

rabble

we are rabble
sketch the garda

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FREE.

rabble aims to create a space for the passionate telling of truth, muck-raking journalism and well aimed pot-shots at illegitimate authority.



INSIDE.

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Hiphop heads are making a move in Limerick...

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Did you miss out on Garth Brooks tickets so?

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BULLYING ON
THE INCREASE?**

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Babylon Shall Fall

BRING DA RUCKUS. IT'S BEEN A HEAVY FEW MONTHS SINCE OUR LAST ISSUE. TABOOS ARE TUMBLING IN THIS SCEPTERED ISLE.

Bring da ruckus. It's been a heavy few months since our last issue. Taboos are tumbling in this sceptered isle.

Austerity is on the rise and we're finding our voice, losing our fear and fighting back. Every day another scandal, every day another revelation.

The old world, their status quo isn't safe anymore. The cross-wielding, women-hating pro-life goons, the blue bottles laying their bugs in GSOC, the Ministers leaking confidential reports and their lickspittles in those organs of dissemination that pass for media – youse are all in our sights and we're not backing down.

Those canvassing bastards playing knick knock on our doors every night, 'Sorry I missed you' flyers shoved through doors. Vote early, vote often. We're sorry WE missed YOU. You got away with it too long. No more. It says something about our so-called representatives when 'None of the Above' is the number one choice in all the polls. No more. Political policing. Political reporting. Political oppression. No more.

Communities everywhere are at

breaking point, from Erris to Ballyhea and Dolphins Barn to Moyross. The old order keeps pushing and pushing, the old order thinks it can keep us all separate and contained.

While Enda is fundraising for the Tea Party and RTE is fucking our money at those gobshites in the Iona Institute, we're hear breaking our balls to give you a platform to roar. All the good people, all the freaks and outsiders, the ones that have had enough, living broke as fuck, following the rules or squatting the empty houses.

They want to keep dividing us. They want us to ignore asylum seekers trapped in a hell of €19 per week or to spit upon the Travellers. They constantly rip on the single mothers or the kids outta college; they make war on benefits not the causes of poverty. There's is a game of victim blaming that appeals to the lowest common denominator.

A century from now, if this place isn't all under water, will there be statues to JobBridge and Starbucks, Bono and Denis O'Brien? Will the kids in history class learn about job creators resident in Malta because Tax was stifling their entrepreneurial spirit? Back here we're all in this together. Take a walk from the brass plates and empty offices of the IFSC to the dozens of homeless camped in the Customs House, you can't hide that with Dragon's Den and positive Ireland hashtags. Solidarity is the key.

If you're new to rabble, know this - this is independent media, pure and simple. We're not interested in kowtowing to corporate sponsors or litigious owners. For a project like this to survive, we need your active backing. Join our supporters club and let's keep fighting back.



{EYE}

Crowd Sourcing An Alternative Photographic Archive For Dublin.

Martin Ryan bought a couple of unwanted cameras for a quid at O'Reilly's Auctions. He realised there was a film jammed in one of them and after two days he managed recover it. "I developed them and faint images started appearing. How do you describe something that's been lost for 50 years..and you see this picture just gradually forming of people you've never seen before?" The photos belonged to Arthur Fields, a street photographer. He took hundreds of thousands of photos throughout his career but no negatives survive. The photos reveals how we lived, dressed and changed over fifty years. Now Man On Bridge is looking for people to send in the originals.

To find out more visit www.manonbridge.ie

HIGHLIGHTS

p5. Donal Fallon drags us back in time to meet some whackjob bible bashers.



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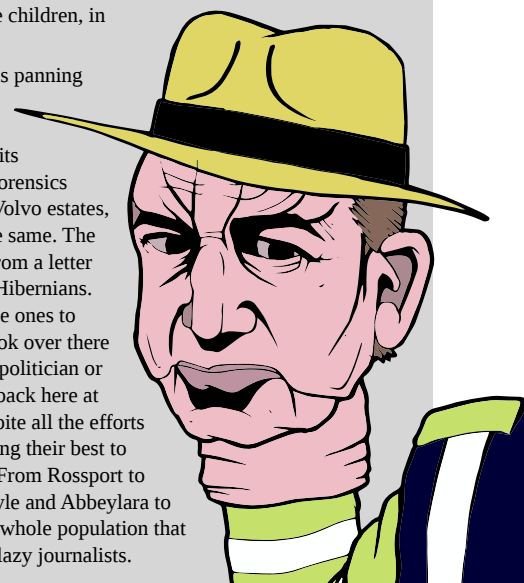
Gombeen #8

FOR THEIR CONSISTENT AND DOGGED DETERMINATION IN SPINNING CRIME TO FIT THE WARPED NARRATIVE OF GARDA HQ WE'RE SPLITTING THE AWARD BETWEEN THE TWO PAULS.

Both of course are well known to the Gardaí. The Tosser and The Hyper. Williams' stock in trade is the late 70's shtick, coppers sliding across car bonnets, kicking down doors and shouting "E's got a shooter!" and "Ave it, you caant!".

Reynolds gets his jollies from Inspector Morse's side of the tracks. He gets choked up relating how decent 'University Graduates' could have found themselves in a situation where they're standing over their cousin with a shovel in a ditch. Won't somebody think of the children, in Clongowes, Marian?

Whether the camera is panning on broken glass-strewn streets and chungfellas in tracksuits or leafy suburbs and forensics examiners swabbing Volvo estates, the gospel remains the same. The reading this week is from a letter from St.Guard to the Hibernians. The 'scumbags' are the ones to worry about. Don't look over there that's just a bank or a politician or an oil company, look back here at the thin blue line, despite all the efforts of the PC brigade, doing their best to keep you from harm. From Rosspoint to Raphoe, Schull to Boyle and Abbeylara to Dame Street there's a whole population that has been let down by lazy journalists.



YOUR MAGAZINE NEEDS YOU!

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

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rabble

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ABOUT US.

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.

Ask us out at
www.rabble.ie



A Revolution In Smoking.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, BEFORE VAPORISERS FOLKS USED TO ACTUALLY SMOKE SOMETHING CALLED TOBACCO?! PEG LEESON TAKES A LOOK AT A NASTY HABIT, A FACTORY THAT USED TO PRODUCE IT AND THE WOMEN WHO WORKED THERE. OF COURSE WE STILL HAVE FOLKS GETTING SACKED FOR TRYING TO START UNIONS BUT HEY WHO CHEWS TOBACCO ANYMORE?!

Look up out the back of the Victoria Train Station, not the multi-storey atrocity that is the Days hotel but onto the glittering, mosaic facade of Murray, Sons & Co Tobacco Works. Built in 1900, the rich colours and bold geometric designs hint at the Art Deco style yet to fully emerge. Situated on the corner of Linfield Road and Sandy Row the building is testament to an industrial heritage built around the North Atlantic Drift and the noxious weed produced by the - increasingly former - colonies. Yet, it also stands as testament to the island's labour movement and the pivotal, yet under-recognized, role that women play in it.

In the latter 19th-century the cigarette was gaining popularity over the more traditional cigar, snuff, pipe and chewing-tobaccos. Each variation was associated with its own laborious processing. At one end of the spectrum, cigars only required the leaves to be 'liquored', 'stripped' and 'rolled', while snuff, made for the equivalent of ears-and-arsholes needed more complicated, mechanical processing. Cut and plug tobaccos

also relied on various stages of manufacture. Cigarettes were relative newcomers, a taste bought back by veterans of the mid-19th-century Crimean War. They not only replaced the need for a pipe but were also associated with exotic sexuality from an early stage. The opera Carmen, in which the lead character works in a tobacco factory and easily seduces men, epitomises the Victorian linkage between cigarettes and the darker, untamed passions. Before full mechanisation the white cylinders were hand-rolled. Obviously, to a Victorian sexist, the delicate task was easily framed as women's work given their earlier dominance of cigar production...and the infamous match factories.

In 1907 over 1,000 female workers in the now demolished Gallagher's tobacco factory went out on strike. The act was in solidarity with seven colleagues who were sacked for attending a meeting held by Jim Larkin. The Belfast women textile workers had form. The previous year they had gone on strike for a 10% pay rise. Most of us would not recognise the working conditions that these women, and their children, endured. Hours were long, pay was crap, weekends and holidays a rarity; not far off someone working a couple of zero hour contracts.

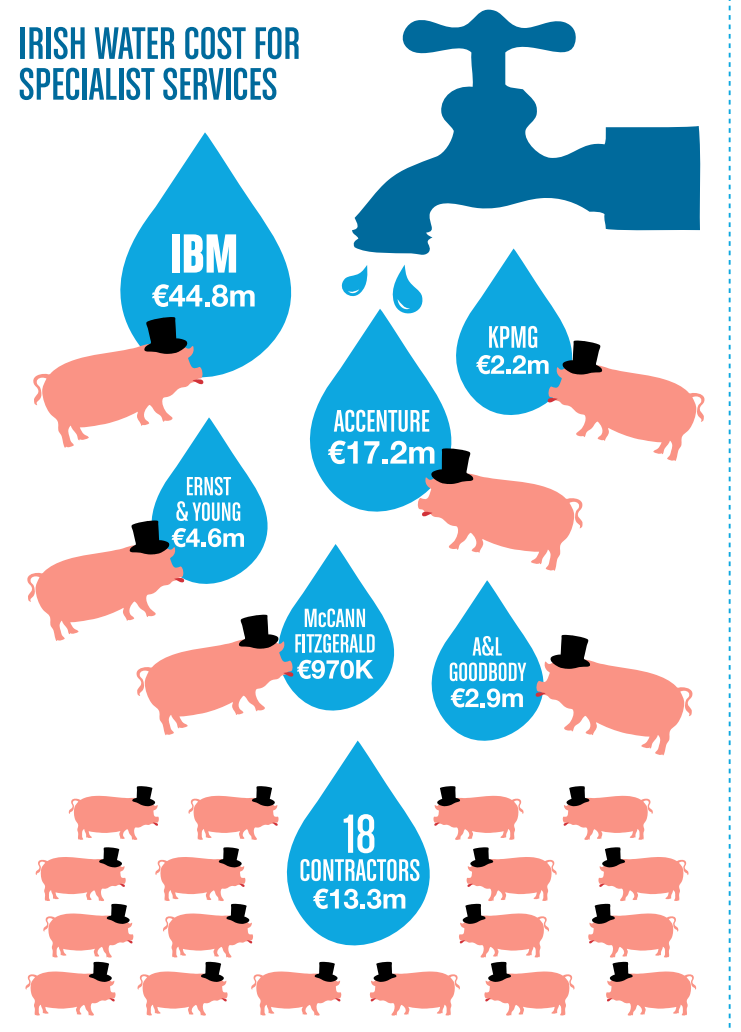
The action rippled through the city's other works and mass protest gripped Belfast, as well as other industrial centres throughout the country. It would eventually lead to the formation of the Irish Transport and General Workers Union in 1909. But even though their role was so important women found it hard to find their voice in the male-dominated labour movement. The foundation of the Women Workers Union in 1911 stands as testament to that struggle. Over a hundred years later and we are battling for basic workers rights and gender equality. Look up at the facade of the Murray's tobacco works, juxtapositioned against the tribal tricolours of Loyalist Belfast, and you'll remember we've still a long way to go and some insidious hurdles to cross.

Photo by James Redmond

GSOC BUGGING: FIRST ATTEMPT.



IRISH WATER COST FOR SPECIALIST SERVICES



A QUICKIE WITH...



THE RADIOMADE.IE HEADS DREAMT ABOUT SLAPPING A TRANSMITTER ON A ROOF BUT DECIDED TO GO THE DIGITAL ROUTE. THEY'VE BUILT A ROSTER RAMMED WITH BANTER AND CHOICE MUSIC. ALL FROM THEIR STUDIO BASE ABOVE GROGANS. PINTS?

How did the station get started? It seems to have really come into its own over the past few months?

A gang of mates who had little or no sleep began chatting about getting a transmitter together, whipping an aerial up on the roof and start lashing out offensive electro over the airwaves until the authorities would eventually find us, take the gear and stick us with a nice juicy fine. But when we realized that the whole ordeal would probably cost us our dole money for the next few years, we thought online radio might be both easier and, more importantly, cheaper. We then got a simple blog page together where you could upload podcasts, we then began recording these dreadful radio shows that consisted of a few of us sitting in a room getting drunk, shouting obscenities into the internal microphone on a laptop. Over the years, we finally found software that would stream live, and with the help of designer, Holly Brennan, we got a site together and away we went, trying desperately to get people to take it and us seriously.

What other internet stations do ye have yer ears cocked to?

There is the obvious Play FM and Power but those stations focus mainly on electronic music, which we are veering away from. We love to have that element on the station, but our philosophy is to have a wide mix of everything.

Do you think there is room on the airwaves for a station like yourselves? Is that a route you'll go down or is battling the BAI not worth the bother in this age of smartphones and streaming?

Not really, it's too expensive, it's too censored and we believe frequency radio is slowly coming to an end. People are looking online for everything now, and radio is slowly going there.

Check out radiomade.ie



Pure in Heart, the chastity-promoting organisation that shares a building with Iona Institute and visits schools to Sellotape kids together, invited Pam Stanzel to speak at one

of their events. Some highlights from her talks with US schoolkids include "If you take birth control, your mother probably hates you" and "I could look at any one of you

in the eyes right now and tell if you're going to be promiscuous."



{COMICS AND STUFF}



WHEN YOU'VE FINISHED USING THIS ISSUE TO WIPE UP ALL THE BEER SOME PRAT SPILLED ON YOUR KITCHEN FLOOR AFTER INVITING HIMSELF BACK TO YOUR GAFF, GET OVER TO OUR FACEBOOK, TWITTER AND WEBSITE AND VENT YOUR FURY. HERE'S AN UTTERLY RANDOM SELECTION OF OTHER TIME WASTERS GETTING ALL SMART ALECCY ON OUR SOCIAL MEEJA WHEN THEY SHOULD BE LOOKING FOR FULL TIME WORK.

On a news report about blue ghosts being dodgy.

Always do some serious research (check out erowid.org) on the side-effects and always start as small as possible and never be afraid to ask for advice from us at ireland@ssdp.org we will do our best to help and protect you.

- Students for Sensible Drug Policy Ireland

Starbucks Moves Into Former Anglo Irish Bank Building.

Well, they do say that sites of disease are more susceptible to infection.

- Danger Mousé

Presumably Mrs Brown will save her stall. But what of Moore St in real life? What do rabblers make of plans for the area?

Think it needs a bit of rejuvenation, but I'd love to see it stay as a market street. I'd love to see more stalls selling hot street food alongside the fruit and veg stalls!

- Cian O'Muirthile

Cian O'Callaghan sez a directly elected mayor "is absolutely pivotal." What think thee rabble?

All the relevance of Seanad reform, but perhaps lacking that sense of excitement. The kind of shite that Labour Party councillors and clowns who post comments on the Journal think will make a significant positive difference to the city.

- Nigel Irritable

Ireland has gay penguins? This will go down well with the Ionaphiles.

This is really a kind of satire on aviculture which is being conducted by gay penguins. It's not that they want to get paired; they want to destroy the institution of aviculture because they're envious of it.

- Derek Cosgrave

Royals Call For Badgers to be Gassed.

Badgers have responded by just releasing a press statement calling on all members of the British Monarchy to be gassed. They advocate these measures in order to, and I quote, "curb the spread of parasitic individuals merely taking from and not contributing to society".

- Seán Ó Floinn

Margaretta D'Arcy gets sent to jail.

Good on you Girl, at 79 it's a bloody medal you should be getting, not prison.

- Reg Morrow

A list of 10 things women couldn't do in 1970's Ireland.

My ma got thrown out of a pub in Cork for demanding a pint. So proud.

- Oisín Ó Dubhláin

Fine Gael's Paddy McCartan advertises for an unpaid intern.

Thing is, they don't WANT someone who's eligible for JobBridge on this, they don't WANT someone who's desperate for money to feed themselves with. What they really want here someone who is rich and well connected enough to not need to do it for money.

- Snackbox O'Flaherty

A list of 10 things women couldn't do in 1970's Ireland.

My ma got thrown out of a pub in Cork for demanding a pint. So proud.

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GET IN TOUCH
info@rabble.ie
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All's Loud On The CHRISTIAN FRONT

IN RECENT MONTHS THERE HAS BEEN MAJOR DEBATE ON THE ROLE OF RELIGIOUS ORGANISATIONS IN PUBLIC LIFE AND DISCOURSE, THOUGH THERE IS NOTHING NEW ABOUT CONSERVATIVE CATHOLIC ORGANISATIONS ATTEMPTING TO INFLUENCE DECISION MAKERS HERE. IN THE 1930S A NUMBER OF RELIGIOUS ANTI-COMMUNIST ORGANISATIONS EMERGED IN IRISH SOCIETY. DONAL FALLON PROFILES THE IRISH CHRISTIAN FRONT, A SHORT LIVED BUT INFLUENTIAL BODY.

If there was a monster under the bed for conservatives in 1930s Ireland, it was called communism. Among those to the right of the political spectrum, there existed a belief that Moscow was gaining more and more ground in international politics, and when coupled with the emergence of new left-wing organisations in Ireland like the Republican Congress and the rise of revolutionary forces in Spain, this was enough to spark a red scare.

Of the various anti-communist groups that emerged, the Irish Christian Front was undoubtedly the most significant. Not only did the group do its best to whip up anti-communist hysteria in Ireland, it openly championed fascist leader General Franco's coup in Spain, lobbying Irish political parties to recognise him as the legitimate leader of Spain, and sending ambulances and other supplies from Ireland to the frontlines of the Spanish civil war.

The Irish Christian Front first emerged in 1936, and in many ways was a more significant threat to the left in Irish society than organisations like it that had come before. Crucially, the organisation was led by Patrick Belton, a veteran of the Easter Rising and a respected member of the Dáil. Irish Christian Front rallies were often addressed by members of parliament, including not only Fine Gael T.D's but also representatives of Fianna Fáil, and even the Labour Party on occasion.

The first meeting of the organisation took place at the Mansion House on 28 August, and was addressed by a certain Alfie Byrne. Known in the city as "the shaking hand of Dublin", he was elected Lord Mayor nine times consecutively between 1930 and 1939. The new organisation was given strong support by the Irish Independent, who printed its

manifesto after the inaugural meeting, which noted that "the Irish Christian Front has been founded by Irish working men and women to unmask Communism and to give a lead to Irish workers."

Huge demonstrations followed the inaugural meeting. At College Green, nearly thirty thousand people mobilised on a cold October evening, and were told

The group lobbied political parties to ban communism, implement a social policy based on the Papal encyclicals and recognise General Franco...

"we repudiate Communism as an alien importation, opposed to the religious, economic and political liberties of the Irish people." At a meeting in Cork, reports on which were collected by Gardaí for security purposes, the Right Rev. Dean Sexton told a crowd that a "renegade Jewish gang in Russia" was seizing control of European society. This was a time when the radical left was unable to mobilise in any significant numbers on the streets without facing the risk of physical confrontation. In 1936, for example, there had been physical attacks on socialists partaking in an Easter commemoration at Glasnevin Cemetery. Jack White, a founding member of the Irish Citizen Army, recalled in the aftermath of this that "The pious hooligans actually came inside the cemetery and tore up the grave rails to attack us."

The Irish Christian Front proved capable both of lobbying the political establishment of the day and organising a grassroots campaign across the island. The group lobbied political parties to see if they were willing to "ban communism, implement a social policy based on the Papal encyclicals and recognise General Franco." Branches were organised in many suburbs and towns. At the launching of its Phibsboro Branch, a packed meeting was told by a Father O'Herlihy that "Communism is the plague of modern times and we have an example of it in Russia today where all liberty has been lost for the individual, the family and society."

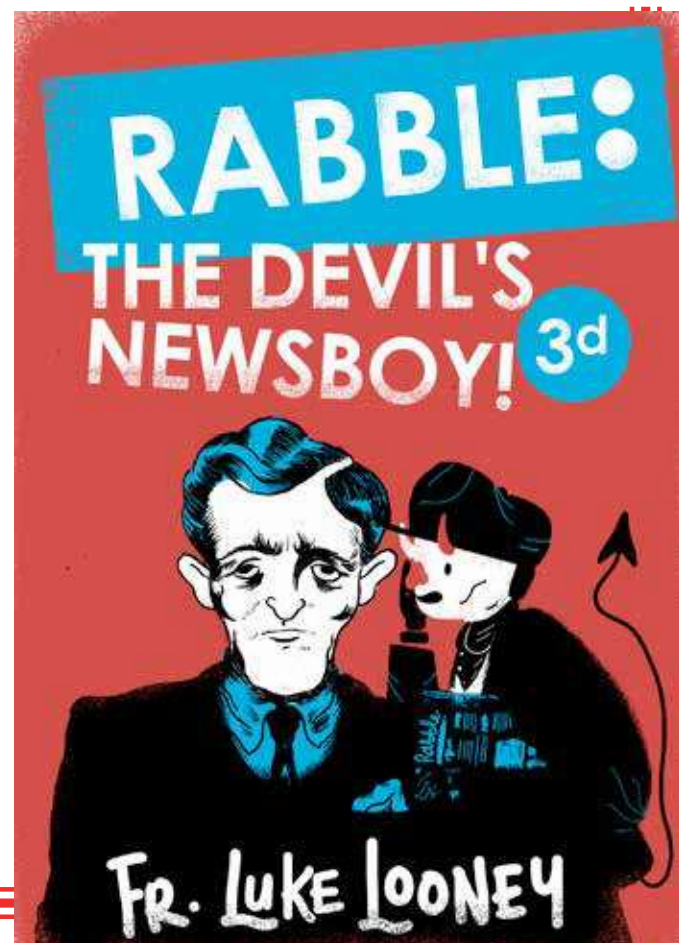
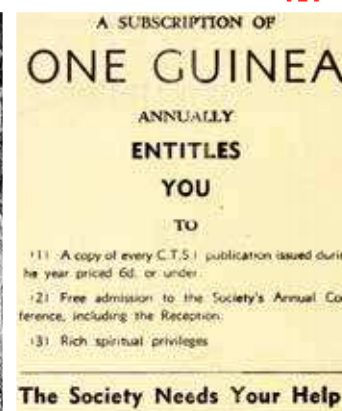
The Irish Christian Front were not alone in spreading hysteria and misinformation. The Catholic Truth Society for example produced vast quantities of pamphlets, ranging from now-comical pamphlets on issues like sexuality and the cinema, to sinister publications about communism, Freemasonry, and the invented links between the two. "Marx's self-appointed mission was to bring Atheism to the people", a priest warned in one such pamphlet, and such publications only played into the hands of Irish Christian Front recruiters. In 2013 a collection of covers of some of the more loony Catholic Truth Society pamphlets were republished as a coffee table book. One wonders what they would have made of Rabble had we been going in the 1930s.

Even by the standards of the day, the group seems to have drifted towards more and more bizarre politics, described by historian Fearghal McGarry as "negative and often unconventional subjects". Campaigns against things like Jewish immigration to Ireland were waged alongside campaigns to close down Dublin's "thriving nudist clubs". Increasingly seen as a crank, and becoming more and more anti-Semitic, Belton would lose his seat in the 1937 General Election, by which point the movement was in decline.

A disagreement over whether Irishmen should physically fight in the Spanish Civil War was decisive too, and while Belton personally opposed Irishmen going to Spain to partake in the 'crusade' against Communism, many members of the I.C.F were within Eoin O'Duffy's Irish Brigade. When O'Duffy and his men returned to Dublin after their brief sojourn in Spain in June 1937, they marched to the Mansion House where Alfie Byrne was waiting. The Lord Mayor

told the returning Blueshirts that he felt that he was voicing the opinions of all Irish liberty loving people when he said "welcome home" to the men.

Illustration by Luke Fallon. Poster from Irishelectionliterature.com



Since 2002 over 2.25 million armed US troops have gone through Shannon Airport. The numbers were at their highest in 2005 when Shannon facilitated 341,000 soldiers on their

way to war. Last year saw almost 70,000 pass through the civilian airport. For more visit Shannon-watch.org



TELL THEM EVERYTHING

MOST PEOPLE KNOW WHO MARGARETTA D'ARCY IS AND THE RIDICULOUS SITUATION SHE FOUND HERSELF IN. BUT FOR THOSE OF YOU LIVING UNDER A ROCK, WE DRAFTED DAVID FLEMMING IN TO TAKE A LOOK AT HER EXCEPTIONAL LIFE AND FIND OUT WHY SHE IS SO STEADFAST ON SHANNON'S USE BY THE US MILITARY.

Born in London in 1934 to an Irish father and a Jewish mother of Russian descent Margaretta D'Arcy has been a lifelong advocate for peace and justice and has dedicated herself to this pursuit in her work as an actress, playwright, writer and later director. She has also made a number of films with her son Finn Arden. I spoke to him to find out what his mother is like, the content of her work in collaboration with her late husband John Arden and how it was for him growing up with a rebellious Ma.

"She was always a bit of a rebel really, her background kind of seen to that. The circle she was hanging around in the late fifties would have included Francis Bacon and Brendan Behan, people like that and then she met my Dad."

With John Arden, Margaretta penned a number of plays including a 24 hour show about the life of James Connolly.

"She was a big influence on his (John Ardens) plays and after a while they began to co-write them and from then their writing became more political. My Dad wouldn't have been as radical as my Mum: she kind of brought the more political element to it".

This radicalisation continued throughout the following decades.

"At the end of the sixties and with the writing becoming more radical because of the political situation with Vietnam, Northern Ireland and everything that was going on at that time they became ostracised by the British establishment theatre and they went to Ireland but were too radical for Ireland at the time so they were ostracised from both ends really"

Following this she became more involved in Guerrilla and underground theatre movements and has written a book about her experiences entitled *LOOSE THEATRE: Memoirs of a Guerrilla Theatre Activist*.

At the beginning of the eighties Margaretta decided that she wanted to get involved with pirate radio so she set up her own station from her Galway home which featured an array of different personalities from across the societal spectrum. Through this medium she campaigned on many local, national and international issues and became a member of the World Association of Community broadcasters and the Women's International Network.

"She was also protesting in Greenham Common against the nuclear cruise missiles as well protesting for the rights of female political prisoners in Northern Ireland

at the time".

As a result of a protest in which she was arrested and refused to pay a fine, a precursor to her time now being spent in Mountjoy prison at the behest of the state, she spent six months locked up in Armagh prison in the early eighties alongside other female political prisoners including Mairead Farrell who would later be gunned down in Gibraltar. She also participated in the little publicised dirty protest that was carried out by the women of Armagh prison in conjunction with the male protest at the Maze in Antrim. She wrote a book about this entitled *Tell Them Everything*.

From theatre, writing, radio and acting Margaretta D'Arcy has also made a number of films with Finn including *Big Plane Small Axe*, following the legal trials of the peace activist Mary Kelly, *Yellow Gate Women*, documenting Margaretta's and other women's experience at Greenham and *Welcome To Our World* featuring John Arden and campaigning for an accessible city for wheelchair users in Galway. Her environmental activism is well known and she has organised or taken part in many actions in support of the community in North Mayo against Shell's nefarious pipeline about which she and Finn made the film *Shell Hell*.

Margaretta D'Arcy has had a life that is difficult to sum up in a short piece like this but the one thing of which we can be certain is that throughout her varied and interesting life she has strived to stand up for what she believes in and to campaign for human rights and fight injustice locally nationally and internationally wherever she sees fit. She should be applauded for her actions rather than being imprisoned by this state and upon her release later this will hopefully get the kind of reception that her actions warrant.

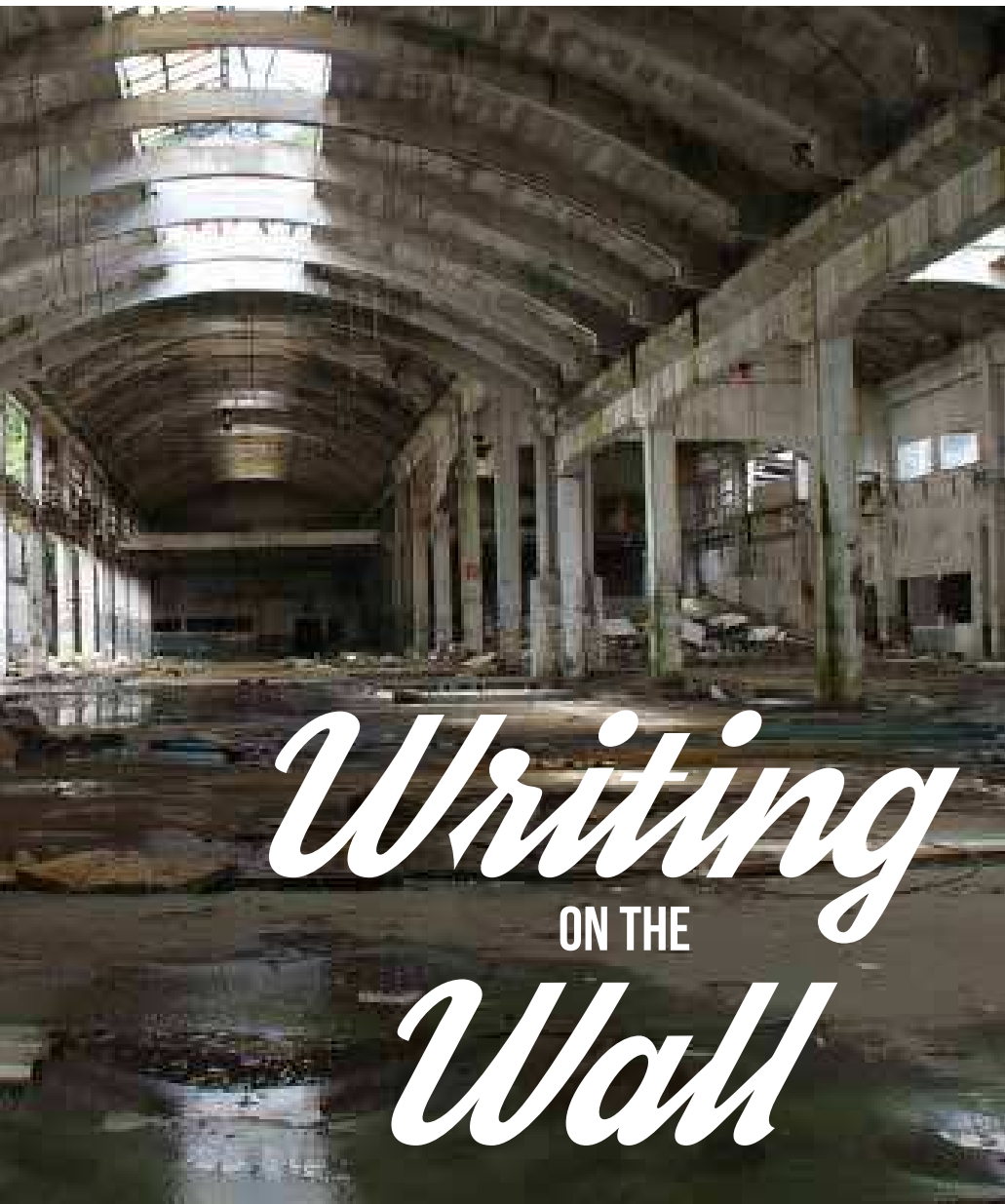
Additional information was provided by Maggie Ronayne of Global Women's Strike, Ireland.

Photo by William Hederman

It was
the
height of
the shiny
Tony
Blair
boom...



Actress,
playwright,
writer and
later director



WITH THE NUMBER OF GHOST ESTATES ACROSS THE COUNTRY ESTIMATED AT OVER 900, **STEPHEN BOURKE** TALKED TO PHOTOGRAPHER LISA FURNESS ABOUT HER WORK DOCUMENTING DERELICT BUILDINGS & SQUATTING IN IRELAND, LONDON & SPAIN.

The big criticism of Urban exploration and the like is that it's 'ruin fetishism'. How do you respond to that?

I see a lot of pictures that make empty buildings look dramatic and exciting. I see a lot of beauty in empty buildings, but I see a lot of sadness as well. For me they're places that are full of memories – inside them there's no sense of future inside them – there's just looking back.

Your project is called 'The Writing on the Wall' – what's it say?

The Guardian released a figure last week saying there were 11 million empty houses in Europe. And somehow rent seems to be going up, but no-one can afford anything any more, and there's more and more people without any homes at all. The writing on the wall's quite angry.

When I first started making my abandoned buildings pictures, it was the height of the shiny Tony Blair boom. Basically everything was packaged, and glossy and plastic, and shallow. I found the prevailing culture to be shallow. There seemed to be a real antipathy to looking behind the facade.

My abandoned buildings pictures originally came from a desire to peel back the curtains and go “Look! Here's what's underscoring everything. Here's our completely derelict industry. We're not making anything any more. Can we just stop kidding ourselves that any of this nonsense is important?”

You reckon Spain is the place that exemplifies that best?

Yeah, Spain's had the same level of property catastrophe as Ireland, you know, but it's scaled up a bit across the country. And at the same time, they have a much longer association with ideas of anarchism, and cooperativism; collectivism, and squatting. They're used to having to come up with solutions.

And what's the difference between Spanish people and Irish people?

Well, that's an interesting one. Before I came over, I was really aware of the Irish diaspora. Everywhere I've been in Europe I've met Irish people. I've generally asked them “What's the score, are there any squats going?” And generally the response I've got has been “No, there's nothing going on – that's why I left.”

After a couple of days I met a few people who are squatting in Dublin who are very passionate about it, and excited about the liberation of claiming unused spaces for something useful. I started to feel more hopeful about it.

Why did you come to Ireland?

I was just looking in January to see where I should go next, and the Irish government had just released a really useful map showing where all the partially developed buildings are. I've never ever had a resource like that. There's plans to get rid of a lot of them, so I said I'd come and see them while I can.

I was in touch with a local councillor up in Leitrim: John McCartin. He showed me a jaw-dropping number of ghost estates just covering

the place. I was genuinely really angry, because the countryside is stunningly beautiful, with the mountains and the lakes, and it's been vandalised with such thoughtless destruction. There's big crimes and there's little crimes. How can you do this and then just walk away, and get away with it when people who are using empty buildings get criminalised?

Is it important for you to capture the life living in spaces – even if it's a messy life?

One of the things I really enjoy about photographing squats is that they're buildings that really reflect the life inside them – the people who live in them express themselves very strongly in the space and on the walls, adapting it to themselves. There's usually a very fluid population, so buildings are continually changing and evolving. I've spent much of my life photographing abandoned buildings, [so] it's a really joyful experience to walk into a space and to know how empty it could feel, and to see it filled with vitality.

Squatting laws have changed in the UK, haven't they?

That particular change in the came in at exactly the same time as the cap on housing benefits came in – that cap meant a lot of people who were dependent on housing benefits in London would no longer be able to afford their houses. And coincidentally a law came through at the same time saying it was illegal to squat residential properties.

At the same time, it's not illegal – well, not criminal – to squat other kinds of properties. Non-residential properties are okay, so you get some very strange places people are living in. Restaurants, garden centres, schools, more restaurants, bars – any spaces they can find. It's quite hard in London at the moment to be honest, the turnover rate is very very fast. Places open, they get evicted, they open, they get evicted. It's quite rare to find a place that lasts any decent amount of time in London at the moment.

Do you reckon squatting gets unfair press?

One of the reasons I started this project was in response to some of the lies and the smear campaign that went on in advance of the squattinglaw changing. Like I said, there's big crimes and little crimes, and sometimes it can be difficult to tell the difference. It's a Terry Pratchett quote.

The media magnifies anything negative that happens into “look, look, these people vandalised this space, and there was this drama, and this terrible thing happened.” And the gigantic crimes of buying up vast quantities of property with no intention of doing anything but trying to turn a massive profit and leaving them empty for who knows how long waiting for the market to make you more money, and just ignoring the fact that this is causing people to no longer be able to afford their homes. This is a bigger crime.

Check out www.furnessphotography.com



Broken Britain

Cameron's constituency office called the police on the Bishop of Oxford and Reverend Hebden as they attempted to present him with an open letter on food poverty. It is estimated

that almost 1million people have visited food banks to avert hunger in the last year. 3 new food banks open every week somewhere across Britain and Northern Ireland.



AN EMPLOYER'S MARKET

A 2010 STUDY FOUND THAT IRELAND IS SEVENTH ON THE LIST OF COUNTRIES WITH THE MOST WORKPLACE BULLYING IN EUROPE. FOUR YEARS ON, IS ANYTHING GETTING BETTER? SHANNON DUVALL HAS BEEN HEARING SOME STORIES THAT SUGGEST NOT.

Defined by the Health and Safety Authority of Ireland as "repeated inappropriate behaviour, direct or indirect, whether verbal, physical or otherwise, conducted by one or more persons against another or others, at the place of work and/or in the course of employment, which could reasonably be regarded as undermining the individual's right to dignity at work", bullying has become a major problem in Ireland's recessionary workplaces.

According to Yvonne Woods of the Free Legal Advice Centre, employment issues are a constant concern:

"It's the second largest area of enquiry in our centres countrywide last year and on the phone line it's the fourth largest. So it's a very important issue. Of these, workplace bullying forms about 5-6% of employment queries."

What's going on, Ireland?

It's an employer's market, they say; words that go a long way to glossing over the often dire reality that employees are disposable vendibles, occupied in pursuit of their boss' private ambitions. Hardly news, but it still raises the question of why the need for mistreatment, and why those on the receiving end put up with it?

Meet Sarah. She recounts how the staff in one popular city centre cafe endured the unstable outbursts and belittling scrutiny of the manager, once telling Sarah in front of customers that she was "sick of the look on [her] face".

After months of denigration, she submitted her resignation by post, suffering panic attacks at the thought of returning in person. She never sought action, thinking it easier to remove herself from the situation instead; a tack often taken by those who feel forced to quit due to harassment.

Or Maedhbh, who was physically assaulted by her restaurant manager with a slap. A formal complaint was filed, but the experience of seeking justice left her deflated, as she is certain the owners to whom she turned did not act in her best interests.

An overheard phone conversation was damning evidence that they planned simply to tell Maedhbh her manager had received a warning when in fact no action had been taken.

"They just wanted to shut me up... she'd been doing this for years, but no one ever complained. Nobody wanted to stick their neck out and risk losing their job."

Today they still work together, and Maedhbh has not received evidence of any warning having been issued. She says she is always on guard.

Losing your livelihood in today's market is a terrifying prospect. Many workers in similar situations choose silence in order to keep the rent paid. But what happens when the wages are being earned to support more than just yourself?

Tim is a 22-year-old father of one and a chef by trade. A couple of years ago, Tim walked out after 65 days on the job without a break.

"Two other staff members were away on long holidays, so I was rostered to work a kitchen for a busy hotel, alone,

17 hours a day, with no days off. After two of five weeks. I asked my boss to hire a temp from an agency to fill in. The response was they couldn't afford one, since they were already paying the others holiday wages."

I asked how he managed so long.

"Maybe I was in survival mode. I could never do it again. Finally, one day I was setting up after having had only four hours off from the previous shift and a delivery came in. I was busy with important prep when the manager came round and demanded I take care of it. When I told him I couldn't be in two places at once, he said Well, you have to be. I took my apron off, clocked out and never went back. I must have slept for six days. I didn't eat. I was damaged."

Tim isn't the only one. Chris, also a single father, found things got really tough when the company he worked for brought in an 'annualised hours' policy. The new system, very beneficial for the employers, put many of the staff in impossible binds.

Under annual hours systems the 40 hour per week requirement is replaced by 2,080 hours-per-year. This means that employees may be required to work extra at short notice, which can disrupt other engagements.

When the extra hours were added, sometimes as many as five on top of a normal workday, they conflicted with the schedule at Chris' son's creche. Initially, the conflict was resolved with

the manager, and the extra time worked from home. But HR stepped in.

"I was told I had to be on the premises for the entire working day, no exceptions, and I had one week to change my personal circumstances or receive disciplinary action."

The stress of bureaucracy was enormous. Anxiety and insomnia set in as Chris tried to make adjustments. His doctor issued a sick note, with orders to take two weeks off. Upon return to work, Chris' sick pay was refused. The imbalance forced him to resign.

There are those who would argue that if you can't stand the heat, you should get out of the kitchen. You're lucky to even have a job! After all, times are tough, and we all have to put up with things we find wrong. Right?

jobsearch.about.com has an online article on keeping your job in the recession. It advises the humble peon to keep his mouth shut when confronted with a bad situation at work. Don't complain, it decrees. Nobody likes complainers, regardless of how legitimate the complaints are. No matter how legitimate the complaints are? Seriously?? It goes on: If you don't like your job... there are plenty of others who would jump at the chance to get it. Ah. So that's it.

For many people, the recessionary workplace has become a brutal proving ground. Why risk your livelihood? Better to just suck it up and join the 50% of bullied employees who statistically don't report incidents, choosing instead to practice conflict avoidance and go home defeated.

Is this good advice? I have a better idea.

It's no secret that treating staff well brings big benefits for the keen employer. The Harvard Business Review - that bastion of capital - tells us that maintaining a happy workforce creates an environment other people like to spend time in and is paramount to the longevity and reputation of the venture.

Loyalty and productivity are boosted, staff take fewer sick days, and become more committed to developing their talents. Conversely, when poor workplace practices are normalised, and incivility is tolerated, the repercussions are patent: bullied workers suffer anxiety, fatigue, depression, illness, low morale, and desperation.

While many organizations exist to inform and protect workers, it remains an unfortunate reality that under current Irish law, there are no specific provisions for dealing with bullying itself. For now, it's up to us to work towards a better system because the problem is on the rise.

SIPTU are currently handling 130 such complaints - an all-time high. I spoke with SIPTU rep Tom Driscoll, who suggests we follow the example of Australia's labour laws, "for €42 victims can seek an injunction from the Australian Fair Work Commission, which (will) legally restrain the perpetrator" from any further bullying.

If we in Ireland start paying attention, we can work toward making similar changes, stamping out the brow-beaters once and for all, and getting Ireland off that list.

Illustration by Phil Barrett.



SIPTU are currently handling 130 such complaints - an all-time high...

WHO WORKS HERE BELONGS HERE



THE MIGRANT RIGHTS CENTRE IRELAND HAS BEEN KICKING AGAINST THE PRICKS FOR TEN YEARS NOW. **RASHERS TIERNEY** SAT DOWN WITH **AOIFE MURPHY** FOR A CHAT TO SEE HOW THE BATTLE FOR INCLUSIVITY IS PROGRESSING IN THIS LAND OF THE SO-CALLED THOUSAND WELCOMES.

We've collected anecdotal accounts of the rise of workplace bullying during the recession. Is the hidden sector of Domestic Work an area that is particularly open to bullying and abusive behavior from employers?

Every week, our caseworkers deal with numerous cases of exploitation, denial of basic employment rights, discrimination and abuse. The work permit system - where people are tied to one employer - increases the risk of exploitation and abuse: people are afraid to make waves in case the employer terminates their contract and they are left jobless, with no opportunity to change jobs or access social welfare.

In 2012 over half of the domestic works we researched had experienced discrimination and racism in the workplace. Over a quarter of respondents reported that they were not allowed to speak their native language, even during break time. The study was small-scale, but the results are consistent with what we've seen over the years. We've supported hundreds of migrant workers to go to the Labour Courts for repeated and serious breaches of their employment rights; unfortunately, that's probably just the tip of the iceberg.

For example Au Pair work: People seem to think that if you call someone an au pair, they're not entitled to minimum wage or basic employment rights; that's simply not the case.

How do you encourage agency among those you work with?

Building leadership and empowering people is central to our work; it's vital that people have a voice on the issues that

affect their lives. MRCI uses a community work approach, which means people need to be involved in making decisions and bringing about change. We do this through campaign groups made up of people affected by an issue - for example, some 300 domestic workers are members of our Domestic Workers Action Group, while Justice for the Undocumented has a membership of over 700 - and we implement a range of programmes for people to develop leadership, advocacy and campaigning skills. Other groups are made up of victims of forced labour, young people accessing third level, and previously, restaurant workers and mushroom workers.

Are we a hypocritical people when it comes to migration issues?

I think we have far greater empathy with migrants than certain other nations, although sometimes we might need reminding that every one of our emigrants is also an immigrant! On the issue of the undocumented in particular - actually, there is substantial public support for the undocumented in Ireland, perhaps because so many families have experienced the pain of separation from their undocumented relatives in the US. We have cross-party support now for the idea of Earned Regularisation, there's widespread recognition that it's a pragmatic and straightforward solution.

The reports of racist bullying in the Making Ireland Home documentary are pretty shocking. Is our media failing us in covering these experiences?

Some media - like rabble, thank you! - have taken up this issue, but it can seem as though the debate is stuck at "Does racism really exist in Ireland?" rather than, "What can we do to combat racism here?"

We're part of the European Network Against Racism (ENAR) Ireland, which is doing extraordinary work mapping racism across Ireland through www.iReport.ie. People can report racist incidents they witness to the site. Racism does exist in Ireland; hopefully with this evidence, the debate can finally move forward.

Photo by Paul Reynolds.





Raze the prisons
to the ground

G4S the world's largest security firm are believed to be favourites to win the contract to 'provide' JobPath forced labour schemes in Ireland. Famous for their bungling of the London Olympics when

the army had to be called in to back them and infamous for their provision of imprisonment of innocent Palestinian children. Nice.



The MISSIONARY POSITION

Mammy is embarrassed.



WHILST THE REST OF THE WESTERN WORLD WAS IN THE MIDST OF THE STI-SWAPPING FRENZY THAT WAS THE SIXTIES, IRELAND WAS ON ITS KNEES WAITING OUTSIDE A CONFESSION BOX. SHEILA LAFFERTY, GETS UNDER THE COVERS AND GETS TO GRIPS WITH IRISH SEXUAL CLUELESSNESS.

A sordid mix of Victorian neurosis and Rome rule meant that sex in 20th-century Ireland became a silent taboo that only happened behind closed doors, under blankets, with the lights off and supposedly with repopulation in mind. Most people didn't understand where babies came from, let alone what an orgasm sounded like. The moral crusade against sex, masturbation and all things fun continued for decades powered by prayer, tea and priests sexual frustrations until Ireland joined the EU and sprinted to catch up with modernity.

The UN has been continuously placing pressure on the Irish government to implement a National Sexual Health Strategy stressing that a comprehensive sex education is a human right. So much so that it is protected under the terms of Article 11.2 of the European Social Charter, ensuring that sex is not only safe but also enjoyable.

Sex education began in Ireland at the tail end of the 90s. The emerging abuse scandals paved the way for the primary level Stay Safe programme. The AIDS crisis saw the Department of Education and Skills instigate its Relationship and Sexuality education policy in 1997. Well intentioned (or fire-fighting) but not exactly the best place to start from when teaching people about shits 'n' giggles in the sack.

It wasn't until 2012 that the Irish Study of Sexual Health and Relationships. It confirmed that half of the Irish population have never received any sex education of any form, and the other half had gained it through a mish-mash of sources, namely priests and porn.

Niall Behan, CEO of IFPA, explains: "In theory, there is a strong Relationships and Sexuality Education (RSE) curriculum in place in Ireland. However in reality there is major inconsistency in its quality and implementation across schools.

Many schools lack the resources to include it into an already over-crowded curriculum. In other schools, the provision and content of RSE may be dependent on other factors such as the ethos of the teacher, principal or board of management." Okay so the will is willing but the body is weak?!

Ann says: Mammy, what is a clitoris?

embarrassed

clitoris

Illustration by Mice



Sex became a silent taboo that only happened behind closed doors under blankets with the lights off and supposedly with repopulation in mind

The Department of Education and Skills are ultimately responsible for implementing sex education. Hats off to them they are doing a great job, their inspectorate report from November 2013 deemed 39 out of the 63 schools they had a good nose around displayed "evident weaknesses" in their RSE programmes. That is nearly 50%. No wonder beer is our favourite sex-toy. Seventeen years after implementation many schools are still awaiting on their school boards to deliver the RSE programme at all.

If you're 'lucky' enough to receive formal sex education in Ireland it too often falls into the doom and gloom category - riding means AIDS, babies and every venereal disease known to mankind. This doesn't leave much room for the fun parts, nor does it explore sexuality which for the most part is approached in an Anne and Barry fashion.

RSE doesn't pay heed that these days Ann may not be all that arsed with marriage and is in fact into Tara and her brother Barry hangs out with Ben a lot and they like to play with lots of different boys and girls. Sexual fluidity is unfortunately well beyond the remit of RSE which tends to be more concerned with keeping young wans from getting up the pole and having to leg it across to the mainland for 'a solution'.

According to UNICEF 57% of the yuff in Ireland rely upon porn as the ultimate sex teacher. As we all know porn provides very realistic portrayals of sex which lives in a land of penetration where men with penises the size of yard sticks can buck for hours while woman with boobs up to their chins and hair extensions down to their arses scream happily and no one ever asks the other party about what they want to do...or wears a condom..

Of course, trial-and-error is another great teacher. Experiences range from the hilarious any holes a goal, to people ending up in situations which they don't have the tools to negotiate, where neither party understands good consent and people wind up hurt. Predictably media coverage of consent is portrayed when it is most violently violated but never explores the many grey areas where too many assaults occur.

The 2002 Report on Sexual Abuse and Violence in Ireland was the first of its kind. Its findings make grim reading - 42 per cent of women and 28 per cent of men experienced some form of sexual abuse or assault within their lifetime.. A petrifying statistic but useful when it comes to framing why informed, enthusiastic consent is such an essential part of sex.

Sex is a huge part of life and remains one of the few free things you can do without someone slapping a tax on it. Well actually, once upon a time there was a luxury tax on johnnies but the then Minister for Finance Brian Cowen realised it's actually poor people that you don't want to have

any babies, so the tax was dropped to 13.5% in 2008.

In University condoms are lashed around left right and centre, reminders for STD screenings adorn every jacks back door, and whispers of booze influences and consent are beginning to flourish on campus. But not all of us traipse past those prohibitively expensive college gates. Sex Education needs to provide more than the mere mechanics of the horizontal dance. It needs to develop an etiquette that is relevant and accessible to all regardless of which way they roll from school.

"Condom education was dismissed as an impossibility to talk about in the nineties, this is where we are at now in regards to consent" says Cliona Saidléar, Policy and Communications Officer with the Rape Crisis Network Ireland.

The RCNI alongside BeLonGTo, a national youth group for LGBT young people, have both drawn up modules for REAL U. An informal sex-ed programme devised with Foroige and funded by the Marie Keating Foundation and the HSE Crisis pregnancy programme.

The modules look at areas such as consent, sexuality, gender and the pragmatics against a backdrop of personal development. It bolsters positive body image, within real world instances which involves scoring folk, dropping hands in hormonal flurries, watching porn, the impact of boozing and all the other bits you can't address in segregated classrooms. This integrated approach teaches not only how to use a condom but how to negotiate what you want and what you are comfortable with before you even get to that point.

This group of all stars got together and streamlined themselves, drew up a manual, developed a training course, gained a national platform through Foroige, Ireland largest youth organisation, and got busy. They intend to train five hundred teachers and youth workers and hand over their toolkit to enable happier sex and stronger people. All of this without awaiting for an EU directive or a telling off from the UN.

Formal sex education in less than twenty years has successfully lowered rates of STD's and lowered the rate of teen pregnancies. Organisations such as IFPA continue to lobby on our behalf to enhance our safety and sexy antics. It's brilliant that the all stars are ensuring more positivity and satisfaction for the whipper snappers of tomorrow, but what about us decrepit yolks over the age of twenty five?

Employers and the dole aren't going to sit any of us down and chat about the ways and means in which we score and ride anytime soon. Many of us still need to bridge the gap between what the sexually inactive clerics told us, where porn misguided us and what experiences have taught us.

IRELAND'S SEXUALITY WAS SERVED UP BY THE VICTORIANS, AND REMAINED ON THE TABLE LIKE A FLACCID COLD FISH WHOSE MANKY REMNANTS STILL PERMEATE THROUGH THE POPULATION TODAY

1861

First biggies were banning abortions and homosexuality, that was under British rule. Offences against the Persons Act, stopping abortion for then through until now as it still exists in its oppressive glory

1885

Criminal law amendment act forbidding bum fun until 1994

1929

Censorship of Publications Act Irelands response to the dirt bags across the pond enacting family planning policies- the act prohibited importing, selling, distributing or publishing anything related to the many ways and means of stopping families becoming the size of a GAA team

1935

Criminal Law Amendment Act, perhaps worried about the future weight of the churches collection basket the 1929 act was amended by banning the sale, importation and advertising of any contraceptives--- also the legal age of riding was upped to 17

1946

Bringing less fun with every act as Ireland's birth rates soured like skyrockets the Censorship of Publications Act 1946 was introduced preventing contraceptive knowledge, now anything relating to sex could be withheld from the nation-

1971

The future Prez Mary Robinson attempted to propose a bill amending the acts that were flooding Ireland with children; the bill was denied a reading and not allowed to be published

1976

IFPA family planning book well into its second addition got banned, luckily a nationwide game of Chinese whispers began and mis information ran rampantly around the island on baby dodging techniques

1990

MAY. Virgin Megastore is taken to court for selling condoms on their countertops. The case is lost and U2 stepped in to pay the fine, helping gather international shame for Ireland. Bono has yet to anything useful for the country since.

1993

The year the country finally got down and dirty homosexuality was decriminalised, the state declared surrender to condoms realising the decades of war they had waged against them were futile.

2000

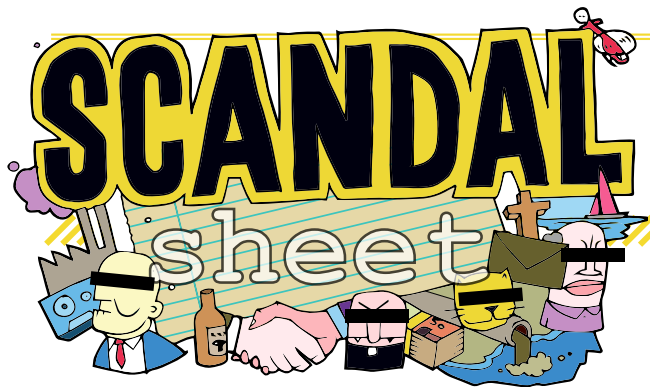
Irelands buddy in shite policies Greece is the only other country in Europe that won't grant a licence for the morning after pill.

2003

Former Taoiseach John Bruton, opposes a cartoon style safe sex book aimed at youngsters to spare the wee innocent minds and Irelands famously progressive national broadcaster still upholds its ban on advertising condoms

2003

HPV vaccines are widely contested and prevented from being rolled out. Somehow vaccinating against cervical cancer activates the whole chromosome a condition only found within Irish secondary schools.



Prior Record

Before his time at GSOC, MET commander Simon O'Brien lead a massive media campaign against "demonstrators bent on

violence" at the 2009 G20. "If anyone wants to come to London to engage in disorder, they will be met with swift

and efficient policing" he said before the day ended with the death of Ian Tomlinson.



THE OMBUDSMAN'S FALSE TEETH

AN GARDA SIOCHANA AND GSOC. THEY DON'T LIKE EACH OTHER, RIGHT? YOU WOULD EXPECT THIS TYPE OF RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN THE POLICE AND A BODY TASKED TO TACKLING POLICE ABUSES AND CORRUPTION. IMMEDIATELY AFTER ALLEGATIONS OF GSOC'S SURVEILLANCE SURFACED, TEETH WERE BARED, FUR FLEW AND BLOOD WAS DRAWN. MARK MALONE TAKES STOCK OF THE SCRAP.



The commissioner and Alan Shatter both came out with statements riddled half truths. But after a week or so a truce of sorts was called. Then it blew up again. Shatter has apologised to the whistleblowers but it's done little to endear him.

The sum of allegations that have been placed in public view suggest systemic corruption, malpractice and a culture of covering up by the highest levels of An Garda Síochána.

The government has known this since at least the Smithwick Tribunal, which was set up to look at potential collusion between the police force and the Provisional IRA. It found that "on the balance of probability" someone in Dundalk Garda station provided information to the PIRA. That helped set up the murder of two RUC officers leaving the station in 1989.

What gets less coverage is Judge Smithwick's statement that "there is an ingrained culture of prioritising loyalty to the good name of the force over the legal, moral and ethical obligation owed to give truthful evidence to the Tribunal". Truth comes way down the list after ass-covering.

In autumn of 2013 "Making Policing History: Studies of Garda Violence and Resources for Police Reform" was published by the Garda Research Institute. The report's authors, composed of residents, community workers and educators, chose to remain anonymous for fear of professional and personal impacts.

They set out "to understand how the silence about the Gardaí is maintained, be it through coercion, ignorance or shared illusions... For us the disparity between the public and private conversations on policing in Irish society reflects broader social inequalities in power and wealth."

The content makes uncomfortable reading. Who would argue with their conclusions that "powerful people have the ability to impose silence on ordinary people" and that "uncomfortable truths can remain hidden for decades"?

So what about GSOC? Given what we know about policing and institutional corruption in this state, they must have been having a field day. Why else would they be being bugged? Well, not so simple.

The Garda Síochána is held by many across the country with disdain and fear rather than respect and support. The Irish Times held a poll 10 years ago that found that 37% of people have no confidence in it.

GSOC has had 2000 complaints every year. Its own surveys found that 1 in 20 people had reason to complain about the Gardaí.

They should, but what we saw in the wake of Martin Callinan's sacking shows their impotence. We learned that their response to the widespread recording of calls in and out of 20 police stations was not to advise stopping these recording but to stop using them as evidence in court.

Former Garda Ombudsman Conor Brady, also former editor of the Irish Times, has been pretty straight-up in print and broadcast media saying GSOC's hands have been tied from the start. "Either we want a functioning, independent, effective supervision of our police system or we don't. My suspicion is the establishment doesn't actually want it any more. It might be better to just face up to it honestly and just wrap it up."

You get a very different perspective on GSOC when you start looking at the people and cases with which it has had direct dealings.

There have been 28 deaths in Garda custody over the past decade, some of which have raised serious questions about violence within police stations. As noted by the Garda Research Institute, "the people who are most likely to experience police brutality, coercion and intimidation are young working class



men.”

20-year-old Terence Wheelock died on September 6th 2005. He never regained consciousness following his arrest and detention at Store Street Garda station. The Gardaí’s claim that he committed suicide has always been rejected by the family. The station arranged a complete refurbishment of his cell within 24 hours of Terence being taken to hospital and no physical evidence remained to substantiate their claims.

The Justice for Terence Wheelock campaign started by his family and with widespread support in Dublin’s working-class inner-city communities it uncovered police tampering with Terence’s charge sheet and the hiding of bloodied clothes from his family. GSOC took on this case but stated there was no evidence of police harm to Terence despite extensive bruising to his body.

Interviewed in 2007 Terence’s brother Larry noted that the Gardaí have “total disrespect for lads in working-class areas. I think ninety percent of the Gardaí join wanting to do good but they end up in the inner-city and [get] corrupted along the way...It becomes ‘these are all scumbags’, ‘treat these in a certain way’ and the attitude is ‘everyone is a criminal in the north inner-city’.”

Larry’s family had to move home due to continued Garda harassment. A police force that intimidates a family merely for seeking justice and some semblance of peace can hardly expect to have the faith or generosity of the community.

It’s not just our inner-city communities where people are treated ‘in a certain way’. What the communities in Bellanaboy and Rosspoint in west Mayo have suffered is most accurately described as corporate-sponsored political policing.

Violence at demonstrations, illegal detentions, physical and emotional intimidation of the local community, threats of sexual violence, lying in court and fitting people up. These have been part of the modus operandi of the Gardaí there for the best part of a decade.

Taken together they are the largest group of complaints against the police force since the formation of the state. In recognition of how off-the-scale this is Bishop Desmond Tutu, a veteran of anti-apartheid struggles in South Africa, has joined calls for fully independent and international inquiry into policing at Corrib.

Yet no prosecutions forthcoming, and no disciplinary action taken. The Garda commissioner simply refused to follow the only GSOC recommendation for disciplinary action from hundreds of complaints. This was against a named Superintendent who is now

serving in Pearse Street regularly policing political demonstrations. He recklessly forced a digger through a group of peaceful protestors on a pier in 2007.

GSOC’s Chairperson sent correspondence to the complainant that says everything about the organisation’s lack of bite. “It is important to note that the Act does not ascribe to the Commission a role whereby it can make a finding against a member of the Garda Síochána or the Garda Síochána as an organization.”

GSOC didn’t even attempt to fulfill its role in what became know as the “rape tapes”. The Gardaí arrested two women (who they released without charge) and accidentally recorded themselves laughing about using the threat of rape and deportation against them to force information from them. GSOC themselves began an ‘investigation’.

They briefed journalists that the women were resisting the investigation. The women were subsequently treated to spin, lies and intimidation by GSOC, the Dept of Justice and Garda Press Office, who co-ordinated false claims of tampering with digital files. RTÉ’s Paul Reynolds made the same claim for which RTÉ was forced to broadcast an apology.

Martin Callinan has been sacked. There have been many calls for Alan Shatter to follow him. But the road to Garda accountability is much longer than that, and it runs through GSOC too.

Illustration by Redmonk.

Photos by Paul Reynolds.

What the communities in Bellanaboy & Rosspoint in west Mayo have suffered is most accurately described as corporate-sponsored political policing...

remember when they...



WHEN WE POSTED VIDEO FOOTAGE OF THE GARDA RIOT AT RECLAIM THE STREETS 2002 ON FACEPUKE, WE WINCED WHEN SOME OF YE DIDN’T INSTANTLY RECOGNISE IT. NOT REMEMBERING WORLD CUP 1990, FAIR ENOUGH - RTS? SHIT, SOME OF YE REALLY ARE GREEN AROUND THE EARS. US OLD CODGERS DUSTED OFF SOME MEMORIES OF PIGS MISBEHAVING AND COMPILED SOME OF THE WORST INCIDENTS.

Corrib: Several international human rights organisations have raised the alarm about how both Gardaí and Shell’s private security firm IRMS have dealt with protests around the Corrib Gas project. Former Garda sergeant and human rights observer Benny McCabe, reporting to justice and peace organization Afri, said that policing of Corrib had been an “anathema to the spirit of community policing”. He said: “Gardaí have been acting with impunity in north Mayo.” In 2007, Garda Superintendent Joe Gannon used a JCB and about 20 Gardaí to force through a crowd of local people gathered to support a local publican who didn’t want Shell using his land. The man phoned his solicitor and tried to get Gannon to speak to him, but instead Gannon got one of his men to cut the lock on the gate and help Shell get their way.

Reclaim The Streets 2002: In total the police riot put 12 people in hospital and resulted in 24 arrests, one song by Paranoid Visions and hapes of video mash ups; charges of assault against 7 gardaí never made it to court and the one that did, that of Donal ‘Robocop’ Corcoran, resulted in acquittal. No disciplinary action was taken and a senior Garda blamed The Slate for the ruckus. The satirical magazine didn’t mince its response, with a “Pigs Out” cover featuring one of Templemore’s finest getting guillotined.

Donegal: Senior Gardaí planted hoax bombs and ammunition in the early 90’s to impress the RUC and their superiors with their detective skills. Superintendent Kevin Lennon and Detective Garda Noel McMahon enlisted the help of a star-struck Adrienne McGlinchey who ground fertiliser by hand in a coffee machine while watching television in her flat, stored bomb-making equipment in her bedroom, and delivered hoax weapons. She even made fake pieces of ammunition to the police officers’ specifications, including a bizarre “metal tube with fins coming out of it”. The Guards told the RUC that this was a new prototype IRA rocket.

Republicans: While intimidation and physical force was used against Republicans in Ireland throughout our short post-independence history many believe that the days of the Heavy Gang – an internationally renowned group under the guidance of Commissioner Ned Garvey, later believed to have been working for British Intelligence, which beat, tortured and fitted up mainly republican suspects for crimes – it must be remembered that the ‘branch’ haven’t gone away. One Dublin political activist we spoke to is regularly approached on the street or in shops and has his details and registration plate recited to him by men in plain clothes.

All photos from Indymedia.ie





THE IONA MIND

ARE WE LIVING IN AN IRELAND OF TWO HALVES? ONE LOOKING TOWARDS A FUTURE OF EQUAL RIGHTS FOR ALL, FREE FROM THE CLUTCHES OF A CHURCH BATHED IN CONTROVERSY, THE OTHER WITH MORE OF A MEDIEVAL TAKE ON THINGS: ANTI-WOMEN, ANTI-LGBT, ANTI-CHOICE? OIREACHTAS RETORT INVESTIGATES THE PROPORTIONS AND FINDS THAT IT APPEARS TO BE A MINORITY MAKING THE MOST NOISE.

It would be easy to think of the Iona Institute as a painfully Irish phenomenon. True, it is a response to the dilemma of declining of clerical credibility but tactically and rhetorically much of their method is straight from a playbook of 'culture war'.

In the wake of Savita Halappanavar's death, politicians, like lemmings, repeated the claim that abortion is a 'divisive issue'. Maybe true for some backbenchers but throughout the following months an overwhelming majority just wanted women to stop dying needless deaths in Irish hospitals. Yet day after day we were subjected to a fringe view presented as the credible side of an argument. As legislation made its way through the Oireachtas we saw the most dire predictions for Fine Gael's future but they actually went up in opinion polls after the final vote.

So key then, to Iona is presenting themselves as representative of broader public opinion. Like Ronald Reagan's silent moral majority which has since evolved to FOX News and where we find American society 'polarised'. The truth is most people are far more moderate and flexible than well placed commentators and deep pockets would have us believe. Keeping the anger on 'wedge issues' like gun control serves a particular purpose for the Republican Party but it has been taken up by certain breed of newspaper columnist everywhere. A kind of assumed mandate is relatively easy attain within narrow Irish media debate and as old authority ebbs we see this supplemented with a posture of victimhood. Siege mentality against an alleged 'consensus'. In this way it really doesn't matter how events unfold beyond the opinion pages. The more you lose the more you stand as the brave lone voice willing to speak out.

In a country said to be abandoning religion faster than almost any other nation who does the Iona Institute represent? There is a common concern about their access to media - with weekly national columns it is more than most of us - but regular broadcast appearance is down to complacency at RTÉ rather than anything sinister. Iona know how to play the media game and were more or less established for this purpose. 'Balance' as it presents itself on RTÉ where information on issues will always lose out to 'two sides' across the table between ad breaks. Iona are almost always available for an argument and the more you are available the more the phone rings. Simple as that. Why else would someone like John McGuirk be on television. Is it not telling that when they went off the radar in January their argument was left to people like Paddy Manning. Several appearances on RTÉ, TV2 and TodayFM in a matter of days and someone whose view would be considered a minority within LGBT circles nevermind the wider public.

The truth is most people are far more moderate and flexible than well placed commentators and deep pockets would have us believe...

Lolek Limited, as Iona would be known to revenue if they paid any, is a reference to Karol Józef Wojtyła. A Polish boy left so disadvantaged by a lone parent household that he went on to become Pope John Paul II. On Marian Finucane recently Breda O'Brien became quite defensive when pressed on basic details of their operation. Curious reluctance descended and we are to believe the odd "tenner from grannies in Donegal" is paying for an office on Merrion Square, two salaries, 'research', polling, advertising, a website and poxy youtube animations. Lolek's most recent accounts show income approaching half million euro over two years.

On launch in 2007 Breda claimed that 'patrons do little more the lend their name' though her own level of involvement suggests a bit more. It is worth noting that private hospital kingpin James Sheehan saw profits of €40.3m in Dublin alone between 2010 and 2012. In an interview last year the founder of Blackrock Clinic said that "with the religious orders largely withdrawing from health care due to lack of numbers, I felt it was important that those of us in the laity took up that role, to propagate the culture of Catholic hospitals". This is a mirror image of Iona's wider motivations but also in a country where an Archbishop remains, albeit reluctant, chairman of the National Maternity Hospital.

The unrelenting focus on women, wombs, sex, contraception, sex, abortion, IVF, homosexuality and of course sex would suggest more than a passing interest in birth rates and indeed the issue is a regular feature in columns and website. Typically this is couched in secular concern about pensions and healthcare but the occasional press release like 'demographics show world set for religious resurgence' hint closer to the truth. 'Islam set to become country's second biggest religion' hints perhaps even closer.

Attention to all things conjugal began its modern incarnation with Pius XI and Casti Connubii,

or 'Chaste Marriage', which laid the ground for Humanae Vitae. Without quoting too much out of context a flavour goes 'from this union of souls [matrimony] by God's decree, a sacred and inviolable bond arises. [...] From this it is clear that legitimately constituted authority has the right and therefore the duty to restrict, to prevent, and to punish those base unions which are opposed to reason and to nature' and earlier Leo XIII "to take away from man the natural and primeval right of marriage, to circumscribe in any way the principal ends of marriage laid down in the beginning by God Himself in the words 'Increase and multiply', is beyond the power of any human law."

Unfortunately Iona tactically avoid quoting old Popes but you can trace an easy line from 1930 encyclicals to the opinion pages of Saturday's Irish Times. Writing in 2006 Breda claimed 'on average married people are physically healthier and have lower mortality rates. They live more regular and secure lives, suffer from less anxiety, depression and other mental ailments. Serious violence among married couples is uncommon while violence of all kinds is much less frequent than among cohabiting couples'. If this is what she truly believes then this is the stability and wellbeing she actively campaigns to deny others.

Columns often come with a token two sentence acknowledgement of the difficulty that comes with being gay in a straight world, as if the Iona Institute are somehow removed from it, but it is notable that in almost fifteen years writing about her pet obsessions with LGBT, kids, marriage and religion O'Brien's only real examination of Rome's 'hard teaching on homosexuality' was a 2005 column on the difficulty faced by gay priests. Looking back from 2014 it's interesting to read that 'given the danger of stirring up homophobia, those who present his teachings today have responsibility to reflect that compassion unambiguously in word and deed'.

With barriers around guardianship and adoption due to be addressed in the recently published Children and Family Relationship Bill, all we are left with is marriage. Months ahead of any referendum there will be no legitimate question of children and only the right of two consenting adults to live their own lives. Breda is perhaps more frank in a column from 2006 stating 'simply because there are changes in society does not mean we need to enshrine them in law. Laws are more than rules: they also set standards that influence behaviour'. So surprise surprise, if these are the standards our society sets, the more our society is at odds with the Roman Catholic Church.





HICKITY-CHECK YO SELF

HARRY BROWNE AUTHOR OF THE FRONTMAN: BONO (IN THE NAME OF POWER) GIVES US THE LOW DOWN ON DEFAMATION, LIBEL & THE ALMIGHTY POWER OF THE LITIGIOUS.

Libel is scary. As professional reporters, editors, presenters and producers, libel haunts us.

In our every working moment, and in all too much leisure-time too, lurks the fear that we've said or suggested something, or we're about to say or suggest something, that could damage a person's reputation and that we can't demonstrate definitively to be true.

We may have done it accidentally. We may not even have named the offended person. Some civilian might have slipped it in on a phone-in. We may have been obviously (to us) joking. No matter. We fear seeing letters on solicitors' headed notepaper, knowing that even if we're in the right we'll probably have to pay some lawyer to tell us so.

And so comes caution. Excessive caution. When I worked in the Irish Times, we were under instruction to avoid printing pretty much anything at all about 'financier' Dermot Desmond, lest his lawyers engage us. Once I wrote something about concert promoter Denis Desmond and the sub-editor wanted to kill it, just because of the resemblance of the name to the dreaded Dermot's.

And then there was that other fearsomely litigious type, Denis O'Brien. It's funny, in a stomach-sinking sort of way, to think that O'Brien, with Dermot Desmond alongside him among the main shareholders, now controls Independent newspapers.

On the other hand, if you're not rich, lawyered and with some semblance of decent reputation to protect, you don't scare us so much. One reason some newspapers love to fill their pages with fearless (er, scurrilous) attacks on 'scumbag' criminals is that those guys have track records that would see them laughed out of libel court.

The Defamation Act 2009, which is now the only relevant legislation in town, says "'defamatory statement' means one that 'tends to injure a person's reputation in the eyes of reasonable members of society'". No reputation, no defamation, scumbag.

So the sweet ubiquity of Paul Williams is, in a real sense, a consequence of our libel environment.

Defamation is a tort, not a crime. You get sued, not prosecuted. And the law, in its perhaps-slightly-improved 2009 incarnation, seems to offer some pretty good defences. The old reliable one -- that

the relevant statement is actually true, though it's up to the defendant to prove it -- is joined by the defence that the statement consisted of "honest opinion", and by a couple of helpful "public interest" references, e.g. "fair and reasonable publication on a matter of public interest".

The fine "open letter to RTE" by barrister Brian Barrington that did the rounds at the height of the Panti scandal was based mainly on the idea that the statements on homophobia voiced on TV by Panti (Rory O'Neill) were honest opinions. On the face of it, this seemed incontrovertible, and people were rightly enraged that RTE had backed down so quickly. A public-interest defence might also have been deployed.

But surely RTE wasn't lying about the legal advice it got to settle, and settle quickly, with John Waters and Iona?

The fact is that when the newly minted defences against defamation were put to the test in the High Court last year, the Irish Daily Mail ended up making Denis O'Brien €150,000 richer. (Legal costs were probably a multiple of that.) Journalist Paul Drury's opinions about O'Brien's work in Haiti may have been honest but, the jury said, they weren't founded on facts and they weren't even a matter of public interest. Ouch.

The Mail article had, it seemed, gone beyond drawing comparisons between O'Brien's charity work abroad and the tribunal findings against him at home: it had tried to describe the billionaire's alleged motivations, saying he did the charity to deflect from the findings.

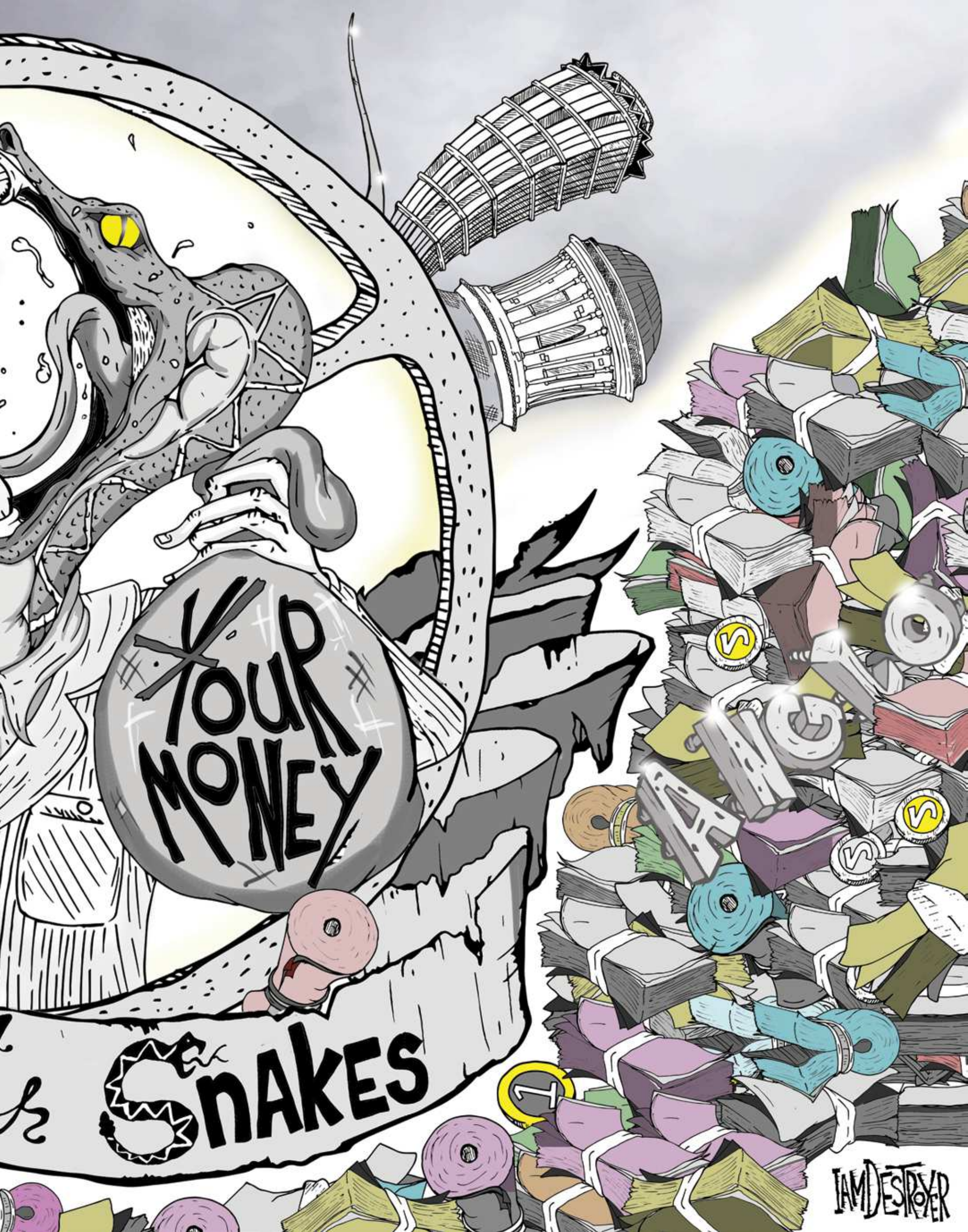
So would a similar jury have found that "homophobia" isn't simply a provable "what" (i.e. campaigning against gay marriage) but that it's also an unsupportable "why" (fear and hatred of gay people)? RTE wasn't going to wait, with lawyers' meters running, to find out.

Perhaps RTE, as a public service broadcaster, should have fought the case, in the interest of defending the right to free expression. That would have been interesting, but it wouldn't have changed the basic picture: whatever the decent principles that lie behind it, the Defamation Act, like so many other pieces of law, is in this society simply a tool for the rich and powerful to protect themselves and advance their interests.

The odd "tenner from grannies in Donegal" is paying for an office on Merrion Square, two salaries, 'research', polling, advertising, a website and poxy Youtube animations...



Dark Vote For



~~YOUR~~
~~MONEY~~

Snakes

IAMDESTROYER



Cork's Little Fishies

DEEP is a little known play full of raving reminiscences. Starring a character called Larry Lehane (at this point disco freaks should chuckle...) it specifically focuses on Sir Henrys in

Cork and a club night called Sweat that really changed it all for a generation in Ireland's rebel city. Not to be missed at all at all.



BEING A CITY OF CULTURE AIN'T ABOUT THE FREE DINNERS AND PHOTO OPPORTUNITIES. BOCK THE ROBBER LOOKS AT HOW THE PEOPLE OF LIMERICK TOOK THE POWER BACK.

We're three months into 2014 and Limerick City of Culture has finally appointed a director, but that's only part of the story.

It's surprising how many people think Limerick is European City of Culture when in reality it's a political ploy.

Michael Noonan didn't have the sort of funds Bertie Ahern possessed to buy elections. You'll never see a Baldy-Bowl, but Noonan needed to keep Limerick sweet, so how was he going to do it?

Regeneration? Forget regeneration. That horse has gone outside for good.

Jobs? You jest, surely.

The obvious answer was bread and circuses, so the government announced a stunt: and Limerick was to be the first National City of Culture. With a

name chosen to piggyback on the European event, it required very little investment, but offered plenty of meaty photo-opportunities.

All of the bang, none of the buck, as long as the great unwashed were kept away from it.

It was a transparent and tawdry stroke, worthy of Haughey at his most venal, but astonishingly, it worked in a way never envisaged. Limerick people bought into the idea. They started to think this might be the real deal, and they engaged with Artistic Director Karl Wallace wholeheartedly as he set out his vision of the pillars that might make up the year-long event.

There was only one problem: the local council had control, and that meant there would be stroke-pulling, cronyism and myopic interference. While the creatives saw an opportunity to let the city express its full potential, the councillors

were thinking firework displays and free dinners. Culture, local-authority-style.

Thus it was that, when Limerick City Council imposed a CEO with no expertise in managing cultural events, to the undisguised rage of Kieran Lehane, the equally-unqualified city official she displaced, Wallace found his position becoming increasingly untenable until eventually he quit, as did two senior members of his team.

As a former employee of board chairman Pat Cox, Patricia Ryan's appointment to the CEO role gave rise to considerable public unease. There were no interviews, no applications and no short-list. Instead, City Manager Conn Murray looked into his heart, De Valera-style, and mentally interviewed everyone he thought might suit. At the end of this rigorous process -- you could call it a Zenterview -- Patricia got the job.

Who needs culture when you can have CEOs and chairmen fluent in a sub-dialect of Harvardspeak? It helps to have an Arts minister like Jimmy Deenihan, the man who casually dismissed Royal Deluxe as "some puppet show" and who only learned of Wallace's resignation when he read about it in the papers. Jimmy would be asking no hard questions and neither would a City Council whose members think the height of cultural sophistication is a seat in the rain on the St Patrick's Day viewing stand.

Patricia Ryan might still be in office but for an extraordinary upwelling of public outrage at an event designed to gloss over the bump in the road, as Pat Cox patronisingly described Wallace's resignation. Six hundred people turned up to the public meeting in the Strand Hotel from which the Press were to be excluded until Limerick Leader editor Alan English marched past the minor functionary who tried to block him.

The game was up. A snow-job intended to uphold the status quo had been subverted by honest public anger until finally, cronyism was in the dock.

As indignation at the meeting grew, microphone-holder and local impresario Richie Ryan floundered, his hapless apologies providing fodder for merciless lampooning on RTE. Pat Cox shifted urbanely in his expensive suit before slipping into meaningless EU-speak, but the crowd were having none of it. He might get away with this sort of tosh in the Berlaymont, but not before a home crowd who know bullshit when they hear it.

When Cox tried to repeat the nasty innuendo that Wallace had somehow failed to meet performance standards, he forgot where he was. Speaker after speaker nailed him on this untruth until he began to blend into the wallpaper. This wasn't how things are done in Brussels. Finally when someone demanded to know why Patricia Ryan wasn't present, the reply came from the floor with stiletto-sharp sweetness. There she was, sitting at the end of the table, staying quiet.

Group cringe.

As Patricia departed through the hotel bar, alone and unsupported by the board members, seasoned politics-watchers knew it was over.

Then little details began to emerge.

Local rappers from the Moyross Youth Crew had applied for and received funding after full consultation with Wallace's team, but Ryan the administrator knew better and intervened with this email:

"There is just one small thing that jars and that is the line about 'the city looks rough' -- it's really not the image we want to portray -- the rest is great, really love it. Sorry to be a pain."

The truth was out -- this had nothing to do with culture. Pat Cox and his anointed bean counter cared only about image. It was all a rebranding exercise.

Ryan resigned shortly afterwards, but Cox assured everyone that the position of Director would be filled without delay. That was in early January and it

has eventually happened with the confirmation that interim director, Mike Fitzpatrick, head of Limerick School of Art and Design, has been appointed.

In fairness to the City Council, many of their officials have engaged well with the project as Fuerza Bruta triumphantly demonstrated.

Meanwhile, we still await the appointment of the Director, but at least we draw comfort from the power of public outrage and ridicule. Creatives continue to create, and the sky hasn't fallen in just because the people of Limerick demanded professional management for their cultural event.

To borrow Pat Cox's dismissive description of Wallace's resignation, the Limerick row was a blessing in disguise. It set the template for how things should be managed in future: openly, with integrity and without political interference.

In other news, Royal Deluxe, Jimmy Deenihan's "puppet show", will be doing its magical thing on the streets of Limerick in September.

Photos by Wally Cassidy.





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none of the buck,
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from it...



THERE'S FAR MORE TO HIP-HOP IN LIMERICK THAN THE RUBBERBANDIT'S CODODOLOGY. IT'S ROOTS RUN DEEP. RASHERS TIERNEY HAD A VERY LATE NIGHT CHAT WITH SHANE CURTAIN, HE'S THE CHAIR OF MAKE A MOVE - A COMMUNITY ARTS FESTIVAL THAT YOU SHOULD REALLY MARK ON YOUR CALENDAR.

Some of the other rabblers were down at Make A Move last year. Reports were good. Can you give us the low down on the origins of the festival?

Back in 2011/12, a large group of community arts practitioners across the city did a training course together. They were looking for projects to work on. Hip hop was identified as culture that had strong roots in all communities in the city. It could be used as a springboard for inclusion and reinvigorating the city centre. So from the start we had a strong links in communities. Consequently, in the two festivals to date, we've had hundreds of young people signing up to do workshops in street art, breakdancing and music production. Along with this, we have brought in a great range of rappers, dancers and graffiti artists to perform for and work with young people across the city. As a festival though, we are evolving and while hip hop is still a guiding force, this year will see us incorporate other aspects of street generated culture.

Limerick seems to feature more in rabble than any other place. It also takes more copies hands down than any other city. Is it bad we find that weird? Just what the hell is in the water down there?

There's a long tradition of alternative media in the city. While most rabblers will have heard of Limerick Soviet, it's not as widely known that a lot of the groundwork in radicalising large swathes of the city was done by a very popular publication called The Bottom Dog back in 1917/18. Limerick was one of the first locations in Europe for commercial pirate radio as we know it today. In the 1930s, two teenagers put a transmitter together, came up with two on-air names- Billy Dynamite and Al Dubbin and started playing the underground music of the time - jazz. The station "City Broadcasting Service" was well received with pubs putting it on every evening for their customers! This year the festival hopes to incorporate an event that will mark that pirate radio spirit.

Hip hop seems to be a huge driving force behind the festival. How did it come to be come such a vital scene in Limerick and who are the main players?

Hip hop has been the soundtrack to large areas of the city for quite some time. In terms of artists, the Rubberbandits loom large over any examination and they along with influential hip hop photographer and filmmaker Brian Cross (B+) (who while based in L.A., is from the city) have supported the festival from the start. At moment Limerick has a very vibrant scene in street dance, music production and graff artists. Personally speaking, I am very excited by the imminent release of Godknows and mynameisjohn's debut album (due out in May). On the breaking through front- I would recommend checking the MYC material. Godknows, mynameisjohn and MYC will all be performing at this years festival.

What's in the name? Am I missing out on some hip hop 101?

It's a call to action - pick up a mic, bust a move or just get involved.

So if folks are going to haul ass to Limerick, then what should they definitely check out at the festival?

Well on Thursday 3rd July Deep, a play about clubbing in Ireland in the late eighties, makes its Limerick stage debut. While set around the seminal Sir Henrys sweat night, its theme of the importance of communal dancing spaces, music as a sanctuary from a harsh world and vinyl obsession will resonate with many. On the music front, some of the names mentioned above will take the stage with a host of international names. The Art strand of the festival has expanded and developed a sister project 'draw Out - urban exhibitionist', this project, along with Make a Move will bring the worlds most inspiring Urban Artists to Limerick over the next few months, transforming derelict space and reimagining our urban landscape. The festival will host the annual Paint Jam (5th July) which will be the most ambitious gathering to date. There will also be film, discussion and talks over the weekend (3-6th July).

Photos by Paul Tarpey.



A Nirvana concert ticket from a cancelled show at RDS Simmonscourt Pavilion in Dublin sold in the US in auction for over 400 dollars. The concert was sched-

uled for April 8, 1994, the same day that the band's lead singer, Kurt Cobain, was found dead in Seattle.



{ECONOMY}

ANYONE BUYIN' OR SELLIN' TICKETS?

OUTRAGED AT THE RATES SCALPERS ARE CHARGING FOR GARTH BROOK'S TICKETS, JAMIE GOLDRICK RIFLES THROUGH THE BACK POCKETS OF TICKET TOUT CULTURE AND FILED THIS REPORT.

The support act has just finished, a fan has been trying to sell a spare

ticket to anyone who is looking. A tout approaches, "I'll give ya 25 quid". The punter replies, "no thanks", "who ya going to sell it to then, the support has just finished?" the tout snaps back. "Not you anyways" says the punter, who turns walking into the venue, shoving the spare ticket into their arse pocket...

What makes a person indulge in this apparently irrational economical behaviour, seemingly throwing away €25? Is the commodity of the concert ticket so special? Almost every other item is privy to the laws of supply and demand, including life's necessities: food, shelter and clothing. Yet we appear to have it in for ticket touts.

I arrive at the Blur concert just as the gates open, the concert hasn't sold out. Face value of the tickets is €68.50, the touts are selling tickets for €50, €18.50 below cost. As I stand outside the gig, I hear punters muttering about touts as they pass them by, "ticket wanker", "fuck-off"... I hear the roar as Blur evidently come on stage and hear the all too familiar opening bars of "Girls and Boys". I get talking to one of the touts:

"What we do is supply a service, if you buy a ticket from ticketmaster, that's it, you can't get a refund. We give people a refund that they otherwise can't get. Yeah, we buy the ticket for €30, but that's €30 more than you'll get off Ticketmaster, robbing bastards."

This argument has the touts supplying a service, acting as brokers, matching up people in need of a ticket with those you don't (for a nice cut of course). But let's face it, who wants to stand outside a gig, looking to flog a spare ticket, when all your mates are inside drinking naggins? Are the touts not showing the sort of entrepreneurial

flair that this little island (apparently) so desperately needs? Brokering deals on excess tickets and converting spare tickets into cash.

To the touts, the gig is a market place. Everybody from the stage set-up, to the bartenders pulling pints, to the performers are getting paid. Surplus value is created in almost every aspect of the production of a gig, why shouldn't the touts get a piece of the pie? Maybe all we have is a simple misunderstanding on our hands? The touts see this space as a market, the punters don't.

Touting has now progressed beyond simply selling on the street. According to the Daily Telegraph it has been given an apparent "respectable face" by Viagogo. The multinational Swiss based ticket-reselling firm who have raised €65 million in venture capital from investors. As of 2009 Viagogo had operations in 50 countries and have secured "exclusive secondary ticket partnerships" with football clubs such as Chelsea, Fulham and Manchester City. A quick search on Viagogo.co.uk shows that they charge up to 30% "handling charges" per transaction. Does this "respectable face" now come from the fact that the working stiff is now no longer being screwed by the tout on the street, but by those in control of capital? A normalisation of the proper social order, if you will?

I interviewed "Alan" from toutless.com on the topic and asked him what exactly was the problem.

"Gig goers identify themselves as a community, they sell to others like them at face value when they can, because they know they would love to be in that same position of getting a hard to get ticket without being gouged".

For the crowd, sharing the same space, having the same experience, at the same time, is an integral part of the experience. At a Glen Hansard concert in the Iveagh Gardens, Glen remarked "thanks for coming, for without you, it's just five lads playing instruments looking at each other". Hansard may not be everybody's cup of tea, but the point is that it does not matter where you are - you can be necking yokes at dawn at The Field, doing keys of K at Fuck Buttons or watching Iarla O'Liaonard down at

T.M.C '14



Gig goers identify themselves as a community, they sell to others like them at face value when they can...

the Unitarian church - there is a sanctity that exists in the experience itself. So while market forces come into play to produce a gig, any further capitalising on this commodity is taboo. Whether that capitalisation comes from the tout on the street or multinational company it is irrelevant. The price of the ticket is set, the ticket is not for profiteering, it is above that. There is a value inherent in the experience which cannot be quantified, to try and capitalise on experience would be to degrade it.

Margaret Thatcher once infamously said that "there is no society, just individuals and their families". Yet if we return back to the punter in the introduction who refused to sell his ticket to a tout, our attitude towards the touts debunks the myth of the maximising individual who will engage in rational economic behaviour to anybody outside their social group.

Or maybe our problem with the tout is just down to base economics. A limited amount of tickets go on sale and they sell out. When Leonard Cohen comes to town, there are just four thousand tickets and that's it. Maybe the real problem people have is not with the touts themselves. It is a frustration at capitalism, of not being able to create a limitless amount of commodities, and this frustration is then manifested towards the tout. For example, how many people do you know with a smart phone? It seems like there is an infinite amount of them. In today's age of flexible accumulation, capitalism has the ability to make sure that supply meets demand, thus giving the illusion of apparent infinity.

In this light, can we look at the tout as a prophet of sorts, warning us of the fallacy of infinite growth and the limits of capitalism many of us choose not to see? The tout is the fall guy inadvertently shining a light on an issue. It is the tout who falls on their sword time and time again, inadvertently warning us that we are killing our planet through conspicuous consumption. Or not.

Illustration by Thomas McCarthy

RASHERS TIERNEY CHATS TO PIERS SANDERSON. HE'S THE DIRECTOR OF A DOCUMENTARY ABOUT THE EARLY 1990'S BLACKBURN SCENE THAT SAW A GENERATION FIND WHOLLY NEW USES FOR WAREHOUSES IN THE HARDHIT NORTH OF ENGLAND.

The presence of Thatcherism hangs heavy in your trailer for your doc. Was rave a political response in a sense or more just frustrated youth looking to overcome alienation for a moment in time?

Her refusal to continue to subsidise British industry hit the northern manufacturing areas much harder than the south. This created mass unemployment, a sense that there was very little opportunity or hope, a breakdown of community and, of course, lots of empty warehouses. The scene created a sense of community again and filled a huge hole in people's lives.

How did the warehouse scene come about?

When I was growing up there was nothing to do in these small towns. Even Manchester which was our mecca was pretty run down with little to do. For entertainment all that was on offer were pubs and terrible nightclubs with oppressive doormen. All except the Hacienda, which found its purpose with acid house. But at 2am we needed somewhere to go. You still wanted to dance.

Some people tried putting on warehouse parties in Manchester but the Chief Constable at the time came down really hard on the parties and sent in the riot squad immediately. The neighbouring police force in Lancashire didn't want to risk anyone getting hurt so if the party had already started by the time they got there they let it run until enough people had left to safely close it down.

What was your own involvement in the scene? Can you tell me how you first caught the acid house bug yourself?

I started going to the Hacienda when I was 16. Some older lads would drive up every week, they had a van and a couple of us younger ones would pile in the back. The music was mainly funk, soul and hip hop. Then one week they played Farley Jack Master Funk's 'Love Can't Turn Around' followed by Marshall Jefferson's 'Move Your Body'. I was like "what the fuck is this? I love it!" The 4/4 beat went straight through my chest. I knew I had found my music.

The following week the acid house part of the night grew to half an hour and then soon it was an hour of Chicago House through the night. Then a few weeks later ecstasy arrived in the club and the rest is history.

You've spoken elsewhere about how there was an ideology driving the Blackburn warehouse scene, describing it as "for the people, by the people". Where did this feed in from?

I think they were just young girls and lads who didn't want to have to wear a dress or a shirt and tie to get into a nightclub, so they created something for themselves. Unlike nightclubs they were not designed to sell alcohol or make money. They just created spaces so that they could party and like minded people could join them. They charged £3 originally, just to cover the expenses of the night and that eventually went to a fiver. They could have charged £20 and people would have paid it but it wasn't about the money. There was a loose ideology behind it that ran counter to the profiteering promoters that were putting on the big organised raves around the country.

There was no social media in them days. Tell our readers some of the ingenious methods people used to get word out?

There was a network of record and clothes shops that would have flyers advertising the raves. You could also buy your ticket there. On the ticket would be a number to call on the night of the party. Nobody had mobile phones back then so it would be a case of everyone waiting in service stations near phone boxes. Car parks and car stereos were the pre-party. Then after calling the number at a certain time a recorded message would tell you where the party was. It was like the start of the Le Mans car race. Once you were close you would stop and listen for the bass. If you were late and the police had already blocked the road you would just abandon your car and then leg it through fields, sometimes chased by police dogs, knowing that once you got through that warehouse door you were safe. It was such a buzz. Just getting to the party was half the fun.

How did you manage to sustain this for so long and how did the crackdown finally come about?

It was brilliantly organised but once raves became political the police had to up their game to stop them. One night they raided a party in Nelson in full riot gear. It caused a stampede of panic and it's a miracle no one was hurt. The following weeks they closed off every road into Blackburn on the Saturday night and any car with anyone who looked like a raver in it was turned back. I am sure this was illegal but when the full apparatus of the state comes against you there is nothing you can do. They then arrested all the organisers on made-up charges, refused bail and deliberately slowed down the court process. They knew once it got to court it would collapse but they just wanted to keep them from being able to put on parties. Tommy was held in a cell on remand for 11 months! They knew they couldn't beat the parties legally so they resorted to this.

Where do you hope to see the film go? It's really been a labour of love?

I want as many people as possible to know about that time. Not just the people who were there but those who missed it because they were too young or too old. I think that it's an important part of our collective history and am pleased that I have catalogued it for future generations.

I would have put it on the internet for free by now if I hadn't borrowed £20k to get it made. I made no money for the 10 years I put into it so, yes, it really has been a labour of love. All I want to do is clear the music, pay the guy who had faith in me back and get it out there. It's been a hard journey but I have not lost hope that it will happen.

The film is ready to be released but they need to pay for the music rights. Donate over at www.highonhope.com



While they'll most likely round us rabblers up for bourgeois decadence once the day comes, in this pre-revolutionary period, we can still

enjoy pints with our old muckers in Look Left. If you like rabbles political bite, then drop down to your local Easons and grab a copy

of Look Left magazine. It's turning into an indispensable forum for leftie reflection. Support independent media.



{INTERVIEW}

We Got That LADditude

US FREE STATERS ARE GENERALLY CLUELESS ABOUT SCHTUFF UP NORTH. BUT EVEN THE JACKEENS ON THE IRONIC MOUSTACHE CIRCUIT COULDN'T MISS THE FLAG PROTESTS IN LATE 2012. LAD HIT THE HEADLINES WITH ITS CREATIVE TROLLING, RABBLE GOT THE LOW DOWN.

So, give us some background to this whole LAD thing?

Loyalists Against Democracy was founded as a response to the Fleg protests which had been instigated by the UUP & DUP. Social media platforms were being used to organise protests and to stir sectarian tensions. The decision by Belfast City Council to switch the fleg flying policy to one of designated days was a democratic one. Any attempt to protest against this decision was clearly an attempt to protest against democracy.

Our founder Billy Smith, angry at this apparent attack on a democratic process, set up the page in protest at the protesters, thinking that it would be seen by only a handful of people. His mission was to expose those people holding are wonderful city to ransom for what they really were.

LAD has been incredibly successful, it seems to have tapped into a general feeling of alienation from sectarianism - do you feel this is part of the long process towards some sort of eventual normalcy?

We don't understand why LAD has been so successful. It was never expected that it would be seen by many people. At first many people thought it was a genuine protest page and began interacting with it in that way. Loyalists liked it because it had the word loyalist in the name and a union jack as a profile picture. Nationalists liked it so that they could vent in the comments section. You see sectarianism is a big problem here in Belfast in both communities. It doesn't take much for people's true feelings to emerge. It took a little while for people to realise that it was a piece of satire, a comment on what was happening. At this stage it could be said that we have tapped into something but what that actually is, we are not sure. The fact that it is so widely received is purely accidental it wasn't planned. As for the process of normalcy, we feel that is a long way off from beginning.

What's the class background of the people involved in the project and how do you handle criticism that this is a load of middle class knobs laughing at a disenfranchised poor?

We take the piss out of everyone, which includes traditional loyalism, but that whole class argument thing is just lazy. Class is a label used by the elite to keep people in their place. LAD reject all such labels. Class, sexuality, gender, religion have been used in our wee country to keep people in their place over the years. An educated and informed electorate would not serve our politicians as people would soon see through them and they would be out of a job.

How do you feel issues such as inequality and alienation are fueling hate in Loyalist communities and how is LAD interested in addressing this?

Belfast has some of the poorest areas in the UK. It could be said that [this] may fuel the hate that exists towards outsiders, i.e. foreign nationals, but we suspect that the real causes of that particular problem are more deep-seated.

[These] areas...tend to be controlled by "community workers", i.e. the gatekeepers. They dictate who can and can't live there and apply pressure on people who don't conform to their way of thinking. It is LAD policy where possible to show these "community workers" for what they really are. The only people who can really address these issues of inequality and alienation are the people who live there but they need support from the people in power, and its not always in the political parties interest to help.

You create content collectively, how does that work for you?

The decision by Belfast City Council to switch the fleg flying policy to one of designated days was a democratic one...

It works very well, we all live in a bunker in the east of the city and constantly work on bringing ideas to life. The conversation is constant 24/7. LAD has very much become a way of life for the LADmin and relationships with people outside the group have suffered.

Okay, so there's been the Xmas single, a show at the Edinburgh Fringe and tonnes of media coverage. Where next for LAD?

Well we are writing our first book which will be in the shops in July. Its a guide book and we are hoping to cash in on the influx of tourists arriving into the city for Orange Fest. The Edinburgh Festival plan has been slightly modified in that we are working on a live show but have been approached to stage it in Belfast later in the year. We were finding it difficult to convince members of the DUP to travel across the water to stage a protest outside so we are hoping a Premier Inn in Belfast might suit them better.



DANCING ON NARROWER GROUND

the combination
of serotonin
and four to the
floor engenders
non-sectarian
dance floor
camaraderie

The Terrible Tanzerbot

Sick of listening to your mates cluck about what an invasion of personal autonomy and adulthood this dry Good Friday lark is? Spare a thought

for our friends in Germany – where a centuries old ban on dancing called the Tanzverbot is still actively enforced by the police in some areas around Easter.



who the fuck
should tell you
when you're
allowed to dance?

BELFAST MIGHT NOT BE SYNONYMOUS WITH SWEATY DANCEFLOORS AND TOP-NOTCH LINE-UPS, BUT A FLEDGLING SCENE HAS TAKEN ROOT AND IS DANCING TO THE BEAT OF ITS OWN DRUM. TIARNÁN Ó MUILLEOIR DISHES UP THE RAVEY GRAVY.

If your knowledge of dance music and Belfast doesn't extend further than the live news cycle, you might be surprised to find there's more to it than dodgy pills and drunken teenagers fighting at Hardwell. Away from the tabloid glare, a new wave of DJs and promoters, along with scene veterans like Shine, are forging an exciting electronic revival in the city. Balancing local and international talent, recent mega-bookings include Motor City Drum Ensemble, Midland, and Levon Vincent, backed up by residents like the Twitch, Ackright, and Nocturne DJs. Most weekends now involve a choice between one of two great nights – punters were recently torn between Panorama resident Tama Sumo and Trevino on the same Saturday evening.

Shine, the legendary club night over several rooms at Queen's Student Union, is still going strong, hosting a variety of big names every couple of months, supported by local acts like Chris Hanna and Cromby. These local producers and DJs – along with breakthrough Belfast acts like Space Dimension Controller and Bicep – are currently making waves in the electronic scene, with upcoming releases on Belfast's own Champion Sound and Extended Play labels.

With a few hundred people involved at most, the scene is close-knit, with plenty of crossover in sounds and faces. "We're all mates" is how Bobby Analogue from Ackright describes the family feeling evident in the scene. At an Ackright party last year, Dutch house legend Gerd signed local act Schmutz up on the spot through word of mouth. Their 'Slaned EP is set to be released in the near future on Gerd's 4lux label.

Venues regularly fill up before 10pm, with crowd demographics falling solidly between the ages of 18 and 25, reflecting the energy of post-conflict kids hungry for dance music in the wake of dubstep's implosion and the return of quality MDMA via the deep web. Strict licensing hours, with last orders at 1am and entertainment ending at 3am, mean punters exploit their time on the dance floor to the utmost, with high-energy vibes at most nights before the inevitable after party. Indian whooping, tops off, banging on low roofs...things can get rowdy.

That's not to say there isn't variety within the wider scene, with a range of sounds and vibes from house and disco to nosebleed techno,

and attendant sub-cultures. "People definitely come for the doof – we have that reputation," is how Oisín O'Brien describes his brainchild DSNT. Part record label, part promoters, part design company, DSNT has of late hosted techno heavyweights like Ancient Methods, AnD, and Sunil Sharpe in Belfast, with performances usually accompanied by Oisín's own mind-melting visuals. They've also embraced the venerable techno tradition of adapting post-industrial environments to their own ends, hosting several all-night raves in Belfast's disused textile mills.

Perhaps most impressively, this nascent scene is flourishing in the face of a still divided society, as well as institutional political and moral opposition.

While open warfare has thankfully abated in the northern capital, communities are more divided than ever, with more miles of peace walls, more school segregation, and now, with the recession and austerity, fewer working class kids encountering 'the other side' in the workplace or education. In this context electronic music is one of the few bridges between Belfast's post-conflict youth, where the combination of serotonin and four to the floor engenders non-sectarian dance floor camaraderie.

This was famously documented first time round in Desmond Bell's brilliant 1994 documentary 'Dancing on Narrow Ground' which charted the nascent friendships between young Catholics and Protestants in the era of rave and paramilitary ceasefires. Orbital's eponymous track was inspired by similar euphoria. But while Bell's documentary concluded on a negative note, noting the fragility of those dance floor friendships as sectarian killings carried on outside the rave bubble, there remains nothing quite like a Belfast rave. The transgressive edge to nights where the music is an escape from ghettoised sectarianism recaptures the utopic bent of the earliest dance music and its marginalized constituents.

Today, while ravers aren't being denounced as Satanists - as happened in the 1990s, politicians and the media predictably remain more beholden to morally conservative interest groups than licentious youth.

Partly this reflects the conservative 'tie up the swings on a Sunday'

voter base of political parties in the North, but equally the lack of interest from shortsighted politicians in facilitating young people having a good time. When the recent wave of PMA-linked deaths occurred in the North, politicians on all sides washed their hands of responsibility – despite policing and health powers resting with devolved ministries, allowing for the introduction of pill testing or decriminalization. Moreover, as health minister Edwin Poots (the same dinosaur who opposes gay blood donations – but that's another story) sensationally alleged, it is more than likely that the PSNI are able to identify the (predominantly loyalist) paramilitaries selling dodgy pills, they just lack the appetite for the confrontation that would follow prosecution in the wake of the flag protests over the past year.

In spite of recent favourable public consultation, licensing laws remain strict and are unlikely to be reformed anytime soon. Oisín from DSNT believes that a mandate exists to change the current laws, but equally that it's a question of personal autonomy: "realistically who the fuck should tell you when you're allowed to dance"? A sensationalist mainstream press doesn't help the cause of electronic music in Northern Ireland, with the recent Hardwell incident being used to fuel moralist anger over late night events and drug use. A Belfast promoter told me that he waited three days in a row for a call from the Nolan Show (the nordie equivalent of Joe Duffy) to join in the debate on licensing laws, a call that never came. On top of this, BBC recently cut their flagship local music program on Radio Ulster, Across the Line, further reducing the avenues for positive mainstream exposure for the electronic scene. Bobby from Ackright points out that "there's no sectarianism in the scene, and that's something the media should be covering", but a media beholden to conservative readers on both sides of the communal divide remains obstinately negative.

With upcoming bookings including Kyle Hall (Ackright), Perc (DSNT), and Steffi and Virginia (Twitch) - along with the seemingly never-ending flow of new releases and mixes from local artists - Belfast ravers are spoiled for choice over the coming weekends as we head into summer. The current mood in the Belfast scene is best summed up by Bobby Analogue: "Belfast isn't Berlin, it's not London, but it's nice".

HARRY HANGOVER

AND THE

WONKY BRAIN MISSHAPERS

AFTER THAT IT SEEMED LIKE HE WAS AROUND MOST SUNDAYS.



TO BE HONEST I WAS KIND OF GETTING USED TO HAVING HIM AROUND.



HE SEEMED TO ... HE SEEMED TO JUST KNOW ME SOMEHOW.



SOMETIMES HIS OBSERVATIONS FREAKED ME OUT, IN A WEIRD, FUNNY KIND OF WAY.



AND JUST WHEN I WAS REALLY STARTING TO SETTLE IN TO HAVING HIM AROUND ...



AS WELL AS EVER, HARRY! THIS MUST BE THE FELLA YOU TOLD ME ABOUT, THE ONE WHO FORGOT TO GET HIS MA ANYTHING FOR MOTHER'S DAY AND HER WITH A BROTHER IN HOSPITAL AND ALL.



HE LOOKS LIKE THE SORT OF Fucker WHO JUST SITS AROUND WANKING AND EATING PIZZAS ALL DAY!

take five

A round up of bits and bobs tickling our fancies..

FAO ALL DISCERNING MUSIC NERDS, ACOUSTIC INSTRUMENT ENTHUSIASTS, FOLKIES, TRADITIONAL CULTURE BUFFS, OR JUST ANYONE WHO'S SICK OF THE FORTY SHADES OF SHITE THAT COME SPEWING IN TORRENTS OUT THE DOORS OF EVERY SECOND RATE TOURIST-TRAP IN TEMPLE BAR. HERE'S OUR LIST OF DECENT SESSIONS AROUND TOWN:

01

THE COBBLESTONE



As obvious as it might be, this list would be a big pile of balls without mentioning it. The pub will probably be known to anyone with more than a passing interest in traditional music, but on the off chance you've never ventured into the slightly tatty but charming confines of Dublin's trad-mecca, we suggest you do so. There's a session every night of the week, including an American old-timey one on Saturday afternoons and a slower session on Mondays which is a much less daunting prospect for beginners. The staff are all generally very sound and the owner is like some benevolent switchboard operator, who'll have no problem introducing you to someone if he reckons you have something in common. Nice pints too.

02

DEVITTS



Upstairs on Friday and Saturday nights. This session has been going for years, and generally has a pretty high standard of music and songs. The staff are sometimes a little gruff but the high velocity tunes will probably make up for it. Not a bad place to start if you intend making a night of it, just be aware that the Camden Street you come in off may not be the same one you venture back out onto, as it often seems to morph into some kind of apocalyptic-orgy-war scene from Dante's Inferno in the interim.

03

THOMAS HOUSE



Thomas Street. Host to all manner of musical curiosities, this venue seems to do things quite well, including a very decent American style old-timey session on Monday nights – probably the only place you can find such a thing aside from Saturday afternoons in the Cobblestone. This has only been going about a year but seems to have really taken off, with a high calibre of tunes and songs from the American tradition. Nice selection of fancy and not so fancy drinks to boot.

04

THE NIGHT BEFORE LARRY WAS STRETCHED



This takes place in the Cobblestone Back Room. Although a slightly more formal affair than your usual session, this singing session is where you need to go if you're in any way interested in traditional song. It's a relatively recent development but seems to be gathering steam rapidly, probably due in no small part to the fact that it is run by, and focuses on, younger singers (not at all typical in the world of traditional song). It happens the first Sunday of every month and the likes of Christy Moore and Lisa O'Neill have already reportedly dropped in to listen and give a bar.

05

AND THE REST...



We're going to squeeze a few hidden gems into this last one. Bowe's on Fleet Street (the tiny pub next to Doyle's) on a Sunday night, Hughes' on the Luas line just behind the Four Courts most nights (Thursday with the Diamonds is highly recommended) and McNeill's on Capel Street on Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays are all lovely sessions in cosy, old school pubs with decent pints. We would also like to add (before anyone has a little whinge about it) that this is by no means a definitive list, and any more suggestions are very welcome. We'll send our trad experts down to assess if you're talking complete bollocks or not.

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OVER THE YEARS WE'VE REALISED THAT SOME OF YOU FOLKS JUST GIVE FOR GIVING'S SAKE AND WE SORTA WANT TO RECOGNISE THAT AND GIVE YOU SOMETHING BACK. SO WE'RE LOOKING BACK TO LOOK FORWARD, TAKING A LEAF OUT OF VINTAGE COMIC BOOKS AND PRE-DIGITAL FAN-CLUBS, AND SETTING UP A RABBLE DONOR SCHEME.

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WHAT'LL BE IN THE PACKAGES? WELL, THERE'LL BE AS MANY COPIES OF RABBLE AS YOU THINK YOU CAN HANDLE PLUS WE'LL BE TEAMING UP WITH DESIGNERS, ARTISTS, RECORD LABELS, CREATIVE LEGENDS AND GENERALLY SOUND HEADS TO PRODUCE ONE-OFF ITEMS OF MERCHANDISING.

WE DON'T QUITE KNOW WHAT IS GOING TO BE IN THEM YET AS A PERCENTAGE OF YOUR PLEDGE GOES TOWARDS BUYING THE GOODIES. WHICH MEANS THE MORE OF YOU SUBSCRIBE THE MORE FUN THERE IS TO HAVE.

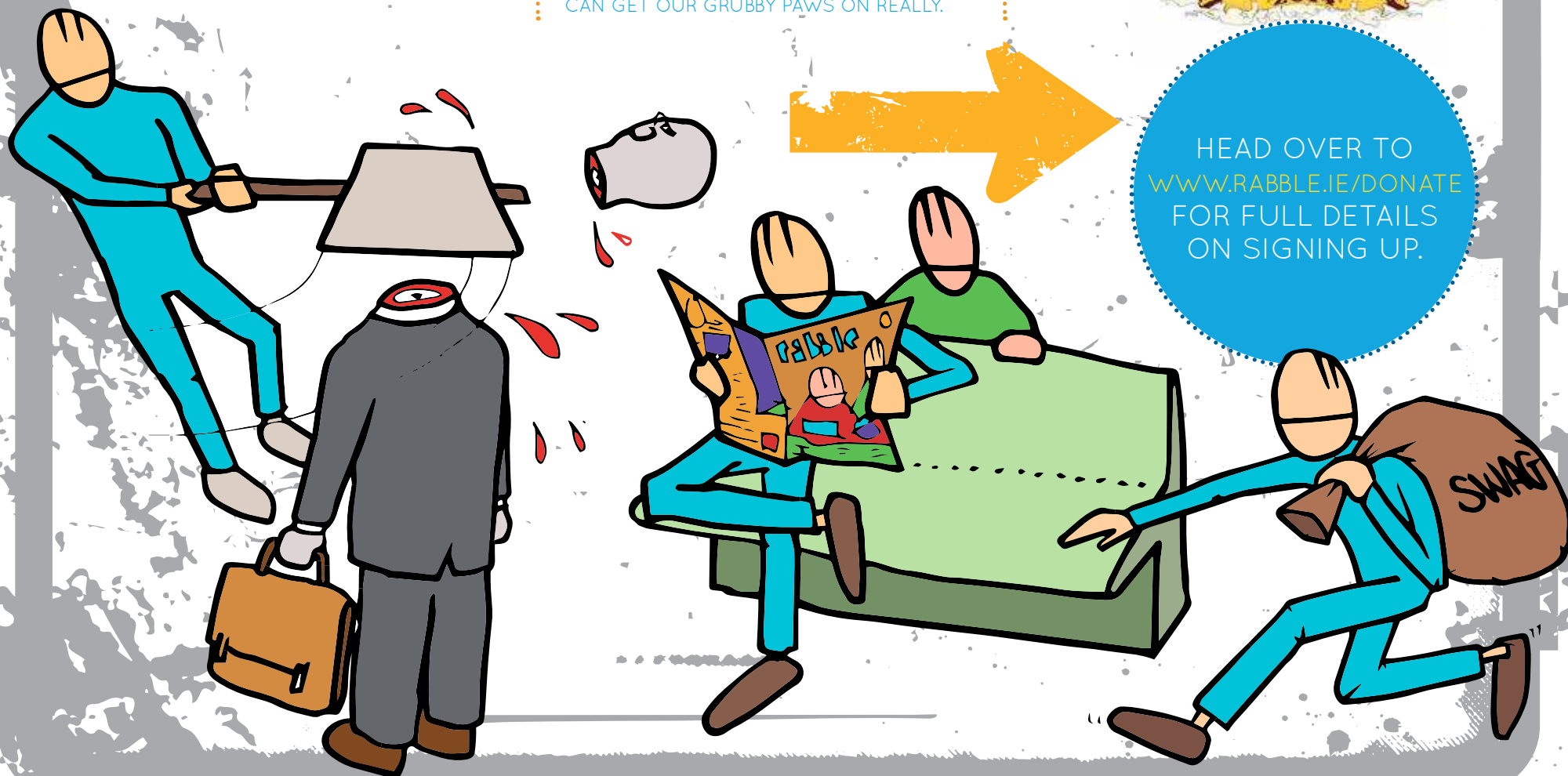
TO START WITH WE KNOW THE BESPOKE T-SHIRTS, PRINTS AND BADGES ARE ALWAYS POPULAR BUT WE'D LOVE TO AIM BIG AND GET YA SOME ONE-OFF PIECES OF ART, EXCLUSIVE VINYL RELEASE, MAYBE SOME UPCYCLED PALLETS JAYSUS ANYTHING WE CAN GET OUR GRUBBY PAWS ON REALLY.

WE'RE EVEN GONNA GET OUR OWN RABBLE CARD ON THE GO. WE'D LOVE TO SAY YOU COULD USE IT FOR MAGICAL DISCOUNTS, LIKE FREE ONTO THE LUAS, TEN-PERCENT OFF ALL YOKES OR HALF PRICE ENTRY TO THE SIDES NIGHTCLUB IN 1991 BUT ALAS, WE MUST START HUMBLE. FOR THE TIME BEING WE'LL USE IT TO DALLY OUT ALL THOSE LOVELY PLUS-ONES WE GET OFFERED AND 'COS WE KNOW THEY'RE GETTING USED WE'LL HUSSLE YOU UP SOME MORE.

THAT'S FILM-SCREENINGS, GIGS, PLAYS, COMEDY, MEAL-DEALS AND MORE YOU COULD BE IN THE CHANCE OF WINNING JUST BY SENDING US A LITTLE REGULAR BLIP OF ELECTRICAL CURRENCY. THE FIRST THING WE'LL BE RAFFLING TO AN EARLY BATCH OF SUBSCRIBERS WILL BE TWO TICKETS TO BOOMTOWN FAIR ACROSS THE POND ON THE 7TH - 10TH AUGUST 2014. NOT BAD FOR A START.



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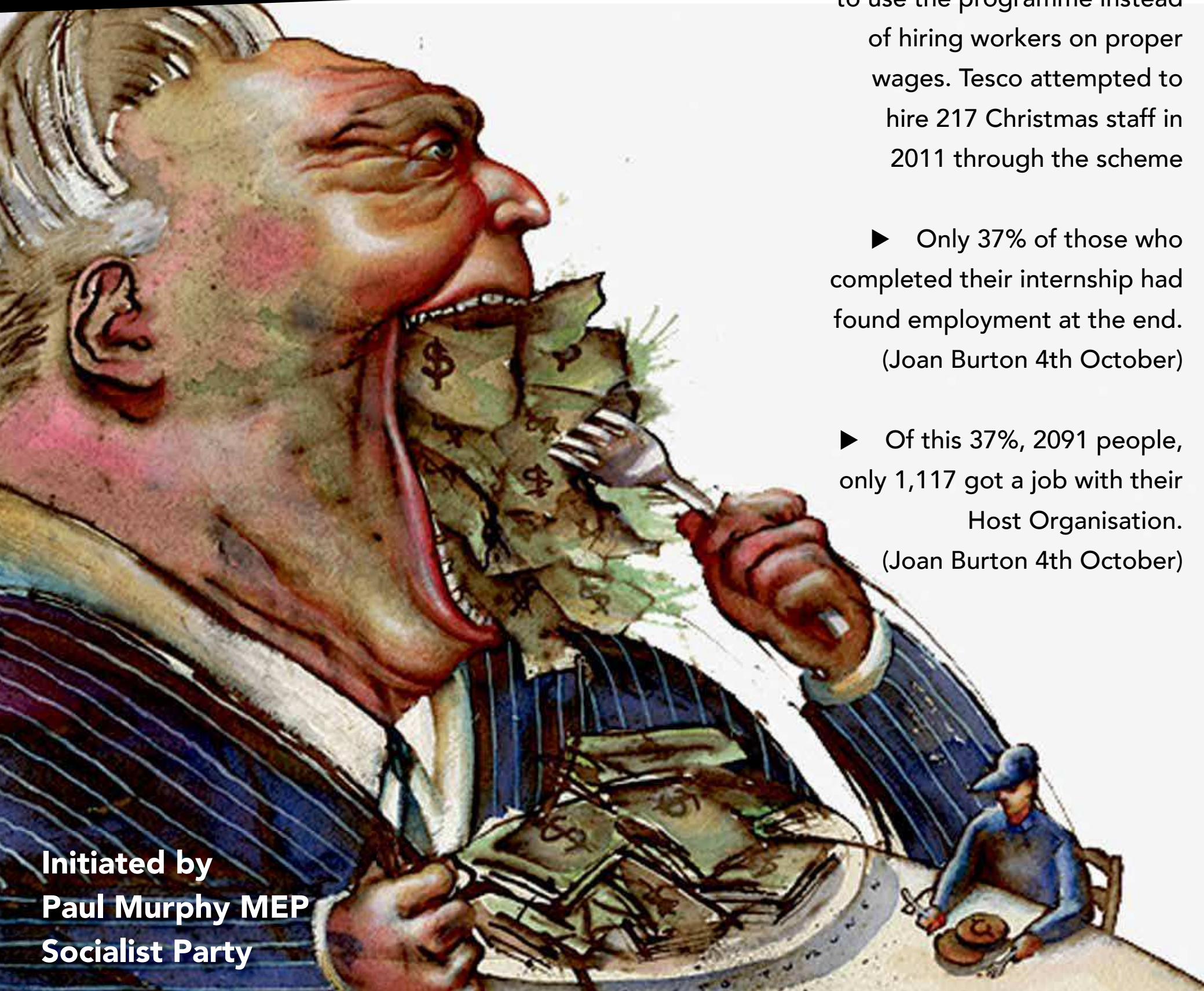
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► Only 37% of those who completed their internship had found employment at the end.
(Joan Burton 4th October)

► Of this 37%, 2091 people, only 1,117 got a job with their Host Organisation.
(Joan Burton 4th October)

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IRISH CRAFT BEER

SOMETHING
OTHER THAN
YOUR
USUAL?



WHEN IT'S TIME FOR A CHANGE...



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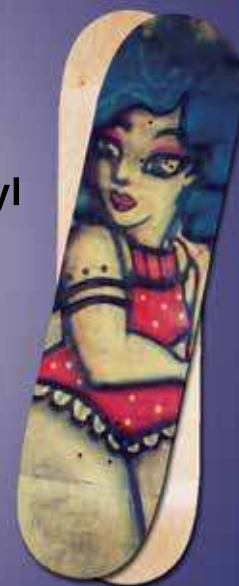
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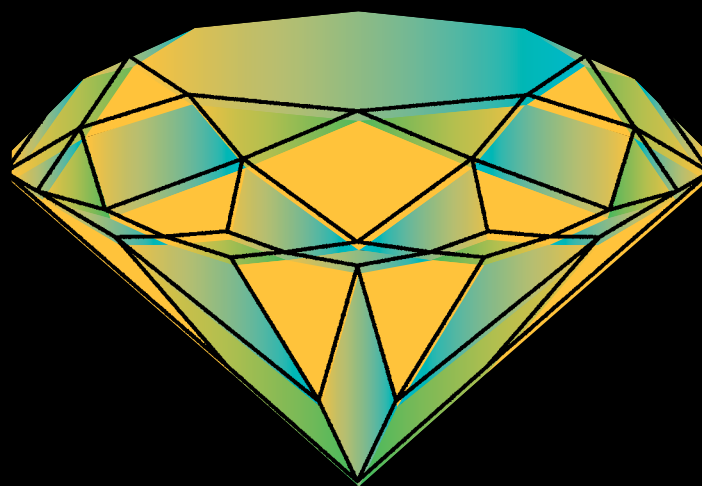
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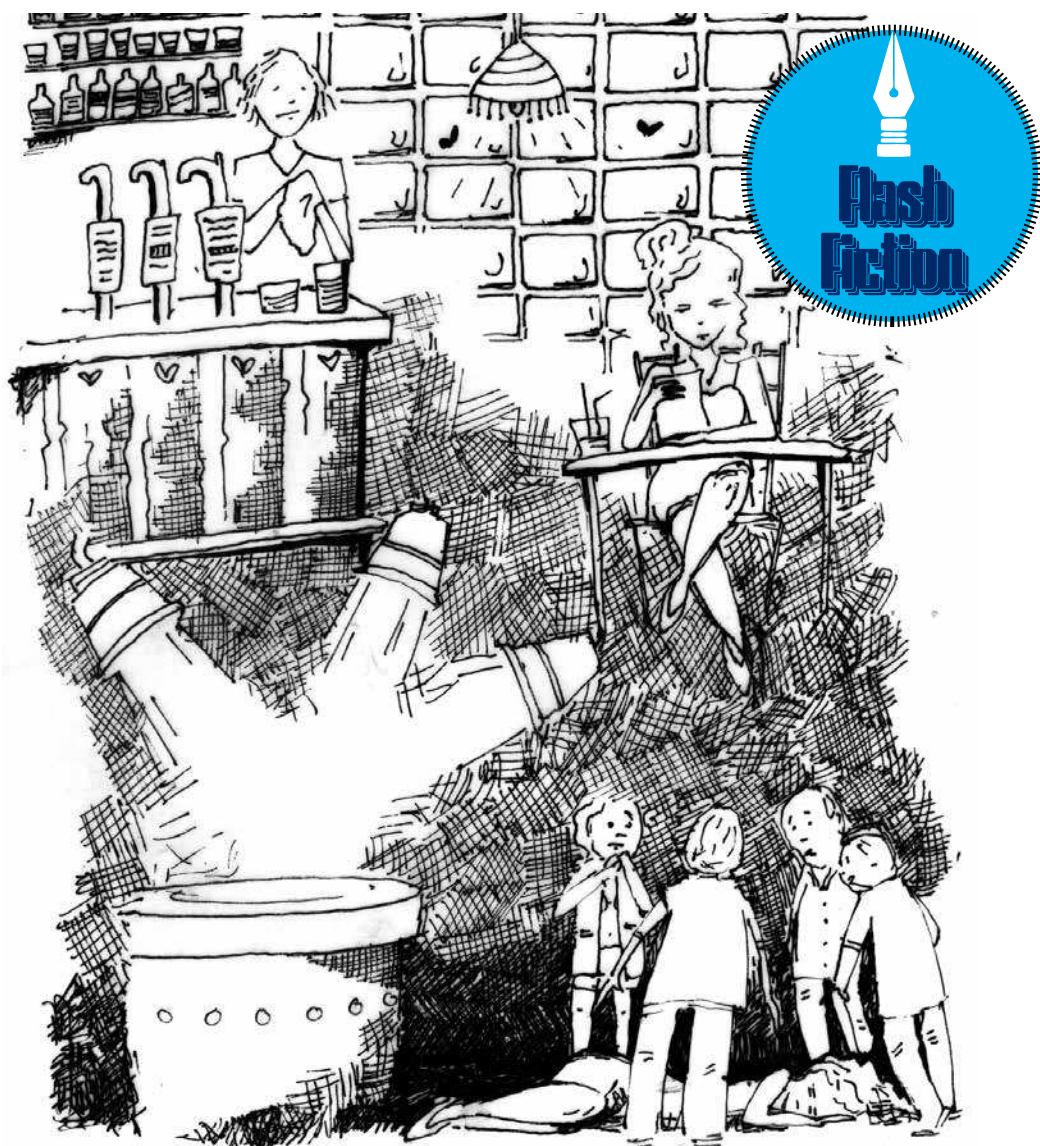
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Designed by Master Luke Fallon.

Michael Flatley's house was burgled and thieves relieved him of hunting trophies. The perma-tanned prancing paddyman had

a room dedicated to rhino horns and the likes. Animal rights groups are now asking uncomfortable questions. Null points, Michael.



-THE DANCER-

After only two months, Helen was making three or four times the money that she'd earned at the aquarium, easily. And it made sense in a way, exotic dancing wasn't something she'd ever thought about before but she still had the body for it, and most importantly part of her glowed under the spotlight. And the thick brown envelope she was handed at the end of the week was hers alone, no joint account, no big shopping trips, no school books, no expensive bills, just Helen to look after. She chased the ice around the end of her Mojito with a black straw and watched herself in the mirror. The sun was drying her out she thought, she was turning as gold as the ring that now hung around her neck. She ran it back and forth on its chain, feeling the little links beating a rhythm against the band, and she wondered whether there'd be word from Stephen or Jessica when she got back.

She'd taken to abandoning the apartment in the morning, before the sun got too intense, and settling into one of the restaurants or bars with air conditioning. In retrospect the apartment was a mistake. She'd viewed it on an overcast day and her desperation had blinded her to the fact that the place would be a greenhouse in the heat. Dubbed TV and browned paperbacks with curled corners were the only distractions, and she felt like she was being slowly cooked whenever she spent too much time there. But the letters arrived there, the same cool blue envelope towards the end of each week. A letter from Stephen, and folded inside it a note from Jessica. Stephen wrote in the same awkward manner that he spoke. The conversation made all the more difficult by the ocean now between them. His small script stretched across the white page like an archipelago and she saw sentiment in the spaces between the words. Her daughter's notes warmed her heart until it threatened combustion. Jessica's learning hand spelling out so boldly – I miss you. I love you. Sentiments that simmered, but could so rarely surface for Helen.

That evening the club sizzled. After she'd drunk champagne and taken off her shirt, Helen could hear her heart rapidly lub-dub in time with the music. A spot illuminated the little intimate space – four steps across and three steps back – from which she commanded attention. At the edge of the stage, the lights insulated her from the blackness beyond. If she stared long enough into it, the whites of eyes might emerge like stars in the night sky. She slowly gyrated through the dense heat and the music boomed through her. Each twist and turn she made causing the temperature of the room to creep upwards. Her skin glistened as miniscule beads of sweat captured the light and her body moved on, operating automatically, instinctively. She felt the heat in the place all across her skin, a heat that sat wet on the walls and roof of the club, a heat that shot out from the hovering eyes that surrounded her and occupied the space between them and her brightened body. As she spun she thought of the cool weight of the blue envelopes, a fingernail moving slowly across the fold of the letter, a tongue pressed softly to the glue.

Spinning faster through the blackness, Helen's foot stepped off the edge of the stage. Her soft body slapped the ground abruptly and for a moment she was immersed in the blinding white snow of her childhood. She began to stir as the crowd gathered around her. 'Don't move' one voice said, 'stay still' said another. She opened her eyes as she was helped up to her feet, someone putting a blanket across her bare shoulders. The music had stopped and nobody spoke, the floor of the club was sticky on her bare feet. Her face throbbed and her mind went back to the day her mother had slapped her. The sting, and the silence, and the ever-spinning thought: I need to go home, I need to go home, I need to go home.

Words by Dave Philips. Illustration by Akofa





THE SESSION PIXIES ARE ON THEIR HOLS IN WESHT MAYO, TUCKING INTO A STASH OF 30 GRAND'S WORTH OF JAMESON THEY FOUND BUT THEY'VE TAKEN THE TIME OUT FROM DONKEY-WALLOPING, PIPE-BURSTIN' AND COP-BAITIN' TO OFFER SOME LIFE HACKS TO YOU POOR MISFORTUNATES.

Dear Session Pixies,
Does anyone ever actually write in to you?
Yours, Eoin

Do they fuck, we are now accepting our competitors letters, first up Ireland's Own...

Dear Session Pixies,
I tore the arse out of it last weekend but was in bits monday morning. Decided to pull a sickie so called my boss and gave the classic back pain excuse, told him I overdid it in my bikram yoga class on friday. Was playin a stormer on the phone but not a word back from the boss. Then he says to me "Al, I can see you at your desk, what are you on about?" Sure enough, there I was in work with my boss gazing over the partition at me. It's three days later and he's still looking at me, I'm frozen at my desk and neither of us have hung up... How can I slip out of this pickle? It's definitely moved into a damage control scenario. Should I offer him a cheeky half?

Regards, etc.
Al Batross

There's a courier on the way with a dozen purple mongos. Triple dropping should reduce the tension for both of yis. Sure it's nearly the weekend again eh?

Dear Session Pixies,
I've just started working on one of those new fangled unpaid jobs after being off sick for a while. Even though I've years of experience working in offices my new boss has me making the coffee while he gave the other work placement guy all the responsibilities because he has a degree in geology. Now, the other guy is a decent chat but he doesn't know one end of an Excel sheet from another. I'm feeling pretty undervalued and my confidence is taking a battering. What should I do?
Yours 'gis us a job, Jamie A.

Jamie, your boss is an arsehole and a snob. While ya could say it's his loss if he doesn't realise your potential, you're the poor bastard who has to go in each day and watch some other muppet get the breaks you deserve. Fuck, it's bad enough working for your dole but it's worse when you're being pissed all over. In a fairer world he'd get pulled up for it but we live in Ireland so you'll have to take things into your own hands. So, a week before your meant to leave get a kilo of prawns in the plastic boxes and cut slits in the tops. When the coast is clear go into the toilets pop up the false ceiling and secret said trays. In a few weeks, with the seasonal increase in temperature, no degree in geology will get rid of that whiff.

How-a-yiz lads,
I was on this monster sesh down the bog with some of the girls from college. We taxi'd back out to holiday chalets we were staying in, all of a sudden didn't one of the lassies pull out a few bags of mephedrone she'd found hidden in the back of a suitcase she had at Bloc 2010. To say we made Henry The Hoover look like a fucking auld one with nasal congestion puts it lightly. We'd enough tobacco to get us through the night, but the auld one that in the local shop was some class of pro-life Catholic mullah and didn't open on Sundays - so we'd no way of spliffing up to get through the come down. We burst open the hoover bag and started rolling up random bits of fluff and dust with ganja. Thing is, I've just realised isn't some of that shite dead human skin cells? Does that make me some Charles Manson bone smoking cannibal freak? Haven't felt right since and me housemates look like they'd make a good snack box.
Licking me lips.
Shelly.

Here Shelly, will ya go to bed ta fuck. You're freaking the fuck outta the pair of us with these weird notes you keep leaving stuck on the fridge.

Dear Session Pixies,
Where can I get an arse burning stir-fry at 4am?
Gaspers, Joe
Well Joe, you must have confused us with the Szechuan Pixies, you'll find them on Airtel page 710.

HORRORSCOPES

BEFORE THE MAGIC COWBOY HEADED OFF TO THE SHORES OF THE ASTRAL PLANE FOR A SPELL OF CELESTIAL BACKPACKING. HE MET UP WITH LONG TIME COSMIC NAVIGATOR TRAGIC TERRY FOR A SPOT OF SOOTHSAYING.



TAURUS APR 20-MAY 20

Jaysus, Taurus, you're mad! How you thought you were going to get away with it for so long beggars belief, but you've done it and you deserve to be rewarded for your sheer bluster. Has your mother heard yet? I'd tell her you were just at a mates gaff to be honest, but it's up to you... Beware of probing questions from friends of friends and distant relatives. Remember: all good things come to those who keep their big fucking mouths shut.

GEMINI MAY 21-JUN 20

Travel broadens the mind, as do various psychedelics. Don't be afraid to substitute globetrotting with quadruple dropping purple mongos in your bedsit. Get some good albums too. Dark Side of the Moon is far too obvious, despite repeated listens in an attempt at convincing yourself it's the be all of classic psychedelia. Dork Side of the Goon more like it. Even Michael Bolton would sound like a sonic wizard at those depths of mashbaggery.



CANCER JUN 21-JUL 22

You paid no heed last time as you seem to have plummeted even further into a sea of self imposed red herrings. Money matters seem to be stabilising, though the same can't be said for your mental health. Life is like a game of The Game of Life and you seem to be missing turns left right and centre. Some hardcore alcohol dependency may be on the cards or some hardcore pornography.



LEO JUL 23-AUG 22

As you enter Dragon's Den, try to ensure that your derivative business idea has one redeeming feature. Try not let the cat out of the bag, as the early bird may not necessarily get the worm, or the lion's share for that matter, and raging in like a bull in a china shop may mean a spell in the doghouse, and your bite may well prove worse than your bark. Wednesday will be shit.



VIRGO AUG 23-SEP 22

Hey hun! Totes amazeballs you found your phone on Saturday. Your man tried to get off with me but he was a total knackbag. I still took his number though. YOLO! Sorch was being suuuuuuch a bitch. I hope everyone totally hates her guts. Literally in pieces today. OMG read my horoscope today and it totally like, knew everything about me. Weeeeird. Anyway, talkcha tomoz!



LIBRA SEP 23-OCT 22

Don't let Negative Nigel or Needy Nancy set up camp in the seaside resort of your mind. Take some time away from the hustle and bustle to reflect on what's really important for you. Job prospects are slim and you are not. Less carbohydrates and the occasional movement of muscles may help. Indeed, this could be the sweaty proof in the warm, moist pudding of self improvement you've been secretly yearning for. News items bring bad tidings.



SCORPIO OCT 23-NOV 21

As Orion eclipses the western hemisphere of Jupiter's moon, watch out for shitheads desperate to piss on your inner spirit. Your charming refusal to commit to anyone or anything leaves you high and dry when you risk all on a high-stakes game of chance, vaguely disguised as a slot machine. A Tesco clubcard could be the key to unlocking a myriad of previously undreamed of purchases.



SAGITTARIUS DEC 22-JAN 19

This is important shit right here and failure to pay attention in the past has proven to be your Achilles frenulum. As sure as there's a blue moon once in a blue moon you may be in for a stroke of good luck, but then again nothing much may happen until the end of eternity. The square root of minus one is your lucky number this month. Linda Martin is the devil.



CAPRICORN DEC 22-JAN 19

You step onto the road and there's no knowing where you might be swept off to. On the first light of the fifth day, at dawn look to the East. All we have to decide is what to do with the time that is given to us. A wizard is never late. He arrives precisely when he means to. Renewed shall be the blade that was broken. Fly you fool.



AQUARIUS JAN 20-FEB 18

'Quarius my old pal, how the fuck are ya? Loving your latest exploits. It's hard to be such a fucking legend all the time. Put it there, mate! Cast not a thought towards those who seem to attach themselves to you like sad limpets to the hull of a mighty freighter, as it gallantly sails the oceans of North Amazia. It's no wonder you're doing so well, sure isn't it destiny!



PISCES FEB 19-MAR 20

Now is your time to shine. If not, I would consider giving up completely. Watch out for amateur astrologists, desperately looking to score cheap laughs at the expense of others (you) and remember that old adage, 'don't believe everything you read' was invented by people reading things about themselves that were definitely true. Tears For Fears are actually better than you'd think.



ARIES MAR 21-APR 19

Fucking sheep. Try exploring the world for yourself before instantly adopting the latest political manifestos taking the net by storm. Your hair is looking pretty good on a more positive note. Tresemmé? You should give Aussie Miracle Moist a bash, it's softer than a UCD student at a bar fight.



Give Her A Damn Award!

PENALTY POINTS, GSOC, GARDA COMMISSIONER MARTIN CALLINAN, WHISTLEBLOWING, TAPED CONVERSATIONS. THESE TOPICS ARE ALL THE RAGE. BARRY CREED IS WONDERING WHY NO ONE IS TALKING ABOUT GEMMA O'DOHERTY?

Most will know that the former Garda Commissioner described the actions of the whistleblowers as “disgusting”. We know that the whistleblowers came forward with information that hundreds of people had penalty points removed from their licences. But what if the Garda Commissioner Martin Callinan had points removed from his own licence? The public should be entitled to know.

Well, in early 2013, Gemma O'Doherty was the senior features writer with the Irish Independent, where she had been working for 16 years. She then found herself in hot water with senior Independent News and Media (INM) management executives in April 2013 in relation to a story she was pursuing about the former Garda Commissioner Martin Callinan getting penalty points removed from his licence. The next thing you know, she is the only journalist in 28 redundancies at INM towards the end of 2013. The mainstream media in Ireland pretty much bypassed her departure, bar one or two publications, such as The Phoenix and Broadsheet.ie.

Paddy Prendiville, Editor of The Phoenix magazine said that there is now a worrying trend of hesitating to have a go at INM.

“You just don't have a go at Denis O'Brien's newspapers”, he said. “A lot of journalists would worry about job security, so maybe it's not a good idea to stick out, in case you're looking for a job in the future”, he added. Paddy said that this might also be another reason that journalists in other titles failed to pick up on the story.

“Dog doesn't eat dog”, he said. The circumstances around her departure is where the controversy lies. In April 2013, Gemma door-stepped the home of Garda Commissioner Martin Callinan to verify whether he had penalty points wiped from his licence or not. Two management executives at INM didn't like the fact she went ahead and called to the Garda Commissioner's house without first informing them. One of the people furious at Gemma for door-stepping Callinan's house was Stephen Rae, editor-in-chief

of Independent titles. Rae used to be the editor of the Garda Review magazine. Stephen Rae described O'Doherty as a “rogue reporter” for daring to approach Callinan without permission. Gemma's article was eventually run in the Indo which The Phoenix described as “sanitised”.

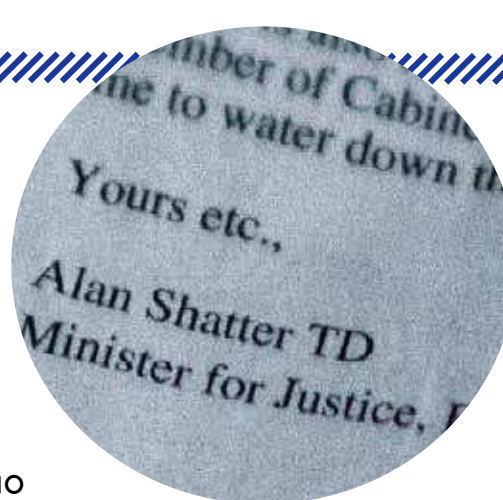
Last September, Roy Greenslade of The Guardian wrote an article on O'Doherty's departure summarising the incidents leading up to her departure. He asked the question as to why the Irish media ignored this story. In October 2013, Roy Greenslade wrote another article asking why the mainstream Irish media ignored the fact that Stephen Rae had penalty points knocked off his licence. I contacted Roy, and asked him, as a journalist based in the UK, why he thought the Irish media ignored the Gemma O'Doherty saga.

“It was a major scandal and should have been investigated by every paper. So I suspect that too many journalists (including, most obviously, editors) were either compromised by having been the recipients of Garda favours or feared that, by reporting it, they would lose favour. It's also a problem of a small, narrowly owned, press in a small country, though I'm also surprised the UK owned papers didn't get into it in a big way. Gemma O'Doherty is in the long tradition of a single-minded journalist pursuing a story in spite of official disapproval. She deserves an award and I sincerely hope her legal actions succeed”, he said.

Robert Mulhern of The Irish Post also covered the Rae penalty points story and questioned the circumstances around O'Doherty's exit from the Indo.

The matter of Gemma O'Doherty losing her job, and Stephen Rae getting points cleared off his licence were raised by Joe Higgins in the Dail on October 2nd 2013, where Minister for Defence, Alan Shatter stated it was none of his business.

You could argue that whoever gets hired or fired in a newspaper is none of Shatter's business, but penalty points getting cleared off a drivers licence should be.



“It's a bad reflection on the Irish media”, Robert Mulhern of the UK based Irish Post told me. “The O'Doherty story was just one entry point into the Garda related scandals that are now playing out. The mainstream is involved now. But where were they in September? Was the story too easy to ignore then? Now it's impossible to ignore”, he added.

Robert pointed out that there was no journalistic reason not to cover the original O'Doherty story.

“On its own, the story is a matter of public interest”, Mulhern said.

“Why was a leading journalist let go? What happened? Is there a connection between the story she was pursuing and her redundancy? These are all standard questions that weren't asked by the mainstream. They were asked by The Irish Post, The Guardian, The Phoenix and Broadsheet, but it shouldn't be left to an Irish title abroad and some small titles at home to ask these questions”, Robert pointed out.

Maybe one could look at media ownership in Ireland and specifically look at INM. How many newspapers do they own? Denis O'Brien, who is the largest shareholder in INM, also owns the Communicorp Group Ltd who own Today FM and Newstalk amongst others.

Maybe there is no story here. Maybe there is no conspiracy and maybe Gemma O'Doherty was just unfortunate like so many others who have lost their jobs. Now that Martin Callinan is gone, in light of the whistleblowing row, Gemma might yet be vindicated for trying to get her story out there the first day.

The details behind Gemma's dismissal could yet be forced into the mainstream media, but it shouldn't take a court case or an inquiry for this to happen. There is a responsibility on the media to ask the questions the public cannot.

Photo by Paul Reynolds.



Poster!

A mega cool poster from lamdestroyer to keep those politician snakes away...



