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

DIT Students' Union

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

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

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

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

Mr Joyce, himself a former President of the Students' Union in DIT Cathal Brugha Street, expressed satisfaction with the plans for the new location.

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

"We definitely need a welfare office so we have to have discussions on the number of offices we need or the layout of the offices. That's all open for negotiation, but we are quite happy with the area that has been set aside for us."

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

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

"I don't know why they chose that floor but in the plans it was always that floor that was set aside for the students union. There are a lot of disadvantages in people having to go out of their way to go down but it can work quite well for people who want to avoid classes and meeting lecturers and that sort of thing. We have been given that area and we will work it to the best of our advantage. It allows us to make a bit more noise than we would normally make."

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

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

How well do I remember my first days in college? Let me count the ways, actually, better not. Frankly it depends on how much I would like to, and if my given time, for there are few things to cause one to smile wryly and remember fondly as easily as the recollection of those first few baby steps taken in a third-level institution.

It's a strange, stumbling time, when you take to walking the corridors of your new home with the most unending trepidation, unceasingly vacuous of what lurks around every corner (quick, bird-like peek before you take a step) and behind every door (rush of blood to the face, prickly feeling on the scalp if you realize that you have in fact deducted your shiny new person's head into the wrong room). By way, the correct response to this occasion is: "No-doh!"

Eyes averted, pointing the way aren't trusted; you'd find yourself staring at them, seeking out the non-existent small print, looking away and suddenly flinging your eyes back, just to make sure that they haven't changed and are planning to lead you way, way, way, thin, and only then, do you move, slightly conscious breezes finally introduced by the ever-obvious less than colossal gait. If you're on your own for your first few days, even weeks, this can be a period of unrelieved trauma as the super confident, swaggering teenage erratic is mercilessly stripped away, leaving a hook, a pathetic -squirming weapon, blindly wandering the corridors wondering why the demeaned forces of evil have complicated such a trek so as to make your life so utterly miserable. Just kidding. It only feels like it.

Not that freshmen (there was even more daunting description, aside from 'way, Sparrow Supported) are difficult to spot even when crowded together in protective groups. One of the great giveaways is a pair of shiny dress shoes and the attendant expression of exercising pain on the face of the wearer. But even if substantial amount of cotton and a cortisone injection have been employed to remove the agitated visage, the short, brushing shivers of this part of the student ensemble is enough of a pointer. You might as well simply carry a big sign and dangle the rest of your group with you.

If you manage to escape recapture in the college, the place where next most likely to affix upon yourself the label 'freshet' is the pub, wherever the local hostel happens to be. There the drinker will be as many and varied as the products on offer, but after the fleeting five year deal ease of two things - beer and the pub - may be followed by the price tag (that, may be a lot of Usual)

In the rush to be noticed the pedestrian isn't the only thing he or she is after. The first few years will be a cross section of change, new experiences, trial, error and ultimately, all going-well, success. Be assured, the rest of us envy you and since in this case, you must do all you can to make this time as memorable as possible. Don't waste yours now because if you do, you'll regret it and the rest of us will call you names.

The DIT Examiner

The DIT Examiner has been published monthly for the past three years. It is a newspaper primarily for the students of DIT and if the staff read it, than all the better because the more aware they are of the students' grievances, the better. In the past when they failed to appreciate strong feelings, they had to deal with hundreds of angry students sitting on the street outside their college. We feel that this paper provides an important service to students but we rely on your input. If there is anything you think should be covered, please contact us. Better yet, if you are interested in writing and would like to contribute articles do not hesitate to drop in with your ideas. At the moment we are particularly interested in hearing from any of you with an interest in sports journalism. There is plenty of sport within the DIT to be covered, particularly in Gaelic sports. Who knows, it could be the beginning of a long career of someone and certainly a very high flag to match all over the country.

Time to Go

This issue of the DIT Examiner is my last. I have been editor since the paper began in 1983 and have tried in that time to make it as interesting, worthwhile, relevant and enjoyable as I possibly could. It has been a fine time, less than interesting, occasionally hilarious, and once or twice, ridiculous. It has been a real pleasure to work here. I have made good friends, some of whom bought me drink. I have watched DIT change and grow and I have had the pleasure of watching students since once again gaining angry enough to take to the streets and protest in a way in numbers that we have not seen for years.

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

John Carroll

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

What has Ditsu ever done for me?

Well we organise and provide:

- Freshers/Arts/Welfare/RAG weeks
- Comprehensive Services and Facilities
- Free Welfare Advice
- Free Financial Advice
- Help with Course Problems
- Help with Grant Problems
- Help and Resources for Clubs and Societies
- Free Student Newspapers and Magazines
- Representation within the College, within DIT Governing Body and Nationally
- Campaigns on Issues like Student Handicap, Accommodation and Safety, Library Facilities, Catering
- Raisess thousands for charity through RAG week
- 2nd Hand Book Services
- Detailed Accommodation List at Start of Each Year
- Interest Free Welfare Loans
- USIT Cards
- Cheap Photocopying
- SU Shop with wide range of products at competitive prices
- Secretarial Service, Past Exam Papers and Fax Service
- Pool Tables and Video Games
- Payphone in SU Office
- Condom Machines in Toilets
- Freshers' Halloween, Christmas, RAG, Easter, Last Chance Balls
- Fashion Show
- Beer Promotions
- Cheap Passport Photos
- Freshers' Welcome Packs
- Postal Address Facility
- And anything else you want us to do!

Ditsu

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

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

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

So don't be afraid of appealing your exam results and if you are in doubt contact your local Student Union office for advice.

Colin Joyce
"Joycer"
Overall President
DITSU
Mass Appeals

Don't be worried by the request. Stat honestly your reason on the form and why. There is space provided on the appeals form (section 8) in which you may present your case in your own words. If you feel that is insufficient space provided on the form, you can continue on separate sheets of paper but make sure you include them with your appeal and indicate clearly their inclusion.

There is a facility for presenting your case to the board, either by yourself or with a willing lecturer/representative of the union. One of these could present the case for you or you can forego this option entirely. It will not prejudice your case. Hopefully, you will not need recourse to this facility, but if you do, don't be afraid to make your case.

Watch Your House!

I used to live in a basement flat in Leeson Street, back in the days when the part of the street known as the Strip was a late night haven for drunkards, skunks, sad personalities, humans, though these last were often working as bouncers. One fine night, over my head, even as I was writing, and far away from the air of the damned, the house in which my flat was located was broken into. Luckily, my love life being what it was, I was away at the time, so when the basement door caved in some concerted pressure from a hammer or some such implement, I sprang into action, lost my page and now writing myself. Once the shaking had subsided enough to allow me to walk to a straight line, I made for the door of my flat which led directly into the corridor, down which four of the finest masked men were no doubt at that very moment meking, mucker on their trail. I now have a knife under my bed, a big one, but, fairly sure that it would be taken from me and used to hurt me, I left it when it was. In fact, I think I left it when I moved out, which had me have had the landlord searching the drains and back garden for weeks afterwards.

I unlocked all my locks, removed the chair from against the door, whispered the secret code and wrenched the door open, very slowly. The light from my flat, as brave as I, peeled around the corner, up into the hallway and crept nervously along the floor toward the door on the other side. Distrusting my own safety and armed only with the darling boxes I was wearing, I stepped into the corridor. The pool of light not having the power or inclination to venture far from the door. I couldn't see very far and didn't hear the distinct sound of meaking of my circuits.

There was some anxious whispering and then the sound of flying, which did wonders for my ego. Anyone who has seen me in boxes will wonder what exactly it was that put the fear of God in the six or seven professional burglars who broke in that night. I can only assume that it was the100% white, elongated shadow thrown by my imposing, but hardly Herculean, form. I made my way down the corridor, rumbling for one of the timers, which I now knew few bounds away. I strode out into the hallway, which came in contact with the glass shards from the broken door. Overcome with feelings of gross stupidity and woozy from the sight of my blood, I retired and decided to inspect the damage the following morning. I found the burglar alarms and rarely found places for shattering killers to hide and wait. Needless to say I spent the rest of the night writing nonsense, which in itself is unusual. But I had never done it in front of the head.

After that incident I became super safety conscious, and I was never again broken into. The downside is that I no longer own a flat with me wherever I went. I couldn't get away with that all that well.

There is of course a middle ground between the paranoid and the drearily stupid, which brings us neatly to the point of this article. You shouldn't be afraid to love your flat. Dublin is not a hideout of crime and depravity, despite what the Evening Herald screams with monotonous regularity. But neither is it Fluffy City and you should book in. There are margins and there are subt human out there who like to rape women. So be aware, in and out of the flat. Do not wander out leaving windows and doors open with unlocked keys. For the love of God. And don't console yourself with the thought that you live on the second floor and are therefore safe. The thief will happily use the same stairs that you do and even if he doesn't, here's a thing he can probably do and you haven't even thought of: leave vast amounts of cash in the window sin, all the table or sitting beneath a big sign saying Easy Pickings Here. Just like my little joke. You haven't got vast amounts of cash. Burglars, however, will take what they can get to take care. Jewellery, watches, bank cards, even good pairs of shoes are all fair game. I'm not adding to your worries. Some friends of mine were burgled recently and are now living in a big empty house and have become very protective of the clothes they wear. Given that they now have to wear the same ones every day, this is understandable. Even the house ghost has gone, probably because there is not furniture for him to hide behind.

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

At bank machines, keep an eye out. Muggers are opportunists and a lone person exercising money whilst whistling a gay tune is a great opportunity. You may as well advertise. Now, into dark streets. Do or accurately, not into dark streets. Do try to avoid them because dark streets are for horny teenagers in slashed films. Muggers, robbers, rapists and pond scum of all types love the dark because they are exceptionally brave people. Unfortunately, the intake of huge amounts of alcohol has a nasty habit of making people fearless and stupid. Be aware of the Men in White Coats. They are not always drunk. If you suspect that your very drunk friend is about to wander happily down Buncher's Alley, try very hard to convince them that the other, brighter houses is so much more of the people's delight. If you find yourself in a state of drunkenness, try to avoid walking home alone. The problem here is that when in the aforementioned state, you may well forget the very important things. You could keep a list of tips in your pocket but society would, in all likelihood, ostracise you for giving tips on how to avoid being attacked.

In summation: Dublin is a capital city with all the good and bad that goes with it. Embrace the good and take simple steps to keep the bad as far away as possible.
As a newcomer, you may be feeling a little lost, wondering why in the hell you bothered—why does he/she look so damned with it and in with everyone. Fret not, it is a perfectly natural reaction to a new environment. One of the ways to overcome the awkwardness and, face it, loneliness, is to join one or many of the clubs, societies, groups and shadowy organisations run by the students for the students of the DIT. Apparently, you can also meet women/men/whatever you fancy yourself.

If nothing on this page appeals to you, once again, fret not for you can simply approach the students’ union with an idea for a club or society. There are limits, mind you, so no suggestions for a self-immolation society or a club whose members get an enormous kick out of leaping into lava pits.

Mountjoy Square
Sports Clubs
Mountaineering
Aerobics
Athletics
Basketball - Men and Women
Badminton
DIT GAA
Equestrian
Golf
Hockey Mixed
Horse Racing Society
Hurling DIT
Karate
Ladies Rugby
Private Football
Soccer - Men and Women
Swimming

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

Social Action
Sr Vincent de Paul
Bakery

DIT Aungier Street
Sports Clubs
Athletics
Aerobics
Basketball
Badminton
Chess
G.A.A.
Golf
Karate
Rugby
Swimming
Soccer
Yoga

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

A.E.S.C
Advertising
B.A.N.D
C.I.M.A
Communications
Computer
Chess
Drama
Debating
Erasmus
Film
Fantasy Football
An Cumann Gaelach

Social and Cultural Societies
An Cumann Irideoireachta
Leisure
Transport
Women’s Group
Yoga

DIT Bolton Street
Sports Clubs
Athletics Club
Canoe Club
Gaelic Football
Golf
Hockey

Social and Cultural Societies
Secret
Sci-Fi and Fantasy
Human Nutrition
Science & Technology
Music
Choir
Games
Dyslexia
Computer
LGB
Women’s Group
Russian
Christians
Folk Group

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

Role Play
Student Engineers
Transport Soc.
Urban Renewal

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

Social and Cultural Societies
Environmental Health
Society
Ice Playing
Leisure Soc.
Food & Beverage
Film & Theatre
Ow & Proud
Adventures
Hotel and Catering Mgt.
Drama Soc.
Cumann Gaelach
Travel and Tourism
Secrecy Supporters
I remember my Freshers' Week as if it was nine years ago, which by happy coincidence it was. Mostly it passed in a barely conscious haze, interspersed with moments of restless sleep, during which times I attempted to rejuvenate my jaded body in the hope that it would be ready to receive more and more beer when I finally surfaced. A quick shower, a half-hearted attempt to shake and vac my tongue and away I went, every morning. Ultimately, the high point of my week was chasing a friend across a rugby field at midnight and rugby tackling him into a big puddle. And all because he took my pint. Oh how we laughed. Later I was spectacularly ill between two cars.

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

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**Mountjoy Square**

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

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

**Wednesday, 9th October**
Dance DJ in Canteen
7.30 pm Ireland V Macedonia
9.30 pm Official Presentation

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**DIT Kevin Street**

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

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

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

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

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**DIT Cathal Brugha Street**

**Monday, 30th September**
12.00 noon Surprise Party, Common Room
5.00 pm Soccer Match, Airways v McGraths at Mountjoy Square
7.30 pm Boat Race and Pub Golf in Airways
10.30 pm 70s Disco in Break for the Border

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**Tuesday, 1st October**
Clubs and Societies Day
1.00 pm Debate - Lecturers v Students
Keg
4.00 pm Mock Wedding, Common Room
4.30 pm Reception, Old Restaurant
Honeymoon - McGraths

**Wednesday, 2nd October**
1.15 pm Political Debate KOS
Evening Mr Airways Comp.

**Thursday, 3rd October**
2.30 pm Welty Drinking Competition, McGrath's
3.30 pm Zak Powers, Hypnotist - McGraths
Airways, God's Gift - two kegs
10.30 pm Freshers Ball in Night Owls

**Friday, 4th October**
Recovery

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**DIT Bolton Street**

**Monday, October 7th**
Lunchtime - Edward White - Hypnotist
Evening - Promotion in Four Seasons
Rasher, Sausage and Pudding Mystery Trip

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

**Wednesday, 9th October**
Lunchtime - Brendan Burke (Comedian)
Evening - Promotion in The Four Seasons

**Thursday, 9th October**
Lunchtime - Blink
Evening - Freshers' Ball, Olympic Ballroom.
The Rugger Buggers These are orange and contradictory abominations. Some of them are so posh they can hardly speak, which is not necessarily a bad thing as what they have to say is largely interesting, consisting of hilarious anecdotes about the crises they had on the last trip out: pyre, kicking lumps out of the savages on the field and waving their willies around the local disco later that night. By day, however, they dress in expensive jeans, deck shoes and rugby tops, the collar invariably flipped up, hoovering about their ears. They are generally burlly, have snappy one-syllable names - easy to remember - and favour paco robins.

The Science Fiction Freak Pod People. Simple as that. They firmly believe that Star Trek and all that followed in its turgid wake is the high point of 20th century culture, art, entertainment and, Heaven help us, philosophy. Let me assure you, Star Trek did nothing but afford William Shatner the clout to release a sequel and all that followed in its turgid wake, and, Heaven help us, philosophy.

The Dentist Irritant This one likes it so much in secondary school and once came into college wearing its school uniform. It attends every lecture, or class, underlines words with a ruler and drinks Miswadi at lunch time. Its hair, be it male or female, is straight and shiny and it may wear a ribbon, again irrespective of gender. It is good for borrowing notes from but will take encouragement from any words directed its way and will attach itself to you with impertinent ferocity if you so much as acknowledge its existence. You are permitted to stick signs to its back and it will let the world know you are its owner.

The Students’ Union Hack This little leach is made almost entirely of low grade oil and propels itself by lugging around like a summer cold and seems to have no home. Most people assume that its presence is a mere annoyance, but it wades the corridors of their college, when it

remembers to come in, purple bell bottoms trailing at its feet, odorous calf hanging from its bony frames. It has a kind word for everyone, just the one mind, the result of an attention span deficit, and nothing bothers it because it has no idea what is going on anywhere. It has a dreamy expression when it looks at you, probably because it is either too you or finds you surpassingly attractive but because it imagines you as a huge joint. This sight is, however, a rarity.

The Leech

It is good to be easy to spot this; it used to look like Tom Jones. Actually it was Tom Jones. These days, it has learned to disguise itself and has become cunning enough to pretend to be your friend - you being a first year who thinks he is nice and helpful. Still there are distinguishing marks. It tends to look after itself a little too well and will always smell of some expensive aftershave. Very often it has a mane where it will toss and flick at regular intervals in niteclubs as it walks around looking for victims, it will fan its tail feathers in a dazzling display of power. It has the visual scope of an insect and can move each eye independently. It will rarely go for a quick nod as it is ready at all regular intervals. It is often a Visiting Fellow to the University of Reading, England and a Consultant Planning and Development Surveyor. It will be the inaugural Faculty Director from outside this DIT.

initially DIT Mountjoy Square, where he has been acting director since 1992. One of the most popular faculty directors among students and faculty, he has been responsible for the academic portfolios of the DIT Centre in Mountjoy Square.

The Director of the Faculty of Science is Dr Matt Hussy, who has been Head of the Department of Physics at DIT Kevin Street since 1983. He will be based in Kevin Street and will have responsibility for Physics, Chemistry, Statistics, Computer Science, Biological Science, Bakery and Languages.

Mr Michael Mulvey will lead the Faculty of Tourism and Food and will be based in DIT Cahal Brugha Street. Mr Mulvey has been Acting Head of the Department of Hotel, Catering and Tourism Management since 1993. He will have responsibility for Tourism and Food Operations.

These appointments affect division of responsibility for courses within individual units should mean that certain courses will move to other units. However, for the time being, this is unlikely to happen since which phase of the Aungier Street site has yet to be decided and the new academic block is in Marlborough Street does not look like being ready until September 1997. For the time being, the new faculty directors will be involved with more than one site which could prove interesting.

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

The appointments have taken longer to finalise than anticipated but now that they are in place, Dr Brendan Goldsmith, President of the DIT, can press ahead with the physical and academic changes for the Institute which he has been working towards for some time.
1. Discuss the issue in women's groups and Student Union meetings.
2. The issue should be raised and discussed through Students' Union publications, e.g., handbooks, Student's Union magazines and leaflets.
3. Organize public meetings with speakers from outside organizations, e.g., Employment Equality Agency of the Equal Opportunities Commission.
4. All class reps should be aware of the views on sexual harassment and give help and support in raising the issue for discussion.
5. Discuss the issue with union officials with a view to adopting a common policy position.
6. Campaign to set up Sexual Harassment Complaints Board. The Board should be in a position to deal with complaints about sexual harassment, help the students concerned and help how cases should be processed.

What is Sexual Harassment?

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

There are various forms of sexual harassment, including:
- repeated and unwanted verbal or physical advances
- sexually explicit or discriminatory remarks
- unwelcome comments about person or dress
- demands for sexual favours
- offensive use of pin-ups or pornographic pictures

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College of Music Hits All the Right Notes in US Tour

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

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

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

"We decided it would be great for us," by hosting the group, not only would we give our music students the chance to see how music is performed in different cultures, but this band has a reputation of having some really great players. We try to teach our students that music is universal, but having an event like this really shows that is true." The programme for the concerts was very varied, containing repertoire from both sides of the Atlantic, some film music and some standard concert band repertoire.

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

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

This tour was a dream come true for Mr. William Halpin. He founded the Concert band in 1966 and has seen it grow from strength to strength in the years as. A student, Mr. Halpin traveled frequently to the Cape, where he made several good friends and contacts who helped him organise the trip. The success of the tour, however, was largely due to the hard work and dedication of the tour manager, Brid Grant, herself a lecturer in DIT Chatham Row. She began work for this tour last January and ensured everything ran smoothly from host family distribution to pre-concert tuning! Thanks are also due to Ms. Brigid Mooney, Head of Orchestral Studies, DIT Conservatory of Music and Drama, and her hard working staff.

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

Light House Switched Off

The Light House Cinema has gone dark, never to return in its present location. Last weekend, Dublin's independent cinema in the city centre, said Marsha Dillon, Director. "The absence will mean audiences may have to wait until it reopens , but the cinema would be reborn at a different venue, possibly in another part of the city."

This is not the end for the Light House," said Neil Connolly, Founder and Director of the cinema. "We are actively seeking a new venue in the north inner city to continue our project to make independent cinema accessible to cinema goers in Dublin. We have set up a development team and are contacting potential investors and supporters. We would love to hear from anybody who could help us to find a new home."

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

For eight years the Light House has shown a great variety of films which otherwise would have slipped by Irish audiences. It stuck valiantly to its guns, showing films that wouldn't necessarily bring in the greatest financial return but instead were chosen for such unfashionable reasons as artistic merit, quality and diversity. Its loss is indeed a sad one. We wish the directors well in their search for a new home.

DIT Sends Out Clarion Call to Singers

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

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

2. A Christmas Concert (Vivaldi Gloria, Britten Rejoice in the Lambs & Carols)
3. End of Year Concert on 30th April 1997

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

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

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

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

Buddy Love is aggressively funny, super confident and driven by his libido, essentially the Eddie Murphy persona from his early films. We see him shouting, leering, making confidence, back to the club where Sherman was so humiliated. There he verbally and physically assaults the loudmouth comedian, finally rendering him unconscious.

Murphy has said that he was attacking those stand ups whose material is based on abuse of the audience but the scene is carried too far, becomes too cruel. There is no sympathy for the comedian but neither is there pleasure taken from was the point.

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

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

Serving Students Better
Travel Sickness

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

It was now 5.30pm. Granted, another boat was scheduled to sail at 7.50pm, but I had left London at 9.30am and was a wee bit tried. Despite having earned enough money in England to cancel the national debt of a small Latin American Country, I decided it was actually affording me a home. I was shocked to discover that countless nights on the bare, shopping space, worthy of the backrooms of Dina and weekends away had put a serious dent in my bank account. I was faced with the choice. I could either fly or go home. I chose the latter as it only cost £17 and therefore I could stock up on enough Duty Free to keep the Mammy off my case for a few days. So off I hopped to the Earl's Court office with a song in my heart and the dash for a one-way ticket back to gold 'ole D'I.

Having head two hours sleep the night before, I arrived in Vięna's coach station and 8.30am for the next one. After a so-called 'mate' from New York had played a nasty trick on me involving unfulfilled promises and the Prevention of Terrorism Act. I was then informed that there was no check-in for buses to Ireland. Obviously the French women in Earl's Court thought an extra hour in Victoria (a non-smoking building to boot) might add, would do me some good. It was only when I heard an incredibly loud Mid-West American accent that I realized I had made a mistake. After a chat with the desk clerk, I was informed that I had just paid £25. I use the word 'mate' rather foolishly. The thimble-full receptacle of pure lake warm tannin may have had the urge-under-casting power of five years on the New York stock exchange but it wouldn't have drowned an ant. A sweaty, 20-stone, middle-aged, five foot four inch being in a Ranger shirt sat down at my table, saying "Ewan, don't mind if ah perk myself sead ya, hench? That's it. I thought. I'm dreaming and I'm now in the act of Bob C. Nesbitt. But no. Nine coach loads of Rob's clones, also wearing Rangers shirts, had descended on Stafford. Several tried to talk to me. This time I wasn't being rude. I just couldn't understand a bloody word they were saying. I think I was asked if I wanted some cigarettes and where I was from, but I couldn't concentrate. I was scanning the crowd looking for the familiar and unhygienic tramp to emerge from the sea of Gasgoine shirts brandishing a first class flight from Manchester Airport. Nick and Caroline were getting into the spirit of things by having their photo taken with me in the coach. She held the camera and "just loved Heartbeat," the staff duded before the 'They'll never take our freedom' speech started. A common occurrence, no doubt.

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

We got to Holyhead at 5.15pm and I was left to struggle with my two back-packs of summer shopping and my "hand-held luggage", i.e. a huge Niki hold all ("My runners! I can't fit in the fedex runt!") will be carved on my tombstone). Kim the nurse was happily chatting about her job in the Meath and the second O.K and so I went out on a limb and was polite for the first time that day. That was when the announcement was made. The trampede for the phones turned into a mob of marauding ratters at the phones. I had been at my cup of tea for which I had just paid £1.20. I use the word "ratter" rather foolishly. The thimble-full receptacle of pure lake warm tannin may have had the urge-under-casting power of five years on the New York stock exchange but it wouldn't have drowned an ant. A sweaty, 20-stone, middle-aged, five foot four inch being in a Ranger shirt sat down at my table, saying "Ewan, don't mind if ah perk myself sead ya, hench? That's it. I thought. I'm dreaming and I'm now in the act of Bob C. Nesbitt. But no. Nine coach loads of Rob's clones, also wearing Rangers shirts, had descended on Stafford. Several tried to talk to me. This time I wasn't being rude. I just couldn't understand a bloody word they were saying. I think I was asked if I wanted some cigarettes and where I was from, but I couldn't concentrate. I was scanning the crowd looking for the familiar and unhygienic tramp to emerge from the sea of Gasgoine shirts brandishing a first class flight from Manchester Airport. Nick and Caroline were getting into the spirit of things by having their photo taken with me in the coach. She held the camera and "just loved Heartbeat," the staff duded before the 'They'll never take our freedom' speech started. A common occurrence, no doubt.

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Sample Student Return Fares*:

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Looking for Something to Do?

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Every Tuesday - Music Quiz. Win a free case of Toohey's Australian Lager every week. Free entry
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Every Thursday - Table Quiz @ 7pm - Free entry. Disco to 1am
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