landlord's searching the drains and back garden for weeks afterwards. I unlocked all my locks, removed the chair from against the door, whispered the secret code and wrenched the door open. It was very late. The light from my flat, bright as I. My aid around the corner, swung up into the hallway and crept nervously along the floor toward the door, where the same scene of disarray was repeated. Distrusting my own safety and armed only with the loving boxes I was wearing, I stepped into the corridor.

The pool of light not having the power or inclination to venture far from the door, I could see very far but did hear the distant sound of snoring abruptly arrested.

There was some anxious whispering and then the sound of clattering, which did wonders for my egs. Anyone who has seen me in boxes will wonder exactly what it was that the fear of God in the six or seven professional burglars who broke in that night. I can only assume that it was the whispering, elongated shadows thrown by my unimpressive, but barely Herculoan, form. I made my way down the corridor, foraging for one of the tamer switches as I went. My bravery now knew few bounds. I strode through my door into the face of the broken door. Overcome with feelings of gross stupidity and woosy from the sight of my blood, I retired and decided to inspect the damage the following morning. I found it to be in an emerging and rarely afforded places for slavering killers to hide and wait. Needless to say I spent the rest of the night juggling normally, which was itself unusual. But I had never done it from under the bed.

After that incident I became super safety conscious and was never again broken into. The downside is that since I tried my flat with me wherever I went, I couldn't get above all that well.

There is of course a middle ground between the paranoid and the diabolically stupid, which brings us neatly to the point of this article: you shouldn't be afraid to love your flat. Dublin is not a place of cut-rate crime and depravity, despite what the Evening Herald screams with monotonous regularity. But neither is it Fluffy City and you should not be book into, there are muggings and there are sub humans out there who like to rape women. So be aware, in and out of the door. Do not wander out leaving windows and doors open and unlocked. Both.

And don't console yourself with the thought that you live on the second floor and are therefore safe. The thief will happily use the same stairs that you do and even if he doesn't, here's a thing he can probably do. Don't leave vast amounts of cash in the window sill on the table or sitting beneath a big sign saying Easy Pickings Here. Just my little joke. It's obvious you haven't got vast amounts of cash. Burglars, however, will take what they can get to take care. Jewellery, watches, bank cards, even a good pair of shoes are all fair game.

Some friends of mine were burgled recently and are now living in a big empty house and have become very protective of the clothes they wear. Given that they now have to wear the same outfit every day, that is understandable. Even the house ghost has gone, probably because there is not furniture for him to hide behind.

Outside the confines of your flat, or box there are a number of simple precautions you can take which will not necessarily prevent you from being attacked, but may keep you from being a prime candidate. Those vast amounts of cash I mentioned earlier Don't carry them about with you. As the great Brittle Juric once sang "Travel light and you can laugh in the robber's face." I strongly suspect and fervently hope that Juvenal was attacked and beaten on a regular basis.

At bank machines, keep an eye out. Muggers are opportunists and a lone person exercising money whilst whistling a gay tune is a great opportunity. You may as well advertise. Now, onto dark streets. Or more accurately, not onto dark streets. Do try to avoid them because dark streets are for homo teenagers in slasher films. Muggers, robbers, rapists and pond scum of all types love the dark because they are exceptionally brave people. Unfortunately, the intake of huge amounts of alcohol has a nasty habit of making people fearless and oblivious to the world. So walk in a group, and at least one to another. This is not so much of the students' union. One of these could present the case for you or you can forego this option entirely. It will not prejudice your case. Hopefully, you will not need recourse to this facility, but if you do, don't be afraid to make your case.

So there we have it. Mass Appeals.
As a newcomer, you may be feeling a little lost, wondering why in the hell you bothered and why does he/she look so dammed with it and in with everyone. Fret not, it is a perfectly natural reaction to a new environment. One of the ways to overcome the awkwardness and face it, loneliness, is to join one or many of the clubs, societies, groups and shadowy organisations run by the students for the students of the DIT. Apparently, you can also meet women/men/whatever you fancy yourself. If nothing on this page appeals to you, once again, fret not for you can simply approach the students' union with an idea for a club or society. There are limits, mind you, so no suggestions for a self-immolation society or a club whose members get an enormous kick out of leaping into lava pits.

Mountjoy Square

Sports Clubs
Mountaineering
Aerobics
Athletics
Basket Ball - Men and Women
Badminton
DIT GAA
Equestrian
Golf
Hockey Mixed
Horse Racing Society
Hurling DIT
Karate
Ladies Rugby
Privates Rugby
Soccer - Men and Women
Swimming

Design
Design Presentation
Drama
Fashion
Flanna Fail
Graphics
Landscape Art
Mkt Communicator
Photography
Print

Kevin Street

Sports Clubs
Judo
Rugby
Orienteering
Yoga
Bridge
Karate
Fencing
Hurling
Gaelic Football

Social Action
St Vincent de Paul
Bakery

DIT Aungier Street

Sports Clubs
Athletics
Aerobics
Basketball
Badminton
Chess
G.A.A.
Golf
Karate
Rugby
Swimming
Soccer

Social and Cultural Societies
A.L.E.S.C
Advertising
B.A.N.D
C.I.M.A
Communications
Computer
Chess
Drama
Debating
Erasmus
Film
Fantasy Football
An Cumann Gaelach
An Cumann Irioeireacht
Leisure
Transport
Women's Group
Yoga

DIT Bolton Street

Sports Clubs
Athletics Club
Canoe Club
Gaelic Football
Golf
Hockey

DIT Cathal Brugha Street

Sports Clubs
Aerobics
Badminton
Basketball (M & W)
Gaelic Football (M & W)
Hurling
Camogie
Golf
Mixed Hockey
Rugby (M & W)
Soccer (M & W)
Swimming
Tennis

Social and Cultural Societies
A.S.A
Architectural
Technicians
Accricle
Auctioneering
Building Maintenance
Casideas
Chess
Construction Soc.
Construction Tech.
Cumann Gaelach
Debating
Drama
Dyslexia
Environmental Engs
Film Society
Geo Surveying
Horse Racing
Motor Industry Mgt
Music Club
Ogra Fianna Fail
Open Forum
Photo Soc.
Printers
Property Economics
Reponse

Social and Cultural Societies
Administrative Society
Art
Cumann Gaelach (Irish Society)
Club 100
Debating

Social and Cultural Societies
Design
Design Presentation
Drama
Fashion
Flanna Fail
Graphics
Landscape Art
Mkt Communicator
Photography
Print

Social and Cultural Societies
Secret
Sci-Fi and Fantasy
Human Nutrition
Science & Technology
Music
Choir
Games
Dyslexia
Computer
LGB
Women's Group
Russian
Christian
Folk Group
I remember my Freshers' Week as it was nine years ago, which by happy coincidence it was. Mostly it passed in a barely conscious haze, interspersed with moments of restless sleep, during which times I attempted to rejuvenate my jaded body in the hope that it would be ready to receive more and more beer when I finally surfaced. A quick shower, a half hearted attempt to shake and vac my tongue and away I went, every morning. Ultimately, the high point of my week was chasing a friend across a rugby field at midnight and rugby tackling him into a big puddle. And all because he took my pint. Oh how we laughed. Later I was spectacularly ill between two cars.

Of course it need not be the same for you. It depends largely on how much of your dignity you are prepared to relinquish when drink has been taken. However you choose to take part, do take part. Freshers' Week is a great way to break the ice, to get to know the people in your college. Depending on how they behave you will know who to befriend and who to ward off with cloves of garlic and sticks.

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**Mountjoy Square**

- **Monday, 7th October**
  - DJ in canteen
  - 7.30 pm Super Budweiser Promotion - The Big Tree
  - 10.30 pm Niteclub - The POD

- **Tuesday, 8th October**
  - Traditional Band in Canteen
  - 8.00 pm Horse Race Night
  - 10.30 pm Disco - The Back Gate

- **Wednesday, 9th October**
  - Dance DJ in Canteen
  - 7.30 pm Ireland v Macedonia
  - 9.30 pm Belfast Fling
  - 11.30 pm The Satan Horse

- **Thursday, 10th October**
  - 10pm Freshers Ball - The Vortex, The County Club, Dunshaughlin, Co. Meath
  - Buses leave The Big Tree, Dorset Street from 9.00 pm - 10.30 pm

- **Friday, 11th October**
  - Sleep Alone or with someone else

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**DIT Kevin Street**

- **Monday, 30th September**
  - 12 pm - 2 pm FM 104 Broadcast live from the snacker
  - 5pm Foster's Ice Promotion in Devits
  - 8 pm Blind Date and Party Games in the Furnace followed by live band 'New Manoeuvre' and Disco. Sponsored by Heineken

- **Tuesday, 1st October**
  - 1 pm Comedian in the Snackery
  - 8 pm Karaoke in Barney Murphy's (sponsored by Murphy's)

- **Wednesday, 2nd October**
  - Clubs and Societies Day in Gleeson Hall
  - 8 pm Pub Quiz in Barney Murphy's. Sponsored by Beck's

- **Thursday, 3rd October**
  - 1 pm Hypnotist in The Gleeson Hall
  - 11 pm 'til Late Freshers' Ball in the Olympic

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**DIT Aungier Street**

- **Monday, 7th October**
  - 12.30 pm official opening in the common room
  - 1.30 pm three-legged pub crawl
  - 4.30 pm Pub Quiz in USI
  - 8.30 pm Karaoke
  - 11.30 pm Disco in Club USI

- **Tuesday, 8th October**
  - Stands Day in the college (This is used for the purpose of setting up all the clubs and societies in Aungier street)
  - 4.30 pm Promotion in Gleesons
  - 6.30 pm Horse Race Night in the Common Room

- **Wednesday, 9th October**
  - 1.30 pm Iron Stomach Competition

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**DIT Cathal Brugha Street**

- **Monday, 30th September**
  - 12.00 noon surprise party, common room
  - 5.00 pm soccer match, Airways vs McGraths at Mountjoy Square
  - 7.30 pm Boat Race and Pub Golf in Airways
  - 10.30 pm 70s disco in break for the Border

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**DIT Bolton Street**

- **Monday, 7th October**
  - Lunchtime - Edward White - Hypnotist
  - Evening - Promotion in Four Seasons

- **Tuesday, 8th October**
  - Lunchtime - Juniper (band)
  - Evening - Race Night in The Four Seasons

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**DIT Cathal Brugha Street**

- **Monday, 30th September**
  - 12.00 noon surprise party, common room
  - 5.00 pm soccer match, Airways vs McGraths at Mountjoy Square
  - 7.30 pm Boat Race and Pub Golf in Airways
  - 10.30 pm 70s disco in break for the Border
**DIT's Academic Structure Begins To Take Shape**

DIT’s revamped academic structure is finally taking recognisable shape with the appointment of the institute’s six new faculty directors recently confirmed.

The director of the Faculty of Applied Arts is Dr Ellen Hazeldorn. She will work initially from Aungier Street before moving to the Leinster Road building in DIT Rathmines, currently largely unused. She will have responsibility for Professional and Social Studies, Social Science, Art & Design, Music & Dance and Printing. This means that she will have administrative responsibility for DIT’s Aungier Street, Rathmines, Adelaide Road and Chatham Row. She is only woman faculty director.

*Mr Michael Mulvey will head the Faculty of Tourism and Food and will be based in DIT Cabra Bridge Street. Mr Mulvey has been Acting Head of the School of Hotel, Catering and Tourism Management since 1993. He will have responsibility for Tourism and Food Operation.*

**Those appointments show a division of responsibility for courses within individual sites should mean that certain courses will move to other sites. However, for the time being, this is unlikely to happen since phase two of the Aungier Street site has yet to begin and the extension to DIT Bolton Street in Marlborough Street does not look like being ready until September 1997. For the time being, certain directors will be involved with more than one site which could prove interesting.**

*There have been other directorial appointments, all of whom will be based in DIT Fitzwilliam House, Head Office. They are Dr Brendan Goldsmith, Head of Academic Affairs; Dr Declan Glynn, Director of External Affairs and Mr Ray Wills, Director of Finance. Mr Bob Lawlor has been appointed Secretary of the Institute and will also be based in Head Office.*

**The appointments have taken longer to finalise than anticipated but now that they are all in place, Dr Brendan Goldsmith, President of the DIT, can press ahead with the physical and academic changes for the institute for which he has been working for some time.**
1. Discuss the issue in women's groups and Student Union meetings.

2. The issue should be raised and discussed through Students' Union publications, e.g., handbooks, students' union magazines and leaflets.

3. Organise public meetings with people from outside organisations, e.g., Employment Equality Agency of the Equal Opportunities Commission.

4. All class reps should be aware of the problem and give help and support in raising the issue for discussion.

5. Discuss the issue with union officers with a view to adopting a common policy position.

6. Campaign to set up a Sexual Harassment Complaints Board. The Board should be in a position to deal with complaints about sexual harassment, help the students concerned and help how cases should be processed.

What is Sexual Harassment?

Sexual Harassment can be broadly described as persistent, unwanted sexual comments, propositions or physical contact considered offensive to the people at which they are directed. It includes all forms of harassment from unpleasant remarks to sexual assault.

There are various forms of sexual harassment, including:

- repeated and unwanted verbal or physical advances
- sexually explicit or discriminatory remarks
- unwelcome comments about person or dress
- demands for sexual favours
- offensive use of pin-ups or pornographic pictures

It is important to differentiate between sexual harassment and normal social interaction in college or in the pub involving mutually acceptable behaviour. Harassment involves one person behaving in a manner that another finds threatening or humiliating.

Sexual harassment can occur anywhere and at any level. Even the least serious form of sexual harassment can be extremely damaging to victims if repeated regularly over a period of time. Studies have shown that victims can suffer various symptoms, including anxiety, tension, depression, increased alcohol, cigarette and drug use, sleepiness and relationship difficulties. This does not mean that someone suffering from any of the above is necessarily being sexually harassed as these symptoms are common to various complaints.

What If I Am A Victim of Sexual Harassment?

- Don't be afraid to tell the harasser that the attention is unwelcome.
- Keep a note detailing all incidents of harassment with date, time, place, witness and your response. This will help to prove your case if you wish to take action.
- Look for witnesses, other victims and further evidence of harassment taking place.
- Talk to other women in the college or friends to find out if they have had similar experiences.
- Contact your Students' Union Welfare Officer or the college authorities and lodge a formal complaint. The Students' Union can guarantee your full confidentiality and can put you in touch with someone who can help you deal with the problem. If they are willing, use your witnesses to substantiate your complaint.

What Can I Do To Eliminate Sexual Harassment?

Everyone can help to eliminate sexual harassment in some way. To start with, students should examine their own views and behaviour towards others, e.g., how to speak or act in certain situations. They should also be aware of the behaviour of others and most importantly, don't be afraid to tell someone to stop if you see them acting in a discriminatory manner. People will respect you all the more if they see you taking a stand.

It is important to differentiate between sexual harassment and normal social interaction in college or in the pub involving mutually acceptable behaviour.
**College of Music Hits All the Right Notes in US Tour**

DIT's College of Music Concert Band has recently returned from a highly successful tour of the east coast of America. The 60-strong band of musicians, led by conductor Willie Halpin, gave five concerts during their two week tour of the United States.

The concerts, which took place in Boston College, Yale University, Rutgers University New Jersey, Falmouth High School and Cape Cod Community College, Hyannis, all received standing ovations from the highly appreciative audiences.

The band's headquarters for the tour was the small, picturesque town of Falmouth in Cape Cod where the whole community welcomed them into their homes with warmth and hospitality. Mr Peter Cook, Head of Music at Falmouth High School, was a wonderful host, who more than once expressed his pride at having the concert band rehearse in his school.

"We decided it would be great for us," he said. "By hosting the group, not only would we give our music students the chance to see how music is performed in different cultures, but this band has a reputation of having some really good players. We try to teach our students that music is universal, but having an event like this really shows that is true."

The programme for the concerts was varied, containing repertoire from both sides of the Atlantic, some film music and some standard concert band repertoire. One of the most exciting moments in the concerts was when bagpipe player Don Boyle marched through the audience in full highland costume whilst playing an original composition. "From US to Erin" by the Director of bands at Yale University, Mr Tom Duffy. This is a piece for a concert band and two small ensembles which incorporates folk tunes from both countries.

The featured soloist in the saxophone concerts by Michael Ball was Kevin Hanrahan, a finalist in the 1996 Young Musician of the Future. Kevin gave a performance of outstanding quality throughout the tour and we wish him luck as he commences post-graduate studies in the Royal College of Music this September.

This tour was a dream come true for Mr William Halpin. He founded the Concert band in 1986 and has seen it grow from strength to strength over the years. As a student, Mr Halpin traveled frequently to the Cape, where he made several good friends and contacts who helped him organise the tour. The success of the tour, however, was largely due to the hard work and dedication of the tour manager, Brid Grant, herself a lecturer in DIT Chatham Row. She began work for this tour last January and ensured everything ran smoothly from host family distribution to pre-concert tuning! Thanks are also due to Ms Brigid Mooney, Head of Orchestral Studies, DIT Conservatory of Music and Drama, and her hard working staff.

The two week tour will always be remembered by the College of Music Concert Band and the people of Cape Cod who will never drink in Liam Macquire's Irish Pub again without hearing the voices of 60 young Irish musicians and having a good time.

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**Light House Switched Off**

The Light House Cinema has gone dark, never to return in its present location. Last weekend, Dublin's last independent commercial cinema in the city centre, was closed down by the developers of the Arnotts expansion.

"We closed the doors and warned the developers of the Arnotts expansion to do what they would. Those who want to see films such as The Jar will probably have to wait until it turns up on Channel 4 some night," said Neil McNeilly, Owner and Director of the cinema. "This is not the end for the Light House," he said. "We are actively seeking a new venue in the north inner city to continue our project to make independent cinema accessible to cinema goers as a Dublin. We have set up a development team and are already contacting potential investors and supporters. We would love to hear from anybody who could help us to find a new home."

The Light House is the last independent commercial cinema in the city centre, said Marcia Dillon, Director. "Its absence will mean audiences will have little other than mainstream Hollywood productions to choose from. There had been rumours that the cinema would be incorporated into the expanded Arnotts but these have to nothing and so now the search begins.

For eight years the Light House has shown a great variety of films which otherwise would have slipped by Irish audiences. It struck us as a great wasted opportunity and one of the reasons we were switched off. Unfortunately, it was not financially sustainable any more and the only way we could survive was to close. We are determined to continue our project to make independent cinema accessible to cinema goers in Dublin. We have set up a development team and are already contacting potential investors and supporters. We would love to hear from anybody who could help us to find a new home."

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**DIT Sends Out Clarion Call to Singers**

Sopranos, Altos, Tenors, Bass singers and those of you who are unaware of your vocal abilities take note. The DIT sends out a call to join the choir society that is! Be you student or staff member, it matters not. If you can sing, the institute invites you to join its choir society, to swell its numbers and make bigger sounds.

At present the DIT Choral Society consists of approximately 100 members, bringing together students and staff from all DIT Colleges. In an expansion of the College of Music Choral Society and the DIT Kevin St College Choir. Apart from enjoying the musical and social aspect, the choir aspires to performing major choral works to the highest standard. There are to main concerts during the year, one in December and late April, as well as other smaller commitments. Plans for the future include:

1. A Christmas Concert on 14th December.

Rehearsals take place in the Gleeon Hall in DIT Kevin Street on Wednesdays from 7.00 - 9.30 pm except for those on October 2nd and 16th, when they will be held on Lecture Room 3 (308) in DIT Kevin Street. Music reading ability is preferable but not essential. Commitment, however, is essential. To perform or travel with the choir, you are required to attend at least 75% of rehearsals.

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**Notes in US Tour**

The concerts, which took place in Boston College, Yale University, Rutgers University New Jersey, Falmouth High School and Cape Cod Community College, Hyannis, all received standing ovations from the highly appreciative audiences.

The band's headquarters for the tour was the small, picturesque town of Falmouth in Cape Cod where the whole community welcomed them into their homes with warmth and hospitality. Mr Peter Cook, Head of Music at Falmouth High School, was a wonderful host, who more than once expressed his pride at having the concert band rehearse in his school.

"We decided it would be great for us," he said. "By hosting the group, not only would we give our music students the chance to see how music is performed in different cultures, but this band has a reputation of having some really good players. We try to teach our students that music is universal, but having an event like this really shows that is true."

The programme for the concerts was varied, containing repertoire from both sides of the Atlantic, some film music and some standard concert band repertoire. One of the most exciting moments in the concerts was when bagpipe player Don Boyle marched through the audience in full highland costume whilst playing an original composition. "From US to Erin" by the Director of bands at Yale University, Mr Tom Duffy. This is a piece for a concert band and two small ensembles which incorporates folk tunes from both countries.

The featured soloist in the saxophone concerts by Michael Ball was Kevin Hanrahan, a finalist in the 1996 Young Musician of the Future. Kevin gave a performance of outstanding quality throughout the tour and we wish him luck as he commences post-graduate studies in the Royal College of Music this September.

This tour was a dream come true for Mr William Halpin. He founded the Concert band in 1986 and has seen it grow from strength to strength over the years. As a student, Mr Halpin traveled frequently to the Cape, where he made several good friends and contacts who helped him organise the tour. The success of the tour, however, was largely due to the hard work and dedication of the tour manager, Brid Grant, herself a lecturer in DIT Chatham Row. She began work for this tour last January and ensured everything ran smoothly from host family distribution to pre-concert tuning! Thanks are also due to Ms Brigid Mooney, Head of Orchestral Studies, DIT Conservatory of Music and Drama, and her hard working staff.

The two week tour will always be remembered by the College of Music Concert Band and the people of Cape Cod who will never drink in Liam Macquire's Irish Pub again without hearing the voices of 60 young Irish musicians and having a good time.
Murphy Returns to the Big Time in More Ways than One

Out takes. Should they be shown at the end of a film? You might say that if they are funny, then there is no reason not to show them. Ah yes, I shoot back, but what if they are fanter than anything in the finished product and the finished product is a comedy? Then, my hasty friend, you may wish to reconsider.

The makers of The Nutty Professor certainly did not give this eventuality any thought, presumably secure in the knowledge that the film itself would stand tall against the unintended amusement of the miscues, linguistic flip-flops, marx missing and explosions of laughter at inappropriate moments. They should have known that the film is a film and the out-takes at the end are, tragically, the funniest parts of it.

Eddie Murphy, in his first bona fide hit for years, is Genetrix Professor Sherman Klump, bright, sensitive, lovable and fat as fat can be. Although a slave to food, he has made attempts to lose weight but he invariably fails, feels miserable and consoles himself with a big pie, or whatever is to hand. Along comes gorgeous post-graduate student Carla Purty (Jada Pinkett) and Sherman muster the courage to ask her out. Deeply shamed by a loud mouth comedian he decides to experiment on himself with a "revolutionary fat gene" formula he has been working on - handily, I watched this with a genetics friend and she scoffed loudly - and is transformed into the svelte, slick and sex mad Buddy Love, or Eddie Murphy without all Rick Baker’s special effects fat bits. The joke is that the transformation is temporary and likely to wear off at any given moment. Cue special effects and sudden exits reminiscent of a slew of body swap, mistaken identity, dual personality films.

Buddy Love is aggressively funny, super confident and driven by his libido, essentially the Eddie Murphy persona from his early films. We see him shouting, leering, making confidence, back to the club where Sherman was so humiliated. There he verbally and physically assaults the loudmouth comedian, finally rendering him unconscious. Murphy has said that he was attacking those stand ups whose material is based on abuse of the audience but the scene is carried too far, becomes too cruel. There is no sympathy for the comedian but neither is there pleasure taken from was the point.

Aside from showing us his softer side, which he has been attempting in recent films, Murphy also gets to display his talent for impersonation. In dinner scenes with Sherman’s family, he plays all five members, including a deranged grandmother. Elsewhere, he impersonates an irritating, white fitness guru. It’s showing off, going a step further than his Coming to America scenes in the barber shop, but it’s amusing enough.

Ultimately, The Nutty Professor, a remake of one of Jerry Lewis’ better films - hardly a ringing endorsement - is mildly diverting, occasionally amusing and deeply sentimental. The ending is no surprise since the film constantly hammers home its point: it’s not about how you look, but who you are on the inside that matters. Happily for Murphy, he could take off all the blubber at the end of each day and simply be himself. The film would have been much more interesting if a genuinely fat actor played the hero and Murphy was allowed to play only the aggressive, unpleasant incarnation.
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Travel Sickness

Forced by gross overspending to take the coach and ferry method of getting from London to Dublin, Siobhan Weekes has plenty of time to regret buying that second pair of gold shoes, or whatever it was that reduced her to near-poverty.

This is a Stena Line announcement: "To inform you that the 18.25 Irish Explorer sailing has been cancelled...." Jaws dropped, babied started crying, and no one was in the vicinity of the distance, a dog barked. World traveler that I be, I merely shrugged my shoulders, sat on my back pack, and searched for my ciggies. "...Passengers are reminded that this is a no smoking building." A faint chime.

It was now 5:30pm. Granted, another boat was scheduled to sail at 7:30pm, but I had left London at 9:20am and was a wee bit tired. Despite having earned enough money in England to cancel the national debt of a small Latin American Country, I was actually able to afford to fly back home. I was shocked to discover that countless nights on the near, shopping sprees, were the result of the excess. Diana and weekends away had put a serious dent in my bank account. I was faced with the choice. I could either fly or go by coach. In this latter as it only cost £17 and therefore I could shock up on enough Duty Free to keep the Mammy off my case for a few days. So off I hopped to the Eurotunnel office with a song in my heart and the dash for a one-way ticket back to gold ole 'DIE.

Driving through County Kilburn, these representatives of the G7 countries were busy discussing their European conquests. And don’t mean in the Atlanta Games either. A coach driver was bloke in the "Loaded" sense of the word, tried to engage me in this conversation by saying, "Hey, you're Irish, aren't you? What do you think of English men?" At this point I was reminded of the First Rule of Coach Travel: Never speak to anyone. Don’t even make eye contact. Once you do, you’re trapped. And obviously enough, the coach was no smoking. Without something to do, I dozed off.

Thankfully, I then really did fall asleep. This was due to the Loyal Order of Good Ramsay dinner party in O'Neill's Bar the night before and the latest Tom Clancy novel. The only bus driver would get rid of the famed Country and Western music.

When I woke up, it was 1.15pm and we at the Stafford Grandes Service Station. As I sat in the coffee shop, I stared at my cup of tea for which I had just paid £1.20. I use the word "cup" rather foolishly. The thimble-full receptacle of pure lake water tannin may have had the ultra-inducing power of five years on the New York stock exchange but it wouldn’t have drownd an ant.

A sweaty, 20-stone, middle-aged, five foot four inch being a Ranger shirt sat down at my table, saying "Ewan, don’t mind if ah perk myself seeded ya, hen?" That’s it. I thought. I’m dreaming and I’m now on the set of Rob C. Nesbit. But no. Nine coach loads of Rob's clowns, also wearing Rangers shirts, had descended on Stafford. Several tried to talk to me. This time I wasn’t being rude. I just couldn’t understand a bloody word they were saying. I think I was asked if I wanted cigarettes and where I was from, but I couldn’t concentrate. I was scanning the crowd looking for Jeremy Beadle to emerge from the sea of Gasgoigne shirts brandishing a first class flight ticket from Manchester airport.

Nick and Caroline were getting into the spirit of things by having their photo taken with me in the coach stop. When he said, "I love Braveheart," the staff doused before the 'They'll never take our freedom' speech started. A common sight, no doubt.

At 4pm we were driving by Colwyn Bay. A 24-year-old mine recognising a hand-over from one saw one, handed me two £1 golds extra and prescribed a stiff drink once on the boat. I vowed never again to slag off my mate in UCD med. and to always be nice to people from the Wee.

We got to Holyhead at 5.15pm and I was left to struggle with my two back packs of summer shopping and my "hand-held luggage," i.e. a huge Nike hold all ("My runners can’t fit in the field runner" will be carved on my tombstone). Kim the nurse was happily chatting about her job in the Meath and the second OK and so I went out on a limb and was polite for the first time that day. That was when the announcement was made. The coach turned into a mob of marauding rioters at the phone. It was a 1999 call, only to feel sorry for the Stena staff and hoped we were issued Kevlar jackets as and were able to work with their uniforms.

At that precise moment some snot produced his GSM phone to inform me of the delay. Oh no, a woman sent her six-year-old son to give access to our one link with the outside world. You’d swear he held the core of attention on his father's hands.

Panadol ad my will to survive was on the up. I might just need the regeneration therapy. However, I was in no mood to hear about Caroline’s lost weekend in Amsterdam. Not that we had any choice.

We pulled out of the harbour at 7.30pm. I had something to eat, went to Doby’s bar and rooted myself in the bar. By 10pm, Kim and I were dancing to "Hey Macarena" after the complimentary Black Russians. When the lights of the eastern sea board started twinkling in the distance, I realised how much I had missed Dublin. I almost started singing.

Amhrán na bhFinn. Caroline and Nick were contentedly snuggling away, blissfully oblivious of the fervent nationalism breaking about amongst the Eurotunnel survivors.

Dropping my luggage into Arrivals, I realised how soldiers returning from W W 2 must have felt. I was so relieved to see my mom, considering that she had waited around for nearly four hours due to the delay. She ran towards me, arms out stretched. Not to hug me, mind. She lugged for the duty free bag. Well, she had her Obsession, I had mine—going to bed and sleeping for 15 hours.

Driving home at midnight, I thought back over my summer: Sundays at the athletics lasting after Roget Black: great weekends in Brighton and Hove and all the great friends I had made. All in all, those memories weren’t hampered by the day’s trip from Hell.

With that, I’ll leave you with one thought: That which does not kill me will make me stronger. Just feel free to shoot me if I am seen anywhere near a Eurotunnel office before next June.

Siobhan Weekes

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