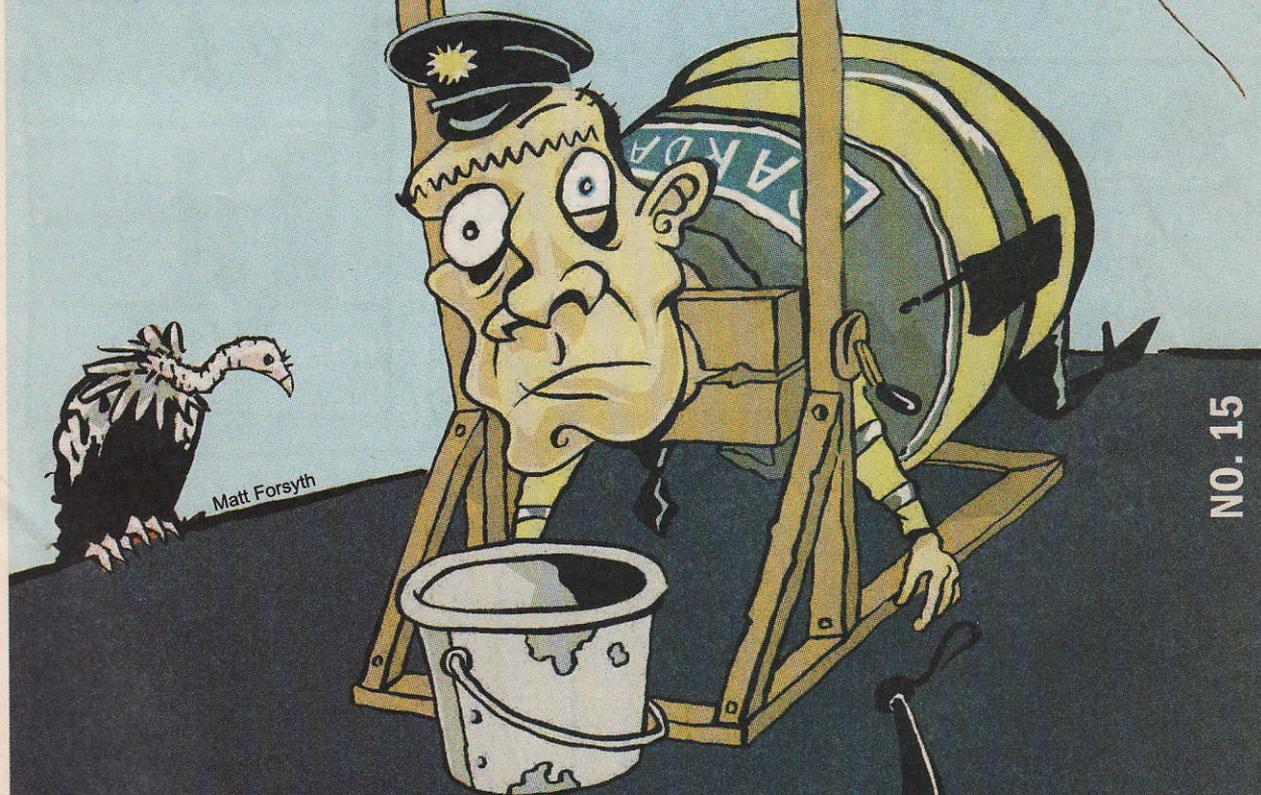


JUNE 2002

# The Slate

SO CHEAP IT'S FREE

DAME ST  
MASSACRE  
COMMEMORATIVE  
ISSUE

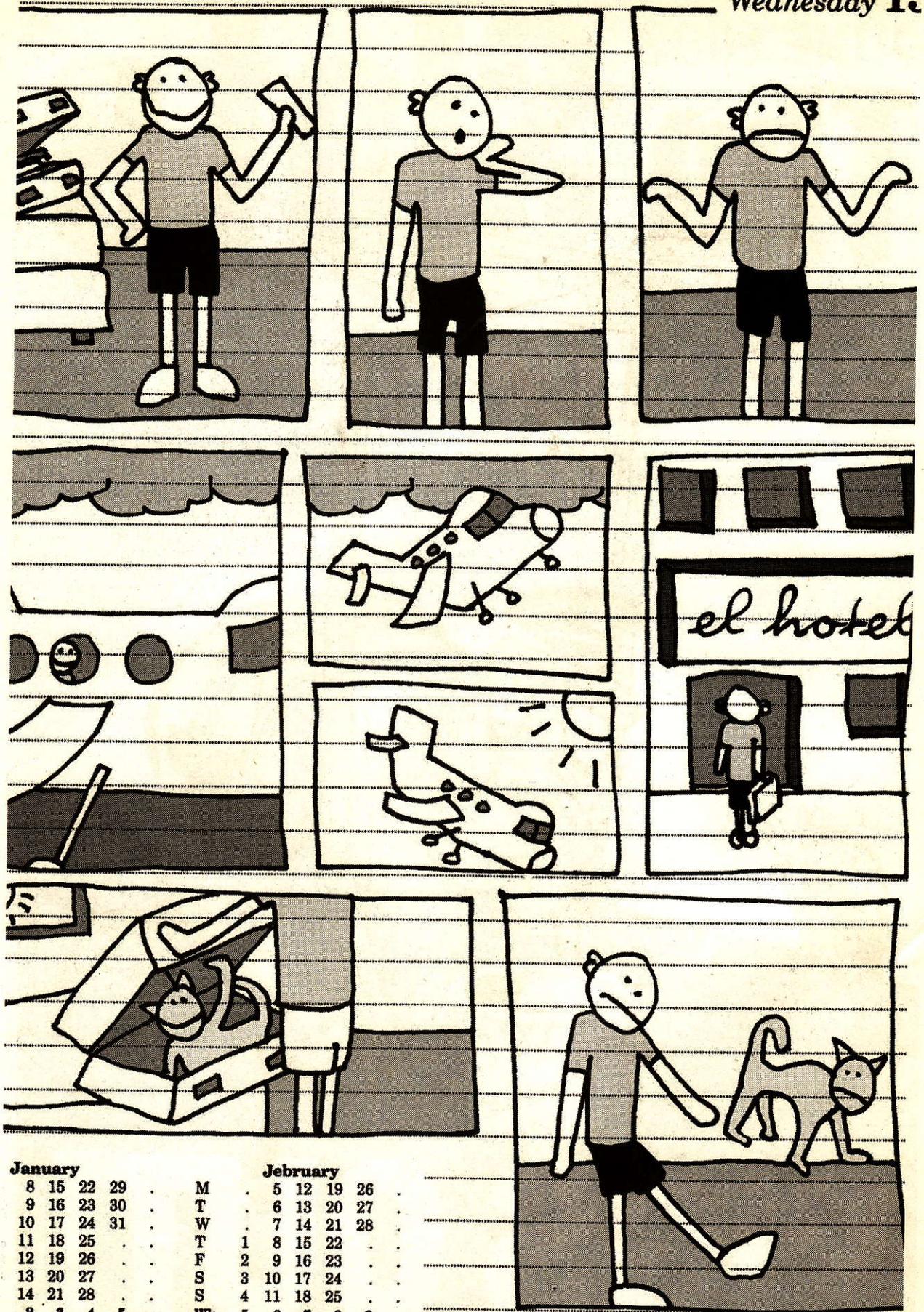


Matt Forsyth

NO. 15

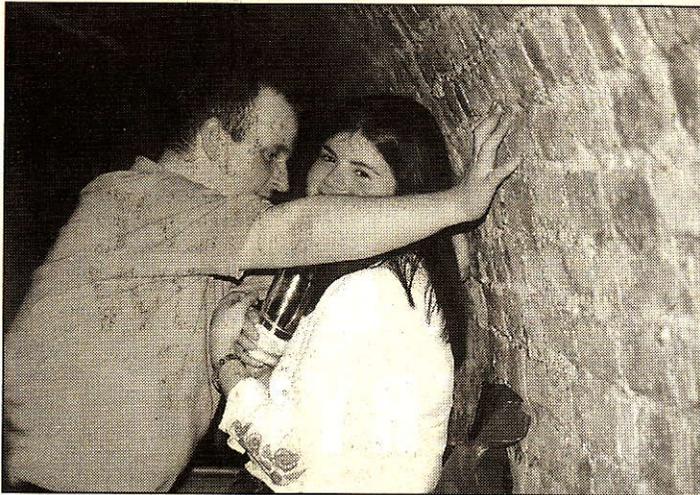
# PIGS OUT!

GOD SAVE US FROM THESE CRAZY COPS



January				February					
8	15	22	29	M	5	12	19	26	
9	16	23	30	T	6	13	20	27	
10	17	24	31	W	7	14	21	28	
11	18	25		T	1	8	15	22	
12	19	26		F	2	9	16	23	
13	20	27		S	3	10	17	24	
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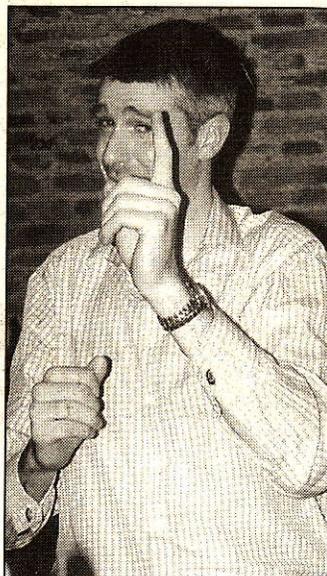
Kick The Cat appears courtesy of Big If Publications - who now also do t-shirts (see p.37)



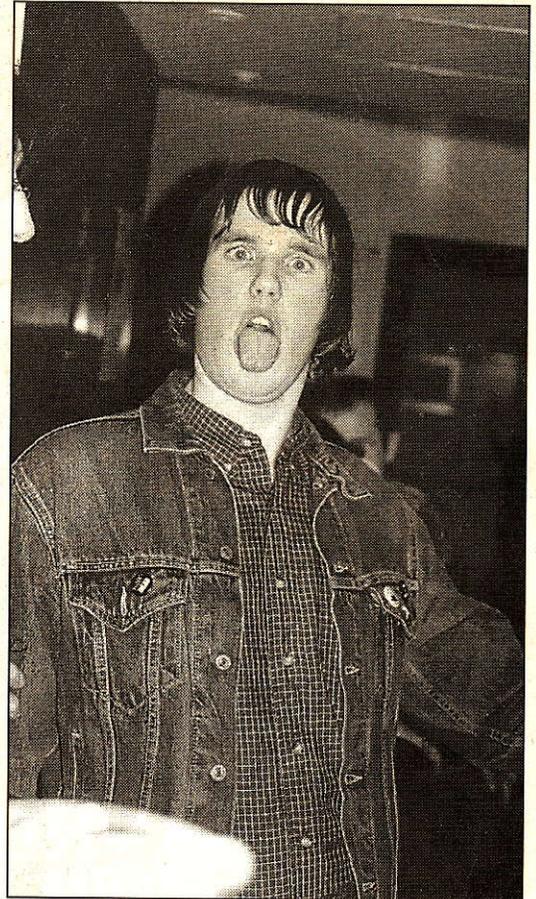
So he's fat, middle-aged and needs the wall to stay standing, but he has that special something



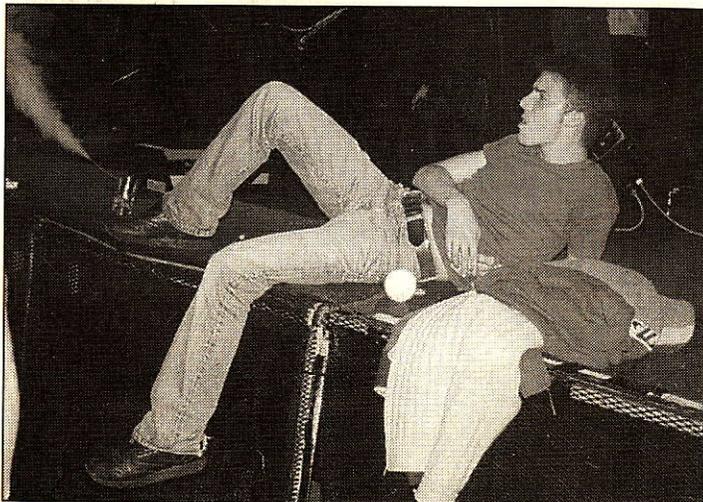
Undercover Garda Joe Dempsey effortlessly blends into the clubber crowd



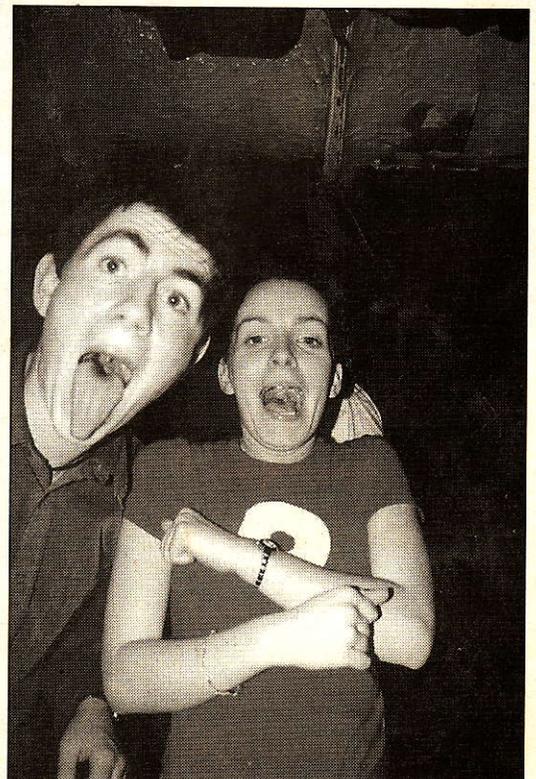
"You may think I am a smug cunt but just wait until you hear me speak"



An Englishman on a stag weekend discovers he has been chosen as Fine Gael leader



Brian spots the 'no cunts on stage' sign



Our cock-shaped camera elicits the usual response

# Garda Getaway



First the cops did their best to kill everyone at the Dame St. protest. Now they are trying to get off scot free for the whole thing ...14

# Foolish Festivals ...10

After a year of absence due to Foot and Mouth, the culchie carnivals are back this summer

# World Cup Knees Up ...9

Follow our guide for a fulfilling and soulful summer of soccer

<b>REGULAZ</b>	
Kick the Cat	2
The Blackhole	6-8
Tabloid Watch	12
Spaz Guide to: Bloomsday	16

# AGUS NA LISTINGS

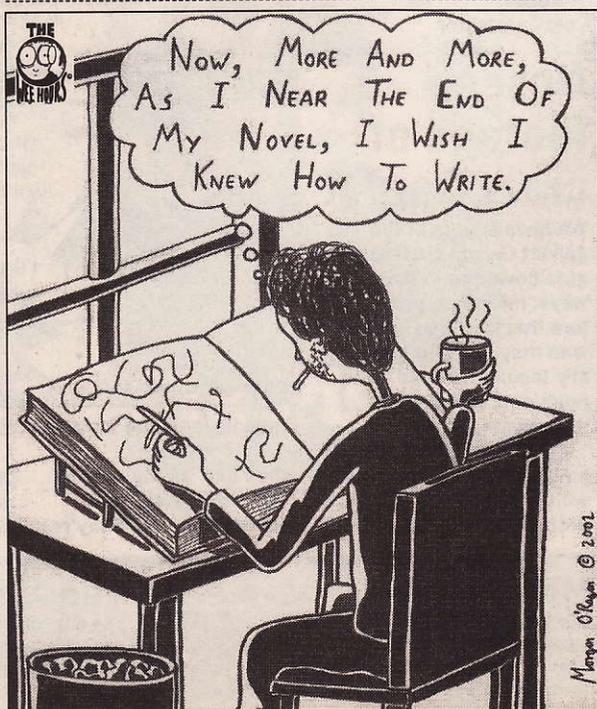
ONCE-OFF CLUBBING	... 17
REGULAR CLUBBING	... 30
LIVE MUSIC	... 38
CINEMA	... 44
THEATRE	... 47

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ISSUE NO. 15 JUNE 2002

The Pro-Choice campaign unveil their most disturbing poster yet



BY MORGAN O'REGAN

**OI! BUY A CREPE SHOW THIS AD AND GET A FREE 12oz COFFEE AT LEMON. LOVELY.**

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 www.lemonco.com

# EVIDENCE SHEET

Hello fellow Gardai and welcome to the internal investigation into the disturbances on Dame St. last month. We have put a lot of thought into these questions in order to produce a full and accurate account of what happened on May 6th. To make it easier for you to complete the questionnaire as quickly as possible, we have provided a wide range of potential answers to choose from. Best of luck! Pat.



**Were you present on Dame St. during this vicious riot?**  
 a) Yes b) No c) Willing to say I was

**In your opinion, most of the protesters were:**

- a) Annoying
- b) Aggressive
- c) Convicted Rapists

**An independent inquiry into this incident is:**

- a) Necessary but unfortunate
- b) Not a good idea at all
- c) An outrageous idea that has been put about by subversives and pinkos

**What, in your opinion, is your role as a Garda in Ireland today?**

- a) Strutting around my precinct looking like a man and a half
- b) Beating up criminals before the court gets a chance to let them off scot free
- c) Convicting nightclub owners and other innocent people who have been seen looking at my wife's arse

**How much force did you personally use on these anti-capitalist crusty student wasters?**

- a) No more than was necessary
- b) Not as much as I would have liked
- c) I took my cue from Donal Corcoran

**All complaints relating to this protest should be sent to:**

- a) The Garda Complaints Board where they will be left in storage until the shredding machine is fixed
- b) Bertie Ahern
- c) Me - I'll sort the fuckers out and see to it that there are no further complaints from that quarter

**Based on the evidence of this protest, what aspect of Garda riot procedure do you think could be improved?**

- a) More drink provided to officers beforehand
- b) Firearms distributed to officers for special events like this
- c) More aggravation of Garda dogs before they are let loose on the crowd

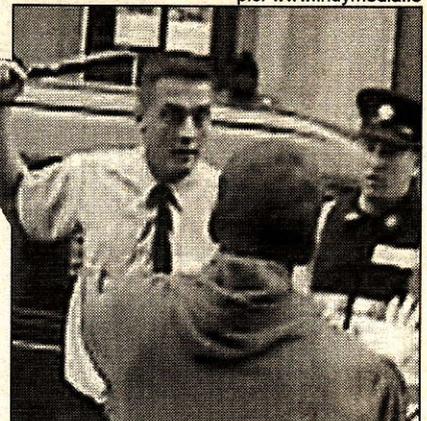
# The Slate Starts a 'Riot'

pic: www.indymedia.ie

## COPS TRY TO GET OFF THE HOOK AFTER BATTERING EVERYONE

THE GARDAI have launched an astonishing attack on The Slate, claiming that we are responsible for the dumb brutality displayed by them during the 'battle' of Dame St.. As most people know by now, the day started off with a peaceful protest by a couple of hippies and a few other people who were along for a gander. Then, for some reason, vanloads of steroid-filled Gardai arrived on the scene and ran around Dame St. wildly hitting anyone who happened to fall within the arc of their flailing truncheons. Lots of this carry-on was caught on camera, and the nation watched in fascinated horror the next day as the boyz got stuck in.

But there was worse to come. Once the moral outrage had died down, the cops slyly started trying to shift the blame onto the protesters. Imagine our horror when the cunts caught us in the crossfire and started flashing The Slate around various TV programmes, claiming that we had incited some kind of riot. It seems to have totally escaped their attention that the only people who had participated in a riot were wearing blue uniforms and snout-shaped noses. Most of the Slate-bashing took place at the Garda Representative Association conference. One thick-look-

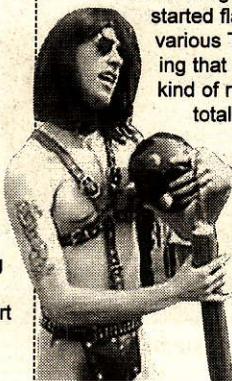


Reasonable behaviour from the Gardai

ing cop got up on the news and demonstrated that he had left his sense of humour down in Templemore Training Camp. "There's an article on page 4 which goes into detail on exactly how to start a riot and what to do to provoke a riot situation," said Patrick Dowd. "It was clearly their intention on the day to go out with this in mind."

Then GRA boss PJ Stone went on Plank Kenny's radio show and started dropping our name with gay abandon. During his incoherent rant he made the following statement: "There was obviously an element in that crowd - and this has been well-documented in a magazine which you might be familiar with, Slate, 'come along for a riot on Mayday.'" Although it is unclear what point the man is trying to make, he would seem to be alleging that a) there were a crowd of violent anarchists at the protests, and b) they were put up to it by The Slate.

More cop stuff on p14



A sexy protestor

## Unseen footage of crazy Gardai

We have Mpegs of the gallant Gardai beating girls cowering in doorways, informing protesters that they'll assault who they like and generally losing the head - and none of it made it onto the news.

If you want to see them, mail forwards@theslate.ie with either 'Girls' 'Robocop' or 'Assault



Email us for some footage of this stupid culchie Garda

who I like' as the subject header and we'll send one or all to you. They're

quite big but are worth seeing. All come courtesy of Indymedia.ie

### Mon June 3

The Women's Mini Marathon sees lots of unfit middle-aged women walk around town before getting lifts home from their husbands



### Tue June 4

The George gay pub on George's St. celebrates it's fourth birthday



## Gay Love and Black Shenanigans hit Irish Soap Screens

Normal television values were tossed out the window last month in favour of loose morals and exotic storylines.

### SOAP SCANDAL 1

First of all, Fair City viewers got the fright of their lives when a black man suddenly appeared on their screens and started walking around Carrigstown. Not only was this person not arrested and forced to leave the show, he was given a name (Ben Waterman) and has now started an affair with plank-like character Nicola (below, right). Viewers will no doubt sympathise with Nicola, who has been rejected by almost every man in Carrigstown, and is now forced to find love with a refugee.



You're letting down the community

### SOAP SCANDAL 2

On top of that, Ros na Run fans watched in horror as Ireland's first ever gay TV wedding took place on Spiddal beach of all places. Tom and Ben had a 'special ceremony' as Gaelige during which Tom gave Jack his mother's ring and Jack handed over his will to Tom. "The two lads have been with the show since it started six years ago," explained a Ros na Run spokesperson, before going on to bitch that "despite what Fair City says, they were the first to have a gay kiss on Irish screens."

**Joke of the month**

What's the difference between Israel and Dwight Yorke? Israel knew when to pull out of Jordan!

# JUNE SLIDE INTO SHITE: PUBLISHER JOHN RYAN

## This Shit Magazine Specialist Has Seen His Publishing Empire Go Arseways

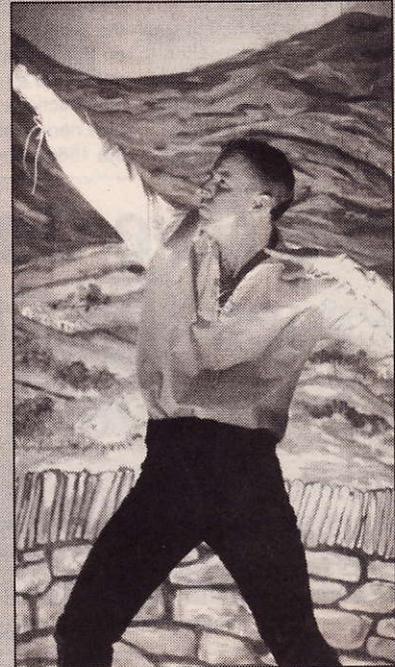
**1970s/80s:** The young Ryan grows up in Monkstown playing rugby and "reading British newspapers voraciously".

**1993:** Goes off to cover the war in Bosnia but leaves in a huff when he can't find any cocktail bars there.

**Mid-90s:** Works with a succession of Ireland's most pointless publications - In Dublin, the Irish Indo, Magill - before becoming Culture editor of the Sunday Times.

**June 1999:** Ryan teams up with Michael O'Doherty to launch VIP, the shittiest magazine ever to appear in Ireland. Containing nothing but pictures of politicians' wives and unwanted actors, the magazine unfortunately does very well and starts making its talentless publishers a shitload of money.

**April 2000:** The VIP boys launch TV Now, claiming that it will be "better designed and better written" than the RTE Guide. This would seem like a fairly



John Ryan auditioning for Riverdance following the closure of his magazines

straightforward task, but TV Now fails completely and starts losing money like billy-o.

**October 2002:** Having left VIP behind him, Ryan admits to having no friends in a Sunday Times article. This doesn't hold him back though, and he launches Ireland's first glossy gay magazine, GI, amidst dodgy rumours - started by Ryan himself - that he is romantically involved with a male Dublin bouncer.

**March 17 2002:** Just five months after starting up GI, Ryan gets one step ahead of himself and launches Stars on Sunday. It is a terrible rag, filled with pictures of dentists and insurance salesmen. Even though SOS only costs a Euro, it's so bad that nobody buys it and it goes bust 2 months later.

**May 2002:** With Stars on Sunday dead and buried, Gay Ireland is reportedly about to be bought by Irish publishing's Master of Mediocrity, Mike Hogan.



Not enough pink pounds for Ryan

### Thu June 13

The **Sonar** electronic music Festival begins, with acts like Richie Hawtin, The Pet Shop Boys and DJ Krush (right)



### Fri June 14

**Glen Matlock** (right) from the Sex Pistols can be found doing a spoken word gig in the Temple Bar Music Centre



### 19 - 23 June

The patronising **Special Olympics**, much maligned by Mary Ellen Synon (right) have their qualifying rounds



# BORING LONDON CLUB MOVES TO DUBLIN

ONE OF the problems with Britain is the fact that every pub you go into is part of a chain and, as a result, completely uninteresting and depressing. Up until now, Ireland has managed to more or less avoid this phenomenon. But it seems that one of the Brit chains is about to come over and spread a bit of blandness around our capital city.

## OUR SHIT NITE-LIFE IS SET TO GET EVEN WORSE

Tiger Tiger - an 'over-25s' bar, club and restaurant complex in London - is moving into the Laughter Lounge building on Eden Quay. This place - renowned as one of the ugliest constructions in Dublin - had a nice neo-classical front up until the 1960s when, in keeping

with the spirit of the times, it was ripped off and replaced by the concrete slab that is there today. The Brits are going to right this wrong by spending €20 million turning the place into the kind of nightclub which you would hope will go bust immediately.



The ugliest building in the world

# Let's Give Our Heroes the Stamp of Approval

With Fianna Fail sticking sinister messages all over our letters, it's time the Irish people fought back with some stamps that truly represent this great culture of ours

## LADY DIANA

Seeing as Ireland's current Head of State is a boring woman who looks like a bloodhound and only appears in the dullest pages of The Irish Times, it would be a total waste of time to bother designing a stamp for her. Instead, we should have a few devoted to the British Royals, a far more exciting prospect all round. This inbred family of parasites appear to have it easy as their extravagant and pointless lifestyles are funded by ignorant British taxpayers. However, the sasanach public get their money's worth by having the royals followed around by a bluebottle-like swarm of tabloid hacks who write breathless stories every time one of them goes down to the shop to do the lotto. Besides, it is important for Irish people to remember that they were once whipped, spat upon and beaten like dogs on a daily basis by their English overlords for hundreds of years. Diana would be a great start, seeing as plenty of Irish idiots were nearly as upset as the Brits when she had her high-speed car crash.



## FUNGI THE DOLPHIN

Fungi spends his days feeling up swimmers, having sex with other dolphins and getting his picture taken with stupid tourists. He has also done a great job attracting people to a part of the country that was previously one of the most inhospitable places on earth, full of pissed IRA vigilantes roaming the country roads with loaded shotguns. Despite his status as a hero of the Irish tourist industry, Fungi was at the centre of a homosexual storm two years ago when the tabloids cruelly alleged he was gay - an accusation usually reserved for English Politicians, boyband members and priests. Ignoring these speculations and the rampant amounts of nuclear waste in the sea around Ireland, Fungi has remained faithful to Kerry and can today be found getting fat on his diet of flatfish, squid and Mars bars thrown into the sea by Japanese children. This dolphin needs to have his services to our country recognised pronto.



## MICHELLE SMITH

A dishonest cheat who poured whiskey into a urine sample, lied to the Irish public and made loads of opportunistic money out of promotional work after she won her Olympic medals. It is a national disgrace that she hasn't been honoured with a stamp yet.

savage did it all with a beautiful tan which he gets in Chartbusters on the Naas Road (true as God). This made him looked particularly good in all the papers next day.

## THE SKUNK

A stinking animal with a streak down the middle of its back that spews toxic liquid out of its arse any time something suspicious comes near it. This creature perfectly represents the character of all culchies and should therefore be emblazoned on any stamps used outside of Dublin.

## DONAL CORCORAN

Ireland's Garda hero should be commemorated for the brave beatings he dished out to a group of wandering weaklings at the Reclaim the Streets protest last month. As well as attacking women cowering on the ground, weaponless hippies and people who had absolutely nothing to do with the protest, the thick-necked

**NEXT MONTH:** More new Irish stamps, including Hitler, Garda Commissioner Pat Byrne, Twink and Malcolm X.

## Fri June 21

Great news for all Irish people! Prince William is twenty years of age today! Run out in the streets and jump for joy



## Sat June 29

Today will see flocks of people march through Dublin to celebrate gay and lesbian rights in this backwards country



# Get ready for World Cup MANIA

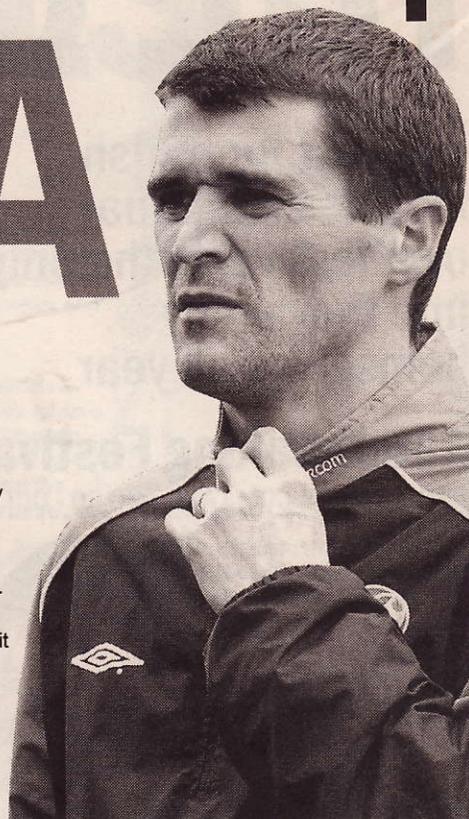
## Make sure you're properly prepared for the biggest event in Irish History

Ireland has a fine soccer tradition and is one of the most feared nations in the World Cup this June, striking fear into the heart of any opponent. This is hardly surprising - look at The League of Ireland, an exciting super-league consisting of electricians, heroin addicts and unemployed plumbers battling it out in the pissing rain against their beer bellies.



Irish Fans - the best there are

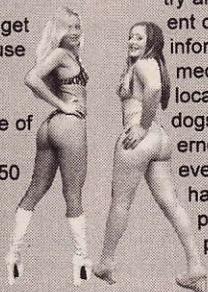
Although the bookies are foolishly predicting that the Irish will be knocked straight out of the first round, you can take it from us that that is complete rubbish - we'll go all the way to the final, no question. Thus, it is important that the nation of Ireland be prepared for this special time. Read on to learn how best to get ready for glory in World Cup 2002!!



Keano complaining again

### 1. PREPARATION

Firstly, The Slate calls on the Government to organise a few practice open-top bus homecomings for our Irish heroes. As well as having Guinness on tap, Ronan Keating singing the National anthem and some strippers from Angel's tittybar on Leeson St., this bus should also have a special downstairs seat of shame for any players who get sent off during matches or use bad language on the pitch, setting a bad example for young children. For the sake of practicality, it should come from the airport, take the M50 ring road around the city, and then head straight to Busaras where the players can mingle with all the racist grumpy moustachioed bus drivers just to remind them how shit Ireland is.



### 2. THE FLIGHT

If you are one of those committed enough to be flying to Japan, it is important to prepare correctly for the 13 hour journey over. Spend at least a day in the airport bar before your plane takes off - this will ensure you are drunk enough to go wild with air rage midway through your flight, which will pass the time nicely. Other

methods for relieving boredom on the flight include singing loud football songs praising Glasgow Celtic, pretending you have a bomb in your shoe and chain-smoking cigarettes.

### 3. WHEN IN JAPAN

Remember that Japan is a foreign country and the people there will have different customs to you. Useful nuggets of information have been circulating in the media recently, including: the fact that local people will try and force you to eat dogs; no alcohol will be served to westerners during the whole tournament; every African team in the World Cup will have witch doctors at the side of the pitch bathing in pigeon blood and putting curses on the opposition players.

### 4. STAYING AT HOME

Most fans will not be lucky enough to travel East. They must ask themselves the important question: what is the next best thing to seeing the Green Army playing live in the flesh? Being in a sweaty, smoky, tacky bar surrounded by fat ugly drunk women and loutish farting men, of course! We Irish have a great pub culture, and at no time is it better celebrated during a World Cup. Everyone piles into a boozier with a fuzzy video screen; nobody

can see it; everybody shouts so loudly that hearing the commentary or even trying to figure out who is ahead is impossible; and any time a team scores a goal there is a riot.

For those who like to get that little bit closer to the real thing, there is the RDS football extravaganza. For an extortionate amount of money, you can sit in a large, sterile warehouse which has the atmosphere of a science lab and watch Ireland get beaten on an obscenely large screen while drinking piss-warm beer surrounded by middle aged people and their annoying children.

### Post World Cup Syndrome

This common phenomenon is caused by the abrupt cessation of football coverage on television after a World Cup. Symptoms include inability to deal with the fact that Ireland did not win the World Cup, refusal to take off or wash Ireland jersey, and a dangerous obsession with the player who put the Boys in Green out of the competition. Prevention is better than cure: tape every match during the World Cup, and when it's over, go back to the beginning and watch the whole thing again. Ole! Or failing that, go out and buy the Italia '90 video and relive the glory years of Jack Charlton, when we fouled our way to the quarter finals without winning a match.

# THE CULCHIE

For most rural Irish people, the annual town festival is the only time they enjoy themselves all year

## Matchmaking Festival

LISDOONVARNA, CO. CLARE, AUG 30 - OCT 6

THE LISDOONVARNA Matchmaking festival started back in the old days when - as is still the case today - rich people wanted to ensure that their children didn't end up marrying a completely unsuitable member of the lower classes. In order to avoid this eventuality, people from polite society congregated in Lisdoonvarna just after harvest time. Once there, they drank the town's spa water, argued loudly about dowries, and then traded their offspring into a lifetime of miserable respectability.

Nowadays it's a bit more of a free-for-all, with classes mixing freely, and you would have to be sharp enough to avoid getting hitched to someone from the wrong end of the halting site. One tradition that survives from the original format is that of the Matchmaker - a cunning character who would travel around the country rounding up desperately ugly farmers' children so that he could match them off come festival time.

### Famous Traditions

The festival is popular with married men who leave their wives behind for a weekend of sex with badly-dressed country sluts.



Willie Daly, matchmaker

## Blue Jean County Queen

ATHBOY, 31 MAY - 3 JUNE

THIS COUNTRY and western version of the Rose of Tralee is much-loved for the opportunity it gives old farmers to stare at women's arses while they parade around in tight denim jeans. Continuity is important for the BJQC organisers, and special mention is given on their website to Oliver Gilsenan, the festival's first ever chairman. "Oliver is still a member of the Committee, and always likes to throw his eye over the entrants and keep up his 'hands on' approach to the festival."



## Puck Fair

Killorglin, Co. Kerry, 10-12 August

The world's only remaining pagan goat-worshipping festival

THE LEGEND behind this festival dates back to the 17th century when Cromwell was traveling around Ireland with his gang of pillaging Brits. Local lore has it that a goat called Puck ran halfway across Kerry to warn the people of Killorglin that the Roundheaded Ransacker was on his way to their town - allowing them to run fearfully away with plenty of time to spare.

In return for this service, the goat species is honoured in Killorglin every year when one of its members is covered in tacky ornaments and pushed around the town being shouted at by a large crowd of rural drunks. The animal then has a crown jammed onto its head, and is proclaimed 'King' of the village, while some local floozy (known as the Queen of the Fair) reads the 'Puck Proclamation' to the assembled crowd. After all of this harassment, the petrified goat is dangled in a cage 50ft. above ground level, allowing Kerry



Matt Forsyth

hooligans to fling their empty pint glasses at him for the rest of the weekend.

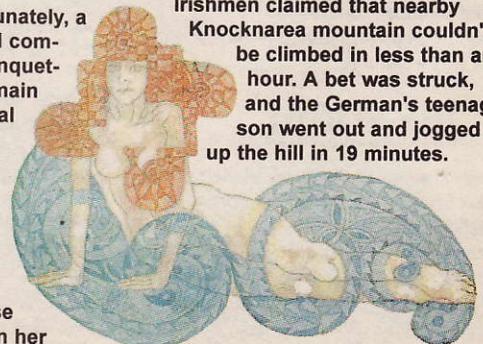
Another story tells how Daniel O'Connell, the Great Liberator, performed a bit of legal jiggery-pokery which allowed some local rich cunt to continue charging peasants a toll for any animals they sold at the fair.

## The Warriors Festival

STRANDHILL, 25 AUG

THIS IS not, unfortunately, a weekend of mortal combat and rowdy banqueting. Instead, the main focus of the festival is a mountain run which, legend has it, was used by Queen Maeve to train her men before she sent them out to be slaughtered because someone had stolen her

cow. The run has been going for the last fifteen years and is said to have originated from a pub argument between a German tourist and some prime specimens of Irish athleticism. The Irishmen claimed that nearby Knocknarea mountain couldn't be climbed in less than an hour. A bet was struck, and the German's teenage son went out and jogged up the hill in 19 minutes.



# CARNIVALS

## The Rose of Tralee

TRALEE, CO. KERRY, 23-27 AUGUST

THE ROSE of Tralee organisers claim that their festival is "not a beauty contest" and, after one look at the collection of dogs on display, you would not be in a hurry to disagree. This fact, though, would seem to have escaped the attention of Marty Whelan and the squadron of lecherous escorts who spend the whole week desperately trying to stick it into their Rose - before settling for a dry ride with her mother on the last night.

Instead of being a presentable-looking female, the Rose of Tralee will possess qualities like: a bad singing voice; a bizarre grasp of Irish history; some phrases in the Irish language which they learned just before coming on stage; and - most important of all - an intact hymen. One Waterford woman was kicked out by the committee a few years ago when they discovered that the shameless hussy not only had a child, but hadn't even bothered getting married to legitimise her pregnancy.

Instead of this kind of disreputable character, centre stage is reserved for people like last year's New York Rose, Kate Towne, who told the audience that her hobbies included giving "public speeches on premarital sexual abstinence and pro-life issues."

### Famous Traditions

Gay Byrne, and now Marty Whelan, staring up girls dresses as they remove their shoes during the show. Whelan recently made a staunch defence of this tradition of "the man taking the shoes off a young one". Apparently not wearing any underwear increases your chances of winning by over 50%.

### Who to avoid

The escorts. To become an escort, you have to either be a Garda, a Fianna Failer, or an unsuccessful GAA player. There is an Escort of the Year competition which is awarded on the basis of participants' stupidity, the amount of gel in their hair, and how high they can kick a Gaelic football.

Oh no. There's my fucking escort



The latest Macnas show - 4 muppets and a puppet

## Galway Arts Festival

GALWAY CITY, 16 - 28 JULY

Every year, around a million Euro is made available to a pool of talentless chancers who have hoodwinked the Galway Arts posse into thinking that they are artists. These people take the money and then put on absolutely ridiculous shows which festival-goers are forced to admire and discuss with gusto in the pubs afterwards. Like for example last year's most expensive act - the Urban Dream Capsule - which cost 80 grand and consisted of four conmen from Australia sitting in a library window all day doing nothing of any particular interest.

The whole thing was started 25 years ago by a clique of UCG students (they are now irritatingly known as the 'class of 76') who have managed to convince a number of people that Galway is 'Ireland's cultural capital'.

This inaccurate description is generally ignored by the majority of the town's inhabitants, who stay at home for the duration of the festival, re-emerging a few weeks later for the Galway Races - a proper rural festival with plenty of drinking, betting, politicians and a best dressed woman award every day.

## Dates for your diary

### The Original Culchie Festival

Vain attempt by culchies to lessen the shame of their existence by making an ironic statement about it.

**Ballyunion Bachelor Festival.** The most appealing sounding one of the lot

**Lock up Your Goats Summer Music School Aran Islands, Galway 1 - 5 July**

### Finglas Against Drugs

Fun Week Dublin 22 - 28 July

Mullagh Show Clare 25 Aug

Kilmuckridge Mardi Gras Festival

Wexford 23 - 25 August

Muff Festival Donegal 2 - 5 August

Mary from Dungloe Festival

Taking place in Donegal, the craziest county in Ireland. The organisers are in Hyphen Heaven as they boast about



Scenes from Finglas Drugs Fun Week

their "action-packed, fun-filled, entertainment-rich and family-orientated Festival."

# Tabloid Watch

NEWSPAPER COVERAGE of last month's Reclaim the Streets truncheonfest varied from paper to paper, but the Paddy Sun was the only publication which managed to single-handedly present completely contradictory versions of what had happened. The day after the protest, the Sun ran a story detailing how a "300-strong May Day mob rampaged through Dublin city centre." Relieved reporter Patrick Griffin went on to say that the "demo turned nasty, but gardai were able to prevent major disturbances." And reliable sources in the Garda press office had obviously informed him that "despite the arrests, nobody was hurt and cops were able to contain the crowds before the protests got out of hand."

Then, the next day, the Sun team turned on the news and flew into a blind, coffee-spitting panic as Gardai ran around the TV screen, jumping all over innocent lefties. What followed was a hilarious U-turn, with the front page headline screaming "WHO WILL SHOULDER BLAME?" and an obligatory photograph of scapegoat-in-chief Donal Corcoran underneath. Inside, all hell broke loose, as the Sun's moral machine cranked into action and started slamming the cops.

Strangely enough, The Sun was then one of the few tabloids to refuse to play ball with the official 'isolated incident' line on what happened. "Rest assured," advised Ronan O'Reilly, "there would be no inquiry going on, even of the watery nature ordered by Minister O'Donoghue, if the officers' sickening violence hadn't been beamed into people's living rooms. Instead, the gardai responsible would be having a good chortle and congratulating each other on giving the lefties a good kicking... If a rank and filer walks the plank, that'll be about it." This, presumably, was all slipped in by the Irish hacks before their law 'n' order-loving English overlords realised what was going on.



You don't get anything past them

ing... If a rank and filer walks the plank, that'll be about it." This, presumably, was all slipped in by the Irish hacks before their law 'n' order-loving English overlords realised what was going on.



The Sun were on the ball

## TOURIST GUIDE TO: WEST CORK

### Come Boating and Beaching with Celebrities, Locals and Southside Spastics

EVERY SUMMER, hundreds of rich Dublin southsiders take leave of their high-powered jobs and head down to picturesque West Cork villages. Once there, they stock up in the local food boutiques and decamp to big, vulgar holiday homes where they can pat themselves on the back for yet another year of getting obscenely wealthy at the expense of the rest of the country.

Favourite activities for the visiting yuppies include: playing tennis all day like they do at home; having drunken barbecues which usually end in a fight or a pregnancy; and going to the beach, where the adults get skin cancer and the children swim around dangerous rock pools and push each other off cliffs.

There are also a number of regattas held in the area, which attract the worst of the summer visitors - sailing types. This breed of sub-human scum can be found in towns like Schull and Baltimore, wearing deck shoes, expensive sunglasses and talking loudly in Dart accents about how much their latest mirror cost.



The Irons Man of West Cork

The West Cork region is also a favourite holiday spot for international celebrities, who spend large amounts of money on cottages with elaborate security systems and high walls. Amongst these are Tony O'Reilly, Peter Sutherland, and Angela Landsbury, the old granny who used to dash around the telly in Murder She Wrote. These VIPs can often be found opening local carnivals



Angela Landsbury smiling at the natives

where they make patronising speeches to the natives. British actor Jeremy Irons is a chief culprit here, and in the late 90s was to be found snapping ribbons and coming out with rubbish like: "I have to work in films and I have to appear on screen in a larger-than-life capacity, but as a person I am much happier leaning over the bar counter and talking to interesting people whom I can trust. I found those people here in Skibereen and I bless you for that."

Irons was obviously not aware at the time of the sneaky, underhand and jealous nature of the average culchie, but he soon copped on. A year or two after this ridiculous speech Jeremy's million pound restoration of Kilcoe castle took a rather bizarre direction when he painted the outside of the building a violent shade of pink. This caused outrage among the local red-necks, who turned on Jeremy immediately, incensed that one of their dour landmarks now looked like something out of The Wizard of Oz.

### Business of Month: Two Joint Winners!

May was a good month for yuppie businesses going bust, thank god. Down the tubes went Cuan Hanley's clothes shop in the nice-but-empty end of Temple Bar. Opened on Pudding Row with the intention of 'suing and booting' rich young nobbs, Cuan's shop has itself been unceremoniously kicked out of business thanks to all his customers losing their jobs during the last six months.

Also experiencing terminal yuppie drain was juice bar Nectar, whose shop on Exchequer St. now has an unsightly For Sale sign dangling in the window. These chaps made the dreadful error of refusing to advertise in The Slate because it wasn't quite trendy enough for their brand. Now look at them, the pricks.



Cuan Hanley is the Shane McGowan lookalike on the right

# GUILTY GARDAI

**Cop spindoctors and their lickarse media mates are trying to get away with doling out the Tienanmen Square treatment last month**

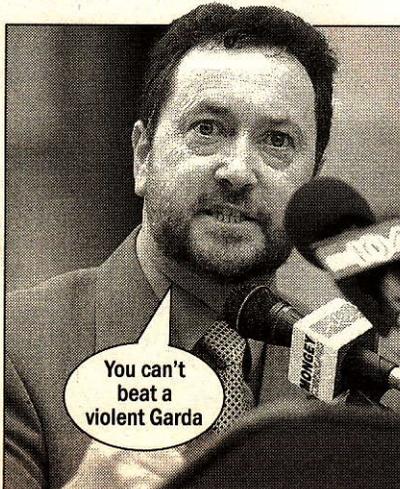
THERE WAS widespread surprise recently when footage of cops beating the shit out of teenagers and hippies was broadcast on the RTE news. Some of the Dame St. protesters are certainly quite annoying, but it was generally felt that whacking girls with truncheons, grabbing blokes by the balls and kicking people around inside police vans was a bit of an overreaction. More surprising than the violence itself, though, was the fact that the cops had been stupid enough to do it in broad daylight, surrounded by protesters who were armed to the teeth with cameras of one form or another.

This kind of carry-on normally takes place in the safety of an interrogation cell or at least down a dark alley. But this time the cops threw caution to the wind, demonstrating that they reckon they can get away with whatever they want these days. As well as being caught behaving like hurling players in the middle of a brawl, the Gardai were also stupid enough to beat the lard out of an Irish Independent photographer, leaving the media no option but to charge in with their moral outrage banners unfurled.

In spite of some half-arsed excuse-making, the Gardai came out of 'Bloody Monday' (as it is being referred to by particularly hysterical protesters) without a shred



Image kindly donated by the Garda Training Manual



GRA Boss PJ Stone

of evidence to suggest that the Reclaim the Streets demonstrators had done anything to necessitate this violent response. For a few days we had the unusual sight of the Gardai being well and truly in the dock.

However, the Gardai were not about to take all this negative publicity lying down, and after all the moral outrage had waned a bit they were free to start inventing stories about how they had been viciously attacked and provoked by the protesters. The Garda Representative Association had their annual shindig in Cork a week after the protest, and this gathering provided the perfect opportunity to indulge in a bit of fantasy and insinuation.

As well as a bizarre attempt to blame The Slate for the whole thing (see page 6), the cops are clearly trying to spread the idea around that there was a seriously violent

element present at the protest. The charge was led by GRA boss PJ Stone, who suggested that there was some kind of sinister "setup", designed to make "members of the Garda Siochana believe that public order was being impinged upon." You would have to wonder exactly how stupid the cops are, that they can't figure out the difference between a full scale riot and a few crusties playing the bongos and singing songs.

Not to worry, though. With enthusiastic Garda applause ringing in his ears, Stone went on to claim that everyone who had made a complaint about the cops was either a 'subversive' or someone with a criminal record. Further statements from this crazy motherfucker indicated that he was determined to accept no blame whatsoever for the Gardai.

The GRA boss claims that he and the

# ON THE RUN

rest of the Gardai have access to a secret stash of footage - "some other exposure which is equally frightening, and that's where members of the Garda were being badly assaulted." Strangely enough, no-one from the Gardai bothered mentioning these vicious attacks in the immediate aftermath of the protest, so it must be judged very doubtful that this footage actually exists. Either we are going to be presented with film of protesters attacking Garda truncheons with their heads, or the cops have come across some Black Bloc footage from the Genoa riots and are just waiting to have the Dublin accents dubbed on.

PJ's job of spreading propaganda was no doubt made easier by the fact that he had plenty of accomplices in the media who were only delighted help him out. The Sunday World, famous for its love of the cops, quickly jumped in to defend the boys in blue. The week after the protest, they ran a profile of Joe Carolan from Globalise Resistance, twice describing him as a 'ringleader' and saying that he was "typical of the middle-class background of global resistance".

They seem to have decided that the best way to lick the cops' arses was to portray the protest as the most annoying collection of middle-class lefty assholes ever assembled. To this end, a fantasy protester was invented, whose attributes consisted of every crusty cliché in the book. He was a "ciabatta communist", a "lentil-scoffing Che Guevara wannabe", a "hippie waster" who wanted to "bang his bongos and have tofu barbecues in the capital," not to mention "throwing off the shackles of fascist conformity."

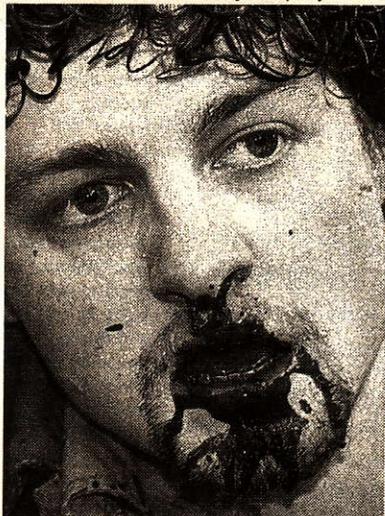
Brendan O'Connor, a fat, failed comedian now writing for the Sunday Independent, also got in on the act. Brendan had some sound advice for anyone who had been beaten up by the pigs: "Grow up and stand for election." Well done you dickhead. Like the Sunday World, O'Connor was keen to push the line that all the protesters were middle class spas - and therefore had no right to be out causing trouble like this. "Reclaim the Streets is the new Rag Week for Trinity students," he wrote.

He continued moronically "When an ill-disciplined mob with no clear aims attempts to block streets at random, splits

into various factions and roams unchecked through the city centre, the gardai cannot stand idly by." Presumably then, if we fluke a win against Germany in the World Cup and the whole country goes insane, the Gardai will be on hand with truncheons and dogs to dole out another violent pasting. Where these people had managed to collect all this information on the protest is a complete mystery. Possibly from some dim memory of themselves as idealistic young morons before they went off to work for shit newspapers.

The Sunday World also devoted a whole page of their paper to laying down straight up insults to the protesters. "There was a time when true working class revolutionar-

PHOTO: Rory Curtis/Indymedia.ie



This man was guilty of giving the guards some blatant cheek

ies took to the streets to protest at the injustice of oppressive governments," moaned some knob in a column called City Slicker. "These people stood in the path of Soviet tanks in Prague, opposed brutal secret police death squads and put their lives on the line daily," was the view from the frontline in some Terenure pub. This tabloid twat then launched into a bizarre rant about "new-age radicals with double-barreled names" who don't care about "others who are just trying to get home after a long

day, earning the money which pays the taxes which gives these morons free university education." Needless to say, there wasn't quite such an outraged reaction when Liz Hurley popped into town a while back for a bit of shopping, and half of Dublin's traffic was called to a halt as her Garda-escorted cavalcade whizzed past. Back then, the boys from the Sunday World were too busy trying to get a photo down Liz's top to notice that she was "disrupting ordinary people from going about their ordinary lives in an ordinary manner."

After all these made-up stories from the cops and crazy reactionary pieces in various crap publications, the dust has settled somewhat. Senior Gardai will no doubt be very annoyed that a couple of the force were caught behaving like violent junkies on camera. However, they have no doubt put up enough of a smokescreen to ensure that there is a totally unfounded notion festering in people's heads that the Gardai acted justifiably - despite all the video footage and beaten-up hippies.

## Actors Needed!

To star in CCTV footage of Dame St protests. We need:

### Protesters:

Must be dirty, drunk and dangerous-looking. Scars and criminal record will help you get this part.

### Gardai:

GAA players and other fresh-faced, honest-looking country people

### Child Actors:

Who are willing to be brutalised and mistreated by the protesters.

Warning - you will be covered in fake blood and petrol during filming.

All applicants should phone the Gardai right now - 1800 666 111 - and get signed up

## Cowardly student leader deserts his post and sides with cops

"By sitting in the streets and and refusing to move, they know they are going to get batons". So said Aonghus Hourihane, the UCD SU



The man with no balls

President when trying to blame the RTS protestors, many of whom are UCD students, for Police violence. Coincidentally, Aonghus is an ambitious Fianna Fail member and his daddy is a Garda. Furthermore, the snivelling shit added that any students there "would have been better off studying for their exams".

Have you complained to the Gardai about being battered at the Dame St protest? If so, email [editor@theslate.ie](mailto:editor@theslate.ie)

In the end, a few heads will roll, with low-ranking Gardai such as mad Donal Corcoran (opposite page, action shot) who most obviously lost control being scapegoated. That will be a fairly light let-off for the cunts, and they will no doubt continue to mulishly resist any attempt to have them inspected by anyone other than close friends or next of kin.

## SPAZ GUIDE TO: BLOOMSDAY

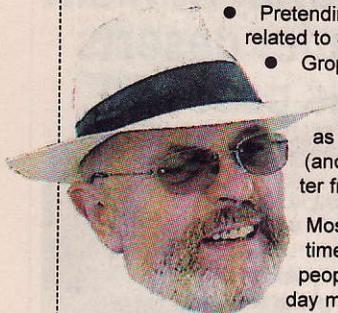
One of the most pretentious events in Ireland is taking place this month

**What is it?** A gathering of idiots which is arranged to commemorate the day on which James Joyce set the whole of Ulysses (June 16th 1904).

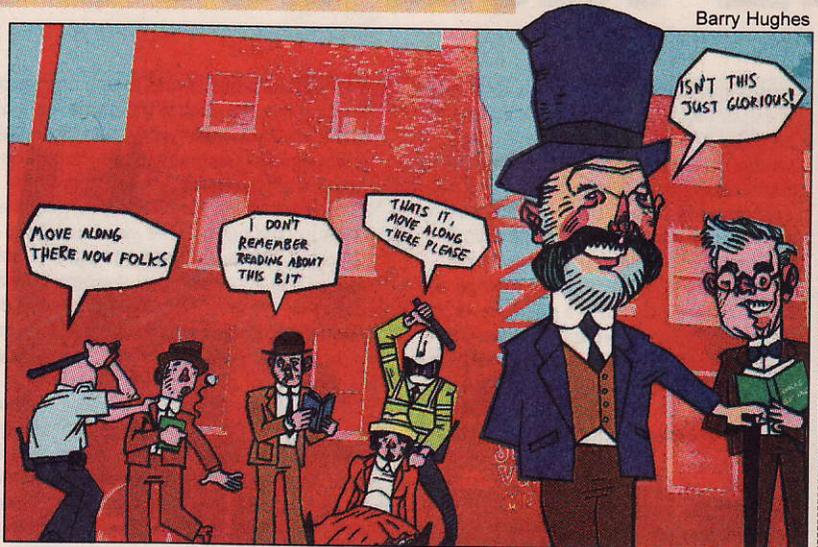
**What happens on Bloomsday?** In theory, the assembled morons follow the path taken around Dublin by Leopold Bloom, the main character in Ulysses. However, most of them get lost early on, and end up walking around dangerous parts of town in their Edwardian gear, misquoting the book at the tops of their voices and generally risking a well-deserved hiding. One Joyce website is at pains to explain that, "on Bloomsday, there is no set itinerary, and many private or 'unofficial' activities take place in addition to the scheduled events." These would usually include:

- Having a pretentious snooze in Merrion Square with the book spread across your stomach
- Pretending you are related to James Joyce
- Groping anyone who is dressed up as Molly Bloom (another character from Ulysses)

Most of the time, though, people spend the day moronically mimicking things they think hap-



David Nonsense: the leader of all this



pened in the book. This involves eating a large breakfast of piss-smelling liver, buying lemon-scented soap, and cycling around on bandy old bicycles (a mysterious tradition that has nothing to do with what goes on in Ulysses).

**Why does it still occur?** The event is encouraged by newspapers like the Irish Times, which is generally completely desperate for anything to write about at this time of year. Bloomsday pushes important items like summer schools and the weather forecast off the front page, and replaces them with pictures of assholes wearing bowler hats and grinning smugly at the camera.

**What should you bring with you?** One James Joyce website proclaims that "the essential items of equipment are an imaginative and joyous approach to the

events of Ulysses, and a copy of the book itself." You are, of course, not allowed to take part if you have read the book.

**Notable points in the history of Bloomsday:** Sometimes the day doesn't all go according to plan. Back in 1999, a Japanese tourist did not quite get the welcome she might have expected after reading about Bloomsday in her guide book. In fact she was accused of being a freeloading asylum-seeker and sent home on the next plane. Festival boss David Norris (left) took great exception to this disgraceful treatment of someone who had travelled across the world to join his jolly jamboree. "This lady has a substantial income and her family has a business in Tokyo," said David - horrified that one of his affluent followers had been mistaken for a refugee.

# Mullet-makers Uncovered

Now let's run them out of town

THE SLATE has located the cunts who are responsible for having young Irishmen (below) thrown out of their homes because their parents are so appalled by their haircuts. These two characters



Braindead

(right) were spotted in Who (a boring celebrity mag) last month, being

described as "the men with most stylish barnets in the biz." They are Ian and Paul Davey - two evil brothers who run the Toni and Guy Hair Salon on Dame St.

The Slate was the first magazine to spot this disturbing new trend - favoured by irksome nu-mods who hang around the George's St. Arcade - and we knew straight away that it was a filthy import. Now we can reveal that the originators are a pair of Taffies from Bangor in Wales.

Forget Sellafield, this illegal mullet factory must be shut right away before it contaminates the whole city. Ring these lads and tell them to look you in the eye and promise they will go home to Wales. The number of the salon is 670 9845.



Shocking: these men have mullets but no morals

# Out & About

## ONCE-OFF CLUBBING ... 18

After months of promises, we finally get a decent dose of Detroit for June, with Rolando and Jeff Mills amongst the highlights



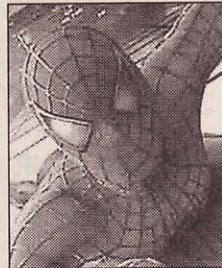
## REGULAR CLUBBING ... 27

It's au revoir to The Kitchen and Bonsoir Madame to the spanking new Spirit (which we haven't bothered visiting yet)



## LIVE MUSIC ... 33

Bad-tempered Fugazi are here this month along with a bizarre combo of New Order and the Red Hot Chili Peppers

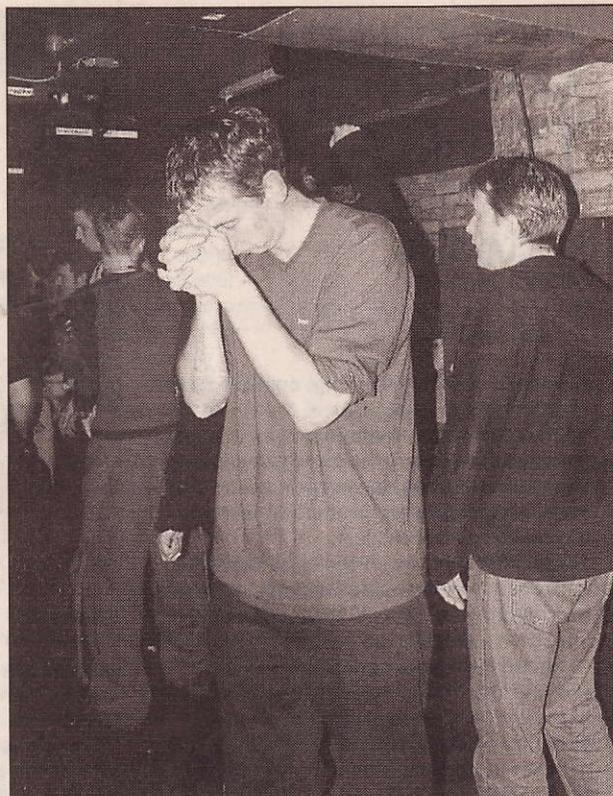


## CINEMA ... 38

It's non-stop blockbusters with the shit Star Wars and more acceptable Spiderman hitting our screens

## THEATRE ... 00

We were feeling lazy this month so we decided to leave theatre out



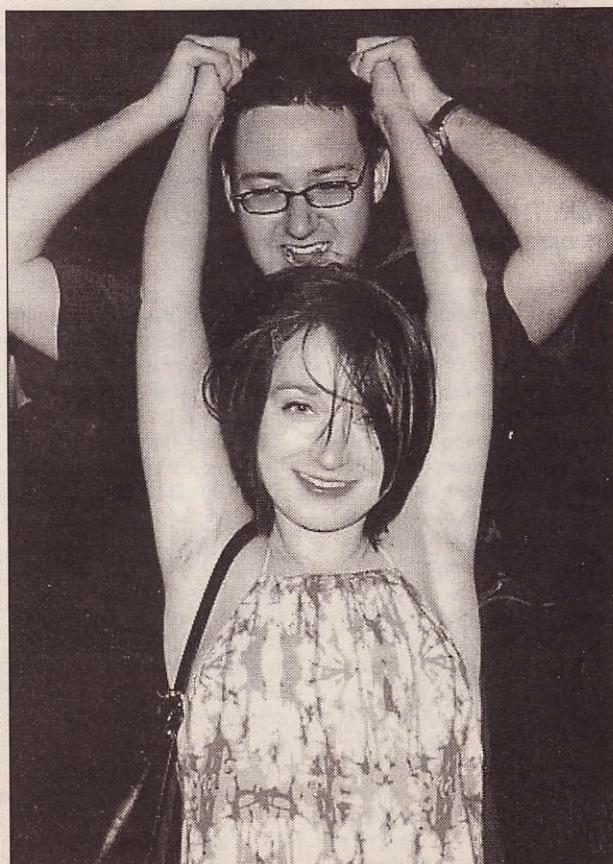
DJ Willie-John wondered if praying clubbers was a good sign up in Dublin

## TICKET COMPETITIONS

Win Tickets for Terry Farley (07 June), Addiction (21 June) or Prime Cuts (28 June). All gigs are in Mono, and all you have to do to win the tickets is send us an email saying why clubbing.com is so shit. Put the name of the gig you want to go to in the subject line.

IF YOU WANT YOUR EVENT LISTED IN THE SLATE, RING 664 0007 OR EMAIL [clubbing@theslate.ie](mailto:clubbing@theslate.ie), [gigs@theslate.ie](mailto:gigs@theslate.ie) or [arts@theslate.ie](mailto:arts@theslate.ie)

TO ADVERTISE IN OUR LISTINGS SECTION, EMAIL [ads@theslate.ie](mailto:ads@theslate.ie) or ring 662 0013



She hadn't misheard when he asked her to get her pits out

## GOSPEL TRUTH

**JOE CLAUSSELL**

FRIDAY 31 MAY

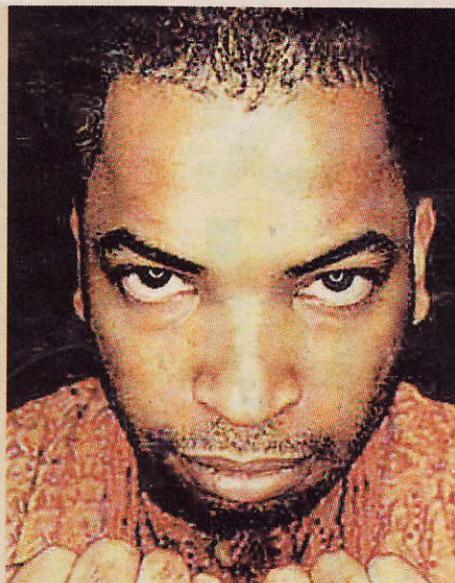
RED BOX

€20

ANOTHER SOUL Patrol gig, another ton of waffle about the best DJs in the world, the coolest atmosphere, no knackers and no dancing. For those who have not yet been exposed to it, these boys have taken the art of shit-talking gig promotion to unprecedented levels.

This month's victim of the hype machine is Brooklyn veteran Joe Clausell, who has been around the New York/New Jersey house scene since the year dot. Like Kerri Chandler (who must come a good deal cheaper due to his numerous appearances here) and Tony Humphries (who must either be fucking expensive or a total prick because nobody brings him over) Clausell is associated with the spiritual, gospel side of house. They used to call this garage until packs of rowdy Brits fucked it all up, hijacking the name for their shouty nonsense. For those into the soulful NY sound, this is a house gig made in heaven and Clausell is as good as any at creating the east-side spiritual vibe.

A few interesting points though. One, this sound is - the faithful aside - famously



Clauss call

unpopular with the average Dublin dance punter, being more or less pure gospel house with none of the drug-friendly elements preferred by Joe Punter when he's off his tits. So a move from the pokey basement of Wax (where Soul Patrol normally takes place) to the relatively vast Red Box shows confidence if nothing else. Also, we are promised Clausell on the decks from the minute the club opens its doors to time out. Could this spark a trend that would alleviate forever the boredom of having to listen to Dublin wannabees doing their best not to play any big tunes for 90 minutes?

comes from Nice & Nasty DJ Dave Ingham whose soul and funk set at the recent BBM launch party in the Red Box pretty much bored the bollox off everyone there but will go down well here tonight.

**MARIO PIU**

SATURDAY 01 JUNE

TEMPLE THEATRE

€22

'Pee-eeww' sniff the techno purists, who seem to be deeply offended by this Italian producer's occasional forays into the mozzarella. The rest of us just hold our fucking ears. Except the loyal savages down the Temple who've made Piu the most popular guest there next to his mentor Mauro Picotto and Judge Jules (fine company). Being pelted with the worst kind of Italian piano house back in the early 90s left Mario with two options - either go on a revenge gun spree against the population of his Tuscany hometown, or create an alternative of his own. What he came up with is an awkward old sound - too aggressive and metallic to appeal to trancers and still too obviously melodic for the slapheads, but it still strikes a massive chord with his faithful.

**JEREMY HEALY**

SATURDAY 01 JUNE

RED BOX

€20.90

Last time this narcissistic old tart played here he was dropping records like Blur's Song 2, much to the bemusement and indignation of the Red Box faithful. Even when he was onto a good thing back in the dark mid-90s (that was when the drug-addled readership of Mixmag voted him Best British DJ) Healy still managed to fuck things up for himself, regularly punctuating sets with The Way You Make Me Feel by Michael Jackson. In 1997, he was creating soundtracks for John Galliano's fashion shows at Dior. Now he is firmly wedged in the has-been category. Having decided that dance music is no longer 'innovative' enough, this muppet decided to release a disastrous rock concept album called Bleachin' which was based around the different stages of cocaine use. Blind DJs with no arms could do better. Avoid. Support from Al Gibbs

**MR. THING**

FRIDAY 31 MAY

MONO

€10

The last few months have seen Choice Cuts (Fridays in Mono) properly getting it together for fans of turntablism (see Prime Cuts elsewhere in the once offs). The rotating residents are not (with the exception of old warhorse DJ Mek on a good night) yet of the standard of their international guests. Not in the way a Naphta, Bubbles or Billy Scurry can hold their own with whoever they're playing with. On the other hand, anyone who says the stakes aren't much higher at a turntable event is either lying or has never seen the pressure these boys are under. Guesting tonight is ex-Scratch Pervert Mr. Thing, and there's no better place to start if you want to see real scratch and cut Technics-as-instrument innovation.

**SPACE DJZ**

FRIDAY 31 MAY

TBMC

€15

Fair play to the promoters here, Blue Moon. They've been bringing over techno lads recently whose names, amazingly, aren't Dave Clarke or Billy Nasty. Here's another of the same calibre, Space DJz. They consist of the English duo Ben Long and Jamie Bissmore (from dub-techno hooligans Bandulu). Many DJs chance their arm with the old decks and FX gambit and end up looking like assholes halfway through the set. But these two were one of the first techno acts to pioneer the artform of two DJs on four decks - one mixing tunes, one scratching and throwing FX down over the mix. They rip techno and electro up with a b-boy attitude as demonstrated on last year's The Last DJz On Earth mix

CD. Well recommended.

Support from Dessie Balmer and Dave Ingham

**RICHARD THAIR**

SATURDAY 01 JUNE

SHELTER

€12

Richard Thair first wet his toes in the world of dance music as a drummer for the wretched Aloof, but became far better known beating the skins for the sometimes awful but occasionally spectacular Red Snapper (who broke up earlier this year). Over the past few years he's also established a reputation as quite a DJ. His sets are wildly eclectic - reggae, jazz, noodly techno, dancefloor electro and all sizes of hip-hop make an appearance. This means that almost everyone will find something to both like and dislike in one of Thair's sets, so keeping an open mind is strongly advised. Support

**DAVE CLARKE**

SUNDAY 02 JUNE  
TIVOLI

€17

The miserable old racket maker is back in the Red Box to bad-temperedly lash a bit of techno and electro at us and leave town a few hours later with nuff dollar in his pocket. Well, that's the usual drill but there's a nasty rumour going around that he's chilled the fuck out having sorted out his record company problems. Amazingly, a fully-fledged new trend has emerged in the UK since Clarke played here last - the laughably over-hyped 'electroclash'. Since electroclash mainly involves Germans poncing about in eyeliner pretending to be Visage, you'd wonder who decided that Dave Clarke was one of the scenes cornerstones. But the media in general have done just that. So it will be interesting to see if he reads his own press and turns out an entire electro set this time. Even more interesting to see if he gets the eyeliner out.

**DARREN EMERSON**

FRIDAY 07 JUNE  
RED BOX

€22.65

How the mighty can fall. Once Darren Emerson was part of dance music's untouchable elite by dint of sheer talent. His delicate touch on mix CDs like the Trance Europe Express compilation TEXTures could make a grown man weep. Now more intent on getting pissed than actually mixing, Emerson is the epitome of everything that's wrong with the 'Superstar' DJ culture. Stuck in a musical no-man's land, neither prog, nor tech-house, nor techno, he is a man living off former glories. Emerson's Global Underground CDs are reviled by fans of the series and though he mixed his first one live, the rumour goes that it was so badly done he was forced to use the PC program Pro-Tools on the second one.

**ANDY SMITH  
(PORTISHEAD)**

FRIDAY 07 JUNE  
RI RA

€10

The home of the downtempo noodle is proud to present a man who'll be seriously at ease in the RiRa environment -

Portishead's in house DJ Andy Smith. He more or less wrote the book on the vibe which has dominated RiRa since anyone can remember - hip-hop, soul, funk, disco etcetera - and you can buy it. It's called The Document, one of the most enduring and inventive mix CDs in the history of the genre, chopping up the usual suspects like Grandmaster Flash On The Wheels Of Steel with dirty funk like The Meters' Cissy Strut, dodgy old rock tracks and Tom fucking Jones - still works a treat though. Recommended.

**WARP MAGIC BUS  
TOUR**

FRIDAY 07 JUNE  
TBMIC

€22

These boys in Warp love their anniversary dos more than your drunk uncle. In honour of the label's 100th album

release, they're sending a few big names on the road. Label co-founder Steve Beckett, One Lone Swordsman Keith Tenniswood and others will be DJing on the night. Watch out for the red herring in the form of the Drexycia billing - it's not the enigmatic Underground Resistance electro-pods playing their much craved after live show - just somebody or something called Stingray DJing. Since the band's identity is kept a massive secret, it could be the office cleaner for all we know. The main object of adulation will be leffield electronic adventurers Plaid. Their last live gig in Dublin was cursed by several laptop crashes - the techno equivalent of a snapped guitar string but without the comedy value. Assuming their Powerbooks hold up this time, this should excite and delight all the skinny, shaven-headed chinstroking whiteboys present.

**JOHN KELLY & ANN  
SAVAGE**

SATURDAY 08 JUNE  
TEMPLE THEATRE

€18

In true celebrity magazine style, The Slate speculates on the relationship between UK hard housette Anne Savage and Temple resident Jay Pidgeon - are they or aren't they? Well, he's certainly not shagging John Kelly because the beleaguered scouser hasn't had a sniff of the Temple in months. Early last year you never saw the back of the cunt and his 'funky desert breaks' but by Christmas he was run out of the gaff by all these mental Italians from BXR Records and their madoutfit fans. We're almost glad to have him back. His tranced out breaks and house should complement Savage's hyperactive 'Northern bounce' style of hard house.

**RETURN  
OF JEFF  
THE JOKER**

**JEFF MILLS**  
SUNDAY 02 JUNE

RED BOX  
SUPPORT FROM JOHNNY MOY, SCOTT MAC  
NAUGHTON

€27

**AFTER NUMEROUS big name techno cancellations and hoax announcements in the last few months - Derrick May, Carl Craig, Underground Resistance - the bald headed masses finally look like getting what they want. Jeff Mills is the hottest name from the second wave of Detroit techno pioneers. One of the original members of the laugh-a-minute Underground Resistance collective, he split off from Mad Mike Banks and Robert Hood to take the template laid down by May/Juan Atkins/ Kevin Saunderson to Europe. Berlin to be precise, where he started up his own label, Axis, known for classic techno and astonishing pomposity in equal measure.**

Mills certainly keeps his end up when it comes to the traditional Detroit custom of acting the bollox. He once made a list of all the UK dance magazines he wasn't



Mills - don't expect any comedy routines

going to talk to because they were beneath him and giving out bitterly to Laurent Garnier over the name of his 'Crispy Bacon' track. On form, though, he's considered to be the best techno DJ in the world. Old-timers might dispute this claim, with particular reference to Mills' 1996 Ormond appearance, when his tunes were ancient and he mixed like an 18 year old who had just got decks for Christmas. But back then he was dealing with a wonky deck and he was under the impression that all Irish folk were racist terrorists ready to shoot his arse off with an Armalite. This time around, he should do the business.

# SHOPKEEPER-STYLE

## NICKY BLACKMARKET

SUNDAY 02 JUNE

SHELTER

€13

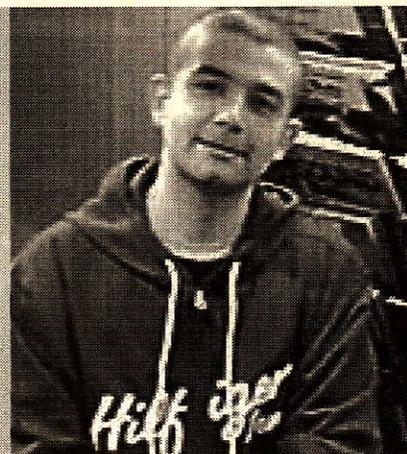
SUPPORT FROM ELMO

IN THE same way that Terry Farley (see elsewhere in the once offs) represents the attitudes and musical values of west end London, professional 'safe geezer' Nicky Blackmarket epitomises the ruff, tuff and ready stance of the east and south. As the man behind one of the city most legendary record shops, Blackmarket Records in Soho, his history parallels the growth of UK breakbeat music. Blackmarket was the first shop in Central London to depart from house and hip-hop and start concentrating on the strange new sounds coming out of bedrooms and small studios around the dodgier parts of the capital. This was what became known

as breakbeat and then morphed into hardcore.

From the shop's opening in 1988 to its arrival as the basement mothership of drum 'n' bass, Nicky Blackmarket has been manning the wheel. House, garage and hip-hop still occupy the ground floor of the shop but, descending the stairs (straight into the biggest fuck-off speakers ever to menace a record shop) you enter Nicky (and Ray Keith's) den of drum n bass. This is where the Blackmarket legacy really makes sense.

Unlike many of the jungle head honchos who can be found lurking in the shop at any time, Nicky B never bothered making his own records (with 1994's old skool jungle anthem Geese Toon a notable exception). As a DJ, he has eschewed the globetrotting of say LTJ Bukem or Grooverider - instead stubbornly sticking with large



Little Nicky

parochial UK events like World Dance. He hasn't played over here for two years, but is more the welcome for it, and while what he does may not be rocket science, a good time blast of dancefloor drum n bass, hyped up with his modest but effective scratching, is guaranteed.

## LOONEY TOONZ LAUNCH

SATURDAY 08 JUNE

SHELTER

€10

This gig sees Dublin jungle collective Bassbin drop the big bad drum n bass pose for some off-duty frolicking around on their new imprint, Looney Toonz. The sub-label will feature the usual Bassbin suspects hiding behind aliases like Monkey Business and Drummer Boy and promises limited edition once-off releases that "will put a smile on the face of the raving cru". To celebrate the launch (and separate it from their confirmed second-Saturday-of-the-month residency at The Shelter), tonight will feature lesser-spotted Bassbinners like Kenny and Keevo and Genie and Ali in charge and those who find the standard Dublin jungle atmosphere a tad on the serious side might enjoy this a bit more. Support from Kenny & Keevo, Genie, Ali

## DANNY HOWELLS

SATURDAY 08 JUNE

RED BOX

€15.90

Having shaken off his tag as the best warm up DJ in progressive house, Danny Howell's career has rocketed into orbit. The release of a third

installment of his Nocturnal Frequencies series and his contribution to the new Renaissance compilation (a fine mix including the excellent Sharpeside track Belgian Resistance) has only served to increase his profile. Previously seen as nothing more than a Digweed clone, Howells has managed to forge a new path that has differentiated him from the vast majority of progressive DJs. A measure of this was his appearance at last year's I Love Techno festival in Belgium - one can only see Digweed being invited to this in order to have his bollocks ripped off with a rusty pliers in front of the baying lynch mob. Howells has definitely been banging it out as of late and this gig in the Red Box should be no different. Expect a night of funky progressive house building to a full on techno assault. Highly recommended.

## ROLANDO

SATURDAY 08 JUNE

TIVOLI

€20

Slam fans who were disappointed by the cancellation of the Scottish duo's live show (originally planned for the end of June in the Tivoli) will be more than satisfied with the fact that this gig was announced just as the Jocks

were pulling out. For the sake of symmetry, Rolando has even recently remixed Slam's latest Virtuoso single. As a latter day Underground Resistance 'soldier', Rolando has had a narrow escape in not ending up with some ridiculous cloak-and-dagger moniker like The Infiltrator or DJ Clandestine. In 1999, he and UR fell foul of one of the worst cases of major label greed in history. His fantastic Knights Of The Jaguar track was illegally re-recorded by Sony Germany (a mythically awful commercial trance cover) much to the anger of UR. But the cunts at Sony stared the feisty Detroit indie down with threats of an elongated legal battle that would ruin them and the poxy tune got to number 3 in Germany. Cheer him up by going along tonight.

## TIM FIELDING

SUNDAY 09 JUNE

MONO

€10

Tim has been 'fielding' accusations that he's not actually a DJ at all, but rather a label boss and part investor in The End nightclub. Well, only partly true. He's a competent funky and deep house DJ in his own right but he is certainly better known as the business head behind the seminal Journeys By DJ

series of mix CDs. As well as getting a very under-rated eclectic mix out of Justin Robertson in 1996, JDJ threw up one of the all time classics from Coldcut (soon to be re-released). Now that Tim Fielding has taken over deck duties from former in-house DJ Jay Chapell you can at least be assured that he has impeccable taste in music.

## KEITH LAWRENCE

FRIDAY 14 JUNE

TEMPLE THEATRE

€13

By and large, the playaz who toiled to help forge the pretty healthy rnb scene in Dublin in the mid to late 90s are now doing well for themselves. Aoife NicCanna, Stevie G and Tony Dixon pop up everywhere and underdog Karlos should be well pleased with himself for building this Rhythm Corporation mini-empire - making smart use of the Temple's opulent setting and developing a cosy cartel of regular guests. Tonight's visitor is Keith Lawrence, one original name you feel hasn't benefited from the rnb boom the way he deserves. Lawrence shines brightest in an intimate residency like the one he held Sunday nights in RiRa, but as a Temple guest he should get the party booming with the best of them.

# BOYS OWN MOANER

**TERRY FARLEY**

FRIDAY 07 JUNE

MONO

SUPPORT FROM PATRICK DEMPSEY

€15

HE LOOKS like a grumpy old potato and has a seemingly endless appetite for bitching and moaning about the British club scene, but these niggles tend to take away from the fact that Terry Farley is a consummate house DJ. Even the name Terry Farley polarises those who are aware of him - one half will be rubbing their hands with sheer delight at the prospect of this gig, the other will be found muttering "fat prick" to themselves when passing a poster.

It all started way back in West London in the early 80s when a young Farley joined the likes of Carl Cox and Ashley Beedle at clubs like Crackers and all-dayers like the Caister Soul Weekender. These formative few years in the UK southern soul scene left Farley with a penchant for horrible sports casual gear (he and Ashley Beedle used to call themselves The Slazenger Slashers) and an ugly elitist streak which he's been



Farley good - Terry

infamous for ever since. His Boys Own label, club and fanzine operation at the end of the 80s was the antithesis of rave culture. The club nights prided themselves on 'proper US house' - the more obscure the better - and a return to the West End values of guestlists and exclusivity which rave was meant to have killed. The fanzine was a bitchy little thing - loved, hated and feared by London's clubbing industry. All this would seem to have him down as a miserable house purist, but for the massive part he was then to play in Madchester and indie dance, remixing The Happy Mondays and Primal Scream and producing scouse chancers The Farm. His commitment to the music he loves has never been in doubt though and this should be a good one.

## WOODY MCBRIDE (DJ ESP)

FRIDAY 14 JUNE

TBMC

€15

Yes, he sounds like the subject of some hoary old Brit-bashing rebel song, but Woody McBride is a yank. And, as pathetic as US dance culture is, it would be even worse without this guy. The Minnesotan DJ's idea of a festival is far different from that of his Midwestern brethren. Unlike those animals in Detroit, whose idea of a rocking party is standing around sober in turtle-necks and slacks at the Detroit Electronic Music Festival, McBride takes the European approach, organising madoutfit parties promising "300,000 watts of true rave power". Unfortunately, there's also Tim Taylor, aka DJ One Finger, creator of the utterly shite Housefucker, so this gig may be a mixed bag. Support comes from Pat Hyland (who brought Taylor over years ago),

showing he's good for more than Sides anthems. Support from Tim Taylor (Missile Records)

## PAUL MURPHY

FRIDAY 14 JUNE

LOBO

€13

He sounds as Irish as pig's arse, cabbage and potatoes but Paul Murphy comes from London and seems to have been DJing for as long as Jimmy Saville. Even still, it's a fairly safe bet that nobody in Ireland short of the Ultra Lounge promoters themselves will ever have heard of him - which could come in handy for them. This club, like most places which associate themselves with words like 'lounge' and 'EZ listening', tends to attract a crowd of people who are hurtling towards middle age in a highly unpleasant fashion. Therefore, it is important that regular Lobo-goers are unaware that they will not be

able to jut out their fat holes and say, "Do I make you horny, baybeeh?" to the freeform experimental jazz racket that Paul Murphy is likely to make. Can it be possible - a lounge club night whose imagination runs further than Burt Bacharach's Greatest Hits? Support from Mr. Moto

## OISIN LUNNY

FRIDAY 14 JUNE

RI RA

€10

Being the son of trad music journeyman Donal Lunny (Moving Hearts, Planxty, etc.) has been a mixed blessing for Oisín Lunny. On one hand, it gave his Anglo-Irish hip-hop outfit Marxman instant media attention when they emerged ten years ago. But when their limp Celtic rap hit the tiles pronto he was stuck with the famous-person's-not-so-goodson in the great tradition of Julian Lennon and Frank Sinatra Jr. This is a shame,

because he's inherited the old man's bit of talent, and his David Holmes-y First Born project has done much to redress the balance since 1999. You could do worse. Support from DJ Victory

## 10,000 BC (YOUSEF + PAUL WOOLFORD)

SATURDAY 15 JUNE

TIVOLI

€20

As a winner of Muzik magazine's 'Bedroom Bedlam' competition, Liverpoolian Yousef managed to snare himself a residency in Cream. Despite the fact that the distance between his music and the shite Eurotrance being played at the Liverpool club was longer than a scally's curly mullet, Yousef was given the Annexe room. He quickly made it his own, his brand of tough US house providing welcome relief from the bilge in the main room. Even with Cream's shift to progressive house, Yousef still kept his following and was installed as the main resident when Seb Fontaine left. With a style of DJing more akin to a techno DJ than a house jock, you can expect him to cut it up with aplomb. Production partner Paul Woolford provides support.

## CLAUDE YOUNG

TUESDAY 18 JUNE

SWITCH

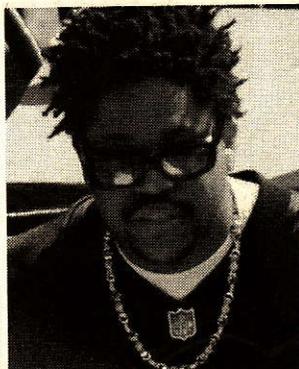
€TBC

Before you start moaning that we've only just seen the back of him, this appearance is for a very good cause - the morphing of Switch's cornerstone techno Tuesday, Damage, into something called techno.ie. Now, we don't want to appear rude but techno.ie bears an uncanny resemblance to Damage, being that it's a techno night in Switch on a Tuesday manned by resident DJ Joe McGrath. The name change is more down to a website of the same name being launched simultaneously by Joe McGrath than anything else. Still, only the flimsiest of excuses are needed by most people to cop a look at Claude Young. Even among Dublin's fussy techno fraternity, this third wave Detroit deck slickster is eternally popular due to his pretty impressive scratching abilities. Good stuff.

**ADDICTION**  
FRIDAY 21 JUNE  
MONO

€TBC

Currently riding on the success of his mix CD compilation *Souful Behaviour*, this dude is part of a new breed of jungle being nurtured by scene Godfather Fabio. While not quite as horizontal as LTJ Bukem's *Good Looking* output (a label Addiction has popped up on) the sound pushed here is squarely in the spliff-in-paw chilled bracket and has often been given worrying tags like liquid funk or future funk (future-anything is always a bad sign). Leave your drum n bass shitkickers at home and bring a pillow. Support from Axez, Razor



**Felix Da Housecat** (noises) but the signs were there in the esoteric mispellings and portentous spo-

ken word vocals. These days he makes his bread by rehashing the sleazier aspects of early 80s electropop a la recent single *Silver Screen*. Eulogised by the kind of ruthlessly dull fuck who used to slaver over *Muzik* magazine before it got its tits out.

**AJ LETTY**  
SATURDAY 22 JUNE  
SWITCH

€13

If you're thinking "Who the fuck is this guy?" then you can't be blamed. Letty Lyons runs the Eukatech record shop in London, is a veteran of the

city's thriving free party scene, and has been DJing for over ten years. Those who were in Switch for his last visit will testify to the quality on offer. Letty wowed everyone with a selection of tough tech-house and funky techno in a gig that ran until 4.30am and even managed to find favour in the books of those arch cunts over at ie-dance. This gig is timed to coincide with the planned 'Switchfest' which will see guests playing on every night of the week in the Temple Bar club. By the way, AJ stands for acid junkie. Support from Dean Sherry, Barry Dempsey

**UP, BUSTLE AND OUT**  
SATURDAY 22 JUNE  
SHELTER

€10

Up, Bustle and Out's music is a bit different from the usual somnambulant shite coming out of Ninja Tune, but that doesn't make them any better, or even good. Instead of plundering 70s jazz for beats and breaks like most of their label-mates, the duo of Rupert Mould and D. 'Ein' Fell steal their rhythms from the indigenous music of South America, the Middle East and other non-Western cultures. While this may sound like a passable idea on paper, in practice it comes out as dull Latin jazz dressed up in hip-hop beats. Their DJing follows the same formula, which more than likely will make this gig a massive yawner. Support from DJ Certain Death

**FELIX DA HOUSECAT**  
SATURDAY 22 JUNE  
TIVOLI

€TBC

More delayed ejaculation for the techno crowd and, ahem, electroclash fans, thanks to this gig being cancelled in April and postponed until now. In his comically shit attempts to be Prince, Chicago producer and DJ Felix Da Housecat has managed to make some half decent stuff, whether accidentally or not. His early and mid 90s output was heavily coloured by his mentor DJ Pierre's 'wild pitch' sound (translated: house with funny

**WARRIORS  
COME TO  
BOX**

**STANTON WARRIORS**

SATURDAY 15 JUNE

RED BOX

SUPPORT FROM ROBBIE BUTLER

€15.90

APART FROM a low profile but rocking set at Witness last year, this is the Stanton Warriors first proper DJ set in an Irish club. Considering their approach to the dance-floor - throwing 2-step, breakbeat, booty bass, deep house and jungle into the eclectic stew - it would take a promoter with a bit of neck to put them on. All the more astonishing then to see this gig happening on a Saturday night in, of all places, the Red Box. Does this mark a sea change in the venue's strict music policy of shoving Dave Clarke and Darren Emerson up our arses 40 times a year? Even if not, it shows that there's life still left in Harcourt Street and the venue should be commended for taking a risk on these lads. Stanton Warriors are Dominic B and Mark Yardley, ex-A&R man and in-house engineer respectively for the original UK Garage label, Tuff Jams 51st.

Back in 1997, they got pissed off with having to 'ghost-produce' tracks for scene DJ chancers shambling into the labels office with two old samples and a half baked idea. They decided to go it alone and the result was a series of low key but influential speed garage cuts - *Determined, Too True, Bring*



Stant and deliver

*Me Down* - dropping just around the time that speed garage was morphing into 2-step.

By 1999, they were the hottest name on the garage scene, with numerous killer bootlegs and remixes behind them and the likes of Basement Jaxx and Fatboy Slim leaving messages on their phone. They could have cleaned up at this point, becoming figureheads for the emergent 'breakstep' strain of garage, but with characteristic awkwardness, the duo detached themselves from the garage scene completely. Instead they brought out an interesting if frustratingly eclectic mix CD 'The Stanton Sessions', and bogged off to the US to tour with booty bass 'ghetto tech' heroes DJ Godfather and DJ Assault. They're just back, working on their debut album and plan to show off new material tonight. If you go with an open mind, you'll have the time of your life.

**RUI DA SILVA**  
**SATURDAY 22 JUNE**  
**RED BOX** €15.90

Following the success of his UK number one hit Touch Me, Rui Da Silva seems to be going down the well-worn path of producers turned DJs. Before Touch Me hit the commercial big time, the track had been bubbling away in the underground for over a year, and while many DJs elected to play the Peace Division mix on the flip side, there's no denying that this was an excellent piece of progressive house. As was his moody, tribal interpretation of Jennifer Lopez' disgusting Play. Da Silva's new track Fire has been causing a storm in prog circles as of late - just

don't expect to be hearing it on Top Of The Pops any time soon. Though very unlikely, let's hope he's as good a DJ as he is a producer.

**PRIME CUTS**  
**(SCRATCH PERVERTS)**  
**FRIDAY 28 JUNE**  
**MONO** €10

Dublin's interest in turntablism first began to manifest itself around late 1998, when tiny related club nights started opening up and battle breaks albums were found nestling between Jay-Z and Master P in the record shops. Back then, you were lucky to see one decent international deck wizard playing here every couple of months. Now Mono has

become an unlikely focal point for this kind of carry-on, with no less than three scratch DJ or battle MC gigs on this month. Tonight it's Prime Cuts who, with Tony Vegas, is the founding member of Scratch Perverts, Britain's premier deck noodlers. We could list the amount of competition titles the guy has won in the last few years but, frankly, we can't be arsed. Just go and be duly amazed.

**TREVOR NELSON**  
**FRIDAY 28 JUNE**  
**TEMPLE THEATRE** €13

The Malteser-headed bastard is taking a short break from smirking and leering at us in a short-sleeved shirt on MTV to

do it in person at the Temple. Since most young Irish people would be able to identify Trevor Nelson quicker than they would spot 97 per cent of our politicians, there's hardly much point in introducing him. Nelson is quite simply the man when it comes to the British rnb scene. He was well positioned to become UK spokesperson for the music when it broke overground in the late 90s, and boy has he milked it. Don't miss him if you like your rnb. Support from Karlos

**ADAM F**  
**SATURDAY 29 JUNE**  
**TBMC** €12.50

Two months ago we were proud to reveal that Dave Angel's sister is none other than homicidally annoying rapper Monie Love. Carrying on this great tradition of outing dodgy relatives of po-faced DJs, drum n bass-er Adam F is this month exposed as being the son of tragic 70s cabaret rock n roller Alvin Stardust, aka Shane Fenton. His father is reportedly horrified at the bowties that young Adam has been hanging out with for the last year - Redman, LL Cool J, Capone n Noreaga, Beenie Man - all of whom have been collaborating on his startling hip-hop/drum n bass crossover album KAOS. There's a fair chance that, for a Dublin drum n bass audience, he may ditch the nu skool interface in favour of the lethally slick fusak he's better known for. Support from Rohan

**RISE AND FALL OF A SUPERCLUB**

**POD 9TH BIRTHDAY PARTY FEAT. DEEP DISH & TIMO MAAS**  
**SATURDAY 29 JUNE**  
**RED BOX** €30  
**SUPPORT FROM ROBBIE BUTLER, DAVY K**

IN 1994 - one year after its arrival on the Dublin club scene - the Pod nightclub on Harcourt Street represented everything that was completely horsehite about that scene. The Olympic Ballroom and The Asylum - two of the original alma maters of Dublin clubbing - had been closed by the authorities and the third, Sides, was hurtling rapidly towards its own self-destruction a year later. In their place, we were being offered a new kind of 'superclub' - these clubs earning the prefix 'super' mainly on the grounds of it being 'super-difficult to get in'. Back then, The Pod was the queen of Dublin superclubs. Its ugly appeal lay, not in the vulgar décor, not in the over-moneyed twats you had to share floorspace with, certainly not in the pathetic fluffy drivel played week in week out by the DJs, but in how hard it was to get past the smug pricks on the door.

How times change...in 2002 no one except timewarped socialites or foreigners with an 8-year-old copy of In Dublin give a fuck about getting past the doors of the Pod. Its



Two deep dishes

title as pose-joint extraordinaire is now held by another of John Reynolds' creations, Spy/Wax. But the legacy of the Pod does have one saving grace that's worth celebrating - the arrival of its annex, the Red Box. It was initially used as a live venue, until someone realised that if you let in all the people who were turned away from the Pod every Saturday and put a big name DJ on, you could clean up.

At tonight's access-all-areas bash (the two venues plus the Chocolate Bar), a telling sign of that success is that, although it's the Pod's birthday, the bigger name is playing in the Red Box (Deep Dish, putting on a 5 hour set - their gig here last year was apparently a stormer). The advantage of Timo Maas being relegated to the Pod is that, for all its faults, the Pod has by far and away the best sound system in the capital and, for one Saturday at least, it won't be wasted on a shower of sad cunts wondering where it all went wrong.

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## MONDAYS

### EAMONN DORAN'S C.R.A.P

FREE

Resident DJ Dirk Montage knocks out anything from rnb to indie. Doran's is not pleasant on a Monday. Last review: January 2002

### PEG'S BOOZE-O-RAMA

€9

Shocking cheap booze - €2 each all night, which almost makes it worth going here. Bar shuts at 1.30.

### RIRA STRICTLY HANDBAG

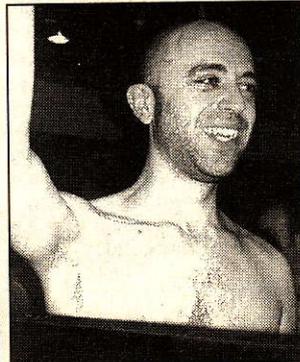
€7

80s music ahoy here at this excellent and reliable night. DJs Kevin Courtney, Mark Kelly, Aidan Kelly and Dandelion. Good stuff. Last review: October 2001

## SWITCH SLAM

€7

This popular underground gay night is doing a roaring trade this weather, with the dance-floor being packed for most of the night as DJ Karen knocks out decent vocal prog to a good crowd who aren't too up their own holes. Rocky T Delshitebucket (below) lays on a good selection of electro and Indie upstairs. Recommended. Last review: May 2001.



## TUESDAYS

### EAMONN DORAN'S SHARPSHOOTER

€8

Gay Indie night with a decent enough effort being made to get crowds in. Expect all the big indie tunes from the last ten years. Resident DJ Rentecca. Last review: February 2001.

### PEG'S LOLLYPOP

€8

Gay night with DJ Ross. That's all we can tell you cause this club is shrouded in mystery. Review next month.

### RIRA BUMP 'N' HUSTLE

€7

Rnb, afro-beat, dancefloor jazz and all the other strands of 'black' music you care to mention are played here very well by Fionn Davenport. Murfi plays upstairs Last reviewed July 2001.

### SWITCH TECHNO.IE

€7

With the excellent Damage dying a death somewhat over the last little while, resident Joe McGrath and DMcG are

relaunching the hard techno night with none other than Claude Young as the guest on the opening night. See once off listings for more info. Could be very good - shame about the name.

### TBMC SALSA VILLA

€8.50

Dr. Rumba tries to teach sad Irish people to dance. Not a pretty sight, but if you're into that kind of thing it could be useful. A club follows, but the attendance is usually shit. Last review September 2001.

### TIVOLI CHEESEY CHART

€6/5

Chart hits are what you can expect in this massive unglamorous place. Aimed at students who are all away for the summer, so numbers will probably be low over the next few months. Vodka €1.30, Redbull €1.30, bottle of champagne, strawberries and table service €20. Last review April 2002.

### WAX LOWDOWN

€7

New house night with a large roster of rotating DJs including Eoin Young, John Mahon, Col Sweeney and others. Vodka and Cranberry €20.



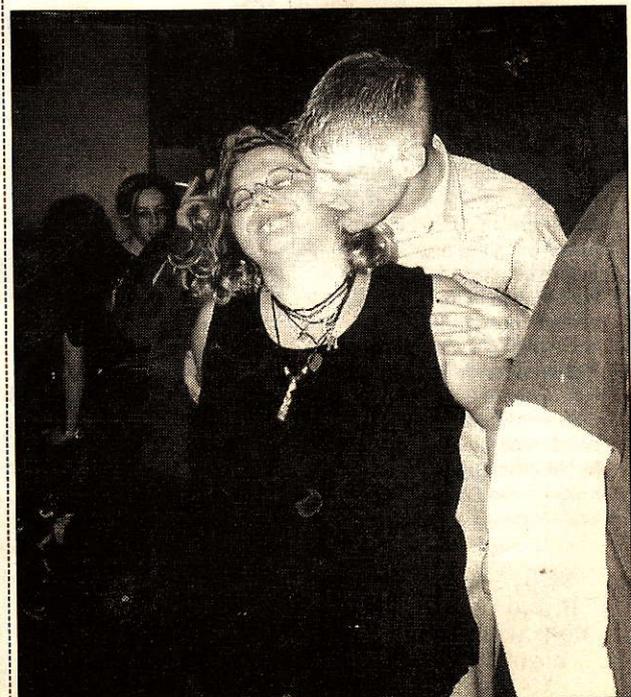
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Des thought he was in, but then he used his "I'm going to make you lick my shit" line

**W'NESDAYS**

**EAMON DORAN'S  
ELECTRO CLASH €6/5**

Punk, Gothic, Industrial and electro. New name but what went before wasn't great. Last review Feb 2002.

**THE GEORGE  
SPACE 'N' VEDA €7 AFTER 10PM**

Alternative performance followed by rnb in Dublin's biggest gay venue. Resident DJs are Veda Bons Reves, Dandelion and Rocky T Delboy.

**MONO  
BLISS €8/6**

Cheesy but successful night for young students looking to drop the hand on each other. Conor G upstairs, Mike McCoy downstairs. Ladies free before midnight. All drinks €2. Last review Jan 2002.

**PARNELL MOONEY  
FIREHOUSE SKANK €6**

Reggae and dub are what's on offer here and a loyal crowd go week after week to this dark basement. MCs feature, as well as top quality International guests who drop in regularly enough. One of Dublin's best clubs. Last review November 2001

**POD  
LOGIC €7**

New tech house and techno student night which bizarrely launched in the middle of exam time. The music is good, though, and there are some decent booze deals, so this could take off come September. Residents on rotation include Ron's Mobile Disco, Azreal, the excellent Simon Conway, Sean Hand, Nick Corrigan and Scott McNaughton. All pints €1.90, 2 x Vodka and Sharks €6.50. Last review May 2002.

**WRITERS WANTED:**  
If you would like to help with The Slate's clubbing section, email:  
[clubbing@theslate.ie](mailto:clubbing@theslate.ie) or phone 664 0007

**RIRA  
TONGUE N GROOVE €7**

Today FM's Donal Dineen lays on beats, inoffensive hip hop, funk and soul. Hit more often than miss. Last review October 2001

**SWITCH  
MIXIT €8/5**

Tech and tribal house from Nova's Jay Cisco and pals. A good effort, but will suffer over the summer due to the lack of students. Vodka and energy drink €3. Last review February 2002.

**TBMC  
SOUL RIOT □6.50/4**

Residents are Gerry Molumby, Brian Harrington, Murfi and Dave Rice play funk and soul to fuck all people, usually. Last review April 2002.

**TOMATO  
SPARK/ZODIAC LOUNGE €8/6**

Decent guitar orientated night which sees live underground bands play in the back lounge. Get there around nine for them. DJ Andy Colbert plays tunes afterwards. Corona €3, cocktails €2.50. Last review April 2002.

**WAX  
SURESHOT €7**

DJs Graham and Darragh bang out 80s hits for stewdents, although they don't appreciate you behaving like a student in here. 2 cocktails for the price of one. Last review May 2002.

**THURSDAYS**

**CRYPT (TEMPLE  
THEATRE)  
DEEP €7**

Residents Sam Lowther, Marty Sheridan play mainly deep and progressive house. Good DJs, great venue and sound, but numbers have been low. Grolsch/Miller €3.50 per pint. Last review May 2002.

**EAMON DORAN'S  
SIMIONICS €6/5**

Loads of rotating promoters. Dubzland on June 6 - house music with Hard as Flint, Kevin

Clarke and Mr Henry. Powerfm.org on June 13 - house with Brian Chamberlain and Graham Keely. June 20 - hard house from Ken Tobin and Grit Greenglow. Ignition on June 27 - techno from Joe McGrath and Sunil Sharpe.

**THE GEORGE  
THE MISSING LINK €8 AFTER 10PM**

Quiz with weekly prize of €250 followed by 'Songs from the Last Century'. Hosted by Annie Balls and DJ Stuart Jackson.

**PARNELL MOONEY  
GZ €4/5**

Live bands from 9.30 and DJs afterwards are to be found in this grotty basement, while a young crowd of mostly ugly goths get pissed on cider. Last review October 2001.

**POD  
VIBE €8/6 LADIES FREE B4 12**

Good rnb night with Frank Jez, Wez Darcy and Mel O.D. Expect big Jay-z style tracks and lots of women with no clothes on. Pints of Millers €2.50 all night. Last reviewed April 2002.

**RED BOX  
REVOLVER €6.50**

Cheap booze, cheesy music and reasonable numbers make John Reynold's effort to crack the student market a completely forgettable night. Al Gibbs is resident. 2V+1RB =€6.50. All Other drinks €1.90. Ladies free before 12. Last review November 2001

**RIRA  
FUNK OFF €8/7**

Padraig Disconaut plays upstairs and excellent rnb man Stevie G and guests are downstairs - good stuff, with plenty of rowdy drunks getting the weekend started a day early.

**TBMC  
SCREAMADELICA €6.50/5.50**

Eamon Sweeney and various members of the Dublin indie scene bang out big tunes to people who hate dance music. Numbers fluctuate, but there is generally a fairly good atmosphere. Last review May 2002.

**TOMATO  
QUEEN €8**

New Gay house night with Ben Carvosso and Tony Pugh. Mostly progressive house. Review next month. Cocktails, Corona are €3.

**WAX  
SOUL PATROL €7**

A good selection of DJs, including Padraig Disconaut, Nello Romano and Billy Scurry play excellent deep house in what is Wax's best week-night club. Too posy for many, but catch it on the right night and it's excellent. International guests are booked - with an excellent set from Kenny Hawkes last month - but they've had a couple of bad cancellations of late. Last review: May 2002.



>>> NEW REVIEW

**PURE  
SWITCH €8/7**

DJ Bubbles (above) makes a welcome return to Switch after leaving the kip just over a year ago. In the meantime, he has prospered on Sundays in the Pod, the one downside being that some of his followers are pissed off with the trancier direction his sets are taking there. This night sees him return to 'pure' house - well mixed and carefully put together, as you would expect from a DJ of Bubbles' calibre. The sound to expect is mostly on the deep side with a bit of tech-house thrown in. With college exams keeping people busy last month, the place wasn't exactly jammed, but it was a good sign that punters seemed to be dancing all over the club - not just on the dancefloor. Probably the best place to see Bubbles at the moment - check it out.

Regular Clubbing

**FRIDAYS**

**EAMONN DORANS  
FEVER** €10

This progressive house night used to run in the Kitchen, and then that place closed down. Report next month on how the move to Doran's is fairing. DJ Podje at the helm. Visuals from C-Division.

**GAIETY  
SALSA PALACE** €12

Live Salsa bands, some ok DJs and films being shown on a large screen. All a bit lacklustre, but not bad if you're in your late 20s looking for a husband.

**ISAAC BUTT  
SUPREME** €5

Good indie night with John Colbert knocking out well-chosen tunes to a load of drunk nerdy types. Last reviewed April 2002.

**MONO  
ROTATING PROMOERS** €VARIES

The Motion techno and tech-house night is now a monthly gig due to low numbers. Check once off listings section for details.

**MONO BAR  
CHOICE CUTS** €5 AFTER 11PM

Good scratch hip hop night in a decent setting. DJs Splyce, Mayhem, Tu Ki, OB, Scope and Mek can all be found there regularly. Numbers are usually very good, with a decent crowd of regulars. Warsteiner 500ml €3.50. Last review March 2002.

**POD  
HAM** €10/8

Reliable, long running gay night with Tonie Walsh, Shay Hannon, Hugh Scully and Martin McCann as residents. Music ranges from funky to prog house, with a large following of regulars attending. Good stuff. Last review May 2002.

**RED BOX  
DEVOTION** €9.50/7

Techno-bot Francois is in charge of this techno and tech house night which happens when the Red Box can't get a big name DJ in on a Friday. Hard as nails most of the time, with Giles Armstrong, Ron's Mobile Disco and the Redsetaz banging it out on rotation. Rarely very packed. Last review April 2002.

**RIRA  
RINKA** €9

Funk, hip hop, soul from Cian O'Ciobhain, Pat McMarsbar, Dave Cleary, Cyril Briscoe and Brian Nevin. Open decks upstairs. Good Rira's fare.

**SHOOTERS  
OBSESSION** €10

Gar Skelly and Paul Coady plus special guests bang out retro tunes. Terrible venue.

**SWITCH  
FOOD** €9

Breakbeat as it should be played, with lots of variation and the odd old skool classic thrown in. Crusty Simon F is the best resident, well worth checking out. International

guests drop in from time to time, with Derry based Flux on June 28. Last reviewed January 2002.

**TEMPLE THEATRE  
RHYTHM CORPORATION  
& EUPHORIA** €13/9

Dublin's biggest rnb night. Excellent Brit DJs every week (Dodge, Keith Lawrence, occasionally Trevor Nelson), podium

dancers and fill the place with a huge crowd of mixed punters going mad. Hard house from Jay Pidgeon and Ken Tobin plus guests down in the Crypt. Last reviewed July 2001

**VOODOO  
URBAN** €3 B4 10/VARIES

Declan Canning and Stephen Flynn play house music in this large, bizarre pub. Review next month if we feel like it

**Club gossip**

THERE WAS much hilarity recently when Boy George got a surprise while playing for Lust down the bog. Not used to the concept of gender bending, a redneck called George some nasty names, to which BG responded by labelling them all "farmers," which probably wasn't too far from the truth.

A certain superstar DJ was recently spotted in Dublin celebrating his birthday with not one but two young women. More interestingly, neither were his wife...

Sunday May 12th saw John Reynold's POD venue get some heavy-handed action thanks to the Harcourt

Street regiment of our baton-tastic Gardai. The night, run by Bubbles (the only DJ in Dublin who likes to exit his club on a stretcher), came to a sudden standstill when the boys in blue came in and closed things down a little after 2am.

Two of Dublin's better known dance music shops have suddenly closed their doors as trade just ain't what it used to be. The Futuresounds pair of Karl & Mick on Crown Alley, whose progressive house sounds had been doing the do for the past 18 months, decided enough was enough near the beginning of the May. A few days later came the news that many around town had been

predicting for a while - the English owned Disque Records on the quays is also to close. Disque stepped into the breach to replace Ulic O'Connor's successful Tag techno shop, but things never really took off for them. Yet another shop to go the way of the Queen mother is Trinity Records (next to wanker hangout 4 Dame Lane).

After a short lived residency in Tomato nightclub on Harcourt St., No Fun D1 have decided to pull out of the club. The split does not seem to have been acrimonious. The latest news from No Fun towers is that the techno boys will be concentrating on



No Fun's Doyle

their Dublin Electronic Arts Festival, which is scheduled to take place in a few months.

It has reached The Slate's ears that MCD PR man Buzz O'Neill's real name is the terribly unglamorous Feargal. Send all guestlist requests to Buzz@mcd.ie.

Finally, last month we said that Brian Spollen was the most disliked man in Dublin dance music and that he had left MCD. Both statements are true, but we may have unintentionally given the impression that Brian did not leave the company of his own volition. Well, ladies and gentlemen, we'd like to point out that he quit the cunts entirely off his own bat. Our apologies to Brian for any confusion.

>>> NEW REVIEW

**LOBO  
ULTRA LOUNGE** €10

If you are a halfway decent person, you won't meet anyone you know at this club. The Morrisson has a reputation as an 'exclusive' joint. The night is called Ultra Lounge. You can only buy beer in bottles. These factors ensure that the place is full of godawful scum who have been drinking since they finished their day's work as trainee solicitors or assistants in PR companies. With gigantic couches all over the place, it should be easy enough to sit in a corner and ignore everyone while getting pissed. But somehow it's impossible to escape the knowledge that desperate people are poking their arses into each other out on the postage stamp-sized dancefloor. Music policy is strictly nondescript jazzy housey crap.

**SATURDAYS**

**EAMONN DORANS  
CATAPULT** €7

Indie, rock and house courtesy of Steve Stone from Ireland's worst magazine, Hot Press. You'll get an odd assortment of people here.

**GAIETY  
SOUL STAGE** €12

Jazz, cabaret and soul in loads of different shabby rooms gives this place a vaguely epic but slightly depressing feel. Bar opens til 4am, but the older crowd that go there give it a slightly stolid atmosphere.

**ISAAC BUTT  
CHEESEY SINGLES** €6

Indie disco with DJ Andy Colbert. He's a simple but effective DJ. If you hate dance music this is a decent option.

**MONO  
FUNKY** €12/10

This exceptionally stupid name has been applied to what seems to be the same night that was always running here. It used to be called Rotate and you'll find Paddy Sheridan, Conor G and Raymond Franklyn playing prog house. Not spectacular.

**POD  
MODERNISM** €13/10

Davy K plays proggy house, and Dave Parry takes care of the Chocolate Bar. Not bad, not great - crowd are quite dressed up.

**RED BOX  
RED** €VARIES

A random enough selection of international big name DJs play the Red Box on a Saturday, and usually Robbie Butler supports. See once-offs for more info.

**RIRA  
FRISKY DISCO** €10

Pretty much the same old Ri Ra except with a slightly housier edge downstairs courtesy of Emma C. Dave Cleary plays upstairs. The Dame Court venue is always a safe option. Last review April 2002.

**SHOOTERS  
MUVE** €VARIES

Trance for the young crowd that go to this clinical, nasty venue. Last review February 2002.

**SWITCH  
FUNK'D UP** €13/11

Dean Sherry and Barry Dempsey are the residents here, and they've built up some good links with interenational artists such as AJ Letty (Eukatech), who is playing on June 22nd, and the excellent Phil Kieran. Sometimes it can be less than exciting, but get it

on a good night and it's banging. Last review March 2002

**SHELTER  
ROTATING PROMOTERS**

Check once off listings for details. A fine little venue.

**TEMPLE THEATRE  
SP@CE** €18

Big hard house and trance for young little clubbers - not for the purists or the fainthearted, as the music tends to be cheesey and the atmosphere manic.

**VOODOO  
PLAYAZ BALL FREE B4 10PM/€8**

Rnb in this badly located superpub. DJ Funkmaster Lee is in charge.

**WAX  
REVISION FREE B4 11/€10**

Wax shows it's true colours at the weekend - full of cunts.

**Switch**

23, Eustace St, Temple Bar

**Mondays ... Slam**  
Gay night with DJ Karen

**Tuesdays ... Techno.ie**  
Launch night June 18 with Claude Young

**Wednesdays ... Mixit**  
Tech-house & tribal with Jay Cisco

**Thursdays ... Pure**  
House with Bubbles

**Fridays ... F.O.O.D**  
Breaks with Simon F

**Saturdays ... Funk'd Up**  
Techno with Impulsive Records

**Sundays ... Foot Fetish**  
Tribal house & live drummers with Tonie Walsh & friends



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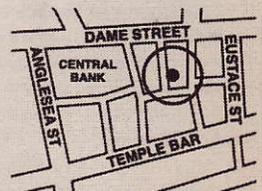
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**SUNDAYS**

**COYOTE**

FRESH 'N' FUNKY FREE B4 12 WITH CONC, €8 AFTER

Good rnb session here with Cork's Stevie G and the regrettable, floor-emptying Tony Dixon as residents. International guests such as Shortee Blitz has appeared in the past. The place itself it weird and tacky, but it still works much of the time. Last reviewed: April 2002

**EAMON DORAN'S MELTING POT** €6

Poor hip hop night with plenty of bad scratching and annoying beat juggling. Last review December 2002

**THE GEORGE**

SHIRLEY'S BINGO SUNDAY €7

Very popular variety show hosted by Ireland's most famous tranny, Shirly Temple Bar and followed by DJ Fluffy. Well worth checking out.

**INTERNATIONAL LAZYBIRD** €4

Eclectic indie & electronica night which often sees moments of bizarre brilliance. Has been doing very well numbers wise of late, so get there early if you want a seat. Recently they've played host to Exile Eye, Spectac and various other leftfield oddballs. Coming up this month: June 2nd - 2 lap-tops and a sax; June 9th - Triple Horn; June 16 - Thinker Org; June 23rd and 30th to be confirmed. Last reviewed January 2001

**MONO MESSY** €6

All day house session which starts downstairs and sees all manner of house DJs play before it goes upstairs. Patrick Dempsey and Nick Corrigan are the residents. Hasn't been doing so well of late. Last review March 2002

**ODDYSEY POD** €9

Sunday's most popular night has slowed down a little over the past while. Bubbles plays all kinds of house and touches on trance and more commercial sounds towards the end. Last reviewed: May 2002.

Send gossip about DJs and promoters to [clubbing@theslate.ie](mailto:clubbing@theslate.ie)

**SWITCH FOOT FETISH** €8/6

Tonie Walsh, Sean Hand and Ed Poland lay on bongo-driven west coast house. A big effort to disguise the manky inside of Switch is made, with glitter and other paraphernalia hanging from the ceiling and walls, which works very well. Live drummers feature too. This could take off, definitely worth checking out. Last review May 2002.

**WAX HILTON EDWARDS** €8

Sceney gay house night with Martin McCann and Mark Dixon on the decks. The Music can get a bit noodly but there generally tend to be loads of people here and few dirty old men. Last reviewed February 2002.

**DJ BARS**

Email [clubbing@theslate.ie](mailto:clubbing@theslate.ie) to get your bar listed here

**MONDAYS**

4 Dame Lane - Music Matters: Rory Jones & MC Phil West (regga, reggae, roots)  
 Chocolate Bar - Happy Hr 5pm - 8.30pm: Pints €2.30, Cocktails €3.20  
 Dice Bar - Bitch Night: Hosted by Asha. guest dj's, fetish dancers (apparently) and live music.  
 Gubu - Comedy night: Declan Rooney  
 Handel's - Open Deck  
 Modern Green Bar - Revenge of the Bar staff - music picked by the staff  
 Thomas House - Vibrator  
 Voodoo - Sugar Jam: with Marcus Valentine. Open mic. session, bands & dj's.

**TUESDAYS**

4 Dame Lane - Lizard Lounge (lounge music)  
 Chocolate Bar - Happy Hr 5pm - 8.30pm: Pints €2.30, Cocktails €3.20  
 Dice Bar - Relentless: Guest DJs every week, including Lady MC, Grunt Brothers (drum n bass)  
 Handel's - Joy Soul Sister (soul, funk)  
 Mezzanine Bar -  
 Modern Green Bar - DJ Jimmy Behan (Kin Recordings) electro and chillout. Erdinger 500ml bottles €3 all night.  
 Thomas House - Home Brew  
 Gubu - Jazz and Funk bands  
 Voodoo - The Tuesday Club: funk/soul

**WEDNESDAYS**

4 Dame Lane - The Hot Jazz Biscuits with Kieran Wild (Jazz) Conor Irwin (downstairs)  
 Bodkins - Open Mic Night  
 Chocolate Bar - Happy Hr 5pm - 8.30pm: Pints €2.30, Cocktails €3.20  
 Dice Bar - Fillet of Soul: DJ Mivian. 60's soul/britpop/classics  
 Gubu - G Spot with Busty (open mike variety show)  
 Handel's - Ollie Moore (breaks, beats, reggae and electro)  
 Modern Green Bar - DJ Adam - soul. Becks 500ml bottles €3 all night  
 Mono - Mike McCoy (eclectic)  
 Thomas House - Dub Factor Greg (Ska, Roots, Rhythm) & Inner Frequency  
 Viva - Sound Factory (ground floor) Eddie Lennon  
 Voodoo - Nada : DJ No (house)

**THURSDAY**

4 Dame Lane - Hiphopalicious: Fhadd Junior (Sir Henry's), DJ Dar (hip hop, breaks, beats, mb)  
 Bodkins - Open Dec Night  
 Chocolate Bar - Open 5pm. Jamie Clarke, David Davin. Happy Hr 5pm - 8.30pm: Pints €2.30, Cocktails €3.20  
 Dice Bar - Fromage - DJ Derry Lee (aka Bronagh Gallagher) & friends. (Motown rock/soul)  
 Fireworks - Booty R'n'b, hip hop, garage with Pure Silk  
 GUBU - DJ Daniel - mixed bag  
 Handel's - Rocky T. Delgado (electro, indie)  
 Hogan's - Jason O'Callaghan (Soul, Funk and Grooves)  
 Life Bar - Al Redmonds  
 Modern Green Bar - DJ Stephen Hughes (Big Brother Records), Stella Artois Pints €3 all night  
 Mono - Fresh Vinyl Attack DJ Ilk Latvia (eclectic)  
 Thomas House - Fatty Fatty & Hidden Fortress, X-ray Specs & Downtown  
 Viva - Retrospect Mark Kelly (indie)  
 Pravda - Zoe S.  
 Searson's - Eamon Barrett  
 Viva - Retrospect, Mark Kelly (Indie)  
 Voodoo - Shakedown: DJ Gerry Molumby. (funk/soul/disco)

**FRIDAY**

4 Dame Lane - Crunch: Aidan Kelly & Jonathon Lynn (funny house and disco)  
 Chocolate Bar - Open 5pm. Davey K. Happy Hr 5pm - 8.30pm: Pints €2.30, Cocktails €3.20  
 Dice Bar - Hell's Kitchen - DJ Claire K & Pete Pamf. (funk/soul/classics/anything goes)  
 Forty Foot, Dun Laoghaire - Malik (lounge/funk/soul/house)  
 GUBU - Kajagubu Mark Kelly (80s night)  
 Handel's - Rocky's Revenge (7.30-9.30) Rocky T Delgado. Star DJ 9.30-close (mixed bag)  
 Hogan's - Mr Moto & Nello Romano (deep house)  
 Life Bar - Tiny Tim (commercial house)  
 Modern Green Bar - Fionn Davenport (Velure) (funk/disco/hip hop)  
 Mono - Choice Cuts. OB, Scope, Tuki, Mek, Splyce, Pravda - Terry C and Wayne B  
 Searson's - Terry C and Wayne B  
 Thomas House - Savage Banter Leagues and guests (indie) & Gappy Foundation Triple A & Nomad (drum 'n' bass)  
 Viva - Paul Webb & guests

Voodoo - Urban: Brian Macdonald, Gary Ward, Taylor, Steve Flynn, Declan Canning, Rosman (deep house)

**SATURDAYS**

4 Dame Lane - Fancy Free: Fhadd Junior (down) DJ Mikee (Up) (hip hop, breaks, cheese)  
 Chocolate Bar - Open 6pm. Dave Perry. Coyote Lounge - DJ's Sean Harley, Gladdy: R+B, Happy House  
 Dice Bar - The Promised Land - DJ Poppy & DJ Tarquin (lounge/funk/disco)  
 Forty Foot, Dun Laoghaire - Nello Romano/ Mr Moto (lounge to house)  
 GUBU - DJ Conor Irwin / DJ Richard  
 Handel's - DJs Dara & Kevin (hip hop, jazz, funk)  
 Harbourmaster - Steff Hoffman/Peter Cosgrove (laid back grooves)  
 Hogan's - Eddie Eustace/ Dan O'Keefe JazzyBeats  
 Life Bar - Hugo Boss  
 Modern Green Bar - Freestyle: guests  
 Mono - Ronan O (funky house)  
 Pravda - Eamon Barret (indie)  
 Searson's - Terry C  
 Thomas House - Monkey Tennis Tom Rixton and Scott alternates with Thomas the Skank Engine DJ Euro, DK Dublin and friends  
 Viva - Paul Webb & guests

**SUNDAYS**

4 Dame Lane - The Workers Party with Aiden Kelly Dandelion Sergeant & DJ Mikee (funky house and disco)  
 Chocolate Bar - Open 6pm Scott McNaughton + Jessie. Happy Hr 7pm - 9pm: Pints €2.30, Cocktails €3.20  
 Dice Bar - The Poison - DJs Poison, Pappy & Ram (reggae/soukous/saka/dance/zouk/ arabic)  
 GUBU - Jazz Action Live jazz band from 5-7  
 Hogan's - Sundazed, 4pm til close -featuring Mr Moto, Color, Eddie Eustace and Nello Romano.  
 Handel's - Ciaran and Miller from 6-9 Colin and Steve + Co 9-12  
 Mono - Messy Patrick Dempsey, Nick Corrigan and about 200 guests. (house)  
 Thomas House - Chicks on decks / Funkin Divine Allstars  
 Viva - Tom Rixton & Quilli  
 Voodoo - Pacemaker, from noon till 6pm: open decks  
 Aura - from 6pm till late. Dave McDonnell & guests. Barbeque in beer garden.

**WESTLIFE**  
06 JUNE  
POINT THEATRE €35

When putting together Boyzone Mk 2, Louis Walsh decided to eliminate the one variable in the boyband equation he couldn't control. Having determined that personalities contribute nothing to the genre but tattoos and dreadlocks he chose five guys notable only for lacking even one personality between them. Boyzone boasted a Machiavellian frontman, a gay sidekick, a middle-aged postman and a thug - to mention, well, all of them bar Keith Duffy. With Westlife, Walsh gives us the fat one, the smug one and... they all kind of blend into one another after that. Their latest video is a thinly disguised remake of Adam Ant's Stand And Deliver featuring the clueless quintet dancing like morons and generally looking bemused that they're still getting away with it. Take a bow lads. And fuck off.

**CARLOS SANTANA & UB40**  
07 JUNE  
MARLAY PARK €59.50

You can see what the promoters here (MCD) are thinking: Southside grannies seconded en masse to babysitting duties as middle class couples flock to Marlay Park. Easy money. And what better bait than Carlos Santana. The guitar virtuoso and Woodstock veteran has enjoyed unprecedented popularity since 1999's Supernatural - featuring guest performers like Eric Clapton and Lauren Hill - won him a raft of Grammys. That's America though. Whether the Mexican-born bandleader has enough Irish fans to pull in a large crowd here is uncertain. The support, UB40: multiracial unemployed types say "Fuck Thatcher" and make a go of it with (reggaefied/reggae tinged) cover versions. Great idea, twenty years ago. Where the fuck is David Gray when you need him?

**DEAN FRIEDMAN**  
08 JUNE 7.30PM  
VICAR ST €22

New Jersey was the Seattle of its day when Dean Friedman

## A WARPED TAKE ON HIP-HOP

**ANTI-POP CONSORTIUM**

02 JUNE 7.30PM

TBMC

€15

**THESE CHAPS** occupy a rather strange position on the musical spectrum. From a distance they look just like another rap group, but you'll find the hip-hop music press giving out yards about them and young wiggaz turning their snout noses up in disgust at the very mention of their name. This is hardly surprising; not for them the traditional hip-hop beats, structures, cuts and rhymes.

The quartet - producer E. Blaize and MCs Beans, Priest and M. Sayyid - began working together in the mid-90s, but didn't release anything until 2000, when their first album *Tragic Epilogue* came out. Despite the fact that it was a strikingly original work and about a million miles away from what everybody else was doing in hip-hop, this record was largely ignored. It wasn't until Warp Records put out their *The Ends Against the Middle* that people starting taking serious note.



Don't consort with these boys

Although the three MCs cite Native Tongues acts as inspirations, their meandering, train-of-thought (sometimes pointless) raps are probably closer in spirit to Dr. Octagon. But Blaize uses far more electronics than most of his fellow producers and DJs, leading some cunts to refer to them as 'blip-hop'.

Their latest full-length, *Arrhythmia*, was released a couple of months ago, also on Warp, and is easily one of the best albums of 2002 so far. This kind of show might be difficult to pull off, but if it works, it could end up being top class. Either way, it's well worth checking out.

briefly hit the big time in the late 1970s. Friedman was a small-time performer who plied his trade at weddings and bar mitzvahs when he was discovered by David Blumberg and secured a recording contract. New Jersey natives Bruce Springsteen, Patti Smith and Phoebe Snow had all broken into the national charts and, figuring there was something in the water there, New York impresarios Allen Pepper and Stanley Snadowsky decided to manage the Palisades-born guitarist. Like Springsteen, he was good at gritty social realism and he promptly delivered the smash hit *Ariel*. Unfortunately he never came close to repeating that success. That he is still slogging it out today is a tribute to his blue-collar work ethic and not any great popularity.

Write for this gigs section.  
Email [gigs@theslate.ie](mailto:gigs@theslate.ie) and we'll give you some shit to do

**DONOVAN**  
09 JUNE 7.30PM  
VICAR ST €26

This Scottish folkie was considered Britain's answer to Bob Dylan when he scored big hits with *Mellow Yellow*, *There Is A Mountain* and *Love Like Heaven* in the mid- to late-60s. Unfortunately his music was mostly lightweight hippy pap, though, and his own inherent silliness was memorably demonstrated when, inspired by the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, he renounced drug-taking and embraced meditation. It was in 1968 that he spent the first of his long, unwelcome sojourns in this country. Having reached the end of his natural shelf life by 1970 Donovan might have remained forgotten but for his bizarre endorsement by the Happy Mondays over a decade ago. Since then he has achieved modest success touring and contributing to film sound-tracks.

**THE POGUES AND THEIR MATES**

09 JUNE

MARLAY PARK

€39.50

The Pogues' Madness-esque permanent reunion is to be welcomed. Finer, Stacy and co. are much better able to keep a rein on Shane McGowan's excesses than the Popes ever were. Dublin favourite, 'Shane-o' may exhibit the manner and poise of a retard, but he knows the songs inside-out and still has his moments of greatness. Support act the Proclaimers are widely respected for having the courage to sing out in their own thick Scottish accents. Conversely, the Saw Doctors, also playing, are considered a national embarrassment for using Irish accents and subject matter. Rawk fans therefore needn't concern themselves with either act. If you're looking for something cutting edge you might also want to give them a miss.

**OZRIC TENTACLES**

14 JUNE 8PM

WHELANS €16.50

The first Summer Of Love produced hippies. Then what was supposedly the second Summer Of Love (1989, in Britain) spawned something even more repulsive - New Age Travelers. Out of this, the Ozric Tentacles, who had actually been around since 1983, combined crustiness with prog-rock to produce something not quite as bad as that sounds. Be warned, though, it is still reminiscent enough of awful 70s acts like Tangerine Dream to confiscate from any young person you care about. Strangitude (1991) and Jurassic Shift (1993) sold well and they've been releasing music prolifically ever since, with diminishing returns. Group members Joie Hinton and Merv Pepler have also recorded trance albums for Planet Dog Records as Eat Static.

**LOWLIFE RECORDS NIGHT**

14 JUNE

MONO €10

By bringing a couple of rappers into Mono, hip-hop club Choice Cuts are providing a bit of variation on the DJ scratch antics that you'll usually find at their nights here. Braintax - the main guest tonight - is the UK MC behind Lowlife Records. After ten years paying his dues supporting big-name US hip-hoppers and being ignored by everyone, he decided not to go the Aslan route of blaming the indifference on his nationality rather than his shittiness, and instead got his act together. This resulted in the critically acclaimed *Biro Funk* album. He's supported by fellow Lowlife MC Mysterio and ex-Scratch Pervert Harry Love, which begs the question: how many fucking Scratch Perverts were there and why were they all sacked?

**ARTHUR LEE & LOVE**

16 JUNE

AMBASSADOR €22-€25

Back in the mid-60s, Love were the hippest act on the LA scene and a major inspiration for history's most overrated band, The Doors. In 1967 they

**HERE COMES THE TELLY TOTTY****TELEVISION**

15 JUNE 7.30PM

VICAR ST €29

**AFTER THE** rapturous reception they received when they played here just over a year ago, reformed New York legends Television make a welcome (if surprisingly prompt) return to Vicar Street this month. There are only two words you need to know about this band - *Marquee Moon*. The seminal 1976 album is probably the greatest debut ever recorded, as innovative even as *The Velvet Underground* and *Nico* a decade earlier. Tracks like *See No Evil* and *Friction* established the template for the fledgling new wave scene, and artists from U2 to Radiohead have been quick to acknowledge the debt. But mercifully few acts have attempted to replicate the sprawling title track. An ingenious piece of garage rock with jazz-inspired guitar improvisations the

equal of anything Jimi Hendrix ever came up with, it represented an approach that could have gone disastrously wrong in the hands of lesser musicians.

If the 1978 follow-up *Adventure* failed to sustain the consistent high quality of their debut it was no great shame. Perhaps only the Stone Roses have ever faced such a daunting task. The band split shortly after and apart from a brief reunion in 1992 - when they appeared at Glastonbury and recorded a well-received eponymous album - Television have spent most of the intervening period working on solo projects. The spirit and excitement of late 70s CBGBs, where Television were briefly the coolest band in the world, is impossible to recreate in the 21st century. But Tom Verlaine and Richard Lloyd have not forgotten how to play. And if you've heard their music you'll know just how fortunate we are for this. Highly recommended.

released *Forever Changes*, and it has been lodged ever since in most rock critics' Top Ten Albums of All Times' lists. What's never mentioned is that of all the masterpieces of the era (*Revolver*, *Pet Sounds*, *Astral Weeks*) *Forever Changes* is the only one that now sounds badly dated and Age of Aquarius-ish. (Not unlike the concept of love in that respect.) This is odd considering that Love were hustlers and junkies but never hippies. By the end of the 1960s Arthur Lee was essentially a solo artist but continued to record as Love. With Billy Maclean, the only other notable member of the 60s line up, now dead and Lee billed separately it's anyone's guess who will appear on stage with him in Whelans'.

**SPECIAL OLYMPICS CONCERT**

16 JUNE

OLYMPIA €20

With the Special Olympics qualifiers just around the corner, this so-called good cause has attracted a myriad of celebrity musicians to gather together and patronise people with disabilities while everybody looks on and claps. It may be a surprise to see Kila top the bill but the O'Snodagh brothers' new-age trad has a remarkably large and loyal following. Sinead O'Connor's convincing demonstration of her own near-insanity may have sabotaged her international career, but the singer remains very popular with Hotpress readers. Sharon

Shannon, Ireland's premier accordion player is leading the dodgy benefit concert stakes tonight, having recently done one in support of the Colombia Three. And, with an album to promote, Maria Doyle Kennedy will be in serious plug-mode as she prepares for her *Witness* debut next month.



Sinead: Bonkers

**STEPHEN HERO**

19 JUNE  
SHELTER €10

This is Stephen Hero's first outing since their support slot on Bill Janowitz's recent tour of Britain and Ireland. The band is the brainchild of Patrick Fitzgerald, formerly of Kitchens of Distinction, an artrock group from the 80s and 90s. This background might go some way to explain his new band's James Joyce-checking name, but Fitzgerald has now melowered somewhat, and Stephen Hero's new album *Darkness & the Day* has an more poppy feel than his old band's angular rock, which won admirers such as the goofy-looking guitarist from Radiohead. Support band Joan of Arse have been quietly moving around the Dublin music scene for some time now, and recently released an LP, *Distant Hearts, A Little Closer*, which is the best expression of their folksy, minimalist sound to date.

likening crazy Beyonce Knowles and her servants to classic motown acts like Diana Ross. This ridiculous comparison has also surfaced in other publications, with Vibe magazine shooting a cover featuring DC posing as The Supremes. The main similarity between the two groups seem to be that they're black women who sell millions of records. Fair enough, but there is the rather important difference that the Supremes have a string of classic soul singles to their name that have stood the test of time, whereas Destiny's Child have had a couple of over-produced singles that everyone is sick of and the rest of their output is complete rubbish. Furthermore, Beyonce, the group's fascistic christian leader sacked the songwriter that brought them their early success and began co-writing herself - with the end result that the majority of the songs from their latest album are absolute shit.

**ANI DIFRANCO**

21 JUNE  
AMBASSADOR €28.20

Ani DiFranco is a bit like what Alanis Morissette would be like if she had credibility rather than \$\$\$\$. Still not very tempting in other words. A skinhead and a bisexual, she has been putting out albums on her own profitable independent record label, Righteous Babe, to ever wider acclaim for over ten years now. Her songs are strong, often politically motivated and always politically correct. Her devoted American fanbase is, not surprisingly, predominantly female, although she did put her popularity to the test some years back by defecting to the other team and marrying a dirty man. Anyway, if you can feel her pain you will no doubt be elevated to heights of empathetic bliss. If not she's indistinguishable from any other whiney female folk singer.

**THE D4**

22 JUNE 8PM  
WHELANS €14.50

You can expect this lot to be on the front of NME next week - 4 men with Beatles haircuts, leather jackets that are too small for them and "THIS IS THE BEST NEW ROCK BAND IN THE WORLD" written underneath in nasty large lettering. While this usually means that NME have yet again failed to come up with anything worth writing about, The D4 - who are from New Zealand and hence can be forgiven their choice of moniker - are a very good guitar band by today's pathetic standards. They specialise in loud, fast, short rock songs with largely meaningless lyrics shouted over the top, all gathered together with an ironic nod which brings to mind the likes of Rocket From The Crypt. Check them out in this small venue before they become huge.

**ROD STEWART**

20 JUNE  
LANSDOWNE RD €46.35 - €63.49

There are people who'll tell you that Rod Stewart was once renowned for more than just the women he shagged and the ridiculous outfits he wore. They point to excellent early singles like *Stay With Me* and *Handbags and Gladrags* as examples of what a talent he was in his prime. And they're right. But fuck him; he made his bed a long time ago. Some time in the mid-70s Rod traded credibility for hits at any price and the millions of dollars he earned no doubt gave him comfort when his every release was greeted with howls of derision from the critics. He's jumped one bandwagon too far now and his recording career is over. But he should still have the voice and the (easily pleased) fans to fill the RDS again. Support from Gabrielle.

**DC CRANKS  
BACK ON  
FORM**

FUGAZI  
18 JUNE DOORS 8PM.  
VICAR STREET

Washington DC post-hardcore veterans Fugazi have entered an extended Indian summer lately. If 1998's awful *End Hits* sounded like a band out of ideas and reduced to worn-out posturing, last year's *The Argument* represented rejuvenation for the four-piece and proved that there is life in the old punks yet. Drummer Brendan Canty, bassist Joe Lally and guitarist/vocalists Ian Mackaye and Guy Picotto formed Fugazi in 1987. Early albums *Repeater* and *Steady Diet Of Nothing* cemented their reputation as America's premier hardcore noise merchants and earned them a devoted following. But the kind of commercial success enjoyed by Nirvana and Rage Against the Machine was never on the cards for a band who clearly despised every aspect of the record industry.

They remained independent and put a lot of effort into ensuring that their CD and gig prices remained as low as possible. By the end of the 1990s, though, their dogmatic and



Fugazi

self-righteous opposition to everything from moshing to doing interviews had become rather tiresome and there was an expectation that they would soon call it a day. In his rare fanzine interviews Ian Mackaye was continually forced to defend his band's extreme views and often talked himself into even more outlandish positions. The band have since returned to form and in the atmosphere of post-September 11th America their continued dissent from all aspects of conventional wisdom is refreshing and most welcome.

**DESTINY'S CHILD**

21 - 22 JUNE  
POINT THEATRE €42 - €39

There has been a lot of hot air and guff about Destiny's Child in the press recently, with dull journalists such as Jim Carroll

# RED HOT AND MANCS

## RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS & NEW ORDER

25 JUNE

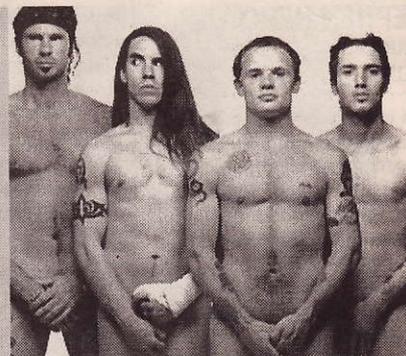
LANSDOWNE RD

€45.50 - €54.50

This is one of the biggest non-festival lineups of the summer, and sees the unlikely pairing of a group of miserable north of England fuckers with some of the most extreme exponents of Californian lunacy on earth. Headlining the bill are The Red Hot Chili Peppers, much to the disgust of all New Order Fans. The enduring RHCP formula is the stuttered combination of Anthony Kiedis's jumpy shouty vocal delivery and Flea's ridiculous slap-bass antics. They hit the big time with 1991's *BloodSugarSexMagik*. Produced by Rick Rubin of Beastie Boys fame, it remains their finest moment, an inventive, energetic and often brilliant amalgamation

of about 1,000 different influences.

Guitar player John Frusciante left after BSSM, leaving the rest of the band to their drug problems. Then, after the underachieving *One Hot Minute* bombed, Frusciante returned and the 1999 *Californication* was born. Although largely sterile and shit, it was a massive smash, and saw the RHCPs return from the brink that so many early 90s rock bands have fallen over. Tonight, expect them to lash out all the favourites. There's not much middle ground with New Order. People either find their songs meaningful and profound or think they're inane tripe. Regardless, since their metamorphosis from Joy Division, with tracks like *Blue Monday* and *Confusion* and their co-ownership of the Factory label and Hacienda club, the band deserve loads of credit (and blame) for the



Unnecessary carry-on

current state of dance culture. But maybe they got detached from that scene during their 8-year hiatus, because last year's *Get Ready* album is their most rock-orientated to date. They probably haven't completely abandoned the electronics yet, though, so this gig could offer the best of both worlds. Or, given their notoriously unexciting stage presence, it could also be shite - but their legions of fans will turn up just the same.

## THE DEAD KENNEDYS

23 JUNE 7.30PM

TBMC

Didn't these split up? Well yes, they did, fifteen years ago. From 1978 to 1987 the Dead Kennedys were America's baddest hardcore punks. Okay, the titles (*California Uber Alles*, *Nazi Punks Fuck Off*) were sometimes better than the songs. And singer Jello Biafra was a little over-preoccupied with politics - campaigning against the Governor of California, fighting a lengthy legal battle against an obscenity charge and once even standing for Mayor of San Francisco. But they were cool, belligerent and they didn't give a fuck. Having successfully sued Biafra for almost \$250,000 in underpaid royalties, East Bay Ray, Klaus Flouride and D.H. Peligro are now touring again, with Biafra suing them for using the band name.

## ROGER WATERS

24 JUNE

POINT

€48.50/€45.00

This rather shameless money-gathering exercise brings the supposed creative genius

behind that lumbering dinosaur Pink Floyd to the Point. Former members of Floyd spend most of their time these days knocking the shit out of each other over past royalties, so it's surprising that Waters has found the time to grace Dublin with his presence. It remains to be seen whether he will be appropriating his old band's plot of having elaborate laser displays to distract the audience from the crap music. This gig will be a good opportunity to freak out some fifty year-old acid casualties too.

## THE MOLDY PEACHES

25 JUNE 8PM

WHELANS

€12.50

The Moldy Peaches specialise in a brand of quirky, ironic folk music which has critics divided - some think they're a bunch of annoying, indulgent assholes and other people like their left-field approach. Either way, you can be guaranteed there'll be some trendy dicks at this gig, as the New York based duo have been touring with The Stokes and are presently the toast of the mulleted classes. On stage, they often dress up as Robin Hood and a lioness, and if it's only the two of them playing, reports are things can

get a little bit in jokey. However, worth checking out nonetheless.

## DAVID BYRNE

26 JUNE

AMBASSADOR €35.70 - 38.20

The New York Times hailed David Byrne's last album as his best work in years. Unless they were talking roughly a decade and a half though it's a fairly meaningless compliment. As a member of Talking Heads, David Byrne was responsible for some of the high-points of American post-punk with transatlantic hits like *Psycho Killer* and *Once In A Lifetime*. Since splitting up the band in 1991 he has branched out into film-making and performance art with decidedly mixed results. Throughout the 1990s he explored the spears and skirts realm of World Music, like Paul Simon's scarier and less successful younger brother. Last year's *Look Into The Eyeball* was a typically eclectic affair with Latin-flavoured yodelling and bizarre percussion, his wry wit providing only the occasional reminder of past glories. More recently, *Lazy* (a bizarre crossover with prog house producers X-Press 2) has been one of his more fluid meetings with a contrasting

style, and has been played almost to death on a variety of commercial radio stations.

## XTREME FESTIVAL

29 JUNE

RDS

€45

Lock up your poodles and hide your daughters, Lemmy and Motorhead are coming to rape and pillage their way through Ballsbridge. If you don't know who Motorhead are, they are a direct result of Lemmy being kicked out of psychedelic band, Hawkwind for "taking the wrong drugs". So he started a new band, the Bastards, to continue taking them. They later changed the name to Motorhead because it didn't sound as ridiculous. You can expect the lads to bang out all their old classics tonight, including the brilliant Ace of Spades and every WWF fan's fave, *The Game*. Other bands playing include: Raging Speedhorn, a no-holds-barred heavy metal band; One Minute Silence, one of the few decent bands to come out of the numetal movement; and No Means No, another ageing punk/rock band who are not to be missed. If you're expecting the poseur-ism and gimmicks of the Ozzfest line-up, think again.

## MORE CARTOON CAPERS

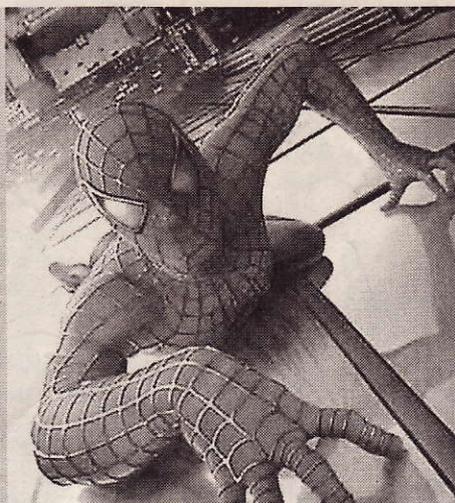
### SPIDERMAN

DIRECTOR: SAM RAIMI

STARRING: TOBEY MAGUIRE, KIRSTEN DUNST & WILLEM DAFOE

IT'S BEEN a massive hit in the States, and the product just about justifies the hype this time. Director Sam Raimi has come a long way since *The Evil Dead 2*, with *A Simple Plan* and *The Gift* improving his credentials. He now looks set to join in the disgustingly rich bracket with this effort. The most irritating thing about Tim Burton's *Batman* films was his obsession with trying to translate the cartoon visuals of the comic books onto the screen. In *Spiderman*, Raimi opts for less bullshit kitsch and more laughs.

Of course there are plenty of 'spectacular' action sequences with *Spiderman* swooping across New York's skyscrapers in pursuit of evil cunts, but it's not these that make the film a success. The best moments are in the comic scenes: a send-up of a WWF fight, and some amusing appearances from the cigar-chewing newspaper boss. The cast is a notch above the usual shite as well, with Tobey Maguire somehow managing not to blink throughout the entire film. Kirsten Dunst



is fine as the love interest, benefiting from a variety of increasingly skimpy tops and slow motion close ups of her winsome smile and heaving breasts.

Willem Dafoe also seems to be having a laugh playing mad scientist Norman Osborn who becomes *The Green Goblin* after an accident in the lab. His best lines are an evil "Ha! Ha! Ha!" which he cackles every now and then. The plot of course is pure nonsense and doesn't really need repeating in detail: Peter Parker fancies girl-next-door Mary Jane, but she's out of his league until he gets bitten by a genetically modified spider. Great. Once he gets a decent costume things are looking up, until he meets his match in the *Green Goblin*. Fuck George Lucas and his drones and check this out.

### READ MY LIPS

DIRECTOR: JACQUES AUDIARD  
STARRING: EMMANUELLE DEVOS & VINCENT CASSEL

Read My Lips is the type of film *Les Frogs* do well - a real and tense thriller that does without any of the clichés favoured by Hollywood. Carla is a suitably miserable specimen: a deaf secretary in a male dominated construction company, badly paid, living in a pokey apartment and generally being treated like shit. When ex-convict, Paul (Vincent Cassel), arrives looking for a job she decides to give him a chance and hires him as the photocopy boy and general scivvy around the office. Carla looks out for Paul and protects his job and the two become friends but Paul's past is quick to catch up with him. Carla soon finds her life turned upside down by their friendship as she enters Paul's criminal underworld. Her character is compelling and the audience is skillfully drawn into her private world (when she takes off her hearing aids the audience hears what she hears) and Cassel is excellent as the downtrodden Paul. Despite being arty and French, this is a gripping and well-paced thriller.

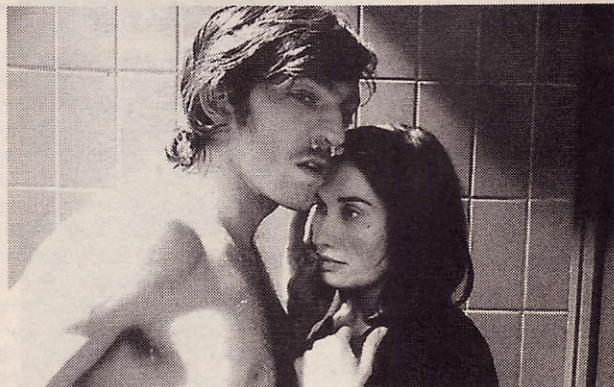
### NOVOCAINE

DIRECTOR: DAVID ATKINS

STARRING: STEVE MARTIN, LAURA DERN & HELENA BONHAM CARTER

This is a strange combination of light comedy and very twisted thriller. Steve Martin gives his best performance in years as Dr. Frank Sangster, a seemingly contented dentist engaged to his beautiful assistant Jean (Laura Dern). His life is thrown into confusion when he's seduced by a patient, Susan (Bonham Carter). Frank's attempts to cover up are thwarted by the fact that, after shagging him in the dentist's chair, the little minx has made off with the contents of his narcotics cabinet. He's soon sucked into her world of small time scamming, but then a mutilated

body arrives on his floor covered with his teeth marks and things get very complicated. Amongst all the film noir plot twists, debutant writer/director David Atkins comes up with some very funny visual gags and sketches. The best is an almost surreal sequence in which a detective allows an upcoming film star (James Chisem) to interview murder-suspect Sangster as practice for his new crime film. Its a bit like David Lynch, but funnier, and Martin shows that with good material he's one of the best comic actors around. Unfortunately on occasions the film seems a little disjointed, perhaps because of some heavy editing. Still, it's much better than a trip to the dentist, and will keep you guessing right till the bizarre ending.



Read my lips - raunchy shit

### CINEMA PHONE NUMBERS

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



Kevin Costner reading his P45

**DRAGONFLY****DIRECTOR: TOM SHADYAC****STARRING: KEVIN BLEEDING  
KOSTNER**

After *Waterworld* and *The Postman*, Costner has restricted himself to less 'demanding' roles, and in this one he's about as charismatic as a fencepost. Teaming him up with Tom Shadyac (*The Nutty Professor*), and giving them a script about near-death experiences was a recipe for a resounding dud, and this doesn't disappoint. Kev plays Dr. Darrow, who's wife realises what a boring cunt he is and heads off to Venezuela to save the pygmies, but gets killed in an accident instead. Sadly she still won't go away, as Joe is troubled by stories he hears from kids in the hospital who have glimpsed 'the other side'. His friends tell him he's behaving like an idiot and they have a point. When you realise his next door neighbour is none other than Kathy Bates you hope that at least she might break his legs, but she turns out to be a lawyer who makes waffles. There's loads of crap about dark tunnels, an ugly nun, some dragonflies and that's about it. Let's look forward to Costner's next mega-flop - maybe it'll finish him off for good.

**40 DAYS AND 40 NIGHTS****DIRECTOR: MICHAEL LEHMANN  
STARRING: JOSH HARTNETT &  
SHANNYN SOSSAMON**

How much more crap will we have to endure until someone convinces assholes like

Michael Lehmann that a shit wanking joke is a shit wanking joke? This time it's Josh Hartnett's turn to shame himself in the mire of American teen comedy. He plays Matt, a dumb fuck if ever there was one. He gets ditched by his girlfriend and starts getting involved in casual sex encounters with hot 'I'm barely 18' college-girl-jazz-mag-wannabees. But his tiny brain starts getting fried by all the

over-promiscuity, so he decides to give up sex for Lent. We then get 40 days of quivering tit gags, as his buddies start taking bets on whether he'll make it. Then he meets the girl of his dreams but, 'Oh no! They can't shag'. You might like this if you're a prick who's into group masturbation evenings with Pepsi and Pringles.

**DIVERSIONS****MEETING HOUSE SQUARE**

There are plenty of opportunities to get pissed on in Temple Bar this summer with a series of outdoor films in Meeting House Square. On Saturdays there are short films followed by musicals, and on Sundays, films about Irish music. All of them start at 10pm, but be there at least 15 minutes early to avoid

getting a shit seat. For June the Saturday program is: 1st June, Give Up Yer Aul Sins, followed by Kiss Me Kate; 8th June, Saturday followed by *Moulin Rouge*; 15th June Petrol Country Blues followed by *On The Town*; and 22nd June 50% Grey followed by *The Wizard Of Oz*. There's a triple bill on Sunday 16th with *ULYS* (loosely based on Joyce's *Ulysses*), *Fleadh Ceoil* and a young Ronnie Drew in O'Donoghue's Opera. On the 23rd there's a double-bill featuring *The Irish Men: An Impression of Exile*, and a film about showbands called *The One Nighter*. Tickets are free, but you have to pick them up, preferably a few days early up, from Temple Bar Properties, 18 Eustace Street. Bring an umbrella and a noisy, violent dog.

**ATTACK OF THE CUNTS****STAR WARS II: ATTACK OF THE CLONES****DIRECTOR: GEORGE LUCAS****STARRING: EWAN MACGREGOR, NATALIE PORTMAN, HAYDEN CHRISTENSEN & CHRISTOPHER LEE**

The good news is that this is a lot better than its disastrous predecessor. The bad news is that it's still got Jar Jar Binks and some of the worst dialogue and acting since, well, Episode I. As usual it begins with an impenetrable summary of the political struggle afflicting the Republic, something about breakaway factions and councillors. Anyway it makes absolutely no sense and we're soon plunged into screeching spaceships and laser beams. Fair enough, this is what George Lucas is good at, and there are plenty of good battle sequences.

What he's not good at, however, is romance. The forbidden affair between Senator Amidala (Natalie Portman) and villain-to-be Anakin Skywalker (Hayden Christensen) is handled with about as much sensitivity as an Israeli counter-terrorism offensive. Christensen looks like an unwanted gay extra from *The Lost Boys* with his unbelievably horrible ponytail, and behaves like a spoilt twat towards his



I'd rather get shot by him than watch this

mentor Obi-Wan. You can't wait for him to endure the misery that will force him to turn to the Dark Side.

Portman resembles an actress slightly more than she did in Episode I, and compensates for the dreadful lines she's given by changing costume in every single frame. Christopher Lee's Count Dooku is chillingly similar to his Saroman. Maybe he didn't bother showing up for this one and just told them to re-use all his scenes from *Lord of The Rings*, while he stayed at home drinking brandy and shooting grouse. There are also lots of Clones who seem to be evil, but end up being good. There's a big battle which is just getting going when the whole thing grinds to a halt. It's entertaining for a while, but at two and a half hours is way too long. At least there's only one more to come before the beast can be laid to sleep.

**TOWER**  
RECORDS·VIDEO·BOOKS

**Gemma Hayes** night on my side

**Debut Album Out**  
**24/05/02**



*'Classy and Classic'* - NME

*'Just try to resist. I dare you'* - Time Out

*'An Utter delight'* - The Fly

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