2003


DIT: Students' Union

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Recommended Citation
I'm not saying I've used cocaine. But if I did, it was merely a "youthful indiscretion." Today I'm clean. And I'm not hypocritical. That's politics.
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In Loving memory of Brian McCullogh FT542/2 (On Left)

31st of March 1982 to 6th of February 2003
May you rest in Peace
You will be sorely missed by us all

DIT FM
April 28th - May 2nd 2003

The Above Picture shows Karla Van Der Kamp of the DJSoc
Dont forget to check out DIT FM, on 97.3 FM from the 28th of April until Friday the 2nd May.
Greetings Ya'all,

Another year, another dollar. Well I don't know about everyone else but the only question on my mind is "where has the year gone?". It seems like only yesterday I saw all those fresh faced, bright eyed and bushy tailed first years streaming into college, anticipating the unknown and got D.I.T. Ah well! Seriously its been a whirlwind year for everybody here in Aungier Street with the changeover and before I vacate office I would like to offer a few parting words.

Because of D.I.T. s ineptitude in relation to project planning, financial management amongst other things we in Aungier Street S.U. have suffered. Basically, they overspent on the expansion project here and money allocated for the S.U. area was used elsewhere to cover their cracks. Through endless letters, correspondence and meetings we secured extra funding for our area. The money has come in drips and drabs but then again with D.I.T. nothing is ever done straightforwardly. But the money is coming and our area will be completed; if not by the end of this academic year but definitely by next year. Unfortunately, when you are dealing with a bureaucratic and red tape laden organisation things do not get done as quickly as one would like but hey, we've got on with it and tried to do our best with what we could. The area will definitely be a different place soon and thanks to all for their hard work, time, and support with the project meetings over the past nine months.

The RAG Trip was my personal highlight of the year. Over 2,000 DIT students with 800 here from Aungier Street made RAG Trip 2003 a truly memorable experience for all involved but it was you, the students of Aungier Street, who made rag trip 2003 what it was and I would like to thank personally all of you for both your behaviour and spirit on the day.

I would like to thank all my part time officer team on a job more than well done this year. Will, Colin, Suzy, Fiona and Jenny thank you for your tireless effort and contribution this year. Thank you. To Ellen, thanks for your endless patience this year ("It'll be grand Ellen").

Marcella, thanks for your patience and perseverance this year through difficult times — your day will come! To Paul O Sullivan, Pat O Neill and all at faculty level thank you for your advice and general good nature. Gerry Byrne, Sister Mary and everyone else yiz are all legends. Last and definitely not least Joe, thank you for being such a hardworking and genuine deputy president and welfare officer. May i wish you the very best of luck not just for next year but for the future. Cheers man.

Have a wild summer you crazy kids but come back safe and sound and for those of you completing your courses here in DIT, especially the divas of FT 351/4 the very best of luck in the future; whichever road you take.

As regards the big bad war Stu and Will have covered it in our Off the Wall section. We are taking a truly Irish stance on things. We have decided to sit back on the fence and rip the piss out of everyone involved. We abuse George the impotent one Bush, Smiley Saddam and the forgotten one, Osama. Theres also an interview with the naked bunjee dude to lighten things up.

Make sure you all check out the Naked Chicks on page 8. Seriously hot stuff. Its about time we had some nudity in this magazine. You also better check your social progress this year with our checklist for the year. Hopefully it will give you people some guidance in the future.

Hey everybody will kinsella here. I am sorry to say that after 2 years as PRO in Mountjoy sq and Aungier st that this is my fourth and final publication for the Student union. Its also the largest.This is the second edition of the Dogs Bollox. Hopefully this will be continued in the years to come.

I do like to think that we covered everything in the mag. We've got event reviews, upcoming movies, music, Societies and the words from Joe and Paul.

to spice things up a bit i lashed in a men and womens sections. There are a few rules of life for the blokes and a view of what things would be like if it truly was a mans world. The ladies have their own section on relationships, blowjobs and a few things that will remind them of the 90's.

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Hello!!!

They say its all over it is now! It is difficult to believe that nearly nine months have passed since I started my job as welfare officer and deputy president last July. It seems like an age an eternity, an eon of time filled with errands, meetings, and problems not to mention solutions. It's been a year that even should I live to be 100 years old I will never forget. All I can do is start by saying that it has been my utmost honour, and an extreme privilege to work with and for all of you this year, without exception.

It all began with the incredible virgin ball, wow! What a night, it was simply incredible and fantastic, what followed has been an awesome year and I sincerely hope that all of you feel as happy and proud about the last year as I do when looking back on 2002/2003. The 10k walk (thank you to one and all, Angier Street raised almost half of the total DIT amount raised, now out of 6 sites that's an achievement of epic proportions and you all deserve Mondo Kudos for it) class addresses, exam board sittings, the Halloween ball the Christmas ball. It was amazing, and it was all down to one thing, one simple reason as to why it all worked out YOU! The participation of you guys this year was a sheer phenomenon. You came out and joined us everywhere we went, the support and the work and the effort was greatly welcomed and will not soon be forgotten.

Let's be honest, it was a tough year many of you might (just might) be reading this now and wondering who I am. Well I am your welfare officer and deputy president this year which basically means that if you have any problems, just come to me and I try. I can't do anything about that problem be it a he, she or it (happy days). The reason as to why you might not know me is obvious. For two thirds of this year your students union was in office up on the fifth floor in room 5052.1 (now how's that for a mouthful eh!) this was incredibly unfortunate. It meant that virtually not one single student knew where we were (it was a brand new building for everyone, no one knew their way around).

This meant that student knowledge and awareness of the students union should have been low, and yet look what you have all done! You have all turned this year around and turned what could have been an absolute disaster into an unfathomable success.

So just think! Just think for one brief moment, that if we can do what we did this year even though we had no students area until after Christmas, just imagine what we can achieve next year when we are more settled and prepared to break down all barriers (human or otherwise) and kick ass.

I am going to be here next year yet again. Thank you to everyone who took time out of their day to vote, whether you voted for me or not I wish to thank you. What makes your students union great, what really separates one college from another is participation and involvement, and thanks to everyone who voted I will be next years Students Union president which is an honour that I look forward to. I have many things planned. I don't believe that I can improve on the effort that myself and this years president Paul Malone put in. I gave 100% every day this year as did Paul, but what I can promise you, due to things being more settled down next year, is that we will be able to deliver more. We now have a students area for next year, which means we can have arcades, games and hopefully a cinema area put in place. We can put in a stage for bands, DJs and comedians, the possibilities are endless for next year and all because we now have the foundation to build upon.

So thank you to everyone, to all the part timers who worked so hard this year (and to Will...)

Joe Savage
Naked Chicks

Three men, one American, one Japanese and one Irishman were sitting naked in a sauna.

Suddenly, there was a beeping sound. The American pressed his forearm and the beep stopped. The others looked at him questioningly.

"That was my pager," he said, "I have a microchip under the skin of my arm."

A few minutes later a phone rang. The Japanese fellow lifted his palm to his ear. When he finished, he explained, "That was my mobile phone. I have a microchip in my hand."

The Irishman felt decidedly low tech, but not wanting to be outdone he decided he had to do something just as impressive.

He stepped out of the sauna and went to the toilet. He returned with a piece of toilet paper hanging from his behind. The others raised their eyebrows and stared at him. The Irishman finally said......

"Well, will ya look at that, I'm getting a fax."--

Eggs

They've come from a Chickens Arse!

A woman came home to find her husband in the kitchen shaking frantically, almost in a dancing frenzy, with some kind of wire running from his waist towards the electric kettle. Intending to jolt him away from the deadly current, she whacked him with a handy plank of wood, breaking his arm in two places.

Up to that moment, he had been happily listening to his Walkman.

YOURS IS STILL A BAD DAY, HUH?

Two animal rights protesters were protesting at the cruelty of sending pigs to a slaughterhouse in Bonn, Germany. Suddenly, all two thousand pigs broke loose and escaped through a broken fence, stampeding madly. The two hapless protesters were trampled to death.

WHAT? STILL THINK YOUR DAY IS BAD?

Iraqi terrorist Khay Rahnajet didn't pay enough postage on a letter bomb. It came back with "return to sender" stamped on it. Forgetting it was the bomb, he opened it and was blown to bits.

THERE NOW, FEELING BETTER?
Aries: 21st March-20th April
Colour: Red
Body Part: The head

Patience is not a virtue that many Arians possess, so it is tough to keep your head down this year. Use your natural energy and enthusiasm to stay focused. In other words, it is not that hard to reach your goal if you just stop being a lazy ass.

Taurus: 21st April-20th May
Colour: Green
Body Part: The neck

Taurus people are like Magpies attracted to shiny things, they like the extravagant, finer things in life. This desire to have the best sometimes results in them becoming a little greedy. This will lead to friction amongst you and your friends, because no one likes to have to put up with a greedy pig.

Geminis are people that like to be surrounded by their friends. They need to share their news or thoughts, it's not that hard to reach your friends. They need to share their words, it's not that hard to reach your friends, because no one likes to have to put up with a greedy pig.

Scorpios are often suspicious of others. They question their motives and aren't taken in by superficial things such as beauty. Sometimes, it doesn't hurt to be a bit more trusting, and in the coming year you will meet someone who will expect your trust. It's up to you who you trust, but I wouldn't advise you to place your trust in anyone lingering in an alleyway and shouting about mobile phones "goin' cheap".

Sagittarius: 23rd November-21st December
Colour: Purple
Body Part: The Thighs

A life of adventure is what most Sagittarians crave. They like nothing more than travelling, and partaking in dangerous activities. They need to be on the move and doing something all the time. This summer will be a hub of activity for all you action junkies, and don't be surprised if you find yourself naked bungee jumping (it's free that way).

Capricorn: 22nd December-20th January
Colour: Dark colours
Body Part: The knees and Skeleton

Capricorn people enjoy working hard to achieve something. They see achievement as one of the most important things in life. Let your hair down a bit this year, all work and no play makes a boring fart. Go mad in August.

Aquarius: 21st January-18th February
Colour: Electric Blue
Body Part: The ankles and Shins

Original is a word associated with Aquarians. They enjoy coming up with new, innovative ideas. However, sometimes they become irritated because not everyone agrees with them. Use your intelligence to understand that people just don't care! October will be a good time to put an idea to work.

Pisces: 19th February-20th March
Colour: Sea Green
Body Part: The Feet

Pisces people are very emotional, and easily moved to tears. They are also very kind and understanding. So understand that crying people make everyone uncomfortable and stop doing it. November will bring something so good you'll cry, just try and do it by yourself!
Rag Trip 2003!

WO and a half thousand students took off in an air of mystery on the DIT Rag Trip 2003, not quite sure where it would end up, but ready to enjoy themselves nonetheless. Aungier Street students gathered outside their college as they usually do, but there was already plenty of banter on the bus. We were informed that our first stop would be Leixlip, Co. Kildare. Our bus pulled up at the rather posh Ozone Hotel—everybody who was anybody greeted suggesting to us that we had made it. We were waiting to be going to the Cathal Bratha Street gang in Bucks nightclub. The locals looked very scared indeed as hundreds of tanked-up students descended on their town, walking and rumbling on their way to more partying, drinking and dancing.

At this stage getting the passengers who were busy making the most of their first stop. The music was playing but nobody stayed long enough to make it work. Peter from UCD decided to come home and take a rest. He also informed me that some girls were doing a head-count or trying to meet as many fellas as they could in one day—shame on you ladies! The event was captured by Redfly TV—who were busy filming the crowd dancing and having fun. Of course anyone who has trouble remembering the experience can log on to the Internet and relive it. The club finished at 3.30pm and after everybody had nearly assaulted each other getting their coats back, we were ready to board our buses again and take step two on the Rag Trip. Back on the bus and the mood was swinging. Some people had obviously drank too much already and some angry lads shouted at us to get out of our seats (why don’t you mean your seats??). To add to the situation drink was now being permitted on the bus—after you passed the driver 2 before you got back on. Ahh the blind eye, I hope he could see the road ahead of him.

Bolan Street had made it its business this year to go with the Aungier Street crowd since there were far more girls on the trip. He also informed me that some girls were doing a head-count or trying to meet as many fellas as they could in one day—shame on you ladies! The event was captured by Redfly TV—who were busy filming the crowd dancing and having fun. Of course anyone who has trouble remembering the experience can log on to the Internet and relive it. The club finished at 3.30pm and after everybody had nearly assaulted each other getting their coats back, we were ready to board our buses again and take step two on the Rag Trip. Back on the bus and the mood was swinging. Some people had obviously drank too much already and some angry lads shouted at us to get out of our seats (why don’t you mean your seats??). To add to the situation drink was now being permitted on the bus—after you passed the driver 2 before you got back on. Ahh the blind eye, I hope he could see the road ahead of him.

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At this stage it was a bigger nightclub to house the joining of Aungier Street and Cathal Bratha Street. Also the drink here was just as expensive, but they had hot food on the go inside the nightclub. Sausages, beans and mashed potatoes were order of the day while some people dangerously juggled their meal on the flimsy white paper plates. The sound of Bucks was old skool with the likes of Michael Jackson’s Billie Jean and Jump Around really getting the crowd going. Shame nobody could moonwalk. The music then began to take itself seriously bringing modern dance anthems to the floor.

Mary-Rose from Cathal Bratha Street told me that they had been to Ashbourne— the day was clearly taking its toll on some of us as a few people crashed out on the seats unable for any more at this point.

We were now heading towards Athboy in Co. Meath where we would be meeting up with the fun loving Cathal Bratha Street gang in Bucks nightclub. The locals looked very scared indeed as hundreds of tanked-up students descended on their town, walking and rumbling on their way to more partying, drinking and dancing.

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Carnival Day and Foamlands

By Fergie The Bald Eagle Darcy

Bombarded by bungee jumpers, reinforced by rampant rugger buggers, salvaged by suave sumo wrestlers and frolicking with football fanatics! Where else would you get it, but a D.I.T. rag day. The weather, with spurts of sunshine, sparse showers and the absence of gale force winds suited the occasion aptly. The carnival even came equipped with a savage sound system and numerous devilish DJs. The altruistic organisers gaped in awe at what they had created a recipe for rampant raging hormones to run wild.

As Paul Malone, Site President of Aungier Street so astutely pronounced "It was emotional." The carnival itself held an abundance of activities for students to take part in. The importing of a crane for bungee jumping went down a major success, raising a huge amount for charity. Students were also given an opportunity to become acquainted with Grangegorman, D.I.T.'s future campus and donate their opinions.

The Northside/Southside rugby match was a courageous display of mesmerising, mind-blowing manliness. While Darren McArdle (Site President Bolton St.) and Stephen Boyle (Site President Cathal Brugha St.) may have attempted to shake their tic-tacs on the field, one Aungier St. mascot (who answers to Paulie) blew them away with his viscous vocal skills.

Aungier Street Anarchists took the Gleeson cup home adding that extra zest to the day for the Southside contingent. This childish fun, endorsed by pubescent giggles, was enjoyed by all.

The second half of the day involved straggling to the Tivoli only to be engulfed by salacious suds, the night began with two DJs from the DJ Society warming up the crowd. They were then followed by resident DJ Rob Ryan. A frantic foam cannon operator (Steve "baby face" Boyle) was perhaps over generous with the fairy liquid. The revellers however, were wet, saturated beyond belief, severely soaked to the skin and ecstatic with anticipation.

In the thick of the ambience, they got their twinkle out. The music catered for all tastes leaving the usual thumpidy-thump of a student nite behind.

"A frantic foam cannon operator (Steve "baby face" Boyle) was perhaps over generous with the fairy liquid." The venue cramped and overloaded, creating chaos. But here in D.I.T., we love chaos.

Pandemonium on the dance floor, baffled at the bar, and intoxicated on fabulous, fantastic foam. Finally the quote of the day was "Gargle, gargle, gargle... burp gargle!"

Tara Finglas gets to grips with the prickly giant that is seven times taller than the GPO, the Supreme silver Spire.

With its glowing red light at night, the Spike puts a twinkle into the hearts of those cramming their necks to get a better look. Costing some €4.75 million one has to wonder if the Spike will become what the Eiffel Tower is to Paris or what Trafalgar Square is to pigeons, a toilet in the centre of London.

Nearly 40 years ago Nelson's Pillar stood on the site of the Spire. Nelson's pillar was notorious for its reputation as a meeting landmark. Young courting couples met there to go dancing until on that faithful day in 1966 when the IRA attempted to blow up the monument. Is the Spire a success and is it boosting business on Connell Street as promised by Bertie's government? To answer this question and many more we need to go on site and put our ears to the ground and listen to the people whose lives revolve around this new monument.

Pat O'Brien is the second generation of his family to work on the newspaper stand outside Connell Street. His father, a quiet man, left Pat the task of summing up what the Spire means to them. It's a waste of fucking money. Of course if they had not put the Spire up they would have put something else instead, said Pat.

The Spire is part of the rejuvenation programme on developments. According to a report by Dublin Corporation, the Spike will become what the Eiffel Tower is to Paris or what Trafalgar Square is to pigeons, a toilet in the centre of London.

"Sit On It"
How to Get Pissed

Our boy Keith engages in some serious research to suss out just how pissed you can get for 20 bills these days in this inflationary environment of ours.

As all students know, there comes time every so often when the stresses and strains of third level life can almost become too much to bear. Deadlines, early starts and the financial gymnastics required to stave off debt are difficult to cope with at the best of times.

BEER

What better place to start than with the most vital ingredient in any self-respecting alcoholic’s diet? We’ve all managed to weld the imprint of our arse into a barstool over the course of a beer-guzzling session. Encouragingly, €20 is more than enough to get you a full gallon of beer. With the more expensive brands like Budweiser and Miller costing about €2 per 500ml can, you’ll get ten cans for your money. The lower-priced beers, e.g. Harp and Bavaria, can be found for as little as €1.25 per can. The best deal I could find was a 12 pack of Dutch Gold for €14, leaving me with a full €6 to spare to invest in another 4 cans. That meant a total of 16 cans for a paltry €20; more than enough to get you royally pissed and prompt increasingly frequent visits to the bathroom.

ALCO-POPS

Certainly one of the more viable options for the ladies: infinitely more palatable than any other alcoholic drink and relatively hangover-free, they’re also slightly higher in alcoholic volume than your average beer. Most examples hover around 5.5%. However, each and every brand is available only in a 275ml bottle. Bacardi Breezer, Archer’s Aqua and Smirnoff Ice all retail for about €2.60 a bottle, with a six pack costing about €15-16. This means you’ll be able to procure up to seven or eight bottles with your twenty. Not enough to make a serious dent in the sobriety of a seasoned drinker, but very suitable for the lightweights out there.

WINES

Another one most likely to be taken up by the fairer sex. A bog-standard bottle of plonk can be found for as little as a fiver, with the price increasing in accordance with quality rather than quantity. If you can stomach the lower-priced fare, then it’s unlikely that you’ll spend the colour of €20 before getting well and truly shot. With most wines weighing in at between 10% and 15% volume, a couple of litres should be enough to see you reach the desired level of intoxication.

CIDER

By the time they reach third level, most students have grown out of the cider-drinking stage. However, hazy memories of nights spent skulking cans of Bulmers behind a hedge in a cowshit-spattered field can prompt people to do the strangest things. In the event of a nostalgic craving to revisit the glory days of your knacker-drinking youth, a 12-pack of 330ml cans of Bulmers can be picked up for about €18.50. Meanwhile, a 500ml can of Strongbow, Linden Village or Hudson Blue will set you back €1.60-1.80, meaning you’ll be able to get up to a dozen cans for your money.

SPIRITS

Ah, now things start to get serious. €20 certainly goes a long way when you venture into the spiritual realm. A 700ml bottle of Smirnoff red label vodka can be yours, along with the accompanying irreparable liver damage. Whiskey drinkers will find 700ml of Jack Daniel’s or Southern Comfort slightly out of reach at over €25, but two naggons comes to €18. All three of the above drinks are a hefty 37.5% in volume, so you may have to add on the price of a suitable mixer. The less lethal spirits (e.g. Malibu, Archer’s) are less than 25% in volume and a bottle costs in the region of €19.
Howya now, Colin Saunders here. I just want so say a few words to finish off the year.

There has been allot of activity from Societies in Aungier St. this year. Especially the Saint Vincent de Paul Society for their excellent charity work amongst others. Fair play to anyone who got involved this year as it has been a productive one.

I would also like to take this opportunity to declare my flatulation problems to the world. Please avoid sitting beside me for long journeys if you are ever in this position; I will unwillingly inflict severe nasal damage upon you if you fail to do so. Alas I bid farewell to you all.

(Colin Saunders may or may not have actually written this report. He was not available for comment unfortunately. -ED)

**DIT DJ Battle: “Rollin 'n Scratchin”**

**In association with the DJ Society and the Roots Movement**

The D.I.T. battle of the D.J.'s was held in Da 2 Bar on Wednesday, 12th of March. The event attracted D.J.'s and music enthusiasts from all of the D.I.T campuses. The doors opened at seven. While the crowd waited for the competition to begin, they were entertained by D.J.'s Tim Ryan and D.J. Nelson.

The competition started at eight and it was clear to all that the standard was extremely high. Each D.J. brought something different and authentic to the night. The line-up for the night consisted of Sam McGlone, Noel Walsh, Jan Pallas, Damien Kelly, Tony Flynn, Will Kinsella, and Karla Van Der Klamp. MC for the night was the very talented MC Sage, who free-styled on various occasions during the competition, to the enjoyment of the crowd.

The three finalists who progress to the Tivoli to represent D.I.T in the inter-college event are Tony Flynn, Karla Van Der Klamp and Will Kinsella. The judges had a hard task to choose the finalists because all the D.J.'s were talented and varied in style and music genre. The D.J. society would like to thank the judges on the night and Abbey Discs, Red Bull and Da 2 Bar for their sponsorship for the D.I.T battle of the D.J.'s. The D.J. society wish all the finalists luck in the inter-college D.J. competition. We encourage students to go along to the event on the 9th April in the Tivoli and support the D.J.'s representing your college. Tickets for the event are on sale in the Aungier Street student union shop. Tickets are priced at €6.

Good luck for the rest of the year Barry whole lotta luv Ryan Treasurer

next year we'll grow even more.

This term began with the launch of "Lunch time Leisure" in the common area downstairs in the Student Union. Basically we have live DJ's from Tuesdays to Fridays. We're trying to create more of an atmosphere in the place as it was very quiet otherwise.

As Barry mentioned already, on the 12th of March we ran "Rollin & Scratchin" the DIT DJ Battle in association with the Roots Movement (parent organisation) in Da 2. It was a great event with 10 DJ's two beatboxers (Keane and Murro) and it was hosted by MC Sage. The night had a diverse flavor to it with the presence of Trance, Techno, Drum n Bass, House and Hip Hop. The winners progress to the inter-college battle in the Tivoli the 9th of April.

Thankfully we now have a website so everyone can monitor our progress on a weekly basis at www.geocities.com/djsociety_dit. It basically has news on upcoming events, the DJ's, the people behind the scenes and loads of photos.

You can also email us at djsociety_dit@yahoo.com

There was also a limited number of hoodies and T-shirts made up with the Roots Movement logo representing the Society on them. They seem to have been well received.

To finish off I'd like to wish everyone the best for the rest of the year. I also want to thank people like Barry, Claire, Anton, Tim, Karla, Jan, Juhan, JP, Kate, Kiwi and Jamie (Duffman) for their help this year. I also want to say thanks to the lads and lovely ladies in Abbey Discs for sponsoring us this year. If you have any inquiries about the DJ Society or the Roots Movement email me at djsociety_dit@yahoo.com

Take it easy and enjoy the rest of the year. Will Kinsella
Paintball Society Review

The cold Friday morning of the 24th of January 2003. The bus arrived and everyone on our second trip prepared themselves for a day of carnage.

The venue: Crossfire Paintball Games in Kilternan. What follows is an account of the days mayhem:

12pm: load onto bus
1:20pm: unload from bus and trek up to forest
1:40pm: still waiting for stragglers to arrive, kit up in gear and do safety check
2pm: Stragglers arrive, kit up, fire test shots and enter the zone
2:05pm: The first shots are fired, with a standoff as our team tried to dig out enemies holed up inside a fort, mission unsuccessful
2:45pm: Second game begins, again mission is unsuccessful.
3:30pm: Lunch, a gourmet meal of a hamburger, baked potato and beans, washed down with orange juice. The nicest meal I've had.
3:45pm: Back into forest for first game again, this time we push forward into their base to claim the flag, winning.
4:10pm: Final game, Assassination. Two German Erasmus officers, protected by a platoon of combined DIT and IT Tallaght forces fail to see a flank come up on them, forcing them back into hiding before they retreat and surrender.
4:30pm: Load back onto buses, victorious, covered in bruises but happy after a good days excursion.

just to wrap things up i'd like to thank everyone who helped the Society this year. it has been another productive year and Fiona, Micko and myself are happy with how things have went. we wish you all the best in the summer.

Jamie Duffman McCormack
Chairperson

Ski Societies Pimps n Ho's Review

By Jamie McCormack

The Ski Society organised the P-Diddy and J-Lo Pimp's and Ho's night in D2 bar on Harcourt Street recently. I arrived at around 11:30, an hour and a half after the evening kicked off to be greeted by some pretty funky tunes, drunken students and lotsa dancing on the dance floor (who could miss him).

Although the night was supposed to be a theme night, only a small percentage turned up kitted out, but they just added to the fun on the evening. The drink was good, with some pretty good pints from the bar, but a DJ who couldn't mix for shite was the only downfall of the evening.

Great stuff. The night was a great success, with plenty of drinks promos, around 300 people turning up to make the night a pretty funky evening and hopefully a good fundraiser for the lads who organised it to allow the lot of them to go on the piss in Andorra.

Putting that aside, the night was well worth the €6 entry fee, with everyone I saw and spoke to having a good laugh. The trip to Andorra also went well for the Society. it was well organised by Paul. all in all it has been a good year for the Society. hopefully next year will be just as eventful.
You consider McDonald’s "real food."

You actually like doing laundry at home.

4:00 AM is still early on the weekends.

It starts getting late on the weekdays.

Two miles is not too far to walk for a party.

You wear dirty socks three times in a row and think nothing of it.

It's dark.

You'd rather clean than study.

Half the time you don't wake up in your own bed and it seems normal.

The X-Box is more than a console; it's a way of life.

You schedule your classes around sleep habits and soaps.

You know the pizza boy by name.

You go to sleep when it's light and get up when it's dark.

You live for getting mail. (E-mail included)

Looking out the window is a form of entertainment.

Prank phone calls become funny again.

Londis is the coolest store.

World War III could take place and you'd be clueless.

You start thinking and sounding like your room mate.

Blacklights and highlighters are the coolest things on earth.

Rearranging your room is your favorite pastime.

You find out milk crates have so many uses.

The weekend lasts from Thursday to Sunday (or Wednesday morning to Tuesday night).

You count a full day spent downstairs in the poolroom as a day's work.

You still cry about the closure of the Palace. (Oh those Wednesday nights).

That six pack you had just won't come back through your participation in the sofa Olympics.

Prank phone calls become funny again.

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That six pack you had just won't come back through your participation in the sofa Olympics.
THE RULES OF LIFE FOR BLOKES... OBEY THEM:

1. Any Man who brings a camera to a stag night may be legally killed and eaten by his fellow partygoers.

2. Under no circumstances may two men share an umbrella.

3. It is ok for a man to cry under the following Circumstances:
   a. When a heroic dog dies to save its master.
   b. The moment Angelina Jolie starts unbuttoning her blouse.
   c. After wrecking your boss' car.
   d. One hour, 12 minutes, 37 seconds into "The Crying Game".
   e. When she is using her teeth.

4. Unless he murdered someone in your family, you must bail a friend out of jail within 12 hours.

5. If you've known a bloke for more than 24 hours, his sister is off limits forever, unless you actually marry her.

6. Moaning about the brand of free beer in a mate's fridge is forbidden. Complain at will if the temperature is unsuitable.

7. No man shall ever be required to buy a birthday present for another man. Infact, even remembering your mate's birthday is strictly optional.

8. On a road trip, the strongest bladder determines pit stops, not the weakest.

9. When stumbling upon other blokes watching a sporting event, you may ask the score of the game in progress, but you may never ask who's playing.

10. You may flatulate in front of a woman only after you have brought her to climax. If you trap her head under the covers for the purpose of flatulent entertainment, she's officially your girlfriend.

11. It is permissible to quaff a fruity alcopop drink only when you're sunning on a tropical beach... and it's delivered by a topless supermodel... and it's free.

12. Only in situations of Moral and/or physical peril are you allowed to kick another bloke in the nuts.

13. Unless you're in prison, never fight naked.


15. If a man's fly is down, that's his problem, you didn't see anything.

16. Women who claim they "love to watch sports" must be treated as spies until they demonstrate knowledge of the game and the ability to drink as much as the other sports watchers.

17. You must offer heartfelt and public condolences over the death of a girlfriend's cat, even if it was you who secretly set it on fire and threw it into a ceiling fan.

18. A man in the company of a hot, suggestively dressed woman must remain sober enough to fight.

19. Never hesitate to reach for the last beer or the last slice of pizza, but not both - that's just mean.

20. If you complement a bloke on his six-pack, you'd better be talking about his choice of beer.

21. Never join your girlfriend or wife in dising a Mate of yours, except if she's withholding sex pending your response.

22. Phrases that may not be uttered to another man while lifting weights:
   a. Yeah, Baby, Push it!
   b. C'mon, give me one more! Harder!
   c. Another set and we can hit the showers!

23. Never talk to a man in a bathroom unless you are on equal footing: Both urinating, both waiting in line, etc. For all other situations, an almost imperceptible nod is all the conversation you need.

24. Never allow a telephone conversation with a woman to go on longer than you are able to have sex with her. Keep a stopwatch by the phone. Hang up if necessary.

25. You cannot grass on a colleague who shows up at work with a massive hangover. You may however, hide the aspirin, smear his chair with cheese, turn the brightness dial all the way down so he thinks his monitor is broken, and have him paged over the loud speaker every seven minutes.

26. The morning after you and a girl who was formerly "just a friend" have carnal drunken money sex, the fact that you're feeling weird and guilty is no reason not to nail her again before the discussion about what a big mistake it was.

27. It is acceptable for you to drive her car. It is not acceptable for her to drive yours.

28. Thou shalt not buy a car with an engine capacity of less than 1.5 litres. Thou shalt not really buy a car with less than 1.8 litres, 16 valves, and a turbo.

29. Thou shalt not buy a car in the colours of brown, pink, lime green, orange or sky blue.

30. The girl who replies to the question "What do you want for Christmas?" with "If you loved me, you'd know what I want!" gets a Playstation 2. End of story
1. Breaking up would be a lot easier. A smack on the arse and a Cheers for the sex - would pretty much do it.

2. Birth control would come in ale or lager.

3. Valentine's Day would be moved to February 29, so it would only occur in leap years.

4. On Mothers Day, you'd get the day off to go drinking.

5. Instead of "beer-belly", you'd get "beer-biceps".

6. Tanks would be far easier to rent.

7. Every woman that worked would have to do so topless.

8. Every man would get four, real Get Out of Jail Free cards per year.

9. Telephones would cut off after 30 seconds of conversation.

10. When your girlfriend really needed to talk to you during the game, she'd appear in a little box in the corner of the screen when the ball goes out of play.

11. Nodding and looking at your watch would be deemed as an acceptable response to "I love you."

12. The funniest guy in the office would get to be CEO.

13. "Sorry, but I got wasted last night", would be an acceptable excuse for absence and/or poor time keeping.

14. Lifeguards could remove people from beaches for violating the "public ugliness" ordinance.

15. Hallmark would make "Sorry, what was your name again?" cards.

16. Lager would have the same effect as Viagra.

17. "Fancy a shag" would be the only chat up line in existence and it would work every time.

18. Everyone would drive at least 70mph and anyone driving under that would be fined.

19. Dinner break would happen every hour and the boss would hire in strippers and 1000 a night hookers for the duration of those breaks.

20. Saying "Lets have a threesome. You, me and your sister to your wife/girlfriend would get the response, "What a great idea!!"

21. Harrier jump jets would take you to and from work.
Celebrity Corner

Here is a page dedicated to those unsung heroes the celebrities.

Liz multiplied by ten equals......

Jenny the diva bitch from the block’s twin

Above: Jacko and his new missus.

Right: Looks like Tina Turner Picked the wrong week to give up sniffing glue.

You're a woman and you see a handsome guy at a party. You go up to him and say, "I'm fantastic in bed," That's Public Relations.

You're at a party with a bunch of friends and see a handsome guy. One of your friends goes up to him and pointing at you says, "She's fantastic in bed," That's Advertising.

You see a handsome guy at a party. You go up to him and get his telephone number. The next day you call and say,"Hi, I'm fantastic in bed," That's Telemarketing.

You're at a party and see a handsome guy. You get up and straighten your dress. You walk up to him and pour him a drink. You say,"May I," and reach up to straighten his tie brushing your breast lightly against his arm, and then say, "By the way, I'm fantastic in bed," That's Brand Recognition.

You're on your way to a party when you realize that there could be handsome men in all these houses you're passing. So you climb onto the roof of one situated toward the center and shout at the top of your lungs, "I'm fantastic in bed!"

That's Junk Mail.

Words Women Use

FINE - This is the word women use to end an argument when they feel they are right and you need to shut up. Never use "fine" to describe how a woman looks. This will cause you to have one of those arguments.

FIVE MINUTES - This is half an hour. It is equivalent to the five minutes that your football game is going to last before you take out the trash, so it's an even trade.

GO AHEAD (With Raised Eyebrows) - This is trash, so it's an even trade. One that will result in a woman getting upset over "Nothing," and will end with the word "Fine."

GO AHEAD (Normal Eyebrows) - This means "I give up" or "do what you want because I don't care." You will get a "Raised Eyebrow Go Ahead" in just a few minutes, followed by "Nothing" and "Fine," and she will talk to you in about "Five Minutes" when she cools off.

THAT'S OKAY - This is one of the most dangerous statements that a woman can make to a man. "That's Okay" means that she wants to think long and hard before paying you back for whatever it is that you have done.
Sex in Dit
By Steve Tucker and Aine Doyle

Our college years are the time for experimentation. Aungier Street is proud to possess the likes of Tampon Boy and other pioneers in their fields. But for the remaining student body we want to play the pervert and discuss various things that go on behind closed doors. All this and more will be disclosed in Aungier Street's Sex and the Street.

First of all we must say those of us who talk about sex get none. Individuals who write about sex really must get none; we can certainly vouch for that. Before we proceed we must do the responsible thing (don't worry we ain't getting preachy!)—do whatever but just make sure it's safe and do try this at home!

To be sensational we decided to deal with oral sex. Through discussions and interviews we found that opinion and enjoyment of the act hugely varies with gender.

The performance of oral sex on a man is referred to as fellatio. The idea of oral sex simply makes some women cringe whereas others are more accommodating in the literal sense. We came across many women who found both the thought of receiving and giving very disgusting. However there is a good amount that enjoy nothing more than receiving a good tongue-lashing. One girl described a guy's equipment as smelly. The man, the simpleton, seems to put little thought towards the act.

When they receive it just happens. Some men are known to prefer the act towards full sex. This can be for reasons for convenience (outside a nightclub) or they simply desire something different. Most men would appear to take pleasure in satisfying a woman's needs. They find it desirable rather than repulsive. This highlights the contrast between men and women's perspectives of sex. In the early stages of a relationship oral sex is usually a preference over full sex. This can be normal for the initial months of a relationship.

On technique the simpleton becomes fussy in how they receive. In a nutshell women, do not use your hands and tongue action is very welcome. Be very careful with the teeth. Without being overly graphic, a guy may appreciate kissing in that area. This can be viewed as a form of foreplay. Unfortunately for men women do not come with a map. Strategic positioning has to be self taught. Apparently a stiff lower and upper lip guards the teeth, which avoids carnage. Rhythmic thrusting is required.

The tongue is a one-ended muscle and over exertion is quite easy. Oral sex can be very pleasurable to both parties in a relationship. It is an exciting and even dangerous act. It is quite easy for a girl to polk her eye out on the approach.

"Deep throat" refers to the phenomena of a woman being able to take an instrument in its entirety without 'gagging'.

Arguments suggest that there is or was a power issue involved, that is the receiver is in a position of power. This idea was originally slanted towards men and in this modern day has become less relevant as enjoyment of sex is mutual. The sight of a man on his knees brings two very different, positive connotations to a woman's mind—one is the proposal of marriage and the other is the chance of oral sex.

We have all heard the bitter sweet symphony of taste. Apparently semen is not bitter tasting but in fact sweet.

orgasm

Marilyn Monroe is said to have aided her career with her ability to perform fellatio. She is said to have performed the act on men within the show business network. She seemed willing to perform and did not mind doing so as long as they were nice. It is said that she even drank from the furry cup but soon realised she was not a lesbian. It is possible that oral sex can bring you to the peak of pleasure and your career, but only in Los Angeles.

Deep throat refers to the phenomena of a woman being able to take an instrument in its entirety without gagging. This ability is not as legendary as some may imagine. Very many of us may have witnessed this ability in a more innocent form on television or at the circus—sword swallowers make great bedfellows!

Sex has no perimeters and cannot be explained within a magazine column. One definite question we managed to answer was whether to kiss or not to kiss post-performance. Do not attempt this; nobody wants a mouthful of themselves. Sex reveals a lot about our personality.

Well hopefully we have provided you with interesting ideas and caused a few raised eyebrows. We might appear again in the next issue. If you have any interesting ideas, stories or feedback why not contact us at Stetuck@yahoo.co.uk. Have fun and always play safe!
90's Bird

If you are a gal born in the 80 s and grew up in the 90 s here s some things you might remember.

1. You once used Wella Plum mousse or Sun-in in your hair that you thought was totally original and highly stylish.
2. You thought blue mascara looked good on EVERYONE!!
3. You bought/stole Constance Carroll's rollerball lip gloss from the Pound-shop.
4. You could do or tried to do the prodigy step.
5. You owned or longed for an Adidas three-stripe tracksuit, in every colour.
6. Platform runners??
7. You owned a compilation tape with top tunes such as "Mr. Vain", "What is love" and "Rhythm is a dancer" on it!
8. Hour long debates on who was better... East 17 or Take That?
9. You judged a girl on who she fancied from Take That! (Robbie: you were cool. Gary Barlow: you were not!)
10. For all you die hard E17 fans... "Outside its raining but inside its wet" and "Alright alright, everything's gonna be alright"

11. You owned a pair of Nike Air Max.
12. You wore plastic dummies around your neck, the bigger and more aluminous the better!
13. Dolly Dresses with babe or something along those lines written on it????
14. Susst, Eclipse, Xworx and Petro Motion jeans bought in Hairy valley and grew up in the 80s and 90s.
15. Queuing outside Wesley or Beckdive from 6pm to 9pm in the freezing cold to go in and snap numerous randomers! Also learning the route to your college that was on your fake ID cos the bouncer used to always ask you what it was and trying to remember to sign the name on your ID in the sign in book instead of your own while you had a nadin of vodka in ya.
16. You had a Pen Pal!
17. You understand the true love of Ross and Rachel!
18. You watched Facts of life, Hang Time and sweet valley high after school.
19. You remember the theme tune to California dreaming..."Surf dudes with attitude, kinda groovy, laid back moods..."
20. 10p crisps! e.g. Meanies, Wheelies!

In a perfect world a boy meets a girl, they fall in love, and they have 2.5 children and live happily ever after. In our parents generation it was common to meet their Mister wonderful or Miss wonderful as the case may be, around the age of twenty. That would be about now for most of us. Thankfully our generation has changed. Why is it then when we, the female sex, mention the R word (for you unenlightened people out there that means relationship) most guys would run for the hills. Don't they understand that despite all information to the contrary we are not looking for Mr. Right but Mr Right NOW!

Is our generation changing so much so that guys actually prefer to be out boozing with their mates then enjoying a simple one-on-one, (in a very restrained sense of the word of course), with that special girl? And what's happened to mixing the two? Are women still willing to take a back seat to manly comments such as "she cant drink as much as me and the lads"? Seeing as guys care a great deal for their beer bellies I say if you cant beat them then have a better time elsewhere! But that's not really the issue here. It's the C-word. Yeah it ends in a T, has an N and a No not THAT word. I'm talking about Commitment. Ever heard of it? Most of you haven't! Or maybe you've heard stories about little Johnny who got involved with Mary-Sue. And soon after she started talking about the C-word and before your heads could spin little Johnny was drinking lemonade on his nights out and was home by ten tucked up in his bed. And now every and again someone would ask, "whatever happened to Johnny?" and the only reply that's heard is "Mary-sue got him!"

Snap out of it! What is with the word commitment? What is with guys and their bizarre understanding of the meaning of the word? Could it be that most of our brains don't have the capacity to understand words that are over three letters? But then drink is a five-letter word!

Hmmm that must be an exception to the rule. Proof being that orgasm is a six-letter word.

For some guys commitment and relationships seem to be in the same league as marriage. Of course the rationale there is similar to 1+1=5. And they say women are binkers! We're told men think about sex 24/7 and from the majority of them that I know or at least work with, I would concur. But what I fail to understand is why it is still believed in this day and age that women are never the initiators of sex. And if she is well then she's biggest hussy around? For a woman to sleep with a guy she's just started seeing its risky! But for her male counterpart he's considered "de man" because he managed to nail her on the first night. I won't harp on a long debated issue of sexism but move on to a more interesting one.

The question being that when it comes to relationships why is it that a lot of boys always seem to cheat? Is it the thrill of the chase or simply their inability to keep their not so special little guys locked up? Or are they simply opting out. Because suddenly they have to work a little bit harder (no pun intended)? Is a reality emerging that all boys cheat? Do they really or are some of us simply unfortunately enough to constantly meet guys who are incapable of controlling themselves and their meagre urges for a quickie when under the influence of alcohol? Is this reality something that we, the monogamous member (male or female) of the "relationship" have to accept as common practise? "Oh I was really drunk. I didn't mean anything, I was thinking of you the whole time!" Whoo stop there! Please don't tell me that.

There's honestly and then there's just plain bullshit! Question is would you want to know? Would you accept a part-time boyfriend sharing him with his friends, his booze and the occasional fling? Simply because he doesn't think he's ready to settle down with one person! Ah poor baby! Sure i've no problem with you having it off with every bit of fluff that comes your way. Just be careful of his nightly infatuation with your one down the local whose resemblance to Gall from Coronation Street is striking! Is this what our generation has to look forward to?

And worse for women are we later to become, as single women now, those relationship girls that we so desperately hate. "Oh I can't come out tonight. Mike and I are going to the cinema again" they chirp so smugly. I'm embarrassed to say, despite rumours of Johnny and Mary-sue, that there are girls out there who simply have no interest in the outside world once she and her boo have locked eyes for the first time. It's these girls that ive the rest of us a bad name!
Volume 1; Issue 2
The Dogs Bollox; Special War Edition.

Page: 40

Irish Hip Hop has been growing rapidly in recent years. The TBMC has been host to many of Ireland's hottest hip hoppers and is an example of the changing times we live in.

The concept of Irish hip hop is still an amusing one to the movers and shakers of the Irish music industry, but the inevitability is that it's happening with or without corporate permission. With the influx of international live acts and the already vital turntablism scene, as well as the active B-boy and graffiti-art communities, the hip hop lifestyle is becoming more and more of a viable option on these shores, far from the wigg-a-who-attitude reputation it seems to hold in certain quarters.

Not since the hey-day of Scary Eire have we seen such a groundswell of Irish live acts. Creative Control, Third Eye Surfers and Homebrew are becoming familiar names, for now just exciting warm-up groups for their US counterparts. But in the future, who knows?

Previously, international hip hop acts more often than not bypassed Ireland on their European tour schedules, but times are changing and Dublin, Belfast and Cork are suddenly becoming more attractive pitstops. Declan Forde, booker with POD/Meant Fiddler, is clearly someone with a lot of faith in the potential of a burgeoning hip hop nation. Promoting international acts such as a Mark B & Blade, Ugly Duckling, the Pharcyde, Jeru The Damaja and a midweek night for the much loved Rawkus Records stable, Forde is tapping into an audience previously neglected by live entertainment.

"I suppose because Ireland has no real history or cultural legacy with hip hop, it's taken time for it to develop over here," explains Forde.

"Also, the fact that hip hop has been a predominantly American-based genre means that the artists were less accessible to Ireland. And it's only now that people are really taking notice of the UK scene, which I'm sure has always been there, it's just never been nurtured before. But from what I can tell, the artists definitely want to play here, and the more they play here, the more your home-grown structure can develop.

"Without meaning to get into cliché, hip hop is seen as a 'street' thing because it has usually been about the artist writing about his/her immediate environment from his/her point of view. For that reason it's very culture-specific and maybe that's why it has taken up to 20 years to be fully adapted by people from this side of the Atlantic."

Another promotor, Ross Killean of RSR Promotions, can see the evidence developing in the club scene. The final of the RSR College DJ Battle features two of the most exciting young scratch DJs in the country, SPYace and Tu-Ki.

"I think a lot of people are into hip hop and any time a good act comes in, it's always packed and there's a lot more crowd involvement in hip hop than a regular club or concert. As far as Irish live acts go, Creative Control are gonna kick-off; they're excellent. There's also a great scene in Belfast that's been happening up there for a while. Years ago, hip hop wouldn't really come over here. Dublin's taste is a lot more eclectic now."

The aforementioned Creative Control have been generating serious excitement by word-of-mouth and low-key tape releases. A straight-up Dublin trio of beats, rhymes and cuts, they could well be the recording act to hold.

"There's a generation coming up together now of 18 and 20 year-olds and this is the start of something new, acts like us, Homebrew, Exile Eye, Relevance, Danz, Davy Splyce, D-Low, Glen Brady and others. The equipment is getting cheaper, and there a lot more bedroom producers now. That was the main problem. It takes dedication. There's a lot more graf artists, B-boys and DJs on the scene, but there's not that many bands, probably because it's so expensive to set-up. And the other problem is getting records pressed. The music industry over here sees hip hop as a gimmick. Hopefully that'll change."
7 Days of Madness: the Tupac legacy

By Will Kinsella

On September 7th 1996 Gangster Rapper Tupac Shakur was gunned down in Las Vegas after leaving a Mike Tyson fight. He was traveling with his associate and Death Row CEO Marion "Suge" Knight in a black sedan when 13 shots were released into the car.

This just followed a scuffle in the Los Vegas Casino with Orlando Anderson, a well known Crips gang member. On Friday the 13th of September 1996 Tupac passed away. Hip Hop had just lost its largest personality.

Before his death he was engaged in a East Coast vs. West Coast record label rivalry with fellow rapper Notorious BIG. This created suspicion that he was behind the shooting. Or so it would seem. After Tupac's untimely death a series of messages were left behind in his music that portrayed his death. These messages formed what is known as the 7 day theory. Here are some areas of the theory that have lead some of his fans to believe that he faked his death and is to return 7 years after his death. Some say that he will return just in time for the elections to help Jesse Jackson and Al Sharpton found a new political party.

The video "I ain't Mad at Cha" was released only a few days after his death. "I ain't Mad at Cha" is track 13 on the album All Eyes On Me. The video shows Tupac as an angel in heaven. In the video, Tupac was shot after leaving a theater with a friend, which is very similar to how he was shot in real life.

Interestingly, Tupac dies in his last video released under the name "Tupac". His new video "Toss It Up" from the new album was released under the name "Makaveli".

The name Makaveli is based on an ancient Italian political and military theorist Nicolo Machiavelli who faked his own death to return and defeat his enemies who thought he was dead.

The title of this album is the 7 day theory

Tupac's body was cremated just two hours after his death. In his song "Life Goes On" he rapped about how he wanted rappers to perform at his funeral. He was also a Muslim and it is against the Muslim faith to be cremated as they believe it prevented any future exhumation.

In interviews prior to the shooting, Tupac talked about how he wanted to stop rapping and being a gangster and get out of the limelight.
Looking Forward to reTURN

Between losing their bassist, finding a replacement and planning the release of a new album the last six months have been busy for Irish band Turn. Ciara Bambrick met up with Ollie Cole and Alan Lee to talk about the past and indeed the future for the band.

I F DIT had one single campus and a venue large enough to house a stage and a crowd of gig goers then perhaps in recent weeks we would have been lucky enough to have experienced the Heineken Rollercoaster Tour, where headliners this year included Kells band Turn. As things stand, unless you are a follower of the Irish music scene perhaps when you read the name Turn it has absolutely no meaning to you.

When I met up with Ollie and Alan I wasn’t sure what to expect. Sitting in the corner of the pub, both dressed in black leather jackets, they looked like they belonged in a band. So I set about finding out Turn’s history as well as what it is that makes the band do what they’re doing. It’s said that every dark cloud has a silver lining. When Kells band Swampshack broke up the silver lining didn’t come for guitarist and singer Ollie Cole and drummer Ian Melady until they formed Turn two years later. Myself and Ian were writing and writing and writing, smoking way too much hash, not going outside ever. We thought we were going to put together another band, we’ll be deadly, the best band ever, but we were too fucking stoned and lazy to actually ever make it happen, says Ollie.

Things started to look up when Ollie got a job in The Factory rehearsal studio and met Gavin Fox. A couple of weeks later, myself, Ian and Gavin stood in a room, everything was already written, we played 10 or 11 songs, everything sounded great immediately and that was that.

It didn’t take long for the band to be signed by British indie label Infectious, release their first single and start to tour. Their success with Infectious was however to be short lived and Turn were dropped shortly after releasing their successful EP’s In Position and Summer Song/Another Year Over. Following extensive Irish touring the band went back into the studio last year to record their new album.

Everything seemed to be looking up for the band until Gavin decided to leave and join Scottish band Idlewild. In the beginning I missed him, says Ollie speaking about Gavin’s departure, the album was almost done when he left, myself, Ian and Gavin made that record from nothing, so it seemed odd finishing it without him. The only thing we can now is do it fucking better. We have to be better than we already were.

As for the new boy, who formerly played with another Irish band Skindive, how does he feel about being a great songwriter? I’m not sure what she said but it worked and I didn’t hear from him again.

When you’re selling your own record you totally believe in it. Whereas, when you’re with a major label, they just drop it into places and it’s just one of maybe 10 out that week. When we were dropped by Infectious a part of me just thought right, we’re fucked now we’ll never recover. But if anything we’re doing better now than before. After being dropped by Infectious Turn set up their own label, Nurture. It was under that Nurture Turn released their successful EP’s In Position and Summer Song/Another Year Over.

For some of your dumping techniques...

Down In the Dumps

Dumping. It’s something that most of us have been through whether we admit it or not. Pack your bags, on your bike, you’re dumped. But how cruel do we get when it comes to getting rid of our other halves? Well here are some of your dumping techniques.

Lisa, Retail and Services Management

This was going out with my mate for a while one night she set me up with her best friend. I ended up being with her whenever we were out and I suppose we were going out together. When my mate dumped his girlfriend I decided that I wouldn’t see her friend anymore either, pity she was alright looking too.

Barry, Transport and Logistics

I was going out with this guy and I went into town to meet him and break up with him. On the bus I sent my brother a text message telling him I was dumping my boyfriend and asking him to ring me in an hour. But I sent the message to my boyfriend by accident and he text me back asking what was the story and I just told him I didn’t think we needed to meet up anymore.

Jennifer, Business Management

I once dumped a girl on her birthday. present that year.

John, Business and Information Systems

The worst way I dumped someone was by telling his best friend first. Then when my boyfriend and his mate were in the pub his mate said I told him we’d broken up and that’s how he found out he was dumped.

Siebhdn, Marketing

I once went out with a guy for a while. I wanted to break up with him but I didn’t have the guts to actually tell him. So one night I went out and I snogged the face off someone else right in front of him. He got the message pretty quickly after that.
The band itself split in 1970 to the dismay of millions, but Lennon had little trouble establishing himself as a completely separate musical entity. Lennon and Sir Paul McCartney are widely recognised as the creative axis around which the Beatles phenomenon revolved, and both managed to forge successful solo careers from the debris of the break-up. This difficult period spurred Lennon to produce his best work, 1970’s “John Lennon/ Plastic Ono Band” and 1971’s “Imagine” enjoying massive success.

Unfortunately, Lennon’s post-Beatles musical material remains overshadowed by affairs in his private life. He spent the first half of the 70’s fighting the U.S. Immigration Department for his green card, drinking heavily, and yawning non-stop for peace. The second half of the decade he spent in seclusion after the birth of his son Sean, to his second wife Yoko Ono.

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The band struggled for a number of years to establish themselves, with numerous personnel changes disrupting the continuity within the group. However, Lynott and Downey remained constant throughout this tough period and were to reap the rewards with the success of the band’s breakthrough album, 1976’s “Jailbreak”. Lynott’s star grew immensely over the next few years. Adored by fans, admired by contemporaries and praised by critics, he became a media darling. However, by 1977, his drug abuse began to catch up with him and his colleagues noticed a change in the artist. His mood swings intensified as a result of his heroin addiction which necessitated the use of sleeping pills in an effort to get some rest.

The next three years of Thin Lizzy were typified by any number of ugly brawls involving band members on various tours. The band eventually announced a farewell tour in 1983, and tickets sold at an incredible pace. Having produced classic tracks such as The Boys are Back in Town, Emerald and Dancing in the Moonlight, Thin Lizzy remain firm favourites in rock circles.

Philip Lynott was born on August 20, 1949. Following largely unsuccessful early forays into the world of rock music, Lynott was taught to play the bass guitar by Brendan “Brush” Shiels, a former bandmate from the group “Skid Row”. Lynott then spent some time in a band named “Orphanage” with old friend Brian Downey, and the pair were approached in late 1969 by guitarist Eric Bell about the possibility of forming a new band. The addition of Eric Wrixon on keyboards completed the line-up, and the original Thin Lizzy were born.

Some reports suggest a series of ugly psychotic episodes, but cannot be fully believed. Yoko, at any rate, was in charge of their financial affairs, and Lennon was mostly on sabbatical from life. Then a sudden creative fit in 1980 resulted in the material for Double Fantasy. The album came together extraordinarily quickly and was released in November.

Still in a creative frenzy, the couple were already at work on their next project when, coming home late from a session, Lennon was hailed by a fan to whom he’d given an autograph earlier that day, Mark David Chapman. Lennon turned and Chapman shot him five times with a .38 revolver. Lennon was rushed to the hospital but pronounced dead on arrival from a massive loss of blood. Chapman later claimed it was Lennon’s remarks in 1966 on Jesus that drove him to his act.

JOHN LENNON

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John Lennon’s many interviews in his days with the Beatles produced some fascinating sound bites, including this infamous (and ill-advised) nugget from a 1966 interview with British journalist Maureen Cleave: “Christianity will go. It will vanish and shrink. I needn’t argue that; I am right and I will be proved right. We’re more popular than Jesus now”.

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Kurt Cobain was born on the 20th of February 1967 in Hoquaim, a small town 140 kilometres south-west of Seattle. Cobain was for most his childhood and adolescence a bronchitic child. Matters were made worse when Cobain’s parent’s divorce when he was seven and by his own account Cobain said he never felt loved or secure again.

He became increasingly difficult, anti-social and withdrawn after his parent’s divorce. Cobain also said that his parent's traumatic split fuelled a lot of the anguish in Nirvana’s music.

Cobain formed and reformed a series of bands before Nirvana came to be in 1986. Nirvana was an uneasy alliance between Cobain, bassist Krist Novoselic and eventually drummer and multi-instrumentalist Dave Grohl.

Following the limited success of debut album "Bleach", Nirvana’s major success came with the album "Nevermind". A huge international success containing the raucous anthems "Lithium" and "Smells Like Teen Spirit", "Nevermind" sold over 10 million copies in the US alone.

The success of "Nevermind" served as a platform for the band and they enjoyed further acclaim following the release of follow-up album "In Utero" and the outstanding "Unplugged In New York".

In February 1992 Cobain slipped off to Hawai to marry the already pregnant Courtney Love. Later in the year he underwent hospital treatment for heroin abuse. Despite the phenomenal success of Nirvana, cracks were starting to appear in his psychological make-up. The sensitive loner from Seattle was finding his rock lifestyle too much to bear.

Twenty concerts into Nirvana’s 1993-94 tour Cobain developed throat problems and flew to Rome to recover with his wife. On 4th March 1994 he was rushed to hospital in a coma having unsuccessfully attempted to kill himself with a concoction of painkillers and champagne.

Cobain’s reprieve was to prove only temporary. On the 5th of April, he barricaded himself into a granny flat behind his Seattle mansion, turned a shotgun on himself and pulled the trigger.

Cobain’s suicide note was addressed to his nineteen-month-old daughter Frances, ending with the words "I love you, I love you". Two days after his body was found, a candlelit vigil in Seattle was attended by over 5000 people. Cobain’s suicide also prompted a spate of suicides among distressed American teenagers. The man’s legacy lives on today, as does Nirvana’s indelible influence on teen culture.

As the pathologist himself stated, “Phil didn’t die of a heart attack; he died of a lifestyle.”

1. There is virtually NO ONE in America (talk radio nutters and Fox News aside) who is gung-ho to go to war. Trust me on this one. Walk out of the White House and on to any street in America and try to find five people who are PASSIONATE about wanting to kill Iraqis. YOU WON’T FIND THEM! Why?

2. "Cause NO Iraqis have ever come here and killed any of us! No Iraqi has even threatened to do that. You see, this is how we average Americans think: If a certain so-and-so is not perceived as a threat to our lives, then, believe it or not, we don’t want to kill him! Funny how that works!

3. The majority of Americans – the ones who never voted you -- are not fooled by your weapons of mass distraction. For the remaining three years of his life, Lynott’s heroin use became progressively more obvious, and his deterioration progressively more pronounced. His wife Caroline left him, taking their daughters, whom her family sought to protect from their father’s lifestyle.

4. The Pope has said this war is wrong, that it is a SIN. The Pope! But even worse, the Dixie Chicks have now come out against you. How bad does it have to get before you realize that you are an army of one on this war? Of course, this is a war you personally won’t have to fight. Just like when you went AWOL while the poor were shipped to Vietnam in your place.

5. Of the 535 members of Congress, only ONE (Sen. Johnson of South Dakota) has an enlisted son or daughter in the armed forces! If you really want to stand up for America, please send your twin daughters over to Kuwait right now and let them don their chemical warfare suits. And let’s see every member of Congress with a child of military age also sacrifice their kids for this war effort. What’s that you say? You don’THINK? So? Well, hey, guess what – we don’t think so either!

6. Finally, we love France. Yes, they have pulled some royal screw-ups. Yes, some of them can be pretty damn annoying. But have you forgotten we wouldn’t even have this country known as America if it weren’t for the French? That it was the French who built the Statue of Liberty, or that they invented the movies? And now they are doing what only a good friend can do - tell you the truth about yourself, straight, no b.s. Quit pissing on the French and thank them for getting it right for once. You know, you really should have traveled more (like once) before you took over. Your ignorance of the world has not only made you look stupid, it has painted you into a corner you can’t get out of.

Operation Iraqi Liberation
The George
by Will Roche

It was all going wrong for George W. Bush. He was having lots of fun fising death row inmates as governor of Texas, selling oil national parkland to oil companies and getting coked out of his box. Then Daddy Bush told young Dubya that he was fixin' to make him the president of the good ol' US of A. Dubya skulked and sulked all day in his bedroom with his beloved pet dog Skeeter until he finally came round to his daddy's wishes.

Election day came and Dubya was relieved to see Al Gore soar ahead in the opening hours. He figured that Al would run the country way better because "he invented the Internet." Young George delighted in the knowledge that he was going back to playing nintendo in Texas. Poppa Bush was not pleased in the slightest about those chicken-neck democrats hijacking his son's victory. One brief phonecall to son Jeb in Florida ensured Dubya the state and the presidency.

Yup, Poppa and Jeb made sure they pesky black folks couldn't vote democrat by getting the cops to block them from voting at all. Now George W. didn't exactly understand the electoral college voting system but he knew he had won, what he didn't know was that it was the start of many bad times. Starting at day one, there was huge controversy over the contested state of Florida. Accusations of poll-fixing were all over the place, and when Katherine Harris stopped the hand counts, many were outraged. It didn't matter though because the American public went back to watching American Gladiators and forgot about it soon after. Georgie was president and it was official now.

Still he had the weekly embarrassment of his alcoholic, nympho daughters as a personal embarrassment. Week-in, week-out they got caught straddling college chums in some bar pissed out of their minds - while being "guarded" by secret service agents. George still wonders when he'll have to bust out the shotgun on a boyfriend. One thing's for sure, Betsy's always ready. Of course, the largest kick in the bollox must have come from that gawdernm Muslim Bin Ladin. Bush was only in office a little while, still getting used to the pedants - training wheels on - when the largest attack on America soil since Pearl Harbor came and shit on his doorstep.

Not wanting to look too brave, he got in Air Force One and fucked off for a few days until the dust settled. Dubya was pissed off. Not even the gawdenned communists had the grapes to blow up the frickin' World Trade Centre. Cue continuous carpet bombing of Afghanistan and subsequent hunt for Bin Laden. The searches came up empty, and Bin Laden is still out there. All the events so far were having a terrible effect on George's libido but one final event was to make Dubya's penis crawl back into his stomach giving him a second-bellybutton effect.

One weekend in January 2002, President Bush was subject to an event which left him dizzy, battered, bruised and confused - he choked on a pretzel. He later commented: "My mother always said when you're eating pretzels, chew before you swallow". With this valuable advice, Dubya went on about his day as normal in front of the media's prying eyes. But behind closed doors Bush's sexual urges had been destroyed by the latest humiliation. The incident followed in the ten year anniversary of when Bush senior puked on the lap of Japanese Prime Minister Kiichi Miyazawa in a similar food-related embarrassment.

A close aide stated off the record that; "President Bush has been taking viagra and so far his attempts to copulate with wife Laura, a watermelon and his dog skeeter have been unsuccessful. He's becoming more aggressive and is known to scream 'a man without a Johnson is not a man at all' late at night.

We're all very worried for President Bush". Faced with the growing pressures of being president and of not being able to satisfy any critics with the failing thrust of George junior, Dubya knew what he had to do to reinvigorate his manhood. WAR!!!

Gawdernmit, war would put an erection on a dead republican.

foreign food vendors renaming "French fries" so as not to upset the sensibilities of your average republican NRA member who will surely fill McDonalds full of bullets if served "french fries". I still just call them chips.

Iraq is about to be over-run by coalition forces and assuming they don't keep blowing each other up in friendly-fire incidents, they should be done ripping the country a new corn- shoot soon enough. Iraq and Saddam are done for now (unless we're left with a cliffhanger leading on to another sequel - Gulf War 3), but let this serve as a cautionary warning to all.

The next time you fart, make sure you waft it towards the middle east because if Mr. Bush happens to get a whiff, he'll accuse you of having weapons of mass destruction and blow up your house with planes from Shannon. Bertie will agree that you are a terrorist leader and had it coming.
An Evening with Saddam Hussein

By Stu Nolan

In an amazing coup for this very special edition of the Dogs Bollox, I have managed to secure an interview with the 'Butcher of Baghdad', Iraqi dictator and all round menace to society Mr. Saddam Hussein.

Good Morning Saddam.

S: Good morning infidel.

M: First things first Saddam, how can our readers be sure you are the real tyrannical leader and not one of the many doppelgangers roaming this dusty bowl you call home?

S: Good question Great White Satan. The real Saddam, which is me, is hung like a two humped camel, more potent than a warhead of VX Nerve Gas, and I have a tattoo of Ariel Sharon on my ass so when

M: So you intend to inspire the Iraqi people to victory?

S: Not at all, if they don't fight I'll make them read this crap.

M: Do you think your moustache is the source of your longevity?

S: Well look at the great mustachioed evils of our time; Adolf Hitler, Josef Stalin, Augusto Pinochet, Tom Selel. All clearly insane and yet they still held power for years, especially that Selek bastard!

M: Who is the real Saddam Hussein, what are your turn-ons and turn-offs?

S: Well apart from the usual tyranny, the mass murder of innocents and pissing off the Americans, my turn-ons are long walks along the Tigeris, desert sunsets and modern dance. My turn-offs are Jews, Iranians, Westerners, aid workers (except as human shields), foreign armies, Kurds, but most of all Iraqis, I hate those bastards.

M: Is there any truth behind the rumour that you collect Weapons of Mass Destruction to make up for your ahem, genital deficiency?

S: Take a look for yourself see, for all my bravado I have a penis the size of a young trouserless Eskimo boy sitting on a glacier!

M: Thanks for the honesty, lets move on (quickly). What's a little known fact about you?

S: I once auditioned for the part of the biker in the Village People, same moustache, but they said my aspirations for world domination would get in the way of the artistic direction of the band! I formed a rival band called Saddam and the Sodomites, but they through me out and renamed themselves U2. (Phone Rings) Excuse me Hello? Ah, Donald how are you? Sure I'd be interested in a thousand gallons of Anthrax. How's that Ebola and small p0x cross breed coming along? Well give me a shout when it's ready. Is George still planning to invade, that crazy Texan SOB! Well send everyone stateside my love, and incurable diseases, just kiddin.Talk to you later Rummy!

M: Was that Donald Rumsfeld?

S: Yep, me and Donny go way back, I provide the evil and he provides the weapons. It's a sweet deal really, been going on for years. But I gotta go, I left Selel in charge and we all know he couldn't act his way out of a mirage.

M: Before you go any words of advice for our readers?

S: Stay in school, keep your eyes on the prize and you too can be the dictator of an oil rich wasteland. Oh and don't listen to what they say, the systematic murder and torture of anyone who opposes you (and their families, friends, neighbours, pets etc) will get you everywhere. Peace Out Y'all!
Interview with the naked bungee dude.
Unfortunately there is no photographic evidence.

Jamie 'Bulging Bungee Jumper' McCormack VS. DARC

DARC: Jamie what initially gave you the required impulse to do a naked bungee jump?

Jamie: It's very simple, the event was for charity and charity is a good cause. Nobody else was doing it anyway, so I decided for God's sake why not? Basically it just popped into my head, I'm only young once and I'd rather do it now than when I'm old and wrinkly!

DARC: Jamie was there any feelings of remorse as your dangly bits flapped in the wind that day?

Jamie: No. It was actually quiet the opposite. It was actually very cold however, so unfortunately I don't think it was as appealing as what it could have been, if it was a warmer day! The fact the lads who were operating the crane left me hanging there for a GOOD five minutes with everyone staring and laughing, also added to the effect cold breeze on the usual out-hanging organs.

DARC: So Jamie, have you recovered your testicles from your stomach or are they still AWOL?

Jamie: It actually happened last weekend so what's that only three weeks on. It was good to see them again; I was delighted they made a swift recovery.

DARC: So how are they anyway?

Jamie: Like I say, a little bit worse for wear but they're alright.

DARC: Was there a warm response from the crowd, what was the general feeling?

Jamie: Well shock initially. There was a lot of mixed emotions. A lot of people were going — for God's sake, What the hell are you doing? But the general response was — That lad has balls literally let's go have a look! While I was waiting I had a couple of tee shirts wrapped around me which a couple of girls came up and ripped them off! I was stranded there in my trot emotional!

DARC: Was one delighted at this event?

Jamie: I got a couple of hand-shakes later on at the

"Was there any feelings of remorse as your dangly bits flapped in the wind that day?"

DARC: Well were there hand-shakes with the bishop or otherwise?

Jamie: No, no, no..the hand-shakes were given at the foam party. It was good craic.

-Parking at amusement park: $8
-Bungee jump: $40
-Having your picture put up on the worldwide web after you shit yourself on the jump.... PRICELESS  ComputerPrank.com

DARC: Your Parents must be very proud, now that you're of legendary status in the Dog's Boll'x's Hall of Shame?

Jamie: I'm used to the shame but in relation to the parents What they don't know, won't hurt them!

DARC: Jamie, have you any future stunts planned that our photographers should be aware of?

Jamie: We're thinking of organizing a semi-nude paintball spree for charity. The impacts will be bloody, very sore, but all for a good cause!

DARC: Jamie, Rag Daze, you were one of the characters, you got out there and got involved, what exactly is your view?

Jamie: I think with Rag Daze the fund raising was extremely successful as oppose to the Rag Week. There was larger turnouts and due to spreading out, people had more time to settle in and get involved. The general feeling was that there was good craic and they had time to chill out. They really got into the whole college thing. My view is we're only young once, and being stuck in a cubicle for ten years, you're better off to get out there and enjoy yourself.

DARC: Do you think Augier Street's S.U. has done a lot for its students?

Jamie: Last year I was in Mountjoy Square and they were good but this years team of Paulie and Joe, let's just say they are a lot more involved with the students and a lot more willing to take part in the social scene (harsh-ED). As a team together the student Union has been excellent so far and it will be hard to beat next year.

DARC: Jamie, thank you for your time, nudity and hell for leather attitude! Sl a bhaile!

1 minute after this interview, Jamie I used to the shame McCormack retired as a naked bungee jumper, he is now reportedly living in a cardboard box behind a bush on the Stillorgan Dual Carriage way. His friends have deserted him and was last reported wearing leather pants.

We here at the Dogs Bollox wish him the best and hope he will provide more magazine material in the future. -ED

"We're thinking of organizing a semi-nude paintball spree for charity. The impacts will be bloody, very sore, but all for a good cause!"

"I'm used to the shame..."

"NOW THAT REALLY IS TOTALLY FUCKING"
How To annoy Osama bin Laden

Point out the lice in his beard to make him feel self-conscious.

Pause for a moment, listen carefully, and say, "Doesn't that sound a lot like a B-52?"

Ask him if he's looking forward to replacing Hitler as Satan's favorite chew toy in the lowest inferno of Hell.

Tell him all about your great vacation to Saudi Arabia, where you went absolutely everywhere and did everything, just stomped all over the place.

Use his satellite phone to call the time and weather line in Buenos Aires and leave it off the hook.

Tell him how much less you paid for your Kalashnikov rifle.

Now that you know the address of his secret cave hideout, fill out magazine subscription cards for him for the Wine Spectator and Penthouse. But do not, under any circumstances, send him Popular Mechanics.

Order him ten Domino's pizzas with extra ham topping.

Correct him when he ends a sentence with a preposition.

Ask whether the Taliban gets cable, because you haven't seen "Sex and the City" for weeks.

Yank the end of his turban really hard to make him spin around like a top.

Switch all the CD's in the jewel boxes in his CD collection, so that when he reaches for Michael Bolton, he'll actually get the Mohammed Rafi. Mine his bathroom.

Leave business cards for the Israeli Mossad in his Rolodex.

Tell him you once saw him at a Hooter's in Muncie wearing a yarmulke.

Tell him that this is the worst pyjama party you've ever attended.

Ask for some pork rinds and a good brew to wash them down.

Ask him if he provides his employees with a 401K plan.

Claim that they serve much better falafel at the public executions in Sudan.

Ask him if he's pursuing the Lesser Jihad, the Greater Jihad, or the "Completely Whacked Out of his Freaking Gourd" Jihad.

Check to see if Saddam is on his speed-dial list.

Mention that his wives look quite fetching in their burkas, and ask whether they've ever thought of modeling.

Give him a Hot Chicks of Palestine calendar.

Ask him if Paradise is different for each person, and whether in your own paradise you'll get to "kick his ass every day for eternity".

Refer to him as "Osama-osama-fee-fi-fo-fama bin Laden".

Tell him it's lovely what he's done with his cave, but that it'd look much nicer covered with huge, smoking craters.

At dinner, imply that the Northern Alliance has much prettier place settings.

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The Truth About Peas and Carrots

Amidst the impeding war and possible rationing, food experts and critics Fiona Cuskey and Eva-Marie Gibney investigate the scandal that is the three Aungier Street canteens. They've got it all worked out.

Once upon a time in Aungier Street the soup had flavour, the meals filled you up and the hot water was free. Quality. But alas, the influx of fizzy water. They are agam at no once than get a cheap meal in an down the coffee place in the old definitely not student-friendly.

Remember that while dining in the dering where

These days are may be strong, but not always carry a box of Shreddies. We sometimes feel like our code. We are now in Mountjoy

And so onwards we march into the new canteen. At first we notice a smarter dress

Chefs partake in friendly banter...as we move along the breadcrumb

But where to go?

With financial worries aside and over 50 states to choose from, anything is possible. You can go all Sex and the City in NYC or become a Baywatch babe on Myrtle Beach. How about frightening the living day-lights out of a few snotty-nosed sprogs in New Jersey?

Possibly Maybe

The September 11th tragedies meant a drop of one third in the number of students availing of J1 visas last summer. The threat of war is a worrying prospect and until the situation is resolved our summers in the sunshine are in jeopardy. We paid the remainder of our programme fee in early January and were told to expect a callback interview by the American Embassy. We continue to wait...
Ireland through a network of Independent Associations, have endless budget accommodation or hostels. This accommodation is actually much better than you might expect, because Banana Creeper is here to show all you homebirds how much fun is to be had on this Emerald Isle. It is time all you students got familiar with your home country before flying round the world and there is no better way to discover Ireland than by considering option no. 1 on my list:

(1) Backpacking round Ireland

Forget about interrail throughout Europe, round up a few mates, put a bag on your back and prepare to explore some of the fabulous tourist destinations in Ireland. An ide, the Irish Youth hostel Association, have endless budget accommodation for students in all the major towns and cities. Prices range from £7-12 per night depending on location. You can also discover Ireland through a network of independent hostels. This accommodation is actually much more suitable for students because they stay open all day, don’t require membership cards, and are cuff-free, excellent for those all-nighters in the pubs.

So if I have convinced you so far here are a few of the must see places while on your trek around Ireland:

Galway, the place to be every summer, the place to be if you fancy visiting the most famous city. But if your more interested in scenic beauty, beaches, lakes and waterfalls, consider a trek around Ireland. Here is a line up of the more interesting ones that you should really check out this summer,

June 2003

Roundstone Arts Festival in the heart of Connemara is on from the 28th June-6th July, where you have everything from music from icons of Damien Rice, dance, film, theatre and a lot of drinking!!

Special Olympics are been held in Ireland from 16th-29th June

July 2003

The Witness festival is a definite this year from 12th-13th July where all your fave music acts of the moment will be performing. This is the biggest music festival held in Ireland.

Galway Arts Festival is from 15th-27th July.

This is a two-week celebration of performing and visual arts. There is something to suit everyone’s interest this year with literature, music, dance, film, theatre, art and a lot of drinking!!

The best ways to travel to these locations is by rail and bus and remember only a small subset of the country. (there’s also the option of a cycling tour of Ireland if you’re on a really tight budget!!).

(2) Adventure of a lifetime

If you’re stuck at home this summer and looking for a fun adventurous activity-based break away with your mates well Delphi is the place to hit. This magnificent unspoiled region situated in southwest Mayo is a perfect hideaway from all the monotonous days lounging in front of the telly. Delphi is a full inclusive multi activity break involving a host of action pursuits. Activities include: canoeing, power boating, raft building, sailing, surfing, water-skiing, deep rock climbing and the list goes on. This is a great way to get a discount on all these awesome activities.

Next stops are Cork and Kerry. If you are into walking and breathing scenery then the Dingle Way in Kerry is a definite. Tralee, Kerry’s capital is a lovely town with few nice pubs. Cork is dotted with some Ireland’s best beaches like barley cove, perfect for surfing, windsurfing, diving etc. Popular places in Cork to see are the Fota animal park and the National Zoological Park. Other counties in Ireland that are well worth a visit are perfect for good nights along with nice scenic routes (not that you care much about that) include Waterford (Tramore beach is fabulous), Mayo (Westport towns), Donegal (Cliffs of Moher), and Wexford.

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(3) Summer Festivals 2003

There is no better way to sample some of Ireland’s unique ways of life than by going home and organise your concert calendar. Here is a line up of the more interesting events that you should really check out this summer,

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If you’re stuck at home this summer and looking for a fun adventurous activity-based break away with your mates well Delphi is the place to hit. This magnificent unspoiled region situated in southwest Mayo is a perfect option for all you students who thrive on variety and are sick of those monotonous days lounging in front of the TV. Delphi is a full inclusive multi activity break involving a host of action pursuits. Activities include: canoeing, power boating, raft building, sailing, surfing, water-skiing, deep rock climbing and the list goes on. This is a great way to get a discount on all these awesome activities.

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A bartender is sitting behind the bar on a typical day, when the door bursts open and in come four exuberant blondes. They come up to the bar, order five bottles of champagne and ten glasses, take their order over and sit down at a large table. The corks are popped, the glasses are filled and they begin toasting and chanting, "51 days, 51 days, 51 days!"

Soon, three more blondes arrive, take up their drinks and the chanting grows. "51 days, 51 days, 51 days!"

Two more blondes show up and soon their voices are joined in raising the roof. "51 days, 51 days, 51 days!"

Finally, the tenth blonde comes in with a picture under her arm. She walks over to the table, sets the picture in the middle and the table erupts. Up jumps the others, they begin dancing around the table, exchanging high-fives, while "51 days, 51 days, 51 days!" is filled with our appearance, so to make it easier for two people, Louisa Houghton took Ciara Tuite and Kieran Dineen out for a day of pampering and utter transformation.

A man was driving home one evening and realised that it was his daughter’s birthday and he hadn’t bought her a present. He drove to the shopping center and ran to the toy shop and he asked the manager:

"How much is that new Barbie in the window?"

The Manager replied: "Which one?"

We have 'Barbie goes to the gym' for €19.95, 'Barbie goes to the Ball' for €19.95, 'Barbie goes shopping' for €19.95 'Barbie goes to the beach' for €19.95, 'Barbie goes to the Nightclub' for €19.95, and 'Divorced Barbie' for €399.99.

"Why is the Divorced Barbie €399.99, when all the others are €19.95?" the dad asked.

"Divorced Barbie' comes with Ken’s car, Ken’s House, Ken’s boat, Ken’s dog, Ken’s cat and Ken’s furniture," replied the shop manager.

The blonde who brought in the picture explains, "Everyone thinks that blondes are dumb and they make fun of us. So, we decided to set the record straight. Ten of us got together, bought that puzzle and put it together.

"The side of the box said 2 to 4 years, but we put it together in 51 days!"

The price of a Barbie

He went to The grafton barber in Arnotts, who were very accommodating. In there, Lorcan Whelan worked his magic and sculpted Kieran’s hair into a very modern cut. They do student discounts Monday to Friday, which is useful, as a wash and cut will only set you back 8 euro.

Bluegrass Menswear provided Kieran with his white, finely checked shirt and black, needle cord trousers. There was a refreshing change from the baggy jeans and hoodies that Kieran usually wears. He was a little unsure about the bootcut cords at first, and told us so quite a bit. This opinion didn’t hold up for long though as he bought the shirt and trousers later that day.

The Verdict:

Ciara: I enjoyed getting a free haircut and I really like my new hair now until I wash it! I’d definitely wear the skirt and boots again. The top wasn’t really me, but it was nice on. After today, I think I was born to be a model. ha ha ha.

Kieran: The style squad had a tough task to drag me into the 21st century, so introduce me to the scary world of fashion. I have to admit I was scared of the thought of looking like a SNAAG (Sensitive New Age Grey). And the hair was a little too snazzy. First night out on the town I definitely noticed my change of fortune with the less understood gender. So full marks to the style team. They can do my shopping in future- one less job for my mother.

So there you go, two happy customers with new hair. What more could you ask for?
LAST CHANCE!

EASTER BALL

THURSDAY 10 APRIL @ COYOTE LOUNGE
DOORS OPEN 10.30 PM

TICKETS | €8 FOR 1 | €15 FOR TWO | FROM SU SHOPS | ID REQUIRED

ALL NITE PROMOS | PINTS FOSTERS €2.50 | SIDEKICK €3.50 | VODKA & SPLASH €3.50 | 6 ASSORTED SHOTS MICKEY FINNS €3.50