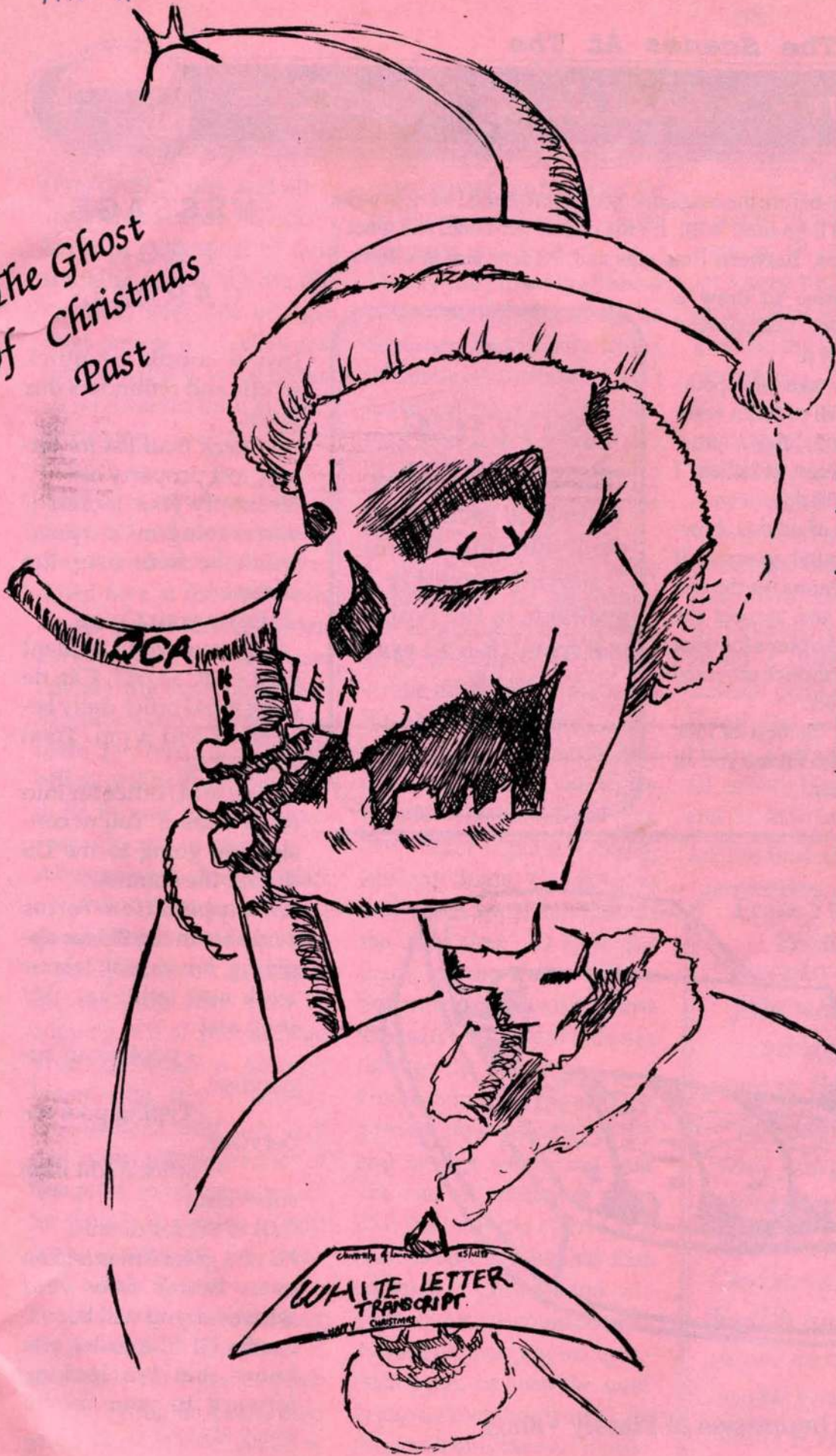


1990-91

The Ghost  
Of Christmas  
Past



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XMAS ISSUE VOL. 1 ISSUE 3.

Hello everyone,

It is ten minutes before the magazine goes to print and I have to write a few lines or I'll be shot. Well, it's the end of term one, and what a term it has been. Between Ents gigs and Student Union affairs, I

haven't had time to draw a breath. However, I've enjoyed every minute of it.

I would like to take this opportunity to wish all of you a verry merry Christmas and a prosperous New Year. (Cliched, I know, but it will do).

Just one word of advice, however, please mind yourself if you are using buses for the end of term gigs and respect the drivers. Treat the buses for what they are, a free service provided for your comfort.

In conclusion, the best of luck in the exams and I'll see you all in the New Year.

## NOTICE

The SU shop is open from 8:30 each exam week morning. Photocopying service is available in the typing pool from 10-6 all exam week.

## MESSAGE FROM CARMEL

Just a couple of quick words and reminders this week.

1) Check mail list for letters, lost property etc.

2) Empty your lockers if you're going on Co-op and won't be here over the summer.

3) Enjoy your Co-op

4) Renew your student card - ISIC - USIT. Can be done in SU office daily between 2 and 3 pm. Total cost £12.50.

5) Call to SU office for info on J1 visas if You're considering going to the US during the summer.

6) Application forms available in the SU for applying for casual labour work next term. i.e. - SU shop asst

- pool room supervisor.

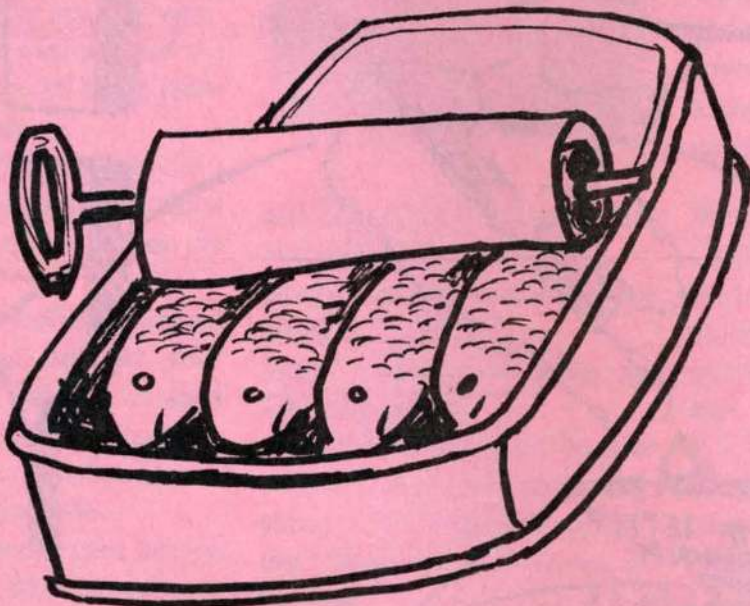
- Typing pool supervisor.

-office night time supervisor.

Call to SU for details.

Have a great Xmas and an even better new year wherever you will be.

Lastly I'd like to let you know that I'm looking forward to your month away also.



An artist's impression of Plassey Village

## PRESIDENT'S OFFICE

S.U.N.

Greetings to one and all, Jeeze that sounds ridiculous but then a this time of term anything would. We are fortunate to have one of these Rags out for the festive season even if it is week eleven - it might add a little bit more to driving yous to distraction.

Next term which to some of you is a good month away is only round the corner for us down here at the Union and we do intend having a Mercury for week 1, so if anyone has any articles or poems etc. for submission please drop them to Derry at the S.U. office, or if he doesn't happen to be in give them to either Joan, Carmel or me.

A few pointers - for first years out there, be careful doing these exams - relax and take it handy but don't attempt to do anything silly such as cogging. All of you received your Orientation booklet laden with it's Academic Regulations and dos and don'ts; people forget a lot of fine print, so let me sum it up for you - If you're caught cogging your up the creek with a hole in your canoe!

People worrying about being ill, or whatever it's better if you apply for I grades prior to you sitting an exam than after. There is a provision at Student Personel Services for you to get medical attention

or to be checked by a Doc for an illness certificate so take a trip up if you need it!

Finally you probably all know it now but I.D. Cards are an acute neccessity for the sitting of exams in this place! - Don't leave home without it - Student Services will sort you out if you tip down to them a good fifteen minutes or so prior to exam start time!

If anyone has a major panic toddle down and see Joan or I or accost us in the canteen as we float by!

At the other end of the scale freshers will get your results in the middle of week 1 next term - the rest of you lucky people will probably have 'em before santa comes. Student Status Committees will be as usual rampant in the days after "D Day" for many but the Union will be on hand to steer even the most akward of individuals through the inquests.

I really hope that you all have a really great knees up at the end of this week, and that you can all remember most of it the morning after! On a serious note I would ask that students in a festive and celebratory mood would not tear the neighbouring housing estates apart, or keep the sane occupants awake all night, as there will only be war! if miscreants are apprehended! "Enjoy not Destroy" has been

a motto of this Union for as long as all can remember - let's keep by it for the end of term and be especially on our guard in the Stables Club and elsewhere.

It's been a hectic term down getting everyone settled in, we've enjoyed it though and even looking forward in some way to next term! We've had to increase our Co-op Assistants down here for next year so hopefully I will be able to spend a little more in the canteen drinking coffee.

Finally on behalf of all the Union Staff may I wish you all a very Happy Christmas and Great (over 2) New Year..

All The Best, Colm

**From The Other  
President  
"Faculty and staff  
join with me in  
sendings greet-  
ings to the student  
body. We wish  
you, your parents  
and families all  
that is good this  
Christmas and the  
health and enthu-  
siasm necessary to  
make your ambi-  
tions a reality in  
1991."**

# MERCURY ENTERTAINMENT

## PUMP UP THE PROFIT (er... Surplus)

On the other extreme 'that beat was definitely Technotronic' in the Parkway. It was an excellent coup for our roundy-beebop to get somebody people have actually heard of, even if he did charge 4 times more than a normal UL clubs and socs disco for it. (sorry, that was a bit misleading). There was some competition from the groupies of Mary Robinson's society who were having a 'pat on the back' session in an adjoining room after succeeding in getting a commie into the Park. First years were in the strange position of feeling old amongst the itsy-bitsy-teeny-weeny-bopper Friday night crowd. In the words of Mr. Blossom, if you were a 16 year old hunk in this city you'd be run off your..... The doors opened at 9:30 and the wait started. Three hours later some small people appeared on the stage and the gig started in earnest. All backing tracks aside, they were great. The crowd bounced tirelessly to the beat and even bounced to the improvisation when the group had 'just a little trouble with the equipment, folks.' Their music was just like you would hear on any of their records and came across very well live. There was a real London club atmosphere during

the whole night with mainly dance music and most of the Guinness was worked off by the time the gig ended. Speaking of dance, the Technotronic dancers seemed a bit tired. From watching videos one might have expected four large muscular men, gyrating to the rap, but what we got was two kids, looking like they were made run behind the van during the tour, and then expected to dance solid for an hour. I blame television. Other attractions that night were Mickey Martins girlfriend who wasn't making a show of herself, and dances like that all the time, even on the buses and stuff. Also our hefty campus sister protector lying out for the count, with his pint sized lady trying mouth to mouth to revive him, and the lack of furniture.

STOP PRESS: I have just been informed from an irate Mr. Anglely (sp) that the background noise we heard before T was the support band, the D11 Runners, from D11 I guess? Ok, Ok, I hadn't much drink inside me so I didn't fully appreciate all that was going on, besides Micky's babe that is. All in all, it wasn't a night for the lethargic.

E+OE  
Johnny\_B

## The Fat Lady

Band Profile: No. 1 "The Fat Lady Sings"

It's strange, and maybe just a little sad that the county of Yeats and Kavannagh, has failed to produce bands with such romantic outlooks and eloquent style as themselves. Since the days of the "Boomtown Rats", Irish rock music has conveyed nothing but cold-hearted cynicism and tails of unrequited love.

However with the emergence of T.F.L.S. things are beginning to change. Finally after two years of releasing classic singles such as 'Arclight' and 'Drowning Maudland' while at the same time touring Ireland and England extensively, success and affection are beginning to come their way.

The inexplicable warmth and romanticism of Nicky Kelly and Co. can best be experienced at one of their gigs. Their live set is a fast and furious affair, where ballad and pop song are masterfully intertwined into a musical carnival. The set is full of gems; the heart rending 'Deborah', the dignified 'Be Still' - both of which are due to appear on their upcoming debut L.P. which is due out on "East West Records"

# MERCURY ENTERTAINMENT

## Sings Again

Personal contact with fans is very important to the band, hence the newsletter "Contact" for all interested admirers. To date, T.F.L.S. have had 5 singles, the last one, 'Manscarred' a radio friendly contemplation of lost love, full of powerful imagery and hopeless cries for help.

The music press has fallen head-over-heels for the band. Bill Graham described them as "Romantic as a log fire", others gave them the title "Best unsigned band in the world".

However the real test of their talent arrives in Feb. when they release the first album. There is a danger that the insecure waffling of Kelly may become too self-indulgent, too introspective and that 'the love of life' ethos of their concerts may die a death on vinyl.

The arlight is off, the studio light is on, and the thousands of fans wait in expectancy...

Friday night (Nov 23rd) saw a clash of musical tastes. For those who were in the Jean Monnet Theatre it wasn't at all classical-it was mystical.

Students that attended were given a unique chance to sit back, close their eyes and relax as John O Connor and his grand piano filled the theatre with magic till all else seemed insig-

### END OF TERM

Wed 5th Disco in Savoy £2

Thurs 6th Disco Parkway £2.50 (Adv £2)

Fri 7th Wilf Bros & Disco Arthurs Warehouse

Sat 8th Gig 'A' Toucandance

Arthurs Warehouse

Gig 'B' Ghost of an American Airman

(May change to 'The Word')

Gig 'B' with Indie Disco

Remember 'Something Happens' on January 7th

## VERY CLASSICAL - JOHN!

nificant. A smile of sheer contentment rested on this unshaven face as it has not for a long time (at least since realising that I was academically up the creek).

For those who think that classical music is just for the BUFFS I say that you are quite mistaken. Music, irrespective of style or origin is for people and for peoples' enjoyment. You don't need a suit and tie, you don't even need a tux, you need only have ears and a sense of wonder; for it was indeed

wonderful. The timing, I think, helped, as it relieved a mass of tension from all present.

I thought that one thing and one only detracted from the evening; that was the number of old dears carrying the furs of dead animals on their backs. Some may call it fashion, my personal opinion is that it is disgusting, but we'll have no more of that, it too was insignificant.

Now all that is left is to look forward to the next event and hopefully another visit from the excellent Mr O Connor.

# Inside Story

Presenting a profile of  
the myth. Ladies &

1. Nickname:

**Solla - at Home**

2. Favourite Pastime:

**Bed - Sleeping that is!**

3. Favourite TV Personality?

**Alf**

4. Most Disliked TV Personality?

**Ken Barlow**

5. Favourite Radio Personality?

**Gerry Ryan**

6. Most Disliked Radio Personality?

**Dave Fanning**

7. Favourite Writer?

**J.B. Keane**

8. Favourite Film ?

**Rocky - all five of them**

9. Most Hated Film?

**All Space films**

10. Favourite Food?

**Spaghetti Bolognese**

11. Most Disliked Food?

**Chicken**

12. Favourite Beverage?

**Heineken**

13. Most Disliked Beverage?

**Budweiser**

14. Favourite Limerick Pub?

**Desmond Arms**

15. Most Hated Limerick Pub?

**Roxboro Pub**

16. Favourite National Pub?

**Tomkins Pub Lounge beside the Station in Cork**

17. What Is Your Favourite Book?

**The Greek**

18. Least Favourite Book?

**Hollywood Wives**

19. Favourite National Newspaper?

**The Star**

20. Most Disliked National Newspaper?

**The Irish Times**

21. What Is Your Favourite Method Of Relaxation?

**T.V. with the control in my hand**

22. Favourite Sex Symbol?

**Samantha Fox**

23. What Is Your Favourite Saying?

**I'm not impressed!**

24. Favourite Term Of Abuse?

**I hate you**

25. Who Is Your Favourite Politician?

**Dessie**

26. Which Politician Do You Have The Least Regard For?

**Haughey**

27. Most Important Person In Your Life?

**Wife (de missus!)**

28. Person You Would Most Like To Meet?

**Sam Fox**

29. Who Is The Last Person You'd Invite To Your Birthday Party?

**Next door neighbour**

30. Who Is The Person Who Has Influenced You The Most?

**My parents**

31. Greatest Secret Desire Or Ambition?

**To own my own bar**

32. If You Could Be Somebody Else, For One Day Who Would You Like To Be?

**Paul McCartney**

33. Would You Describe Yourself As; Wealthy, Comfortable Or Destitute?

**Comfortable**

34. What Do You Think Is Your Greatest Asset?

**Money!**

35. How Would You Describe Yourself In 5 Words Or Less?

**One ignorant pig with class**

36. What Do You Miss

the man behind  
Gentlemen, its

# Brendan O' Sullivan

BARMAN

Most About Your Youth?

**Free time**

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

**Do drugs like you all do, I suppose!!!**

38. What Do You Like Most About Students?

**Good personalities**

39. What Do You Like Least?

**Someone that will sit around all day, drinking water and giving me abuse.**

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

**Garda Siochana**

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

**Their bodies**

42. What Is Your Greatest Achievement In Life?

**Getting so far**

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

**7-8 pints**

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

**A good slagging match**

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

**Limerick to win an All-Ireland**

46. What Is Your Greatest Embarrassment In Life?

**The brother telling everyone I was going to spin the Lottery wheel and I believing him!**

47. Do You Consider Yourself Good Looking?

**Of course I do!**

48. When Did You Last Have A Romantic Interlude?

**24 hrs ago.**

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

**I'm not impressed!**

50. Do You Believe In God?

**I do.**

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

**Yes.**

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

**A watch from my Dad.**

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

**Women.**

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

**Money, Audi, my own**

**pub.**

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?

**Have a fag.**

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

**Yes.**

57. Are You Easy To Offend?

**No.**

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

**Buy the pub and the Audi.**

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

**No.**

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

**Gorbachev.**

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

**Yes.**

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

**What the size of my talents were!**

**END  
OF TERM  
AND  
SOMETHING HAPPENS  
TICKETS  
SELLING TIMES  
IN THE CANTEEN**

**FRIDAY 12.30 to 2.30pm**

**MON, TUE, AND WED.**

**11.30am to 12.30pm**

**AND**

**3pm to 4pm**

**SOME GIGS MAY BE SOLD OUT**

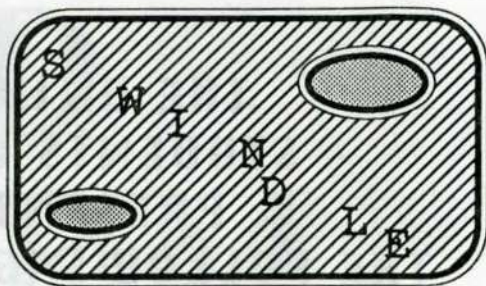


**THE UNIVERSITY OF LIMETRICK  
STUDENTS UNION ENTERTAINMENTS  
PRESENTED OR CO-PRESENTED  
THE FOLLOWING ACTS DURING 1990.....**

**ASLAN,BOGUS BROTHERS,THE WORD,CACTUS WORLD NEWS,  
MARIE McKEE,MOBY DICK, THE GOLDEN HORDE,SOMETHING HAPPENS,  
THE BLACK VELVET BAND,THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS,AN EMOTION FISH,  
SWIM,THE SWINGING SWINE,THE STUNNING,IAN RICHARDS,  
PETER O MALLEY,THE COLETRANES,THE DELTONES,POORS OF REGNE,  
BARRY SINCLAIR,ANDY WHITE AND THE CLASS MEN,THE HOLLOW MEN,  
THE FORGET ME NOTS,POWER OF DREAMS,THE CHRISTIANS,TOASTED HER-  
ETIC,  
THE TOM McLOUGHLIN BAND,CRANBURY SAW US,GHOST OF AN AMERICAN  
AIRMAN,A HOUSE,THE DIXONS,CENTURY STEEL BAND,A TOUCH OF OLIVER,  
THE WISHING STONES,THE BLUE ANGLELS,THE WAY IT IS,THE 7 KEVINS,  
HORSLIPS,DON BAKER,THE LITTLE FISH,TECHNOTRONIC,THE O MALLEYS,  
THE HONEY THIEVES,THE D11 RUNNERS,THE HITCHERS,THE TALEN FOLK  
GROUP,  
THE PRAYER BOAT,JON KENNY,CLARE MOONEY,AND MANY MORE.....**

**THANKS TO ALL OUR SUPPORTERS WE CAN  
ALREADY LOOK FOWARD  
TO 1991 ,  
WITH ALREADY BOOKED.....  
SOMETHING HAPPENS JAN. 7th  
CRY BEFORE DAWN JAN.17th  
TANITA TIKARAM MAR.1st  
PAUL BRADY AND BAND MAR.6th.**

# G O D F R E E



1. And the Lord created Godfree Swindle, His servant, and sent him forth from Palestine to Limerick to become a journalist of some renown at various publications like the Heart of Gold. And the Lord did tell Godfree, His servant, to go forth and prosper.

2. And the servant of the Lord, Godfree Swindle, read "The Joy of Sex", "More Joy of Sex", and did take part in some shady deals such as passing himself off as a rugby player from Garryown called John, and after watching "Sex, Lies and Videotape" did take his Balance Sheet back to the Lord for auditing. And the Lord did hum and haw and say, Godfree My servant, that is not quite what I had in mind.

3. And the Lord God did take Godfree to one side and say, If thou ar't to become a journalist of some renown, thou ar't going to have to get yourself some pretty original material. Thou..... And Godfree Swindle, the servant of the Lord, did cut the Lord short and say, Lord, I have a pretty original theory I could write about. And the Lord said, Godfree, My favourite hack, tell Me your theory.

4. And Godfree Swindle said, Lord, my theory is about women. Let me, Lord, make the analogy with sheep. What is it that makes sheep such

docile creatures that they deserve to end up as mutton? I'll tell You. Mans' greed, that's what. When men decided that it was easier to send a dog after a flock of sheep than to run after them



with a club they invented domestication. Smart survivors that the sheeps ancestors were, they played along with the game hoping this new craze would pass. But no, not our man. Not only does he domesticate the sheep, but through breeding (in breeding at the time) he not only makes sheep lose their vitality but their intelligence as well.

5. And the Lord God did suck air through His teeth. But His servant Godfree did continue undaunted. It's the same with every other thing that man has been able to get his greedy self-satisfying hands on. Cows, Pigs, Chickens, You name it Lord. It occurs to me on occasion that something similar happened to women.

6. And the Lord God did now create a vacuum, such was the

sucking of air through His teeth. And the Lord looked at Godfree Swindle, His servant, and said, 'Tis tenuous Godfree. I don't see any sheep beig elected to the Park. Thou shall't have to come up with something better.

7. And Godfree Swindle, the Aide-de-camp of the Lord was devastated, and went for a walk in the desert of Castletroy that lasted 40 days and 40 nights.

8. And upon returning from the desert, Godfree Swindle, the servant of the Lord, did walk with renewed vigour and a noticable jump in his step. And the Lord God did call Godfree aside by a burning bush and say, Godfree, what is this swagger in your swindle? Has't thou being stealing video recorders again?

9. And Godfree Swindle, the servant of the Lord, did smile knowingly but denied nothing for he knew that being the legend that he was, no denial would be believed. Instead, Godfree, switching to plan B, did say to the Lord, Lord, I have a new plot. And the Lord God did say to His servant, Shoot!

10. And Godfree said, Lord, I intend to make Derry 'Baldrick' Heraty, currently CO-OP student at the S.U., the next S.U. President.

11. And the Lord God did sweat profusely and say, you don't know what you are doing. And Godfree said, But Lord, look at the precedents. We could package Baldrick as our very own Dan Quayle. An anatomically explicit talking doll with a Bunty brain that might shift Barry Quill. He could do lightning tours of the canteen and say such things as "I've been to Latin America and I don't believe that Latin is a dead language".

12. And the Lords profuse sweating did turn into a deluge of delugian proportions. And the Lord did say, Godfree my servant, you should be a script writer for National Lampoons. And Godfree Swindle, sensing that the Lord was not overly

enthusiastic about his plan did adopt another approach.

13. But Lord, look at the alternatives. Look at all the people with political/sexual aspirations in the college at present. Donal 'Bushlander' Waide, Barry 'Barrel'o'Bunty' Quill, John Bourke, Bunty 'Barrel'O'Barry' Dunne, T. (I hate pink triangles) J. Ryan. The list is endless. And the Lord God sensing the seriousness of the situation did fall to one knee and continue sweating in this new position.

14. And Godfree Swindle, the servant of the Lord, seeing the opportunity did grab it and said, Why Lord, El Croff and Liz might even run on a joint ticket next year.

15. And the Lords' kneeling

knee did collapse and He was heard to mutter 'Jesus'. Godfree, being the good servant that he was did lift the Lord God off the ground and dust His light blue knee length kimono and said, Lord, maybe I know what I'm doing after all?

16. And the Lord God did look at Godfree Swindle, His servant, and said, Godfree, My servant, maybe you do.

17. This is the word of the Lord.

All the characters portrayed in this brief clip of the Bible are fictitious, except for God and His servant Godfree. Any similarity to people living or dead is purely accidental and is not a matter for God, Godfree Swindle or their legal advisors.



**The staff of Allied Irish Banks would like to wish all their customers a very happy Christmas and a prosperous new year.**

AIB Bank

PO Box 12  
106/108 O'Connell  
Street  
Limerick



Telephones  
(061) 44388  
(061) 44122  
Facsimile  
(061) 46830  
Telex  
70664

# HORRORSCOPE



## ARIES

With the moon in Saturn and the price of contraceptives going up, you're in for a rough time with your partner. Nothing a well placed explosive charge shouldn't take care of. Things should be back to normal by the end of the month.

Lucky Number : Dublin 696666.

Colour: Fontant Pruce(See the new Lites Delux range from Virgen).

Stone : The left one.

## TAURUS

That bullworker isn't doing you any good you know. We're all laughing behind your back, you should have heard what we were saying in the pub the othere night. Try some Trancendental mediation or some study.

## GEMINI

Your prediction that the recently discovered

TITWIK tribe of Papula New Guinea have no equivalent for the number 3 proves correct. When counting they go straight straight from 2 to 4 although they do have a number called "Ian" which comes between 9 ant 10. Well done! This month you predict your own death with amazing accuracy. By the way, you owe me a tenner.

## CANCER

Now is the time to let the real you shine through, time to let rip with your creative abilities, yes it's time to become that Chicken farmer in Indone-sia, going from island to island on your ferry boat selling chickens and visiting your native wives. Talking of which, your girlfriend is about to find out about that one night stand over Christmas. You have been warned.

## LEO

Lucky you, you're your going to meet a tall dark stranger with a pronounced limp. Speaking in Esperanto he will try to tell you that your left breast needs elevating and he knows the perfect plastic surgon in Paraguay. Listen to him, It's good advice. Males of the species: well after looking at your stars the best advice I can give you would be to decide between Hibernation and suicide. To me the latter sounds best.

## VIRGO

You've really got to stop doing that with your hands, you know. You'll go blind. Try to find another way. Talk to your boyfriend/girlfriend or Declan Aherne. You have a bad pint in the Stables on Thursday night and puke all over the place. Remember to sleep on your side or you'll choke.

# HORRORSCOPE..... Cont'd

## LIBRA

Mercury fills Uranus this month (hope it's big enough or it may be painful) so finances are likely to be highlighted. Your Maths book will be repossessed by loan sharks and you'll be kneekapped when you fail to pay a little fine outstanding to Leo Colgan after the last disciplinary council meeting. You could try to get a job you idle half-wit. Otherwise an uneventful month.

## SCORPIO

HOO-BOY!!!! I'd sure hate to be a Scorpio this month! Plague of Locusts, Small-pox epidemic, an earthquake, caught robbing a knife' n' fork from the Stables and no women in the Sunday World. As a rule Scorpions are objectionable people. I hope you get a boil on your bum as well!

## SAGGITTARIUS

The main thing to remember is — Keep Calm!.....Go Out..... Now! Get a months supply of canned food and fill half

a dozen or so jerry cans with water. See to it that you have a reliable firearm with lots of silver bullets. Block any hidden entrances and sprinkle holy-water in every room. And pray, pray as though your life depended upon it. It does! Get a friend to tell her you've gone away but that you still love him/her. Good luck and if I don't see you again, it was nice

**You could  
try to get a  
job, you idle  
half wit**

knowing you.

## CAPRICORN

The hand signal for "F\*\*k Off" is extremely like the hippy sign for peace and victory. This earth shattering act may be of some use to you when you are trying to explain to Jim Deegan why he mis-interpreted your signal later on this month.

## AQUARIUS

I don't think I've ever met an Aquarius. Why is this star sign so unfashionable? Well, who ever you are, the chart says that you shouldn't go to Bangladesh this month. Seems you catch a social disease. However it also says that you catch one here too. So, anywhere but here and Bangladesh. There's a blank signed cheque in the post from a long lost American cousin ( Always knew that they were stupid ) £10000 should cover your expenses, be they travel or medical.

## PISCES

So you're writing a novel. What a novel Idea! You hit a blank after chapter 8. The cure lies in plagerism. I don't like the first 3 pages of chapter 2. They're too self indulgent. Not forgetting, Rory Hickey may take you too court over chapter 5 for character defamation. I don't care if it's true! Look, with the money from his accident he'll get the best legal brains available. Just throw him in the fountain during rag week and be happy.

# CAPTION COMPETITION

Arlene Kingdon Cork

March Lyons Cork.

Write  
your  
caption  
here

**WIN a First Prize of  
£20 or seven runner-  
up prizes of free  
membership to the  
Victoria Snooker  
Club**



**All you have to do is think of the most humorous caption for this cartoon. All entries to the S.U. by Thursday 5th December. Winners will be announced at both end-of-term gigs.**



# The CHRISTMAS Herald



Your pull out and keep guide to the more zany side of life

## Tests Confirm Worst Fears of Scientists

For many years now it has been speculated that over-exposure to pornography can lead to crimes of a sexual nature. Tests carried out in American laboratories seem to prove these speculations.

In 1989, twelve white rabbits were sellotaped to chairs and

were forced to watch endless pornographic videos, while twelve others,

the control, were treated to all 56 episodes of THE SULLIVANS. The 24 rabbits were then set up with middle-class jobs throughout America, and one year later some startling results were noticed. Ten of the twelve exposed to pornography had committed a total of 156 different sexual crimes; the other two had masturbated themselves to death. And what of the control experiment? Well, by April 1990, eleven of the control were running some of America's biggest corporations and the twelfth, Ronald Rabbit, had been president. Stunning stuff from the same scientists who proved that Lassie was responsible for the death of 1000 chickens in Illinois last year.



## ELECTRIC TERROR STALKS COUNTRY

The robotic arc welder struck again yesterday in the village of Clonroche, Co. Wexford. This, the third attack by this callous criminal, had all the hallmarks of the other robberies. The victim, an old woman, was found spot welded to a garage door with her purse and underpants stolen.

The thief is six foot tall, weighs half a tonne and is the updated AK700 version of the Mitsubishi model. It operates on a three phase supply and has a weld time of .7 of a second. Any information please to your Mitsubishi dealer or any Garda station.

**NEXT WEEK:** The same scientists prove that the moon is made of Marujiana.

# FILM Today

## Sylvester Stallone goes underwater

FLOP is the name of the latest Sylvester Stallone effort. He is the director, producer, writer and main actor in this underwater adventure. He plays the part of Flop, a renegade sperm whale who after returning home one evening, finds his wife and baby have been killed by Jap whalers. He is devastated.

In a particularly poignant scene, we see Flop sitting on the sea-bed crying into his tail flipper, his huge shoulders shuddering with grief, as hunks of bloodied whale meat float about him. Overnight, Flop is transformed from a lovable creature into a vicious killing machine. Thus begins an orgy of death and destruction as Flop exacts his bloody revenge.

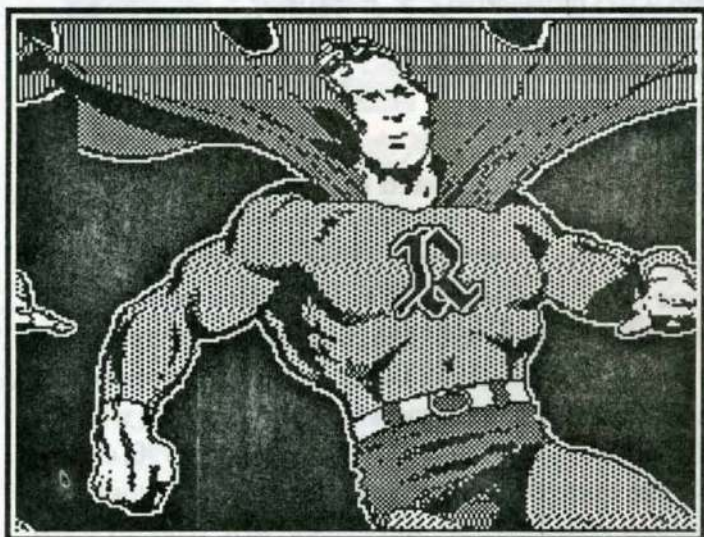
The love interest is provided by Christopher Reem of Superman fame who plays the part of a crippled dolphin named Louise. Louise befriends Flop and gradually falls in love with him (notice how cleverly the mating scene is shot). The movie is worth seeing if only for the stunning special effects and superb make-up. Watch out for Leonard Nimoy who has a cameo role in the film. Mr. Nimoy plays a sea-urchin named Walter who helps Flop blow up the Japanese port of Kyuichi.

Verdict : Guaranteed to have you blubbering in your seats.



Leonard Nimoy.... Cameo

Role as a sea-urchin



Christopher Reem.... crippled dolphin in love.

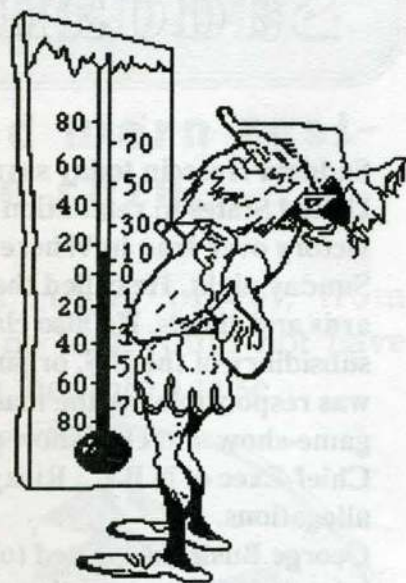
### Killer Welder Strikes Again

The robotic arc welder has struck again. The victim this time was a young boy who was found spot welded to the back of a truck. He was naked and all his pocket money was gone. Where will it strike next?

Guns, ammunition, tanks, planes, military advisers and much more for sale at Uncle George's military intervention stores. We also stock the latest in loyal political leaders who can replace the older models whose political futures look uncertain. Dial this Washington No. (234 456 7655) and ask for George, Dan or Bonzo. Shalom



# Weather: Conditions Around The World



## METEOROLOGICAL SITUATION

Seven hurricanes are approaching from the west. Take in your washing.

## FORECAST

### Connaught & Ulster

Miserable. Forget it. Rain all the time, especially in Mayo and Leitrim. Freezing. Gale force winds crossing from Connaught to Ulster and back again. (-50 c.)

### Leinster & Munster

Beautiful sunshine. Hot..... to the beaches! Let's go! Whoopee, c'mon kids! Surf's up. Sun-city here we come. No rain for four years. Holiday time. ( Warning: don't holiday in Connaught ). ( 90 c.)

**Amsterdam** : 78 C. Cloudy

**Athens** : 94 C. Sunny

**Belfast** : -50 C. Dangerous

**Berlin** : 54 C. Quiet

**Birmingham** : 00 C. Dull

**Chicago** : Pissing Rain

**Chernobyl** : VERY Cloudy

**Cork** : Not too bad, boy.

**Dublin** : " You're listening to radio 2 ... lookin out of my window, the weather looks OK. The Dodder's not overflowing. We've just heard that a volcano has devastated Carlow.... but first a look at Dublin's traffic problems.

**Galway** : ( See Connaught section )

**Helsinki** : Sunny -68 C.

**Chernobyl** : Frost, sunny spells.

**Kiev** : Grand ..... no problems.

**Miami** : Snow

**Moscow** : (Weatherman arrested on spying charges)

**Nice** : nice

**Chernobyl** : NO CLOUDS TODAY

**Limerick** : Large tinker column approaching from the west.

**Vancouver** : Who really cares!

**Waterford** : Earthquakes

**Chernobyl** : Acid rain.

## BIG NAME FOR SLANE

Joe Dolan is to headline next years Slane festival. Lord Mountcharles made the announcement today to a jubilant response from the public and the media. " We've been trying to get Joe for years but he always turned us down saying that the venue was too small. Thats why we've made the site larger this year". It was not until the site enveloped Co. Meath and South Louth that Joe was satisfied and accepted the deal.

# Saddam Strikes Back

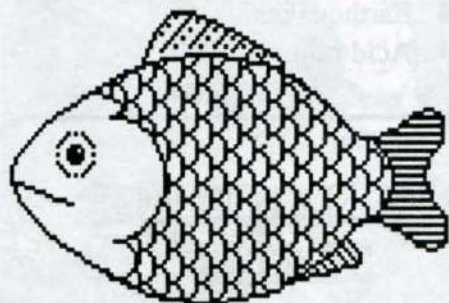
Saddam Hussein today savagely hit out at the United States in retaliation for its humiliating victory over Iraq in *Where in the World* last Sunday night. He called them a nation of drunkards and cheats. He also claimed that RTE was a subsidiary of the U.S. organisation N.B.C. which was responsible for the massacre of watchable game-show and chat show programmes. The Chief-Exec of N.B.C., Ricky Rabbit, denied these allegations.

George Bush is expected to announce shortly if he intends to take any action against the Iraqi leaders remarks. American F.III bombers are on standby with the deadly "Golden Girls" video missile. The U.S.S.R. foreign minister, Eduard Shagginazi has slammed the American decision by calling it "a blatant act of aggression by an imperialist force hell-bent on domination of the air-waves."



Saddam Hussein at a recent world leaders' fancy dress party

## End To Nuclear Weapons Promises Java



Tojo Milojun, new President of Java

The new President of Java, Mr. Tojo Milojun, has promised an end to nuclear weapons in the world. In a statement to the *Christmas Herald*, he said that Java will not start building nuclear weapons and all we need now is for the Americans and Russians to start dis-arming their missiles immediately.

"We've started the disarmament race," he said, "now it's up to the rest of the world!" Java has already begun dismantling their rifles and neighbouring New Guinea welcomed the proposals saying they intend to demand that the super-powers follow suit or New Guinea will be forced to blackmail them.

The Americans said it was a great idea but stressed that it is the Russians who pose more of a threat to them than Java and insist that the Soviets must disarm first before they do. The Soviet union later announced: "Where's Java?"

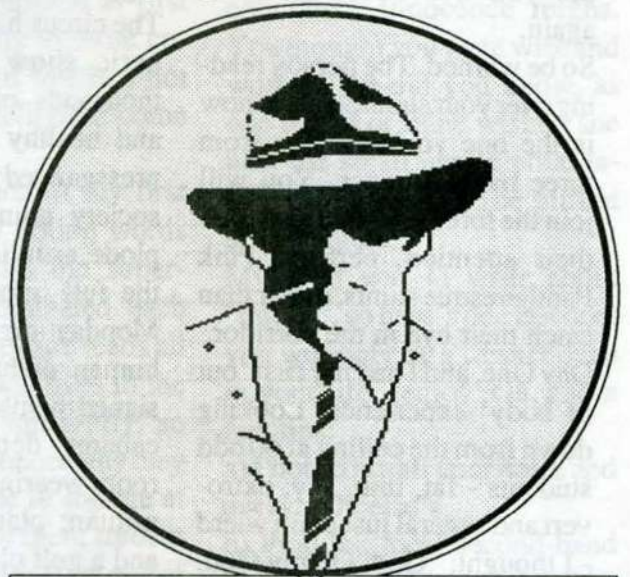
Helen... sorry our first date went so wrong. I guess I had too much cider in me. I hope you don't miss your parents. Sorry about the broken. Let's start again. SLASHER

# **SEX, LIES AND NO VIDEOTAPE**

**Gardai seek information and warn residents to take extreme care.**

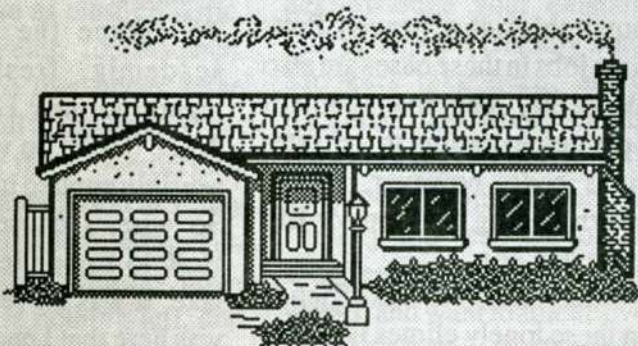
Residents of a house in College-court were shocked last week when they woke to find their video-recorder missing from the sitting-room. They were even more surprised to hear the circumstances surrounding the phantom theft. It appears that a certain resident of the house had been on the town the previous night and had met a particularly handsome rugby player called John in a nite-club. Following a particularly stimulating conversation with him, she decided to bring him and his friend back to her house 'for tea'. After copious amounts of tea she decided that it was time to get serious and she duly retired to her bedroom for a snuggle with John. His friend was left to go asleep on the sofa. Unfortunately, John had to leave early in the morning but he must have mistaken his jacket for the video recorder because it was missing when she arose.

Surely this rugby player, from Garryowen no less, could not have been duping her into a false



**An Identikit photograph of John from Garryowen**

sense of security so that his accomplice could abscond with the video?? Anyway, you have been warned. Beware the phantom video snatcher!!!!



**Did you see anybody suspicious leaving this house in College Court last week**

# New Kids On The Block

They all tell you - all those older, wiser, been-there-done-that, worn-the-T-shirt types - that the friends you make during your first year are the people you will never speak to again.

So be warned. The person reading over your shoulder right now is the one you will flee from three months hence. You will join the foreign legion to escape their attention, perform Pink Pantheresque stunts, rather than catch their eye in the corridor. Day One, and I had my first 'out of body' experience. Looking down from the ceiling at 60 odd students - fat, thin, shy, extrovert and several just plain wierd - I thought: "God. Oh my God. What have I done?" It was the witch in the corner, with black lips, black clothes and long, long black hair, who disturbed me. Today, she's a close friend. Yes, in those heady first days, dipped in the flesh-pot that is fresherdom, appearances are all. That seething amoebic mass of students splits and sub-divides into a thousand cells. The ones in the floppy velvet hats are drama students; with nostrils attached to torture instruments, anthropologists; and sporting sweaty tracksuits and hairy legs, outdoor types. Christians wear Cliff Richard badges and listen to Barry Manilow.

Lurking on the fringe are the cynics. Skulking in the shadows, with bored and distant

faces, and these are the existentialists, the aliens. So-called individualists, they have a peculiar tendency to move en masse, and usually form the biggest clique in any year.

The circus has begun. In a frenetic show of enthusiasm, thousands of otherwise sane and healthy 19-year-olds are pressganged into joining every society going. Filofaxes implode, as Julia and Giles realise the full impact of 7pm on a Monday night. In an ode to human endurance they have signed themselves up to a manic cabaret - debating in the dark-room wearing tapshoes, with a militant placard in one hand and a golf club in the other.

The timetable soon adapts. 9am: meet in the coffee bar and wire yourself up with a 5p-a-cup caffeine hit to undertake the first mental assault of the day. 1pm: recover in the bar and then sleep off the after-effects in a seminar. This is an ideal period in which to recoup your stamina for the 5pm session back in the bar.

Student bars offer the cheapest liquor this side of heaven. Part-time jobs in these oases are also available. The management operates according to a mysterious code, however, so it's worth finding out who Mr Big is on day one.

The fastest way to make friends in these lonely climes is to buy a car. You will not only make

friends, but friends of friends. Surrender your diary. You have become "Home, James". FAB means Free Automobile Beckoning. You have joined an elite. Car-owners enjoy the highest nervous-breakdown rate at universities and polys, and command the biggest overdrafts.

Overdrafts... look out, danger comes disguised in three forms:

1. The Check-Book. "Oh God, where's my check-book" and "what the hell's that on the stub?" will become familiar.

2. The Check Guarantee Card. This is intrinsically linked to No. 1, and attacks the heart and adrenalin glands. You have now spent money outside the confines of your campus branch.

3. The credit card. You now have "plastic paranoia". This is fatal.

There are however, three easy ways of overcoming fiscal phobia. Don't fill out your stubs; close your eyes when you sign your cheques; cut your credit card into 99 pieces and mail them one at a time to your bank manager.

To escape the pressure of academia, freshers return nightly to their Halls of Residence (HoR), to which they so sensibly applied in the summer. So wise, I chose the nearest HoR to my college. Big mistake. It was all-female. And, it was here that I encountered my first 'zerm', or deviant of the

**New kids on the block/Do you wear an anorak or leather jacket, trainers or Docs, carry an armful of flies or just your cigs? Watch out freshers, you're being judged. Deborah Courtneil mistakes the zoology block for the library, and signs herself up for three years of ballroom dancing.**

male species. Immediately identifiable, he is semi-nude, clad only in either loud boxer shorts or grey Y-fronts ( he ignored Mummy's advice on fast coloureds). Recently returned from inter-railing across Europe, his striped skinny torso attracts live bacteria which festoon his upper back, neck and face.

The zerm is best studied at 9am, when he stumbles into your room convinced he has found the toilet. The alarming grin on his face is, in fact, the post-coital smirk of one who thinks he has just lost his virginity or achieved orgasm. (He is not absolutely sure, since both myths were exploded on autopilot due to a hangover from the Freshers' Ball. Beware the Freshers' Ball: this is not fresh, and certainly not a ball. Do not wear taffetta or black tie - you will look, and feel, extremely silly.)

The phantom fridge-eater is the second menace to haunt the HoR. Potentially, he/she can be as expensive as elastic plastic. Jane and Peter, for instance, intending to live under seige conditions all weekend and "get some work done" - emerging only occasionally to eat - may decide to visit the supermarket. By breakfast on Saturday, however, there is nothing left, and the 24-hour takeaway, namely the communal fridge, begins to

feature prominently in their lives.

Work does play a part in the life of a fresher, though usually a cameo role. I suffered at first from a propensity to write copious notes, all of which, if not lost, were unintelligible come finals.

I also spent much of my first term religiously noting words that gushed from the super-student who dominated each seminar. This creature reads all the holiday books, lives in the library and is, apparently, so intelligent you wonder why they bothered to come to college at all. Relax. It's the silent student in the corner who will get one of the only two firsts.

Things I wish I'd known as a fresher... I talked recently to a college mate (once a "Home James", now a born-again pedestrian who has not owned a car since the summer of '85). "Tell them about the 2nd years," he urged me. Ah yes, the second years. Lacking the superiority of the 3rd years, who barely acknowledge your existance, 2nd years are a friendly bunch. Smokers take heed: carry a packet of 10 with only one cigarette in it, and secrete the other 19 around your person. The friendly 2nd year will join you at coffee break for the first three weeks, and want to smoke every cigarette within a 10-yard radius.

It can be hard to plummet from the powerhouse of sixth-form to the tenements of first year. But, on the planet of higher education, innocence reigns. You thought you were wise and worldly but did you know, as one friend of mine wished she had, the small purple phial labelled "popper" is to be sniffed not swigged...

My brief was to write about "things", so here's one last one: you will only be a fresher once in your life - enjoy. Oh, and a few tips:

- a) Photocopy all your notes and everybody else's.
- b) Find the local second-hand bookshops as soon as possible.
- c) Go home regularly. It's not so bad: fresh food, clean sheets and free board.
- d) Most theatres and the like offer student discounts - sound them out.
- e) Suspect your bank manager. He wants to offer you a massive overdraft facility, then persecute you for the next decade.
- f) Carry a watch. There are no school bells. Telepathy is unreliable.

Also a compass. It's not true what they say. I was still getting lost in third year. Much of my time as an english student was spent in zoology lectures.

# Through The Keyhole

By Richard Cranium & Biggus Dickus

A Sort Of  
Social Column

Once again it falls on us to inform the world of students what exactly is going on behind, before and within the scenes of college life as it happens. Being the Christmas edition of Mercury we felt that a festive spirit was in order so we, once again, went on the piss. We have spent the last ten weeks practising for week 11 and slowly but surely it is becoming a reality. Yes, all that drinking was worthwhile for now we can stand fifteen foot from the bar and shout, "Donal, the usual", while the rest of you swotty individuals are cramming for even a bottle of lucozade. Piss-ups of recent, however, are becoming rarer but we still are managing the odd pint. Scutter-stops this week included the stein promotion. We thought that there would be an awful rush for the 160 steins on offer so we descended on the bar early; 10:30 a.m. As it happened, all steins had departed the shelves

exactly 20 minutes after it started. Not bad for week 9. People seen at the scene included one Steven MacNamara, a post-graduate student who

*Swotty individuals cramming for a bottle of lucozade*

succeeded in filling a fellow drinker's stein with two pints of Arthur's own. Quite a remarkable feat, and well worth having a 1982 I.D. card to do same.

Another scutter-stop has to be the official story of Tuesday Week 9 when the president of the S.U. celebrated with the above post-graduate and the second gentleman of the S.U. (none other than Joe Joyce,

or Mr. Joan Keating if you prefer) Two bottles of whiskey later they attempted to traverse to the Stables bar for more liquor. Joan was brought along to drive the car (proper order for a woman). On departing the bar Croff and Mac were seen mud-wrestling on the bar floor without the mud. Then our P. accosted the HEAD of the bar, Cormac Connolly, whose forehead was showing a red light at the time. One

*Mud-wrestling on the bar floor*

viewer, Bellubadub, alias Nollaig Scott, alias Christmas stocking, noted he had never seen Mrs. Croffy's brat in such a state, bar the night he spoke to a washing machine for twenty minutes, but that's another story.

Special mention must go to the race night hosted by the G.A.A. clubs last Friday Week 8. All the Exec. members were seen actually dressed up for the races. One quote on that effort went along the lines, "Jeez, I can't see Joan but by kryst can I smell her!!"

Back to our faculty slag series and for the chop this week we have a number of reputable boffins from 'up the house'. Firstly we would like to congratulate Kay 'come in, come in' Shanley on receiving a lovely bunch

of carnations last Thursday from what must have been another satisfied house-dweller. Secondly



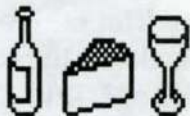
we would like to blow the cover on a very secret party which will take place next Friday night. Student body

take note, the Sex (Secs??) & Techs party is about to happen. Some of the heads which will no doubt be seen there include Callista 'the Red Raunch' Bennis and Declan 'are you going for a pint' O'Brien.

Lastly we feel that we must pay tribute to Gerry Myers impression of a constipated goose in the canteen last Wednesday. However, we have confirmed that the rumours regarding his relationship with Dr. Doolittle are totally unjustified.



Wish all their customers and friends a happy Christmas. Best of luck to all of you in your exams



## Go To College!!!

By Gerry  
Russell

Sense! - what has college got to do with sense! College - those four years (or more if your lucky) of total freedom and anarchy and at somebody else's expense. That time of murder and desecration, sheer vandalism and pillage, when each is trashed 'till a mindless pulp, raped to the very verge of existence, yes and all this in public, by day and by night, each philosophy and belief torn by the verbose loquacity of these young intellectuals. Then only to be excepted with a handshake and a parchment at the end of all these four (or more) years of freedom from the responsibilities or wealths or families. Indeed what fun to be non-conformist for a spell, and an anti-establishmentarian. Many are the joys of University life. Here in this virtuous utopia, where none are left in zymosis, and all partake of the rich and intellectual type verbal interaction, and much more. For this is indeed a University, and of high standing, here indeed there is much study and many studies performed, but rich and rewarding. The study of fluid dynamics and the mechanical actions of the robotic arms lifting a fair weight and tilting it, just for balance sake. The study of numbers and other members

of this virtuous place and of course one of the most popular among the virtuosos of this University: the virtuosity of the study of biology is beyond compare, and the study of the

*The study of  
biology....the  
king of all dis-  
ciplines!*

human body, well isn't that just the king of all disciplines! And it is the "study of the college", and the essence of team work at that. The study of this particular science/art oh really and in truth it is a virtuosity, is normally implemented in pairs, bringing forth in the students the true spirit of team work which is the foundation of all that is virtuous on earth. When these two students come together to study, and this may be anywhere, really anywhere, in a disco, in the college corridors, in the stables, no end to the list., anyway when they get together, well what can I say, exploration is the name of the game and of course you know the rest. Wonderful services are available here too for a minimum of the free money

which each student gets in abundance to spend and get some wonderful advantages. Caffeine, caffeine and more caffeine and some sandwiches (when the bread delivery comes) are available in the splendidly laid out canteens and restaurants, providing all the homely comforts needed for these conversing young intellectuals. And indeed providing an excellent atmosphere conducive to the dissection and examination of each and any philosophy or religious creed, or indeed to the proposition of a new philosophy or cultivation of yet another cult. Tomorrow's world safe and secure in the arms of these young militant anarchists. Don't you just yearn to join their ranks, to take steps to change the world for the worse, to take that "b" for boring out of life, and form a new cult or more. Go on, be one and be all, be none and be everything, all is within your grasp and you don't even have to reach. Tear down the barriers and those walls of isolation which are keeping you fenced in from yourself, tear down those walls and let the Utopia flow out, the utopia that is the real you. Make a U of L into the U of L and put this college on the world and not on another far distant planet.



**Views**

From many angles,  
 There are many views.  
 Many windows open onto this street,  
 And many people walk up and down,  
 Up and down,  
 This street.  
 I see the right side this morning,  
 You see the left side,  
 I see the left side this evening,  
 You see the right side.  
 And I see your face as it opposes me.  
 There sitting behind your window,  
 And upholding your view,  
 Out onto this street.  
 The same street,  
 With the same people.  
 And yet in total opposition.  
 I see one side,  
 And you see the other.  
 Your view is not mine,  
 And mine is right.  
 I know it is,  
 As I see it.  
 It must be right.  
 And yet you swear by yours,  
 A total opposition,  
 And you swear by yours,  
 Your sinister view.  
 My sinister view.  
 The same,  
 Yet always opposite.

Should we fight?  
 Should we talk?  
 For is it not the same street?  
 With the same people?  
 The same world in which we all live.

**Jeremiah Russell**

**Poetry**

**The Nothing People**

None Volunteer  
 They do not lie ;  
 They just neglect to tell the truth  
 They do not take ;  
 They simply cannot bring themselves to give.  
 They do not steal ;  
 They scavenge.  
 They will not rock the boat ;  
 But did you ever see them pull an oar ?  
 They will not pull you down ;  
 They'll simply let you pull them up  
 And let that pull you down.  
 They do not hurt you ;  
 They merely will not help you.  
 They do not hate you ;  
 They merely cannot love you.  
 They will not burn you ;  
 They'll only fiddle while you burn.  
 They are the Nothing People :  
 The sins-of-omission folk ;  
 The neither-good-nor-bad-  
 And-therefore-worse.  
 Because the good, at least, keep trying,  
 And the bad try just as hard.  
 Both have that character that comes from  
 Caring, action and conviction.  
 So give me every time an honest sinner,  
 Or even a saint.  
 But, God and Satan, get together  
 And protect me from the Nothing People.

**Sean Glynn**

**THE INTELLIGENTSIA**

Every week, we will bring you some of the innovations that students have come up with in college to make life easier.

Make people think that you are really Cliff Richard by getting a very shaggy hair cut and walking around humming the tune to 'Living Doll'  
**Nollaig Scott (Co-Op)**

Get your own free electrical appliances by sleeping with someone you don't know and taking a video or T.V. as you leave in the morning.

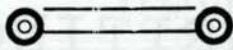
**John from Garryowen**

Convince people that you really are a student in the college by getting up dancing with one at Stables Club Partys.

**Brendan (Barman)**

Save grocery money by laying your own eggs in the canteen (5 of them) and selling them.

**Gerry Myers (Chaplain)**



# **EXAM TIME**



Now that exam time is approaching, most students will be looking for tips as to what is coming up in various exams and with this in mind this reporter broke in to the different departments in the college and secretly photocopied a number of exam papers for this years exams. The following is a selection of them.

**UNIVERSITY OF LIMERICK**

**COLLEGE OF BUSINESS**

**Department Of Business Studies**

**End-of Term Assessment Paper**

**Term: Michaelmas  
1990/1991**

**Academic Year:**

**Module Code: MI5 007  
excrement**

**Module Title: Constructive Bull-**

**Duration Of Exam: 2 Hours**

**% Of Total**

**Marks: 100%**

**Lecturer(s): Larry Goodman**

---

**Instruction To Candidates:**

- \* Answer as many questions as you can. Q3 is compulsory.**
  - \* Pertinent answers to any questions will be docked marks.**
  - \* Writing ' Happy Christmas' at the end of papers will not be frowned upon.**
- 

**Q1. Answer A or B**

**A. Describe the effect of Ergodaniumiscus's curve on the 'Status Quo' of the bourgeoisie taking into account the intereco-quasidimensional and environmental factors.**

or

B. Analyse the six methods of stabbing your boss in the back.

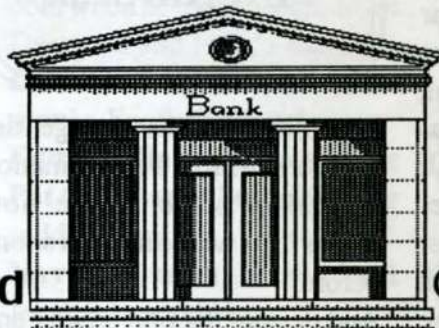
Q2. 'Margaret Thatcher was a wind-filled bag whose only meaningful contribution to society was her population control programme in conjunction with the NHS.'

Critically evaluate this statement remembering what your lecturer said about it in that lecture that no-one turned up for. Contradicting anything that your lecturer said will mean loss of half the marks.

Q3. Describe a new product which you feel will be a market success, giving details about price, marketing strategy, placement and how much money it will cost your lecturer to start producing it.

Q4. In the video entitled '9.545 weeks', critically evaluate the methods used by Mr. Bates to ingratiate him with his female boss. Use diagrams where necessary.

Bank of Ireland



The staff of Bank Of  
Ireland extend warmest  
Christmas greetings to  
all their friends and  
customers and would like  
to wish you all the best  
of luck in the Exams

# Beside the Point

An insight into the 'CLIQUE'

'I don't really know why I'm writing this article but it seems like the thing to do at the moment. Now I have to figure out what I'm going to write it about. O.K., why not start with last night. The Stables christmas party. And what a party it was! I had the misfortune to get landed with Messrs Scott & Bourke at six o'clock and it went from there. Peter O' Malley wasn't great if you were looking for laughs but Dr. John was brilliant! £400 is a lot of money to give away for free, but fair play to the Fagans for doing it.

Now, MISTER Waide, where (and whom) did you disappear to (with)? And what was her name? And Mr Bourke, you lean mean fighting sex machine, what were you at in full view of the assembled congregation. All jokes aside, congrats on getting off with your first fresher for the year. (Naturally we should also commiserate with the poor guinea pig in question, but I'm sure she feels sorry enough for herself not to need us saying it!). And on this subject, Barry Quill was trying very hard to 'keep it in the family (exec?)' with Miss Dunne, the very girl about which he wrote in the last issue. Luckily for all involved, Melanie managed to ward off Barry's amorous advances. Tough luck, Bar.

Suddenly, I have thought of a point to this article!!! It's about

time that someone wrote about the romantic escapades of Mr Colm 'I do it in the bathroom' Croffy. Crof has had a very good record to date (he himself probably thinks of it as a very bad record but for the purposes of writing slanderous articles, we will refer to it as 'good') but on Tuesday night it all came crash-

**DESPITE THE  
BEST SPYING  
AND SURVEIL-  
LANCE OF  
FINBARR.....**

ing down. Ladies and gentlemen, a startling transformation has taken place. There now shines light where no light shone before.

And despite the best spying and surveillance of Union Treasurer Finbarr Quill the couple managed to go for a Chinese (Simple Pizza and Porter wouldn't do for our Pres. and first lady!!) in town. Where they went after nobody could guess - ask Denise of house 10 though, she might be able to help, despite consuming five crates of Chateau De Crof at the traditional house 10 cheese and wine party!

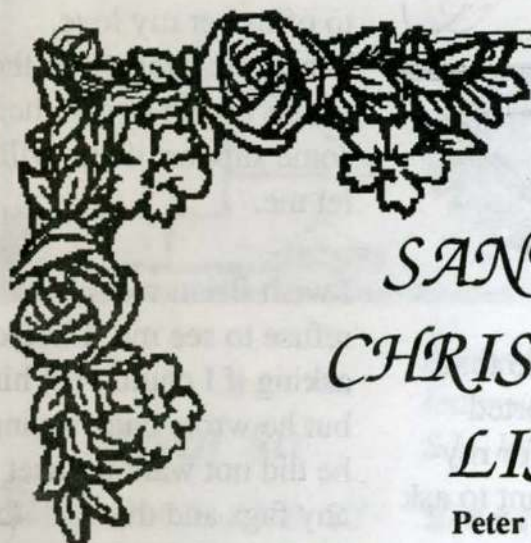
For all those who are still in the dark as to the identity of Colm's new found stable mate - follow the free buses to the Co-op ball,

where Mr. Neville Bourke and Co. will lead the assembled gate crashers in a slugging match never before witnessed in Castleconnell. How big is Castleconnell Donal?

No edition of this mag could go to press without the usual update on the Co-op student Derry who got a little tongue tied after the Stables Club Christmas Party this year! The old charmer who for the past six months has diligently plied his wares in front of as dazzling an array of females for some serious slap and tickle but not without resounding failure! However, we have it on good authority that his latest piece of skirt from Dublin is a considerable improvement on his past form. One wonders how he will cope with the transition back to student life. Will he survive? Worry not, dear reader, we'll keep you posted.

We also noted that Nollaig Scott was on campus for a while even if he wasn't in the enterprise centre. Pity that the girl currently living in the Centre is his sister, otherwise it would look really well for our big hairy Scottish terrier, fine man that he is.

**P.S. Entry into the Clique is non existant as Darcy found out, but if you really feel like joining one must first pass a selection test involving about a gallon and a half of porter, plus a week of continous battering - booze and beasts included!**



# SANTA'S CHRISTMAS LIST



**John Hargaden** - 101 interesting things to talk about.

**Colm Croffy** - An Alarm Clock

**Joan Keating** - A Co-op ball partner and a car to bring them.

**Carmel Ryan** - A Garda rugby player. (a No.2)

**Neville Bourke** - A chastity belt that works.

**Nollaig Scott** - Three Week Integration programme towards student rehabilitation.

**Jacinta Duffy** - A Proper Soccer Club

**Derry Heraty** - A serious Input into the above!

**Donal Waide** - A Vote and Shampoo

**Eamon O' Chiarde** - A junket to the Ministry Of Information in Iraq.

**Harry Goddard** - A Non Self Destructing Sound System.

**Barry Quill** - An Executive style Secretary

**Melainne Dunne** - None Of The Above and a Bunty Annual

**Mary Stephenson** - Free Bus Pass To Dublin and TWO matching pairs of slippers!

**Hilary Cronin** - Welfare Seminars in England

**Peter O 'Malley** - A Voice  
**Donal Fagan**- Stables Club  
**Manager**- 24 hr. Free Banking! (Lodgements only!)

**Declan Collins(Barman)** - Bowling Alarm - (one that gets you up after a few scoops!)

**Brendan Sullivan(Barman)** - Week On Health Farm with a few frisky third years!

**John Egan(Barman)** - An Ice Gun (So his hands don't get cold when he's putting ice down Dermot's and Eoin's backs)

**Dermot "Gazza" Claus (Barman)** - Football Boots!

**Edmund(Barman)**- Scalextrix

**Pat (Barman)** - Something for saddle-sores.

**Nav (Barman)** - Michael Jackson's pet chimp.

**Helen (Cashier)** - Return trip to Peter Marks.

**Eoin (Barman)** - Earmuffs, so that Edmund doesn't disturb him late at night!!!

**Cormac Connolly (Stables Club)**- An Advertising Contract with Heineken

**Ed.** - A Holiday Home for nine kids and four goats.

**Declan Ahearne** - Patients  
**Kay Shanley** - Valium

**Ber Angley** - Permanent Laryngitis.

**Pascal Cleary** - Trolleys with Black and White fuel tanks.

**Co op Office** - Jobs

**Alfie Moran** - A Baseball Bat and a postgrad catcher !!

**Harris (1st Bus Class Rep)** - More hair dye.

**T.J. (3rd Bus) Ryan** - A casual labour abacus.

**Brian Killilea** - Non sinkable boats.

**Gerry Russell** - Writers block and a Donnelly Visa

**Gerry Cronin** - A Hot Line To Fas H.Q. in Dublin!

**D'Arcy** - Something else to crib about besides the Union.

**Steve Mac (O.A.P.- Old Age Post Grad.)**- A real Masters before June.

**Luke (1st Comp. Sys.)** - A gobstopper.

**Gerry Myers** - Mother Goose (To advise him on his laying techniques)

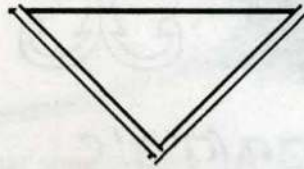


# NEWS AND VIEWS

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## FROM THE TRIANGLE



### A LETTER

Dear Alison,

It is quite a few years since I spent a night sleeping on the floor in a student house! I am afraid your Dad's weary old bones are not cut out for it anymore, and the next time I visit you I will stay in a guest house.

I was apprehensive about how you would greet me, and I am grateful to you for accepting me. The decision to leave your mother was a difficult and painful one, and as I said to you when I was in Limerick, I tried to do it with as little acrimony as possible.

Since I went back to work I have been thinking about you and what you went through at the time. It will be two years since I left at the end of November. I have spent these two years wondering if I had said goodbye to my children forever. I

did not want to do that, but until I had sorted some things out for myself, I did not want to ask others to suffer.

I can tell you that I was really scared about telling you why I left your mother. It can not be many men who can be proud of their youngest daughters reaction when they tell her he is gay. It was important to me that my family know their real father. Thank you so much.

As you know, I met your mother since I visited you. She is still angry about what happened. I don't blame her. I feel so sad about the lie that I lived with her for twenty two years in the hope that it would 'go away'. There is no way I can undo what has happened but at least we are talking again. I hope that I can help her. Even though I don't want to live with her as her husband I would still like

to offer her my love. Whatever happens in the future I want to give her some support if she will let me.

I wish Brian would not refuse to see me. I wrote asking if I could visit him but he wrote back saying he did not want to meet any fags and that as far as he was concerned I was not his father anymore. With time he will change, I hope.

I will visit Limerick before Christmas, so I will see you before you go on coop. (I still think that is a funny word for work experience.) Until then, all my love.

Dad

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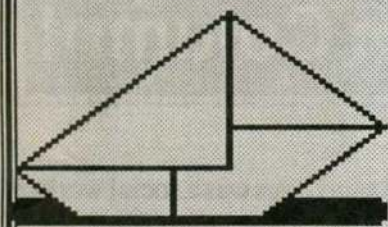
## Recipe of the Week.

This weeks a la carte menu was handed in by Mary 'Maverick' H. who came up with her ideal college meal.

**Starter**  
A cup of Croffy.

**Main Course**  
A big Mac.

**Dessert**  
A Barra Chocolate.



## Letters to the Editor

**Dear Sir**

### RELEVANCE AND EXCELLENCE

I lie in wait for someone to tell me what is relevant and how exactly to measure excellence. Should I use the Wall-Jones scale for measuring excellence in males or, good Lord!, would that be relevant. What is relevant; is this word connected to that of 'relativity'? If so, I was once informed that everything is relative. As regards the other adjective, 'excellence' - Christianity leads us to believe that everyone is 'excellent'.....at something. I'm not sure what I am excellent at, maybe it is a known activity in the canteen but..... is that relevant of relative?

Actually, I don't much care, it's excellent.

Love to all, Happy Christmas

**The Sex Society.**

*A week and a half ago this letter was handed in to the S.U. by the same Society.*

**Dear Mr Heraty,**

I understand that my position as regards my now ruined reputation is that of a legal one. I have contacted Gerry Meehan and his feelings on the matter are much the same.

After checking your position within the union, I have found out with little effort that you are a mere Co-op student, much to my disgust!! What I find utterly unbelievable is that you get paid for the tripe and slander you publish or contribute (presumably you created this article during office hours) to Mercury.

Please be informed now as of this letter that legal proceedings have begun to sue you for your weekly pay packet as compensation for the LOST reputation. We could establish outside court some 'payment in kind', maybe a little slap n' tickle..... on the side (in full view in canteen).

Awaiting your prompt attention to this matter,

Miss Niamh O' Byrne  
President - Sex Society

*It seems that Miss O' Byrne took offence to a paragraph in last issue's Through the Keyhole and has decided that Mr Heraty is responsible. We can only assure Miss O' Byrne that the matter will be fully investigated in time for the next issue!*

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## STABLES News

**The Stables Club will be having a new year's eve gig on December 31st. Disco and Band. Pre-sale tickets at £5 each on sale in the bar. On the door £7**

# STRAIGHT UP A Crunch Column!

Christmas is here once again, thankfully (I need some new socks) and may you all enjoy this Yule-tide. The totally cynical like me can forfeit reading the following paragraph as it's totally sloppy and filled with altruistic charitable emotions.

Please this Christmas take care of the elderly, treat your parents well and be considerate towards others.

Well, after that awful public service announcement I've got some real advice for you this Christmas.

1) Get a parking meter up on the roof quickly because there is no way I'm letting a fat man with a sleigh and a team of BSE infected deer ( who think they can fly ) land on my roof without making a payment for the divine privilege of being close to my presence.

2) Don't clean the chimney. If a fat man is going to slide down it he might as well clean it on the way.

3) Leave plenty of room around the Christmas tree for your presents and threaten to send FATI ( Free All Toys Immediately ) Inc. after him if he doesn't fill the space provided.

4) Don't leave any cake out for him and under no circumstances give him alcohol. someone else will most likely do it so why waste the cake and more importantly the alcohol.

5) Life is hard, so don't make it any easier for anyone else. Christmas is a time for yourself so make the most of it. I firmly believe that the shops have the right attitude, " get in quick and make the biggest killing possible " so if someone asks you what you would like for Christmas don't be afraid to replace the verb 'like' for 'want' and list off everything you can in 30 seconds, say thank you

**No sane shepherd would be tending sheep in December**

and beat a hasty exit stage left before they can refuse you.

Now let me explore a few myths about Christmas.

**Jesus Christ was born on Christmas day.**

False; experts disagree. No sane shepherd would be out tending sheep in December. They figure Christ was born earlier in the year.

**Santa is a fat man in a red suit.**

False; this popular image was invented in America in the early twentieth century. The real

Santa Claus was a social worker who saved children from being cooked by Inn-keepers ( pity he missed our own catering service ) as the special of the day.

**Santa Claus was a social worker**

**Prince Albert imported the Christmas tree to England from Germany to give the countries a common cultural link.**

False; timber processing costs were rising in Germany so he and Bismarck decided to export whole trees to England at a higher price and Brits were dumb enough to fall for it.

Now that I've totally ruined your Christmas let me take my leave from you and say Merry Christmas to one and all and to one and all a very Merry Christmas.

P.S. Don't hassle the barmen or women this Christmas. They have feelings too even though it might not seem self-evident. I look forward to communicating with you in the new year.

**By M. Hennessy**