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

DIT Students' Union

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Recommended Citation
The Exa...ed relief. a...aDd

Grief and relief, loss and
dress. The ups and
downs of UST's 40th
Congress in Westport
was more than just
thyming words.

Glen Bailey of DIT
Hockey took Sport
Person of the Year '98
headline this month for his
commitment and
dedication to the sport.
He wasn't the only one
to win praise; for more
see page 11.

'...tually. The mighty
Dublin Institute of Technology
in this year's final of the much-
covered Challenging Times
third level general
knowledge quiz.
The team consisted of
second year photography
student, Roisin O'Keeffe of
Kennedy St.; and architectural
student, Brian O'Connell
and geo-surveying student
Brendan Dunne, both in
Bolton St. They were under
the tutelage of Maths and
General Studies lecturer in
Bolton St., Frank McCann.
The show, hosted by the
Irish Times' Diarist
Irishman, Kevin Myers—
presumably Ireland's answer
to that doyen of
condescension, Jeremy
Paxman—always attracts
a huge following each year,
demanding a very high
standard of knowledge.
Congratulations to everyone
involved from the beginning of
the year.

Caidreamh
Gael Linn
Márta 6-8

Bhi nic léain Insiúidh Teicneolaíochta Bhaile Átha Cliath
go mór chun tosaigh ar a
gcomhlacaisc.ie ag óidid bihainiúl
caidreamh Gael Linn le déanamh.
Bhuath dream ambhain duí don
chóiseat id d'gclú raidió, Iris An-chas,
agus closaigh beirt d'gclú bihainiúl
chomh fada leis an grcaobh
díopóireachta i gcoinne gnumna mhóra
Choláiste na Trioiriúidhe agus eile.
Dhein triúr leids atá ina gcéimíte sa
Gairmiúchán.

DIT RUNNERS-UP IN
CHALLENGING TIMES

Fionnbarra O'Reilly, Michael Ó Píobla
agus Brian MacDomhnaill, i stáitse raidió
ITBAC Sráid Ainmhor, agus an leas a fuinear
mar dhuine. Gráith: Ch.ÓS

bhliain ar an gcúrsa iscoireachta i
Sráid Ainmhor clár cíg nóiméad déag a
chur le chéile, a d'fhág moltóirí gan an
tarna rogha, cé go rabhadar in gcóimhneas
le mic léain Ollscoil Bhaile Átha
Cliath, Ollscoil Náisiúnta na hÉireann,

Fáth Póil Ó Feithí agus Michelle Nic Pháidín, beirt
dúichbhlácha a chur am raon ar fórmaíocht
chríostaíochta na stáit. Gráith: Ch.ÓS

Gailmin, agus Calústa Shumh Bhaile
Phormaid. An rúin a bhí ann na 'Go
nádachgaigh: Colombus ró-thada Síre'
agus bhí Michelle agus Póil i bhfhabhar
ar rúin. Chuaigh beirt eile, Etain Nic
Eochain agus Scarlett Ní Ghríofa
chomh fada leis na leath-chraobhacha.
Tá conormhairdeas tuilleadh acu uilg.

Chess Grandmaster To Visit DIT

English Chess Grandmaster Daniel
King is coming to DIT Kevin St this
month for a showdown with local
luminaries for an event that's
guaranteed to draw a crowd.
Having achieved his Grandmaster
title in 1989 at the tender age of 25,
King has since built up an
impressive series of accolades and
awards.
Winning a second British
Championship in 1989 (he turned
professional in 1987, a right out fella, aged
19), won tournaments in Sydney
('88), Geneva ('90), Calcutta ('92)
and Dublin ('95). A club player in
the German and Swiss national
leagues, King has also done
television work, presenting and
commentating on two World
Championships (London '93 and
New York '95) and also served as

Man v Machine Challenge.
Such is his ability, that King will be
playing a 30-opponent simultaneous
speed game against the DIT's finest,
so be sure you get in early for a good
view up front.
Indeed, if there was a prize for the
most-suitably-named-chess-player-
ever, Daniel King would surely win
that, too. (Daniel being Swahili for
Checkmate, of course.)

Daniel King will be in Gleeson
Hall in DIT Kevin St on Tuesday
28 April beginning around 7pm.
Fancy a game? If interested contact
DIT Arts Officer, Lorcan McGarvey
at (040) 3424.

DIT Challenging Times Team, Roisin O'Keeffe, Brendan Dunne, and Bryan
O'Connell, who were beaten in the final by UCC. Pic: Courtesy RTÉ.

Pól Ó Feithí agus Michelle Nic Pháidín, beirt
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The DIT Examiner

DITSU, DIT Kevin St., Kevin St, Dublin 8.
Ph: 402 4636 P/Fax: 478 3154

The Peace Process

Will it work? Do people want it to work? The 980lbs worth of home-made explosive recovered from the trunk of that red BMW boarding the ferry for England at the start of the month was confirmation that not everyone does. Bright young things Bertie and Tony are at such a loss as to the outcome of the whole thing that they couldn't even agree on a procedure to shove the thing along when they met in London three weeks ago. Nothing much Mo Mowlam can do seems to hold for long, and now Talks Chairman, Senator George Mitchell finds himself in the position of having to force the issue by demanding that all parties get it together before the end of this month. As the Middle Eastern example has shown, maybe the best thing such peace processes can deliver is a less violent interim between protracted civil unrest or intense paramilitary activity and a total peace, something which seems less and less likely by the day for Northern Ireland.

An Próiseas Síochána

An mhícheidh dea-hoaradóir ar bheith fáraíochta go háirithe de tsnaithreachta go Saontana agus de tsnaithreachta, stíofh bhfuil gach eimse ag iarraidh go bhfuil deas a bheidh ar an bhfréachadh don teicthe. Tá an bheirt ag glúch san, bertie agus Tony, chomh caillte in i dirath na h-uairse faoi tromadh a bhíodh ar an bhfréachadh nach ratharair in ann teacht ar fheiceach chun an rud a bhí ar aghaidh nuair a bhíodh le chéile trí saorainn ó shin. Nil móran gar fheithi le Mo Mowlam a dheaumh a shoisnéad nó-hótha, agus tá Cathaoirleach a Cainteanna, an Seandóir George Mitchell i bPlain as anois do bhfuil sé tar éis ratharadh a thabhairt do na páirtithe aige, deacair a thabhairt le chéile i dhiaidh nuair a bheidh leathadh nó deiseálta de ar a lorg. Mar atá féin achan ag an amplfa a Mheain-Óirthe, is é in díchúil gurb é an rud is fearr a fhagann as próiseas síochána dá leithéid; nár fearr lábradh níos básúnta idir bhreisadh mhícheidh aisthethacht do faoiann an laosta is íoc nó níos do léifteach do i bhfeictear na h-áiteanna de réir an lae.

Cearbhall Ó Siodhán

EDITOR Cearbhall Ó Siodhán EAGARTHÓIR
LAYOUT ChaOS LEAGAN AMACH
A Carrot is as Close as a Rabbit Gets to a Diamond

Thanks to Paul and John O'Loughlin-Kennedy
Printed by Maypark.
Ashbourne, Co. Meath.

Clarifications

Should you see any inaccuracies printed in any issue of The DIT Examiner you should contact the Editor immediately. The matter will be reviewed and any necessary changes made.

The Crossword winners printed in the March issue were on page 4 and not on page 3 as stated.

Third Year Speech & Drama Students at the DIT Conservatory of Music will be holding a Showcase of their final year's work from May 13-15 at 8pm in Rathmines Rd.
For more details contact... 402 3000

DITSU / Irish Times March Crossword Winners:
1. John Dunne, 2Yr FT124, Bolton St.
2. Brian Dollard, 3Yr DT102, Bolton St.
3. David Kinsella, 3Yr MechEng, Bolton St.
Prizes can be collected from the Editor, Students' Union, Kevin St.

Health Warning:
Look at the menu! There's one at every hair corner. Does he look like the kind of guy who enjoys a laugh? Not! You're staring too! Right he doesn't! He's a watch-out. Pissed up on vodka (picture foreground, a bloody canoff of the stuff) he spouts, all day yelling orders and correcting people's speech, and typing and stuff. And playing loud useless music which he pretends to like. So don't be fooled by shifty brochures saying what a good journalist is... be careful, know that you could end up like him, perpetually drunk and dead looking. But apart from all that in a gas. really.
**Letzte to the Editor**

Any letter sent to the Examiner for the attention of the Editor should be clearly marked. Letter writers should not ask for replies in their letters. All letters are subject to editing.

**CARI Thanks**

**DIT**

Dear Editor,

On behalf of all at the CARI Foundation, I would like to thank you, the students of the Dublin Institute of Technology for your tremendous achievement in raising 6,000 for CARI during your recent Rag Week. The money will go to an important financial and morale boost to the work of our Dublin therapy centre funded solely as CARI is currently facing a serious financial crisis. The Children at Risk in Ireland Foundation (CARI) was set up in 1969 to provide post-assessment therapy services for children who have experienced child sexual abuse and to provide support for non-abusing members of their families. We also run an information service, outreach presentations and workshops on issues relevant to child sexual abuse.

CARI does not receive any funding from the State and the provision of the service is reliant on generous donations and our own fundraising efforts. It is always a welcome bonus when others take it upon themselves to raise funds on our behalf and particular credit must go to the students of the College of Marketing and Design for the moneys that they continue to do for CARI.

All of you by your participation in Rag Week, have helped in your own way to give recognition to CARI's work, and for this I am very grateful.

Yours,

Rita Monahan
Fundraising Manager.

**Bitchen Good Congress**

**Dear Editor,**

USI Congress is an annual event where individuals from different colleges can share and debate their opinion and the opinion of the students they represent. Sadly this is not the case.

USI Congress is a battle ground where student representatives arm themselves with hidden agendas and personal biases; together with their back-stabbing and shit-stirring tactics in order to battle against USI, other colleges and even against delegates from their own college. In every battle, there are sacrifices to be made; in this case, friendship, trust and loyalty. Every delegate has the intention of achieving what is best for the students all around the country. I think not, comrades.

There are no winners in this battle, only losers, and they are the students. The damage is done.

Yours,

A disappointed student.

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**poet 's corner**

**Maolshellainn Ó Ceallaigh**

**The Goldmine**

The neighbours would wave at him, over the hedge But they knew the old man never answered hello. His house was the dirtiest one perched on the edge Of the neighbourhood's brightest and wealthiest row. And they wanted to open him, drive in a wedge. And yet he stood firm, no matter how many times they asked.

Was it pity that drove them to try and try? It was pity, of course, but not pity alone. It was horror to watch the man's twilight pass by With a house like a mongrel, and a heart like a stone. And they shuddered to think that a life could run dry And they shuddered to think what might come of their own.

But they knocked in the door when he'd stopped coming out And they found him in bed, lying breathless and cold But life was the thing that they found all about In the photos and letters he'd hoarded like gold And in each of their minds grew a lingering doubt: "Will I live so much life, before I have grown old?"

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On the Campaign to Introduce the Irish Language to the 'Business Community'

I liked it better when the business-man Used other tongues to follow his vile quest. When Irish-speaking had its own quaint clan Who trade saw as pariahs of the West. The poet, priest, the bar-stool Fenian And all of the eternal disposed.

'Our mother tongue is not mere propaganda' The modern Gaeltacht cries, fast in the air. 'We left that lefty stuff behind with Granda!' Well, let him leave it; but how does he square His task of linguistic Save-the-Panda With business's crusade of laissez-faire?

Why sell the yuppy Gaelic, when his creed Is not to buy what can't be quickly sold? Why think the hearts of profitiers will be freed For the unwarned, prohibited and old. The market first The market must be freed! If Gaelige PLC folds, let it fold!

But if it sells its soul, I'll turn my face Away from it, without one short "ochoine" A tongue untainted by the market-place That hares trade's troops to be hibernophones; And sells out from the poor, the only race That everyone is eager to disown.

See page 6 for Maolshellainn Ó Ceallaigh's guide to poetry anthologies.

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**Hum Nuts Do It Better**

**(or)**

**The Amazing Tale of the Hum Nut Sluts**

(depending on which way you look at it)

The social event of the Kevin St year began with a Welsh rugby serum downers — even if they wanted to get in on the action. The free pints (thanks to Guinness) got things off to a flying start. Everyone was adequately lubricated by the time the meal was served, with the exception of the 2nd year Hum Nuts (they were completely plastered). The dancing began after the first course of the meal and continued until 2am. Good music, good food, great beverages and a male to female ratio of 1:4 made up the ingredients for a good night.

All the men, sorry, boys, scrubbed up well in tuxedos but fortunately (or unfortunately?) they didn't last long. One random punter was richly rewarded for the exhibition of his full mony skills. But does anybody know what the guy in the tuxie was doing with his trousers under the dryers? Didn't anybody tell him the full mony was going on outside on the floor and not in the loo?

Third year Hum Nuts broke all previous records with eleven of the original sixmen scoring. Although that record can and probably will be broken — all offers to Kevin St Kevin St was well represented with a large contingent from several classes, the most enthusiastic being engineers and wobblies, although despite many attempts, the engineering scoring average wasn't improved upon.

Congratulations to the rugby crowd who managed to break the loudest roar record held by the Irish supporters in Lansdown Rd. With their toast. The pint of gin obviously went down well. Murray! Their kilts looked well, although many thought Simon didn't have the legs to display it to its full potential. Sorry Simon. Congratulations. by the way, to the first year Hum Nuts who managed to get lost in the hotel and were found out on their way to the bedrooms. They obviously took the promotional posters a little too seriously.

Some Welsh ruggers did manage to get past the night security (Lisa) and were found trying to include their names in the third year Hum Nut record attempt. Not to outshine, we allowed them to tate their own. They paid the £2 (2 pints for Lisa and Ruth) fine to cross the try line. Even though the opening (Third Hum Nut) branded black tie, none were wearing blazers and even after tackling the Black Tie teacher on the back of the ticket, insisted on mucking up the shocking pink shirt and misfitted match coat. No beer dressed man award for David Houghton. We know it's cool to be different, David, but really?

A great night was had by all and we're depending on 2nd year Hum Nuts to continue the tradition — remember, get your tickets early.

Lisa and Mairéad
Hum Nut III
Tasty Times!

DIT Mountjoy Square Fashion Society held their big swinging Fashion Show in Temple Bar's Music Centre on Monday 23rd of March.

DIT Arts Officer, Lorcan McGrane, got stuck into the sauciest event on the DIT Calendar. Pics: Denise Mahon

Fashion Shows, their very thought conjures up spectacular examples of behind the scene bitching, anorexic walking twigs and Naomi Campbell falling over her arse the odd time. Not to mention bizarre unwearable clothes that are equivalent in price to the gross national product of Peru. Thankfully however these are all clichés to be forgotten when dealing with Tasty, this year's hip incorporation of The Mountjoy Square Fashion Society's annual show. The Show was held in the cool environs of the Temple Bar Music Centre and money raised went to (ISIDA) The Irish Sudden Infant Death Association.

Farlong, the striking end product distracting from the pain of sore fingers due to over-enthusiastic hammering and splinters.

Meanwhile, the models were being put through their paces in the fashion equivalent of Full Metal Jacket. Even during rehearsals the snatch of routines and dances on display were excellent, working effortlessly in time with the adept vocal direction of Choreographer Tara Clifford. If you remember that top spandex clad eighty eighties energy explosion fame it was something like that - AND 5,6,7,8, AND WORK, IT! IT! etc., thankfully there were no pink woollen leg warmers in sight.

One of the criticisms levelled at the accepted elite of catwalk fashion is it's inaccessibility and impractical nature, one would normally find it difficult to go down the pub wearing 8 inch platforms with goldfish in them topped off by a see-through aluminium dress and a hat made from the engine of an old Citroen. The style on show here was urban, accessible and relevant to it's streetwise hip audience from the futuristic hovercraft type DVS trainers to the swinging key chains, cool Khat and funky leeches of Helio.

After the essential few pints to chill after a busy day's work we took our places next to the stage under the eye of a huge video screen to see the fact paced beat video, a veritable communications chimera constructed from cannibalised Burger King ads, news stories and MTV style fast fact flickerings. This was completed by the booming overhead voice of Damien Pedreschi, our incomparable compère for the evening delivering with characteristic enthusiasm.

With DJ Mick Glynn secured within the centre's big beat balcony the hits kept us amused until the arrival of some supermodels in waiting. Fashion society chairperson Neil Mc Kenna, Director Alan Fitzpatrick and Deputy President Rose Daly who took care of P.R. for the event were seldom far away with stylish head phones which seemed to blare obscurities and magically imbue the wearer with a worried look and running speed comparable with a certain spotted African land mammal.

After some ubiquitous dry ice the first tiralde of foxy females arrived to strut their stuff in front of an eager crowd. The show represented a veritable checklist of cool from the fashion brights of the high street with the likes of Korky's, Morgan, Airwave, Envy, Lippy, Shue and Susie all appearing on some seriously desirable bodies.

There were also some fantastic new designs from NCAD and Grafton Academy. A personal favourite was the Mega-City One-like outfits of tubular blue and red rubber flanking a bizarre Captain America / Mother Ireland / Scottish Widow type character with a tiny glittery shield and flowing green and gold cape.

So a heart felt thanks goes out to those fashion garments of tomorrow namely - Pamela Doyle, Polly Parsons, Paul Brady, Elga Hick, Anya Fehrenbacher, Claire Davies, Karen Kirby, Paula Kavanagh, Orla O'Rourke, Edel Tuite, Helen Wheeler, Caroline Walsh, Maria Quigley and Michelle McGoff.

Alternating, rapturously received girl/boy sets culminated in a frenzied centre piece section, an excellent recreation of the current body-popping battle in a disused warehouse featured in the current Run DMC video. After this straunous show of manic music movement few could be convinced that the models were ordinary members of the student body and not trained professionals.

After a stage-splitting finale with every model returning for a quick encore things subsided on the stage except for a few tense moments of unexpected rear exposure. Luckily no one mistook mooning as the next great fashion craze, although it would definitely be interesting if it became a regular on the catwalks to indulge in bouts of backyard expression. In any event there was enough amusement betwixt bar and dance floor to keep those inclined to indulge happy until the early hours of the morning. Overall an excellent event which led effortlessly into Art and Design Week, which you'll probably still be trying to recover from when you read this.

Although it may seem to the untrained eye that there's nothing to a fashion show but throwing on a few dresses and walking around a stage for a while, the reality is slightly more strenuous. Being a gogo type who's never adverse to a bit of banging I ended up under the expert eye of set designer Janet Morphy to help build some strange fabric-covered structures finding out that this fashion lark was as much set squares and sawing as it was sequins and stillettos. Despite some of my efforts being akin to a huge wooden game of Kerplunk the finished set looked fantastic due to some very hard work from competent carpenters including Ailbhe Maher, Coleman O'Kane and Jonathan.

Maolseachlann Ó Ceallaigh

Are you one of those people who feels nervous when others start talking about poetry? Have you ever said 'I never tasted it' when someone asked your opinion on 'Tennyson' or 'I don't even know what a tear is?' Then you've come to the right place.

That last sentence is fantastic. The atmosphere of it is
She sipped it. she
She
And once ia been

Lift yourself out of your philistinism by reading any capsule course below. It is specially designed for the demands of today's dynamic lifestyle and shortening attention span.

The Oxford Book of Irish Verse
The fingerprint of Thomas Kinsella is everywhere on this book. Think about forty pages of good stuff in the middle: Mangan, Yeats, Moore (who Kinsella criticizes in the introduction) and the rest of the boys. The bit before that is less visibly translated monastic and bardic school verse and the bit after that is the free verse seaside of Seamus Heaney and his cronies. The last fragment is by Michael Hartnett and is called A Farewell to English; but the Oxford Book of Irish Verse parts ways with proper English about forty pages before this.

Kinsella's translations are perversely hollow. Listen to this brilliant translation of O'Rathaille's Valentine Brown by another hand:

That my old black heart was pleased in this true glass
That foreign devil's game our land's a tomb
Thus the sight that is our country's glory adds more
Iowa has made a mug in its place, V. Desmond Brown.

Good, venomous, rattling stuff! Here's Kinsella's scholarly rendition of the same stanza:

A rose of pitiful love are my dear old heart
Since the alien devil covered the land of Care
Of the world's sweet blood we are fed
There's the name I'd ever call on, Valentine Brown.

The next version of this anthology might be bizzarre. If they change their outlook.

The Oxford Book of Light Verse
Oxford again but what a difference! I've a theory about funny poems, books and so forth: when the label 'humorous' is slapped onto something, it frees the author from the duty to be credible, serious, consistent. Listen to this purple patch written under licence of humour's carte-blanche, and draw from this anthology:

Bizarre by Chris Wallace-Crabbe
Why does a cauliflower smell so much to a cat? All those pale curved protrusions and blights make the spinal into activity, but human and cauliflower, oh yes, is in the same kind of condition as that which bellows between two cows and prophesies. Here we go again, writing under or disguised in the rubbies of thought. Moore grows nowhere else than among us, in various, Margaret blowing consolatory.

This reminds Nietzsche, shadow searching affects. We are confused what it all signifies. Somedays, in shadow, bad genes decide bad questions on a terse all day, over their wine and banter.

That last sentence is fantastic. The atmosphere of it is powerful and that's all. The only problem is that people like Seamus Heaney read clean fun like this and take it seriously. But would someone like Brendan Kennelly be able to write this, from another part of this wonderful anthology, namely Michael Flanders' Have Some Madeira?

Have Some Madeira

Unloveable of the wife of the shoe in the grass
Of the story the "mercious" who appears
She lowered her standards by being her glass.
For courage, her own, and her hope
She tipped in, she dished it, she did.
Her sight clouded in mist,
And he sad of she secretly once mean most much
On the heart of his gold handled cane.

Here's a little MADEIRA bag
I've got a small one of it here.
And once in a while opened you know it won't
Do finish it up, it will help you to sleep.
Here's some MADEIRA to taste.

School Bag

Sequel to the classic Rattle Bag, which I have no intention of reading. I wish I'd given this a miss too. Chosen by Seamus Heaney and Ted Hughes, it bizarrely combines wholesome fare like Oscar Wilde's Ballad of Reading Gaol with ephemera such as R.S. Thomas.

An indication of its quality is that the classic of William McGonagall's (who is widely recognised as the world's worst ever poet) The Tay Bridge Disaster is not appreciably worse than the half stuff here.

One feature is the single poem allowed per poet. There's about as much sense in giving W.B. Yeats and Wilfred Owen the same representation as there is in only letting one candidate per party into the Dail. (Although, when I put it like that....)

The School Bag has an introduction by Seamus Heaney, a note on memorising poetry by Ted Hughes, but few explanatory footnotes. This is typical of the contemporary cultural laissez-faire attitude that literature, and poetry especially, is in some way sacrosant. The attitude that all comment is superfluous (if not plain blasphemous). Oh, and it includes translations of Welsh poetry, Scottish poetry, Irish-language poetry. Robert Frost said that poetry is what gets lost in translation. I say that discarding the sound of a poem while attempting to preserve its meaning is like smashing a stained-glass window to reach the coloured light behind.

Ireland in Poetry

There's a school of thought that says what's good about poetry is its purity, intangibility, imperishability. You know, the fact that it composed of mere sounds, a mouthful of air' to quote Yeats, and yet, and yet! That's true; but at the same time there's nothing wrong in showing it off at its best. Too many anthologies use tiny print, uppealing typography and almost blank space to a page. But anthologies like this use nice lettering, big print, and lots of white space per poem. The last is very good; it elevates a work. Like a gallery painting imposing lots of empy wall surface. White space is always beautiful. And it has big, colourful pictures, works of art, photographs, landscapes. The publisher of the first ever book of nursery rhymes, John Newbery, insisted on an illustration, however small, to accompany each rhyme. He knew that the child needed a visual image on which to hang the text. And all of us share this need to some extent. But you'd be better off buying...

Rich and Rare
Edited by Sean McMahon, this is a thumping good book of poetry. Which is double the reason that it seems to have been remaindered in vast numbers. Poolbeg had the courage to release a collection of Banneck D O Orainn! — popular poetry. Sorry. But I speak as a pupil who was force-fed Seamus Heaney. More power to Sean McMahon. Each poem is introduced by a little anecdotal commentary and some trivial snippets about the author, often humorous. Creating the ambience of a public house debate rather than the usual one of a classroom lesson.

So grab a copy of this anthology, sit back, and relive 800 years of oppression, válent struggle, sentimental ballads and parochialism. 'God's curse on you England, you cruel hearted monster, your deeds they would shame all the devils in hell!' Marvellous.

The Poolbeg Treasury of English Poetry
Shamelessly trading on the Palgrave Golden Treasury, this is another hit by Sean McMahon. The cover shows a Parnassus-like river glowing milky white through an indistinct purple landscape. Such a luscious scene sets the tone for this juicy collection. Do you know what the word 'anthology' means? (No.) It means a collection of flowers. In the sixteenth century the first anthologies of English poetry had quaint titles like A Paradise of Dainty Devices, A Handful of Dainty Devices, and A Gourmectic Gallery of Gallant Inventions. This book could be titled similarly.

Are not Rich and Rare altered to include that minor corpus of English poetry, which is non-Irish. The Poolbeg Treasury is the champion of anthologies. More anecdotal intro, plus a wise selection. This is the anthology wherein I first read Kehla Khan, I Have Been Faithful to Thee, Cynara!, The Road Less Travelled, and Ulysses by Tennyson, so I feel fondly towards it. The verses in here are so light, charming, dainty, airy, non-forbidding.

They are not long, the weaving and the waltz
Loves and deaths and lust
I think they have no pretension to after
We pass the gate.

They are not long, the dates of wine and wine
Of a mighty journey
Our path aggerys us a while, good gree
Within a dream.

The languorous odour of some expensive perfume hangs over these pages, mar a deilte, Sean McMahon understands poetry. He knows the role of a poet to define a very particular emotion, idea, concept. Not just a handful of crude emotions aimed in verse after verse after verse.

This is the one to buy.

A Word of Caution
Remember this, though: a poem is just a poem, not some kind of religious text. To use a culinary metaphor, poetry is more seasoning than a food.

Poetry only articulates what we have already felt but could not explicitly express.
In anticipation of the success of Titanic at the "Oscars" ceremony, Sky News treated us, a few hours before proceedings began, to a brief visual biography of actress Kate Winslett, presumably on the basis that, if the film really was to "swipe the boards", she had a good chance of success herself as a nominee for "Best Actress". Indispensable television material, without which any later viewing of the ceremony itself would be frankly incomplete.

She introduced us by and where it all began for her. First, we were shown early footage of her as a teenager in a school play, although not in the lead role - she was apparently a late (but doubtless gifted) developer. Then we were shown the room in her former school in which she was taught, and the Weekly hardcover fiction bestseller list, released here in October 1997.

There was even better to follow. Sitting on Kate's desk - apparently during an actual class - the reporter showed us a close-up of examination results for Kate's class; and there was her name, next to suitably acceptable grades - which, according to one presenter some years ago,... Helen Hunt, for As Good As It Gets. It certainly was.

KEVIN O'BRADY

A Winter's Tale: this thriller's stealing the show

Miss Smilla's Feeling for Snow

The written word, it seems, does not always translate well to the screen. Or maybe only few readers of "good" literature go to the cinema.

In 1993, Miss Smilla's Feeling for Snow (written originally in Danish) became Peter Hoeg's first fiction book to be translated into English. In the United States, as Smilla's Sense of Snow, it spent eight weeks on the Publishers' Weekly hardcover fiction bestseller list, reaching eighth position. It was chosen by Time magazine as "Book of the Year" in 1993.

An English language film version of the book - called Miss Smilla's Feeling for Snow and with a cast including Julia Ormond, Gabriel Byrne, Richard Harris and Vanessa Redgrave - was released here in October 1997. It received mixed reviews, attracted little public interest and was withdrawn after a short run.

The story is about Smilla Jaspersen, a Greenlander living in Copenhagen, who befriends the young son of one of her neighbours. The boy is found dead the following morning and from the snow-covered roof of a warehouse. Smilla doubts the police theory that the fall was an accident: she knew that the boy did not like heights and, as she has a specialist knowledge of the properties of snow ("I have a feeling for snow"), she believes that the boy's footprints suggest that someone else was involved in his death. She discovers a cassette tape hidden by the boy that provides the main clue to what happened. Her investigation involves near-misses on her own life and leads her, aboard a cargo ship, to the Arctic ice field off Greenland, culminating in a somewhat unusual denouement.

There is much in this book. The central narrative - written in the first person and present tense - is interspersed with Smilla's reflections on her childhood in Greenland and with Hoeg's own reflections, through Smilla's thoughts, on the human condition and on life itself. It is not always immediately apparent, because of this, as to which passages are a continuation of the central storyline, and this interrupts the narrative flow.

Smilla is an unorthodox heroine, maybe unique, in this genre at least. She is arguably somewhat masculine and intellectual in her investigation, and the police who think this involves, might normally be associated with a male protagonist and are reminiscent in places of Ian Fleming's famous secret agent.

The central story includes a study in human relationships. Smilla, in particular, is unable to form a relationship of any significance with anyone. "I think more highly of snow and ice than of love", she says, and: "If anyone asked me what makes me truly happy, I would say... snow and ice..." When she thinks she may have found love with another character, she tries to prevent any feelings developing.

As a socio-political commentary, there are several oblique criticisms throughout the book of the fact that Greenland is a Danish sovereign territory (with a limited form of autonomy), regarded by Danes as Denmark's "northernmost province". Greenlanders living in Denmark are treated disparagingly by Danish officials and Smilla describes herself as very much an outsider there.

Overall, Miss Smilla's Feeling for Snow is an unusual, but highly imaginative, work with numerous themes. It provides an entertaining storyline and a stimulating discourse on the nature of human existence.

KEVIN O'BRADY
The Union of Students in Ireland's 40th Congress in Westport this year was dominated by the tangible urge to overhaul the organisation's structures and was significant in influencing three things. The first of these was the election of rank outsider and reform candidate Dermot Lohan to the position of President, signalling the end of Colman Byrne's legacy as it shut out both USI candidates, Helen Ryan and Dermot Quin, who were, unfortunately, perhaps, associated by default with USI's worst year for some time.

second significant outcome of Comhdhli 98 was the abolition of the position of Union Development Officer, the post to which NCIR's Niall McCullagh was elected for the coming year, and held at present by Dermot Quin. Thirdly, the reform buzz led to the reduction in status of both the Lesbian-Gay-Bisexual Officer and the Women's Rights Officer to part-time positions, heretofore they were full-time permanent offices.

Such moves were dictated by strong sentiment towards reforming and protecting the financial structures of USI, allegedly managing to lose money through its Temple Bar cafe, ti-rá agus ruaíle buaille emporium, Club USI. Some fear that, clearly, delegates to the conference were under strict instructions from their local student sites to lay the groundwork for next year's task of putting the organisation in national affairs on Monday afternoon, which 'ruined feathers' with its 'straight conservation' that it is, while Jim Higgins lauded the organisation for its 'vocal, vociferous, and effective lobby' which 'ruffled feathers' with its 'straight talking'.

The Congress [DITSU currently bring 23 delegates to Congress, second only to UCD who are entitled to 25.]

Kerr's argument stemmed from the notion that the northern sites payed more per capita than their delegation numbers to Congress reflected. The potential danger here is that both Queens' — whose President, Cormac Bakewell, supported Kerr's challenge and the combined clout of University of Ulster Coleraine, Jordanstown, Magee and Belfast would outweigh the considerable bulk of the DITSU delegation.

An increase in the numbers of delegates for QUB and UU could run as high as 26 or 28 by their own calculations, though obviously Steering Committee [mainly ex-students with experience of such congresses, who act as the overall authority when it comes to Congregional protocol etc. — wheel!] would have the last word.

National Affairs on Monday afternoon saw Congress skip relatively easily over the first two motions, those of actively supporting the Northern Peace Process and adopting a neutral policy stance on abortion, only to explode in a fireball where uen were concerned, as they worked quite constructively over the four days. When it came for President Colman Byrne to give his emotional farewell speech at the end of the week, the standing ovation he received gave the impression that the entire UCD pickle hadn't even happened, or at least that UCDSU President, Ian Walsh, and his contingent were prepared to forgive him.

Guest speakers during the week included local TDs, Tom Mofat (FE), current Minister of State for Health, Jim Higgins of Fine Gael, and also the Chair of Westport's Urban District Council, Margaret Adams. Tom Mofat urged students to use USI as the vehicle of innovation' and 'vessel of conservation' that it is, while Jim Higgins lauded the organisation for its 'vocal, vociferous, and effective lobby' which 'ruffled feathers' with its 'straight talking'.

Even more interesting were Sinn Féin's Gearoid O'hEair and the Progressive Unionist Party's Robin Stewart, both of whom impressed upon their audiences to use their political positions in achieving ends through discussion, citing their own experiences of finding tangible results in that way. Reform and change had to take place from inside the group or organisation concerned was the line proffered, good advice to
A Man For All Seasons

Andrew Lynch talks to 60s musical and cultural icon Donovan, the Pied Piper to the Flower Power generation

Donovan Leitch, one of Ireland's most famous residents, is nothing less than a living musical and cultural icon. He has made a series of albums such as Sunshine Superman and A Gift From A Flower To A Garden which deserve to be regarded as lynchpin recordings of the 1960s. History records that the first concept albums were not made until 1967 but Donovan was spearheading the use of philosophical lyrics in pop music as early as 1965. Some of the very first psychedelic recordings, taken together they epitomise perfectly the philosophy and style of the 'Summer of Love'.

I meet the 51-year-old Scot on a windy night in Whelan's before a show which will be memorable for both its intimate, intimate venue and its demonstration of the timeless nature of Donovan's material. In person, although the man retains a charismatic aura which infects all those who surround him, he is remarkably engaging and friendly.

Glowing with health and well being, it is plain to see that he has worn far better than most of his contemporaries. He ushers me into his dressing room and settles down to reminisce about his career, paying me the compliment of going all the way back to the beginning. "My father's name was Donald and he wanted a name beginning with D but he didn't want a Scottish name like Douglas or Dermot. So he was at the movies, watching a cowboy film and he saw a guy burst into the bar and say 'OK, Donovan, draw!' because in those films people were called by their surnames. And he thought 'That's it!'"

When I came to make my first record they asked me my name and I said Donovan - they didn't ask if it was my first or last name! It's always been natural for me and my close friends call me Don'.

Born in Glasgow in 1946, Donovan was surrounded by music from his very earliest days. "In Scotland I listened under the table to the songs people sang at parties. This was before radio and television got a grip and people made their own music and sang their own songs. So I listened to sad songs of leaving from the Irish side of the family and loring songs from the Scottish side".

When he was still a small child his family relocated to St. Albans in the Home Counties, where he first became exposed to bohemian influences. "I became aware of jazz and blues, people like Woody Guthrie, Joan Baez and Charlie Parker. In Britain we were on the point of merging so many different styles together. We had jazz clubs, art schools, folk clubs and coffee houses. Brought together they contained the seeds of revolution. The Beatles wore suits in mimicry of people like the Four Tops and the Miracles. But you must remember that they played in Bohemian clubs in Liverpool, went to art school and read the Tibetan Book of the Dead. The art school scene in all the provincial towns was a catalyst for so many elements to come together."

For financial reasons Donovan was unable to complete his own stint at art school but his resentment was only temporary. For he was about to be transported "into a multi-media world where I was art-director of all my songs".

Donovan began his career by taking pure folk music into the pop market, annoying traditionalists in the process. "You weren't supposed to play this music to pop audiences but I thought that was bigoted and small-minded. How was the world going to change unless the mass of youth, who usually only read cereal boxes and listened to saccharine pop music were turned on to these bohemian influences?"

When Donovan first became famous he was labelled as a British Bob Dylan but those who listened closely to his early songs such as the haunting 'Catch the Wind' would have realised that he was less of an overt political commentator than a poetic romantic.

As a child his father had read him poetry "of noble thought and radical protest", Robert Burns, Shelley, Keats and Byron. He grew up in a socialist atmosphere and had an early hit with the political protest 'Universal Soldier'. But then he turned to the books of Buddhism which prompted him to take a more mystical path. "They reminded me in a deep way that the problems of the material world are formed from the imbalance of the thought patterns of the fickle mind. I saw that changing one party for another was just changing the rider of the same wild horse of the undisciplined mind. True change can only be made inside the human form, not outside. So I began to write of change as an individual, not collective process. I was put down by activists for this stance, but so what?"

Donovan became a part of the greatest media explosion of the century and the renaissance of English pop culture. The eclecticism of his music charmed his fans and baffled the critics. "People who write their own material are completely self-centred. We have to be. We believe in ourselves more than anything else and therefore sometimes we look arrogant. I wanted success but not for money - it was the compulsion common to all artists to create a ritualistic service for the public. Art is now something that is sold but in olden times it used to be a ceremony. The artist provided a service, that of healing, a catharsis for the masses. And we should always remember that the most important thing about art is that it has a cathartic effect."

contd. on page 2
**Interviews**

**Donovan continued**

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I meet the 51-year-old Don on a windy sight in Whelan’s before a show which will be memorable for both its intimate atmosphere and its demonstration of the timeless nature of Donovan’s material. In person, although the man retains a charisma aura which infects all those who surround him, he is remarkably engaging and friendly. Glowing with health and well being, it is plain to see that he has worn far better than most of his contemporaries. He takes me into his dressing room and settles down to reminisce about his career, paying me the compliment of going all the way back to the beginning. “My father’s name was Donald and he wanted a name beginning with D but he didn’t want a Scottish name like Dougal or Dermot. So he was at the movies, watching a cowboy film and he saw a guy burst into the bar and say ‘OK Donovan, draw!’ because in those films people were called by their surnames. And he thought ‘That’s it!’.

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**Every Woman for Herself**

Fiona Mc Cann talks to Beryl Bainbridge, an extraordinary writer whose latest book about the Titanic won the Whitbread Award for Fiction

The Oscar success and media-hype surrounding James Cameron’s *Titanic* is testimony to the public’s continuing fascination with the great tragedy of 1912. 34 years on there is something about the final moments aboard the ‘unsinkable’ ocean liner that still intrigues. Beryl Bainbridge, whose latest novel *Every Man For Himself* describes the circumstances of one young man who sailed on the fated ship, gives her interpretation of its magnetics. “The reason it’s lasted is because it has that symbolic of this beautiful ship. You get a ship now, QE2s and things like that. They aren’t a patch on the old liners.” She describes the Titanic as “a thing of great beauty, inside and out. A marvellous thing. There’s been worse disasters, many worse. But it was just that it was the symbol of its time.”

Bainbridge illustrates this time through the eyes of Morgan, a young man whose ties with JP

Morgan allow him to mix in the higher circles of society, despite the secret of his humble birth. He joins those on the upper decks of the great ship, whose wealth and birth entitle them to a life of privilege and gaiety denied to those toiling in the engine rooms below them. “On that ship were about six or seven multi-millionaires as well as several very rich people. And they all knew each other. They had a sort of social life. A lot of them went to Egypt to look at the antiquities for one part of the year. And then they’d go to Paris, and then to Boston, and then to London...It was like one big club.”

Morgan is both an observer and a part of this club, who drink and dance their way across the Atlantic. Having played a small part in the ship’s design, Morgan is privy to observations about the reality of the ship’s situation long before the other passengers are aware of it. Conversations with Captain Smith and Thomas Andrews (the ship’s designer) reveal the urgency of the problem while the other passengers play cards and seduce each other in blissful ignorance.

Despite our awareness of their inevitable fate, Bainbridge’s realistic and poignant portrayal of these people floating towards their face maintains our interest and compassion until the inevitable final pages. It has met with huge critical acclaim, securing her her fourth Booker Prize nomination, and winning the Whitbread Award for Fiction last year. This kind of praise doesn’t affect her, as Bainbridge maintains that critics are only impressed by her latest novels “because they know about history more than I do and so they’re much more interested in reading a book about Scott going to the Antarctic and the Titanic sinking than they are about somebody’s life in Liverpool in 1954.”

She describes one critic’s reaction to the novel. “A reviewer in London read the book...I got a letter from her. She said she’d read it and she was out in the garden afterwards thinking about what she was going to put in the article and she just went cold all over. She went into a depression for about six weeks afterwards. Wasn’t that strange?”

Stranger still was Bainbridge’s own experience while finishing the final chapters to meet her publishing deadline in the dark, hours of an April morning. “What I hadn’t realised was that was April the 15th [the anniversary of the disaster]. I was at the top of the house writing. It was about three or four in the morning...I heard voices, and I went to the top of the stairs. I thought ‘I’ve left the wireless on’ so I went down and I hadn’t of course. As I went down, the voices stopped. I came back up and they started again. They went on and off, for about an hour and a half while I finished the ending. But it wasn’t screams, or everyone upset. The only thing I could come to was that they were having a reunion. It was quite funny. I could hear them chatter away downstairs while I did this.”

Unfazed by this eerie endorsement, Beryl Bainbridge has already begun work on her sixth novel. The beginning words are “Just the thing I do, and that’s it!”

*Every Man For Himself* is published by Abacus
Fiona Mc Cann reviews the forthcoming novel from JP Donleavy, author of The Ginger Man.

In the midst of all the angst about the death of the novel and experimental prose rhythms, JP Donleavy is going about his business of quietly writing good books.

Best known for his highly successful debut The Ginger Man, his more recent work tends to go unnoticed among the plethora of new writers, a wrong this reviewer would have very much like to set right.

With Wrong Information Is Being Given Out at Princeton, JP Donleavy confirms his status as an expert storyteller. The hero is Alfonso Stephen O'Kelly O, a penniless young composer whose charm and remarkable good looks attract the attention of adopted heiress, Sylvia Triumphant. While she traverses the country in search of her real parents, Stephen is seduced firstly by the girlfriend of a psychotically jealous knife-wielding maniac, then by his own wife's inordinately wealthy adoptive mother: Chivalrous, generous, and unquestionably virtuous, his guileless infidelities leave him hopelessly perplexed as Sylvia moves out and leaves the struggling artist wandering the streets of New York searching for an appreciative audience.

It is New York that dominates, as Stephen's meanderings lead us through the post World War II city, from the seedy streets of Chinatown, to the well-heeled hotels and dwellings of the wealthy.

Alternating between champagne-sipping dinners in New York's exclusive clubs and ninkle-and-dime meals at downtown eateries, Stephen happens through all levels of this multi-layered society with gentlemanly grace and unadulterated good humour.

Donleavy's prose is exuberant, sparkling and alive in his own unconventionnal style. He expertly blends the comic and the tragic, pointing to their interdependence with a wit and overt bawdry that permeates this work.

Unfortunately, Wrong Information Is Being Given Out at Princeton, will not be in time to prevent the next generation from discovering it.

When Wilkomirski was 3 or 4 years old his family was forced to flee from their Eastern European home. In the course of this flight the author witnessed the execution of his father. He was separated from his family and transported to the camp at Majdanek. The book is not a straightforward narrative of Wilkomirski's experiences. Rather it is a collection of memories, like a photo album from which it is possible to piece together a tragic framework. He writes always from a child's perspective, a child whose spirit has been crushed and for whom the moral adult code does not exist.

The descriptions of camp life are almost unbearable vividly. Arbitrary executions, mental torture and physical degradation are omnipresent.

Wilkomirski's years in Switzerland were characterised by huge difficulties in learning to trust adults again. The Nazis had taught him that "friendly grown-ups are the most dangerous. They're best at fooling you."

But Fragments is perhaps the most important contribution to child psychology and the question it raises about how a child's faith in humanity can be restored after such a comprehensive destruction.

Today the author is a respected classical musician in Switzerland. Given all that he has suffered, a book such as this seems like a minor miracle. It cannot be recommended too highly.

Books
Andrew Lynch talks to Elcka, the stylish and elegant Londoners who present pop as an entire package

In a mundane musical world with literally hundreds of bands vying for your attention, it helps to have an ounce of intelligence, wit and style. Elcka have all these things in abundance and consequently they’re one of the most essential bands around.

"Inertia really is the bane of modern life and I personally have spent a lot of time searching for ways of escape," says Harrold, the band’s singer, a charismatic wordsmith who prefers a single moniker.

"A lot of my songs are about dreaming, finding a way out".

Elcka are casually elegant and not ashamed to dress to impress. They look as if they’ve just marched out of Carnaby St. but to label them as generic mods would be a mistake.

"Dressing up is not just about clothes, it’s about presenting a complete package to the outside world. Give me the choice between being an exhibitionist and a wallflower and I’ll take exhibitionism every time."

The five-piece first came to attention during the 1995 Britpop craze when they were picked out by such luminaries as Martin Rosen of Gene as coming stars.

They made their label debut in 1995 but tedious record company politics and a bout of litigation prevented them from bringing out their debut album Rubbernecking until last November.

Rubbernecking is about striving to find a bird’s eye view of the world rather than a worm's eye, trying to infuse the mundane with romance. Elcka are not just starting at the stars, they are reaching for them. And like all the best pop music, it acts like a glue which draws disparate things together for one brief shining moment.

Rubbernecking transcends both influences and circumstances. For them glamour is a means of escape rather than an end in itself. But beneath the glamorous surface is a savage poetry which expressed itself in such songs as the vengeful ‘Look At You Now’, and the astonishing ‘Leather Lips’, an intense depiction of the madding crowd on holidays, dying by degrees. Such a display of substance to decay. For if melodies are to mean anything they must have an edge.

“Our songs are often very vitriolic," says Harrold. "It’s not that I feel like that all the time but I find that people can relate very easily to venom.”

The band seem to make a point of attracting only the best and the brightest as their fans. Top of the list is one Stephen Morrissey who has done his best to give them a leg-up.

The outstanding track from an album so lavished back it almost seems the music doesn’t want to come out of the speakers.

More than ever Eitzel’s lyrics are deeply personal and it should surprise no one that ‘Go Away’ tells you to do exactly that. Eitzel will never be a superstar, he’ll never top charts simply because he’s not commercial enough.

That’s a good thing. He is more important to the music world because unlike your Spice Girls or your average boy band his songs are pure poetry. Essential listening.

RAY DAVIES
Storyteller
EMI

In 1995 the inimitable Ray Davies of the Kinks published an exceptional autobiography X-Ray. He then went on to build a solo show combining readings from the book with acoustic renditions of some of his best-loved songs.

Storyteller, Davies’ first solo release, is essentially the recording of that show although disappointingly it ends the story after the band, one of the most seminal of the 1960s have scored their first hit with ‘You Really Got Me’.

Nevertheless, for Kinks devotees the album is a pleasant travel through Davies’ childhood and early influences. There are moving descriptions of his family and their house in Muswell Hill, where everything important - holidays, parties etc. happened in the front room. It was there that Ray with his younger brother Dave first rehearsed the songs which would make them household names. There are also some witty, if malicious, impersonations of the band’s early managers and their charmingly stoic drummer Mick Avory.

Intermingled with this are brief sketches of some Kinks songs although the choice of these seems slightly idiosyncratic (‘It’s Alright’ instead of ‘Sunny Afternoon’). Inevitably, as with most live recordings, it sounds like it would have been better to have been there but in the absence of any new Kinks material, this release is timely and welcome.

EXCERPT

Albums

Eoin Hennigan and Andrew Lynch examine the latest releases

MARK EITZEL
Caught in a trap and I can’t back out ‘cause I love you too much baby
American Recordings

A few years ago, before his band American Music Club signed up to a major record company, Mark Eitzel almost quit the music business in frustration. In fact Eitzel reportedly quit the band on numerous occasions before doing it for real.

Caught in a trap… is Eitzel’s third solo album and what a poorer place the music world would have been had it lost him all those years ago. In the opening lines of ‘Are You The Trash?’, Eitzel sings about a game of sur-

that other musicians might come in handy. ‘Queen Of No One’ is
Citroën Fruits

Given that there are only three places in the world where you can study car design specifically, it was with great pride and significant confidence for the future that DIT Bolton Street concluded its fledgeling car design course earlier this month. The course, the brainchild of Dominic Tuite and Frank Brennan, had mega-motor concern Citroën behind it from the word go, and culminated in a competition which would bring the winner to the super-secret Citroën Design Centre in Paris.

The DIT appears to be going from strength to strength, a suitable phrase in light of their links with Peugeot people, Geovan Motors and their subsidiary Gallic Distributors whose boss James Wyse made much of the DIT-Citroën venture possible.

A course was established to train 16 hopefuls in basic car design, lead by Citroën designer Urs Stammrer, in which three senior lecturers also took part, encompassing students of art, engineering and architecture.

In supporting the Dublin-based design course, the French auto giants presented students with the task of adapting the Citroën's tall-van and winner of the Semperit Car of the Year 97, the Berlingo, to taxi specifications. Such was the standard of the response that they received, that Citroën made the unprecedented gesture of nominating five entrants - instead of, the initially-proposed, one - with them to their design HQ in Paris.

Among the winners were Colin Walsh, Zara Lee Duffy and Cara White, as well as overall winner Cathal Loughnan.

Arthur Blakelock, an ex-Yale Yankee in the Parisian court, and Head of Citroën Design, couldn't stress enough the importance of such competitions, and with the success of this one and the ensuing attention (national newspapers etc) the chances for its continuation and development appear to be growing by the day.

The exhibition was also attended by the French ambassador, Henri de Coignac, and by Victor Hamilton, Chairman of the Irish Motor Industry.
VIVE LA DIFFERENCE!

Kevin O'Brady

With Ireland's defeat by Wales at Lansdowne Road, the prospect of some success after Ireland's performance in Paris came to nothing. We've seen it all before.

What a pity. After the game against France in the new Stade de France, a headline in The Irish Times declared: "Ireland respond magnificently", presumably in reference to Ireland having confounded all expectations - both partisan and neutral - that France would win with a score akin to a cricket result.

Irish supporters were no doubt delighted - and greatly relieved - that France did not do what was expected. But there is equally some disappointment that Ireland were unable to consolidate their 10-point half-time lead. It is nearly 20 years since Ireland had a half-time lead against the French in Paris: in 1980, when Ireland led 18-9, a concerned French supporter said to my father during the interval: "Vous avez gagné". Non, monsieur, not until 80 minutes.

Although the result in the Stade de France was much better than expected, that was in part because France did not play the way we know they can. The move which resulted in the try by Bernard-Salles showed the kind of rugby they usually play, but their handling generally was not good, and poor discipline resulted in several penalties against them.

That aside, Ireland's display was better than against Scotland in the previous game. It was refreshing to see the team play for 80 minutes - rather than an hour or so - and it is to their credit that they were in the French half, looking for a try, at the end of the game.

The arrival of Warren Gatland as national coach appeared initially to have made a real difference following the Irish performance - if not the result - against France. But it now seems to have been no more than a coincidence - as opposed to effective management strategy - that whereas five players from London Irish - who have had little success - played against Scotland, only two played against France, given that only one player from London Irish played against Wales. Yes, there was some trace of "proper" rugby - presumably infused by Gatland - but the overall was acutely reminiscent of everything amiss in Irish international rugby before Gatland assumed his position.

Although Ireland came very close to making real sports history in the Stade de France, the records will show that it is now 15 years since Ireland last beat France in Dublin, in 1983) and that it is 26 years since Ireland beat France in Paris, in 1972. Before this year, it was four years since Wales last beat Ireland (17-15 in Dublin, in 1994). On the basis of Ireland's present form, it is frankly difficult to see how or where they can achieve success and turn statistics in their favour.

Above left: Long distance runner Fiona McGann finishing a recent cross-country event in the Phoenix Park where she was up against some of the country's finest third level competitors. Above right: With father Denis McGann (an old hand, feat, escr) at long distance, he competed in in 1972 Munich Olympics, and DIT Director of External Affairs, Dr. Declan O'Griain after we race.

Lorcan McGrane: DIT Arts Officer

Lorcan McGrane is a native of County Monaghan who graduated from the University of Ulster Coleraine in 1996 having finished his Media Studies course. He was recently appointed as DIT Arts Officer, a position with almost infinite possibilities and massive scope within the Institute itself. Taking a few minutes out of his day to entertain the warped mind of the DIT Examiner, he dropped a few hints as to what considered plans and un-hatched schemes he may have for the future.

What happened after college?

"I was working in Belfast for about a year and a half, doing administrative office work. It gave me good background in office work... I had been freelancing for a mag called The Buzz in Belfast writing anecdotal pieces, half-comedy, entertainment stuff; and then I moved on from that to then work for them part-time as an editorial assistant, a multi-faceted job. I worked in the students' union offices. It's a bit like 'Visiting Hours', it's a bit formal, but its as much about finding out what the students want as anything."

Still recovering from the student lifestyle in Ulster, he hasn't forgotten some of the things that can help people through the troughs college-life always brings. He has thoughts plenty on how to maintain some semblance of enjoyment while subjecting oneself to a third level education.

"There's great potential for some sort of film festival, because there's a Drama Society in each college. There's great scope as well for some sort of Film Festival which could include a combination of student-interest films - the obvious ones, Pulp Fiction, Reservoir Dogs - to old films, and students' films, the things being made in Aungier Street. So you could have an overall DIT Student Film festival. It's a pipe-dream, but it would be great to have a DIT The Movie, as well. 'A Year in the Life of...' whatever students, vox pops of student life or people working in the Students' Union, edit it together and its there as a cultural artifact. Push it for it, I think we can!"

How will you approach such a massive co-ordination task?

"Organisation will involve lots of travel between campuses on a regular basis. I want to set up a proper timetable, so that students will know where I am, because the whole thing relies on student input. Feedback as much as possible. I hope to set up a simple survey in the near future, to find out what events students like, what events would encourage them to travel. I'll be putting up posters in the near future of my times, when I'll be mostly in the different Students' Union offices. It's a bit like 'Visiting Hours', it's a bit formal, but its as much about finding out what the students want as anything."

Square but there's a great photography event in Temple Bar, or an arts event in Kevin Street or Boland Street, that you'd be tempted to travel more. The problem is, like everyone knows, that people are too contained in their own buildings, they're not reaching out. The overall aim, I'd say, of the Arts Officer is to try and make a cohesive, unified identity, bringing it more towards university level. So you'd have a DIT identity, rather than an Adelaide Road identity or wherever.

Where will students find you?

"At the moment I'm in Fitzwilliam House in Pembroke Street [the DIT Pentagon], my extension is 3424, but I'll be putting up posters in the near future of my times, when I'll be mostly in the different Students' Union offices. Its a bit like 'Visiting Hours', its a bit formal, but its as much about finding out what the students want as anything."

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DIT Sports Personalities of the Year

Clockwise from top left:

Director of External Affairs, Dechlan Glynn, presents Niall Gilligan's 'Chairperson's Award to a friend of the Clare hurler; Institute Secretary, Robert Lawlor, with hockey hero, Glen Bailey who took the President's Award; Ladies Footballer, Michelle Fitzgerald; Clodagh Barry of DIT Sailing; half-alley stalwart, Shane Dormer, of the highly successful DIT Handball team; a packed Gleeson Hall; the Dublin Concert Band doing Wacko's Beat; In: DIT and Kevin St. Hockey's saucy Sandra Wilkinson; the wily Bill O'Herlihy, Master of Ceremonies. Pics: ChaOS

Club Persons of the Year 1998

Athletics
- Eugene O'Neill

Hurling
- Trevor McGann
- Alan Bouchez-Hayes

Fencing
- Simon Kerzhaw

Hockey(m)
- Sandra Wilkinson

Hockey(w)
- Michelle Fitzgerald

Hand Ball
- Richard Kiely

Football(m)
- Martin O'Connell

Football(w)
- Caroline St. Ledger

Rugby
- Liam Casey

Volleyball(m)
- Jean Carrier

Volleyball(w)
- Damien Pedreschi

Basketball(m)
- Leona Cowley

Basketball(w)
- Clodagh Barry

Swimming
- Jason Kenny

DIT Kevin St
- Sports Personality of the Year 1998
  - Ian Jackson (Shotokan Karate)
  - Club of the Year 1998
    - Aquatec

DIT Aungier St
- Sports Personality of the Year 1998
  - Rory Keogh (Rugby)
  - Club of the Year 1998
    - Hockey

DIT Bolton St
- Sports Personality of the Year 1998
  - Niall Gilligan (Hurling)
  - Club of the Year 1998
    - Mountaineering

DIT Cathal Brugha St
- Sports Personality of the Year 1998
  - Kenny Vaughan (Soccer)
  - Club of the Year 1998
    - Soccer(m)

DIT Mountjoy Square
- Sports Personality of the Year 1998
  - Hocine Measouar (Judo)
  - Club of the Year 1998
    - Hockey
new releases

Threapy! Semi- Detached AdM

This album supposedly marks a return to form for Threapy! and is the first since the departure of Eddy Ewing. It opens with the rocky, slightly quirky single, Church of Noise, which is pretty much standard Threapy! style lady. The next couple of songs are fairly plain, warts and all with Tighten Up and Runnin Away, from the Troublemakers in parts.

The fourth song, Lonley, Cryin' Only, sounds to me like a candidate for a future single release, being more straightforward, forward facing, a bit more towards the end of the album. The second song, You and Your is an unburdened piece guided by plaintive acoustic which is reminiscent of many times gone by and is a greater test of their mettle, credence to his abilities as a writer. Anemone McCormack share some of the vocals which is quite nice.

Troublegum and is pretty average with numbers like Gary Stan Eraught and Barey slightly loose but coherent work, as Catskill's got his tongue), and Great Western Squares back and forth for a future single release, being slightly quirky single, known Byrds, but with the more straight forward, perfectly built for an invasion of the US.

Things then slow down and get a bit more...straight forward, evidence that the band is starting to show its teeth. More in a little bit too moody for me. Straight Life is a slight return to previous pastures. Then the Cornerstone style Indian intro to Heaven's Gate blurs out and for me in the wrong way. The disc Mid-paced, tuned up pop metal, as you'd expect from Threapy! Don't Expect Ease continues on with its catchy riff and vocals, whilst Transline is a forgettable mix of samples and noise. The Boy's After is also pretty forgettable, a long ballad style number that wraps things up.

Overall, then, the trademark cachet is still evident and a Jesus Lizard / Big Black type of guitar work seems to have reappeared from years ago on some tracks. Not for the better feel, as it times its too muddy. This is certainly no Troublemakers and is pretty average overall.

Gnody

Keeping it kinds country over the Great Western Square back and better. This album, Almost Sober is a greater tease of their abilities, including only two covers (from Parsons and Merle Haggard) but with numbers like Gary Fizpatrick's best, Legs Diamond (which contains the line 'strangers gone and disappeared/The Catfights got his tongue', and good Are-wee lending some credence to his abilities as a writer, Stan Fraught and Barry McCormack share some of the penmanship too, and the disc is a slightly looser but cohesive work as it to prove to a Gary Fizpatrick's the only punk country band.

Australian of punk Richard Darke, formerly of The Moles, has released his second solo album, Telelegent, which is reminiscent of many songs including Californian hippies, Love, and the better known Byrds, but with the more personal treatment of life's ups and downs, a la a Bob Dylan. Surface of the Sun is definitely the hottest piece here, with Close to the Storyline and Days to Remember coming across as very genuine ones on past personal events...Rocking our slightly are Pet Lamb's with their second album, Tenderness, which is just that in metal terms. In a noisy, low-pollutional level, it leans heavily into themelodic for weight, and seems to succeed in this but more towards the end of the album. Second song, You and Your is an unburdened piece guided by plaintive acoustic which is reminiscent of many times gone by and is a greater test of their mettle, credence to his abilities as a writer. Anemone McCormack share some of the vocals which is quite nice.

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As FM as hype about every day. With their first single. action on charts and their next single to be released at the Olympia on 7 March is concerned, it was worth the entrance fee. The fact that ticket sales for the gig went over a thousand boosts the credibility of their popularity.

The concert opened unusually, as lead singer Dodima pushed the audience into a period of bewildered fascination as he mimicked a piece that befits theatre. This was followed by what will be the new single, The World is Dead. With tunes like Volcanica and Eskimo Friend, Juniper had everybody present itching for more of the same. Never written by drummer Paul Noonan for his girlfriend, could be reminiscent of Radiohead's Lucky but from a much more distant perspective! The band refer to their style to Radiohead only partially, not wanting to follow in their shadow.

How well the band were taken by the crowd can only be judged by the buzz that could be felt from the atmosphere throughout the night was of the same opinion, with comments like "You're going to get the album!" and "Which one of them doesn't have a girlfriend?!

Dave Geagharty on guitar and Dominick Phillips, the bassist, held their own on each side of the stage. Brian Crosby couldn't be forgotten with his keyboard wizardry. With the last single not wanted more, and put-down notwithstanding, Juniper came back and gave more, finishing at 3am. The band are recording at the end of the line. They will be participating in the millennium echo reverberating to the millennium and way way beyond.

The glorious lyrics and resonating melody of Impossible Thing had lead singer Gerry Kavanagh walking on a wish lilt. How well the band were taken by the audience was by this stage comatose anyway. Exit Juniper. The main attraction was the Glorious lyrics and resounding melody of Impossible Thing. How well the band were taken by the audience was by this stage comatose anyway. Exit Juniper. The main attraction was the highly charged atmosphere throughout the night was of the same opinion, with comments like "You're going to get the album!" and "Which one of them doesn't have a girlfriend?!

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**THE IRISH TIMES**

**DITSU Simplex CROSSWORD Competition**

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

**RULES:** Only open to members of the DIT colleges. Employees of DITSU and THE IRISH TIMES are not eligible to enter. No Photocopies.

Entries close: Fri 1 May

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

**THE IRISH TIMES STUDENT PRICE 50p**

**ACROSS**
8 Rad, sire, about the sieve. (8)
9 Not based on fact. (6)
10 Brightly-coloured ornament of little value. (6)
11 Conquer, overcome. (8)
12 Fire or flashing light as a signal of danger. (6)
13 Sing, hams. You're terrific. (8)
14 That man's father is my father's brother. (6)
15 Burn a dead body. (7)
17 Fraud, deception. (7)
18 Painful neck injury. (8)
19 Move down to lower class. (8)
20 Hatred of women. (8)
21 Silent small bays. (6)
22 Not genuine, forged. (4)
23 Dough baked hard in small cakes. (8)
24 Dough baked hard in small cakes. (8)
25 That man's father is my father's brother. (6)
26 Not outside the house. (6)
27 Famous film dog. (6)
28 Silent small bays. (6)
29 Not based on fact. (6)
30 Move down to lower class. (8)
31 Inhabitant of the Arctic regions. (6)
32 Cause to explode. (8)

**DOWN**
1 Bake with machine-gun fire. (6)
2 Projecting watch-tower on a castle gate. (8)
3 Train Leo to be inside. (8)
4 Most courageous and fearless. (7)
5 Spanish governess or chaperon. (6)
6 Long container for animal feed or water. (6)
7 Basket with a hood used as a cradle. (8)
8 Rant, sire, about the sieve. (8)
9 Not based on fact. (6)
10 Brightly-coloured ornament of little value. (6)
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**Minister for Education, Micheál Martin, dropped in recently on the painters and decorators of the Linnenhall, one of Bolton Street's annexes, to view some of their hard work. Pictured above right with his namesake, Warren Martin, taking a keen interest. Bottom right, painter / decorator, David O'Donovan puts the finishing touches to a sign. Pics: Jimmie Robinson.**

**For Mar '98 winners see page 3**
Sphere

Starring: Dustin Hoffman, Sharon Stone, Samuel L. Jackson.
Director: Barry Levinson.

Based on Michael Crichton's novel of the same title, Sphere tackles the subject of sub-aqua alien invasion. Similar to The Abyss in its theme, Crichton's novel was out way before James Cameron even thought about getting wet.

A suspicious spacecraft, covered by three hundred years worth of coral growth, is found at the bottom of the Pacific ocean. An eclectic group of scientists are called upon to investigate. Dustin Hoffman plays Norman Goodman, a psychologist who spearheads the team which also includes Bob, a biochemist (Sharon Stone), and former girlfriend/patient. Samuel L. Jackson joins them as Harry, a brilliant mathematician and Liev Schrieber plays a competitive astrophysicist. The assembled poop of super brains dive under the sea and is acting somewhat out of character.

With the crew beginning to drop like flies, Stone, Hoffman and Jackson begin to suspect each other of shady chicanery. Each person's nightmare can manifest itself (Norman has a phobia about jellyfish...dating back to his childhood) but it is hard to find out whether or not they are paranoid hallucinations or the dangerous truth that the sphere is out to get them.

What starts off as quite a good idea turns into a hotch potch of thriller/ adventure interspersed with unbelievable psychobabble. Some of the dialogue is banal:

"Did you go in the sphere?"
"No, you told me you did."
"You told him about the sphere, didn't you?"

Barry Levinson (who has another movie coming out Wag the Dog.), has worked with Hoffman several times before and to great effect (Rainman). Combined with the talents of Crichton as an experienced movie writer and producer, this film could have been so much better. The basic premise is quite interesting. The idea that this sphere has the power to make people think against their will is a novel one and doesn't rely on big scary sea urchins for effect. But Levinson doesn't seem to know which direction he wants to go in, whether sci-fi adventure or suspense thriller, which leaves the ending convoluted.

Dustin Hoffman seems to attract beautiful and brilliant scientific women, ( Renée Russo in the recently televised Outbreak) and here he makes a good "reluctant hero". The other stars acquire themselves well with the sketchy material they have. Some of the underwater sequences are good, but nothing you haven't seen before. It's not up to much, but Sphere is a reasonably entertaining yarn.

Mousehunt


When their father dies, brothers Ernie (Nathan Lane) and Lars Smurz (Lee Evans) inherit a string factory and a dilapidated old house which they assume is worthless. After stumbling upon the original blueprints for the house, they find out that it is indeed a priceless piece of architectural history. Following a sequence of mishaps (Ernie loses his restaurant due to an unfortunate cockroach incident and Lars is kicked out by his disgruntled wife) they move into the house to renovate and auction it off. It seems that their luck has finally changed when they find a mouse in the em... house, who evades all their attempts to nab him. Desperate to get rid of the critter, they call on the services of a deranged exterminator Caesar, played by Christopher Walken. But this is a canny wee mouse who escapes his clutches every time.

Mousehunt is a timely release for the Easter school holidays and the few children in the audience audibly enjoyed it. First time director Gore Verbinski (director of the Budweiser "frog adverts") keeps the gags coming quick and fast. Lee Evans and Nathan Lane are great together as the bumbling brothers. Christopher Walken is excellent as the whacked out exterminator who sees the need to get inside the mind of the mouse...to anticipate his every move and there is a hilarious bit where Caesar's face off with the wily rodent is played back from a tape recording, as he is carried off on a stretcher.

The superb animatronics are by the same people who worked on Babe and Jurassic Park. (Charles Gibson and Michael Lantieri) and they create a very cute creature who outsmarts all humans who intend on getting him out of his cozy abode. Bring a youngster along under your oxter to this highly enjoyable comedy that has enough in it to keep the "grown ups" chortling along.

Kundun

Starring: Collection of Tibetan soles. Director: Martin Scorsese.

True life story of Tibetan boy, Tenzin Gyatso, reincarnation of the 14th Dalai Lama, spiritual ruler of his people as he witnesses his country's suffering at the hands of a psycotic Chinese empire. Visually stunning, well told story.

FILM QUIZ KEVIN O'GRADY.

Are you as expert on films as you thought? Here are the answers to last month's quiz.

1. Kirk Douglas ( Lust for a Vindictive)
2. Whoopi Goldberg (Coven Johnson)
3. Mickey Rooney (Joe Yen, Jr. )
4. Edward G. Robinson (Emmanuel Goldberg)
5. Tony Curtis (Bermud Schwartz)
6. Diane Keaton (Dixie Hall)
7. Judy Garland (Tessa Cameron)
8. Jean Harlow (Harriot Carpenter)
9. Charlton Heston (Charles Carney)
10. Susan Sarandon (Susan Abigail Tomlin)

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Club US!

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[MONTHLY DRAW FOR A SONY PLAYSTATION]

KARAOKE - CARLSBERG PROMOTION
[MONTHLY DRAW FOR MATCH TICKETS]

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[DJ MICK GLYNN]

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