

rabble

issue #1 September 2011

we are rabble.
we are bored.



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Ah g'wan...

COMPLEX INFORMATION

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IT'S NOT TOO LATE!
EVERY LITTLE HELPS

FIND OUT
HOW TESCO
INTEND
TO GIVE A
LOCAL ARTS
GROUP THE
BOOT.

INSIDE.

Where Were You?

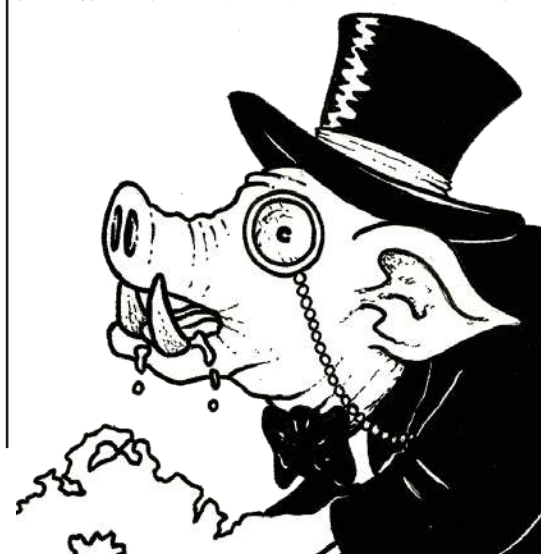
After ten years of hard
work and research, Garry
O'Neill has finally finished
his long awaited photo
book on the history of
Dublin youth subcultures.

Internment.

Take a trip into the states
latest venture. It's a plan to
turn the unemployed into
glorified welfare slaves.

Pirate Radio.

If you thought the golden
age of pirates on the
west coast went out with
Grainne Mhaol, then you
were wrong.



NAMAland

A Pull Out Wall Chart of Dublin

Yes TDs

A Round Up Of Their Uselessness

Sex Panther

Our Columnist Prowls In Print

The Commons #1:
Dublin Civic Office Amphitheatre

Summer highlights included The Kings of Concrete, the annual post-parade Pride rally and open-air opera. Big up to Dublin City Council for getting something right.

CORRUPT, THICK AND INCOMPETENT?

Do you remember when the cops threatened a Shell to Sea campaigner they had arrested with rape, creating a short lived national scandal. Well since the media hype died down, a cover-up has been in operation right from Justice Minister Alan Shatter to the Sindo to the Garda

END GARDA
VIOLENCE
IN
CORRIB

Ombudsman (GSOC). The GSOC has been leaking material to it's pet crime correspondents. What's amazing here is the how incompetent they are. For instance, their interim report confused the video recordings of the rape threat with another filmed at another time, another place and involving different people. If you don't believe us, compare the videos at the link below.

<http://tiny.cc/cdigx>

{THE RANT}

we are rabble!

A NEWSPAPER FROM THE CITY'S UNDERGROUND. COLLECTIVELY AND INDEPENDENTLY RUN BY VOLUNTEERS.

Those behind this effort know each other from alternative media and street mobilisations, from raves, gigs and the football terraces, or by just living in the village that is Dublin. We range from people raising their families in the city, to community and political activists, to artists, messers and mischief-makers.

With this paper we will to do something more than join the ad rags and mouthpieces for power that comprise most of the city's freebies. We want to draw stories from the harsh realities of the city and sketch paths towards building Dublin as we'd prefer it. Consider this an effort to breathe new life into journalism in the city, as well as a space for emerging writers. Down the line, expect original story-telling and explorations of the boundaries between photography, new fiction, journalism and art.

rabble stands within, and with, Dublin as it struggles from below against the ghost of the Celtic Tiger and the state it left us in. We support those who fight with a new world in their hearts and encourage those who create cultures that seed hope in bleak times. Try to imagine a newspaper acting like a melting pot of connections, not just between emergent cultural scenes and everyday life, but also between social

movements and power structures.

We're going to offer an alternative look at Ireland after the boom and help contribute to the popular imagination of what is possible. There is a new generation surviving on the dole, engaged in a mundane struggle to maintain, as power force feeds us austerity. Too many naively celebrate the creative side of the recession and utter non-committal grumbles about how we got here.

We've no qualms about what side of the fence we sit on. Expect a sharp, non-dogmatic eye on our gracious leaders and power brokers. We aim to uncover the incompetencies, the facts and realities they want to lock away in the closet.

rabble is in process of getting its shit together at the moment. Times are tough, finances are tight. The rabble collective is doing this completely off our own backs. We need to hustle to survive. Look us up online to hear about how you can muck in to keep us afloat. If you are an ideas person, a ranter, a barstool polemicist, a daily scribbler or an inspired illustrator but most importantly, a doer rather than a talker - then get in touch.

Over the next while we'll be running events and fundraisers to keep us going, so come along and support us.

We promise a healthy blend of culture, politics, society and humor, bursting with ambition to re-shape our city with a no-hostage attitude to calling a spade a spade.

This is a space for beginnings. Join us.



{EYE}

TALES FROM THE PROMISED LAND BY KENNETH O'HALLORAN.

"Banks and developers on a giddy round of musical chairs were caught when the music stopped. Our crash was even 'crashier' – to borrow Bertie's unique word treatment – than any other country in Europe. The true value of half-completed housing developments on stunningly obscure sites in the so-called commuter counties lies savagely exposed. Agricultural land bought for astronomical sums at the height of the boom are reduced to wasteland. 'Zombie' hotels, 'ghost' estates and mothballed apartment blocks mock the hubris of another era..."

More of this fantastic series on ghost estates can be see at www.kennethohalloran.com

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p3. Niall McCabe gets down and dirty with the Drumcondra Don.

p4. Fuck Adidas. Jay Carax meets Garry O'Neill to uncover some Dublin originals.

p5. Freda Hughes looks at the five choicest throw ups from the summer gone while RedMonk calls the council out on its backwards buffing habit.

p6. Peg Leeson uncovers takes a harsh look at the Jobsbridge initiative.

P8. NAMA: This land is our land.

p10. Anarchaeologist looks at the real cost of Tesco's expansion.

p11. Marcas Maccaoiimhin looks at some recent cop thuggery at a League of Ireland match.

p12. Rob Flynn looks at the vinyl resurgence and Galway pirates Rascal Radio tell us what happened when the man knocked on their door.

p13. Our festival fit contributors salvage the good and the bad from their damaged brain cells.

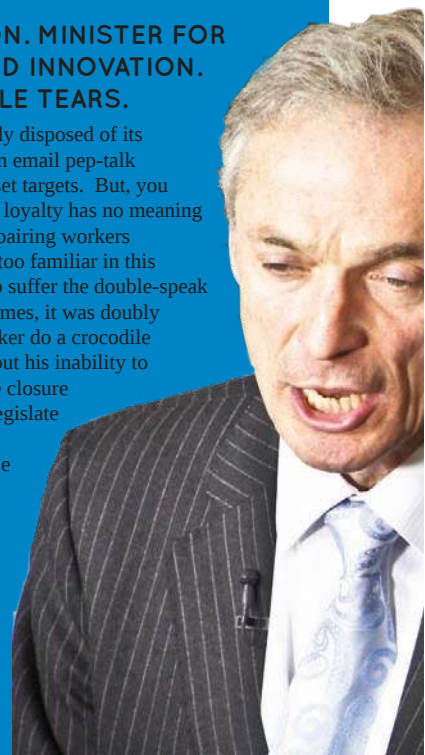
P15.Can you hear the roar of the Sex Panther?



gombeen.1

MEET RICHARD BRUTON. MINISTER FOR JOBS, ENTERPRISE AND INNOVATION. MASTER OF CROCODILE TEARS.

Before UK firm Talk Talk casually disposed of its 575 Waterford staff it sent them an email pep-talk congratulating them on reaching set targets. But, you hardly need telling that sweat and loyalty has no meaning to a multi-national. Scenes of despairing workers dumped on the scrap heap are all too familiar in this recession, and while it's galling to suffer the double-speak of Irish politicians at the best of times, it was doubly enraging to watch this Bruton fucker do a crocodile tears routine at the plant gates about his inability to convince management to push the closure back. If he meant it, surely he'd legislate to stop companies running out on communities at 30 days notice? He is a government minister after all. This IMF hit-man and ranking government scumbag is making it his personal mission to take away Sunday special pay and undermine the rights of agency staff in exactly the sort of jobs ex-Talk Talk heads will end up in IF they are lucky.



rabble

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rabble is a result of volunteer time and labour. It is a self-funded project. We hope to re-coup costs through benefit gigs, subscriptions and other fund raising means. If you like what we do, then help us stay afloat. If you really like what we do and want to get involved, then shout.

Look us up at
www.rabble.ie



lady of the plinth

ART PRANKSTER SCRATCH DAT ITCH GIVES US THE BACKGROUND TO OUR PAGE 3 GOLDEN GIRL.

People ask why, we said why not.

Every day for twelve weeks I crossed that bridge. I noticed after some time that there were two empty plinths awaiting the arrival

of some art. I started to percolate the idea and then decided that there was only one piece of art that would work: The lady on the rock; two ladies so that we had one should face North and one should face South. A designer friend agreed to help with the project.

We sourced and painted her so that she looked like she'd been reclining there since 1821. Under the cover of darkness, on an August night, we walked up the bridge with a sealing gun plus the statues. It was a swift operation and the only collateral damage was the fright we gave an elderly couple with our suspicious actions.

For ten days the ladies reclined and looked towards their respected sides of the city. Thousands of people passed them by. The next morning I went down early to see if the arrival of the art

was going to be greeted. The surprise came when our efforts to ensure that she looked like she belonged meant that few actually noted her. One exception was the beggar who saw the statue, made the sign of the cross and hunkered down to his pitch beneath her imperious gaze.

Some thought her arrival a miracle and stories were invented. She became a symbol for people who don't give a fuck about art. People interpreted the ladies in their own way and the ideas of what they meant flew past them like the Luas itself.

Some idiots broke the arms and we knew that with that her life expectancy shortened. She probably ended up in the Liffey, the graveyard for much of this city's junk.

DON SOMETHING WRONG?

FOR A MAN SO GENERALLY DESPISED, THE TEFLON DON STILL EXERCISES SOME SERIOUS CHARM AS NIALL MCCABE FOUND OUT IN THIS QUICKIE CHAT.

rabble: So Taoisigh. How are you finding civilian life? Have you been up to anything recently?

Janey Macaroni! I do be sleepin in now I'm not da chief. Had me 60th last night in Croker, quite the Hooley! Charlie was der, Miriam and her fella Terry came along. He's a bit of a sap but sure she's happy. Coddle too good for him bejaysus! He's a few sponds which is handy cos I'm bleedin short dese days and she's always lookin money for hair do's, liposuction and d-d-d-dildos. Nicky from Boyzone sang me favorite song, 'Daydream Believer.' He's a lovely head a hair on him. I'm just glad Georgina has a nice fella, cos there was a time when she was runnin around with dogs, and sure you be gettin fleas off them. We had an oul sing song and raised a glass to Dev. Tony Blair couldn't make it as he was sortin out the Middle East, just like we sorted out da Nort. He sent me a gold lame limited edition of his boook with 'dont let the bastards grind you down, Luv Tone' written on it. Which was class, but then he's a classy bloke. Big Ian sent me a copy of the 'Protocols of the elders of Zion and the little finger of Calvin', though where he keeps gettin all dese fingers and udder body parts I wouldn't know. Nutin from McGuinness, prick. It was a great night spoiled only by McCreevey gettin out his lad to one of de Slovakian waitresses and his constant drunken quoting of Scarface. You'd think hangin out with dose Europeans would put manners on the cunt, but no, sure one sniff of the barmaids apron an he thinks he's Jim McDaid.

rabble: There was talk of you being the next President of Ireland but a lot of people have put the state of the nation down to your stewardship?

De one ting about the Irish is dey are a bunch of small minded begrudgers, dey hate anyone whose done well for demselves, Sure just look at de way dey treated Seáníe Fitzpatrick an Barry Egan, Charley woulda sorted dem out, like he did de Brits! As I don't have a bank account I'll have to ask one of me pals for a dig out, I don't like doin dat, I've pride. But times are hard, Biffo ruined da place and I'll probably be a pauper in me oul age, after all I've done for Ireland. Dey wont even let me be da President!! Dey offered it to Gaybo, an some bleedin Paedo was in da race until good sense prevailed. Who's next? Bosco? Twink? J-J-Eh Je- Je, dose Spa's from Lucan.

rabble: You mean Jedward?

Yeah.

rabble: Or maybe even your daughter Celia, the best selling author?

Celia's doing what now? Here, I have to do me column for da paper. Utd are lookin quids in for a 20th title an I've all those All Ireland final tickets to be sellin online, sure its the only way to make an honest buck in this new Ireland. Ah sure I'm not in da game anymore, I'm gonna put me feet up and maybe have a few scoops on go on da hill for the all Ireland final.

rabble: Enjoy the rest of the day Taoisigh.

Ah I'm off for a hair of the dog in Fagans. They won't cash me pension though, after all I've done for the place, sure I've made it as famous as Tipsy Mcstagers.



YES TDS

AS THE LARGEST ORCHESTRATED SHIFT OF POWER AND WEALTH IN HISTORY OCCURS RIGHT BENEATH OUR NOSES, WE LOOK AT OUR OWN COUNTRY'S PITIFUL OFFERINGS TO THE GLOBAL GANGBANG

With unemployment soaring one of their first major acts of the new government was to introduce a jobs initiative. The only problem was that the jobs plan didn't create any jobs. However it did give business owners a cut in VAT that many haven't passed on. And it also introduced an internship scheme which is displacing real jobs and is actually adding to unemployment. The new government promised to bring in a one-tier universal healthcare system where everyone regardless of income can get the healthcare they need. However they have a very funny way of going about it. So far their strategy has basically involved shutting down local Accident and Emergency's and slashing hospital budgets. Perhaps our political overlords know something about creating a universal healthcare system that we don't. Or perhaps they've been dabbling in the pharmacy cabinet. Ireland has the second lowest tax take on oil and gas deposits in the world, beaten only by the Cameroon when it comes to licking oil corporation ass. So what have our new government done to rectify this? Absolutely nothing at all. Well they might be messing up on jobs, healthcare and oil corporation taxation but at least when it comes to the economy we must surely have a new approach? A new media approach anyway. You know less appearing on TV hungover and definitely no singing songs on national radio half cut in the mornings. After all continuing the same disastrous policies as the last lot requires a straight face.



Recommended Read:

Teenage: The Creation Of Youth Culture. John Savage (2007, Viking Press)

John Savage traces the roots of western teen culture from its genesis in the late 19th century through the first and second world wars. Equally uplifting and heart-breaking this carefully observed social

history sympathetically highlights the strengths and weaknesses of youth. A riveting read you won't be able to put it down.



do you remember the first time?

AFTER TEN YEARS OF HARD WORK AND RESEARCH, GARRY O'NEILL HAS FINALLY FINISHED HIS LONG AWAITED PHOTO BOOK ON THE HISTORY OF DUBLIN YOUTH SUBCULTURES. ENTITLED *WHERE WERE YOU?*, THE COFFEE-TABLE BOOK LOOKS AT FIFTY YEARS OF OUR CITY'S WORKING CLASS TEENAGE FASHION AND MUSIC SCENES. JAY CARAX CAUGHT UP WITH HIM FOR AN INTERVIEW.

Originally, Garry had planned to write a book based on his and other peoples' memories of youth culture in Dublin in the 1970s and 1980s. But he soon realised that it was very difficult trying to separate fact from fiction. He admits that "because there's so many people attached to, or on the periphery of, certain scenes", there's always going to be different stories and

different angles. Simply put, it would have taken him too long to dissect all the stories, "to pull out the rights from the wrongs and the 'did' from the 'did nots'".

Slightly discouraged and at a cross roads about what to do, Garry had a minor epiphany when sitting down and looking over the photographs from his own collection that would have been included with the recollections. "The more I looked at them, the more I thought that these photographs tell a better story that most of the interviews I did". There and then, the concept of the project changed and



TEMPLE BAR, 1962

Garry refocused.

Garry's plan from day one was produce something that would document an aspect of Dublin's history "that has been overlooked, even neglected". Focusing on the history of all youth subcultures from one city, Garry was undertaking a much more significant project than simply looking at the history of Mods or Punks in Dublin. He hopes that the book might encourage other people to put together similar books in their respective cities, whether it's Cork, Belfast or anywhere else. Looking at the "bigger picture, I'd love to see a knock on affect and see other people do it in their cities and then somewhere along the line interlinking those archives".

Over the last ten years, Garry has collected hundreds of photos from people all over the city – former punks, mods still keeping the torch lit, professional press photographers and just about anyone else you can think of. "I found over the years that with certain groups", Garry

explains, "you'd always find one or two people within a large group that would have been the one who wanted to keep photographs of all the gang. Usually it was the case that if you found him/her, you'd find the great collection." As well as that, Garry strived to showcase 'real' photos depicting the scenes from the people involved themselves. He wanted to use "the non-professional, not 100% perfect photos" alongside ones that were, in order, to "tell the overall story and get the overall picture of what was happening in the city".

Sometimes it proved more difficult to find photos from different music scenes. While finding pictures of late 1970s and early 1980s punks was easy ("It was visually outrageous, a new youth movement ... that was definitely good material for magazines and newspapers"), the same could not be said for tracking down snaps of those involved in the 1960s Beat scene or the 1970s bootboy. The Beat scene was quite unusual in that it was generally only

recognised for being an important Dublin scene years after its heyday and as such the media did not pick up on it as much as they did with other youth 'movements'. "At the time in the city in the 1960s, there was plenty of people into it but it wouldn't have got too much coverage but years later there's recognition that there was a healthy Beat scene". Tracking down photos of Bootboys proved hard too for the fact that it was quite an uncommon fashion style that only lasted a short time. The association at the time with violence also meant that men in their 50s and 60s now were not lining up to tell old stories or pass on photos.

Garry's book will be an unbelievably important contribution to the history of music, fashion and youth culture in Dublin City. Let's hope it sells well and gets the publicity it deserves.

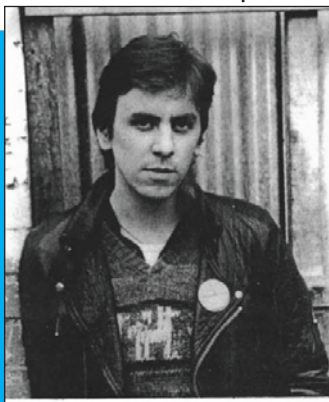
The book should be on the shelves by the second week of November.

this guy bought the t-shirt

JOHN FISHER WAS ONE OF THE ORIGINAL DUBLIN PUNKS. HE DUSTED OFF SOME MEMORIES FOR US AND HAS SOME STALL TALES FROM THE DANDELION MARKET.

In the summer of 1976, myself and a friend Eoin O'Shea went to The Reading Festival and The Rolling Stones in Knebworth. Coming home via London, we caught the early days of the Punk explosion. We came back to Dublin with our rucksacks full and set up a stall in the Dandelion Market selling badges, T-Shirts and posters. Up until then, the market had been a bit of a hippy haven - full of cheesecloth shirts, incense and Grandad shirts. So our stall, Sticky Fingers, was a bit out on a limb.

We decided that we needed more Punks, Mods and Rockers coming in so we decided to start running gigs, using the one vacant area in the market - an enclosed dark, dank shed that housed the power supply for the whole market. We cleaned it out, white-washed the walls and set-up a small stage built of leftover



beer crates, breezeblocks and a few sheets of chipboard that we bought. The venue was now ready - now we just needed some bands.

The Noise Boys were the first band to take to that rather shaky stage in April 1979 - I don't remember why exactly - maybe it was through my friendship with Tim McStay (Keyboards). I do remember the next band better - Ferdia McAnna and Dave Sweeney both worked for us selling badges at the stall and had decided to set up a band - Rocky DeValera & The Gravediggers. They played the next Saturday and from then on, we were rocking.

That Sunday, two guys approached me and introduced themselves as Larry and Dave from a band called U2. I had heard about them and knew that they were already a 'real' (i.e. gigging) band. They wanted to see the venue and asked if they could play there. We had already booked bands for the following weekend, so I told them that they could play the week after. The legendary gigs were about to begin.... For the record, U2 played in the

Dandelion Market a total of eight times.

But I was also excited about the likes of The Blades, The New Versions, The Threat, Berlin and The Atrix, all of whom I knew well. There were many memorable gigs there - for me the best of which were The Outcasts which often ended with bass player Getti leaving a pool of blood on the stage from attacking his instrument with such venom.

Over the coming weeks, the gigs went from strength to strength. We had a unique rule - we changed a flat entrance fee of 50p and the bands got all the takings - we only took a pound or two if we needed to buy new chipboard for the stage or a few light bulbs. The only other condition was that the bands who played had to come in early in order to re-build the stage, which was inevitably smashed up by the local kids during the week when the market reverted to being a sprawling car park.

The capacity of the venue was, I reckon, about 300 - 330 at a squeeze. Typically, we probably averaged about 100 - 150. The biggest crowd was for U2's gigs just before they left for London for their first time and for their first homecoming gig. The place was heaving then and certainly wouldn't have been approved of

by today's standards.

What made the Dandelion Market gigs unique was that, as there was no bar in the venue, under-18s could get in.

And as that was our core audience, it suited us as much as it did them. The gigs were certainly a coming of age for us - and more importantly, for the country as a whole. That might sound a bit dramatic but it was an era that marked a big step in the way of Ireland becoming a more open, modern and youth-orientated country. The Dandelion Market gigs can be seen as a symbol of the move towards a secular, confident and outward-looking country that Ireland was becoming.



For the full list of bands that played the Dando from April 1979 - March 1980, check out http://johnfisher.ie/Dandelion_Market.html

€288,947

...the cost to Dublin City council of removing almost 30,000 square metres of paint last year as reported to councillor Paul McAuliffe.

£40,000

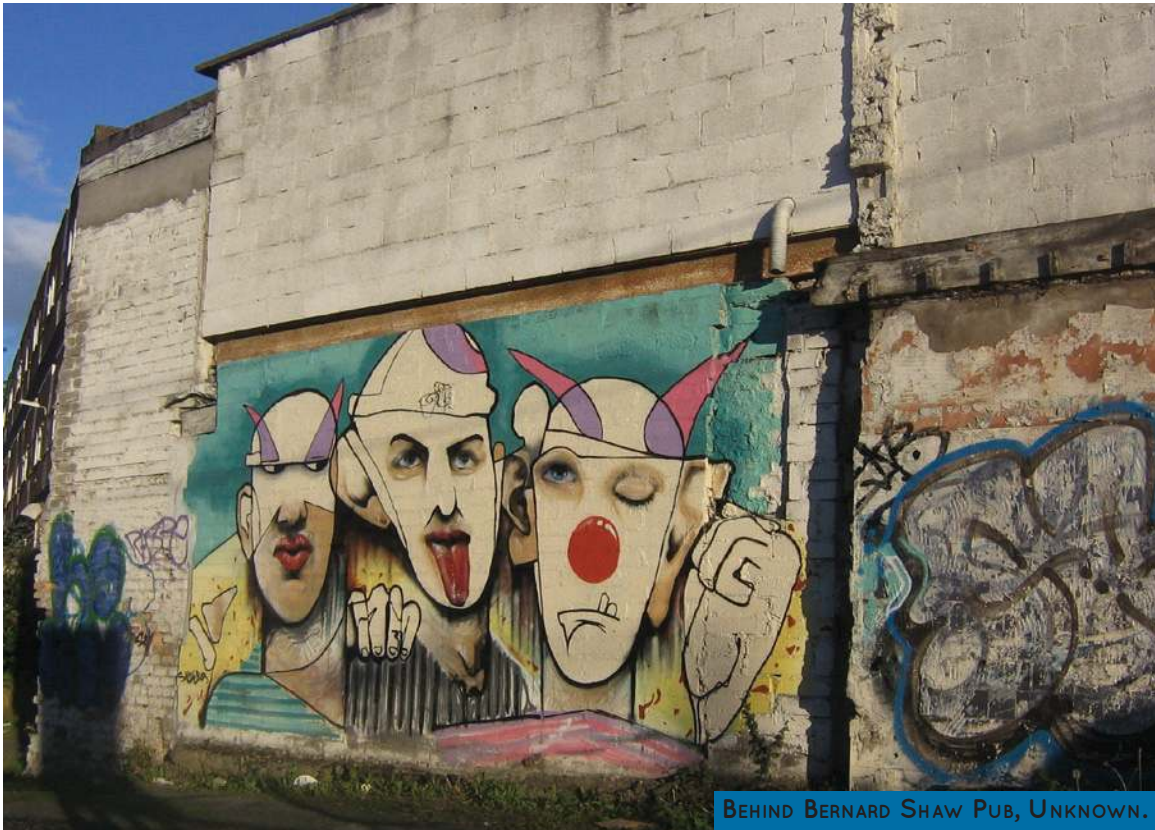
...the amount invested by Bristol city council in the See No Evil Project which showcases forty five of the worlds best street artists across a block of downtown

buildings. It's due to be a huge revenue boost for the city through tourism.

www.seenoevilbristol.co.uk/

5

{CITY WALLS}



BEHIND BERNARD SHAW PUB, UNKNOWN.



RATHMINES RD, SOLUS.

SUMMER STREET ART 2011

FREDA HUGHES HAS BEEN ARCHIVING OUR CITY'S STREET ART FOR DONKIES NOW. WE ASKED HER TO SELECT THE FIVE CHOICEST CUTS FROM THE SUMMERS JUST GONE.

"Street art and graffiti reveal a subculture beyond the organised structures of our society. The interplay between the artist and the city fascinates me, as does the artists' acceptance of the transience and public ownership of their art. These pictures are just a small sample of the illegal and transient artwork that adorn our city streets."



ANDREW'S LANE, ADW



GEORGE'S QUAY, CANVAS.



TIVOLI CARPARK, UNKNOWN.

but is it art?

of a

REDMONK CONSIDERS THE ANTI-SOCIAL NATURE OF HOW THE COUNCIL DEALS WITH GRAFFITI.

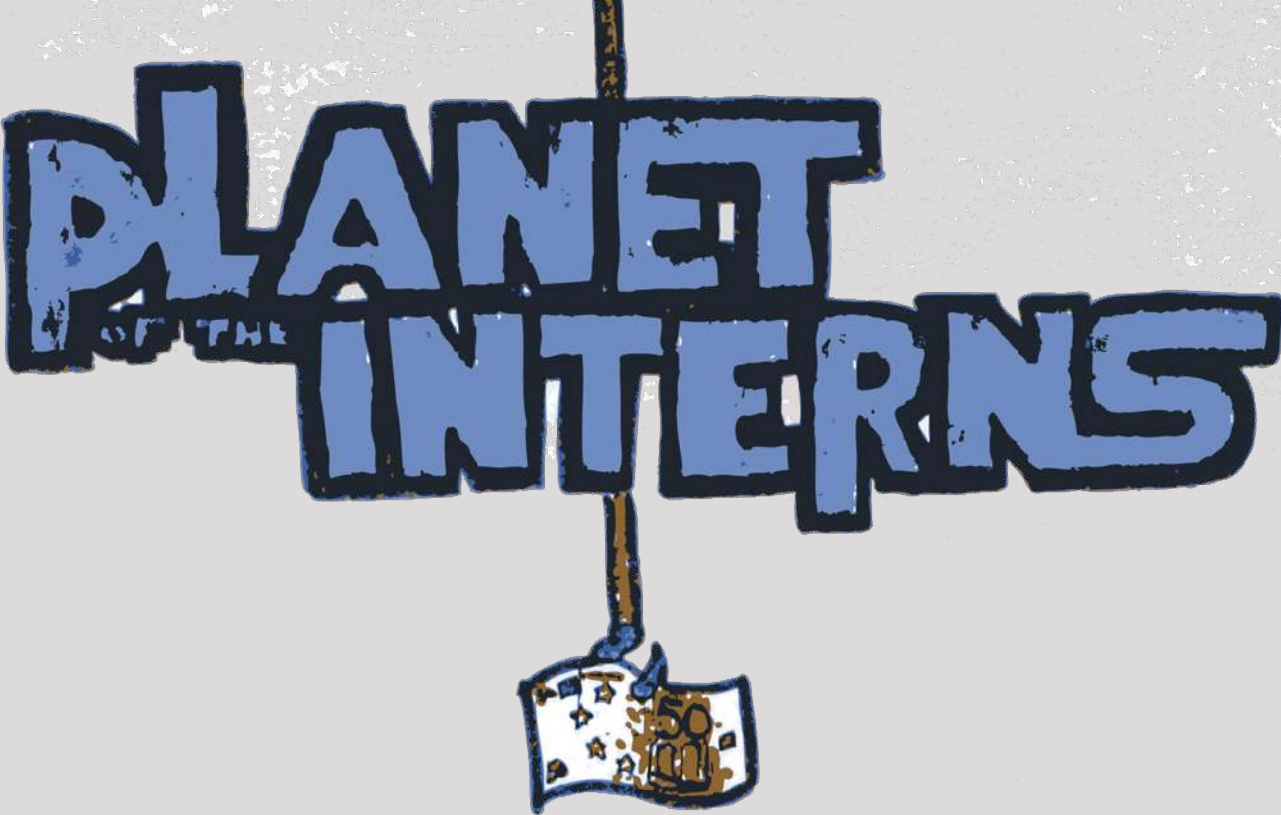
Graffiti art is often lumped in with many aspects of youth culture as 'anti-social'. As mindless vandalism bereft of any artistic qualities, perpetrated by cowardly hoodlums under the cover of darkness, a faceless counter to decency and the notion of property. It is dealt with by gray paint, powerwashers and policy that I would describe as more 'anti-social' than the menace that's supposedly being battled.

Any attempts to prevent people from painting their surroundings and having some sort of claim on the environment they live in turns a spraycan from being a tool to make art, into a totem of rebellion, creating an 'us against them' scenario. The current policy for dealing with graffiti does not question why people paint in the first place. Instead it focuses on containment. Perhaps the reason why people paint, and specifically under-18s, is the lack

sense of ownership over one's surroundings in a city. A frustration that's compounded by the usual teenage angst, but worthy of investigation given the age demographic of rioters in London recently. I'm not saying that graffiti being legalised will heal the world, but perhaps the establishment of more legal walls in the city (especially in suburban areas) could help turn it from 'anti-social' to, well, social. I've talked with plenty of young people, who as much as they enjoy tagging, would love the opportunity to take their time working on a full piece, developing their skills, and being able to practice their art on a regular basis without fear of repercussions.

Of course, this is not some sort of blanket solution to tagging, that's always going to exist. Just maybe young people, at least those into graffiti, might have a chance to get their confidence up and have less need for setting bins on fire. Just sayin.





IT'S NO SECRET THAT THE INVERTEBRATE SPECIMENS WHO LIKE TO CALL THEMSELVES THE GOVERNMENT ARE BECOMING MORE AND MORE BRAZEN IN THEIR DESPICABLE RUSH TO BECOME CORPORATE WHORES. PEG LEESON LOOKS AT THEIR LATEST VENTURE, A NEW PLAN TO TURN THE UNEMPLOYED INTO GLORIFIED SLAVES.

The argument went that state subsidised work placements would allow school leavers and recent graduates to gain experience in the jobs market and bolster a faltering economy. The sullen, depressed under 25 year old would be given incentives to get out of bed and all would become right in the world again. This was the sophisticated older cousin of the Work Placement Programme, which allowed participants to keep their welfare payments but denied them help with the costs incurred by entering a workplace; the middle-class compatriot of Tús, the community work placement initiative, which targeted the long-term unemployed. But instead of creating jobs and empowering their participants the various initiatives are undermining job creation and demonising the unemployed.

The scheme was implemented against the backdrop of an Irish graduate unemployment rate which has increased 22 times quicker than the Eurozone average. The unemployment figures for the class of 2008 show that nearly one in five people who graduated from a third level institution in that year were still unemployed one year later. This figure can only have increased with the addition of those who have graduated since.

The situation is bleaker still for school leavers. The live register figures for July place youth unemployment at one in three more than double the national average. It doesn't take a genius to figure

out that in a recession, double dipped or not, the inexperienced are going to face the greatest struggle to get a foothold in an already full, and fearful, labour market. The fact that the live register nearly doubled between 2008 to 2009 identifies the actual culprit as the global 'downturn'.

Clearly someone forgot to inform Joan Burton, Minister for Social 'Protection', about this curious statistical correlation. For Joan, youth unemployment is not a product of unfortunate timing and thwarted ambition, quite the opposite – it is a 'lifestyle choice'. Queue a litany of berate parents shopping their lazy children on Liveline, turning mundane domestic affairs into a political lobby. It's convenient that this witch-hunt of the under-deserving poor should coincide with coalition attempts to erode the universal nature of social welfare. Suddenly the long-term dole scrounger materialises in the public's shared imagination creating a stereotype that can accommodate any gender, any race so long as you are poor enough.

Yes, clearly Ireland's economic woe wasn't caused by political and fiscal mismanagement but by the long-term unemployed. Hence refusal to take up a place on the Tús scheme can already result in the reduction or loss of your welfare payments. That is, the money provided by the state to help you meet the minimum requirements for well-being without resulting to charity. Let's also overlook the economic fact that a healthy economy needs a minimum level of unemployment, generally believed to be no lower than 4%, to help avert inflation. The Irish live register currently stands at 14.2%, and rising since 2008, the difference between a 'healthy' and an 'unhealthy' economy, can be directly linked to the recession. These economic facts are irrelevant for a society looking for a scapegoat, for a state that is unwilling to bring the true architects of the situation to account and for business interests who want to erode the employment protections gained by organised labour throughout the 20th century.

Initially JobBridge was envisaged as a scheme into which the

€6.10

..the average hourly rate of pay of a JobBridge Intern which is 3.5 times less than the average Irish industrial wage of €21.80

€8,000,000,000

...the combined gross profit of Tesco, Topaz (Shell), Hewlett Packard and Aer Lingus – just four of the companies availing of the JobBridge initiative.

host organisation would also contribute. In return for a weekly payment of €150 they would enjoy the labour of a highly educated graduate; €100 of this would top-up the employees social welfare payments with presumably the other €50 going into the state coffers. So instead of costing the debt-ridden Irish taxpayer €20 million it would have generated the same in revenue. However, after consultation with the potential hosts this private/public liberal dream was replaced by full state subsidies. So while business interests such as IBEC, and Richard Burton (FG), call for reductions in welfare payments, the minimum wage and the erosion of part-time employees rights, they are uncharacteristically coy about the state subsidising private enterprise in this, or any other, scheme. One does wonder why organisations such as Topaz, Aer Lingus and Hewlett Packard can't pay the minimum wage to high calibre trainees? Surely a means-tested contributor-based scheme would have generated revenue for the state, gave the participants a living wage and developed business in equal proportions? Another dangerous consequence here is the undermining of job creation. Close monitoring of the FAS Jobsbank website demonstrates that the number of paid junior positions has fallen dramatically since the implementation of these initiatives. Take some time to search under any of the employment sectors and often, too often, subsidised jobs far out-weigh paid positions. To be fair why pay for labour when the state will happily subsidise it? The latest boast is that sole traders can join this feeding frenzy – so how exactly is FAS, sorry Solas, going to monitor the multitude of hosts this will generate?

Log onto any forum that deals with this issue and you'll see JobBridge employees complaining of little or no support from FAS. The major problem with this lack of regulation is that the scheme is open to abuse. Paid co-workers who contribute to these forums repeat water-cooler anecdotes of management gleefully exploiting the system – displacing previously paid positions, with no intention of employing candidates and not offering adequate training or supervision – in short they are destroying rather than creating jobs while damaging the participants.

Another pillar of the unpaid work myth is that you will gain vital experience which will far outweigh the immediate hardships felt by low pay. Just how nine months of work experience is going to help you compete against the flood of middle-aged talent that has saturated the employment market as a consequence of this recession one can only wonder.

Participants in the intern scheme can only take one nine month position every two years, the rest of your experience will be gained at your own expense or while maintaining your social welfare payments if your lucky. Sure in the good old days a bit of voluntary work often gave you the edge but it was meant as a short-term supplement to paid employment not as a long-term alternative. This is not just about those of us who were fortunate enough to successfully access third level education. The WPP2 scheme is aimed at school leavers. And here more than anywhere else is the ugly reality of the situation revealed. Hard, dirty jobs in factories, kitchens and retail no longer qualify for minimum wage.

The WPP1, WPP2, National Internship and Tús schemes should offer talented young people and the long-term unemployed a break in a harsh economic climate. Instead the decision to not ask for host organisation contributions, or at the very least to means test who the state subsidises, is undermining job creation and aiding the exploitation of those it should be helping. The argument often put forward to excuse this is that these companies are struggling and they need the advantages that extra staff can bring without the wage burden. An equally callous reply would be that if these companies are struggling so much then perhaps we should let them fold now rather than let them pollute a recovery – a Darwinian example of market capitalism.

Further the atmosphere in which these initiatives are being introduced, with the creeping narrative of 'deserving' and 'undeserving' poor erodes the foundations of a healthy society. Poverty is rarely self-induced, sought after or desired. By placing the blame for unemployment on those who experience it we allow the system that created it to go unchallenged. Because if we don't those of us on the bottom rung, the ones that haven't emigrated, will be left to mop up the mess; quite literally, for free and in a state subsidised work placement near you.



John Douglas, Mandate General Sec.

“They call it flexibility and they call it competitiveness, what they really want to do is dumbdown the work force in terms of wages and conditions of employment, to make it cheaper...”

Read the rest of the interview at www.rabble.ie



talking union

AS THE MESS THAT IS THE STATE’S EMPLOYMENT STRATEGY BECOMES CLEAR JAMES REDMOND TALKS TO THE UNIONS ABOUT THE ROT AT THE CENTRE OF THE SCHEME.

The real lambs to the slaughter here are recent graduates. So where does the Union Of Students stand? They have a huge problem understanding themselves as workers, and with their membership of IBEC, we really weren’t expecting much from them. If you ever paid attention to this most spineless of organisations you won’t be surprised to hear it call the scheme “a very welcome development” before claiming credit for it. In truth, the wee political careerists did invent the damn thing. Check out their ‘Reigniting the Smart Economy’ document. A misery of failed imagination, that leaves expenses optional for employers, and trots out worn Thatcherite banalities about the ‘ethos of entrepreneurship’ as if we can all Del Boy our way out of this mess.

Irish unions aren’t known for their drive, so it was no surprise the vast majority of enquiries we made about the internship scheme went unanswered. From those we talked to, it was easy to see a consensus of concern. First up is the fear of displacement. As John Douglas of

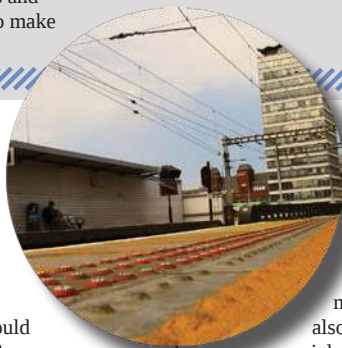
Mandate explained:

“In the retail trade, the sector we deal in and there are other service sectors such as hotels, and restaurants, and cleaning where we would be extremely skeptical of where these back to work schemes are appropriate. Because when there was jobs available, there was no massive training or great input from the employer.”

He feels that many of the jobs advertised in his sector are glamorised with very little training involved. “The Superquinn’s and the Dunnes and Tesco’s of this world would train a shop assistant in 48 hours max. So there is no need for 6 months in an internship to learn how to put beans on a shelf or to hang clothes on a rack.”

The unions express a huge fear that there is no proper regulation. This was a major concern of Esther Lynch in ICTU who told me that congress has issued circulars to activists to keep an eye on employers using the schemes. She advises interns to get in touch at a workplace level with whatever union is in there if they are being mistreated. “Absolutely you can go to the union for advice with out necessarily having to be a member.” She went on to say ICTU has sought representation on the steering committee of the scheme at a national level, but so far this has been disgracefully refused by the state.

While the unions might adopt a rhetoric of offering protection to those on internships, the nature of the programme means that what happens a scheme participant when they enter a workplace might differ. As Douglas explains: “they are going to feel very



isolated.” Lynch seemed to agree, she was hugely worried about the power imbalance implicit in the scheme:

“If you put into that mix someone who will also lose their job and their social welfare if they speak up, that is a recipe for abuse” Complaints are already mounting in, “lots. Loads. A Lot” as she put it to me over the phone. Both urged people to get in touch with the unions.

The scheme itself is hard to judge against its own criteria. Douglas felt this will only come at the end of the first cohort, if statistics are kept.

“That will give you a real indication if there are real jobs there and if it is a real training initiative, and is it a two way street with employers having a six month look at somebody with the real prospect of giving them a job or is it really just a way of churning numbers through a system and off the dole.”

An interesting point made by Lynch was how these schemes are undermining existing career pathways: “If you are going to be a chef, there is already a scheme in place around how you progress in that career. Putting in 9 months unpaid internship into that is inappropriate.”

For Douglas there was a clear bigger picture too: “I don’t think you can take this whole internship issue and look at it in splendid isolation, I think it is a product of the mismanagement of the economy. its a product of a banking system and a capitalist system gone mad which has now imploded on itself and this is just one example of it trying to plug the many leaks in the dam.”

GENERATION WORKFARE

A few years ago you’d hear people mutter that our generation would spend years working to pay off the debts of the Celtic Tiger, little did we realise that some of the pay masters expect this to be unpaid. Things are bleak in the UK too, since the coalition government came to power a youth unemployment rate of 20.5% has seen many shoved to the side lines. Protest movements and riots are rife as a result. As they should be.

The UK state has been making people work for their dole since the 1990s ‘New Deal’. Multiple campaigns, blogs and groups have worked to develop an interesting arsenal of concepts and actions to understand this cruel imposition of austerity. Central to most of this activity is a sharing of knowledge on the situation people are facing on the ground. On www.internsanonymous.co.uk workplace moles tear away the glamorous image that masks the reality of many positions, by naming and shaming bad employers.

On a deeper level groups like Carrot Workers look at the effects that internships, job placements and compulsory free work have on the standard of living. The consequences are both personal and political. They’ve organised “alternative job fairs” where interns can get the suss on employment rights from union reps, learn to fake references or hold public tribunals into the unethical activities of employers. Central to much of the work of UK activists is getting people to think of the bigger picture beyond their own isolated, negative experiences.

Recently in a landmark court case, a journalism student won back pay for work performed on an internship where there was no real training involved. Now the UK National Union of Journalists are looking for interns to come forward to sue for the National Minimum Wage.

One phrase worth applying here is “don’t be an intern, be a collective intern.” Ireland is fast finding itself a laboratory for a situation where graduates and youth are made exempt from the minimum wage. Rather than resting in our cynicism maybe we should look at moving from apathy to anger and take some clues from the UK about what we need to do here.



in their own words

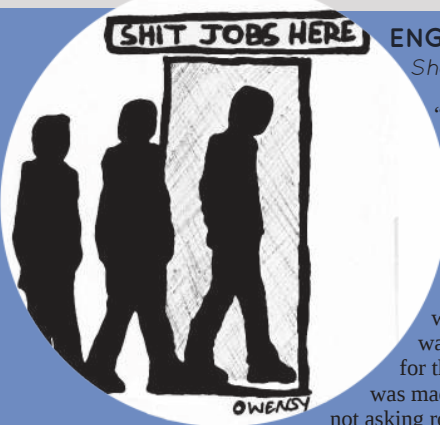
WITH JOAN “THE MOAN” BRUTON PERMANENTLY GLOATING OVER THE SUCCESS OF THIS SCHEME AND LITTLE BY WAY OF REGULATION, IT’S VITAL PEOPLE START TO SPEAK OUT.

Much of the mainstream media coverage of the various work placement initiatives, including the controversial National Internship Scheme, has focused on the opinions of policy makers. Sure RTE might roll out the odd grateful recipient to give grovelling sound bites about what a great break the whole thing is. But the judgement calls, printed in the press and interviewed on TV, are the domain of pundits and experts. Yet, take even a minute to trawl through a forum like boards.ie or even your own Facebook network, and you’ll find plenty of folk have had little other choice than to take up these positions or have little interest in taking them up because they are seen as exploitative.

We decided to mount a wee survey. While there is recognition of potential benefits that these schemes offer, such as worthwhile experiences, in general what we came across was negative .

Recent graduates from an increasingly corporate university system vent their frustration at being sold employment illusions. The situation is worse for those in junior professional roles, one of the groups hit hardest by the recession. Already highly qualified, and often with years of experience, they face the choice between stagnating on the dole queue or working in their former professions for no pay. People without the privilege of third level education have to fight class biases which place middle-class university education at the apex of social status. While those who question these schemes are sometimes shot down as lazy or scrounging. Many of those that voiced their opinions are considering or planning to emigrate.

We decided to cut through the bullshit and print some real stories.



ENGINEERING
Shelga, Boards.ie

“I worked in an engineering internship for a well-known MNC. I lasted 3 months; the reason I left was because I found work in the UK. I was given little to do for the entire time and was made to feel small for not asking round constantly for work. My point of view was: why hire me if you don’t need me and are not paying me? The work I was given was menial and boring - I gained little in the way of real-world experience. From the outset I viewed the internship as something to talk about at interviews in England. I gave up pretty quickly on thinking it would help me find a job in Ireland. I think that while these internships do provide a sense of purpose and fill a gap on the CV, they have very little benefit in terms of helping the participant find paid work at the end of it all. After all, the country is fucked, and no amount of internships will change that!”

PUBLIC SECTOR

Roisin, Dublin.

“My WPP1 is actually good, as in my line manager and the rest of my unit have

made a huge effort to be as inclusive as possible. This is partly because it is the public sector and the better organised labour means that they have to implement the scheme fairly else there would be war. However, its hard not to get cynical with the whole situation. Because of the ban on public sector recruitment there is no hope of a job at the end of it, the best I can hope for is good experience. Even then nine months on top of the three years I already have isn’t going to give me much more of an edge in the current economic climate. My profession was closely linked to the construction boom, with the resulting mass redundancies. I’m competing against people with twenty years experience who have ran companies. Realistically who are you going to hire?”

CONSTRUCTION

Allan B, Dublin.

“I Applied for a job as a site engineer through FAS and the WPP. From the job description it was basic enough, I just wanted to keep myself abreast of construction practices and not be at home all the time. My application was accepted. Met with the site manager, who was very happy with my CV. I asked who I would be reporting to on site as I thought I would be a junior engineer, seeing as how I was free. Told there and then by site manager that I would be replacing the outgoing engineer as I had enough experience for the job. I asked about it being a full time job with the company and was told ‘no, it would still be through the FAS WPP program.’ Basically they wanted a fully

qualified engineer to run the site and didn’t want to pay. The job at that time ran a salary of 40,000 for the role. I was very frustrated and when I told FAS they just said they would look into it but nothing was done.”

COMMUNITY

John Ready, Dublin.

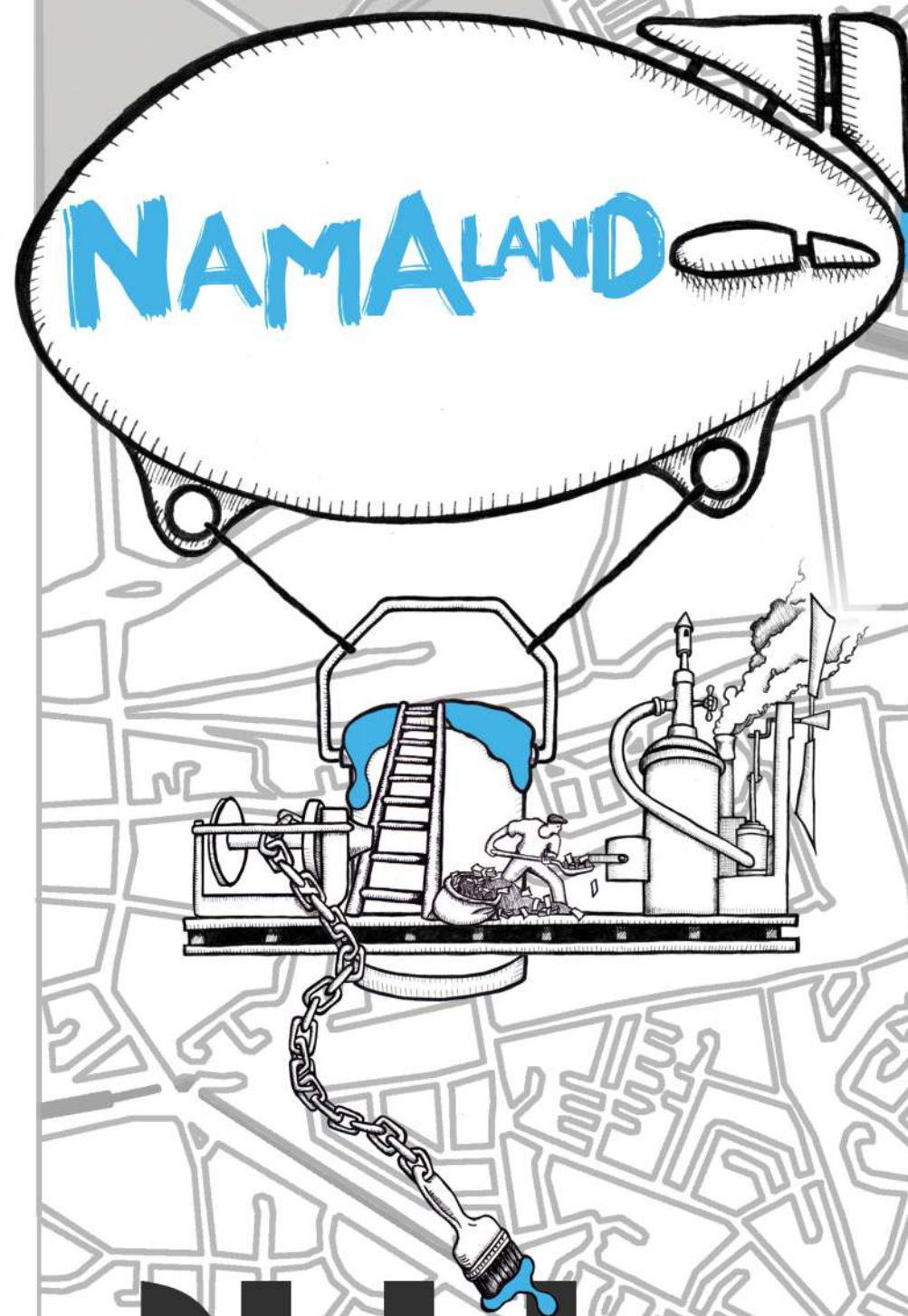
“Our funding was always on a knife edge, with zero core support and as a community group. Not so long ago it really took a turn for the worst, and full time work was untenable. To keep the place afloat we all moved over to casual employment with a staffing agreement through our union. We always had volunteers, but now interns are used to shore up funding gaps. In tough times staff expressed huge loyalty, routinely going the extra mile with huge stress levels. Now, with so many people looking for experience, that loyalty’s thrown back at us and we’re sidelined. There’s also a new workaholic dedication expected. You have to prove you want whatever scraps of pay exist. Some of the others find themselves working as volunteers to train interns. It’s despicable and everyone is exploited. No one talks about it, its a dirty secret and a real indictment of the sectors funding crisis.”

Why not share your experience?
www.rabble.ie

NAMA has aquired
11,000
loans worth
€77
billion
from **5** banks

NAMA has spent
€30.5billion
aquiring loans
worth nearly **50%** of Ireland's
GDP

180
individuals
are responsible
for
€62
billion
in outstanding
loans



rabbie

Illustration by donal@rabbie.ie

Map data courtesy of NAMA lab,
Dublin School of Architecture

NAMA's loans encompass over
16,000 properties.

More than **50** of these
are in Dublin 2

NAMA's top
3 clients
borrowed
€8.3
billion
between
them

Recommended Read:

Tescopoly: How One Shop Came Out on Top and Why It Matters.
Andrew Simms (Constable, 2007)

If all you harboured before was a hungover hatred of Tesco's automated machines and panic attack inducing aisles - then read this for a dark insight into what

happens when big businesses monopolises the food chain in your local area. Your spidey senses were right.

TESCOPOLY

DUBLIN

FOR A COMPANY WHICH INVESTS SO MUCH ON BRANDING AND ADVERTISING, TESCO ARE SURPRISINGLY SHY WHEN IT COMES TO ANNOUNCING THEIR INTENTION TO OPEN UP CONVENIENCE STORES IN A NEW AREA. ANARCHAEOLOGIST EXAMINES THEIR EXPANSIONIST PLANS FOR DUBLIN AND LOOKS AT SOME OF THE REAL COSTS.

In fact 'shy' doesn't do justice to the extent to which the UK multinational will disguise its plans for expansion from the public, and indeed any planning authority that adjudicates the planning application. Most applications for Tesco convenience stores lodged in Dublin over the past few years have been for 'change of use', or other such innocuous expressions designed to obfuscate and confuse. Their most recent application for a store in Smithfield came in under that guise. A huge, open, seventeenth-century marketplace just north of the Liffey – known mostly for its monthly horse fair – Smithfield has been redeveloped over the past 10 years by what effectively has been a public-private partnership between the City Council and a consortium comprising the Kelly and Linders families.

Designated a new cultural hub for the city under the DCC HARP scheme, the redevelopment has not been successful in terms of its promised cultural dividend. The Lighthouse Cinema has now closed and the open air concerts held in the 'Plaza' were abandoned several years ago. The McGarry Ní Eanaigh braziers which have been used in the development's branding are never lit. The redevelopment of Smithfield was funded by substantial tax breaks for the developers, on the basis of its becoming this new cultural quarter. This hasn't been delivered and the developers have trousered the profits while most of the ground floor units lie empty.

Only one cultural institution has emerged in Smithfield in the wake of the HARP aspirations. Bizarrely, Tesco was recently granted permission to open a convenience store here on premises occupied by the Complex, a theatre and arts space with a strong community involvement throughout the north inner city.

So why the stealth? Surely the provision of a new supermarket will be good for the Smithfield consumer, offering increased competition and more savings in these straitened times? Surely Tesco should be announcing their plans from the beginning; after all, every little helps?

Tesco is an animal not native to these shores. The company entered Ireland through the acquisition of Quinnsworth in 1997 and where most of its stores traded as Tesco Ireland it has rebranded over the past number of years, with the larger stores trading as Tesco and the introduction of the Tesco Express format. With 130 stores (and more on the way) it commands 27.9% of the Irish grocery market and is apparently the country's biggest private-sector employer with more than 14,000 staff on the books. The company is on the cusp of being the largest retailer in the country, if this hasn't happened already. Tesco doesn't publish its profit figures for its Irish operation however, last year UK stockbroker Shore Capital estimated Tesco's

Irish profit margin at 7.2% – bettered only by South Korea within its global network. This amounts to over €200 million annually in hard cash. In 2009 a leaked internal business plan inferred Tesco was aiming to record a gross profit margin here of 9%, excellent news for its shareholders in the UK.

Tesco's profitability has come under increasing scrutiny in the Republic. There have been allegations of 'hello-money', an illegal practice where suppliers effectively bribe the company for shelf space and other allegations of sharp practice, more recently this summer where a cost-cutting campaign was exposed by the Irish Times as giving misleading information on 'price reductions'. Questions have also been asked regarding the company's well-advertised commitment to Irish suppliers, where they are unwilling to supply audited accounts as to exactly how much of their product is sourced locally.

On the other side of the coin, Tesco's expansionist plans have been well publicised by Minister for Jobs Richard Bruton, who delights in the creation of precarious, low-paid positions. Tesco are supporting this month's Phizzfest and the annual Soccerfest in support of SARI. Well you can't say they're racists. Strangely enough though, there has been little attention been given to the quantifiable adverse effects the company has on local communities and the diminution of real choice when it comes to putting food on the family table.

Why would Tesco want to open up shop in Smithfield, after all they operate large supermarkets in Stoneybatter and Phibsborough, Jervis is only two stops away on the Luas and there's an existing Tesco Express just across the river on Thomas Street? Oh, and let's not forget the giant superstore nearing completion at the bottom of the Navan Road.

One obvious reason is the vulnerable population of street drinkers, up to 800 of who get their dinner at the Capuchin Centre on nearby Bow Street. Tesco is able to source its cheaper beer from UK suppliers and thus able to sell them below cost to the Irish consumer. Significantly, the company is now appealing the planning decision on the basis that they are not allowed open an off-licence on the site.

On the employment front, Tesco has promised 16 new jobs for the area, which will be offset by the closure of Fresh and the loss of the 56 jobs there, not to mention the loss of several jobs at the Complex and the closure of the only cultural institution in Smithfield, an area after all privately redeveloped

with public money to provide a new artistic quarter to balance the boozy excesses of Temple Bar. Whereas Tesco employ locals in their larger stores, staff in their convenience stores are sourced from UK employment agencies. There will be no increase in local jobs in Smithfield.

Outside of Dublin, the provision of large supermarkets on the urban fringes has had the effect of sucking the life out of the town centers, where smaller groceries, fruit and veg shops, newsagents and record stores among others have gone to the wall. The same effect is noticeable in Dublin where consumer choice is being eroded by the multiplicity of Tescos which are forcing out local shops such as Fresh, who have submitted an appeal of their own. Tesco is now effectively targeting such stores to create local monopolies, to the obvious detriment of lower prices and consumer choice. In Ringsend for instance, both the locally owned Londis and Spar have closed down on the opening of the new Tesco. In a working class neighbourhoods and apartment complexes with low levels of car ownership, this is nothing short of disastrous. In the boardroom of Tesco UK however, the Irish profits just keep rolling in, and this is why they keep opening new stores where one would think the market is already saturated.

What can be done? The Irish planning appeals process is not without its faults; but if you have the €20 handy to make an initial submission (usually an objection) to the local planning authority, you're entitled to lodge what's known as a third party appeal with An Bord Pleanála if you feel your submission hasn't been given enough weight or the decision hasn't gone your way. This will cost you €220 of course, and the time limits are strictly enforced, but an appeal is not completely out of the question especially if the costs can be pooled. Once an appeal against a development has been accepted by the Board, anyone can make an observation for the less prohibitive cost of €50 and in the case of Tesco Smithfield, two such appeals were lodged and merged into one, which has attracted many 'observers'.

A request for an oral hearing of the case has just been denied by An Bord Pleanála, with no reason given, not that they have to. This means that the appeal will be held in camera with no public opportunity afforded to interrogate a system which so blithely rubber-stamps Tesco's unrelenting expansion into Dublin's neighbourhoods, swelling the profits of the company's UK shareholders in the process. Moreover, there will be no facility to have the actual owner of the building called to question regarding the cultural provision for Smithfield. For what is significant here is the fact that the building, and not just the loan, belongs to NAMA. That's us, isn't it?



THERE
HAVE BEEN
ALLEGATIONS
OF 'HELLO
MONEY'
AND OTHER
SHARP
PRACTICES."

Revelations Ch:18 Verse 2:

Jello Biafra in his prediction of how marital law would be declared said that sport casts would continue as normal. The new opiate of the people is live sports piped into your life

via flat screens. In the 21st century, professional sports is the engine that drives a train of marketing weasels, brands, and products. At the upper levels it is a stage of vampires who

speak the hateful language of TV revenues, sponsors, agents, win bonuses and bids. If not resisted and if left in the hands of these demons they will kill sport entirely. - **DS**

{PITCH INVASION}

sideline view

WATCHING FOOTBALL IN A STADIUM IS ABOUT AS HD AS YOU CAN GET. MARK GREHAN TELLS US WHY NO PUB WILL HAVE THE SAME ATMOSPHERE AS A LEAGUE OF IRELAND GROUND.

A few pints are to be had before a match. This is to wet the vocal cords to either chant for the team or roar abuse at the match officials. There are a few opposing fans here, a few of the younger ones are dressed like English football hooligans. They look as hard as Danny Dyer. Pints drank its time to head into the stadium. Its not quite droves of people heading in, more will be in various pubs watching Man Utd play tonight.

This is a refuge from the hipsters. Anyone wearing glasses in this stadium actually needs them. The stadium announcer speaks out as the teams run on to the pitch. Each team's fan group's raise their banners. The fans put a lot of time, skill and energy into making these banners each week. They serve as a sign of the devotion of the fans and a signal to the other fans. Each fan groups banner display will be talked about in the week



ahead by other fans.

One thing you learn early when you start going to football matches is that referees all have the same genetic code; they are all baldie bastards and blind. The quality of the football is pretty good despite what some Irish fans of foreign football teams say. Many here tonight support football teams from abroad as well. They will always choose to go to a live game rather than sit at home to watch their other teams when there is a clash.

The queue for the chip van begins a few minutes before half time. Some people enjoy their second half better after a carton of curry chips. The rest analyse the half. Halftime entertainment is U10's playing out on the pitch. It's a big experience for them. There is very little that can beat the jubilation of your team scoring.

Back to the same pub as before the match. The match, players and officials are analysed. We don't need Eamonn Dunphy's opinion, or even worse Jamie Rednapp's. We've had the view of the entire pitch for the match. We've seen the movement off the ball and the efforts of the players. In the pub after the match we are the pundits. Our analysis made, we head off for home. We'll be back again at the next home game.



A FAN LEFT INJURED AFTER BEING PEPPER SPRAYED.

LEAGUE OF IRELAND FANS ARE NO STRANGERS TO POLICE THUGGERY. MARCAS MACCAOIMHÍN LOOKS AT A RECENT INCIDENT.

The recent meeting of Longford Town and Bohemians saw supporter-Garda relations reach a new low. Pepper spray, a riot control substance which is banned for use in warfare and was not even deemed necessary in London this summer, was deployed. Bohs fans had been enjoying pre-match pints and mingling with locals for two hours prior to arriving at the ground without incident and were surprised to be greeted by the presence of dog

and armed response units. This alone seemed over the top for a game with an attendance of around eight hundred but what followed was surreal. After five Bohs fans were refused admission to the ground, a few of their friends were prevented from leaving in protest by stewards.

When one person attempted to force the gate, riot police intervened with batons, dogs and pepper spray. Several bystanders who had been queuing for toilets were caught up in this unnecessary use of force and at least one individual was sprayed while already lying on the ground in agony.

The aftermath, with civil defence personnel treating the wounded resembled a world war one field hospital.

{TAKE FIVE}



5

DUBLIN CLUBBING
Jump Up Weekends

Dole-queues, 9.00-17.00 jobs, incessant subjection to the latest mainstream chart tunes as you bustle about your daily business and survive the week. All reasons why we thoroughly enjoy our underground dance scene. It's a small city, but one where heavy basslines, wonky beats and jump-up madness keep your legs kicking all weekend. Clubs where pure entertainment presides over money-making, warehouses where licensing laws don't limit hedonism; Dublin's underground culture gives us fun the way we want it, not the way we're told to have it. Plenty of collectives showcase local and over-seas talent in a variety of venues. If we see a dancefloor hooley that will twist your senses, we'll share it on our social media. So link us up and catch some DJ sets you won't hear in up-their-own-hole commercial clubs. - **JB**



4

RIGHT ON SKINS
And Their Boutiques

Two new clothes shops have opened in Dublin meaning skinheads and football fans no longer have to rely on the internet for their wardrobe. The first, Casa Rebelde, on Crow Street, offers clobber for the "Discerning Football Fan and Revolutionary". They are the only distributor of Fire and Flames, St. Pauli and Copa gear and as such, has become a hub for LOI fans and European lefties. The second, No Bother, caters for Dublin's skinhead, ska and Oi! scene. On the face of it, it's a great little distro offering a wide selection of vintage Fred Perry, Ben Sherman and other skinhead favourites. But No Bother has had much more important implications, namely helping to get a small gaggle of young skinheads away from Romper Stomper esque politics and into the more inclusive, reggae loving, SHARP community. - **JC**



3

MOORE STREET
Local Bargains

Having resisted numerous attempts to sanitise it, Moore St Market stands testament to all that is good about Dublin – vibrant, unique and contrary. Traditional fruit & veg traders, fish-mongers and small-holders selling foods from across the world wrestle for your attention against rainbow strands of synthetic hair. Outside a low-cost German supermarket the most-ambitious-trader-in-Ireland does daily battle, selling cut-price brand label detergents and bumper packets of gum. Craft butchers sell steaks or pig cheeks while the host of cafés offer snacks and brunches of varying costs and quality. Moving between traders and shops considering prices and quality, haggling on multi-buys, you take your time and consider your purchases. In Moore St. shopping is not a thoughtless act of consumption but a social act, an experience. - **PL**



2

WHEATPASTING
Over NAMA Land

It's not that often language schools and dance classes are in the vanguard of a city's cultural life, but take a bow chaps; you stuck your heads above the parapet first. One of the most organic responses to Namaland, is the spiralling use of hoardings and closed-down shop fronts as notice boards. The capital's littering laws are draconian, lamp-post space is limited to political organisations and only on certain streets at that. There's even reports of the city targeting the political left with penalties. For gig organisers, the law creates heartache with venues when flyers go astray and turn into litter, causing huge fines for the owners. Our litter laws confine us to the promotional echo chamber of our own social networks. We salute all those that have started to wheat paste with out a damn. Posters are part of a beautiful city. - **JR**

Finally, Cheap Falafel.

THOSE OVER PRICED SUPER MARKET KITS CAN FINALLY GO FUCK THEMSELVES AS THIS HUMBLE STREET FOOD COMES TO DUBLIN AT A PRICE WE CAN ALL FINALLY AFFORD.

Several fine Dublin establishments have served falafel for years now. But face it - they were a rip off. It's always remained a mystery to any Irish person with experience of the wondrous Mao falafel chain in Amsterdam, with its 'help yourself' salad mounted high on pita bread - just how Dublin vendors could even think of legitimising their grasping high prices on such a simple food. The taste was always tainted more by over-pricing than coriander. Dublin falafel always fell short. It could never compete with the simple charm of our city's own Falafel substitute - the spice burger. Only Celtic Tiger Dublin of all places could turn falafel into a moment of sit-down culinary opulence in an effort to rip you off. A falafel is something you ram into your face, roaming the street, passing cans back and forth with your mates. Now, to the delight of veggies everywhere, we can do just that. Strings of Turkish fastfood shops have started to dot the city centre over the past few months. Our own favorite falafel haunt is Ephesus. It's just at the corner of Capel St and Mary St, opposite Spar. Stores at that location always seemed a bit cursed, with successive businesses going tits up and no one noticing. Ephesus thrives on value. The Dublin crowd doesn't look likely to force food trade gombeens to pass on the VAT reduction any time soon, but decent falafel prices are at least step towards healthy, cheap post-boozers food for all. - **JR**



Obituary.
Sue Richardson,
September 14 2011.

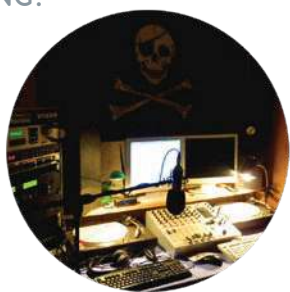
You think you've all time in the world for conversations and then discover you have left it too late. Sue Richardson died in Dublin last week. Anarchist, artist, gardener, wise-woman, inspiration

and friend, she was so strong, we forgot how ill she really was. - SP



WHEN THEY KICK OUT YOUR FRONT DOOR.

IF YOU THOUGHT THE GOLDEN AGE OF PIRATES ON THE WEST COAST WENT OUT WITH GRAINNE MHAOL. THEN YOU WERE WRONG. RASCAL RADIO ARE BUCKING THE TREND AND ARE DETERMINED TO GET BACK ON THE AIR AFTER A VISIT FROM THE MAN.



rabble: Ok, so give us the background on the station and what you are at?

Rascal Radio is simply non-stop anti-pop. We don't run adverts and we don't get paid for any kind of sponsorship. In our opinion this is what kills most pirates. We didn't get onto the Galway airwaves until July '09. We lasted only two months until the transmitter was seized from the derelict house where it was installed. We continued to stream on the net but it wasn't until July 2010 that we managed to return to Galway radios.

rabble: Why did you opt to set up a pirate radio station? Are you lot not just romanticizing the medium or does traditional radio have a reach that podcasts don't?

We are doing both. In a way one could say we are romanticizing it but the FM is what creates the whole buzz for all involved and for all who listen to us on FM. If we weren't on FM we'd just be another internet station. We do get a lot of Galway people listening online when they could just turn on their stereo which is a shame but that's just the way things have gone in the digital age.

rabble: Would none of the existing stations not give you a space to do the sort of thing you wanted to do and does city really need an alternative radio station?

Galway has needed an alternative station for a long time. The amount of culture, arts and music that Galway has is phenomenal and we feel that we are integrating into it quite nicely. Sure, we could have done radio shows on one or two other stations but with our own station we have complete control. We can broadcast whatever we want, whenever we want! At the moment we have live shows on every evening from 6pm til midnight as well as midday shows at the weekends. If it's alternative and we like the sound of it, we add it. We also run original music showcase gigs in Muddy Maher's in Galway city once a month. We record these to be aired on the radio the following week.

rabble: Have you any idea how many people are listening into the station? Like do you have much audience interaction going on over social media and how is the city responding to what you are doing?

We don't really have any idea how many people are listening to be honest. We do get a lot of interaction from listeners through SMS, email and Facebook both during live shows and during the day when we are on autopilot. We are finding it hard to keep up with the number of people wanting to get involved which is great! Because our whole infrastructure is internet-based this means that DJs can do their show from their own house.

rabble: So tell us how Comreg ended up catching wind of you and what's next?

It is quite easy for Comreg to find out where a broadcast is coming from. It only takes simple triangulation techniques. The cops are only involved as a "law presence" so they haven't a clue what's going on. We weren't expecting it at all as we aren't stepping on anybody's toes in Galway, we don't make any money from the station and we are providing a great service that wasn't there before. We are very determined to get back on air and will continue to do shows for our online listeners. Next time it won't be so easy for them to shut us down! There's no way that we'll get our equipment back even though most of it was just DJ gear that was in no way illegal.



SUB POP ICON MARK ARM FROM MUDHONEY WITH A RASCAL RADIO FLYER. PHOTO: RUTHANNO

ROUGH TRADE?

DESPITE A GLUT OF DOOM AND GLOOM ARTICLES, SALES OF THE BLACK STUFF HAVE INCREASED FOR THE FOURTH YEAR IN A ROW IN THE UK. ROB FLYNN FROM CORK BASS MERCHANTS DUBCULTURE CONSIDERS WHY.

Record stores through Ireland and the western world have been closing for some time now and its no secret what the main reason for this is. The digitisation of music was predicted to revolutionise the industry and certainly hasn't come up short in this regard. From early on it was clear that digital music was always going to be a contentious matter. In 1999 the Napster saga caused widespread debate on the pros and cons of illegal downloading and since then, for better or worse, people have found creative ways of sharing digital music for free, cutting a huge chunk out of record shops market share. Brian O'Kelly, founder of Comet Records, formerly Ireland's longest running record store sums the current situation up well, "There is a whole generation who have never paid anything for music and I don't know if they will ever be prepared to pay anything for music."

Digital music has long been controversial for other reasons: sound quality. Club owners, DJs, sound engineers and audiophiles have long railed against mp3 format and its inferior and inadequate sound quality. Sizzle-sounding, highly compressed mp3s have become par for the course for a whole new generation who are unfortunately more than happy to sacrifice higher sound quality in exchange for easily accessed free files.

Recent years have brought an interesting development - enter vinyl from stage left. UK vinyl sales were up for the fourth year in a row in 2010 and rose by 55% year on year for the first six months of 2011 according to figures from the ERA (Entertainment Retailers Association).

A lot of the resurgence in popularity for the format can be attributed to it addressing all the failings of the mp3 format. Comparatively expensive, hard to duplicate, physical, highly collectible and of consistent sound quality, vinyl appears to have spotted a gap in the market and filled it.

There have been many contributing factors to this. This year the release of Radiohead's King of Limbs album has been cited as a major driving force in of this growth spurt. National Record Store day also seems to gain momentum every year and puts a lot of attention on the format. Vinyl also seems to be under-going a shift in its market tactics. Critically acclaimed underground labels such as Swamp81 have begun pushing the

format by employing new marketing techniques to great effect. A large viral marketing campaign was undertaken online and on radio to generate hype around their recent Sicko Cell 12". Playing to the format's strengths such as its exclusivity and collectibility appear to be working well for many labels now who release solely on vinyl. Several Swamp 81 releases come with high quality artwork and the message with the music is clear, if you're going to commit something to wax, it had better be worth it.

So where does this leave record stores? In Ireland we've seen both independent and high street chains closing left right and centre over the last 10 years. Could the resurgent interest in acetate buck the trend? Its too early to call on that one but perhaps we should be questioning the logic in removing record stores as a marketplace and purchase all our music online.

Despite their popularity sites such as Beatport or Amazon are not a place to discover music and trying to locate some new music amongst the foggy mire that is these sites is an exercise in futility. Almost non-existent distribution costs has meant a significant lowering of the bar for what meets the standard of good-enough-to-be-signed and has seen digital labels throwing great big globs of inadequate tripe at the public wall in the hope that something will stick.

Online music shopping is never going to promote music that's important to us, the Irish, in a cultural context. But perhaps it never did argues Borderline boss Derek Larkin, "You'd be a fucking mug, this year, last year, twenty years ago to open a shop saying 'I want to promote local bands.' When local bands actually sold the shit, I used to let them take all the money. The percentage they could give me would be so worthless that they'd be better keeping the money themselves". He points to the notion of a benevolent local record store being a creation of the music press "People make up all this shit...but they're the biggest parasites of the whole lot, the people who write this shit... they're not paying rent to have a shop, they're injecting nothing to music but their own bullshit opinions and listening to the records they get for free."

Barry Lennon from Irish label The Richter Collective has a different take on the Dublin record store scene, "You could walk in, hear a record and be like "who's that?" and you would pick it up. Or having a section of the recommended records from staff was cool. It maybe is more human and created good discussion points on new music and stuff going on within the music communities". The music people are exposed to in these shops is based on the opinions of the staff, not the A&R and marketing departments opinion of a record label far far away, and therefore more relevant to the Irish music fan.

the pilling Fields

WE ASKED OUR MOB OF CONTRIBUTORS FOR SOME QUICK REVIEWS ON THE FESTIVALS THEY WERE GETTING MUCKED UP AT THIS SUMMER. HERE'S WHAT THEY SALVAGED FROM MEMORY.

Sibin, April 30th Dublin: What a way to start the festival season. A whopper local lineup meet some overseas giants on excellent sound systems. This is the best of a Dublin roll-over weekend right here. Please go three days so we don't have to leave the surroundings. Bang on security. -JR

Party Against The Pipe, June 4 - 6th Mayo: A no-frills fund-raising weekend for Shell2Sea on a windy bog. Nothing to do during the day but take the piss out of Shell's private security. Dancehall delights from Belfast's Explosion Sound System kept us blazing all night. -JR

Life, May 27 - 29th Mullingar: They say never trust a hippy, and the psy-trance profit chasers here proved the point; long rainy queues, staff fumbling with e-tickets, over-zealous booze seizing security, pricey pints and an exaggerated set of headliners. Some top notch local line-ups all the same. -JR

Forbidden Fruit, June 4th - 5th, Kilmainham: Just when it looked like a better use of a fiver might have been the rolling of a straw for the insipid Bulmer's berry - along comes AFX with a long, chilling sample of Jim Jones' raving at the Guyana massacre, injecting mediocre proceedings with a little badly needed poison. -KP

Oxegen, July 8- 10th: Every year the media licks MCD's arse with hype about how this one has "changed." One of the highlights this year was a bunch of goons gathered to cheer someone for dropping a three foot long shit in the portaloos. What more do we need to say? -JR

I'll Be Your Mirror, July 23 - 24th London: Lazy hipster jibes aside, this was a really comprehensive weekender. With a stellar lineup in a palatial venue with pristine sound, it didn't matter that Portishead couldn't figure out how to play one of their tunes. -JB

Bump, July 23 - 24th, Clare: Shtomper of a time! Imaginative and forward thinking local musical content, intimate site and a whack of the soundest heads you'll meet all season. Proper underground buzz, rave inna the jungle til noon both nights. Hundred percent going back! -CW

Jigs & Rigs, 29 - 31st July, Raithlin Island: This festival packs the combination punch of the Force 10 and Audio Terrorists sound systems, plus King Paddy of all things random

with his pop up shed. It was outstanding; with quality local producers, bands and DJ's from start to finish, plus the time machine mother of all 80's discos in the barn which had me sitting dreaded Leaving Cert again.

Dour, July 12th - 15th, Belgium: 125,000 people rammed into one large campsite and one small festival site. Plenty of musical choice makes up for a total lack of anything else to do or look at. 2011's alternate entertainment highlight was a spindly fire-wheel. It drew huge crowds. Nobody knew why they were there. -SF

Boomtown, August 11th -14th, Winchester: A thousand and one things to seduce, entice and entertain you in this boardwalk empire. The dreamlike qualities of this carnival fantasy land are matched with an A-list line up. The organiser's crackdown on bringing spirits in was a serious buzz killer. But we survived. Do go. -PL

Peoples Festival, August 20th - 21st, Dun Laoghaire: This DIY effort was cancelled for reasons that remain unclear. No doubt thanks to council no craics and the cops. Proof that red tape can be used to shut down anything here. -JR

Fairy Hill, August 13th: Could have been great - nice crowd, good sound, daycentish venue. But this festy flopped bad with serious case of the skits, it hadn't a clue which bucket to piss in. Orbital playing after the Japanese Popstars and Jape? C'mon to fuck. -CW

Electric Picnic, Sept. 2nd - 4th Stradbally: The boutique festival created by the beautiful people for the common people like you. It was cold, less crowded than usual and featured many big names including the distinctly average Arcade Fire. Trentmoeller, James Blake, and Catscars were the highs and Ghostpoet's DJ set kept us bopping for warmth. -DS

Fesant Fest, Ballina August 21st: Ballina's rock pub, Emmetts (and its big car park out the back), played host to an almighty session with ten bands and a raffle. A melting pot of musical stylings, buckfast and punx made for a long joyous day brought to a close with a Total Winners dance party. -JB

Spraoui Waterford, July 29-31st: Waterford's a lovely town, you'd walk round the place happily with a bag of cans for Spree Weekend. Nobody's too pushed about what bands are playing or anything really; too much craic and art to be consumed. -JB

Outlook Festival, Croatia Sept 1- 4th: For half the price of an EP ticket you get a great bass music lineup, fantastic weather, great soundsystems and tons of fun. It ticks a lot of boxes. Downsides include the awkwardness of getting there, too many rewinds and too many people there. Highly recommended. -RF



No. 29 Fitzwilliam Square

Georgian Dublin was a city second only to London in grandeur, which boasted a diversity of life gestated by lassie faux economics, minimal social conscience and the gross inequality it sired.

Number 29 is a late 18th-century Georgian townhouse which introduces us to this world through a tour of its restored interior and a collection of objects associated with the daily life of its occupants.

Emerging from the dark, cramped servants quarters in the basement you enter the splendor of the late Georgian era - the richly decorated pinnacle of 18th-century living. Moving from parlour to dining-room, drawing room to boudoir every attention has been given to collecting together period pieces and replicating the sensibilities of the time. The greatest juxtaposition is evident when entering the fifth and final floor, the attic, where the children of the house spent the majority of their youth. Little wonder the rest of society could be treated with near murderous disregard when children were committed to such an austere environment.

However there is a feeling of limitation, that the scale and vibrancy of Georgian Dublin could not be contained within these four walls. In truth it would take a much bigger project to comprehensively tackle the vastness that was Georgian Dublin. Class and gender conflicts simmer beneath the serene interiors: hinted at in the sterile, basement room of the spinster housekeeper, the pretentious stencilled floorboards of the impoverished governess and the reproductions of Hogarth's 'Harlot's progress' which hang inappropriately in the lady's boudoir. Unfortunately these issues were not explicitly discussed. This was not the fault of our excellent guide or the rest of the friendly staff who made our visit highly enjoyable. But the limits of the museum can be found in the very climate in which No. 29 was created. In the late 1960s the ESB demolished a number of Georgian houses in Lower Fitzwilliam Street. In their place, interrupting the largest intact Georgian street-scape in the world, was constructed a bland (to be kind), modernist pile. Number 29 was one of the buildings to escape the bulldozer. Its later restoration can be seen as a tokenist balm to soothe bitter opponents.

In saying that, the potential is there to centre this little museum at the heart of discussions on the complexity of Georgian Dublin. If the ESB really wants to make amends for earlier crimes then boost the budget and increase the remit of this project so that it can tackle the social and cultural conundrum that was the Georgian era.

Number 29 is well worth a visit, but unfortunately at the moment there is little that will draw you back a second time - except perhaps the tranquil little teashop.



EAT YOUR GREENS

A generation ago most people's experience of the beetroot was pickled on the side of an Irish salad plate. As it slowly stained the lettuce pink one could be forgiven for dismissing the humble beet. The earthy taste, and tendency to bleed, has meant that it is not a supermarket staple. However beetroot is a wonderful root veg packed with antioxidants. In season during late summer and early autumn you'll find it gracing market stalls and good grocery shops. If you're lucky enough to have a garden or council allotment then it is an easy grow which produces edible roots and shoots. Here are three of my favourite beetroot recipes to help you use up the overstock. - PL

Borscht

This hearty central European soup has a wonderful sour kick. There is little agreement on what constitutes an au-

thentic borscht with numerous regional variations. This is a simplified version which uses a combination of fresh and pickled beetroot but tailor the recipe to suit your larder.

- 1 medium onion
- 2 cloves of garlic
- 1 medium carrot
- 2 celery sticks
- 1 medium floury potato
- 2 fresh medium beetroots
- A small jar (200 g) of sliced pickled beetroot, including the vinegar
- 2 bay leaves
- 1.5 litres of stock, vegetable, chicken or beef but as good as you can get
- A splash of olive oil
- Sea salt (it just tastes better!) & freshly ground black pepper

1. Finely chop the onions, carrots, celery and potatoes and sweat over a medium heat until tender.
2. Add the bay leaves, crushed garlic and chopped fresh beetroot. Cook for another two minutes.
3. Add the pickled beetroot, keeping the pickling vinegar to one side, and the stock. Simmer for 10 - 15 minutes until

the beetroot is tender.

4. Blend until smooth then add the vinegar to taste. Season with the salt and pepper.
5. Serve with hunks of sour dough bread, a swirl of sour cream or even a few toasted caraway seeds for the perfect antidote to Autumnal horizontal rain.

Not 100% raw energy salad

This simple salad is the perfect lunch to revive flagging energy levels or just justify a slice of the beetroot cake below. The trick is to add the sunflower seeds while still hot. The heat makes some kind of magic happen with the vinegar and the result is wonderful.

- 2 large carrots
- 2 medium beetroots
- 3 or 4 tablespoons of sunflower seeds
- Olive oil
- Cider vinegar
- Sea salt & freshly ground black pepper

1. In a large bowl mix two parts olive oil with one part vinegar. Add the salt

and pepper to taste.

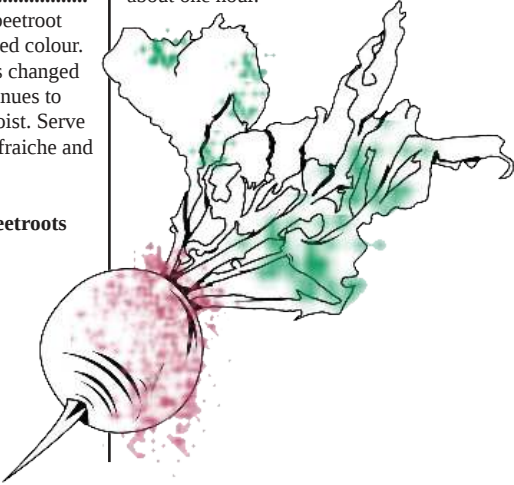
2. Coarsely grate in the carrots and beet-roots. Mix through the dressing.
3. Toast the sunflower seeds in a heavy bottomed pan over a medium-high heat until golden.
4. Add the toasted sunflower seeds to the beetroot and carrot mix, it should hiss. Stir well.
5. Serve with wheaten bread.

Beetroot Cake (aka Red Velvet Cake)

Traditionally the addition of beetroot gave this cake its distinctive red colour. The chemical mix of coco has changed since but the of beetroot continues to keep the sponge devilishly moist. Serve with a dollop of tangy crème fraiche and drizzle with maple syrup.

- 1 cup or 2 medium boiled beetroots
- 1/3 cup of sunflower oil
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1 tsp of vanilla essence
- 1 cup of caster sugar
- 3 tbsp of coco powder
- 1 cup of self-raising flour
- 1/4 tsp of baking soda
- a pinch of salt

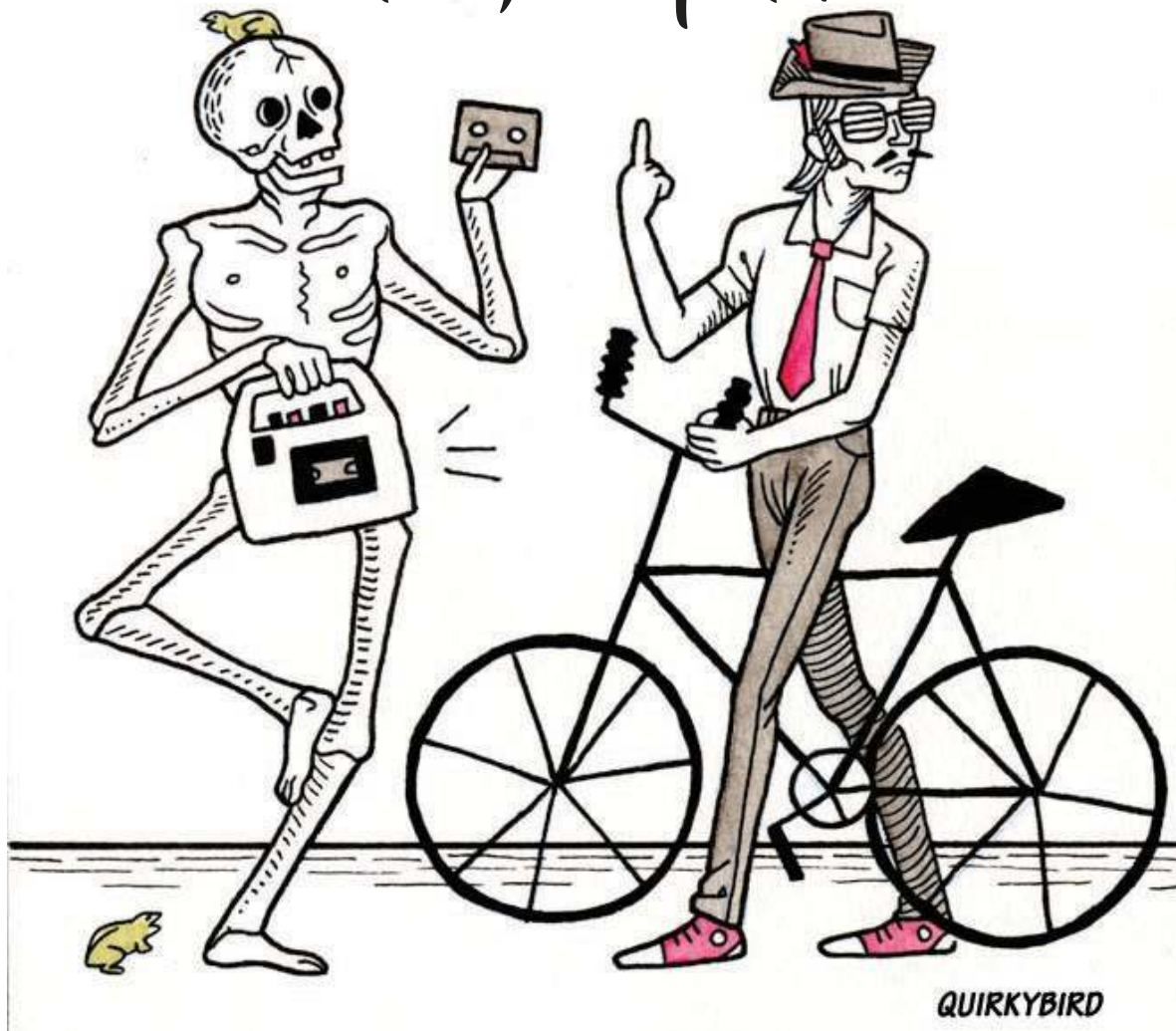
1. Place one cup of finely grated beetroot in a large bowl.
2. Add the oil, vanilla essence and the beaten egg. Stir well until thoroughly mixed.
3. Add the sugar and coco powder and stir gently until well mixed.
4. Gently fold in the flour and baking soda using a figure-of-eight motion.
5. Pour batter into a bread or cake tin. Bake in a pre-heated oven, 170°C, for about one hour.



Did You Know? Public wigs date from the 15th century. When they were used to combat pubic lice and disguise the sores from syphilis.

{PONDERINGS}

death of a hipster



NIAL MCCABE TAKES A SATIRICAL LOOK AT THE COMPLICATED LOVE-LIFE OF YOUR FAVOURITE STEREOTYPE.

“Hello”
“Why haven’t you answered the phone all day?”
“I’ve been busy at work”
“All day? You haven’t had time to even send me a text, on your lunch break?”
“Maxwell hun, I was going to wait til tonight.”
“Yes well, I’d appreciate a text, I got a lot of positive comments on my Salon.com comment on Bisexual skinheads”
“Oh thats great! We can talk about it later, where are we going?”
“ I was thinking we could go to that new pub, The Red Dragon in FInglas”
“Finglas?? Is Finglas cool now?”
“It soon will be”
I can’t believe she hasn’t rang me all day! I mean, what the frack? Is she taking this relationship seriously? The least I can expect is a text, though to be fair, the smileys have lost their lustre, it was outré for all of 5 minutes, I don’t even know if she means it to be anymore? But maybe that’s funny? I don’t know. I have got to get her out of this Sisters of Mercy fad though. I’ll get Ciara to talk to her, I mean she doesn’t even ride a bike, and I know she isn’t a strict vegan. I think I love her though, and her father was in The Fall in the 80’s.Now do I bring the Rubiks cube or not?
‘Maxwell! Boi! Whats popping G?’
Oh no it’s Wigger Chris, we’ll have to go through the ritualistic street patois. CUNT.
“S’up nigga!”
Look at him, he hasn’t even got High tops, what a Reuban. Oh fuck if he’s in here then there’s no fucking way I’m championing this place. OK the decor is shabby enough and there are enough ‘colourful’ regulars, but once Wigger Chris and his ‘crew’ of mindless neophytes get in here then it’ll go to the dogs. Damn I thought I had a find. It’s so hard in this city to find a place you can truly call cool without the likes of Chris lowering the tone, next thing you know fucking Mark Kermode will be drinking in here.
“You coming to my party man? It’s been ages. Gonna get our drink on, our swerve on, some laydeez, bring Ffion, it’s gonna be dope!”

Full of fucking dopes more like, and no doubt one of your ridiculous attempts at freestyling.
“Yeah Man, that will be sweet, My mother is showing ‘Accattone’ in her boutique that night and there is a talk on Pasolini afterwards by Giuseppe Pelosi which will be fun, but we’ll deffo try and get down afterwards”
“Tight”
Ah at last Ffion, oh no she looks like a goth, I must get Ciara to have a full and frank chat.
“Oh...My...God! This place is harder to find than Madeleine McCann”
Thats awful, I’m wincing, Maddy jokes are soooo 2008.
“Oh babes, nothing good is ever easy now is it?”
“Nespresso darling”
Bitch has me there! She’s always got an answer for everything. Why does she have to be so smart? Smart girls are cool though, or they were last time I checked intelligent Life magazine.
“Well where have you BEAN til this time”
Silence.
“As in coffee bean, oh”
Bollocks, that was crap.I really should keep up to date with Stephen Fry on Twitter. Think like Stephen Fry, then be like Stephen Fry. Awful clothes though. Shit everyone’s looking at me like I’m Sarah Palin.
“Yes, yes I know, I’m a poltroonian, I had too much of that Durban poison shit that Fran has been hoarding like Charles Foster Kane.
Et Voila, out comes the Pop Art Magnetic pipe, visible jealousy, I’m the fackin daddy again you caaants! Actually they are all caants, why do I even bother hanging out with these people? Note to self, get better friends.
“Drinkies?”
“Yes darling, I’ll have a Guinness.
Guinness? Good choice, solid, reliable and non-conformist, I do love you Ffion.
“Oh darling?”
Dont ask for blackcurrant, don’t ask for blackcurrant!!
“Yes babes?”
“A smidgereeny of blackcurrant”
Right! I’m ending this now!

Fashion Whores

Mo'-hair Now.

Last season any fashionista in the know either ditched or toned down the tan. Tango was replaced by Autumn glow or porcelain for the real trend setters. This season it’s one step bolder with the return of body hair. As of yet legs have remained silky smooth but the bikini and underarms are experiencing a counter-revolution. This is only to be expected, with shiny smooth celebs gracing the media in all their polished extremism. A dictatorship of waxing and lasers means that female body hair is a rarity. And if there is one thing that fashion loves, darling, its rarity. So ladies ditch the razor and get growing!! The full-grown 1980s muff will be the main trend of 2012 replacing the tango deep-v that was all the rage in Saint Tropez this summer. Armpits are luscious, but trimmed, caves of delight. Maschalagnia anyone?!

The word on the catwalks is that Victoria Beckham is designing a range of fishnet stockings which will accentuate the mohair leg look. Don’t worry ladies, those of you who lasered away your darlings during the last decade will be able to avail of a range of wigs and hair pieces in a delightful array of colours, shapes and textures. Also, fresh to the market is a clever little cosmetic procedure which offers a full range of body hair implants. So plait it, dye it, bleach it if you dare. Vavajazzel?! My hiney, body hair is back! - PL



These boots are made for?

As I waddled, not quite as sure footed as usual, from one pub to another I thought what every women thinks at a certain point in their evening – ‘Why the hell do women put themselves through this agony?’ Of course the simple answer is they think they look more attractive. Fashionistas tell us that heels make us taller, force our backs to arch, pushing breasts forward and asses to the air. The purpose of which seems to be to make us look more like the female character out of ‘Who Framed Roger Rabbit?’

In the mind set of most young Irish women, looking sexy involves a heel of some description and from the look of the queues outside the clubs of Harcourt Street, the higher the better. In my own experience though, I’m not sure what exactly is sexy about blisters, moaning, complaining and spending most of the night in my bare feet hoping I don’t stand on glass shards, screaming at whatever young fella is handy at the time to ‘give me a backer.’

Another reason could be that it is a dog eat dog world and women want to get ahead of the competition. To do so the dominatrix look is the order of the day, girly girls don’t get far in a man’s world, but neither do grungy tomboys. Is there really no acceptable middle ground? So it is not only the glitter clad ‘It girls’ that wear Satan’s shoes but the powerful, no-shit-taking, female business executive that makes her underlings squirm from afar as her heels clip clop ever nearer (we’ve all seen The Devil Wears Prada).

Historically both men and women wore heels and they began emerging when the celebrities of the day, the kings and queens of Europe donned the raised heels; soon enough the whole court was jumping on the bandwagon. Today if Beyonce goes an inch higher so does the modern woman. Interestingly enough during the French revolution high heels disappeared from the shops as it was not so much in vogue to appear like the rich nobbs. Following that logic, is it bad to wish that an angry mob revolts against female high-heel-wearing celebrities and sticks their heads on spikes, leading to shoe-volution? - RF



Sex Panther



IN OUR REGULAR COLUMN SEX PANTHER GIVES ADVICE ON THE CARNAL SIDE OF MODERN LIFE.

Sex Panther, Rawr!

I am a middle aged man I have a well paid job in the media. My 17 year old daughter has a friend, let's call her 'Helen'. Helen is around a lot, she flirts with me constantly, and though I see the two of them engaging in nothing but normal teenage pursuits (my daughter by the way with a touching innocence, reminiscent of a slow motion Visconti youth), I am deeply aroused. I know from Helen's looks, her approval of my incessant inappropriate sexual talk, and the fact that I stole several indecent pictures of her from her phone, that she has the sexual confidence and dead eyed determination of a 5 year Wesley veteran. My wife has no interest in anything other than expensive German kitchenware, and the many sex-workers I use make me feel guilty with their apathy and disgust. I know I shouldn't take this girl out and get her dangerously drunk, but I feel so entitled, and 15 is the new 30 eh?
Frustrated, Lucan.

Rawr! This dilemma had me up all night....watching Porn!! Listen pal, I'm Sex Panther, if you don't provide me with these photos and the girls number I'm going to maul you to death and then show your wife that there is more to do in a German kitchen but cook and be depressed. No brainer.

Sex Panther Rawr!

Sex Panther I have been a nun for many years. I heard the Lord's calling at a young age and I took my orders (like a good nun) from the Carmelite Monastery of the Immaculate Conception Roebuk in Dublin. For many years now I have been honoured to serve the lord in Paraguay. Ah, the Magnificence of the Iguasso Falls and the incomparable jungle, that must bring tears of longing to your eyes mighty beast?! We live a quiet,

dutiful life of work and prayer. Every week a Mestizo boy, I'll call him, Alejaaandro delivers fresh produce from a local farm. He is a shy boy of but 18 summers, he is considerate and respectful, and often tells us of his adventures in the jungle and of his deep devotion to Christ. The sweat glistens on his chiselled naked torso in the midday sun like translucent starbursts. I often have to stop from swooning and must think mightily of the torments of Christ! At night I conjure his form before me like some wanton devil woman, his hands steadfast yet timid, his tongue busy and tender as a baby basilisk. I have never known torment like this, I am raging out of control beast. What am I to do?
Sr Immaculate

Rawr! Once in a while this gig really is akin to having your capybara and eating it. I help people and I get to feel young again. I was sired in that very region, I swam the falls in my youth and drank from its torrential emerald floor. My mighty roars were heard from Asunción to the Chaco. I remember you nuns out there in the wilderness and I went easy on you. Think not of Christ Sister, think ye of Sodom and Gomorra! Those fabled cities of fun and SIN!! You owe it to Panthers and Pan-thettes of all denominations to turn these frankly pedestrian dreams into reality'. You are used to orders sister, here's mine, CORRUPT!! This boy. Life is short, Mestizo boys of these dimensions who aren't on crack are few and far between sister. Get down on your knees and pray! Pray to Panther, happy hunting. Rawr!

Sex Panther Rawr!

I'm a man who spends more time fiddling with his hair than with women, does this make me a Dublin Hipster?

Rawr! No, but it makes you unworthy of comment. Panther out.

Need to increase your carnal prowess? Drop our animal a line
sexpanther@rabble.ie

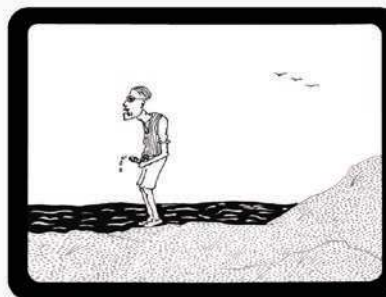
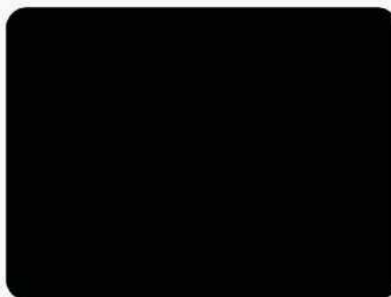
SMILEY FACE 😊 stars in THE DANGERS OF IDENTITY THEFT

Every year thousands of people fall victim to identity theft...



For an old acid house icon, the consequences were more embarrassing than most...

A SHORT HISTORY OF... "ULYSSES"



Diary of a newly-made cripple

PAUL BLOOF JUMPED OFF A TEN FOOT WALL ON PADDY'S DAY AND HAS BEEN CRIPPLED EVER SINCE. HERE HE SHARES SOME INSIGHTS INTO HIS NEW WAY OF LIVING.

For years I've worked in fine dining and catering where efficiency and speed of movement are essential skills. You learn to run through crowds without touching anybody, you can see things fall and catch them in your peripheral vision and if you're good, your body moves before and without you thinking. There is no time for deliberation or doubt because you always have to be killing an ever-increasing list of short term tasks and priorities. Otherwise you go under. Like all work, there are some skills and thought processes that flow out of the workplace and actually improve your daily life - cooking, cleaning, salesmen and dawdlers can be dealt with a ninja-like deftness that leaves your tunneling mind time to focus

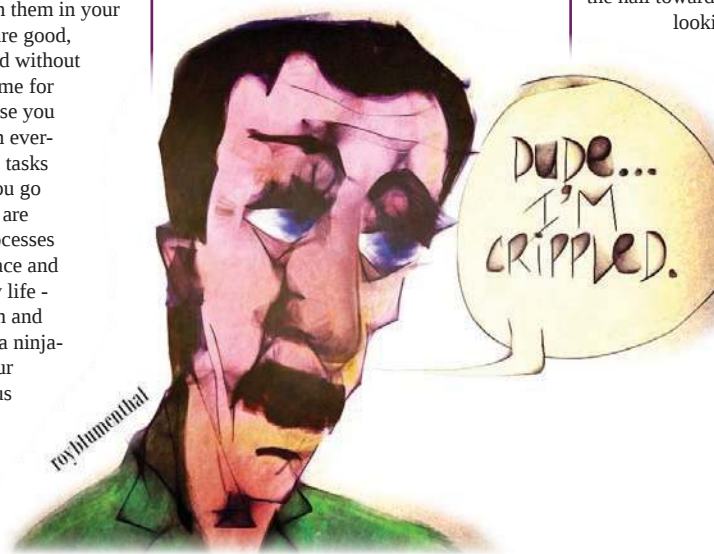
on more rewarding problems.

That was January. Today I woke up and missed a phone call 'coz I couldn't reach it.. Took me 5 minuets of gorilla-swinging to get to sitting upright on my chair. I really gotta pee. Rather than reverse I get into a 15-point turn between my bed and my sink. I'm knackered already! The bedroom door opens inwards and when I get through that my knuckles scrape on the door frame. GRRR! 5-point turn 90 degrees into the toilet but I can't close the door behind me. FRRG! - You know that Olympic event on the wooden pommel horse where they spin around keeping their legs together? -yeah? Well this jaxx is too small for that. . I still haven't worked out how to get my pants down without standing up so I just wiggle around till I can finally pee... Ireland, no points. I should have pee'd in a jar.

So I've never been in a wheelchair before. Much as I try to coax the living craic out

of every little thing I do .. wheelchairs are balls ! I can't put my feet on the ground so it's like I'm paralysed from the knees down. Impossible to get into. Impossible to get out of. Instant respect & empathy to anyone who's full timing in one of these !! I'm like a gorilla swinging around the place at home balancing on my knuckles, grunting, throwing my own dead weight up on the bed and trying to knock stuff off the top shelf with tennis balls - most of the time it easier to piss in a jar than scale the toilet assault course.

The first expedition on wheels was downstairs to the shop on the first floor of the hospital during visitors hours - bit messy really. I instantly got stuck behind a double doors and had to wait all-casual-like till someone came along to help. Then I rolled into a crowded lift and couldn't turn around so i just stared into peoples belly buttons while they all looked at the top of my head. Fart now! Shop .. heyy.. everyone is looking at me funny! ...Not only that but they're all slightly leaning forward while they do it. It must be the beard.... They think I'm a Viet Nam vet yeah? Brilliant. The penny dropped on how the next few months were going to be as the shop keeper spoke exxttraaa Louud aanndd Slowwwwly for my suddenly deaf and cripple ass.



this land is our land

AFTER BEING BLOWN AWAY BY THEIR FINAL YEAR EXHIBIT, JAMES REDMOND TALKED TO DIT STUDENT RONAN MURRAY ABOUT NAMALABS VISION FOR OUR DERELICT CITY.

Unless you keep your eyes and ears glued to current affairs, or the raft of pamphlets penned over the last few years by the country's columnists, it can be quite a pickle trying to get your head around the labyrinth of flawed politics and white elephant property developments, that brought our bloated economy crashing to its knees. Despite this, it's become part of the recessionary lexicon to unfairly bemoan the populace's inability to articulate anger or alternatives to the current crisis. Yet, if you step back and think about it, little effort has been made to develop a political project that can offer truly, inspiring alternatives.

When the media honed in on the eerie ghost estates lying dormant around the country they became one of the chief motifs of our times and inevitable pub banter. We've all played the game of bar-stool expert, cooking up colorful alternatives for the hoardings and wasteland that scar our communities. Whereas these mostly involved pyres and bankers, last October a group of final year DIT architecture students took on the challenge of providing a constructive response.

As an exercise on architecture's role, the class took up the mantle of tracking the failed developments disfiguring the capital's landscape. As Ronan Murray, of NAMALab, told me:

"For six weeks initially we spent time



researching architectural ideas and how we could forward our thoughts on architecture and then it was the lecturers who decided to use

NAMA as a basis to explore our ideas."

Their project was stonewalled by NAMA itself, who refused to dialogue with them - in the end they delved into the hive brain of social media to find out the lay of the land. They collated data and produced a city wide map. Buildings are dotted across it, marked out as NAMA bound. The map itself is a remarkable document, fascinating in that it charts only a fraction of the NAMA portfolio in the city. Murray went on to tell me:

"When we initially started mapping NAMA, it was October and November 2010 - so it was only Tranche 1 and 2. NAMA hadn't started dealing with property or assets below the value of 20 million. So it was only half of the NAMA properties that was being mapped. It was a very time consuming process. We realised how powerful, how striking, how controversial it could be so we wanted to get everything as accurate as we could."

Central to NAMALab's work was a watershed realisation among the class of the intense opportunity presented by NAMA - while arising as a poor, last ditch effort, Ronan and the others felt it could be re-purposed. As he explained:

"We own these sites, and they are significant sites in the city and across Ireland, and there is such a large development fund there we feel

there is a chance to use NAMA to change things, thing we always wanted to change and to make a difference across the board in all different walks of life."

Each of the class took responsibility for sketching an alternative, development that maximised the social, cultural and strategic value of NAMALands. Breaking with images of architecture students as quite studious types, squirrelled away working on projects that would never see the light of day NAMALab worked hard to ignite debate around their work with exhibitions and walking tours. Ronan summed up the feelings of his class:

"It represents just how bad things got, how crazy things got, the amount of greed that was in society. Its a physical representation of how bad things were. We see it as an opportunity and we don't want it passed off behind closed doors. We want it to be a public debate on what could be done. We paid for them. It is ours and we should take charge of it."

Walking through the exhibition, you are struck by the intense detail bringing the proposals to life. Some of the projects seem tongue in cheek. One wants to return the upper floors of Costa on College Green to their 18th Century use as a Gentlemen's Club, this time for the elites of the IMF and other visiting agents of austerity. Paul O'Sullivan's suggestion for the Anglo Irish head quarters cuts through the original developers budget like a Stanley blade. Ronan explained:

"There's all this glass just sitting in Germany that was made for this building, and the cost of it, and erecting it was 8 million. And Paul's idea to make this a public building was 2.5 million. So that's really powerful. It's so symbolic, the Anglo Irish head quarters and what they did, how badly run they were, to turn it into a public building was a really bold move. He wanted to take the art that all these banks bought and have in their reserves and put it on display in the building."

Make sure you pick up the NAMALab book when it hits the shelves in October.

{NAMA Links}

SOME ESSENTIAL ONLINE GOODIES TO HELP YOU GET YOUR HEAD AROUND OUR WONDERFUL NAMA REPUBLIC.

NAMALAND APP

<http://www.walkspace.org/nama-land/>



This Android and iPhone app makes nifty use of the Layar browser to turn your personal pocket gadget into an augmented reality tour of Dublin's urban scarification. Download it and take some time to bounce around the city's neighborhoods for a gawk at the dereliction left after the bubble went pop. Set your phone to stun, and prepare to be sickened at the number of dormant properties on your doorstep.

BLOGGING THE CRASH

<http://irelandafternama.wordpress.com/>

This collection of smart folk with letters behind their names have dedicated themselves to uncovering every angle possible on NAMA. The blog is a go to resource for anyone wanting to dip their toes into the colossal fuck up and on-going consequences of our property bubble. It's a bit of a statistical and academic head melt at times, but just thank yourself someone out there is doing the dirty work of piecing it all together.

WALLETS FULL OF BLOOD

www.vimeo.com/user1319195

Eamonn Crudden constructs a nightmarish vision of the property crash by mashing up the useless daily bleating of RTE analysis with disjointed ghost estate imagery. In blending dismembered economic banter from shows like Pat Kenny with dark, dread inspiring electronica he encapsulates the fear stench atmosphere pervading the early days of the recession. That is, of course, before we grew immune to economic gloom.



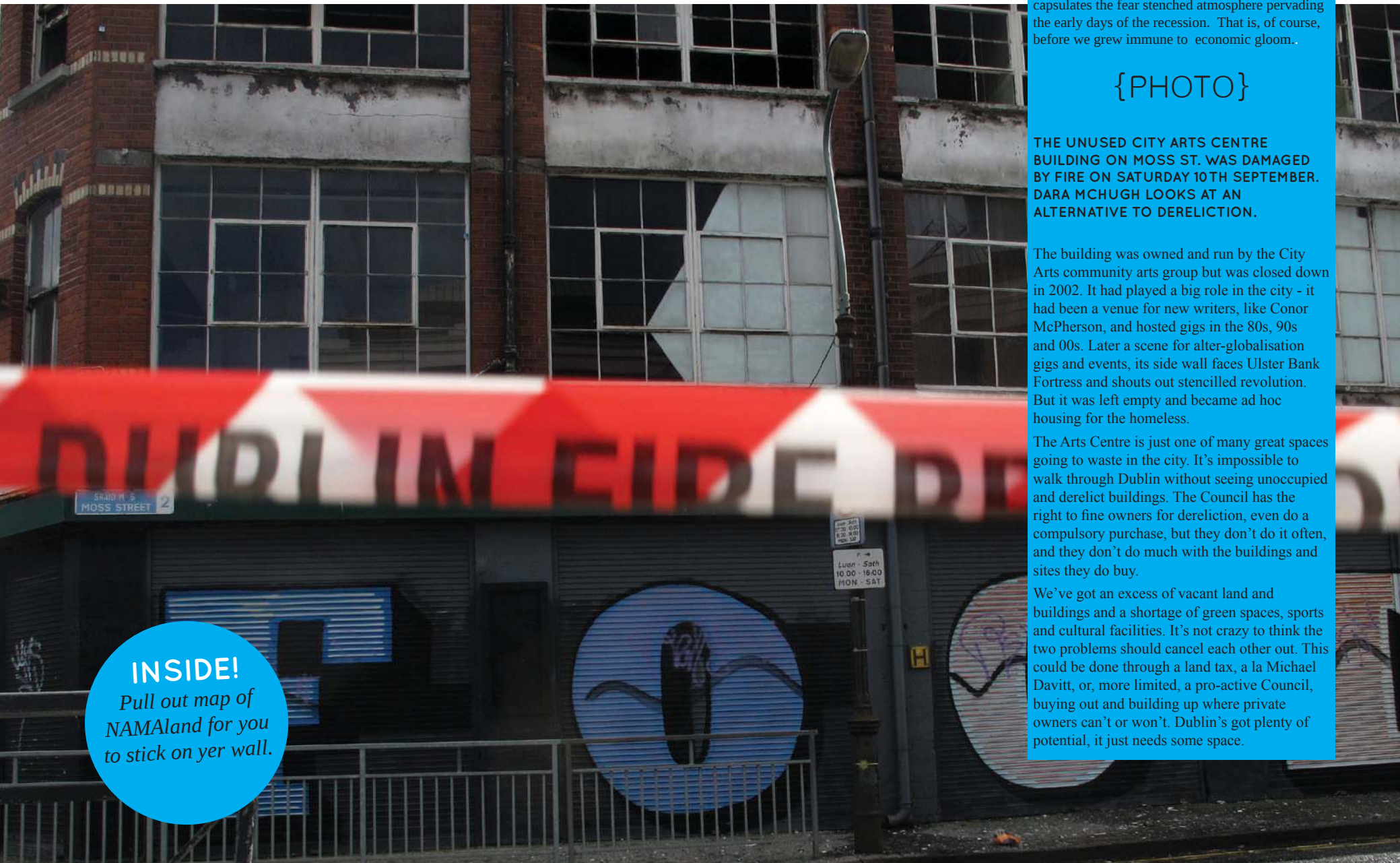
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THE UNUSED CITY ARTS CENTRE BUILDING ON MOSS ST. WAS DAMAGED BY FIRE ON SATURDAY 10TH SEPTEMBER. DARA MCHUGH LOOKS AT AN ALTERNATIVE TO DERELICTION.

The building was owned and run by the City Arts community arts group but was closed down in 2002. It had played a big role in the city - it had been a venue for new writers, like Conor McPherson, and hosted gigs in the 80s, 90s and 00s. Later a scene for alter-globalisation gigs and events, its side wall faces Ulster Bank Fortress and shouts out stencilled revolution. But it was left empty and became ad hoc housing for the homeless.

The Arts Centre is just one of many great spaces going to waste in the city. It's impossible to walk through Dublin without seeing unoccupied and derelict buildings. The Council has the right to fine owners for dereliction, even do a compulsory purchase, but they don't do it often, and they don't do much with the buildings and sites they do buy.

We've got an excess of vacant land and buildings and a shortage of green spaces, sports and cultural facilities. It's not crazy to think the two problems should cancel each other out. This could be done through a land tax, a la Michael Davitt, or, more limited, a pro-active Council, buying out and building up where private owners can't or won't. Dublin's got plenty of potential, it just needs some space.



INSIDE!

Pull out map of
NAMALand for you
to stick on yer wall.