

rabble

we are rabble
frack you guys

Issue #9 Autumn 2014
Published Whenever.

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.

Phibsbronx

The near fifty years old shopping centre tower inspires a moan ...

Theatre

James Kirwan chats about how some elements of Dublin are unfamiliar to stage...

Frackle Rock

Local protests are mounting against extraction companies...

Spoken Word

Cabra poet Lewis Kenny joins us for a quickie...



Racism

We crunch the stats on attacks...

Abortion

Are online pills safe or effective?

Pride

Lesbians & Gays Support The Miners against Thatcher.

We're Still Standing

IN MAY 2013 WE PASSED AROUND THE DIGITAL HAT AND LAUNCHED A CROWDFUNDING CAMPAIGN TO SCRAPE IN ENOUGH COIN TO PUBLISH FOUR MORE ISSUES OF RABBLE. THIS IS THE LAST OF THOSE ISSUES AND WE'D LIKE TO SAY THANK YOU. WE'RE NOT DONE YET THOUGH...

That's four issues, each 32 pages long and crammed with art, hard-hitting writing and a modicum of craic. When we first set out with rabble we threw together a list of things that we aimed to do. There was quite consciously a bang of manifesto off the whole thing. Honestly, we thought we'd cause a bit of a stir and disappear. Not so.

We're still here, and we're still at it, hunched over our little computers in the dark, trying to figure out how many times we can fit the word 'ballbag' into an article about the government

As publications go, we've a tonne to learn yet, but the one thing that is certain is what we aspire to be - a voice for movements, the margins and the underground, looking around ourselves with wide eyes and a critically open mind, ready to call bullshit whenever we see it.

The more astute among you may have realised that the paper was not

quite quarterly this year, the main reason being (aside from the fact that it's fucking difficult for a small gang of volunteers to keep this shit ticking over regularly!) that we stumbled into another amazing funding opportunity this summer. Earlier in the year we put our name down with the Workers Beer Company, which is run by Battersea and Wandsworth Trade Union Council, and which, since 1986, has facilitated in funding over €6.4 million to social causes.

The basic idea went like this: we round up a load of volunteers to work the bars at various gigs and festivals around the country and all their very hard earned wages go to the project. As luck would have it, we were approved, a huge amount of legendary folks signed up to work with us and now rabble is ensured at least another couple of years trouble-making.

Our business model over the past few years is straight out of Peter Hook's 'How Not To Run A Club'. Had we any idea of the amount of hours we'd end up pouring into this from the start, we'd probably just have burned a few grand of our actual wages instead of letting our lives fall hostage to an uppity magazine.

That said, 19th century Russian revolutionaries bricked themselves up in hidden rooms for years on end to print their underground press.

So comparatively, we have it pretty easy...still, over the next few months we're going to take the gas of the medal a little. Look back at our two years (or is it three?!) years of publishing and figure out a way of making things run a bit smoother.



{EYE}

A Taste Of Home in Palestine.

Tony Kane is a photographer, originally from Kilbarrack, and last June he returned from spending 9 months in Palestine. Himself and fellow artists set up the Bare Collective and their first collaboration featured in this year's Photo Ireland festival. The above image was taken in Kufr Qadum in northern occupied West Bank. Tony told us how "The fortitude and resilience of those marching, mostly men and boys ranging in age from about 10 years up, never failed to strike a chord in me. They would march towards the Israeli military time and again, equipped, at most, with a slingshot and stone – more often with just their voices – knowing that they would be met with tear gas, rubber bullets and, too often, live ammunition."

To find out more visit www.bare-collective.com

HIGHLIGHTS

p5. Donal Fallon takes us back to a time of mass squatting in Dublin.

p7. Harry Browne chats to investigative journalist and Rupert Murdoch's best friend Nick Davies.

p9. Do they owe us a living? Ian Maleny looks into all that basic income lark that's brewing up.

p12. Siofra Gallagher looks at Comhaltas and the legacy of Dev's cultural wet dream.

p20. Rashers Tierney chats dodderly old nuns and abortion with the people behind My Name Is Saoirse.

p22. Paul Tarpey rounds up a year of cultural high jinx in Limerick.

p24. Bursting for a piss? Here's a break down of the lushest cisterns in Dublin.

p30. Our Flash Fictionista Dave Lordan serves up a bizarre tale of beards.

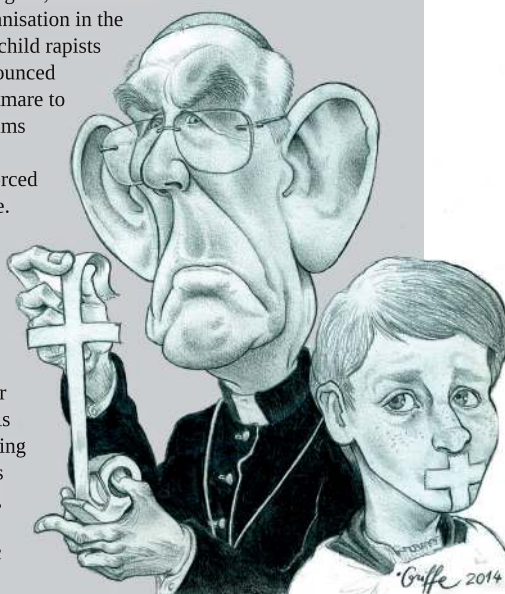
p32. Paul Doyle recounts the Great Magaluf Moral Panic.



Gombeen #9

IT WASN'T WITH MUCH REGRET THAT WE WAVED GOODBYE TO SEAN BRADY. THROUGHOUT HIS LONG REIGN OF CHURCH COVER UPS HE WITHSTOOD ONE RESIGNATION CALL TOO MANY BEFORE FINALLY HANDING IN HIS NOTICE TO PAPA BEAR IN ROME.

Brady was a proud chink in the rusty chain that the church has wrapped around the uteri of Irish women. In 1975, it was with zeal that, rather than inform the authorities, Brady played a part in the church's decision to move the evil Father Brendan Smyth from parish to parish, effectively paying for a paedophile rapist to go on a world tour. As far as the public record goes, the Catholic Church is the only organisation in the world to have paid for child rapists to move around unannounced (surprise!) child's nightmare to child's nightmare. Victims who reported Smyth's crimes initially were forced to take a vow of silence. They swore on a bible. Indeed, Brady's long and illustrious career proved to be primarily concerned with the Church's image, and not the wellbeing of her innumerable victims. As future referenda regarding gay rights and women's bodily autonomy loom, one can only hope he stays well out of public life.



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rabble

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Huge thanks to all our Workers Beer Crews. xxx

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



Raising The Standard

PHIBSBORO SHOPPING CENTRE IS ONE OF DUBLIN'S MOST DOMINATING BUILDINGS. RASHERS TIERNEY WRITES ABOUT THE FORTRESS OF PRE-CAST GREY CONCRETE THAT HAUNTS THE HORIZONS OF D7.

One of the advantages of this towering behemoth of late 1960's brutalist architecture is how it frames the old village of Phibsborough in partnership with the lights of Dalymount. So, it's near impossible to get lost or misdirect eegits home.

You see those two opposing vertical turrets reaching into sky in an awful mangled silhouette of failed urbanism? Well, that's Phibsborough and these towering tentacles are its boundary markers.

Legend has it that on Galen Weston's 24th birthday on October 29th 1964, he applied for planning permission to build a shopping centre in Phibsborough. He was an English-Canadian businessman who came here in the early 1960s, spotted how bidders were moving to Dublin and eyed up the expanding grocery trade. By 1965 his interests had grown to six grocery stores

This was an era when Phibsboro was a buzzing inner huburb, somewhere you could go instead of town, complete with not one but two cinemas. It hosted a Ramones gig while around the corner Bob Marley gigged in Dalyer. So, why the fuck shouldn't it have a six story concrete shopping centre with offices?

For Weston the shopping centre was a potent symbol of this changing consumer Ireland. He told Mary Kenny, in a 1970 Irish Press interview, that only 8% of Irish people had drank wine but potato sales were falling and frozen food purchases were going up. "Everywhere the sign of a rising standard of living," he declared.

If Liberty Hall was meant to signal a socialist seventies, then the Phibsborough shopping centre was a consumerist swipe at the 200 ft steeple of St Peters Church up the road.

Aside from Phibsboro's dark tower, the greatest other asset

Weston bequeathed to us was Penneys - the brand name he created after buying out the bankrupt Todd Burns store. He lost control of the shopping centre in the recession of 1972.

What is there to say about the building itself apart from the fact that it could do with a serious spit clean? The structure was completed in 1968 by architect David Keane and technically, it's not a shopping centre - only the ground floor is. The rest is office space and car parking units. The economics of the build were based on the retail units, with the offices subsidised to seduce snooty 1970's executives out of their South side enclaves to Phibsboro.

There was meant to be a swimming pool as part of the deal. Weston offered up £5,000 towards the total £70,000 needed. He'd even bought a site across the road for it. Like much of these things, and despite a fashion show - it fell by the wayside. We're still waiting on that swimming pool big man.

This abrupt landmark has sailed through different owners over the years, flogged off in 1988 for half a million and flipped again in 1990 by Power Supermarkets for a whopper £6.35 million.

Before he made an arsecdown out of himself running errands for Garth Brooks, the once respected republican Christy Burke cheered on the 2008 Local Area Action Plan centred around redeveloping Dalymount and the shopping centre that would "give us a Ranelagh in Phibsboro". A key angle they pushed was the creation of a major new civic plaza on the combined Dalymount and Phibsborough Shopping Centre site.

Let's not talk about the patchwork mess of Dalymount, of Albion properties, court cases and NAMA. In short, recession fucked that and the action plan went out the window in 2013.

For some Phibsboro shopping centre is leapt on as a portent of all that is wrong with the area, for me its more symbolic of a mentality that would force 3 motorways to collide in a village area and value islands of carparking space over civic uses and call that progress.

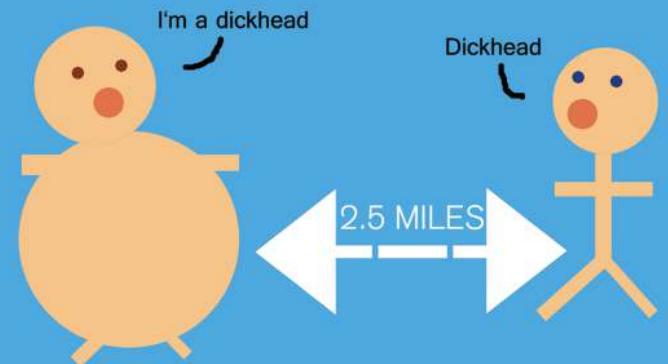
Maybe one day we'll be fortunate enough to see the Garda Representative Association ferreted out of their fifth floor lair, graffiti let loose on those pre-cast beams and it turned over for community use to the tribes of Phibsboro.

For now though, it'll never ceases to impress me anytime I stare up at it blanking out the sun, while chomping on a rollie at the door of our neighbourhood refuge The Hut. It reminds me of UCD, something built to resist attack - a giant big dalek that will withstand you, me and probably this so called economic recovery.

Photo by James Redmond.

Recent studies have revealed that the gap between rich and poor in developed countries is most pronounced in Ireland.

Experts have since measured that gap at two and a half miles



In other words, it would take Twink more than 45 minutes to snort a line of coke from one to the other.

A QUICKIE WITH...

THE WORK OF POET LEWIS KENNY TAKES IN EVERYTHING FROM SKAGGED OUT MDMA SESSION VICTIMS AND URBAN GENTRIFICATION, RIGHT UP TO THE IMPORTANCE OF CHERISHING YOUR MA. WE GRABBED HIM FOR A CHINWAG ABOUT WHAT MAKES HIM TICK.



We came across your videos on Youtube, seen you pop up at a We're Not Leaving gig and a spoken word event in the Boh's bar - can you introduce yourself to us and tell us what makes you tick?

Well my name is Lewis Kenny, I'm a 21-year-old spoken word artist from Cabra, currently a student of Dun Laoghaire Institute of Art, Design and Technology and I suppose what makes me tick is spreading the word about the growing poetry scene in Ireland.

Your piece Cabra asks at the very end "what happened my community?" What did happen, tell us what you think is going on? You mention gentrification, how is this playing out in the area?

Around the time of writing that poem, I'd been constantly hearing about close friends I'd grown up with being kicked out of their homes for various reasons, being locked up, forced to emigrate or just losing their way and it made me so angry. Some of these people we're honestly the most intelligent and talented people I'd known. I just remember so fondly growing up with my friends in this area, having the sense that we could accomplish anything we wanted when we left school, to this somber feeling of waiting for things to get better and for people to come home. The brain drain and wasted youth is real.

Would it be fair to say you strip away at how uncomfortable masculinity can be to bear when young?

It's not masculinity but rather Ladism, that promotes and glorifies a culture of sexism, racism, homophobia, violence and alcoholism. While I talk about drug culture and advocate sensible drug policy, I don't glorify it use. I like to write about what's real to me and what's going on in my head,

Look up Lewis on Youtube. He's well good.



Director Keith Walsh captured a group of men chatting about the role of technology (or lack of...) in their lives in this super enthralling little documentary filmed on the

eve of the terrestrial to digital switchover. We'll be watching this on an old snowy TV with a jacked in android box for that pure analog authenticity boi.



{COMICS AND STUFF}



HAVING A BAD DAY IN WORK? COURSE YOU'RE NOT YOU UEMPLOYED BUM. YOU'RE SITTING AT HOME IN YOUR UNDERWEAR WITH NOTHING BETER TO DO THAN BUILD AD REVENUE FOR FACEBOOK JIBBERING ANTI-ESTABLISHMENT BOO HA TO OTHER NUT JOBS ON OUR SOCIAL MEEJA PAGE. PING PING.

How do you feel about the notion that scrawling "no consent" on Irish Water applications isn't enough?

I think this stuff has taken such a hold in Ireland because the clientelist nature of everything from medical cards to planning permission has embedded a culture that seeks an individual way - around - the system rather than any real effort at changing the system itself. You can still vote Fianna Fáil because you personally will be looked after by the local TD etc. The self-styled gurus preaching about contracts, consent and marine law have taken the place of the 'fixer' gombeen man at a time when people feel abandoned by the politicians who traditionally filled that role.

- Claude O'Reilly

Gardaí are working full time trying to stamp out resistance to water meter installations.

People are standing together at community level. There are no meters in Crumlin or Drimnagh despite Irish Water's efforts. None of this is being seen on the news or in the papers. People power is alive and well in this country. The water meter fiasco will be a total failure.

- Nerak Yeoh

The McAleese report on the Magdalene Laundries system was a whitewash.

Someone has calculated that doing report after report with a narrow remit will save all kinds of face, and then these questions won't be asked anymore because these women will be dead. We all need to keep asking the questions on their behalf. The church are probably afraid to sell land because more graves will be found.

- Barbara E O'Donnell

Remember the Samuel Beckett bridge closure rumours and all U2's iPhone bollocks?

Shameless end of days nonsense. Who on earth is 'hyped' for this? At this stage Apple and U2's Pr 'peeps' are probably gleeful enough to get left of field grumbings as their target 'audience' are what could be called necessary consumers at this stage. Its seriously not worth a post by or for anyone else.... 'blurry picture' ? the new 'u2 album heard by man walking on the beach in cannes / laptop returned to Bono by fan.' Redundant click bate.

- Paul Tarpey

Gombeen Yoof wings are known for their shit lowest common denominator recruitment posters.

Best was an old cumann na Gael anti communist poster in UCC this year for young Fine Gael calling for Irish people to keep red out of the tricolour. You would think they wouldn't want to draw attention to that aspect of their history, being that around that time Cumann na Gael was calling on support for Franco....

- Fiona Ryan

Tories propose dole cuts & 3m £3ph 'internships'. Where'd they get that idea? Hmmm...

When the Tories are nicking ideas from you, then you know you're in trouble.

- Gearóid Cashman

Saturday September 27th saw thousands roll through town to repeal the 8th.

I dunno. Youth defence and rte said there were 3 people and a cat.

- Ken Duffy

An LGBTQ rights infographic shows an East-West divide with our own Ionaclast isle sticking out like a sore thumb.

For those that believe discrimination doesn't exist in Ireland - Section 37.1 of the Employment Equality Act allows religious-controlled institutions (which is the vast majority of our schools and a large number of our hospitals) to discriminate against employees and potential employees in order to 'protect their ethos'. A long way to go until equality is achieved

- Gregor Kerr

Lynched had their slot pulled from the RTÉ stage in Temple Bar on Culture Night.

Some ole bollox is a little over concerned about how RTE is being portrayed. Looks like they might be doing the lads a favour here by giving them the chance to rebel against a conservative organisation who are scared shitless.

- Peter Browne

MARMALADE/JAM

© ROBSTEARS

IF YOU COULD
BE ANYONE FOR
A DAY WHO
WOULD YOU BE?

I'D BE YOU
AND I'D
SHUT THE
FUCK UP



GET IN TOUCH
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www.rabble.ie



Fallon's
old time tables

Coleman Balls

If you have to steal one book from the library this year make it this one. Julien Mercille's definitive analysis of the Irish media's

propagandist publishing in favour of an increasingly wealthy and powerful elite. Yes, yes there's a special section on Marc Coleman

and its called The Political Economy and Media Coverage of the European Economic Crisis: the case of Ireland.



5

A Battle FOUGHT BEFORE

IN RECENT MONTHS THERE HAVE BEEN A PLETHORA OF 'HOUSING ACTION' CAMPAIGNS ESTABLISHED, ALL WISHING TO RAISE AWARENESS AROUND THE ISSUE OF WORKING CLASS HOUSING (OR THE LACK OF IT) IN IRELAND TODAY. DONAL FALLON TAKES US BACK TO THE CROWBAR BRIGADES AND SQUATTING TACTICS OF THE 1960'S DUBLIN HOUSING ACTION CAMPAIGN.

The 1960s witnessed very real agitation on the issue of housing, with the establishment of the Dublin Housing Action Committee and similar organisations in other Irish cities. Many of the key players involved in this movement were important figures in revolutionary political circles at the time, and the housing campaigns of the 1960s utilised direct action tactics which often succeeded in grabbing the headlines and the attention of authorities.

By the early 1960s, despite some substantial suburban construction projects in the decades prior such as those in Cabra and Ballyfermot, a significant number of people in inner-city Dublin were still living in outdated and dangerous tenement accommodation.

Two tenements collapsed within weeks of one another in June 1963, with two elderly Dubliners and two schoolchildren losing their lives. Images of a collapsed tenement on Bolton Street shocked the public on June 2nd, and by the end of the month the media were reporting that since the disaster "156 houses have been evacuated because they were in a dangerous condition. This has necessitated the rehousing of 520 families." Families were housed in the old living quarters of Dublin Fire Brigade stations or moved temporarily into suburban Dublin, while the city even considered utilising prefabs to deal with the crisis. By no means were such horrors confined to Dublin, and indeed north of the border housing rights and access to a decent standard of accommodation for all was a central motivating issue for the Civil Rights movement there.

In May 1967, the Dublin Housing Action Committee was born, the brainchild of left-republican activists, and as Tara Keenan-Thomson has written in her study of women in Irish street politics historically "the main personalities in the group were Máirín de Burca, a young socialist (...) who had returned to Sinn Féin after it had shown signs of contemplating social action, and Prionsias de Rossa, another young republican socialist". In addition to this Sinn Féin element, the movement also drew in members from a wide spectrum of leftist parties and community groups. Among its key demands were "The repair of dwellings by Dublin Corporation where landlords refuse to do so" and the immediate "declaration of a housing emergency" in the city.

Direct militant action against evictions ensured plenty of ink went on covering the DHAC in the national press, and on January 16th 1968 The Irish Times were reporting that "scuffles at the scene of two evictions in Dublin yesterday between a large force of Gardaí and members of the Dublin Housing Action Committee resulted in 23 arrests." For authorities, there was a real fear that the DHAC could serve as a recruitment tool for republicans, moving from 'the national question' to social ones. The DHAC also provided support to those squatting housing in the city, for example in the summer of 1969 when three families

occupied a Georgian home at Hume Street near Stephen's Green. The remnants of the eighteenth century city of the rich, Georgian homes formed an unusual setting for 1960s class struggle.

This activity was not confined to Dublin either. In Cork, housing action campaigners occupied the City Hall in protest against poor housing for the working class in the city, while squatting tactics were also utilised by campaigners in Derry, in a decade of real campaigning in the northern city.

The arrest of the Secretary of the Dublin group, Dennis Dennehy, led to a high-profile demonstration at the Mansion House in January of 1969. Dennehy, a member of the Irish Communist Organisation, had gone on hunger strike at Mountjoy Prison. An event organised by the state to mark the fiftieth anniversary of the sitting of Dáil Éireann at the Mansion House was interrupted by Joseph Clarke, a veteran republican who had taken part in the Easter Rising and who supported the Dublin Housing Action Committee, wishing to draw attention to Dennehy's actions. During Dennehy's imprisonment Gardaí clashed with a very sizable number of protesters on O'Connell Bridge, something the Irish Independent labelled (perhaps over-enthusiastically!) the 'Battle of O'Connell Bridge'.

Among those who took a role in the Housing Action Committee was Michael O'Riordain, a veteran of the Spanish Civil War and a leading figure in the history of communism in Ireland. Another participant in many activities was Margaret Gaj, a feminist originally from Glasgow who owned a popular restaurant and hangout named Gaj's on Baggot Street. In a 2011 obituary, Rosita Sweetman noted that "trade unionists, aristocrats, lawyers, bank robbers, prostitutes, students, artists, prisoners, civil-rights activists and Women's Libbers all rubbed shoulders around the scrubbed hardwood tables."

What brought about the demise of the DHAC and similar campaigns? Tom Murray has noted that by the early 1970s "Dublin Corporation's 'crowbar brigades' were ejecting people daily without recourse to the law. These evictions came as the DHAC was fracturing under the pressures of its own internal politics."

Certainly, for many activists within the movement who had come from the republican-left, the eruption of violence in the north played no small role in the decline in housing related activism.

Illustration by Luke Fallon.

Trade unionists,
aristocrats, lawyers,
bank robbers,
prostitutes,
students, artists,
prisoners, civil-
rights activists and
Women's Libbers all
rubbed shoulders...



What links James Connolly, doing your poo & crooks in The Dail? A protest song by Robbie Dunn in Brisbane does and its currently racking up tens of thousands of hits. That's

right, all together now: "You can shove your..."



{BABBLE}



When you realise just how much can be created simply harnessing the sunlight, rain and air all around us, in the tiniest of spaces, your mind begins to boggle at the potential.

BEEN OUT IN RIALTO LATELY? YOU MIGHT BE WONDERING WHY THERE'S A COLD WAR ERA LISTENING POST OFF REUBEN STREET. FEAR NOT! TIS ONLY DUBLIN'S FIRST GEODESIC DOME, THE CENTREPIECE OF THE CAPITAL'S LATEST COMMUNITY GARDEN PROJECT. RASHERS TIERNEY SPOKE WITH TWO OF ITS FOUR CREATORS JAMIE ROCHE AND NIAL O'BRIEN

I remember a wet horrible day at a protest camp against George Bush's visit back in 2004, me and a gang of others trying to erect a geo-dome. It was a disaster. Can you tell me what they are and how one of them suddenly ended up opening in Fatima?

Jamie: A geodesic dome is the lightest, strongest and most cost-effective structure ever developed. When first conceived it was earmarked as a breakthrough in shelter design, not only in cost effectiveness, but in ease of construction. At first glance it can appear to be complex in design, however the principle is relatively simple. It relies upon a series of pentagons and hexagons nestled tightly against each other that form a sphere.

You mention an "an off-grid hydroponic technique" that can produce something mental like 1,000 lettuces each week. That's a lot of caesar salads. Explain?

Niall: It's a system developed quite

recently in the University of Hawaii by Prof. Kratky. It's crazy simple really. No pumps, no air stones, no electricity. Seeds are placed in a growing medium, we'll be using rockwool, the lower portion of the pot is immersed in the water/nutrient solution. Plants are automatically watered due to capillary action. As they grow and drink, the water level reduces creating an air gap, the lower portion of the roots remain in the water absorbing nutrients and the upper section transform into air roots so the plant gets everything it needs. You literally set it and forget it until harvest time. The produce will be donated to local community centres.

Is there a social justice element to the project so? Does it point towards a totally different model of sustaining and nourishing our communities?

Niall: Very much so. When you realise just how much can be created by simply harnessing the sunlight, rain and air all around us, in the tiniest of spaces, your mind begins to boggle at the potential. Communities creating substantial amounts of their food and energy requirements, by themselves for themselves, is an incredibly exciting and liberating idea to me. As I've become fond of saying lately, money does grow on trees... We have many collectively minded plans to follow; this really is

just the beginning.

How are your relations with the council? Did you have much bureaucracy to get through to see this vision come to fruition? Excuse the pun.

Niall: We were lucky in the fact that the local residents' association had a very strong working relationship with the council. They asked on our behalf and that was that. We really must commend them for doing all the initial hard work in making Flanagan's Fields community garden a reality.

What's the story with the land the project is situated on? Is it just derelict? What happens if it suddenly becomes a viable commercial prospect again? Should the city be doing more to start transferring these plots and areas of environmental regeneration into the hands of the local communities?

Jamie: Currently the Back of the Pipes residents' association holds the lease on the land. Each lease is for a period of 11 months and the land must lie vacant for a period of one month every year. Should a situation occur where DCC wanted to change the use of the land they are within their rights to do so considering they own the land. But for the moment they have been very gracious in allowing us and the residents to use the asset.

To what extent are locals in the area involved in the project? Will there be a process of handing it over to them once its up and running?

Niall: The project couldn't exist without local support. The Back of the Pipes residents' association literally knocked on every front door in the area to ask for permission for it, no matter how well intentioned, you must have consensus. Every single resident is a part owner of the dome - that's why it works.

Can you tell me about some of the other projects in Dublin that might have inspired your own one to get off the ground?

Jamie: There are many projects in Dublin that have inspired us as a group, however two that stand out in my mind are the F2 community centre and The Upcycle Movement. I see that both of these groups have a huge amount to offer local communities both socially and environmentally. The work that F2 do is outstanding, covering a huge range from food education and social groups working with the local community, bringing the people with them as they work tirelessly to achieve their goals. The Upcycle Movement show what can be done with disused and discarded materials finding a different use for what would otherwise

be discarded. Then there is of course Flanagan's Fields garden group, they have done a huge amount of work over the last three years sculpting a space into something beautiful for all the people in the area.

Niall: Granby Park absolutely has to get a mention. Outside of Dublin, Cloughjordan Ecovillage is one of those rare things actually deserving of the word 'awesome'.

The dome is going to function as a band space and a community meeting point. Can you shed some light on what's lined up there over the next while?

Niall: We are talking with nine local schools about conducting regular classes in the dome, we are delighted to have received interest from local social enterprises, men's sheds groups, the amazing F2 centre around the corner and the myriad local social groups they work with, we've also been contacted by Antrim council about a possible cross border collaboration. It's only been a couple of weeks since we started letting people know about The Grow Dome Project and every day another great idea for collaboration pops into our inbox. It's an exciting time.

Photographs by Ivan Rynn



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CHURNING YOUR WORLD INSIDE OUT



HARRY BROWNE SPOKE TO NICK DAVIES - AN AWARD WINNING INVESTIGATIVE JOURNALIST CENTRAL TO BREAKING THE NEWS OF THE WORLD PHONE SCANDAL - ABOUT WHICH HE'S JUST PUBLISHED HACK ATTACK. AND THE EXTRAORDINARY VIGNETTE OF BONO AND MURDOCH PLAYING BRIDGE TOGETHER.

HB: In Flat Earth News you popularised the term 'churnalism' to describe the cheap cut-and-paste on behalf of PR and powerful interests that increasingly fills newspapers. Hack Attack is about nasty, underhanded intrusions into utterly private affairs. Is it time we stopped trying to cling on to a loftier conception of the craft and its principles, admitting that 'real journalism' is mostly variations on these kinds of crap, and finding another word for what a small minority of practitioners, like yourself, get to do?

ND: No. We should hold on to the word and hold on to what it means – an honest attempt to tell people what is going on in the world. We shouldn't give the bad guys the word any more than we should give them the power to undermine truth-telling or harness journalism to crime.

HB: A few years ago many of us were optimistic about new models of journalistic practice emerging from organisations such as Wikileaks. Has your own negative experience of working with Julian Assange affected how you view existing and potential alternatives to the established corporate and state media?

ND: These are two different things. First, in relation to Julian, he is brilliant and brave but he is also sometimes horribly destructive and misguided, so he has alienated many allies and lost a great deal of the power which he had. But the pros and cons of his character are not inherently related to the second thing, which is the idea of a website acting as a safe conduit for whistleblowers. That's an idea which never did strike me as offering a new model of journalistic practice. At base, in its most important and powerful form, journalism is about building relationships with human sources. So, ok, some whistleblowers may prefer to lob their information anonymously into the public domain, but a lot of them are going to want to find a reporter, form a

bond and collaborate. Ed Snowden deliberately sought out Glenn Greenwald as a conduit through which to release his material. That has worked well and I still think that is the basic model.

HB: A hundred years ago Lord Northcliffe controlled lots more of the British media than Rupert Murdoch does today. What, if anything, makes Murdoch different?

ND: Northcliffe was national. Murdoch is global. Like Northcliffe, Murdoch can expect political favours from governments who fear the ability of his newspapers to destabilise them (and to expose the sex lives of individual ministers.) But unlike Northcliffe, he has a second super weapon at his disposal, an economic one: the globalised economy allows him to extract his capital from any jurisdiction whose government frustrates him, creating unemployment and economic havoc at will. There are key moments in Hack Attack where you can see the Murdoch network wagging that second threat under the noses of the Cameron government as part of their effort to muscle them into allowing them to buy BSkyB.

HB: We know politicians enable Murdoch businesses, but do you think his power has wider political consequences, that those in power really do things they wouldn't do otherwise – from going to war to cutting social spending – because of his power?

ND: Sure. I've given a lot of detailed examples in the book of UK governments over the last 35 years feeding favours to Murdoch. This can involve seriously big decisions such as whether or not to join the euro and whether or not to invade Iraq – both occasions on which you can trace Murdoch's influence. It can also involve smaller favours – exclusive stories for his journalists and an almost laughable effort by Gordon Brown who tried to curry favour with Rebekah Wade, when she first started going out with Charlie Brooks, by ordering officials to investigate the possibility of cancelling the horserace levy, which taxes the industry in which Charlie was working as a trainer. Almost laughable – but not really very funny at all.

HB: Is there any clear example of a public figure who was savaged in the Murdoch press on behalf of a Murdoch commercial interest?

ND: I've mentioned in Hack Attack the cases of a senior figure in British sport who is said to have complied with Murdoch's plans for TV rights when

he was informed that the Sun was ready to tell its readers he had had sexual relationships with young men; and about a middle-ranking Labour politician who is said to have spoken up for Murdoch's UK newspapers after journalists obtained a video of him having sex with a prostitute while her husband watched.

HB: Do you think there was reasonable coverage of the News of the World scandals in Murdoch's 'quality' papers: the Wall Street Journal, the Times, the Sunday Times?

ND: The Murdoch papers held back from covering the hacking scandal, intervening only occasionally to try to rubbish it. However, other Fleet Street papers performed just as badly, whether because they didn't want to embarrass David Cameron who had hired Andy Coulson, the editor who had overseen the hacking at the News of the World; or because their own journalists had been up to similarly dodgy behaviour.

HB: Would you work for a Murdoch publication?

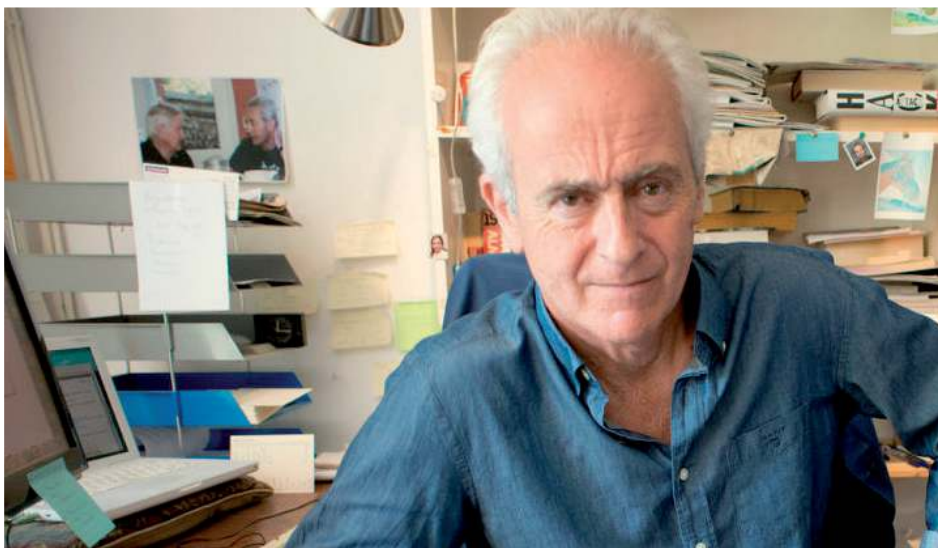
ND: I wouldn't want to work for Murdoch. Oddly, he hasn't asked me to.

HB: Hack Attack includes, in its portrait of the Rebekah Brooks-Murdoch set, an account of an occasion when the U2 singer partnered Rupert Murdoch at bridge. I wonder what you make of the corporate-media-philanthropic nexus that this moment typifies, and if it's worse that Bono is pals with Murdoch or that he plays bridge?

ND: At first, it just looks comic, doesn't it – the rock star groover sitting down to play parlour games with the prune-wrinkled old megalomaniac. In fact, it matters. At the very least, Murdoch has to learn to live with himself and it must save his conscience – and encourage his endless quest for money and power – if the rock star accepts and endorses him like this. At most, it spreads the endorsement wider and gives innocent bystanders the idea that if Bono is prepared to bless him, maybe they should too.

Photo by Andrew Hasson

A senior figure in British sport who is said to have complied with Murdoch's plans for TV rights when he was informed that the Sun was ready to tell its readers he had had sexual relationships with young men.



When nightclubs become wrecks. Photographer Antonio La Grotta documented Italy's abandoned discotheques. Explore

the forgotten fake marble temples of Italo-Disco by looking up his collection 'Paradise Discotheque.'



Photos by Paul Reynolds
Illustration by Bit Thympt

YOU'RE PROBABLY BLUE IN THE FACE HEARING ABOUT THE HOUSING CRISIS, THE INCREASE IN RENT, THE HOLY GRAIL OF OWNING THE ROOF OVER YOUR HEAD. THERE ARE SOLUTIONS TO THE PROBLEMS THOUGH: MICHAEL TAFT DETAILS A FEW.

This housing crisis is having a devastating impact on the households affected and the wider economy.

In 2013, there were 90,000 households on the social housing waiting list – the majority waiting for over two years. In 2014, some local authorities are reporting a 40 percent rise in the waiting list. The waiting list has grown as social house building has collapsed, from over 6,000 prior to the crash to a mere 300 last year. No wonder there are an estimated 5,000 homeless at

any particular time.

A feature of the housing crisis is rising private rents, especially in Dublin where rents have increased by nearly 10 percent in the past year while incomes continue to fall.

Another issue is the cost of buying a house for first-time buyers. In the mid 1990s, house prices were approximately four times the average wage. Today, the average home costs 6.5 times the average wage.

Rising house prices and stagnant wages is a recipe for more debt and home-ownership exclusion among low to average wage earners.

Resolving the problems in the housing market will require a number of joined-up policies. But what is the starting point? One starts at the bottom in order to raise the floor for everyone. It is the application of what might be called 'trickle-up economics', a process that attempts to generate an upward spiralling benefit (of course, one could start at the top with traditional 'trickle-down' policies – the only problem with this is that the trickle stops

well short of the ground floor, never mind the basement where so many people find themselves).

No one doubts that reducing the social housing waiting list would create greater social equity. But in the process of building these houses, thousands of unemployed building workers would be put back into work, economic activity would rise with increased demand, and tax revenue would increase while unemployment payments would fall.

Reducing the social housing waiting list would also increase the supply of private rental accommodation. 75 percent of households on the waiting list are in private rented accommodation, with most on rent supplement. Every 100 households taken off the housing list and put in permanent public accommodation results in 75 private rental units being freed up.

Rising private rents are being caused by higher demand and limited supply. More social housing should see a stabilising of rents and possibly even a reduction. That's one way increased social housing will help those in the private rented sector.

It can also help housing prices. If people are faced with rising rents – in insecure and, in many cases, inadequate accommodation – they will seek to move into the house-purchasing market. Again, if we have too much demand for limited supply, this will only increase house prices.

If there is more social housing, freeing up more private rental accommodation, this can contribute to reducing demand in the house-purchase market which can hopefully temper rising house prices.

This is how trickle-up economics works.

Of course, we need more policies for the housing market. We need investment in the private rented sector – something that is unlikely to happen as long as that sector is dominated by small landlords. Nearly 60 percent of rental dwellings inspected by local authorities last year failed basic minimum requirements. We need a major public investment drive in this sector. We need higher accommodation quality; greater security of tenure, controls over rent rises and more diversity to accommodate a number of different household types.

But there's a real problem in all this. We have really dug ourselves into a hole when it comes to the social housing waiting list. Years of neglect now means that it would cost between €14 and €18 billion to both build and acquire housing for the 90,000 on the waiting list. And by the time we cleared the current numbers waiting, there would be tens of thousands more queuing up. It is not within the financial capacity of the state to launch the investment drive necessary to provide housing for all those in need.

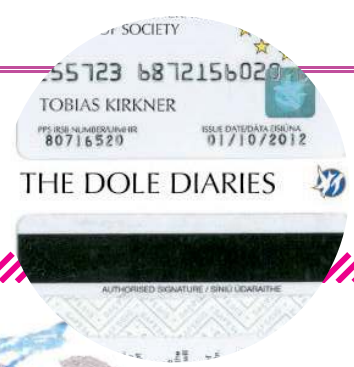
We will need a radical redesign of social housing to attract the necessary investment. A number of European countries manage to build social housing without it appearing on the Government's books. They do this because housing is provided by what are called 'quasi-public corporations'. The Irish equivalent would be public enterprise. These bodies borrow, build, own and provide the housing with the government – either local or national – providing social transfers to those tenants that can't afford the full economic rent.

We can go further and allow a new public enterprise company to offer rental accommodation on the private market in order to increase supply, quality and tenure security. This would allow the company to make a small profit which would be redirected into investment. In this respect, there would be no distinction between public and private tenants.

This would allow a significant social housing building programme with no upfront cost to the state or impact negatively on our deficit or debt. But the economy would still get all the benefit from the economic activity. And people would get housed.

There are many reforms needed in the housing market to ensure that people can live in adequate, affordable accommodation. But all these must start in the basement, not the penthouse. It starts with housing the homeless, moving people from precarious to stable accommodation. Do that and the benefits will start to trickle upwards.

**This is how
trickle-up
economics
works.**



STRIVERS & SKIVERS

A basic income system can be all things to all people in theory, but in practice it cannot.



THE IDEA THAT EVERYONE OUGHT TO BE ENTITLED TO A MINIMUM BASIC INCOME AS A FUNDAMENTAL RIGHT CERTAINLY SOUNDS WAY LEFT FIELD, YET IT HAS PIQUED THE INTERESTS OF EVERYONE FROM POLITICIANS AND CEOS TO ECONOMISTS AND ANTI-CAPITALISTS, AND IT'S APPEARED IN ALL CORNERS OF THE MEDIA, FROM THE FINANCIAL TIMES TO JACOBIN. IAN MALENY GIVES US THE LOWDOWN.

We're living in a world where damn near everything has a price. No such thing as a free lunch and all that. Perhaps it's this widely-held belief, that one doesn't get something for nothing, which makes the concept of an unconditional basic income such a breath of fresh air. The idea that every citizen ought to be entitled to a fixed salary simply for existing certainly scans as radical, but it's piqued the interest of a diverse and growing pool of people, from economists and politicians to CEOs and anti-capitalist activists, and appeared in unexpected corners of the media, everywhere from the Financial Times to Jacobin.

This broad appeal suggests a complicated, often contradictory, vision. Many proponents on the right see it as a means of individual empowerment which also happens to reduce bureaucracy and might even help relax employer obligations around the hiring and firing of staff. Those on the left see it as a means of increasing social cohesion, modernising an outdated welfare system and providing a counter-weight to the inexorable rise of automation and precarity in the workplace.

A basic income system can be all things to all people in theory, but in practice it cannot. Any attempt to implement such a

system would require difficult decisions with regard to taxation, the level of payment, potential conditions and which elements of the existent welfare state ought to be replaced.

Switzerland is the first European nation to truly consider a basic income scheme, thanks to a successful citizens' initiative which proposed a referendum on instituting an unconditional basic income. With advocates collecting over 100,000 signatures in support of the initiative, the Swiss government must now let the country vote on its implementation. This has sparked a national discussion on the merits of the idea.

Gabriel Barta, vice-president of the Swiss branch of the Basic Income Earth Network (BIEN), says the primary opposition to the initiative comes from two main concerns: that it will cost too much, and that it will remove people's motivation to work. While the cost remains something that has to be worked out through public and political debate, Barta is confident the latter complaint is not an issue at all.

"If you ask people whether people would continue to work if a Basic Income existed, they say probably 75%-80% of people would no longer want to work," he says. "You then ask another

question; would you yourself continue to work if you had a Basic Income? 80% of them say yes."

This story, though less than scientific, is evidence of how deep the "strivers vs shirkers" narrative around work and welfare runs. For Barta, this is all the more reason to support an unconditional basic income, which would go some way towards removing the social stigma of unemployment and separating human dignity from paid work.

"I think the main purpose of the basic income as far as unemployment is concerned isn't so much to provide a financial guarantee where there wasn't one before - that's the immediate purpose - but the real purpose is to divorce the sense of being integrated in society from the necessity of having someone prepared to pay you for working."

Another interesting element of this debate lies in how traditional leftist institutions such as trade unions and the associated welfare state are largely predicated on the end goal of full employment. Basic Income seems to readily acknowledge the more difficult reality facing a growing number of the population in increasingly precarious working conditions.

John Baker, a founding member of Basic Income Ireland, suggests that it's in the space between employment and unemployment, a space that trade unions have been unable to fill, that the potential of basic income becomes obvious.

"There's a third space that is much more the space of where most people would be," he says. "Basic income would give more people the freedom to withdraw from the market economy for particular periods of their lives, to work part time or take a year off or two years."

He continues, "It provides this greater flexibility in the positive sense rather than in the neoliberal capitalist sense of flexibility."

Basic Income Ireland have been at the fore in boosting awareness and support for basic income ideas in Ireland since the early 90s. However, one major stumbling block for the basic income movement, particularly as it attempts to convince politicians and mainstream economists of its feasibility, has been the lack of available empirical data on the potential impact any scheme would have. Questions about labour demotivation, inflation, wages and migration can currently only be answered with reasoned projections and models.

Dr. Evelyn Forget, a professor at the University of Manitoba in Canada, conducted what is perhaps the only academic study of the only basic income trial in a first world country; MINCOME, a programme implemented in Dauphin, Manitoba from 1974-79. Forget's paper, 'The Town With No Poverty', examines the health benefits of the programme on the population during that time. While it doesn't provide all the answers, Forget believes it's more than enough to be getting on with.

"Some claim we need more pilot studies like the Dauphin experiment," says Forget. "I think the claim is a bit suspect, an excuse. We know absolutely what the labour market effects are likely to be. We have, from my work, a pretty fair indication of health effects. We know the direction of other likely effects, even if we don't have the data to show them. If they are worried about costs, we can extrapolate from existing experiments and simulate effects. Yes, they are models but we make other big economic changes on the basis of models. No one had any

idea of the costs or consequences of national health programs when they were introduced."

Baker describes the Basic Income system as a module within a broader political perspective, with its outcomes shaped by what is happening around it. It's easy to see how, without rent control, any increase in general income could largely disappear into the pockets of landlords. The same goes for any essential service currently provided by private bodies, from rubbish collection to childcare to health insurance. What happens to disability payments, rent supplements, child benefit, pensions? What about those with convictions? One big question surrounds entitlement: when would an immigrant begin to qualify for a basic income? Would they need a passport? Given our less-than-excellent history of "dealing with" immigrants and asylum seekers, you would be forgiven for being pessimistic.

Basic income, for now, asks more questions than it answers, which is both its greatest strength and a major flaw. It can be seen as a way to radically reorganise a society, as a tool of mass liberation, or just as a way to grease the wheels of capitalism. Questions about the nature and value of work, how we reward unprofitable but socially necessary labour, and how much trust we put in other people to contribute positively to society in their own way are important ones to be asking right now. Basic income allows us to burrow into all of them at once. For that reason alone, it's an idea worth thinking about.

Illustration by Mice Hell.



Focus E15 Mothers

29 single mums were turfed out of the F15 hostel after funding cuts took over an abandoned London housing estate in at the end of September. Their open and political approach to squatting is

garnering huge support - give them a follow on Facebook for an insight into London's awakening housing battle.



WHILE IRELAND CONTINUALLY GRAPPLES OVER THE MORALITY OF OTHER PEOPLES CHOICES THE REST OF WORLD HAS BEEN DEVELOPING TECHNOLOGIES AND MEDICINES FOR SAFER, QUICKER MORE EFFICIENT PREGNANCY TERMINATIONS AND HAS BEING DOING SO FOR DECADES NOW. SHEILA LAFFERTY TAKES A LOOK AT THE ABORTION PILL.THE ABORTION PILL.

Every year 42 million women worldwide choose to have an abortion. This aspect of reality just doesn't get discussed in Ireland.

Many people residing here on the Isle of Perpetual Judgement don't realise the different types of abortion that are available. The vast majority of women terminate in their first trimester which is considered up to 13 weeks. When they present to a clinic, options are generally a medical abortion which is brought on using pills or a surgical procedure. Mara Clarke, speaking on behalf of the Abortion Support Network points out, "some women love early medical abortion because they think it's more natural."

Mifepristone, a stomach ulcer medication widely used in Brazil back in the 1970s carried the side effect warning "may cause miscarriage" and tens of thousands bright sparks got busy. Reproductive rights researchers noticed that Brazil had extraordinarily less maternal deaths as a result of abortion in comparison to their geographical neighbours. They investigated and discovered it was down to women's 'misuse' of Mifepristone. A clinical study of its use as an abortifacient commenced in Geneva in 1981. By 1985 research was being done into how Mifepristone and Misoprostol worked in conjunction. Terminations were successfully achieved and side effects were minimal on par with that of a natural miscarriage. France and China immediately applied for licenses to begin administering medical abortions over

Every year 42 million women worldwide choose to have an abortion. This aspect of reality just doesn't get discussed in Ireland.

a quarter of a century ago. At this point in time, Ireland was still smuggling condoms in the hems of Grandmother's skirts across the border.

The World Health Organisation declared the drugs used in medical abortions as safe and effective. Even more so than Viagra which I imagine a clatter of men over fifty and the occasional buzzer uses to no ill effect. As of 2005 the WHO placed Misoprostol and Mifepristone on their essential medicines list.

Whilst other countries in Europe, namely France, update and progress their reproductive laws, Ireland the country closeby but many decades behind has chosen to sink further into repression. The recent Protection of Life Act only benefits those literally knocking on deaths door, and only after numerous doctors and apparently everyone's auntie decides that thats the case.

For everyone else it's off to England. There has always been a British solution to this particular Irish problem. Back in the fun-filled days of the laundries England enacted a specific welfare category PFI. Pregnant from Ireland, such was the volume of women fleeing over. Today BPAS the British abortion provider hosts a website dedicated

to providing information specifically aimed at the thousands of Irish based women requiring their services annually.

The ever so slight glitch in the system being that there are some people residing in Ireland who cannot afford the human right of reproductive choice. Asylum seekers, women with disabilities, women with low incomes, women who can't get childcare to cover them for their 'jaunt' abroad amongst many others. Many of these women access what is known as an abortion-by-post. Thousands of women do this annually and the truth silently screams as no one talks about it.

The Health Products Regulatory Authority seized 438 doses of abortion pills in 2013 alone. Most of the drugs impounded and subsequently destroyed were caught in batches, suggesting supply networks in operation and a possible blackmarket trade. A cursory internet search reveals multiple online pharmacies supplying termination pills. Cold hard cash being their sole motivator for provision. They sit alongside a plethora of horror stories propagated from the comically self-coined pro-life groups.

Women on Web (WOW) a Dutch based group

can be found in the midst of the online muddle. To date they are one of the most prolific suppliers of medical abortion pills to Irish women operating on a donation basis. Intense customs scrutiny meant they had to change their packaging. They now suggest that the pills are sent to Northern Irish addresses where it is not illegal to obtain prescription only medicines online. The underground nature of accessing the pills makes it difficult to approximate how many women access abortions by post. In 2013 the number of Irish women accessing abortions in England fell to its lowest levels since 1969. For BPAS this may be an indication of more women adopting a self-administering approach to unwanted pregnancies. A spokesperson said 'It is completely understandable given the desperate situation faced by women in Ireland that some have resorted to buying abortion medication on the internet. It is preferable that they take a safe medication, purchased from a reputable organisation'.

The biggest concern of abortion-by-post is the lack of medical support, interaction and supervision. This definitely something that has been lacking from many previous pill providers. A new group called Women help Women (WHW) launched in Dublin this September. They consist of a dedicated team of experienced reproductive health workers and medical professionals who are "focused on putting reproductive health products, including pills for medical abortion and contraception, directly into women's hands, where they belong." WHW intentions clearly stretch far



Reproductive rights researchers noticed that Brazil had extraordinarily less maternal deaths as a result of abortion in comparison to their geographical neighbours. They investigated and discovered it was down to women's 'misuse' of Mifepristone.

beyond that of an illicit online pharmacy.

Women are legally entitled to physical and mental post-abortion care in Ireland. But as Cathie Doherty spokesperson for the Abortion Rights Campaign points out fear of "potential legal action or fear of being open with medical providers" can stop women accessing this legal right. You'd hope the fourteen year prison sentence enshrined in the Protection of Life Bill is a bullish exaggerated threat but worries over approaching your local GP can be very real. WHW hope to fill that gap by offering expert medical support in a variety of ways; through hotlines, text advice and email in numerous languages. Technology has caught up with the science and the government still flounders decades behind the rest of Irish society.

The harsh reality remains that while abortion-by-post has given more women in Ireland the ability to choose what happens to their bodies none of us could have predicted the recent horrific case of forced human incubation that devastated a young woman's life. The recently published Protection of Life guidelines for medical practitioners upheld her treatment, c-section as termination, continuing to embarrass Ireland on an international scale

once more. Thankfully Amnesty International has decided to name and shame Ireland as part of their My body My Rights campaign. Tony Mackee explained "we are researching the effect of criminalisation of abortion on people in Ireland and will be launching the report in late spring, from there we will mount a pressurised international campaign calling for the Irish government to decriminalise abortion."

Perhaps, Leo Varadkar will don a permed mullet, some acid washed denim and a boombox blaming Wham when explaining internationally why he thinks bad decisions in the eighties still are applicable today. There is only one solution Repeal the Eighth.

Pictured above are *Speaking of I.M.E.L.D.A.* a direct action feminist performance group that seeks to challenge the ongoing problem of Ireland Making England the Legal Destination for Abortion. They attended the 2014 March for Choice with the mission to "clean the monuments of Dublin with their knickers."

All the Marys

TOGETHER AND FULL OF GRACE. THESE ARE EXCERPTS FROM A FEW DIFFERENT WOMEN'S STORIES. WE'RE CALLING THEM THE MARYS BECAUSE YIS DON'T NEED TO KNOW THEIR REAL NAMES, NOR DO THE AUTHORITIES. THEY ALL CHOSE ABORTION. THEY ALL AGREED TO SHARE THEIR STORIES TO HELP OTHER PEOPLE FIND THE WORDS TO VOICE THEIR EXPERIENCES. ONE WENT TO THE UK, SOME ORDERED PILLS ONLINE, ONE MISCARRIED THOUGH IT WAS THEIR INTENT TO TERMINATE.

"I have always been very careful with birth control. I was on the pill and my boyfriend used the pull out method. At the beginning of the year I missed my period and I knew I was pregnant. I cried for the whole day. My boyfriend was amazing, telling me everything was going to be okay and that I didn't have to worry. We both decided that an abortion was the option we would go for."

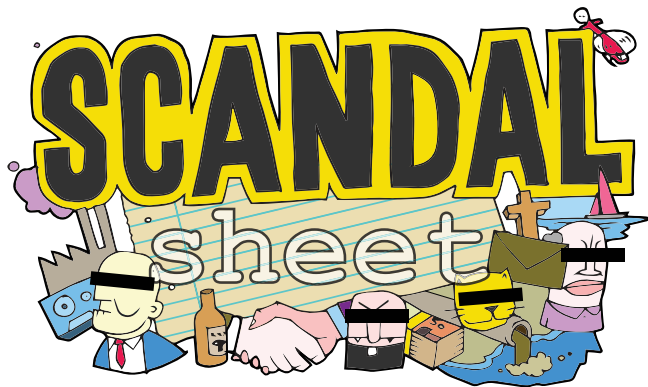
"One of the crippling issues to deal with once we made the decision was how we could possibly afford to travel and pay for the abortion. Unlike many others we were lucky enough to find the money in time. We arrived at the clinic and I took the abortion pills as instructed by the nurse. There were two different kinds. Firstly Mifepristone for stopping the pregnancy hormone progesterone and secondly Misoprostol which causes contractions expelling the pregnancy, on par with that of a natural miscarriage. When the abortive process came into full effect I was in the airport waiting for my flight home."

"Getting the €90 donation together was a bit of an issue. The online questionnaire deemed me suitable. My friend organised an address up North to pick the pills up as Women on Web were having difficulties getting everything through the Republic's customs. I kept in contact with the guy up North, went up and got them. The bus back down was nerve-wrecking as the bus I was travelling on was selected for a random immigration check. I look distinctly Arabic, have an Arabic name, had no ID and also carrying what is considered illegal substances."

"Eventually I got a cervical exam and was told there was some foetal tissue left and did I want to pass it naturally or have them pull it for me. Passing it naturally has an increased chance of infection. They pulled the tissue out and showed it to me after, it was a smaller clump this time. The nurse strangely then explained to me that it wouldn't be incinerated but buried on consecrated ground, I replied I didn't care but couldn't say I never wanted to be pregnant in the first place. I had organised a termination and would have gone through the exact same process a week later just with pills."

"I am angry. Angry that I could not confide in anyone, for to be put to shame. Angry that I had no knowledge of what was to follow after taking them pills because abortion clinics and informing doctors are not here were so many need them. Angry because it has had an effect on me, not because of the abortion (not for one minute do I believe I committed a murder or crime) but because of the means in which I was forced to go about it. Angry because of the bleeding and pain for months after, but having too much fear to see a doctor in case they knew what I did."

SEND YOUR STORIES TO
shareyourabortionstory@gmail.com



How Bloody Much?

People have started to share photos of receipts for €9.60 or less to highlight just how little a child in direct provision is expected to live on. The Irish Refugee council are

doing trojan work to highlight the realities of institutional living. This is their latest creative challenge to the public and a solid pop at myths around asylum seeking spongers

taking over our shores. They are asking people to post or tweet photos, receipts or stories with the hashtag #DPallowance.

MURPHY'S LAW

WE ALL KNOW THAT DE VALERA'S VISION OF A GAELIC UTOPIA MANIFESTED ITSELF AS A BIT OF A PSYCHOLOGICALLY TERRIFYING CLUSTERFUCK. HERE, SÍOFRA GALLAGHER LOOKS AT THE CULTURAL WING OF HIS ENDEAVOURS, COMHALTAS CEOLTÓIRÍ ÉIREANN (SOCIETY OF THE MUSICIANS OF IRELAND), THE ORGANISATION ENTRUSTED WITH PROMOTING TRADITIONAL DANCE AND MUSIC SINCE 1951, AND ASKS THE QUESTION: HAS DEV'S CULTURAL WET DREAM BECOME A CRUSTY OLD WANKSTAIN?

Before we look at this question, it is important to note that Comhaltas (that's pronounced co-al-tis for any heathens out there) is a large part of the reason that Irish music is so popular today. And that's probably about the only good thing we can say about it.

You know that stereotype of emotionally and sexually repressed uber-conservative Catholics at a ceilidh dance? That's Comhaltas. Or rows of expressionless children reaming off tunes like robots on Diazepam, with no real understanding of what they are doing or why they are doing it? Comhaltas.

Of course music is a perfectly noble and healthy pastime for kids, especially the ones who aren't into sports. But much like the Gaelic football and hurling clubs which provide an enjoyable and positive pastime for young people and their communities around the country, the petty politics, family allegiances and questionable financial arrangements that go on behind the scenes would be enough to make Charlie Haughey cream himself. And that's what we're going to look at today.

Even a cursory glance at Comhaltas will raise a few eyebrows. The head of the operation - who incidentally doesn't play any music and has shored himself up as Director-General since 1968 - is one Labhras Ó Murchú (born Larry Murphy in 1939, he changed his name by deed poll in the 1950s, presumably to lend himself more Gaelic credibility). His other jobs include senator and Fianna Fáil politician. At least, he was a Fianna Fáil politician until he resigned in 2010 over the passing of the Civil Partnership Bill.

That's right ladies and gentlemen, he quit his job in protest at gay couples being given legal recognition. Not surprising considering the organisation took a publicly pro-life stance in the 1983 abortion referendum, and that Ó Murchú's right-hand man is none other than Seamus Mac Mathuna, father of Niamh Uí Bhriain of Iona Institute/Youth Defense fame, and husband to Una Bean Mhic Mhathuna, the mentalist who screamed "Go'way you wife-swapping sodomites" at victorious Divorce Referendum campaigners in 1996.

There's also the fact that one of the sponsors of the 2014 All-Ireland Fleadh (this is the Super Bowl of traditional Irish music competitions in Ireland, and is run entirely by Comhaltas) in Sligo was Shell Oil. All the more offensive when you consider the close proximity of the Fleadh to Rosspoint in County Mayo, where the local community has been terrorised, brutalised and intimidated by Shell's operation there for over a decade. Thankfully, after public uproar, Comhaltas were sharp enough to remove Shell from the list of sponsors and return an undisclosed sum of money.

Undisclosed sums of money is a running theme with these people too. Larry has publicly declined to disclose his Comhaltas salary when pressed on the matter, and back in 2009 there were various

parliamentary debates regarding the lack of transparency with the funding they received, with ministers citing figures between €5 million and €7 million. Olivia Mitchell TD said at the time, "This kind of secrecy surrounding public money is unacceptable and particularly so when the organisation is headed up by an elected representative of the ruling political party. It is a pity that it takes a change in legislation to enforce the kind of transparency that is in everyone's interests."

More financial wrangling and power mongering were evident in 1998 when Comhaltas entered into a deal with IMRO, the music rights organisation, in relation to the Copyright Bill. Originally Ó Murchú had been steadfastly opposed to the bill, but had a surprising change of heart when it was agreed that Comhaltas would receive a special "blanket copyright licence... to cover all official Comhaltas centres and events," as well as €63,500 annually from IMRO and a €32,000 subvention for the Brú Ború venue in Tipperary, run by none other than Larry's wife Una Ó Murchú.

The nonsense continued in 2002 when Larry, with the help of Minister for the Arts John O'Donoghue, tried to push through a bill that would establish a new body, outside the framework of the Arts Council, that would provide funding for the traditional arts. No prizes for guessing who would have been in charge of that. Thankfully the Bill wasn't passed after vehement opposition from various quarters, including some scenes at the Dáil when a crowd of traditional musicians including Christy Moore, Paddy Moloney of the Chieftains, fiddler Paddy Glackin, flute player Harry Bradley as well as representatives of the Irish Traditional Music Archive, Na Píobairí Uilleann (the piper's club) and others, gathered to hand in a petition.

There was another massive controversy in 2007/8 when the Clontarf branch of the organisation was disbanded. This after 15 years of concerts, raffles, auctions and donations and grant chasing to raise €11 million to house the world's biggest Irish music centre. The building was taken from them at the last minute and is now officially under the control of Comhaltas, while the branch, now functioning under the name Ceoltóirí Chluain Tarbh, conducts its affairs in a local school and has to pay to enter competitions nationwide, as well as being forbidden to use the word 'Clontarf' during these competitions.

The formal statement from the branch says that they are "incensed" by the "bullying and intimidatory tactics" of Comhaltas HQ, and that they were denied any chance to make their case directly to the organisation, or the chance to make an appeal. It also states that "all requests by the branch to meet representatives of HQ to try and resolve the difficulties were rejected."

So there you have it folks, another fossilised Irish institution with a despicable money-hungry shitbox at the helm, still functioning under the warped Freudian notions at the back of De Valera's repressed Catholic mind.

And that's before we even get started on what they did to the music.

NEVER LET GO LARRY BOY... I MEAN LABHRÁS.



Illustration by Redmonk



Hurling & Hip Hop

Those grassroots media making die hards in Dublin Community TV have just upped A cut of an odd ball TV documentary that combines hurling with hip-hop.

The series follows rabble's favourite Kilkenny hurling nut Captain Moonlight as he traipses around Dublin's concrete suburbs puzzling out the capital's sudden passion for

the puck. It's called Now We're Hurling and is on their Vimeo page.



13

FAMILIAR WITH FRACKING? THAT SUPER-SAFE (AND FUN!) METHOD OF PRODUCING MAGIC ENERGY BY PUMPING TASTY DRINKS INTO THE GROUND? OK, FAIR ENOUGH, WE'RE ONLY MESSING! THANKFULLY THERE ARE MANY IN IRELAND WHO AREN'T MESSING WHEN IT COMES TO RESISTING THE FACELESS FRACKERS. JAMIE GOLDRICK INVESTIGATES.

Sligo, Donegal, Leitrim, Roscommon, Fermanagh, Cavan, Clare and Kerry County Councils have all passed motions calling for county wide bans on fracking, following big campaigns on the ground.

Eamonn Crudden of the No Fracking Ireland Network explains:

"It was slow growing in terms of support at the start, as [the] issue was associated with 'germans, hippies, UK blow-ins,' but it has widened to include farming community, people involved in tourism etc."

This story has been unfolding ever since Fianna Fail's Conor Lenihan, the then Minister for Natural Resources, awarded commercial gas exploration licenses to Tamboran Resources for the Lough Allen Basin and Energi Inc. for the Clare Basin in February 2011.

In Northern Ireland, also in February 2011, the Department of Enterprise, Trade and Investment granted an exploration license to Rathlin Energy Limited to explore the Rathlin Basin. Further licenses were also awarded to Tamboran Resources to explore the Northern Irish portion of the Lough Allen Basin.

How exactly is fracking done? Water. Lots of it. Anywhere between 10 - 30 million litres, combined with sand and a "top secret / trade protected" fracking fluid, is injected into the ground at extremely high pressure. This breaks open small formations of gas or oil which were previously out of reach of conventional drilling. The recent rise in the price of oil and gas, coupled with new technologies has now made this practice economically feasible.

Fracking is big business. In the United States, the Marcellus Shale formation which stretches across Virginia and Pennsylvania was first thought to have a minimal potential for gas extraction. Thanks to fracking, it is now the largest hydrocarbon reserve in the US with an estimated 88 trillion cubic feet of gas. Yet this supposed windfall comes at a cost. Tests in people living and working nearby have discovered levels of chemicals such as benzene, toluene, xylene, and arsenic in their blood along with an unusually high reportage of symptoms such as intestinal, pancreatic and blood cancers, tremors, difficulty balancing, and even skin and spinal lesions. Animals have suffered too: sudden deaths and stillborns in livestock, sterile livestock and fish kills in ponds have all been reported.

The proactive and direct stance taken by local councils and communities is in stark contrast to current state activity in the Republic. The issue has effectively been parked until the results of an impending (widely believed to be pro-fracking) EPA report.

Leitrim County Council passed a motion calling for an outright ban on fracking on the 13th January 2014. On September 12th it emerged that pressure from above was being put on County Council Officials to change the wording of Policy 124, which outrightly rejected fracking, to an altogether more watered-down version which is reliant on the results of the said EPA study.

Many believe that this is fracking by the back door. No Fracking Ireland Network believe that this will leave the "gates wide open for fracking" and fear that the policy, with the altered wording, "in reality is useless to prevent it". On September 15th, to the backdrop of sustained pressure from local activists, the councillors voted to retain the original wording of the motion, effectively banning fracking in Leitrim (for a second time).

The most recent example of action being taken on the ground was by Tamboran Resources who attempted to carry out a test drill in Belcoo Fermanagh. Crudden told us how, "People in Belcoo woke up literally on the eve of test drilling to big newspaper adverts and to similar information

being put in their letterboxes. Tamboran's compound at Belcoo was set up literally the morning the notices were distributed."

A camp was promptly set up outside the compound with support coming from all sides of the community. Attempts by NI Minister Arlene Foster to describe the camp and subsequent events as a gathering of "dark forces" were rubbished by activists and concerned residents present.

William Methven, commenting on the No Fracking Ireland Facebook page said "these were people from all backgrounds who want to use clean water, full stop".

Dianne Little, from LAMP Fermanagh, a local cross community organisation explained that, "when people are informed, support rises above party politics. Once you know about fracking, you know that this cannot be allowed to happen, normal life is put on hold, our peace is gone. We should be planning afternoon tea in our church hall, events for men's health, parties for children to bring people together and enjoy our long awaited peace. Instead now we have been licensed, and sold off, zoned for fracturing and exploitation."

On the 11th August following a concerted effort by locals and activists outside the heavily fortified drilling area, NI Minister for the environment Mark Durkan, denied Tamboran permission to carry out a deep bore test drilling at Belcoo. These actions were supported by local councillors and MLAs, opposing any drilling in the area.

This (temporary) victory in Belcoo, does not mean that the fight against fracking is over by any means. Further papers have been submitted for a test drilling at the Lough Neagh Basin in Northern Ireland by Infrastrata Plc who had planned to drill September 2014, but there has been no activity as of yet, presumably as a result of Tamboran's experience in Belcoo.

Much like in the States, the situation here has become quite murky. Tamboran have taken out a two page advertorial in the Fermanagh Herald, followed by two articles explaining the benefits of fracking in Fermanagh, with one headline reading "Potential for up to 600 jobs insist fracking company."

The Farmer's Journal published on September 11th, which can only be described as an advertisement for the pro-fracking Industry, thoroughly explained the economic benefits of fracking yet only paid minimal lip service to the health "concerns" involved.

Tamboran Resources have also repeatedly insisted that no chemicals should be used in their fracking fluid, yet these claims have been rubbished by experts in academia, and also by oil & gas experts in the field. Just like in Pennsylvania, the transparency and objectivity of certain organisations may become questionable and corrupted when such great sums of money are at stake.

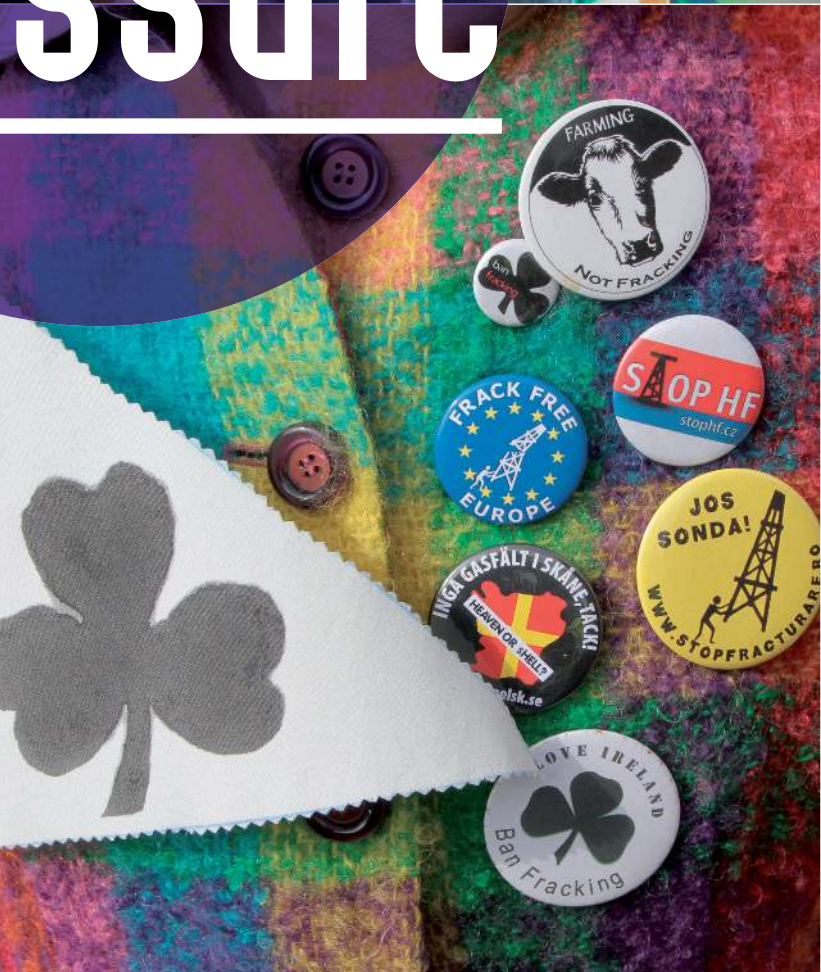
This is a lot more than a NIMBY protest. At the heart of this issue lies a debate on how value is measured. Dianne Little outlines what lies ahead: "We must communicate effectively the choice between health of all and wealth of a few. We are now educating ourselves and others, planning, networking, hiring solicitors, campaigning, lobbying, fighting, and defending our health, our heritage and our homes".

Organisations like LAMP Fermanagh, No Fracking Ireland Network and others will not simply disappear, they are in this for the long haul. "Peer reviewed science is catching up with the frackers. We just have to hold them off until it becomes undeniable that it is a dirty dangerous industry," explains Crudden. Just before going to print, NI Minister for Enterprise, Trade and Investment Arlene Foster terminated Tamboran's exploration license. The company have said they'll be seeking a legal recourse.

Photos by Gearoid Lynch.



From Under Pressure





IRELAND EXPERIENCED ITS FIRST MAJOR PHASE OF IMMIGRATION IN THE MID TO LATE NINETIES. RACIST ABUSE AND ASSAULT ON THE STREETS OF OUR TOWNS AND CITIES, BUT ALSO AT THE HANDS OF THE STATE AND THE MEDIA, IS NOTHING NEW HERE. DAVID FLEMING TOTS UP THE FIGURES AND LOOKS AT THE FACTS.

Statistics released by the Immigrant Council of Ireland show a disturbing 85% increase in reports of racist incidents in the republic for 2013. More recently the same organisation released stats which indicate that these incidents continue to rise in 2014, with 137 incidents in the first 6 months of the year. This is a rise from 64 for the same period last year, bringing the total increase to a shameful 114%.

Why is there such a jump in the numbers from the previous year? Are more people willing to speak out about abuse? Have reporting systems changed?

I spoke with Luke Bukha of the Anti Racism Network (ARN), a grassroots organisation of migrants in Ireland. The ARN continue the good work to highlight racism against migrant communities carried out by the late Pat Guerin and others in the nineties. Up until his death last year Pat Guerin worked closely with perhaps the most alienated community on the island, the Roma.

Luke explained why he thinks racist incidents are on the rise.

"I think it is happening because of the economic crises, there is no doubt that this has contributed a lot to it. Many people thought that this [recession] would only be for a short time but over the last four or five years many people have been very seriously affected." He continued, "If you look on a personal level people are losing their homes, homelessness has risen, the cuts in social welfare even for people with disabilities, lone parents and for pensioners... all of this has created so much anger and that anger is going everywhere and in many cases it is people like us, the immigrants, who are the easiest to be targeted."

In conjunction with the daily abuse suffered by many immigrants there has also been a number of high-profile racist incidents that have made headlines. In 2011 Darren Scully, then Mayor of Naas in Co Kildare, said that he would no longer

represent "black Africans". He resigned almost immediately, but after some soul-searching and "reflection" he realised that he shouldn't have said all Black Africans just "certain people from a certain part of Africa".

Scully was welcomed back into the Fine Gael party last November in what some saw as a cynical ploy by the party to get him re-elected in this year's local elections, due to his popularity in Naas. He was predictably re-elected, this time to the county council, where he will undoubtedly continue to represent only those he sees fit.

In April of this year the immigrant council released figures that showed over a quarter of victims of racist abuse were children, including one incident of a young child being beaten by a man in his late thirties. In May graffiti which read "Feel like a Stranger in Your Own Country?" was daubed on the N7. Painted beside this ridiculous statement was a St Brigid's cross surrounded by a circle, which looked suspiciously, and obviously intentionally, like a swastika.

In July graffiti was sprayed beside the convention centre in North Wall as 3,860 people were gathered for a citizenship ceremony. The graffiti, spelled incorrectly, intended to say "Population Replacement Centre".

Perhaps the most high-profile case happened in October of 2013 and involved the removal by Gardaí of two Roma children, from two different families, in the midlands and Dublin. In late October Gardaí, acting on a tip-off posted on TV3 journalist Paul Connolly's facebook page that a Roma family had a blond-haired, blue-eyed child, went to the home of the Roma family in Tallaght, Dublin and removed the child into custody. The distraught parents produced both a birth cert and a passport but were not believed. They then had to provide DNA samples to prove that the child was theirs. The child was returned to them when the DNA test proved positive.

To put this incident in context, a month before these children were removed from their parents the Sunday World ran a series of articles criticising a free GP service, once a week for three hours, operating on a bus on the grounds of Tallaght hospital for members of the Roma community.

Coupled with the Irish Independent's resident Jeremy Clarkson impersonator, Ian O' Doherty's, comment piece in which he says, "To be clear – I think it's basic common sense to expel any Roma who doesn't have a job from this country, and I think France has the right idea when it comes to them," the media have arguably created yet more prejudice towards the Roma community, mirroring the discrimination that Irish travellers know all too well.

In another piece O' Doherty claims that Darren Scully, the ex-mayor of Naas, "found himself the victim of a quite extraordinary campaign of vilification and persecution that was completely disproportionate to any perceived offence, and one that eloquently exposed the essential sickness and cynicism at the heart of what passes for the Liberal/ Left in Irish politics."

Needless to say he has not let up in 2014 and in a recent opinion piece entitled "Now They're Criminalising Opinion" he once again stands by the "hapless" Darren Scully. O'Doherty was also the subject of a complaint made to the press ombudsman by the European Network Against Racism Ireland (ENAR) regarding his comments in which he said the Roma are "a parasitic, ethnic underclass who look on this country as a giant stupid cow to be milked whenever they see fit". This complaint was thankfully upheld, yet no apology was made.—

I spoke with Shane O'Curry, director of ENAR and co-author of Reports of Racism in Ireland. The most recent of these is the third quarterly report conducted by the group and covers the period January - March 2014. The ENAR collect data through the use of the new ireport system by victims, or those witnessing racist incidents, which has logged a total of 300 reports since it was launched last year.

"The state needs to look at itself. There are a range of ways in which state institutions are institutionally racist, both in terms of their practices and ethnic make-up and the outcomes that people

have when they come into contact with them. You need to look at legislation that frames and racialises whole sections of the population like the immigration and asylum laws, the system of direct provision which puts people in open prison type accommodation during the asylum process sometimes for as long as ten years."

Shane continued, "It is really degrading and inhumane, people living on 19 euros and 10 cent a week and where there are no resources and no measures for police to deal with racism adequately and so in that context you get things like the kidnapping of the two Roma children at the hands of the Gardaí which happened in October last year."

Considering that we have traditionally been an emigrating nation that faced discrimination wherever we went, the racism perpetuated here is particularly hypocritical. Lest we forget the days of the "No Blacks, No Dogs, No Irish" and "Help Wanted, Irish Need Not Apply" signs that adorned pub and shop windows in the UK and USA.

With so many Irish still emigrating how can we complain when people immigrate to our little island to better their own lives?

Photos via The Anti-Racism Network.

Anger is going everywhere and in many cases it is people like us, the immigrants, who are the easiest to be targeted.



You'll Never Be *Irish* To Some People

JOESPH LOUGHNANE WAS WALKING TO THE OFFIE WITH A FEW MATES ONE DAY WHEN THEY WERE STOPPED BY TWO YOUNG LADS IN THEIR MID TO LATE TEENS. THEY WERE LOOKING FOR A CIGARETTE SO THEY KINDLY OBLIGED. WHAT HAPPENED NEXT MIGHT SURPRISE YOU THOUGH.

One of them looked like he'd had a few cans already; cocky as hell, not a bother on him. A mate started chatting to them while I took a phone call. My other friends stood around waiting for us all to go our separate ways. Whilst on the phone I overheard one of the young lads say that he recognised me, I looked over and continued chatting into the phone. I didn't expect what happened next.

My mate had grown tired of humouring them and it was approaching 10 so the two lads walked up past me, seeming like they were on their way. Suddenly, the cocky one started talking at me, ignoring the fact that I was on the phone. I informed him as much and moved closer to my friends. Then I heard it – "Paki". The lad repeated it over and over again, sometimes adding swear words with it to give it extra effect. My friend on the phone could hear it too and was naturally concerned.

I turned to stare at the fella, his friend doing very little to tell him to stop. I analysed the situation: there was me and my 4 mates, all of us in our mid to late 20s, we were in the car park of a large supermarket, cars and people all around us.

I counted to ten over and over again, talking myself out of headbutting him. He stepped closer to me, hands in his pockets, spitting the word "Paki" directly into my face. One of my mates told him to stop and this seemed to rile the other young lad. I had a decision to make: give them a roughing up and walk on or hope they'd back off and walk away.

No matter how I explained it, if the five of us started clattering them it would have ended bad, if not there and then but definitely later with the Guards involved or when the two fellas decided to take revenge. I told them to stop, asked them to walk on and informed them I was still on the phone. The one giving the abuse tried to shake my hand but I wasn't having it. I told him he'd seriously insulted me and that they should just go. I could feel myself shaking, not out of fear, but out of pure anger.

I thought about my Mam, the Pakistan flag in my room at home, the cricket jersey in my top drawer – how dare he make me feel bad for being mixed race. The two of them walked away and me and my friends made our way towards the shop. For the next two minutes as I walked away from them, the little racist started again, roaring "Paki" over and over again. I could feel people looking at me, I tried to drown it out but it echoed around the place. it was the most direct abuse I'd received in some time.

I didn't want my mates to feel bad for not stepping in, I could see how furious they were. When I was younger, when this happened on a weekly basis...I would have just gone in all guns blazing. At almost 28, I think I was more shocked that this still happens in 2014. I've been in Galway almost my entire life, I've walked through that car park before those lads were even born. Regardless of my name and accent, people still want to point out my appearance and ethnicity and use it as a form of insult against me. Little do those two lads realise – I'm a proud Paki/Paddy.

Of course they'll never understand that, so they target me (much like Ireland's two-bit fascists and separately Zionists) and try to isolate me due to my colour. It's still playing on my mind, but I think I did the right thing. Had they been older I'm pretty sure there would have been a different outcome. Just makes me prouder to be part Pakistani.

Illustration by Thomas McCarthy





There's a bit of a moral panic about drugs stateside thanks to EDM and people's fear that their kids are just a few accidental nose doses away from becoming a bath salt

zombie. Luckily stateside, there are a number of crews stepping up and doing huge amounts of work on harm reduction. Now, the Whats In My Baggie crew have put

together a documentary about just how much shitty synthetics masquerade as MDMA at music gatherings. Watch it!



{ARTY FARTY}



The Art Of War

STEPHEN BOURKE VISITED THE GAZING FROM GAZA EXHIBITION IN DUBLIN 8'S BACK LOFT GALLERY AND FOUND A DEMOCRATIC WORLD OF DOZENS OF PALESTINIAN ARTISTS CHANNELLING LIFE, DEATH AND HOPE DURING WARTIME.

When Mohammed Lubbad looks north out of the Gaza strip from his home in Beit Lahiya, he can see gasometers in the distance at the Dorad and Rotenberg power stations. Just beyond is Askalon, his family's ancestral home. It's now an Israeli suburb, where cobble-lock cul-de-sacs radiate from avenues named for Zionist heroes: Sderot David Ben-Gurion, Sderot Menachim Begin, Eli Cohen St, and so on. You can see playgrounds, wheelie-bins and solar panels on Google Street View. It looks normal.

Perhaps this is the reason Lubbad calls the short time he spent working there in 1990 "the happiest and the hardest days of my life." He's an artist and a second-generation refugee living in Beit Lahiya, about 15 kilometres to the south, where that kind of normal life is not allowed to exist. The most northern city in the Gaza Strip is a dense, crowded grid of buildings surrounded by cultivated farmland. It became a target-rich environment. When the Israeli strikes came, Lubbad and his extended family had to evacuate.

"It was hard times we lived. During the war," he tells me, in pump-action instant messenger syntax, of two months this summer that saw over 2,000 Gazans

killed. The collateral damage was so extensive that even the Israeli Defence Forces admit the majority killed were civilians.

Dylan Longman at Dublin's Back Loft gallery and artists' studios held a fundraiser for Gaza in July – but felt he could do more. He had been keeping an archive of visual propaganda material from Palestine, and when the conflict erupted again this summer, it was a logical progression to do something about it with his contacts in the Gazan art world. He wanted something more direct – an exhibition. Lubbad was the man who could make that happen. 'Normal' isn't normal in Gaza, so it was perfectly natural for Lubbad to keep calm and curate on, even as his town was under daily bombardment. "The idea came as many artists had lost their homes and some were injured," Lubbad said. "We wanted to make this project, of making an exhibition of their paintings, support them financially and emotionally – to tell them, 'you are not alone'." However, with the internet and mobile networks barely working during

the conflict, it was a challenge just to get digital copies out. Lubbad's friends were busy keeping their heads down. "It took me a lot of time to collect the paintings of my colleagues, because we were still in a war," he said. "People and artists were caring for their safety and [didn't care] about anything else." The threat was very real. One of the artists who sent work to Ireland was Diana Alhosary. Buried when a house collapsed around her, she barely escaped with her life. She appears in the exhibition standing in the rubble, holding what's left of one of her paintings. Two Gazan artists died in Israeli attacks, and a dozen lost their homes.

"I convinced them by telling them we must show our case and voice to the world, by our art of course. That was not easy at all, but we got it at last and that is the most important," he said. Gazing from Gaza shows 280 prints by Gazans, and not just professional artists. The pros are in there, but a considerable amount of the work is by non-professionals. "It's a very democratic movement, of art by ordinary people, for ordinary people," Longman said. "A lot of prints from children. Not just artists, but people who were doing art." The result is often raw. Sahael Salem's charcoals, for instance, are reminiscent of Otto Dix's drawings of

the Western Front during the First World War. There's also childrens' art from the warzone. "There was no school during the bombing, so kids did what kids do, you know?" said Longman, "They drew what they were experiencing around them, and what they actually saw. It's probably the most honest art you'll get. There's no presumption, or context or anything with childrens' art – they do what they see, or feel, or imagine."

The prints were first shown back in August, and came out again when the Back Loft opened for Culture Night on September 29. "The idea was to give the money straight to the artists," he said.

It's half nine, Gaza time, and the lights are going out. "Will [answer] at a later time because of electricity," writes Diana Alhosary. "Thank you again [for] your understanding," they apologise, and then life goes on in the dark. On July 29, an IDF tank shell – Israel would say a stray one – hit a fuel tank at Gaza's only power station. Three million cubic litres of diesel fuel burned and destroyed the fuel tanks, turbines, and control room. The Gaza Energy Authority said it would take a year to repair. Meanwhile, Gazans are in the dark, except for the floating power station sent by a Turkish shipbuilder that gives a few hours of power a day. Lubbad can





Rasta Rebellion

What do the red, gold and green colours mean to you? If you answered the Carlow GAA team, then this probably isn't for you. It's Roots, Rasta and Rebellion, a new

BBC radio documentary about the emergence of Rastafarianism. Presented by British MC Akala, it charts the early influence of pan-Africanism and how rasta spread

far beyond religion. Catch it on the BBC iPlayer.

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{SPORT}



We wanted to make this project support them financially and emotionally – to tell them, 'you are not alone'.

look to the north, and see the infrastructure that gives the Israelis who built a suburb on his parents' village a first-world standard of living. "I would like to thank all those who contributed," said Diana Alhosary. She saw the exhibition as an opportunity to show the "right image for Israeli occupation and to expose his crimes against humanity."

"The art does not stop because we, as artists, we derive life-energy [from] the art," she adds.

The war might be over, but life and art go on in Gaza. They have to.

Artwork clockwise from left to right: Diana Alhosary holding some of her artwork, then pieces by Kamal Nassar, Majed Shala, May Murad, Oli Odwan AND two collages by Majid Shala.

FIGHTING TALK

YOU'VE PROBABLY SEEN THE ADS FOR THE FIGHTS OR AT LEAST HEARD OF CONOR MCGREGOR YEAH? MIXED MARTIAL ARTS IS ON THE RISE, WITH GYMS PROVIDING AN EGALITARIAN AND POSITIVE ENVIRONMENT - IT'S LESS ABOUT THE SONIC BOOM AND MORE ABOUT THE POSITIVE MALE ROLE MODEL AS EOIN HALLISSEY FINDS OUT.

McGregor is the de-facto face of the UFC in Ireland. His profile grows daily, from his ubiquitous social media presence to his appearance on ads for King crisps. In the past two years, he has earned over \$180,000 through fighting alone and has recently signed a book deal, which seems less inexplicable when one considers the number of autobiographies penned by certain footballers.

An increasing number of Irish-based fighters are following in his wake. Including McGregor, four fighters from Dublin's SBG gym won bouts at the July 19th event, all through stoppages. Cathal Pendred, Paddy Holohan and McGregor's co-headliner, the Icelandic Gunnar Nelson all emerged victorious. The gym's owner, John Kavanagh, must take huge credit for this achievement. He has become the Godfather of Irish MMA.

Kavanagh's gym has grown from modest beginnings. Having finished an engineering degree in 2002, he opened his first gym within a month of leaving college. His first facility was the size of SBG's current lobby 'only not as nice.' When his parent's visited his nascent "business", he tells me his mother cried.

At the entrance of SBG, a sign states that there are 'no shoes or egos beyond this point'. Kavanagh is keen to emphasise the fact that SBG is open to everyone, offering Foundation programmes for beginners. Professional athletes and what would be deemed regular guys in an MMA context train side-by-side. Not only does training with the elite inspire SBG's members, Kavanagh feels that this unique scenario can prevent his fighters 'get(ting) up themselves', no matter how much publicity they happen to be receiving. Egalitarianism is a central tenet of SBG life. 'Everybody's a regular guy here.'

Kavanagh is an interesting man. He possesses a cool demeanour, coming across less single-minded than one would imagine someone so successful in such an unforgiving sport to be. He cites the diversity of characters in MMA as a reason for his love of the sport. He gives the example of a boxing club and a golf club as two arenas in which you will find people with relatively homogenous backgrounds and experiences. In MMA, he states that this is not the case. Doctors, teachers and the unemployed frequent SBG. McGregor hails from Crumlin, with a background in boxing whilst Cathal Pendred won a Leinster School's Senior Cup medal on a Belvedere rugby team including current Ireland internationals Cian Healy and Ian Keatley. When visiting the gym, GAA legend, former Armagh captain and Kildare manager Kieran McGeeney walked by me. Kavanagh feels that a diversity of people and opinions is beneficial to the group as a whole, referencing McGeeney's famous intensity and competitive spirit as something which he has drawn from.

The work done in SBG alone has not brought UFC to the masses. A marketing machine is at the core of UFC, with White and others being both criticised and lionised for the successful promotion of the events and fighters. McGregor's

personality is undoubtedly beneficial on this front. He is articulate, sharply dressed and relentlessly confident. In an era where sportspeople attempt to say as little as possible, he refuses to keep his opinions to himself. He has been hyped beyond recognition, with his next opponent, Dustin Poirier claiming that his ascension to 9th place in the rankings has more to do with this hype than talent.

Kavanagh acknowledges that it was unusual for a fighter in his third UFC event to headline an extremely large event, as McGregor did on July 19th. When asked whether this was the UFC cashing in on his persona, or if his talent was special enough to merit it, he attributes it to 'all of it.' He points out that McGregor received the 'blackout' treatment, the dimming of the lights reserved for headline events, in his second fight. His swift ascension to headliner was inevitable from that point.

It was once easy to categorise the sudden growth of MMA in Ireland as fad. When young men in dickie-bows attempted to ape McGregor's style, many concluded that what they were seeing was just another bandwagon, myself included. July 19th proved that this was not the case. Whilst boxing is failing, the UFC fills the void. Belfast's Carl Frampton has the potential to be as successful as Barry McGuigan in professional boxing yet he can but dream of the fame being bestowed upon McGregor. This is the new reality of the fighting world.

Over 600,000 people watched UFC Fight Night on 3e. The SBG successes of that night are something Kavanagh is 'pretty proud of' and it is clear that the conveyor belt of success won't be grinding to a halt any time soon. Speaking to 17 year old Strabane-born fighter James Gallagher, his goal is to 'do what John tells me' before ultimately being signed to the UFC within the next two years. His trust in John, who he has stayed with whilst living in Dublin, is absolute. Gallagher fought a few days after we spoke, winning by submission in slightly over a minute, and is due to fight in Europe's largest promotion Cage Warriors, on August 16th.

John Kavanagh and his SBG gym have played a remarkable role in the growth of MMA in Ireland. Whether his success thus far has been an accident or not, it shows no signs of abating. He calls it an "inevitability" that his fighters will win more belts, and more people will come streaming through his door. Whether or not he will have to kick out Bill Cullen next door and knock down the wall remains to be seen. With talk of UFC fights soon being held in Landsdowne Road, you wouldn't bet against it.

Photos by Thomas Sweeney and Thomas Smears.



Then look up Sculptress of Sound on Youtube. BBC Radio 4 visit the home of Delia Derbyshire and pry into her private collection of audio recordings to learn more about how she crafted her errie early electronica soundtracks.



The More Things Change...

People have said to me privately that it's very "brave" of me to speak out. I think it's a shame to be considered brave for talking about something that affects thousands of Irish people every year.

MY NAME IS SAOIRSE' IS SET IN 1980S LIMERICK AND IS A DARK COMEDY ABOUT SHIFTING, PEANUTS AND ABORTION. DIRECTOR HILDEGARD RYAN AND WRITER/PERFORMER EVA O'CONNOR CHATTED TO RASHERS TIERNEY ABOUT HOW THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS STILL NEED TO LOOSEN THEIR VAMPIRIC GRIP ON OUR SCHOOLS AND OF COURSE THEIR PLAY, WHICH WAS OUR HANDS DOWN FAVORITE AT THIS YEAR'S DUBLIN FRINGE FESTIVAL.

Can you tell me something about the background of the play? Where did the idea come from?

Eva: I had an abortion last year, in the UK. I happened to be treated by an Irish nurse and two Irish doctors, and I was struck by the irony of Irish women treating other Irish women abroad. I felt compelled to write about my experience but I wanted to avoid writing a political polemic (as I perhaps have done in the past) and I think Saoirse has reached a lot more people because of this.

Was the writing of it motivated in anyway by The death of Savita Halappanavar back in October 2012 and the movements that sprung up around that?

Hildegard: Yeah, I think the Savita case has highlighted the need to have this discussion about Ireland, the argument of "ah sure you can just go to England" has now been completely destroyed. As we were working on the play in 2013 we had already seen that the bill the government had passed in response to the case was grossly inadequate, and I think we really felt that we had to keep the conversation going and try to make change happen from the ground up.

Judging by much of the online chit chat and the smiles on people's faces after the performance we saw, the play has become something of an audience favorite. Why have people warmed to it when it really is a rather dark play?

Eva: One journalist summed it up really well, saying she wanted to hug Saoirse all through the

play. I think no matter what views people have, they can't help having compassion for Saoirse, they can see the abortion debate as an individual story rather than a hypothetical and "moral" issue.

Hildegard: Another reviewer said that it deals with dark subject matter through using humour, which is a very Irish way of dealing with things. I think it strikes a chord with the Irish psyche in that way.

Excuse my completely non-thespian thickness, but I imagine a one person play is an awful lot for someone to carry off. How much goes into learning the lines? What sort of techniques are employed? Is it easier if the performer is also the writer?

Eva: The answer to this question of whether it's easier as the writer, for me, is definitely no. Once I've written the play it feels like it's someone else's work when and when it comes to learning lines I have to drum it into my head the way I would with any other script. I Have quite a visual memory and I tend to recall sections of the script using images which helps a lot. Especially if I'm hungover lol.

Hildegard: Eva's patented technique for learning lines is desperately muttering to herself on the plane or train on the way to the theatre on opening night, haha.

The play covers topics familiar to readers of rabble, our last issue for instance talked about informed consent and the lack of sexual health education in Irish schools. What was it like in your own

schools? Any horror stories about visiting nuns or other loonies giving out skewed advice in your own schools?

Eva: I had the visiting nuns, supposedly giving us sex education, lol, but the reality of the matter was that you were left completely uninformed by what you're faced with as soon as you go into secondary school and start shifting lads, etc. I remember a really ancient, withered nun teaching us about periods. That memory will never leave me.

Hildegard: Yeah, my secondary school was a supposedly non-denominational school where every morning a morning prayer was read out over the intercom, and we said the Hail Mary at the start of every class. In CSPE we got a class on abortion and the teacher described The Silent Scream video to us, I remember the girl beside me was shaking and I was so angry. My geography teacher, looking back, was a completely out of line too.

She told us that being gay was a sin, that global warming didn't exist, and she gave all the girls the little badges with the baby's feet. There were photos of happy little foetuses in the womb all over the wall. I can see now she was completely out of line but when you're that age you just accept authority figures don't you. That teacher is still teaching in our old school, so today's 16 year olds are probably hearing the same stuff, it's so awful and damaging.

We're not theatre hounds here, though we try our best, so we haven't caught any of the other Sunday's Child productions. Is My Name Is Saoirse typical of the companies work? Tell me about its past productions and how they compare?

Eva: This piece is actually quite different to anything we've done in the past. I've written "Hard Hitting" plays and I've been described as a Skins-esque writer, but in this piece Saoirse's character draws a lot more on my experiences growing up in rural Ireland rather than my darker experiences at university. Our previous plays have been about depression, drugs, and toxic relationships.

Saoirse's story is about her innocent navigation of adolescence, so rather than the darkness being blatantly presented to the audience they sense it themselves throughout.

Do you think young people are more informed about sex and family planning nowadays, and what changes still need to be made?

Eva: Definitely. I even look at my younger sister and think that she had much more of an enlightened upbringing than I did and that's very positive, but we still have a long way to go in terms of eradicating stigma around issues of sexuality. For instance people still don't talk openly about contraception. I have also found that speaking out about my experience of having an abortion is very taboo. People have said to me privately that it's very "brave" of me to speak out. I think it's a shame to be considered brave for talking about something that affects thousands of Irish people every year.

Hildegard: I think the internet is a massive force of education for young people these days which is really positive, but we can't underestimate the influence that schools have on young people's minds. When schools are still run by religious authorities, I think girls and LGBT young people especially are going to remain on some level repressed or uneducated in terms of their sexuality.

The play won the 'First Fortnight award' in the Dublin Fringe just there as well. What other awards has it picked up? And will it be shown again?

Eva: It's the play's first award which is really exciting. We were also nominated for Best Performer, and Best New Writing Award. The fringe went ridiculously well for us which is so nice after a year working on it to get it to where it is today.

Hildegard: We're bringing the play to The Belltable Arts Centre in Limerick in October, and we're organising a further Irish and UK tour.



DUBLIN VILLAGE

DUBLIN OLDSCHOOL IS A PLAY THAT REPRESENTS A SIDE OF DUBLIN THAT'S RARELY SEEN IN THEATRES. NOCTURNAL BEHAVIOUR TILL THE SUN COMES UP AND BEYOND, YOKES AS CURRENCY, SIPPING THE SAME CAN OF DUTCH FOR HOURS. WE SENT [FIONA WAGWAN](#) TO FIND OUT THE BUZZ.

I caught Dublin Oldschool in a packed theatre tent at Electric Picnic, which might just have been the show's perfect crowd: despite lingering afternoon hangovers and dead legs from the al fresco seating, it managed to drag the whole lot of us to our feet for a standing ovation at the end. Mainly on word-of-mouth, it then went on to sell out six nights in a row in the fringe. I caught up with writer/actor Emmet Kirwan for a quick chat about it all.

We ended up in the Library Bar, where Kirwan had a coke instead of a coffee because he was "still vibrating" from the five he'd already had that day. He's easy to talk to: down to earth and very interesting, and has the familiar look of someone I've chatted the ear off once at some early-hours session. Which is quite possibly true. That, or maybe I was recognising him from Sarah and Steve, the RTE sitcom he wrote and starred in a few years back. Or Just Sayin', the short film/long poem by Dave Tynan that started blowing up Facebook walls around Christmas 2012.

That short struck a major chord, coming as it did when Irish people were emigrating at the rate of a thousand a week. Kirwan explained that they hadn't expected it to take off in the way it did: "Filming, it was only around six or seven of us going around the city at night-time, and then they put it up online and it kind of went viral – I think it has half a million hits on YouTube now. It really tapped into something, especially at that time of year, and three years into the emigration thing."

There's a line in it – "Yous all fucked off" – that a few YouTube commenters had a go at, complaining that it placed too much blame on the diaspora instead of looking at the real reasons they had to leave.

Kirwan doesn't agree: "If people were offended by that line – it wasn't at them. Yeah, people had to leave, but not because of anything we did. They had to leave because of the catastrophic failure, unimaginative thinking and just the downright fucking crookedness of an entire political class and an entire generation above us." He explains that the story was drawn from Dave the director's own experience of emigration. "He was in London, and he was actually one of the people that had to fuck off. So it's more about him wrestling with whether he has to go himself, and there's a slight anger at his

friends and then he realises: 'Fuck, I have to do the same thing.'"

Kirwan's new play seems to have enjoyed similar cult success: its run sold out completely, Kirwan and co-star Ian Lloyd Anderson jointly won best actor at the fringe awards, and the reviewers were absolutely loving it, throwing phrases like "unmissable," and "incredible theatre" all over the shop. It's set in a Dublin that isn't often seen – all the drugs and messing and roll-over sessions that we don't usually get to read about or see on a stage:

"There's a Garda raid, the ketamine deal at the beginning, a house party in a big freestanding house in Churchtown [...] this big session, and there's a hilltop rave."

It's a side of Dublin a lot of us know very well, so why does Kirwan think it's so conspicuously absent from our literature and our media?

He pinpoints our Catholic heritage as one of the reasons: "There's a moral thing that goes with the taking of drugs, that's informed by Irish Catholic morality. Ireland's very conservative in that sense. If you make a television programme for RTE there has to be cause and effect. In this play there's no moralisation about taking drugs, nobody comes to the realisation at the end that their lives are any better or worse for what they've done; they don't learn any lessons..."

His aim, he explains, was just to write "a play that was about Dublin – and Dublin was a character – and about these sorts of people without commenting on their actions."

We chat a bit about the city, and what else he'd wanted to show of it, and he picks out a line from the play – "It's not a city; it's a village" – to help him explain. "Dublin has all these attributes of being a metropolitan, vibrant capital city, but really... it's small. You kind of know everybody in it, but it's just big enough as well that amazing things can happen in it, and amazing stories can happen in it. It's a small town that has epic, big city ideas and big city characters. It's just tapping into that, and writing about it."

One thing that struck me watching was how unfamiliar it felt to hear working-class Dublin accents on a stage. I put the question to Kirwan and he describes his own experience:

"I did a TV show a few years ago called Sarah



There's a moral thing that goes with the taking of drugs, that's informed by Irish Catholic morality. Ireland's very conservative in that sense.

and Steve and I got asked a question about five times: 'It's a working-class drama with Dublin people in it – is it like Roddy Doyle?' I remember just thinking: would you ask the same question to a middle-class writer? 'Oh, is your book like Sebastian Barry?' It's such a weird thing..."

Chatting to him, it's clear that he believes it's the privately-educated minority that set the discourse in Dublin. It even plays out in accents, and Dublin's odious, everyday classism:

"There's a kind of casual classism that's okay here, that relates to everything from accent to the welfare state. I mean, there're still people in this society that genuinely have a beef when a homeless mother with two kids gets a house, who feel – or who will say casually – that certain parts

of Dublin should be bombed, homeless people should be rounded up. And they say it without being challenged. The need with this play was to just represent class as it is, and not comment on it. Just to have two brothers that are from a working-class background. I went to great pains as well – like it says in the play, 'our parents never drank or smoke or cursed' – [to show that] the majority of people from working-class areas live quite normal, everyday lives; it's just that they are workers."

It's great that voices like Kirwan's are emerging now, redressing the balance in some way. Dublin Oldschool might not be gone for good; he's currently investigating a few funding avenues and hopefully it will see the light of day again some time later in the year. In Kirwan's own words, "Dublin has literally thousands of voices, hundreds of thousands of stories." Keep an eye out for his.

This essential online archive deals in vintage Irish pop culture. More recently it posted up magazine clippings of Dublin's early houses as

seen through the sordid eyes of The Slate. How many of ye will end up in one of these on the regular?



{CULTURE}

Paying The Sweat Equity

SINCE WE LAST REPORTED, LIMERICK'S CITY OF CULTURE SUCCESSFULLY DEALT WITH ITS TEETHING PROBLEMS. [PAUL TARPEY](#) UPDATES US ON HOW IT DEMONSTRATED AN INCLUSIVE AND CITY-WIDE APPROACH TO THE ARTS.

A combination of energy and reclaimed city spaces that are as much a part of the conversation as the events they contain

MC GOD KNOWS LAUNCHED HIS NEW ALBUM WITH MYNAMEISJOHN, AS PART OF THE MAKE A MOVE FESTIVAL.

"Rash is a culture and love is the lifestyle"



Banksy Gets Buffed

A mural in Essex depicted five pigeons holding anti-immigration placards facing a more colourful swallow. The estimated worth was

£400,000. Meanwhile the town's local MP has defected to UKIP whilst the town council said it did not realise the work was satirical.



23

{CULTURE}



It's not so long ago that attention-seeking councillors castigated the Rubberbandits for giving the city a bad name with their antics. Now we celebrate their take on it.

In the beginning the worries were structural. Could the 109 projects be delivered? Before he resigned, artistic director Karl Wallace had pulled together a mix of citizen projects, art driven works and spectacles that were designed to interact with each other.

So what happened? Well, everything basically. And it's still happening.

Art-led events and visiting 'spectaculars' always attract national coverage, but a check of the local papers each week finds progress in many areas.

One example is the historian David Studer's 'Are You Dancing?', wherein hundreds reactivated the Stella Ballroom in a celebration of the showband era and held an open air dance event in St John's Square.

Marquee events such as Limerick man Bill Whelan's 'Riverdance' and the 'part Cirque du Soleil, part nightclub rave' of Fuerza Bruza were always going to be solid draws, but they happened in the midst of a city now curious about itself.

This is a city getting busy being a city. It's not so long ago that attention-seeking councillors castigated the Rubberbandits for giving the city a bad name with their antics. Now we celebrate their take on it.

We saw crowds flock to an exhibition of Richard Mosse's award-winning photographs and saw the same crowds meeting again for a collection of a local man's music memorabilia. Both were successful as shows that drew from a combination of energy and reclaimed city spaces that are as much a part of the conversation as the events they contain.

Fuerza Bruza revitalized unoccupied factory space on the Dublin Road for a performance that had dancers suspended in water overhead as the audience moved past a show of sculpture created by the Limerick School of Art and Design.

EVA International, the city's art biennial, also broke new ground by filling the long-closed Golden Vale plant with its theme for the year, the appropriately titled 'Agitationism'. The city then bought the site.

Donal Mulachy, the owner of Nancy Blake's bar has noticed a definite change generated by this mesh of activity: "There are types of events coming to the city

that had never come before. Audiences for these events feel no class distinction, and that to me is progress. The city is physically brighter too, particularly with the street art projects."

He's referring to the 20 council-backed street murals undertaken by national and international urban artists under the direction of the group Draw Out. These large works have created new paths as people seek them out.

One group of artists even began unofficial tours of the murals to share the love. "Well you had to, didn't you?" says Eoin Barry, an artist who the Council is constantly in touch with.

"It does inspire one to try out a few ideas along these lines," continues bar-owner Mulcahy. "I would be open to trying or backing something different after this." He also points to the drop in crime-related stories, which are often the national media's first port of call.

Dr John Greenwood is one of the many creative people who have driven collaborative projects inside and outside the City of Culture. Greenwood and team prepared a music project called the 'Pigtown Fling' for September, a project that has reenergised Noel Hogan from the Cranberries to work with 18 acts and 42 artists.

"Every single thing here is produced locally. All the recording, design and event management for the final performance was done in Limerick and that's important," he says. "We created new networks for the city and they will continue."

Network is a word that has regained its integrity around here.

For Greenwood there is always a big 'what if?' with any project that seeks the people of the city as a resource. He is emphatic that solutions for the city must come from the people and is committed to the type of mentoring the Pigtown Fling has introduced. A process that has, he says, "knowledge always going forward".

A check on halfway progress took place in July at a Banter session chaired by Jim Carroll as part of the Make A Move Festival. Banter focused on how much of the evident drive and 'sweat equity' would be functioning for similar activities next year. Wrapping up that session a member of the audience reminded

the panel that Limerick has a long history of cultural activity in the city with most of it still being carried on at the expense of the participants themselves. Voluntary workshops have been the backbone of the City Of Culture.

'Make a Move' showcased the rap and production activity that has come to the fore since its instigation 3 years ago. Workshopped to the hilt by producers mynameisJohn and Deviant, the youth who battled their Cork peers made a huge impact.

Make a Move's Chairman Shane Curtain is positive that the city is coming into its own: "Think of the people over the last few years who moved to Limerick to work." The inclusive nature of what used to be marginal events has gotten them interested in the diverse street-based projects. It's more a city for them to partake in. There is now something unique for them to describe what Limerick has become.

However there is a deficit that has nothing to do with the level of participation and production. The rest of the country, and even on occasion Limerick itself, needs to know what is going on. This needs cash, yet it appears that PR funding was a casualty of an earlier bump in the road. This PR deficit is something that will possibly affect activity next year more than this year.

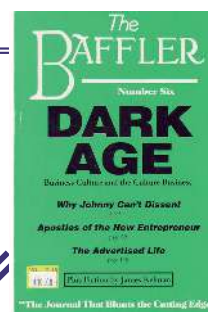
The 6 million allocated for general activity has been spent well - another million would probably be needed for ongoing documentation and display.

RTE referred lately to Galway as "the capital of culture in the west". That grates for Limerick.

The city drew 230,000 people for a giant takeover by Royale Deluxe and their giant granny. This was the infamous 'puppet show' referred to by a recently reshuffled arts minister.

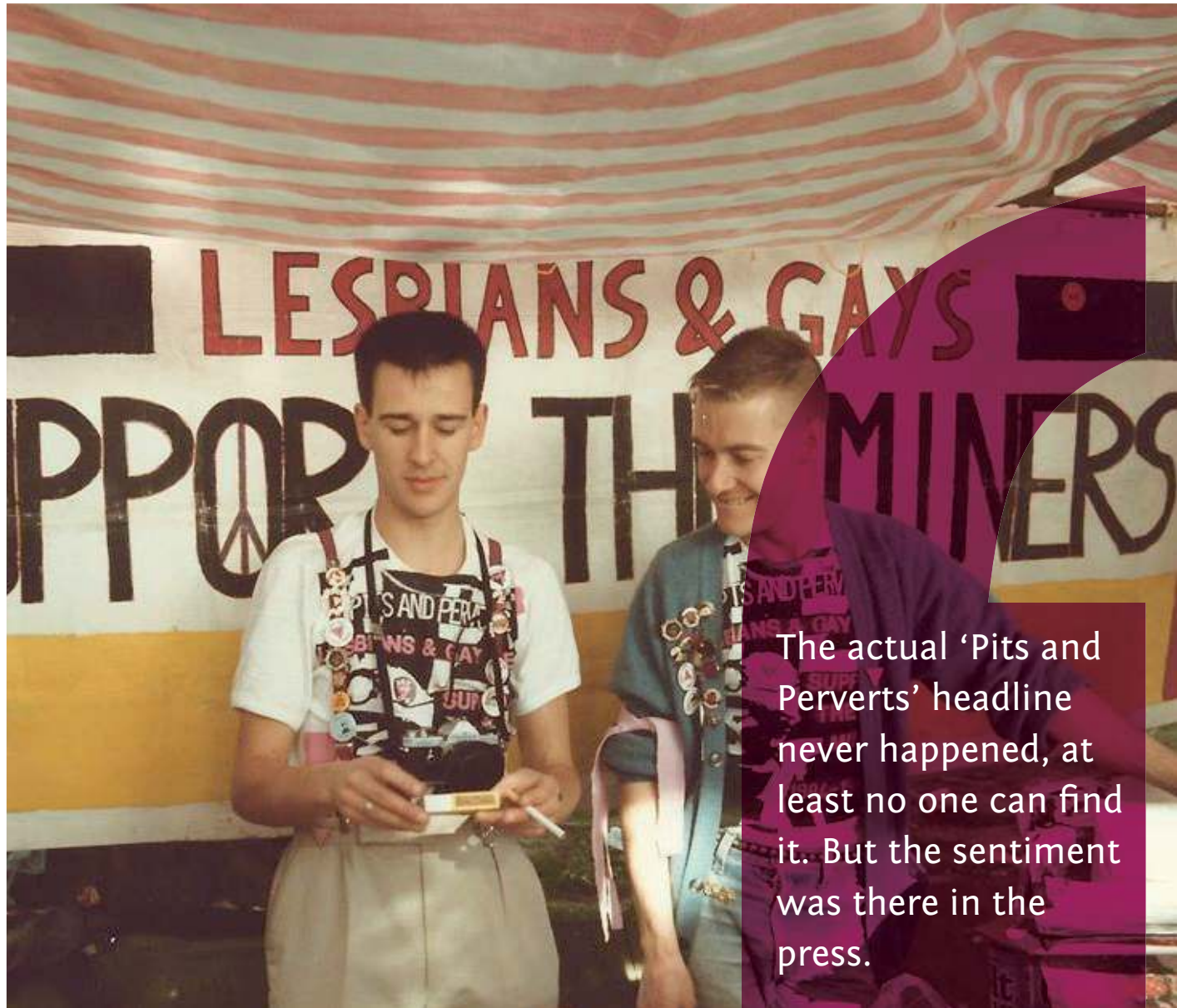
At the beginning of the year, knowledge of what exactly this event was (and cost) was one of the featured collision points in the narrative that pitted citizens, council and the media against each other. The surreal experience of the granny's visit was genuinely transformative.

RTE's apology regarding their coverage of the event meant nothing in the end. By now the city didn't care; everybody was having too good a time.



{FILM}

A COAL LOT OF LOVE



The actual 'Pits and Perverts' headline never happened, at least no one can find it. But the sentiment was there in the press.

BACK IN 1980S BRITAIN, A GROUP WAS FORMED WHICH CALLED ITSELF 'LESBIANS AND GAYS SUPPORT THE MINERS', WHICH WAS... WELL, A GROUP OF LESBIANS AND GAYS WHO SUPPORTED THE MINERS. RASHERS TIERNEY SPOKE TO REGGIE BLENNERHASSETT, AN IRISH EMIGRANT WHO ENDED UP IN THE THICK OF IT.

Can you give us a little bit of background about yourself and how you ended up in Britain in the mid 1980's?

I was born in Sligo and moved to Dublin in 1978 to study at the College of Commerce in Rathmines. While there I was the Public Relations Officer for the SU in my third year. We were pretty tame but did have a day of action for better canteen services. I was interviewed by Deirdre Purcell on the RTE news about it. First came to London as a student to work in a pub over the summer in 1981 and liked it. After graduating I came straight back to London basically because I was gay and the thought of another 4 years in Ireland filled me with despair.

Can you give us some indication of just how repressive Ireland was when it came to the gay community in the early 1980s and then what it was like in Britain then too?

I was not out when living in Ireland as it was just

too scary. I was aware of places like the Hirshfield Centre in Dublin but I think only visited once with a straight friend in my final year at college. It was not a good time to be growing up gay in Ireland. London was like a different world. My first experience was in 1982 and building up the courage to go Heaven, the disco. I paced up and down outside it not sure what to expect on the other side of the door. Of course as soon as I actually went in I realised I had nothing to worry about. I was 21 so clearly some waste years!

How did you get involved in Lesbians and Gays Support the Miners and what were the politics of those involved?

I met Ray, my partner, 3 weeks after moving to London at the end of 1982. He was politically active having been involved in a long running strike at the bookshop where he worked. When I first moved to London I shared a house with Gethin who Ray worked with. We were involved in various marches etc during that period. We all went to alternative gay pubs at that time and it was outside the Bell one evening that we met Mark Ashton collecting for the miners. We got chatting and he said we should come along to a group meeting.

We all went to the next one and got involved from there on in. The group came from a range of political backgrounds as you would expect. Each had their own agenda which is fine but the group was at risk of breaking up because of this. Early on we agreed that we had to focus on the single issue and put our different political views aside. It worked amazingly well. I think the film gives a flavour of the politics of the group and I think it does this well. It must be

a nightmare writing a script that gets an important message across in just 2 hours. I still can't believe it is out there in mainstream cinemas.

Lesbians and Gays Support the Miners ended up doing a lot of work with the community of Onllwyn in the Dulais valley in South Wales. How did you end up linking up with people there?

The group was look for a community to support directly and the link came through a contact with Dai Donovan who was raising funds for the community. Because the NUM (National Union of Miners) bank accounts were frozen, groups had to make direct contact with communities to get the money to them.

In the documentary All Out Dancing In Dulais, one of the women from the mining community says, "we didn't know what to expect." What did the support group expect when you first went down to the mining valley?

It was the same for us! 3 vans and 26 people went on the first trip. I remember us all having a great time in our bus, full of excitement, until we saw the Severn bridge and the reality set in. There was no going back. In truth we had nothing to worry about as we were made so welcome.

Someone else in that documentary said you raised something like 400-500 pounds a collection. That's phenomenal. What was the atmosphere like when you were out collecting?

The response was usually positive and people gave

money. Of course there were others who shouted names at us etc. but that goes with the territory. Despite the propaganda of Thatcher's government, there was a lot of grassroots support for the miners. Maybe surprisingly from the LGBT community, although on reflection I am not sure why we were surprised, these were politically savvy people already involved in politics in other areas.

Eventually the media turned their attention to the group, branding a concert you were running with Bronski Beat "pits and perverts" - can you tell me how you turned this to the groups advantage?

The actual 'Pits and Perverts' headline never happened, at least no one can find it. But the sentiment was there in the press. However as a group we did try and turn language around to our benefit as the gay community has done for years. This was some wonderfully creative thinking among the group and just gave us the most amazing title for the gig. Brilliant t-shirts too.

Did you continue with activism after the Miners Strike? Where did things take you after that?

I remain involved particularly around section 28 and went on to work at the London Lesbian and Gay Centre for a few years. My active involvement waned after that I suppose. It's good to be back!

Photo by Nicola Field

HARRY HANGOVER

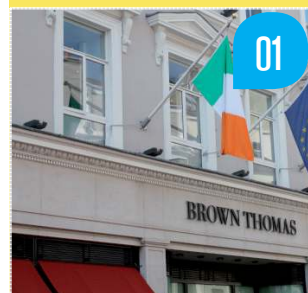
And The
BASTARDLY BRAIN BUGGERING
BRATS!



take five

Dublin's best
emergency
pitstops.

IT'S HAPPENED ALL OF US AT SOME POINT OR ANOTHER. NATURE CALLS AND YOU'VE NOWHERE TO GO. YOU TRY A PUB AND SOME SMARMY WANK-BADGER AT THE BAR POINTS AT THE 'TOILETS ARE FOR CUSTOMER'S USE ONLY' SIGN. TIME IS RUNNING OUT AND YOUR CHOICES ARE SLIM. YOU CAN EITHER SOIL YOURSELF OR RESORT TO THE DEPRESSING SHIT-SMEARED STAINLESS STEEL JAX IN MCDONALDS. WELL, FEAR NOT! WE HAVE COMPILED THIS LIST OF (MOSTLY) MORE AGREEABLE LAVATORY SERVICES ESPECIALLY FOR YOU, WEARY TRAVELLER...



01

BROWN THOMAS

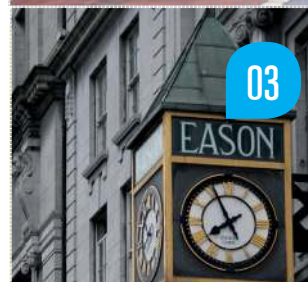
Breeze in past the smelly shit and weird women with crap all over their faces trying to convince other women that they need crap all over their faces, take the escalator up a floor or two to the overpriced homeware and stupid trinkets that posh people enjoy. There's some fierce nice toilets up here. Perfect for that saturday afternoon emergency, and much better than that stainless steel alternative in Mickey D's or Burger King across the road. There's also free coffee on the go just in case you need that extra push...



02

FALLON & BYRNE

It almost pains me to write this, as the thought of my own personal excretory paradise being overrun by the unworthy is very upsetting, but I have chosen to share for the greater good of all Dubliners. On the second floor of the fancypants food establishment Fallon & Byrne of Exchequer Street, lies a pristine pisshole the likes of which I have never encountered in our fair city before. An Elysium of excrement. Marble floors, piped in music ranging from Bob Dylan (not conducive to shitting) to Sade (very conducive to shitting), and a range of post-dump cleanup facilities including lavish handsoap, body wash (!) and your choice of hand dryer or 3-ply paper towels. I have never encountered another soul within these hallowed walls (very important, as solitude is key for a high-tier dump), and I always feel a little thrill of illicit excitement when bypassing the aisles of overpriced breakfast cereals and fruits that I am unable to identify and ascending to the facilities. This suggests to me that these bathrooms are not intended for public use, so don't ruin it for the rest of us by getting caught on your way for a surreptitious deuce-drop.



03

EASONS

Although not the most luxurious or secret hideaway the city has to offer, this little baby has saved us on many a loose-ringed afternoon. It's on the second floor of Easons, past that weird cafe that elderly women seem so fond of and through that record shop that NOBODY is ever buying any fucking records in. Seriously, how the fuck have they stayed in business so long?



04

THE CENTRAL HOTEL

A friendly countryman tipped us off to this one. Just off George's Street. Apparently the toilets are well kept and relaxing and, what's more, you can relieve yourself in the company of greatness, as a portrait of none other than Mikhail Gorbachev hangs on the wall. The Central hotel is also home to another of Dublin's well kept secrets as it happens...



05

AND THE REST

Some good laneways we've been tipped off about are Temple Bar's Bedford Lane, whose curvature creates a defilade against prying eyes, the laneway behind the Gaiety, off Grafton St., and Dawson Lane (also good drinking spots for our younger or more broke readers). And for the more discerning shitters and pissers among you: The Shelbourne ("Stride confidently, but not quickly, straight back. The facilities are immaculate."), Powerscourt Shopping Centre, top floor, Gresham Hotel on O'Connell St. ("walk toward the back and they're on the left"), The Westin Hotel on Westmoreland St. ("Downstairs, right by the Mint Bar. Best jacks in the city."), Avoca on Suffolk St., Epicurean Food Hall on Abbey/Liffey St., National Concert Hall, the The Morrison on Swifts Row apparently has some serious urinals, M&S third floor on Mary St., IMMA in Kilmainham, and finally, the Westbury Hotel by Bruxelles.

Dunnes Stores workers are campaigning for decency at work. Our demands are simple:

- decent hours and earnings
- job security
- fair pay
- the right to trade union representation



**DECENCY
FOR DUNNES
WORKERS**

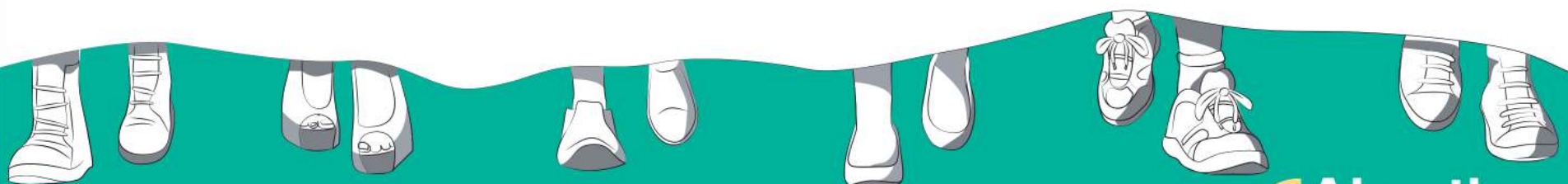
www.dunnesworkers.com

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For more information email us at:
dunnesworkers@mandate.ie

THANK YOU ALL FOR SPEAKING WITH YOUR FEET



We'll all keep stepping out for choice until we have free, safe, legal abortion in Ireland!

Abortion
RIGHTS CAMPAIGN

TRouble BREWING
IRISH CRAFT BEER

THE CRAFT
BEER PLOT IS
HATCHED

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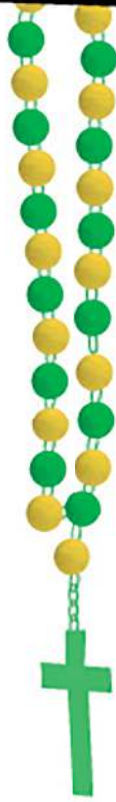
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JOIN THE CLUB

WE'RE SETTING UP A SUBSCRIBER SCHEME TO FUND EACH ISSUE. YEP, THINK THE BEANO CLUB 'CEPT DENNIS THE MENACE HAS WORSE LANGUAGE, SCATHING SATIRICAL WIT AND A SHIT DAY JOB. IN RETURN FOR A TAKING OUT A SUBSCRIPTION YOU'LL GET A RABBLE CARE PACKAGE WITH POSSIBLY MORE VITRIOL THAN LOVE BUT HEY IF YOU WEREN'T FIT FOR IT YOU WOULDN'T BE READING.

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 that sign up each issue then more

fun there is to have.

To start with we know 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.

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.

We'll be announcing full details of how it's all going to work once this issue is fully distributed.

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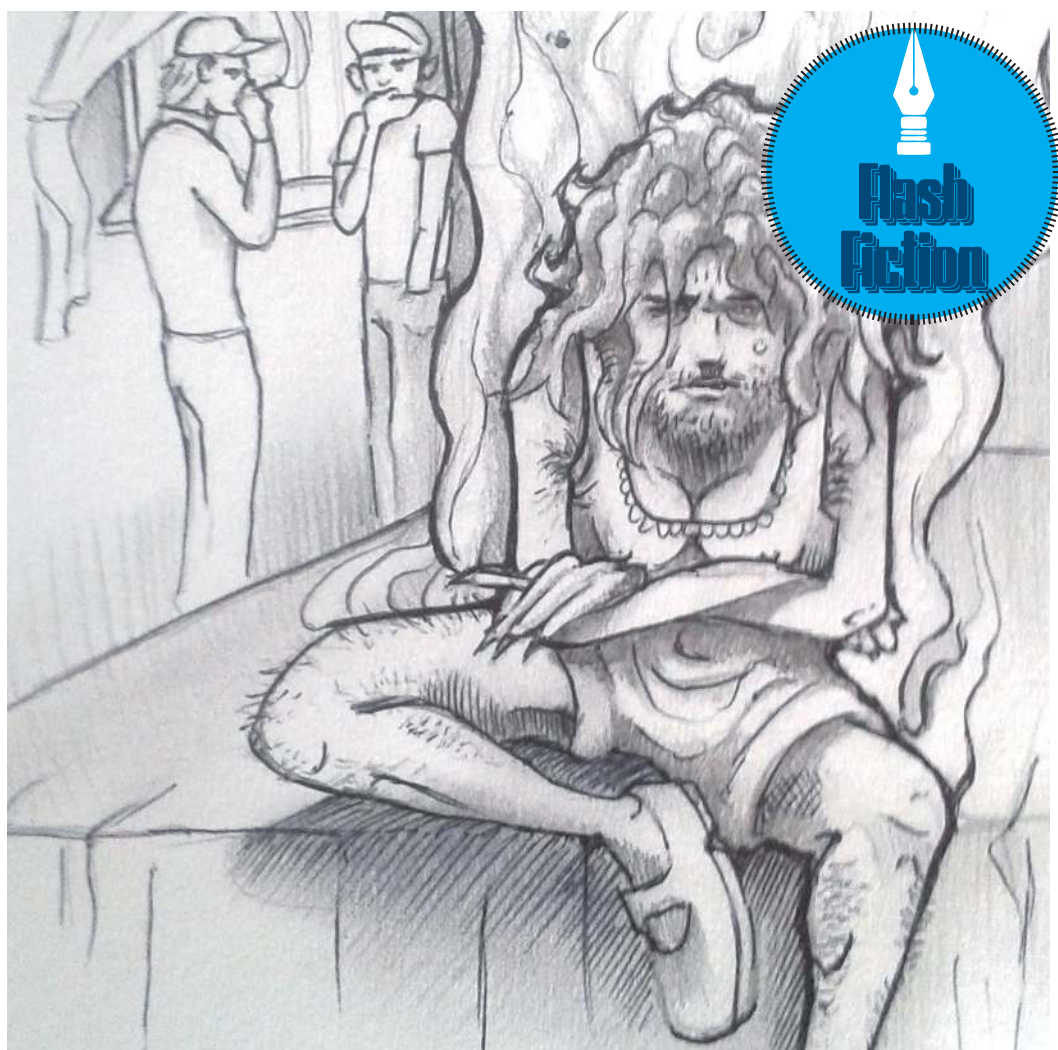


badges!

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Dark Madonna

She decided to stop washing herself. She decided to stop grooming herself in any way whatsoever. I don't know if she continued wiping herself after going to the toilet. I don't know how she dealt with menstruation, or if she avoided it altogether by taking the pill. If she made any exceptions to her filth regime, they were not obvious. The stink was obvious. It was dense, and complex. It had tones and layers and unexpected interactions; sweat, dirt, feces, urine - fresh, maturing, fully matured - all mingling, all churning one into the other. Whether the stink came at you intermittently in waves, or whether it settled unbudgingly around you, there was no getting used to it. It was best not to eat or drink anything for a few hours before you went to visit her. When somebody retched, or fled out of her presence to go vomit somewhere, she just clicked her tongue and continued to smoke. Everyone who visited her brought something to smoke - it just about covered up enough of the stink to make being there bearable.

At first some of her concerned and anxious friends tried to talk her out of her decision, but there was no talking her out of it. Her laid-back friends just said let her at it, she's stubborn and contrary and that is why we like her, that is why we started hanging out with her in the first place. Rebels forever, remember? In a month or so her filthy condition became both familiar and unmentionable, like a mother-in-law's alcoholism.

She grew an actual beard.

Many Irish people believe, or say they believe, that you can drink yourself sober. Similarly, some who heard about her in the pubs and groves rumoured that she counted on achieving a perfect, edenic cleanliness through letting nature take its course all over her, from head to toe, from foot-sole to follicle. She was convinced her body would learn, or remember, how to clean itself using its own natural, gaia-like, self-regulating processes, which had been smothered under the relentlessly promoted chemical treatments of industrial modernity, especially

those treatments aimed at modifying the female body in a romantic way. She could have easily picked up such a notion, they said, during one of her penniless hitches around lesser-crossed Europe, perhaps from the crusties she reputedly lived among in a settlement of tepees and treehouses somewhere in the foothills of the Slovak Tatras.

On her return to Ireland - when the only immediate sign of what was to come were matted dreadlocks and unseemly feet inside rotting old clogs - she had ended up in an emergency hostel sharing crowded space with alcies and junkies, who never leave off moaning and scrounging and rowing, not for one minute of the day or night. The real reason she turned herself into a ball of stink and dirt, into a germ hive, into a bearded lady, was because it stopped her undead 'housemates' from hassling her all the time. The way she was, the way she had made herself, the addicts wouldn't go near her. She disgusted them and they were afraid of her. They thought she was some kind of witch who could curse them to death if she wished*. She was a dark Madonna I suppose, a madonna of the worms, the beetles, and the bugs.

Eventually, her HSE assigned social worker, who had long taken to wearing a mask and surrounding herself with a cloud of air freshener while visiting her, found her a place to live and she moved in to it. She started washing herself again shortly afterwards. She shaved off her beard. If you were to meet her now you would never in a million years guess what went on with her before. She looks amazing and smells of rosy soap, lemon balm and mild perfumes, subtle intoxicants evoking airy formal gardens and gently raining summer days.

*Irish street addicts are by and large informal syncretists, holding passionate admixtures of Christian and paranormal beliefs.

Words by Dave Lordan. Illustration by Ronan O'Hanlon.





FESTIVAL SEASON IS OVER SO THERE'S NO MORE PISSING ON OTHER PEOPLE'S TENTS FOR THIS PAIR OF REPROBATES. WINTER IS COMING AND THAT MEANS FORAGING IN THE REDUCE TO CLEAR AISLE WHILE YOU PRICKS BEND THEIR EARS.

Dear Session Pixies,

I am in a muddle. I love two men. One is my ex.-boyfriend who wants to come back to me, the other is my current boyfriend. Both are lovely men, but feel more spiritually attached to my ex. I am unable to make a decision. Do you have any tips?

Mindfucked in Malahide

Three words: poppers and pills. Bring them both out on the town, get hammered, take a few pills each and huff poppers til your heads feel like hot air balloons. Bring the two lads home, have a buzzed up tryst on a blanket on the floor. Undoubtedly the pills will result in some less than erect peni, and you'll all end up in a soppy cuddle-puddle stroking each others ankles. Now here's the trick: you'll be able to make your choice next time you see them. The one who goes red and can't look you in the eye is the one that needs to be tossed away like a used johnnie. The one who has a laugh about it and asks if you want to do it again next week is the keeper. On the off chance they're both sound out, have a 3-way relationship like a bunch of modern trendy wankers. It is the 21st century after all!

Dear Session Pixies,

My daughter lives out of town, and is expecting her first child. We would like to give her a baby shower but she cannot attend. How does one go about giving a baby shower without the mother-to-be present?

Yours 'gis us a job, Jamie A.

The normal way to do this would be to put the baby under some running water and gently clean its body, as well as lightly shampooing its hair. Be sure to make sure the water is tepid to luke-warm, as a baby's skin is quite sensitive. Also be sure to use products that aren't too harsh. The Boots range is quite good, and the Johnson's range has always been a family favourite.

Dear Session Pixies,

I miss The Slate.

Kim.

Looks like you best fire up the DeLorean and fuck off back to 2001 so. I hear the internet is great.

Alright pettles?

Meself and the brother were down at the Ploughing. Three days double dropping Guinness and Crested Tens, robbing pens off them banks and making a show of ourselves caterwauling around, scuttering drunk clutching bags of free brochures about modern German tractors with computers for engines. When we got back to Ballyhuskardwe popped down some local to see was anyone dead so we could go scabbing at the wakes. Now, here's the question do you've any fucking idea who I am? There's a bag of sugar here with me and he doesn't know either.

Big Lad, Wexford. xxx

Big lad, ancient Irish lore states that the best way to find your way home after being kidnapped by the session is to turn all your clothes inside out and walk backwards the way you came. Best of luck with it. Ask the bag of sugar for help.

Dear Session Pixies,

I've had terrible trouble sleeping of late, and despite trying all the popular cures, from herbal teas and scented candles, to meditation and cutting out sugar and caffeine from my diet, I just can't seem to get my mind to relax. I'd do anything for a good night's sleep. Please help!

Sleepless in Sandford

We feel your pain! After a long weekend out on the tiles, we sometimes find sleep to be an elusive mistress. The sandman doesn't seem to like being around the snowman, if you know what we mean. Anyway, after years of experimenting with various potions and pills, we have come up with an all-natural, all-inclusive, chemical free, unisex, fool-proof solution, with no harmful additives or preservatives... It's an ancient artform we like to call, "Wanking Yourself to Sleep", and it works like a charm every time, in any weather. It goes a bit like this: have an oul' wank, and if that doesn't work, have another, and another if needs be. In no time at all you'll be off in noddy-noddy land with visions of sugarplums dancing in your head. You can be as gentle or as vigorous as you like, just go for gold and don't stop 'til you get to the top!

HORRORSCOPES

TRAGIC TERRY AND THE MAGIC COWBOY ARE BACK AGAIN. DIVINING THE CELESTIAL CANOPIES AND THE COSMIC SHIFTS THAT LIE THEREIN. TO HELP FIGURE OUT WHY YOUR LIFE IS A SHIT MESS.



ARIES MAR 21-APR 19

It's an ill wind that blows out of a sick man's arse, Aries, and you've got your nose tucked right up there, don't you? Sniffing away with gusto, as he pumps blast after blast of gaseous misery up your ever-appreciative nostrils. Get to the back of the queue, Aries, and when you get to the front of the queue, go to the back of the queue again. Repeat as unnecessary.

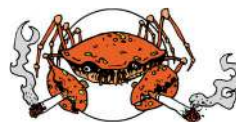
GEMINI MAY

21-JUN 20



The recent dream you had involving frozen Findus Fish-Fingers is an indication of things to come. Remember to keep your head down in matters of oral sex. Your organic tincture cottage start-up business is set for big things, but stay vigilant, as a fly in the ointment may prove a spanner in the works. Ghosts are real and they will kill you in your sleep.

CANCER JUN 21-JUL 22



It is a small burden that weighs little, as the old saying goes. A blast from the past sets things in a tizzy. You lose a friend but find two new ones behind your local Dunne's Stores. You realise that people are drawn to you for your most endearing quality – your easy access to prescription drugs. Don't be afraid to take things easy as the Summer comes to a close. Only wank-badgers drive landrovers in the city.

LEO JUL 23-AUG 22



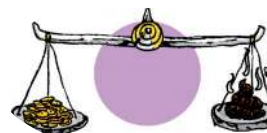
All good things must come to an end, Leo, and a chance encounter with a black man leaves you feeling whiter than ever, and confused as to who you really are. Beware of signs from your inner forehead, as they may bring perplexing and life-changing notions, the ramifications of which call into question everything you have ever believed to be true. Stay in school.

VIRGO AUG 23-SEP 22



Really, Virgo? Really? This is the best you can do? Even if your motives weren't completely and pathetically transparently false, the execution of your plan has proven so childish and lacklustre that you have succeeded in nothing but embarrassing yourself further, proving to one and all, yet again, that behind all of the rhetoric, you are nothing but a whinging, self-obsessed, tantrum-throwing baby. Fuck off.

LIBRA SEP 23-OCT 22



As the summer comes to a close, it might be high-time for some reflection. Mirrors are sometimes useful for this. Spend some time on yourself for once, as you have been taking on other peoples' problems of late. Consider creating some problems of your own - a crisis pregnancy might spice things up. Summer's irritating offspring, Autumn, is waiting in the wings - withered, spindly arms desperately outstretched, ready to envelop you in the coldest, clammiest, most possessive relationship of your life thus far.

SCORPIO OCT 23-NOV 21



Put past differences aside, Scorpio. With social media it's never been easier to stay out of touch with your dearest friends and family. People who have a tendency towards being logical, and perhaps creatures of habit, tend to have square hands. Beware of sprinting, early-morning St. Dominic enthusiasts on Dominic St. The seven hordes carry disease.

SAGITTARIUS DEC 22-JAN 19



Your recent forays into online bullying have proven to one and all that you really do know how to deal with a problematic situation. Your ability to think inside the box, not to mention your innate problem solving and conflict resolution skills, could yet see you head-hunted for an important role in the Middle East (Tullamore). Keep the receipt.

CAPRICORN DEC 22-JAN 19



Summer is fading fast, and so are your questionably few friendships. A small black dog brings evil into your house. Pay more attention to your inner angel Capricorn - when things get tough, you can ascend and soar above the maelstrom of maliciousness, and whilst others languish in captivity, you remain as free as Gary Glitter. FACT.

AQUARIUS JAN 20-FEB 18



It's been a fantastic summer Aquarius, from the free festival tickets, to your many and varied romantic endeavours. Wild is an understatement. In your own mind you can do no wrong, and that's because you can't! Contrary to popular belief, you CAN fool ALL of the people ALL of the time. People are blind to your faults because you don't have any. You're the best, buddy. Love you. X

PISCES FEB 19-MAR 20



As Plupiter generates excess heat this month, Splatum is veering withershins. You've been having problems sleeping lately, but beware of easy solutions, as they cum at a price. A walk in the countryside awakens your inner ferret. Your statement to the local Gardaí reads like a who's who of Dr. Who in The Who whodunnit. Question hummus-eaters with no socks

TAURUS APR 20-MAY 20



Of late you've been feeling left out, but fear not, the spotlight beckons. Adulterous thoughts plague your mind but beware! A fleeting thrill leads to disaster when you attempt a no-strings relationship with a puppeteer. All is not lost, however. Embrace your inner bull, Taurus, and stay in a field on your own, away from everyone else, because let's face it, everyone gets a bit edgy when you're around. Yellow brings cold shins.

The Youth Of Today

REMEMBER THE MAGALUF GIRL SCANDAL AND ALL THE REST THAT FOLLOWED? WHEN THE TABLOIDS MINED DRUNKEN HOLIDAY EXPERIENCES FOR CHEAP TITULATION TO SERVE UP AS VOYEURISTIC EROTICA? PAUL DOYLE NAILS TABLOID JOURNALISM TO ITS OWN SHIT-STAINED WALLS FOR IT'S DEPRESSING AND HYPOCRITICAL TREATMENT OF YOUNG PEOPLE.

Make no mistake, if an 18 year old male from a forgotten working class area were to commit a crime, newspapers would have no hesitation in referring to him as 'the 18 year old man'. He's old enough to vote, to join the army, and go to prison, yet, when he jets off for a sun holiday with his friends after completing his final exams, he is transmogrified from an adult male to an innocent, delicate and virginal flower for whom we must all be concerned, and for whom metres of column space must be dedicated, lest he be led astray.

This summer, redtop newspapers 'exposé' stories regarding places like Magaluf have – to borrow their rhetoric – 'reached a new low'. Newspapers, most of which make a concerted and consistent effort to sexualise teens, are now turning around and cynically selling to concerned parents the image of their sexy child.

Niamh Horan, in a video report for the Irish Independent said with a straight face,

"Welcome to Magaluf, where your teenagers are living out your worst nightmares on their summer holidays. From masturbatory games every night in the local pubs, to knock off Viagra on sale in the local sweet stores; if ever there was a place that epitomised the fact that sex sells: this is it."

The Irish Independent and Horan obviously did not realize the irony of graphically describing post-leaving cert pansexual antics to your audience in masturbatory detail, while simultaneously complaining about the use of sex as a cynical marketing ploy.

Indeed, paradoxically, while complaining that young people are being sexualized from too young an age, Irish papers having been quite deliberately using language that makes the subjects of these contrived scandals seem as childlike as possible – 'Viagra in the sweet shop', 'guzzling drink like

a chocolate milkshake' – in other words, using rhetoric that unnecessary associates the erotic with the childlike...to complain about our culture's association of the childlike with the erotic. Sort of like kicking a dog to death in an attempt highlighting the inherent immorality of animal cruelty.

Dr. Samuel Johnson, after producing his first dictionary, was approached by a group of women, who congratulated him on having omitted a large amount of obscenity from his work. Johnson then expressed his gratitude to them for having revealed that they had been looking in the first place.

Like Johnson's female admirers quest for curse words, readers and writers of red tops alike have been desperately searching for something, anything, to be outraged by. There's something unashamedly voyeuristic about the recent coverage of teen-holidays: readers are getting the cathartic thrill of shaming young men and women (particularly young women), while at the same time gorging on the erotic language and video – having their cake while lecherously stuffing their face. Prepare to shocked and appalled by this sexy, sexy footage!

The Irish Sun, when describing the antics of a young girl 'caught' performing a sex act wrote,

"Her nightclub sex shame was filmed on a mobile phone. The footage was posted on Facebook by bodybuilder Reece Martini and has since been shared more than 15,000 times. Reece, 26, wrote: "A friend just sent me this from Spain, what a disgrace. Girl in Maga dishes out 24 **** **s for a free drink. No wonder they get a bad name."

This is a textbook tabloid tactic: abdicating responsibility by emphasising that they did not upload the video, while at the same revelling in shaming the young woman concerned – control yourself, slut! So objectionable was the coverage

that even Geordie Shore's Jay Gardner, when interviewed, was quick to point out the obvious hypocrisy involved – virtually no mention was made of the males involved, while the young woman in question's face was the centre of attention. 'Hon the lads.

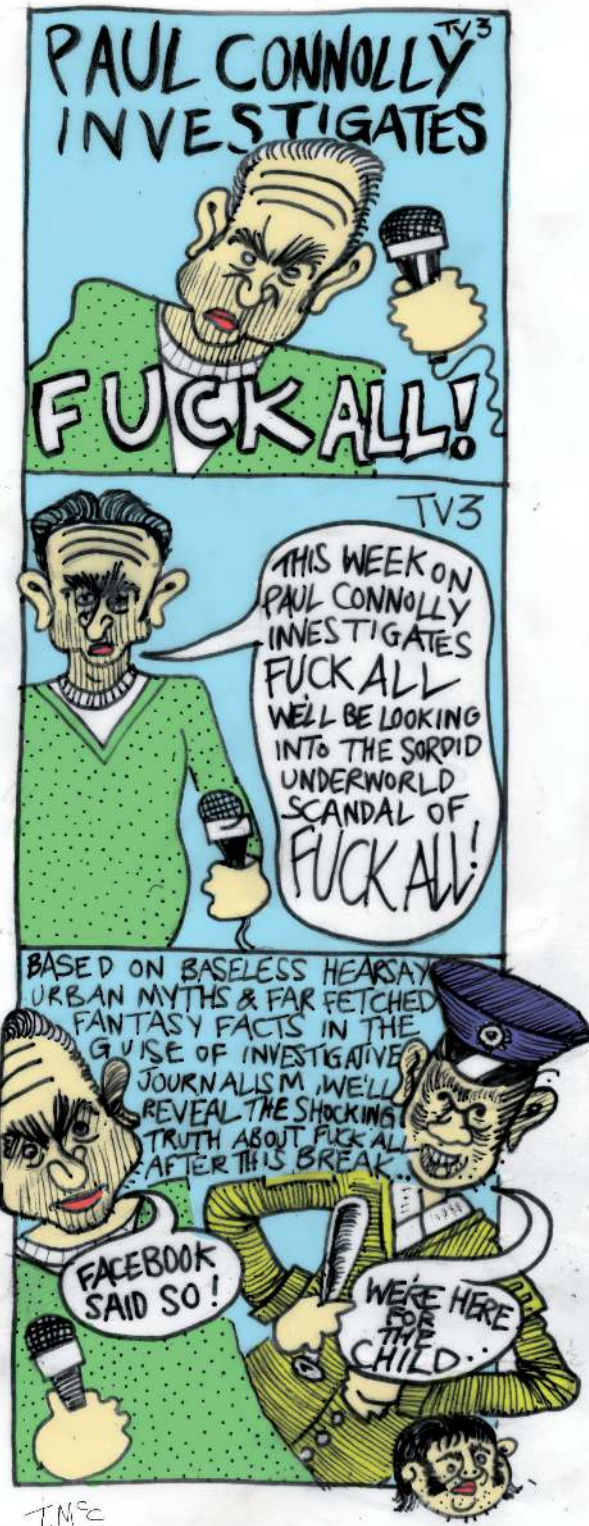
The Mirror ran a story titled 'Magaluf: show reel of shame' which allowed readers – who, being online, were likely to be looking up erotica for personal consumption already – to revisit the Summer's sex scandals. One of these stories was concerned with a promoter who refused to take responsibility for the harm he had apparently done to the young lady who was involved in the previously mentioned public sex act in his nightclub. Again, the issue of the damage done by her face being on the cover of every red-top newspaper in Britain and Ireland was not only not addressed, but judging by the language used, not even considered.

Both the Daily Mail and The Mirror reassured readers that the young woman who had allegedly felated 24 men had been 'forgiven' by her hyper-religious parents. Again, this is problematic for reasons it is almost embarrassing to explain.

The young woman in question does not require forgiveness from anyone, particularly the kind of person who shares the same values as the Daily Mail or The Mirror.

While some might say that parents would be 'insane' to let their children go on a holiday in which 'their worst nightmares are being lived out', it would be more apposite to suggest that parents would be misguided in preventing their child (who is old enough to vote, join the army, and go to prison) going on a holiday because of their recent lazy, idiotic and sensationalist journalism regarding teen holidays.

Photos by Dellboy Art.



Poster!

Palestinian artist Irina Naji provides our centre spread on the suffering of Gaza...

