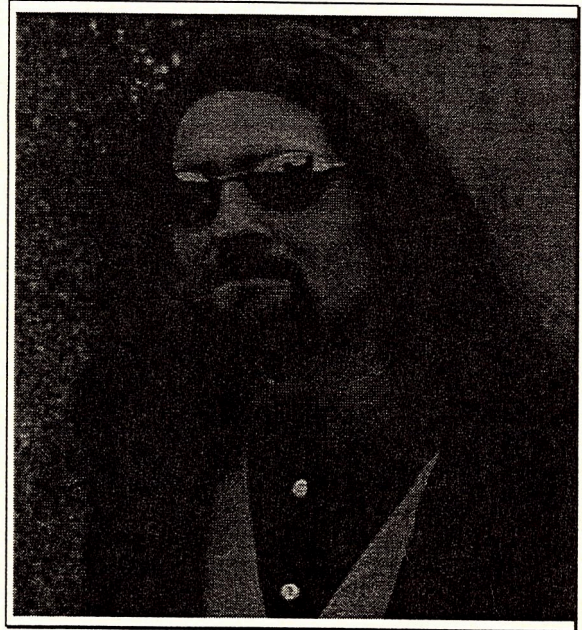


Religious War Gets Serious

What began as an innocent phrase, borrowed from history, has sickeningly led to cult-watchers descending on the greater Seattle area to try and deflect what they see as another **potential Waco** (*are we talking about Condon already?* - Ed). The battle lines have been well and truly drawn in the DCOM-CORBA conflict, and activity on both sides has been getting stranger and stranger.

Pictured right is one time object consultant genius, **Andrew Condon**. Condon has been at Boeing for the last two years and it would appear that such close exposure to the enemy at Microsoft has led to '**les marbles**' being well and truly lost. When I-contact tried to contact Andrew about MS we got this voicemail in reply "**There is no Andrew Condon, not anymore. Call me The Distributed One.** There is no Microsoft, merely the infidels. They will be defeated. Join me".

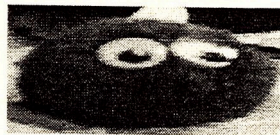


Andrew Condon, Yesterday

Chris Horn, who for some time now has been speaking only through a Mormon PR unit, had this to say - "When we embarked upon this crusade we knew it wasn't going to be easy. **Gee, how could it be?** The thesis is the OMG CORBA 2.0 spec, and MS are atheists. My message is simple - **embrace IIOP conformity or die.** Andrew, sorry, The Distributed One's messianic qualities are to be admired. I'm very proud indeed to hear of his tireless work, trawling through the coffee shops, explaining to the unconverted exactly why DCOM will not scale at the enterprise level. While some are obviously bemused, or some may even think him a little crazy, **he has attracted numerous followers**".

It is these followers that have raised the eyebrows of the world's cult watchers. The Distributed One has taken a large farmhouse in the Washington countryside. The followers all wear black t-shirts emblazoned with slogans such as - "**For a world without paper you need Stone**", "**COMunism is dead**", "**CORBA and have a go if you think you're hard enough**", "**Seamless Intergration? CORBA application**", "**COMbustible! Fight COM's fires with Orbix**". There are pictures of what are called the Holy Three scattered around the room - Chris Stone, Chris Horn and **Sammy Davis Jr.** "The last one is a personal preference of mine, explained the Distributed One. "While admittedly he had little to say about the whole area of object technology he inspired me to go after my dream no matter what the odds.

More worrying though, are allegations that the followers are being brainwashed through techniques such as software deprivation. These rumours are fiercely denied - "No way, we let them use MS packages all the time. However if we discovered that one of them used say an Active X control, **EVEN AT THE DESKTOP LEVEL**, then all I would say is that they would want to pray for excommunication.



Orbigrams

Product News

As usual, product development are busy bees up there on the first floor. Just take a look at **OrbixSecurity**, which this month entered our beta program. It's an implementation of the CORBA Security service, in case you hadn't guessed. I'm sure everyone agrees that a compelling security solution is an exciting addition to our product suite. "No-one should underestimate the importance of security", said security guru **Dave Clarke**. "Security isn't a dirty word", he added.

Of course the major product news this month was the release of OrbixWeb version 1.1, which will retail at the new low price of \$799. A jubilant **Chris Horn**, commenting on the decision through a mormon spokesperson, told **i-contact** "**there's nothing as crazy as an IONA Technologies crazy prices price**". Colin Newman announced the new pricing policy to the world with what he called 'the IONA price promise'. "If you can find a comparable ORB elsewhere for less, we'll

refund twice the difference and throw in half a pound of butter and a **bag of spuds**. And that's a promise."

Of course **all joking aside**, the new price is intended to open up the CORBA market to new developers at the entry level. A whole new market, or for Star Trek fans, an "**undiscovered country**". I know Star Trek is popular amongst certain parts of the staff.

Marketing

Oh, it's all go in marketing. Everyone's working hard, no stone is left unturned in the quest for increased mindshare. **Not really of course - the power of suggestion!** Yesterday saw the world's first IONA Forum, designed to reduce our most prominent customers to tears through continuous exposure to the 'jokes' of **Annrai O'Toole** and Powerpoint presentations delivered by all and sundry at the company. Just like timeshare evenings, the attendees will then be persuaded to sign lucrative POs that

will keep the company afloat well into the year 2000.

I'm joking of course.

The IONA Forum is an **exciting** departure for IONA, giving us the chance to share our vision with our most **valuable** repeat customers. And don't forget, one repeat customer is worth ten new leads. "Rule number one", says Sean Baker, "**if we don't take care of the customer, someone else will**".

Professional Services

What can you say about IONA Professional Services that hasn't already been said? A lot of things spring to mind actually, but we'll let them pass. But the big news in the world of Orbix training is the new availability of Orbix courses in Europe, helping continental object buffs avoid the trek over to Dublin when they need "the knowledge". With courses scheduled in England and Germany, it's 1966 all over again as the countries compete for the prize of best training course. Oo there's going to be ructions I promise you...

DUBLIN BUILDING ATTACKED BY ALIENS

From special correspondent Elanor Foley

Mindless alien creatures have infested an office building on Pembroke Street (*telemarketing? - ed.*), terrorising the employees of IONA with their disturbing appearance and grotesque feeding habits. The creatures, believed to have been "beamed-down" from a spacecraft orbiting Earth, seem to be an attempt to weaken the defences of this puny planet.

Described as approximately "box-shaped" with huge feeding tubes or tentacles near the "head", they come in various colours, and are covered in strange other-worldly markings. The **loathsome** beings seem to thrive in hot weather, suggesting that their home planet has a somewhat warmer climate than our own. In these warm and humid conditions, they emit **loud humming sounds** and freely wave their tentacles at the terrified office workers, frightening them with audible breathing noises and jets of cold, clammy air.

Most frighteningly of all, the creatures also seem to be growing, oozing their way out the windows, and in some cases, the doors of IONA's building. **Large tentacles** can be seen hanging out the windows all along the outside of the building and the proprietors of neighbouring premises are in a panic. The workers in O'Briens Sandwich bar, Munchies and Henry's are particularly worried, as it seems the monstrous aliens have a near unquenchable appetite for earth foodstuffs. This development is concerning the editors of **i-contact** who are in advanced negotiations with all three sandwich stores for lucrative advertising deals in these pages.

One Munchies employee was kind enough to give us a quote: "**I don't think we'd be able to resist!** Those things seem to have the poor IONA employees in their sway.....they've had to nearly clear out our shelves just to appease the creatures' constant raging appetites! I just hope they can survive long enough for help to get through..."

But unfortunately for IONA, no-one knows what might drive the creatures away. Since they are in their element in hot weather, the cold of winter might be the only saviour for the defenceless people enslaved to these horrible creatures from the skies. (*Never mind the cold of winter, what about right now?. Bloody weather - ed.*)

Record Month For New Staff

This month must see a record in terms of new hires at IONA. OK so some of these are temporary, and Kevin McGonagle only got the job because of his football skills, but still. Talk about throwing good money after bad. I knew we shouldn't have employed Fergal Finnegan

Ruth Burrows	Prod. Development
Mike Hogan	Prod. Development
Padriag Nallen	Telemarketing
Brian Kelly	Prof. Services
Dermot Reynolds	Prof. Services
John O'Shea	Prof. Services
Paul Nolan	Customer Eng.
John Keyes	Customer Eng.
Gavin Matthews	Customer Eng.
Kevin McGonagle	Prod. Development
Mark Keenan	Customer Eng.
Stephen Harford	Prod. Development
Conor Twomey	Prod. Development
Helge Berg	Prod. Development
Patrick Green	Prod. Development
Ronan Hickey	Prod. Development

Joel Pinckheard	Prod. Development
Patrick o'Brien	Prod. Development
Elanor Foley	Sales (Summer)
Karin Smyth	Channels
Etain Delaney	Telemarketing
Anthony Flynn	(Sales, UK office)
Niall Smart	Customer Eng.
Anthony Grace	Customer Eng.

Boston Office

Vaidy Venkataraman	-Product Development
Paul Malenchini	Finance
Patrick Minoque	Sales

Perth Office

Terry Stillone	Systems Admin
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IONA Zippers Steady The Ship

Messiah McGonagle is "in the building"

One win, one draw, on defeat. Can these bald statistics ever truly tell the tale behind last month's league campaign? Surely not, for in these four short weeks the Zippers squad has experienced the full gamut of emotion. The highs, the lows, the triumphs and the setbacks, all human life is here. As the league position wanders about even more erratically than the share price, the Zippers seem finally to be steadying the ship ready for an assault on the title. "There are no easy games at this level", manager **Gerry Carr** told **i-contact**, "but we are well known in the league and regarded as hard to beat".

A sound thrashing by the worst team in the league (curiously coinciding with El Puffio's holidays) saw Damian "goal famine" Beresford finally put the ball in the net. "I don't know what happened", he told us, "**I just kind of swung at it**, and as usual it disappeared off at some ridiculous angle. I think it bounced off the corner flag and hit some bloke's arse before trickling under the keepers body. I meant it like that of course". The Zippers were down but not out, returning a week later to clinch a five goal thriller 3-2 against FMS. In a game marked by the silken skills of "golden shins" El Puffio, IONA scored three cracking goals through **Dermot Sreenan**, **Cormac Barry** and **Christy O'Riordan**. Magic stuff.



'Golden Shins' El Puffio In Action, Yesterday

With the blood up and the momentum established, this weeks clash with IBM was set to be a classic, which it was, if you like standing in the pouring rain watching a ball bounce around in random circles for an hour. Gaffer Carr branded the bore-draw "**a disgrace**", and promised swingeing changes next week, including, God forbid, his own return to the squad.

Only one man can avert the potential disaster of Gerry Carr in the midfield, and **he knows who he is**. All eyes are on the one, the only, Kevin McGonagle, who's return from the dead (in the form of Donegal) has only confirmed his 'messiah' status amongst the Zippers following. Allegedly nursing ligament damage, Kevin so far has refused to turn out for IONA. **We say, put up or shut up Mr. McGonagle**. PS. Boston have a football team too.

Orbix Sets Sail

Annraí muddies the waters the English language with the cloudiness of mixed metaphors, the slime of strained similes and the awfulness of artificial analogies

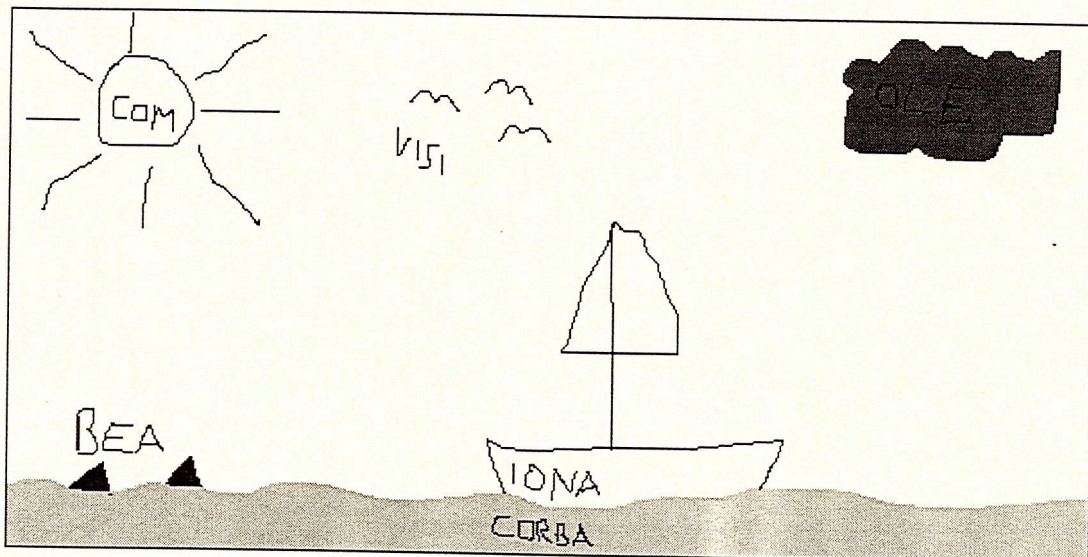
Inspired by the return to our screens of **Captain Pugwash**, he's weighed his anchor and started babbling about islands and boats and things. As his recent performance, showing up for his keynote half an hour late, demonstrates, he and the rest of the company are speaking different languages.

In much the same way that Jonathan Aitken pledged to fight with the sword of truth and the shield of trusty British fair play, until he was impaled on the dagger of deceit and now looks like going to prison for perjury after going through the high court of hideous embarrassment, Annraí has lately been pondering the **carbuncle of CORBA**, the okapi of object technology and the island of automation, churning out Blackadderisms at a rate of knots.

"Eh, think of **IONA like a boat**. And CORBA is this ocean that links up islands of automation. The cloud on the horizon is OLE and COM. Except **COM is a bit like the sun**. And then there are the competitors. Eh. They're a bit like sharks and birds. And we're all on the boat. It's a bit like being on the bus, or on a train. The OMG is like a bus [see *i-contact* issue 14 - Ed.], but if you're on a train then CORBA is like this railway that can link up different stations of automation. And you need plumbing for that. I could tell you a shaggy dog story about the **emperor's new clothes**.

So we're sailing the seven seas of objects and we have to keelhaul Visi. Make them walk the plank and sail to another island of automation. And then fly on to San Tropez. **San Tropez is a bit like an object** - you have to view the whole thing, there's no point in looking at it partially or it won't work. Like a car. Or a whale. Very like a whale. If you're in the boat, DCOM is like a whale as well, because it's underneath the CORBA ocean **filtering the plankton of RMI through the baleen of DPE**. And all we've got is the sail of IIOP and the engine of the IIOP engine, with the Wonderwall keeping them out. And that's where Java comes in. Java is like a goat used in Satan worship because you rite once but it can run anywhere."

i-contact is delighted to preview Annraí's latest presentation slides:



Play "Call My Spa" in this i-contact competition exclusive!

We can't afford saxophone legend Bob Holness or any other third-rate celebrities, but you know how this works. We've got a few Annraíisms and some suggested meanings. Pick the right ones, send them to the usual address and you could win our

STAR PRIZE!

This month's star prize is a copy of the "Orbix Database Adapter Framework White Paper" personally autographed by sales guru Donough O'Callaghan or whoever else can be bothered. The "usual address" is 47, Elm Park Road, Tunbridge Wells, Kent. The referee's decision is final. No correspondence will be entered into. Your mileage may vary. Close cover before striking. No purchase necessary. Void where prohibited.

"Soup to nuts"

- (a) All the way through. In some cultures, meals are served which consist of soup, followed by a meat or main course, and finally nuts. "He's been taking care of the project from beginning to end - he's a real soup to nuts guy".
- (b) An impossible task. In olden times, ships would travel with large quantities of nuts, which would keep for long periods. Making soup from nuts is possible - but the leftover soup will spoil quickly and trying to save it by rescuing only the nuts was tedious and difficult. So, "trying to build a decent application on DCOM is like trying to turn soup to nuts".
- (c) An inappropriate, ridiculous or unappreciated gift. "Giving her 4 billion share options is like giving soup to nuts."

"Spaghetti, Meat and Two Veg"

- (a) Overcoming complicated, messy solutions with a simple approach. "We finally cleared all the papers in the room and put up some decent shelves. It was like going from spaghetti to meat & two veg."
- (b) Moving from the exotic to the familiar. "Coming back from Hawaii to BT Labs in Ipswich was a relief, like coming from spaghetti to meat & two veg."
- (c) Among the ultra-wealthy, the lifestyle "necessities" like the second swimming pool, compared with "bread & butter" basic needs or luxuries.. "I know four grand is a lot for a bottle of wine, but it's spaghetti to someone in my position," or "I don't even like fast cars, really, but a Porsche is meat & two veg. stuff."

"Emperor's New Clothes"

- (a) An invisible presence which is everywhere and pervasive, but invisible to the uninitiated. "An ORB is like the emperor's new clothes - you shouldn't be able to see it."
- (b) From the fairy tale, something which is talked up and people believe, but doesn't live up to the hype. "An ORB is like the emperor's new clothes - they're meant to be great but they don't work."
- (c) After Emperor Bokassa of the Central African Empire, something fantastically expensive and elaborate. "The new car is brilliant. It's the absolute emperor's new clothes."

So there you have it. Enter now to avoid disappointment. Seriously though, congratulations to Annraí on being elected Taoiseach. It's no more than he deserves after such a wizard party. Pig on a spit indeed.

Object Expo Goes With A Bang

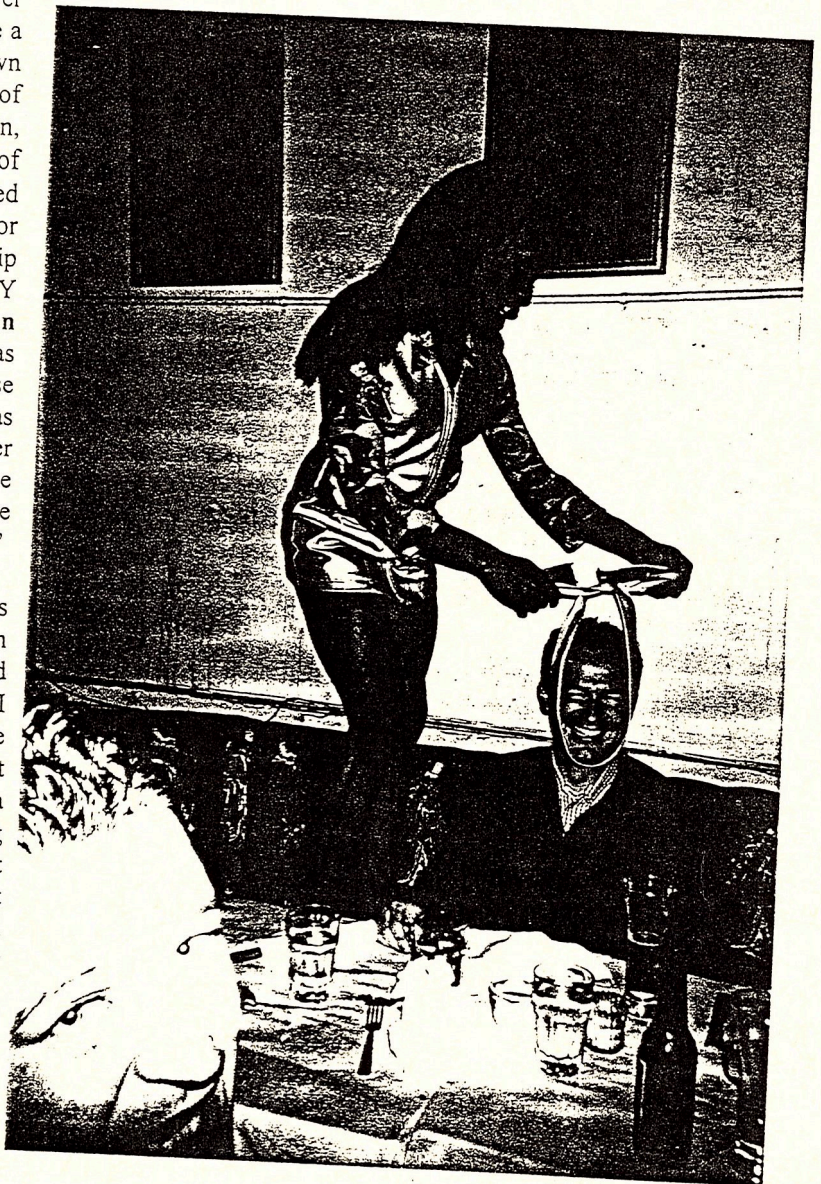
In a shock exclusive i-contact has obtained exclusive pictures that reveal that trade shows are not all hard work. Here we see the intrepid **Colin Newman**, VP of marketing, but CEO of Good Times, getting himself tied up by what can only be described as "a waitress". It is Tom Murphy we can see recoiling in horror as he sees what his long-time hero Newman really likes to get up to when unwinding.

After a busy day shouting "**Anyone buying or selling the Orbix**", the exhausted IONA crew needed a place for a little R&R. John McGuire recommended his favourite Transvestite restaurant Lucky Changs. "It's not my absolute favourite", explained John, "but I thought that the other places might be a little too risqué. Besides Colin's been going since he was at Lehman Bros. He loves it."

Indeed he does. Various Marketing and PD worthies were shocked to discover that what they had presumed was to be a quiet Chinese meal in ethnic Chinatown was to be no less than an evening of **EROTIC RAUNCH**. Fionagh Ryan, who hails from the quiet backwater of somewhere in the country, was outraged when accosted by the cabaret act for dumping her loose change in the tip bucket during the TV's **STEAMY** performance. "I have never been treated like this in my life", she was heard to cry as she adjusted her blouse following what can only be described as a physical attack in revenge for her tight-fisted tip. "I don't know what she was so upset about" said Fionagh "there were a couple of quarters in the change"

John McGuire, laughing it up, had this to say about the whole affair "I'm an anything goes, take people as I find them, each man to himself kind of guy. I should have realised, however, that there might be some less funky characters at the meal, people, you might say, of a rural outlook. Perhaps we made a wrong choice. Perhaps, indeed John. At least one IONian was known to have stood at the door of the cabaret in case he needed to flee if the cabaret act were to wander in his direction.

Newman for his part was unrepentant. "Nothing illegal went in there. I may have what to some are slightly unusual tastes but I stand by them. I'm not some stuffed shirt, occasionally I needs to get funkyd up."



New Building Found

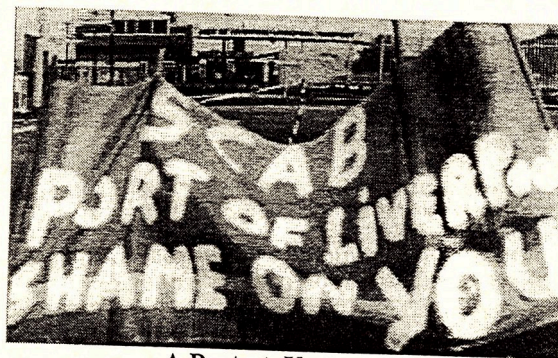
Rooftop protest averted

With the news officially released that part of IONA are to move to 16 St. Stephens Green plans to “take it to the roofs” have been put on ice. Planned actions, echoing protests seen at many prisons, had, thankfully, to be canceled once the new space had been announced.

Hugh Grant, Chief Architect and well-known agitator, had these good reason for leading the protest.. He explained to I-contact " I had had enough. It was difficult enough getting around this building but the people kept on coming. I called an informal meeting at my desk for people who had been involved in the DCOM CORBA bridgework. 52 people were gathered round! There was a queue a far back as the lift! And trying to get a spare machine! I had a contractor in - complete waste of money - We had to give him a Acorn Electric and a cup and string for a phone. He wasn't to impressed at finding his desk was actually a toilet seat in the bog either. The sound of flushing made conversation very difficult. Still, we did get a networked game of **Jet Set Willy** running over TCP/IP so it wasn't a complete waste. However, it was all becoming very embarrassing".

So much for the excuses but what about the plan. **Australian Emissary Craig Ryan** emerged as the organizer-in-chief. "The plan was brilliant. I had co-ordinated for the fire alarms to ring three times at a 3 o'clock on a certain day. We were going to make it earlier but Sam Joyce couldn't guarantee getting in on time. Anyways, at that signal the whole of IONA would make for the roofs. I'd imported enough Victoria Beer to sink a boat and had it stored up there to keep us going. Actually a bit less beer than that as the first boat carrying the cargo sank. That set us back a few weeks as you could imagine" Indeed.

The plan from here got a little fuzzy. **Mark Simons**, strategy guru extraordinaire and standing in for another member of the nascent Strategy team, tried to explain it thus; "I thought that if we stayed up there for a long time senior management would be forced to act. Paul Donnelly had suggested a Maze-style dirty protest but I explained that I paid a lot of money for my Pennys shirts and I wasn't about to go messing them up. Besides my wife would bloody kill me. So a roof protest it was. The media would be alerted to the battery hen conditions we were forced to work in thus embarrassing the company into finding a solution. I was the one who discovered the memo instructing that only very small casual staff should be hired as part of the space saving exercise. Paul Donnelly's job looked in danger if it wasn't for the fact that he was very handy for changing the light-bulbs now that **Paul "amateur dramatics" O'Neill** has gone to Boston".



A Protest, Yesterday

Well, the best laid plans of mice and men did gang agley with the timely intervention of an email announcing the new luxury building. Most of PD will be going and ALL of their machines, according to the mail so some lucky engineers who stay behind can kick back and relax. Space is here, hallelujah. I-contact tried to get in touch with Boston for comment but they were all at the back of the building **playing indoor football**.

Mick 'Crocodile' Lynch's Letter from Boston



Bear Ionians

I think I like America! Jesus 'tis great so 'tis. Grand big buildings and the people are only mighty craic. I came over as a systems administrator, but little did the bosses know that I am also a professional GAA player and a professional gigolo as well. I've been making all sorts of money to send home to the mammy.

Begod the women over here are only mad for it. I suppose with a lot of your schooling types around Cambridge they're not used to coming across a real man of the soil like meself. I was through Boston like a hare out of a trap in the first two weeks here so I've had to take meself off to New York at the weekends now. I play a bit of the oul' GAA on the Saturday morning and then it's party time that night. I like to head to Chelsea and out as far as 9th Ave. You get some grand big women around there so you do. 6' 2" some of them with grand long legs and huge big hands. You wouldn't see the likes of them back in Derry I can tell you. But unfortunately, now, they don't seem to have much of the old folding stuff and that won't get the remittances paid. Me Ma would kill me if they're late. So, it's off up to midtown to meet the rich old ladies.

I tell you though, it's tough to get a decent cup o' tae around here. They're always asking you which type? What the hell are they talking about. Tae, tae, for Christ's sake. English Breakfast, sir, or perhaps Darjeeling they were asking me in that there Bony Painy place in Harvard Sq. "No", I said, "a cup of feckin' tae"! I had to settle for coffee but it gives me fierce wind.

Sadly, though, I have to leave soon to go back to the old sod. I'll miss my friends here and the extra few bob I was making. And the Preparation H toothpaste they have that Steve Deame recommended to me. Grand lad. But I suppose I can bring a few tubes of that back with me. Ah well, I suppose I'll have to say goodbye to all the friends I made here. There'll be a few women around this city taking the veil, I can tell you. The Cooler King will have to get back to his box.

Mickey Lynch