1995

The DIT Examiner: the Newspaper of the Dublin Institute of Technology Students’ Union January, 1995

DIT: Students' Union

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Cathal Brugha St. Strikes a Blow

The students of the DIT scored another major victory last week when they held a lengthy and loud demonstration in DIT Cathal Brugha Street and refused to move until they received assurances from acting director Frank McMahon that their grievances would be addressed.

The demonstration began early last Thursday when students arrived in the college and sat down on the floor of the lobby. As the crowd grew, the stairs were filled and then the corridors leading off from the lobby. By 9.20am, the place was packed solid and even getting into the building was difficult.

DITSU President Colman Byrne, site president Colin Joyce and his deputy, Sinead McNulty were present to ensure that the chanting was kept up and that everyone knew exactly what was going on. As the morning progressed, students' union officers from the other DIT sites arrived to provide the kind of solidarity seen recently in and outside DIT Aungier Street.

"What we want?" yelled Mr Byrne from the middle of the crowd. Well, they could have taken their pick from security cameras, a common room roof that didn't leak, at least one more laser printer, the provision of a high tea, (food after lunch time) or the paucity of vegetarian options at meal-times. In what used to be called the college of catering, the last two were perhaps the most unbelievable. Each grievance received a hasty airing; the gusto undiminished by repetition and occasional lapses of concentration.

Colin Joyce described the events leading up to the strike. "The reason the students' union finally went on strike last Thursday was because that for too long we'd received too many empty promises and no results on these issues raised over he last two or three years."

The final straw for me came when a first year female student came into the office to report her goods being stolen for the third time this year. She said she would have to drop out because years, according to Mr Joyce. From reports given by students, the students' union estimates that as much as £3,000 worth of material has gone missing this year alone. "And the roof has been a problem since I started here three years ago."

Mr Frank McMahon, acting director of DIT Cathal Brugha street was known to be particularly annoyed at the demonstration but he agreed to meet with Colin Joyce and Sinead McNulty at 2pm that day. If the time delay reflected a hope that the students would tire and retire, it was a misplaced wish. They were washing somewhat, and hunger was beginning to make its presence felt late in the morning but the appearance of freely provided crisps and sweets alleviated the pangs and revived the spirits. These were further livened by the airing of the news from both 2FM and FM 104, both of which stations reported the demonstration. As the hours went by, the executive worked hard to keep up the passion and the anger, and the fun element was provided by one particularly animated and enthusiastic student whose spirited, somewhat altered, rendition of at least some of the days of Christmas both served to amuse and to remind everyone of the reasons for the demonstration.

"Five leaky roofs! Four laser printers, three vegie meals, two security cameras and a high tea for you and me!"

Time began to take a toll after mid-day and people were losing some of their earlier enthusiasm, but all was far from lost - spirits were once again lifted by some live music, including a couple of appropriate 60s protest songs. A love in commenced but the mellow mood lasted only until the PA system began to pump out tunes that demanded some dancing. The protesters duly obliged and, bizarrely, the lobby of the college turned into a dance floor that fairly seethed with bodies. By this time, the meeting was in progress and the noisy joy must have been a constant reminder of what they college authorities had to deal with. It lasted for 50 minutes and when Colin and Sinead emerged, both were extremely satisfied by a brief meeting in the students' union...
The DIT Examiner
DITSU, DIT Kevin Street, Kevin St, Dublin 8. Ph/Fax: 4783154
E-Mail: roryq@cyberspace.org

Food for Thought for the DIT

Just when the powers that be in DIT thought it was safe to take their heads out of the sand, after the decidedly humiliating Aungier Street experience last year, there they were again. Protestors as far as the eye could see, same anger, different site. This time it was DIT Cathal Brugha Street, a catering college where it is impossible to get hot food after three o'clock, where the common room has leaked for two years and where the students' lockers make a very mockery of the name. The photos in this paper give a fair indication as to how may of them actually look.

Last Thursday, much to the surprise of the staff in DIT Cathal Brugha Street, the lobby of the building was beset by students from 8.30am until as long as it was possible, and it was going to continue. They came through the door, placards and banners in hand, and simply sat down. The crowd grew quickly and the pressure to join on those few who wavered was irresistible. Up the stairs, down the corridors, all over the lobby they were everywhere and they were going nowhere until their demands were met. In the end, they were, as far as was practiced, and, victorious and elated, the students dispersed and the only visible sign that they had been there was the crisp bags, coffee cups and chocolate wrappers.

For the students of the DIT it was the second significant victory in four months, following the demonstration in DIT Aungier street in October last year. Are students once again getting a feeling that they can achieve something as a single unified group, that they need not endure with seething silence the unfairness, ignorance, injustice and laziness which has for a long time sapped the desire to do anything but get in, get results and get out? We can only hope so. The events in two DIT sites have been stirring, encouraging and successful and if the Dublin Institute of Technology Students' Union is getting a reputation as the most active, unified and determined, then so be it. There is still much to do and there always will be but the students of the DIT have already seen that they have power when they are together, that they need not sit there and take it when there are grievances to be addressed. They will not forget it, and the administrators cannot afford to. Where to next?

To Free or not to Free

The Minister for Education, Niamh Breathnach, seems Hell bent on abolishing third level fees. On the face of it, this is to be welcomed as fees amount to a small fortune for most families who want to send their children to college. However, the abolition of fees will prove utterly useless to the vast numbers who, at present, cannot afford to keep their children in college once they got there. Grant levels are disgracefully low and the means testing system is so unfair as to defy belief. If the Minister is so determined to alleviate the huge financial strain on families with children in third level education, she should be listening carefully to the arguments against her proposals. And taking note. If money is made available then it should be used wisely, after due consideration of the effect on the spending on the greatest number of people.

Tragic Loss

Sudden death is incomprehensible to those who are left behind. When the victims are young people with so much to do, the loss is, if anything, even more difficult to come to terms with. The questions are endless but the answers are slow to come and even slower to provide comfort. Perhaps in the future the friends and families of the three young men who died will be able to remember their lives instead of the loss. For now, they will mourn and that is as it should be. DITSU and The DIT Examiner would like to take this opportunity to extend heartfelt sympathy to the families of Con Cormican, Brian Patrick Kennedy and Philip Marshall. May they rest in peace.

Clarifications

Should you encounter anything you feel is in need of clarification in this, or any other issue of the DIT Examiner, please contact the editor and any such matters shall then be clarified in the subsequent edition

Sincerely,

Bob Jordan, USU Union Development Officer, Tel: (01) 6710088

Continued from page 1
Back On The Streets Again

It was cold, it was dark, and for most of the working people in the city, it was time to go home. DITSU, however, had other ideas. At six o’clock, an hour or so before the Dáil was to debate on the contentious abolition of fees issue, members of DITSU’s executive were to be found camped at the gates of Leinster House, imposing black and white DITSU banners very much to the fore. TDs were stopped on their way in and out, questioned, harangued and told in clearest terms what the protest was about.

Along with many other dissenters, DITSU, is if the opinion that while the proposal to abolish third level fees is a step forward, the associated issue of grant levels must also be addressed if any real improvement is to be made.

"Free fees is excellent, and hopefully at some stage there will be free fees for everybody," said Colman Byrne, General President of DITSU. "But at the moment with the financial situation in third level education as it is, we don’t see why someone with parents earning, say over £70,000 should be getting free into college because these people can afford to send their children to college, afford to feed them and pay their rent, whereas someone earning £12,000 gets the grant anyway but cannot afford to send children to college, can’t afford to pay their rent. We feel that the threshold should be raised to a much higher level, and the money that this saves by knocking certain people out of free fees, this money should then be put into the money made available for maintenance grants so that children from lower level income families will be able to go to college and stay there, won’t have to work in McDonalds until four in the morning."

He believes that "surely no one earning £70,000 could complain about having to pay over a thousand to send their kids to college. If the threshold was brought up that high, the saving should be very substantial, it would make a massive difference."

The proposal to abolish third level fees was debated last week in the Dáil but no decision was reached and the matter has been referred to the Cabinet Budget Sub-committee. The Minister for Education, Niamh Breathnach, seems determined to push forward with the proposal.

"The exchequer is already meeting the brunt of the costs of participation at third level but in an inefficient, inequitable and regressive way," she said. "Abolishing undergraduate tuition fees would not incur a significant new cost."

The proposal has come in for severe criticism from opposition TDs and outside agencies. The Conference of Religious of Ireland has called on the Minister not to proceed with her fees proposals. The Conference’s director of Education, Sister Teresa McCormack referred to the recently published de Buitleir report on the reform of the student grants system.

"The report is quite consistent with our belief that those who can pay should pay. The idea of abolishing fees is disappointing coming from a Minister who has done so much for the disadvantaged and is a reversal of stated Government policy."

Colman Byrne believes that the Minister did not think she would run into so many problems with the proposals. Last week’s demonstration was part of a programme of action within DITSU.

"There’s a lot of stuff we want to get done and we’re going to go and get it done and if it means taking to the streets, or sit ins or taking over places, or sleep ins, then we’re going to do it."

He said that students had been quite for far too long and that perhaps DITSU could lead the way back to showing people that there is a better way of getting results.

NOBODY OFFERS D.I.T. STUDENTS A BETTER COACH SERVICE FROM DUBLIN.

SAMPLE STUDENT MONTHLY RETURN FARES

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BUY YOUR TICKET IN THE COLLEGE

Tickets available in the D.I.T. Student Union Shops at Kevin Street, Bolton Street, Cathal Brugha Street, Mountjoy Square, Aungier Street.

For group bookings and travel information call Busaras (01) 836 6111.

Remember, you need an ISIC Card with Travelsave Stamp to avail of Student Fares.

Ask about reductions on other services with ISIC Card.
The Frames - Acoustic - Chubangus

I've heard this band on several occasions and also lead singer Glen Hansard solo and unplugged, and I've often wondered why they had been dropped, why their album hadn't conquered the universe... I subsequently listened to the album and thought I'd got the wrong tape! The Frames embark on a raw channelled energy, the fuel of which are the writings of Mr Hansard and his voice the driving force. Their first and only album on Island is too sweet, Glen's voice sounds angelic, not its usual demonic self, and the production steers too far from the energy and too far from the wrapping. Keep the fiddles, shut the violins.

A full house. About 50 people in Chubangus in Ranelagh got a taste of The Frames (DC) as are and as hopefully.

The Sultans of Ping - The Furnace

All the catch phrases of the nite were defined as "P**k You!" And who told them to flash? His far from saleable wares in our face? Would you like to P**k me Country boy? Erm... no thanks, your majesty.

Shyly, a barmaid from a bottle of Jameson which hardly contained anything stronger than his own urine, Mr Sultans pranced around the stage like a lost child. After an international tour with Dr Millar and the Cute Hoors (and a fancy poster suggests is more than just a songs' gig. The delivery, repartee and intonations of a first album called GIG (live from the Mean Fiddler) Since then, Sean has been producing a steady flow of solo material and compiled an 11-CD album. Sean currently hosts the Songwriters' night in the DA Club - Tuesdays, midnight 'til late.

Dr Millar - the Da Club

San (Dr) Millar, the man whose song Seaside Treasure proclaims is more than just a songs' gig. The delivery, repartee and intonations of a first album called GIG (live from the Mean Fiddler) Since then, Sean has been producing a steady flow of solo material and compiled an 11-CD album. Sean currently hosts the Songwriters' night in the DA Club - Tuesdays, midnight 'til late.

Planet Fudge - Chubangus - Ranelagh

Your face had not cotnorted into the wrists of 20 minutes into the gig from his Fudgeness Derek Duggan and who told him to flash? His far from saleable wares in our face? Would you like to P**k me Country boy? Erm... no thanks, your majesty.

From Artichoke - a song which suggests strangling Arty people to Lucy's Mouth, a diry about oral sex via a more reflective Just a Song about drowning your girlfriend, Planet Fudge exhibit a capable songwriting ability which excels in catchy, perfectly timed (no more than three minutes) tunes which, when plugged in, give rise to a riotous pop performance which would only leave you cold if you were wearing a fridge.

The on stage trio continually lapse into epicomic comic gags and ad-libbing which makes a welcome change from the usual "that song was, this song is yiz dion' alright" interplay. Very signable and saleable material.
In the past, when Neil Jordan has had access to improbably large budgets and has been accessible to the people who control them, he has suffered somewhat from the restraints imposed upon his less than conventional film making style and themes. High Spirits was a mess and We're No Angels, while far from being the vilification if received, was awfully unfocused. His latest foray into the world of silly money, Interview With the Vampire, was, it seems, a much more tolerable experience, if we are to believe the interviews he's given since its release. He says that he was given more freedom than he'd had on his previous Hollywood films and the end result seems to support this.

Interview With the Vampire must have been a riot for the Irish director. Here was a story which contained elements of the unacknowledged or repressed sexuality he has explored in his smaller films, the hidden mysteries behind what we see and accept. What could be more mysterious, more enticing than the unseen world of vampires, where there no sex as we know it, only the thrill of the chase and the blood. This time he had the money and the star power and has given the story the kind of top life it deserved.

The film opens in a small room in modern San Francisco, where an initially sceptical reporter, Christian Slater, listens to the story of Louis, a 200 year old vampire, played by Brad Pitt. Inconceivable in New Orleans after the death of his young wife, he is noticed by the predatory vampire Lestat (Tom Cruise) who offers him the choice of death of his young wife, he is noticed by the mysterious May (Stone) to do business with them all the way and remains an enigma.

The showdown is inevitable, the showdown is inevitable, violent and tragic, a word that even now has a remorseful adult trapped in an undeveloped body - she too has strong feelings for Lestat but they remain repressed, at least physically. In fact, there is a sense that all the bloodsuckers in this film really need is a good shag.

Unable to stand Lestat, Louis and Claudia leave and seek out other vampires, eventually finding a worrying number of others like them in Paris. Led by Armand (Antonio Banderas looking supremely evil), the self-proclaimed oldest living vampire they lead a existence tinged with the sentiment that all the blood suckers are capable of doing much more to their sentences. The showdown is inevitable, violent and tragic, a word that even now has a remorseful adult trapped in an undeveloped body - she too has strong feelings for Lestat but they remain repressed, at least physically. In fact, there is a sense that all the bloodsuckers in this film really need is a good shag.

The theme of the film is sexual, big, sometimes funny, sometimes violent and sad, a needy child and a worldly, sensual adult who can never express her latent desires for Louis. The last vestiges of his humanity. Interview With the Vampire is stylish, big, sometimes funny, sometimes nasty, and always entertaining. It's not terribly scary, despite the prevalence of blood, the overuse of music and the general darkness of the film but it holds a grim sort of fascination; it does not explore its sexual issues as deeply as Jordan might have liked, but it's no worse for that.

The Specialist

There are only two things that make this film worth seeing: one is James Woods chewing every piece of scenery he comes in contact with, and the other is a sex scene of much hilarity, involving a shower the size of a drawing room and an array of physical conditions which Mr Bean couldn't manage - not that he would.

Sylvester Stallone and Sharon Stone - who they are together just for the sake of a snappy catch line? - are the ostensible stars of the film. He plays a freelance explosive expert who is hired by the mysterious May (Stone) to do away with something, in fact, types, the men who killed her folks. Woods plays Stallone's former partner who, now working for the mob, has number of experiences but all being different.

We are supposed to marvel at the hero's ability to blow up things, but the few explosions that do go off, all of their pyrotechnical glory, lack any excitement. It is impossible to generate suspense when the good guy is so far removed from the action; all he has to do is press a button: bang bang follows and then Woods comes in to tell us all that only a real pro could have done such work. It's a big fat stupid film and the fact that it knows isn't much of a consolation.

To Live

Zhang Ximou's latest is a good deal more accessible than Raise the Red Lantern, not only because its more contemporary, but also because it focuses on such ordinary people who just happen to be living in an extraordinary wastrel. In the years before the Communist take-over of China, Li Zhen gambles away everything and is forced to scrape a living with a travelling puppet theatre. Such folly later saves his life when the Communists take power. With his wife, Gong Li and children, he adapts to the new regime, embracing it as the only way to survive.

To Live is a superb film, beautifully photographed and acted with great subtlety by the two leads. Both succumb almost wordlessly to the new order, their dignity is stripped away, but the audience is with them all the way when they never quite lose their humanity. Most surprisingly, as the focus is on a number of traumatic events, the film is full of humour and thus the point made about the shortcomings of communism, while effectively mixing it showed relentlessly in our faces. This is simply terrific cinema.
Farewell to Friends

On the weekend of 14-15 January 1995, a few members of Kevin Street Caving Club joined students from UCD to help them form a caving club. Everybody caved on Saturday and a good was had by all, followed by a good night in the pub.

On Sunday, we decided it was time for a nice easy cave. The lower cradle was chosen. It was to prove so different from the easy cave we were used to.

The group entered the cave around noon, saying jokingly that if they were late they would be left there. After some time in the cave, Patrick moved across a stream way to see if the duck was safe in the water conditions. The current proved too strong for him to return upstream. He smiled reassuringly, took a breath and went for it. Patrick went after him to see if he could help. They hoped to make it to the far side.

Con was lost trying to rescue them. At 2.30pm we were searching the surrounding caves and shake holes. Sometime around four o'clock I met the diving party underground. They were returning from the dock. They told me they had found the bodies of my two friends. Con's body was found 24 hours later in the same area.

Patrick was one of the founders of our club. Philip joined a year later. We had only known Con for a while but we were all a family. That's the way cavers are.

For us the loss is not simply of friends but of brothers. These were people with whom we shared the very essence and meaning of life. We lived for the thrill of adventure, the buzz of danger. They finally made the one trip which everyone wonders about. We often talked about what we would do if we were to die whilst caving. Patrick, Philip and myself composed what we wanted said if this happened. Most of it would be unprintable, of little meaning to most, but what we wanted said if this happened. Most of it would be unprintable, of little meaning to most, but we did say, "remember the good times and live each moment to enjoy it".

Wherever they are now, I'm sure they're looking for new thrills, new ways to push themselves. We can hear them saying "Well that was some rush. How will we top that trip, what's next?"

Whatever I say can't do justice to the memories I have but I hope with what everyone else has written that we can convey some of the meaning they had to us.

-John Potter

Pat and Philip,

Your absence leaves an enormous hole in our lives, may you be as happy wherever you are laid, as you were with us. You'll light our way for a long time to come.

-Sorcha

It seems so impossible that the ones who had most affected our lives were the ones taken away, and thank God they had so many friends - we were all able to lean on each other. And for me, Patrick and Philip, you taught me the value of friendship and of life, you taught me to fight to the end, going higher, faster, and stronger. To you both you are our inspiration and we'll miss you much but we'll never forget you.

-Liam

Missing you both, thanks for the roses Philip. Slan go foll.

-Cara and Eileen

Con,

Although I knew you for only a short time I'll always remember the night before you died. Patrick and Philip and myself talked about asking you along on some of our caving projects. You were so alike in mind and joy.

In the end, they brought you on that final trip. I'll stay here and finish the boring ones, you guys have a good time.

-John Potter

Philip, Pity we never joined the high flyers club.

Love, Nicola

Brian, I love you, Nicola

For Patrick,

His life was a beautiful poem

Giving undivided attention to living life

and embracing others into his warmth

He has left us his eyes to see the
good in each others hearts

He's left us his hands to reach
out and hold each other
and he's left his love to share
among us

like a cave that gets deeper and has no end

Although his time was short, his life was full.

Every memory is a gift to treasure,

To close your eyes and see his smile

Forever in your heart where this poem lives on

-S.F.

Someone who was always a friend no matter what the circumstances.

-J.O.B

To Patrick, One who gave of himself in every way and looked for nothing in return.

Love always, Phil

A fullness of living life in the present leaving memories so special to keep.

Love, Elaine

Pat and Philip, Thank you for your friendship and the good times I remember now and always. I'm glad I got the chance to know you.

Love always, Fiona R.

Dear Philip,

We miss you so much. You enriched our lives. Your enthusiasm and energy was a joy to see. Your understanding, friendship and love was valued. May we always cherish the memory of you. Be our strength and our guiding light.

-Louise

A friend is someone who accepts you as you are and so frees you to become.

A friend is someone who doesn't judge, who doesn't condemn, who doesn't expect anything of you.

Patrick was everyone's friend because he was so accepting, so generous, so unassuming of his own worth, so natural. My greatest fear is of ever learning to live without him.

Never want your voice to leave

Never want this pain to ease

Never want your face to fade

And thank you for the joy you gave

M.H.

Looking ahead, a year seems like forever

Looking back its just a handful of memories.

The times together were special, nights spent but with no regrets.

There were times when we thought we'd never get rid of him,

yet deep down hoped he's never got away.

He cleared my head and reassured me, unintentionally,

by just being there.

Caving was just another notch to be carved on his belt.

You've nothing to lose.

P.M.

Brian was a happy, hearty human being who had a positive influence on all who knew him.

Ger/Nell/Martin

Dear Patrick,

"Mar a scáfaí sine is oighear, scagamara an ghrá. Bhi drdolair an chodlata fós ar do shuíle an mhaidin sin. a ghfrá - agus ar mo chroí bhí sioce liath".

Love you forever, Patrick, Natalie

Dear Philip and Con, Take care, Natalie

"Learn as if you'll live forever,

Live as if you'll die tomorrow"

We jokingly said that this was our code. You both lived by it to your end. As the last of the three, I'll cry and do you both justice. Be with me when I cave, Patrick and Philip. Keep me safe.

John Potter
To Philip, To a fellow caver, mountaineer and sailor who shared so many memories and great moments in time, they will always be cherished. - Des

PS, we'll be Tullybarna for you.

To Pat, You showed me the ropes and taught me so much and became a true friend, force fed each other beams in Doolin river and stripped in front of the Gardaí at 6.30 in the morning whilst alarms rang. Both you and the memories stay with us. - Des

To Con, I only knew you for two days, yet you will always be remembered. Don't eat too many deep fried mushrooms. - Des

Pat, Leading the way then and always my greatest regret, the loss of a great friend in the making. - Bryan Curley

Philip, A caver, a mountaineer, a flatmate and a friend. We had a deal: you discovered climbing and I discovered caving. Your dream was to form your own club and I promise top strive to fulfill your dream. We shared an ideal - living on the edge, nothing can ever take that away.

Love, Bryan Curley

Con, A crag rat who taught me more than a few tricks of the trade. A block jock who could dance across the face. You inspired us all. A true friend who made the ultimate sacrifice for me. On the rock or in the cave you will be with me always. I put up a route for you. It was an honour to be on your team.

Bryan Curley

I don't have much to say on the loss of two of my best friends, Pat and Philip, except that I will miss them both badly, and caving will never be the same again without them. The fact, character and love will always be strong in my heart.

Forever friends, Mark

Patrick, I remember, yesterday, your smile, and if I go back there in winter to the sad swallow of the cave that took you away from me could it take me too?

back to you.

Philip, will you ever know how many people loved you so I've never met a friend so true who made me smile when I was blue.

I can't believe that you are gone

you who was so young and strong with so much knowledge, so much to give it makes me sad to see you no longer live.

Love Amy

Glory to God in the Highest Crag

God loves the mountains, just look how many of them He sees that chose who love his creations are also expe­

rienced part of his love.

If I were God, My Heaven would have mountain streams and the scent of heather. There would be clean, dry crags with challenging routes up through the clouds. I would gather round me a great team. They would be the type you cold trust on the other end of a rope. They would enjoy a well-earned pint after a hard day's climbing. They would love the crag and witty conversation. They would have to be as sound as the rock itself. They would lay down their own lives trying to save their friends and I would say, "Con, you're just the man I want for many team. We've got some great new routes to put up."

O God of the mountains, give us the wisdom to understand why you called Con home so soon. He still had so much to teach us. We thank you for this celebration of your creation which was our Con.

Con's Dad

Students in DIT Kevin Street who were studying for semester exams were greeted with a most unusual sight when they arrived at the library one recent Saturday. For sitting behind the desk on chairs normally occupied by bona fide library staff were none other than Mr Frank Brennan, Director of DIT Kevin Street and Ciarán Crosbie, Site President of the Students' Union. Naturally, they could not offer a full library service but had it not been for their presence, the library would have remained closed that Saturday. Two days before Semester exams were due to start.

This amazing situation seems to have arisen as a result of unaddressed staffing problems in the library in Kevin Street. Ciarán Crosbie was made aware of the problem by a student the previous week. He was told that the library was closing at 5.15 that evening, rather than the usual time of 9.00. He contacted Mr Damien Gallanagh, Secretary Registrar, and was given what he called a "sketchy explanation" about staffing levels and training.

The following day the students' union organised a petition which was signed by hundreds of concerned students. A copy of the petition was presented to Mr Gallanagh, Mr Frank Brennan, Director of DIT Kevin Street, Mr Ciarán Táife, Deputy Director, and Ms Mary Davis, head Librarian. The early closing was, said Ciarán Crosbie, "a ridiculous thing to do, irresponsible and insensitive to students' needs". He was angry that the union had not been notified, an omission made worse by the fact that the union is supposed to have a seat on the library committee.

Meanwhile the not surprisingly outraged students were staying put in the library and were preparing for a sit in unless an acceptable deal was worked out. Just before six o'clock, Mr Crosbie met with Mr Brennan and Mr Gallanagh. It was impossible to keep the library open that evening but Mr Crosbie received assurances that a full library service would be available the following week.

All seemed rosy but it soon emerged that this was not the case, as it was looking increasingly likely that the library would be closed on the Saturday. Ms Davis said that he had "no hand, act or part" in the library opening on the Saturday. The issue, she said, was taken out of her control.

And so it came to pass that on the Saturday, when the library should have been closed, the doors were opened between 10am and 5pm and students were able to get in that psychologically important finally day's study.

The damage, however, was already done, according to Mr Crosbie.

"There were two days when the library had been closed early, at 5.15, and the students union wasn't told, we were given no advance warning."

The problem has its roots in the understaffing in the library. According to Mr Crosbie, the DIT has been advertising for new staff for 18 months but only conducted interviews just before Christmas.

At this time, two members of the library staff left, which made the situation worse. Two new members were appointed in January and they had to be trained. Ciarán expressed amazement that all of this was happening in the week before the exams began.

Mr Brennan accepted that the severely restricted service he and Ciarán Crosbie provided was far from ideal but said that he did not think such a situation would arise again.

Since this article was written, such a situation did in fact arise again. The following Saturday students were surprised and annoyed to find that the library was closed as not staff or stand ins turned up. Ciarán Crosbie reacted angrily.

"I would have had no problem opening the library again had I been informed that the library was to be closed. Instead ourselves and the students were left in the dark. It's disgraceful behaviour."

He said that he had received very strong impressions from college admin. that such an event would not happen again but had not been informed of the closure until he arrived into the college on Monday morning, and then only by students.

More importantly, no notification had been given to students that the library was to be closed. Efforts were made to contact both Frank Brennan and Mary Davis but neither was available for comment at the time of going to press. Neither had the students union received any official explanation or apology for this occurrence.

DIT Gets a Rollercoaster

The Second Heineken Rollercoaster Tour will hit the Dublin Institute of Technology on Friday, 10th February at 6.30 pm. The tour has been organised from the students' union in DIT Kevin Street and will take place in the Ormond Multi Media Centre on Ormond Quay.

Martin Garrix and Blink are headlining the tour and will be appearing along with The Frames D.C., Georgia and Mike TV. There will also be a local sup-

port act at each of the gigs, which starts on Wednesday, February 8th in UCD. Dave Fanning will once again act as MC for the occasion.

He said that the tour was a great showcase for Irish bands.

The tour will also be visiting UCC/RTC Cork, Letterkenny RTC, Sligo RTC, St Patrick's College, Carlow, WIT/UGC/RTC Galway, Carlow RTC, UL and Tralee RTC.
The Real Scourge of the City

Michael Smith has received threatening phone calls over it - a practice I am not averse to in principle - publications have been wringing their hands (and I have no doubt, the last drop from the barrels) while claiming that most people have only two beers in the evening and then drive home with nothing more than a warm glow and a feeling of general wellbeing, and yet those very same mythical drinkers have been frustratedly sitting in over the Christmas not getting paralytic before driving home.

What am I wittering about? Haven't you been listening to the hysterical callers to any number of phone in radio shows? Didn't you read with horror the letters from "Outraged and Sober from Outside the Pale" in the papers? I speak of course of that most pernicious of legislation which is designed to deny God fearing drinkers their rights as true Irish men and women - the right to get heroically hammered and then drive safely home.

For the committed boozer-driver, the new draconian driving laws have amounted to something of a rum deal and no mistake. Who drinks three quarters of a pint of beer anyway? Three quarters of several beers is much more the norm for as we all know, the dregs of a pint can be much of the most poisonous variety. But the Government doesn't seem to be going for this compromise.

Much has been made of the almost by the way new amount drivers can legally drink - it just happens that 80mg corresponds to the unpalatable amount of 'not quite a pint' - and the resultant combination of scoffing and outrage has been the somewhat facetious and ineffective level of the attacks on the Government's new policy on drink-driving. However, the drop in road deaths and drunk driving convictions have been held up as sure signs that the policy is working just dandy. Since the law was introduced but for the purposes new amount drivers can legally drink - it just happened that 80mg corresponds to the unpalatable amount of 'not quite a pint' - and the resultant combination of scoffing and outrage has been the somewhat facetious and ineffective level of the attacks on the Government's new policy on drink-driving. However, the drop in road deaths and drunk driving convictions have been held up as sure signs that the policy is working just dandy. Since the law was introduced but for the purposes

I suggest randomly placed road blocks at which the Gardai can stop suspicious cyclists and demand that they cycle a straight line for one hundred yards; on failing this simple test, the bike should be immediately clamped with one of those monstrous specially designed poles can be inserted into the spokes of the offender be forced to carry the whole thing home.

But in its smugness, the Government - I am aware there has been something of a reorganisation since the law was introduced but for the purposes of clarity I shall refer simply to The Government - has neglected a vital area of drink driving. Blinded particularly returning home half blind with the booze, weaving crazily all over the road, the paths and unfortunate late night strollers. They are a threat to society and it is nothing short of discriminatory that they still roam the streets while seeking car drivers are consigned to the dull cosines of their homes when they want to get truly bottled. I mean, can there be a sight more likely to turn a person rigid with fear than that of a cyclist coming toward you at full tilt, unknowingly employing every square inch of road, the front wheel spending a scaringly amount of time at a perpendicular angle to the back and the owner laughing like a maniac?

Add to this the very real possibility that said maniac is trying without much luck to steer with one hand while the other struggles with a can of extra fuel and a bag of hot and greasy chips and you have a vision straight from the bowels of Hell itself. And, by the way, to all you understanding optimists out there, if there is a light on the bike, it will undoubtedly be waving around like a search light picking out bombers since it tends to be attached to the independently minded front wheel. If you are unfortunate enough to be caught in its beam, well then it's rabbit in the road time.

These drunk in charge are not only convinced that they are completely in control of the situation - a conviction that ignores the fact that they couldn't even keep their traps shut in the pub and will have to do a lot of apologising in the morning - but they are also under the frightening misapprehension that because they are only cycling a push bike, any damage they might cause would be minimal. This holds for both themselves and anyone who is foolish and unfortunate enough to get in the way.

What they invariably forget, or, more likely are completely unable to remember, is that even on their most sober days they will zip gleefully through crossroads believing themselves to be both quick enough and small enough to avoid the screeching cars whose drivers, were they in LA and were there any cyclists there, would be within seconds reaching frantically in the glove compartment for their .357s.

As the guns laws here are slightly more restrictive than in that particular mad house, the options are limited. But something must be done to tackle the curse of the inebriated cyclist and this must be our legislators who make the move.

Don't get me wrong; I'm not one of those bug eyed drivers who bends the steering wheel into interesting shapes whenever another vehicle appears on the road. I can't even drive and have never had one of those terrifying 'cyclist out of nowhere' experiences but it simply is not fair that the poor drivers of this world can't go out and get filthy and then drive safely home when our two wheeled brethren can do it very night of the week, threatening society as they go.

I suggest randomly placed road blocks at which the Gardai can stop suspicious cyclists and demand that they cycle a straight line for one hundred yards; on failing this simple test, the bike should be immediately clamped with one of those monstrous yellow contraptions used for big cars and the offender be forced to carry the whole thing home.

If the pissed perambulator looks as if he/she has no intention of stopping for the road block, specially designed poles can be inserted into the spokes as the bike rushes by. The effect will be comical but in its smugness, the Government - I am aware there has been something of a reorganisation since the law was introduced but for the purposes of clarity I shall refer simply to The Government - has neglected a vital area of drink driving. Blinded by the success of the new law, few members of the new administration have noticed that there are still huge numbers of drunk drivers on our streets, regularly returning home half blind with the booze, weaving crazily all over the road, the paths and unfortunate late night strollers. They are a threat to society and it is nothing short of discriminatory that they still roam the streets while seeking car drivers are consigned to the dull cosines of their homes when they want to get truly bottled. I mean, can there be a sight more likely to turn a person rigid with fear than that of a cyclist coming toward you at full tilt, unknowingly employing every square inch of road, the front wheel spending a scaringly amount of time at a perpendicular angle to the back and the owner laughing like a maniac?

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Canteen Concerns in Bolton Street

The canteen in DIT Bolton Street came in for serious criticism in a survey conducted at the end of last year by the students' union. The survey was distributed at the end of November and 137 completed surveys, from students and staff, were returned a little over a week later.

According to the survey, almost 11 percent of students consider the quality of the food in the canteen to be 'good' or 'very good'. One third considered the quality average while 43 percent considered it poor. Of the admittedly few staff replies, 10 percent described the quality as 'good', one half said it 'average' and 30 percent labelled it 'poor'.

On the subject of quantity, one fifth of students who took part felt there was enough food on their plates, 41 percent said it was average and under a third felt the amount was poor.

For the majority, one sixth, said they expected to eat there six or seven times each week. A surprising large number, one sixth, said they only came in for serious criticism in a survey conducted at the end of last year by the students' union. The survey was distributed at the end of November and 137 completed surveys, from students and staff, were returned a little over a week later.

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Mountjoy Square
Away Games

The COMAD soccer team graced the English shores with their presence once again last weekend (Fri. 13th-15th). Liverpool was the destination and Slater's Pub (95p per pint) was most definitely the arrival hall!

Led by Mr Soccer 94/95 himself, Robbie Whelan, accompanied by 39 drunkards and Robbie's brother (a pioneer), we marched into Anfield turf to see 'ye mighty Reds' get beaten by Ipswich; of all league games, we picked that one: Liverpool were nothing short of pathetic. However, Liverpool itself was aided by the in house comedian. Niall Rhatigan was excellent.

Unfortunately, the return trip from Holyhead to Dublin Port played havoc with many weary travellers making exceptions only for the louts in the corner who proceeded to "get the gargle in". Talking to God through the big white telephone will be a lasting memory of that particular crossing!

Congratulations must be awarded to the three women who went on the trip: Deirdre, Elaine and Deirdre, although they got as polluted as the rest of us! Congratulations are also due to the camera man and director extraordinaire, Mark, who managed to capture the best moments of the weekend of film, even if some of them were staged!

Mark Lee
Donnybrook, before a panel of judges headed by Australian soprano Joan Sutherland. The jury also included Ms. Diana Mulgan, an artist manager with IMG artists, Mr Heinrich Bender, resident conductor with the Bavarian State Opera in Munich and Ms Jane Carthy, RTE's senior producer in charge of music.

The five finalists performed operatic solos to a packed concert hall, with musical accompaniment by the RTE Concert Orchestra, conducted by Proinias O' Dainn.

DIT Cathal
Brugha Street
Sports Results

Ladies Soccer
University of Limerick 4 - 1 Cathal Brugha Street
Cathal Brugha Street 5 - 1 Sligo RTC
University College Galway 0 - 5 Cathal Brugha Street

Men's Soccer
American College 4 :7 Cathal Brugha Street
ABC 1 - 2 Cathal Brugha Street
Cathal Brugha Street 1 - 0 Bolton Street

Ladies Basketball
Cavan 8 - 66 Cathal Brugha Street
Athlone 22 - 54 Cathal Brugha Street
Cathal Brugha Street 42 - 26 Mountjoy Square

Men's Basketball
Mountjoy Square 58 - 36 Cathal Brugha Street
Cavan 58 - 61 Cathal Brugha Street
Athlone 38 - 50 Cathal Brugha Street

Tennis
Dublin City University 2 - 5 Cathal Brugha Street

Ladies GAA. Winner of the Guinness Blitz

DIT STUDENT SPECIALS

6" Ham & Cheese + Regular Beverage
6" Tuna + Regular Beverage
6" Subway Club + Regular Beverage
6" Irish Sausage + Regular Beverage

Offer only applies on production of DIT Student card
Students from DIT Cathal Brugha Street have been awarded the gold medal in a European Hotel and Catering Schools Competition held in Maalkotra, Belgium, recently.

The students, Joy Ralph and Christine Cullen, Second Year Chefs, and Veronica Reilly and Shane Fitzpatrick, Advanced Restaurant Service, along with the other competitors, were asked to submit a menu exhibiting the Taste of Ireland. They worked with the supervision of Mr Kevin Thornton (Culinary Art) and Mr Frank Cullen (Restaurant Service).

A European panel of 10 judges selected the team selected as winners, awarding the students the Gold Medal, together with Certificates from the Belgian Master Chefs Association for the preparation and service of the meal to the 10 judges.

Two students from the Dublin Institute of Technology were among the winners in the recent National Students Marketing Awards. The awards, now in their fifth year, are presented by An Bord Trachtala, to students who submit their marketing theses and projects for consideration in this prestigious event.

Robert O'Brien from DIT Mountjoy Square received an award for his analysis of the main forms of technology transfer in a study of 30 Irish companies. His research was supervised by Joe McGrath.

From DIT Aungier Street, Gillian Sutton received an award for her research on the Irish handmade chocolate market. Her work was supervised by Edel Foley.

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New College Bookshop
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Phone: 4751828
# DIT Student Counsellors' Times

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>NAME</th>
<th>LOCATION</th>
<th>PLACE</th>
<th>DAY</th>
<th>TIME</th>
<th>CONTACT</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Susan Lindsay</td>
<td>DIT Central Office</td>
<td>30 Upper Pembroke st</td>
<td>Everyday except</td>
<td>9.30-5.30*</td>
<td>Maria Quinn</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Dublin 2</td>
<td></td>
<td>Wednesday</td>
<td></td>
<td>DIT Central Office</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>DIT Mountjoy Square</td>
<td>Room 327</td>
<td>Tuesday</td>
<td>10.00-4.00*</td>
<td>Ph: 6611688 ext: 3352</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>DIT Aungier Street</td>
<td>Room A 204</td>
<td>Thursday</td>
<td>10.00-1.00*</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Donna Good</td>
<td>DIT Aungier Street</td>
<td>Room 204</td>
<td>Monday</td>
<td>10.00-6.00</td>
<td>Direct Line: 4053052</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>DIT Adelaide Rd</td>
<td>Room 28</td>
<td>Tuesday</td>
<td>10.00-6.00</td>
<td>ph: 6778820 Ext: 28</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>DIT Kevin Street</td>
<td>Placement Office</td>
<td>Wednesday</td>
<td>9.00-12.30</td>
<td>Betty Ryle</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Thursday</td>
<td>2.00-5.00</td>
<td>First Aid Officer</td>
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<td></td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>10.00-6.00</td>
<td>ph: 4757541 Ext: 4886</td>
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<tr>
<td>Linda Mackin</td>
<td>DIT Bolton Street</td>
<td>Room 366</td>
<td>Monday-Friday</td>
<td>9.00-5.00</td>
<td>ph: 8727177 Ext: 8680</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cathy O'Connor</td>
<td>DIT Aungier Street</td>
<td>Room A 204</td>
<td>Thursday</td>
<td>10.00-4.00</td>
<td>Direct Line: 4053052</td>
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<td>Friday</td>
<td>10.00-4.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Geraldine O'Sullivan</td>
<td>DIT Mountjoy Square</td>
<td>Room 327</td>
<td>Monday</td>
<td>9.00-5.00</td>
<td>Martina Dennis</td>
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<td>Wednesday</td>
<td>9.00-5.00</td>
<td>Ph: 8363000 Ext: 4120</td>
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<td>Tuesday</td>
<td>9.00-5.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Anna O'Reilly</td>
<td>DIT Cathal Brugha St</td>
<td>Room 31</td>
<td>Monday</td>
<td>9.00-5.00</td>
<td>ph: 8747886 Ext: 4343</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>DIT Rathmines</td>
<td>Room C9</td>
<td>Wednesday</td>
<td>9.00-5.00</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Thursday</td>
<td>9.00-5.00</td>
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**THE FOUR SEASONS**

**Junction Bolton Street / Capel Street Tel. 8721716**

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- Snacks Served All Day
- Parties Catered For
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