

# rabble

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we are pro-choice

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Ah g'wan...



THE  
OBSTACLES  
FACING  
FESTIVAL  
PROMOTERS

## INSIDE.

### *Disco Liberation*

rabble takes a time  
machine to a rather  
unusual parish hop...

### *Betaville*

Is it a playground for  
the city's hipper twenty  
somethings?

### *Club Photography*

Are DSLR swinging  
douchebags wrecking  
our club nights?

### *Single Parents*

How cutbacks are making  
it real tough out there..



## *A Euro Report*

*A Bohemian boyo tells us how it  
went down in Poznan...*

## *Gimme Shelter*

*A gay asylum seeker shares his  
experience...*

## *Session Pixies*

*Meet our new peddlers of holistic  
lifestyle advice ...*



# 2 Work Experience.

“The intern will gain practical experience performing physical activities such as balancing, walking, lifting and handling of materials.” - I shit you not. Kildare, chinese restaurant. JobBridge.ie

## {THE RANT}

# Blah Blah

THE ALL-NIGHT EDITORIAL SESSION, FUELLED BY COFFEE AND NICOTINE WITH CRACKLING VINYL IN THE BACKGROUND COULD BE FROM ANYTIME IN THE LAST 50 YEARS. THE TICKY-TACKY KEYSOUNDS OF MACBOOKS BELIES THE ERA, HOWEVER.

While we sit here flicking from tab to tab, signing off on one pdf after another, we find ourselves writing about the same afflictions this country has been cursed with for all those decades.

Church-State collusion, the oppression of women, gay rights, political corruption and the difficulty of putting on festivals. Yeah, you'd be forgiven for thinking the following pages were something from brandnewretro.ie found under a 1984 bedsit couch and scanned for your post-modern amusement.

Dave Johnson examines a European referendum campaign in which we were misled by all sides and once again turned out in dwindling numbers. Ciaran Murray takes a look back at yet another failed Euro football campaign and muses on the future for the domestic League. Shannon Duvall reports from the frontline of single-parenthood and Scratch Dat Itch analyses how little the Church and State have disentangled in the eighty years between the Eucharistic Congresses.

But it's not all stone-washed jeans,

Rick Astley and rain in Mosney. We've come a long way since homosexuality was illegal and a gay nightclub was better in than out, as it were. Check out the interview with Tonie Walsh about the infamous Flikkers club on Fownes St in '79. Anarchaeologist takes a look at DCC's Beta project and is relieved that the local authority seems to be learning from past mistakes.

While our new Mob Rules section demonstrates the power of modern communication is a far cry from the xerox world of yesteryear. The rabble project is only as strong as those who get involved and with our growing online presence you've no excuse! Our recent Boomtown competition shows that not only can we party in the big league, but that the big league knows we exist - score. So why not play our festival themed centre spread and see if you've got what it takes to survive festy season. For all those lifestyle issues we welcome our new resident counsellors the Session Pixies.

Yep, this issue may still be addressing some depressingly familiar themes but thankfully it is also embodies the resilient cantankerousness of the Irish mentality.

rabble's surviving too. There are zero specific supports out there for voluntary publications like this. Locking ourselves away spewing out grant applications that shoehorn us into whatever limited arts funding exists is a rat race for pennies. Numerous things could be done to open up space for publications of our ilk. Among the underground press, we could have mutual aid agreements around distribution to encourage audience growth.

Politically, leftie politician sorts should chase taxation to scalp cash from commercial magazines and ad rags to support not for profit, publications that foster the creation of Irish editorial content. Anything at all really that chips away at media monopolisation and strengthens diversity.



**Your magazine needs you!**

Calling all feature writers, photographers, jokers, distributors, illustrators, designers, shit stirring malcontents an' ting...

join the rabble army at [info@rabble.ie](mailto:info@rabble.ie)



## {EYE}

### Chelsea At A Carboot Sale in Sligo.

Markets are full of interesting people because they really are there for the social aspect as much as the money. Once convinced I wasn't from the tax man, I met some of the most open, interesting and hilarious people I am ever likely to come across. This is Chelsea who is there from 7am as her parents have a stall. She is in her pajamas because she was doing her make up and so hadn't time to get dressed. A regular at the market, often in high-heels and pajamas, Chelsea is delighted to be ten because with her parents permission she can curse, now that she is "off that age". - Captured by Angie Crowe, of Crafty Crow Design.

If you're a photographer or an artist and want your work featured email [info@rabble.ie](mailto:info@rabble.ie)

## HIGHLIGHTS

p4. Mob Rule, where you lot get to have your spake about this auld rag..

p6. Anarcheologist takes a look at the whole "just off Capel St" buzz...

p7. Dave Johnson remembers the referendu just gone...

p8. Shannon Duvall chats to single mothers about recent cuts...

p9. Scratch Dat Itch gives the church a rightful bollocking...

p10. Peg Leeson chats with an asylum Seeker about the work of BelonGTo...

p11. Rashers Tierney hears about Flikkers and the Hirschfield...

p14. Rob Flynn finds out festival organising is a pain in the hole...

p16. Theo Weatherhall strangles club photography with a DSLR strap...

p17. Connor Moore looks at the Charlie Casanova Hype..

p22. Ciaran Murray on the FAI....

p23. The Session Pixies...



# Gombeen #4

YOU'D HAVE THOUGHT EILIS O'HANLON HAD BEEN POSSESSED BY THE SINISTER PRESENCE OF KEVIN MYERS DURING HER RECENT RANT ABOUT THE PATRONS AT THE INFAMOUS SWEDISH HOUSE MAFIA GIG.

Mixing an impoverished reading of Marx with a healthy dollop of snobbery O'Hanlon also treated us to a few turns of phrase that would have made Hitler chortle. Referring to 'knackers', 'chavs', and 'white trash' as a species she choose to use the language of eugenics which sent millions to the gas chambers, sterilising and incarcerating more. You wouldn't think that Eilis O'Hanlon was bought up in working-class 70s west Belfast, the niece of IRA chief Joe Cahill. Part of a social group that was framed within the same language that she is now using against others. But you can't blame her for a crass imitation of Mr Myers. This shit sells and that is exactly why the editors at the Sindo let it run. It's a sorry reflection on the state of our nation that one of our major broadsheets invests its emergy in professional trolling rather than balanced investigative journalism. When is the last time the Sindo broke a story on the level of the Guardian's Libor coverage rather than regurgitating the British press or offering half-arsed Twitterati opinion pieces?



## ABOUTUS.

rabble is a non-profit, newspaper from the city's underground. It's collectively and independently run by volunteers. rabble aims to create a space for the passionate telling of truth, muck-raking journalism and well aimed pot-shots at illegitimate authority. You can break the ice at [info@rabble.ie](mailto:info@rabble.ie)

Ask Us Out At [www.rabble.ie](http://www.rabble.ie)

# rabble

Produced and edited by: the rabble collective

Contributors: Alan O'Brien, Captain Moonlight, Ciaran Murray, Connor Moore, Dave Johnson, Donal Fallon, Fionka Gillanvanka, George Stapleton, Freda Hughes, John Leech, Paul Reynolds, Paul Bloof, Paul V, Paul Reynolds, Peg Leeson, Rashers Tierney, Rob Flynn, Scratch Dat Itch, Shannon Duvall, Theo Weatherall, Dave Johnson

Photographers: Angie Crowe, Emma Brophy, Paul Reynolds, Sean Gilmartin and Marcus Uke.

Logo Design: Claire Davey.

Lay Out: Claire Davey and James Redmond.

Illustration: Aoife Quinn, Thomas McCarthy, Dara Lynch, Mice Hell, Redmonk, Paddy Lynch and Sinead Mercier.

Spell Check Snipers: Peg Leeson, Paul Reynolds, Redmonk, Dara Lynch, and George Stapleton.

Code Jockies: Paul McCrodden, James Redmond and Ronan McHugh

Distribution: We need help on this people, so get in touch!

Advertising whore: Julian Brophrey.



Remember the famine dead.

Irishhistorypodcast.ie reports that in 2007 a €300 million shopping centre opened its “sensitively and beautifully” restored food court on the site of a famine era workhouse. It seems a grave with 800 bodies

was discovered and got lost in the supermarket along the way. This was in Kilkenny folks, not Kilnaskully.



Rebel Without A Call

IN LOOK UP PAUL REYNOLDS ENCOURAGE YOU RABBLE TO BRIEFLY BREAK FROM YOUR DAILY GRIND AND CONSIDER THE GHOSTS THAT HAUNT THE BUILDINGS THAT SURROUND US.

This issue we look at one of the most photographed buildings in Ireland. Any visitor, be they Dub, culchie or a bleedin’ foreigner, will recognize that place in Temple Bar which always has buskers beside it. The townies amongst you might know the can drinkers such as yer man with the beard and the crutches or the shouty woman with the ponytail as well as some of the young guitar heroes who Wonderwall their way through the early evening leaning against this monument to our past. It even functions as a pop-up art gallery as various street artists ply their trade. But few passers-by can tell what it is or what it ever was.

Purpose-built in 1898 it was Dublin’s first automatic telephone exchange. Much like its newer neighbor, Internet House, it stood as a technological beacon shining through the luddite fog.

With this in mind the Irish Citizen Army targeted the Telephone Exchange in 1916 as one of the communication hubs for the island. While many of us grew up learning of a history of ‘blood sacrifice’ and the futility of the Easter Rising, the truth is that the attack was meticulously planned

both militarily and logistically. Sixty communication points around Dublin were hit in an effort to cut off all contact between British military forces within Ireland and to the ‘mainland’. The hope being that reserves and reinforcements would be delayed or misinformed

Michael Collins himself had worked in the G.P.O. and understood the importance of modern communication. Upon seizing the General Post Office in 1916 postal workers were relieved of the task of telegraphing death notices by members of the Citizen Army who wanted to control what was being wired where.

Unfortunately for the rebels they could not take the Temple Bar exchange. A failure that would prove disastrous.

Painful lessons were learned during the Civil War, April 1922 to be exact, when the anti-treaty forces occupied symbolic or strategic buildings about the town, the pro-treaty forces got busy reinforcing the exchange.

In the same year the red-brick building would witness more violence as troops opened fire on striking postal workers. The proposal by the Provisional Government to reduce further already poor wages resulted in the first major industrial dispute of the Free Irish State. In September of 1922 postal workers from the Temple Bar exchange came out on strike. An altercation occurred between the striking workers and Free State troops which quickly escalated into shots being fired into a civilian crowd. These weren’t the first shots in the civil war but they were a mark that the labour movement was already sidelined while the Provisional Government was doubling its own ministers’ salaries. As Diarmaid Ferriter maintains ‘The biggest casualty of the civil war was the labour movement’.

So, the next time you pass this un-imposing corner house recollect the battles that were fought here and think of how they could have greatly changed our history.

MINISTER FOR CONSTIPATION.

PLENTY OF CRITICISM HAS BEEN LEVELLED AT THIS GOVERNMENT OVER BROKEN ELECTION PROMISES. FINE GAEL PROMISED THE RENEGOTIATION OF BOND DEBT AND BANK DEBTS, LABOUR OFFERED AN ALTERNATIVE, IT WAS THEIR WAY OR FRANKFURT’S WAY.

Promises of improvement in health care, no cuts or fee increases in education, an easing of austerity and getting a firm grip on the injustices that the vast majority of the population were being subjected to. Yes, it’s been a costly year for us all, but rest assured, that for each u-turn we’ll be claiming travel expenses.

It’s simple we need to get out of debt. In order to get out of debt we must get access to loan facilities. In order to acquire these loans you must tacitly accept responsibility for the debt that you are not responsible for in the first place. But, now at least we’ll have the funding to tackle an ever increasing debt, which will ever increase the debt. Simple.

There’s in excess of 400,000 people lounging around at home who ‘look like they could do with a day’s work’. This government’s ambition is to make Ireland competitive. What do we mean by this? Firstly, sell off national assets to get profits rolling into the corporate sector while investing the sales revenue in administering enslave-me.....public services.

Corporate and wealth tax will remain low, yours won’t. Wage competitiveness is the doorway, workers rights the lock, job insecurity the key. There will be an increased emphasis on a self service healthcare system with reduction in frontline staff countermanded by increased bureaucracy.

The key is not to cure, but to administer the cancer patient.

We will make you competitive by creating the lowest standard of living, inducing desperation and infusing exploitation. Yes, you will struggle to feed your family, to put a roof over your head; you will receive a poorer standard of living, cutbacks in education and an unaffordable third degree one. A culture of forced volunteerism for the jobseeker, will be accompanied by a program of socially enforced emigration.

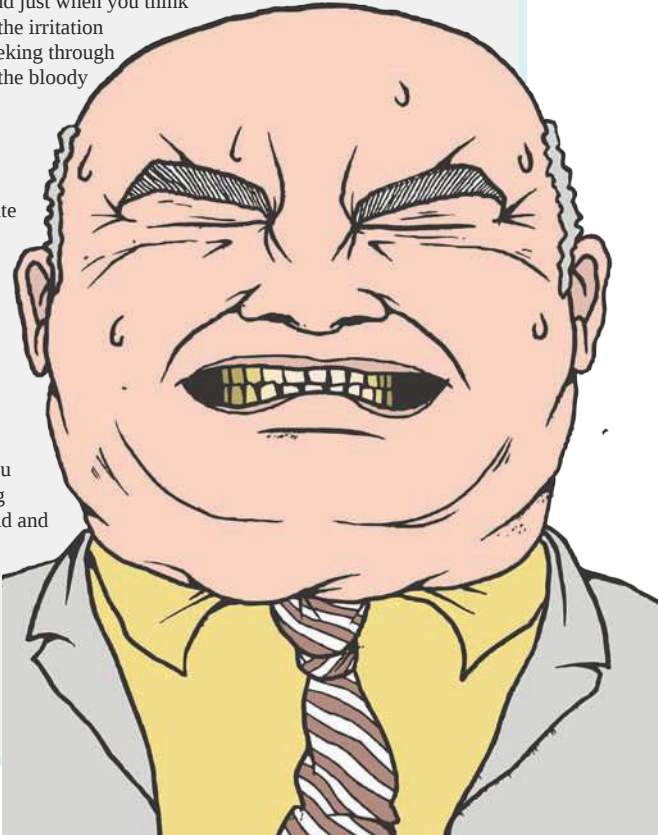
There have been allegations by journalists of planning irregularities in my own constituency. Planning irregularities are a bit like taking a dump. Find a bog, throw a few bricks in it and, wipe your arse with the paperwork.

These same journos have been banging on about my refusal to pay outstanding fees to the management company for my Portuguese apartment, as though that could compare to the household tax. Would you pay a charge if you were unhappy with the service? An investigative Journalist is a lot like a pile on the backside; hard to get shit past, and just when you think you’ve rid yourself of the irritation there’s two of them peeking through your back door acting the bloody arsehole.

I’ve heard it said that Fine Gael couldn’t run a tap. Bollocks. Along with the fire-sale of state assets, the household tax and the increase in state expenditure cuts, the impending introduction of water charges will certainly help sink and drain the economy.

I am the Minister for Constipation, I shit you not, so put that steering wheel on a haemorrhoid and call me a pile driver.

Words by Captain Moonlight  
Illustration By Redmonk





You might remember our interview with the Unlock Nama campaign in rabble #3. At the moment their focusing on a community based campaign that asks what residents what they

want done with buildings left to decay in the Smithfield area. They've produced a savage map highlighting the empties. So, get your spake in.

{UNDERGROUND CULTURE}

## DON'T GET COLLARED KNOW HOW TO SPOT THE DS

I have the  
MUNCHIES!!!

Do ya have  
any MEOW  
MEOW for  
me RAVE  
CIGARETTES



This festival season don't fall foul of the sneaky Drug Squad undercover unit. Be sure to keep an eye out for the tell tale signs such as a "silly" hat paired with navy slacks. They may also come bearing gifts, like an empty rizzla paper, hoping that you wont be able to resist filling it with wacky bakky and entrapping yourself. They learn the lingo from tabloids, "Meow-meow", "Jenkem", "Ice". A look of fear and bewilderment is apparent at the strange new music but they can be found in large numbers at the Sharon Shannon Allstar Showband stage.

Illustration by Aoife Quinn



WE'RE NOT JUST A PRINTED RAG YOU KNOW, WE'VE A BUSY TEAM OF CONTRIBUTORS CLOGGING UP YOUR SOCIAL MEDIA FEEDS WITH RABBLE RELATED TITTLE TATTLE. IT'S TURNING INTO QUITE THE LITTLE COMMUNITY OF WORKSHY LAYABOUTS, THE SESSION CRAZED, POLITICAL MALCONTENTS AND THE BORED. WHY NOT ADD US AS A FRIEND ON EITHER TWITTER OR FACEBUKE AND DRAW OUT THAT PROCRASTINATION A LITTLE BIT LONGER? HERE'S SOME OF THE FEEDBACK WE'VE RECEIVED OVER THE PAST YEAR.

Hi guys, I'm a journalist/editor from Portugal. I went on a week long vacation through part of Ireland (Cork, Kilkenny, Wicklow, Dublin) and happened to pick up your latest issue. I'm blown away. You fucks can sure tell a story and write it damn well. I am now a fan and will spread the word in Lisbon too. Cheer. PS: where's the merchandise?

Gonçalo Brito, May 16, a journalist from Lisbon over Facebook.

I visited Dublin over the weekend and came across a copy of Rabble in the Castle pub and I have to say I was very impressed. I really think we need something like this in London, as I can't find anything like it over here - nothing that ticks all the boxes anyway - funny, subversive, accessible and easy on the eye. And free!

Louise from London, April 2nd over email.

This job bridge scheme is a job, why can't anyone see it. Also I am aware of two companies so far that have used an intern and as soon as their time was up they offered the intern one hundred euro a week as well as letting them stay on the dole. Hmmmm think this is the only 2 times it has happened? Not a chance. The people need to stand up and be counted our country is being run to the ground

Ray, April 16, commenting on Planet of The Interns.

Kinda happy I didn't see that documentary and thanks for the piece Paul. Also thanks for the photo - I was at a few of those epic Scary Eire gigs at Barnstormers and I remember feeling we were seeing something that no one in Ireland at the time (or later) would ever really understand. And for the trainspotters - the piece they're performing in the photo with the bodhran, whistle and decks took me years to track down - it's called "Marcshlua Uí Néill [O'Neill's March]" from the "O' Riada Sa Gaiety" LP. Nice to see Mek, Ri-Rai and I'm guessing Dada Sloosh (Mr Brown off the frame) looking so young! Steve, April 4, commenting on Paul Tarpey's photo accompanying Never Talk Cheap.

It's always the way, either in a gaff drinking cans or in another pub, out in a laneway/field. There's so many reasons not to go to a club early. Birthdays, ppl you want to see who aren't clubbers and catch up with, it's the weekend, ppl want to go clubbing late and pack in alot more in their weekend. Late closing times could also give us one of the best club scenes in Europe.

Small city in Dublin easy to get around, great pubs to go before, loads of nights and choice in a short mile radius, decent promoters with clubbers tastes in mind. Although ppl in the early 90's in Ireland, Dublin and Cork would go clubbing early as soon as the door opened and stay till the end. The earlier events would also get a crowd in bang on when it opened. Clubs should open at 12 and close 7-8, small after hours places (early houses) sorted.

Mike Elman, April 10th commenting on Rasher Tierney's piece on licensing laws.

There are eleven bedsits in my tenement era building. On a very conservative estimate, the landlord is pulling in 80,000 a year in net rent. Most of this figure would be subsidised by rent allowance. He owns (again, this is guesstimated, via conversations with other tenants), at least 5 of the buildings in a 7 building terrace. I am also aware that he has interest in a substantial number of similar properties across the city. I am one of two Irish tenants in my building. Unbelievably, there are families living in these circumstances. There is no back yard, and only one washing machine for the 5 buildings. (Apparently, the others are being repaired for the last year). Fire safety is a huge worry. I am at basement level on the back, but due to the crowding of extensions, lack of fire doors, and poor access routes to outside, I know that I would be completely trapped if such an incident did occur. The tenants on the first to second floors would be equally fucked. I have often thought of contacting the fire officer of DCC to do an assessment, but in reality, where would this get me? This is all I can afford. Thank you for highlighting this issue. The 'social dividend' of NAMA should be to provide accommodation for families and individuals who are currently at the mercy of the (in my mind, rigged and indeed heavily subsidised) private market. This will not occur, as there is much more money in mothballing buildings and waiting for the international investors to pick at the carcass.

Sarah, April 4th, commenting on our Landlord Horror Stories

Qualified with a degree in Chemistry last year, haven't been able to find work in my field. A lot of pharma companies have suitable intern positions but all of them (at least what I have come across) have been these job bridge schemes. Large pharma companies can presumably afford to pay entry level chemists, why are they allowed exploit new graduates for cheap labour?





# rabble... GET YER PAPER

NEWSBOYS ARE NO LONGER TO BE SEEN ON THE STREETS OF DUBLIN TODAY, BUT IN THE EARLY 20TH CENTURY THEY HAD A HUGE VISIBLE PRESENCE ON THE STREET. FROM THE 1913 LOCKOUT UP TO THE 1930S, THEIR ROLE IN DUBLIN HISTORY IS OFTEN OVER-LOOKED. DONAL FALLON TAKES A LOOK AT THIS UNIQUE GROUP OF YOUNGSTERS:

The newspaper boys of the capital have entered its folklore, remembered as the lovable, shoeless, cheeky gurriers of a time past. In reality, the newsboys of Dublin were once a sizeable precarious working class presence in the capital who, on various occasions in Dublin's past, found themselves the focus of charitable and political organisations, who saw them as a potentially dangerous underclass in some cases, or as youths in need of guidance.

From the paintings of Jack B. Yeats to the writings of James Joyce and Sean O'Casey, the newsboy of the early twentieth century often featured in depictions of life in the capital at the time. Yet while the streets of Dublin were their workplace, they enjoyed little job security in life, which could bring them into direct confrontation with newspaper owners.

In August 1911, newsboys in the capital went on strike in opposition to the terms on which the Evening Herald was provided to them by the management of that paper. It was reported in the media that a crowd of boys gathered outside the offices of the paper on Middle Abbey Street, and "as several vans were about to drive off with papers for the city newsagents shops, the boys surrounded them, threw stones and other missiles at the drivers, and then swarmed up the sides and pulled down the papers, which were ripped to shreds."

During the dispute there were reports of bundles of the Herald being thrown into the Liffey by youngsters in protest, and of the newsboys even organising their own rally at Beresford Place, in the style of trade union rallies common at the location. The Irish Times reported that following a meeting of several hundred youths there, the boys marched towards the offices of the Evening Herald, and that at the head of this procession was "an imposing squad of youngsters decked out in the manner of Red Indians as they appear in lurid pictures illustrating tales of the Wild West."

The newsboys enjoyed a good working relationship with the trade union movement at this point, and as Padraig Yeates has noted in his study of the 1913 Lockout, Jim Larkin had mobilised them. By organising these newsboys, Larkin had established a distribution network for the publications of the labour movement in the city, crucially important during the events of 1913. Yeates has noted that boys took a higher commission from sales of the union paper than they did from the Irish Independent, controlled by William Martin Murphy.

A sizeable number of Dublin newsboys would appear before the courts in 1913 on charges of intimidation against strike breakers, with tough sentences dealt out against the youths in many cases. The early 20th century was a miserable period in Dublin's history and, as Joseph V. O'Brien noted in the classic Dear, Dirty Dublin, at a time when a third of the city lived in slum conditions the pneumonia wards of Dublin's hospitals held more than their fair share of newsboys and street traders. Their "miserable physiques and ill-clad bodies" stood little chance against the elements.

It's ironic given the newsboys' role in that great showdown between Jim Larkin and William Martin Murphy that it would be a son of Murphy's, William Lombard Murphy, who would be among those attempting to reach out to the boys through charitable means. The Belvedere Newsboys' Club was to serve as a charitable organisation, which by 1928 was operating out of a location on Pearse Street. It had been founded a decade prior by former students of Belvedere College with the aim of helping young newsboys in the area.

At the opening of their Pearse Street premises, Murphy remarked that:

"Everyone who knows the Dublin newsboy knows what good qualities are to be found in him. He might not possess the greater civic virtues such as thrift and order and regularity, but he had immense loyalty to parents and an innate and essential decency of mind."

The Belvedere Newsboys' Club has evolved into today's Belvedere Youth Club, which boasts over 350 members. Gerry Walsh's excellent book How'ya Doc?, a study of the Newsboy's Club, is a great insight into a forgotten bit of working class Dublin history.

The initial 'Animal Gang' of the 1930s emerged out of a dispute between the newsboys of the capital and republicans, who clashed over the wholesale cost of An Phoblacht during a 1934 printers strike. Demanding a cheaper rate, Garda reports note that dozens of newsboys attacked the distribution offices of the newspaper.

They also attacked the offices of the Republican Congress organisation, again seeking a cheaper wholesale rate, and Gardaí noted that following their assault on Frank Ryan, who would later lead Irishmen to Spain to fight Franco, he informed them they were "little better than animals". This is the Garda theory put forward for the origins of the term 'Animal Gang' among young newsboys in Dublin.

Interestingly, when the IRA sought out the newsboys responsible for attacking An Phoblacht, they went to a social hall where they were known to gather, which was the Ardee Hall on Talbot Street. It is clear from Garda reports there was a belief that a 'certain type' of youngster attended this club. It is evident that a sizeable percentage of young newsboys wished to mingle away from the influence of political and charitable organisations.

Today's labour laws of course mean that the newspaper boy of old is no longer to be seen on Dublin's streets. It is evidently clear from oral histories of the past that those who made their living on the streets held no romantic view of their past. The difficult lives these children faced was perhaps best captured in the pages of The Irish Times in 1911 when the paper noted of the newsboy: "He lives from day to day, and his failures and successes are reckoned ruthlessly in terms of food and lodging, or their absence."

Illustration by Luke Fallon

Fracture, March 31st, commenting on Planet of the Interns.

Having just read 'Scoring Points', a book I'm sure you are familiar with, shows how relentless and focussed Tesco are in dominating all markets. After stripping villages and towns with their 'greenfield sites' policy, now with the accumulated knowledge of areas through 'Clubcard' users, they can focus specifically what goods will sell at each venue without fear of loss, and are currently doing so with 'Metro, Express, etc. If some stop is not put to this, every village and town is going to be depersonalised, and local suppliers and traders will be part of folklore.

Paul Dixon, March 30th, commenting on Anarcheologists' Tescopoly piece.

Another point, every single person who works in any of those bars, clubs, late night restaurants, and as you said- doesn't live within walking distance, are all missing these buses. At 5quid, it's good compared to a taxi, but it's not exactly cheap. What are we paying for? All those extra taxi drivers should hop in the buses and give us a city wide night service. nuff.

Hollah, Jan 20th, commenting on Night Bus To Nowhere.

Illustration by Paddy Lynch



GET IN TOUCH  
info@rabble.ie  
www.rabble.ie



DUBLIN CITY COUNCIL HAS RECENTLY LAUNCHED AN INITIATIVE OF SORTS TO DRY RUN NEW IDEAS TO IMPROVE THE URBAN ENVIRONMENT, STARTING FROM A SMALL AREA ON THE CITY'S NORTHSIDE. *RABBLE* DISPATCHED AN ARCHAEOLOGIST TO THE NEWLY LANDSCAPED SMITHFIELD TO UNRAVEL THE BACKGROUND AND IMPLEMENTATION OF WHAT'S KNOWN AS THE DUBLIN BETA.

The first thing to be said about Dublin Beta is to say what it isn't. It's not an attempt to rebrand that area between Capel Street and Church Street, to turn it into an expanded playground for the city's hipper twentysomethings. Really. That's happening anyway.

Rather the Beta area (conveniently located opposite the Civic Offices) has been selected as a, cough, urban laboratory where new ideas can be discussed, tried out and perhaps implemented elsewhere, for the benefit of an area's visitors and locals alike. Like many interest-

ing schemes and scams in the past, it was born from a basic question, though one with a rather obvious answer.

The scheme, if indeed it can be referred to as such, is being run singlehandedly by a DCC architect, mostly, he says (and I have no reason to doubt him), in his spare time. The idea came out of Designing Dublin, an initiative, nay, a conversation, that's had a negligible impact on the thoughts and affections of most Dubliners I know.

While DCC is undeniably populated throughout its structure by talented and professionally dedicated individuals and working groups, the corporate level hasn't excelled in what the business coaches of the boom might've called joined-up thinking.

Consider for example the inspired idea to commission DOCOMO-MO Ireland (the Irish committee for documentation and conservation of buildings, sites and neighbourhoods of the modern movement), to undertake a survey to ensure the protection of significant buildings in the city, only for the Corpo to grant permission to demolish Liberty Hall.

Look at the last great scheme for the Smithfield/Markets area of the city, the Historic Area Rejuvenation Project (HARP), a non-statutory version of an Integrated Area Plan, the planners' version of heavy manners. HARP promised something different: historic buildings were being demolished throughout the neighbourhood without a whimper from an architectural community, still hung up on the sheer opulent grandeur of the Georgian.

HARP however was going to turn the area into an alternative cultural hub, one to balance out the pissed-up excesses of the last great cultural quarter, Temple Bar.

There was very little gain, cultural or otherwise, for the people who actually live there. The Lighthouse cinema thankfully is up and running again, after being closed down on foot of a 200% rent increase from the very developer who made a fortune in tax breaks 'developing' the area in the first place. The

Complex is gone... for the time being.

In the meanwhile, DCC has demolished two early eighteenth-century buildings on Benburb Street which were damaged by fire over Paddy's Weekend; they survive at ground floor level without any serious attempt made to consider their preservation or conservation.

It's like this: you can't stop the Luas and sure they were old and semi-derelect anyway. So, will Beta bring anything new to the area, or are we operating on a completely different metric of urban planning?

According to its creator, the Beta area itself is a Beta project, a trial area for a trial project, if you see what I mean. The main idea is to innovate and quickly test new ideas directly on the street, but, according to its blog, Beta is above all there to ask you for your opinion, whether that be via twitter or the comments section online.

It's back to 'the conversation' really. Essentially Beta is a 5 point programme, where all 5 boxes require ticking prior to implementation. The individual 'ideas' need to respond to a need; there has to be a 'payback', either in financial terms or in terms of social goodwill or even as expressed in the carbon footprint; the projects must form part of a 'strategic platform', they must be inexpensive where a change or tweak mid-project will not result in the loss of a small fortune in start-up costs; there must be potential for further growth, the ideas must be 'expandable' and should be suitable to try out in other areas of the city; moreover the ideas must be sustainable, that nebulous concept that has supposedly underwritten all aspects of planning law since the publication of Sustainable Development: A Strategy for Ireland in 1997.

Cutting through the bullshit, the most important element of the scheme appears to be one of cost. Let's face it, there's not a lot of money around these days and if DCC are to try out anything new, it had better be cheap and cheerful.

So, for the time being, artists are being encouraged to revamp traffic light boxes in the area (an idea borrowed from the Temple Bar Traders Association) while as of the first week in July, temporary bike stands are being provided on Capel Street. Other ideas which might get an airing include the reinvigoration of street corner signage and the redesign of street crossing points to reflect the fact that few of us cross over directly between the white lines. Basically, if you have an idea that might suit, get in touch through the blog or on twitter.

All this, in fairness, is harmless enough. A few more bike stands around the place will be useful and might possibly encourage a few punters to get the bike out of the shed and cycle into town. In a way, it doesn't seem fair to expect anything more from the Corpo and at least the Beta project gives the public an opportunity to engage in the process in a less formal and possibly more time-efficient manner than dealing with the usual statutory guff those running the city are accustomed to hide behind.

Let's see how it develops from here.



Artist Nicola Colton transforming a light box



TAKE ME UP TO MONTO

The 'Monto' was the notorious red light district spreading from Montgomery Street through to Gardiner Street, Talbot Street and Amiens Street. During the 19th century it became the largest such area in Europe with 1,600 prostitutes working and living there. Servicing the British Army barracks and navy, even the future King of England Edward VII is said to have lost his virginity there. Initial attempts to clear up the area were met by an outcry from the well-to-do as the prostitutes moved en masse to ply their trade on the Sackville St much to the annoyance of the gentry passing with their wives. However, following the withdrawal of British forces following independence the Legion of Mary led by Frank Duff, with the aid of the police, tore through the area arresting women and closing brothels. Montgomery st. was renamed Foley St. in an attempt to erase the salacious memories of the past.

QUARRYVALE

The massive corruption surrounding the planning and re-zoning of the Quarryvale area of west Dublin is a complex story that contains some of the major characters exposed in a series of tribunals, investigative journalism and shocking court revelations. The Quarryvale development never made it to full fruition and instead we are left with the commercially renamed Liffey Valley Shopping Centre. The knock-on effects of this sorry tale include Clondalkin's town centre development being abandoned. The list of players in Quarryvale/ Liffey Valley reads like a who's who of political corruption: Bertie Aherne, Tom Gilmartin, Ray Burke, Padraig Flynn, Liam Lawlor, Frank Dunlop, Owen O'Callaghan, Albert Reynolds and Charles Haughey. As they say, if you put them all in a sack and hit it with a stick you'd be hitting the right one.

ITALIAN QUARTER AND LATIN QUARTER.

Whatever you think of Mick Wallace's recent VAT issues, his influence in redeveloping the forgotten Bloom Lane into one of the busiest short thoroughfares in Dublin can't be denied. Renamed Quartier

Bloom by Wallace it contains some genuine Italian eateries and an eclectic mixture of shops and cafes that are spreading out along the soon to be pedestrianised Strand St. Dubliners have renamed the area the Italian Quarter as a result. The Latin Quarter is something most will be unaware of, as it is another commercial attempt at creating an area out of nothing but some Lonely Planet guides and a marketing ploy. The area supposedly stretches from Temple Bar through Fade St, Clarendon St and other boho hipster-chic fixie-friendly lanes but is known as the Latin Quarter by nobody except the kind who believe Dublin Does Fridays.

140 IKEA

Although never officially renamed its hard not to notice that the 140 Dublin bus doesn't go to Ballymun anymore but Ikea. The 'Ballymun-effect' has seen the area shrink over the years as the infamy of the failed social housing scheme meant the name Ballymun became a byword for poverty and crime. For example DCU was originally part of the Ballymun project although today it gives its postal address as Glasnevin. Similarly Ballymun Ave. was renamed Glasnevin Ave. by a plebiscite in the 1970s.



# RENAMING DUBH LINN





Everything boiled down to tangential and meaningless soundbites that shied away from tackling the complexities in favour of simplistic sloganeering and obfuscating scaremongering.

All photography by Paul Reynolds

FOR A FEW WEEKS THERE IN LATE SPRING IT LOOKED LIKE THE FUTURE OF THE GLOBAL ECONOMY RESTED IN OUR SMUTTY LITTLE MITTS. DAVE JOHNSON TAKES A BITING LOOK AT THE MORNING AFTER THE NIGHT BEFORE THE RECENT EURO REFERENDUM AND CONCLUDES AFTER A SORDID AFFAIR LIKE THAT NO ONE IS LOOKING GOOD.

And so begins our national walk of shame, the morning after the night before. Our rank beer-stained clothes offend even the pigeons, our hair a greasy Jedward, one of our shoes abandoned along the way as we hold the other defensively like it's Sophie's chosen child as we stumble back to our grubby little bedsit to try and scrub away the memory of what we actually just did, but try as hard as we might we cannot get away from the repetitive drumbeat of memory at the back of our head crying out "Ja! Ja! Ja!" in frenzied ecstasy, and we're forced to stop suddenly to throw-up in our mouth.

None of us, Yes, No or Couldn't Care Less, have anything to be proud of today.

We are used to vacuous campaigns, with mile after mile of lamppost covered with the rictus grins of the latest scions of our dynastic clans eager to take up the mantle of their dearly departed parents, pleading for your Number 1 with no better reason to offer than your daddy voted for theirs, but a referendum is supposed to be about ideas, not individuals, about how we choose to live together in a society bound together by a common set of agreed principles embodied in the constitution, about matters of import far beyond the parish pump. What we have witnessed instead was a campaign of fear and

misdirection where we've been lied to and bullied, cajoled and coerced, and with the disdain shown to the electorate by parties on all sides it's no wonder that half of us chose "Pass" when the question came our way.

"When Enda met Gerry" was the early narrative constructed by the media and yet, in a master-stroke worthy of Beckett, Enda never actually turned up to the gig, his chair as empty as it was during the election. When the media weren't parading Sinn Féin as the voice of the No campaign in a calculated attempt to frighten the middle-classes, "balance" to the omnipresent regurgitation of government spin was provided by a bewildering succession of imported right-wing europhobes, each more offensive than the next, so that by the time Declan Ganley emerged from whatever warehouse he's stored in between EU votes, his dose of bizarre ultra-capitalist libertarian-federalism almost sounded reasonable. Almost. While the media will crow triumphantly about the resurgence of Fianna Fáil, the truth is that Ganley did more for the Yes campaign than Micheál Martin ever did.

The Ministry of Truth was hard at work during this campaign, "Austerity" became "Stability", "Poverty" is now "Growth", "Schadenfreude" is "Confidence", everything boiled down to tangential and meaningless soundbites that shied away from tackling the complexities in favour of simplistic sloganeering and obfuscating scaremongering. We had open racism and "reds under the beds" from government ministers, threats of punishment beatings in the budget and the spectre of no money left to pay the teachers and nurses (yet it seems there will always be money to pay the bondholders), and nowhere was the superficiality of the campaign more obvious than in the succession of Groundhog Day debates with the panelists determined by a wheel of fortune on which only the same dozen names appeared, Eamon and Gerry, Mary-Lou and Micheál, Declan and Joan, Paul and Lucinda,

appearing opposite each other in almost every combination like the ten-season run of Friends where by the end everyone has slept with everyone else and we all just desperately want the pain to end.

This Treaty was never about jobs, confidence, the Euro or investment or any of the other tags stapled on to it, and a No vote wouldn't have ended the cuts, or poverty or austerity. All we've done with the vote is say "yes please" to future teutonic beatings, the scale of which will be determined at a later date, if we don't get our house in order to the satisfaction of Berlin. However as long as the Government continues to prioritise paying foreign bondholders over the needs of the citizenry, the financial targets in the Treaty are going to be impossible to meet without further drastic measures.

Whether they were deliberately excluded or simply were unable to articulate their message in a way that resonated with the public, the left needs to take a long hard look at itself and figure out how Adams and Ganley managed to dominate this campaign. While the results clearly point to a divisive class struggle at the heart of urban Ireland, the tale already being spun is that Sinn Féin, and not the Left, now speaks for the working-class. While Sinn Féin would argue that they are the new left, their record in government in the North suggests otherwise. As Labour have amply demonstrated it is easy to talk the talk in opposition, it's what you do with power once you have it that matters.

The Yes side deceived through fear, the No side was fractured and ineffectual, and with half the electorate not bothering to show up, 30% of the country has given the government a mandate to exploit the most vulnerable to suit the needs of the elite, all in the name of "Stability".

Scrub as hard as we like, none of us come out of this smelling of roses.



Centra shops in Fairview and East Wall in north Dublin were heavily criticized from all sides for advertising 'Children's Allowance Day Deals' which included such underage necessities as 20 bottles of Miller for €15 and two crates of Bud-

weiser for €25. It's not often you'll find us on the same side as FF Senator Averil Power, "Children's allowance is to help feed and clothe kids. It's insulting to parents at the current time who are struggling to buy basics for the kids".



{WELFARE}

# One Tough Mother

**IRELAND HAS THE SECOND HIGHEST PERCENTAGE OF CHILDREN RAISED BY SINGLE PARENTS IN THE INDUSTRIALIZED WORLD. IT FOLLOWS HOT ON THE HEELS OF THE UNITED STATES' FIGURE OF 25.8% WITH 24.3%; THE AVERAGE IN OTHER DEVELOPED COUNTRIES BEING ALMOST HALF THAT. SHANNON DUVAL LOOKS AT THE PLIGHT OF LONE PARENTS IN IRELAND TODAY.**

Moms have always had it hard. We know it because they tell us. From the time we can decipher language we're made well aware of what pains in the ass we are to rear; from having to feed, clothe, and wash us; to entertaining, educating, and disciplining our bonzo little minds. As children we are, all of us, ungrateful, hyperactive, inattentive and just plain weird. Moms take it in their stride, and throw in the half-truth digs with a kind-hearted smirk whenever they can.

There isn't a mom on the planet who has it harder than one who's raising a little ball of bizzarro all on her own, and the Irish ought to know. Most single moms in Ireland are reliant on the One Parent Family Payment, or OPFP, a weekly benefit from the state that has long been a part of the Irish Social Welfare system.

Currently, this stands at €130, having been reduced from last year's weekly payment of €146.50 with the introduction of tough new cuts and penalties to all Social Welfare recipients under Budget 2012. If €130 a week for a mother and her child doesn't seem like much to live on, that's because it isn't; however, in many cases a lone parent has no choice but to subsist on it anyway.

Nearly a quarter of Irish children rely solely on one person to make ends meet so that they can grow up healthy, wise and well-rounded. As it turns out, of that number, the majority of single parents in this country are women, and a massive 16.6% of them are finding it so difficult to make ends meet alone that they are living in consistent poverty. For a country that so often boasts a consist-

ently high standard of living, this seems difficult to believe. That is, until you talk to the women affected.

A mother's work is never done, goes one line, prompting the obligatory eye-rolls. I have a friend whose mother liked to remind her children at any opportunity (mostly when they were acting like brats) that they owed her their lives. Effective. I was told my mother liked me best when I was asleep...read: unconscious. Nice one, Mom. Fact of the matter is that it's almost certainly true. Because raising a child is like going through military basic training for 18-odd years...backwards. And naked. On peyote. Yep, moms have it hard.

Roisin, 31, from Dublin, starts her day at 8 am with her 9-year-old son Joe, whom she rouses from sleep to help get ready for school. Roisin and Joe live in Wicklow, having relocated to what she refers to as "a very rural" area after giving up on paying the high cost of renting in Dublin city. Despite the lure of lower-cost housing, Joe now cannot take public transport to school so Roisin must drive him there each day and collect him in the afternoon. After dropping him off, she returns home and resumes work on portfolios for her mosaics project Tiny Pieces, which she works on until it's time to pick Joe up. In the evening they do homework together and she makes dinner. When Joe goes to bed she resumes work on her art. So

also finding themselves asking why certain groups have seemingly been singled out and penalized for ending up in a circumstance that would not have been their choice. Relationships come and go. Love affairs ignite and often burn out, and it's very rarely pretty or painless. In many cases, especially when a child is the result of such a relationship, the parents will choose to separate for the good of the child, sparing a young heart and mind the anguish of arguments, bitterness...or worse. The structures in place in Irish society that help to support those who would make such tough and selfless decisions have long been something to admire, and now they are at risk of collapsing to a point where parenting on one's own in this country would be a nearly impossible choice.

Sherie De Burgh, Director of counselling at one-family.ie, points to the government's inflexibility at the root of the crisis. While the Irish government's stance on the issue seems to be that cuts to benefits will eventually restabilise the economy, Mrs. DeBurgh believes they are taking a "very short-sighted view to solving the problem". Without a restructuring of services and supports in place for the struggling, she feels, and more flexibility for those who would avail of them, single parents who "actually want to work and be independent and set a good example for their children will always be on the poverty line".

## If €130 a week for a mother and her child doesn't seem like much to live on, THAT'S BECAUSE IT ISN'T

far, she says, she hasn't made any money from the projects and doesn't hold out much hope of earning a stable income from the venture.

Roisin is a qualified special needs assistant but is unable to secure work due to scheduling constraints with her son's schooling and the unaffordable cost of childcare. Plus, any extra income is closely monitored by the DPS, and benefits are quick to be suspended or withdrawn altogether if an OPFP recipient is suspected of earning wages from other sources that exceed a certain, some would say absurdly low, amount.

"I've worked part-time on a number of occasions, but it's always caused more trouble than it's worth," says Roisin. "There are only a certain number of hours you are allowed to work (and still receive the payment). Over Christmas I worked to make some extra cash and even though I was working below the number of hours allowed they stopped my payments and put me under investigation from January until March. My parents had to support us until it was sorted out."

Harsh policies such as this one not only inhibit a single mother's financial ability to care for her child, it also makes it very hard for her to act as a positive role model. Roisin says she is constantly overdrawn. "I often get bailed out by my parents. I don't know what I would do without them." Concerns like these might seem to an outsider to be fairly standard for someone in Roisin's position, but they have taken on a much larger significance since last December for them. In fact, Budget 2012 has brought with it so many cuts that directly affect one-parent families that they stand to be the most directly impacted group in the Republic.

Single Irish parents and the many organisations that support them are balking at the enormity of the hardships they now face, and, while they scramble to create solutions for those most in need, they are

OneFamily.ie and other groups such as SPARK (Single Parents Acting for the Rights of our Kids), aren't taking the measures lying down, however. Michelle Frawley, an administrator for the group, has already seen positive progress as a result of SPARK's dedicated campaigning. Their highlighting the discriminatory nature of the exclusion of single parents from participation in programs offered by Jobsearch.ie has led to a reversal of Jobsearch's qualification policy. A statement issued recently by Joan Burton has suggested that until satisfactory childcare options are implemented, the reduction in age of payment to 7 will be put on hold, to remain at the current cut-off of 14. This has been a direct result of SPARK's mission to "empower and support, advocate and campaign...for the rights of single parent families". Says Michelle Frawley, "We've come a long way in a short period of time."

OneFamily.ie are now offering a promising one-year back to work/education program which helps single parents focus on confidence-building, interview skills, CV update and other modern workplace practicalities; and also provides counselling services, an on-site crèche for toddlers, and even college course shadowing to help a parent decide which career will be right for them. New Futures aims to be a complete package, even tailoring their course (from 10 am to 1 pm) around primary school hours, but the challenges and limitations of what an organization can do without support from the government remain. For now, most are trying to stay positive.

"I have a huge garden out in the country," says Roisin. "I'm learning to grow my own vegetables. I'm becoming something of an expert on how to stay healthy on a budget. I just want to raise a happy and well-rounded little boy...and eventually gain employment. Having a child doesn't stop you from pursuing your dreams, it just takes a little longer (to do it alone). It's great having a little buddy come along for the ride."



Illustration by Sinead Mercier | <http://merrymercyme.tumblr.com/>



# Silence of the Lands

THE SECOND COMING OF THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS LANDED IN THE RDS LIKE SOME VISITATION FROM THE PLANET HOLY, AND GOT BUSY 'FORGIVING THEMSELVES' IN A REBRANDING EXERCISE THAT WOULD MAKE BP PROUD. SCRATCH DAT ITCH IS TAKING SOME TIME OUT TO LOOK AT WHAT HAPPENED IN THE INTERVENING EIGHTY YEARS.

Photo by Paul Reynolds



The Irish State and the Catholic Church are interwoven, as you would've guessed if you switched on the TV last week to see pictures of the big mass. But how did this relationship start, and how did it give birth to a silence which settled on this land like a fog, hiding monsters, suppressing truth and bringing with it a creeping fear?

During that first congress it was estimated that more than 25% of the population attended the mass held in the Phoenix Park in 1932. Back then the Irish State was itself an infant. A mere five years on from this De Valera is drafting up the new, shiny constitution and is receiving almost daily communications from his friend John Charles McQuaid, Archbishop of Dublin, on all matters religious, educational, health and social.

De Valera was playing the game: seeking respectability on the international stage by having approval from the Catholic Church. A draft of the constitution was presented to the man who would become Pope Pius XII who commented 'We do not approve, neither do we disapprove; We shall maintain silence.' The silence that started back in the 1930s was locked into place.

De Valera was seeking approval for a blueprint of what a Catholic nation-state should look like.

As anyone with a smidgen of Leaving Cert history knows a woman's place was in the home in 1930s Ireland. There'd be no divorce, nor contraception in these lands and all children born would be Catholics, regardless of their protestant fathers or mothers. The family was the bedrock of the flock, and the flock was firmly under the control of their spiritual leaders, the Church.

When the reality did not match this blueprint for a better Catholic world; when it unravelled, then the rights of the individual disappeared. People remained in loveless, violent marriages or had children out of wedlock and begat a social problem which the new State washed their hands off quickly.

The cleaners were called for, and in stepped the Holy Orders who would sweep up the collateral damage, the products of sin. This led to over 30,000 children, identified as petty thieves, truants, in danger of promiscuity, or from dysfunctional families, being incarcerated in industrial schools, reformatories or orphanages.

The findings of the Ryan report [2009] said that abuse was 'systemic, pervasive, chronic, excessive, arbitrary, endemic.' The Christian

Brothers pursued a lawsuit which defended their right to anonymity with reference to the Ryan report, even in cases where they'd already been convicted of sexual and physical abuse of children. This was a successful delaying tactic.

It is interesting to note that the original chairperson of that Commission into Child abuse was Justice Laffoy who resigned in 2003. She felt that both the government and the department of education had frustrated the commission's investigation, that the state also delayed in facing up to what it had done.

I remember a Christian Brother who displayed an unhealthy excitement for physical violence. I heard of a boy retaliating only to end up in an industrial school. I knew of younger boys who were warned by their older brothers to stay away from certain Christian Brothers. A pensioner told me the story of being warned as an altar boy to stay well clear of certain priests. A woman was incarcerated into a Magdalene Laundry, her crime was to attempt to date a single man in Kerry. This was the culture many of us were raised in. One of warnings and quiet words, where you couldn't escalate it to the next level because of the esteem the Church was held in. The members of these orders were handed impunity on the day they started the job and they had an army of youth in their care.

THE SILENCE WAS STITCHED INTO THE SOCIAL ORDER OF THE COUNTRY. THE STATE HAD ALREADY ACCEDED A SPECIAL PLACE TO THE CATHOLIC CHURCH, THEY WERE THE FRONTLINE FOR ALL OF THE SOCIAL POLICY AND THEY CLEANED UP THE BY-PRODUCTS OF FAILED CATHOLICISM.

The silence was stitched into the social order of the country. The State had already acceded a special place to the Catholic Church, they were the frontline for all of the social policy and they cleaned up the by-products of failed catholicism. They were untouchable; people saw this and learned quickly. The culture of quiet words and whispered warnings became normal. When you took it further, you could have your own family disagreeing with you.

In Dear God: The Price of Religion in Ireland by Emanonn McCann, the mother of a child that was raped by a sadist priest described it, 'my mother took his (the priest's) side when the other priests said we shouldn't have him in the house so much. Fr Grant and Fr Rooney

both said we shouldn't encourage him much. That's the phrase they used: don't encourage him'.

Archbishop McQuaid embodies this attitude, that his like were only answerable to God or Rome. In the Murphy report [2009] it was revealed that he choose carefully what was told to Rome.

In 1960 McQuaid was informed by the Guards of an abusive priest in the diocese but instead of taking action he was too preoccupied with preventing scandal rather than protecting children.

The policy of silence and cover up was pervasive. Cardinal Sean Brady sat in on a hearing about an abuser Priest in 1975 during which a brave 14 year old boy told his story. Brady went away and corroborated the case of abuse against that priest by speaking to another of his victims. He then referred the matter upwards to his Bishop. HE did not tell the parents what was going on with their children. HE did not follow it up.

The primary concern, back in 1975, was that the 14 year old boy agreed to tell his story only to that committee and that committee alone. Twenty-four years later a government fell due to a belief that there was a coverup about that same abuser, Fr. Brendan Smyth. By that stage over 100 children had been abused by him.

If you wish to know the face of the Church, do not get distracted by the images of the devoted from the RDS; go into the National Portrait Gallery and seek out Archbishop John Charles McQuaid. A man who wrote 'A Jew is a Jew is utterly opposed to Jesus Christ and all the Church means. But further, Satan has other allies; all those who by deliberate revolt against God and his Church set themselves under the government and direction and direction of the evil one. I want you to remember the truth very clearly: by Satan we mean not only Lucifer and the fallen angels, but also those men, Jews or others, who by deliberate revolt against Our Divine Lord have chosen Satan for their head.'

How do you separate the failed State from the fallen angels?



# Give Me Shelter

SITTING IN AN ARMCHAIR BY THE WINDOW OF THE OUTHOUSE LIBRARY, ON CAPEL STREET, PATRICK SHARES HIS STORY OF SEEKING ASYLUM IN IRELAND WITH PEG LEESON.

Well-spoken and confident there are moments during the conversation when he looks down and fidgets with his fingers or hugs his knees, subtle indicators that his journey was not an easy one. Patrick secured his status with the help of BeLonG To's Asylum Seekers and Refugee Project because where he comes from it is illegal to be gay.

How did you end up seeking asylum in Ireland for your sexuality?

I came to Ireland because I wanted to live a normal life. From a very young age I knew that I was gay. Being gay is a big no-no in my country. Especially if you behave in a certain way. I've always been 'girlie', that is just me, so it was very obvious to people. I knew that this is where I wanted to be and be myself without people pointing fingers and without the abuse...Where I am from is a dangerous country to be gay in. Once people know that you are gay, the bullying and the teasing is always there, and nobody will do anything about it. Even in cases where you are raped, nobody would take you seriously. It is not considered a crime. A lot of gay men have to live their lives in the closet. And some of them they become bitter, even violent towards someone they see as more out there. That was even the case with me as well in high-school. There were some boys there who I'm sure were gay, it was quite obvious, but they just took their frustration out on me.

What was the asylum process like?

It was really hard. It almost felt impossible. I felt like I had to prove myself all over again. When I was being asked my story, I know it a procedure that has to be done, but it made me feel offended. Because for so many years I knew what I was, and then I had to prove myself again and get other people involved.

It is in the rules that if someone is seeking asylum on the basis of sexuality they really have to prove it themselves. But some people are masculine and some are not. I had the opportunity [to start the process] because I had been through so much and I was so tired, that I just wanted to escape. I knew what I was going to do. I started going to Outhouse and BeLonG To and that helped me a lot. They took

me in as one of their own.

What were your experiences of living under direct-provision?

I stayed in the hostels for 7 or 8 months. It was a difficult environment. Again, I felt like I had to go back into my shell. Especially with people from my own part of the world, people of my own kind. I didn't want to have to tell people that I was gay. I was sharing a room with other guys, masculine men, so I couldn't be all girlie because the people there, they have their own issues. Some people have lived there for so many years that they are frustrated. I didn't want that to happen to me.

Your own application was processed relatively quickly?

Yes, it was. I think it was a mixture of things. I had these amazing people [BeLonG To and Outhouse] behind me. The authorities listened to my story and believed me. But some people don't have that. I know who I was, but some people coming from my country they don't even want to associate with homosexuality or go to gay places even though they are gay. They would be so nervous. Because they would feel like they are being judged. Trust me, I can relate to that. I remember when I first visited the Outhouse walking around outside the door contemplating whether I should walk in or not, because of that fear. So most people are like that. But for me I was like 'I haven't came all this way not to'.

So, once you got asylum what happened then?

After getting my asylum I was looking for a place to stay and all those things but I was still living in the hostels. It was so hard for me to to start over after winning the asylum. I felt like I was just thrown into the world alone. There were no support services. I found house-hunting very hard. I couldn't get welfare because I didn't have an address. I visited so many places but the minute you mentioned rent allowance the landlords were like no, no, no. They don't want it. Soon after I got my status I got a job, and then I saved and I saved so I could go to college. When I got my asylum I went to the local authority to see if I could get a grant and apply to college and they said I can't because I have to have lived here for

three years. So I went to private college. I don't like just sitting around, so I pay my own fees.

Patrick, you asked for certain details to be withheld from this article, why?

Yes, I asked for those details to be withheld because I don't want to be identified within the ex-pat community from my home country living here in Ireland. There are rumours, and I don't want to be identified as the gay. It all has to do with the whole issue of being gay and being where I am from, not just my country but the region. I think still that needs to be addressed, there is so much hate from my region towards homosexuality. There are so many gays from my region who are afraid to come out because there is so much hatred. Like sometimes I meet other out gay men from my region but it is still strange to me. It has to do with the fear, the fear of coming out. Like when you are walking in and out of the George you have to look around, so no one sees you. I don't want to be labelled. I think it has to do with hate issues that I have because of the treatment that I got back home.

Finally Patrick, what are your hopes for the future?

I have so many hopes. I would like to get a nice job and go further with my education. But first I would like to see my family again, that is my big hope. Because it is scary not knowing if I will get to see them again. I wish I could hug my Mum and hold my Dad and my siblings. I would love for just one day to see them, and maybe explain to them what has happened. That is what I pray for. Other than that, a good life. Get married, have kids, yeah that is what I want to do.

Photo: Marcus Uke

If you, or somebody you know, may need to contact BeLonG To's Asylum Seekers and Refugee Project you can contact Marissa, marissa@belongto.org, or John, John@belongto.org, at Ph: 01 670 6223 Mob: 085 888 9191



**RASHERS TIERNEY TAKES A TRIP DOWN MEMORY LANE AND HEARS HOW A LITTLE KNOWN COMMUNITY CENTRE AND DISCO NOT ONLY LAID THE GROUNDWORK FOR AN OPENING UP OF IRISH SEXUAL ATTITUDES BUT ALSO DRAGGED OUR CLUBBING SENSIBILITIES OUT OF THE DANCEHALLS.**

As the dust settles on the carnivalesque exuberance that is Dublin Pride, it's hard to imagine that thirty years ago being gay in Ireland was illegal, stigmatised and dangerous. Back then an integral part of the underground gay scene was the Hirschfield Centre, opened up on Fownes St. in 1979 by the National Gay Federation. The centre was named after a German gay rights reformer, whose own Institute for Sexual Research was torched by the Nazis.

Dublin was a different city in the late seventies. The council had just ripped up Viking Dublin on the quays and discussions were afoot to raze Temple Bar for a bus depot. Lifelong campaigner, and don of underground clubbing Tonie Walsh remembers the urban decay well.

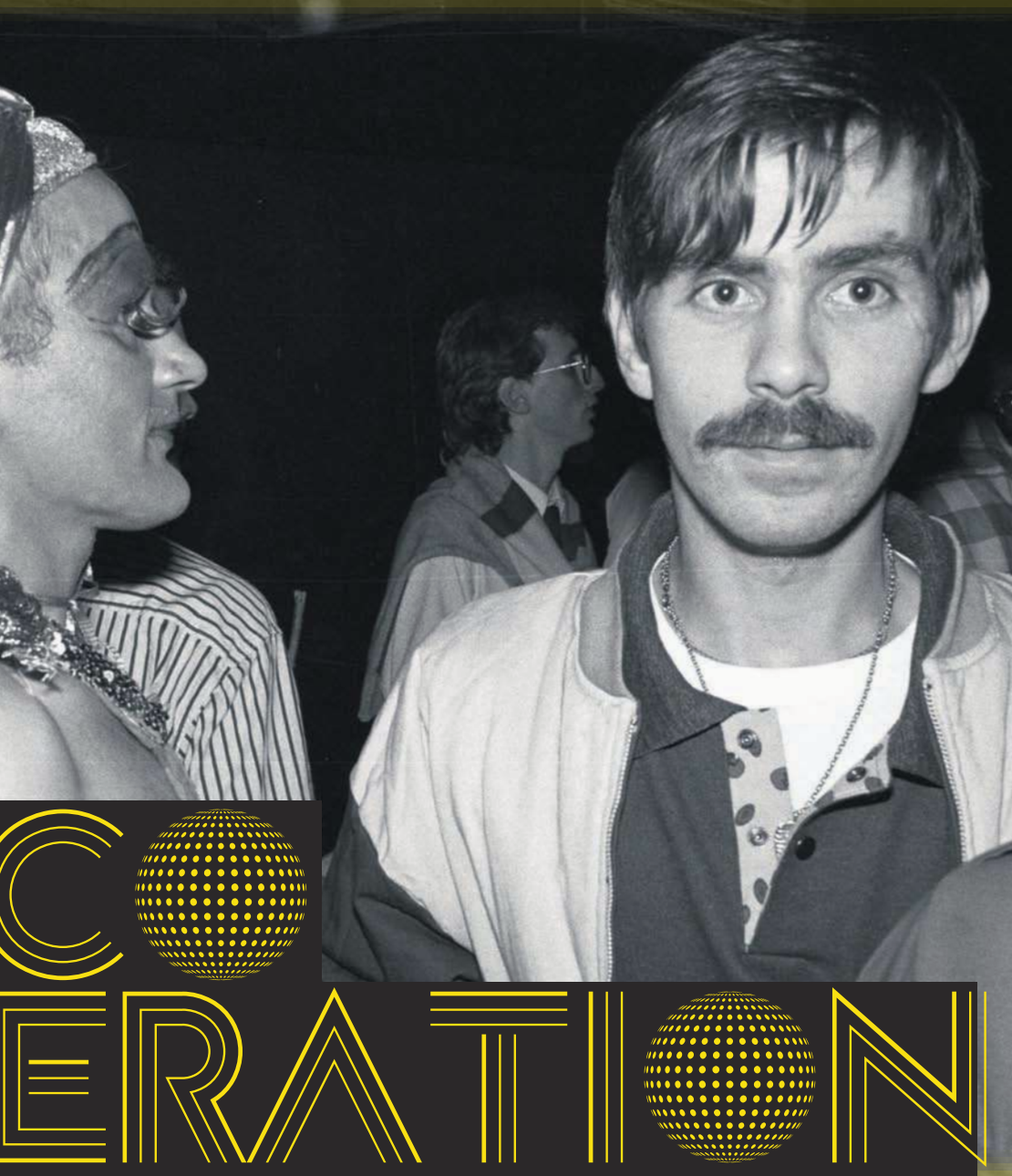
"It was on Fownes Street because it was so derelict. It made an ideal place for a gay community centre at a time when homophobia was endemic. It was important to get somewhere that wasn't too in the public eye, that was a little bit discreet. Because of course you had to run the gamut of gay bashers, or people wanting to torch the place. I mean there were grills on it. A poet friend of mine, from Finglas John Grundy used to refer to it as 'Fortress Fownes'. It looked like it was totally grilled. Barricaded."

Homophobia was endemic at the time and according to Tonie, Victorian laws cast "a



Some people coming from my country they don't even want to associate with homosexuality or go to gay places even though they are gay. They would be so nervous...





shadow of criminality” that infected every part of Irish society. This failing of the legislature was echoed in a string of notorious murders during the period. When the killers of Declan Flynn walked free from court in 1983 it provoked outrage. A huge march took place from Liberty Hall to Fairview Park, where he had been viciously attacked.

Against this intense backdrop, the Hirschfield housed all the day time facilities typical of any community centre. Then at weekend nights, there was Flikkers. A disco for members of the NGF, that took its name from Dutch slang for ‘faggot.’ There’s a warm laughter as Walsh delves back to his first visit within six months of its opening.

“I was expecting some freaks, and then it struck me when I went in how incredibly normal the whole place was. It was a little like a parish hop, with same sex couples dancing to a slow set. ”

The Flikkers soundtrack differed markedly from standard Dublin fodder and Tonie threw himself into the organisation of the club. Paul Webb, a straight DJ involved in Flikkers, also found the place liberating - it opened him up to a music and a social cohort Catholic Ireland couldn’t fathom.

“Coming into somewhere like Flikkers it was just a whole new world it was brilliant, how do you explain it? It was like being reborn - when you are going out clubbing and you don’t want the same twenty clubs up on Leeson or Harcourt St all playing the same 20 songs, down here it was a whole new world. You could experiment there. I used to play 12 inch instrumentals of James Brown with people doing speeches or raps over it.”

A real lack of alternatives propelled the Hirschfield centre and Flikkers into an intense hothouse of cultural and social fermentation.

“The sound system was quite extraordinary,” remembers Walsh. “they had gotten it right from the very beginning - and the reason they did was because Flikkers, the dance club, was the cash cow on which the whole edifice was actually structured; in a culture where there was no funding from the national lottery, there was no government funding for LGBT services, youth

groups, switchboard services, publications and all that sort of thing.”

Owing to this crucial role, the centre set up a weekly fund for the DJs to bring in exclusive imports and a record pool quickly grew behind the booth. This was a very American concept, and as Tonie saw it “really well thought out obviously from some people that had done the gay party circuit in the states or had been to the Paradise Garage, been to The Saint and seen how this operated.”

The promoters took the decor as seriously as the sounds - recycling an RTE national song contest set and painting the floor in military grade armour clad black. Tonie has fond memories of going up to Stephen’s Green to collect leaves to cover the floor for one Halloween Ball. The space was alcohol free and E had yet to make an appearance, so the drugs of choice were acid, cannabis and tea.

“When it was polished and the UV lights came on, the black turned this sort of swamp green and with the dry ice, smoke and everything you could literally find yourself transported to the Dark Crystal or something. Going ‘where am I?’ This is quite amazing. Low ceiling. So it was always that little bit sweaty.”

There was a variety of nights in the centre, from women-only clubs to more commercial nights and fundraisers for progressive campaigns across the city. But Saturday night was when it hit fever pitch.

“We’re taking about 1979 and 1980,” says Walsh. “It is the high point of disco and paradoxically also the end of disco as it starts to go underground and take on board all the musical influences of the emerging techno scene in mainstream Europe.”

Given taboos around homosexuality, there was a certain lawlessness to the centre and according to Tonie the cops let it run to its own devices.

“When we had to phone them to come in because there was a scrap going on in the jacks or something, they would come in really

trepidatious, there was a lot of hostility between gay people and the cops at the time with very good reason. And the cops had to run the gauntlet of three hundred angry homos all slow hand clapping them as they left the venue, all jeering or wolf whistling.”

The upside of this was that within a few months of opening the centre was holding all night dance parties. With the first all nighter they agonised over how many people would be left at 7 or 8 in the morning.

“We thought ‘ah there’ll be just a few of us and our mates. Twenty or thirty people,’ says Tonie, but “there was a couple of hundred people left at 7 o’clock in the morning. Quite extraordinary. What’s interesting is that there was a demand for people to dance their little socks off all night until 8 in the morning, and really to be taken on that fabulous musical odyssey and journey.”

Like any good social centre, the party and good time vibes of Flikkers had a “subtle politicising force” on those that went to it. Tonie explains further: “you bought membership of the NGLF to get into the venue. It was one part of a building that also had a library that was full of international gay and lesbian titles and magazines, both political and social and cultural stuff, so we weren’t immune to the developments that were happening abroad on every level. In terms of Iran trying to behead gay men for having sex or protests in Toronto over gay teachers being sacked or simply the club scene.”

Photographer Sean Gilmartin remembers taking photos there: “in October 1987 Tonie invited me to take photos at the Halloween Party in the Hirschfeld Centre. It never entered my head about the historic importance of the place in gay history. Such histories are made after the event. I was there to photograph. The Centre was jammed, which is what I liked, as I used a wide angle lens taped to focus at two or three feet at f8 so I could get very close to people. I photograph for myself. Those images where taken 25 years ago. Very few people have seen them.”

Much like its namesake, the Hirschfield centre had a tragic ending - burnt to the ground in suspicious circumstances, a few years earlier there had been a bombing attempt. Those involved like David Norris chased lottery money to rebuild the gutted centre which housed Gay Community News for a while. Despite being at the forefront of distributing information on safe sex techniques at a time when it was illegal, and awakening much of the city to the potential of the Temple Bar area as a cultural haven - no official support came for the Hirschfield Centre.

Webb has no doubt about the centre’s role in shaking up nightlife: “the people involved there grabbed the bull by the horns and changed Dublin night clubbing for ever.”

Many of the Flikkers DJs like Tonie Walsh, Paul Webb and Liam Fitzpatrick took the primary dance music DNA they’d forged in Flikkers and brought it to new venues like Sides which opened as a gay space after the demise of Sides. But that’s a whole other story.

No plaques exist for the Hirschfield Centre, and MBT shoes has taken its place. Walsh still has the Flikkers decks in his den, they just about survived the fire - some of the plastic is melted. But they are perfectly usable - an ever resilient totem to how Flikkers forged community identity and strength when it was most needed.

*Photos were taken by Sean Gilmartin. All images courtesy of the Irish Queer Archive at the National Library of Ireland.*





THE INCIDENTS  
DESCRIBED ARE  
BASED ON  
REAL EVENTS  
WITH **REAL**  
PEOPLE!

**YOU WILL NEED:  
A DICE & SOME  
COUNTERS  
(USE YOUR IMAGINATION)  
(IF YOU STILL HAVE ONE)**

THE PRIZE IS A BOTTLE  
OF  
**BUCKFAST**  
(ONE OF YOU WILL HAVE  
TO **BUY** THIS)

**CHECK OUT THE STORIES  
BEHIND THE GAME  
AT BOOMTOWN  
BANTER BATTLE  
ON  
RABBLE.IE**







NICHE FESTIVALS ARE DROPPING LIKE PROVERBIAL FLIES AND THE AUTHORITIES ARE BECOMING LESS AND LESS ACCEPTING OF UNDERGROUND EVENTS, SO ROB FLYNN CHATTED WITH THE STRESS-JUNKIES WHO PUT THEIR WEALTH, HEALTH AND SANITY ON THE LINE TO RUN OUR TRIBAL GATHERINGS.

**D**EAF was a festival with original programming, inclusivity and high levels of integrity. The Dublin Electronic Arts Festival ran from the opulence of 2000 until gloomier times in 2009 and was a successful attempt at putting Dublin on the electronic music map.

Founder Eamonn Doyle explains the reasoning behind the festival, “I was running a small label at the time, D1, and there was a few other labels going around, Decal, Bassbin, Ultra Mack...one of the problems was that none of us were getting to play at the bigger festivals like Creamfields and Homelands, or even when Electric Picnic came along. So we decided to start our own festival... We wanted to showcase Irish talent alongside people on the same buzz as us in different cities around the world... but basically I just considered it as a good thing to do. It wasn’t for financial reasons or anything”.

Over the years, DEAF boasted some spectacular line-ups. In it’s final year, 120 events took place in a variety of venues throughout Dublin, “We did use all the existing venues” explains Doyle, “but we (also) managed to use non-traditional spaces like Dublin City Hall, and cathedrals and churches and karaoke bars and gigs in people’s houses. All sorts of odd places, barbershops and stuff”.

Yet, dwindling funding from the Arts Council and the complete loss of sponsorship from drinks companies, meant DEAF became harder to sustain: “We could have definitely kept it turning over but there’s only so many years you can keep asking people to do things for free...and people were still doing things for free, the actual artists were always really positive in their feedback so that wasn’t a problem. But we were losing money every single year”.

Another legendary Irish event now up on blocks is the Mantua festival. From its roots as an artist community in Co. Roscommon, Mantua took place from 2005 to 2008, taking in collectives such as the Alphabet Set, Kaboogie, The Rootical Soundsystem and Choice Cuts as it scaled up.

“We got kind of carried away with ourselves. Each year we’d figure that we could change our mistakes and it’d work better the following year”, recalls promoter Mike Cleary.

Mantua was certainly ambitious for an independent festival:

in 2008 the lineup boasted the likes of Múm, Flying Lotus (who cancelled), Daedelus, and Chris Clark and tons of acts playing in five full size arenas. The event inspired episodes that were so uniquely Irish that they could scarcely be imagined to happen elsewhere.

In 2007, a part of the site was thrashed by a runaway tractor. The next year featured a Father Ted-esque cessation of music for mass on Saturday and Sunday. Only in Ireland

Ultimately, it was financial troubles brought on by fence-jumping that took the festival down: “At some point everything went wrong. Our own naivety caused a lot of it. A lot of people got in for free, and we kind of thought people would be honest and just pay, ‘cos we didn’t really overcharge, it was like €70. People would come up to us after and be like ‘great festival thanks a lot’ and at the same time brag about how they got in for free...Any spare cash was just spent on booking acts and not on fancy stages and security.”

Those involved are still paying back debts from the event, over €20,000 of which is still outstanding. Cleary takes a philosophical approach: “Even with the financial strife, it’s not something I regret doing. I could be rich now and not having done it and I’d be thinking ‘why didn’t I do that?...Loads of folk who put in time, money and effort were often, if not always, left without a lot of thanks for everything they did...so a big retrospective ‘thanks’ and much love to all of ye.”

Similarly ambitious, was the Sliabh An Iarainn festival in 2006 & 2007 where international luminaries such as DJ Q-Bert and former Kraftwerk member Wolfgang Fluer filled out a forward-thinking lineup. Promoter Liam O’Brien said the event was inspired by European festivals like Sonar and SAI was his attempt to, “do something for the Irish electronic music scene”. In the end, the familiar combination of non-paying punters and a deteriorating economic climate put an end to the event.

The most recent casualty on the Irish festival circuit is the Sibín festival. Having run successfully for the last four years, Sibín mixed a range of rock, reggae and electronic music in a one day mini-festival showcasing the best of Irish talent alongside bigger international acts.

Sibín was planned for a new venue in Wicklow this May bank-holiday weekend, moving from its home in Slane, Co. Meath. Legal documentation from the new venue was delayed, the promoters were forced to move the event to another location, The Factory art studio in Dublin city.

However, a couple of BYOB parties brought this new venue to the attention of the Gardaí, just weeks before Sibín was scheduled to take place. “The only reason the police got involved was because they didn’t want a ‘Bring Your Own Booze’ event”, explains promoter Mikey Soro. The Gardaí had the event cancelled on the grounds that the building did not meet fire and safety regulations, leaving the Sibín promoters out of pocket: “We had a couple of artists booked from the UK and further afield, one of them from Canada. We had to pay for certain things like tickets. So yeah, we lost a couple of grand anyway. We have a site now for next year, it’s much smaller and further away from Dublin”.

Mikey felt hard-done-by after this years events, but is adamant he won’t make the same mistake again and has some advice for promoters: “Anyone wanting to do raves or parties, make sure the building is fire-certed and make sure that you have all the fire and safety precautions in place so when the police come in you can go ‘look, fuck off”.

Similarly closed down by the authorities this year was the ‘Great Friday’ festival in Limerick. The promoters hit a brickwall dealing with the Gardaí this year, who cited the lack of a dancing license as the reason for shutting the event down. “Sometimes it won’t matter how much you abide by the law, they will stop you just cause they can” says one of the promoters, Mark Goodwin. “We were told that we would be arrested and our equipment confiscated if we went ahead. It sucks, but next time I run a festival, it will be a trek to get to in the middle of a forest so I can blanket the sound”.

Staying with the west coast, the Bump! Festival ran as a two day boutique electronic music festival in 2010 and 2011, pulling off impressively high standards of production on a relatively small scale.

In contrast to the Sibín and Great Friday, promoter Daniel Sykes has had good experiences with the Gardaí. “The authorities have always been really good (to deal with) and we have worked as hard as possible to do everything correctly with the right licenses and paperwork”.

Sykes and his fellow promoters have encountered problems: “The main issue we have had is venue owners. Unfortunately, both years we have had issues... in Bump 2010, when we had to turn the music off on the Saturday because there was a funeral taking place that the owner hadn’t told us about in the graveyard up the road.....then on the Sunday he had double booked a christening so it turned into a strange mix of people.”







This year, Bump! rebranded itself as a ‘Music, media and electronic arts conference’ taking place in several venues around Limerick city at the end of June.

The difficulties in putting on left-of-field festivals on an island inhabited by 4.6m broke citizens are crippling. But take them away and what are we left with?

Earlier this month, MCD struggled to keep 45,000 fans entertained at an event that had very little to do with culture, community or, frankly, music. It would be sad if music festivals in Ireland became synonymous with such events.

Punters need to dig a little deeper and support the events they believe in before we land ourselves in a ‘this is why you can’t have anything nice’ situation and all that’s left are giant fields of mud; the Swedish House Mafia; and drunk/stoned/stabbed teenagers.

Photo by Emma Brophrey

We could have definitely kept it turning over but there’s only so many years you can keep asking people to do things for free...

## Flower Power

Enda Kenny trips over a flower pot trying to escape difficult questions about Gay marriage at a doorstep press call. His advisor steps in and jostles the journalists. Fine Gael later contact TV3 and accuse senior journalist Ursula Halligan of practically assaulting the Taoiseach. No wonder he’s so timid with Angela Merkel.

15

# PET PEEVES OF A FESTIVAL GRUMP

**JOHN LEECH GIVES US A RUN DOWN ON SOME OF THE THINGS THAT PISS HIM OFF AT IRELAND’S LARGER BOUTIQUE FESTIVALS LIKE THE ELECTRIC PICNIC.**

**Eco Cups:** Nice idea, but a royal pain in the ass. €3 deposit on the re-usable cup makes your first pint €8. The chances of hanging on to it until the bar closes (at the civilised off-license hour of 10pm) are nil. So you won’t be buying just one cup over three days. While it keeps the Heineken controlled zones ‘cleaner’, it creates a scavenger’s economy where people run around frantically with a stack as high as their head, capitalising on your inability to hold an extra item between beer runs

**Girls coming into the Guy’s “toilet” area:** Okay ladies, we know ye have to queue for ages. We know that life is unfair and imbalanced. But listen, it’s already degrading enough for us to be lined up pissing into a trough alongside twenty perfect strangers like a horde of Barbarians, without members of the opposite sex spectating as they wait for a private pod.

**Running into people you know, but aren’t ‘at’ the festival with:** Few things are more irritating than this because it reoccurs for the whole weekend: Cue the slew of usual suspect exchanges: “sure, giz a text, we might see ya after?” Lookit, if we didn’t organise to come up here together, odds are that you have as little interest in hanging out with me as I do with your good self, so feck off out of it.

**The Fuzz:** Keep everything inside an empty bag of Monster Munch in a sack of rubbish between your tents.

**Moving in large groups:** The gang leaves the camp site en mass to catch a performance Jimmy’s gotta run to the loo? Fair enough so, we’ll hang on here for him. Seeing as he’s going anyway, Sarah decides to grab a quick hot dog from the stand barely visible 100 yards North-east of our position. Just as we’re starting to give up on her, Sean realises he’s left his camera back at the tent, and legs it back (so as not to miss any of those amazing shots you get half a mile away from the stage with the band entirely obscured by the supernova of the lighting rig). Upon Jimmy’s return, everybody else is bursting ‘cos they’ve been skulling cans out of boredom for half an hour.. Not worth it. Navigate in 3’s or 4’s at the most or you’ll miss half the shaggin’ festival.

**Tent Peg Wires:** Maneuvering through a camp site in the dark, littered with nigh on invisible trip wires whilst trying to identify which of the 12,000 Gazebos you’re camped next to can be a cumbersome process at the best of times. After 40 units of alcohol, 6 pills and a half a wrap of K, it’s just downright dangerous and a potential health risk.

**Overzealous Timetable-Centric Friends:** “Right! So, if we can eat breakfast in seven seconds flat we should be able to catch the last half of

George Clinton’s set. Then if we use the Jet-Packs I left under your chair, we can make a B-line for the Pyramid Stage and see around 15 minutes of Björk, but absolutely no more than that! Because I’ve arranged for Colm Meaney to beam us back to the Body and Soul area to see Dennis Hopper eat a snake in aid of Amnesty International. Okay, everyone ready?”

**Vodka Jelly Shots & N20:** Every year there are a group of Aussies who roll around with backpacks selling three Vodka jelly shots for a tenner. Many punters succumb to the novelty, at which stage they produce a canister of Nitrous Oxide and reveal that they are in fact pedaling balloons of the delightful gas for a fiver. Hey, I’m not complaining, but why sucker me in with the jelly shots that’ll do fuck all for me when you’re muling a perfectly wondrous psychotropic? A bit of straight talk goes a long way lads.

**Rampaging Rumors:** With phone batteries dwindling, and disconnection from the bosom of the world media, it’s generally on the Sunday morning that the most unfathomable of fake headlines are touted by word of mouth. In 2007 George Bush was assassinated by the Freemasons, 2008 saw David Bowie releasing a spoken word album entirely in Hebrew, and with sad irony in 2009 it was said that Amy Winehouse had died, albeit in a plane crash. It’s a curious phenomenon however that highlights both our dependence on information, along with the existence of mischievous jokers who exploit that weakness.

Illustration by Luke Falon





{SCENE}

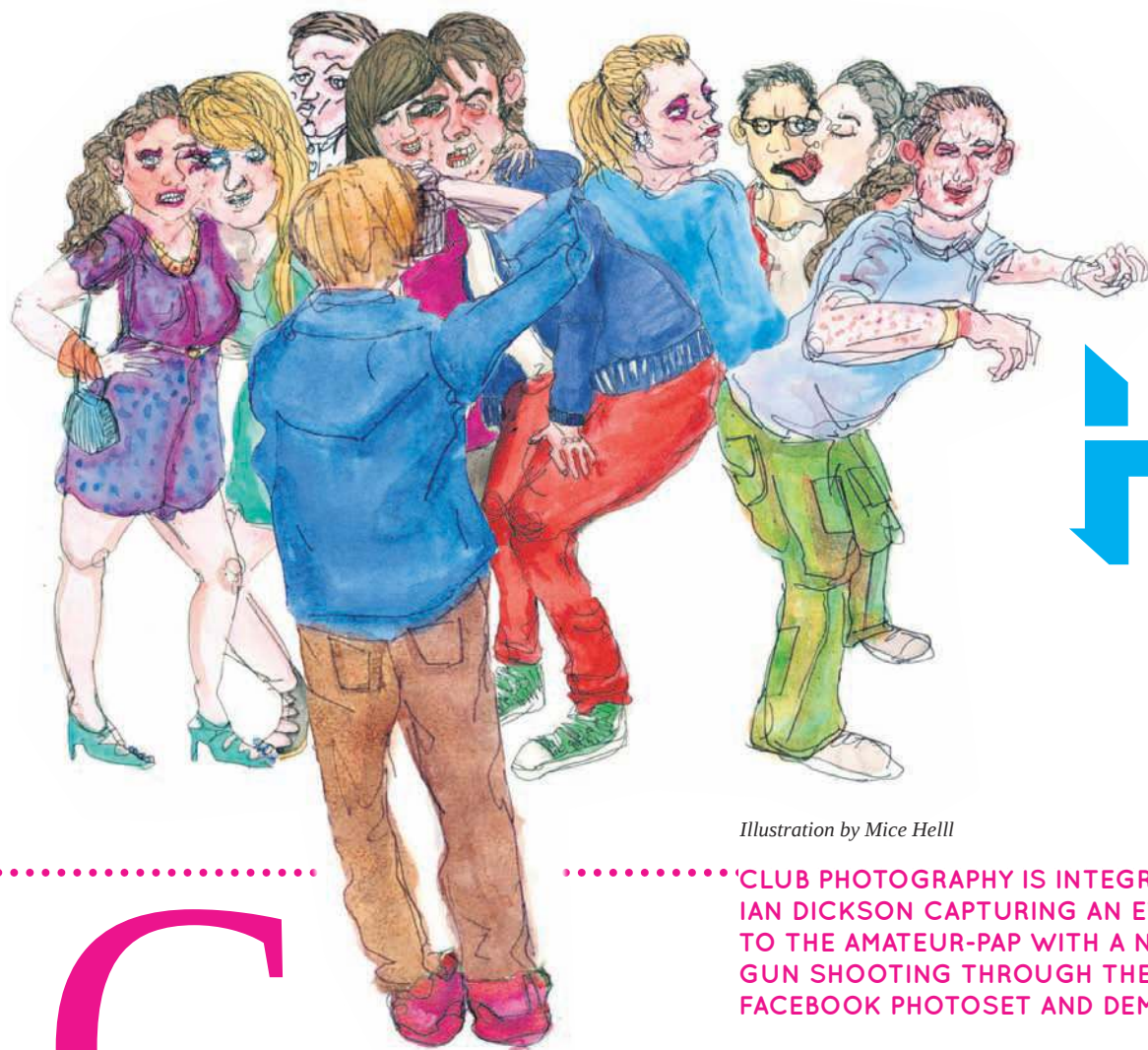


Illustration by Mice Helll

# SNAP HAPPY SAPS

CLUB PHOTOGRAPHY IS INTEGRAL TO DUBLIN'S NIGHTLIFE. HOWEVER THE DAY OF AN IAN DICKSON CAPTURING AN EVENT IN ONE CLASSIC PHOTOGRAPH HAS GIVEN WAY TO THE AMATEUR-PAP WITH A NIKON STRAP DRAPED AROUND THEIR NECK MACHINE-GUN SHOOTING THROUGH THE NIGHT. THEO WEATHERALL RUES THE ASCENT OF THE FACEBOOK PHOTOSSET AND DEMISE OF ICONIC CLUB SHOTS.

Club photography has always been there, from the dancehalls of the 60s to Sides and the Electric Ballroom but the last decade has seen the digital age shift it's quality and responsibility.

This is not to disregard the notable photographers. Talented artists like Dmitry Rozental, Oliver Smith, Jade Costello, and Shannon Purcell capture the Dublin club scene and shoot for a range of different club nights, and all literally shooting below their means.

We see the change isn't forced by a lack of talent but what is demanded by the clubs. Naturally, after being uploaded to Facebook for all to tag, these photos define what a night is about - they create the narrative. The photos aren't just taken to keep the punters happy, but for the clubnight to be able to characterise and individualise their night.

After all, those who do not attend clubs, have nothing to go by - except the photos. One of the most upsetting factors here is that many clubnights feel that without a photographer their event never happened.

Gavin Paisley, long time music journalist and promoter told us what he thought of this phenomenon: "Yeah, the night was great but you don't need 19 million photos to prove it. That's Facebook though, Myspace wasn't like that. When I was running Neon Love with Ciara (Cunnane) in the Shaw there were barely any photos each week. We'd put up a few but not necessarily every week and people still came."

That is the difference though between now and then, between Facebook and MySpace. It's like two different generations only a few years apart.

This can't be blamed just wholly on the promoters, but also on the punters themselves, that have

expectations of what their next Tumblr or Facebook profile will be. Photography has never before been such a hugely vital part of clubbing.

We can take photos of ourselves and have albums dedicated to our own faces, posed as if the camera isn't there. Essentially, the vanity of people is the root cause of this phenomena.

Digital has changed the essence of clubbing - it now seems that it is simply not enough to just be there doing what we always did, chatting, drinking, flirting or just enjoying the music it now must be documented for all to view, comment and like.

You may have found a photo of some sexy hipster, with larger eyebrows than Daniel Radcliffe drawn on, and you in the background looking awkward as fuck. The reason for this being you are not as attractive, cool or sexy as them. Clad in awful 90's throwback gear from American Apparel, considered to be the height of "high fashion", the youth that are dressed like this dominate Facebook clubnight photo albums.

This is not the case for all clubnight photography though. Mainstream clubbing never quite understood the concept behind what the more alternative clubs were doing and inadvertently ended up ripping the piss out of themselves.

CUNT has sexy Trinity girls in lace dresses and Doc Martens, Alchemy has anal fingering on a Monday night (yes I am talking about THAT photo). Hours of laughter for us, a lifetime of shame for her. The internet never forgets.

Through photography, it seems that a clubnight hierarchy has been introduced, more visible and more apparent than ever before. The clubbing Kings and Queens of Dublin, sipping cans backstage and not mingling with those who had to pay in.

Always to be seen in the photos of Hussle, where

it appears almost anyone can now dj. To this day I don't understand how promoters like Emergence, who were exciting, new and innovative go from bringing KiNK, and Mike Dehnert over to running Strangeways, Here We Come and Hussle.

The same club monarchy that are seen backstage are those we see the most of in the photo albums. In ways it feels like a reversion of the documentation of the NYC Club Kids, Michael Alig, James St. James and Gitsie, except the photos today hold no shock factor and no originality when it comes to those who are in them.

We don't see the flamboyancy and character that the NYC Club Kids emitted, instead we're served 18 year olds in flat peaked caps, all posing with their Jagerbombs in hand, arms draped around each other, usually giving the middle finger to the camera.

Are these photos a reflection of the majority of nights in Dublin? Or are these clubs just as transparent as the people in them?

Yes, logically photography is harmless but this trend in photography is a deeper issue. It would be a travesty in the future, to look back at the generic clubnight photos and think that was what it was like back then.

To those who are most apparent in the photo, yes it will be a true representation of clubbing at the time, but to the rest of us who don't really care to have our photo taken, we will carry different memories.

The number of photographs contrasts with the one or two photos that our parents treasure from when they were young, and completely devalues our personal memories. Long gone are the days that we bluetack our photos to our bedroom walls.

In a short chat with Gary O'Neill, the man who compiled the anthology that is "Where Were You",

he told us what he thought of photographs in the digital age.

"I don't think it will devalue/undermine the cultural memory of events, it will give us a bigger but not necessarily better resource pool for the future, I think there will be less photographic surprises because so many people will have already seen so many of the photos from those events, I think they'll have less of an impact then unseen photos from the pre digital age that have lain in a box or photo album for decades".

How can you evoke a sense of nostalgia by having to scan through 10000 photos of other people before getting to one of you and a friend? Alas, we have taken the camera for granted, instead of capturing these photos ourselves we want others to take them for us, to edit them so we look good, and to upload them so that everyone can see, like, comment, and share.

It's all temporal. It's tumblr and Facebook profile pictures. It's about the individual and how good they'll look in the photo. It no longer captures a moment in club history.

LOOKING FOR  
SOME SPACE TO  
MOUTH OFF?

rabble, so cheap  
we're free...



## CHARLIE CASANOVA

IT HAS BEEN QUITE A WHILE SINCE A NEW DIRECTOR HAS BURST ONTO THE IRISH CINEMA SCENE, MAYBE TERRY MCMAHON THE DIRECTOR OF THE SOMEWHAT CONTROVERSIAL CHARLIE CASANOVA WILL CHANGE ALL THAT. CONNOR MOORE TALKS TO HIM ABOUT HIS BREAKTHROUGH FILM.

This is a man who clearly speaks his mind, such as when he told the Hollywood bible Variety to "go fuck themselves" during a live interview on ABC after they wrote a poor review for his film. You may also have heard of the kerfuffle with the Irish Times film critic Donald Clarke who objected strongly to a quote of his being used out of context, - some might say knowingly so - to promote the film on bus advertisements. As a result of these incidents and



the nature of the film itself this director has become something of a polarising figure, unfortunately more criticised than complimented. He comments that "some people claim that I am delusional...they assume that I'm an arrogant swaggering prick". In a conversation with McMahon, however, he comes across as an open and direct individual that is highly critical of certain elements in Irish Society.

His first feature Charlie Casanova presents the searing indictment of a ruling class sociopath who knocks down a working class girl in a hit and run and uses playing cards to determine her fate. McMahon contends he was inspired to write the film about such an obnoxious character by "a strange new breed in Ireland....of guys hopped up on Viagra and coke who'd look for a fight". However it was a tough process to produce such a critical film of Irish class structures and attitudes to wealth, as the director admits he had to "drag it kicking and screaming into life". Following the failure of three different projects that he was in the process of making with

the Irish Film Board, Terry decided to post the

mediocre reviews with two or three stars would have been more of a disappointment

screenplay for Charlie Casanova on Facebook. In an overwhelming response to which the director describes as "humbling", 130 people replied who wanted to be involved in the film. This first feature film was then incredibly shot in 11 days on a shoestring budget of €937.

The film was not warmly received by the Irish Film Board, however the prestigious SXSW film festival took notice and it became the first non-American film in six years to be selected for the festival's narrative feature competition. The film was well received by the audience, but as Terry mentions the jury and critics did not agree. "They went crazy for the film and we were supposed to win the grand jury prize, then the opposite happened, the jury was far more conservative than we thought and we got killed in Variety". It would seem understandable to vent after losing such a prestigious prize and even if it may have been a dangerous action in defying the powerful publication, Terry is adamant that there was no arrogance in his actions. "I was terrified, but I knew we had to separate the audience from the critics as soon as possible".

Charlie Casanova was then seen by Paul Higgins of Studio Canal who was so enamoured with it that he offered the director a full cinema release for his film. It looked as if the film was now destined for success, however, its knack of dividing audiences and critics alike put some cinemas off showing it during the lucrative summer season. The ability of this film to create such diverse views

is recognised and accepted by the director. "I've seen people writing on the internet about how much they despise the film then I've gotten private e-mails off people I don't even know telling me how they've been profoundly moved by the film". Charlie Casanova has also received some harsh reviews from the critics and according to Terry the "level of savagery" has surprised even him. This, however, appears to be a fascinating feature of the film and director accepts that "mediocre reviews with two or three stars would have been more of a disappointment".

It would seem that Charlie Casanova was conceived and created beyond any kind of conventional industry or government funding body control and Terry admits this benefits the film. "There's no way that anybody who was the member of a committee would have allowed me to make the film as it was, if we had gone through the proper channels I can guarantee the script would never have been made". Terry McMahon contends that it was an interesting experiment but a difficult two years and he would never do it the same way again. Yet he has produced something which the prestigious company Canal has a ten year plan for, they have also given it a Marquee status which recognises that it will be seen as an important piece of work in the future. It must be a positive step for Irish cinema that has a fresh talent capable of creating challenging work in an industry that will happily forsake creativity and ingenuity for hackneyed remakes, sequels and prequels.

### {TAKE FIVE}



CHEAP PINTS  
I'm gaspers!

While the trickle-down effect in Ireland normally means politicians pissing down your neck and telling you it's rain, one result of the inevitable crash has been the competition between the remaining drink purveyors to attract those who still have a pot to piss in. Without wanting to come across all Totally Dublin we thought we'd shout out for some recommendations on decent spots with decent prices. Hop House on Parnell St., Dublin is somewhere we often find ourselves with pitchers (the Cristal champagne of our new austerity) from around €9 and other deals on their korean finger food. Limerick rabble have been horsing into €3 Beamish and the Cork heads recommend Callanan's for similar prices just off Sober Lane. Dicey's has €2 drinks on Tuesday but frankly I'd rather shit in my own hands and clap then spend the evening there.



UNDERESTIMATED  
Limb by limb

It's been a good summer for Dublin based music docs. Back in May, Dublin Commuity TV premiered A Joyful Slog, in a rammed Button Factory. It details the DIY leanings of a generation of Irish indie noise makers who probably treat Ian McKaye with the same reverence as your granny does the Pope. Aoife Nic Cana's enthralling 6 part oral history documentary Folklore From The Dancefloor has been airing each Tuesday at 4.30pm as part of her regular Club Cheol slot on Near 90.3 FM. If your belly's not full with that lot, there's also Underestimated - a new documentary from That's That Productions, it drags the story of Bassbin and the Dublin jungle scene out of some of its much loved lunatics and legends. If it's not a famine, it's a feast.



HERITAGE AND CULTURE  
August 19th - 26th

There's something for everyone during Heritage Week (19th to 26th Aug), even the most jaded of you lot. From Dancing at the Crossroads in Mallow, early photography at Strokestown Park House and a 1798 walking tour in Enniscorthy to guided tours of Little Jerusalem, Kilmainham Hospital and Medieval Dublin. It's a positive countryside event that an engage us in our local history and all for free. Something else to look forward to is Culture Night, which has been growing exponentially year on year. The doors of our institutes, galleries and collectives are thrown open for one night and the people have made it a night to savour for arts, culture and investigating our finest buildings.



THE DEFEAT OF TESCO IN SMITHFIELD  
Every little helps

There's been a significant victory against Tesco in Smithfield. The City Council rejected a second attempt by the company to operate an off licence in the premises formerly occupied by the Complex. After Tesco's fall at the second Bord Pleanala jump last year, they came back on the rebound, their task made easier by the legal ejection of the Complex by receivers working for NAMA. DCC also played the cultural card, permitting them to open shop (without the booze) as long as they come up with some sort of documentation as to how they're going to implement a cultural framework plan for the area, which was originally conditioned under the initial development grant of permission. Face painting for kids on a Sunday morning?



## Meandering Blue Vein

FROM THE WICKLOW MOUNTAINS TO THE MUGLIN ROCKS, THE LIFFEY SUMS UP ALL THAT IS GOOD, BAD AND DOWNRIGHT CRIMINAL ABOUT OUR CAPITAL CITY.

When most of us think of this mascot of Dublintown it is the lazy, grey, sludge-lined river which snakes its way through the city centre to the coast. Its lazy flow a consequence that 60% of its water is abstracted for drinking water.

Criss-crossed by bridges it splits south from north. A division that is evident in accents and class, which makes easy fodder for comedians such as Paul Howard or Andrew Quirke.

The river's boardwalk is where Dublin wears its heart on its sleeve. This is where the social inequality of post-tiger Ireland is most pronounced. Where unsuspecting tourists, rub shoulders with street drinkers, picnicking office workers, daytripping culchie, emo teenagers, some of the city's more 'independent' traders and those that are caught in the grip of their wares.

However further inland its shores are a patchwork of bad planning and unspoilt green spaces. The Liffey Valley shopping complex stands as testament to the unbridled consumption of a few in the name of many. Where else in western Europe would you get an area of natural beauty so close to the capital city cemented over within the last 15 years and stinking of brown paper envelopes.

You might not want swim in it, Guinness don't make their stout out of it but it's ours.

Photos by Paul Reynolds



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She hasn't left us darlings. She, and her Ipod, have just got a residency in Ayia Napa for the summer. After spending four hours practising on Youtube and reading about Abelton on wikipedia she's ready to

do a Paris on it. So while she pouts, poses and twiddles her knobs you can kick back and read about football. Like there hasn't been enough of it this summer already.

## {FLASH FICTION}

*The Seer*

DECKIE NEVER KNEW HIS FATHER. IF HE HAD, HE WOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT HIS FATHER'S NAME WAS TOMMY MACKEN. HE WOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT TOMMY WAS THE SEVENTH SON IN A FAMILY OF THIRTEEN AND THAT THEY WERE NATIVES OF EAST-WALL.

He would have known that Tommy Macken was handsome and charming; that he was skilled in the art of conversation and that he could dance like no other.

Women that knew Tommy knew of his talents, and of their unrequited love for him. Women like Deckie's mother had met Tommy and were consumed and enchanted by his masterful spell. It was an enchantment that gifted them all a little present in the form of a child. Consequently, Tommy had children across Dublin. He had a son in Tallaght; a son in Ballyfermot; twin sons in Stillorgan; a son in Blanchardstown; a son in Cabra and then Deckie who resided in Ballymun.

Deckie's mother left Ireland to work in England, driven by economic hardship of the 80s coupled with the perpetual Irish stigma of unmarried motherhood. Deckie was left with his grandmother for a brief period that turned out to be longer than brief. How many years can be fitted into a brief period?

It was at a very young age that Deckie's grandmother discovered his special knowledge. She was crippled with pain one day due to the arthritis in her elbows and hands. When little Deckie saw his grandmother vigorously rubbing poteen into her afflicted elbow joints, he went to her and placed his little hands on her and said:

- I make it better Nanny.

Her pain just ebbed away.

As Deckie grew he became aware of his special knowledge on occasion. There was times of realisation when he knew all answers and he understood all motivations. He knew these things like his lungs knew air. Deckie could see people's truths and untruths, everywhere. He felt the knowledge strongest when he rode his piebald through the seven football pitches. To him the odour of fresh-cut grass and horse-sweat was the essence of the world itself. He had often viewed Dublin from his vantage point of horseback on high-ground and saw vividly the vapours of love and hate hover over the city. He understood them and accepted them.

When his horse was impounded he understood why. There were no facilities for keeping horses. True, his horse was not treated badly, she was in excellent condition in fact, but

eventually she would suffer, or so he was told. He understood the fear and contempt in the voice of the young veterinarian woman who worked in the pound when she told him:

- You people think you have a God given right to horse-ownership. When I was a child my parents couldn't afford to get me a horse, so I had to make do with horse-riding lessons.

He understood that she could never understand.

Deckie didn't feel his special knowledge so much without his horse. Until, one night, Deckie was hanging around at the bottom of one of the blocks of Ballymun flats when one of his peers produced heroin. His first draw from the toothier brought his special knowledge screaming and surging into his senses, galvanising each sense with an absolute palpability. From then on that was where he wanted to stay forever.

Deckie's heroin apprenticeship progressed from chasing-el-dragon to injecting-el-dragon in less than a year. Then, while lying in a disused flat with a group from his vocation, an acquaintance began to overdose. Deckie crawled over and placed his hands on the afflicted man. He spoke gently into his ear; he blew his breath softly into his mouth three times. The man convulsed with a jolt like he had been touched with a thunder-bolt then sprang to his feet with his eyes agape. He found Deckie's eyes, fell to his knees and wept hysterically. He had been touched by something truly divine.

When word went around, Deckie never again had to steal or connive for heroin. He floated from shooting gallery to shooting gallery and cured collapsed veins, abscesses, cirrhosis afflicted livers and overdoses. In times of crisis the addict community would phone Deckie rather than an ambulance. He never took money. A bag of heroin was the only payment he would take.

Then Deckie was found to have disappeared and the addict community became concerned. A priest was approached and told about Deckie's gifts. Intrigued, the priest embarked on a quest to find this phenomenon. He searched Ballymun's length and breadth, haunt after haunt, both night and day. Until his search led him to an old shed at the back of a burned-out house. There, the priest found the seventh son of a seventh son of Ballymun sat upright in the corner, a syringe dangling from his left arm and his t-shirt ripped open with the fingers of his right hand embedded deeply into the flesh of his left breast. Blood had trickled from each finger-point and dried into blackness. His face was raised upward and illuminated by a solitary shard of light that had punctured the felted roof. His countenance was one of grotesque and rapturous divinity.

Like a Christ of modernity.

Written by Alan O'Brien

Illustration by Paddy Lynch

LOW LIE THE  
FIENDS IN FAI

BOHEMIANS BOY, CIARAN MURRAY REPORTS BACK FROM POLAND ON THE TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS OF SUPPORTING THE BOYS IN GREEN WHEN THE DOMESTIC LEAGUE IS DYING ON IT'S ARSE.

Berlin. Two days before the Euros kick off, three match tickets apiece and buses to Poznan and Gdansk sorted. Thirty thousand lunatics have made their way to mainland Europe for Ireland's first major tournament in ten years and the Credit Unions have taken a battering.

Poznan. Madness. Debauchery abounds and it's all good-natured. The Poles learn the words to "A Team of Gary Breens," presuming he's a great hero to have his own song. In return, the Irish drink it dry before piling onto trams to the stadium for a reality check and a crushing 3-1 defeat.

Gdansk. Optimism... waning. The main square is rammed; Spanish, Irish and Polish are carting around cases of piss-warm beer, leprechaun and matadors vying for dominance. The confident Spanish are busy flogging their tickets for face value, opting to stay in the fan zone rather than make the trek to the game. Again, an early goal conceded and again, completely outplayed on the pitch. Schooled; One nil. Two nil. Three nil. Four. The singing began in earnest. Quietly at first, building to a spine tingling pinnacle.

For all the craic in Gdansk, it grated to see Delaney's antics given what was happening on the pitch and what was going on off it. Word of Monaghan United's collapse beginning to trickle through. This meant little to anyone outside League of Ireland circles, but within it came as a hammer blow. Monaghan being the seventh Irish clubs to go out of business in six years and a rumour that Dundalk wouldn't be far behind.

At home there was vitriol for Delaney, while the League of Ireland was in crisis, the President of the FAI was on another jolly, pissed up and making a show of himself in Sopot. Criticism too was aimed at the travelling support, some lay the blame for the League's woes at the feet of the thousands going to watch Ireland abroad but won't pay a tenner to see their local team.

Poznan again. Our small group, with representation from Bohemians, St. Patrick's, Shamrock Rovers and Cork City, contemplated an anti-Delaney banner for the game but Delaney's pint-buying antics had endeared him to the travelling crowd so we decided against it. Unburdened now by any false hope of qualification, Poznan looked set to be a party; steam to be blown off and Zlotys to be spent. Not too bad this time, Ireland's best performance, a two nil loss. The city walls still echoed "You'll never beat the Irish," ironic from some quarters, moronic from others. The performances on the pitch had been atrocious, but it's the antics off the pitch that will be remembered.

For while the fans in green drank their recession blues away, Delaney, with the second largest salary of all FA presidents at the Euros has no excuse. His attempt to seek vindication for the embarrassing Sopot Square video? "I'm entitled to have time off, the same as everyone else". He should have been worrying about the shambolic performances on the pitch, the two year contract gifted to a manager well past his sell-by-date, and the state of the League back home. The round of games on Friday 22nd June saw anti-FAI banners from Boh's, St. Pat's and Drogheda plus Shelbourne fans threatened with fines for anti-Delaney chants.

Fans' groups in Ireland are collaborating. Consensus is that the FAI lads' club needs to be broken up. Things need to change in domestic football. Irish football's problems can't be sung away; if only they could.

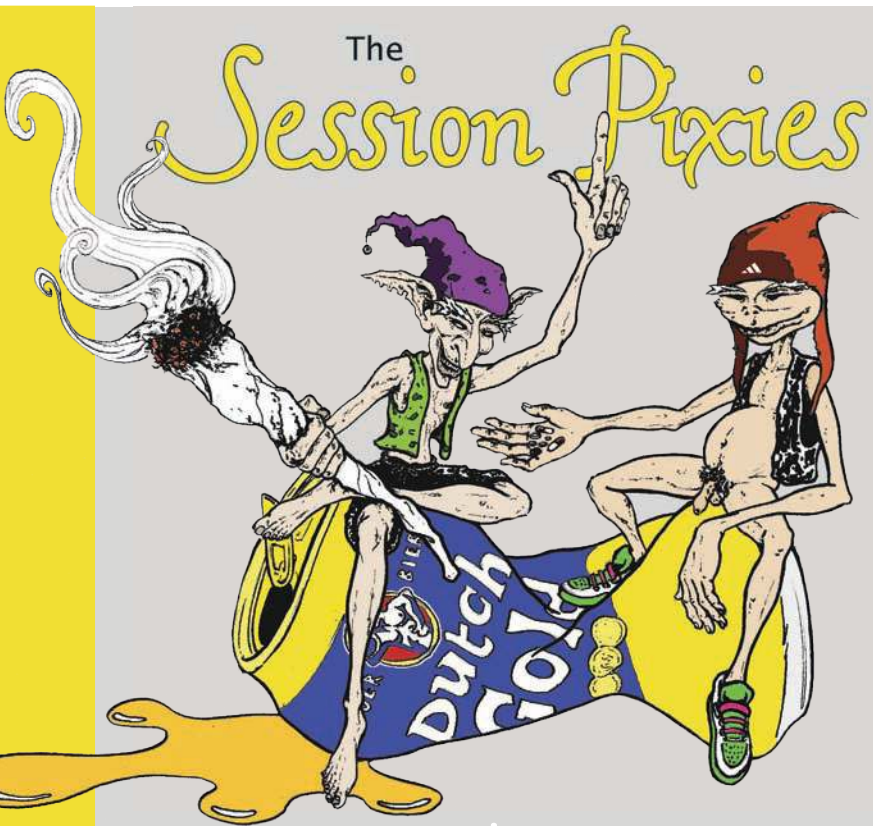
Illustration by Mice Hell





We asked you rabble following Bray Council's decision to deny permission to those campaigning against the Household Charge to put up posters if this was happening elsewhere? You told us of similar

attacks on basic freedom by councils in Naas, Navan and Cobh amongst others.



**AFTER MAULING THE FACE OFF ONE OF OUR EDITORS, THAT NYMPHOMANIAC BEAST SEX PANTHER HAD TO BE RETURNED TO HIS RIGHTFUL OWNER. MEET OUR NEW HOLISTIC LIFESTYLE, ADVICE AND COUNSELLING PEDDLERS - THE SESSION PIXIES...**

**Dear Session Pixies,**  
How often should me dog be needing a shit?  
*James, Rathmines.*

Well Now James, That would all depend on the canine in question, its digestive tract and the type of food stuffs you would be a feeding it. I find a walk twice a day usually meets all our bow-wow's potty needs. However by the sniff of stale fags and Guinness farts coming out of me modem when your little miracle of pondering plopped into the inbox I'd say you're more of a feed 'em and leave 'em kind of guy? Dear fluffy-chops how would you feel if your bestest buddies fed ya up and left ya shut in a room when they went on the lash? I bet ya wouldn't be too far off shiteing all over the carpet yourself. Bring rover with ya will ya?! Even pooches need a social life and when carefully fitted with saddlebags they can be an excellent companion on carry-out missions.

**Dear Session Pixies,**  
I have loads of old beer cans lying around the house. Any tips on how I could efficiently recycle them, without having to haul them all down to the green bins?

*Eileen, Phibsboro.*

**Dear Eileen,**  
Consider stringing them together by the ring-pulls to make an elegant and unique necklace, perhaps with matching earrings? Or fashion them into a blingin' stab proof trackie and selling them at the upcoming David Guetta gig in Marlay Park.

**Dear Session Pixies,**  
What the hell is PMA and why the press hysteria after Swedish House Mafia?  
*Yours Rupert, Nutwood.*

I'm thinking that you don't mean Positive Mental Attitude here Rups but rather para-methoxyamphetamine. There is nothing positive about this stuff Rups. It's the crap that's linked to a number of deaths throughout Europe and in those overdoses at SHM. In the UK it's turned up in batches of Einsteins, and here in Double Cherries. When Alexander Shulgin (he invented it) says stay away you should probably listen. Unless you're a serious chemist, you'll not identify it with a pill testing kit. Your best bet is to check before you buy on sites such as pillreports.com or bluelight.ru. Try to avoid shovelling lots of unknown substances down your gullet in one go. There's fuck all sign of the authorities here adopting any serious harm reduction strategies like letting punters know which batches are dodgy. Their moralistic finger waving just produces more ODs, as profit mongering scumbags at the top of the chemical supply chain dump adulterated shite on us unsuspecting pillheads and weekend warriors. So lay safe.

**Dear Session Pixies,**  
I went on the lash for 2 days, passed out on some random cunts couch, and when I woke up someone or something had robbed all my money and shat in my mouth. I have heard tell of similar occurrences being attributed to you and your ilk... is it true?  
*Hangin in Harold's Cross*

**Dear Hangin,**  
Riddle me this, riddle me that, you should never pass out you silly twat.

#### A SHORT HISTORY OF... FESTIVALS



## GAME OF TROMBONES

## Diary of A Cripple

**PAUL BLOOF JUMPED OFF A TEN FOOT WALL ON PADDY'S DAY AND WAS CRIPPLED FOR A YEAR. HE'S BETTER NOW, BUT IT LEFT A LASTING MARK.**

When you go from being a regular hyperactive sociopath to a wheelchair-bound invalid overnight suddenly you have a lot of explaining to do. The events have been recounted to one and all so the hows, whys and medical updates were uploaded to a blog site called Body Salami to spread the gory details.

Most of it was written daily and and on overdoses of painkillers so it was an honest fairly light-hearted account of the state of repairs. I joked about the way people suddenly treated me differently, the difficulties of cleaning and feeding myself and laughed at the urban gauntlet I had to run to get food and money. July 3rd 2011 : Screw you Disability Benefit for making go weekly across town to get a doctor to sign a piece of paper to say that Yes, I was fucked !

A public blog, the big mistake I made was tagging it meticulously #wheelchair #disability every post. It was really just for my friends and family but pretty soon I had 50 followers from the web including 3 perverts, 10 Jesus-freaks and about 20 wheelchair users.

The other wheelies were mostly emo teenagers were screaming blue murder about the inconsiderations of walking-folk, the frustrations of immobility and the lack of sex. It was good to read other people talking about how if you hit a pebble at top speed without your seatbelt on you'd end on your face on the pavement. Most couldn't afford a better wheelchair or get a minder that actually liked them but from reading their blogs you get bizarre insights into their lives like when your looking up the personal ads to maybe find a lover do you search under Ambled seeking Disabled, Disabled seeking Ambled or Disabled seeking Disabled.

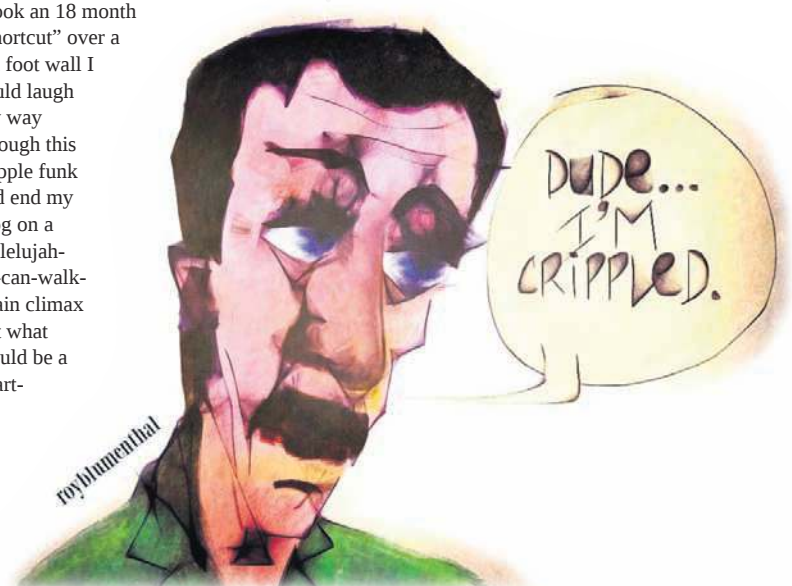
It didn't concern me who read my rants until I rage-posted in August "Eight more weeks and I'm out of this fkn chair!". The response I got from a 16 year old cripple punk in the States was "Yay! Me too...suicide pact?" and I realised I was nothing more than a tourist in others life-long struggle. I get to stand up and walk away.

Hope is a hell of a drug. Fueled by the knowledge that this self repairing organism would restore my body to a version of itself before I took an 18 month "shortcut" over a ten foot wall I could laugh my way through this cripple funk and end my blog on a hallelujah-he-can-walk-again climax but what would be a heart-

warming tale of endurance for my close friends and me would be a bitter reality kick for any full-timer who didn't have a get-out-of-jail-free card like me. A belly churning image of Irish Independents' Alison O'Riordans prissy little moanings about begging for ten minutes flashed into my mind, I puked in my mouth a bit and switched the blog to private.

But I didn't get to stand up and walk away because as I soon found out if anyone sits down for six months your muscles waste and you have to spend months learning how to walk again. Hope is a helluva drug because if they told me a year ago I would still be hobbling around a year later, still getting forms signed weekly (bastards!) and unable to ever return to catering work my holiday in crippledom would have been a much darker affair.

Thankfully my accident didn't really affect anyone's life except my own so I used the time to change my career and develop a completely new set of skills. I've a bit of a funny walk but i was moving too fast anyway.





# Fear & Loathing In Croke Park.

FAS KEEPS FORCING JOB BRIDGE INTERNS ON US, SO WE GOT ONE OURS GEE EYED ON COMMUNION WINE AND SENT THEM OFF TO REPORT ON CATHOLICISM'S GLASTONBURY.

The stench of rotten eggs and fish filtered through my consciousness. I couldn't understand why whatever bar I was in would smell so bad but I wasn't curious enough to open my eyes against the blinding light. I could feel the ice cold comfort against my temple, the whiskey and coke would help me make sense of all this. I turned to the glass and touched my lips to the condensation. The glass was flat and the more I licked the taller it got. 'Tea, coffee, snacks. Tea, coffee, snacks', what the hell?

The offending blurter appeared before my squinting, window-licking self. A drinks trolley jockey in what appeared to be an Irish Rail uniform. Christ, that's it! The train from Dun Laoghaire to Connolly. The seaweed stench was overpowering. I hadn't been here for many years. Through this internal morning fog I was piecing together the hows and wherefores that had me here once more.

I should have been covering the Euros for the magazine but due to some long-forgotten misunderstanding involving a horse, two 'dancers' and a video camera in a Kiev hotel room my application for travel was declined. Herr editor took a snap decision and substituted our religious correspondent for my sweet spot by the Black Sea and dropped me back to Dublin for the Eucharistic Congress.

Most of the last 24 hours were hazy at best. My distaste for the neo-modernism of air travel with the benevolent fascism of check-in smiles and have a nice day security scans as well as the association of a fondness for alcohol with 'terrorism' has me a firm rail and sea man.

My last clear memory was sitting at the bar in Euston Station complaining about the tiny bag of nuts I'd just received with my 2nd Pernod. I was belligerent before I'd started drinking which never bodes well for the night ahead. The train was leaving early evening and I had convinced myself that this weekend was punishment for a catalogue of missed deadlines and over-egged expense sheets that my editor had to deal with on the magazine.

I grabbed a coffee and turned out my jacket pockets looking for physical clues to my immediate past and future. Crumpled tickets

for train and rail. An assortment of sticky coins and crumpled notes in both currencies, my notebook and a handful of Ladbroke's pencils. A small selection of pill boxes, nothing too risqué, prescription medicines although admittedly not all in my name, some pharmaceutical speed for those late, late nights but they've given me some bad times when mixed with the wrong alcohol and mood.

A moment from the overnight ferry came flashing back, sharing a joint with a disgruntled young ferryman. Our conversation led to my weekend and he held forth on the Bermuda triangle of politicians, bankers and priests that crippled the country we were approaching at a rate of knots for all his life but, he opined, things are changing.

My weekend was about navigating into that particular heart of darkness. By the time I tumbled from the taxi at Jury's most of my wits were about me or at least packed in my small carry-all. I held the bag in front of the large stain caked down the leg of my trousers and pushed the shades tight against my face as I walked to the reception desk.

The orange-skinned reptile that looked down her nose at me changed her tune when I announced I was with the archbishop's party and running late. "Archbishop...?" She intoned in that bloody acquired Australian inflection that's infected everyone under 30. "Brown, dammit, Brown". Getting her on the back foot I raged about my position as the chief Travel Correspondent with the NY Times and, as special guest of Archbishop Brown, I'd presumed that the executive service would be better. Her apologies ringing in my ears, I found myself being rushed to an impressive suite by a bowing, scraping porter.

After a hefty sleep and a heftier room-service, including a cracking Chablis, I strode across to Croke Park in my relatively clean check suit and Bermuda hat. Blustered my way past security with a confusion of press passes and faux-outrage in my best Noo Yoik accent. Finding myself in the executive section, what we could call 'backstage' at a gig like this, the bar was free although spectacularly unattended.

I drank myself into the late evening while



the bread and circus stuff went on below.

Conversations with men in dresses usually didn't remain this asexual in my previous experience. The smell of baby powder and want was only broken by my trips outside for a drag of herb from time to time. I tried to keep up with my enquiries. Brown, was he really Ratzinger's lapdog or is he determined to be America's first Pope? The Vatican Bank, what truth in the rumours of a merger with Goldman Sachs? Archbishop Martin, a chosen son or is the Irish clergy written off by the powers that be? Looking back at my notes, they got crazier and more disjointed with each half-arsed, dead-drunk interview.

Finally, I was brought arm-in-arm by two nuns from Milan to the lift. I can't write what I thought was about to occur but never did I expect what really came next.

We stepped out at -2 while I had visions of grainy CCTV footage appearing on porttube. But we were hit by the most amazing display of lights, bassy speakers pumping out Haydn's 'Creation'. A 6ft nymph strode towards us in an outfit reminiscent of Naomi Campbell re-enacting the Sound of Music. I threw my arms up and cowered before it all became clear.

The Italians led me to the bar behind the seated ranks as the most incredible fashion show played out before my eyes. Chiffons, silks and see-through LED encrusted surplises, cottas and tunics; heavy wool cassocks and linen, lace and lycra habits and scapulars. The crowd ooded and aahed, clapped and cheered with each new costume. The music pumped and the lights pulsed while I lurched from shock to awe between each icy anesthetic dispensed to me and my new friends by the experienced looking altar boys behind the bar.

I woke stuck to the bedsheets, mouth as dry as a dead camel and some kind of exorcism taking place behind my eyes. I could barely focus but could just make out a white habit and rosary beads on the floor by the bed.

Photo: Paul Reynolds.

## FOETAL ATTRACTION

FOUNDED IN 1992 AFTER THE X-CASE TO INSIST THAT THE IRISH STATE FORCE A SUICIDAL 12 YEAR OLD TO HAVE HER RAPIST'S CHILD. YOUTH DEFENCE ARE PRICKS. HERE'S THEIR BACKGROUND

During the 90s they violently attacked pro-choice demonstrations, intimidated activists. dragged a 13 year old rape victim known as Ms C through the courts to prevent her travelling to the UK for an abortion. Then leader, Justin Barrett attended neo-Nazi rallies on the continent and published an extreme-right screed in '98, which advocated the expulsion of Northern Protestants.

They regularly picketed family planning clinics and intimidated employees. As more people began to recognize them for the pricks they are they generally prefer to use the moniker 'Mother and Child Campaign'. They still intimate women at the Mary Stropes Clinic on Blessington St.

If YD had their way there would be no IVF in holy Ireland. In 2006 they campaigned to prevent Ms D traveling to England for an abortion. Ms D was pregnant with a fetus missing a substantial portion of its brain and skull, which would die hours after birth.

This brings us to today's notorious poster campaign: "Abortion Tears Her Life Apart". Youth Defence say abortion damages a woman's mental health. Problem is, in 2011 the Academy of Medical Royal Colleges carried out a review of all English language scientific papers that looked at mental health and abortion. It concluded that 'unwanted pregnancies' caused mental trauma regardless if the outcome is abortion or carrying to full term. Abortion doesn't make things worse it just gives women another choice.

So how does YD approach the issue of contraception? Abstinence!! At least that is the message in the Junior Cert SPHE book which is linked to a defunct website [www.yourowntrack.org](http://www.yourowntrack.org) that was registered by Una Nic Mhat-huna, YD spokeswoman. That's who is teaching your kids about sex in the classroom.

In response to the campaign people defaced the posters. Others called for the posters to be removed because they were lies. Hundreds attended a rally outside the Dail against the posters.

Youth Defence are a bizarre relic of Catholic fundamentalism grasping at the reins of power. That FG senators and TDs won't legislate for the X-case is evidence of this. So we continue to export our problem or force women to endanger their lives by buying uncertified abortion pills online. Organisations like Women on the Web supply abortion pills to desperate Irish women who are seeking some control over their bodies and their unwanted pregnancies.

Abortion is going to keep happening. Legislate for choice, listen to women.



### INSIDE

*A silly festival  
board game  
written by you  
and printed by  
us...*