Irish Examiner

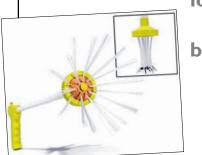
Saturday, July 15, 2006

Irish Examiner **Monday**

Taking visual arts to the stage **Gary Coyle's Death in Dún Laoghaire** reviewed Arts

Dazzling designs

We take a look at some of this year's quirky inventions such as the jacket with in-built speakers and the



foldable tent which can be thrown in the air and lands fully assembled **Features**



T-shirt" The Last Word

Provincial matters

Reports, reaction and analysis of the football deciders in Connacht, Leinster and Munster

Sport



NATURAL BORN KILLER: A gannet in search of its next meal off the Old Head of Kinsale. This picture is part of Sheena Jolley's exhibition of wildlife photography during Kinsale Arts week from July 16 to 22. The gannet is the largest European seabird, It dives from up to 30 metres plunging deep under water, turning to attack fish near the surface.

Lovelorn lady cops a heap of trouble

UNITED STATES: An Oregon woman was looking for love in all the wrong places when she called 911 wanting a "cute" sheriff's deputy to return to her house.

Lorna Jeanne Dudash succeeded in getting a date — in court, that is. After her neighbours reported a noise complaint, two Washington County sheriff's deputies knocked

on Dudash's door.

When they left, Dudash dialed 911 in a desperate attempt to get the deputy she described to dispatchers as "a cutie pie" to return.

The dispatcher repeatedly asked why Dudash needed the deputy to

Dudash's response: "Honey, I'm okay? I'm 45 years old and I'd just like to meet him again."

The deputy returned and arrested Dudash for misusing 911. She faces a \$6,000 fine and up to a year in jail.

BRITAIN: A British fan of the cult TV show Star Trek has boldly gone

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where no man has gone before and created a giant maize maze dedicated to the programme.

Trekkie Tom Pearcy used satellite technology to help him cut the maze in the cornfield at his farm near York, northern England, to celebrate 40 years since the show's first episode.

The maze, whose design includes images of character Mr Spock and the USS Enterprise spaceship, used 1.5 million maize plants and claims to be the biggest of its kind in the world.

GERMANY: A 61-year-old German on trial for theft got himself into more trouble when he stole from the judge during his court hearing, police said on Thursday.

Police in the central tow Coburg said that while facing her at the bench, the man pocketed a bunch of keys from the judge, who did not notice until he had left the room.

When confronted by court officials in the toilet, the man, who had a string of convictions for theft, told them he had been shocked to



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discover the keys in his pocket. "He told them he realised how

suspicious his story would sound and that he had therefore hidden the keys under a toilet brush," said police spokesman Bernhard Schmitt.

"He'd been stealing all his life so it was probably just an intuitive act." While the court officials decided what to do next, the man wrote a written confession to the deed. The theft meant the initial trial had to be

temporarily suspended on legal grounds in case the judge showed bias in the case.

UNITED STATES: It was either a prank or the work of Mother Nature - either way, Sherry Hart got a slithery surprise in her car.

Sherry Hart found a pair of garter snakes in the back seat of her car on a recent shopping trip to the grocery store, then found more under a floor

"This lady was freaking out next to her car," says Will Brinkerhoff, 17, an employee at the North Coast Fred Meyer.

Eventually more than 20 of the harmless snakes were found inside the car, some pencil-thin and one an incl in diameter and 3 feet long.

Brinkerhoff, another employee and several customers helped clean out One man dumped out his groceries

and gave Hart the plastic carryier bags to fill with snakes.

When Warrenton police Officer

Jim Gaebel arrived he guessed that one snake must have gotten into the car and had babies. Gaebel later told Hart that in all his years in police work, this was his first snake call.

But Hart believes it was a prank. "Who did it? We don't know," she said. But she believes her car was chosen because a window stuck open made it an easy target.

KAZAKHSTAN: A chicken in a Kazakh village has laid an egg with the word 'Allah' inscribed on its shell, state media reported Thursday.

"Our mosque confirmed that it says 'Allah' in Arabic," Bites Amantayeva, a farmer from the village of Stepnoi in eastern Kazakhstan, told state news agency Kazinform

"We'll keep this egg and we don't think it'll go bad.' The news agency said the egg was

laid just after a powerful hailstorm hit

Kazakhstan is a large, thinly populated Central Asian state where Sunni Islam is a dominant religion.

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sheer joy of living, and this is never more evident than when we're on holiday. Hearty Germans water-ski deliriously and tousle their blonde locks to shake out the sea spray. Italians with mahogany tans linger over delicious picnics on the backs

of their speedboats.

Australians are hang-gliding off mountains before breakfast, South Africans are launching into impromptu games of tag rugby, and even the Brits appear to be having a good time, dancing in public fountains, belching beerily, and having breast implants.

The Irish holidaymaker, by contrast, is skulking around with a face on like a wet February Tuesday, and he's hassled-looking, and he's wondering what he can do next to kill an hour. Regrettably, yes, I'm presently on holiday. I can tell I'm on holiday because for the past five days, I keep repeating those same three words, over and over, like a terrible mantra, "kill an hour", "kill an hour".

These words are a measure of the maximum enthusiasm I can summon up while on "a break". No matter how splendid the recreational option I'm presented with, the best I can say for it is:
"Ah sure, I suppose it'll kill an hour."

What's wrong with me? I am a sentient being, that's what's wrong with me. I can recognise that holidays are enforced perions. ods of ferocious boredom, maudlin introspection and sheer, brain-shrivelling mis-



Kevin Barry

The Last Word

ery. "Leisure" is a living hell. In truth, most of us dread holidays but we won't admit it, because no one wants to be the droopy-drawers.

But they can see through us. They can pick us out a mile off on the golden rivieras, and not just by the trembling acres of pale pimply flesh you'd more properly expect to see on the plucking line at Cappaquin Chickens. They can tell us by our sour-milk scowls, and by our con-

stant checking of the watches.

There's only one thing that melts the misery. One day, rays of sunshine appear to emanate from our souls. Grinning like cats, we are slapping backs, gripping hands and saying, "In all fairness, like, this is de best holiday we ever had!" It is, of course, the day of departure.



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