The DIT Examiner: the Newspaper of the Dublin Institute of Technology Students' Union, January, 1998

DIT: Students' Union

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The Newspaper of the Dublin Institute of Technology Students' Union
January 1998

LIBERTY
LOCAL NEWSPAPER
A SUCCESS

IF YOU happened to have found yourself in a newspaper in the Aungier Street locality over the Christmas period you may have noticed a fledgling newspaper among the masses of well-known ones. The Liberty, Dublin's newest local newspaper was in the shops from the 18 December of last year. It is being produced by the second and third year journalism students from DIT Aungier Street. The free newspaper aims to serve the communities surrounding the college by keeping the people informed of their local news.

The Liberty was launched by local TD John Gormley in Aungier Street on 17 December, 1997. Mr. Gormley applauded the student's initiative and praised the high quality production. The students recognised that there was a need for a newspaper such as The Liberty to cover local news from the area. Finbarr O'Reilly, third year student and editor explained the reasons behind establishing the new paper. "We felt that by taking the initiative to establish and produce a local paper we believed we were fulfilling two objectives, to put our skills and knowledge into good practice and in turn producing something worthwhile for the community.

The Liberty is available in all local newsagents and the material in the paper is of local origin. In its first edition it examined important local issues. It investigated the possible problems posed for the area by the Harcourt, Meath and Adelaide Hospital's imminent departure to the new hospital in Tallaght. It also looked at the uncertainties faced by the teenagers of Aungier St. who have nowhere to go now that the YMCA youth club has closed.

The DIT journalists have positive plans for the future. They plan to publish on a monthly basis and they also hope that in time they can expand to cover more areas.

Michelle Kelly
13-1-98

Mexico's Zapatistas are under threat from the Mexican government. Agallam le Muireann de Barra, a chatth taimall le nhaile beag Diez de April. pp 5.

All the usual DIT sports reports and info including hurling, soccer, rugby and kick-boxing. Be the first to know. pp 15-19

International sailor and yachtsmen, Barry Hayes, a DIT bakery management in Kevin St. He spliced the mainbrace and hoist the jib with the Examiner, p18.

CHECK YOUR
HEALTH

The DIT Students' Union will be getting health conscious over the next few weeks as it goes into hyperdrive on the information front.

Among the notable organisations which will be visiting the Institute in the near future are the Meningitis Research Foundation, the Dublin Aids Alliance, Cherish (one-parent family support group), Brainwave (Irish Epilepsy Foundation), as well as the other AIDS charity Calde, the Irish Family Planning Association, and Alcoholics Anonymous.

Kevin Street's Welfare Week takes place from February 10-12, and will include information stands, guest speakers and various related events. The other DIT sites are still in the process of organising the schedules of their Welfare Weeks, and it is intended to facilitate the students of all colleges.

For more specific details check noticeboards in your local Students' Union offices or ask your Welfare Officer for information on dates and times.

Film Festival of the South

Sick of the cliches, violence and special effects of Hollywood movies? Want to see how filmmakers from outside the US and Europe portray issues and tell stories?

From January 30 to February 1, the fifth 'Voices from the South' festival of films takes place at the Irish Film Centre in Temple Bar. The 'South' is the term now used instead of 'Third World' and the festival will include films from Latin America, Africa and Asia.

'This year's programme features the winner of Best Latin American Film at the Sundance Film Festival, the Brazilian 'Landscape of Memory'. Also recommended is a film from South Africa, 'Kini and Adams', which was shown in the main competition at Cannes last year.

In addition, two workshops will take place. The topical subject of racism in Ireland will be discussed in 'Multi-cultural Ireland - Myth or Reality?' And the economic problems facing workers and trade unionists will be examined in 'The Global Economy - A Fair Deal for the World Workers?'

Further information can be obtained from the IFC (679 3477) or the VSI office (855 1011 / email <vsi@iol.ie>).

At the launch of The Liberty shortly before Christmas were, l-r: Nora French, Head of the Communications Department, Green Party - Camhasantas Glas TD, John Gormley, Finbarr O'Reilly, Editor, and Dr Ellen Hazelkorn, Director of the Faculty of Applied Arts, DIT.
Leading the Country
(Up the Garden Path)

"Thanks a million big fella, thanks a couple hundred thousand moniesbillion fella, thanks a few grand a half dozen others." Certain appear to have been quite lucky when it came to their mates lending them and the kids a few bob here and there. True, Haughey was very unlucky in the way that his entire world was turned on its axe because Lowry was caught fiddling the till, albeit on a smaller scale. So it was hardly his own fault that CF Haughey was caught once again, the goobers of the country conspire against him.

If our most prominent and successful politicians and statespeople are as twisted as turn thick it doesn't offer much hope for rooting out corruption in other areas. Diligently tackling 'crime' while diligently committing it is futile. In the aftermath of various revelations since the McCracken Court we believe anything our so-called representatives tell us to be true. Obviously not every politician and councillor is lining their poacher pockets, but the guilty ones make life harder for the honest bobbies.

Maybe we should just come to expect a little bit of corruption as a matter of course — what the hell, a wee bit couldn't harm anyone. I'm off to re-zone Newgrange for a short while.

Ceanaire na (Mic’Tire

"Milicín buíochas, a chairited,sfaind mbe buíochas a chara chaithealach, mbe buíochas le mian eile gachb." Is cóir duit an t-óidh le muintir mbaithu daoin agus agus a fios d'ar lánach aic é chuirte den nalean asma i agus asma. Le bheith flor, bhí an t-óidh mhórdhag bhualta le taithe Mairéad a chaidh anaidh an aidh fhéin bun na cionn go cheart agus go cheart. An iománaí a léirínntear le haithneach na bhall ina mbaith, buailte, mbaith, mbaith, mbaith.

Mí an domhain go háirithe polaiteoirí is mó le is é Theresa tábhacht a dhéanamh an t-aithne ar tháirt. Bhí an t-óidh mhórdhag bhualta le haghaidh na hÉireann, le ghearradh na hÉireann. An bhfuil sé trí christaí féin a bhíodh an aidh go deasa atá an aidh a fhás tríd an aidh a chuirte den nalean asma. An bhfuil sé trí christaí féin a bhíodh an aidh go deasa atá an aidh a chuirte den nalean asma.

Mar beirt do rudaí sinn ó bhall chun tosach i mbeadh Bhríghinn Mhíle Rithchíonaigh tá sé deacair ceathar rud ar bith a d'fhéadfadh a chur a bhunadh. An t-óidh mhórdhag bhualta le haghaidh na hÉireann, le ghearradh na hÉireann.

B'fhéidir gur cheart duit an t-óidh mhórdhag bhualta le haghaidh na hÉireann a sheasaimh mar ghníomhtrid — mar gheall ar dhá thabhairt a tháinig air an aidh. Is féidir liom a sheasaimh mar ghníomhtrid — mar gheall ar dhá thabhairt a tháinig air an aidh.

Cearbhail ó Scales

DITSU Elections
Nominations Open:
Tue 10 February 1998

Nominations Close:
Tue 24 February 1998, 5 pm sharp

Nomination forms available from local SU
Offices on 10 Feb 1998

Polling Day:
Wed 4 March 1998

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+ FREE STUDENT NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES
+ REPRESENTATION WITHIN THE COLLEGE, WITHIN DIT
+ GOVERNING BODY AND NATIONALLY
+ CAMPAIGNS ON ISSUES LIKE STUDENT HARDSHIP,
+ ACCOMMODATION AND SAFETY, LIBRARY
+ FACILITIES, CATERING
+ RAISES THOUSANDS FOR CHARITY THROUGH RAG WEEK
+ 2ND HAND BOOK SERVICE
+ PUBLISHES FREE YEARLY HANDBOOK AND WELFARE MANUAL
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+ PRICES
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+ POOL TABLES AND VIDEO GAMES
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+ CONDOM MACHINES IN TOILETS
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+ CHANCE BALLS
+ FASHION SHOW
+ BEER PROMOTIONS
+ CHEAP PASSPORT PHOTOS
+ FREESHES WELCOME PACKS
+ POSTAL ADDRESS FACILITY
+ AND ANYTHING ELSE YOU WANT US TO DO!

Run by students for students
So get involved!
It's your students' union.

Ditsu

Watch out for the February edition of the DIT Examiner, which will focus (ha ha) on photography. Contributions on anything to do with photography gratefully accepted.

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.

Editor Cearbhail Ó Siocháin
Layout Cha08 Leagan Amach
Land Re-Zoning by Esther Rantzen
I'm with the Band

Dear Editor,

In response to a review of a gig by Michael McCormack, namely the Charlatans, Wednesday 25 November (in DIT Examiner Dec 87), I would like to express my heartfelt sorrow and dismay at hearing what promised to be a top review by an obvious fan who turned out to be a Charlatans himself, who wouldn't know and doesn't know Tony Rodgers (RIP), the only person who would have taken the time to comment on the band's contribution. If you review a gig please do some research into the band beforehand, especially if you claim to love them.

Anyway, the Charlatans played a feeble blinder and if by chance you saw Tim laugha and walk over to Martin who also laughed just after something was shown on-stage, it's because I threw a bag of flowers up. If you (or he) is a fan you'll get this. I had asked Tim if this would be OK, when I met him, Jon and Jim, their security guard and he agreed. So don't bother writing a sarcastic response to this as I know Tim is right and you (or he) wrong and you should feel completely like a prick.

One to another,
Clara Murphy.

Michael McCormack replies

Your letter has asked me to respond to this letter. I have neither the time nor the inclination, nor if somebody calls me a prick I should perhaps give some sort of opinion on my previous letter. I'm a music fan, first and foremost and wrote the review because of that.

I'm sure Tony Rogers will be a great loss to Bob Collins' sound and had heard that not only had Martin Duffy finished the album but that he had accompanied them on stage quite recently until they got a replacement. Moreover, I should have checked. I wrote as I felt on the night and tried to concentrate on the music in the review.

Your response seems quite personal but I sincerely hope I don't know you.

I'm not going to have an out in any of your comments specifically (Tony told me this... we, the fans etc...) as they seem, sadly, those of an egalitarian. The difference between a gig and a music fan is immense and I cannot begin to understand where you're coming from — I mean you spent seven hours with the band in Dublin and then in Belfast?

Yours with very little respect,
Michael McCormack.

Attention All Thesis Students!

Contact John Loftus, qualified Indexer

December '97 Crossword Competition Winners

1. Nobody
2. No person in particular
3. Not a sausage

Architectural Studies!!

Royal Institute of the Architects of Ireland

Exhibition Programme

Ramping up until 13 February

O'Donnell & Tuyome Architects - Selected Works

Architect Centre open 9:30 - 5pm Mon-Fri thru lunch

RIAI Architecture Centre

4 Merrion Square

Dublin 2.

Ph: 676 1703

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Government Sanctioned Massacre?

On December 22 1997 forty five indigenous refugees were massacred by pro-government paramilitaries in Acteal, Mexico. Survivors identified those who carried out the massacre as being members of Mexico's ruling party, the PRI. Major Mexican papers reported that such a raid was carried out on December 24, 1997. This community was featured in a recent Teifil na Gaeilge documentary and more than twenty Irish volunteers have visited it in the last year.

rebellion against the Mexican government since January 1994. In the days since the massacre the Mexican army has raided many other Zapatista communities in Chiapas, destroying houses, stealing money and food and torturing some of the inhabitants. One of the

Those killed were civilian Zapatistas who have been in rebellion against the Mexican government since January 1994. In the days since the massacre the Mexican army has raided many other Zapatista communities in Chiapas, destroying houses, stealing money and food and torturing some of the inhabitants. One of the

Dear Sir,

I was horrified to hear of the massacre of 45 indigenous peasants before Christmas. I am disturbed to hear that the Mexican government facilitated this attack. It is appalling that the recent response of the Mexican government has been to send the Mexican army to harass indigenous communities.

I have heard reports of the army destroying houses, stealing money and killing animals. Given the extreme poverty which these people are forced to live in, the actions of the Mexican army are calculated to cause further suffering and misery. This is unacceptable. It is true that Chiapas is isolated, but do not feel that the actions of the Mexican government go unnoticed.

Yours,

If you think you would like to help in any way you can contact the Irish-Mexico Group at IMG, c/o LASC, 5 Merrion Row, Dublin 2.

Ph: 676 0435
e-mail: mark_c@goviesies.com

You can also make a difference by cutting out the attached letter and sending it to the Mexican Embassy, 43 Ailebury Rd., Dublin 4. It will only cost you 32p and an envelope.

Eve Arnold - A Retrospective

"I got interested in photography by accident — a boyfriend gave me a camera and I was hooked," says Eve Arnold, the photojournalist who has probably photographed everyone who was anyone over the last 50 years. And she's still going strong.

The exhibition of her work at the Gallery of Photography in Meeting House Square, Temple Bar, covers a fraction of the 3/4 of a million photos Arnold has taken in her lifetime. Spanning her career, the show includes pictures of filmstars, unveiled women in Arab harems, celebrities, ordinary Americans, Chinese peasants and political events such as the McCarthy trials and the growth of Malcolm X's black Muslim movement. An education in 20th century history, the exhibition includes a picture of one event which many now deny took place: a mass meeting of black Muslims and the American Nazi Party (in full Nazi uniform), where they discussed dividing the US between them.

The exhibition, which is free, runs until the end of January. The accompanying poster (price £1.50) is an unusual, seemingly unposed, photo of Marilyn Monroe.

Going Abroad?

Socrates Exchange Programme

Attention: All students participating in a Socrates exchange programme in 1998.

In preparation for your stay abroad a language / culture course will be offered over a 12 week period starting Tuesday 27 January. The overall aim of this course is to facilitate your introduction to the host country. The course will be offered at beginners, intermediate and advanced levels in French, German and Spanish. On satisfactory completion of the course students will have gained 3 ECTS credits. The course will run every Tuesday from 5:30pm to 8:30pm at the following venues:

Spanish

Beginner: Kevin St
Intermediate: Kevin St

German

Intermediate: Cahal Brugh St
Advanced: Kevin St

French

Intermediate: Cahal Brugh St
Advanced: Cahal Brugh St

Further information about the course can be obtained from Leonie Carver at 402 4673. Please note that this course must take place before Friday 23 January. You may register by telephoning 402 4673 or by email to lcarver@dit.ie.
Cén cheangal a bhfuil agat le Meiciséic agus le clár Théitífa na Gaeltacht?

"Bhí sí mé le Eamon agus Deirdre, ag bheirt tuirseachta a chuir i bhfeidhm leis an gcuid príomh leasú, Aisté (4 pl. d'aois) agus Siobhán (bláin go leith), go Díe de April agus ag an-ghlúiseachtaí do lár an fhoirgne. Bhuail sí an-ghlúiseachtaí agus an-ghlúiseachtaí leis an 9 dí, agus bhí siad ag an-ghlúiseachtaí go dót do na daoine.

Cén aithint a bhí leis an gcláir?

"Bhí siad le fhoireann don stiúradh. Bhlíon sí an 13 den na stiúradh, rinneadh is fearrachd na stair a bheith sa bhóthar.

An t-aon chuid de na rudal ba射asal faoi mboinn, bhí cuid de na daoine seo in aon chor rud mar seo. Tá an t-aon de na daoine seo leabhartha in aon chor rud mar seo.

Corainn chinic leis an gcumas leis an gcumas a rachadh leis an-ghluiseachtaí.
HAPPY NEW YEAR

We begin another year, full of resolutions and new beginnings. Christmas things have been put away and we look forward to the Summer and all that it holds in store for us. There will be assignments and projects that will take time in the weeks and months ahead. Perhaps there is a special person whose company you have been enjoying and consequently everything is wonderful, or for others the significant other has recently disappeared. Well it is new beginnings time and let us make the most of it. Yes we all know, we have eaten too much, wasted too much time and did not realise any of the ambitions that had been planned for the break, so let us begin once more!

Even the resolutions from January 1 are beginning to fray at the edges but we will try to realise that life is for living and people will help us if we make the first move. '98 is full of potential and really we can make of it what we choose. “You are a child of the universe...” Desiderata reminds us and it is the responsibility of each one to carve and forge a connection that is of our own making.

We are called to be creative and imaginative and let us realise these sentiments in all that life presents before our eyes.

To all in DIT, I challenge you to give of your best not just for those in your department or school but for the youth of Ireland whom we serve and respect for these are the Irishmen and women who will bring us into the next millennium. We look to our President and the Directorate to realise the ambitious challenge they have set before themselves. We look to each head of School to be responsible and diligent in bringing about the Faculty structures which we await, for we believe this is the best way to serve our aspiring graduates and professionals in the years ahead. We look to each teacher to present us with course work that is relevant and interesting, presented in a fashion that is challenging and attractive to encourage students to extend themselves academically, so that they can give of their best, especially at exam time.

We look to ancillary staff and the SU to join in the mammoth task in piecing all the experiences together so that we, as an Institute, can and will achieve all that our mission statement expresses in words.

'98 will be one of the most significant years in the lifetime of this Institute. For all of us, students and staff, it is good to be associated with DIT at this time. It promises to be the biggest third level Institute in the country and so it is for us to lead where others will follow. This is truly challenging for all when we remember that we are located on 'the island of saints and scholars' and this title was conferred in the previous millennium. So the standards have been set for us by previous generations, we have now to realise this excellence across the board.

Nothing happens without patience and dedication, research and thorough examination. There is no time for sitting on laurels. We must try to give of our best, discover new and innovative ways to progress and constantly respect and share with those who are our colleagues and friends.

We are called to respect and admire excellence, to encourage and educate those who seek knowledge and to live in harmony with oneself and those with whom we cooperate daily. We must be constantly aware of those who are strangers to our shores, either by choice or by chance, for they, too, are part of our community. This is the Year of Human Rights and if a soul among us feels ostracised or excluded, then, as a society, we are all blemished and compelled to look at our use of resources.

As we continue on our academic endeavours, we should be mindful of the good work being done in Social Action Programmes across many of the sites. The many hours of generous sharing with school pupils in their own academic weakness has already proven to be worthwhile. These are the students of the future DIT and we have a debt to those who have done the same for us decades ago.

Together let us greet this New Year with renewed enthusiasm and with respect for knowledge and those with whom we work and study. We owe it to ourselves and others to share our giftedness and resources with those who are unfortunately disadvantaged, no matter what criteria we use. Little is of our own making, it is often the product of the initiative of another with a little help from our friends! With personal insights and creative imagination we research and publish for posternity and sometimes graduation can be the only goal. For many, herein lies the key to success.

We must always be mindful of those in pain and sorrow, those who are broken in any way, by fate or accident, that their concerns need to be pieced together gently and patiently. In time, and after much healing, they too will grow to run at their own pace and put their own mark on a society that we will hand on for them to pass to their children years from now.

Finbarr A. Neylon (Kevin St.)
Good News!

Any student who has travelled on a J1 Programme in the past is eligible as a first-time J1 applicant with SAYIT.

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"Arr! Tom Lad! Be you a nautical cove?!

Sailing Away

The sea has always mystified me. I suppose there is an old sea dog in me that dreams of running away to sea and spending the rest of my life on a cruise ship in the Caribbean. A place where the sun never sets and where parties never end. Whenever you have to do all day is lounge on deck soaking up rays of sun and sipping cocktails. If that is what you want out of a holiday at sea, then the Asgard is definitely not the place to go. If you want to do something a little different though, it most certainly is.

I made my decision to go on the Asgard when I was about 16. I remember reading a promotional leaflet about sail training on the vessel and thinking how great it would be to get the chance to go and sail on it.

Discovery

It’s a very romantic idea really. The notion of setting sail, roughing the storms at sea to reach new lands, new destinations in the name of discovery. The life of a sailor is glamourised also for cruise ships. With all those ideas racing through my mind, I suppose it was wonder of my own imagination.

I had never experienced sailing before, or been on a boat or anything like that. Time itself seemed to go extremely quickly as well. It seemed like three years had past since I left rather than three weeks, when I finally stepped off a Ryan Air flight in Dublin Airport to sub zero Irish weather.

Thirty five degrees was the standard midday temperature, so it is understandable you find it hard to believe when I tell you that the Asgard was a cold and freezing environment.

Farewells

Everybody, at one stage or another in their life, promised departing friends letters would come on a regular basis. With the best intentions in the world, however, I put off the writing of those letters until one day it was too late.

The Asgard has been described as a great ship by many, and although we did have many experiences that really were incredible, we had one thing in common: we were on the Asgard. Once that is taken out, all that is left is studding out conversations about "what are you doing now?" or "do you remember when we did something on the Asgard?" For that reason, unfortunately, I had to come back to reality after spending a lifetime in Tír Na NÓg. Luckily for me, however, all that happened when I touched Irish soil was that I felt the cold.

HISTORY OF SAIL TRAINING IN IRELAND

The Asgard was originally designed and built in Norway in 1905, and was the wedding present to the wife of Erskine Childers, father of the late President Childers. The name Asgard is an old Norse word meaning Home of the Gods.

In July 1914, Asgard, with Erskine and Mary Childers and four others on board, sailed to the North Sea to collect a cargo of guns which had been brought to Hamburg for the Irish Volunteers. After a disastrous voyage the cargo was landed at Howth on July 26, 1914. Asgard was sold in 1926 by the Childers family and passed through many owners before being purchased by the Irish Government in 1961 because of its historical associations.

In 1968, the Government formed a committee known as Coiste an Asgard and placed the Asgard under her guardianship and control to be used as a sail training vessel for young people in Ireland.
BOOMING ECONOMY A FIGMENT OF OUR IMAGE ‘N’ NATION?

If you believe all the reports on the subject, the Irish economy is booming, as it did throughout last year. This is despite the past performance of the Irish punt on the international currency markets. To most lay people, having managed to understand the relevant economics as to how and why the currency markets are important, there is so much prosperity in Ireland, why is our currency so weak, notably against the British pound, given that Britain supposedly enjoys our economic success?

Various analysts and economic experts have tried to explain this. Like all price movements in the stock market, the speculative position of currency speculators and elsewhere, with suitably non-technical terms so that we might understand this better. As I have yet to hear a proper explanation, each attempt leaves me with the same impression: the Irish economy is hollowing out, our currency markets because, well, it just is. This has long since left me thinking the unthinkable: maybe our economy is not booming at, least, is not as healthy as has been suggested.

So, where do we stand?

Last year was apparently a year of unprecedented economic growth and prosperity in this country: property values have risen; interest rates have remained static; and people generally hid from all the bad news reports and elsewhere, with suitably non-technical terms so that we might understand this better. As I have yet to hear a proper explanation, each attempt leaves me with the same impression: the Irish economy is hollowing out, our currency markets because, well, it just is. This has long since left me thinking the unthinkable: maybe our economy is not booming at, least, is not as healthy as has been suggested.

As the recession of the early 1990s turned to prosperity, the Irish economy began to boom. This has continued for the foreseeable future. The recession of the early 1990s was a period of economic and financial uncertainty, but the economy has continued to grow, albeit at a slower pace than previously. The economy has continued to grow, albeit at a slower pace than previously.

In the mid-1990s, the economy began to slow down. The growth rate of the economy slowed to around 2% per annum. This was due to a number of factors, including the high cost of living, the high cost of doing business, and the high cost of housing. The economy continued to grow, albeit at a slower pace than previously.

In the mid-1990s, the government introduced a number of measures to stimulate the economy, including lowering interest rates, increasing government spending, and implementing tax cuts. These measures helped to stimulate the economy, and growth began to pick up. The economy continued to grow, albeit at a slower pace than previously.

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Kevin O’Brady
Theatre review
A Couple of Blaguards
reviewed by Eoin Henningan

No doubt many of us will do unusual jobs at some stage in our lives - but how far would we go? Gold smuggling to India is certainly unusual, but one I'm sure we would choose to leave off our CVs. A certain Malachy McCourt, on the other hand, makes no secret of this period of his life.

This is just one aspect of an unusual life which is being recalled at Andrews Lane Theatre, in a revised version of A Couple of Blaguards, a play co-written with his older, better known brother Frank.

Performing throughout this month, the play tells the story of their early childhood in Limerick and their emigration to the country of their birth, the US. Don't expect Angela's Ashes though, because this play has been around for what must now seem like forever, having toured the world in the early 1980's.

This time round Frank is not taking part and so the role of Frank McCourt goes to Mickey Kelly, who performs it with relative ease. No doubt, Frank's recent success with that book will lead many people to see the play, but it is Malachy who emerges as a real characer.

From their early life in the "lane" in Limerick, the play hilariously follows the McCourt's family life and experiences with religion - especially Frank's confession on the day of his holy communion.

Frank's introduction to the work of James Joyce, is amusing, particularly as it involves the US army and a girl called "Joyce"!! Malachy, it seems, has never held back when insulting people in the US. A controversial radio and television career ended with the sack from his shows because Irish Americans found him too offensive. One of the funniest stories, though, is that gold smuggling experience to India.

The play loses none of its spark by having Mickey Kelly in Frank McCourt's role. Kelly, long used to working with Malachy, is superb opposite the younger McCourt. In fact, the change from the original line up possibly gives the play a new lease of life, at a time when Frank's involvement may have led people to expect a stage version of his Pulitzer Prize-winning book.

Directed by Nye Henom, A Couple of Blaguards is at Andrews Lane Theatre until the end of January, and then switches to Limerick for the first week of February.

Finding a Proper Pint

If you drink draught Guinness with any degree of regularity, or maybe if you only drink it occasionally, and if you have any concerns at all for the future well-being of our national drink, you may have noticed that it can be with some difficulty that you can find a proper pint. Too many pubs seem to assume that their customers - maybe as part of some kind of a new, modern, dynamic Ireland - only want to drink trendy designer bottled beers. This is most acute in Temple Bar, here in Dublin, but it appears to be spreading.

A few weeks ago I was in a particularly well known pub in Temple Bar which I understood to be reliable for a decent pint but what I was given was instead vin ordinaire. This, I believe, may well be part of the general demise of proper pubs, selling proper draught Guinness, in the Dublin area and elsewhere.

About four years ago (would you believe), I had as perfect a pint of Guinness as I think it is possible to have: a decent head, good consistency, not too bitter - in fact, ever so slightly sweet if anything - and no after taste. Basically faultless. That was in Mulligan's (Poolbeg Street, for the uninitiated). About two years ago, I had a similar experience, on this occasion in The Palace Bar (Fleet Street), which in fact has thus far escaped the encroachment of trendy drinking demands. Away from Dublin, a pub that I know in Kerry - but which I prefer not to identify, lest everyone else finds it and alters it somehow - serves the best pint that I have found in the provinces.

Poet's Corner
with Maolsteachlainn Ó Callaigh

Just think! The same few molecules are tangled everywhere we look. Theyirit one way to shine in jewels. Another way to squelch in muck.

He rises broken from his chair
To drive back home through darkened roads.
The phone and keyboard linger there
The holders of unbroken codes.

Iconoclasm

An errand needed running; I was sent.
I walked once more my theatre of terror.
What years of trial and fearfulness I'd spent
Within these rooms! I felt I was a fool.
But now it was too late to mend the error.
But what would I have been, had I not won?
Was I too scared to walk into a school?
I had no need to fear — a dozen eyes
Were mastering past me everywhere, to see
The antics of a hundred girls and boys.
And not an eye could wander from the task
Of keeping track of them to look at me.
And when they did, they seemed to recognize
As much in me as if I'd worn a mask.
And suddenly I felt a surge of glee
— These were the trials I had held as God!
And all the time they had been bound by me
Their lives spent listening to children wall
And being kept in bondage by the sods.
The errand run, I quit the building, free.
As much in me as if I'd worn a mask.
And left my dead divinities in jail.

The worst pint of Guinness that I
have come across to date, in this country,
was also about two years ago in a well-known, highly prestigious hotel in Dublin, shortly before a rugby international. In my experience, the more prestigious the establishment, the worse the draught beer because this tends to make way for wines and spirits for the appropriate clientele.

It may be that the hotel was hoping that the supporters would be all so drunk that they would not realise what was being served. When I ordered, the drink that I was given looked like Guinness - although it cost rather more than a pint normally would - but to this day I think that a saucer of rain water would have been preferable and would certainly have more closely resembled what I wanted. Until this point, I had thought that truly undrinkable Guinness was only served in Britain. In any event, pints since have been somewhere in between, although thankfully for the most part nearer to Mulligan's pints than others.

Apart from the fact that pubs may prefer to sell bottled beers because they cost more, there is surely no legitimate reason for any self-respecting pub to serve Guinness of any kind other than that which Arthur intended, whatever else they may be selling. After all, it is part of our heritage.

KEVIN O'BRADY
A supplement to the DIT Examiner

**Girls for sale**

Karaoke and Tamagochis are now part of Irish life. Will schoolgirl prostitution be the latest Japanese craze to hit Ireland? FIONA MCCANN reports on the 'Gucci-for-gropes' trend.

**DIT sex poll**

More than one female student in ten would have sex for cash.

Results of a random survey of 100 Aungier St. students show that 14% of women would "sleep with a man for money." Of these, 44% would do it for under £250 while 8% would need over £1,000 before revealing all. Men are much keener, with 72% willing to have sex for cash (although some did specify a good looking woman) and 28% of these, almost 3 out of every 10, would do it for less than £250.

One male student pointed out that sex for money is "the oldest business in the world. It goes back to prehistoric times when the woman went with the best hunter. Today's vice is merely a continuation of a natural process in our evolution." Male students were able to see the commercial side more easily than their female counterparts, with one student claiming sex for money wasn't "wrong because money makes the world go around." When it comes to a more kiss, 42% of women have no qualms, although 10% of these would demand over £1,000 before packing up. True to form, men are keener (88% said yes) but a moralistic minority (10%) said no. Female reactions were varied, with one female student enthusiastically agreeing to kiss for cash: "definitely, for over £25 I would." As far as the euphemistic "anything in between" (full sex and kissing) figures were almost the same as for sex, but prices were slightly lower - only 29% of men and 6% of women would charge over £1,000.

Moving down the scale, 38% of women said they would go out for dinner with a man/woman, in exchange for expensive presents and 48% would do it for cash although 16% wanted over £1,000 plus the price of the dinner. One woman said no to kissing, because "That would involve physical contact," but yes to a meal: "Dinner is just food. Another said she wouldn't do it "unless I was acting." The majority of students questioned had no moral objections to "performing sexual services for money", although one female student was amazed at the level of tolerance: "I can't believe we allow this." A male student complimented the "doing it for fun and doing it to support a drug habit are two different things."

Are students in Dublin turning to prostitution to supplement their grants? 4% of women and 26% of men say they know of students selling sex. While many of the guy's answers were obviously games, one woman said "I had a friend (student) once who was with a guy one night and she just happened to mention how broke she was. The next day the guy gave her money." Another female student said: "I have my suspicions."

One student, however, seemed to have resolved the moral dilemma: "I think it is not moral, I prefer masturbation."
explained why Maximon is often dressed as a Judas Iscariot, the betrayer of Jesus. Judas was the equivalent of a gangster. This would mean he helps his believers in all their wishes, good or bad. People looking for revenge or a curse on a business rival, straying partner, or politician will burn black candles.

Worshipping Maximon is not for the faint-hearted. The strange figure, souring drumming and explosions coming from the courtyard were getting louder, and I was getting increasingly nervous. As insurance against someone turning on me, I bought an amulet, consisting of a smudged photocopy of Maximon, a clove of garlic, a few red beans, a magnet and a small coin, all inside a tiny imitation horseshoe.

Feeling drawn towards the figure, I nervously tiptoed up the steps towards Maximon. A strong presence emanated from the saint and, flinging a few dollars onto his lap, I felt an eerie fear.

The windowless building was the size of a ten-person court and had the same basic layout as a church. But instead of pews, there were huge stone steps covered with flickering candles and mounds of dripping wax. Instead of holy pictures, the walls were decorated with stone plaques carved with messages of thanks to Maximon. And instead of calm meditation, there were scenes of wild abandonment as women pounced guaro over their faces, into their mouths and over their clothes, while smoking cigars and lighting candles.

One wall was dominated by a life-sized model of a white man, like a tailor’s dummy from a nightmare. Dressed in a black checked suit, grey tunic and broad-brimmed hat, with black staring eyes, and a luxuriant Mexican-bandit-style moustache, Maximon was Hollywood’s idea of a mafia don. From the waist down, he was covered with a grubby guaro-soaked blanket. According to legend he was originally a Catholic priest who deserted his faith and changed after women, and eventually had his legs cut off by a jealous husband.

Circumcision holidays

MASS circumcision ceremonies could become a tourist attraction in Malaysia, according to Mr Chik, the minister for culture, arts and tourism.

"Mass circumcisions are cultural activities that could be turned into money-making ventures," said Mr Chik after attending a circumcision ceremony in Kuala Lumpur. He said tourists would "enjoy watching something that was different from the norm." Forty-eight boys, were circumcised into her hair and scattered banknotes onto the figure at the altar.

Prized bargains in Russia

PIRATED computer software is the best buy in Russia. For about £3 you get a CD-ROM stuffed with programs. One disk might contain as many as 15 programs, such as Quark Xpress, MS Publisher, Adobe PhotoShop, MS Office professional, Pagemaker, CorelDraw and Powerpoint.

Dream destination

LAST year the exchange rate for bath, the currency in Thailand, was 24 to the pound, but with the Asian economic crisis it now gets 64 bath to the pound. And tourism has slumped, but it’s a safer buyer’s market.

Internet travel

CHECK out the Internet for cheap flights, holidays and info on working abroad. For late bargains and package deals, like £299 to Athens, £325 to Bangkok and £159 to New York, take a look at www.cheapflights.co.uk. For last-minute package holidays, visit www.bargainholidays.com, a daily-updated site which offers great deals from the big names in travel such as Air Tours, Cosmos and Thomson. For seasonal jobs in the US, ranging from ski resorts and camps to national parks and cruises, surf to www.cool-works.com/showme/
Explorer Tim Severin, author of the famous *Brendan Voyage* talks to FIONA MCCANN about his voyages through the Spice Islands of Indonesia

**The Spice of Life**

**From page 1**

never arises: "Because so many girls are doing it, nobody feels guilty about it. They think it's the best way to get money."

**On principle**. Kumi herself has no objections to it. "If one of my good friends said to me 'Oh, I'm meeting my oyaji today for karaoke, do you want to come?' Of course I would go because they know my oyaji for a long time. Sometimes they just have to meet with me for a few minutes just to get presents from them, so I’ll go with them. Why not? Free coffee! Two of Naoko’s oyaji were really nice. I’ve never been like this, but with them, we go to karaoke, they’ll give us 5,000 yen each (£25), and then we just leave."

Kumi has other problems with the oyaji phenomenon however. "I don’t want to have any troubles so I don’t want my own oyaji. Naoko is lucky, but there are so many bad ones."

Yukako once [members of the Japanese mafia]. Naoko’s friend was in Shibuya after school and the guy picked her up and she went out with him. The guy was part of the Yukako and was also linked with the police. He had sex with the girl, and then he refused to pay. He said that he could go to the police any time about her, as he knew her school, her name, everything. So she was really scared and just went back home without getting any money. That happens a lot. I’ve heard three stories about the same kind of thing.”

Kumi has no sympathy with those who get caught in these kinds of predicaments. "If those girls get in trouble, that’s their own fault. They should have known beforehand. I do worry about my friends. But as long as they don’t tell you the truth and try to hide it from you, you can't do anything about it." She is particularly worried about her younger sister, whom she suspects of being involved with an oyaji. "What initially triggered her interest was her discovery of expensive clothing in seventeen-year-old Nobu’s wardrobe. Suddenly there were so many expensive clothes in her closet. There was a coat there at cost ¥5,500 (about £25). I was pretty sure she couldn’t afford it because she works in McDonalds three days a week. She doesn’t get that much money... There’s no other way to get those clothes except by getting an oyaji."

When confirmed her suspicions was a phone call she answered while her sister was out. "I answered her phone once and it was a guy. The guy said ‘Hi, how are you doing now?’ I knew it was one of those guys, I knew the way they talk. I told him it was the wrong number.”

In Japan, where technological development has gone hand-in-hand with a low crime-rate, the casual acceptance of schoolgirls as young as fifteen going out with middle-aged men for Gucci accessories raises questions about the definition of civilization. Businessmen with more money than they can spend turn to girls half their age to fill the void that company life cannot. "That money is nothing to them," Kumi points out. "These guys get so much money, and yet, they have nothing to spend it on."

**They live by themselves, so they have loads of money to spend.** Such an arrangement may raise moral questions, but oyaji are so common now that they are accepted as the norm by most schoolgirls. "There are so many girls involved. Nobody can stop it now," Kumi is adamant that she will not..."
The idea was thought up by Idai, who was unable to get a big enough market for buying ammunition representing Executive Outcomes, a biennial extravaganza of military muscle.

"The company has 40 full-time employees and a database of over 2,000 former servicemen," says Barlow. As well as sending members to various countries for training, Executive Outcomes also has a reputation for being a solid team in case its members come under attack. According to Barlow, the company was instrumental in ending the long running civil war in Angola.

"The reaction force was deployed there, and launched a pre-emptive strike which killed 280 Angolan rebels." Barlow adds that he used to get "cheesed off" at being called a mercenary, and insists that he ran a special military training organisation which is available for hire by legitimate governments. He likes to call them "private peacekeepers.

"Our mission is to provide a highly professional and confidential military advisory service to legitimate governments; sound strategic and tactical military advice, and a total apolitical service based on confidentiality, integrity, professionalism and dedication in order to create a climate for peace and stability."

"We give the most professional training courses available to armed forces, covering aspects related to land warfare, air warfare, and sea warfare," says Barlow.

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Youthful DIT more than a match for Wexford Seniors

Wexford 1-13
Dublin Institute of Technology 0-16

Almost the dead-ball line. Dermot Maguire then kept DIT in the match with two great saves within a matter of seconds to deny certain Wexford goals. DIT hearts were lifted further shortly after this by the sight of Lorcan MacMathuna returning from injury when he came on as a sub for the hard-working Phil Blake. Wexford then scored from a 65 to regain the lead but this was cancelled out by Joe Cullen and followed up by a PJ Coady free to give DIT the lead in injury time. Wexford drew level within a minute and their relief was evident as the final whistle signalled a draw between the teams. A special mention is deserved for the commitment shown by the DIT back line including Alan McKeogh, Darren Caulfield and Colin McGee, as well as the industrious Trevor McGrath. It was a great performance by the team especially in view of the conditions with a strong, biting wind sweeping across the pitch throughout the match.

DIT Team: D. Maguire; A. McKeogh; D. Caulfield; C. McGee; D. Spain; T. McGrath; P. Finnerny; P. Blake; B. Deveraux; PJ Coady; (0-3); M. Fitzsimons (0-1); A. Coote (0-1); J. Cullen (0-2); M. Murphy (0-4); T. Holden.

For this match against a senior Wexford selection, DIT were missing many of the regular first team players such as Seán Duignan, Gerry Ennis and Enda Hoey. With a number of the team under 21, it was a youthful side that took to the pitch against a team of Wexford men fighting for their county lives.

PJ Coady signalled his intent early on with a great run and shot which yielded the opening point of the game to DIT after 5 minutes. Wexford came straight back into the match with 3 points before Mark Murphy and PJ Coady put over 4 points without reply for DIT. Each side registered a further point each before Wexford scored the only goal of the game after DIT failed to clear the ball out of defence.

PJ Coady started the second half in the same vein as he started the first by placing a 20 metre free over the bar to bring the sides level. This was followed immediately by a point from Anthony Coote to give DIT a deserved lead. Wexford then dominated most of the following ten minutes of play and registered four points in succession before Mick Fitzsimons scored a point for DIT following a great interchange with Anthony Coote. Both sides then exchanged further scores with PJ Coady scoring with relative ease assisted by great points from Joe Cullen following a superb 40 yard solo run, and from Mark Murphy from almost the dead-ball line. Dermot Maguire then kept DIT in the match with two great saves within a matter of seconds to deny certain Wexford goals. DIT hearts were lifted further shortly after this by the sight of Lorcan MacMathuna returning from injury when he came on as a sub for the hard-working Phil Blake. Wexford then scored from a 65 to regain the lead but this was cancelled out by Joe Cullen and followed up by a PJ Coady free to give DIT the lead in injury time. Wexford drew level within a minute and their relief was evident as the final whistle signalled a draw between the teams. A special mention is deserved for the commitment shown by the DIT back line including Alan McKeogh, Darren Caulfield and Colin McGee, as well as the industrious Trevor McGrath. It was a great performance by the team especially in view of the conditions with a strong, biting wind sweeping across the pitch throughout the match.

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Forza Italia!

Football,

Fireworks and

Fanatics — All Roads Lead to Rome

The walkway up to the Stadio Olimpico.

having suffered greatly at the hands of the stormy Christmas weather (the greenhouse in my back garden was blown down), I emptied the coffers (no, not Union money) and headed off to the Eternal City of Rome to see in 1998. Upon arrival at Rome's Fiumicino Airport I asked one of the locals for directions on how to reach my hotel. 'You English!' required the man. 'No,' I replied. 'Io sono Irlandese.' Having realised from my statement that I was in fact Irish, the man became extremely helpful and told me everything I needed to know.

My holiday was intended primarily as a culture trip but I was soon sucked in by the gravitational force that affects most Italians — football. As I travelled through Rome, I read graffiti that reminded me how glad I was to be Irish. Walls which read 'Liverpool FC must Die' and 'England F**k Off Home' were interesting enough but another wall which read (when translated) 'England Die — We support the IRA' left me in little doubt that the Italians had little time for our neighbours from across the Irish Sea.

On New Year's Eve, I headed for the Piazza del Popolo for a huge open air concert. In typical December tempera­
tures (about 17 degrees Centigrade), people danced, drank and partied in the New Year. I encountered a group of Scots from Glasgow and Edinburgh, and we, in turn, met a couple of American girls studying in Europe. Suffice to say, I did my bit for Inter College relations with one of the girls who I found out to be studying in England.

Having thought that I would see the night through without any reference to soccer, I was reassured when a guy near me lit up a bright signal flare. Next thing, hundreds of people around me started jumping up and down waving Roma football scarves chanting 'Forza Rome's many cultural sights such as the Colosseum, Piazza di Spagna and Circo Maximo. After a few days of culture, my appetite for sport had grown, and what better way to satiate that need than to head up to Roma's Olympic Stadium for an Italian Cup Quarter Final between Roma and Lazio. Along with 99,999 eradged individuals I journ­
yed up to the Stadio Thou're in the hope of seeing some good football.

The second half of the match fol­

owed much the same pattern as the first and, as the final whistle approached, Lazio were 4-2 ahead. By this stage the crowd around me were in near orgasmic delight. People danced, sang, shouted obscenities, threw firework on the pitch, and some fans were balanced precariously on top of the high glass partition that separated sections of the stand.

Almost at the time of the match when, if you were in Lansdowne Road, the sta­
dium announced you could call the stewards to their sound-of-match positions, the stadium security arrived on the running track in front of the Lazio fans. A line of Italian police formed in front of the stand with Alsatian straining at their leashes on one side, and semi-automatic machine guns point­

ed in the general direc­

tion of the crowd on the other.

Not surprisingly, the Italians never have any problems with people going on to the pitch at the end of matches.

As the crowd poured out of the stadium at the end of the match, we were greeted by riot police and police helicopters flying overhead. Now that's security for you! I hid my scarf and headed down towards a group of Roma fans waiting to get the bus stop on their scooters waving flags and scarves, and paying little attention to the road in front of them. All in all, it was quite an experience.

As I departed Rome to return to Dublin, I remembered that Rome was supposed to be the religious capital of the world. The only thing I'm not sure about is whether that religion is Catholicism or soccer. Forza Italia!

Bob Coghlan

my great plan was to arrive up at the stadium early to see how it looked before it filled up. No such luck!

Ninety minutes before kick-off and at least three-quarters of the crowd had already arrived. All around me, there were explosions, people firing rockets across the pitch, others waving huge flags hanging off 15 foot poles, and a few quiet ones sitting munching through boxes of pasta preserving their energies for the game ahead.

I found myself situated in the North Curve amongst the Lazio supporters, so I decided to blend in with those around me and purchase a blue and white scarf. To my immense joy, the section I was in was populated by the Lazio Ultras, a fine bunch of individuals. The Roma team came out onto the pitch to be greeted by fireworks from their own fans, while down where I was (by now standing on the seats so I could see over those in front of me) the Lazio Ultras gave barely disguised Nazi salutes and shouted the Italian version of 'Death to Roma'.

As the match started I observed that the front ten rows of the stand were left vacant. The reason for this became apparent after two minutes when Lazio took the lead. I was suddenly lifted and carried forward as the crowd surged forward from the back of the stand. People leap off seats into the melee of celebra­
tion taking place at the front of the stand. The stadium shook with the sound of explosions. One person near me had torn his seat off the ground in delight and had hurled it on to the run­

ting track around the pitch.

By half time Lazio were 2-1 ahead and the crowd passed for breath. Suddenly the two large TV screens at either end of the ground burst into life and Stadio TV appeared on the screen. For the first time in my life I got to watch an Italian sitcom on television, at a soccer match!

Fireworks and

Forza Fotos

by John Murray

Honor Blackman delivered the

message first on Top of the Pops

when she sang, "Kinky boots. Everybody's wearing kinky boots." Growing up I seemed to be very far removed from the lure of kinky boots. You wouldn't see any women in Ballinalee, Atheons or Loughrea wearing them.

In County Galway women in boots means something totally different than in Dublin. It conjures up images of farmers wives, wellington's and muck. So you can imagine my shock when I arrived in the middle of Grafton Street to discover that in Dublin women in boots means something closer to bondage than the bog. It took me quite a while to acclimatise to this fashion phenomenon.

Imagine your worst dilemma. Your girlfriend returns home from a shopping trip and tells you that she has bought something that will excite you to distraction. Your mind races with thoughts of what it could be: rubber, leather, whips, chains, or handcuffs? She goes upstairs and tells you to wait in the living room while she puts on her mind blowing shopping. You are still on edge of your seat when she struts into the middle of the room wearing "Fucking Me Boots" (FMB's), arguably the kinkiest female fashion accessory ever invented.

You can't remove your eyes from the vamp your girlfriend has become. How could one item of clothing wreak such havoc? The dilemma is clear, even though she has never looked better. You don't feel confident to let her out alone wearing these boots. If she goes out wearing FMB's without you, she will distract, provoke and tease. It would definitely make life easier if she wore safe clothes like dungarees or grandfather shirts on the nights you can't accompany her.

Wellingtons have the distinction of being the only boot made in rubber that aren't a sex accessory, but they can compete with FMB's. If there was a Nobel prize for footwear, the inventor of FMB's would have it. They amaz­
ingly manage to sexualise one of the most banal parts of the female anatomy, while having the added benefit of only being truly effective when accompanied by a short skirt.

On one of my first nights in Dublin I was enthralled by the pleasures of a girl who was wearing FMB's. Everything was going fine until one of my friends started pointing at her boots behind her back. I looked towards her boots and mumbled something incomprehensible. She turned to my friend and said, "So what, I'm wearing the boots. Do you have a problem with that?" He replied, "No, just looking for that stool behind you to sit on."
DIT fought bravely until the final whistle before narrowly losing out to a more physically strong Dutch U21 Team. After a long day, this was always going to be a tough game, in their newly built national stadium.

The Dutch opened up the scoring with a fortunate try, where an unlucky bounce caught both Vinny Quinn and Derek O’Shea out of position for their right-wing to race 30 yards to score under the posts. Just previously, Richard Ball missed a penalty opportunity, which proved costly at the end.

7-nil, and captain Gary McGoughlin urged his charges to register a score. After some excellent forward play, notably through Gareth Ryan and Tom Clifford, DIT forced a penalty, where Richard Ball made it 7-3. Straight from the restart, DIT again pushed forward and the Dutch were once again penalised for offside in mid-field. Richard Ball punished them once more to leave the score at 7-5. Unfortunately, the Dutch reacted to their lapse in concentration, and thundered their way to the DIT line, to score just before half-time.

A serious talk from captain Gary McGoughlin instilled some spirit into a dejected DIT side. Some fine breaks in mid-field by Dave Keogh and some excellent line-out play from his club mate, Rory Keogh, set Dave Keogh up for DIT’s first try.

DIT had gained the lead for the first time in the match and minutes later they should have extended this lead, except a narrowly missed penalty by Richard Ball would have settled any nerves.

As DIT tried to register another score, they were met with some strong clinical tackling and invariably they lost possession in the loose. The Dutch quickly upped the tempo of the game and this time they scored in the left-hand corner. The conversion was missed.

Following the re-set, Shane Kavanagh and Gareth Guilfoyle tried desperately to break the gain-line, but the Dutch persistently killed play by infringing at every possible moment. However, the DIT were rewarded for their efforts when strong driving from Rob Colleran enabled Tom Clifford to score just right of the posts. The conversion was missed, and the score now stood at 19-8.

But all hopes of a victory were killed off when the Dutch scored their fourth and final try with only three minutes on the clock.

Richard Ball reduced arrears to leave the score at 24-21 to the Dutch.

**DIT 12**

**Garda 10**

*Wed 14 Jan 98*

This match was never going to be a friendly. The Garda - currently top of Group A, Division 1, against the DIT, top of Group B, Division 1 of the Irish Colleges Ascent Cup. The Garda, lead by former Terenure College player David Moriarty, powered their way to the first try of the game. And the omens were looking poor for this depleted DIT side. With ten regular first choice players rested, after a tough, competitive tour in Amsterdam, Garda were always going to start favourites.

Jamie O’Brien opened up the scoring for DIT when he followed up and gathered his kick ahead, to score neatly under the posts. Brendan Walsh, his teammate from the Kevin St Kings slotted over the conversion, to give DIT a slender 2 point lead. Some great lineout play from Tommy Guy helped DIT to stay in touch, but Garda always looked like scoring. This time their big No. 8, McNamara, ploughed his way through a fragile defense, and Garda were once again on top. Again the conversion was missed, which proved very costly. After half an hour, Brendan Walsh restored DIT’s lead with some quick thinking at a short penalty, to dart over the line. The conversion was missed, but DIT held on til half-time, just in front at 12-10.

The second-half resumed at the same pace as was evident in the first-half. Some tenacious tackling from the Aungier Street pairing of Neil Finnegan and Rory Keogh proved too much for the Garda.

DIT remained resolute to register an historic victory over a formidable opponent. The best has yet to come!

**DIT Team:**

Nigel Grothier (M); Jamie O’Brien (K); Rory Keogh (A); Neil Finnegan (A); Vinny Quinn (M); Malcolm Vaughan (M); Brendan Walsh (K); Gareth Ryan (B); Rónaí Ó Dáill (K); Paul Weber (A); Tommy Guy (M); Barry Enright (B); Dave Bogossian (B); Daniel Lehane (K); Ronan O’Donnell (K).

The Dutch DIT

**Holland U21s 24**

**DIT 21**

**DIT Rugby Club are Proudly Sponsored by Easat**

At 8:00pm on Wednesday 7 January 1998 in Amsterdam, DIT Rugby took on the Dutch U21 Team in the National Rugby Stadium. This was a superb result against a very strong side and excellent for travel tiredness the result could easily have gone in DIT’s favour. Two give-away tries in the first half cost us the match. Numerous pitchers of beer with the Dutch team after the match did much to restore spirits and at 10:00am the touring party set out to check out the nightlife. On the way the Tour Director (acting) had to negotiate his way out of a spot of bother with the local police concerning a flag that the forwards had acquired in the course of the evening. We also had some minor problems with some Dutch farmers who were trying to sell grass and other herbs in the early hours.

The cultural tour of the Dutch capital began the following morning with visits to the Rembrandt Museum which now includes a copy of the DIT’s Exam Regulations; Sweaty Betty’s Emporium for Young Gentlemen, The Bulldog, and the Mike Tyson Art Museum (we think that’s what its called — something to do with some blackie who painted some sunflowers and got his ear bitten off in a fight). Gary McLaughlin, 98EM, OBE, the Tour Captain, Niamh McGrath were hosted by the Netherlands Rugby Board for a slap-up meal in one of Amsterdam’s finest restaurants while the rest of the party got chips in Burgherland except for Rob Colleran who donated his chips to the pigeons. Nice one Rob!

Craig Adams celebrated his 21st Birthday in 21 night-clubs, Martin Streeton and Garret Ryan spent the night in handcuffs, Alan Temple decided to become a fireman and Rory Keogh became the tour’s leading scorer on and off the field — a typical day in the life of a touring rugby team.

**The Dutch Rugby Club would sincerely like to thank the following businesses for their support in making the Dutch Tour so successful:**


Particular thanks to Easat for their generous sponsorship to buy your mobile phone from them!

Coming soon: DIT Rugby have won all their matches to date in the Bank of Ireland Ascent Cup — the premier competition for third level rugby. Join us and support your team in the rest of the group matches on 4 and 11 February against University of Limerick and DCU.

**The Dutch Report**

Joe McGrath

**DIT Ditch Dutch**

Next day, Friday was a Day of Total Absence as we had a match against provincial side Eermland which we won handsomely because Derek O’Shea wasn’t playing due to injuries sustained in the Red Light District (which we christened The Netherlands — ouch). After the match — which was really tough because Eermland were reeealy big boys — we had a number of injured warriors including Frank Collins (deflated ego), Nigel Grothier (PMT), Garret Guilfoyle (flattus), Richard Ball (piles), Garda Martin (burst silicon up stairs) and Red Kevin (mental lobotomy). After a few dry sheetries with the Eermland team we repaired to the Red Light Area to live it up. Ronán Ó Dúill had a spot of bother with some dykes but you’d expect that in Holland. However, Tom Clifford’s Banana Routine attracted a lot of attention and we now hope to get him a senior management position or any kind of position with Fyffes. Vinny Quinn and Murdock McDonough did not get into any trouble whatsoever and their mammies will let them go on tour again.

Jamie O’Brien, Cathal Nichol and Barry Enright were tried in absentia and found guilty of a number of crimes relating to the possession of intoxicating liquor and pornographic material and will not be allowed on tour again and Shane Kavanagh will shortly be awarded his doctorate in herbal medicine. Daniel Lehane and Ritchie Corcoran were elected the Tour’s Most Valuable Players by a committee composed of Daniel Lehane and Ritchie Corcoran.

The DIT Rugby Club would sincerely like to thank the following businesses for their support in making the Dutch Tour so successful.


Particular thanks to Easat for their generous sponsorship to buy your mobile phone from them!
Barry Hayes, from Schull, Co. Cork, is a sailor of International class both with the DIT and in his own right. He docked at Port Examiner recently.

Barry Hayes is in his third year of a four year Apprenticeship in Bakery Management in DIT. Kevin St. Apart from going to classes in college and sailing as often as possible, Barry Hayes tries to fit in a 40hr week as a supervisor with Lie Chocolates, an Irish confectioner based in Dublin who produce yummy handmade sweets made with Belgian chocolate. (The yummy, I can personally vouch for.) Apart from the need for a 34hr day, his life is pretty full, but he gave the Examiner 30 minutes to ask him why he likes getting wet and all that stuff.

When did you first start sailing?

"I've been at sailing since I was 13, and I'm 21 now. A friend took up sailing, and I was completely a water baby, and I said 'Yeah, I'll do it for the craic.' I was very lucky because the secondary college I went to had given us boats to sail so the opportunity was there, and I found that I was good at it so I just kept plugging along. I went to my first National Championships when I was 14, and came 40th out of 80. I was 2 years sailing at that stage so the signs were good. I skipped the first and second level sailing courses, but I went out sailing with my friends and they basically took care of me and I just learned from them and went straight on to level 3."

Barry's next National Championships saw him sailing in a 420 dinghy (two man craft measuring 4 metres 20 long) the boat used for all initial youth training. Dinghys differ from yachts in that the boat used for all initial youth training. Dinghys differ from yachts in that the boat used for all initial youth training.

Which of the two boats would you be more comfortable with for the Intervarsities?

"The 420. I went to two National Championships where I came third in both and I've had about four or five years experience in the 420."

Who are the ones to watch this year?

"UCD and Trinity. We should beat them; we have the experience, we have the experience, but we don't have the boat. You'd have to pay about £5,000 a shot for the dinghys we train in, so it seems like a lot in the short term, but its cheaper than hiring boats for each event which is what the DIT does at the moment."

Are you also involved in the Round Ireland Race?

"Last year I took part in the Round Ireland event, and we raised about £50,000 for Cystic Fibrosis, we have about £49,000 of it so far, we're just collecting the end of it. But we set a record for the smallest boat ever to go around Ireland. We went around in a 22 foot boat, a Hunter (one design). Legally the minimum is 28 foot, but that'll be brought up to 30 foot this year."

That record cannot now be taken away from them, since the proposed new regulations stipulating a 30 ft minimum will ensure their achievement remains a fixed one. It was a three-fold exercise to raise money for the charity, to meet the challenge of taking such a small boat around the island, and to gain experience and training from the trip. They succeeded admirably (or Admiral, to lie in a crap nautical pun) in all three aims.

"It was my first real experience of yachting. My job was to get the boat around and get everybody home as fast as we could. There was a crew of five and a skipper above me but he had no experience of racing mode. So if the shit hit the fan, if we hit a Force Five (Gale), things really really would have gone wrong on a 20 foot boat."

So, are you mad, or what?

"Well," he laughs, "there's a fraction of that needed alright. You need ball bearings in your hands and that sort of stuff. But the one we did last year was just a one-off, to see if we could do it without assistance."

They did all all. This year Barry will take on the Round Ireland with Paul Birchall, skipper of the 20 foot sloop from the previous year, but it will be a proper competitive race this time, against a fleet of other ships.

But long-term, Barry's sights are firmly fixed on the Olympics. Its not his confidence or his experience which worries him: he's got plenty of that. No, what he needs more than anything is dosh. Spondulics, pesos, dollars, bills. In an expensive business, sailing, and in Ireland the situation is appalling, according to Barry. Aisling Bowman, who, with others, represented Ireland very well in the last Olympics, and undoubtedly had much more to offer Irish and International sailing, has thrown in her lot with the sport, frustrated at the financial insecurity of a future without funding and proper sponsorship. She is a serious casualty.

Barry Hayes needs much more experience under his belt if he hopes to qualify before the 1999 Olympic deadline comes round, but without funding, the battle is well nigh impossible, and he, too, may be forced to give up something to which he has devoted nearly half his life.

Chess Society

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Doctor@whoy@hotmail.com
Or Contact Student Union

Thursday @ 5pm in K-154

Also Chess Society meets every
LORRAINE COTTER:
WORLD CLASS
KICK-BOXER

Lorraine Cotter is an Environmental Design student in DIT Mountjoy Square, in her third year. She has a list of achievements and titles of a Martial Arts nature as long as your arm, which would indicate that she could knock the cork out of you should the need arise.

Hailing from Dundalk, Co. Louth, the 22 year-old took home a silver medal in the World Championships of 1993 (she was just turning eighteen) in Atlantic City, New Jersey, on the east coast of the US. She is the National Semi-Contact Champion for the years 1991-1994 inclusive, and the National Light-Contact Champion for the same years and also for 1997. She had to retire temporarily from competing in the years 1995 and 1996 due to college commitments, though she continued to train for her brown belt all the while.

In November 1997 she went out to the World Championships in Poland, where teams and competitors from the US, Germany, South Africa, Canada, Italy, England and Poland faced each other. Lorraine was eventually beaten in the third round by the US, giving her a position just short of a placing, coming in fourth. From the DIT's point of view, the kick-boxing World Championships are a very high profile occasion. Lorraine received sponsorship funding from the DIT's Student Services Achievements / Awards Scheme.

Congratulations are due Lorraine here, and we wish her all the advantages and benefits of the DIT's support in coming competitions and tournaments.

Sky News continues to Partridge it up

NORTHERN TALKS

On 9th January, Sky news showed the press conference given by the British Secretary of State, Mo Mowlam, in the Maze prison, following her meetings with Loyalist and Republican prisoners there. One of the questions, from Eamonn Mallie, asked whether these meetings meant that the prisoners were being recognised by the British government as political, after 25 years and more of instances to the world that "we have no political prisoners in Northern Ireland". Mo Mowlam's response was that while there had been no change of policy in this respect, the British government regarded prisoners in the Maze as "different". This was not defined and so for the moment they apparently have no official status other than that they are "important to the peace process".

The point surely is that those engaged in paramilitary activity for political purposes - as in the case of Northern Ireland - must be political prisoners, if convicted of an offence, as they would in any other part of the world, other than these islands. But that argument can be left to another day.

In the Sky news studio, after the press conference had been shown, the presenters, Frank Partridge, tried to summarise the main points of this and said, twice in quick succession, that the Republican paramilitaries, "the IRA and the UVF", were considering their positions. This was not subsequently corrected: Sky news seems to hope in these situations that no-one will notice or that no-one will know any better anyway.

Given the size of the audience of Sky news at any given moment - in homes, offices, pubs, hotel rooms and elsewhere - and given how hugely influential Sky's general tabloid style of reporting can be, it is not surprising that so many people, particularly in Britain, do not understand Northern Ireland's politics.

Kevin O' Brady

CLONE DANGERS, AND PRONTO

Playing God

Man...I'm a clone and I'm nearly one.

On February 24, 1997, Dolly, the first, fantastic cloned sheep was born. Merrier pigs, woolly sheep, cows that give more milk were forecast. For years farmers have been looking for this through selective breeding. Dolly was about a third heavier than she should have been at birth. The scientists who pioneered sheep cloning admitted its commercial future may be doomed because many of the lambs are born abnormally large and die after birth.

Sheep and humans are not that different biologically. Prospects of cloning humans in the future are very likely. There is much controversy around this, though. Legally, would a clone have the same rights as a human? Who would be cloned and more importantly why?

Cloning would make it possible to regenerate broken, missing or damaged cell tissue, even organs. This would benefit billions of people who wish for...a new arm? One benefit would be to clone exceptional people. If technology got into the wrong hands though, it could include those whom we have enough of. But for people unable to reproduce they could finally have someone to call their own. Homosexual couples could now have "offspring". Having your loved one back in your life or a duplicate of your idol may all come in time if you wish it.

Cloning itself though is nothing new. Scientists have been cloning sheep and cattle from embryos' genetic material since the mid 1980s. The significance is Dolly's material came from an adult cell, not an egg.

Science fiction has helped nurture bizarre ideas about cloning. In the hustle and bustle of today's world most people could do with a clone. Say if you're spending more time working than living. But what do you call people who need to know? Long lost cousin, twin from outer space. "A clone is really just a time-delayed identical twin of another person," says Steven Yure in The Case for Cloning Humans. The difference between twins and clones is that clones result from two parents, sperm and egg. Cloning can result from one parent cell.

When cloning comes about, people will be willing to pay anything for a clone. A type of black market for embryos could easily develop. Some parents spend a great deal on in-vitro fertilisation. The sepulchres born in Israel last year are the most recent, unusual outcome of in-vitro fertilisation. Who knows how much parents would be willing to pay for cloning their own children? Barbara Ehrenreich of Time writes, "Any cloned species would be delighted at the prospect of cloning. No more nasty surprises like Down's Syndrome - just batch after batch of high-grade and generally speaking immortal offspring?" [Brave New World or what? - Eff!Cloning from an already existing human will provide the opportunity for parents to pick their "ideal" child, also doing away with labour pains. Religion is the root of many peoples' beliefs about cloning and abortion. The notion that all creatures come from God with their certain uniqueness about them. In America 93% think cloning is wrong. This is perhaps why an American scientist is currently finding it so difficult to find resources to fund his experiments. He has said he will set up in Mexico if he is dissuaded in the U.S. In Alice in Wonderland, the Red Queen of Chess and Alice take off running at a seemingly impossible pace, the scenery a dark green blur behind them. However when they stop, it seems as if they haven't gotten anywhere. The Red Queen tells Alice that you have to run just as fast as you can to stay right where you are, and that to get anywhere, you have to run twice as fast. Will this be the the case with evolution?

Carmel Kilbourn

19
Methak, a London-based band. All night. This is original, and you’ll be amazed. The Lotus Eaters, Osco Pike, the winning band will play at the Rag Ball, receive a cash prize, and get two days in SONIC recording studios on Capel Street. The second prize is a £100 gift voucher courtesy of Goodwins of Capel Street. The whole event is being sponsored by SONIC Studios, Heinemann and Goodwins in association with the Mean Fiddler.

Among the bands to perform will be the Lotus Eaters, CSN, Maida Vale and Soma, Mobius, Watergate, Hollow Point and Smoking Jacket. We would like to thank everyone for their support and we hope it will continue for the battle of the bands. Thanks!
Fatal Flower are a five-piece group from Dublin who chuckled their jobs near two years ago to pursue a music career full-time. They are due to release a three track CD single independently, Human. Along to this, in the next month or so. Earlier this month, three-fifths of the band came into the extensive offices of the DIT Examiner to answer a few questions on making their own music, battling the music industry, and not giving up.

Was the band complete before you quit working?

"We actually got our fifth member [Liz Lawlor — drums] just as we were quitting. Up until then, myself, Mark and Dave used to work together in the same place and so we used to jam a bit, and we played a couple of charity gigs which were organised through the job, more talent nights than anything else," Colm explained. "We found that we were hiring it fairly well and that we were coming up with a lot of the same ideas and weld a lot of the same feelings for what we wanted to do and what we wanted to get out of it."

"I had worked with Paul musically, too, for three years," says Mark, "and I knew his style, and I knew it would work with Colly's. So then we were a four-piece, and we auditioned a drummer, and we got Liz on board."

What about Fatal Flower? "Common desire." Mark seems clear on the band's unity of purpose. "We all have the same love for music and we realized after a very short period of time that we could write really good music together, and to the same desire that gave myself and Colm and Paul the need to just quit our jobs. We knew we just couldn't what we were doing anymore, we knew that music was the only thing that we really wanted to do. And everybody in the band has one goal and that's to be successful in this band."

And what's successful?

'A record deal. The recognition for our musical talent.'

How different are the musical influences amongst the five of you as individuals and how does this affect your own output?

"Well, the influences that we have are entirely different," Colm continues, "and because of that, it works great. When we actually get down to writing, there are five people writing. It's not the case that somebody is the main melody writer and somebody is the main lyric writer — everybody gets involved in every aspect of it. And when you have that sort of situation everybody is able to get their own influence. But Dave made the point recently, he's playing the sort of bass guitar that he always wanted to play. And I'm playing the sort of guitar I've always wanted to play, so is Paul, and the same for Liz with the drums. When you get the big melting pot going, everybody is doing exactly what they want to do, and what comes out is Fatal Flower."

They claim that their music is unique in that they are nealy always unanimous in their musical decision making, whether writing or playing always united in agreement. They're obviously tight.

They did say that — they were only together eight weeks — and they recorded and mixed eight tracks in one day, a feat which, given a £10,000,000-a-day studio and a £20,000-a-day producer would still be impossible if the musicians were not able to nail their numbers in one take per song. They produced a promotional pack which included a brochure and carefully created, and time-consuming art work. But then it appeared that they had done too good a job. Mark has seen too much of it:

"When you approach people they say 'Look, you're gonna look professional and give it your best shot', and then when we supplied it [the promo package] to people in the industry, they said as though we were already signed and had loads of money. But nobody bothered their arse checking into it."

Record companies (which are profit-making organisations, after all) are notorious for moving the goalposts to suit themselves as the market dictates, something which makes sound business sense, but shapes the creative side of things. The problems arise when you try to bridge the gap between the creative aspect and the business side of the process. Record companies are rarely truthful when it comes to rationalising anything to the creators involved, and Fatal Flower have had first-hand experience of this all too often.

"So are the record companies too complicit, spoils for choice is Ireland?"

"Any of the bands who we've met who have a serious approach to original music and have a nose for it have agreed that the problem with the Irish music industry is that there's too much talent. They [record company men] can sit there and go 'We only have to sign ten bands this quarter, we'll just go out and listen to a few gigs. There's enough good musicians out there, we can pick anyone we want.' Ireland is fifth in the world for producing musical talent — not per population — the FIFTH largest no matter what the population! And that's phenomenal when you look at countries like America, which has 265 million people, and we're fifth in the world. And the talent exists can just sit there on their arm and go 'Well, who are we going to make this month?' which is a real pain in the hole."

"Mack has said it, the whole band feel the same way, though it hasn't let them bitter about every aspect of the musical process."

"Have you been turned off gigging as well?"

"Not at all, no," mused Mark, "it depends on the venue. In some venues they are perfectly up-front, and then there are others which specifically do not like speaking to bands, they much prefer dealing with agents or managers. In Dublin, there are about half a dozen venues where original bands can play. Of them, about three are open to taking in new bands and promoting showcase nights and new-band nights."

They speak highly of the Music Centre in Temple Bar, which runs showcase gigs on a frequent basis, but feel that, like other venues throughout the city, it isn't utilised enough. The regularity with which the same safe-but-better bands revolve through the Dublin circuit is manifested in the frequency the same posters can be seen popping up in the same places. It's got to the point now that, had they the financial ability, they would have left the country long ago. Hello another Cranberries, Therapy?, Láthair, etc., etc., etc. Do they think Irish bands can make it in Ireland without being forced abroad? Not bloody likely. Mark states their aims.

"We want our music to be heard, we want exposure. Our ambition is to go world-wide, if we got the chance, even if we were on £50 a week, the desire is the music and the performing and the entertainment. And we've all had jobs where we've wasted money and the reason we checked out our jobs and went on the dole was because we were living to ourselves."

So the lesson is 'If you want to make it, leave Ireland!'

"You can come back, and of course everybody will love you then, but no-one's prepared to take the risk."

Will the record company attitude change?

"Not in the near future. They may change their focus [from boy bands, girl bands and variations] to good-old rock bands and audition four guys to orchestrate some other financially viable package, but I don't think they're going to open their eyes and start pinpointing the proper talents for recognition."

"The Father Ted scenario (both, a bit risky, don't think we can run that on RTÉ, unless of course someone like, say, Channel 4 can show us we're wrong...) is all too often the case, Fatal Flower don't hold out much hope that record companies will change their spots very soon, but that hasn't weakened their resolve: if anything it's fuelled it."

Fatal Flower will be playing gigs in Slattery's of Capel St. on Sat 7 and Sat 28 Feb. Give 'em a go.

For CD single review see page 30
The French have also given us French letter, which they sometimes call squiggles explication (English explanation) -- and the verb to squirm in French is engorger. In Spain, luters describe someone with a taste for sexual masochism, whereas in Portugal 'wife-embarassing' is considered a rasonon (marriage English-style). Unfortunately, Bergen has no answer to the mystery of where we get our ideas about others' national sexual habits.

So don't accept modern acceptance of wearing mean that there are no more taboo. According to Bergen, 'fiddling the idea of sexual and religious taboo is the same as telling the taboo themselves; saying fuck every third word shouldn't be confused with sexual liberation.

The truth is that 'bad language', rather than weakening Africa, serves to map out and perpetuate them. Rather than being liberating, it often trails in liberation's wake. For example, relatively few people in Europe these days believe that a woman who has had more than three lovers is a dog or whose the perpetual remain. But where would we be without slang and swearing? The last fucking word must go to Elmore Leonard, in Glitz, 'If I bet him a hundred bucks he couldn't go the whole trip, from wherever we were at the time all the way to San Juan without saying fuck in one form or another at least once... He could barely spurt. He'd want to say something and it'd be a long pause, like he was learning a foreign language. Finally he said, 'Fuck it, and bailed me a hundred-dollar bill.'

Mimimalist: In a Book of European Invective
By Stephen Buhren (London: Faber 1997, £6.99)
Review by Sarah Marrion

Telling Falsehood about the World
Letter to Daniel is the most recent of the writings of BBC correspondent Ferguson Kneale for this to have been put into book form. It is a collection of 33 short, easy-to-read pieces, all written between 1991 and 1996, when Ferguson Kneale was a BBC reporter, firstly in South Africa and later in Hong Kong.

According to the introduction, the collection came about following the radio broadcast and publication of what is now the title piece, Letter to Daniel, in which he describes his feelings about becoming a father; people wanted to know whether his BBC writings were completely true and he decided to collate his formation. These were written for BBC radio's From Our Own Correspondent, various newspapers and magazines, except for two which had not previously been published or broadcast.

The collection is divided into four parts. Although there are personal insights into the writer throughout, the first part is the most private, mixing principly to Ferguson's upbringing and family. My Grandmother's House is a recollection of childhood holidays in Ceuk and will be familiar to anyone who had an Irish childhood. Letter to my Father explores his ambivalent relationship with his father. In Letter to Daniel, he shares with us his feelings and thoughts about becoming a father and tries to reconcile his joy with the suffering of children that he witnessed while working as a reporter in Africa and Asia.

The second part of the collection relates to South Africa and Rwanda. The titling of his writings on South Africa are significant because he was there during the final years of the apartheid regime. Most of the pieces set between anecdote, commentary, reportage, and opinion, which do not always combine smoothly. He is a skilled reporter, his portrayal of South Africa's entire political history following the arrival of the Dutch writers as the subjugation of blacks by whites is arguably too simplistic.

Season of Blood is a graphic account of the husband of Turkey in Europe and in Spain. It is a collection of new and old pieces, which remind, he explains how the thinking of a Turkish writer, and in Spain, the writing of a group of children which reminds Ferguson of his own childhood memories, in Rejans Don't Lie, he tries to understand the thinking of a Tamil Tamil bomb,Forward Hong Kong considers the possible future for Hong Kong after the reversion to Chinese rule in St Francis's Day in Taipei, he explains his ideal way of celebrating St Patrick's Day in Ireland, and still monitors the admiring profile of Aung San Sui Kyi, the Burmese Opposition Leader. Whether or not you are familiar with any of Ferguson Kneale's other works, Letter to Daniel is an informative addition to his own oeuvre.

It is a useful piece on dropping the view of world conflicts, and although perhaps combining too many writing styles, it allows the writer to give personal opinions, which are not always possible through ethnographic reporting.

Letter to Daniel
By Ferguson Kneale
Reviewed by Kevin O'Farrell

The Irish Times
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CRDS STORE
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No Photocopies - one entry only

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YEAR

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STUDENT No.

For December 97 Winners see p3

THE IRISH TIMES

DITSU Simplex

CRDS STORE

Competition

ACROSS

20 Determined, made up one's mind (6)

21 Deep valley containing river (6)

22 Poster, news continually (6)

31 Extol, praise very highly (8)

32 I'd mean to be in the middle (6)

33 In raptures (8)

35 Latchkey, lutschip used as a weapon (6)

37 Just a faint light (6)

41 Find up the backing (7)

44 Female, one of the lowest rank (6)

45 Great effort or fright (6)

48 Disturbance of an event (6)

50 Shot a bow at Jerome Ken's mail (6)

68 Without any difficulty (6)

69 Monkey-nut (6)

72 Game of chance played with a ball on a wheel (6)

DOWN

1 Pick up the tab, e'b you sort it (6)

2 Place for sunbathing (8)

3 Since Ura because such an annoying group (6)

4 Roar or strikes out (7)

5 Groups of notes going up and down (8)

6 In a mystical, very difficult to understand (6)

7 The second month is December (6)

14 A short note or a slip of a thing (4 & 6)

16 A new form of power (6)

18 This child returns home to an empty house (8)

19 Beautiful, splendid, shogy (8)

21 Who one prefers to be someone else in order to deceive (8)

22 Tye garments wore for gymnastics (6)

25 Relat, ease the tension (5)

26 Core (5)

28 Tell a story (6)
Titanic

Starring: Leonardo Di Caprio, Kate Winslet, Billy Zane
Director: James Cameron

The impulsive mark-of-the-unsinkable ship, in its time, thinks

Winset complained of being nearly drowning twice during a shot, food poisoning struck the crew, and many sequences were cut, and the maiden of Captain Cameron being lost and rolling around on deck.

But here Cameron has brought us a masterful film and dispelled all doubts about his sanity. The set is made, the same as it was in "The Wind," all fashioned romance on a grand scale injected with modern action packed efforts.

The story begins with the prologue to tell in actuality, the exterior standing set are specifically built (cost 750,000) feet long. The special effects are the marines of the firm of Cameron. At the start of the ocean, where the rms Titanic lies at the bottom of the sea. As he and his team bury themselves with finding out where the shipwreck could be hidden, a gentle lady, Rose De Witt Bukater, a survivor of the majestic ship, tells a story audience about the young man she met on board. It flashes back to the flawless maiden voyage and we meet Rose as a beautiful young woman, played by Kate Winslet, whose white blouse and soft grey-hooded jacket, played by the shapely Billy Zane. A bit of a rebel is her Young Rose, who finds herself living with upper class she does not like. Engaged to a man she does not love and a life of tradition and direction passes before her. Seeing no other way out, she decides to get her teeth and jump overboard, only to be saved by Jack Dawson (Leonardo Di Caprio). A friendship struck up between the unlikely couple, and for the first two hours of the three and a quarter hour movie, we follow their budding romance. Like a lot of period films, issues of class and the rigid nature of Edwardian society crop up from time to time, especially when Jack meets the odd folk for dinner and the dastardly Cal tries to undo him. Rose's mother is none too pleased of his son, as she sees her daughter's marriage at stake. But very can even retain their place in Victorian society, their husband and husband leaving them penniless. For about the final scene of the film — I'm not giving anything away here — the action kicks in as the lower scowls down flooded watertowers, try to escape the evil clutches of Cal's numbanian and struggle to survive at the Titanic's final T˝n in sink.

Whether or not you are intended to take this kind of film seriously is ultimately up to the individual. If you go along with the "slap of these American teenagers" fighting against giant insects and getting their teeth taken off especially you may even enjoy it. The Computer Generated Images are now more good often than the alien creatures themselves and should please some Verhoeven fans. The media break from Starship Troopers is re-employed here as the Frey Lad, which gives you the option of seeing more of the gruesome table carried out on the captured insects.

Some have found that they enjoyed the film specifically because it was so ridiculous with laughable acting and a seriously dodgy script. However, without decent script and believable actors, a lot of us an audience to display our favorites for the film's effect enjoyment. As with all bad B movies (and indeed with Verhoeven's saga today "Starship" which is now enjoying revitalised interest within the cross-dressing community in America) it could become a cult classic, although its current "Poetry" and "Deadly" were distinctly lacking.

Resurrection Man

Starring: Stuart Townsend, Brendan Fricker, James Nesbitt
Director: Marc Evans

Based on the novel Starman's Man written by Enn Meneen, this film tells the story of a group of young men who get caught up in a drug dealing operation and who play their roles and the journalist who tries to track them down.

The smalltown police play Victor Kelly, the leader of the gang of killers, charming and personable, he loves his mother (Brenda Fraser), and he resents the rest of the group in the palm of his hand. He is the instigator of mindless murders, the gang go out one night in their car to hunt down people who happen to be wandering home from the pub. They become known to the police as a pattern forms and their trademark is always known.

Ryan Nairn (Nash) is the alcoholic journalist on finding out their motives for committing such brutal murders his marriage in ruins, he becomes obsessed with finding the head man Victor, who is now a feared book end. Of course, the gang are terrorising the streets and Victor himself becomes slightly unravelled. He starts to lose his grip on reality himself.

Unlike many other films about the North, politics, although as obvious an element in the situation, is not the reason why the Victor goes off the rails, he develops a thirst for the most gruesome killings partly out of his own psychosis. All the performances are good, if some actors — understood — John Hannah (the previous top dog) and Sean McGinlay (as an evil preachers) — yet there was something lack ing of way of explanation as to why Victor turned out the way he did. Coupled with many torture scenes which are not so much graphic as simply unnecessary, Not as easy watch.
SUN  PREMIERSHIP FOOTBALL
  [MONTHLY DRAW FOR A SONY PLAYSTATION]

MON  KARAOKE - CARLSBERG PROMOTION
  [MONTHLY DRAW FOR MATCH TICKETS]

TUE  HEADPHONE SEX on4dex
  [RESIDENT CHRIS GOLDING WITH GUEST DJS]

WED  SEVENTH HEVIN
  [DJ MICK GLYNN]

THU  GUINNESS PROMOTIONS
  [DJ, PRIZES & GIVE AWAYS]

FRI  DJ SEAN HARLEY

SAT  DJ CHRIS GOLDING