

rabble

we are rabble
so are you

Issue #2 December 2011 published quarterly.



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Ah g'wan...



WE TAKE
A LOOK AT
PARASITICAL
LANDLORDS.

INSIDE.

Street Literature.

We talk to the Ballymun
hip hop collective that are
bringing an urgent voice to
Irish hip-hop.

Soccer Hibernation.

So, how do the Friday night
faithful survive the League
of Ireland off season?

Refusing to Shut Up.

rabble checks out how
community groups across
the city are responding
to the state's budget
blitzkrieg.



Policing

We look back at Lugs and talk to
What's The Story?

Hill St.

An interview about a new doc
uncovering Dublin skating.

Fashion

It's the morning after the mascara
the night before.

We're back!

**GREETINGS RABBLERS!
WELCOME TO ISSUE 2
OF THE PARISH BULLETIN
FOR DUBLIN'S WAYWARD
AND DISGRUNTLED.**

This issue takes off where the last one ended, bringing you our unique combination of culture, society and politics - always with an ear firmly held to the concerns of the Dublin underground.

When we start putting together an issue we never know where it's going, this one started off with murmurs about looking at the poxy manner in which the state constantly transfers public wealth into the coffers of private landlords, then took on anti-social behaviour, landed some digs at the national broadcaster, examined policing in working-class areas, got fed up with late night transport and lots of other

random bits in between.

With this issue we went to huge lengths to let as many voices as possible chime through, so there's more interviews, more on-the ground experiences and more contributors than before. Our centre-spread is a visual feast, an off-beat and bewildering poster featuring a host of Dublin stereotypes, characters and chancers. Can you spot yourself in it?

We went to press at an extremely depressing moment, a Labour supported Fine Gael government has just introduced a budget blitzkrieg rammed with regressive taxation and attacks on those least capable of paying for the crisis. It's easy to get disheartened, the onslaught is relentless and even a Junior Cert economics student could tell you austerity will get us nowhere as a society.

It's important to find moments of hope. With that in mind, one of the features we're most proud of in this issue is our focus on the Spectacle of Defiance, a display of grassroots solidarity by community groups across Dublin who are literally seeing a butcher's knife taken to vital services. The parallels with the #Occupy movement are explored as we try to etch out some vision that can move us towards change.

As xmas approaches, let us not forget that recently a homeless man called Aladar Turtak was found dead near a cardboard box in the grounds of the Dominick Street flats. There were at least 30 emergency beds available that night, the night bus that could have brought him to one had been cancelled - he died for the price of a taxi. We're not saying this to fulfil expectations for some routine Christmas homily, but because all of this shit needs to change.



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. We stand within, and with, Dublin as it struggles from below against the ghost of the Celtic Tiger and the state it left us in. We support those who fight with a new world in their hearts and encourage those who create cultures that seed hope in bleak times. Those involved know each other from alternative media and street mobilisations, from raves, gigs and the football terraces, or by just living in the village that is Dublin. We range from people living and raising their families in the city, to community and political activists, to artists, messers and mischief-makers. We Are rabble.

rabble

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Spell Check Snipers: Peg Leeson, Redmonk, Julian Brophy and Jay Carax.

Code Jockies: Paul McCrodden, James Redmond and Ronan McHugh



{EYE}

Heirlooms and Hand Me Downs.

"The area in question is very small; it is a village within The Liberties area. People and families know each other all their lives and longer through generations. I wanted to construct a heritage that came from peoples lived personal experiences. At the same time I was very aware that the resulting plaques could be installed for as long as the buildings stand. The issues embedded in the text are often broad social issues many of which are historical. I wanted the overall text of the plaques and the book to be a collective narrative that was in no way divisive yet honoured the experiences of each participant"

You can read a longer interview with Chris Reid about his work in The Liberties on www.rabble.ie

HIGHLIGHTS

p3. Anarchaeologist looks up some old heads in The Liberties.

p4. State of yis! It's our High Society page.

p5. Donal Fallon looks back at a cop called Lugs and Ciara Kennedy talks policing in Rialto.

p6. Julian Brophy talks to some protesters who were out making a spectacle of themselves.

P8. Landlords. Yes, those racketeering motherfuckers that cream it in from your rent receipts.

p10. Redmonk gets himself an ASBO out in Blanch.

p11. James Redmond gets schooled in street literature.

p14. Barry Healy checks out Phibsbronx's Karate Club.

P16. It's our Clubbers' Cog notes on Italo and end of year round up.

P17. Jay Carax checks out a new Dublin skating doc.

P19. Paul Bloof continues with his life on wheels.



Gombeen #2

WHEN AN IRISH MAYOR IS GETTING PUBLICITY FROM THE GUARDIAN, CNN AND THE BRISBANE TIMES YOU KNOW HE MUST HAVE DONE SOMETHING SPECIAL.

And yes, so it was that Fine Gael's Darren Scully stated on live radio that he was "not going to take on representations from black Africans" because he found them to be bad mannered and aggressive. An elected official refusing to represent someone due to their origin and skin colour, seems pretty racist. In fact, type "racism in Europe" into Wikipedia and our man is there. Scully himself denies the charge of racism, but stepped down as mayor yet still clogs up the council chamber. This is not the first time a Fine Gael-er has rammed their foot down their mouth. In 2002 our Taoiseach Enda Kenny used the word 'nigger' in a joke relating to Patrice Lumumba, the assassinated Prime Minister of the newly independent Congo in 1961. This was particularly horrendous as his son and many of his grandchildren live in Tallaght. Scratch a Fine Gael-er, find a racist Blueshirt.



Distribution: Magic pixie fairy people and you (get in touch).

Shouts: Eoin Bodytonic and Cassidys for meeting space and you.

rabble is a result of volunteer time and labour. We are always looking for sound heads to get involved and ease the workload with the project.

This issue was put to bed thanks to chimarrão and DJ Champion's Factmag Mix 245. Dubplate special.

Look us up at
www.rabble.ie



{LOOK UP #1}

St Kevin Barry

THE LIBERTIES' HEADS TELL US MORE ABOUT OUR RECENT PAST THAN ANY TRAWL THROUGH THE NEWSPAPERS OR REELING IN THE YEARS. SO CLAIMS ANARCHAEOLOGIST.

The Liberties' Heads, a collection of busts mounted high on the columns of St. Catherine's Anglican and Roman Catholic churches, tell us of a different past, one as valid and as immediate as anything you'll come across in the academic tomes or more popular publications on 'Dubalinn' in the rare auld times.

Few who visit St. Catherine's Roman Catholic Church, on Meath Street, are aware that they are being silently observed from above by another young Republican martyr who was executed at the beginning of the 20th century. When the church was being renovated in the 1920s a decision was made to place facial impressions of the country's litany of saints at the base of each of the plaster ribs extending up to the ceiling.

They're all there; St. Paddy, St. Brigid and all the rest of them. Yet when it came to St. Kevin of Glendalough they couldn't find a suitable image of the man — by all accounts a notorious misogynist — to put up on the wall with his peers. Fortunately there had been a death mask of Kevin

Barry made after his appointment with the hangman which provided a suitable compromise. He's the one without the beard.

What are we to make of this? Does it point to a subversive republican past in the parish, one which has entered the popular imagination through songs such as I Remember Dublin City in the Rare Old Times which namechecks 'the rebel Liberties'? Does it fuck.

As an enthusiastic adherent of nostalgia (hostility to nostalgia) I see it as an attempt to compensate for the reception which greeted the defeated Citizen Army and Volunteers who were paraded through Thomas Street after 1916. For far from being a hotbed of revolutionary activity, the Liberties housed a good proportion of the city's Separation Women who were paid off by the government as their men died in great numbers on the Somme and along the shores of Sulva Bay. As recorded on many of the witness statements collected in the 1940s, those marching to Richmond Barracks in Inchicore or indeed to their extra-judicial deaths in Kilmainham Gaol were left in no doubt as they passed through the Liberties as to the unpopularity of their actions.

The Liberties' 20th century history gets stranger. At the height of the Civil War a dubious body known as the 'Neutral IRA' established their headquarters on Thomas Street. The Civil War was a decent scrap this time, brother, evidently, against brother, families torn apart. Yet here in the heart of the Liberties assembled a gang of peacenik do-gooders who set out to break the whole thing up and deny future cultural theorists and other interested parties the opportunity to parse and analyse the whole thing. So, St. Kevin of Mountjoy was put up there to salve the consciences of the good parishioners of St. Catherine's of Meath Street, where the Prods of course had Robert Emmet in the other St. Catherine's on Thomas Street.

THE STATE OF ENDA

GOOD EVENING FUCKWITS. TONIGHT I'M TAKING THE OPPORTUNITY TO SPEAK TO YOU DIRECTLY ON THE CHALLENGE WE FACE AS A COMMUNITY, AS AN ECONOMY, AND AS A COUNTRY FULL OF SHEEP. BAA.

I know this is an exceptional event. But we live in exceptional times. And we face an exceptional challenge. It is important that you know the truth of the scale of that challenge — and how we are too supine, under-qualified and disinterested to meet that challenge.

That challenge: to prop up a failed economic system and to take sweets from your children.

To create the environment of despair, and to destroy the dignity of the most vulnerable people in our society. Fuck them, they don't vote anyway.

At the end of last year, our economy was in deep crisis. And while steps to recover from the crisis have been taken...

We remain in crisis today.

I would love to tell you tonight that our economic problems are solved, that the worst is over. But, that would be bollocks, trust me, it's gonna get worse.

If you're unemployed, Fuck off. we will continue to fob you off with 20 year old FAS courses run by friends of ours and will eventually force you all to work 40 hours for free stacking shelves because we support slavery.

If you're in business you may still not be able get the credit you need, we will also stealthily hamstring your business by exorbitant rents, hidden taxes and may blacklist you if you won't sell your business to a multinational subsidiary.

If you're a parent who has just put the children to bed... get them up and explain to them in cold clear words that they have no future and they may as well learn a foreign language because they will leave at 18 and won't come back. that may be the truth as you live it, and know it.

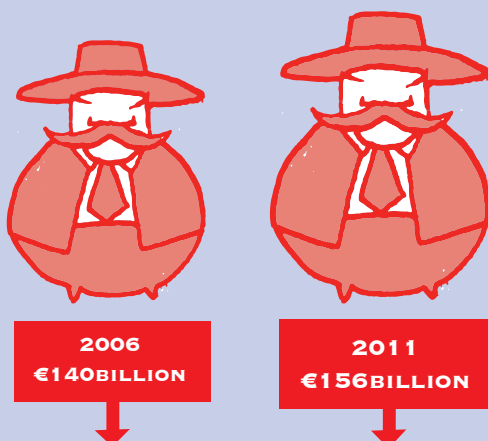
Let me say this to you all:

You are not responsible for the crisis. But we will make you pay for it anyway, because we can, to be fair if you had any backbone you'd be out on the streets instead of moaning into your pint.

My Government is determined that now; the necessary decisions and changes are made to ensure that this teetering edifice will continue til it hits critical mass and there is class war and bloodshed and a return to Feudal pockets of ignorant hopeless and forlorn humanity who live in a state of constant fear and violence.

Right now, our most important responsibility is to do what must be done to ensure the Troika that we, the Irish People are going to let you do whatever you want.

May god have mercy on us all.



THE AMOUNT OF REVENUE THAT
COULD BE GENERATED PER ANNUM
BY IMPOSING A 1% WEALTH TAX

€800M

FIGURES REPRESENT ASSETS OF HIGH NET WORTH INDIVIDUALS (LIQUID ASSETS OF \$1M OR MORE) AND ULTRA-HIGH NET WORTH INDIVIDUALS (LIQUID ASSETS OF \$30M OR MORE) WITHIN THE REPUBLIC

Come On Live Long

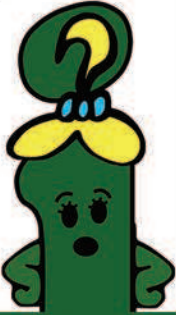
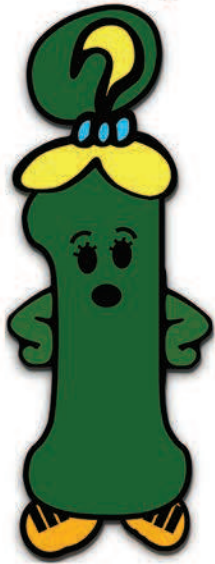
Formed only late last year, this four piece Dublin band specialising in downbeat, futurisitic folktronica, brought out one of best Irish EPs of 2011 - Mender. Download it for a mere €4 on Bandcamp.

Talkcha Productions

This new collaborative partnership between a cadre of like-minded individuals is providing a platform for independent music that does not fit cleanly in standard palettes. They've a compilation out at the moment.

LITTLE MISS INFORMATION

a little mis-information



You know that skirting boards are called skirting boards so ladies in the sixteenth century could check their dresses. Higher than that was deemed unacceptable and like, you were a slut.



Psychopaths On The Cyclepath

CYCLING IN DUBLIN IS NO JOKE - EVEN WHEN YOU HAVE A CYCLE PATH, YOU SHARE IT WITH BUSES, THE BIGGEST THINGS ON THE ROAD AND TAXIS, THE MOST AGGRESSIVE. HERE DARA MCHUGH PRESENTS SOME OF YOUR FELLOW CREATURES IN THE CONCRETE JUNGLE.

The homicidal van-driver

Appearance - Driving a van, laughing manically. Enjoys side-swiping rapidly from one side of the lane to the other when cyclists attempt to overtake. Writer experiences include near-death on George's St. Suggested response is taking the license plate and calling the guards.

SUVs

Appearance - big, dangerous. Owns the road and has a car big enough to show it. Allows the proles space to hug the double yellows, but only on sufferance. Enjoys speeding through yellow lights and making unannounced lane-changes.

Bother brothers

Appearance - filled with young men. Enjoy driving up beside cyclists and hassling them. Behaviour ranges from pelting of water balloons

and eggs, synchronised screaming, and racist abuse. Phibsborough is a known hunting ground.

Cheeky Kids

The juvenile equivalent of car-driving cyclephobes. Enjoy pushing cyclists over, kicking footballs at them or trying to stick branches into spokes. Also known to favour eggs and other projectiles. Writer experiences include being pushed in front of a passing bus.

Boy Racers

Male, under 30. Can be identified by tail-fins on Subarus, under-lighting and similar displays of fertility. Unable to tell the difference between Forza Motorsport and Dublin traffic. Unaware of the purpose of indicator lights. Suggested response is wide berth.

Illustration by Finn Williamson.

{HIGH SOCIETY}



Fran Hartnett plays to a heaving crowd.



Bob Section 4.



The Jobseekers.



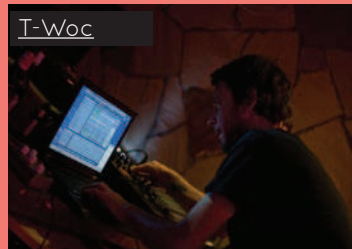
The Dubtones



Sunken Foal



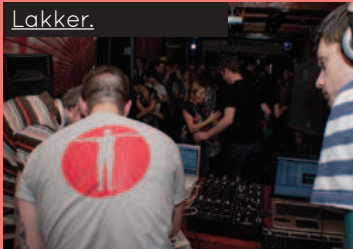
Stanto on the drums



T-Woc



You Lot.



Lakker.

WE GOT FRIENDS IN LOW PLACES.

On November 19th rabble and Poster Fish Promotions brought together underground punk bands, djs, producers and you. The night was a total riot and we partied like it was 2008. The gig cleared our debts and paid for this print run. Thanks to all who came along to the gig and helped out. Thanks to Jobseekers, The Dubtones, Section 4, T-woc, Sunken Foal, Lakker, Fran Hartnett, designer Ciaran Fitzpatrick, Freda Hughes for organising, Breslin for the backline, sound bwoys Conor and Steve, photographer Paul Reynolds and a very special thanks to all of you for your continued support. We are rabble.

Recommended Read

What do James Joyce, Flann O'Brien, Jack Yeats, Camille Souter and Mainie Jellett all have in common? Sheer brilliance and artistic propensity aside, they all inhabited

the artistic village centered around Baggot Street. Brendan Lynch traces the evolution of this Bohemian hot spot in his latest book, *Prodigals and Geniuses - The Writers and Artists of*

Dublin's Baggotonia. It's published by Liffey Press.

{POLICING}

Memories of Lugs

IN INNER-CITY DUBLIN, THE NAME LUGS BRANNIGAN WILL STILL BE MET BY A STORY OR TWO. DONAL FALLON RECOUNTS ONE OF THE CITY'S MOST NOTORIOUS GUARDS.

Lugs is the Garda who has most left his mark on this city. He is historically associated with the state's response to changing youth cultures of the city, and also with the emergence of the infamous Garda 'Riot Squad' to tackle gang violence.

"The citizens of Dublin owe an immense debt of gratitude to Jim Branigan for his great contribution to fighting the criminals of his day in Dublin city until his retirement in 1973."

Thus wrote a certain Mr. Haughey when reflecting on Jim in the foreword for Bernard Neary's biographical work. Yet among the youth of the city Jim was a rather divisive figure, if not a respected one.

The name Jim Branigan perhaps wouldn't instantly ring bells with younger Dubliners, but few knew him as Jim in his day. He hailed from James' Street in the city, and joined the Garda Síochána in June 1931, at the age of 21.

A great debate exists around the origin of the nickname Lugs, and whether it had been bestowed upon him as a younger and keen amateur boxer owing to his cauliflower ears, or if the nickname was

handed to him by a Dublin criminal in the 1940s, as legend suggests.

Regardless, it was said not to be a wise choice of words for a young Dubliner to refer to Garda Branigan as Lugs. What separates this particular Garda from any other then? To get to the root of that, one has to look at the broader context of early 1930s Dublin. This was a period which saw the re-emergence of youth gang culture in the city, leading to the emergence for example of the infamous 'Animal Gang'.

Branigan, assigned to Kevin Street station in 1936, would rapidly make a name for himself for his hands-on approach to gang violence in the city. Hands-on is of course a nicer way of saying 'very physical'.

The 'Animals' were based around Corporation Buildings, and the gang had emerged out of the printers strike of 1934, made up mainly of young news-vendors and under-employed youth. They were not, as folk memory sometimes suggests today, some sort of Blueshirt gang 'for hire', but rather groups of young men formed on geographic lines, tending to come from the same line of (or lack of) employment. Their exploits (or supposed exploits) can be traced in the newspaper archives today, showing a city wide hysteria over youth gang violence.

Branigan was crowned Leinster Heavyweight Champion boxer in 1937. He himself noted that this commandeered a certain respect among the youth of Dublin, saying he was able to "approach the Animals, search them and talk down to them without being assaulted or subjected to verbal abuse."

The Animals emerged out of the same part of the city which witnessed the infamous Dublin Metropolitan Police Riot and attack upon flats they believed to be the heartland of the 1913 Lockout. In an area with such a troubled relationship with physical policing historically, Lugs' approach to the Animals would prove divisive.

Branigan was a leading figure in both the Battles

of Tolka Park and Baldoyle which saw lengthy jail sentences dished out to leading gang members, following physical altercations with Gardaí at broken-up showdowns.

Branigan's 'Riot Squad' of the 1960s however is the reason he is widely remembered today. Established in the mid 60s, the Evening Herald would note the 'Squad' had a "wonderfully deterrent effect on gangs of youths" but its approach was controversial.

Known as the 'Red Cars', they travelled in a car and van alongside British-trained Alsatians with the aim of pacifying the re-emerging gang culture in the city with a preference for physical discipline. They were also a sight outside closing dance halls. While a blind eye may have been turned officially, such actions only had a negative effect on how the force would be seen among working class Dubliners.

Branigan is an interesting character because he came through so many eras, not retiring until the 1970s. He was a familiar sight to not just 'The Animals' but indeed the Teddy Boys who followed, and the Show Band scene too. He recalled following the Sands Show Band, noting that "they attract a bad crowd, real bowsies. Although the lads themselves are very decent lads."

It sounds comical today, but Lugs was on-top of every developing youth subculture in Dublin. It is also important to note that upon his retirement Branigan received a presentation from the prostitutes of Dublin, which left a lasting impression on him. A beautiful cutlery set, it was a gift from the women Brannigan would refer to as the 'Pavement Hostesses' of the city.

Illustration By Luke Fallon
www.lukefcomics.wordpress.com



RIALTO POLICING

CIARA KENNEDY HEADS OUT TO ST ANDREW'S RESOURCE CENTRE AND CHATS TO MEMBERS OF WHAT'S THE STORY? AS THEY LAUNCH A NEWSPAPER REFLECTING ON THEIR INVESTIGATION INTO PEOPLE'S EXPERIENCE WITH THE GARDAÍ IN RIALTO.

The collective started off by throwing out the question 'can you tell me about a moment in your life when you have felt powerful or powerless?' to youth in the area. Similarities in many of the anonymous responses given in Rialto set the path of the project's direction. One of the collective described how:

"We never set out to do a project about the Gardaí, it was never meant to be that, but when you ask people about power, that was the theme that emerged. The stories have a place, because they are people's lived experience of powerlessness."

A common sentiment shared across the answers was the disrespect that young people experience when dealing the Gardaí.

Gardaí representatives challenged this, posing that it was perhaps a hyper-local issue. However, the consensus among those working on the project was that it was not a Rialto problem alone, but one shared by working-class kids throughout the city.

As a response, What's The Story? widened their focus to include accounts from young people throughout the south inner city.

This time they focused more specifically on stories directly relating to interactions with the Gardaí. This led to the Section 8 project, a reference to the Public Order act and how it is used to move on groups of young people on. They transformed a van into a mini cinema and travelled around bringing the collected stories to different areas.

A crucial stage of the whole process was 'The Day in Question' exhibition in the Irish Museum of Modern Art, which was attended by newly qualified Gardaí. The collective described how having 'the guards there was huge...it's not very often you get a guard in a room to talk to you and he's not gonna arrest your for whatever you say'.

The responses from the Gardaí, when faced with accounts of what their colleagues were doing varied.

A collective member told me how "some of them got defensive, and then some of them got really upset because they couldn't believe a guard would do that."

Others felt that they were set up, only there because their superintendent told them to be. The Policing Dialogues project, in the LAB, took a different approach. For 6 weeks Gardaí representatives and the collective met regularly to discuss creating a training programme for Gardaí. This was a revelation as the rigid hierarchy within the Gardaí became evident to the collective.

There was huge differences in how the officers in the room behaved when there was a Sergeant or a



Chief Superintendent in the room. They'd have to ask to speak for instance.

"There was a bit of empathy happening, the guards we were working with were probably feeling a sense of powerlessness within their institution."

In advance of a television appearance the collective contacted the Chief Superintendent and cleared all content and sought to get permission from the individual Gardaí involved. This never filtered down the chain of command and the Gardaí involved never knew they were going to be on television.

So, What's the Story? found themselves in the odd position of being mediators between senior Gardaí and those on the ground they were working with. From this position they were able to work on creating targeted training which was previously absent. These training modules focus on under-

standing young peoples' behaviour and raising awareness of urban disadvantage and poverty.

"The people doing quite a difficult policing job are the least equipped for it...on the street, the person who deals with you could be just out of college two weeks."

As it stands there are only six officers on duty at any one time in Kilmainham Gardaí station.

The collective have already had a direct impact and two new training modules partly designed by the young people coming on stream for rookie Gardaí assigned to the Dublin South Central division. You can pick up copies of their newspaper reflecting on the project from the Rialto Youth Project.

Photo: Michael Durand

#Occupy Pisa folks recently reclaimed two buildings in the historical centre of the Italian city. One building is being renovated and plans include a community kitchen, a

debt advice point, an open university, a communication centre, and a self-managed student residence. Shouldn't NAMA buildings be next?

{MOVEMENTS}



Process Not Protest

DRUMS BEAT DEEPLY ALL AROUND ME AS PEOPLE CONGREGATE FOR THE SPECTACLE OF DEFIANCE AND HOPE. FACE-PAINTED AND COSTUME-CLAD PERFORMERS RUN THROUGH CAREFULLY CRAFTED RENDITIONS, EAGER CHILDREN HOLD LARGE REPLICA TOMBSTONES ABOVE THEIR HEADS BEARING THE NAMES OF THE COMMUNITY PROJECTS THEY ARE DEFENDING. JULIAN BROPHY REPORTS FROM THE SPECTACLE OF DEFIANCE.

As The Spectacle engages in a “mic-check” show of solidarity with the #OccupyDameStreet (#ODS) camp outside the central bank, I feel a deep sense of interconnection between the two. An aggregation of individuals fighting what is essentially the same battle. Many of them have not previously been involved in anything like this. As party-political promises have miserably failed them, opposition becomes necessary. They have broken with tradition and redefined protest. Both elicit engagement, and ultimately success through a durational process.

Resisting harsh austerity measures that deprive communities of vital resources is not a new message, but how The Spectacle expresses it departs significantly from other protests; which tend to focus on sober marches, generic fliers and party banners.

The symbolism is everywhere; Marie Antoinettes on top of a colossal weighing-scale float throw cake at passers-by, a deep-toned soul band melodically chants a trance-inducing ‘Arise, Arise, Arise’, an orangey-red Phoenix-rising-out-of-the ashes float is pushed along vigorously by organisers.

The show of resistance amalgamates a number of community activists, varying types of artists and families from all around the capital. It also embodies the ardent hopes across communities for a more equitable future, and is boldly voiced in the wake of another austerity budget which exposes the inequities of our economic system even further.

A black-caped death-rider on a horse leads the demonstration and a monumental float carrying a 12 foot skull in a bowler hat follows shortly behind, accompanied by the sign “A Shower of Bankers”. Acrobats, stilt performers, children with heart-shaped placards and the blood-red-tinted crowd wash Dublin’s streets in a sea of electrifying fervour that screams: “Stop Tearing the Heart out of our Communities”.

This isn’t your usual protest or walk around the city. John Bisset, one of the main organisers explains “the concept behind The Spectacle is really about the reinvention of protest. Many of us have been on mind-numbing patriarchal protests in recent years. This sense of frustration fed into the development of The Spectacle eighteen months ago as a way of creatively articulating the dissent and discontent that people feel, but by trying to provide them with a frame within which they were co-creating the protest canvas themselves”.

Dublin rappers Street Literature and Temper-Mental MissElayneous end The Spectacle outside the GPO. Their gritty hip-hop touches on themes like growing up in broken housing estates and the widespread apathy induced by mainstream media brainwash.

The Spectacle emphasises cutbacks in specific community projects (such as Traveller’s Rights groups, the Ballymun and Crumlin youth centres, Rialto Drugs Team, Dublin Inner City Project), but #ODS envisages itself from its inception as the broadest community of resistance possible: that of the 99%.

Sharon, a woman who has been involved in #ODS from the very beginning explains that “the camp has taken inspiration from the revolutions of the Arab Spring and of course Occupy Wall Street. It’s a leaderless resistance movement and it’s about coming together as the 99%, or the vast majority of people who haven’t benefited from the global financial system”.

#ODS and The Spectacle share some obvious similarities: the desire to end corporate avarice and to change a broken political system, the need to reverse the devastating real-life effects that casino-capitalism has had on broader society, and putting an end to the domination of the majority by a powerful elite.

There are also some deeper structural and thematic commonalities that the two share.

Both #ODS and The Spectacle are bred out of a dissonance with the political system and comprise, on the ground, a broad range of individuals who are not your traditional lefty activist. Whilst this is somewhat expected for Spectacle of Defiance goers and organisers, it comes as more of a surprise for the layer of people involved in #ODS.

Sharon says “there’s a really big diversity of people involved, myself, I’m a self-employed contractor, people with jobs who are coming here before and after work, on weekends. People who are unemployed. There’s families, people who have been staying here with their children. There’s people who have been homeless.” She adds “there’s folks with dreadlocks, but there’s also people in suits” and chuckles.

Frustrated populations across the world have vented their anger at centres of political power by holding one day marches or strikes that had ultimately done little to bring about permeating dialogue about long-lasting change. This was until the Indignados movement in Spain, the revolutions of the Arab Spring, and the #Occupy movement that mushroomed its way across the globe.

Like these, #ODS and The Spectacle share a congenital emphasis on process, not protest.

The #Occupy movement has been criticised by mainstream media for lacking clear solutions that can heal the world’s injuries fast. But it is short-sighted to expect a new-born grassroots movement to come up with snappy clear-cut solutions when it effectively aims to completely rewrite the rules of our social system.

Finbar, a philosophy PhD student from Dundalk who has been camping on Dame Street since day one (and is wearing six layers of clothing to protect him from the cold) says “This isn’t just a flag waving protest, we have general assemblies here where there is participatory consensus decision making. We have ordinary people,



economists and academics who take part in the “Occupy University” everyday. It’s an educational and discussion forum where the public can come to learn about our natural resources, direct democratic processes, community activism, historical movements of resistance, alternative economics and so on. The educational forum is very important”.

Contemporary anti-capitalist movements have had difficulty incorporating the realm of the deeply-personal in an adequate way, as big picture politics has concealed distinct real life experiences.

The #Occupy movement has successfully managed to bring the personal to the forefront of the political, collating tangible and touching individual experiences as the voices of the 99%. Thousands of photos of people holding cardboard “Bleak personal story about no future prospects and how I have been screwed over by the system. I am the 99%” signs have done the rounds of the Internet.

One of the main features of The Spectacle is the Book of Grievances and Hopes, a collection of personal accounts of hardship and desire for change submitted by the public. John explains that the principal idea behind The Book “is that these statements can act as a tool for political change but also as some sort of a record of the grievances people have at this time in Irish history. We have the word of experts, but there is very little on the record from ordinary people.”

Any act of resistance to power structures bears its challenges. The message of the 99% is momentous. But how do you persuade the 98% who aren’t currently involved to participate in a movement of defiance with the needed degree of activity and enthusiasm? Will these processes garner the level of understanding and engagement needed to change the broken system around us?

These are important questions, but it is premature to try and answer them now. We simply do not know where this process will end or what it will produce. But by being at The Spectacle, and by spending time at the #ODS camp, a glimmer of light in dark times may be arising. Through a deeply personal feeling of shared discontent, people may be realising that real power lies within the collective ability to reclaim one’s future.



A Carnavalesque Flavour. Photo: Andrew Flood.



Will somebody please think of the children? Photo: Paula Geraghty



Fighting for their future. Photo: Paula Geraghty



Photo: Alan Moore.

rabble asked:

What's Your Grievance?

{VOX POPS}

We've lots more of these on our website.



LYNN AND MARK, FINGLAS.

"We're both in CE employment and if they start cutting we're both going to lose our jobs and the child goes to a crèche and we get some help there and we'd lose that place as well. It affects our families and friends, everyone around us."



AGBONTAWEN, BLUEBELL.

"I'm Nigerian and reside here in Dublin. I see that these cuts will bring a lot of troubles to this country. It will bring many families in to separation and it will lead the future of many children, the leaders of tomorrow, astray. I believe so strongly that this will lead to backwardness in the country."



JULIA, CLONDALKIN.

"The funding is the problem. In the local school they took away the bus for the traveller kids and they took away the traveller teacher that was there to encourage them to go to school. It's hard to get them to school now, I don't know what's going to happen."



DARREN, CHERRY ORCHARD.

"We haven't been cut that severe yet but I'd say it's coming down the line. They actually don't give a shit no more about communities so basically what today is about is letting them see is that it's not a waste of time, communities do real work with real people out there."



DEREK, CABRA.

"I'm a student in Maynooth so I know exactly how it is; these cuts affect everybody from the young to the old. A lot of people don't realise that. We're down here representing the Bluebell community and a majority of the older people in our community are forgotten about."

{LANDLORDS}

So, What Happened The Three F's?



A NUMBER OF MYTHS SUPPORTED THE HOUSE OF CARDS THAT LED TO THE RECENT IRISH PROPERTY BUBBLE. PEG LEESON TAKES SERIOUS ISSUE WITH THE DOMINANCE OF THESE IDEAS.

The current mess we are in is often explained by an unusual obsession with bricks and mortar rooted in a colonial history. The Irish love to own their own home because those nasty Brits didn't let us, it's the spectre of the famine all over again. At best these myths obscure the true reasons behind Ireland's current economic situation.

At worst they prevent us from identifying the landlordism that creates a yoke round the neck of the tenant or, by trying to escape it, has shackled a generation to negative equity. So let's take a closer look at them.

Conor McCabe's excellent book *Sins Of The Father*, methodically picks apart this first fable. Using census data McCabe demonstrates that Ireland's 2006 home-ownership rate of 76% sits in the middle

of EU league tables, a drop from its 1991 peak. This current level is a consequence of government policy and not some genetic urge to own bricks and mortar. Countless policy decisions by both of the big Civil War parties encouraged a middle-class buy out of social housing and the selling off of the social housing stock. Had this privatisation not occurred McCabe estimates that Ireland would have a home-ownership rate of about 60%, below the EU average. During the last decades, tax incentives for buyer and developer have further encouraged the trend of owning your own home. Clearly, those that can, buy - well up until now; the economic 'downturn' has put a strangle hold on easy credit and left tens of thousands saddled with unsustainable mortgages.

The second myth is that this supposed predisposition for private property is historically rooted in our colonial oppression. The late 19th Century Land League's rally call of the three F's (fixity of tenure, free sale, and fair rent) did not stipulate private ownership. The emphasis was on fair and stable tenancy rights. Michael Davitt, one of the League's founding fathers, supported land nationalisation. A concept where land was held by the state and

administered for the good of society. This son of peasant farmers, born at the height of the famine, understood the solution to the Irish problem to be a world away from individual small-holders irking independent livings. The message was lost by the Irish Land Commission; which implemented the transfer of private holdings from landlord to tenant, an early example of state subsidised private-ownership.

So what alternative is there to home-ownership? Not much. Only 8% of Irish households live in social rented housing, either provided by local authorities or housing co-ops compared while another 10% living in private rented accommodation. Ironically nearly half of those who rent privately are in receipts of rent supplement. Which effectively keeps rent artificially high, increasing substantially the rental income of all landlords. The Irish state paid 804 million euro to private landlords in 2010. Couple this with a ledger book of tax reliefs, in some instances where landlords have multiple properties, and the state effectively picks up most of the bill for the cost of purchase, interest on property loans, the costs of renting the property and then the rent through rent

allowance on top!!

It's a sick system. One which plays on basic human rights, such as shelter, and concerns, such as security. The solutions often rolled out is to further cap rent allowance or to merge it with Jobseekers to form one bulk payment.

These are not the answers. The state needs to start implementing policies which encourage social rented housing provision and intervene in the private rental sector. Only then will people in Ireland start to have real alternatives outside of money grabbing landlords or selling your soul to the banker

Illustration by Catherine Tomkins.



LANDLORD HORROR STORIES

AH YES, THOSE RACKETEERING PARASITES THAT CREAM IT IN FROM YOUR RENT RECEIPTS WHILE YOU LIVE IN A RAMSHACKLE HOVEL. RABBLE ASSEMBLED THIS COLLECTION OF TALES TO CHILL YOUR SPINE.

"It was so cold that when I plugged in my phone to charge in my bedroom it said 'will not charge at this temperature'. As it came into Summer, a horrific smell filled the flat; we sourced it coming from my mate's wardrobe, she cleaned it out as she was worried that a rodent had died in there. After I moved out I went back to collect some things I had forgotten. The new tenants said that the sewage pipes from the toilet had burst and been leaking right through to my mate's bedroom wall for months before they moved into it....I kind of wish it had been a dead rat after all."

- Gemma, Inchicore.

"He flat out refuses to get a washing machine despite promising me he would get one when I moved in a year ago. He

has until 2013 to get one, but by that time I will be moved out. I've since learned he is known to rent allowance people for being awful"

- Linda, Rathmines.

"Water from the bathroom upstairs was leaking down through the light fitting downstairs. After many attempts to get the landlord around, he finally called over, went up to the bathroom, looked at the leak and told us to stop having 'enthusiastic showers' because they were clearly causing the leak. Nothing to do with the house falling apart."

- Christine, Ranelagh.

"When I moved in I asked the landlord to remove five of the beds in the front room. He said "but sure you could get five polish lads to live in there and then

ye could pay less rent".

- Emer, Northstrand.

"I went through the Private Residential Tenancies Board Tribunal to get my deposit back from a landlord and won the case. He later counter-sued me for €4,500 and appealed the decision twice."

- Aine, Francis Street.

"The apartment was dripping wet inside, the dehumidifier took 3 liters of Water every day. The ventilation for the whole place was in the living room, which let in more humid air. The toilet was right next to the kitchen. Greasy, black windows in every room. The price for this extravaganza was €1500 for three 12 meter square rooms."

- E.H., Ranelagh.

"I had to hide in a Leith Walk cupboard for 4 hours while a string-vested landlord stalked the house with two pit-bulls and two equally ugly children looking for another housemate... kicking in doors and other such Trainspotting like behaviour! Good times."

- Laura, Dundrum

"In my late teens I was wrongfully evicted, with two weeks notice, because neighbours had a house party and one of the people attending fell unconscious at the end of the road. Apparently an ambulance had to be called. My landlord assumed he came from my house. No questions, no way to counter the allegations just out on my ear on a minimum wage job. I had to register as



Blacklist the Bastards

PICTURE THIS: IT'S NEARING THE END OF THE LEASE ON THAT MOULD-RIDDEN, IMPOSSIBLE-TO-HEAT HOVEL YOU'VE BEEN BREAKING YOUR BALLS TO PAY FOR OVER THE PAST YEAR. SHANNON DUVALL HAS A NOVEL IDEA ON FINDING NEW DIGS.

You've been half-daydreaming about finding yourself a space more fit for human habitation; perhaps one where you don't have to wear three jumpers indoors just to be able to feel your extremities.

A quick search on that old go-to Daft.ie turns up a couple of possibilities. But, before making a phone call, you yawn, scratch your bits, and open a new tab on your web browser. Click, clack, the search engine does the work and you feast your red-rimmed, half-crossed marbles on this beauty: RentedandRated.ie. Or LandlordsLaidBare.org. Or, hell, even ShouldYouBotherYourHole.com; call it what you will! Thing is, here's an idea that could work! Think about it: a tenant-based website that rates landlords based on their behaviour, attitude, the state of the property, and the overall renting experience.

The search function can bring up landlords and rental properties, and a cumulative, user-based rating would appear, based on a set of predetermined criteria, such as how effectively and quickly necessary repairs were carried out.

After all, there are important issues at hand. The return of deposit money, whether the place was warm, dry and economical, general issues of respect. These things might sound petty, but when you're trying to get by from day-to-day, having the person you pay each month for the place you hang your hat actually pay attention and take responsibility for this stuff is invaluable. The problem is that all too often these men and women simply do not do so.

Threshold and prtb.ie do some really good work to try and pave the way for a fairer system for tenants, but the problem is much bigger than they can realistically handle. There are property owners who either feign ignorance over basic living standards, or simply ignore the tenant when concerns are voiced. It is not unheard of for landlords to get aggressive or insulting when a tenant asks for a problem to be remedied; all the while demanding inflated sums each month from us poor saps. A website that informs house hunters before they get pressured into signing a lease is a step toward taking the power back, or at least tipping the scales toward a more balanced, honest outcome.

All that would be needed are one or two folks with both the impetus and the computer skills to make it happen, and we could be well on our way to a zero BS renting experience.

homeless, not a high point.”
- Richard.. Dublin 7.
“I rented a bedsit, which was the attic conversion of the landlords house. My place was grand if over-priced but my landlady had a severe cat problem. They would shit all over our hallway. It got worse, we paid rent directly to the landlady, which meant visiting her house. The place was literally covered in cat-shit. During the summer the everything stank.”
- Tara, Galway.

“A few years ago we lived in a bedsit, cunningly turned into a two bedroom apartment by placing a plasterboard wall between each ‘room’. The landlord had



even factored in the shared radiator, and there was a bit of clearance between it and the wall. As a result though, we could hear EVERYTHING that happened in each other's rooms, so ended up stuffing the gap with old t-shirts, nothing like coming home to the smell of slow roasted cotton.”
- George, Lennox Street.

SHEBEEN CHEEK OF THEM

ORLA MURPHY, THE EX-MANAGER OF SHEBEEN CHIC AND SOME OF ITS FORMER WORKERS, TELL RASHERS TIERNEY A TRADITIONAL TALE OF EVICTIONS, PUB LOCK-INS AND USURPER LANDLORDS.

Dripping in Christmas lights, the court-yard cafe in the Powers Court Centre isn't exactly the first place I thought I'd find myself talking to someone about a workplace occupation. Full of boutiques and bang right behind rabble enemy lines on South William Street, it's one of the country's most up-market shopping hubs.

Piped modern piano jazz twinkles in the air and to my left a middle aged American woman is ranting profusely to her friends about how corporations are treated as individuals. It's the chemical giant Monsanto that gets her goat up and she sings the praises of the occupy movement. An unexpected moment of dissent in a cafe that looks like it belongs in a Sunday Independent supplement.

It's easy to split Dublin up into either soulless background scenes for Fade St or down to earth joints - sometimes the water between the two gets muddled. So, no wonder my surprise at what happened in Shebeen. It was another unique moment of dissent, occurring in a bar I'd cynically wrote off as using a down-on-its-luck aesthetic which belied a reality jam packed with cash happy hipster refugees.

Over a coffee Orla Murphy tells me how wrong I am. Its visual style was a result of the tenant Jay Bourke, a well known venue and restaurant owner, having no money for a full fit out.

“Everything was put together on a really small budget. You can make a really beautiful thing with imagination. It caught the mood of the people. People were tired of going to big bars, with plush settings, and people didn't have that kind of money anymore.”

The crux of their story is this: after a poor years trading their rent was negotiated to €100,000 and then a few months later it was brought back up to €156,000. In October 2010, the landlords, Kenneally McAuliffe, took Bourke to the High Court over rent payments, with Bourke being asked to pay €49,000 in outstanding rent. The staff found themselves stuck in the middle.

“At the original rent of €156,000 it would have been impossible to make that building work - we were the first premise to come along and make a success of it. There were four restaurants there, and they all failed during the boom and we came along and made a success of it in the recession.”

For Orla, Shebeen was more like an art collective, an exemplar in how bars should be run after the boom. It

had comedy, trad, cinema screenings, and band nights. Any staff I talked to chimed with her claims about what a joy it was to work there. The bar man Brian O'Neill told me:

“I've worked in many cities across the world, I've never worked in a bar that had such a great atmosphere - the staff was all close knit, we all looked out for each other. We were all friends. There was a great communal atmosphere in there.”

When the eviction notice was served the staff mounted a very unusual lock-in, refusing to vacate the premises and keeping it running for 6 weeks. Their demands to keep it running as a viable establishment fell on deaf ears and their 21 jobs became collateral damage in a vicious scrap between Jay Bourke and the landlords. Brian, another Shebeen head told me:

“It's personal between them now, they really just dislike each other on a personal level and the landlord wanted him gone. We made three different proposals, which Orla and all of us came together on. We were going to do a co-op. Basically, Jay Bourke was going to sell the company to us for one euro, but we'd take on all debts and whatever. Our lease was supposed to be up on the 31st of January next year, so we wanted to just see us through til then.”

The prevailing spirit of collectivity in Shebeen helped seed the idea of occupying and keeping the bar going. They had support from UNITE, and a gaggle of TDs. As Andrew Behan put it.

“It's just the kind of place Shebeen is, we all contributed - we all designed the bar, made the bar - it was all our own ideas so you feel more of a connection. So that's why we'd do anything to save it. It was just completely wrong, there was very very little notice given.”

When the bailiff eventually turfed them out, Brian and the rest had to deal with another proper horror show twist.

“They opened up two days later which was a blatant two fingers in your face to us, the staff and using the same company name, which we intend to

open up another Shebeen Chic. It's total copyright infringement. They were trying to steal our stock, as well as all our equipment.”

Dublin's village-like tendencies saw the social networks bolt into action, urging people to boycott fake Shebeen. Having been the hub of a thriving cultural and social scene, their call found a huge resonance across the city. She tells me how she passed one night recently.

“I put it on Facebook - ‘there is three people in there now’ and someone said ‘they must have got lost!’ I just think that word is spreading, we had a great trade in there and lots of bands and lots of entertainment, and that word spreads among people and I'd be keen to get word out to boycott fake Shebeen, because they are trying to build a business on greed and dishonesty.”

The Shebeen staff are disgusted at being pushed onto the dole queues, and seeing the heart ripped out of a thriving little scene because of a dispute with a landlord they had no control over. It doesn't stop there. Orla points out Fine Gael and Labour have reneged on an election manifesto promise to allow downward reviews of rent for existing businesses.

“No one could have foreseen back in 2008 how life was going to be in 2011. A lot of them have become like rent slaves to landlords, so landlords are trying to hold on to these crazy revenues that the traders can't afford anymore. People are becoming rent slaves. The legislation needs to be pushed through as soon as possible, otherwise we are going to be left with really boring, humdrum high streets.”

The dispossessed staff are now left wandering the city. They have hopes of finding a new home for their Shebeen. The real one. In the mean time, they've given us a powerful reminder of how the 19th Century tactic of boycotting can be applied today.

Photo by Paul Reynolds



With the reduction of the age limit for the One Parent Family Payment in Budget 2012 to seven, one has to wonder where's a kid supposed to go in the evenings while their parent is working? The recent closure of

the Coultry Youth Club resulted in 80 young people losing a safe and encouraging environment they could hang out in. Congrats FG/Labour now latch-door kids will have no where safe to go.

{ANTI-SOCIAL}

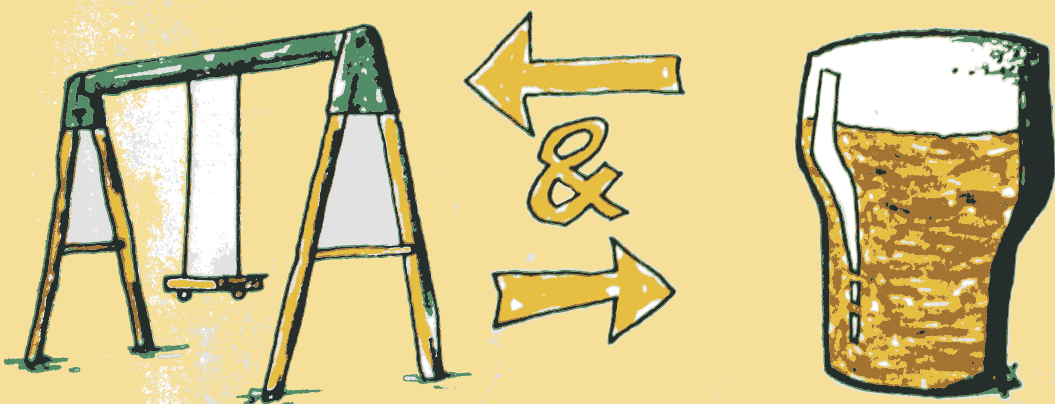
"There's nothing for the youths to be doing, there's not enough work around to keep them busy."

- Claire, 17. Blanch.

"if people see a group of youths they think the worst of us."

- TJ, 17. Blanch.

The Years Between



sure, what else is there to do?

TOO OFTEN YOUNG PEOPLE'S BEHAVIOUR IS RUBBER-STAMPED BY THE MEDIA AND LOCAL AUTHORITIES AS 'ANTI-SOCIAL'. REDMONK TALKS TO A BUNCH OF TEEN-AGERS IN BLANCHARDSTOWN AND FINDS THAT THEY ARE STRUGGLING WITH THE INTERNALISATION OF THEIR OWN DEMONISATION. BY BEING FORCE-FED THE PHRASE 'ANTI-SOCIAL BEHAVIOUR' THEY NOW BELIEVE THIS PHRASE EXCLUSIVELY APPLIES TO YOUTH.

Dublin City Council's Anti-Social Behaviour Strategy 2010-2015 associates anti-social behaviour with drug use and drug dealing as well as 'any behaviour which causes or is likely to cause any significant persistent danger, injury, damage, alarm, loss or fear to any person'.

Which is fair enough, right? Yet when I asked a group of young people in the Coolmine area of Blanch what they thought of when they heard the phrase 'anti-social behaviour', there was consensus among the replies: 'young people hanging around the streets', 'troubled youths', 'youths vandalising and getting up to no good'. The emphasis was on young people and the association was between them and anti-social behaviour. Now, when I asked them who uses this phrase they answered with 'older people', 'the council', 'the Gardaí'.

We had some further discussion about whether or not it's fair for young people to be labelled this way, and in turn influence how young people think of themselves. The gas thing about this is that despite conjuring up images of hooded young fellas causing strife in the estate, none of the people interviewed really think this is the

case. I couldn't help but get the feeling that they were reluctantly putting up with having the phrase hurled at them repeatedly, as well as putting up with harassment on a regular basis from the Gardaí. Seventeen-year-old Dean pointed out that the phrase 'is stereotypically used in Ireland, cos if people see a group of youths they think the worst of us.'

By concentrating on the economy, GDP and investor portfolios for so many years, Ireland has neglected the society we live in. Instead of actually addressing the reasons why young people do the things they do, and god forbid, looking at the world from their point of view, we all collectively tut-tut and blame it on anti-social behaviour. So it's not our fault, or our society's fault, let's just keep blaming it on the kids. I mean, they're not disagreeing with us are they? Or maybe it's just cos they don't vote and 'are targeted as [they] are the easiest to use it on'?

Seventeen-year-old Claire pointed out that 'it's mainly aimed at young people because there's nothing for the youths to be doing, there's not enough work around to keep them busy'. This colluded with the views of sixteen-year-old TJ, who, having left school early, had hoped to follow in his older brother's steps and get an apprenticeship. The chances of this happening dissolved with the decline of the construction industry, and apprenticeship making way for internship.

Faced with becoming cannon fodder for budget barrages, little in the way of job prospects and harassment from authorities, any chance to socialise with friends is taken, albeit viewed with suspicion by older generations. For example, hanging out in the streets is one of the few options for young people under 18 who might not necessarily want to stay at home, nor be able to avail of youth centres or clubs in their area. There's a frustration at the injustice at work in this country amongst these kids: 'older people give out to us for chilling out and they don't do anything about the bankers that screw us over'.

Young people standing around outside with their hoods up is



OR
NOWHERE TO HANG
OUT SINCE THE
YOUTH CENTRE CLOSED

seen as anti-social. The wearing of a hoody can be a method of hiding away from constant looks of suspicion, to feel like you belong with your buddies when you're all gathered together and to feel safe in a city where nothing seems secure. Yet you might as well have the number of the beast carved into your forehead as more and more establishments opt for the 'no hoodies' and more recently, 'no tracksuits' signage to protect themselves from such evil.

Those between early teenage years and 18 face a difficult enough time in life compounded by a lack of social facilities. Too old for the playground, too young for the pub. And that's no disrespect to the many after-schools projects out there that do their best to cater for people of this age, especially in South Dublin. However, for those who leave school early and can't benefit from after-schools projects, it's a different story. Strangely accepting of his situation, TJ admitted 'sure all week all we do is plan the weekend, we live for it. I'm into scrambler bikes but the only place you can do that around here is illegal. I get into places the odd time, can't wait till I'm 18 and I can start going to the pub'.

If the thing you're looking forward to most is being able to get drunk in a pub legally, there's something wrong.

What needs to be done is to help young people develop and sustain interests aside from boozing it up 'cos that's all [they] can do'. Whether that's a scrambler bike track (which doesn't exactly need to be built – allotting a patch of dirt ground would suffice) or a wall for kids to paint on (as opposed to building fences around walls to protect them), these things are easily achieved and just require local authorities to consider a more sustainable approach to nurturing young people instead of just dealing with them. Reaching for the rubber stamp is not a solution to anti-social behaviour. We must accept the inherent flaw within our society if we brand young people socialising as anti-social.

Names have been changed. Illustration by Redmonk.

"It's the place of high rises, where hoods are disguises and crime hypnotises young teens til their blinded." - **MC Lunitic RIP.**

It's a Dublin Thing

SOME SAY HIP-HOP IS DEAD BUT ON DUBLIN'S NORTHSIDE IT'S GIVING A VOICE TO DISAFFECTED YOUTH IN A WAY GUITAR STRUMMING CAN'T MATCH. JAMES REDMOND TALKS TO COSTELLO OF STREET LITERATURE.

A gritty, urban poetry shines through Products of the Environment, a compilation album on Working Class Records. Track after track documents growing up with little in the way of options and realities dominated by drug abuse, crime and paranoia. Accompanying videos capture blighted estates full of hooded youth, pushed to the margins by the city's economic apartheid. The sort of places the rest of us just cycle through.

As Costello tells me: "We want to give the youth positive shit to get into. We have that track on the record 'Music And Crime' that breaks it down. When we were growing up there was two things to do. We chose the music side over crime. We're putting out albums instead of being locked up. My stand point is that hip hop music is all about putting out a positive message. We all go through struggles, but I wouldn't be telling people to go out and sell crack or shoot people, it's not right to do that."

Chatting over the phone he tells me how Working Class Records was set up as a label to release Urban Intelligence's *Homemade Bombs* mixtape around the end of 2004. At the time Urban Intelligence was opening up for Snoop Dog and Nas, and through the work of Lunitic they sketched their own sound.

"Another major release would have been Lunitic's *Based On A True Story*, that was his solo album in February 2009. A thousand copies were made and whacked out for free."

Lunitic was a major trendsetter in the movement, one of the first MC's to use a Dublin flow. Rapping and rhyming on the mic in verse, peppered with local slang and dialect. Tragically Lunitic died in 2009 from natural causes; he was born with a heart condition. There's a track on the *Street Literature* album dedicated to him and Costello explains the heavy influence he still bears.

"I was rapping with an American accent til I was about fifteen or sixteen and someone turned around and went 'here you're not from the Bronx. You're from the Blanch - you should rap like it.' It was the same for Lunitic. He was the one that came out strong with the Dublin accent and started rocking it out heavy. Maybe around 2004 or that, with the Urban Intelligence stuff - pure grimey Dublin accent and lyricism."

Working Class

Records are firmly DIY. An earlier track recorded with Damo Dempsey attacks a music industry only interested in 'holding back real music' with 'figures and dance routines.' On *Products of the Environment* they sample jazz and Portishead, use street scape recordings and the voices of young lads chronicling cops calling them scumbags with zero reason. The latest release by Lethal Dialect carries a Creative Commons license, and like all their music, is being given away to build a scene. Costello told me how *Lethal Dialect* is getting his new album *LD50* out.

"At first Lethal sold a few just to break even, because he put a lot into it - studio time and stuff but now that he broke even, he's giving the rest out for free but not just to anybody, certain fans and not just anybody. He wants to be more careful who he gives them out to and make sure the right people get them."

While the UK has an MC culture going back several generations - this group of Northside MC's and producers are finding their voice in what's almost a vacuum. They are definitely not helped by a general attitude that rappers in an Irish accent automatically equate with shit, while other Dublin rappers like Lec's Luther blow up all over the blogosphere with their *Odd Future* mimicry. How do they feel about this?

"It's about being ourselves as well. If you sound like an American there are going to be people laughing at it thinking it's corny and 'what the fuck are you on about?'. Yer man Lec's Luther, he's slick and all - but we're traditional Dublin MC's even though we're not established yet. It's ten years after we started and as far as we are concerned, me and the lads I do music with, we have the quality sussed, how we want to sound and the way we can put our rhymes together. We've studied it a long time and feel we have our own style. So it's our own thing now. It's a Dublin thing. Like you say London has its own style but we feel Dublin has its own style now."

One of the most

interesting things you find when talking to Costello is just how self-aware this crew are, how they have studied their craft and are blending wider influences into a distinct sound.

"The style of hip hop we're trying to bring out is similar to what you would have heard in the 90's in New York. That's how we feel. Not saying that's how we want to sound - but that's how we feel hip hop should be best represented. But then Dublin is its own place, it has its own slang that's different to anywhere else. And our own accent of course - that's very different to anywhere in the world."

It's not just a litany of street tales, they are also hugely political with harsh lyrics that capture a city defined by an economic apartheid overseen by suits, bureaucrats and politicians that sell out their communities. Costello explained how their logo represents this.

"If you look at the logo for it, it's a stick man carrying the mic over his shoulder and it's a heavy load on him. Where we're coming from we're representing all the shit, it's a heavy load for us and its not an easy road or thing to do."

Glitchy instrumental hip hop might dominate the taste maker's playlist, but this take on classic hip-hop might see exactly the sort of voices that were silenced during the boom, finally break through.

You can check out the label's output at www.workinclassrecords.com

RTE SCUM

CHAV IS ALMOST A COMPLIMENT WHEN YOU COMPARE IT TO THE VIOLENT, CLASS DISTASTE SUGGESTED BY OUR USE OF THE WORD "SCUMBAG." RASHERS TIERNEY TAKES ISSUE.

The English term "chav" is almost a compliment when you compare it to the violent, class based abhorrence suggested by our use of the word "scumbag." Go on, roll it around on your tongue there, spit it out and hear the spite contained within. Let's just take a minute to breakdown the stereotype and look at where its coming from. Mostly it's directed against track-suited youth with thick Dublin accents. Sure some pass it off to describe particular behaviours, you know, like being a scally on the Luas and rolling spliffs in front of old women. That sort of thing.

That's the excuse but the term goes much further and it's dropped in a willy-nilly fashion to describe a whole part of Irish society. What does this term say about the deep divisions here? And who's responsible for perpetuating these stereotypes about our working class young people?

Let's put it this way, when was the last time you heard a broad Dublin accent on the airwaves or on RTE? Think about it. When working-class or marginalised accents are heard it is often in the form of comic relief - one of last year's most popular songs, The Rubberbandits' "Horse Outside" relies hugely on the abuse of the Limerick accent and its association with marginalised communities like Moyross for its humour.

In shows like *Fair City* and *Love/Hate*, the Dublin working class accent is only used by characters portraying ruthless gangland criminals. The same accent is used to play "thick" characters in comedy sketches like Republic of Telly's pathetic Damo and Ivor. In their grotesque "big box, little box" representation of dance culture, they frown snidely upon the popularity of hard-house among Dublin youth. A few years ago there was furore over an Eircom phone watch ad where the burglars had working-class Dublin accents.

So while this might sound like pissant average media analysis, the consequences are far-reaching. The sort of humour that dominates our national broadcaster (or should that be national disgrace?) RTE speaks volumes on class divisions. It unveils who is pushed out and marginalised from national discussion.

Laughing is boundary-forming, you are either in on the joke or you are the butt of it - imagine if it was your accent that the country associated with being automatically thick and criminal? This also ties into ideas around who is entitled to social welfare and the common phenomena of advertised rental accommodation refusing to accept rent allowance, as clearly all those on it are scum.

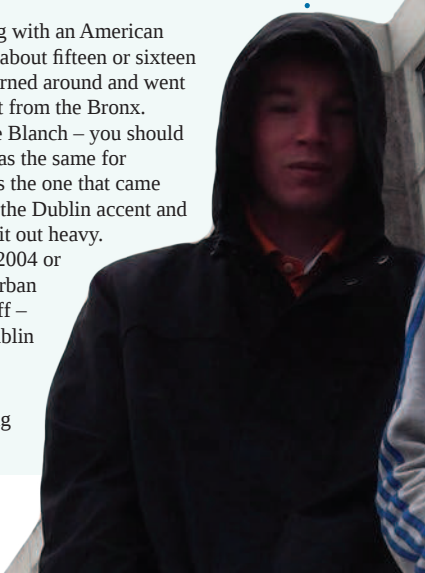
Dublin is a city where the tone of your voice carries the acute clarity of class discrimination. rabble talked to a Dublin community media practitioner and found out how deep the scars went. While working on an audio project involving a swathe of Dublin community groups, he found how much these portrayals were internalised.

"We'd listen back after making a recording and older people would refer to their accents as "common." Among younger people, they would say something like "I sound like a junkie or a scumbag." It was really hard to get beyond this.

How many stories of people do you know who have had run ins with the cops and then were let off lightly because they were a "well spoken lad" or "respectable"?

In a world where *Fade St* and *The Hills* masquerade as reality TV, we need to deliver a sharp kick up the hole to the lifestyle choices and cultural values purporting to represent common lived experiences on RTE.

The consequences are real.







Totes

CHANGE ?

BIG
ISSUE

WE ARE
THE 99%

Diy Landlordism

EVERY NOW AND THEN, WHEN A MAINSTREAM NEWSPAPER DECIDES THEY NEED SOME GOOD NEWS TO COUNTER THE OVERWHELMING GLOOM AND ENDLESS, DOWNWARD SPIRAL OF THE ECONOMY, THEY TURN TO THE ARTS. BARRY SEMPLE IS NOT IMPRESSED.

They usually run along a line that the economic disaster we find ourselves drowning in isn't so bad after all; at least it provides the opportunity of relatively cheap rent in former offices and warehouses that are becoming the homes of creative projects and spaces. But there is never a thought given to why these spaces are being set up.

What are the motivations behind all these studios, galleries and project spaces? Phrases like 'self-organised', 'DIY' and 'collective' litter the conversation, to the point that they lose all meaning, in much the same way a dodgy estate agent would describe a manky damp flat with black mould growing in the shower as 'quaint'. As the meanings of the words we use are diluted, they cease to have any basis in reality. The more bullshit we swallow the less we taste it and language that once described something radical and vibrant is blunted and deformed into yet another branding tool.

There has been an exponential rise in the number of creative spaces and groups operating all over Dublin in the last few years. It would be a lazy analysis of what's going on to be completely uncritical, or to be dismissive. We should get beyond "isn't it great that all these young people are so creative" and start to really look at what their function is.

A lot of the mainstream media interest in these spaces assume there is an egalitarian, altruistic nature to these organisations, without ever considering the fact that they differ wildly in their choice of organisational models. Contrasting some of the organisations behind well known spaces in Dublin can be like comparing Tesco to the corner shop. Some are organised and run on a genuinely not-for-profit basis: collectively maintained, financed and managed by the users of the space.

Others are businesses pure and simple, capitalising on the aesthetic of self-organisation. Sub-letting studio, exhibition and event spaces can be a lucrative business. Say you rent a warehouse for a grand a month, then split it into ten studios and charge €200 a month per studio. Does pocketing that extra grand make you a self-organised cultural instigator or a cynical opportunist?

What if you get the use of the building for free through a grant from some gullible cultural institution under the auspices of using it as a creative hub. Then proceed to charge rent to the users of the space? It depends on your perspective I suppose, but it sounds like exploitation to me, especially if you get a few unpaid interns to sweep the floors and do some tedious administration work.

Just like when renting residential property, there are some people waiting with sweaty palms to exploit a genuine need. You can go to the Smithfield ghost town and pay E2500 for 12 days use of an empty concrete-floored warehouse that's owned by NAMA. The plot thickens deeper as you look into how some spaces are organised; by entrepreneurs and chancers.

On the other hand there are those genuine spaces, run by and for their users without attempting to make it a financial investment or business. These spaces are inevitably the most dynamic and exciting because their primary concern is culture, not the cash that can be squeezed from it. So much of what we now take for granted in our cultural and community lives was planted and nurtured in cheap space by unpaid volunteers organising together around a shared passion.

But when we hear about the cultural value of all this activity it is only filtered through an economic lens. According to Minister for Arts Jimmy Deenihan (that dude in the picture) "The arts underpin policies in attracting foreign direct investment, in the creation of an imaginative labour force, in establishing an innovative environment in which the creative and cultural industries can thrive and in cultural tourism". Its belittling that the work and energy of people committed to creating positive spaces is usurped by profiteering.

People get fed up with putting so much time and effort into projects only to be ignored or co-opted into some government propaganda to sell to tourists. And so cultural tourism has also led to cultural emigration. Moving to Berlin or some other city with a reputation as an 'alternative' and creative place seems like an easy option, and a lot of talented people have done just that.

Now is the time for people to stay and for us to organise ourselves here in Dublin, to take ownership of our own culture in opposition to the privateers, only then will things change.

Check out this new film documentary about the evolution of acid-house warehouse raves in 90s Blackburn. Grim future prospects and broken communities were the tangible reper-

cussions of Thatcher's rule, but young people began to reclaim the derelict buildings of an industrial past. There they danced the weekends away and discovered a new sense of together-

ness, based on wonky beats and collective empowerment. Some of us in rabble are hoping to get in screened in Dublin in the New Year.

KARATE KIDS

POST 'CELTIC TIGER' IRELAND HAS MORE THAN ITS FAIR SHARE OF CHALLENGES. ONE BEING THE ENDLESS AMOUNT OF VACANT SPACE ACROSS THE STATE. THE PHIBSBORO KARATE CLUB PROVIDES ONE POSSIBLE SOLUTION. BARRY HEALY CAUGHT UP WITH ONE OF THE PROJECT'S FOUNDERS, ERIC, TO FIND OUT MORE.

No, it's not an actual karate club, but a collectively run space providing; rehearsal areas for bands, a training and break-dancing area, a film club, an info shop and a screen printing workshop.

Back in 2007 there was growing interest in establishing a collective space amongst Eric and other like minded people. Two of Eric's mates had started a space in Drumcondra.

'It didn't last because of the landlord's demands for obscene rent back in the boom times' he explains. Wanting to emulate this but on a bigger scale 'a larger collective got together and started a new space in North Dublin, renting a 1000 sq ft. Industrial unit. It just started from there'.

As one can imagine there was quite a heavy workload involved in turning an industrial shell into a workable space.

'We had to build the room from scratch as cheaply as possible, source all the materials and do the work ourselves. You're talking lots of plastering and work with fibreglass, timber frame construction and not a chippy among us'.

They began by building a sound-proofed room, and over the years adding new things bit by bit.

It was not only the construction work which posed a serious challenge but also getting the money together. It was never going to be easy as Eric points out they "started with a smaller group and getting the rent together when everyone working minimum wages jobs, students or on the dole isn't easy".

The group persevered, doing "a lot of fundraising gigs. We were all involved in the punk scene so it wasn't hard to find bands and venues. Bohemians FC were really accommodating giving their bar for pretty much nothing so we could put on

gigs. This provided a good chuck of the money to keep going".

The running of the space has been an ongoing learning experience especially as it and those who use it has grown. Most involved came from punk or anarchist backgrounds so wanted to do it completely independent from government funding.

"It's run collectively. We have meetings and an online forum where issues can be raised and we try to run the space on a consensus basis. Everyone has the same stake and we try to completely eliminate any hierarchies. It is a work in progress you know? We're trying to run it that way and learning as we go."

Seeking government funding is not ruled out completely, citing the connections with The Warzone centre in Belfast, who receive much funding from arts grants. Eric believes their situation is somewhat different.

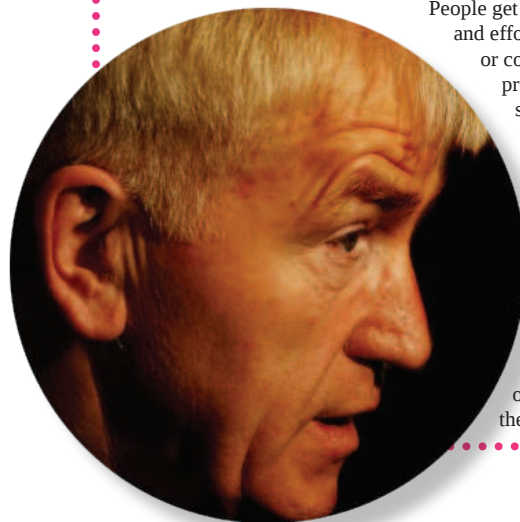
"Up there they are more likely to get funding because it is a non-sectarian project and its seen as a positive thing" while "down here it seems from talking to others who've applied for grants there's a lot of conditions that go with it and you have to start looking at liability insurance and official bureaucracy's that come with it.

The space has been in operation since 2007 and continues to grow, especially over the past 12 months. Eric attributes this to the ongoing growth of the punk and independent music scene in Dublin and "the more desperate things becomes the more people want to be creative. We have actually had to put a cap on membership as we're at capacity. We have had to introduce more rigidity in how the space is run."

Even with all the trials and tribulations that come with such a project Eric believes firmly in the need and importance of such space explaining, "They are absolutely essential to any kind of counter-culture. Space is really important. I think now more than ever, I mean look at the state of the country and the amount of empty buildings. Once the space is provided that gives the scope for everything, to organise from or escape all the things frustrating you in the real world".

Only time will tell if we shall see the emergence of similar spaces throughout Dublin or Ireland? For now the Phibsboro Karate Club is a shining example of what can be achieved through collective action, dedication and hard graft.

Photos by Alan Moore.



Renaming of Names

Following the Lucy Kennedy vehicle 'Ex Factor', 'Only Fools Buy Horses' with Hector Ó hEochagáin, 'Charity Lord of the Rings' with Lucy Kennedy and who could forget Jason Byrne's 'The Byrne Ultimatum', 'the

new season on RTÉ will hitch it's wagon to a more successful horse and add a shit celeb with 'The Only Viking In The Village' with Neil Delamare. See more at therenamingofnamesbyrte.tumblr.com

15

{PITCH INVASION}

Hibernation Once Again

DONAL FALLON TAKES A LOOK AT THE MONTHS IN THE WILDERNESS FOR THE FRIDAY NIGHT FAITHFUL AS THEY FIND SOMETHING ELSE TO DO IN THE LEAGUE OF IRELAND "OFF SEASON".

One of the real peculiarities of Irish football is the 'pre-season friendly'. These clashes between League of Ireland sides and a team 'off the telly' like the Manchester United reserves or a mid-table Scottish side tend to bring out the largest crowds to Irish football stadiums, and while few British supporters would be mad enough to fly over for the clashes, plenty of Irish supporters of the respective British sides fill Irish stadiums for these matches. In a word, the clashes are depressing.

Even more depressing is the labelling of the encounters, because they're not pre-season at all. Not for us. You see, the Irish play summer football now unlike the British leagues, and these clashes tend to occur more than mid-way through the Irish season. They're pre-season clashes for the visitors, and a reminder that soon we on the other side of the ground will have a lot of free time on our hands.

From November onwards, up and down the island, members of the 'Friday Night Club' find themselves a bit lost. It should be said that with tickets ranging from €10 for students to between €15 or €20 for adults, and with many clubs offering discounts for OAP's and even those on the Dole, the League of Ireland is a rather affordable hobby in some ways, or at least more affordable than a Friday night in most Dublin boozers.

For the diehards, who would follow their club anywhere from a Leinster Senior Micky Mouse Cup match in Crumlin to a Europa League qualifier in the Ukraine, things are of course more expensive when you factor in travel costs, but missing a match just isn't an option.

The effect of a League of Ireland club on a local community, and indeed economy, is evident immediately walking down the streets on which the stadiums of the capital's clubs are situated. Walking down Emmet Road in Inchicore on the first Friday following the end of the season, the red and white bunting looks ragged and the pubs quiet. Even on away days a certain buzz descends, with people purchasing tickets from the club offices or buses departing from the pubs of the street on route to away clashes, ensuring memorable bus journeys.

One thing that is guaranteed in the off-season is drama. When one hears the words 'drama' and 'off-season' together, thinking of UK football, it's high profile transfers for millions of Pounds or millionaire footballers' antics that comes to mind perhaps. In Ireland, it's a very different kind of financial drama. In recent seasons almost every off-season period has seen a club bid the world goodbye. Last season, the chopping-block victim was Sporting Fingal, a club who existed only from 2008 to 2011.



The turnstiles closed on Dalymount.

This was a club backed by a financial consortium which included a property development company and which mockingly became 'Sporting Franchise' to supporters of other clubs. Their fall may not have broken many hearts, but in previous seasons, clubs like Drogheda United, Bohemians, Cork City and others have also found themselves in serious financial dire-straits, clubs with long and proud histories in their own communities. Ireland must have one of the only western-European leagues where even the League champions run the risk of going bust in off-season periods.

"The off-season presents a change to re-organise and plan for the new season" a friend active within the ultras grouping

at Saint Pat's told me over a pint in a much quieter McDowell's in Inchicore than we're used to. "The banners, flags and colour doesn't create itself and this is the time to get to work." That helps maintain some sort of community and social aspect to following the club, but for older fans the loss of the Friday night ritual that is the match has a serious impact on their week. It dawned on me recently that there are dozens of people at my own club for example whose faces I recognise and who I have chatted to on an almost weekly basis, yet whose names escape me! I'm unlikely to see any of these people until a ball is kicked again well into the new year.

One of the big blows to fan culture in Ireland in recent years in my own

opinion was the demise of the fanzine culture around the game. That culture thrived for years on the terraces of Irish football and provided a fresh and different take on the game from the official outlets. If the off-season allows us to do anything, it is to look at the football community and scene here with a critical eye and see what can be brought to (or brought back to) the game in the new season. It is the task of those of us who believe in the strong spirit of community, that the beautiful game can create to contribute towards it, because hard as the few months off are, the next kick-off is never too far away.

{MONTROSE}

FRAT STREET

CAT LOLLY SUMS UP WHY ONE OF THE LATEST WEBSISODES OF FADE STREET EMBODIES ALL THAT IS WRONG WITH WORKPLACE HARASSMENT AND OUR ATTITUDES TO IT.

For those of you who don't know, Fade Street is an RTE commissioned fly-on-the-wall-maybe-scripted docu-drama following the lives of four twenty-somethings in happening Dublin. In a recent 'webisode' one of the characters Dani, the 21-year-old country-girl, is filmed in work talking to a

30-something male superior. Dani works in an allegedly average tattoo studio, in the L.A. Ink kinda way. Her superior is concerned that the shop is "going really busy" and Dani is told she needs 'to keep this guy [another co-worker] happy', adding for emphasis 'give him everything he wants, I'm talking everything'. The connotations were obvious. When Dani attempted to change the subject to lunch, her male superior muttered something about being horny under his breath. Her, him?! It was hard to tell. The poor country lass hadn't even uttered a word as sexy as titbit, which at least has the word tit in it, and therefore might justify such gratuitous flirting on her behalf, right? Because women do bring it on themselves if they laugh awkwardly at a sleazy joke or don't feel strong enough to pull a room of guys up on their smutty comments...don't they? So what constitutes as sexual harassment in the workplace these days? It can be in the form of physical contact, comments, jokes, suggestions or looks. The crucial determining factor is that the behaviour is unwelcome to the recipient. When RTÉ was contacted about this scene, the shows executive producer Eilish Kent suggested that Dani's at-

titude allowed 'this type of slugging', it was 'how they communicate with one another'. To be fair few of us are that concerned whether an actress playing a scripted character was upset by her creepy, lecherous and lets face it not the brightest boss. The issue here is that RTÉ, our national broadcaster funded by license payers, didn't question this sort of frat mentality. That given Dani's boss' obvious position of power, he is older, her superior (employed!!), that RTÉ still feel it is ok to display this jovial depiction of sexist, misogynistic bullshit without framing it appropriately.

What message is this sending out to other young women who are victim of this type of casual work place bullying? Is the fact that they feel uncomfortable by this overtly sexual talk mean that they are prudish? Fade St. is aimed at a young adult audience, it is a "lifestyle show" developed from the format of the Hills and the City, the whole show is about selling you the glamour of the stars' lifestyles. By including this scene, indeed this storyline, RTÉ normalises further this type of workplace harassment, worse they make it aspirational. Take some responsibility RTÉ and stop condoning sexual bullying.



Photo by Paul Reynolds.

Mark O'Toole has made a 34 minute documentary called Road Records – One For The Road about the defunct Drury St treasure. Across the pond a neat little flick called Sound It Out

portrays the motley crew that make up the community based around the last surviving record shop in Teeside. Both of them deserve your attention.

{CLUBBERS COGNOTES}

STOP, I'M HUNGRY FOR ITALO

SINCE ITS INCEPTION OVER 5 YEARS AGO LUNAR DISKO, A MONTHLY CLUB NIGHT RAN BY ANDY DOYLE AND BARRY DONOVAN, HAS PLACED ITALO DISCO AS ONE OF THE MAIN REFERENCE POINTS IN THEIR MUSIC POLICY. SO HOW HAS THIS QUIRKY EUROPEAN OFF-SHOOT OF LATE 70S DISCO COME TO FIND A HOME IN THE IRISH CAPITAL? KENNY HANLON IS OUR TOUR GUIDE THROUGH ITS HISTORY.

Italo Disco took its cues from the increase in the usage of electronic hardware by American disco producers such as Giorgio Moroder, the man behind the classic Donna Summer's track, 'I Feel Love'. The genre took a more stripped back and mechanical approach to Disco. For some, this was a simple case of utilising what was on offer to them; drum machines and synthesisers replaced the big studios and orchestras of its lavish American counterpart. The result was a quirky, spaced out, "cosmic" sound with weird but catchy paeans, which to this day is one of the most attractive elements of the music. So Italo emerged as one of the first strains of dance music to be mostly comprised of electronic sounds, with live instrumentation all but being abandoned. It was an early glimpse into how dance music would develop during the 80s.

The music would go on to garner huge mainstream appeal throughout Europe especially as it became

more refined and polished. It was one of the precursors to the type of svelte, 80s pop music produced by the likes of Stock, Aitken and Waterman. More interesting was the impact it would have on the dance floors of America, most notably those in Chicago.

Italo found its way into the record boxes of such legendary DJs as Frankie Knuckles and Ron Hardy. The collage of sounds that these DJs brought to the dancefloors of Chicago would play a major role in influencing early house music pioneers such as Jamie Principle who adapted the usage of drum machines that Italo helped popularise. From the jacking percussion of Capricorn, the rolling groove of Alexander Robotnick's Problems D'Amour to the tweaked Tr303 acid of Barry Mason's Body, this little oddity would cement its place in dance music history.

While house would go on to conquer the world, Italo would find itself going down an ever increasingly cheesy pop route, and by the mid 80s the gems were few and far between. It would languish in obscurity until a group of Dutch DJs and producers would bring the music to a new generation at the turn of the century.

For many, the start of this revival can be pin pointed to one Dj mix "Mixed Up In The Hague Vol.1" by Ferenc Van Der Sluijs, aka I-F. Lost Italo classics where once again find themselves lighting up dancefloors and concurrently a new breed of Dutch producers would infuse their music with blatant Italo references and sounds. The fact that many of the original Italo tracks were often one hit wonders released on obscure labels meant that some of this vinyl started trading hands for fairly extreme amounts of money. Something which is bound to bemuse some of the original artists, whose careers rarely extended past a couple of 12 inch singles.

Lunar Disko not only showcases original Italo but within its bookings and parties it has joined the dots between the Chicago house sound and the modern influence Italo has had on various producers. It has introduced Dublin crowds to Dutch producers and DJs such as Mr Pauli and Intergalactic Gary and house legend Tyree Cooper. They also introduced the world to Wicklow based producer Automatic Tasty via gigs and their Lunar Disko Records imprint, which will hit its 10th release next year with a new 10 inch by Mr Tasty. As dance music became increasingly self important and pofaced the naive, lovelorn sounds of Italo strips this all away and its unpretentious pursuit of the dancer is why it will continue to garner new fans on a daily basis; it won't be disappearing again.

Illustration by Redmonk

Margio Hardfunk



Eat Your Looe

End of year Round Up 2011

IT'S THE SEASON OF LISTS AND STOCKINGS. THE NATURAL OCCASION TO ASK THIS BUNCH OF MESSERS TO SCRIBBLE DOWN THEIR HIGHLIGHTS.

Hit us up on Facebook or Twitter there sham and let us know what your own highlights were.

	TRACK	GIG
Sunil Sharpe Ear Wiggle. 	<i>Radiance</i> by Surgeon was the only truly 'next level' techno track I heard this year. <i>Agoraphobia</i> by Minimum Syndicat was acidic rave doom at its finest.	The Magic Band at The Button Factory was really enjoyable and I thought that Surge's Wicklow Wander events were a pretty cool initiative though.
Lerosa Further Records. 	Wolfram Feat. Had-daway – <i>Thing Called Love (Legowelt Remix)</i> . This had me waiting as was on youtube months before the vinyl release. He's been on fire for the last year.	John Heckle in a live context is exhilarating, energetic, joy to watch; rocking hardware boxes and keyboard with a passion. Add to this the crowd all dressed up to the scary nines and you got a proper party.
Little Xs For Eyes Sweet Folky Pop. 	Austra <i>Lose It</i> a wonderful, sparkly, anxious track with a soaring and simple vocal bridge. And you can dance to it!	Gillian Welch & Dave Rawlings at Grand Canal Theatre – perfect pitch harmonies, on an empty stage. Rawlings plays guitar likes it's an instrument you've never heard before.
Catscars Moody synth pop. 	The only one I can think of is Rihanna's <i>Only Girl in the World</i> for it's cheesetastic ability to make me feel like a complete girl.	Future Islands at The Workman's Club was an altogether enlivening experience. The singer delivers his lyrics in such a heartfelt manner that I had no problem hugging his sweat dripping body afterwards.
Eomac Kaboogie. 	Surgeon's <i>Radiance</i> . A banging techno track with some experimental elements, great sound design, great builds, that keeps coming back to a banging, distorted techno beat..	Alva Noto – best set at Bloc this year. It was like an education in electronic music, using some of the most basic of sounds – sine waves and white noise.
Brian Conniffe Experimentalist. 	The best album of the year in my mind is undoubtedly the sensational debut album from Cut Hands, the incredible range of which makes it difficult to pick just one highlight.	Children Under Hoof at Crawdaddy in January. I wish they would play again soon, but the always excellent performances from Catscars, School Tour, and Patrick Kelleher during the year made up for the silence.
T-Woc Alphabet Set. 	Zomby's <i>Mozaik</i> , I heard Aphex Twin play it in a set in Dublin and it stuck in my head until the <i>Dedication</i> album came out and I recognised it instantly.	Community Skratch Games: absolutely nothing wrong with the country's skratch, beat and MC messers descending on Galway to get drunk and make a hellra noise in the Beirhaus for a weekend.

Ex-UCD Soccer Player Dies.

We were sorry to hear about the passing of Socrates, legendary Brazilian footballer. Socrates, who studied medicine in UCD from 1973 - 1976, played for the college's reserve GAA team. Running unsuccessfully

for Ents officer in his final year, Socrates infamously preformed on stage with The Radiators from Space at their debut gig in the student bar in November 1976.

17

{DOCUMENTARY}

Skating Down Hill St.

SHOT OVER THE COURSE OF A YEAR, THIS FILM HAS INTERVIEWS WITH THE MOST IMPORTANT DUBLIN SKATERS OF THE LAST TWO DECADES AS WELL AS PREVIOUSLY UNSEEN OLD HOME VIDEOS. TO HEAR MORE ABOUT THE BACKGROUND OF THE FILM, JAY CARAX CAUGHT UP WITH THE PRODUCER DAVE LEAHY.

When did the idea to make a film about the history of skateboarding first come about?

I was one of many people who started skateboarding in Dublin and eventually found their way up to the skate shop in Hill Street. I initially had a very linear idea of what I wanted to do but once JJ Rolfe (Director) came on board he quite rightly shaped the story around Hill Street and its proprietor Clive Rowen. Hill Street really was a unique shop and it was from there that everything really started.

Why did you think it was important to make such a film and why now?

I think it is really important to make this film as it is, and will be, the only real definitive story of skate culture in Dublin over several decades. We have really worked hard to do it justice and have had unequivocal support from the skate community. They feel it accurately captures the scene and we have also strived to make it equally engaging to people outside the scene. There were also unique events throughout the years that deserve to be documented such as Tony Hawk's visit to Dublin. Finally the film does illustrate how one individual, Clive Rowen who owned the Hill Street shop, can really drive a scene forward and make things happen.

How long has it taken to get the finished product out?

About two years. We worked on this part time when we could. There were inevitably large gaps between interviews and edits but we took our time and have worked to maintain a high level of production value.

How has it been tracking down the original 80s/early 90s Dublin skateboarders? Many of them still involved in the scene today?

It was easy enough. Although they did not know me by name they would have known me as soon as they saw me from the early days. At the initial stages we took advice / information from a Dublin skate veteran Roger Kavanagh who provided contact details and an overall perspective which was invaluable. Without exception all the people we interviewed still skate. The majority also work in the industry as photographers, skate park owners and so on. There were unfortunately one or two people we could not get but they still feature in the film in other ways such as video or photos.

Were you able to find much archive footage, like home movies or early RTE news stories, of the early skaters?

As an independent production, although RTE have great footage, it

would have been too expensive to use it. We did however source other great material including old photos, super 8mm film, Hi-8 videotapes and VHS stuff. There are some real gems in the film again like Tony Hawk skating in the Top Hat in Dun Laoghaire and also great old footage of all the Dublin guys.

How many interviews did you do?

Nine in total I think. We interviewed Clive obviously and the guys from that era. We then interviewed guys who were around towards the end of that era and then finished up with some of the more contemporary guys. We finished up filming the majority of the interviewers actually skating together at an indoor park in Santry, which was great as Clive turned up to watch too.

What are your plans for screenings of the films now?

We will submit it to film festivals worldwide. We have also submitted the film to some broadcasters and hope to hear about that soon. Finally once these pan out we will do a DVD release. You can keep up to date with us on Facebook and <http://www.hillstreetdocumentary.com>

Photo by Michael Feehan



{TAKE FIVE}



OPEN FIRES.
In Your Local Pub

Pints by a roaring fire is what this time of year is all about. There's nothing quite like the feeling of coming out from the freezing cold, hard Dublin streets into a familiar pub to meet friends, many returning emigrants, to catch up beside an open fire with the only pressing problem being to figure out whose round it is. Without trying to emulate a seasonal Diageo advertisement, there is something utterly soothing about the crackle of a real fire, the clink of pint glasses and the first sip of a hot whiskey on an icy Winter evening. Our favourite spots for the real deal would be upstairs in The Lord Edward, Christ Church, McNeills on Capel Street, Mulligans on Poolbeg Street, upstairs in Kehoes on South Anne Street or The Gravediggers in Glasnevin.



EURO 2012
Irish Soccer Hopes

Whoever remembers Dublin in the Summer of '88 will recall the ecstatic fervour in the city's pubs and streets. Twenty-four years later the boys in green have done it again, and will be off to Poland and Ukraine for Euro 2012. Being an Irish soccer fan isn't easy, many would compare it to long-lasting unrequited love. But Trapattoni and the squad have given some of it back. In the Summer of 2012 years of suffering will be momentarily forgotten; lighthearted bonhomie will fill the air, we'll all have an excuse to have a few pints too many and get hoarse voices from singing "Joxer goes to Stuttgart" (forgetting momentarily this is 2012). After all, don't we love an excuse for a bit of craic, and what better one than Ireland making it this far!



INDEPENDENT DIY.
Local Bargains

Not, not punk but those stores regaled in day-glo homemade signage like Phibsborough Hardware. Located just before Cross Guns Bridge, just past Phibsboro, is one of the city's many scrappy little hardware stores. One of the old boys knows all the prices and the other knows where everything is. Over their shoulder is a mad display of DIY desires. Absolutely zero sense or order to it - just shelves stacked with crap. Ask for something, anything - and a hand reaches back blindly into the oblivion. A random price is applied, and out the door you go with whatever it is you thought you didn't need and more. Still standing after defying the growth of mega-chain DIY outlets during the boom, these on-your-step DIY stores really do carry everything from a needle to an anchor.



CHICKEN BAGUETTE
A National Institution

It's more than just a piece of breaded battery-chicken in a baguette. The chicken-fillet roll is an Irish institution. When your powers of imagination and creativity fail, you know that the trusty roll is always around the next corner. The plain lettuce and tomato minimalist variety can be bought for €2 in many places. Now that's a bargain. For the more adventurously inclined, add on 50c. a filling and you can lash in jalapenos, egg-mayo, BBQ sauce and anything else that is on display from the day before. With 8,000 likes on Facebook, the classic surpasses both the Fine Gael and Labour Party pages in popularity, respectively. It is a force that has taken over our country, and it won't slash your benefits (well, perhaps just some health-related ones).



BEHAN IMMORTAL.

A LEGEND, A CONVICTED "TERRORIST", SELF-DESCRIBED AS "A DRINKER WITH A WRITING PROBLEM", BRENDAN BEHAN WAS ONE OF THE SHARPEST, MOST ENTERTAINING AND RAMBUNCTIOUS GENIUSES OF OUR TIME.

A man who lived too hard and died too young; his brilliance has touched many lives and minds. We love the statue of him that sits on the banks of the Royal Canal in Phibsboro. An unlikely location some may think, but it is positioned strategically near two of his long-term addresses, his natal home on Russell Street and Mountjoy Prison. The statue by John Coll depicts the man himself sitting on a bench staring at a blackbird, with between them carved a number of triangles, an allusion to the opening section of The Quare Fellow. Many scattered couplets from his works subtly adorn the bench.

Behan is commonly remembered for his stocious antics and boisterous carry-on (like shouting abuse at actors in his plays from the audience mid-show), but the beauty of this statue is that it captures Behan in a moment of subtle introspection. It immortalises the Behan that produced the works of art that will resonate throughout the years, the Behan that lives on in lively pub anecdotes. Funnily enough, that spot on the canal attracts a fair few stragglers who have a heavy taste for the gargle, so Brendan's feet are often adorned with empty cans. They are an accidental homage he wouldn't mind one bit, he did say after all "One drink is too many for me and a thousand not enough". His ruffled hair, shaggy clothes, and warm smile are inviting, so if you are passing by stop and have a moment in his good company.

Photo by Paul Reynolds.

MRS LEESON'S LISTINGS

'knee shaker?'

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Sell
Exchange

George's St Arcade

WWW.SPINDIZZYRECORDS.COM



FANCY
IT?

Holler at
ads@rabble.ie

'not quite a tu'penny knee-shaker, but their ads are awfully cheap!!'

'Oh, I'm sure they appear, terribly common'

TRouble
BREWING
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The Tapestry in 2013

On the 26th August 2013, in commemoration of the 100th anniversary of the Dublin Lockout DCTV will start to release a 3 minute film everyday for 113 days. This video tapestry will allow us to reflect on this formative event. We invite you to contribute to this endeavour. Send us pictures, stories and events that should be in these reflections. This is our history and we should tell it.

Email tapestry@dctv.ie with ideas for content, pictures or audio (especially Creative Commons or with permission to use) or to sign up to be informed about a future planning meeting.

DCTV Remembers the 1913 Lock Out

IF WRITING TO THE ADVERTISORS IN ANY REGARD KINDLY MENTION RABBLE

{SMALL ADS}

WANTED

Artist seeks minority group for arts council funding. Preferably poor with exotic cultural objects to minimise research period and maximise spending on new camera to document "process".

OBITUARY

Romantic Ireland, 1916-2008, with O'Leary in the grave.

OFFERING

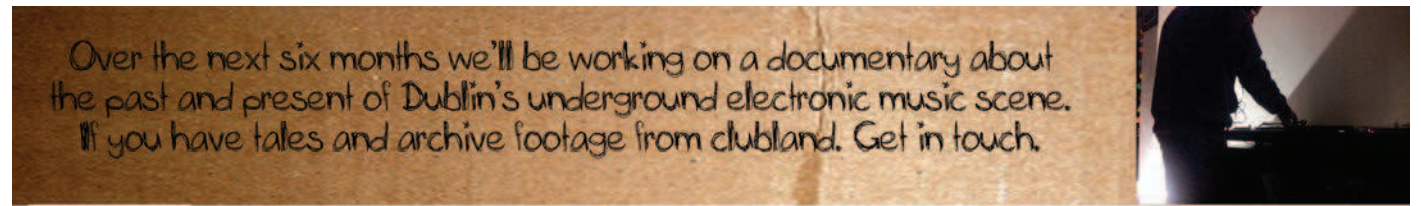
Dignity, slightly used, unwanted gift. 20yoyo ONO
Fix of gear, first one: Free

D4 DIVA SEEKS PET TIGER

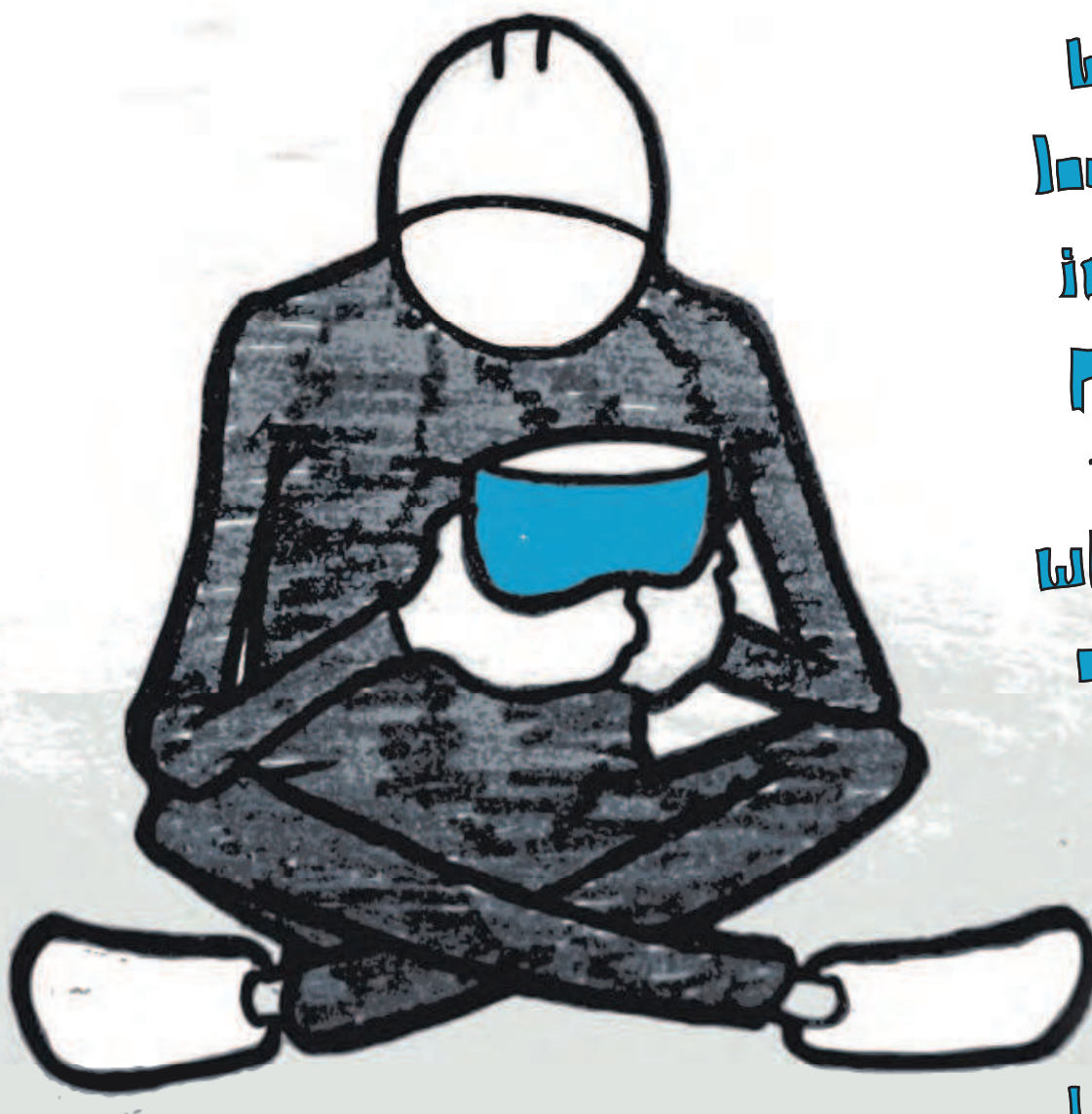
My daughter's simply gonna kill me if I don't find her a pet tiger in time for Christmas. She keeps bringing it up and will kill me if I don't get one in time. Can somebody please help?

MISSING

Irish dignity. Born c. 1994, entered a life of prostitution c. 1990 was finally sold wholesale 2011. Last seen in the company of the IMF/ECB and FG/Labour. Contact Seany G. on everything-for-sale-000.



web: www.dctv.ie email: jamesr@dctv.ie



We're always on the lookout for heads to get involved. be it writing, photography, distro, funding, advertising, whatever: there's loads of ways to muck in.

Check it:
<http://rabble.ie/help-us>

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TRouble BREWING

IRISH CRAFT BEER

SOMETHING
OTHER THAN
YOUR
USUAL?



WHEN IT'S TIME FOR A CHANGE...



OR GOLDEN ALE

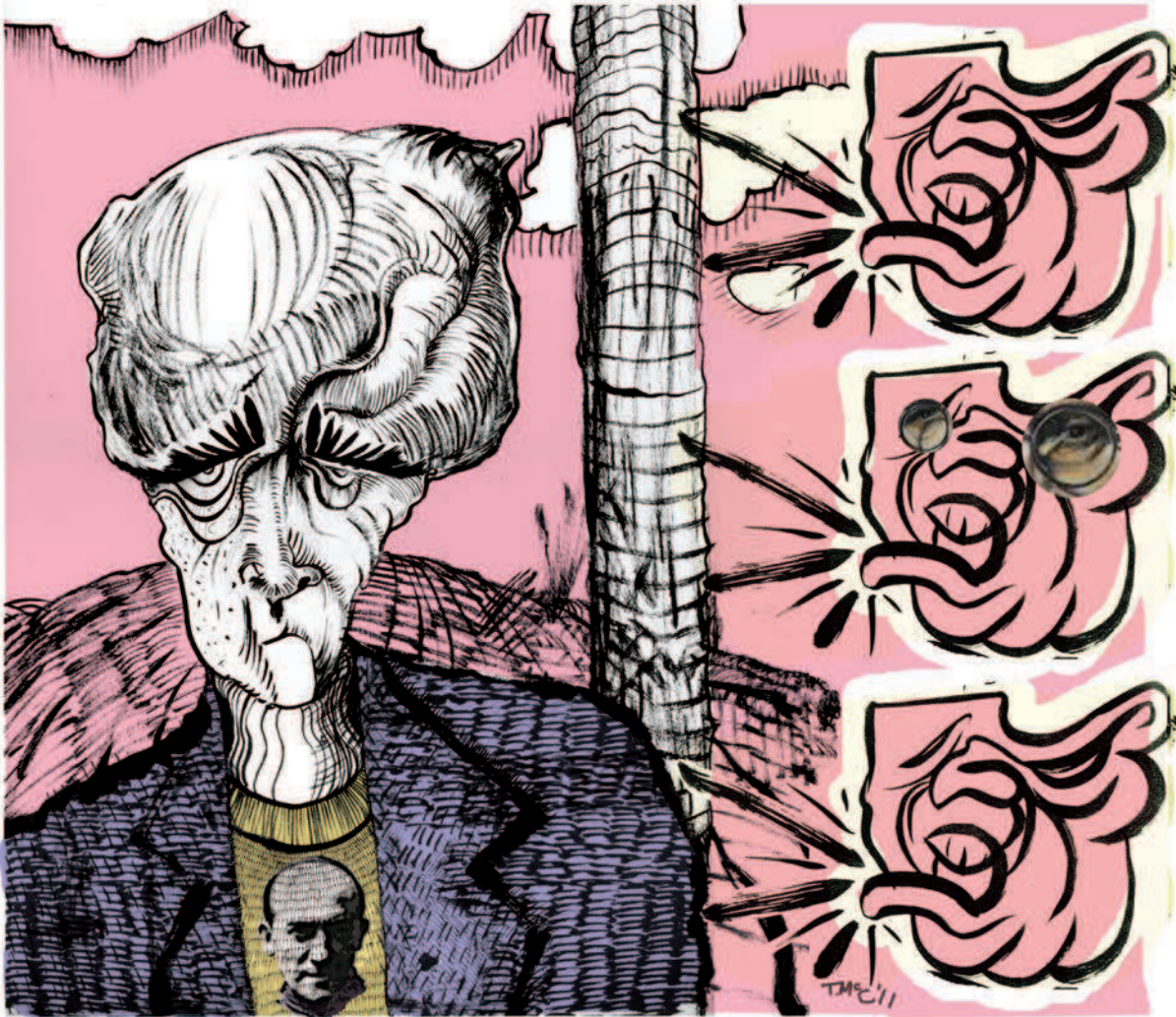
WWW.TROUBLEBREWING.IE



Does red wine make you flush and ruin your makeup on a night out? Well don't worry just drink a glass or two prior to putting on the slap and you won't give a damn! Also

people will be too busy looking at your crooked lipstick and mascara smeared eyes to worry if your glow is too rosey.

{PONDERINGS} //////////////////////////////////////



The Mad Poet

CLONAKILTY BOY AND SLAM POET DAVE LORDAN GIVES US A DOSE OF FLASH FICTION ABOUT A VERY STRANGE POET.

He was number one of ten thousand and had been tormented by unspeakable lusts all his life. His cock was like a black hole in his trousers. All of his thoughts got sucked down into it.

Given the chance he'd have been a fulltime fucker, leaping from body to grasping body, composing verses on the hop.

If the world had been logical from his point of view, he would have had at least fifty different champion lovers to satisfy himself with.

However, no one would consent to touch him, or let him touch them, no matter how he harried or plied. He was too ugly, and bachelorhood stinks.

Incapable of rising early enough to find paid work, he didn't even have the money for the cheapest sex-workers in the city, the ones that did their business lying on the mud and broken glass underneath bridges, like troll's doormats.

Lust is thirsty. If it cannot drink sweat and spittle, stout and whiskey will have to do. Our leading poet spent the few shillings he cadged from foreign students or begged from priests on drink, which was the only thing he needed more than sex, being a partial cure for it.

When he got really drunk he could sometimes pass out without having to masturbate first.

Eventually his frustration became so severe that fancying people was no longer enough for him. He started finding things attractive as well. He felt the imminent sexual longing of dumb objects pulsating all around him. Things shot sub-atomic rays of sex at him from every direction. As soon as he saw something, he wanted to roger it.

Twigs, hospitals, barges, north-facing slopes- he was tuning into the vibrating sexual frequencies of all of them.

He was the world's first objectophile, a neologism he feared

latinising, as that might make it an official sin. Our leading poet believed unquestioningly in the Authority of God and the Classics, and of their earthly representatives.

He still had to take a running jump into the nearest canal to cool himself off if he came anywhere near of a banjo.

Not only the thing itself, but the damned tweaking of it too!

Our leading poet plucked up the courage to speak to his friend, the cardinal, about his objectophilia. The cardinal had heard strange cases like it before, from other lonely and dependent artists. The cardinal was a patron and a confidante of artists. He was sympathetic to their diseases, and sought ways to religiously cure them. For example by getting them a clerking position in Dublin Castle, or a ticket to Australia.

But this was the most serious case he had ever encountered. Our leading poet's whole being was throbbing with lust. He kept stealing horny glances at the Cardinal's extremely alluring silver clock.

The cardinal made our leading poet kneel down before him and raise his sin seeking face to the Lord. He sprinkled our leading poet with incense and incantations, ululating a direct appeal to Holy God on his behalf.

Holy God was merciful. He granted our leading poet and all who would follow him the release, overwhelming, of everlasting impotence.

About the Author: Dave Lordan was born in Derby, England, in 1975, and grew up in Clonakilty in West Cork. In 2004 he was awarded an Arts Council bursary and in 2005 he won the Patrick Kavanagh Award for Poetry. His collections are The Boy in The Ring (Cliffs of Moher, Salmon Poetry, 2007), which won the Strong Award for best first collection by an Irish writer and was shortlisted for the Irish Times poetry prize; and Invitation to a Sacrifice (Salmon Poetry, 2010). Eigse Riada theatre company produced his first play, Jo Bangles, at the Mill Theatre, Dundrum in 2010.

Fashion Whores

The Mourning After

AFTER WALKING PAST LONG, CREAMY BLONDE HAIR EXTENSIONS ABANDONED AND BEWILDERED AT THE SIDE OF THE ROAD, GEORGIA CORCORAN GOT THINKING ABOUT THE MAKE UP HANGOVER.

Suffled into a drain. Shambled bewitchery lost in the heady darkness. Ever seen someone peel their false eyelashes off? It's grim. Like a lipstick bullet to the heart. Why can't everything be beautiful all the time? Often I delay removing my make up at night as doing so slightly deflates me. I have happily been pretending that my face is as published. Then it becomes something less. It's a dreadful thing. Similarly I'd rather not wear a padded, push-up in the first place If I know I'll be taking it off (hello boys). The difference between on and then off is too striking and I'd hate to mislead anyone.

Beauty isn't genuine. It's a pretence, but thankfully it lets you pretend with it. Isn't it so horrific, seeing just a crease of liner left, lopsided lip-gloss or visible brush strokes laid into thick foundation. As if the world is falling apart slightly. Santa Clause isn't real all over again. It would be too discomforting to mention the sinister false eyelashes detaching from one corner. To give up the game and admit the deceit. Much nicer to just go on pretending. There's refuge in the magnificent.

Speaking of Santa, around now you may notice make-up brands have introduced special Christmas products. This year Chanel has an inspired black, red and gold palette, Dior introduces us to a 'flamboyant collection' - also gold - and Lancome came up with 'The Golden Hat Collection'. Beautifully embossed pressed powders, blushes and shadows in enticing mirrored compacts - glitzy things. Why? Why do women care for make-up so beautifully presented? The packaging gets thrown out and the soft shimmery layer on top of these palettes (called 'overspray' believe it or not) wares off within a couple of uses whereby you are left with a crumbly square of pigment. Once touched it's forever imperfect. Some do collect them and psychotically never use them. To prove a point? 'My untouched make-up compact and pure, virgin skin. I'm perfect and it's perfect.' Everything's perfect. It takes a lot to maintain this illusion though. I'd rather wallow in my grubby, glittery epic party make up until the hangover's gone. Like a grandiose building with peeling wallpaper and mould gathering around it's ornate stucco. It's outwardly exactly how I'm feeling inside, I deserve it and to wash it off would be cheating.

Again, I'd rather not mislead. 'Effortlessly beautiful' is only ever written or dreamed about. Sometimes being reminded of this can be quite haunting though. Like false nails that have flicked off onto cubicle floors.



Did You Know?

In the late 18th century, before it became a Holy Faith Convent and then the Westbury Hotel, the site at Balfe Street (formerly Pitt Street) housed one of Dublin's most celebrated brothels. Opened in

1784, and known colloquially as the 'Pitt Street Nunnery', the brothel was ran by the infamous madame Peg Plunket (aka Margaret Leeson). She died at the age of 70, after contracting venereal disease as a

result of being gang raped by five men in Drumcondra, just before she planned to write the fourth volume of her memoirs in which she promised would name and shame all her clients.

{PONDERINGS}

Sex Panther

RAWR

Drop our animal a line
sexpanther@
rabble.ie

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

Sex Panther, Rawr!

I have a most pressing quandary which I fear will drive me to the brink of madness. I have recently partaken in Movember and in the space of a few weeks grown a very fine mustache, that could be categorised as a Burt Reynolds. However, I have noticed changes in the way women interact with me. I find they now approach me with large warm smiles finding my jokes hilarious and conversation interesting. I know this is strange behaviour as my sense of humour is quite awful, almost Teutonic. Indeed, I have been told by good authority and on numerous occasions that I make Enda Kenny look charismatic. Although I know this female attention is unwarranted I find myself taking full advantage of my new found sexual allure against my moral better judgement. Sex Panther share with me, a mere novice, some of your formidable knowledge. I fear, one may emasculate oneself through over indulgence if I do not shave it off?

Patrick, Balinahole.

Rawr! Hmmmm. As Voltaire said, 'with great power comes great responsibility'. Voltaire, a precursor to myself was specifically talking of the effect his wit had on the people of Europe. Under no circumstances are you to shave off this moustache. Think of your tache as a totemic symbol, like whiskers of the great Panther. Soon the 'tache will be but a token, a motif of your growing carnal sophistication. Stop whinging and be a Panther, RAWR

Sex Panther Rawr!

Where have you been? I can't believe I've had to go through these channels to reach you Sex Panther? Have you forgotten us in our hour of need? That was the greatest night of our lives. It has been the only solace after the grim few weeks we have had, nobody, and I mean nobody but you has taken away the foul stench of defeat - to be ambushed by a murderer over certain unsubstantiated claims reminds me of Caesar in the senate.

This country needs forward thinking people, entrepreneurs like me and Jay Bourke made this country great! And now some Socialist Imp is the head of state, its like the blind leading the blind I tell you. But no matter, part of the healing process is the joy you have brought to my bedroom. This is worse than my National disgrace. Please Sex Panther, come back to me, I'm not sure if I can continue without you. Seany.

Rawr! Sean, you myopic muck-savage, I'm a busy feline, you were a minor distraction. The first rule of Panther club is, you do not talk about Panther club. You are a disgrace, do you think Dev was called the Long Fellow cos he was tall? Panther love is for winners. Tear sodden onanism is for LOSERS. You lost in business, you lost your hair, you lost the presidency because you are a shallow Gombeen man who's laughable record in entrepreneurship betrays the lie that it is about talent, it's about greedy opportunity and connections. Now stop calling me Seany G.

Sex Panther Rawr!

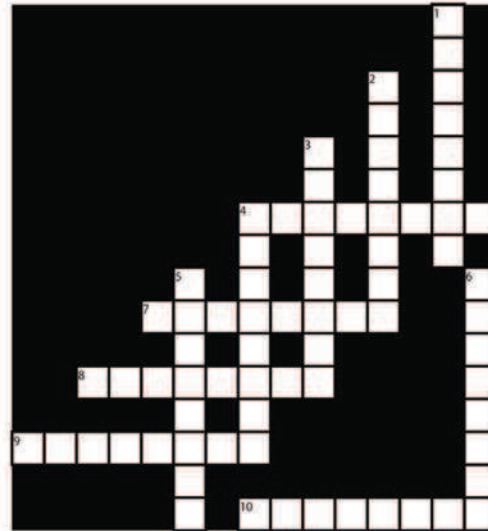
Myself and my less attractive/talented sister, both gainfully employed in the Irish media, need your help magnificent animal! I haven't quite found my niche yet but I'm rapidly coming to the conclusion that maybe newsreading is my level. We have both been through the ringer with dull men. Being with the kind of blank-faced, beige men that constitute our sexual strata is like defecating on one's soul. It's lonely in showbizz, panthy-poos, and there is only so much a pair of lusty, overly made-up love-puffins can take. Can you help? You scratch our backs, we'll scratch yours. Meeow...

Rawr! It's a sacred honour to give, and a deep and cherished duty when one such as myself is entrusted to greatness. I've always admired your work and the way you overshadow the wonky-grinned, nasaly, sister-lady. I know the dynamics now, I know you know I know, we know you know I know you know I know. So here are the three panther 'Ls' - 'Location, Libation, Liberation'. I leave it up to your 'people'. Always glad to help out. Panther out.

A SHORT HISTORY OF... "MEDICINE"



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Across

- 4 The Labour Party doesn't have these
- 7 What do dogs like licking?
- 8 The Sex Pistols didn't mind this
- 9 This crossword is a load of it
- 10 Half a baby comes from it



Down

- 1 Sloblock doesn't shut the door
- 2 Irish politics
- 3 3AM closing
- 5 Enda Kenny's budget speech?
- 6 A cockney ryhmer's favourite American painter

Proving a tad tough? Then scan for answers.

Diary Of A Newly Made Cripple #2

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

"Nah, there's no big steps up to my house and anyway, I'm going to move in with my friend Sara who will be looking after me for the next three months" I had to tell some lies to get discharged from hospital. There was no way I was moving in with someone to play the cripple and get things done for me. I'm too proud for that shit. What I will do is rearrange my little flat for a wheelchair and invite someone around for dinner every evening. That way we can have the boozy chats, catch up and I can get the obvious help I need like shopping, cleaning and putting the bins out. Today was the first day I didn't have someone round and at 5.45 I just realised I had no money, no friend and the post office closed at six. I need that money.

Four minutes later, not really dressed I'm bumping out the front door in the wheelchair. I just launch myself off the door step and brake at the top of the six big steps leading down. Woo! Little skid there. Ok go. Wriggle out of the chair and down on to the ground. Fold the chair up. Arse down the steps sideways with both arms clinging to the

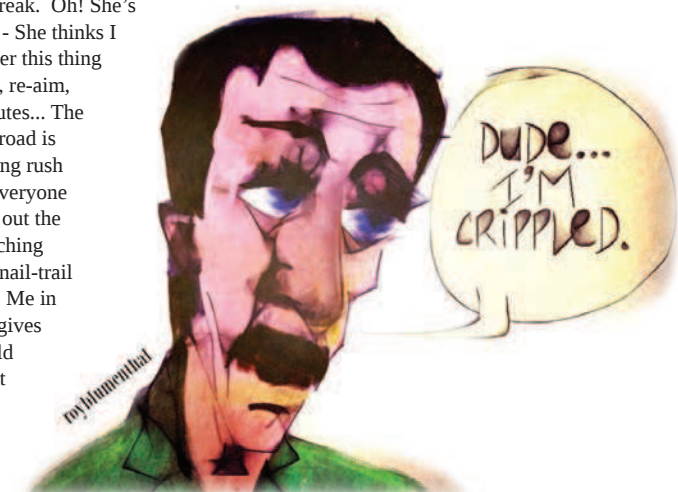
railing whilst scraping the chair down the steps with me. Can't touch the ground with my feet so ground-is-lava, Ground-Is-Lava! (I know you used to play it) Ten to Six! Bottom of the steps. I haven't tried this before but maybe I can crawl on all fours and still keep my feet off the ground. (Totally cheating) Yeah - I can drive the chair in front of me and donk along on my knees. 2 metres. One more 15cm drop to the footpath. A passing man looks at me weird probably because I have a beard and I ask him for help, just to fuck with him for being beardist.

So he helps me off the ground and into the chair and drops me down the wee step. Thanks! He heads off the other way trying to make up lost ground and I look down the hill to the Post Office. Six minutes to six. I should be able to freewheel right down the hill in two minutes - rockin! I didn't really know till then that my chair bears hard to the left due to the inward slant on the pavement. I never really noticed that every bastard path has a slope so I kinda zigzag like a drunken fucker down the hill stopping every ten human-steps to re-straighten or heading waaayyy right so i can veer better towards my golden handout. Come on!! -Oh she's hot! Fuck - She thinks I'm a freak. Oh! She's hot too! Crap - She thinks I can't even steer this thing straight! Stop, re-aim, go! Four minutes... The traffic on my road is at a full evening rush hour halt so everyone is just staring out the windows watching my drunken snail-trail down the hill. Me in a wheelchair gives them only mild distraction but

my rolled up jeans, big yellow t-shirt and piebald beard definitely brings on this Robinson Crusoe feeling and disdainful looks of Junkie!, Alco!, Fruitcake!, Cripple! That now familiar Born on the Fourth of July feeling... My determination mixes with the paranoia and I reinforce the whole parade with a menacing snarl.

Five Fifty Nine. Automatic doors at Post Office don't even open fast enough for speedy me. Sweating and narky I join the queue and when the two people there awkwardly try and wave me through the impassable space ahead of them I just look at them with this WTF face until they look away. I roll up to counter which is a foot over my head and for some befuddled reason, the guy at counter thinks it's more helpful (and resultingly embarrassing) for us both to hand the money to me up over the top of the glass, kneeling on his chair with one arm swinging down over the glass and nearly spilling the coins all over the place. This would really be helpful to some random ten foot giant Twat!.

I did it. I did it myself!! Homewards! I'm knackered.





3am Despair

RIGHT FOLKS. HAVE YOU NO HOMES TO GO TO? RASHERS TIERNEY LOOKS AT HOW THE GOVERNMENT'S BABYSITTER ATTITUDE TO BOOZING IS THE BANE OF UNDERGROUND CLUB CULTURE.

The space between 2:30 and 3am is probably one of the most contested in clubland: a crowd is just getting into its stomp, when a bouncer starts to move up and signal it's time for the last tune. The dance-floor's in despair and desperate drinkers are left agitated.

Welcome to Eire, land with the earliest club closing times in Europe. The debate around operating hours has become entrenched with a wider anxiety around alcohol. As clubs sell booze they are treated just like late bars, yet there are vast difference between them.

Sunil Sharpe of the Give Us The Night (GUTN) campaign argues, "Anti-alcohol campaigners have always done their best to infect the nightclub opening hours debate with scaremongering about underage drinking and a generally nonsensical logic regarding closing times."

Give Us The Night works alongside the Irish Nightclub Industry Association (INIA) to extend clubbing hours. This industry body claims clubs are dropping like flies with a 37% decline since 2001. Their arguments fall on deaf ears as the constant moaning of a well-connected pub trade beleaguered with smoking bans and, god forbid, drink driving regulation dominates the conversation.

The INIA finds itself ludicrously lobbying the Dail to recognise and define its trade, nightclubs don't even exist in Irish law. The industry is defined by its relationship to the DeVelara era Public Dance Halls Act 1935 – so clubs are forced to routinely seek special exemptions for what are seen as 'once off occasions,' pushing up the cost for patrons.

They are also arguing for extended opening hours: a pathetic 4am closing for nightclubs in Dublin and a guaranteed 2.30am outside the Pale. People like Olivia Leary and Niall Stokes (hardly your image of yoked up ravers) support reform of the current situation – for god sake, even Garda Superintendent Joe Gannon of Pearse Street backs

staggered closing times to off-set the carnage of 2am.

Sketched against standard practice elsewhere in Europe these really are the mildest of reforms, weighed heavily in favour of the big boys. The INIA campaign defines a club as providing 'for a minimum capacity of 400 patrons' – hardly the basement sweat boxes we know and love. It's an industry angle, so no surprise they are big on the money arguments, like job creation and trade.

This economic angle is one thing but there's also a cultural malaise caused by how the licensing laws inveigh against club culture which is something taken up by GUTN. Anyone who's ever put on a night knows the risks here all too well: the crews are all back in the gaffs with cans and the opening local DJ's are left playing to the sound engineer and bar staff. Then there's the midnight rush as people leg it in for the international headliner. It's an all too familiar story for Sunil:

"It does very little to nurture any type of club culture or community. Most clubs operate a very strict cut-off time of 2.30 for music, so if you add it all up, it's a pitiful situation. The well-being of local DJs is hardly high up on the public's list of concerns, but it definitely does have an overall knock on effect if talented homegrown DJs can't even find a crowd to play to and entertain."

Truncated clubbing times also impact on what people can play, leading to short 45 minute sets on cramped line ups where the DJ's just lash it out with no space for real mixological journeys. No wonder clubbers head off in droves to spend their cash on shannigans in Berlin or London. The economics of this are daft and it really devalues the genuine scene here. As Sunil put it:

"There is something extremely messed up when most people you know have their favorite weekends away in other European cities, and actually bypass what's going on at home when they're back."

Compound all of this with a drought of sound,

independent cheap venues in the city and it's no wonder BYOB events are becoming popular, despite the legal grey area around the venues. Clunky Irish attitudes and laws get in the way here too.

A cultural bias is at work here and it manifests itself legally. Opening times down the bog are left at the discretion of local magistrates, some of whom go for the jugular of any joy with the venom of a 19th century moral crusader.

Bo from Sweeneys is a familiar organiser of larger parties that showcase acts he works with outside traditional venues. He was involved in the planned Gateway's all-nighter over Halloween. Rather than let it continue until public transport resumed and folks could get home safely, the cops shut it down, leaving people to wander dark Wicklow roads. Talking to Bo it's clear there is a labyrinthine nightmare of paper work needed to make such late night events legal.

"You can have all your paper work set up, it can take months and months but it can be done, but If the guard and the guards on duty aren't happy with it they can shut it down."

In a remarkable moment of cultural policing, it seems the music playing at an event often determines the reaction of the boys in blue (or hi-viz).

"If its dance music based they are quicker to jump to the guns and rule people out so its tough. It's easier with live music things because they look at that crowd as manageable and maybe they drink and they smoke and not too much hassle. Where if you add the dance element it gives a whole other connotation as if dance people are going to smash up the place or something."

Look at it long enough and you start to see a pattern; one of complete in-tolerance for public social gatherings where there is alcohol use and the vintners aren't getting their slice of the cake. Bo seems to agree.

"And maybe that's what their not happy about with the late night parties, because we are creating our own space, our own time line – taking the bar element out of it, so people can bring their own drink, and we put them in an insured catered for, health and safety checked environment with technically all the elements they are looking for."

Maybe it's time to stop rehashing the arguments about changing the law to facilitate clubbing and other late night events. All that's common sense at this stage. Instead, let's point the finger at those benefiting from the current set up: a rear-guard of publicans, venue owners and cops who are terrified of people having a social life outside the boozers, and hence, their control.

Photo: Paul Reynolds.

NIGHT BUS TO NO WHERE

DUBLIN HAS ONE OF THE WORST 'AFTER HOURS' PUBLIC TRANSPORT SERVICES IN WESTERN EUROPE. ON THE WEEKEND, PUBLIC TRANSPORT DOES NOT OPERATE ANY LATER THAN 12:30AM AND ANY EARLIER THAN 6:30AM. JAY CARAX LOOKS AT THE CONSEQUENCES.

Those who do not enjoy the comfort of living within walking distance of the city centre, or can afford a taxi, have to rely on the (recently cut back) Nitelink. This service only runs two nights a week, Friday and Saturday.

The Thursday and Sunday Nitelinks were cut over two years ago. More recently in March of this year, seven whole routes were slashed and six remaining services were 'revised' (i.e. routes changed dramatically).

Using the Nitelink can be a traumatic experience for both passenger and driver. Our archaic licensing laws that force nightclub last orders to be at 2:30am and closing time at 3:00am, giving revelers little time to catch the last nightlink which leaves at 3:30am and 4:00am depending on the route.

This interval around the areas of Westmoreland St. and D'Olier St are, as such, hellish. Trashed clubbers, who are essentially forced to intensify their drinking in the last hour of the night, battle their way to get Nitelink tickets in newsagents and then rush, risking life and limb, to make sure they don't miss the bus.

Drivers, understandably not in the mood to wait around, often leave on the dot, or before, leaving people frequently on the street banging on the doors or chasing the bus into oncoming traffic.

Your five-euro ticket (exact change only, no notes of course) will then take you to in the direction of your home.

My Nitelink used to leave me right by the door; the route was completely cut, so now I have to get a different bus that leaves me nearly 20 minutes walk from my house.

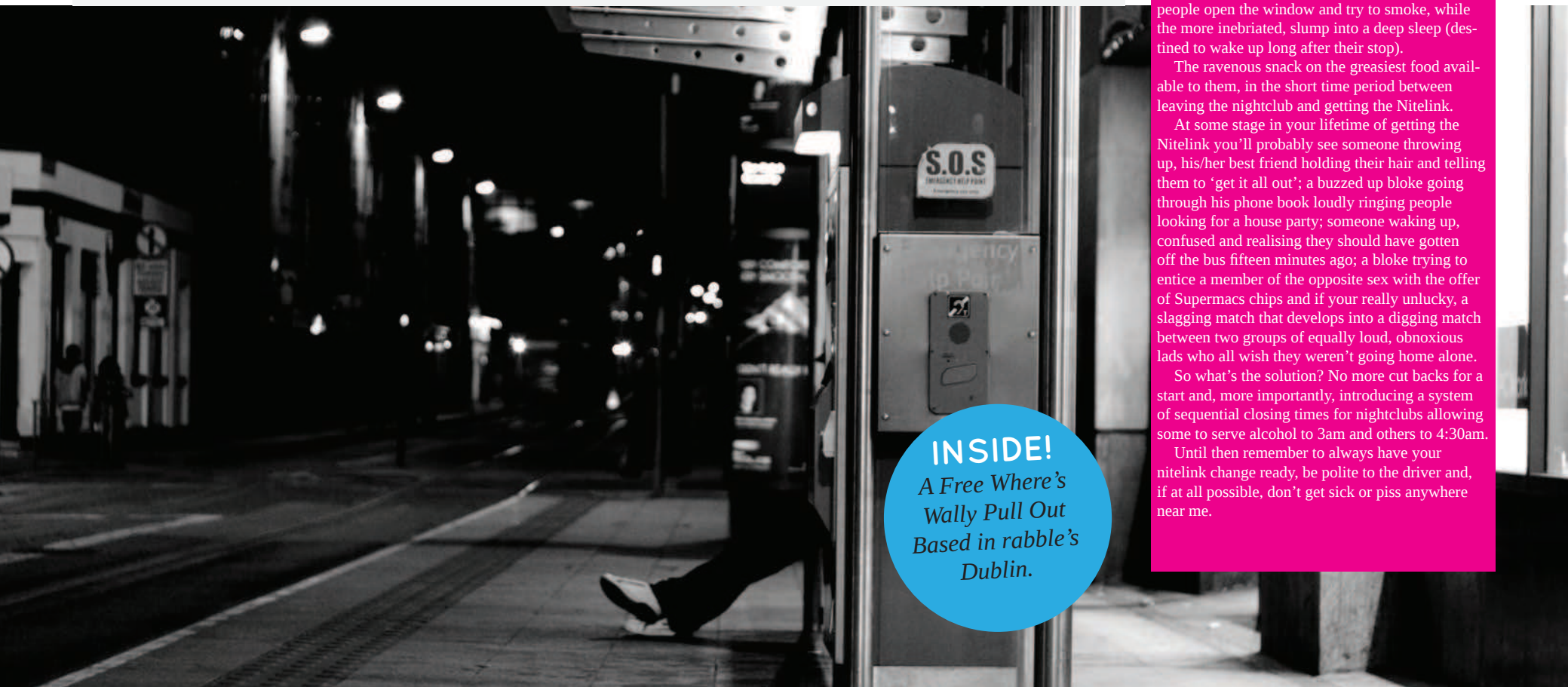
While most passengers opt to sit down stairs, everyone knows that the real show is upstairs. Here, couples embrace, strangers chat up strangers, people open the window and try to smoke, while the more inebriated, slump into a deep sleep (destined to wake up long after their stop).

The ravenous snack on the greasiest food available to them, in the short time period between leaving the nightclub and getting the Nitelink.

At some stage in your lifetime of getting the Nitelink you'll probably see someone throwing up, his/her best friend holding their hair and telling them to 'get it all out'; a buzzed up bloke going through his phone book loudly ringing people looking for a house party; someone waking up, confused and realising they should have gotten off the bus fifteen minutes ago; a bloke trying to entice a member of the opposite sex with the offer of Supermacs chips and if your really unlucky, a slugging match that develops into a digging match between two groups of equally loud, obnoxious lads who all wish they weren't going home alone.

So what's the solution? No more cut backs for a start and, more importantly, introducing a system of sequential closing times for nightclubs allowing some to serve alcohol to 3am and others to 4:30am.

Until then remember to always have your nitelink change ready, be polite to the driver and, if at all possible, don't get sick or piss anywhere near me.



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