

## Horn Scandal Rocks IONA

### CEO Pays For Bar Extension

Been in the new Pembroke? LOOKS PRETTY FANCY DOESN'T IT? Not suprisingly many festive drinkers are wondering where exactly all their money is coming from. Could this really be the same pub? Look at the evidence: big mirrors like in the exclusive pubs in town, fake flowers crawling all over the walls, attractive cream paint everywhere. It's a drinkers nightmare - but it IS expensive.

**i-contact** found it strange that IONA is suddenly watching the cash flow just when the pub over the road spends a fortune putting up funny lights arranged in spirals. We decided to investigate - and turned up alarming evidence where we would, quite frankly, most expect it - **Colm Caffrey** of the OrbixWeb team. He told **i-contact** "oh yeah, I know the full story here". Interested, we pushed him to tell us more. Well, to tell you the truth he volunteered the information freely, but we'll pretend he was reluctant. "I overheard Chris and the landlord discussing the renovations. Chris said, quite clearly "I'll give you £220,000 for your new extension as long as I get free beer and you let my brother do the heating". The last condition may explain why such a botched job was done, leaving punters to pick up the pieces in the form of **literally** Arctic conditions within the pub.

Horn looked shocked when confronted with our incontrovertible evidence but quickly regained his composure to deny everything. "I haven't a clue what you're talking about" he said. He didn't deny ever having given money to the owner, Brian, however. "I might have bought a drink in the past, yes" "And paid cash?" "Gee, I guess yes. Do you want money for a pint?"

No Sir. **i-contact** doesn't want money for a pint - we want the truth. Stopping at nothing we set out to tour the pubs of Dublin examining suspicious renovations and keeping our eyes open for CEOs drunk on free booze. We found none but had a smashing time. Meanwhile, back in IONA product development malcontent **Craig Ryan** is more than a little suspicious of goings on either side of Pembroke Street. "I ask for a new VMS machine one day. I'm told 'no way' and it's made pretty clear that any more stick out of me and my heads down the toilet and Sean Baker's doing the flushing. Next thing I know I go into the Pembroke for a pint, and what do you know. A brand new VMS machine in the Comms room next to the toilet. **It made me puke.** Or maybe that was all the pints, I'm not sure".

So the question remains - Chris Horn - **Drunk on Power? Or Pissed on Free Booze?** Our free booze what's more. We put Craig Ryan's allegations to a clearly rattled CEO. "I'm getting a little tired of this" he began, "I don't know anything about a VMS machine next to toilets in the Pembroke" "Ah, we never told you it was next to the toilet." At this point we were ordered out of the office by an **irate Horn**.

We brought a now **sober Ryan** back to the scene of the crime to find this VMS machine for ourselves. Clearly, Chris had phoned ahead as instead of a fully functioning Comms rooms complete with flashing lights and whirring tape spools, we found that they had converted it into a large kitchen. "I'd swear it was here" said Ryan. He denies he was actually drunk in the IONA building although he admits it might be possible.

So there you have it. Chris Horn - political figure like Michael Lowry, or father figure to Paul Lowry. **YOU DECIDE.** Mail [icontact@iona.com](mailto:icontact@iona.com) and tell us what you think of Chris Horn. Oh, and Happy Christmas.

Plenary Birds Of A Feather Panel Workshop Break-Out Session

## Things To Do On The 19<sup>th</sup> Of December

It's the day after the Christmas party. You really don't want to work. What you need is some good advice on how to avoid work from the experts. We've assembled some of IONA's top boffins, and Michael Kelly, in order to discuss possible strategies for the day. Our eggheads are:



Mike Kelly



Alan Crilly



Ross O'Crowley



Fergal Finnegan

Plus of course **John O'Toole** in the chair,

JOT: Obviously this is a tough one. Let's start at the beginning here with some thoughts on waking up. Is it really such a good idea?

AC: I find an ideal time to get up is when you are sober enough to realise that you shouldn't have gone to bed with your golf clubs. It's amazing how attractive a 5 iron can look when you stagger home pissed from the party at 3 in the morning.

MK: **Bonus!**

JOT: We have a proposal by Alan that we adopt a proprietary, golf-based approach to the waking up paradigm. This isn't exactly in keeping with the more open, standards-based idea that we have traditionally gone for. I think we should pay listen to Mike's adoption of the "Bonus" standard.

FF: Let's move on. Let's assume we've made it out of the bed, and are currently on the sofa watching Sky News, **or for those in sales, MTV**. We are feeling unwell and are collecting our thoughts vis a vis work which are, quite frankly, principally negative ones. Our next step is a crucial one. We are at the crossroads. The particular crossroads from where Little Gerard would no doubt ring in sick.

ROC: OK. Accepting the principle of negative thoughts has anyone explored at length the "Working from home" option, or the "Virtual Holiday" as it is beginning to become known.

AC: Ah yes. It is a wonderful solution. All the attributes of actual work, as in pay, no loss of benefits, no loss of time, without the hassle of actually having to be there. Shrink-wrapped out of the box, it is the best solution around.

JOT: But Alan, surely you were one of the greatest supporters and practitioners of ludicrously extended paternity leave. Is there any room for that here.

AC: Unfortunately John it is difficult to pull a toddler out of the hat at short notice. People want proof, photographs, tired eyes, gurgled conversation down the lines. It is **simply not a portable solution** unfortunately

FF: OK, lets accept the painful fact that work is looking inevitable. It's hard to keep up the pretence of working from home when the only hardware available is a **Sony Playstation**. I find the ideal start to this kind of day is a good long walk. Anything up to three hours can reasonably be blamed on the traffic.

ROC: Sorry to call you up on this Fergal, but those of us living in out of the way, middle of nowhere, country bumpkin hole-in-the-ground places like Greystones don't find that approach too useful. I think some members of this panel are attempting to shy away from a standards-based solution to the real issue here. What DO you do when you finally arrive at your desk?

MK: Bonus! I talk to **Tom Murphy** all day about rugby.

FF: Well I would take the gaffer's advice and spend the first few hours taking two or three minutes to look at the NASDAQ Website.

JOT: The spreadsheet solution.

FF: Absolutely, as long as you have a graph on the screen the presumption has got to be work. Obviously for engineers the solution is to have as many local windows open as possible at least half of which contain code.

JOT: And of course Sys Admin have their auto-response email and queuing system and so have fully automated their putting your feet up for a few hours solution.

(There is an appreciative silence)

ALL: Genius

AC: The OrbixWeb group, as the name would suggest, are past masters in the art of websurfing. I believe they favour searching for the names of company employees - try this to see the amusing results easily available - <http://www.ionline.net/~hylndr/>. The great thing is that this solution gives a convincing impression of activity - especially if you are typing in a long name...

ROC: Of course sometimes just sitting at your desk becomes a problem. It's not always appropriate to simply slump down on the desk - although anyone with a particularly credulous boss could try to palm the whole thing off as "power napping". However, I favour the "long lunch".

MK: Of course - a personal favourite of mine also. Arrive at work at 12 noon, nip off for a nice lunch at half past. It's all in the contract. Probably.

ROC: I believe there are plans afoot for a lunch that can scale to upwards of three days. It called ART or **Annraí Relaxation Time**, kind of the next generation of lunches....

JOT: Eh, I don't think we can talk about that.

ROC: Of course, sorry. Can we talk about the **Halpin Solution**? Yes. Well it is brilliant in its simplicity. In the morning get up, shave, go in to the office walk around, say hello to everyone you meet, send email to the seven, leave, go home, sleep, come back in about three and everyone reckons you have been there all day.

MK: Works for me every time. Bonus!

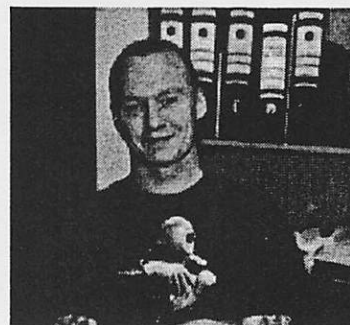
FF: Can we put the lunch on expenses? It's just that with it being the end of the month I'm a bit short. Like Colin Newman really but not in a literal sense of course.

ROC: Oh of course. Lets go and have a pint and discuss it.

AC: I'll just mail allstaff to prove I'm here - and leave my keys on my desk so people think I'm just in a meeting and not in the pub. I'll leave me bag as well. Where are we heading? Toners anyone?

MK: Bonus!

A doctor with a difference - the one and only Peter Byrne of IONA sysadmin. If you read "junk" you'll know all too well what this is all about: essentially agonisingly painful ways to solve perfectly simple medical problems. Next week we feature "shaving the eyeballs with a rusty knife" and "Spinal Tap the DIY way". So, here it is anyway, the famous



## **"Ask Dr. Peter"**

Dear Dr. Peter,

I've had a slight sniffle for the last few days. I don't want to see a real doctor. What should I do?

Yours,  
Suffering from a slight sniffle, Walkinstown

Dear Suffering,

Some people recommend a Lemsip and a couple of days in bed. They're wrong. What you need to do is get to the source of the problem. Take a sharp kitchen knife or machete. Sterilise it by running it under the cold tap for a few seconds. Bathe your forehead, cheekbones and nose in a dilute solution of sulphuric acid with a hint of iodine. Stick the point of the machete up your left nostril. Slide it upwards until it reaches your sinus. Slip a length of rubber hose up there. Withdraw the knife. Push the hose up there firmly. Repeat for the right nostril. (This process can make your eyes water a bit!)

That's your lower sinuses covered. For the upper ones you'll need a Black & Decker or similar drill (one with variable speed and hammer action is recommended). Take a rough guess as to whereabouts on your forehead your sinuses are and go for it with a 1.5" drillbit. This can sting so you may want to apply an ice cube to the area first. Don't go too far or you'll lobotomise yourself! Stick lengths of hose in there, connect to the hot tap and turn on full force.

That should clear your sinuses - and no recourse to expensive doctors or drugs!

Dr. Peter.

Dear Dr. Peter,

I've been troubled by an painful irritation in my eyelid. My chemist recommended an ointment but I don't trust him. What do you suggest?

Yours,  
Eyeless, Gaza.

Dear Eyeless,

You're right not to trust your chemist. He's possibly a man in black and almost definitely an agent of the CIA. Besides, there's no need for costly ointments and medications when a simple gardening implements can do the job for you.

Find yourself a selection of sturdy pins. stretch the offending eyelid out as far as it will go. Then stretch it a little further until you hear a tearing sound. This may feel slightly uncomfortable for a moment.

Stick the pins through the eyelid and into a firm, stable surface. Your lower arm should do. You may want to rub it with an ice cube first. Snip the eyelid off with the secateurs.

Repeat for the other eyelid - it's a preventative measure and you don't want your face to look asymmetric now, do you?

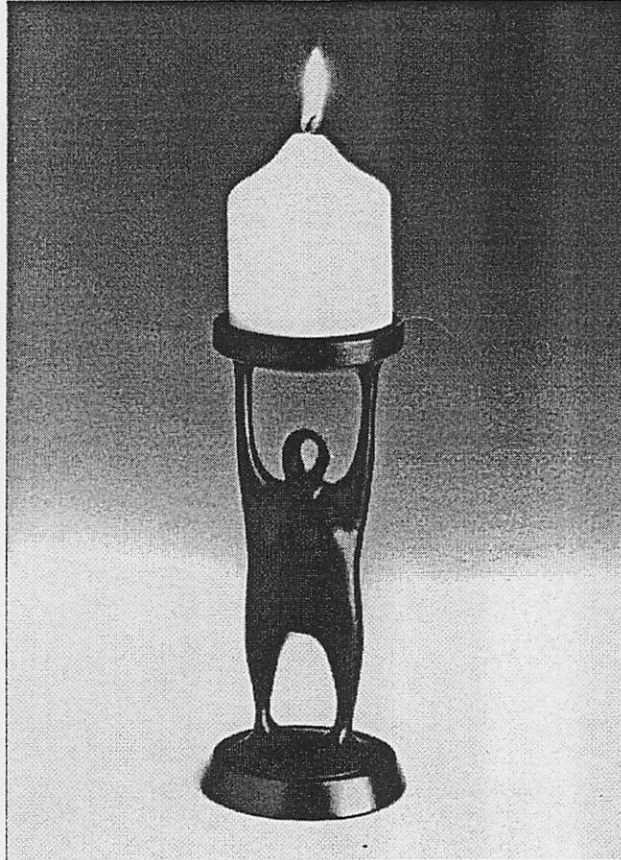
Dab the area with cotton wool. Heat a trowel over a hot flame and, when it is quite hot, apply to the eyelid stub. You should feel a warming sensation. Be careful not to touch your eyeball as scar tissue may form which can chafe.

There you go! No nasty chemicals and the job done in no time!

Dr Peter.



**NEW!**  
**LIFESIZE MODEL OF MARKETING GURU**  
**COLIN NEWMAN!**



**i-contact** is pleased to announce this one-off offer to its readers again! For only £20, you too can have a **LIFE-SIZE** model of marketing supremo Colin Newman! **Put** it on your desk to inspire you. **Place** it on your kitchen table to remind you. **Sacrifice** small mammals (voles, mice, shrews, etc.) to it to protect you. **Watch** your voodoo pins break as you attempt to shove them into its **HARD METAL** body. This attractive sculpture, depicting Colin holding the DBMS Database Dozen award aloft in victory can be yours! And it's **EXACTLY TO SCALE!**

These attractive sculptures have the added benefit of being able to hold candles.

Yes, we know we've plugged these things before but he's getting desperate, times are tough and they are the sort of thing your mother would like for Christmas (they used to be sold in the Kilkenny Shop you know).

Please, **for the love of God**, buy a life-size **Colin candlestick**. I've already earnt a quid commission selling these things and I'm hungry for more. Mail [cnewman@iona.com](mailto:cnewman@iona.com) for full details of the candlestick of a lifetime.