1997-12

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

DIT: Students’ Union

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USI v UCD: Goliath and Goliath

UCD students last month voted in a referendum in favor of pulling out of national union, the Union of Students in Ireland, by a margin of nine votes. This meant a quite devastating blow is punched in USI’s political clout, if the matter rose here, it will also mean an approximate loss of 130,000 paid subscriptions to USI. The only universities left affiliated to USI are Dublin City University and the National University of Ireland Galway — formerly UCC. According to the terms of Education and Living Supplement of 25 November, however, there were also concerns of a dilution referendum in DCU. Such a suggestion was shot down by UCD President, Dermot Lohan, by saying “we’re not as big as a rumor. There’s no one here collecting signatures.” This was later confirmed in a subsequent EAL. One way or another, the future does not bode well for USI on the whole.

Apart from the fact that the referendum campaign degenerated — inevitably, some would argue — into rather facile puns at times (paper-throwing and heckling at the hustings etc.) neither does the result signify anything much more than that USI is now out in the cold.

The referenda results in USI are definitely more damaging; with UCD’s 16,700 full- and part-time students off the table, the membership falls from 150,000 to 233,300. Such a loss vastly undermines their own national position (and not purely numerical), and through the Department of Education currently holds the position that it will deal only with USI as the national representative body, faced with an equally stable and alternative union composed of universities (UCD, NUIM, Maynooth, NUI Cork, TCD, University of Limerick) it could well revise this attitude as fast as governments do when it suits them.

The result leaves Dublin Institute of Technology Students’ Union with the biggest single share in the USI pie in the Republic, with 18,800 full- and part-time students (U3I 97-98 figures), out-counting morning students, which brings the total closer to 23,000.

University of Ulster’s four campuses, at Belfast, Coleraine, Derry and Jordanstown, (18,987 students) (most secure figures, subject to confirmation), which puts them a close second to DITUS, and ranked National Union of Students in Ireland third. So where will UCD’s extra 130,000 go? UCDUS are adamant it will go straight into the Union itself. They must wait until 1998-99 to find out, though it would not be surprising were it to be diverted elsewhere in the mean time. Hopefully the end result will not leave both USI and UCDUS losers, but that is not always the case.

For more on referendum see pg 9

SPECTRUM

SPECTACULAR

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

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

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

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

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

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

BUSINESS BREAKFAST FEEDING THE TIGER

The first ever Business Breakfast held by the DIT Faculty of Business took place on the 4 December in the Royal Dublin Hotel, and was attended by the Minister for Public Enterprise, Ms. Mary O’Rourke. The theme was Feeding the Tiger for the Next Millennium, and brought together many representatives from across the business spectrum with business students for a full Irish grill and an early morning chat.

Following an introduction by Hildred Lombard, thesis advisor for the Business and Economics B.A. degree, the discussion focused on the economic issues facing Ireland.

The Minister then delivered a keynote address, recalling her time in the Department of Education, with fondness, and commenting on how (with a little help from others) she has been making strides in every direction in such a short space of time.

Niall Quinn, Author of the Political and Economic Forum, in responding to the Minister’s speech, spoke on the need for a champion speaker and debate, with a candidate address. With such a high profile achieved with the first staging of the Business Breakfast it is almost certain to take place again next year to even greater success.

For more see centre pp 10-11
UCD v USI

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

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

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

COBÁC v AMLÉ

Sa reifreann Aontas na Mac Léinn in Éireann ba bhí anuas amuigh i gCOBAC na hOllscoil, Bhalla, Aths Cliath, vótáil mic léinn Belfield i bhfáthar tarraingt amach as an aontas nósúnta le naic nóta as 4,000 mar bhearna iniomlán. Ar dtugann más beo caothúimeach é seo, ná dearnidh fid ar an gcur chuige a bhí ag lucht ag bhfeachtas Sea. Is cearta go tabharfaidh sé seo níodh dá dtugann duinn faoin suim atá ag mic léinn sa phhalaitifocht a bhí treamhán leis an t-impeachta acu, agus an t-aon ina raibh leat a fheachtas a phhalaitif. Seachtás sin, éifeach, is féidir liom thuig aontas na mic léinn COBÁC d teacht AMLÉ, gur mór gheall ar an fhad agus ar an bhunadh. Níl sé cinn fós an mbeadh aontas na mac léinn í COBÁC ag lárthaí reifreann eile, combhcheannalaithe, a sáraí riomh dátheacht na bliana.

Smála freisin an toghcháin agus an fhacthas éagsúla ag fhochtaí, dochtúirí agus lóibh an shaghasanna eile, atá náIREEIMHINTI na Aontas a mhórtar é an toghchán Láishtrí敦acha ba bhí dhanf.

Is iad na ceachtanna atá le fheachtaíon fín na bhfoilseachán seo le palaíocht (mic léinn) ná gur cheart go mbeadh imeachtaí profáisíunta na n-aifigeach go léir ar fáil le fios toradh agus na mic léinn an t-aon ar fad; dá bhfuil an toghcháin ceisteanna agus i mbliain anois fós, tá forbartha príomhaíochtaí agus doighí profáisíunta aon n-oifigeach áitiúil. Is ann an fheachtaí anfháilte go dtí fios go bhfuil leagan foinseach de dhaoine, a bhfuil aon nós ná cinn a lóit reifreann COBÁC, a sheachtas a chuidheachad.

Ceartbhall Ó Siocháin

Shiny Happy Christmas to All Readers of the DIT Examiner

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

What has Ditsu ever done for me?

Well we organise and provide:

- FRESHERS/ARTS/WELFARE/RAG WEEKS
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- FREE WELFARE ADVICE
- FREE FINANCIAL ADVICE
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- HELP WITH GRANT PROBLEMS
- HELP AND RESOURCES FOR CLUBS AND SOCIETIES
- FREE STUDENT NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES
- REPRESENTATION WITHIN THE COLLEGE, WITHIN DIT GOVERNING BODY AND NATIONALLY
- CAMPAIGNS ON ISSUES LIKE STUDENT HARDSHIP, ACCOMMODATION AND SAFETY, LIBRARY FACILITIES, CATERING
- RAISES THOUSANDS FOR CHARITY THROUGH RAG WEEK
- 2ND HAND BOOK SERVICE
- PUBLISHES FREE YEARLY HANDBOOK AND WELFARE MANUAL
- DETAILED ACCOMMODATION LIST AT START OF EVERY YEAR
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- FRESHERS, HALLOWEEN, CHRISTMAS, RAG, EASTER, LAST CHANCE BALLS
- FASHION SHOW
- BEER PROMOTIONS
- CHEAP PASSPORT PHOTOS
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- POSTAL ADDRESS FACILITY
- AND ANYTHING ELSE YOU WANT US TO DO!

RUN BY STUDENTS FOR STUDENTS

GET INVOLVED!

It's Your Students' Union.

Claroinations

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

Nollaig Fé Mhaise Do Léitheoirí Uile an DIT Examiner

Shiny Happy Christmas to All Readers of the DIT Examiner

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

EDITOR Ceartbhail Ó Siocháin
LAYOUT Chaorsá Leagan Amach
Wrasacla Ripped My Flesh by Frank Zappa
Printed by Datascope, Enniscorthy, Co. Wexford

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Dear Editor,

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

While I am aware that the students in Rathmines are the responsibility of the Students' Union in DIT Aungier Street, I wish to clarify a few points raised regarding the students in Rathmines.

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

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

Yours etc.

Sinead Pidgeon
DITSU President

An tEagarthóir, DIT Examiner, DITSU, ITBAC Sraid Chaoimhín, Sraid Chaoimhín, BAC 8.

Where's the Pres?

Dear Editor,

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

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

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

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

Yours etc.

Sinead Pidgeon
DITSU President

Union Schmunion?

Dear "A Student"

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

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

To answer your final query with regards to the recent November 5th student demonstration in Belfast, I will admit that DITSU Aungier St. advertised it as a trip to Belfast for £1, however only after my Deputy President did class addresses to highlight the serious issues involved while I was in Belfast helping my colleagues in Queens University. Who paid my expenses for that jaunt to Belfast you might ask? Well, I did. All costs incurred on the day and the 5th of November were covered by my weekly £135. I did not charge this to the students of DIT as I had volunteered my help because I DO take such campaigns seriously. I don't want 3rd level fees reintroduced in the Republic any more than you do.

As a DIT student, I respect your right to sit your exams as to the state of the Union, as it were. However, as you wrote an anonymous letter, this is the only way I can answer your questions. You refer to "people (who are) outside (our) cosy circle who have an interest in student issues." If this is the case, it is because they have placed themselves outside the margin. Don't limit yourself by writing scathing letters and hiding behind them. Actually talking to your Union Officers may not change your mind, but it will clarify a lot of issues for you. You can contact me in DITSU Aungier St. or by calling me on 04023110. I won't give you my mobile number, as it is a personal phone, not a work number.

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

Is mine le moine.
Sinhiln Weeks
Site President
DITSU Aungier St.

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

His abiding interest in the arts was reflected in the attendance, which included Dermot Linsky -- renowned Joycean artist; Tom Mac Stainimin, who received his own composition (13 sets, a baker's dozen), "The Bird Thay Called Aherne;" Con Howard, retired Irish Diplomatic Service member; Peter Murphy, famous broadcaster and journalist; Bob Ryan of the Central Remedial Clinic, as well as an ensemble of other thespians.

Not one, but two directors paid tribute to Tom -- Frank Brennan (Engineering) and Max Hussey (Science). A memorable night was concluded with a traditional group of Nails traditional group.

Aherne's Con Howard, retired Irish Diplomatic Service member; Peter Murphy, famous broadcaster and journalist; Bob Ryan of the Central Remedial Clinic, as well as an ensemble of other thespians.

Not one, but two directors paid tribute to Tom -- Frank Brennan (Engineering) and Max Hussey (Science). A memorable night was concluded with a traditional group of Nails traditional group.

The Word Shop

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The Word Shop, DIT Kevin Street, College of Technology
9.30am-5pm Monday to Friday
The dead baby’s parents just wanted revenge, even if it meant sending an innocent young nineteen year old to jail for murder. So thought thousands in Britain and in Ireland of the Louise Woodward case, as emotions got the better of both sides. Most people hardly knew half the story, but were convinced of their own verdict; mainly, that she hadn’t done it.

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

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

There are few people on these islands who have heard all of the evidence given during the trial; the latter stages were broadcast live by Sky television, presumably because that is when the proceedings were thought to have become sufficiently dramatic, or interesting for a wider audience, but much of the technical and medical advice had been given by then and the subsequent analysis of this by Sky’s legal experts was somewhat akin to tabloid coverage. Consequently, no-one here is properly qualified to say for certain whether or not Louise Woodward is guilty of murder.

The reaction to Louise Woodward’s original conviction — and indeed to some extent the fact that she was on trial at all — particularly amongst the British public and in the British tabloid press, was instructive of British attitudes towards the judicial system of foreign countries, specifically the notion that foreign justice is flawed and that British nationals cannot therefore be given trials abroad. An example of this was earlier this year when two British nurses were tried in Saudi Arabia for the murder of another of a colleague; the coverage of this by some of the press in Britain effectively refused to contemplate the possibility that they could be guilty and the fact that they were being tried in Saudi Arabia supposedly gave them no chance of an acquittal anyway.

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

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

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

The criticism of the system in Massachusetts, where Louise Woodward was convicted, ran much deeper; the judge was criticised for the way in which he directed the jury when they sought evidence during their deliberations the prosecution was criticised both for prosecuting on supposedly inconclusive evidence and for allegedly withholding vital medical evidence from the defence; the jury system itself was criticised, although the basis of this is not entirely clear, other than the fact that in this case the jury returned the ‘wrong’ verdict; and Massachusetts law was even criticised for allowing Louise’s defence lawyers to have opted to remove from the jury the possibility of convicting for manslaughter, rather than murder only, a choice which appears to have been made because the defence — or maybe Louise Woodward herself — was very confident of an acquittal on that basis.

It is surprising that the type of criticism previously reserved for supposedly lesser developed countries should have been aimed at the United States, arguably the most advanced of all. A British lawyer, Stephen Jakobi, of the organisation Fair Trials Abroad, declared on Sky News in the immediate aftermath of the conviction that he had never witnessed such a ridiculous trial in any country, and that he was ‘horrified’ by the decision in the British judicial system.

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

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

Finbarr A. Neylan

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

It is only in latter years that there was introduced any sense of celebration before the 25th. The four weeks prior to this date are a time for people of all religious denominations to take stock of life. Spending some time apart might help to go away for a few days, a change of environment could create the right atmosphere and temperament for a little soul searching. One could write a little to seek clarification and healing around the trauma of a bereavement or some other significant loss in one’s life. If you feel creative or imaginative you may feel like drawing or sketching something that is in your ilk. You could work with some potter’s clay and when the piece is to your liking bake it in the kiln and bring it home for posterity.

Whatever helps you to get in touch with the deepest recesses of your being should be used and exercised. In a way you could see it as a type of spring-cleaning of the whole spiritual self. We also have the option of talking to someone. Some people feel it is a great way to clean out the baggage that we accumulate over time. It is not so much that we answer questions, just some significant other as some kind of sounding board, as if we are hearing ourselves speak and we know no-one will interrupt the natural flow. Most times we have all the answers inside and we just need a little time to reflect on before we allow them to crystallise. At some time in the past you may have done some of this work and all you now do want is to pick up again where you left off in the past.

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

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

“You can shoot people in your own country but don’t come here and threaten innocent boys,” the Portuguese military policeman told me and angrily pointed at the tattooed letters on the train from Lisbon. Our job-hunting expedition hadn’t got off to a very good start. Busy, Fionnbarra. I was on my way north to Porto, to look for jobs teaching English. After settling all our worldly possessions around us in the empty coach of the train, when I woke up, the train was chugging through pitch black countryside, and next to me were three young Portuguese guys. They left hardly as soon as my friends reappeared, and suspecting the worst, I decided to keep the couple of small wad of cash, cards and tourists cheques I had gone.

By the time the train was almost completely full of dishevelled middle-aged men, I noticed, on their way back to barracks for another week of boredom, I was the only woman. But the thieves weren’t sellers, so Barry and Fionnbarra reckoned they’d be able to find them fairly easily and leave me to guard the luggage, went up on the train in pursuit.

On being confronted, the thieves denied taking anything, so the Irish guys tried to make a deal. “Just leave the passport in the toilet and you can keep everything else... I’ll be back in 5 minutes.” Meanwhile, the ticket inspector was trying to throw me off the train because, in a vain attempt to catch his rapier, I’d told him my ticket had been stolen. He said that one out and my protection went back to collect my passport. It wasn’t there. The Portuguese guys now began to get aggressive, and so Fionnbarra, who used to be in the Irish Army, shouted at them, “We’re Irish and we’re in the IRA. And I’ve got an gun in my bag. If you don’t give us the stuff we’re going to keep you up.” Followed by a graphic description of interrogation. In fact, denied in long, sweet oaths, they did look like characters from Sadie Caddy.

The thieves chose this moment to translate everything to the soldiers sitting nearby – who immediately launched themselves onto Barry and Fionnbarra. Lying on the floor, each pinned down by three soldiers, they were used by the arrival of two military policemen. When the situation was explained, the MPs explained that we all fell off at the next stop and go to the nearest police station. Since we were passing through the country and the MPs were not our friends, the Irish guys were somewhat reluctant to agree. After much negotiation, it was decided that the train provider had stopped accepting innocent boys of hospitality and promised not to shoot anyone. “You can do that in your own country, but you can’t come to our country and do it.”

We spent the next 3 hours on the train without any awe, passported so the soldiers, who were getting off in regular intervals and disappearing into the blackness, would take some of our luggage with them.

Barry and I stayed on watching for 2 months and still no trouble. Finnbarra, who never learnt to Portuguese before left after a week. He’s never been back.

Poet’s Corner with Maolsheachlains Ó Cellaigh

When have been said

The pious who gather when mall bas been said

"Dark days," ray the pious, "but God has allowed

What man? They don’t enter this door

"He laughed at me loud and laughed

And he/she will doff his/her beadgear to me

Keep from me the curse that abides in their eye

"Kid, look straight ahead and come.

But I knew I would not bungle and I’d climb up rung on rung.

Finnbar, A. Neylan

Advice

Keep from me the curse that abides in their eye

There might at least have been a hearty welcome from a greeting party

The blackness, would like some of our luggage

Aungier Street

You haven’t been back.

But on your own.

When I made my grand debut in

"Kid, look straight ahead and come.

And he/she will doff his/her beadgear to me

They don’t enter this door

But I knew I would not bungle and I’d climb up rung on rung.

Aungier Street

And he/she will doff his/her beadgear to me

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Aungier Street

And he/she will doff his/her beadgear to me

But I knew I would not bungle and I’d climb up rung on rung.
A day in the life of a student parent

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

Before 7.45am
The alarm clock goes off and the mood shifts. Glen is up. Luckily, he can dress himself and help himself to cereal.

7.45am
We dash out of the house for the ten minute walk to the bus stop. If we're late for lectures, of course I worry about him, but there's another mother facing the same issue, who keeps an eye on him.

7.50am
I dash back home for a shower and breakfast orange juice and a cigarette. The househunt for my books and a seat to get to college for 8.30.

7.50am
I have to pick him up by 4pm (two minutes late and I have to pay £5). Luckily, the creche is near college, so I usually manage to get there on time.

10am
I get some help with the cost of childcare from DIT during term time, but during the summer and Christmas holidays, in order to keep her place up, I have to continue paying.

10.30am
This is our 'quality time' together, chatting about his day at school, and having a snack. Luckily, I don't need to cook much, because I eat at college, and my son has a big dinner at the creche. Glen's recently taken to washing TV a lot, and so we watch together for a couple of hours.

10.30am
Theoretical, this is Glen's bedtime, but we usually take about half-an-hour to get him settled for the night.

11.59pm
This is my time for studying, unless I'm really tired or need a rest, then I watch TV for 30 minutes. I sometimes manage to watch an hour of the library during the day, but the weekends are out for studying as I spend time with Glen. We usually go to park or swimming.

11.59pm
I'd lose without my phone. It's my lifeline to the outside world and how I do most of my socialising. I exchange babysitting notes once a week with another mother, but I don't go out much. Unless there's something special, like those nights are saved for easy writing.

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

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

TOURISM AND

TRADE FAIR

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

Day 1
We congregated at Dublin airport at 7am on Tuesday morning, an impossibly hour for this who had just staggered back home from the Back Gate a few hours previously. After checking in, everyone duly made their way to the very heart of the airport that is Dublin Duty Free. Following the inevitable purchase of large quantities of duty free alcohol we encountered some English soccer player, whose forms mean nothing to me and everyone in the queue. The sight of Sir Alex and other Leicester City soccer players realised in one particular class member searching around for paper and pen and running around Dublin Duty Free, waving the aforementioned paper and pen, in the faces of said player. One young man at one of our tables was so keen to find the first of many tube journeys, our destination was Russell Square, a forty-minute tube journey from Heathrow, the far side of Picadilly.

Our hostel, called The Generator (don’t ask), was a huge hovel of small and unreasonably warm rooms, the staff were all foreign, with little English, and were, at times, more than a little weird. I think we may have met some who don’t speak English, we chatted on them. They’re probably nice, isn’t it?

The bar in The Generator bore a strong resemblance to the USIT bar here in Dublin, but stayed open until 2am. Every evening and the power-mad bouncers were nowhere to be seen. It was now 5.30pm as so disposed of the bags and the beer departed Russell Square, decided to visit Picadilly and Oxford Street.

However, a particular class member (too bad, say no more) managed to make their way to the wrong underground station, and misguidedly succeeded in boarding the correct train, leaving everybody else standing and waiting at the right station for the bus part of an hour. Temperatures were beginning to fray, when, after an hour, we decided to leave our wretched train, something they were now standing silently through the streets of London, desperately searching for a familiar sight.

As luck would have it, they had found their way to Picadilly and were visiting a nearby Burger King awaiting our arrival. Three hours later with a lighter pocket and a film of ridiculous photos of various people, including giant snowmen in Hyde’s Top Shop we headed back to The Generator.

Showers all round, glad ages donned, consumption of duty free beer followed by measures of Harvey Wallbanger and Sex on the Beach and then on to O’Neill’s, a nearby Irish pub. Singing and dancing ensued, which involved a certain amount of alcohol, proceeded to top up the light fantastic. With a certain degree of success, I add.

Day 2
Awake at approximately 9am, came to know at approximately 10am. Had intended to be at Earls Court — the location of the Tourism and Trade Fair — by 10am, to avoid all of the usual traffic there. Arrived by tube at Earls Court close to 11 o’clock Greenwich Mean Time, proceeded to unite paper strings and retrieve ourselves of the twenty pounds admittance fee, then ventured in to Earls Court to see the sites of the tourism industry in action (see detailed report opposite).

Five hours or so later, overloaded with bags of commemorative brochures and books we left Earls Court, appeared on the tube in rush hour traffic to return to The Generator. Following consumption of cocktails in the bound bag, we withdrew from Russell Square and decided to grace the local O’Neill’s Irish pub with our presence again. The night just wasn’t the same when a certain lecturer who, unable to take the pace, returned to Russell Square, only to be eaten during the early hours of the morning by one resolute class member (Leicester City football fan), making generous remarks at some unfortunate taxi driver.

Day 3
Decided to spend the last day sight-seeing. Two of the sixteen-strong class elected to visit Camden Town and the homes of the infamous GaDaper brothers. They succeeded in finding Noel’s home and after a brief conversation over the intercom with his wife Meg, the resident security guard and Kate Moss, who happened to be visiting Noel at the time (honestly), they discovered Oasis were in Prague. The remainder of the class undertook to engage in typical touristic activities for the day, visiting Buckingham Palace, Westminster Abbey, The Tower of London. Harrods, Big Ben, Trafalgar Square, and so on. flying home. Road found the whole experience just too much and nodded off on the tour bus. Who was it? "When you’re tired of London, you’re tired of life?"

We landed in Dublin airport that night convinced that there are no Londinors in London but every other possible race — Scots, Germans, New Yorkers, Russians, Swedes, Grecians, Greeks, Martians, Venetians, little green men... A large proportion of the class can vouch for this but should all available information be disclosed, they may never show their faces in public society again. A fabulous time was had by everyone, and thanks to all who organised all, namely Dr Joe Roddy, lecturer, Calum Keaney, class member, and Alex Gibbons, class tutor, who gracefully endured three days on tour with Tourism & Marketing II. Much appreciated

Joanne Hayes

Inside the Earls Court Trade Fair

Now came the whole official reason we’d come — the Fair. After paying the shocking £200.00 entrance fee we were stunned by the sheer size of the exhibition centre. Having gone to the RDS Holland World Exhibition many times it is glumly67 comfortably in comparison. About ten times the size of the RDS, the Earls Court was huge. We received our map of the stands and started exploring. Over 158 countries of the world had a stand here, Italy seemed to win on size with France coming a close second. As this was a trade show a lot of the business of buying and selling holiday packages was going on around us. The USA had half of the gallery section on the second level, each State had a unique style. The Texas stand had beautiful women in flower and denim skirts and the stereotypical cowboy hats. But for me the most memorable stand was the one for Las Vegas, complete with its famous casino lights and the Mechanic illuminated waving cowboy. Stewart had his photo taken with Elvis, the King, at the Tennessee stand, much to his delight. Even though it was less than 72 hours since the tragic death of 150 tourists in Egypt, people were still visiting and purchasing holidays from the Egyptian stand.

Now to our own native Bord Falla stand. "Large", "modern", and "impressive" were the classes reacled to the stand. Most regions had a representative here along with the usual tourism booth knobs. On speaking to the reps you could sense their growing tiredness as this was the second day of the week-long fair. One acquaintance we did make was one of the founders of the Earls Court Line Tours with his stories about German tourists and their fascination with cows and farmlands. He helped Joanne and Miriam pass the interesting lunch time. Exhausted, we returned to the main stage in the centre of the hall to watch traditional dancing from Indonesia (surprisingly interesting!!).

We got to talking to one of the organisers of the dance troupe who enlightened us somewhat on Indonesia; it has 180 islands, each has its own language, and with a population of 210 million it is small pocket of the far east. We returned to the whole official．
Fringe Notes
By John Murray

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

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

Glen is a she, because machines are always she's. I discovered this viral piece of information from listening to my Dad, who always refers to trucks in the feminine. "She has a fine engine, but I don't like the way her fuel distributor pump gets under the battery." Men believe that machines have to be treated with the kind of chivalry that only a woman can command. They believe that machines are like women, they have qualities of the guys, as she gives a guarantee. This means she is, for a specified period of time, as opposed to not at all.

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

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

In an age of planned obsolescence Glen has weathered well. The only blameworth figure is a long brown inactive stove she has in her name tag. It is the result of an experiment carried out in my days as a hippie.

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

Do you ever wonder what is missing from your life? It may be the emotional satisfaction you can only derive from an electrical appliance. Many have tried to convert me from my devotion to Glen, but it is not working. Compared to her, oil, turf, coal or gas fires are like weapons compared to the heat you can get off a fan heater.

USI v UCD
FORMER ALLIES DO BATTLE IN BELFIELD

Above: Julian de Spaldair, NUI Galway campaigns on behalf of USI out in Belfield.
Below: Students of Arts place their bets...eh...cast their votes... that is. Right: Some voters saw the funny side.

USI v UCD Referendum Debate

Anna Kavan

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

After some argument about the speakers and the impartiality of the Chair the debate got underway with USI President, Colman Byrne, the first to speak. Byrne complained that the campaign had been misleading. He commented that the press had been allowed to print more than the number of letters originally allocated. He had also been asked at the beginning that no reactionary material would be allowed once the campaign got underway, but Byrne said the Yes campaign had been handing out leaflets with quotes from the previous day's education and living supplement, in breach of the original agreement.

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

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

"We represent you on a national level. The HEA, the Department of Education, all listen to us. They will not deal with student bodies. The 700,000 parents of UCD students give us national representation. There is unity in strength. You will not get recognition outside of USI. You must stay with the national union to be strong — for the benefit of all students, not just USI students. Divided we fall. Chose not to lose, close your eyes to USI," he concluded.

President of USI Students' Union, Ian Walsh, was next to speak. He began by saying that USI had been telling lies regarding what would happen should UCD dissociate. "The 60,000 (actual 1996 total, 25,000) pay annually to USI cannot go back to the college. It has to go to student services. For the third time in as many weeks the registrar has agreed today that it will go to student services. USI are desperate to save their jobs and are using arguments that just don't hold up. Why, in five months, have they given us only eight hours of their time? The nine USI officer works very hard and are doing a good job, but they are not working for USI. I have no problem helping smaller colleges, but I don't think we should pay 60,000 annually for the privilege. When we took over office this year we said we would give USI five months. The reason I am not supporting them now is that I don't think we are getting value for money," said Walsh.

Malcolm Byrne, Education Officer with USI, and former USI student, argued that USI is bigger than any one individual. "It is about the nine national officers. It is about representing 60,000 students both north and south of the border. Ian Walsh has a seat on the HEA committee. That is one out of four USI seats. If USI weren't in USI, you wouldn't have that seat."

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

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

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

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

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

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

Left: An Taoisoch, Bertie Ahern, addresses the gathering in the main hall of the Gallagher Gallery. And no, Oasis don't own the gaff.
Above left: The two sole survivors of Scrap Saturday, Berrie and Mike.

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

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

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

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

Right: Colm Cunningham, Kevin St. PRO, in conversation with DJ Shadow.
DUBS DEFEAT DIT
Dublin Sr Panel 2 - 12
Dublin Institute of Technology Sr Panel 3 - 6

A pass from wing forward Rory Hickey to half forward Michael Fitzsimons lead to the equalising point in an early morning challenge game played on a soggy pitch at the TCD Sports Complex, Santry. On the tenth minute a slick movement which saw Joe Cullen pass to Colm Buggly and receive the return pass to goal for DIT. Four points without reply put the Dublin panel into a one point lead. Buggly collected a high ball from Hickey and found the net while centre half back, Trevor McGrath, sent over a free from 90 metres. The Dublin goal which ended the first half can be blamed on the low blinding sun.

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

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

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

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

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

DIT HAVE TWO TO SPARE OVER ATHLONE
Higher Education League, Division 1 (a)
Athlone Regional Technical College 0 - 7
Dublin Institute of Technology 2 - 7

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

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

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

The winning DIT team was
Maguire, N. Mac Caffrey, A. McKeogh, D. Clohessy, D. Spain, T. MacGrath (0-1), P. Finnerty (0-1), P. Blake, S. Duignan (0-1), M. Murphy (1-0), C. Curran (1-0), M. Corcoran, C. Curran (0-1), N. Gilligan (1-2).


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

CONGRATULATIONS TO THE INTERMEDIATE TEAM ON THEIR 3 FOR 3 100% RECORD!!!
Kinsale (Booze) Cruise

Thursday morning, 2 November and I’m ready to sail my 53-ft yacht, the former boat in Kinsale, for the first day of the Cork river course for Kinsale. Students, mainly from Bolton St Sailing Club, are set for a good weekend, with two strong local teams, the Mandarins of the University of Limerick joined forces with the club chartering a Sigma 38. Early arrivals to Kinsale were found already to be indulging in booze in the local bars, and somewhat over the wind was raised by a nameless drunken crew member — “Are we really sailing tomorrow?”

Early rise by all on Friday, a very high and gusty wind and a lot of spinnaker pop up at around seven, basically because it was too windy to stay in bed. The Mandarins broke all three yachts set sail for Cork, UL showing us some tricks with full sail and spinnaker, while the joys of last night were having bad reactions with the wave motion onboard.

No wind yesterday to start setting course around Cork Harbour, a brisk motor to Fethardstown. This left time for the DIT crew to prepare their sail plan. The whole crew to be carried by a 20-knot wind coming from the south-auxillio.

The second half started with St Patrick’s facing the weather. It was beginning to apply some pressure but a ball taken point from Deborah Kelly, they soon settled the team down. Joanne Hayes played it popped up with a superb lob over the keeper for a good goal. Another point for DIT’s match between both for St Patrick’s last the final score reading 27-19, P.T. 8.

The game was marked by several great performances: Michelle Fitzgerald and Arbeit Hackney were rock solid at the back along with Therese O’Gorman who struggled off the pitch at the start. Avril Boland, Mary Kehoe and Megan Cahill rubbed and blocked with vigour, whilst upwards Sarah Healy, Fiona Keogh and Mairin Coughlan were also a force with authority. A special mention also goes to Diane Peper who performed with similar consistency in goal under immense second half pressure from the Pat’s forward. The final victory over Pat’s lifted the girls into second place in the league and gave them through to the quarter finals in the New Year.

Following the match against St. Patrick’s, Bob Coghlan, DITSAI President, Carragh Brugh St, was appointed Manager of the Waterford United Football Team for the remainder of the season. The new manager’s main focus is to increase the size of the playing squad to increase competition for places and to improve the overall profile of the team. Bob also hopes to line up a series of matches closer to home, with the New Year with Trinity and UCC looking the far. For further details contact Bob Coghlan in Carragh Brugh St at 602 4370 or Barry Devaney, the Development Officer, at 602 3424.

Bob Coghlan, President, DITSAI Carragh Brugh St.

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

The FIFA World Cup rankings have been in existence since August 1993. They track the progress of 180 senior national teams in FIFA’s World Cup. The top ten ranked nations are: Columbia, France, Argentina, Brazil, Germany, Italy, Uruguay, Egypt, Yugoslavia and Hungary.

It is encouraging news for a nation who is improving their ranking at the World Cup but in the semi-finals group stages. The improvement of Chile and Yugoslavia’s performances have been revealed with World Cup qualification while Qatar and Cuba raised out. At the other end of the scale Vietnam are rated 107th and their improvement is similar to the other teams. The FIFA World Cup will begin on 16 June in 1998.

Thursday night on the banks of the river, make your way to the quayside and see the world’s most improved team, Qatar. Their World Cup campaign began well when they finished fifth in an Asian preliminary group, which included Sri Lanka, India and the Philippines. They advanced into a second-round group, where they were unlucky to finish fourth, two points behind second placed India. This was a result of losing the crucial games against Iran and Saudi Arabia.

Vietnam, is most widely known for the war in the 1970s. It has a population of 75 million and is one of the world’s poorest countries. They have jumped 12 places and are currently 107th in the world, in between a curious sandwich of Burkina Faso and Armenia. With the majority of the nations in the world half of the nations are examples of bad being better than pathetic. Vietnam finished last in a preliminary ‘White’s Who’s winning’ competition, which included China, Tajikistan and Turkmenistan. They lost all six games with only their own goals coming at home to China and away to the Philippines.

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

Setting sail for run-up and Kinsale still sleeps.

DCU Raggata Challenge

DUU Training

Ocercruising the second weekend in the cruise, we’re now on the third leg of the course. The first leg ran from Cork to Currabinny and then to Greystones, the second leg of the group play-off sailed in 50’s to Yugoslavia and 11-13 on aggregate. It is encouraging news for a nation which is trying to recover from the terror of the war. On the eve of the second leg, the Mandarins of the University of Limerick joined forces with the club chartering a Sigma 38. Early arrivals to Kinsale were found already to be indulging in booze in the local bars, and somewhat over the wind was raised by a nameless drunken crew member — “Are we really sailing tomorrow?”

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Setting sail for run-up and Kinsale still sleeps.
It's time Denis Irwin was recognised as one of the all-time great Irish soccer stars, argues Emmett Coffey.

**CHESS CLUB**

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

Congratulations to the winners, Nora Byrne (most recent league and joint winners Tom, Redney and Maurice (Aungier St). The rest of the competitors enjoyed the games and the celebrations afterwards. Here comes the info bit. The DIT Kevin St Chess Club met every Thursday at 6pm in K154 in Kevin St. New members of either sex are always welcome. We cater for all standards, all levels complete Beginners to Grand Masters. Also we'll be attending competitions both home and away.

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

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

**King Dinny**

Patrick Bovell is not our favourite person at the moment. To the un-informed, Mr Bovell is the Feyenoord player who langed knee-high at Denis Irwin in the recent Champions League match between the Dutch club and Manchester United. Irwin, who has never eluded injury or engaged in the hierarchies so beloved of many of his continental peers, hit the deck after the Bovell tackle like a sack of coal - and stayed there.

The countless slow-mo replays of the incident confirmed the impression that Bovell had done it on purpose. Watching the match on a well-known Dublin boozey one was struck by the shock with which Irwin's injury was greeted. United were casting when Irwin was falsified but it took the good old out of Ole's hard-to-like persona. It was a pretty big stage but no one was more comprehensive victory. While the non-United contingent did not share theconverted's satisfaction at the victory, they were abashed by what looked like a career-threatening injury.

Very few players in the modern game evince such feeling among supporters of all clubs. Obviously the fact the injury ruled him out of the second Ireland-England fixture accounted for much of this shock on the night, but not all. No, most soccer supporters, regardless of club affiliations, have a genuine affection for the Dinny that say, they don't feel for Roy Keane, Andy Townsend or Neil Quinn. In this respect he is a rare breed in the modern game. His strong performances and the over twenty years and the honourable way with which he always conducted himself on the field of play are the primary reasons he is held in such high regard. But this devoted fan feels that while he it a rare breed in the modern game, his has not been devoid of failed. But The Devil's champion, his great Irish punch line, Yes, Denis Irwin's greatest attribute is his consistency - he is consistent, so good for Manchester United and despites the pressure of two full-backs who are English internationals at Old Trafford (the Neville brothers), he remains the first choice of Alex Ferguson.

Last season he was dropped from the United team for crucial matches (most notably the Old Trafford leg of the Bosnian Demantov effect) and the team suffered greatly, but Ferguson appears to have learned an important lesson from this. While he is now 32 Ferguson rates Irwin for Premiership matches against the likes of Barnsley and Sheffield Wednesday but picks him for the crucial Champions League fixtures. Furthermore, crucial goals for both international and club play are rare, but another warning sign of his advancing years has not diminished his powers one iota. His goal for Ireland a few weeks ago in Lansdowne Road was one of the best of the international season. With the knowledge that the ageing Manchester United keeper, Pat DeiIlrwin, is the finest striker of a dead ball to have worn the green shirt in the last thirty years; he always won the first leg against Belgium with another well taken free kick.

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

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

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

Denis's other pictures of humanity swim with all manner of quirks and women; TV and radio, kind and generous. But The Lady Who Liked Clean Restrooms has no characters like the warm-hearted undertaker Clarence Vine in A Fairy Tale of New York on the cheerful police detective aka "The Ginger Man" or the appealing "Lady who Liked Clean Restrooms." It's a tale of failure, but not defeat. Even the heroine is not particularly likeable.

The only other human being which Jocelyn identifies with in the book's setting of New York is a mad neighbour who bears uncanny and thins a tooth out of her bedroom win. A woman who is taken away by two minders at the end of the book, "looking haggard and terrified". I have never read a darker book by this author; the jokes are there but the humanism is in the gallows before than ever.

Even money, the general panacea so lauded in The Ginger Man and other books, does not appear to be able to stave off the shadows that clang round Denis's latest book. "In the immensely satisfying page of Scarcity and Necessity, its author, who seems to have been a member of the players on these arbitrary lists plough their trade long before the modern era but DuPuy brings them up to date by including such players as John Hansen, McCall, Weigert and Whelan. Let's hope from now on when DuPuy takes to compiling these lists he will add the name of the great Denis Irwin."
A squad of 25 players were selected for our opening fixture in Irish Colleges Ascot Cup, Division One. The players were selected from the trials held by Hendrick Kruger our Leinster Branch Development Officer on Sports Day during October.

We departed on the morning of the match at 1am. The squad included two of our Irish Colleges Representatives, namely the Paul Hatton and Tom Stuart-Trainor. Athlone RTC are the current All Ireland Colleges Champions, having won last year. The match was a great effort for open running rugby and it was DIT who used it well to their advantage.

The opening quarter was a real nail-biter, a battle where Shane darted through a gap and our dynamic number 8 Paul Hatton due to injury sustained to his shoulders. For the remainder of the first half, we bravely and were fortunate to finish the game 15 - 12.

After absorbing some intense pressure and scored a match winning try was evident to maintain any fluidity in their game. DIT again scored against Neil Finnegan of Aungier St in the second half.

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The first song and first release, "Go. Go. Go. Go."

Produced and de¬
done in-style on Ronald
Reagan anti-dancing speeches. So you’re got good
good looks talking out of himself and Nancy are
hooked on heroin and other funny stuff. Sweetly
features a cheeky little dreaming couple about
dinner being in the role (nasty, can’t print the
second half of the couplet, a bit rude y’see).
Markay, see, 3: her great singalong Na-Na-Na,
Na-Na-Na hit, and a Blue Brothure type base
chose.

Dad’s War was a bad lesson back towards the
first Black Grape record, and even as far as some of
the stuff the Mondays did. Rubbing a line from
My Old Man’s a Dreetman, this one is another,
Kinzy Afo affair. Bubkhakad is a leading electric
drum captured in your direction by the Groupers.
Spottis, the sixth track, is another full-sounding
form of the calibre of its Great.......about love-mak-
ing, no-nonsense, heartfelt, call, and it features
a bigger little organ helping things along.

Tell Me Something speaks words like “You’re
dropping down trees and you shout at your
bloods” which is probably just some SR does
before breaking each meeting.

Harry Back takes remnants of all the
Hudson move soundtracks, does little to stir the
emotions, and Lower. A top-50-stations number,
probably a cover, methylchlo does up some
suggestion lyrics from the Mondays’ tune
Think About The Future. Words finally up all that
Ridley is above, the explanation with punk, wood-
work, semantic cleverality (you know round
thought on the human condition. The
minute is wise, but the body’s strong” in the
message given, draped in a colourful, merry
Whig. Includes. Nice. Buy it, maybe, but
don’t expect towering moments like its Great...Yeah.

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

Matthew Emerson
Redbox Fri 31 Oct
It was a decidedly cold, wet and typical Halloween night when we arrived at the Rathmines
at 11:00pm. A monotonous queue had formed from the entrance right back around to
the entrance of Rathmines’ Wine Merchants.
Outside, you could feel the vibrations shake
the walls, as Matthew was already warming up the
crowd, playing it trancey with snippets of hard
hitting drum and bass spinkled on top. The chef
brought the crowd from a more intimate to near
boiling for farcicus to take the mic.
He had the crowd ecstatic and begging for more,
laughing and keeping those choruses real on the
wheels of steel, constantly pushing up the yellow
brick road to Oz. Out of nowhere he dropped a
bomb on the crowd to the effect that we could
expect and embrace with pleasure. There was
no stopping this guy.
You could feel the presence in the air, and
people with smiles as wide as the Combene Cat’s, it
came to end of the night, when a track was
played like no other. A choon which would,
if there were any left, yet those people all
standing on the dance floor: the Chemical
Brothers. It Doesn’t Matter

Bendley Rhythm Ace
BRA
Phonehouse Records
From the guys who sneak into the Cork Guinness Jazz Festival, this new band, comes
to their new record. Bendley Rhythm Ace.
This electro jazz duo team up a list of names on their sleeve including Norman
(Feabhy) Slim, Jon Carter (Monkey Mafia), Charlatans and Nigel (Role) Cook, among oth-
er, so they have Badd many names to begin with.
So what say you. Well, it’s an interesting listen for its innovations in percussion and harmo-
nisation, with pretty harmonious notation, and an
praiseworthy, the music

The Charlatans
Olympia Wed 26 November
8.50pm in a packed Olympia Theatre. Not too
fashionably late seeing as the door opened at
8pm, but I have of late realised that possibly
is becoming a part of gig-going in Ireland.
Oh those glorious nights of falling into a venue at too
o'clock the inside cheers as everyone realises that,
yes, it’s expected, not even the support band
had made an appearance yet. But not to no-
days. "What time are Bendley Rhythm Ace due
on stage?" says it a fellow patron. "Oh is that
who they are? They came and went like a mes-
Sirens - background noise
state. Pity. Like Bendley Rhythm Ace. My first
meeting with the new breed of
Charlatans isn’t surprising.
In no different
from the same hatch which wound up their
heroes in the early nineties. Mancunian

Dubliners, the distinct having a harder
Dublin edge with plenty of ‘mates thrown in,
covered up by a bouquet. Just like the goes on
stage, this particular breed is in an unusual hybrid.
Unbelievably unnerving and enormously
gogotonic. The ones we love achieve the right bal-
ance.

Enter, stage left, one Tim ‘magnificent mouth’
Bunyan, a man who has not seen a boshy enough
banger to fill the expanses of his gob. Step aside
Mr Jaeger and Mr Tyler, this North Country
Boy has taken the mantle.
I don’t know what I expected, but I know
I hoped for a minute of their three three albums,
Some Friendly, The Charlatans, and Tellin’s
Songbook. While in John Spicker’s guitar that
takes us back to nights of extreme noise. Rob Collins’
Hammond on their eponymous debut sparks off
happy memories of dancefloors with hardly any
movement but a bit of intense Gaussian respect.
Sounds like a bunch of tonnes but a bunch of
tonnors augmenting something of great beauty,
nothing subtextual (so that’s enough of that).
Collins isn’t three anymore and the sound of
Martin Duffy from Primin Sinne only serves as
a reminder of how good he was in Duddy’s adapt.
you. And fair play to the band, because of
adventure, it put in middle, share jokes and
sound stronger than ever, tickles in with new
recreations of North Country Boys. Just When
You’re Thinking Things Over. One To Another.

CLUBBED TO A BLOODLY PULP

Influx @ Redbox
Dec 26
Mean Fiddler
James Lavelle
Marcus (NY DJ)
Johnny Moy

The End presents
Mr C
Derrick Carter

Dec 18
Jon Carter
(Monkey Mafia)
Johnny Moy

Thursdays @ Kitchen

Congratulations Influx!!
Influx were featured in last month’s Face Magazine as
CLUBOFTHEMONTH.
Well done lads.
MERRY X-MAS TO ALL Y’ALL!!
conversational CHAOS - the SONIC BIONIC interview

DJ Shadow
Redbox Sat 22 Nov

All praise once again to Dilla for yet another memorable gathering in Headington Street. The gig they brought to our shores this time was the product of a now-renowned tradition of productions that have become a hallmark of the Shadow's output. If you missed the gig, you missed a chance to see a master at work. The Shadow's music is a seamless blend of hip-hop and electronic music, creating an experience that is both captivating and thought-provoking. His use of samples and his ability to manipulate them in ways that few can match is truly remarkable. If you haven't had a chance to hear his latest work, I strongly recommend that you do. It's a must-listen for anyone who loves music.
Irish Museum of Modern Art

'Once is Too Much'

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

And they tell me life is good and they tell me to live it gently (Ben Orski)

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

In early 1991 a group of Irish and visiting artists, facilitated by the Museum's Education and Community Department, came together with women from the Family Resource Centre. Aiming to raise consciousness on the issue of gender violence, the result of art-making by a group of international artists working in conjunction with women from the Family Resource Centre, St. Michael's Estate, Inchicore.

In the same darkened room a video shows news footage of the many violent deaths of women which have occurred recently. The images are distented because they are projected onto a hospital screen surrounding the hospital bed. The screen projects but also hides, adding the weight of silence to the two lives have other realities of life.

Oscar Wilde's line from the Ballad of Reading Gaol comes to mind 'Yet each man kills the thing he loves ... some do it with edge of dance from Flamenco to South Pacific,..

One chair sits at the head of the table, with smaller chairs and a baby-ehair placed at the far end. Glass, by its nature is cold, delicate and once broken can be fatally sharp.

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

'Open Season' is a series of video installations made possible by filmmaker Joe Lee and a group of women from the community. Exploring the folk rhyme 'he loves me, he loves me not' is done effectively through video images of pets being torn one by one by a red rose. Such simple yet strong imagery focuses on the sometimes destructive nature of love. The images of love, heart, life, violence, silence all share one fragile symbol.

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

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

Aiming to raise consciousness on the issue of gender violence, the result of art-making by a group of international artists working in conjunction with women from the Family Resource Centre, St. Michael's Estate, Inchicore.

The trouble with the cliched situation drama is that it can turn to mush all too easily, but in this case we are confronted with a tangle of intertwined and interwoven dialogue, while the script is kept simple and that merry magic on the whole. Not bad.

THE BIG IDEA'S next production is 'Dream Sweet Dreams' and will be staged in the new year.
Alien Resurrection

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

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

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

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

Because Ripley is now both human and alien, she obviously has a bit of a problem next to you in a frenzied fit of terror. This time around, the aliens are overexposed in such a way that by the end of the movie you're no longer clutching the audience as they are and to preempt Keitel and De Niro. From whom to let a few action tips if not from them? For me, the fact that I was idolised for years.

With most of the crew from the Auriega exposed in such a way that by the end of the movie you're no longer clutching the audience rather than scaring them, Ripley is now both human and alien, she obviously has a bit of a problem next to you in a frenzied fit of terror. The bruttishness of the movie could La Giacometti's performance in Daylight was a conscious move away from the usual stereotypes. Freddy seeks the help of Tilden in the city who tells him that the case is closed due to his procurating. Thoroughly appalled at this stage, Figgis is the only one to tell him to stand up for himself (Figgis having broken free of the circle due to his partner getting killed in yet another double cross a couple of years ago) and tells him to ditch his morals. "...being right isn't a bullet proof vest Freddy..." He needs to be as wily as they are and to pre empt their next move. The question is, can he do it? What are you looking at?

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

It has a fantastical cast and there is great potential in the storyline with the western idea of the lone Sheriff. Somewhere along the line it all goes away. What starts off as a promising movie about a "good small town cop" finally getting his time to shine and bring down the bad guys is ultimately so dreary that it is devoid of any tension. The audience knows too early on exactly what the Sheriff has to do and it seems is just a case of filling in time until he arrives at that point. The sub plot of Freddy's childhood sweetheart Anna Bella Sciorra goes nowhere and Jeanne Garofalo as his deputy, ups and leaves without any valid explanation.

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

Stallone has stated in previous interviews that his role in Daylight was a conscious move away from the usual stereotype of the city cop. It wanted to be offered the kinds of parts which I idolised for years.

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

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

Harvey Keitel plays Ray Donahue - the sheriff in close up. Unable to make his decision, Keitel says, "I bet you five bucks Planet Hollywood Dublin sinks in twelve months!"

Copland

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

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Dj Chris Golding

Dj Sean Hardy

Guinness Promotions

[Dj Mick Glenn]

Seventh Heaven

[Monthly draw for Match Tickets]

Karaoke - CarlBrand Promotions

[Monthly draw for a Sony Playstation]

Premiership Football - Carling £1.50 A Pint

Late Opening to 1am

Club USI

Hanging out in the city - Club USI – Temple Bar