

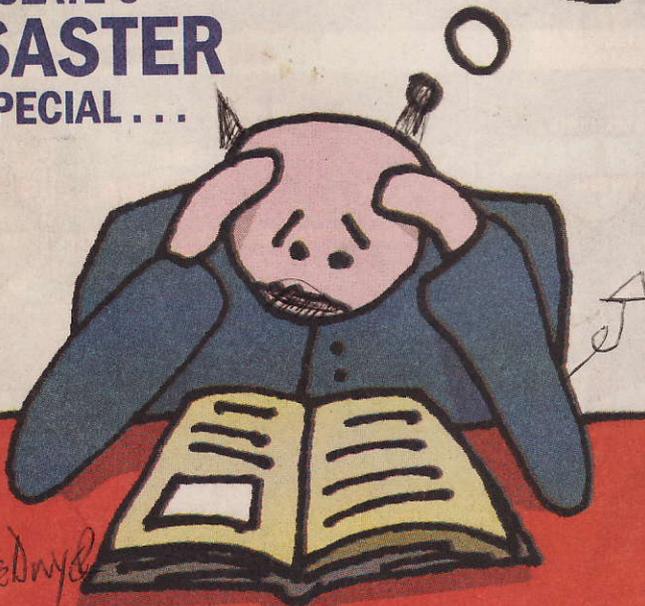
OCT 2001

THE SLATE

It's the end of the world!
Who do we turn to?



THE SLATE'S
DISASTER
SPECIAL ...



ISSUE NO.

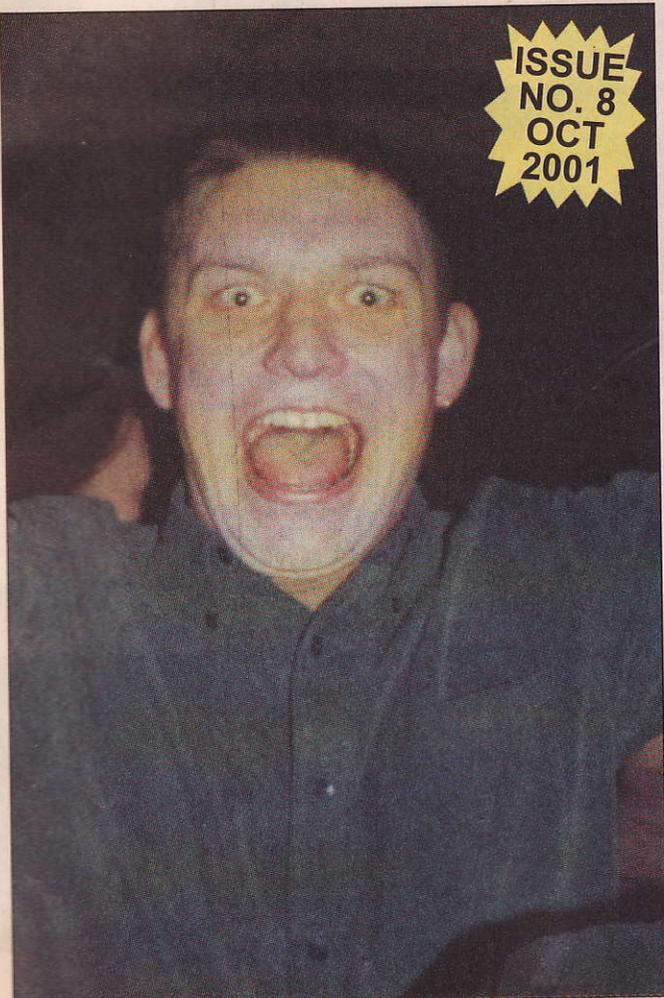
Kate Dwyer

SO
CHEAP
IT'S
FREE!

ALSO INSIDE: AMAZING GUIDE FOR STUDENTS ...
BOOZING ON THE CHEAP ... HOW TO PISS YOUR
LANDLORD OFF ... KICK THE CAT ... POO POO ...

Contents

ISSUE
NO. 8
OCT
2001



Keep throwing sweets at me until one lands in my mouth

EDITORIAL

WELCOME TO a snazzy new issue of The Slate. This month we are determined to blame the Arabs for everything. As a result, the October issue may seem a bit racist and judgmental, but fuck it, that's what October is all about. Don't forget Halloween is happening at the end of the month, so if you know any local Muslims, they make good firewood.



STUDENT SPECIAL 10

The ultimate guide to being a student - all the coolest banks, ring tones, student websites and rad haircuts are featured here



FUCK YOU MISTER LANDLORD 14

Make the most of Dublin's hellish housing situation by following our tips and opening a homeless shelter in your landlord's gaff



PLANET PANIC 17

The earth has been gripped by paranoia once again. Check out our feature on the lunatics who have predicted Armageddon over the last 1000 years



I WON THE BLOTTO 20

Our booze-tastic guide to Dublin drink deals will guarantee you a night on the piss that won't totally deplete your riches



LISTINGS . . . 23

- ONCE-OFF CLUBBING . . . 24
- REGULAR CLUBBING . . . 30
- LIVE MUSIC . . . 38
- CINEMA . . . 43
- THEATRE . . . 46



The revs are shit

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The Black Hole

SOCIAL PAGES . . . 88

They're gone. Ha ha

SAMANTHA MUMBA SAVES BLACK AMERICA . . . 4

Sultry Sam the social campaigner has decided she can be the new Mother Theresa

NEW YORK QUIZ . . . 4

Forgotten what happened in those big buildings in Manhattan already? This may help you remember

KICK THE CAT . . . 9

The two amigos go to a rock concert and guess what happens at the end

TABLOID MADNESS . . . 9

All the most lunatic tabloid headlines from the last month are here



▶ NEXT ISSUE OF THE SLATE WILL BE OUT ON 25 OCTOBER

OUR SAM TO HELP U.S. BLACKS LOVE THEMSELVES

MUMBA ANNOUNCES THAT SHE WILL FIGHT THE KLAN BY ATTACKING RACE PREJUDICES IN THE MUSIC INDUSTRY

BLACK RIGHTS campaigners in America were dancing in the streets for most of last month when they heard that Irish superstar Samantha Mumba was standing by to give them a bit of help defining their culture.

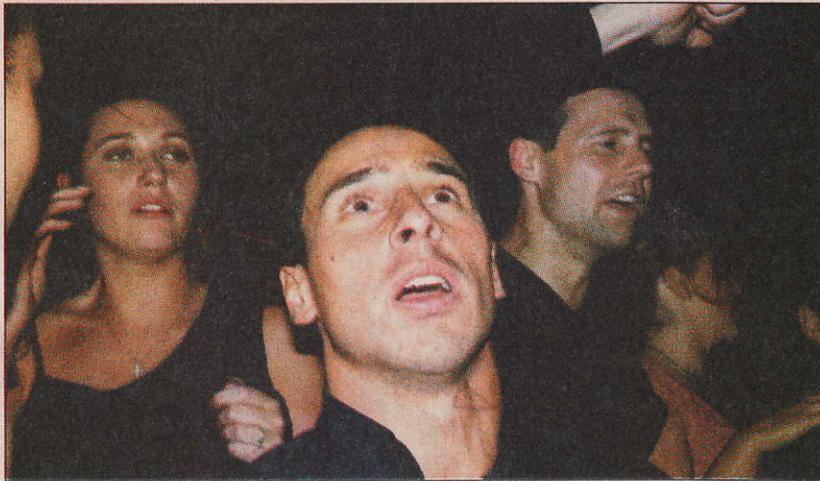
Sam lashed out at mainstream icons like Britney Spears, saying that black kids couldn't identify with them because they are "all American and blonde and blue-eyed and smiley."

The revolutionary negresse went on to say that she was "totally the opposite of that. I want to show a bit more attitude and I have an opinion."

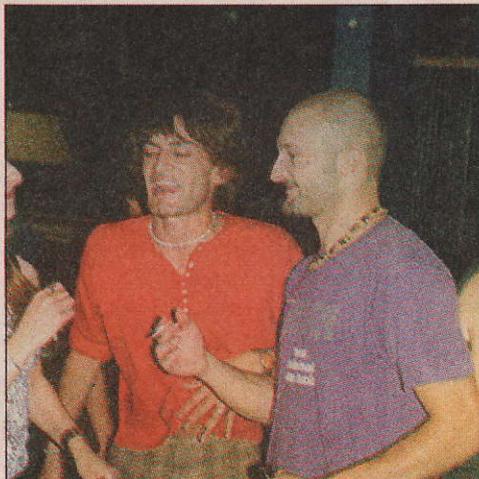


Sam hard at work

Sam, who has sold more than half a million albums in the States so far, was keen to specify how she was going to redress the racial imbalance in US society. "Black kids in America can't look to Britney Spears for how to do their hair and make-up or anything like that," she said. "It's great for them to have someone to look up to for fashion and make-up tips because it is different."



The clubbers were astonished to discover why the DJ is called 'Tall Paul'



The corner of funny chins

THE SLATE'S TRENDY LIST FOR OCTOBER

IT'S OUT

- Walking
- Gavin Lambe Murphy
- Warm clothes in winter
- Using your real name on the internet
- Christianity/Jesus
- Peace/flowers

IT'S IN

- Going around on those scooters
- Osama Bin Laden
- Shades in winter
- Using false identities to cause trouble on the internet
- Islam/Mohammed
- War/bombs

SPECIAL QUIZ

LIKE MOST OF US YOU'RE PROBABLY CONFUSED RIGHT NOW. WHAT'S UP WITH NEW YORK? WHO'S THIS ISLAMA BIN LADEN GUY? SEE HOW MUCH YOU REALLY KNOW IN OUR YANKTASTIC QUIZ

1. Everyone in America got very upset recently about something that happened in New York. What was it?

- a) Bill Clinton moved into Harlem and scared away all the black people.
- b) Michael Flatley announced he is planning another Broadway show
- c) Mad people crashed two jets into the World Trade Centre
- d) Bertie Ahern said he might visit soon.
- e) Mary Harney was talking about coming with him.

2. What is the most likely reason for the attack?

- a) Arabs thought that this would be the best way to get Americans to convert to Islam.
- b) Timothy McVeigh came back from the dead with Hitler and Christopher Reeves to do it.
- c) Before she pops her clogs, the Queen Mum wanted revenge for the War of Independence.
- d) George Bush wanted a better excuse to build his missile defence system.



Bonus question: Is smoking bad for skyscrapers?

3. The next US budget is likely to feature . . .

- a) A build your own mosque grant
- b) A very large stipend for the weapons industry
- c) Nazi armbands for the whole population
- d) A huge welfare scheme for homeless stockbrokers
- e) Tax breaks for businesses who want to invest in Afghanistan

4. George W. Bush responded by saying . . .

- a) 'We've already sold the movie rights and Pat Kenny has agreed to star as Islamic madman Osama Bin Laden.'
- b) 'America is a peaceful nation and I think Americans should burn down any Arab businesses near their homes.'
- c) 'Hang on. That autocue's going too fast.'
- d) 'We will weigh up the evidence and then bomb the first six countries that spring to mind.'

The fallout for the stars

THOUSANDS OF NORMAL PEOPLE WERE KILLED WHEN PLANES CRASHED INTO THE WTC. BUT WHAT ABOUT THE STARS? THEY WERE SUFFERING TOO.

WITH VICTIMS and their families hogging all the newspaper front pages over the last number of weeks, this has been a very trying period for the rich and famous.

Poor **Madonna** was particularly upset by the lack of coverage. She threw an awful tantrum and has refused to tour ever again.

Samantha Mumba's film career has had to be put on ice and **Sting** was forced to call off his 50th birthday party.

There was a bit of good news when **Elton John** announced that it made him "want to go and retire to some country farmhouse", but he was spotted at large on the Parkinson show quite soon after this. Luckily, the stars pulled together to win back the limelight in a long telethon to raise money for victims last month. This was such a good opportunity to get back in the news, even **Mariah Carey's** doctors let her out of the nuthouse for a while so that she could sing some old crappy ballad on live tv.



Elton - he bounced back



Madonna - ruined

WHO THEY BLAMED AND WHAT THEY SAID . . .

YOU MAY HAVE THOUGHT IT WAS THE ISLAMIS WOT DONE IT. IN FACT IT WAS THE LESBIANS AND DE VALERA

'The process began in Ireland where that grim apostle of death and destruction, Eamon de Valera was transformed into it's prime minister and president.'

Paul Johnson, Daily Mail, 15/9/01

'There are few Western countries whose liberal policies do not help terrorism. Paris swarms with terrorists, while Rome, Milan, Hamburg and Amsterdam are not much better.'

Paul Johnson, Daily Mail, 15/9/01

'The abortionists have to bear some burden for this because God will not be mocked. And when we destroy 40 million little innocent babies we make God mad. . . the gays and the pagans and the abortionists and the feminists, and the lesbians, I point the finger in their face and say 'You helped this happen''

Gerry Falwell, a prominent supporter of President Bush



Dev encouraging the Arabs

SATAN'S FACE SEEN IN BLAZE

Evening Herald headline, 13/09/01

The Irish can rightly claim to have built America and now we are in the process of trying to put it back together again.

The Star, 20/09/01

'American intelligence recently photographed dead animals around suspected terrorist training camps in Afghanistan. (Thus they may have Ebola)'

The Star, 20/09/01

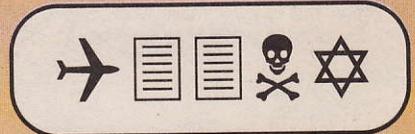
Do we plan to wait until an asylum seeker walks into Heathrow with half a ton of semtex?

Richard Littlejohn, The Sun, 20/09/01

Tasteless corner

AS USUAL EVERYONE'S BUSY THINKING UP OFFENSIVE JOKES AND EMAILS ABOUT THE WTC. HERE IS A SAMPLE OF THE APPALLING STUFF THAT SOME PEOPLE PASS OFF AS HUMOUR.

This album cover was apparently designed about three months ago for an American rap group called The Coup. Does it remind you of anything?



There were people frantically running around and worshipping the Windgding God because if you change 'Q33NY' - NOT the flight number of ANY of the crashed planes - into Windings on a computer, you get the above. Freaky, isn't it? No.

Suggested caption for the photograph to the right from some depraved reader . . .

'Late for work? Afghani Airlines will fly you straight into your office!'



The following SMS message was being exchanged shamelessly among friends:

< HI! JUST WONDERED IF I CAN STAY WITH U A CUPL OF DAYS? everyone is so pissed off at me... I need a friend..... >

sender: osama bin laden

AND NOW TO THE JOKES . . .

© Osama Bin Laden appears on celebrity Ready Steady Cook:

Ainsley: So, Osama, what are you going to be cooking up for us today?

Osama: Well, Ainsley, I am going to make a Big Apple crumble!

© Newspaper headline: Ryanair win contract to destroy Ballymun

© Whats the new name for the Pentagon? The Square.

DO'S AND DON'TS OF BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS

THIS BANNER HAS BEEN HANGING OUTSIDE THE VIP OFFICES FOR FAR TOO LONG. ARREST THE CUNTS!



⊙ The normal way of doing these things is for somebody other than yourself to wish you a happy birthday.

⊙ This often involves a gesture such as buying a card or baking a cake.

⊙ While celebrating a friend's birthday, it is rarely deemed necessary to hang a 20 foot long

birthday banner out the window of some building you own.

⊙ Most people would be slightly embarrassed if their friends did this for them. But the embarrassment would usually only last a few days, as the banner or decoration would be removed once the birthday had passed.

⊙ To hang a banner like this out the

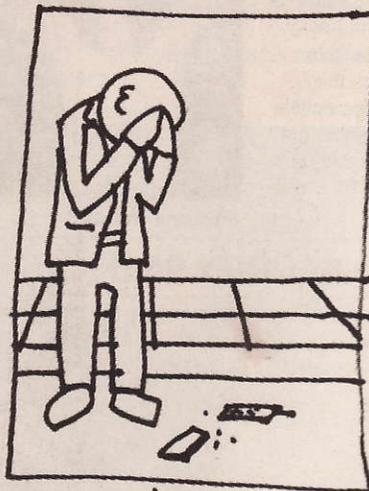
window of your office on the occasion of your *own* birthday and leave it there for two and a half months after the event is extremely odd behaviour.

⊙ It suggests that you have no friends outside your office who could be bothered wishing you a happy birthday.

⊙ It is also probably against the law.

DISASTERS

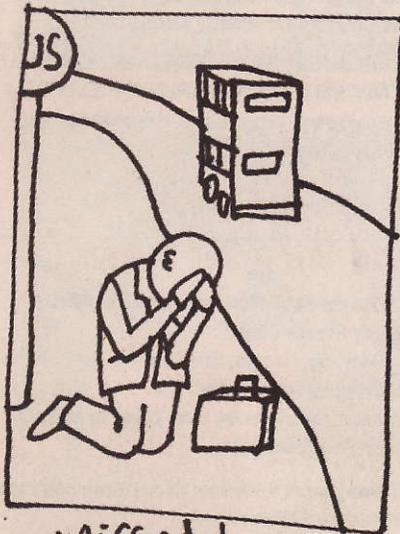
gavin beattie



dropped phone



odd socks



missed bus



waving to bombers



trying to get unplugged computer to work

The Feminists' Favourite

THE SUNDAY WORLD HAS TAKEN ANOTHER GREAT STEP FOR THE BETTERMENT OF WOMANKIND

CONGRATULATIONS TO the Sunday World for allowing one of their staff write a double page article about how big her breasts were last month.

Aspiring society girl Amanda Bruncker was sent out on an undercover mission to discover how much men like staring at her bloated tits.

And the results of this crack investigation were truly amazing.

"Chest great concludes our heavily-blessed girl after testing her 'set' around town."

Amanda - a clapped-out former Miss Ireland - gave a gripping account of her day - from the moment she left the office "sporting large breasts" right up to the speedy service she got down the pub after flashing a bit of cavernous cleavage.

The article was imaginatively illustrated with some photos of dirty old men and filthy builders having a good gawk at Amanda's mammaries.

She also makes the bizzare observation that bra-makers "haven't seemed to catch on to the trend that women's breasts are getting bigger."

Maybe that's because this is a completely nonsensical claim that's only been included to provide even more excitement for the Sunday World's sex-starved culchie readers.

A bit like the whole article.

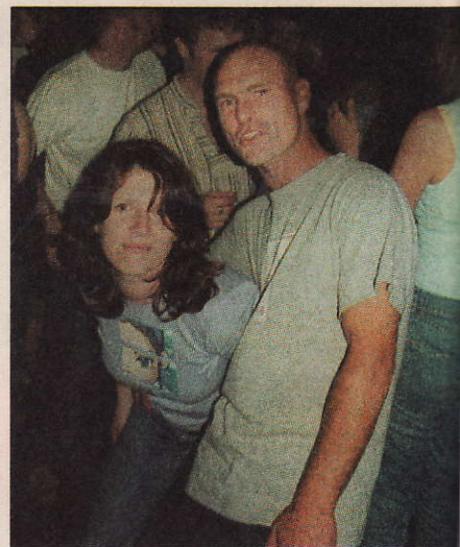


The glorious article

GREAT CELEB NEWS!



Too poor to go and see the real Hearsay? Don't worry, now they have a tribute band called Nearsay, who you can go and watch for much cheaper - and they're almost as good! Find out more at www.suzyshaw.f2s.com/nearsay.htm



Sandra and Sebastian's 'Squeeze and Shit' party trick won them few new friends



Although it shocked the Dublin punters, Heidi and Sven's 'anal sex dance' hardly raises an eyebrow back home in Stockholm

THE RECORD STORE NEW PUNK, H/C, METAL LP/ CD

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Amanda's Emma Bunton impersonation did not fool anybody

The maddest headlines of the month

THE CREME DE LA CREME OF THE IRISH TABLOIDS

Influx of refugees increases threat of deadly disease

Evening Herald, 17 September

Tom's new love flirts with silent sex cult

News of the World, 23 September

Like jockeys of the sea they rode with style and speed

Sunday World, 23 September

Hijackers 'drunk as skunks' at strip clubs

Irish Sunday People, 23 September

Irish flock for boob and manhood operations

Sunday World, 23 September

I, MARIE FRANCE, want to give you FREE help with your 2 secret wishes!

Irish Sunday People, 23 September

kick the cat...

gavin beattie

Nov	6	13	20	27	
M	7	14	21	28	
T	8	15	22	29	
W	9	16	23	30	
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Monday 30
(304-823)

Kick the Cat is used courtesy of Irish comic Toenail Clippings, which is available in Forbidden Planet, Sub City, Tower Records, and other outlets

SUPER COOL!!



MAD STUDENT FEATURE

WELCOME BACK TO COLLEGE ALL YOU STUDENT FUCKS. THIS IS THE ONLY STUDENT FEATURE WORTH READING IF YOU REALLY WANT TO FIND OUT ABOUT HOW AWFUL THE REST OF THE YEAR IS GOING TO BE.

HOORAY. IT'S OCTOBER, and that means that - after a summer spent falling off building sites and working in glue factories - all the students are back in Dublin. The beginning of the college year will see a refreshing burst of creativity from the marketing departments of the city's many banks. The usually dull experience of queueing in financial institutions will be iivened up by cunning and tuned in ad campaigns which feature photos of second rate models saying things like 'save some cool cash with Bank of Ireland - the funky bank!'. Elsewhere, shop owners are rejoicing. At last they

can fire all their non English-speaking summer staff and hire the people they got rid of four months ago for chronic lateness and repeatedly short changing customers. Drug dealers are also looking forward to the new term, when there will be a large increase in the number of people getting high off fake hash. Anyway, whether you are a student or not, this feature will probably be of tremendous interest to you.



A student buys some fake hash

THE SEVEN THINGS YOU SHOULD ALWAYS REMEMBER DURING YOUR COLLEGE YEARS

- ☛ If Joe Duffy can graduate from a university, anybody can.
- ☛ You must try Ketamin at least once. Preferably in a lecture.
- ☛ Any poetry you write will be utter shit.
- ☛ Debating is for West Brits and social climbing Limerick shits.
- ☛ All socialist societies are for little hypocrite rich kids
- ☛ Life might be shit now, but it's going to be ten times worse after college

Student Grantz

DO YOU LIVED IN SOMEONE ELSE'S BACK GARDEN? ARE YOUR PARENTS EARNING LESS THAN THE AVERAGE IRAQI COUPLE? WELL CONGRATULATIONS! YOU'VE JUST QUALIFIED FOR THE GOVERNMENT'S GRANT SCHEME

HOWERYA! IT'S Charlie McCreevy here, with some sound financial advice on how to spend your surplus grant money. First things first, as I always say. Get the basics out of the way, so check out me budget below

BUDGET - BUDGET - BUDGET - BUDGET

Pay your rent	Let's say £10 a week
A bit of oul grub	About a fiver
A few books	An average of no more than £2 a week
Some studenty rags	50p a year
A few pints.....	Another few quid
TOTAL	27.50

and you'll know exactly what I'm talking about. After all this, you'll have £22 a week in leftovers - easily enough to live the lifestyle of someone as rich, famous and extravagant as me, Champagne Charlie. I would advise all students to buy a racehorse as soon as possible. It's a fine outdoor activity and you'll get your photo into the press. For any men out there, I must add that there are some great fillies to be had in the world of horse-riding. Membership of Lillie's Bordello is also a must - it's great craic and they open until about four in the morning. More adventurous types should spend some of their surplus on a yacht.



COLLEGE BY COLLEGE GUIDE

THE WORST COLLEGES IN IRELAND PROFILED BY THE BEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD ...

1. TRINITY COLLEGE

TCD STUDENTS are justifiably the most hated in Dublin. As well as the many rich Brits who go there having been rejected by Oxford and Cambridge, you will find a high concentration of Nordie fuckers and hundreds of people from Longford who have somehow contracted English accents.

Trinity students from Ireland also get the highest points in the country, but generally only because they were sent to concentration camps like the Institute of Education for the final two years of their school education. All in all, a bunch of no-good ponces.

2. UCD

DUBLIN'S SECONDARY university is filled mainly with bitter, Trinity-hating culchies who spend most of their college years getting violently drunk and gambling over games of pool in the Student bar. The other part of the campus population is made up of the kind of people who shop exclusively in the Powerscourt Shopping centre and haven't used public transport in years. As if all that was not enough, both Pat Kenny AND Jason Sherlock went to college there.



4. NCAD

'NO I'M not gay!', they screamed in school - but now they're all designing their own clothes and drawing each other naked. NCAD is a perfect place for stupid hippies to go to college - you don't even have to know how to read or add to pass the year. It's also one of the few places where bands like Ride and Slowdive are still popular.

3. DCU

DEPRESSED IN a 1984 kind of way, this campus is possibly the dullerest place on earth. There is an estimated 4 security cameras for every student, the sun never shines, and the only sound to be heard here is the noise of keyboards being tapped as the students live out virtual lives on the internet. This is the most likely University in the world to have a Columbine high style massacre happen there.



DIT'S: NOT REAL UNIVERSITIES

1. KEVIN ST

IT MAY seem like a bricklayer conference is in town but in fact it's just the Southside's most roughshod campus. It also holds the distinction of being one of the easiest places in Dublin to trade and consume drugs.

2. AUNGIER ST

IF YOU'RE middle class, couldn't get into Trinity or UCD and the shame of the Dublin Business School was too much, chances are you ended up here. Courses offered include IT, Advertising and an array of other non-professions designed to add value to useless dimwits.



One of the DIT Colleges

3. 712 OTHER CAMPUSES

FROM THE surly cooks of Cathal Brugha St to the Marketing queers of Mountjoy Sq, the DIT has at least one campus on most Dublin streets. Little unites them except shoddy facilities, 'practical' courses and unhygienic students.

STUDENT TRANSLATOR

EVEN THE MOST SEASONED STUDENT OFTEN NEEDS HELP DECIPHERING THE COLLOQUIALISMS, LIES AND GIBBERISH THAT PASS FOR COLLEGE CONVERSATION.

'My landlord is an unreasonable cunt' = Landlord refuses to return deposit after discovering all the doors in his flat missing and a piss stain on the ceiling

Reading week = A tactically placed break from classes which gives lecturers a chance to arrange abortions for all the students they have impregnated

Library = Good place to go if you feel like a sleep or want to have a long chat on your mobile phone.

Bedsit = Place with a bed that's only big enough to sit on.

I know a good dealer = I know a chap who knocks out five spots on credit called Hugh Ormond

On-campus accomodation = Nazi dwellings where you have a curfew and some prying security guard watching your every move with his torch.



College Food = leftovers from Dublin's network of homeless shelters

student- = prefix used for goods and services that are far worse than what is available to everyone else, eg. club, flat, banking.

Weekend = period of two days when everyone else stops working too.

'So, you play the guitar' = 'Leave my party now you moany fuck.'

'I do a bit of DJing on the side' = 'I will ruin your party given half the chance.'

'I'm having a party this Wednesday' = 'Me and some of my friends are going to smoke hash, play computer games and argue about Radiohead albums'

Student Publications = unreadable magazines and newspapers which are produced by people with ego problems.

Students' Union = group of anonymous types who get paid to stay in bed all day

'I study ancient History. It's really interesting, actually' = 'I bollixed up the leaving cert'

A First in an essay = The lecturer wants to have sex with you as he is too ugly and poorly-paid to attract women by normal means. You probably have large breasts.

SLATE GUIDE TO ACADEMIC WORK

MANY OF YOUR LECTURERS WILL HAVE PRODUCED BOOKS THEMSELVES AT THIS STAGE, SO THEY WILL BE EXPERTS IN THE ART OF PLAGIARISM. IT IS THEREFORE VITAL THAT YOU LEARN SOME EXTRA-SNEAKY TECHNIQUES FOR GETTING OUT OF WORK

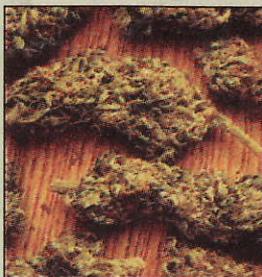
1. CHEATING

SLY NOTES scrawled across your arm or your ruler are only going to put you on equal footing with the rest of your viciously competitive classmates. There is the old chestnut, passed down through generations of desperate law students, of tearing out important pages from library books, but it's likely that the real poindexters will already have photocopies of all the necessary material by mid-October.



2. BECOME CLASS REP

BECOME CLASS rep and organise a mammoth class party. Load the geeks up with alcohol and drugs and force them to get intimate with each other. Faced with the highs of socialising outside of the library, they'll soon fall into a downward cycle of debauchery. They won't know where to stop and a drastic fall in the class average should result, allowing you to do the minimum and take full advantage.



3. ABUSE YOUR LECTURERS

IF YOU CAN'T see yourself ever coming in ahead of the library dwellers you're better off taking the anarchic route. The most successful method has always proved to be that of abusing your lecturer until he or she has a nervous breakdown and the whole course is called off. Favoured methods include developing offensive Nietzschean attitudes in seminars and repeatedly claiming universities are like battery farms.



4. SPREAD FOR YOUR PROFESSOR

ACADEMICS LIVE in a strange middle world where, because of poor hygiene, weak social skills and low pay, normal people will not consider them for sex. However for thousands of stupid youths they are symbols of prestige and intellect. Most professors attempt to cash in on this perk whenever and wherever possible and are prepared to look favourably on essays and exams in return.



How to know if you are a real student

ARE YOU GETTING THE MOST OUT OF YOUR COLLEGE YEARS? DO OUR QUIZ TO FIND OUT . . .

1. You wake up in bed. Are you lying beside . . .

- a) Your spouse?
- b) A cow?
- c) The road?



2. What is your most pressing chore of the day?

- a) Finding a place that sells poppeyseed bagels
- b) Feeding the pigs
- c) Buying hash

3. What is your chief source of income?

- a) A weekly paycheque
- b) Bartering eggs
- c) Selling sandwiches robbed drunkenly from Spar to your flatmates at ridiculous hours of the morning

4. Is the glass half empty or half full?

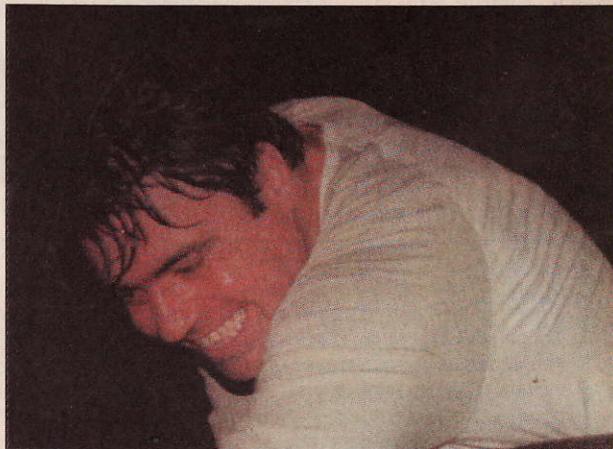
- a) Well, it depends which way you look at it
- b) Feck off, shmartarse!
- c) I think you'll find that reference to Cartesian dichotomy will be necessary to formulate a satisfactory reply to this conundrum



Not a real student



This is an out of control student



It's not funny my friend. Not funny at all

The Cool Times

We have all the latest wacky news for you kool and crazy students. Read on for some serious fun!

A GREAT new student website is about to go online and it's creators say it will change student life forever. "It's completely rad!" said Johnny McFarland, leader of the CO2.ie design team, in an exclusive interview with the Cool Times. According to McFarland, the new site is totally different to all the other student sites available.

"This is for completely out there students – people with nose rings, cool taste in music and an aluminium scooter to get them from one radical place to the next." Johnny was also good enough to tell your reporter how the site got it's incredibly original name.

"Yeah like, it was a real stroke of marketing genius actually. We were all sitting around having lattes talking about our mortgages and suddenly I realised that the kind of people who'll be into this whole vibe – really mad

BY YOUR MOTHER CRAZY CORRESPONDENT

people – they're tired of breathing oxygen all day. "That's just too...normal. These people want to try something totally different. So we decided to call it carbon dioxide. C-O-flipping-2!!" And, because we couldn't think of anything else to write ourselves, the Cool Times hit the campuses to bring you some reaction from Ireland's students.

"This is mad news," said one RTC fresher. "I can't wait to go the pub and celebrate. I'll be totally legless by the end of the night."

"It's just what students need," said some D4 asshole who studies marketing. "I really like all the stuff they have on it."

Johnny also outlined some of the exciting services that will be available when www.co2.ie goes online.



Isn't this foto just funky?

- 👉 THE LOVERS' GUIDE TO POT NOODLES
- 👉 DEADLY DAVE'S GUIDE TO HAVING A WILD WEEKEND
- 👉 WEEKLY COLUMNS FROM SOUND PEOPLE WHO WERE ALL STUDENTS LESS THAN 10 YEARS AGO.
- 👉 IT'S NOT ALL SHAGGING AND BOOZING!!! THE CO2 GUIDE TO STUDYING.

Great news for mature students

THE GOVERNMENT has some fantastic news for normal students across Ireland yesterday. In a brand new scheme to improve college life, mature students are to receive their education in special off-campus compounds from now on.

The Department of Education say that they are responding to widespread complaints about mature students being old, annoying and way too enthusiastic about their college courses.

One official was keen to stress that this would be a positive development for mature students.

"We're not talking about an old people's home here," she said. "Mature students will continue to play an important

part in the college community.

"Normal people will be let in to visit them between lunch and teatime, and we're holding a nationwide college whist drive later this month."

The official also said that the department didn't fear a backlash to this proposal.

"We've got Marty Whelan in on the whole thing," she said. "He's going to launch the homes on a whirlwind tour of the nation's campuses. That should sweeten the pill a bit."

A Students' Union Welfare officer said "No one likes mature students. They are a nuisance around college. I've spent the last three years trying to avoid having conversations with them. Now I won't have to worry about that any more."

Funky Banking 101



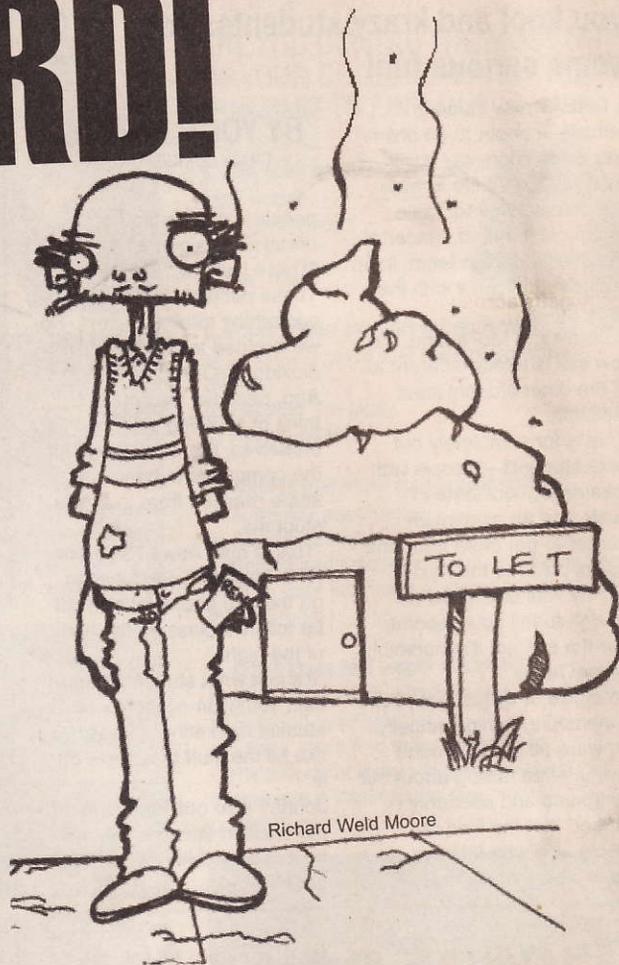
Give your money to us - we know what a young person wants in their loan.

FUCK YOU, MR LANDLORD!

FINDING IT HARD TO GET A PLACE TO LIVE IN? ARE THERE NO SPACES LEFT ON BAGGOT ST BRIDGE? WELL DON'T WORRY - WE GUARANTEE THAT YOU'LL FIND A HOUSE WITHIN 24 HOURS OF READING THIS ARTICLE.

If you are reading this, you must be one of the lucky people who hasn't yet been killed by a house-hunting stampede in Rathmines. And for every stampede, there's a fat landlord waiting by the door with a sadistic glint in his eye. He can't fucking wait to show you around his place - a rotten kip that's so expensive you'll be pulling rickshaws down the dual carriageway all week to pay your rent. These people are sick. While in normal cities, it is not unusual for people to own the houses they live in, Dublin landlords are all too rich to live in a shit place like Dublin. Landlords are

usually Irish rock stars, Fianna Fail politicians or Peeping Toms from the country who make monthly visits to the capital to collect rent, go to the movies, and spy on the girls they rent their property to. Also to blame are greedy Northside builders. These money-loving shits spend every day rushing from one dangerous building site to the next, making sure their underlings are throwing up as many disgusting houses and apartment blocks as possible. The end result is a vast belt of falling-down kips that only a desperate refugee or a blind wino would consider moving into.



Richard Weld Moore

ADVICE SPECIAL: DON'T MOVE IN WITH PEOPLE LIKE THIS . . .

1. OLD PEOPLE

If you are over 25 and still want to live with students there is something wrong with you. Most old people are failures who worry about their mistakes all the time and will freak out your friends by trying to be sincere. They will also suggest weekly cleaning and shopping duties and get upset when you use all the toilet paper in one wiping.

2. JOCKS

Jocks are an absolute no-no. Within a week of moving in, they will have a jock party and everyone will take turns having shits in your living room, before removing all their clothes and 'scrumming down' under the kitchen table.



3. GAELGOIRS

You may think that moving in with an Irish speaker will be a worthwhile cultural experience, but it is more likely to be a complete disaster. Straightforward joint-smoking sessions will be a thing of the past once the Gaelgeoiri start inviting friends around every night to sing the national anthem and practise their Irish Dancing in your living room.



4. PEOPLE WHO WORK

People who work are usually bitter and envy your life of ease. They complain about their jobs all evening and look down on you for being in bed when they go to and get back from work.

5. NORTHSIDERS

Most northsiders have an enormous chip on their shoulder about only having four bedrooms in their family homes. They try to imitate working class accents and spend hours talking about their hard friends.

6. SOUTHSIDERS

After demanding to know what school you went to, Southsiders will insist that everyone in the house chips in £120 so that they can buy some ducks and plates to put on the wall. They will then hold dinner parties where the conversation centres around that time Rob and Adrian beat up some 'Clongowes gay' after the Junior Cup match. All day long they iron their huge collars.



TENANTS TRIVIA!!

Pat Kenny is almost certainly a landlord. You can tell by that strained tone in his voice that he's the type who'd keep his own key and snoop around sniffing the female tenants' underwear while they are out at their Art History lectures.....



The same goes for Gay Byrne. He's exactly the kind of lad who has a rake of pokey gaffs across the Northside - all making big money for him while he sits on his fat ass presenting Who Wants to be a Millionaire?...

HISTORICAL ANTI-LANDLORD HEROES

- Neil Tennant
- Tennent's lager



That'll teach the fucker for keeping your deposit

Places to live in . . .

MOST OF DUBLIN IS AN UNHOLY DUMP AND THESE PLACES ARE NO BETTER. HAVE A READ OF THIS BEFORE DECIDING ON A RELOCATION TO LEITRIM

PHIBSBORO

A UNIQUELY downbeat and smoggy part of the city, Phibsboro's inhabitants are mostly old people who have just been told they have terminal cancer. Perhaps because of this, the northside suburb is rather low in entertainment facilities, with a mental hospital being the most exciting source of distraction in the area. Most of the shops still accept rationing cards from the Second World War.



STONEYBATTER

THIS NEIGHBOURHOOD is currently vogueish with Dublin's arty yuppies who swan around in expensive runners irritating the locals. A favourite haunt of unmarried actresses, recent Trinity College graduates, and people who drink herbal tea. This has meant that the price of property here is quadrupling by the day. Another notable feature is that anyone who has lived here for longer than six weeks will feel qualified to call you a blow-in when you first arrive.

RATHMINES

RATHMINES FLATS are used mainly by rich business men to have sex with prostitutes in. This is why the area is so popular with students, who are happy to stand outside in the rain until the fun has finished.

LIBERTIES

LIKE STONEYBATTER, the Liberties are rapidly being infested with rich people who want to live in a quaint part of town. This has

TOP AREA: LUCAN

ABOUT TEN years ago people often made the decision to emigrate from Lucan before their umbilical cords had been cut. Now vast armies of middle class people who grew up in Rathgar spend their weekends pushing pale infants along the area's vast motorways, hoping their parents will die soon so they can move back into a nice area. In the evening partner swapping relieves the boredom and the following morning, stuck in interminable traffic jams, they phone Gerry Ryan to tell him about it. Rumour has it that forward-looking drug dealers and glue salesmen are investing heavily in the future of the area.



Lord Lucan

lead to normal life being swiftly replaced by an array of creperies and posh bars. Locals are rumoured to be preparing a genocidal coup.

RATHMINES

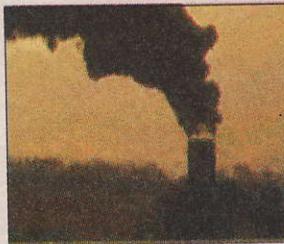
TEMPLE BAR is the most practical place to live in this city. Not only could you buy an Indian mansion replete with team of slaves for a month's worth of Temple Bar rent, you also have the bonus of men constantly pissing in your doorway and a selection of night clubs which play loud music into the early hours of the morning.

HOW TO ANNOY YOUR LANDLORD . . .

YOUR LANDLORD MAY HAVE THE RIGHT TO ORDER ANY GARDA TO PISS ON YOUR FACE, BUT THAT SHOULDN'T STOP YOU RUINING HIS LIFE

- ☑ CHALK OUT body lines on the floor when he brings prospective tenants in for viewings.
- ☑ MOLEST CHILDREN in the area and thereby cause a mob to burn the place out.
- ☑ SUBSIDISE CRACK habits for local children and encourage them to smoke up in your bathroom.

- ☑ INSIST ON paying your rent in roubles or, even better, euros.
- ☑ PLANT RADON gas in the ground before you leave and try to breed mutant rodents.
- ☑ WANK INCESSANTLY and rub your genitals on the furniture when he comes to inspect the property.



- ☑ SELL ADVERTISING space on all of the walls and the roof.
- ☑ SPEND ALL day trying to stop people you suspect of being Protestant walking their children to school along your road.

THE SLATE'S CLASSIFIEDS the best way to find a home in Dublin

2 bedroom kip in Leixlip. Covered in flies. No windows. £800 per month. If you don't like it, you can fuck yourself.

Refugees wanted to share flat with rats and Gardai. 4 metres squared all for you and your foreign family. Come and get it now.

Calling all landlords. Sign up for our three week starter course in 'Holding onto the Deposit'. All the best gimmicks and lies. You'll never give a penny back again.

ARMAGEDDON LOOMS!

POSH SPICE AND ROBBIE WILLIAMS
HAVE BEEN SHUNTED OFF THE
BOOKSHELVES BY A MAD PROPHET
FROM THE 16TH CENTURY. SOMETHING
IS WRONG

She calls her Becky Golden Balls. She admits to having an eating disorder, but nobody gives a fuck what Victoria Beckham has to say in her new autobiography. The same goes for that twat Robbie Williams. Instead, Dublin shops are selling out of books about a 16th century Frenchman called Nostradamus. By rights nobody should know or care whether France had a 16th century, let alone whether someone from it went on about vultures eating kings' noses and cheeses becoming extinct.

Clearly something very strange is happening. Down through the centuries a wide variety of wackos have predicted different dates for the end of the planet. As you may know, none of these predictions has ever come to pass. You might think that this would discourage the prophets of doom. But you'd be wrong. Every time one of these dates goes by they try again and come up with even more complicated suggestions. Now, in our doomtastic feature, we at the Slate give you the lowdown on the top prophets of the last 1000 years.



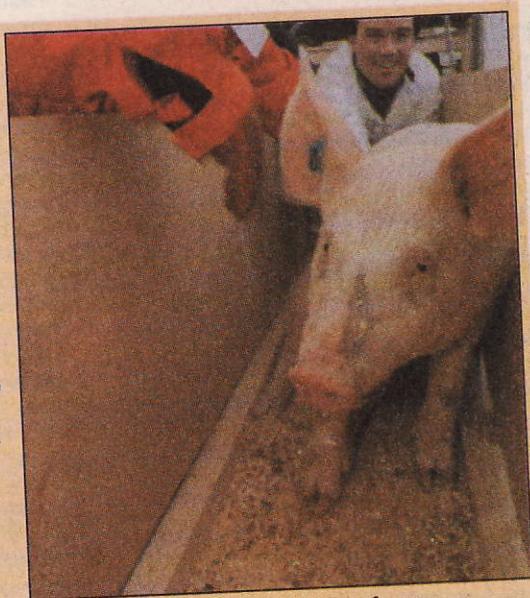
The 10th Century . . .

EARLY FEARS OF THE ARMAGEDDON

The tenth century was not a good time to be alive. The European diet was based mainly on rats and pigeons, bodily hygiene was poor, and most people were even more ignorant and credulous than they are now. The century is remembered today chiefly because of the delusion, widespread at the time, that the world was due to end in the year 1000. Around 980, the people of Europe became anxious about the impending Apocalypse and millions of them decided to make the pilgrimage to Jerusalem before the day of Judgment. A stinking swarm of peasants thus invaded the Holy Land, much to the disgust of the local Turks.

Disappointingly the Apocalypse never came - but the pilgrims hadn't budgeted for a return journey. So they spent the next 20 years lying around Palestine drinking, begging, stealing and letting their pigs run around over everything.

The Turks got annoyed and demanded taxes from the pilgrims. The Pope was so enraged that he launched the First Crusade, sparking off a war between the West and Islam which was to last for the best part of a millennium.



Pigs: responsible for a millenium of war

Nostradamus

THIS MADMAN PREDICTED HUGE BOOK SALES FOR SECOND RATE AUTHOR, JOHN HOGUE

NOSTRADAMUS HAS spawned a million coffee table books, all of which are basically similar in structure. They establish their man's credibility by showing what he's supposedly got right: the lives of Napoleon and Hitler, the assassination of JFK, the moon landings, the attempt to assassinate the Pope, etc. They then speculate for 200 pages about which current Middle Eastern political figure is the 'Third Antichrist'. 'Nostradamus and the Millennium' by John Hogue, published 1987, presents four possible candidates: Khomeini, Khadafi, Abu Nidal and Abu Abbas. (Nidal and Abbas were Palestinian terrorists in the 1980s. Nidal

is now a cripple while Abbas is an adviser to the PLO). Nostradamus books aren't reprinted very often. Though the Antichrist takes many forms, he has a peculiar knack of popping up at the sharp end of US foreign policy. In 1991 it was Saddam Hussein. For a while in 1993 it was Mohammed Farrah Aideed, then it was Saddam again, then the Taliban, and now it's Osama bin Laden. According to the legend, 'The Antichrist will be so terrible, horrible, and powerful that the rightful rulers of countries will be utterly terrified and will not do anything to stop his ravages.' Now who does that sound more like, Osama Bin Laden, or George W. Bush?



Nostradamus: made millions from 16th century bookies

Robert Nixon



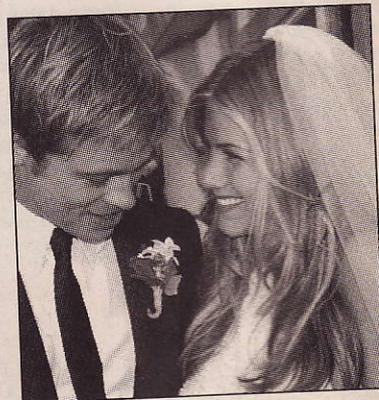
CHESHIRE MADMAN FAILS TO FORESEE NANTWICH GLORY

ROBERT NIXON, the 'Cheshire idiot', is regarded as the greatest English prophet of doom. He made his name by raving about 'Harry' beating up 'Dick' shortly before King Henry killed King Richard in battle. He favoured a meaningless, poetical style of prophecy. Example: "Through our own money and our men shall a dreadful war begin. Between the sickle and the suck all England shall have a puck." Hmmm. Ah, here's one that seems a bit more precise: "The town of Nantwich shall be swept away by a flood". Not much interpretation there. Hasn't happened yet though. Nantwich, near Liverpool, is still plugging away. It seems the townsfolk, far from worrying about watery oblivion, have for the last 20 years been engaged in an obsessive quest to dominate the Britain In Bloom floral competition. Town council literature boasts: "Nantwich has been placed first in the North West Section many times, has been a National finalist four times."

Sylvia Browne has the future down

NOW'S THE TIME TO START PLANNING FOR YOUR HOVERCRAFT AND ROLLBACK ROOF!

SYLVIA BROWNE is one of the most famous prophets currently at work in America. 'Visiting here explains the meaning of Life' claims her website www.sylvia.org. The site is currently on a crisis footing after the Trade Centre attacks. A pop-up box says: 'Sylvia has been given the following information regarding the attack: Osama bin Laden and another group is behind the attack; Be aware of the "Triad of Jordan" and "Palestinian Republic of Bundi"; A weapon or bomb known as the "Z" was involved with the aircraft; Two names to watch for (phonetic spelling) - Mohammed Karema and Zehar Mentusi. Sylvia did not get advance warning because she is not omniscient. Her list of predictions in 1999 warned of terrorism, but clearly the timing was wrong.' Clearly, Sylvia generates a massive volume of prophecies and may even get one right some day. Her predictions for the next 100 years make interesting reading. 'There will be many false prophets that rise up proclaiming to be Jesus on Earth,



and try to lead people astray' she warns. It's not all downbeat though. 'Third floors of houses will have rollback roofs to allow hovercrafts to come and go.' Her interests are wide-ranging: 'Execution for the death penalty will become a complete vaporization of the body.' She agrees with David Icke that 'There will be no separate governments' and reassuringly adds that there will be 'No nuclear holocaust.' But her credibility suffers with the likes of: 'Democrats will win the election with Bill Bradley, with close competition from the Reform Party.' She also gets celeb gossip in advance: 'Brad Pitt and Jennifer Aniston get married, but it lasts for only a short time.'

Old David Icke - he's off his bike

THE ONE TIME TV PRESENTER HAS LOST THE PLOT - THOUGH HE FOUND A NEW ONE ON TV'S 'V'

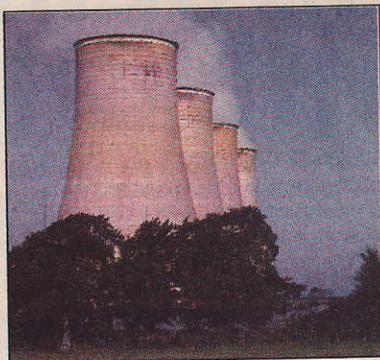
DAVID ICKE was once a goalkeeper with Coventry City, but arthritis forced him to retire at 21, and suddenly things started to come apart. He dabbled in Green politics but found it didn't have quite enough oomph for him, so he threw off the shackles of sanity to become one of the most famous madmen in the world. Believing he was Earth's link to the Godhead, he appeared on television in a turquoise tracksuit confidently proclaiming the end of the world would come during the first few months of 1992. It didn't, but unfazed he nevertheless set about building a worldview so incredibly bizarre that it really deserves a look at www.davidicke.com. Icke believes that Tony Blair, George Bush, Bill Clinton and all other world leaders are in fact blood-drinking, shape-shifting, sexually voracious extraterrestrial lizards. They are in cahoots with the Freemasons, the Jews,



The David Icke version of the Shroud of Turin

NATO, the EU, the WTO, the FA and other Illuminati to form a corrupt, elitist global state in which they will ... well, who the fuck knows what they'll do then, set up a really expensive wine bar or something. "Television programmes such as V show what's really happening", he claims. He is unperturbed by the universal ridicule his views attract. "Today's mighty oak is just yesterday's nut that held its ground," says Icke, a nut who will regrettably never turn into a tree. Incidentally he's been given the inside track on the World Trade Centre bombing by a spiritual contact: it was all set up by the US government in conjunction with the other Illuminati.

Paul Ehrlich



HE'S A PROPHET IN A PIN STRIPE BUT THAT DOESN'T STOP HIM BEING A NUT

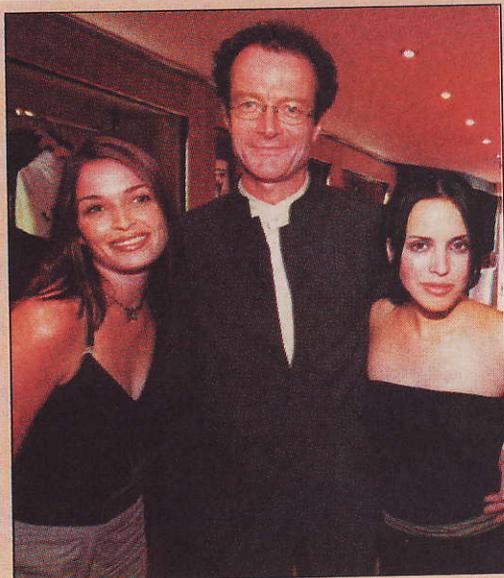
PAUL EHRLICH, a Stanford academic who attracted a cult following in 1968 with his book 'The Population Bomb' is an example of the tenured lunatic seer. He argued that population would soon outstrip supplies of every essential resource including food, causing global starvation and eventual nuclear war. Pound for pound the book was at least as crazy as David Icke's 'The Biggest Secret', only more dangerous because not everyone thought it was crazy at the time. Among its many scientific predictions: 'Hundreds of millions of people will soon perish in smog disasters in New York and Los Angeles...the oceans will die of DDT poisoning by 1979...the U.S. life expectancy will drop to 42 years by 1980 due to cancer epidemics.' He added: 'The battle to feed humanity is over. In the 1970s, the world will undergo famines. Hundreds of millions of people are going to starve to death in spite of any crash programs embarked upon now.' 33 years later an undaunted Ehrlich is still predicting imminent ecological disaster.

The 21st Century ...

HOW IT IS REALLY GOING TO END

UNFORTUNATELY THEY are all right about one thing. The world really is going to end fairly soon. Due to lesbianism, sodomy, veganism and various other abominations the Lord is about to cash in our chips and get down to the job of boiling people with alternative lifestyles in chipper oil for rest of eternity. The Slate is certainly not arrogant enough to predict an exact date, but we can reveal the signs by which the Apocalypse shall be known. As the day of judgment nears we can expect to see the following strange omens:

- People without legs will move around in wheeled carts
- Students with stupid-coloured hair or noserings will be seen writhing around on Grafton Street in agony.
- Gay Byrne will sing The Sash on the nine o'clock news
- An Angel of Death will crash a hang-glider into the offices of Hot Press.
- Mary Harney and Johnny Logan will copulate in Christchurch Cathedral.



DOOMED: Hot Press editor Niall Stokes (centre)

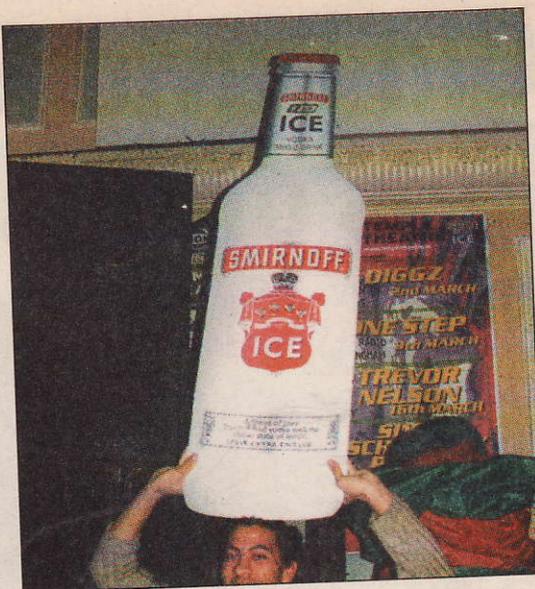
BOOZING ON THE CHEAP

LOW COST DRINKING is an attractive prospect, but most of the places that offer it will make you swill from a trough to get your £2 off. This feature details the ignominy that must be suffered if a truly cheap night out on the piss is to be had.

We'll also let you know about a few slightly plush places where bargain-hunting boozers won't leave the premises feeling like they've been galloped over by a horse. Many drink promos around town are strictly for the students,

VISIT SOME OF DUBLIN'S DRINKING DENS WITHOUT SPENDING A MILLION QUID

so if you are not one yourself, you would be well advised to get onto somebody dodgy who can make you a fake id. Many of these kips do not accept USIT cards, so get an id for one specific college. We've mainly dealt with weeknights as most places are far too scabby to give you the steam off their piss on the weekends.



Boozing: a serious business

MONDAYS

MAJOR TOM'S

£2 for selected beers (Lion Red, Castle, Steinlager, VB) from 5-10pm

THIS BAR is usually filled with overworked thirty-somethings who aren't able to smile or talk until they've had at least six pints of Heineken to drink. However, as a hunter of bargain booze, you will be forced to endure conditions far worse than this, so who gives a shit - head straight for the bar. Once there, you may be slightly disappointed by the fact that the beers are of the smaller variety (330mls).



PEG'S

All drinks £1; Admission £7

THE KING of cheapo booze deals, but there are a few hidden problems. It gets full as fuck here, so arrive early if you want your money's worth. Later on in the night, it's difficult to get served, with thousands at the bar and about two barmen. They use cheap horrible vodka named after a gulag or something and the scabby fucks stop serving at 1.30, so make sure you buy four drinks at 1.25. **Student ID required**

PALACE

All drinks £1.50; Admission £6

LOADS OF people drunk and shouting and fighting, bizarre spectacles at every turn, everybody trying to score with each other. This probably makes the enormous Palace nite club sound good, but don't be fooled, it's fucking awful. A true test of the cheap boozehound. **Student ID required - no usits**

TUESDAYS

CHOCOLATE BAR

Happy Hour all night (Mondays and Tuesdays) Cocktails ½ price (£2.50), Pints £1.80

THE CHOCOLATE Bar can be very uncomfortable when it is merely serving as a back room for a full on Pod night. But check it out during happy hour and you'll avoid the crowds and probably get somewhere fairly comfortable to sit down. The cocktails are great and definitely get you hammered, with the only downside being a fair few yuppies and the odd less than pleasant doorman.

MODERN GREEN BAR

Erdinger £2 all night

LIKE THE Chocolate Bar, this is a very untypical cheap booze joint, in that it is a reasonably pleasant place to spend some time. Good spot for a few quick beers, especially on a Tuesday as Erdinger is undoubtedly a quality drink. The crowd tends to be oldish (25) and keep to themselves. Jimmy Behan and Brian Bradley lay on some good electro in the background.



KITCHEN: GENIUS

Vodka £1; Admission £5

THIS IS one of those nights that's been built on a booze deal - even if quality techno played an important part in keeping it running for so long. The famed drink promo was watered down a bit recently, when Red Bull soared in price from £1 to £2.50. A mixer only costs 50p, though, so it's still very easy to get pissed for cheap.

WEDNESDAYS

CAPTAIN AMERICA'S

Student night: Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday. Cocktails: £2. Shots: £2. Pints: £2

ALSO KNOWN as the Dublin Centre for Yankery, Captain A's is a restaurant, so the bar space is limited, but if you're only in for a few quick ones it shouldn't matter too much. The cocktails are slightly weak, but they taste good and will get you pissed quickly enough. Watch out for terrible music and plenty of annoying people. Remember that this is a student night, and you will be asked to show **student ID at the bar**.

MONO: BLISS

All drinks £1.50; Admission £6

MONO GETS invaded by packs of students hunting for cheap booze and a compatible member of the opposite sex every Wednesday. Although the booze deal is excellent, this night falls down in other areas, mainly the music which appears to be random nonsense taken from the charts. If you're in a group, looking to get pissed and have a laugh, you'll have fun, but those with taste in music should avoid at all costs. **student ID required**

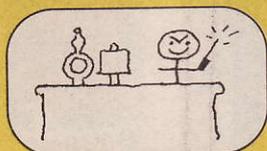
POD: GLORY

All pints £1.50, Double Vodka and Red Bull £5; Admission £5/4

FM 104 DJs lay on studenty dance music and there are lots of nutters going mad on the dancefloor. Once the students get back, this night should get a slightly bigger crowd and could really take off. Definitely your best cheap booze option on a Wednesday. **student ID required**

SOME HELPFUL SYMBOLS

FIND YOUR WAY THROUGH OUR COMPLICATED GUIDE WITH THESE EASY TO USE EXPLANATIONS



Barmen armed with electric cattle prods



Black people encouraged



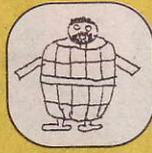
Bar shuts before you get there



On-site Vomitorium



Deal valid for Sumo wrestlers only



Brendan Grace performing here



No Trinity scarves

THURSDAYS

SWITCH: PHUTUREGROOVE

Asahi £2; Admission £5

SWITCH'S BOOZE deals can be confusing, but they usually have at least one on. Mark Dixon plays noodly house here, so it may be a bit boring if you're not into that kind of music. On the plus side, it's not the most intrusive sound ever, so you can have a conversation and make the most of the booze deal if you don't want to dance.

MAJOR TOM'S

San Miguel £2, Tequila £2

AS ON Monday nights, this place is pretty depressing, but on Thursdays it's depressing with a Spanish theme - on the alcohol front at least. San Miguel is a good beer, and Tequila, as most people know, will fuck you up.

HOW MUCH MONEY YOU WILL SAVE . . .

Our crack boozers went out for a week's cheap drinking to put together this feature. Here's the difference between what they spent each night and what it would have cost them if they had been paying normal prices at the bars listed here.

Monday
Spent: £24
Saved: £30.80

Wednesday
Spent: £33.30
Saved: £32.80

Tuesday
Spent: £29.50
Saved: £27

Thursday
Spent: £28
Saved: £14

. . . FUCKING LOADS

ALL THE REST

MONDAYS

Captain America's: Some cocktails £2, some beers £2, Student ID
Kitchen: Vodka and energy drink £2

TUESDAYS

Captain America's As Monday
Switch: Vodka & Energy drink £2
Major Tom's: Pitchers of beer - £8
POD: Bacardi Breezer - £2.50

WEDNESDAYS

Major Tom's - Fosters £2
Switch - Vodka and energy drink - £2
Camden Palace - All drinks £1.50
Modern Green Bar - £2 Becks 500ml
TBMC - Some pints £2, some shots £1

THURSDAYS

Modern Green Bar - Most shots £2
Red Box - 2 Vodka and Red Bull £5, all other drinks £1.50

FRIDAYS

Switch - Asahi £2
Peg's - All pints and shots £1.50

SATURDAYS

Major Tom's - Varies
Switch - Asahi £2 Vodka & Energy drink £2

Happy hours

Judge Roy Beans 5pm - 7pm
Cocktails reduced by £1 or £1.50
Handel's 5.30pm - 7.30pm
Guinness £2.10, Lager £2.20, Shots £2.10
Captain America's 12pm - 8pm
Cocktails £3.27
Renard's 5pm - 9pm
Cocktails ½ price (£2.50)
Gingerman All day and night
Pitcher of Ale (4 pints) £7.70
Pitcher of Lager £8.50
Watch out! We haven't tried this stuff, but it's home made.

WARNING!

Drinking is evil

BOOZING ISN'T ALL FUN AND GAMES. HERE IS A STERN REMINDER ABOUT THE RISKS.

We sent out an innocent email to everyone on our mailing list requesting information on cheap booze. We got the following response from a gentleman called Robert Stephenson:

'FUCK YOU GUYS'

Robert is a madman who runs a pop punk record label in Dublin and organises children's rock concerts in the Temple Bar Music Centre. When we expressed puzzlement at his email, he sent us this reply:

Then don't send me such crap requests - I personally don't drink and hate what the drinks industry does to induce students' and others to consume their poison and I object to people who promote that drug- and it looks as though you are about to give cheap pushers a helping free hand- WHY? - Promoting booze has an effect - it helps wreck people lives - you guys have already behaved irresponsibly regarding the kids in T(emple) B(ar) - and I think that you should think a little more about what you do...(blah blah blah). Now you propose to tell them where they might procure cheep drugs - go on then - but my attitude to you then is FUCK YOU.



Robert fighting booze on the internet

OFF LICENCE DEALS

Apart from Robert's advice above, we did get the following recommendations from our readers:

The Windjammer on Townsend St. do 6 cans of Dutch Gold for £5.50....so do the **Talbot Lounge** on Talbot St.....
Dunnes Stores do exported French piss called Le Biere or something for 30 bottles for £12 quid - that's about 40p a bottle and it grows on you after the 3rd or 4th bottle.....
Oddbins on Baggot Street, 24 bottles of Alsace Bier for £10. 5% Alc. Taste shite but gets you there.....
Super Valu do £1 per can of Grolsch and other bottles of beer (they also do a free bottle of Pepsi if you buy a bottle of Huzzar).....



Out & about

FULL LISTINGS
FOR THE MONTH
OF SEPTEMBER

Events of the Month

DJ PREMIER ... 20

Don't miss this chance to see one of the best ever hip hop DJ/ producers doing his stuff in the Fireworks

RYAN ADAMS ... 37

He's had to endure years of lazy journalists making jokes about his name, but Ryan gets our gig of the month.

SHAGGY ... 43

Second gig of the month goes to the great Shaggy, who will be touching down with an entourage of fake breasted women in the point later in October.

WOYZECK ... 46

Tom Waits and Robert Wilson team up for this Fringe Festival play. Check it out.

CLUBBING ... 24

This month sees hip hop's DJ Premier come to town and Richie Hawtin have a go in the refurbished Ambassador

LIVE MUSIC ... 38

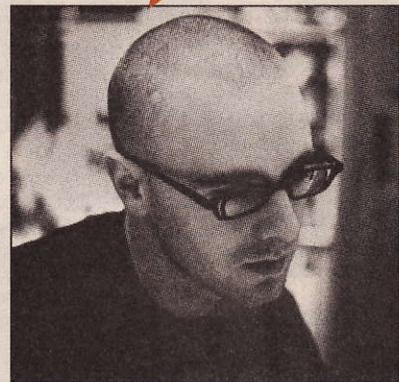
More guitar noise from people with long hair and bad skin

CINEMA ... 43

More crap from Hollywood gets the going over from our lazy but intelligent critics

THEATRE ... 46

The Fringe is still in town, and now it's big brother the Theatre Festival has arrived - Ponceragua.



Richie Hawtin



The Sensational Shaggy

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100% DYNAMITE

FRIDAY 5 OCTOBER
SHELTER

£10

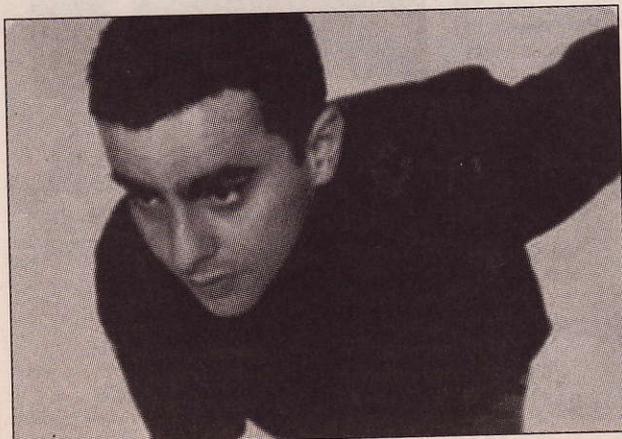
The harder Dublin tries to lose its nice-and-white roots, the more popular clubs like 100% Dynamite - now roaring away every month in the Shelter - become. Whatever about funk, soul and all the other stuff we've been pretending to be into for years, the capital has always liked its reggae and ska, even if it usually only amounted to a bit of kneecapping to Bob Marley or drunken rutting to "Red Red Wine". This month they're celebrating the fifth Dynamite compilation "500% Dynamite" but those of you who are only after a spot of chinstroke, beware - its not all Augustus Pablo b-sides. The DJ's are fond of the odd modern track, including, disgracefully enough, some r'n'b.

PETE HELLER

SATURDAY 6 OCT
RED BOX

£12

This chap appears to a bit of a club culture cliché - the kind of balding, grumpy git generally expected to moan about how fings ain't what they used to be. He played rare groove in the mid-80's, became Danny Ramplings warm-up DJ at Schoom and more or less exhausted all possibilities within dance music by 1991. Now makes a living turning up on nostalgia TV programs about the golden years of dance, right? Well, no actually - a rarity



Yousef makes a dash for it

**WIGGAZ
PARADISE**

PREMIER

SUNDAY 7 OCT
THE FIREWORKS

£10

IN A month of fierce competition for hip-hop, this one still stands tall above the rest and promises to be one of the gigs of the year. True b-boy royalty touches down this month in the form of producer, Gangstarr member and supa-dupa DJ, Premier. Chances are his first solo visit to Dublin will be an interesting one - if the level of fervent admiration is to be believed, the entire hip-hop community of Dublin will be lining up to give him a blowjob.

In terms of active, long-term service, only Dr Dre is up there with this Texan chap - nearly fifteen years of dope on plastic, from underground joints with Mos Def and Jeru the Damaja or getting jiggy with Jay-Z and Biggie through to his work with Gangstarr. His raw, economical sound is so distinctive and addictive, he's gotten away in recent times with releasing albums of his loops and beats only - who else in hip-hop can manage that? Using the scratch break as a hook may have been the invention of his idol Marley Marl, but it was Premier who made the



Yo Primo. Get ready to have your ass licked, big time.

technique part of the lexicon of hip-hop and there's no-one on the planet who does it with as much style. His genius lies not in frenzied turntable wankery, but the simple ability to put the right sound in the right place. Scratch trax like "Red Alert Chant" and "DJ Premier In Deep Concentration" still piss on the competition for sheer, elemental funkiness. If you've even a vague interest in hip-hop, don't dare miss this. Perfect support comes from original Clondalkin b-boy Laze-E, who is worth seeing on his own and will no doubt rise to the occasion with a classic old skool set.

among acid house casualties, his career is doing better than ever, thanks in no small part to his 1999 Starguard-sampling chart smash "Big Love" and the fact that he shook off long-time partner, fat prick extraordinaire Terry Farley. There's also the small fact that he's a pretty good disco house DJ too.

KERRI CHANDLER

SATURDAY 6 OCTOBER
MONO

£13.50

Those mischievous Arabs wrote off our entertainment prospects on Black Friday last month and Mr Chandler here was one of the DJs to cancel a gig here - never fear, he's back this month and well anticipated he'll be too, given the current trend in Dublin for deep, organic house music. Kerri, despite his girly name, is a big butch black dude, old enough to have picked up a few tricks first hand from pie-eating champion Tony Humphries at his legendary Zanzibar club in New Jersey back in the seventies. Tony's pentecostal God-is-a-DJ-no-I'm-fucking-serious Jersey house vibe was carried to the next level throughout the nineties by Chandler's low-key, spiritual productions and smooth, emotional DJ sets.

YOUSEF

SATURDAY 6TH OCT
THE AMBASSADOR

£12

Most people know the story behind this scouse DJ - he sent a tape into the British Muzik magazine, won a competition and now he has a Cream residency. While this tells us fuck-all about the quality of his DJing, his recent visits to Cork and Dublin have been banging affairs and this gig should prove no different. Yousef will delight DJ anoraks and fans of quality house music in equal measure; his technical skills are top notch and the tough, tech sound he favours keeps the floor hopping without ever straying too far into the land of cheese. The ticket price is very reasonable, and while The Ambassador is still unproven as a dance venue, this should be a quality night out.

**STRICTLY HANDBAG
7TH BIRTHDAY FEAT.
DAVE HASLAM**

**MONDAY 8 OCT
RIRA**

£TBC

One of Ireland's best club nights celebrates seven years lashing out the midweek tunes this month. Strictly Handbag has by now become an institution for total wasters who want to get fuck-faced on a Monday night. They've been banging out everything from Madonna to Lionel Ritchie for so long now, nobody's even embarrassed to be seen dancing to it any more. In honour of this, the promoters are being joined by former Madchester DJ Dave Haslam, who made a name for himself at the Hacienda, before hanging out with the Stone Roses and playing at raves all over the world.

ANTHONY TEASDALE

**FRIDAY 12 OCT
MONO**

£10

Or Anthony Teas-made, as he's known in the offices of Soma Records. As the likes of Slam, Envoy and Funk D'Void toil away in the studio, lovingly creating funk rhythms and warm synthetics, Tony can be relied upon to be getting a brew together in the kitchen. "Och, this tea is radge!" splutters Orde Meikle, "that's it - we're sending ye to Dublin cos ye cannae hack it on the brew front." Well that's our explanation as to who the fucking fuck Anthony Teasdale is or what he has to do with Soma Records. So far, Motion have brought us the cream of the Scottish tech-house label so we can only assume/hope this dude is of the same calibre.

DJ VADIM & SARAH JONES

**FRIDAY 12 OCT
TBMC**

£11.50

ODL seem set to bust some serious hip-hop moves on us if October is anything to go by. In the singularly unsuitable Music Centre, we get Russian tricknologist and mate-of-Coldcut Vadim playing one of his first live

shows ever, helped out by Sarah Jones who, for reasons best known to herself, is also known as Yarah Bravo. Now with his own Ninja Tunes offshoot label, Jazz Fudge, Vadim has strayed of late from blunted scratchadelica to what is basically UK rap, which as we know well is shite and always will be shite.

ALEX P & BRANDON BLOCK

**SATURDAY 13 OCT
TEMPLE THEATRE**

£17

Peazy and Blocko. Long regarded by dance anthropologists as easily the most hairy and stupidest-looking (respectively) DJ's inhabiting the planet. Block, in particular, has the look of a man whacked across the side of the head with a baseball bat and the type of geezer you'd avoid like the fucking plague in any social situation. His sole redeeming feature



Brandon Bollock: What an asshole

has been to get up the ample hooter of rock septuagenarian Ronnie Wood at 1999's MTV Music Awards, gatecrashing the stage with prehistoric warcries of "Oi Oi!!!". The question remains as to whether or not you'd want either of these donkeys entertaining you with their record collection. In his

defense, Block's been playing good-time house since 1988 and it's only recently that we've witnessed him stood upside down with a daffodil up his arse on Ibiza Uncovered. Alex P appears to have no redeeming features at all. This could be awful and it costs £17. Go on then, it's your money not ours. .

**THESE BASTARDS
ARE BACK AGAIN**

**WINTER PARTY
CARL COX, SASHA AND DIGWEED,
JOHNNY MOY, ROBBIE BUTLER
AND JOHN POWER**

**SATURDAY 13 OCT
POINT THEATRE**

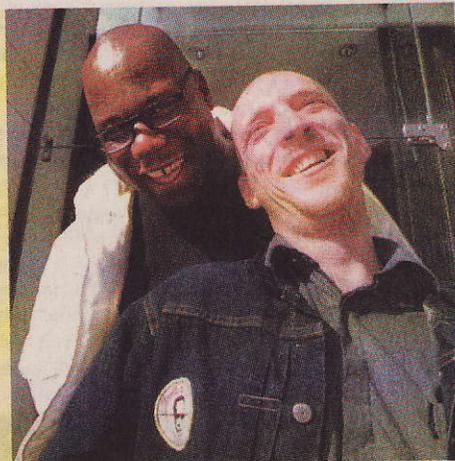
£31

The first thing to note, begrudgingly, is that this gig is actually not bad value. It cost nearly as much to watch Saint Germaine ponce about in the Olympia last month, never mind what that dick Judge Jules has been charging recently for the privilege of waggling his baby carrot at us and laughing for two hours.

Here, the twin behemoths of UK clubbing touch down in the poxy Point and hopefully show us why they think they're worth it.

Carl Cox played a spectacularly bad gig in the Point with Orbital a few years ago and barely made up for it when he jetted in for about 10 minutes of the Spring Party last April. Since then he's been hard at it on the lucrative circuit of celebrity tours and bad-ass European dance festivals.

There's no point in seriously trying to criticise the man, but in his most ambitious year ever, it will be interesting



Cox and Moy -two handsome DJs

to see just how thinly Cox can spread himself and still manage to deliver the goods in a humdrum situation like this. Similarly, Sash 'n' Digz are not the kings of prog house for nothing - they did it first and they still do it better but can they get it up for a dingy, middle-of-tour gig like this? And God knows what their trademark airbrushed grooves will sound like in a venue that can't even make noisy guitars sound passable. The rest of the line up is Dublin DJ establishment personified and it's fascinating to see Johnny Moy, once maverick and champion of the experimental, get all cosy with dudes he would have spat on at one time...

BELT UP FOR SOME TECHNO

JOEY BELTRAM

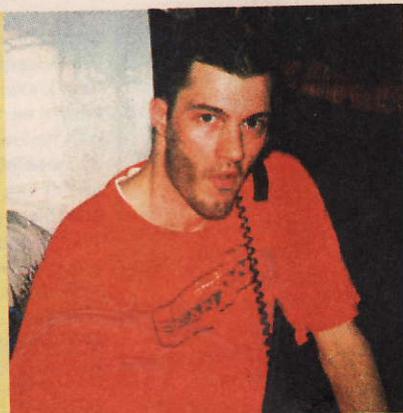
SATURDAY 13 OCT
TBMC

£15

AT THE TURN of the century, when all the rags were tripping over themselves to publish tireless lists of The Best this and The Best that, one magazine printed a list of the greatest lyrics of the millenium. Nestled between the choice couplets from Radiohead, Leonard Cohen and the like was a neat bit of mischief from Jon Carter... Joey Beltram Energy Flash - "Wom wom wom-om!". No other track has been consistently credited with having started the dance revolution for real in 1990, after a false dawn of mostly horseshite acid trax and piano

house. No intro, no breakdown just wham, in there with the dirtiest, sleaziest most ominous b-line and groove ever laid to vinyl.

In spite of the downright frightening whispered "ecstasy, ec-sta-cy" vocal and spooky strings, this track has probably sent more euphoric synapses firing than any other in E-history - it just brings you up like a bastard, in any set, in any club, in any year... Amazing then that Beltram (from Queens of all places) claims - like Josh Wink - never to have touched the stuff. Not content with constructing one little piece of dance history, the bugger went back for more and produced Mentasm, an underground house anthem with mad Hoover noises which caught the ear of - among others - a young Liam



Hey Joey, you weird looking weirdo

Howlett. One cheeky cat later and Charly immortalises the Mentasm noise as Rave Hook Zero. "My work here is done" said Mr Beltram and proceeded to bore the pants off us for the rest of the decade with OK techno. Which is what you'll get tonight.

DAVE DONOHUE & MARK CLARKE

TUESDAY 16 OCT
WHELANS

£5

This sees the launch of Dave Donohue's 'First Course in Hygiene' album on Dublin techno label D1 recordings. 'No Fun' D1 often presents a po-faced, whiney image to the general public, but the thing to do is ignore what they're saying completely and listen to the music, which is usually good in a rather serious kind of way. Dave Donohue has released some sparse music on laugh-a-

minute Donnacha Costello's Minimise label, and tonight he'll be giving an electronic/acoustic crossover show which should be interesting and useful for practicing your chinstroking. Unusually for somebody who produces minimal techno, Donohue also has a sense of humour - maybe he'll crack some jokes at the gig? DJing before and afterwards will be Mark Clarke, who is a regular at Model One in Switch. It's only £5 in, and you get a free copy of Donohue's album, so this is a relatively painless way to see the baldy-heads in action.

RASOUL

FRIDAY 19 OCT
SHELTER

£12.50

The cancellation of a Rasoul gig earlier this year caused terrible disappointment amongst Dublin's house contingent, so this show should be fairly packed out with his fans. Back then, it was the now-defunct Central in Switch who were bringing the Ras-man over, and it's the same crew who are responsible this time around too. Rasoul is considered a classic exponent of the west coast house sound that is all the rage at the moment, and he has released tracks for the likes of Naked, Large and his own Soulfood label. Expect quality deep house with a fair smattering of vocals over the course of the night.

CHARLIE HALL

FRIDAY 19 OCT
MONO

£10

This Motion bash goes under the banner of a Pro-Jex Records party which is more than likely a fresh offshoot of Impulsive Records, Dean Sherry and Barry Dempsey's promising tech-house label. Grumpy bastid Hall was once voted the most hostile DJ to trainspotters, covering up his labels and snarling at any

would-be eagle eyes. "Fark off" was regularly heard in the DJ box post-gig as tune id's were requested. Charlie, alongside Lol Drummond, used to front The Drum Club, a vaguely progressive tribal unit not famed for anything much except giving Underworld one of their first big remix breaks with "Sound System" - a drab tune which the Romford boys reworked into a classic. A house fire a few years ago destroyed his entire collection and for once the dance industry showed its heart with donations of tunes from DJ, label and public alike. Aw.

LUKE NEVILLE

SUNDAY 20 OCT
TEMPLE THEATRE

£13.50

Mr Neville will be more familiar to our Nordie mates through his long-time residencies at Lush and Kelly's. He's in the bracket of well paid but fairly anonymous UK jocks who've done their time and now make a steady living lashing out the house and trance to low income types. The edge Luke has over the other regular hoofers is that he's A&R man for Manifesto Records - a position formerly held by Judge Jules (a clue as to what to expect really).

winterparty
saturday 13 oct point depot dublin

carl cox
sasha
john digweed
johnny moy
robbie butler
john power

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DARREN EMERSON

SATURDAY 20 OCT
RED BOX

£15

Another one of these guys that's apparently beyond criticism. A young Emerson dabbled in hip-hop and breakdance mixing during the mid and late '80's while by day looking a complete beanbag in red braces and striped shirts working on the Stock Market. Acid house caused him to lose the American Psycho look and get into the sounds coming from the U.S. He met the other two dull cunts, whatever their names are, and Underworld were born in 1993. Most people know the rest. Finally giving them the slip last year, many have reckoned he's had a vintage 12 months, working with Sasha to produce the slinky "Scorchio", knocking out a fine Global Underground CD and keeping his end up with label Underwater.

PAUL OAKENFOLD

FRIDAY 26 OCT
RED BOX

£20

This man truly is the Sting of dance music. Horribly over-achieving in his early years, prone to making lofty statements about his importance, having apparently no sense of humour and recently taking to posing for photos in ever more exotic locations with his top off. The competition between major league DJ's to see who can gig in the most ridiculously far-away and inappropriate location has become fierce in the last few years but Oakie still leads the way, trumping the others with a recent set in The Pyramids, Egypt. Down to earth with a bump for him then, playing the Red Box to fanatical teenagers who couldn't care less if he mixed with his bell end. Once again, your money...

BXR RECORDS PARTY WITH DARREN FLYNN

SATURDAY 27 OCT
TEMPLE THEATRE

£TBC

The links between Italy's most

popular dance label and our humble Temple resident Darren Flynn have been getting stronger and stronger in the last few months since he took over as the resident promoter. We've seen various BXR luminaries visit our shores on a regular basis (see Mauro Picotto elsewhere) and Space has become the home of the tough trancey sound the label purveys. On the sly, Darren has had a record out on BXR himself, "Spirit Of Space" and no doubt this Homegrown Records malarkey is his baby BXR. Expect good chunky euro-trance in the usual vein.

SPEEDY J AND MIKE PARADINAS

SATURDAY 27 OCT
TBMC

£TBC

By all accounts this looks like a good gig. Because of Speedy J's contrasting output (one minute he's

banging the bollox out of it, next it's sparse ambionics..), it can be difficult to know what to expect from him, especially in a live setting. The reports from this tour point to a 70-90 minute live set starting with a whale-o-matic avant garde suite and building into the idiosyncratic techno most expect from him. Next down the bill it's Mike "Mu-ziq" Paradinas, much beloved of earnest ie-dance types and those who don't go out. Mike's U-ziq thang has been going on since 1992 but came into it's own round the mid nineties, patroned by Aphex and although the whole drill 'n' bass extreme-fucking-around experimentalism has devolved into parody and genre paralysis since then, it's worth remembering that he was a badly-needed antidote to the ultra-sanitised fusak then coming out of the original jungle contingent.

JOHNNY MOY, BILLY SCURRY AND FRANCOIS

SATURDAY 27 OCT
RED BOX

£11.50

A DJ line up with a combined age of 467...this really represents what has now become the DJ establishment here in Dublin. With Mark Kavanagh concentrating more on his UK success, many others like Pressure and Liam Dollard playing infrequently or dropping out altogether, and Warren K concentrating on smaller gigs, the three lads on the bill tonight are the boys-made-good in the town they've spent the best part of ten years preaching the gospel of dance to. As the Dublin dance scene shifts critically, though, their maverick status is slowly being handed on to the new young pretenders...

MAURO PICS HIS NOSE

MAURO PICOTTO

SUNDAY 28 OCT
TEMPLE THEATRE

£TBC

BXR Records - the label responsible for the hard edged but emotional Euro-trance currently flooding the charts and mainstream clubs - seems to be taking up residence in the Temple at the moment. We've had a few of the bit players (and some of the biggest cheeses like last month's Mario Piu) but October sees the don of Italian trance grace the hallowed steeple. Label manager and brainchild of BXR, Mauro Picotto is, like most key men in the DJ world, creeping well into his thirties and has spent most of his adult years deep in production and DJ-ing. Mauro has developed a distinctively European approach to trance, which is cold and sharp when compared to early Jam and Spoon and in particular to his German soulmate Westbam. He formed BXR through his connections as an artist with Media Records and is the type of guy who, for years now, has been shooting out club hits in every European country except the UK and Ireland. Championed by Pete Tong from 1999 on



Picotto's hard-edged emotional Italian trance - it's the new Opera

due to dense, pressure-building opuses like "Proximus" and "Pulsar", he struck it large last year with "Komodo" - a cheap and cheerful trancer sampling Deep Forest's "Deep Forest" for it's slo-mo breakdown. Predictably, lovers of "serious" dance music took their lads out and pissed on it from a height, but the man is as good and innovative a producer within his own field as anyone you can mention. Witness his latest single, "Like This, Like That" which carries all the menacing hauteur of "Age Of Love" for the zero-one crew.

**ALAN SIMMS AND
LIAM DOLLARD**
SUNDAY 28 OCT
LIFE BAR £10

The Perfection night - run by Frank Simmondson and Nova's Anto O'Brien - has been gaining serious ground in the opulent surroundings of the Life Bar since it started in the summer. Tough, filtered house in the Subliminal style is usually the order of the day, but the stakes are raised here by the rare appearance of Dublin club veteran Dollard - this is apparently only Liam's second publicised gig this year. Many column inches have been devoted to the Moys, Scurrys and Kavanaghs over the years, but it was Liam, along with Martin McCann and Liam Fitz, who really got the ball rolling with Sides. The regulars have paired him off with Belfast's Alan Simms for what sounds like a night of really excellent funky house. Recommended.

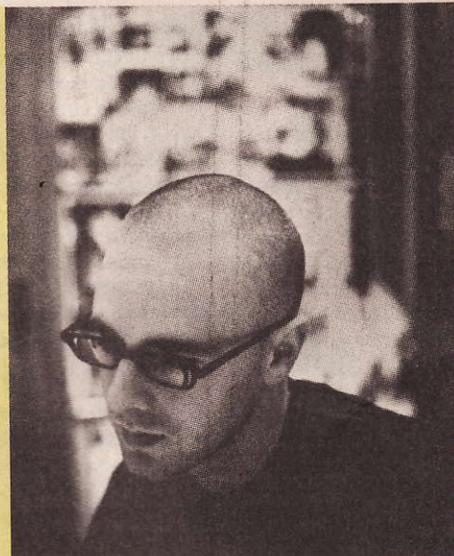
PAUL VAN DYK
SUNDAY 28 OCT
RED BOX £18.50

What a shitebucket, you may say...Responsible for rubbish like "For An Angel" and that fucking dreadful thing with Saint Etienne. Fond of charging phenomenal door fees to snooze out the trancelite-by-numbers. Worse still, a photogenic hunk whom Dublin's girlie electronica elite brazenly admitted on the dance forums they would shag far, far ahead of Luke

THE TECHNO AMBASSADOR

RICHIE HAWTIN
SATURDAY 20 OCT £17.50/£16.50
THE AMBASSADOR

October sees MCD's newly opened dance mothership get into its stride - to be perfectly honest, the place is and always will be a bloody cinema but that shouldn't stop folk enjoying themselves to the max. One wonders when MCD will get a proper dance venue together in Dublin from scratch, taking its cue from recent custom-made UK joints like Fabric and Area. Such is Hawtin's popularity in the capital that no gig he has ever played here since 1995 has been anything less than hysterically packed - put simply, we love the little gimp and it's not just baldie boys. There's something elementally physical and compulsive about anything he turns his hand to, a mastery of rhythm, space and sound that's matched by very few. His devotion to the acid house trinity of 303, 909 and FX over the past decade have seen him squeeze shockingly new shapes out of a soundscape that many had written off by 1989. As FUSE in the early nineties, he pushed techno into the limits of furious



Richie Hawtin: No friends at school

white noise while his Plastikman alter-ego showed with tracks like "Spastik" just what could be done with a drumbox, tone control and an active imagination. His "Decks, FX and 909" concept took his basic principles out on the road for a rapturously-received tour and textbook mix CD. Now he's pushing it again - "DE9: Closer To The Edit" uses digital editing to create an astonishing techno-collage of over 3000 tracks in less than an hour...OK, so we exaggerated a bit there, but you get the picture.

Vibert. That's definitely enough to piss the boys off. Van Dyk isn't as foul as Sash or the likes, but there's certainly a terrible blandness about the man's whole persona which is almost scary. For proof that he didn't always make future lift musak, check out his X-Mix 1 video from 1993.

BANDULU (LIVE)
SUNDAY 28 OCT
MONO £14

Credit must go to Motion and Mono for such a brave move on the Bank Holiday Sunday - recently one of the biggest clubbing nights of the year in Dublin - given that any amount of tech-house contenders could have raised the roof in Mono on this night without lifting a finger. Yet they've gone for one of the genuine anomalies in the rigidly formatted world of techno. Lucien and the boys have never fitted in anywhere, yet their sound contains some of the most vital elements of techno, dub, electronica and even 2-step garage. An extraordinarily individual band who can be relied upon to rock a party in their own sweet way - this is recommended.

**THE RHYTHM
CORPORATION**
OCTOBER
TEMPLE THEATRE £8

Karlos' premier rnb party on Friday nights at the Temple is taking solid shape in the form of these guys and a few others, notably Keith Lawrence and Major G. Not residents in the strictest sense, but regular guests who give the Friday night do that little bit extra with upfront new promos and the kind of seasoning and technique the Irish crew have yet to gain. Also, with Karlos calling the shots on a Wednesday in the Temple under the Missing In Action banner, he's modest enough to let the guests steal the thunder on him. All four have remix, production and DJ credits coming out of their ears and you can be sure on whatever Friday you visit the Temple this month, things'll be shwingin'.

Xact present

SOSO

Sean B Doyle & Damon
Friday October 19th
Temple Bar Music Centre

See posters & flyers for more details

Mondays

AMONN DORAN'S MELTING POT £4

Dublin's original hip hop night continues with new residents. Doran's is not the most suitable venue for clubbing and the booze is a bit on the pricey side, but you can always sit down and enjoy the turntable skills while having a good stroke of the chin. Last review: June 2001

KITCHEN DA SMOOVE £5

Pure Silk and Ollie Dowling lay on soul, rnb and a bit of UK garage. While most of the tunes aren't bad, and there is a good booze deal, there are better rnb nights in the city. **Vodka and Energy Drink £1 each.** Last review: September 2001.

MONO BABY 2K £6/5

This club is gay as you like and has music to match, i.e. wild chart and disco tunes. Also comes fully equipped with a decent booze deal - **VK Ice is £2.50 and Vodka with a dash of Red Bull is only £2.50.**

PEG'S BOOZE BONANZA £4

Unbelievable drink giveaway with **all drinks** clearing for just **£1 each.** Watch out, though, it's usually rammed and the bar shuts at 1.30. See p.20.

RIRA STRICTLY HANDBAG £5/4

This continues to be one of the best late night drinking events in the town, with Aidan Kelly unashamedly playing cheeseey 80s handbag. Handbag celebrates its seventh anniversary this month with a giant party on the 8th.

SWITCH SLAM £5

Gay late night session with DJ Rachel playing funky and progressive house downstairs and upstairs open for rnb. Numbers have been good, and if it won't change the world, Slam is a good say something. Last review: September 2001

WAX BOOGALOO £4

Funk, soul and beats are the order of the day in this new, rather flash club. DJs Dave Hales and David Ingham take the reins.

Tuesdays

KITCHEN GENIUS £5

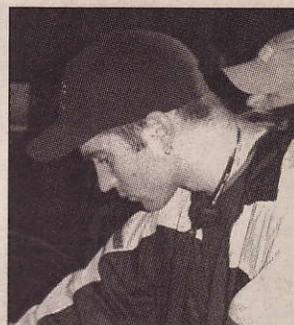
This long running night is a favourite with students in particular. They come for the techno (toned down a little lately), cheap booze and general mayhem, and rarely leave disappointed. **Vodka £1.** Last reviewed September 2001.

RIRA BUMP 'N' HUSTLE £5/4

More hip hop, funk and soul from RiRa, this time courtesy of Fionn Davenport et al. Lots of solid party tunes and a good boozing environment. Plenty of good looking foreign types go to Rira, so if you're pissed off with looking at ugly Irish people, check this night out. Last reviewed July 2001.

POD FRESH MODE £6/5/4

New hip hop night with a quality DJ (Splyce) but something lacking in the dancefloor department. The returning student hordes could yet see Fresh Mode take off and give Dublin hip hop a long-awaited showcase club. **Bacardi Breezer £2.50** Last reviewed September 2001.



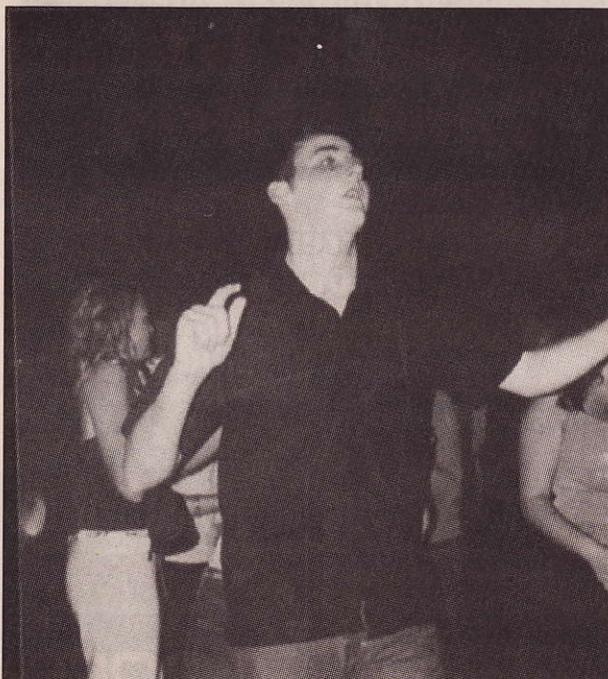
Davey Splyce of Fresh Mode

SWITCH DAMAGE £5/4

One of Dublin's best midweek clubs. Damage attracts a bunch of techno heads who go mental on the dancefloor until well after the lights come on. Rotating DJs include Gedge, Francois and the excellent Joe McGrath. **Vodka and Energy drink £1 each.** Last review March 2001

TBMC SALSA VILLA £7/6

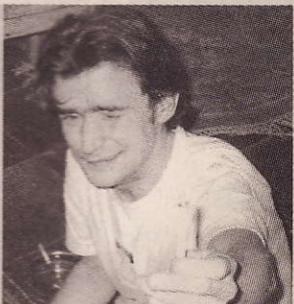
The energetic Dr. Rumba hosts a dance class (starting at 8.30) before this club, and if you miss that, you may be at sea for the rest of the night. The only problem is that the newly-refurbished Music Centre has a fairly sanitised feel to it and is probably more suited to production line techno dancing than throbbing Latino passion. Also, the bouncers can be cunts. Last review June 2001.



We ask three of Dublin's longest-standing rnb DJs - Tony Di

>>> NEW REVIEW TRIGGER WAX £5

OVER THE course of the summer, Dublin's clubbing population is depleted somewhat as the city's students head abroad in search of flashier nightclubs and proper drugs. This means that all but the most established nights in Dublin suffer poor numbers at this time. Trigger, a new night in a new venue is one club which has been missing the students rather noticeably. However, if you fancy sitting in an empty nightclub, Wax is as good as any, and as Dublin clubbers return, this could turn into a handy little night. A small, trendy basement, it has its up and downsides. Bad news first: drinks are expensive, it has a yuppyish feel and all the barmen have dyed blond hair. On a more positive note, a crowd of 50+ would make the place seem packed, the music is of the quality house type, and the jacks are nice and spacious.



'Smoking' Scott McNaughton

Wednesdays

EAMONN DORAN'S

HEAT £5/4

Expect Dre, Destiny's Child, Nellie and whatever else is bumping up the charts at the time. It's all scratched together by DJ Eddie. Last review July 2001

KITCHEN

BLUE £5/4

Residents Hugh Scully and Shay Hannon knock out quality deep house at this long-running midweek night. Expect some quality guests too. Last review June 2001

MONO

BLISS £6

Loads of students getting shit-faced on mad booze promos while Conor G plays cheesy prog and trance. All drinks £1.50. Last review Sept 2001

PARNELL MOONEY

FIREHOUSE SKANK £5/4/3

The reggae scene in Dublin seems to be on the up right now, but this rootsy basement club is where it's been kept going for the last few years. A top class night out. Last review March 2001

POD

GLORY £5/4

Messy affair as a mass of students invade the Pod. FM 104's Andy Preston lashes out tunes to get wrecked to and everyone obliges by losing the plot. All pints £1.50.

RIRA

TONGUE N GROOVE £5/4

Today FM's Donal Dineen headlines with a mix of hip hop, house, soul and whatever else he feels like. Can verge a bit towards the wanky Latin side of things, but not that often.

SWITCH

FUNK'D UP £5/4

Expect tech-house, techno and electro from Impulsive Records duo Dean Sherry and Barry Dempsey. This night also features some top class Irish underground guests. **Vodka and Energy Drink £1 each.** Last review March 2001

TBMC

SOUL RIOT £5/3

New club which started on September 14th and will be reviewed for our next issue. The promoters promise a selection of jazzy dancefloor tracks. **Selected pints £2, selected shots £1.**

TEMPLE THEATRE

MISSING IN ACTION £TBC

DJ Country Kev gets things going with some studenty music upstairs, while Karlos kicks out the rnb down in the Crypt. **V&RB £2.50, Smirnoff Ice £2.50, Miller £2.50**

WAX

FUNK SHAKIN' £5

Funk, rare groove and disco night which kicked off in this flash joint after we went to press. Residents include Carlito and Thierry and the press release says it has something to do with Vibe in the Pod, which is a good sign.

Thursdays

COYOTE LOUNGE

MINIMA £FREE

Decent-looking house night in this new D'Olier St. club. Residents include Malik, Bubbles and Sean Scully.

DOYLE'S

PURE SILK £5

Residents Shortie, M and Alan Murray have taken the unusual decision of holding an rnb night in one of Ireland's most awkwardly designed late bars. Good luck to them.

FRAZER'S

FUNKTIONAL £5/4

Some of Dublin's best underground techno DJs show up to this dungeon club on a Thursday night. The sound is toward the Detroit end of the techno spectrum. **V&RB £2.50** Last review September 2001.

KITCHEN

NU BREED £6

A good but deceitfully named night. It claims to break new DJ talent, but that is bollox - most of the people who play here are well known names about town. Mainly house and breaks. Last review July 2001.

PARNELL MOONEY

GROUND ZERO £3/2

Watch out Limp Bizkit, Westlife and anyone else who peddles 'bogus rock and roll'. This night vows to fight nu-metal and boybands with indie, punk, and hardcore.

POD

VIBE £7/5/4

The masterful Frank Jez plays a good mix of hip hop and rnb, with all the well into it punters bumping n grinding until the close. Last review March 2001

RED BOX

REVOLVER £5/4

A fairly bad student night with dire music from Al Gibbs. At least you can get fucking wrecked on the cheap booze. **2V+1RB=£5. All Other drinks £1.50.** Last review June 2001

RIRA

FUNK OFF £6/5

Aran McMahon plays an eclectic, beat-orientated set. The dancefloor gets pretty packed out, but there's still plenty of room upstairs in the Globe to collapse in if your fucking wrecked.

SWITCH

PHUTUREGROOVE £5

Mark Dixon and Billy Scurry play accessible house (plenty of xylophones and other non-threatening sounds). Last review March 2001

TBMC

SCREAMADELICA £5/4

Indie disco with Eamon Sweeney. Plenty of odd rockers giving it welly. **Selected pints £2. Selected shots £1**

WAX

MENAGE £5

Old-schoolers Johnny Moy and Billy Scurry strike up their partnership of yore with a bit of deep house.

>>> NEW REVIEW

NEW YORK SOUL

COYOTE LOUNGE, WEDNESDAYS £FREE

LIKE TRIGGER on Tuesdays, New York Soul is aimed at the kind of ponce who is willing to shell out foolish amounts of cash for their drinks and their clothes. While one would think that there are enough of this kind of person in Dublin to fill a venue like the Coyote on Wednesday, there clearly aren't. A small place like Wax is comfortable with 50 people in it, but Coyote seems painfully empty with that same amount, and NY Soul just hasn't been getting enough people in to achieve even a vaguely night club-like atmosphere. On the upside, it is free in, so if you're looking for a late night drink, it's not that bad, but if you want to dance, go somewhere else.

>>> NEW REVIEW

TOMATO

TOMATO, THURSDAYS £5

THIS NIGHT club has been in chaos since it was relaunched a few months ago, so nobody appears to have a clue what is going on there at the moment (see gossip column on p36). However, it is still open for business from Thursday to Saturday, and while the music policy hasn't been established yet - when the Slate called down the DJ (Daragh from Bigbrother Records!) played underground dance hits from Emma Bunton and Coldplay - it is an excellent spot. There is plenty of space to sit down in, two bars and a proper dance floor - the nearest comparison would be Rira's off Dame St. If they sort themselves out here, this could be a great venue.

Fridays

FRAZERS

D:FUSE £6

Dublin's most underground techno night takes place in a basement at the top of O'Connell St. Hard, relentless sound, plants hanging from the ceiling and enough mentalisers to make this tiny venue seem full make for a great night. **Last review March 2001**

GAIETY

SALSA PALACE £9

As a venue, the Gaiety has the potential to be one of the greats. Unfortunately, its hedonistic late 90s era has given way now to a more depressing atmosphere, where desperate thirty-somethings chase each other round the club trying to get married. One great advantage, though, is that it stays open until 4am.

HQ

THE CLINIC £8.50

Held in association with FM104, Dumfly and some other naff brands, this night still manages to be a good. Used to be called Soul Clinic, but they didn't play any soul, so the name has sensibly been changed.

KITCHEN

ROTATING PROMOTERS £10

Fridays in the Kitchen rotate between drum 'n' bass, techno and rnb. Check our once-off listings or else ring the club beforehand.

MONO

MOTION £VARIES

This is Mono's flagship night. The foreign guests tend to vary between different brands of house and techno and are well worth checking out.

ISAAC BUTT

SUPREME £4

After a brief period last year as Dublin's newest dance music club, Isaac's seems to be veering more towards the indie rock end of things with this night. Stuart Clark mans the decks.

POD

HAM £8/6

House music from Hugh Scully and Shay Hannon keeps the dancefloor bumping until the early hours at this hedonistic gay club. Be warned though - HAM has a no-straight's door policy.

RED BOX

DEVOTION £7

The Red Box has pulling power for international guests, and the quality is often excellent on Friday nights (apart from the odd trance disaster). Check out our once-off listings for more.

RIRA

RINKA £7/6

Mainstream clubbers move back into Rira as the weekend kicks off. This leads to a packed dancefloor with Carlito's 70s and 80s funk more than making up for any discomfort you might experience.

SWITCH

REFUGE £8

Dublin's only remaining weekly drum 'n' bass night is well worth checking out - even if you have never been a big fan of the genre. The Bassbin DJs whip the crowd into a frenzy while MCs lash out rhymes over the top. **Vodka and Energy drink £2. Last review June 2001**

TEMPLE THEATRE

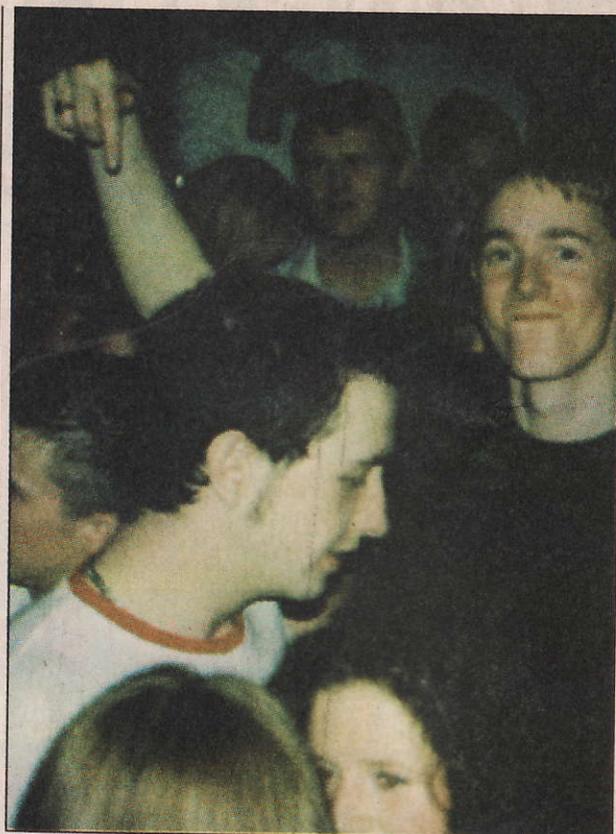
RHYTHM CORPORATION £8/7

This club is definitely at the classier end of the Dublin rnb spectrum. They bring over top Brit DJs every week, lay on podium dancers and fill the place with a crowd of extra-jiggly party-goers. Next month's guests are as follows: **Keith Lawrence 28/9; Dodge 5/10; Ronnie Herel 12/10; Diggz 19/10; One Step 26/9. Last review July 2001**

TEMPLE THEATRE

PASHA £8

With an rnb spectacular taking place upstairs, Darren Flynn bangs out hard-edged progressive stuff to an enthusiastic crowd down in the Crypt.



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Saturdays

GAIETY
SOUL STAGE £9

A wide selection of jazz, cabaret and soul means that you get your money's worth entertainment-wise and, like on Friday here, the bar is open until almost 4am.

HQ
NEON £10

Eoghan Young takes the reigns for this popular house night. Neon has been pulling the crowds and the big name guests since it kicked off about six months ago.

KITCHEN
FEVER £10

Decent progressive house night that's run by Kitchen stalwart Podje.

MONO
ROTATE £10/8

Raymond Franklin and Paddy Sheridan play alternate weeks here, with the music at the trancier end of progressive spectrum. Conor G provides weekly support.

PROMOTERS - SEND INFO TO CLUBBING@THESLATE.IE

POD
MODERN ART £10/8

It's Saturday night at the Pod so make an effort if you want to get in. Robbie Butler plays thumped up house and a fairly glam crew get well into it.

RED BOX
RED £VARIES

A random enough selection of (usually quite good) DJs play the Red Box on a Saturday. See once-offs for more info.

RIRA
SWIRL £8

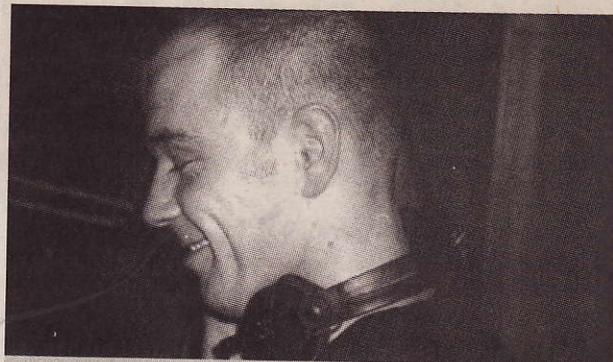
Saturday night at Rira brings in a rake of yuppie-ish types who queue shivering outside in their small clothes. The music inside is good, with Emma C playing a soul-based mix downstairs.

SWITCH
MODEL 1 £8

DJs Eamonn Doyle and Alan Carberry favour a deeper kind of techno to the skullcrushing stuff you'll normally find in Dublin. **Asahi £2 a bottle.** Last review June 2001.

SHELTER
VELURE £8

The old Velure combo of upbeat latin and disco rarely lets them down.



BASIC: Sean Scully

>>> NEW REVIEW
BASIC
LIFE BAR £5

THE LIFE bar is usually a fairly shitty superpub crammed full of mediocre drunks, but on Saturday night it is a different story. The Central DJs (formerly of Switch on Sundays) have teamed up with the foolishly monikered Kungfunky crew to provide a banging night of deep and funky house. The dancefloor is basically the middle area of the pub, which means that dancers have to put up with a lot of traffic, but the crowd - made up mostly of the maddouts that went to Switch - are up for it and don't give a fuck. The DJing is top class, with the likes of Sean Scully and Nello playing beautifully balanced sets. While ultimately, you still feel like you're in a late bar, the atmosphere here rivals most club nights anywhere in the city. Well recommended.

SHOOTERS
SUGAR £8/6

Frank Jez and Lil Miss bring some proper rnb flava up to this Northside venue. Plenty of the Parnell St. massive show up to get fresh on the dancefloor.

TEMPLE THEATRE
SP@CE £VARIES

The biggest names in international hard house and trance send an outrageously enthusiastic dancefloor completely mental. Guest this month include Mauro Picotto.

CLUB GOSSIP

● Overrated Irish hip hop band **Creative Control** have been getting rave reviews in boring music mags like Hot Press and the Event Guide for a quite a while now. Anyone who has actually listened to their music may have been a bit surprised by the overwhelmingly positive coverage. There's a simple reason. The lads are set to release their upcoming debut EP on Volta Sounds. Volta Sounds is owned by No Disco presenter and general music joumo around town, **Leagues O'Toole**.

● If you happen to stray outside Dublin over the next while, keep an eye out for former Temple Theatre boss **Richard 'Nosferatu' McDermott**. The dark lord of cheesy trance can now be found promoting hand in the air muck at Space, Galway, after leaving **Pat O Keefe's** Temple Street under some sort of murky cloud...

INSIDE THE FASCINATING WORLD OF IRISH CLUBBING: KNIVES AT THE READY

- After saying farewell to Switch and starting a new club in the Life Bar, Sean Scully's Central crew know look like moving into the Sunday slot in RiRa.
- MCD have headhunted the man behind Massive PR (**Buzz O'Neill**) for their PR department. Guestlists for the whole country are available by emailing buzz@mcd.ie
- The recent visit of **Aphex Twin** and his Rephlex posse to Dublin left a trail of destruction behind; instead of playing live, Aphex cohort **Bogdan Raczynski** got mindlessly pissed and proceeded to shower a strangely appreciative audience



CREATIVE WRITING: Dublin rap group gets a helping hand

with empty bottles, while their DJ set at a beach party later that night sent the assembled thousand odd ravers running for cover...

● The association between **Strictly Fish** and new club **Tomato** came to a vicious end recently, and the Harcourt St. venue has been floundering since then. Rumour now has it that **Paul Davis' Influx** crew will soon be drafted in to save the day.

**PETER GREEN
SPLINTER GROUP**

MONDAY 1 OCTOBER

HQ £19.50

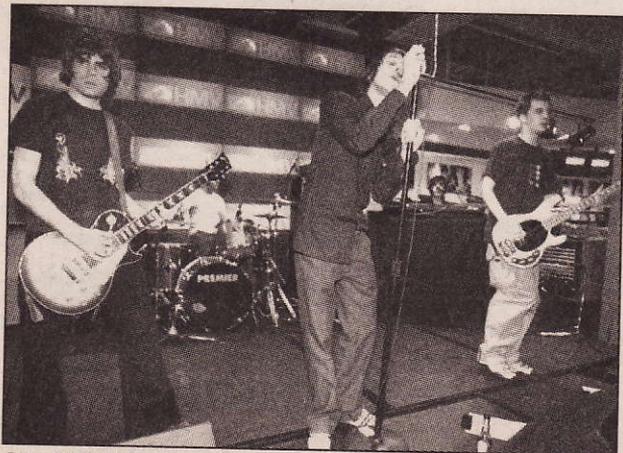
At one stage, Peter Green had about as much chance as Syd Barrett in the comeback stakes, having taken horrible amounts of acid, lost his mind completely and voluntarily given away all the money he made from Fleetwood Mac. Unlike the former Pink Floyd man, however, Green got his shit together, learned the guitar from scratch, and is now to be found playing happily with the Splinter Group. With his band he has found a group of musician who can replicate the classic Mac sound to perfection, and with four albums under his belt since his return to music has not been idle. Pity then that most of his live shows consist of old Fleetwood Mac songs and blues standards – which are fine things in themselves, but for someone who has fought more demons than Hercules, to lapse into nostalgia when he is reputedly playing at the height of his powers is a waste of rehabilitated talent.

ADAM SNYDER

MONDAY 1 OCTOBER

WHELANS £10

Judging by his absence from Mercury Rev's latest album and tour, it would seem that after two years of service, Snyder has left the Rev camp to pursue his own solo muse. Which is a pity, seeing how his sparsely beautiful ivory



Shed 7: Terribly shit, why don't they retire?

**THEY'VE
DONAHUED
IT AGAIN**

MERCURY REV

WEDNESDAY 3 OCTOBER

AMBASSADOR £23 & 25

THREE YEARS after their acclaimed "Deserter's Songs" album, the band that single-handedly resurrected the bendy saw as a viable instrument have just floored all critics with their new "All is Dream" album. However, it is a strange twist of fate that has made Mercury Rev the darlings of the music press, and at one stage it looked as if they would be consigned to the indie scrapheap. Back in the early 90s, they were famous for doing something that only loosely resembled music. Viewed by most as some kind of avant-garde-grunge group, their lo-fi noise experiments and impenetrable lyrics were initially well received, but by the release of their third album "See you on the Other Side" they were out of favour and in their own words, nobody bought it. The rejection of what they felt was their best work to date led to most of the band going their own



Johnathon Donahue, man of destiny

ways. Nervous breakdowns, bouts of alcoholism and an inter-band squabble involving an attempted eye-gouging with a spoon followed. And then somehow, out of all the turmoil and misery, they managed to change the tide to create an album that blew everyone away. Live, they are somewhat unpredictable, but their last gig at the Olympia was a top class, full on performance, with lead singer Johnathon Donahue singing as if possessed. Hopefully we'll get more of the same this time.

tinklings had played more than a small role in the Rev's 'Desterters Songs' massive critical appeal, and are sorely missed on their latest release. Shame also that he decided to let the piano take a backseat and, guitar in hand make a ham-fisted attempt to become a Great American Troubadour.

**MASTA ACE,
PUNCHLINE AND
WORDSWORTH**

TUESDAY 2 OCTOBER 11PM
POD £6

More US rap courtesy of the POD, this time in the form of old school stalwart Masta Ace. This Brooklyn-born rapper is most famous for his collaborations with the legendary Marley Marl, and while he has never been considered one of the greats, he's been round long enough to put on a good show. Appearing with him will be two up and coming rappers. Both are relatively unknown quantities to Slate ears, but they have appeared on Mos Def and Talib Queli's 'Black Star' album, which would indicate that they belong in the 'socially aware' rap category. If you're curious about straight-up live hip hop, check this out - six quid won't hurt.

SHED SEVEN

WEDNESDAY 3 OCTOBER 8PM
WHELANS £12.50

What can we say about these guys that hasn't been said before? Third rate Brit-pop also-rans when they were in their prime, now pointlessly flying the flag for an obsolete musical genre. A band so defiantly mediocre they may never be conquered. A band whose lead singer is the spitting image of George from The Famous Five (Okay that last one mightn't have been said before, but it is true nonetheless.) Like Spinal Tap, they might well have packed it in a few years ago were it not for the bizarre fetishes of the Far East - they were megastars in Thailand when they couldnt get arrested at home. Song titles like 'Going For Gold' and 'Chasing Rainbows' suggest some iota of ambition, but for Shed Seven it has always been just out of reach.

**CANNIBAL OX,
AESOP ROCK & AYCEE**
FRIDAY 5 OCTOBER 7.30
POD £10

Most 'traditional' hip hop relies on the jazz and funk sampling blueprint that was set during the nineties, and listening to much of today's rap, you could be forgiven for thinking that the genre is creatively dead. However, there has been a noticeable growth in experimental, leftfield hip hop which appears intent on taking the genre forward as opposed to repeating the lessons of the past. Both headlining acts here belong in this category. Cannibal Ox combine industrial beats and abstract samples to create a rather eerie sound, and if their rapping is sometimes weak, the production will keep you interested. Support comes Kildare rapper Aycee, so get there early. Should be an interesting night's entertainment.

DAVID KITT
FRIDAY 5 OCTOBER
AMBASSADOR £12.50-14.50

While the media circus that accompanied the release of David Kitt's 'The Big Romance' meant the Dublin folk singer became a household name, few bothered to point out that his major label debut was not as good as his 'Small Moments' record. Nonetheless, the fact that TBR is a good album with a few excellent songs is testament to how good Kitt really is. Live, he as unassuming as his music would suggest, and it remains to be seen how he'll come across in this former cinema. Still, tickets are properly priced, and this will most probably be an excellent evening of singer songwriter music.

WHEATUS
FRIDAY 5 OCTOBER
RED BOX £???

Wheatus may have come up with one of the most irritating songs in a great year for irritating songs - Teenage

Dirtbag - but their surprisingly good cover of Erasure's 'I'm so in love with you' went some way to redeeming them in the eyes of anybody who is not a fifteen year old yank. However, having to endure an hour or so of live, whiny nerd-rock would try anybody's patience. However, this concert has been made much worse by unpalatable support act, The Revs. These guys specialise in a detestable brand of teen-aimed pop-punk which is only marginally less offensive in the boy-band shit that Louis Walsh pedals. In fact, maybe 'The King of Pop' should check them out, as their lead singer sounds a little like a drowning Ronan Keating. Strictly for little girls.

DREADZONE
SATURDAY 6 OCTOBER
AMBASSADOR £14-15

This London based dub collective bring their



Aesop Rock: A sad little rapper

'Dubwiser' sound system to Dublin for what should be a good night's skanking. Dreadzone straddle the divide between reggae, dub and electronica, and their shows are always worth checking out. Tonight will see the Dubweiser DJs augmented by a live brass

section, and will be enjoyed by anybody who likes booming bass and a good toke. If you don't think you know any of their tunes, you probably do - if you like watching football, as one of their tunes was used as the theme tune for Match of The Day.

**IT'S THE
BIZNESS**

**SCRATCH FEAT. J-LIVE, EL THE
SENSAI & DJ BIZNESS**
SATURDAY 20 OCTOBER
AMBASSADOR £20.50-22.50

WHILE FOR most hip hop fans, DJ Premier in the Fireworks will be the event of the month, this night might eclipse it for sheer entertainment value. 'Scratch' is a long running London hip hop club which has had trendy English media types falling over themselves singing it's praises. Set up in 1996 by Rob Mac and Matt Smooth, the lean of Scratch is towards the more laid-back, feel good end of the hip hop spectrum, and while hardcore hip hop fans may scoff, this kind of music works perfectly in a club situation. Headlining tonight will be J-Live, an experienced New York born rapper who will be known to many for his work with Handsome Boy Modelling School. He also has a lengthy back catalogue which includes the excellent debut 'Braggin'. Appearing along with him will be El the Sensai of the Artifacts and DJ Bizness, who made his name with one of the Britain's first rap outfits, The



We weren't stuck for pictures at all for this

London Posse. Backing these guys up will be the experienced Scratch DJs. This should be a great night - don't miss it.

THE STIX RETURN

TINDERSTIX

MONDAY 8 / TUE 9 OCTOBER £8
OLYMPIA £22.50/24.50/26.50

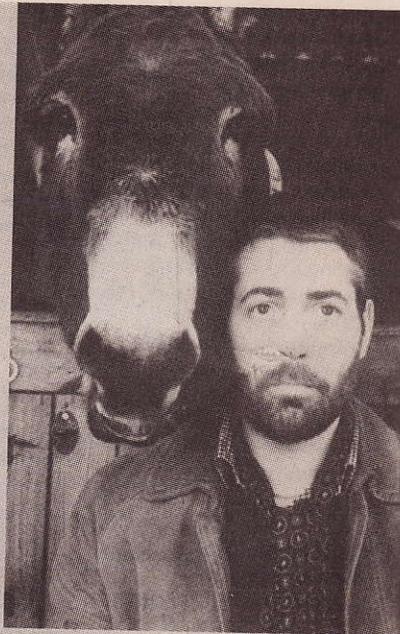
THROUGHOUT THEIR nine year history, Tindersticks have produced a body of work that has been both well received by critics and lapped up with cultish fervour by a dedicated group of fans. The core sextet of the band hails from Nottingham, and although despite having a well-observed sense of irony, they are certainly not merry men. Musically they are in the same ball-park as Nick Cave and Scott Walker, with Stewart Staples' distinctive voice adding a sense of melancholy to the well-orchestrated proceedings.

With some critics heralding their

new album 'Can Our Love' as the collective's finest work to date it would seem that they have gotten back on track following the mixed reception for their 'Simple Pleasures' album and a period of record company uncertainty.

The current release sees the soul leanings the band have previously displayed being brought to the fore, especially on the wonderful 'On Sweet Release' a Hammond fuelled piece that wouldn't be out of place on an Isaac Hayes record.

Live, the band's multi-instrumental approach makes for interesting listening and this appearance, replete with a full orchestral accompaniment, should be good, providing Staples and co. don't let things get too melodramatic.



Stuart Staples

TURIN BRAKES

SUNDAY 7 OCTOBER
AMBASSADOR £14.75-16.75

They are not an attractive proposition on paper. Acoustic duo, Mercury Prize nomination, comparisons to Coldplay - doesn't sound like a fun night out does it? But as anyone who has heard The Optimist LP can attest, these guys are actually quite good. A bit Jeff Buckley here, a bit Mazzy Star there; it's an accomplished debut. While they might lack Coldplay's radio-friendly polish or Starsailor's camera-friendly frontman they make up for it

in songs. True, the lyrics are unfathomable. And what a guy with a respectable pornstar name like Olly Knights is doing in band called Turin Brakes (an 'Italian Job' reference perhaps) is beyond us. But with a good live reputation they are definitely worth a look.

SHAGGY

WEDNESDAY 10 OCTOBER
POINT THEATRE £27.50

Few people could have expected Jamaica to give the world an even more wonderful son than Shabba

Ranks, yet with Shaggy - born Orville Richard Burrell - we see a truly unparalleled example of greatness. He has a jet, a big house and lots of beautiful women to have sex with. He grins at the camera incessantly like a retarded child who has taken a shit on the floor. His hit singles 'It wasn't me' and 'Angel', played on 2FM without break for about four months a piece. Nonetheless, everyone had written him off after he disappeared in the wake of his first massive hit, the classic 'Oh Carolina'. But no, back from the pop grave of anonymity he came with two of the greatest songs the 21st century has ever witnessed. Perhaps in the Point his brilliance might not translate as well as it does on MTV, but nonetheless he won't care as a lot of confused teenagers will cough up the £27.50 ticket price to see this minstrel perform and thereby keep him in expensive cars and high class sluts for a good few years to come.

HARLEM GOSPEL CHOIR

WEDNESDAY 10/13 OCTOBER
OLYMPIA £15.50-19.50

Formed in 1988 by music industry veteran Allen Bailey, the Harlem Gospel Choir

have established themselves as a fine singing collective, picking up a spate of awards along the way, including a regional MTV award, something unheard for a non-rock or pop act. But the critical and commercial success are hardly surprising seeing how Bailey has helped marshal the musical skills of acts of the sheen of The Commodores, Michael Jackson and Prince. As well as traditional gospel numbers, the choir includes jazz and blues numbers in their repertoire, adding to the appeal of the music.

AIMEE MANN

FRIDAY 12 OCTOBER
NATIONAL STADIUM £19.50

With the Magnolia soundtrack giving her career the shot in the arm it sorely needed, Aimee Mann has transcended her initial pigeon holing as a feminist folk rock chick to appeal to a much wider audience. Admirably resisting the efforts of her record company to mould her into an Alanis Morissette clone (shudder) by buying back the rights to all her songs, the past few years have seen her release the best work in what has been a patchy career. talent. She should give a polished performance tonight.



Aimee Mann: The weight of the world is on her shoulders

EELS

SUNDAY 14 OCTOBER
OLYMPIA £22.50-24.50

With their latest release, *Souljacker*, fresh on the shelves, the Eels make a welcome return to our collective consciousness. But then it doesn't seem like a wet week since they last played the Olympia. No more than a backing band for the inimitable Mr. E, the Eels have plugged a pop-tinged melancholia over the course of three excellent albums picking up a small legion of loyal fans along the way. Last summer's 'Mr. E's Beautiful Blues' received a large amount of airplay and moved the band's fortunes up several notches. Previous live shows have proven to be an intriguing mix of sad-ass shoe-gazing and genuine showmanship – entertaining and moving in equal parts. Definitely worth a look.

DAVID GRAY

TUESDAY 16 OCTOBER
OLYMPIA £40!

There's hardly a field in Ireland that hasn't witnessed a heartfelt rendition of 'Say Hello, Wave Goodbye' or 'Please Forgive Me'. The closed eyes. The sincerity. The denim. Fair enough, he's had a few fine moments 'An Afternoon's Debauchery', 'Shine' and 'Babylon' for example 'but for the most part this is music for schoolteachers. Laudable but dull. If battering his head from side to side onstage was enough to propel Gray out of insipidness then he would have eclipsed Dylan by now. As it is he's still basking in the glory of *White Ladder* three years after its Irish release and playing the Olympia. This is in aid of the Irish Haemophilia Society 'hence the admission fee' and you can request the songs you want him to play on the Today FM website. Just be careful you don't die of excitement.

THE NEXT ISSUE OF
THE SLATE IS OUT
ON 25 OCTOBER

WARLORDS OF PEZ

THURSDAY 18 OCTOBER
GUINNESS STOREHOUSE £TBC

If there is one band in Ireland at the moment who stand poised to usurp the mighty U2 from their throne of power and rightfully establish themselves as the greatest rock band on the planet it definitely isn't Pez. But if you want to see 40+ songs played in one hour – covering topics as diverse as the Full Irish Breakfast, Giant Robots and Padre Pio (did A Pee-o) then WLP are definitely the band of the moment. A demented cross between Sultans of Ping and Slipknot, the band's unique cabaret style is beyond explanation – its funny, and if you want to laugh, and laugh hard, go and see them. This special Guinness Hopstore gig promises to be a multi-media extravaganza, and it should be something special.



Shaggy and the guy with the annoying voice receiving yet another death threat

COWBOY JUNKIES

TUESDAY 23 OCTOBER
OLYMPIA £24-26

Definitely a case of love them or a hate them, Toronto's Cowboy Junkies have at least etched themselves a respected place in the indie music canon over their 15 year history. Central to the band's sound is the hushed vocals of lead singer Margo Timmins who at times can low Low in the slowcore

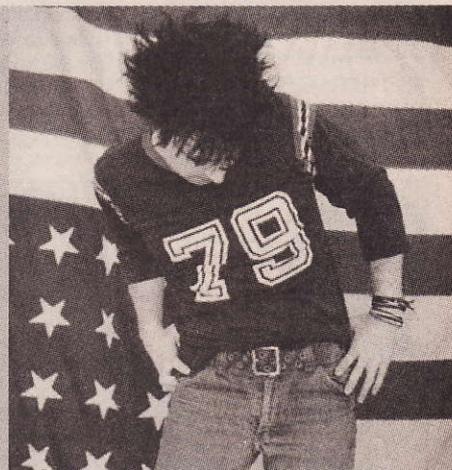
stakes. Although never topping the artistic heights of 1990's 'Trinity Sessions' album, the band have been consistent in maintaining their cult following. Perhaps greater than their song writing skills is their ability to choose and reinterpret other people's material, most notably their sublime covers of the Velvet Underground's 'Sweet Jane', Neil Young's 'Powderfinger' and their crystalline take on 'Blue Moon'.

CRYIN' RYAN**RYAN ADAMS**

SATURDAY 20 OCTOBER
AMBASSADOR £20.50-22.50

IF COUNTRY music is an acquired taste then this is the most painless way to acquire it. Technically speaking the ex-Whiskeytown frontman is alt.country but don't expect anything like the gospel tinged of Lambchop here. Adams, in town to promote the eagerly awaited *Gold* (out Sept. 25th), has played it straight down the line since going solo. The 'alt.' was earned arguing Morrissey trivia with his band between songs and cursing occasionally. If Morrissey is the voice of misery in a Salford bedsit, then Adams is the voice of heartbreak in the prairies.

When his band imploded and his 'gal' left him two years ago the singer might have been forgiven for becoming part of the furniture in some North Carolina bar. Instead he flew to Nashville and in time-honoured tradition poured his woes into his music. Written and recorded in two weeks, last year's superb *Heartbreaker LP* featured country stalwarts David Rawlings



'I can't get these fucking trousers off

and Gillian Welch.

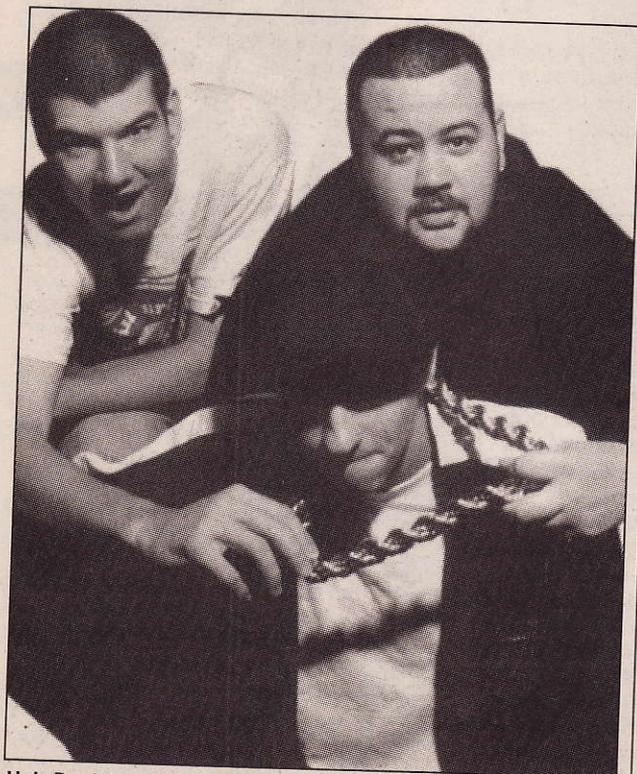
His new single 'New York, New York' has been put on the backburner since the attack on the World Trade Centre but otherwise things are looking up for Ryan Adams. Like Gram Parsons before him he demonstrates how deep and affecting country music can be 'witness the sublime melancholy of 'AMY' and 'Oh, My Sweet Carolina' (the latter a duet with Parson's protégée Emmylou Harris.) There are no dying dogs but plenty of lying, cheating women: 'Come pick me up / Take me out / Fuck me up / Steal my records / Screw all my friends' How could you refuse? Support comes from Carina Round.

UGLY DUCKING
THURSDAY 25 OCTOBER
POD

This California based rap group are one of a herd of no-brains who are leading hip hop straight into the past with some seriously derivative music. But despite their complete disregard for originality, Ugly Duckling do have a couple of catchy tunes that will appeal fans of the Jurassic 5, People Under the Stairs and De La Soul, and their show in the POD last year eclipsed many of the more serious rap artists that have payed visits to these shores of late. On record, their music loses it's worth after about five seconds, but they'll still provide a night of good entertainment, and for this reason it's easily worth the door price. Support on the night comes from Ireland's own Exile Eye.

KID CONGA POWERS
SATURDAY 27 OCT 7.30
SHELTER £12

This chap is a Chicago born slide guitarist best known for his work with Nick Cave and



Ugly Duckling: Stupid bastards, but worth seeing

the Bad Seeds, The Gun Club and the Cramps. His style is distinctly untutored and scuzzy, more influenced by Lydia Lunch and the Contortions tha, say, Ry Cooder or John Fahey. He's been around for years recording with the likes of Mark Eitzel and the Cocteau Twins. He will be joined here by ambient producer Khan, in what should be an excellent night's music.

BONNIE PRINCE BILLY
SATURDAY 27 OCTOBER
WHELANS £13.50

One of the many pseudonyms for William Oldham, Bönnie Prince Billie has enjoyed a resurgence of interest following Johnny Cash's astonishing cover of 'I see a Darkness' on last year's Solitary Man album. Oldham's latest release 'Down the Road' sees him in fine form, coming across like Bruce Springsteen's younger, shyer brother. Live, Oldham's hushed delivery is perfectly suited to Whelan's, and previous performances in the Wexford street venue have seen a church like reception for the singer.

UPCOMING EVENTS . . .

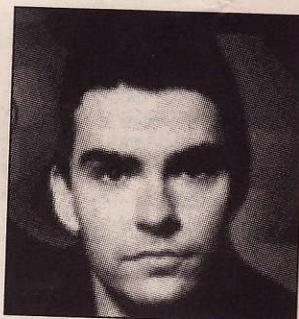
IT'S THAT time of month again when we here at the Slate look up a few websites and bitch about all the poor little artists who'll be performing here over the next while.

First up we have **MC Supernatural**, a rapper who was here recently with the Jurassic 5. His improvisational rapping is incredible - check him out in the POD on November 2.

Elsewhere, the great **Sparklehorse** will be appearing in the Ambassador on the same date.

Now for a quick slag - the **Stereophonics**. Who invited them back? MCD, that's who, to make more money from stupid little children who are not old enough to realise how terrible this band are. We're not even going to say when they're playing.

But life is too short to dwell on the negative, so hooray, hooray! **Ron Sexsmith** is back, and he can be found in the Ambassador on November 8. Right - til next month.



Bollox

VENUE CONTACT DETAILS

Doyle's, College Green, Dublin 2. Tel: 01 6710616 **The HQ:** 57, Middle Abbey St., Dublin 1. Tel: 01 8783345. www.imhf.com **The Olympia:** 72, Dame St., Dublin 2. Tel: 01 6777744. **The Point:** East link Bridge, North Wall Quay, Dublin 1. Tel: 01 8363633. **The Shelter:** 58-59, Thomas St., Dublin 8. Tel: 01 4545533. www.vicarstreet.com **Temple Bar Music Centre:** Curved St., Temple Bar, Dublin 2. Tel: 01 6709202 **Vicar St:** 58-59, Thomas St., Dublin 8. Tel: 01 4545533. www.vicarstreet.com **Whelan's:** 25, Wexford St., Dublin 2. Tel: 01 4780766 **Red Box:** Harcourt St., D2. Tel: 01 4780166

CINEMA CONTACT DETAILS:

Classic: 492 3699
 IFC: 679 3477
 IMC (DL): 280 7777
 Ormonde: 278 0000
 Santry: 842 8844
 Savoy: 874 6000

Screen: 672 5500
 Star Cen: 605 5700
 UCI (Blan): 1850 525354
 UCI (Clon): 848 5122
 UCI (Tall): 459 8400
 UGC (Parn): 872 8444

TOGETHER

DIRECTOR: SOME DANISH CHAP
STARRING: NOBODY YOU'VE EVER HEARD OF

Together has been a big success, and there are many reasons for this. There's a good bit of nakedness, dodgy music and cute kid actors. It's also funny, understated and very well executed. A woman leaves her drunken husband and moves herself and her kids into a commune with her brother. Set in 70's Sweden, the commune embodies the earnest social idealism of the era, but for the nippers it's a bit much. They arrive to find a lesbian loudmouth goading the others into dropping their pants. But soon everybody's swapping records and falling in love. The kids learn to enjoy playing games inspired by the grown-up ranting, and effect the reintroduction of meat after a peaceful protest. Shot in documentary style, but never so "dogmatic" as its Danish counterparts, its warmly lit, there's no incest and the soundtrack is a blatant attack on our emotions. Abba lighten potentially dour circumstances, like changing sexuality, an abusive husband, and a failing relationship.

ON THE EDGE

DIRECTOR: JOHN CARNEYH
STARRING: CILLIAN MURPHY

Ginger and Bridget Fitzgerald are two angst-ridden teenage sisters. Obsessed with death, they spend their time planning their own suicides by a variety of methods. Their world is turned upside down by the arrival of Ginger's first period and by her encounter with what appears to be a lycanthrope (that's werewolf to you and I). Her younger

sister is horrified as Ginger's behaviour begins to change, becoming more confident and sexually aggressive. Ginger's development is paralleled with some more alarming physical changes happening to her, such as hair in strange places and some rather shd doesn't hold back on the really sick stuff, with an especial emphasis on menstruation. hold back on the really sick stuff, with an especial emphasis on menstruation.

ENIGMA

PRODUCER: MICK JAGGER
STARRING: DOUGRAY SCOTT

Based on a novel by Robert Harris, this is the story of the World War II code-breaking machine based at Bletchley Park. The Enigma machine re-rentered the public consciousness recently when, after being stolen, it was mysteriously returned to none other than Mr. Jeremy Paxman. The all star cast is given added spice by the rumours of an off-set romance brewing between Saffron Burrows and Dougray Scott. The script is kept tight by Tom Stoppard and first time producer Mick Jagger seems to know what he's doing, although old blubber lips just can't resist the temptation to make a sneaky cameo. The world of



Let's crack the Enigma

espionage is brought to life by the character of Jericho, played by Scott, who finds himself enmeshed in intrigue while attempting to recover from a nervous breakdown. Jolly unfair this war lark, eh? While well acted and shot on location at the British intelligence headquarters, this quirky little film never quite takes off.

IT'S FAST AND FUCKING DULL**DRIVEN**

DIRECTOR: RENNY HARLIN
WRITTEN BY: SYLVESTER STALLONE
STARRING: BURT REYNOLDS AND THE GREAT MAN HIMSELF

This tedious action movie set in the world of Formula One is Sylvester Stallone's latest effort at screenwriting, and it shows he should have buried his literary ambitions with Rocky. Directed by Renny Harlin (Die Hard 2), its supposedly innovative dipping and diving camera-work is intended to recreate the terrifying and exhilarating feeling of being in the driver's seat at 240mph and, make no mistake, this film is loud, fast and brash. It is also stultifyingly boring. Stallone plays Joe Tanto, a former driver who ended his career with a crash years before. Crippled car team owner Burt Reynolds hires Tanto to help young rookie Jimmy Bly regain his edge on the track. Stallone has tried to instill the genre with some sort of emotional depth, but his cliché-ridden script merely grates. Part of the problem is the film's lack of focus on one main character, so that ultimately we fail to give a toss about any of them. In its attempt to be meaningful and character-driven the film also lacks a decent villain. Jimmy's rival, Til Schneider, and Reynolds with his moustachioed sneer both look set up to provide some much-needed



I'm smart, honestly

nastiness, but even they turn out to be softies. Throw in some truly inane dialogue and cringe-inducing speeches about finding what one is made of, and what could have been a decent action movie flops miserably, even the car races becoming soporific. Robert Sean Leonard offers a glimmer of hope as the exuberantly named DeMille Bly, managing to instill a modicum of sleaze into his performance as Jimmy's brother and manager. Sadly even he will dissolve under the Oprah-like redemption that seeps through this like an infection. You want them all to die from third-degree burns. But they don't. And you hate them for it.

Loud hurrahs as the theatre festival begins

GUESS WHO'S COMING FOR THE DINNER

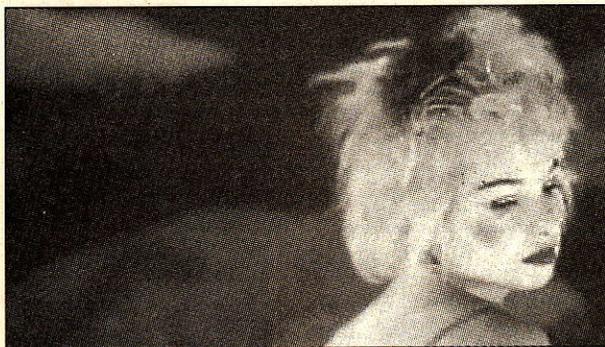
Andrew's Lane Theatre, 1st-13th October

Roddy Doyle's latest take on how bloody funny the Irish are takes its cue from the fact that a black man is at large in Ireland, winning the heart of a local lady. Sounds hilarious.

MACBETH

Tivoli Theatre 8th-13th October

The 'after Shakespeare' tag should be a warning to bard nerds that this may not be the straightest interpretation of The Scottish Play. The attention is focused on the murderous fucker himself, marginalising his supremely evil wife for the sake of doing something new.



Oyster: Hysterical

HERE'S A SELECTION OF THE MORE INTERESTING PLAYS THAT'LL BE GOING UP DURING NEXT MONTH'S THESP-FEST

THE MYSTERY OF CHARLES DICKENS

Gaiety 8th-13th October

This one man show sees TV and stage stooze Simon Callow takes us on a trawl through Dickensian England, weaving the author's life with those of his characters. Handy for first year English exams.

OYSTER

Olympia 1st-3rd October

Israeli dance performance. Don't all rush at once for tickets. This one's a bit of an unknown quantity.

ICH LIEBE DICH

Tivoli, 8th-14th October

Easily the most overpriced attraction at this year's thesp-fest. Gavin Bloody Friday and Maurice Seezer have hit upon the novel idea of adapting the creepy music of 30's German songwriter Kurt Weill, most famous for Mack The Knife.

TOM MURPHY

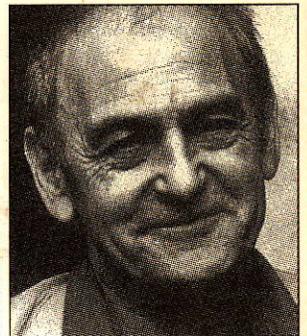
Abbey and Peacock, 1st-13th October

A major series of plays to give a big old pat on the back to Mr. Murphy. Five plays will be performed, "A Whistle in the Dark", "The Gigli Concert", "The Morning after Optimism", "The Sanctuary Lamp" and "Bailegangaire", and as if this wasn't enough, you get to hear him reading "Famine" on the 14th.

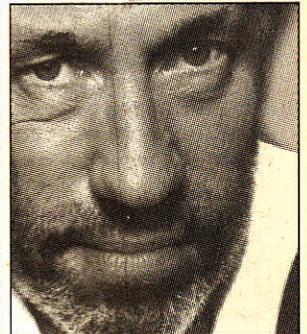
LE COSTUME

Tivoli, 3rd-6th October

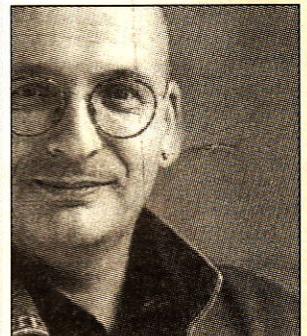
Irish debut for acclaimed director Peter Brook. A reminiscence of 1950s South Africa, it's in French so you probably won't bother going.



Tom Murphy



Simon Callow



Roddy Doyle

ROSE RAGE

O'Reilly Theatre, 2nd-6th October

This cunningly titled play condenses Shakespeare's Henry VI trilogy into two parts. It can be seen either individually or as a double bill. Lots of men with plummy accents postulating and fighting the English Civil war.

SCARAMOUCHE JONES

Beckett Theatre, 4th-13th October

A clown reminisces over a century of capers. This play strips away the narrator's comic masks to reveal the shocking truth that a clown has a heart. Pete Postlethwaite is a famous actor; this might present a reason to sit through this.

BIG PLAY OF THE FESTIVAL: SHOULD BE GOOD

WOYZECK

Gaiety 3rd-6th October

DIRECTOR: ROBERT WILSON
MUSIC BY TOM WAITS AND KATHLEEN BRENNAN

THE LAST time Wilson and Waits collaborated (1992's "The Black Rider") the result was a dazzling combination of ghoulish storytelling from Wilson and William Burroughs and a score which featured some of Waits' finest songwriting. The growly one has a penchant for extra-curricular activities, with succesful forays into acting and script writing under his belt. This Danish based production has already caused a stir in Europe, and is the flag-piece for the Festival. Showing for three nights, the 12 piece series should be an intriguing affair.



Tom Waits: Quality photograph

The Fringe: Still out there

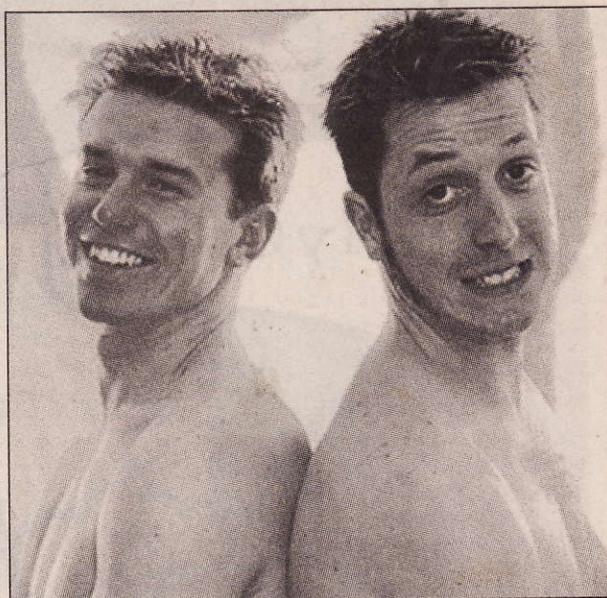
HERE ARE SOME OF THE EFFORTS FROM THE SMALLER, MORE EXPERIMENTAL/PRESENTIOUS FESTIVAL. IT RUNS UNTIL THE 14TH OF OCTOBER AT ALL THE DINGY SMALL THEATRES

Notable fringe activities in October include for the name alone "Dr. Scrontium's Mad Kahoogaphone and Homeless Medicine Show", (1st-3rd, £9,7), a trek around the city with loads of weirdos led by the Doctor in pursuit of a tramp in some alleyway. These artistes are so very clever aren't they? The silliness starts at the Molly Malone Statue on Grafton St.: French fop Jean Genet's "The Maids", (Project Cube, 1st-6th, £8,6), in which three sisters wait around for a phone call; David Mamet's "The Shawl", (Andrew's Lane Studio, 1st-6th, £8,6), a play



Oh, the Fringe Festival

about dead folks and what they want with us; a stage version of "Trainspotting", (Project Cube, 2nd-6th, £8,6), sounds like a bit of lame idea, serving little purpose other than getting a few skinny fuckers out of dole queues; a musical evening dedicated to James Joyce, "Songs of Joyce", (Bewley's Café Theatre, 8th-13th, £8,6) attempts to convey the kind of stuff he might have brought round to your gaff if you asked him to D.J. at a party; one to bring your granny along to is "Deflowerfucked", (SFJ City Theatre, 2nd-6th, £10,6) about annoying young people using foul language as they try to work out who they fancy; Mark O'Halloran's "The Head of Red O'Brien", (Bewley's Café Theatre, September 24th-October 27th, £8) is one of the series of lunchtime plays running in Bewley's as an alternative to an overpriced cappuccino; the play examines the contents of mid-life-crisis sufferer Red's head. The poor man's head is



The 'Puppetry of the Penis' boyas

full of meaningless shite. There's also a true story about a singer-songwriter whose music nobody likes, "How I Failed to Become a Popstar", (International Bar, 1st-6th, £5,4), and crap comedy from culchies The Nualas, (HQ, 30th September, £15), "Further Ted", with Joe Rooney and Patrick McDonnell, (HQ, 4th October, £15) and a Dostoyevsky and Gogol inspired musical, "Russian Tales", (Project Space Upstairs, 2nd-6th, £10,8).



Do not try this at home

THE REST THE REST THE REST THE REST THE REST THE REST

CIRQUE SURREAL-VOYAGER RDS, STARTS 27TH SEPTEMBER

A massive hit at this year's Edinburgh Festival, this big-top spectacular takes in dance, martial arts, juggling, illusion, acrobatics and drama. This is circus with a political agenda, attempting to promote world peace by putting lots of freaks from all over the planet into a tent. They've got Zulu war dances, a Cossack doing that funny dance on his knees, German clowns and trapeze artistes, flamenco dancers and Mongolian aerialists. Better than ketamine?

THREE PLAYS GATE, STARTS 2ND OCTOBER

"Yalta Game", is Brian Friel's take on gloomy Ruskie Anton Chekhov's short story "The Lady with the Little Dog".

"White Horses" sees Neil Jordan, having done film and fiction, deciding the world needs him to write a play about relationships.

"Come on Over" is about a reunion of childhood sweethearts. Its by Conor McPherson, but don't feelyou have to show up.

PUPPETRY OF THE PENIS OLYMPIA, STARS 4TH OCTOBER

If Aussie genital origami is your idea of entertainment, check out these lads who have been flashing their dicks in audiences' faces all over the world since 1998. Their repertoire consists of contorting the male member into previously unimaginable shapes, flaunting laws of physiology as well as decorum. Favourites include the Loch Ness Monster, the Windsurfer, the Olympic Flame, the Prince Philip, the Hamburger and the Mollusc that slowly emerges from its shell.



Someone somewhere needs saving...



Trouble in Rory's Niteclub.

Holy Christ!

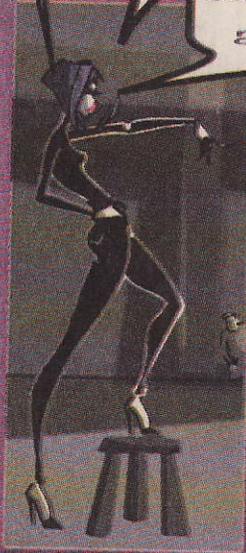


It's the PowderPink Girls!!

Hey! You!

Change that godawful music!

Can't you see people are dying here?



The Girls having wished it, the party starts at last...



slashed

www.iol.ie/ed

cartoons / games / soccer / sarcasm