

1990-91

MERCURY

VOL. 1 ISSUE 6

INCORPORATING THE
S.U.N. AND LINK UP.



Hi Folks,

That time of year again, when the midnight oil is burned and hair is torn out over lost notes as the University goes into it's tri-annual dip for exams. Keep cool and collected and for God's sake don't resort to any methods that might get you the slightest chance of being hauled up in front of the Discipline Committee for cheating or cogging it - ain't worth it. For any of those out there who think they are going to flip their lid over a particular exam or module or feel like it's all getting too much for them - drop down to either Joan or I or grab us when we are floating around the canteen.

Well done to all those students who took part in the library protest it was by all accounts a well marshalled and disciplined protest and I think it served very much towards putting the Library funding under focus. There is as a result a flurry of activity centred on attempting to meet our demands. Dr. Walsh in his reply to the letter of protest left the blame for the situation at the Government. This is unacceptable and we will be meeting him again on the issue to try and formulate an emergency package prior to what could be an embarrassing Governing Body Meeting. If the Library demonstration proved anything at all, it showed that students here even when it's week 8 can amass together and publically demonstrate their anger in the way that this University's administration shabbily treats it's customers (stu-

dents).

P.C.C. is not by any means off the agenda and there are a lot of red ears ringing about the place. The Director of Finance is again stonewalling on a number of issues - in his attempt to get rid of the "noise" as he termed it on the Uni. Forum, he has issued this large "blurb" on the Company for all to read but refuses to give me certain necessary information over Capitation funds. There is a board meeting this Friday and it should be interesting to see what will come out of it.

We are still waiting to marshal the informing of school leavers over our views on the booking system until early next term - hopefully P.C.C. might get sense and we may not have to use it all.

Incidentally someone somewhere has got the notion that the Board of Directors of this Company are pocketing funds or are getting salaries from the operations of the company. If this were true the arguments would be a lot more one sided, but it's not: they meet about 3-4 times a year and give all their services and time free; *it's true*. Conflicts of interests do not and should never be translated into mal practise.

As class rep council decided those two issues along with a third namely that of our computing problems on campus will be tackled next term.

One other matter that I haven't raised in a while is that of complaints regarding the Stables Club as has been pointed out to students before, you have

representation on the Club's management committee and should inform Joan or I of items you wish to have raised. Also there is really no point anymore in whispering, muttering or moaning over the Stables as it will not achieve anything. There is a complaints procedure which is in operation - where Joan or I can make them on a members behalf or you can do it personally if you wish. We've had a number this term and last and no one has been victimised. The Club management can only improve if people bring problems or suggestions to light and are happy to look after those who have genuine grievances. I would appeal to all Clubs and Societies again finally to have their material for the Year book put together for us by Wednesday of Week one as the project is in danger of dying if it does not get the support it deserves. Maigs or Frank will be able to help anyone out with just how the format of the material should be.

We will be holding a Clubs and Societies Council on the Thursday of week 1 and coming up for discussion will be the Sports and Societies Ball among other things.

Finally we are trying to allow use of our wordprocessing facilities for fourth years doing projects down in the typing pool during the Easter hols. - so keep an eye out for the notices.

Best of Luck and enjoy the break,

Crof.

We are as annoyed as you are that you are being deprived of your study facilities in EGO10 from Weds. to Fri. inclusive of Week 10. EGO10 plus a number of Lecture Theatres have been set aside for a large M.P.E. Conference for this duration. As a result of this, the only alternative left to us was to book whatever rooms were left over to provide for study facilities. This amounts to; Weds; B1023 Thurs; B1023 Fri; C2062, C1063, C1056 and D1050.

As with EGO10, you will be allowed stay in these rooms until 2am, but, you will have to vacate them for half an hour or so to allow the cleaners to do their job!

Yet again, I must plead with the Treasurers of numerous Clubs, Societies and Classes to settle their Bus Eireann bills with me. The following is a list of the culprits;

CLUBS; Hockey, Soccer, G.A.A. Hurling and Football

SOCIETIES; Computer and Plassey Business

CLASSES; 2nd Elect. Eng., 1st Humanities, 1st and 3rd Business.

I would appreciate it if any members of these various groups would hassle the person in charge of your money to pay the bills, otherwise, you can expect to walk to your Entertainments next term!!!

On a lighter note, plans for Rag Week are going well. We've had various ideas thrown at us for day-time activities, howsoandever, we are still open

to more suggestions - so keep them coming. I do realise that this isn't the most opportune time of term to start thinking of ideas for extra-curricular events, but if you do come up with any hair-brained schemes, let us know and we'll take it from there!!

That's about it for now - Best of Wishes for Week 11.....

Take Care.....Joan.

P.S. Would Jeff Punch, Colm Power and Finbarr Clancy contact me as soon as possible.

CARMEL'S MESSAGE

A few words from me for you to note.

1) The longer warmer days are approaching and this means sitting out in the courtyard having lunch, chatting, studying etc. Conjures up lovely relaxing visions doesn't it??

Well, for us living in the courtyard it also conjures up lots of headaches as the quantity of litter and untidyness increases. So I'd like to make you all aware of this problem which we encounter. **THE COURTYARD IS A LOVELY PLACE TO SIT IN WHEN IT'S CLEAN AND TIDY** but you must be aware that **SOMEONE HAS TO DO THIS** and it is usually student who takes on the task.

I would like to appeal to you all

to use the bins in the courtyard and please be more vigilant when it comes to having lunch around the courtyard and sundial area. Put away the rubbish after you!! I'm sure you will agree on how unsightly it looks when no one cares. But a little bit of conscientiousness from everyone will make the place more amiable to all.

2) What I'd also like to say/warn you of is sending fax's from MCS in the mall.

Only last week we had a student member who wanted to send a 6 page fax to London and was charged £13 i.e. £3.50 for 1st page and £2.50 per page after this. I queried this at the main reception where the unifax is located and they would have sent it for about £4 - .80p a page. The cost is usually the same as a telephone call - charged per minute. I was also informed that a one page fax to Belgium is £5. On challenging them regarding the very high cost I was informed that this is the usual cost around town in any commercial organisation.

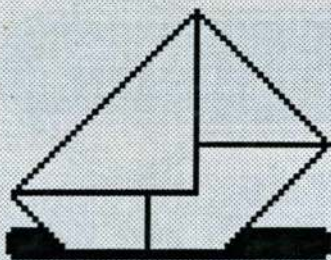
BEWARE

P.S. Their typing and lazer printing charges are also quite high so I'd advise you to check around before going to them (ie a last resort only).

Well thats about it; Check your post before going home for Easter.

Good luck in your exams and good luck to those going out on co-op.

Carmel



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor,

I would like to avail of the opportunity afforded by your magazine to voice my opinions on attitudes to Homosexuality in our college.

Surely colleges of all places should be openminded and appreciative of personal beliefs and realise the importance of respecting those beliefs.

I am a practising homosexual and don't feel I have to excuse my actions even though I do so. Please print this letter as I do not feel as if I am alone in my sentiments.

Yours Sincerely,
Rodnee.

Dear Sir/Madam,

The library protest took place and an enjoyable hour was had by all who attended. Students sat, stood and lay on most of the floor place of Plassey House and practiced the age old protest rituals of singing, booing, baaing and clapping the odd hand. By the end, it appeared that one and all were part of "Croffy's Army". It seemed that Ed Walsh, at whom the protest was directed, called the whole scene "infantile" and looking at it objectively, one would have to concur with that comment, albeit for different reasons.

It seems to this interested observer that the whole point of a protest is to voice ones grievances in a fashion that.

- 1) highlights the grievance
- 2) brings confrontation of the non-violent nature to a head.
- 3) places pressure on the authorities to solve the grievance as quickly as possible.

The library protest failed miserably on all counts.

1) The library protest was highlighted in what could not be called mass media - Limerick Tribune etc etc.

2) No confrontation ensued. Mr Croffy spoke to Mr Walsh, handed him a letter and both agreed to meet at a later date.

3) No pressure was placed on the authorities to solve the library issue quickly as typified by the "future meeting" arrangement and students are now back in the library having queued from early morning.

No matter how successful the Union claim the protest to be, they cannot hide the fact any longer that students have played directly into the authorities hands. The college are now in a position to deal with the issue at a superficial level and wait for the uproar to die down, or until the next issue to go to war on raises its head. This can only be an own-goal at a time when John O'Connor [Finance Director] and others were tripping over them-

selves to white-wash PCC, much to the amusement of staff and students alike.

It is surprising that the Union administration have allowed this to happen. Over the next two years, a number of 'protest perfect' occasions occur at which the Union could have taken a shopping list of grievances to the college authorities and secured worthwhile agreement on many of them. Examples of such occasions of such are:

1) amalgamation of Thomond College and UL.

2) opening of Schuman Building currently under construction at a cost of approx £5 million.

3) opening of the Foundation Building for which construction is about to start at a cost of approx £12 million +.

Because of the fore-warning given to the college authorities by the student protest, efforts can now be made to ensure that these happen while students are as far off campus as possible. "Protest Perfect" occasions at which grievances such as the library, PCC, Cost of fees and Semestration etc. could have been successfully highlighted, brought to a confrontation, and given a fair chance of being solved in students favour have been sacrificed because of one half hours mobilization of the troops.

Even the timing of the protest ensured a pyrrhic victory. Friday Week 8 is definitely not a protest day, yet the union persisted. The fact that so many people turned up is not a measure of Union success or popularity but of real student anger at what are obviously real grievances.

It seems to this writer to be a pity that the Union has squandered this will to fight for the type of education and college that we deserve by sending the "troops" on a hiding to nothing. I remain,

Yours Sincerely,
Neville Bourke
(4th Business)

Dear Editor,

May I take this opportunity to express thanks and gratitude to all the students who helped the Literary and Philosophical Society to have a great term. Over the nine weeks we hosted two successful intervarsities and also got a debate from two of the biggest clubs in the college.

A good society is not just the committee but the participants, who this term have worked very well with the committee. So once again thanks, and hope to see you all again next term.

Donal Waide
Auditor
Literary & Philosophical
Society.

PLEASE ADDRESS
YOUR LETTERS
"TO THE EDITOR"
AND
DROP THEM INTO
THE S.U. OFFICE.

Dear Mercury,
On behalf of the Film Society I would like to draw your attention to a major mis-print in the previous edition.

In the opening paragraph of the article on the Film Society the word 'correct' should have been spelt 'incorrect'. This error completely changed the meaning of the paragraph.

Otherwise the Film Society is grateful to Mercury for such an opportunity to advertise itself.

Yours Faithfully
The Film Society.

L?O?V?E?

What is it that gnaws @ my heart?

And yearns to escape?
Burst free!!

Shout with joy and happiness!
The tension cannot become greater,

But there is no escape,
Life must go on.

And she must be free.

Foe she was once mine,
And now there's just me.

P.S.X.

It's easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a banana to change the oil filter on a Ford Sierra. P.S.X.

IN THE GAP

In a fortnight when our much loved Pres has gone into exile, and when the over-hormoned

Lance was unusually inactive, pride of place falls to Chops, the Phantom Student, who dispelled all notions of a third time lucky on Thursday week 8 and had a real cloakroom hangup that same night. and what instrument, which he held between

his legs, was he violently shaking at a later stage outside the Esso Station??? On a night when Stormin Norman, having returned from an extremely successful campaign in the Gulf, immediately reaffirmed his position on the Ents crew amid terrifying cries of "trouble, trouble, trouble". Congratulations is in order for the organisers of the 'Library Protest' for

showing to many that such a place actually existed, and in which protest there appeared to

be an element of extreme hypocrisy with many well known non Short Loan 'queuers' chanting for more(???) books!!! And "The Boss" as he prefers to be called decided, after many rounds of Arthurs, that standards were not being adhered

to, (not one of them bought him a drink) proceeded to relieve his subordinates of their duties. It must also be added that many were informed of same at several times by a rapidly increasing drunken slur. And Pat Garrett, now clothed in all black, is once again in search of a Kid with a famous name. Best wishes to all doing exams.

Albert Blitz

The
Drunken
Boss on
the
Warpath!

AND I THOUGHT IT WAS A BLACKHEAD !!

THE SAD TALE OF THE BLACKHEADS WHO CAME TO LIFE.

I was getting into bed one night a few weeks ago when I stopped to observe my belly. "Oh Lord" I thought, "this thing is getting too big. I just have to go on a diet." My navel, which once used to protrude from my slim figure is now lost in folds of fatty tissue.

I sat down on the bedside, and noticed a small blackhead or scab on the skin in my navel. "Huh?", I said to myself, "I'm not that dirty. I take a shower every other day. . . . and I don't remember getting a scratch there."

I picked at the scab and it came away on my nail. It looked unusual, so I held it up to my bedside lamp.

It waved it's legs. "Oh sweet jaysus", I muttered, "the fucking thing is alive". I put it down on my bedside locker and had a closer look. It got worse. I had seen pictures of this creature before. I can't remember whether it was in this year's SU handbook, last year's, the one from the year before or one my sister brought home a few years ago when she started college. ("You mean they GAVE you that filth for free", my dad had exploded when he saw the sections on contraception and homosexuality, thus ensuring that everybody in our house made sure to read it.) The creature on my bedside locker had had it's mug shot on the section on sexually transmitted

diseases. He's commonly known as the crab, or pubic lice. And he was living on me. Ugh. Shiver.

Discovery of the sod sent me scurrying back to my navel and the area around my scrotum. There were loads of the frigging things, in various sizes. Yeuch. Now, lads, I know that good health practice includes regular self-examination for testicular can-

LIVE
BLACKHEADS
LIVING IN
NAVELS !!!
DOES YOUR
AFTERSHAVE
LIFT YOU
INTO ORBIT ?

cer, but sitting naked on your bedside bent double with your nose in your pubic region looking for livestock pushes even my idea of narcissism too far. (And speaking of those delightful organs reminds me: I know we are supposed to fondle them regularly in a search for lumps that might indicate testicular cancer, just as our sisters are supposed to give themselves a thorough grope every now and then in a search designed to detect lumps in the breast, but I must admit I know more about breast self examination than I do testicular self examination. Maybe it would be a good

idea if the editor of this great journal asked the University medical director to write a pair of articles on those topics so that I could know how to do the job properly. And at the rate I'm putting fat on at the moment I might possibly have a use for the article intended for our sisters as well. But I digress.)

Early next morning I went to see the doctor. I brought a few of the creatures wrapped up in cling-film. He confirmed my diagnosis and told me to get a special shampoo and fluid to kill off the livestock and eggs. He explained that they can be transmitted by sexual or close body contact. I think I picked mine up from a one-night-stand in early January.

I took myself into a pharmacy to buy the stuff, picking a shop where I'm not known. The pharmacist was the chatty homely sort. Was I a student at the university, she wanted to know, when she saw the slip of paper the doctor had given me. Did I play sport, she asked. They were unpleasant things to have, she told me, and you'd be surprised at the range of people who came in to get the fluid. Her son, she went on to tell me, had picked them up playing rugby. My mind boggled. Did this mean "Rugger Bugger" was more than just a rhyme? "Really?"

I said in polite surprise. "Yes", she said, "most of the team caught it at the same time." My eyes widened. Just WHAT do these rugby players do when they get together?? "It's so easy," the pharmacist went on in her cheery tone, "they leap from head to head to head in a scrum." Enlightenment dawned. The sweet lady thought I had head lice. I was not about to correct misapprehension. "But this stuff kills them off, and the eggs too, though you have to use a fine comb to remove the dead eggs. An ordinary comb won't do." Grimace. A fine comb. Through my pubic hair. Oh agony.

I was, however, to be surprised. The fine comb was not to be the worst part of converting myself from "unclean, unclean". The first stage was to take a bath and use the shampoo. This proved to be quite harmless. After the bath, I was to dry myself thoroughly, and then apply the fluid to my body. The creatures had been discovered in a region from my navel as far as my ankles, so this meant the full works. This proved to be interesting. How was I to apply this stuff to my entire body? Splash a bit to my hand and apply it like after-shave? Except I'm not used to applying after-shave to my anus and between my legs. Nonetheless this was the approach I adopted, and, after a few splashes succeeded.

When I applied the fluid to my stomach I felt a mild stinging sensation. That was nothing

to the sensation I felt when I applied it to the region between my scrotum and my leg, or between my scrotum and my anus: - you know the bit: full of nerves that give a pleasurable sensation when gently fondled and stroked during sex. Yeah, well the same bloody nerves scream murder when this fluid is applied. Oh sweet mother, I thought I was going to lift off into orbit. Fortunately the desire to step outside skin lasted only a few minutes, and I was able to resume to the rest of the programme.

LIVING CREATURES FROM MY NAVEL TO MY ANKLES

The rest of the programme is rather mundane: wash out the bed clothes, and the clothes I was wearing. This is because eggs can survive for some time there. These creatures need body heat to survive, so I left my mattress down to the garage for two nights to freeze them to death while I slept on the floor. And two nights later I took another bath with the shampoo used as an all body shampoo. Since then I've inspected myself from time to time, but there's no sign of them.

Now that I've been through the experience, what are my thoughts??? Well, I've had sex with two people, and the second one left a reminder I didn't want. I'm thankful it was something relatively harmless like crabs, but I will take care in future. I don't want to catch anything nastier. And I'm sure you will excuse me if I don't append my name to this article.

ANON.

STUDENT ANTICS FOUND OUT BY LANDLORD

Some say the 'babes' in this college are great but one man, not to mention any names, called "Nicky Ryan" would seem to disagree. He leans more towards the older woman or so it appears from his last escapade. Last week, the above mentioned mislaid his watch, only to be found by his landlord under the covers of the landlady's bed!!! Draw your own conclusions!!!!

With the pressures of week 9 approaching, another fellow engineer, Jim 'O', returned unbelievably 'f***ed' after his Friday night black out. Some of the local watering holes have noticed the loss of valuable custom of Duncan Kerin lately, but a strange new character, one "Captain Mala Scoile" has returned in his place doing Trojan work of a charitable nature, coincidence or what??

Sharky

Life.
Sometimes we wonder what it's all about,
Life, that is.
But,
We don't look for an answer,
We're afraid.
Of what we might find.
Or what we might not.

P.S.X

Time.
Tick-tock
Tick-tock
Tick-tock
Forever.

P.S.X.

REP RAPS

4th Electronic Engineering

Firstly our soccer player-manager, Mike Lane, has confirmed that he is applying for the Liverpool job.

3rd PUBLIC ADMIN NOTES

Unfortunately for Mike, Gerry Cronin got word of this and tried to fix him up there for Co-op, so that should rule him out. John Mc Kenzie has been the subject of much speculation in recent weeks and has been linked with Miltown and Abbeyfeale. Since his return from Wales, Gary Lowe has gate-crashed 3rd European parties.

Last Thursday night the lads made the trip into Costello's to check out Richard Branson's latest offering. A no-score draw was the result with the notable exception of Willie Dagg who continues to silence his critics (and his girlfriend) with that razor-sharp tongue of his. Ger Mc Caffrey was subjected to much questioning by Majella as to the source of his second Valentines Card. Would the 3rd European who drinks Smithwicks please 'come' forward? Liz Kennedy is holding a lecture on "Why co-op with Aer Lingus is crap!" in next weeks sociology tutorial. Paudie Gavin took part in the library demonstration last Friday, didn't think he'd have noticed we had a library. Shame Linda didn't make it they seemed a bit short on vocals. Richie Harkens attendance at lectures have been on a par with Saddam Husseins T.V.

appearances of late. On the subject of politics, its rumoured that Dermot Melody and Rita Buckley are in competition for the post of Minister of Tourism. Dermot is favourite on geographical terms as Rita is from Limerick and we all know the only tourists Limerick gets are the kind outside the university gate at the moment. Meanwhile other project titles have been kept "private". On the subject of secrets congrats to those in the class who reached the age of 21 recently. Well thats all folks!!

FREAKS IN FLARES
Bad news from the bodatious bandits from planet Clare. The New Kids have been broken up by the all too cool lead guitarist Sean whom left the group. Marty is going to smartin up the act of the remaining group, whilst

1ST. BUSINESS.
We must congratulate ourselves on our successful, fab trip to Galway. Business Studies students have great crack during lectures with paper airopplanes and attempts at Mexican waves. In the last fortnight we have had two kissograms; one for Niamh, another for some other poor innocent girl, now it is time to embarrass one of the fellows!!
Tom Pious our favourite lecturer (girls), Patrica Palmer favourite lecturer among the fellows.
Eileen.

3 1/2 YEARS OF FRUSTRATION ENDS FOR McGUINNES

Young Dave McGuinness' long wait to be united with his true love ended on Friday 15th of February, just the day after Valentine's day. The reference course one love in (even 1 5 stay in

EYES MEET ACROSS A CROWDED CEILI

Miss Trisha Murphy. This epic love story began when, as raw freshers, their eyes met across a crowded canteen at the freshers ceili. As Dave plucked up enough courage to ask her for the Walls of Limerick, she was whisked away to a Siege of Ennis in the arms of another. Not to be outdone, he stole her I.D. card and found, to his delight, that they were studying the same course!!!

Dave then spent endless hours doing lab report after lab report for Trish only, sob, sob, to see her fall into Timmy Joe's hands at the end of term.

But he was undaunted. He wasn't taking no for an answer. For 3 1/2 years he tried, and tried, and tried, and then, the Engineers Ball.

All the class wish Dave and Trish the very best for the future and look forward to acting as God parents when required.

THE 3RD BUSINESS COLUMN

Parties, Feuds and First Years!!!

You've been waiting 2 terms for it, here it is, the ultimate 3rd Business column.

A good start would be our class party, enjoyable but not altogether civilised - Tony did you have to reveal all? No sca to report except Paul + Alma, and "Jean Baptist" and his aggressive first year who refused to believe his notorious reputation.

There are reports of a fued between two houses, one almost male, one female, in college court over a clothes line. The females victory is imminent.

Has anyone seen Suzanne recently or has she lost herself along with her glasses, keys, handbag, lock, watch.....

On an academic front Eoin Reeves' finance fans have been broken hearted without their idol this term. Now isn't economics the better option, you can always see him in the "White House" Sinead!! Continuing with the economics faculty, wasn't it great girls, to have Tony Leddin for two lectures and did anyone notice that Jim Deegan had egg on chin in week 6 - not that you should have been looking THERE anyway!!

Isn't it inspiring to know that the head of our department has the ability to send 300 very intelligent students searching in vain for statistics that probably don't exist. The essays will be corrected, won't they Donal?

It seems we've another ce-

lebrity in our class : The Calor Kosangas Housewife of the Year, not to mention Julie's photo??

So much for your A for a lay strategy in Entrepreneurship guys, things aren't looking too good. Your performance must not be up to it. We suggest a change of tactics.

Did you hear about Gary Brien, missing lectures and still getting an A, his method finally paid off.

Hey Muireann, hows the waterpoplo going? Speaking of things romantic, congrats to Ger and Trish and good timing for the 21st although Ger's dodgy on the details. What about our other Ger, hope the jaw won't keep you out of action for too long. Sully seems to be faring well without his other half, although turning to drink isn't the answer. Though of course you have Easter to look forward to. Whats on in Cork at the weekend Trudy?

Shocking isn't it that people were turned away from a performance of "The Matchmaker" while 7 drunken pub-crawlers snored the night away.

Beware! The Business Ball is only 17 weeks away, have you got your partner yet? We don't want the same panic as the Co-Op Ball!

Best of luck to Sean, Michael and Gearoid in the quiz final and well done so far. Watch this space, it's your turn next !!

Signed:

The Flowery Sandal.

1st ELECTRONIC PRODUCTION.

A note to all the non outgoing people not to mention 3/4 of the class. Please try and come out once annually and join the alcoholic, staggering kin of Desmond, Winters and Dineen.

Could the studious members of class also leave the study rooms alone for a few minutes of the day to jerk a bit of life into themselves and a special request to Gavin to attend 1 or 2 lectures a week.

ATTENTION

3RD EUROPEANS!!!!

Swot now!! You won't have a chance next term. A surface survey carried out this week revealed that next term, loads of us hit the ripe old age of 21.

Celebrating next term.

Wk 1: Orla Ryan.

Wk2 : Siobhan Mc Kenna
Michael Lynch

Wk3 : Roy Desmond
Trish Ryan

Wk4 : Time Out

Wk5 : Mary Doyle

Wk6 : Neans Mc Sweeney
Eileen O Rourke
Ann-Marie Anderson

Wk7 : Derval O Carroll
Melanie Dunne
Caitriona Builear

Wk8: Anne Marie Sheridan

Wk9: Siobhan Galvin
Aidan O Brien

What an incentive to get down to it {whats 'it'?? (ED)} over the next few days.

Till Next Issue

"If voting changed anything they would make it illegal".

TRANSEXUALS & HAIRY MONSTERS AT 4TH YEAR PARTIES ??

The class finally broke out for Joe Seary's 21st bash, the Athlone super-stud now reported to have gone into retirement due to mal-nourishment which was a joint celebration with dirty dancer Sarah Mulcahy.

Carol Cleary's change of image indicates her decision to take the plunge and have it off - her hair that is. Ann Lynch and Anne Marie Doris are doing nicely after traumatic experiences with hairy creatures but Deckie "Mouse-Buster" Jordan saved the distressed ladies. John 'tequilla slammer' Cahill revealed himself to be a woman trapped in a man's body. A response from Kilkenny is awaited. Speaking of transsexuals John 'laundered' Fitzgerald is constantly changing from suits to rugby shirts in large quantities, has now resorted to sending Mike Brown to interviews, such as BP, which he was unable to fit into he's own schedule.

Noel Lyons is holding out for a nomination as advisor to the Taoiseach while Fiona Holmes is dressing to kill when it comes to male interviewers. Rosary Horan is now well established as a psychoanalyst discovering surprising personal details as Brid O Leary discovered all on her own.

A request has been placed with the White House to lift the £200 fine on fountain incursions to facilitate Eugene Daltons 21st

dip on Wednesday, and neither has Joe Seary escaped.

Recent leaks from the CIA revealed plans to send Aidan O Donnell to Iraq, as the best weapon against Saddam, to bring about his demise through character assassination and delusive rumours. Michele O'Dwyer continues to excel, recently achieving associate membership of Mensa.

A REP WITH NO NAME.

After Galway, and the empty lecture hall on Thursday at 9, everybody has apparently gotten back to the exams and week 8. There is still, however, too little commonsense in the Maths lectures. Anybody, who wants a chat and a paper dart should go on Wednesday at 11, or Friday at 1.

Little else except, wht don't any of the books on the Communications list exist?? Why hasn't Richard London made any records, or at least played a concert. Who paid for all the damage and havoc wreaked on Galway? On a serious note, the noise and chat has to stop in lectures, because no one can learn. Exams do not constitute gossip and paper darts. As well as the annoyance to lectures, others (many in number) have complained to us about the noise. Please if you want to chat, leave.

FIRST YEAR REP.

MORE THIRD YEAR RAPS !!

The recently achieved TV stardom of quiz fanatics Sean Glynn, protector of the peace, Buzzerhappy Michael Gunn, and Corkonian Gearoid "sporty" Collins, in reaching the National Final of third-level colleges challenge quiz, has added to the intellectual reputation of 3rd Business.

The major highlight over the next few weeks will undoubtedly be the 21st of superwoman Jane Quinliven and rumour has it Sean Reidy has accepted his personalised invitation.

Ber Angley will travel to Manchester to cover, for Campus TV, the activities of Business Society representatives attending an international business conference. This is causing John 'Romeo' Burke some stress while Cal Flavin and Aoghan O'Haolain deny any concerns as Aoife Morrissey will be responsible for their welfare and ensuring they don't get lost in the big city. Mary Rose and Helen have every confidence in Aoife's manwatching skills acquired from expert in the area Nuala Glynn.

The Stables Club takings have plunged recently with the noticable absence of BA, soon to be Cunninghamed, Pinkie Slippers Hoey, Christy Whiskery Power and Tommy Rohan, now confined to the reading rooms. Greg Ryan seems to have taken residence in the Enterprise centre, much to the delight of Lucy. Gary Ryan has recently been investing heavily in Gwend Dimplex. Pat Leamy is keeping such a low profile these days, he may be able to solve another Police problem in regard to missing persons!

QUESTIONS THAT SHOULD NOT BE ASKED!!

Who is lonesome in his saddle since his horse died? Who is the COUCH QUEEN of Castletroy? Who fell at the Ceili last week? Has the self-confessed stud finally settled down to be faithful to one woman, or is that just a vicious rumour? Is NO 15 really the COOLEST place to work, and is Cormac's hair really receding? Is TJ's disease as incurable as everyone seems to think, and does HAND HOLDING actually help to relieve the pain? On a lighter note did Balderick succeed with La Francaise!

Is it true that Niamh is frantically saving to pay the tax imposed last week by Lord Brian. With this in mind have you been boasting about your TAX BILL lately! "Will your Cheating Heart really make you Blue?" Did any of those little Third years get to be "Neville's Girl"? Why is Scotty so intimate with Yuppier bars, and why has the Wild Man from Ballinasloe finally become more interested with what's happening in the SU office rather than in the stables???

Is it true that there are rooms to let at 107, and by the way how many confused postmen have you seen wandering Castletroy?? Did Hoppy really

get any Vodka or was that just a cover-up? Will the new Joe Jackson give up Tutorials to take up his new career in Showbiz! Does John wear make-up, and if so Does she "like it like that"! What cliffs has the "Love-Van" been up lately? How many stickers does it take to get the message to Steve? What is

CONFUSED POSTMEN, DEAD HORSES AND INCURABLE DISEASES

Melanie up to lately, and what is Maurice going to do now that TJ 's in LOVE!!! ! Has Lorraine ever been to the "love-nest" in Thomas Street? Will Owen Crowley ever get to wear the infamous Treaty sweatshirt,

and when will Waide figure out how to take a FREE?

Will "Orla" learn when to stop slamming? Are Chemists really good in bed, or are Soccer players the better lovers? Who "Stands By Her Man". Are there really Hand-Cuffs in No 10? Why shouldn't these questions be asked and who the fuck wrote this anyway?

Dee Dee.

to a survey conducted by us indicate that many of the present 4th European also feel worried by the situation in German language teaching and this opens up the possibility of another debacle like last year when 27% of candidates failed the first oral - the highest ever failure rate. Can this be let happen? We want GE-402 to be M-graded and a promise (categoric) of a repeat of the final German exam and we mean all 3 parts - Oral, aural and written.

For further details etc please E-Mail: 8614903 node ITO1.

THE GERMAN SEVEN

The cry "free the German 7" has been echoing thru' the corridors of this august institution since August 1990. Many people have wondered who these seven people are. Fear not! We are not a septet of prisoners incarcerated in British jails. No, we are much closer to home. "The German 7" is the colloquial name given to those seven Euro-studs who failed their final German exams in 1990 and thus failed to graduate.

As a group we feel that we have some legitimate grievences against the college especially with respect to their failure to provide a repeat German (written) exam last year. This failure meant that those who had travelled (in one case from the UK) to repeat their German (oral) exam were told; "you've passed/failed your written and will have to repeat it next year". Add to this heartbreak failure of advance information re the repeat oral due to the letters being sent to other students who shared the same surname as us, inadequate information and (even still) uncertainty regarding this years repeat structure and you have a disaster.

Furthermore early responses

Inside Story

Presenting a profile
the myth. Ladies &

- | | | |
|--|--|--|
| 1. Nickname:
Jayvee (mine);
Hard- on
(S.U.accreditation) | Souths. | 27. Most Important Person
In Your Life?
Yo! Barkeep!!! |
| 2. Favourite Pastime:
See Above. | 15. Most Hated Limerick
Pub?
Does Waide drink there? | 28. Person You Would Most
Like To Meet?
See Above |
| 3. Favourite TV Personal-
ity?
Ber | 16. Favourite National Pub?
The Stables | 29. Who Is The Last Per-
son You'd Invite To Your
Birthday Party?
Neville Bourke-he'd
crash it anyway. |
| 4. Most Disliked TV Per-
sonality?
Ber | 17. What Is Your Favourite
Book?
Something Happened
by Joseph Heller | 30. Who Is The Person Who
Has Influenced You The
Most?
Stephen MacNamara
(anything for a quiet life) |
| 5. Favourite Radio Person-
ality?
Eoin Devereaux, Radio
Limerick. | 18. Least Favourite Book?
1991 Diary | 31. Greatest Secret Desire
Or Ambition?
To be like Stephen
MacNamara
(anything for a quiet life) |
| 6. Most Disliked Radio Per-
sonality?
Electric Eddy, 2FM | 19. Favourite National
Newspaper?
Mercury | 32. If You Could Be Some-
body Else, For One Day
Who Would You Like To
Be?
Noddy |
| 7. Favourite Writer?
Croff. | 20. Most Disliked National
Newspaper?
The Sunday Press | 33. Would You Describe
Yourself As; Wealthy,
Comfortable Or
Destitute?
Filthy Rich |
| 8. Favourite Film ?
A Night at the Opera.
(Marx Brothers) | 21. What Is Your Favourite
Method Of Relaxation?
See Above | 34. What Do You Think Is
Your Greatest Asset?
Maigs. |
| 9. Most Hated Film?
Citizen Kane | 22. Favourite Sex Symbol?
See Below ! | 35. How Would You De-
scribe Yourself In 5 Words
Or Less?
art with a small "a" |
| 10. Favourite Food?
Milupa | 23. What Is Your Favourite
Saying?
Solvitur Ambulando
(it is solved by walking) | 36. What Do You Miss Most |
| 11. Most Disliked Food?
Marietta | 24. Favourite Term Of
Abuse?
Budget | |
| 12. Favourite Beverage?
Herself | 25. Who Is Your Favourite
Politician?
Cormac Connelly | |
| 13. Most Disliked Bever-
age?
Chlorine | 26. Which Politician Do You
Have The Least Regard For?
Myself | |
| 14. Favourite Limerick Pub? | | |

the man behind
Gentlemen, its

JOHN HARGADEN

ARTS ADVISER (WHEN YOU CAN FIND HIM !!)

About Your Youth?

Having a deep and meaningful relationship with the bank.

37. If You Were A Student Again What's The One Thing You Would Do Differently?

Try another bank.

38. What Do You Like Most About Students?

Their innocence

39. What Do You Like Least?

Their innocence

40. If You Weren't In Your Current Profession, What Would You Have Been?

Sane

41. What Do You Seek Most From The Opposite Sex?

I don't like that question: it's silly.

42. What Is Your Greatest Achievement In Life?

Surviving this long at the University of Limerick.

43. What Do You Drink On An Average Night Out?

Alcohol

44. What Do You Get The Greatest Kick Out Of?

The students of the University of Limerick.

45. What Change In Society Would You Like To See Before You Die?

Haven't a clue

46. What Is Your Greatest Embarrassment In Life?

Acknowledging Croff as SU President.

47. Do You Consider Yourself Good Looking?

Of course

48. When Did You Last Have A Romantic Interlude?

1952

49. What Would You Like Your Last Words To Be?

1952

50. Do You Believe In God?

I believe in the Director

51. Do You Think You Are Being Adequately Paid For The Job You Do?

No I do not.

Yes, absolutely

52. What Was The Most Memorable Gift You Ever Got?

A wee red-pedal powered automobile when I was five. Still use it.

53. Do You Find Men Or Women More Intellectually Stimulating?

NO, just students. Possibly Donal Fagan. No, just students.

54. If You Could Have Three Wishes What Would They Be?

A bigger budget, a bigger salary, a bigger.....

No fergeddit, why be

greedy?

55. If You Were Told That The World Was Going To End In 24 Hours Time, What Would Be The First Thing You Would Do?

Solvitur Ambulando.

greedy?

56. Do You Enjoy The Opposite Sex Making Passes At You?

What's the game?

57. Are You Easy To Offend?

No.

58. If You Won A Million Pounds In The Morning What Would You Do?

Buy a new wee red-pedal powered automobile.

59. Have You Ever Done Anything That You Would Prefer People Did Not Know About?

Does Waide drink there?

60. Who Do You Think Has Made The Greatest Contribution To Modern Society?

Dr. Ed Walsh, U.L. president.

61. Are You Happy With The Size Of Your Talents?

Does Waide drink there?

62. What Question Would You Have Liked To Be Asked By Plassey Personal File?

How much do you want for completing this Plassey Personnel File?

NEW UNIVERSITY WRITING

GREAT SEX !! - crazy positions, silly noises, odd odours and other undignified things. And you thought sex was fun??

Tenderly he caressed her silken thighs. Then, quivering with barely suppressed passion he thrust his proud manhood into her orchid-like-petalswith a long loud squelch. Yes, that's right, a squelch. You may have been led to believe that the sexual act was something fragrant and refined, but the reality is infinitely less dignified. Sex rumples your hair, smudges your make-up, acquaints you with another person's body fluids and invariably makes your bedroom smell like the lair of about 60 horny, un-

washed badgers.

The fact that sex is messy is

SEXUAL OVERDRIVE, VIBRATING JELLY AND DASCHOUNDS TIED TO MOULDY PRUNES ???

the last great bubble to be burst. All the accepted authorities - your mother; girl/boyfriends; those sensational biology lessons, all equip you with the technical details i.e. who puts

what where. Erotic literature and films will prepare you for the hearts and flowers, the sweet sighs of ecstasy. But who warns you about the dribble, the piggy grunts, the embarrassing sound effects or the slimy wet patches on the duvet.

Cast your minds back to Intercert Science and Newton's Law: to every action there is an equal and opposite reaction. Therefore it makes sense that what goes up invariably must come down. Old sperm has a terrible habit of leaking into your underwear at the least convenient times

and leaves you smelling like a fleet of herring trawlers. And while we're on smells, forget the subtle musky odours so beloved of romantic novelists - we're talking about armpits and feet reeking as their owners go into sexual overdrive.

There's a hell of a difference between what one perceives sex to be and what it actually is. The reality: it usually means lying resignedly on a bed, vibrating like jelly being whacked with a spoon; while some man you know enjoys an entirely private party on top of you. Where is the magic, and how do you find it? Or indeed, is there any magic and can it ever be found?

Nobody ever spoils the illusion by warning you beforehand to take a hell of a lot of tissues along. Nobody ever takes you aside in advance to explain that an erect penis looks like a daschound attached to a couple of mouldy prunes. You must admit that that little pink face peering over the waistband of a pair of Y-fronts can be a hilarious sight to the unexpected.

But, when you really, really fancy someone - the squalchy sweaty smelly details will just fade into insignificance. After all, when real romance enters the picture, what are a few squelches and grunts between great lovers. (Taken From:

"Cosmo" March '91)

CONSTRUCTION.

Build me another raise me up i
need more office space this is a
health hazard this is a tax free zone
this is an investment this is a
disgrace progress too early sense
too late build my children's houses
out in the suburbs into the city
where is it cheap where is it trendy
check in the papers up with the luxury
apartments down with the georgian
tenements down with conservation
up with the prices sweat for your
pound value for your pound take it
for granted take it for nothing take
it for grant aid take it at face value
take it lying down take it take give
me self contained give me open-
plan build me another up with the
scaffolds down with the floorboards
up with the cranes down with the
trees i need room to think i need
room to breathe i need rooms
to live in i can't see the sky for
the smog i can't see the earth for
the concrete i can't see the fire for
the smoke-screen i can't see the
point i can see the point i can't see
the end i can see the end.

M. Sadlier.

NEW UNIVERSITY WRITING

New Speed Limit Laws !!

Today a government spokesman announced new speed limit laws which will apply to all modes of transport (bar - of course instellar craft). It reads as follows:

Any vehicle or craft found to be travelling in excess of R17 will be impounded and its owners shall be condemned to a recitation of Vogon poetry.

Note 1: R is a velocity measure defined as a reasonable speed of travel that is consistent with health, mental well-being and not-being more than, say, five minutes late. It is therefore clearly an almost infinitely variable figure according to circumstances, since the first two factors vary, not only with speed taken as an absolute, but also with awareness of the third factor unless handled with tranquility, this equation can result in considerable stress, ulcers and even death. R17 is not a fixed velocity but it is clearly too fast.

Note 2: Vogon poetry is, of course, the third

worst in the universe. The second worst is that of the Azgoths of Kria. During a recitation by their Poet Master Grunthos the Flatulent of his poem Ode to a Small Lump of Green Putty I Found in My Armpit One Midsummer Morning four of his audience died of internal hemorrhaging and the president of the MidGalantic Arts Nobbling Council survived by gnawing one of his own legs off.

The worst poetry of all is that, of course, of Mike Sadlier, University of Limerick, Earth.

Adapted from the writings of Douglas Adams. (P.S.X.)

3-piece suit

An almost finished estate in a suburb.
Only a few houses to go up now;
As the completed ones are fully furnished,
and gardened,
and occupied.

A relatively wealthy suburb.

It s in the evening;
and the gardeners are going home,
or coming home.

A man in a thre piece-suit strolls down the road
He loiters at the end of one street, near the edge
of the last section of the estate under construction
He seems agitated, he looks left and right.
Herushesofdownthestreetandacrossthebarren
He jumps into a bulldozer hotwires it and drives off,
triumphantly.

Mike Sadlier.

SCRAMBLING.

Oh! for a seat in the
library
that need, that de-
sire for
all in week nine.
Is it to be denied of
us
the ones who come
seeking,
searching, hoping,
for one of
the places.
Walking through the
aisles
heavily laden
with books
and bags, but alas
there are no seats.

Maybe next term,
next year
I may be endowed
with one of these
seats
of knowledge. C.F.

NEW UNIVERSITY WRITING

ODE TO IGNORANCE

Dear Ed we think it s time
for you to know,
It s time for you see,
That UL is not a one night
show,
and needs a library.
It s time you responded
to our needs,
Cause without this we
are stuck,
Perhaps, maybe, you re
heart will bleed,
If you spend on a few
more books

We need a Library to help
us through,
The time we spend in this
place,
But Ed really if you only
knew

Your library s a disgrace,
Its limited stock is
obselete,
so for little books we
need to queue,
and then it stretches all
the way down the street,
and passed Plassey Vil-
lage too.

Queueing for two hours
standing in the cold,
Is the short loan as it
goes,
Then when only to be told,
Your book is out, were
only three of those.
The library needs some
more text,
Our supply is really
short,

Who will be the one to
give out next,
To what measures must
we resort.

We only want for what
we paid,
And £1700 is money that
is sparse,
So stop playing your damn
charade,
And get off your arse.
OH, So sorry if I sounded
blunt,
But action is what we
need,
Right now before the end
of the month,
In my exam I want to
suceed.

You thought that we were
special,
A uniquely brilliant race,
But can you handle the
pressure,
With egg all over your
face.
We tired of shouting out,
You know the library is
under stocked,
So beware if you deliver
nout
Cause you'll be toppled,
Yes you'll be knocked.

THE END

**Please send all poetry
or articles for New
University Writing to
the S.U. Office**

"Lights Out At The Fairground"

The soul in darkness,
The light ignored.
Travelling in circles,
No beginning, no end.
All the same.
No growth,
No developement.
Travelling in circles,
A ride on the
merryground.
The merryground of
life.
Sad.
A ride in the dark.
Why not try the tunnel
of love?
See the light
Burning brightly.
In a stranger s eyes.

Jeremiah Russell.

There is a theory that states that if
ever anyone discovers
exactly what the universe is for
and why it is here,
it will instantly disappear and be
replaced by something
even more bizarre and inexplica-
ble.

There is another theory which
states
that this has already happened.

P.S.X.

I didn t bring my
children into this
world just to have
then take part in
this insanity.
Mother of
American Soldiers

Jan 1991

It's all so cheery here at U.L. Ltd. at the weekend, what with itinerants - travellers - knackers - outside the gate, and Japanese business men wandering the corridors looking for the library. Putting it bluntly I'm depressed; my term has been, once again, wasted. I've idled the weeks away. I did indeed enjoy the term but it's week 11 that worries me. I've tried writing a Dear Tony letter or a Dear Philip letter but I don't think they would work, lets face it, I don't care anymore. What's worse than the situation here is the food situation in Limerick. I travelled to Arthurs Quay where the most economical of food emporiums be. Yes, I speak of Quinnsvalue, well the selection of Dublin 4 fruit & vegetables was, I must say superb, but try looking for an ordinary mushroom, well on that count you're lost, just give up. I searched around the beansprouts behind the stem fruit in front of the cumquirts but there were no mushrooms. I guess they are no longer trendy.

Speaking of trendy, I don't think that this Simpsons thing is going to catch on, do we really care about Bart, Homer, Maggie, Lisa and the nameless baby that continually sucks her soother and has no dramatic impact into the show. Well, so

**Beansprouts,
Vestal Virgins
and
Kinky Boots for
Polar Bears !!**

much for the Simpsons and back to food, but before that and to do with my last article on the Knights I reiterate that they took part in Team games with the Goddess of Light and Being not with each other, but it wouldn't have really surprised me as I don't really think the goddess had enough orifaces in her body to entertain more than 5 knights at a time (for the innocent out there an oriface is something you hold a tennis racquet with.) Last week our poor knights had missed the bus due to the enterference of a

demonic girl from hell who had insulted the knights, and was now the cause of them having to tread manfully across the desert of despair at the high price of socks. Brave mens and goddess of light's trouble was not over yet, out from a bush flew a not too Vestal Virgin who came hissing and screaming and clawing. She latched on the most innocent knight screaming "Team Games, Team Games". The knight was terrified, his body shook and his lance turned to jelly. The others, including the goddess of light and being were transfixed with laughter they also thought it was very funny. The new demonic presence dragged the poor unsuspecting knight where his voice was last heard moaning and groaning as if under terrible soul anguishing strain. The knights left, went to the stables, got pissed, died of the team games disease and allowed me to get on with life. But the goddess of Light and Being moved to Canada and set up a kinky boot factory for polar bears with two left feet !!!

**AN EXHIBITION OF VISUAL ART BY U.L. STUDENTS
IS HAPPENING FOR PLASSEY ARTS DAYS 1991
(APRIL 27 - MAY 4)**

**ARE YOU INTERESTED IN PARTICIPATING?
NAME, RANK AND SERIAL NUMBER TO:
MAIGS IN THE S.U. OR TO MYSELF:
JOHN HARGADEN ARTS ADVISER.**

CLUBS AND SOCIETIES

S.A.G.S.

NATIONAL INTERVARSITY WEEKEND

It was a cold, wet Friday night, everyone arrived in dribs and drabs to what must have been one of the most off the cuff weekends that many of us had ever been on. Limerick hadn't seen so many yanks since the summer of '73 (Hi I'm from Manhattan, Upper East Side!!!!).

All SAG colleges participated; UCC, UCG, UCD, Maynooth, RTC Cork, Trinity and of course UL. Every sex crazed

student was in for an eventful weekend filled with beefy, hairy stew, thick doorstep sandwiches and long ques for the loo.

All us eager, adventurous SAG members, 70 in all, met in the Stables on Friday night for a pre-weekend session (Thank you Donal for the music), before livening up the Luka Bloom gig at Arthurs Warehouse in Limerick.

We arrived back at our accommodation, St. Mary's Southall in Ludlow Street (right Adam!!!) in the early hours of Saturday morning. Everything was going great until a certain person stumbled into our room, plonked himself down next to us and began snoring (Declan knows what we mean), and no amount of poking, shoving or

kicking would shut him up. We forgave him since he unselfishly offered us his extremely comfortable ground mat so that we could have a nights sleep, at his expense.

Saturday morning began with the smell of cornflakes and cold milk. the loo queues began at 7.30 and lasted until 9.00. After a long bus journey into the inner realms of the Burren, Co. Clare, we arrived at Turlough outdoor activity

centre. The day was spent Hill Walking, Canoeing, Rock Climbing and Caving, all of which were really well organised and went very smoothly, except for maybe the canoeing, what can I say? There we were in our wet canoes filled with awe, when Donogh came along and capsized the lot of us. Then there was Paul, who spent the weekend takin' the mickey out of Tina's scooter (they couldn't have been too angry with each other, since they spent Sat. night at very close encounters indeed!!!)

Sunday morning was spent bowling and dirt-bike racing in the Savoy, where Bryan exhibited the skills picked up during his vast experience as a speed motorcyclist. Street-Orienteer-

ing around Limerick city was the activity for Sunday afternoon, before everyone took root in the Newtown Pery for bevvies, grub (compliments of the proprietor) and then the showing of the video of the weekend.

An excellent weekend was enjoyed by all 70 participants, proving that U.L. SAG's have the membership, enthusiasm and the imagination to be the fun club of the campus.

Tina Knox & Suzanne Leahy
Future SAG events include:
Caving in Co. Clare (next term)
Brandon Climb. (next term)

**LOO QUEUES,
CLOSE ENCOUNTERS
IN THE BURREN,
AND
DIRT-BIKE RACING!!**

PLASSEY BUSINESS SOCIETY

The Business Society will be sending 6 representatives to an International Business Conference in Manchester from March 24th-30th.

The Business Society Committee have completed plans for the training 2000 course on Saturday 20th April Week 2 next term and the Business Ball on Sunday June 23rd Week 11 term 3.

The Chariots of Fire event programme will be finalised over the holidays as will plans for the launch of AIESEC in week 1 next term. The President of P.B.S. John Mac Namara represents the University on the National Standing Committee of the AIESEC Ireland. Many exciting events are promised for next term.

Lesbian and Gay Society, Hilary 1991

This term has been mostly successful for the society. Membership has continued to grow, although at a slow pace.

We held two open meetings this term. Dr Eibhear Walshe of the English Department of UCD presented a paper on "Imgaes in Gay Fiction". If we are to be honest, most of us weren't expecting too much from this seminar. We were pleasantly surprised. Dr Walshe's paper was very entertaining and informative and not in the least boring.

The guest speaker at the second open meeting was Tom Cooney of the Irish Council for Civil Liberties. He spoke on the topic "Equality Now for Lesbians and Gay Men" which is the title of a report published by the ICCL last year (coming soon to a library near you!). The Lesbian and Gay Society in UCD held their Gay Pride Week in February and two members of the society travelled to Dublin to support them.

In addition to the open meetings, we held a dinner party in the home of one of our members towards the end of term. This was a very enjoyable evening, with delicious food and pleasant company. A sad note should be recorded. Some members of the society didn't attend because they felt uncomfortable. Our first romance has blossomed; starting around Valentines day. Aahhh, they do make a sweet couple.

Some members of the Society are

helping a team from the RTE Television programme "Scratch Saturday", who are preparing a short item on growing up gay in provincial Ireland.

The last item to report is our disco which will be held during the break between terms. It will be held on Sat 6th April at 9.00pm in the Student Centre. Admission is £2.00 for students and all are welcome.

CHEM-BIO SOCIETY

The Chem-Bio Society is contemplating the publication of a yearbook for the current graduation class. Work towards such an endeavour is envisaged to commence over the Easter vacation.

To aid in the compilation of this most precious tome, all individuals are bequeathed to submit forthwith, self-portrait and biograph (or at least a photo, address and phone no.) Any other material or ideas would also be most gratefully accepted.

Submissions to Messieurs Ryan, Egan, or Madden a.s.a.p.

Failure to comply will lead to the infliction of punishments of an order of magnitude comparable to those previously inflicted on Monsieur Rigideau Dominique. (This time we may not stop at just the moustache!!)

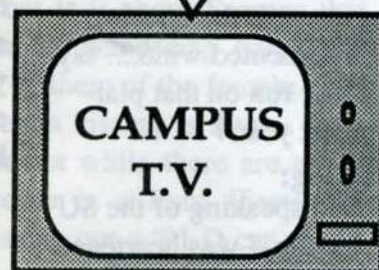
OVERSEAS SOCIETY

The O.S.S. just spent a wonderful weekend touring the Ring of Kerry, Aghadoe, Glenbeigh, Caherciveen, Waterville where we stayed at a fantastic hostel, Derrynane, Ladies View, Torc Waterfall, Ross Castle, Muckross house and Killarney. Wonderful scenery and great crack!!!

We are now planning our next event, one which we are sure you will all enjoy, it's the Multi-Cultural Food Fair and it will be on Wed. of Week 4 @ 7 p.m. so don't have any supper that evening. Save yourself for international and culinary delights.

We'll keep you informed.

O.S.S. Committee.



Our next programme will be (definitely) on from, 12-5pm on wed week1. The time table of programmes will be advertised on our student information system, (canteen T.V.s). But the programmes will include, "Galway convoy", last Friday nights Kariokee night, Windsurfing Club, GAA Hurling Club Final (plus pub scene), SAG weekend, staff indoor soccer, basketball league finals, tennis club, plus lots of sneaky bits that you probably don't even know we shot!!!!

THE SERIOUS SOCIETIES OFFICER ??

Exposing Exposure:

The UL Photographic exhibition still lyeth in position in Block D, levels O and M for your fevered perusal. Pat "I do be from Cork but I doesn't likes to mention it too often" Cashell, the Asst. Registrar, formally opened the show on Wednesday, February 20th; he is an affable young man and the UL Photo Mafia were much pleased with his performance. And speaking of performance, it was with consternation that I bespied the red-eyed gargoyle (as in "gargle") of the ULSU President - having just arisen from his bed but still swamped in the arms of a gorgeous hangover - swanning about at the opening like a demented wino.... say, didn't he run on that platform last year ?

J-walking:

... And speaking of the SU Presidency, I was heartened to note that the most affable of academics, Stuart Hampshire, remains to be convinced that the Stephen Mac Namara who as yet haunts the campus is the same Mac Namara who was the ULSU president some years back. Apparently this is not the case, there being two distinct Stephen Mac Namaras on earth (lordy lord what an overload). Maura Adshead told me early last year that a Stephen Mac Namara had

been ULSU president with a healthy disregard for organisation coupled with a penchant for discoursing at length in the Stables Club. You can see how confused I have been on this whole matter.

Hark A Din. . .

Plassey Arts Day 1991 will happen (not the John Wayne getthellupandatem approach here) in week4 of next term ie April 27 to May 4. The programme of events is currently being finalised (this is a euphemism for "any sign of any arts festival?") and thus it is with trepidation that I ask you to consider actively participating in the arts days. This arts advisor is just on the right side of moronic to lend an ear or a coin to any ideas you might wish us all to entertain. Of course, you'll have to find me first. . . .

PS Take:

I hope your projects and exams go (went) ok. I'm too old and cowardly for such carry-on.

DO YOU WANT TO PARTICIPATE IN PLASSEY ARTS WEEK? IF YOU DO, OR IF YOU HAVE ANY IDEAS FOR ARTS WEEK, CONTACT J.H., ARTS ADVISOR, OR LEAVE A MESSAGE WITH MAIGS IN THE S.U. OFFICE.

STRANGE HAPPENINGS IN HEIDELBERG!

What has been happening since Heidelberg?

Since Hildas visit and her removal of two drunken and very active males from a certain bedroom all is quiet. Or so it seems to Hilda in No. 6 as she sleeps on.....curlers intact, hubby intact,.....unaware of the happenings next door. Overnight guests, monsters in closets, squeals of delight, leviathan in the sitting room while Oliver, who is not only touched but twisted according to one resident, paints the Lady in Black's bedroom blue.

And what has the little lady in black been up to; little Neads was last seen climbing in the window of the men's toilets at the Lakeside Hotel - Cinderella in Doc Martins!

The man with a birds eye view of Heidelberg, Hoppey recently held a "raging" party/come "together" where the esteemed members of the Lit & Phil graced us with their un-holy presences, including one who had little else to do but torment freshers in his endless plight to corrupt the world - spare us somebody!! - TV5.

College changes us a lot
It gives us a fresh start,
A clean break, A new life,
Where we can show our true selves,
Making up for mistakes previously made. P.S.X.

BUMMER AND THE HANDS OF GOD !!

INSIGHTS INTO THE BUMMER BABES, COUCHING AND FRENCH KISSING IN FORD FIESTAS !!!

Some of you may have noticed the massive advertising campaign for the band "Bummer" on campus on Mon Wk 8. Well, if you had gone along to the Music Society concert in the Johnathan Swift on Mon Wk 8 you would have seen what all the fuss was about. The band, consisting of Basher Bummer and Big Bummer on guitars, Bass Bummer on bass, Drummer Bummer on drums and Bryan Bummer on vocals, took the stage at about 9.00 and helped along by a great audience, we "thrashed the Swift." We would like to thank all the Music Society: Dave, Cait, etc.]for a great night. Also we have to thank our crew: Billy

"Gimme Another Roll of Sellotape" Daly our P.R.O., The Bummer Babes: Finola, Clare, Anita, Adele and Anne, Thanks to the front row of the audience for throwing our clothes at us while we were onstage!! Due to the success of this, our first gig, we may have a reunion gig in Rag Week. Anyone interested in joining the Bummer Fan Club can contact Mark, Bryan, Justin, Paul or Ronan in first engineering - who ever said engineers can't rock??

Have a bummer of a good week;
Bryan Bummer.

P.S. Thanks to the person who returned Drummer Bummer's Drumsticks.

What can I say that has not already been scandalised by those who frequent "The Lab".

Starting with Clare who has been reported to be taking various gentlemen back to 'couch' them. What would mammy say if she found out? She, as yet, has had no comment to make about the situation. While Margaret has been keeping a low profile back in the village. Is she studying on the sly?? The woman with many secrets. We are meeting in 'hometown' Donegal and will have more dirt to spread next issue.

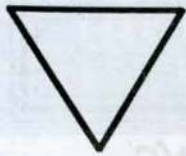
What is it about Seamus that attracts wandering hands not all of them of the female type. French kissing is Sways forte but not while there are seven people in a Ford Fiesta '81 passing out a '91 D car after a certain rugby game.

John Mac is on the look out for that right woman to enter his life. That woman will have to cater for his inordinate need of falling asleep standing up against the sink after discos. And John's fetish about the T.V. is something else. Adrian will have to keep a low profile with Killer coming up. Certain people are out to get you after the great golf challenge. "Revenge is mine sayath the lord."

Hands of God

NOTICE FROM THE S.U. SHOP

FROM WEEK 1 OF NEXT TERM WE WILL BE OPERATING A 24 HOUR FUJI PHOTOTO DEVELOPING SERVICE FROM THE S.U. SHOP. SO YOU CAN LEAVE IN PHOTOS; PERSONAL, SOCIAL OR PROJECT RELATED, TO BE DEVELOPED AND COLLECT THEM THE NEXT DAY. REASONABLE COST. DEPENDING ON DEMAND WE MAY BE ABLE TO ARRANGE A SAME DAY SERVICE. WE'LL SEE HOW IT GOES !!



From the Triangle

A Night on the Town

All I have to say is that I am thankful Saturday evening of week eight was not typical. I was both angry and scared. Angry enough to stand up the drunken louts who were threatening us and scared enough to run if the trouble got too heavy.

We were in what passes for the gay bar in Limerick. There isn't a real gay bar here; there are not enough of us to keep one going, but on weekends many gay and lesbian people in Limerick head to this pub.

It was near 10.30 when I arrived, and the place was fairly full. I recognised many of the people there - the twenty to thirty lesbians and gay men who are regulars. I didn't recognise the large group of men in their early twenties who were standing in the middle of the floor. They were loud and obviously drunk. They sang, as a crowd at a football match might sing. One member of the group would start a song and the others would join in, trailing off four or five repetitions later as another chant was started. Appropriately enough for people who were drunk they kept their chants simple and repetitive: "He's a fucking que-er, he's a fucking que-er, tra lal la la, tra lal la la" and "You're all a bunch of

steamers, you're all a bunch of steamers".

I joined a bunch of my fellow steamers. I felt much like an animal in a zoo must feel. We were standing in groups, talking, acting almost as if nothing was amiss and that we were in our usual surroundings. Nonetheless we were aware that just a few metres away visitors to the zoo were talking and singing loudly about us. Our conversation revolved around the visitors. I asked what was going on. The "lads" had been there for some time. They were already in a boisterous mood when they first arrived and had got steadily louder through the evening. The manager had already asked them to quieten down. A short while previously two of them had "messed somebody about" in the gents.

I went to the bar to get a drink. The manager stood in front of the bar watching. I ordered, and while I waited for my drink to be served one of the gang came over to him and started talking to the manager. He wanted him to ask them to leave, his friends were getting too drunk and dangerous and it could turn nasty.

Shortly after I had returned with my drink to my friends "the lads" left. We were standing

next the exit and they passed us on their way out. The last three in the group of tourists still had drinks in their hands, and were finishing them off as they moved across the bar. They stopped just inside the door to drain their glasses. One of them leaned over a couple who were standing apart from the main group. He said something to them, and while we couldn't hear all of what he said the phrases "fucking queers" "fucking careful" and "bleeding face in" were clearly heard. When he had finished his charming comments he left. A few seconds later a glass smashed against the outside of the door.

It would be easy at this stage to launch into a highly critical assessment of the faults of society which generates the homophobia which leads to these attacks. I could just as easily produce a political analysis of what needs to be done in our laws, in our schools, and in our judicial system to end this violence. I have a sense of weariness about these approaches. It has been said before and it will be said again. Right now, I'm scared worried. Do I have your support?

Cathal Kelly
8th March 1991

IRELAND'S HOMELESS

Towards the end of last term we were told of the harsh conditions under which a homeless lady in New York city lived and of the yet harsher way in which she died But what of the homeless in Ireland ??

Well, an end to an era has finally arrived ... Ireland no longer has the almost unique distinction of classing its' homeless as being illegal. What a tolerant lot we are to hold such broadminded views as regards individual freedom (at least in some cases !).

YES !! Our laws have been improved further ... bringing at least one aspect of it into the twentieth century, just as the twenty-first century looms on the horizon !!

The homeless are no longer to be seen, in a legal context, as being scruffy old men (reported to be seen "loitering with intent," on many occasions). What a rebirth of goodness, of tolerance and of love will bloom after this !!

There is something inherently wicked when prejudice is contained in a country's laws. Yet, the changing of the "vagrancy laws" does not hide the fact that the people who brought about its' conception, and kept it intact, were very effective in degrading their fellow creatures.

Yet all is far from being lost. This piece of legal history is an indication of the fact that the terrible plight of the thousands who are homeless has

been perceived as such. It is indeed reassuring to know that something is being done, not only on the fringes, but in the very core of society itself !!

Some sundry "throw-away" facts about the homeless!

- 1.) There are over 5,000 homeless people in Ireland.
- 2.) Over 250 of those sleep 'rough' every night.
- 3.) The homeless in Ireland have **no vote**.
- 4.) Only 7 % of shelter beds are provided directly by the health boards or local authorities.
- 5.) In April 1986, the state failed to provide £100,000 needed to fund a shelter for homeless boys yet their estimates for the same period showed an increase in spending from £110,000 in 1985 to £160,000 in 1986 on shelters for cats and dogs.

Nobody's Child

**TYPEWRITERS
AVAILABLE OVER-
NIGHT.
NIGHTLY £3
WEEKENDS £5
MUST BE RETURNED
BY 11A.M.
TYPING POOL WILL
BE OPEN MON -
THURS. WEEK 12
AND FROM TUES -
FRI. WEEK 13
(10a.m. - 5 p.m.)**

**STUDENT
UNION
SHOP
NOW
OPEN
UNTIL
6.30 P.M.
EVERY
EVENING
- MON
to FRI.**



**UNION
TYPING
POOL
IS
OPEN
FROM
11a.m.
till 4 p.m.
EACH DAY
& until
6 p.m.
ON
WEDNESDAY.**

**IF YOU EVER GET THE CHANCE TO GO TO ANGERS,
DON'T BOTHER!! (Experiences of an Erasmus Student)**

Lunchtime, October 5, 1990. I arrived in Angers, France, with my parents, a car full of luggage, and a stomach doing a pretty good impression of a spin-dryer. I was about to become - an Erasmus student. Having successfully negotiated the pitfalls of explaining to the office in the student residence who I was and what I wanted (in very bad French indeed, hence my presence in Angers), I found my room, sorry my cell.

Approximately the size of one of the cells in Legoland, and not as well furnished. My cell was on the fourth (top) floor of a building without a lift. (This lack of lifts is something you find all over the University of Angers, I think somebody should tell them of this wonderful invention.) I then began to read the rules of the residence, which were pinned beside the bed. **DO NOT**do anything at all ! No moving furniture, no burning candles (though smoking was allowed), no noise after ten pm. (noise = anything above a whisper). The night watchman did rounds starting at ten pm. and if he could hear any sounds when he put his ear to the door, he knocked and asked you to stop it. No cooking after ten pm. and the kitchen was locked to make sure that you didn't. The place was locked up at midnight, and if you came back after that, you had to ring the doorbell and wait for the night

watchman to cast off his haze of alcohol-fuddlement long enough to get up and unlock the door (which could mean a wait of a quarter of an hour or more, sometimes), and when he did, you had to show your room key, to prove that you really lived there. The "kitchen" did not live up to the name; it was furnished with a table, two chairs, a sink, an ironing board,

**ANGERS =
LOCKED
KITCHENS,
TINY CELLS
AND
ALCOHOL -
FUDDLED
WATCHMEN!!**

a roller towel (for some reason almost always filthy), a dustbin, and a cooker, on which three hot plates worked. The oven didn't, and we used it as a cupboard, since advanced things like storage were not provided. Perishables (milk, butter, etc.) had to be kept on our windowsills.

I was the last of the University of Limerick contingent to arrive; despite the fact that the term didn't start until about October 15, we'd been told to arrive at the beginning of the month. We spent two weeks being very bored indeed, and spending more money than we could afford to, and trying to decide what courses to take.

Term began, and we began to go to classes and lectures. We did not however begin to meet French students. French University students come in two kinds, male and female (yes, really!). Male students all look exactly alike. They wear very wide jeans (these are very trendy) and basketball boots, they try to act really cool. They all stand about in little groups, and talk in loud voices about "les nanas", (a slightly derogatory slang term for girls). They swear a lot. Female students all look alike too. They wear wide jeans and hang sweaters around their necks and tie their front hair back and carry briefcase-type bags. They stand around in little groups and twitter at each other, and giggle. They do not wear at all. The only time that you see a male student and a female student together is when they are going out. Otherwise males and females do not mix. None of them showed any interest in getting to know the foreign students (of whom there were about 100, of assorted nationalities). We, you see, do not look (or act) like them. The treatment we received from them ranged from funny looks and giggles, to complete rudeness. For instance one Irish girl in a lecture didn't get all of what the lecturer said, and a French girl if she could borrow her notes. The French girl refused, for no apparent reason. Mostly we were more or less ignored, though, unless we went and spoke to them at which point they were polite but distant.

The result of this was that all the

foreign students stuck together, and spoke an assortment of languages. We did get to speak some French - to the Spaniards and Poles mostly. We spoke English to the Irish, English, Americans and the one Dane, German to the Germans, and French to everyone else. There was a bar in town (the University is about 20 minutes bus-ride out) which had a European evening every Monday night, where all the foreign students and those French who wanted to meet them would go. The French students we met on these evenings (most of them had been abroad themselves) were very nice and friendly, the only disadvantage was that a lot of them wanted to speak English! The University of Angers is run along very school-like lines. You arrive dead on time for your lectures (although this could be because if you're late you'll have to sit on the floor; the place is quite overcrowded), you sit up straight and write down everything that the lecturer says (including the jokes, except they don't make any), and **DONOTQUESTIONTHELECTURER**. In one lecture, two girls were caught whispering, and instead of telling them to shut up because no one could hear her, the lecturer said sarcastically, "Do you have anything you would like to share with the class? Besides your own ignorance, that is which is obvious". It took me right back to some of my more unpleasant days teachers in school....

The University Restaurant was a revelation. It brought new meaning to the word "inedible". I assume the ingredi-

ents of the stuff they produced started out more or less edible; what they did to them I dare not imagine. You may, on occasion, complained about Cambell Catering's food. After the University Restaurant of Angers, Cambell Catering produces 5-star cordon bleu. For example, one evening I was served with something yellow and leathery, with stringy bits in the middle. This was accompanied by green stick-like things (I know, soggy and stick-like are two words

**GUINNESS AT £3
PER PINT
&
FRENCH FOOD
THAT MAKES
CAMBELLS LOOK
LIKE CORDON
BLEU !!!**

that seem mutually exclusive. In this case they are not.) and by roundish whitish soapy things. This was supposedly a cheese omelette with green beans and potatoes. It's strange, France is known for the best place for food in the world, and yet, this place was incapable of producing anything edible at all. . . .

The town of Angers is boring. There is no other word for it (well all right, there are a few, but this is a respectable publication). There is nothing to do either in the University area, or in the town. The entire place seems to shut down around 8pm. Sure there are bars, and they stay open till around midnight, but they are not very in-

teresting. You sit down around a little table and drink your drink and talk quietly. No rowdiness, please. French beer is like horse-piss, the only difference between brands is how much it's been diluted, and it is expensive. Live music in a bar is difficult to find, and you generally have to pay to get in, or the drink is more expensive, when you find it. The people, in general, seem not to like foreigners (no, it's not just the students). In short, it's very provincial.

So does Angers have any good points?? Yes, a few. The bus system is pretty good, though the last bus goes at 10 past midnight, and they have the gall to say that "the bus goes to bed late". (It may seem late to you, but not to anyone who has experience of any German town, particularly Berlin, where the pubs and the public transport go on all night). There is one bar in the centre of the town which has good draught Guinness (difficult to come by in France), though at 3 quid a pint it's not exactly cheap. . . . The castle is pretty spectacular (though one visit is enough) and there is a permanent exhibition of some fantastic tapestries in the Musee Jean Lurcat. Wine, mineral water, bread and cakes/pastries are good and cheap. That's it though. The Rough Guide to France says of Angers something along the lines of "Go there for a day to see the sights, but don't bother spending any longer there". It's right!!!!

(Apologies if this article offends any Angers students on Erasmus here, but that's the way I found it.) *Dorian Gray*

4th European Studies

RAG WEEK EVENTS

Well I did promise you I'd give you an indication of what's happening for Rag Week. This year we decided to take it up a few scales in view of it being Treaty 300, and go for a more National format, such as Galway's Rag Week used provide. Unfortunately the bigger you go, the higher the costs. Tickets are at an average of £7 and we even had difficulty keeping them at this price!! The standard of shows will be at the highest possible level. We will be advertising in all the cities and big colleges in Ireland. A number of colleges will be getting buses together, and in the case of Manchester University, they are in the process of hiring a jet just for the 'Rave Night'.

MON 15th:

In the Jetland Centre, we have the reformed 'Thin Lizzy' which includes the original drummer and guitar player with Bobby Trench (who scored a big hit with "Still in love with you") on vocals. There will also be a disco on that night.

TUE 16th:

In the Jetland Centre - Manchester Rave Night with 808 State, who have 2 singles in the charts at the moment "In Yar Face" (no.9) and "Cubic" (no.48). Their new album "EX-CELL", just released, has received rave reviews. To date they have had 5 hit singles and 2 hit albums. Their sound is very much indie. dance in the New

Order vein. Also on the same nights will be "The Jam MCs" who are currently working with the Happy Mondays having worked with the Stone Roses, on their Spike Island Gig. They have DJed in the prestigious Hacienda Club in Manchester (now closed down) and they now run the Conspiracy Club. This will be the only gig in Ireland, and the first time a Indie-Manchester night of this sort has happened. There will be a megga lighting system, and massive bass sound rig, so you can feel the beat.

WED 17th:

We will be running two gigs on this night one in Limerick, and one in Cork. First the train trip (possibly the last one). The train will leave at 5 p.m. approx, arrive in Cork at 7.30 p.m. then there will be a pub trail to follow. Then from 11 p.m. in DeLacey House we have a gig (using 3 areas) with "Nothing But Strauss" and two discos plus a bar ext. The train will leave Cork at 2.30 a.m. and will arrive back in Limerick at 5.30 a.m. where there will be buses to Castletroy. Tickets (all inclusive) will be £8 but are limited to 750 people. A further 150 tickets will be available for the gig only at £4 (to cater for Cork friends)

*All tickets go on sale
Tues. Week 1 at 1p.m.*

LIMERICK GIG:

In the Savoy using two areas, with a standard disco in Legends (middle floor) and an alternative disco and band "lir" in the top floor. Tickets: £3 in advance, £4 at the door.

Thurs 19th.

"RAG BALL"

In the Jetland Centre, basically it is going to be a massive disco, and we will be showcasing a young U.K. band. There will be a number of D.J.'s. We have not decided on the theme for the night yet, but we will let you know.

ALSO, (T.B.C)

Starting at 8 p.m. in the "Theatre Royal", Maria McKee. (No. 1 single "Show Me Heaven")

Fri. 20th.

(T.B.C.)

"The Fat Lady Sings" in the Two Mile Inn.

Rag Week events are being organised by a committee, if you have any ideas, please get them to Joan Keating a.s.a.p. A free booklet will be available on week 1 with all Rag Week details. We will also be opening a special Rag Week Shop in the centre of town where we will be selling Rag Week tickets, posters, T-shirts, Baseball Caps and Sweatshirts.

If you would like to volunteer to help with Rag Week events please contact Joan.

S.U. ENTERTAINMENT

END of TERM

We have been stuck with the same old problem again with the end of term, with only the smaller venues available. So we have to divide the gigs up in a number of venues. Tickets to all gigs will be sold in advance.

Thurs. 20th

Disco in the Parkway
ADM £2.50 ; buses from Stables at 11pm

Fri. 21st

Gig A in Arthurs Warehouse, standard disco. Tickets £3 (500 people)

Gig B in Costellos, indi/dance music (disco).

Treated more like a party with party food available.

Tickets £3 (200 people)

Gig C in the Speakeasy, Alternative disco - tickets £3

Sat. 22nd

Gig A Glenworth Hotel. Standard disco. £3 (400 people)

Gig B Savoy top floor with the excellent 'Termites Club' alternative disco/ 70's music. Tickets £3.

Tickets must be bought in advance.

Ticket selling times in canteen as follows -

From Monday Exam Week through to Friday

11.30-12.30

2.30- 4.00

and Saturday, 2pm-5pm

TERM 3 EVENTS !!!

Already some progress has been made regarding term three events. A lot more has yet to be organised. The line up so far is:

Week 1:

Monday: Disco in Cheers (S.U.) £2.

Tuesday: Rowing Club Disco in Cheers.

Wednesday. (Free for Class Party)

Thursday: Start of term disco. Parkway, 3 areas.

Week 2: Rag Week !!

Week 3:

Monday: 1st Eng & Science Party. Savoy, 2 areas.

with Toasted Heretic (T.B.C.)

Tuesday: Waterpolo Club Disco in Cheers.

Wednesday: (T.B.C.) 35 trophy. We expect 5 bus loads of students from D.C.U. for this sports tournament between U.I. & D.C.U.

8 p.m. Peter O'Malley Stable

9.30 Karaoke Stable

11.30 Disco Student Centre

Thursday: S.U. Disco

Arthurs Warehouse

Week 4:

Plassey Arts Days.

A week long arts festival. (full details shortly) Confirmed so far are: Wed: in conjunction

with the multi-cultural food fair and the race against time are the "Century Steel band" at

the Sundial at 3 p.m.

Thursday night: Parkway with Hank Wankford Band.

Week 5: Sat. 4th May: Paul Brady and band in the Theatre Royal.

Mon. 1st Business & Humanities Class Party.

Tue. Campus T.V. Disco in Cheers.

Thurs. S.U. Disco in the Parkway.

Week 6:

Tues. Cricket club Disco in Cheers.

Wed. Top U.K. indi band who hold sales records for their George Best L.P, The Wedding Present, play a gig in the Parkway.

Thurs. S.U. Disco in the Parkway.

Week 7:

Tues: Rugby Club Disco in Cheers.

Thurs: S.U. Disco & Bar-B-Q (venue T.B.C.)

Week 8:

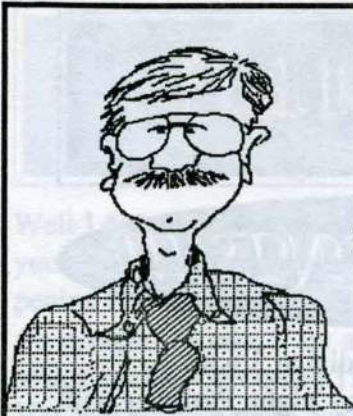
Tues: Chem-Bio Soc Disco in Cheers.

Thurs: S.U. Disco in the Glentworth

Week 11:

Annual Bar-B-Q on Friday!!

As you can see a number of Mon. & Wed's are free for Class Partys. Class reps please contact Ber a.s.a.p. to secure dates.



DEAR NORMAN

Write to Norman, our trained psychologist who can lend an understanding ear and offer you professional advice in your time of need. We are sorry Norman cannot write to you personally but send your problems to him, through the friendly staff of the S.U.

Dear Norman,

Not so long ago my life was absolutely wonderful. I was considered the ugliest person in my class and nobody knew who I was. Then one night I made one little mistake and suddenly all the girls are after my body. Yes Norman! I sang in the talent contest. My problem is, my mother thinks

Dear Norman,

I have a big problem. In my 4 years of college I have always been popular with the opposite sex. However I am still unclear of my position with 'the lads'. A year ago, I brought up my ex-girlfriend from Cork to show her off to my buddies. However, you can imagine my dismay when despite her radiant and bubbly personality, she failed to make the desired impact on 'the lads'. My current chicklette (1st European) is getting the same treatment. What will I do??

A Puzzled Reader

Dear Tom!, I've met your kind of macho type before. I've seen your kind strutting your stuff in the corridors and halls of the college. Do you realize how pathetic you are?? Just because you have no mates you try to lay the blame on your current 'bit of fluff'. One day you will wake up and realise what a sad insignificant person you are.

Love Norm.

Dear Norman,

I think I have done something I may regret. I recently had an encounter with the opposite sex. Ever since, my mates have made fun of her physical characteristics (not to mention mine!). To compound the pain, this girl has recently been seeing other men. I feel lonely and isolated and find myself doing strange things like calling people vicious names like "twerp" and "rotter". Please help me, (I have no-one left to turn to.)

Desperate.

Dear John,

Do you think I have nothing better to do than deal with your insignificant, petty problems. You're possibly an overfed, underworked layabout like the rest of the students in this holiday camp. Go back to studying for your degree which will no doubt lead to an over-privileged, overpaid, cushy little job, and see if I care!!

Love Norm.

P.S. It's Not That I'm Bitter Or Anything.

I am the apple of her eye. (She is even doing my final year project!) Because of this I have never shifted anyone in college because I feel my mother would not approve of such activities. Have you any advice for me in my predicament?

A Bishopstown Reader.

Dear Cormac,

For years I have received letters from pathetic nerds such as yourself. You sound just like hundreds of other vegetables who write to me every day. Just go back to being a nobody with no future and no friends. Love Norm.

Dear Norman,

You are my last hope. I don't know who else to turn to. I am pregnant with Gavin's child. My problem is Gavin doesn't seem to care. For years I have admired Gavin. I have done everything possible to make him notice me. If Gavin says something I agree, no matter what. I fear I will not be able to support this child. What can I do to win the affection of my child's father? Every day I get more confused. Lately another man has shown a great deal of interest in me. I find it almost impossible to resist his tight curls and athletic, squash playing body. Oh Norman, tell me what to do, I am so desperate. A Pathetic A.M.D.

Dear Aidan,

Aren't you a stupid little boy to get pregnant in the first place. Everyone knows Gavin is a tart. I hope your kid has red hair. As for the other guy, he seems a bit of a flirt, all talk and no action, be careful out there. Love Norm.

Dear Norman,

I am infatuated by a girl in 3rd Business. Her name is Suzy. I lie awake at night fantasising about stroking her curly locks and whispering my dark desires into her ear. What shall I do to make this fantasy come true? An Anxious Reader.

Dear Mac,

Whatever you do, make sure no-one finds out about this

infatuation. That would only spell disaster. One possible method is to lure her down to the Stables, throw a few vodkas into her and she's yours! However, this may not be possible in this case. I would recommend carrying on lying awake at night submitting yourself to untold pain and anguish. A few sleepless nights never did anyone any harm anyway!

Love Norm.

VIVA STATE

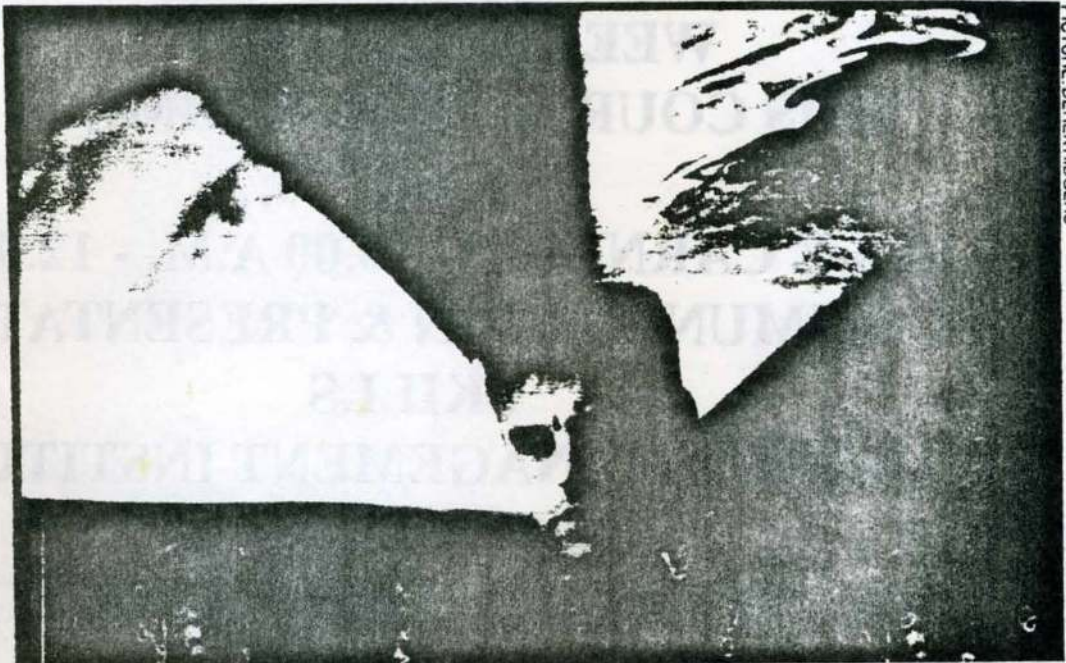
308 STATE

Ex: EI (ZTT/All formats)

ONE OF the more bonkers aspects of the wild success of dance-type music is that for the first time since before you, little reader, were born, instrumental records are bombing up and down the charts and people who sing not, nor look well hunky, are big stars. 308 State—who, so far as most of us are aware, are called Bob and look like trawlermen—are the greatest instrumental act since The Shads, and do not wear glasses like Brains either.

It is therefore very brave of them to flout the very conventions they helped create and bring out an album with vocal contributions on it. For, as every trendo knows, the State have now recorded with Björk Godmundsdottir and Bernard Sumner. The results are very interesting. Barney p roughts his way through a tune called 'Spanish Heart', a sparse and insistent affair with lyrics that make not much sense and a very off-the-cuff melody which recalls something wisely left off 'Technique'.

Björk gets two goes, one in Icelandic with a seriously Yoko Ono-style yowling vocal contortion job called 'QMart' and one which starts in a rollicking spag western style called 'Oops', and calms down with excessive rapidity; the general impression is that Björk and the State both assumed that the other would do most of the work and so things never quite got finished.



PICTURE: DEREK RUGGENS

Ray to go: Martin State ponders the purgatory of a Tom Jones collaboration

All three tracks are very nice but leave one longing for the bonkers romping of MC Tunes. Fortunately, such duffness does not extend to the rest of 'Ex:EI'. Top hits 'Cubik' and 'Olympic' are here, the latter as deftly wibbly as before, the former even more like a farting buffalo on speed at a disco than ever. 'Cubik' still sounds like the work of madmen who broke into the charts very late at night and tampered with them—how else could something as loud and unruly have been the pop choice of the oafs Goodier and Brambles?

Everything else here is fine and calls to mind the difficulty

of writing about instrumental music. Perhaps it is of some help to the potential shopper that 'Lift' sounds like a danceable muzak version of 'Time Is Tight' played by someone on the wrong bits of the keyboard, but I doubt it.

Similarly only the obsessive will be enlightened by the revelation that 308 State continue to sample the odd "ah yeah" and so forth on both the pumping 'San Francisco' and the rollicking 'Empire'. Fans of electronic music's weirdo past will be pleased to hear that 'In Yer Face' is introduced by a doomy American voice going on about poverty and the like.

And symbolist might ponder on the wistful moodiness inherent in a Manchester-recorded tune called 'Olympic', but there you go.

308 State continue to be feisty, loud, rhythmically top and fond of sudden blurring sounds that come from nowhere and are not boring. They didn't have much luck with their collaborators, alas, but this should not discourage anyone—one can still only commend the fact that, unlike some, 308 State don't think it's smart to record with Tom Jones. 308 State remain kings of everything. (8)

David Quantick

SEE 308 STATE LIVE IN
THE JETLAND CENTRE
DURING RAG WEEK,
TUESDAY 16th WEEK 2

**PLASSEY BUSINESS SOCIETY WILL
HOLD A ONE DAY COURSE ON
SATURDAY 20TH APRIL,
WEEK 2 NEXT TERM.**

**THIS COURSE PROGRAMME IS AS
FOLLOWS:**

- DALE CARNEGIE 10.00 A.M. - 12.00 A.M.
COMMUNICATION & PRESENTATION
SKILLS**
- TRADE MANAGEMENT INSTITUTE
1.00 A.M. - 2.00P.M.**
- CAREERS ADVICE & LANGUAGES
COURSES**
- TIME MANAGER INTERNATIONAL -
2.30P.M. - 4.30P.M.**
- TIME MANAGER PROGRAMME**

**THE COURSE, WHICH WILL BE HELD ON
CAMPUS, COSTS £10. THE NORMAL FEE
IS £300. THE NUMBER OF PLACES IS
RESTRICTED TO 50 AT PRESENT.**

**THOSE INTERESTED IN THE COURSE
SHOULD HAND IN THEIR NAMES AND
FEE TO THE STUDENT ENTERPRISE
CENTRE. ALL PARTICIPANTS WILL
RECEIVE CERTIFICATES.**