

rabble

we are rabble
the sinister fringe

Issue #10 Summer 2015
Published Whenever



FREE.

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



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SKEFFINGTON'S
DISCRIMINATION
CASE AT NUIG.

INSIDE.

The Iveagh Trust

Donal Fallon looks at co-operative housing in Ireland way back when...

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Harry Bradley fills us in on how uptight arseholes screwed up trad...

Smithfield

Does the Horse Fair belong here anymore?

Poetry

How angry verse is channeling the mood of the nation...



Comics

Harry Hangover returns once again to ruin your Monday.

Swag

Stock up on rabble goodies before we go all corporate innit!

Zero Hours

Find out how McDonald's had its ass whooped in New Zealand.

Keep It Up!

AS WE SIT HERE SCRATCHING OUR HEADS IN BEWILDERMENT AT THE FACT THAT WE MANAGED TO MAKE TEN OF THESE RIDICULOUS FUCKING THINGS, WHEN WE NEVER EVEN KNEW IF #RABBLE1 WOULD GET PAST OUR LATE-NIGHT, ROUND-TABLE, MASHBAG DISCUSSIONS, THIS FUCKING MADHOUSE OF A COUNTRY BECOMES INCREASINGLY UNPREDICTABLE, LEAVING US TO WONDER IF, JUST MAYBE, IT IS ALL STILL TO PLAY FOR...

Shit's gone wonky, there's no doubt. Chunks of land, public services and marginalised people, even work and public transport are packaged off to slimy twenty-headed hydras in heat, looking to hump anything that smells remotely like a "business investment". Meanwhile, private construction workers, under protection of our national police force, are being marched out of communities and neighbourhoods nationwide to chants of, "You can shove your water meters up your arse!". Empty buildings in the portfolios of property speculators and NAMA are being occupied at a very exciting rate.

The nation is about to vote on equal marriage and fundamentalist weirdos and the decrepit Catholic right gasp in fear as the shadowy grip they had on

the psyche of the nation withers away.

Workers from fucked over Dunnes staff to Dublin Bus are on increasingly political strikes, with support from all corners. Music seems to be heading back underground too, with tonnes of interesting new venues, events and collectives organising shindigs in every corner of the country, legal and otherwise.

Everyone hates Penis O' Brien. Everyone hates the cops. Nobody trusts the government. Nobody has any money. The curious sense of community and movement being born from these sad facts has certainly piqued our interest.

And all of this, ladies, gentlemen and otherwise, is why we're still at it. Back in 2011 we saw a country in the shit, with disparate groups of angry and unhappy people at a loss as to what to do about their situations. Nowadays it looks as if they're slowly but surely figuring things out, and realising that even though it's lurching dangerously astarboard and taking on water faster than you can say "Siteserv", we're all in the same boat.

The small part that rabble plays in the change of attitude from "boo hoo" to "fuck you", we reckon, is well worth the stress, deadline mania, lack of social life and (literally) last minute proof reading that goes on every time we try to give birth to this monstrosity. So take so take a bundle and order a swag bag, get this out to your mates, leave it in school or put it in the jax of your local, then go out and join in the fun.

Maybe the last hundred years have just been a bit of a breather after all...

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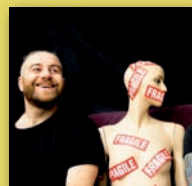
Never Give Up Hope

Inspired by the punk attitude and the grey of Dublin in the 80's, Barry fell in love with film photography. He took off travelling the globe eking out a living however he could before returning to Dublin to settle down. These days however, you may bump into him wielding a camera on the streets of Dublin, Limerick or Belfast. He has been documenting them since the heights of the Celtic Tiger in 2007. His photos bear witness to the economic collapse and subsequent social fallout. As he says himself: "I never liked the Celtic Tiger, but certainly Dublin city has changed from the dark days of 2010. In fact I still see some of that swagger coming back, the underclass will always be there no matter how well the economy returns, but I always say never give up hope".

For more of his work visit www.barrydelaney.ie

HIGHLIGHTS

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p8. Simon Price takes a look at how NUIG is utterly failing to Corrib sexism.



p10. Jamie Goldrick dons his rain gear and has a very wet early morning start at Smithfield Horsefair.



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Gombeen #10

ON A PHOTO OP WITH STRIKING WORKERS RECENTLY, OUR MINISTER FOR SOCIAL DESTRUCTION JOAN BURTON REMINISCED ABOUT HER YOUTH AS A CHECKOUT GIRL IN DUNNES WHILE A JUNIOR UMBRELLA-HOLDER SHELTERED HER FROM POTENTIAL WATER BOMBS.

Burton compared the Jobstown protesters that blocked her car to fascists and her situation as similar to that of the Hooded Men tortured by British security forces during the Troubles. The remove at which she stands from the troubles of many of her West Dublin constituency is unfathomable. There are tens of thousands on zero hour contracts and 11,000 companies using JobBridge in this country. Celtic Phoenix me arse. A quick Daft search finds not a single family home in her area under the Rent Allowance cap she brought in. Meanwhile the banks are applying for the first of tens of thousands of house repossession. In the week that 19 were arrested in dawn raids, a young schoolboy, Amhra Carey, spoke at the Educate Together school iJoan visited. He addressed the double taxation of water charges and an unaccountable Irish Water behemoth. "This is not a democracy, this doesn't make any sense."



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Distro Fairies: Alls y'all. Yiz are stars.

Huge thanks to all our Workers Beer Crews. xxx

ABOUTUS.

rabble is a non-profit, newspaper from the city's underground. It's collectively and independently run by volunteers. rabble aims to create a space for the passionate telling of truth, muck-raking journalism and well aimed pot-shots at illegitimate authority.

Ask us out at
www.rabble.ie



Chq This Shit Out.

CHRIS MCCALL TAKES A LOOK AT A FREE JACKS ON THE NORTH QUAYS AND PROVIDES US WITH A COMPLEMENTARY PARABLE ON THE STATE WE'RE IN.

I found myself on the North Wall during daylight with an hour to kill and a bladder to empty. I decided to look in to the CHQ Building for the craic. There wasn't any, but at least I didn't have to pay to use the jacks.

CHQ was a wine and tobacco warehouse originally called Stack A, it opened in 1821 when Georgian Dublin was the trade capital of the Empire. Stack A was a functional, fully stone building designed to outlast its mortgage; no wood was used in its construction so it couldn't catch fire and burn all that delicious American slave-tobacco.

The Building was designed by John Rennie the elder and/or John Rennie the younger, prolific industrial architects who were also responsible for Dún Laoghaire harbor. Stack A was part of the development of Georges Dock as a warehousing extension for Custom House Quay.

The Stacks went all they way up to Stack G, which was only flattened in the 1930's for redevelopment; signalling the end of a long and vibrant history of docklands Dublin which is either lost for ever, or really hard to Google.

Stack A was "redeveloped" by the Dublin Docklands Development Authority (DDDA) in 2005 along with the rest of the North Wall and east Dublin. The DDDA also bought the old Irish Glass Bottle plant in Ringsend for a tiger-tastic €415 million.

That site is now worth €45 million; they didn't even bother getting a valuation before they bought it. On the master plan CHQ was to be an events center or museum; there was no

mention of retail. A legal framework was even put in place for this which almost pulled in the National Museum's Decorative Arts Division.

The restoration of Stack A cost €45 million. One economic crash and six years later it was sold for €10 million to Neville Isdell, a home-grown plutocrat and one-time CEO of the ever spotless Coca-Cola company. Mr Isdell immediately began to put the building to good use remedying Dublin's serious lack of over-priced coffee shops.

The Building's website proudly announces it as "The Social Heart of the IFSC" - which probably explains why it is cold and empty. It has class. Polished marble floors complete with original bare stone walls, lots of the old structure is visible and complimented with that "glass and steel everywhere" look everyone was on in the noughties.

The empty, over-glazed retail units have full-height high-color posters containing buzzwords like "exclusive" and "vibrant" to lure in posh shops. The centre is occupied by three or four upmarket franchise food vendors. The kind with shit puns in their name. Big-brand coffee shops are inevitable. They press themselves to the street-side entrance. That's where the money is.

When not being used as an echoing cathedral of nothing or confusing tourists looking for Temple Bar it spends its time being a proud host to whatever faux-traditional seasonal market will rent it. You can bet there will be an out-of-place looking exhibit of inoffensive art in the foyer, a ghost of its cultural aspirations.

Above the art is a webcam. It has found a nicely ironic view of the Sean O'Casey bridge. Turned outward to the quays streaming video of traffic to an audience of zero.

There is one sign of life between the franchises and the pop-ups. Dogpatch Labs which describes itself as a "pay to play co-working space for scaling technology startups". Potted plants and old phone-booths can be spotted through the gaps in the opaque windows.

Though it triggers Nathan Barley flashbacks something shocking; there were people inside, actually working.

Photo by Paul Reynolds.



A QUICKIE WITH...



THE ANNUAL EASTER WEEKEND COMMUNITY SKRATCH GAMES ARE DONE AND DUSTED. RASHERS TIERNEY CAUGHT UP WITH LIMERICK'S DEVIANT FOR A CHINWAG ON THE STATE OF SCRATCH DJING IN IRELAND.

You heads are nine years into the games now. Tell us about the first one, where did the idea come from and how did it go?

We just wanted to hook up with the heads from around the country in a more relaxed setting. Also, battling had become pretty boring and a lot of us just weren't into choreographed skcratch fighting anymore. Initially we planned a private session in the house but word got out that the "biggest skcratch party of all time" was going down so we figured that rather than trash our own gaff we'd trash our mate's pub instead. It went about as well as a load of odd chaps molesting records in a pub could. It may very well have been the best craic ever.

There's something of a cult following attached to the games. Why are people so loyal in heading along year in year out?

There's so many factors. The Bierhaus. The variety of performances. The audience. The bag of meat. The skcratch legends mixing it up with the fresh faced youths. The non-profitness of it all. I think there's a sincerity to it that attracts people. Galway itself has a huge part to play. There's not many better places to park yourself for a bank holiday weekend.

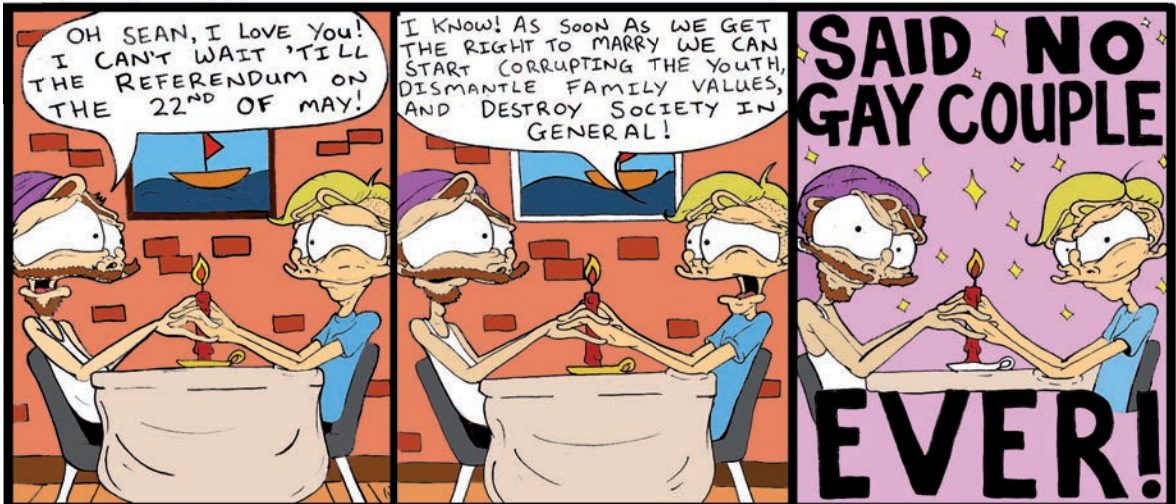
You guys also had a crowdfunding campaign on the go. For something called a skipless record? What the hell is that and why would anybody need it?

A skipless record is a specially formatted record for freestyle skatching. The samples are arranged in loops equalling one rotation of the record so that when the needle jumps (and it will jump!) it'll land on the exact same sound. Turntablism is a fragile art, where it can all fall apart with one skip of a record. Skipless means you can shred in a more carefree fashion.

The Community Skcratch Games took place over the Easter Weekend in Galway.



VOTE YES!!!



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**Fallon's
old time tables**

Tea With Ricardo

The penchant for minimal techno and large doses of horse tranquilizer might have become unfashionable, but Ricard Villalobos always

has something to say. The enigmatic icon never gives interviews, but Crack Magazine managed to catch a chat with him in his Berlin

home. From slugging off Burning Man's millionaires to lacerating the all-surface no-depth of digital culture it's worth a read. Look it up.



5

CO-OPERATIVE HOUSING IVEAGH AN IDEA!

AS RENTS CONTINUE TO SOAR AND MORE AND MORE PEOPLE BECOME LOCKED OUT OF THE HOUSING MARKET, DONAL FALLON TAKES US BACK TO THE LOFTY CO-OPERATIVE HOUSING SCHEMES BUILT FOR WORKERS BY THE CORPORATIONS OF DUBLIN AND WEIGHS UP THEIR EXPERIENCE AGAINST SIMILAR VENTURES ABROAD.

In his wonderful oral history of the Dublin tenements, it was pointed out by one wise lady to Kevin Kearns about the tenements of the past that “anyone that says they were good old days is a headcase. It'd make you sick to think of them.”

Any examination of Dublin Corporation housing in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries is ultimately an examination of total failure. Firstly, the Corporation built tenement houses beside the Royal Barracks, in an area with a fierce reputation for poverty and “immorality”, with prostitution rife in the shadow of the soldiers’ den on Barrack Street.

Following this enormous failure, the second Corporation housing scheme began with Corporation Buildings, right in the heart of Dublin’s Monto. The Corporation’s solution to the problems that abounded around the scheme? Large gates which would close at night, ensuring that prostitution and crime was out of sight and out of mind. During the 1930s, one judge remarked that the Corporation Buildings were “unfit for human habitation” and that no “Christian or civilised person” could truly emerge from being raised within them. The critics argued that Dublin Corporation was in the business of clearing slums only to build slums.

For the skilled working class in the late nineteenth century, the Dublin Artisan Dwelling Company were a gift from the heavens, constructing durable and well-designed cottages in places like Stoneybatter, Harold’s Cross and Rathmines, but the rent on the “small neat red brick homes” (as one project in the Coombe was described) was above and beyond that of a general labourer, who could only dream of living in such a home.

Beyond the Corporation and the DADC, there were others building houses in Ireland in this period. Co-operative housing projects, almost always the product of corporations, were a new and at-times controversial approach to the issue of working class housing in Dublin. Companies were now not alone providing workers with wage packets, but constructing a roof over their heads. This could, as some families learned, lead to confrontation and bitter struggle. There was no such thing as a free house, and entering into a co-operative scheme required intense loyalty.

Undoubtedly the most familiar of Dublin’s historic co-operative housing schemes to us today is the Iveagh Trust, constructed by Guinness in the vicinity of Saint Patrick’s Cathedral. The Iveagh Trust was the product of - naturally enough - Lord Iveagh. Edward Cecil Guinness, together with his brother Arthur Edward, had inherited the Guinness brewery from his father Benjamin and transformed it into an international powerhouse of industry, floating the company on the London Stock Exchange and retiring at the grand old age of 40, as Ireland’s richest man.

Iveagh ploughed £250,000 into building working class housing in London in the 1890s, but in Dublin the project would continue for many years, and involve massive slum clearance in the Bull Alley area. Between 1893 and 1915, the Iveagh Trust constructed over 550 housing units in the Kevin Street and Bull Alley projects, and the houses were above and beyond what the Corporation had been in the business of constructing.

In the official history of the Trust, it’s noted that the apartments in the earliest Kevin Street developments were designed in such a way that “the sun was to shine in all windows at some time of day, and there was to be a wash house on each floor with a W.C. to every two families.” Houses without amenities are little use of course, as people in working class suburbs like Ballymun would learn in later decades, and the Iveagh Trust scheme also incorporated the Iveagh Baths (opened in 1906) and the Iveagh Play House (opened in 1915).

Given the staunch Unionist politics of the Guinness family at this period in history, the philanthropy of the family no doubt played a significant role in winning the hearts and minds of Dubliners. Iveagh built affordable housing, his brother Ardilaun opened Stephen’s Green to the public, while dad (Benjamin Lee Guinness) restored Saint Patrick’s Cathedral. As parts of Thomas Street crumble today it becomes increasingly clear that the relationship between Diaego and their immediate environs is a very different one to that between the brewery and the immediate community in the time of the establishment of the Iveagh Trust. The Trust continues to function today, offering affordable low-rent accommodation to those who need it in a city where rent is only going one way.

Across the Liffey, the Merchants Warehouse Company built cottage homes in East Wall for their own workers in 1907, but forced their workforce to take up residence there, leading to it becoming known as ‘Compulsory Row’. During the 1913 Lockout over sixty families with union connections were evicted from these homes and ‘replaced’, and the street became known in local lingo as ‘Scabs Row’, with tensions between families emerging, having no doubt been carefully fostered by the employer. At the time of the evictions, The Irish Times reported that the families lifted their spirits by singing union songs and cheering for Jim Larkin.

How did these Irish examples of co-operative housing compare with international examples of the same? Perhaps the most celebrated case of a corporately funded co-op is the Bournville village established by the Cadbury’s family in the 1890s near Birmingham. They were Quakers, and firm advocates for the cause of Temperance. No public houses ever opened in the town which was about as far removed as you could possibly get from Guinness, where workers were provided with a free daily quota of booze! But it did come to include recreational areas, parks, swimming pools and football pitches.

Quakers were in the business of philanthropy here too, with the Pim family constructing red brick terraced housing for their workers in Harold’s Cross in the 1890s.

Co-operative housing has remained a feature of life in the capital, with NABCO (National Association of Building Co-operatives) for example providing 320 homes in areas including Sean McDermott Street and Queen Street. Last year it was announced that NABCO would be taking control of a site in Inchicore which was sitting empty as a NAMA ghost estate, originally developed by Liam Carroll. In a city with empty housing units while people freeze in substandard hostel accommodation or on the streets, such a move was rightly welcomed.

Looking abroad, much could be learned from La Maison des Babayagas, an innovative housing co-operative for the elderly near Paris, run on a non-profit basis and managed by those who live there.

This self-management ideal has seen several such co-operatives emerge in France, with a resident of one describing them as existing and functioning “in solidarity” and being “self-managed, civic, and ecological.”

They stand as a fine alternative to profit driven housing schemes and retirement homes.

Illustration of Lord Iveagh by Luke Fallon.

The Trust continues to function today, offering affordable low-rent accommodation to those who need it.





Pull It Up

Love it or hate it, the rewind divides dancing crowds. But you owe it to yourself to look up this fantastic history of

the rewind by Cuepoint on Medium. While you might associate it with your drunk mate sloppily scratching one of your

prized Discog finds, it's a trope from Jamaican dancehalls that echoes across the world today.

HANDLE WITHOUT *Care*



FRAN HARTNETT AND GILES ARMSTRONG ARE TWO NAMES SYNONYMOUS WITH IRISH TECHNO. IN LATE 2014 THEY JOINED TOGETHER, FOR A LIMITED RUN OF GIGS AROUND THE COUNTRY AS FRAGILE. JASPER MATHEWS FROM GALWAY'S KINETIKA CLUBNIGHT, CAUGHT UP WITH THE LADS TO HEAR ABOUT A LONG ROMANCE THAT STARTED DOWN THE BACK OF THE 49 BUS.

Where did the idea for collaboration come from?

Fran: Haha, he admits it! I actually suspected that Giles had the name worked out long before suggesting that we work together. Shortly after we had had a little practice session when we decided that yeah we work well together, so lets do this, he says to me, casually – “I figured out a name for us...” But I reckon he had the name decided all along. Well I’ve always buzzed off Giles sense of humour so I’m happy to go along with it. I couldn’t have come up with that myself – he’s much punnier than me!

I was listening to your set from your debut gig; Truss-Brockweir’s quite the opening tune, it fairly sets the tone for the rest of the set, and it very much seems like face-melting is the order of the day! What does a FraGile set consist of? What equipment do you use to put it together?

Giles: Cheers! Brockweir is a beast always was and always will be. I use a Mac running Traktor with two Faderfox controllers and play a DJ set as I normally would do with Fran layering samples and loops on top with his Octatrack. He also can play tracks into mine which is great as the limits are endless. Plus, if I make a mistake I can blame him and vice versa.

Fran: Yeah I have to give Giles credit for that selection, but I was more than happy for that to be an opener for us. She certainly is a beast that one! Actually for our next set I’m adding a drum machine to my side of the setup – it’s a Machinedrum but I’m loading it up with sample kits, kind of emulating some classic drum machines, just to be able to jam some improvised drums over the top of things. I came away from playing our debut set at Network thinking that I needed something else, so that’s the plan for this next one.

Are there any tracks, labels or artists which you just can’t help playing in your sets, both together as FraGile and in your solo gigs?

Giles: Lately I’ve been playing something by Stephen Lopkin in nearly all my sets whether I’m lashing it out or chilling it out, he is my new man for all occasions.

Fran: Well, I’m really not being biased about a local act (and friends at that), but in the past year I can’t get enough of Sunil Sharpe and DeFeKT’s ‘Tinfoil’ project. Their two 4 track EPs under that name have been so far ahead of what’s out there internationally that I don’t think the guys realise it. For FraGile, I’m just having fun ripping lead sounds from well known classic techno and remixing those samples to layer over the full tracks that Giles is playing.

“UNTIL WE HAVE LATER OPENING HOURS WE WILL NEVER BE LOOKED UPON AS EQUAL WITH THE REST OF EUROPE.”

Have to agree with you on that one Fran, I’ve been listening to the second Tinfoil release a lot. Does much planning go into your sets, or do you start playing and see where it goes?

Giles: I plan all my sets and have been doing so since I started DJing over 15 years ago (yikes!) so FraGile is no different for me.

Fran: I’m preparing the loops and stuff that I’m going to play, but so far when it comes to deciding at what points in the set to use them I’ve just been jamming and improvising. For our next gig we’ll be rehearsing the interplay a little more tightly I think.

Both of you are long-standing veterans in regards to the electronic music scene in Dublin, how have things changed since you first got involved?

Giles: It’s come a long way since we first meet down the back of the 49 bus. Fran used to do a pirate radio show near where I lived every Monday night. I would be on my way home from town on the last bus after spending my dole on records and he would be sitting upstairs down the back with a bigger bag of records, naturally we got

chatting. I can’t imagine many people meeting like that in the digital Facefook era that we now live in. Back then you could become friends with someone simply because you both had a plastic bag with Comet Records written on the side of it.

Fran: Man that’s going back a bit! Of course things have changed dramatically. Used to be a lot more record shops that’s for sure! I mean don’t get me started on how things have changed in the past 20 years. It’s unbelievable what’s going on... the technology, apocalypse and all that!! But some things thankfully remain the same.

Irish Techno is on the rise, with top quality records being released by independent labels such as Earwiggle and Vision Collector, and a plethora of hard-hitting Irish and international acts being given a stage by the likes of Bastardo Electrico in Cork and Network in Dublin. What excites you most about the current state of Techno in Ireland?

Giles: The freshness of it all. I did a gig in Dublin last year where I was old enough to be the whole dancefloor’s dad which can only be good for the scene – the crowd being young – not me being their father!

Fran: I just think it’s great that we have such strong local talent, as we have had for quite a while now. There’s so many great Irish acts that if I start listing names it’ll seem like I have to keep going cause I don’t want to leave anyone out. But you know who they are! And as Giles says, there’s so many fresh faces on the dancefloor. Well it’s nice to know they’re in safe hands!

What, if anything, do you think is holding Ireland’s electronic music scene back from reaching it’s full potential?

Giles: That aul licencing laws chestnut. Until we have later opening hours we will never be looked upon as equal with the rest of Europe. I know there has been campaigns in the past that have got the issue into the spotlight but that was a long time ago now. I’d be very surprised if the laws are changed within my lifetime. The upside of the early closing is the after hour scene but even that has tailed off in the last year. There was a time for a while that every promoter worth their salt had to run an afterparty or the night was deemed unsuccessful and the promoter labelled a numpety.

BELFAST BORN HARRY BRADLEY'S FLUTE PLAYING HAS GARNERED HUGE PRAISE, NOT TO MENTION THE 2014 GRADAM CEOIL MUSICIAN OF THE YEAR AWARD. HE'S ALSO PROBABLY ONE OF THE ONLY IRISH MUSICIANS YOU'RE LIKELY TO FIND SPORTING A SUBHUMANS T-SHIRT WHILE TEACHING KIDS. WE CAUGHT UP WITH THE MAN FOR A QUICK CHAT ABOUT TUNES, PUNK ROCK AND HOW GAELIER-THAN-THOU THEOCRATS FUCKED UP TRAD.

Apparently, Martin Carthy, the English folk legend, once stated that punk and folk music had much more in common than most people would be willing to admit. Having a background in the Belfast punk scene yourself, would you be inclined to agree with Mr. Carthy?

Yeah, I'd say there's quite a lot of truth in that. Both forms are fairly accessible and, essentially, were/are not dictated to by jumped-up arbiters of 'good taste', music industries, and music institutions like colleges and conservatories, as is more the case in other areas.

This means that they retain some element of independence and the facility for a sort of do-it-yourself approach: you can just get your hands on an instrument and participate in the music community without having to worry too much about getting graded or sanctioned or awarded a crap medal.

Punk looks to me to function much like a type of urban folk music. I think folk music at its best, just like the punk movement, is basically anarchic: it seems to have an ability, and a socio-cultural positioning, that allows it to throw off attempts to codify and institutionalise it; it can absorb, and even subvert, such attempts by those presenting themselves as 'authorities'.

This reflects its historical positioning on the fringes of 'respectable' society and is why folk song often gives a voice to the underrepresented and the dispossessed, as punk does. Many musicians I have met who have followed the music to late-night venues in otherwise obscure, rural parts of the country have lived lives quite different to that of their non-musician neighbours.

They have participated in a subculture that gives them an alternative perspective on mainstream society, just as the punk subculture and lifestyle provided alternative perspectives that spurred innovation and creativity.

On a similar note, you often refer to traditional Irish music as a countercultural phenomenon. Could you briefly describe what you mean by this?

Well, pre-20th century historical accounts tell us that what we now call 'traditional music' was once widespread in Ireland and that there was singing, music and dancing pretty much everywhere. It was a sort of national music and dance craze, the main popular music culture.

I think a significant change occurred with the advent of our curious brand of Catholic Irish cultural nationalism, and Catholic republicanism, and the formation of the culturally repressive post-civil war church-state theocracy. The Public Dance Halls Act of 1935 brought an end in many places to the enduring practice of house and outdoor dances that had been a socio-cultural staple of communities up and down the country, although ironically it was intended to protect Gaelic culture from 'insidious foreign influences'.

The country house and crossroads dances, along with jazz dances, were seen as licentious and as giving rise to sexual

deviancy by the newly installed theocrats, so they effectively banned them with the legislation (the Act remains in force to this day, by the way). The Act gave rise to the more formal, and larger, sanctioned céilí dances in parish halls etc. which could be overseen and controlled by priests and other such upstanding pains in the arse.

This gave rise to the more formal, and musically formulaic, céilí band which was required for the larger venues: in trying to keep traditional music culture morally and ethnically 'pure' they actually changed it considerably. So, for all his shiteing on about "comely maidens dancing at crossroads", it was actually DeValera's government who tried to ban people dancing at crossroads while socially and culturally engineering an 'acceptable' form of dance and music that was quite different in nature to what had been there previously. Indications are (from the earliest sound recordings) that the pre-existing music culture before this was very vibrant and highly developed.

The pre-Dance Hall Act era had given us some of our most renowned names from the heritage of early traditional music recordings, and we know of them only because they emigrated to the US and were recorded there in the 1920s and 30s for the burgeoning ethnic music market: big names like Michael Coleman, James Morrison, John McKenna and Tom Morrison would be among that rank. In short, the newly installed 'Gaelier-than-thou' theocrats couldn't have made a bigger balls of it if they'd tried.

However, something of the enduring music and dance culture survived against the legislative weight of the church-state in what was clearly a subcultural relationship, if not a full-blown counterculture relationship, with the prevalent puritanical attitudes and designs of the church-state and its organs.

A few friends of mine are very into the strands of Irish music that managed to escape this institutionalisation process, Traveller musicians like the Raineys for example, or Donegal fiddle music. Would you have many preferences along similar lines?

Yes, and isn't it interesting that Traveller subculture produced some of the most remarkable music of the last century including the Raineys, the great uilleann pipes genius Johnny Doran, and the travelling tinsmith and Donegal fiddle master Johnny Doherty? That is no accident. In having the freedom to be able to avoid assimilation into stifled, formulaic mainstream cultural-nationalist movements they were able to retain their distinct creative autonomy.

The contributions from the musicians mentioned are exactly the sort of brilliant music culture that needs to be appreciated and evaluated in its own distinct cultural and social context so that it's not lumped in with the ham-fisted efforts of mainstream revivalist ideologues who really just didn't want to 'get' the music in either its real content or contexts.

This piece has been edited for print. For the full interview visit www.rabble.ie.

WAKE

THE FOLK UP!

"THE ACT GAVE RISE TO THE MORE FORMAL, AND LARGER, SANCTIONED CÉILÍ DANCES IN PARISH HALLS ETC. WHICH COULD BE OVERSEEN AND CONTROLLED BY PRIESTS AND OTHER SUCH UPSTANDING PAINS IN THE ARSE."



Let The Fire Burn.

On May 13, 1985, Philadelphia police dropped two pounds of military explosives onto a city row house occupied by the radical group MOVE. The resulting fire was not fought for over an hour. Look up the documentary on Youtube. It's there in full.



OF SIXTEEN WOMEN WHO APPLIED FOR SENIOR LECTURESHIP IN NUIG DURING 2009, ONLY ONE WAS PROMOTED. AS THE RESULTING VERDICT OF DR SHEEHY SKEFFINGTON'S DISCRIMINATION CASE REVERBERATES AT NUIG, SIMON PRICE DIVES INTO THE MURKIER SIDE OF THE CORRIB UNIVERSITY AND ASKS WHAT'S CHANGED IN 2015?

The new engineering building stands at the gateway to NUIG's north campus on the river Corrib. Opened in 2010 and conscious of its purpose, it is equipped with "climate wall construction, natural ventilation, rainwater harvesting and a biomass boiler for energy generation". All very state of the art.

In four stories of glass and steel it is the embodiment of the aspirational and thoroughly modern university. On the corridor inside hangs an oil painting of one their most remarkable students. Alice Perry graduated with first class honours in 1906. The first woman to hold an engineering degree in Ireland or Britain. Her portrait is as much part of history as it is of the image NUIG hope to project.

Late last year the university was instructed to promote Dr Micheline Sheehy Skeffington because of an internal 2009 interview process that has been described as "discourteous" and "ramshackle" by the Equality Tribunal. Speaking to rabble recently, the botanist said "it is even debatable that we could have been promoted in 2007. I am convinced that I should have been".

Compounding all this, it was found that the college had discriminated against Dr Sheehy Skeffington on gender grounds.

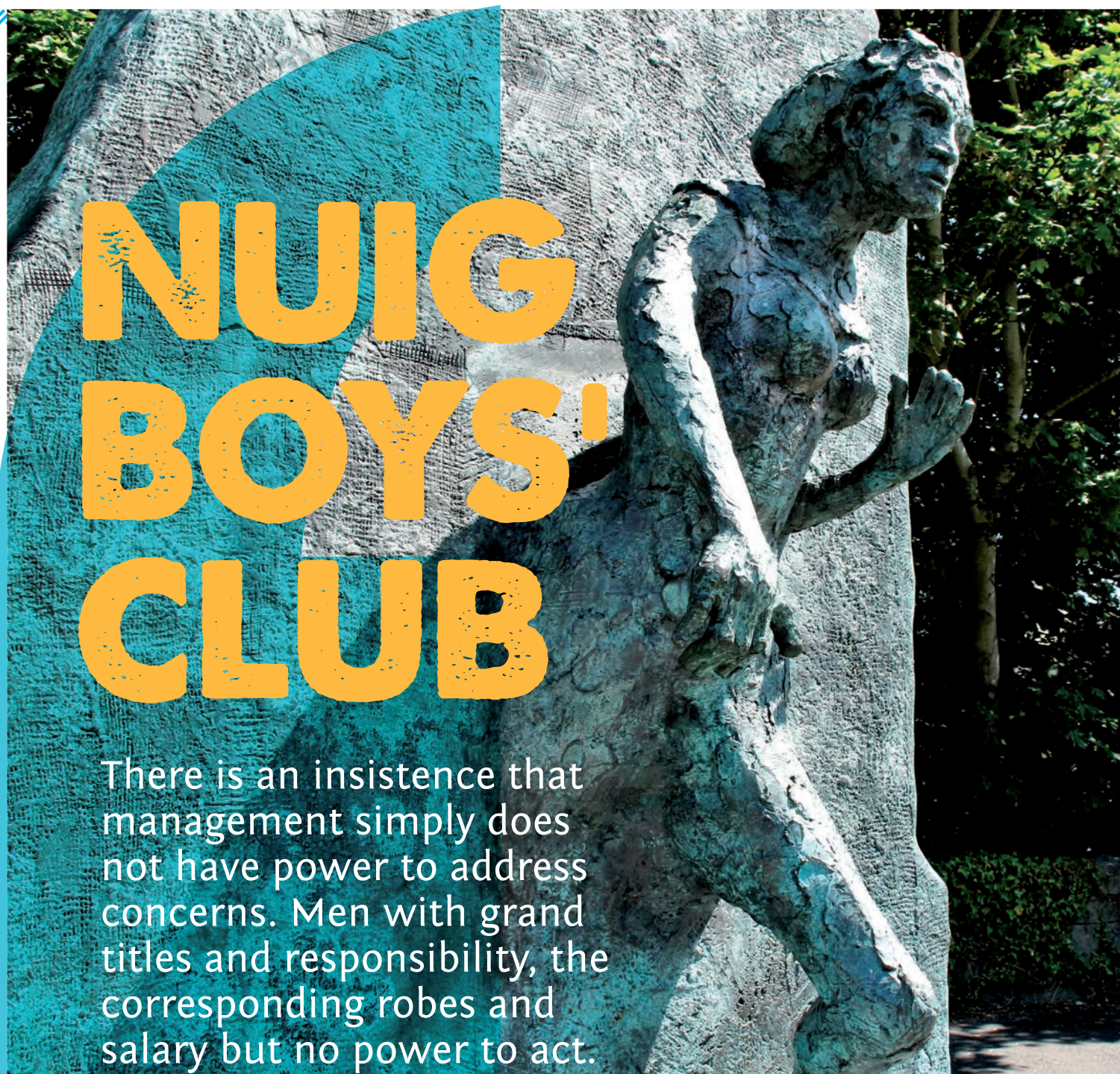
The figures need to be emphasised here. Of sixteen women who applied for senior lectureship in 2009, only one was promoted. In contrast, sixteen of the thirty-two male candidates were successful. This is reflected in the process itself where the tribunal has underlined the difference between gender representation and gender balance - noting that there was only one woman on the interview board of seven.

All this adds to the current situation where women account for over half of Galway's lecturers but only 13% of professors. Curiously and in their own words "worryingly", the tribunal discovered that one of the men promoted was not even eligible for the competition.

Despite vehemently contesting the case, initially stating that it "utterly refutes any allegation of discrimination", the university publicly and "unreservedly" accepted the ruling on the day it hit national headlines.

This has since proven to be an exercise in damage limitation. An effort to avoid further scrutiny. Dr Sheehy Skeffington has exposed an institutional problem in Galway as behind the scenes a very institutional response unfolds.

The pace of change is slow, a task force selected and defined by management will not report for another twelve months. While not rowing back



on their obligations under Sheehy Skeffington's case, the university has attempted to impose their own spin on events through omission and cherry-picking.

There is a resistance to acknowledge the wrong committed on their own part and face up to its deeper implications. There is an attitude that is both stubborn and unserious. One that suggests management of this learned institution are not keen on their own lessons.

While the tribunal examined only one case, the ruling lists at least ten instances of discrimination that do not apply to Sheehy Skeffington alone. It is reasonable to conclude that others have encountered similar obstacles and the university is currently facing a further five women with retrospective claims.

A campaign is under way led by staff, students, alumni and Sheehy Skeffington herself.

"I was awarded damages, but the five women aren't concerned with damages, all they want is recognition of their due and promotion backdated to 2009".

However, similar patterns of resistance are starting to emerge.

Towards the end of March, President Jim Browne launched his legacy. A "five year strategic plan" aimed at catapulting the university into the global

top 200. Among his 'major goals' is a commitment "to making real and lasting changes to career development and advancement for women at our university".

That same week, management circulated an email which Dr Sheehy Skeffington says "deliberately misinforms concerning the case being taken by the five female lecturers who, like me, were shortlisted but not promoted to Senior Lecturer in 2009" and that "the time-line given as background in the document implies that they are only taking a case concerning the 2013/14 round, whereas the management know full well that the women's principal intention is to contest the 2008/9 round, where the gender discrimination is at its worst."

Furthermore, there is an insistence that management simply does not have power to address concerns. Men with grand titles and responsibility, the corresponding robes and salary but no power to act, we are told.

Despite systemic shortcomings being highlighted and this criticism being accepted only a few months ago, they continue to hide behind the system, behind legal advice and behind procedure as a way avoiding immediate action and genuine engagement.

All this points to, at best, a lack of commitment on the university's part or at worst, it reveals a mindset

of male ignorance or even hostility. Where in 2015, a University Management Team is comprised of six men and a single woman.

Where the Academic Council is 81% male. Where it is permissible to openly joke about female colleagues not working hard enough or spending too much time with their family. Where clearly, the lads and their 'banter' are not confined to undergrads.

In this male dominated environment, Dr Sheehy Skeffington and her colleagues are unlikely to be the last to find issues unnoticed by others.

"I think they underestimated the nature of the problem and the depth of feeling there is in this university about a whole load of things. It isn't just gender related, there are a lot of issues with which people feel disaffected, downtrodden and powerless. And this has been going on for years".

She was part of an internal equality committee that made recommendations in 1990. Twenty five years later, a different age in terms of recognition of women in the workforce, the Equality Tribunal in her own case still found a gaping disparity between how NUIG's internal processes look on paper and its implementation.

How much more credible can today's assurances be?



SAME SHIT // DIFFERENT PARTY

OIREACHTAS RETORT PICKS APART THE HYPE AND BLUSTER OF LUCINDA CREIGHTON'S RENUA TO REVEAL A BRAND THAT IS NOTHING MORE THAN A REHEATED BOWL OF THE SAME POLITICAL TRIPE SHE CLAIMS TO HAVE LEFT BEHIND.

It will come as unwelcome news to many of you but there is not just one, but three Lucinda Creightons. First, there is Lucinda Creighton. A woman from Claremorris, County Mayo. Trinity College graduate, barrister and former Fine Gael TD, who I am sure is just lovely, personally.

Then there is Lucinda Creighton, the media construction. A tough talker, a maverick, a political profile sustained almost entirely by press culture that for the most part ignores policy, flattens issues and distills the whole of politics down a question of not power or heaven forbid, class, but competing personalities.

It is here where Lucinda Creighton the media construction has thrived. She has featured on the cover of the Sunday Independent 'LIFE' magazine three times in her short career. Full photo shoot and typically sycophantic feature article inside each time. Since getting the boot from Fine Gael, she has been on the cover of the Farmer's Journal "Country Living" magazine and scarcely off the Sindo front page. For Independent Newspapers, she is held aloft as middle Ireland's yin to Gerry Adam's yang.

In this political media culture dominated by personality she has always been well placed to garner interest but the mediocrity of both media and politics is quickly exposed when push comes to shove.

Behind all this is the third Lucinda Creighton. A political lightweight who has failed to live up to the image. Away from sympathetic media she is routinely shown up as just another generic politician with none of the substance you would have been led to expect.

She joined Fine Gael in college before becoming a councillor aged 24 and entered the Dáil shortly after. Now setting up her own political party, she is exactly the type of career politician routinely criticised as not having the practical "real world" experience that is lauded by the small business sector she claims to champion.

While Renua hopes to win the hearts of those disaffected with politics, it is led by Lucinda Creighton, who on Vincent Browne once sat bewildered and visibly uncomfortable beside a community worker from the north side of Dublin. You got the impression it was not the kind of encounter she is used to. She recently demonstrated the depth of her experience in the health service by telling Morning Ireland that "no one would sit in A&E for 24 hours".

In fact, when not bolstered by sympathetic journalists her appearances have always been a car crash. She once claimed there would be no need for the fiscal compact referendum because changes were

already covered by "one of the treaties". When asked which one, this barrister and then Ireland's minister of state for EU Affairs didn't know. A few months later when campaigning in favour of the referendum on the same programme, she provided ample comedy by claiming government were about to deliver "millions of jobs".

Renua's collaboration with people like Karl Deeter, Eddie Hobbs, Ronan McMahon (and Independent councillor and close friend of Jim Power who only left Fine Gael after failing to be selected in last year's election) sees Lucinda align herself with people who far from being outside the mainstream, were embedded in boom time excesses. Hawkishness on welfare, the public sector and veneration of entrepreneurs and property is hardly unique, so how much of a departure is Lucinda Creighton's right wing politics from everyone else in Irish politics.

Often proclaimed as combining the best of Margaret Thatcher, Henry Kissinger and Pope John Paul, she ticks almost all of the usual boxes. Speaking after the 2011 election she said "people voting for me and voting for my colleagues [...] were voting against

going soft on cuts".

Two budgets later she conceded that she hoped these same cuts "will never be repeated". Despite fan girling for NATO and being a long time advocate of deeper EU military "corporation", she doesn't take the expected neo-con position on Palestine. She was quite critical of UN schools being bombed and subsequent loss of life in Gaza last Summer. Other public utterances see her condemning both sides while hoping they 'engage'. While surprising, again, this places her in the standard positions of any mainstream Irish politician.

Her opposition to Turkey joining the common market is the quintessential petty racism that views European privilege as natural and something to be protected from 'them' and whatever lies beyond the gates of Vienna. Again nothing original here.

In 2010 at the MacGill Summer School she took aim at her own party for hosting a golf fundraiser. She said Fine Gael ran the risk of becoming "Fianna Fáil lite" and called for "an end to cut-hoor politics". She subsequently had to apologise for libelling developer Michael O Flynn and settled outside of court.

SHE IS HELD ALOFT AS MIDDLE IRELAND'S YIN TO GERRY ADAM'S YANG

What wasn't mention is that Lucinda Creighton herself is no stranger to accepting money from builders. In 2007 for example her election campaign was boosted by €1,000 from a developer who is also a lobbyist and has since went on to build James Reilly 'stroke politics' primary care centres in Balbriggan. How long before Renua is making excuses for accepting money from developers?

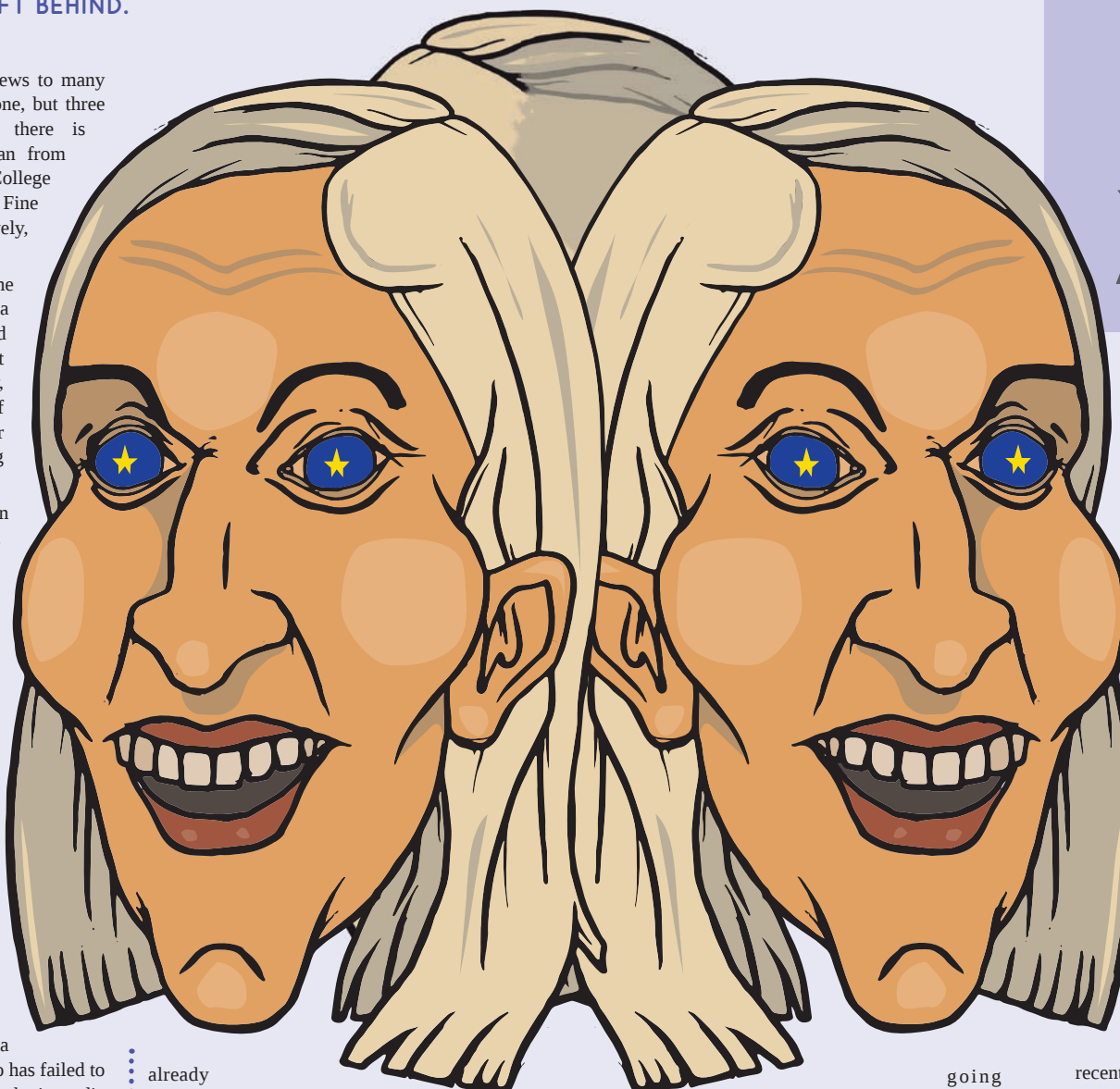
Despite being a lowly minister of state having no real responsibility and thus not entitled to a special adviser, Lucinda Creighton was among those who came to Brendan Howlin claiming "exceptional circumstances". Once again here not distinguishing herself from "old politics", and along with others helped to add over one million extra to public money wasted each year on special advisers.

It is probably fair to say her belief in Europe is sincere in the same way someone like Ruairi Quinn's would be. A class of people whose living standard will be largely unaffected by recent events but still feel slightly betrayed and let down now that the dream has revealed its true intent and teeth.

Her stint as European Affairs junior minister coincided with Ireland's presidency of the EU. She was praised for work during this time in what was essentially The Gathering crossed with the carnival of technocratic managerialism the EU has become.

So to Renua Ireland. To date, a stumbling morass of bland corporate PR and calamity. She has struggled to stand out or even fake a credible version of what the other parties already offer. What sets her apart remains the issue she was ejected from Fine Gael over. She has been elevated as the new Madonna if chatter on various prolife corners of facebook is to be believed. However, the party is anxious to shake off this distinction and efforts move closer to 'catch all' political territory will see her alienate even that tiny minority who will vote on catholic moral issues alone.

In 2011, she was part of a gang who went against the leadership to nominate to nominate Gay Mitchell for presidency who received just 6.4% of first preferences, Mitchell lost his deposit. Surely an omen for Renua Surely an omen for Renua here.





JAMIE GOLDRICK DONS HIS RAIN GEAR AND HEADS OUT FOR A VERY WET EARLY MORNING START TO SMITHFIELD SQUARE. THERE HE FINDS A CONTROVERSIAL AND ALMOST ANCIENT EVENT. ONE THAT LURES HORDES OF CAMERA WIELDING TOURISTS YET DIVIDES PUBLIC OPINION AND FINDS ITSELF BEING PUSHED OUT OF THE CITY.

There's been a couple of incidents at the horse fair over the past few years which stand out. A man was shot with a handmade gun in 2011, more famously a horse mounted a member of the Gardai. The event has since been cut from a monthly to a bi-annual event, the fair is getting smaller and smaller each year. Today March 1st, there are only 70 animals registered.

I am a little curious what to expect as I turn onto Smithfield Square from North King St. Immediately I notice that half the square is cordoned off with large metal fences, the center resembles a large cage. There are hi-vis vests everywhere. The horses aren't even here and I can spot large groups of Gardai huddled together talking shite and laughing. I haven't seen this many Gardai since the water meter protests. There are DSPCA in vests walking around, countless security guards, even the civil defence is here. There are some fire extinguishers sitting in strategic spots around the square too. Just in case the cobblestones go on fire

The horses have to walk in from the Bow street side about 200 metres away. At 10am, the traders start to bring their animals in after all formalities have been completed. There are about 200 people here; a mix of locals, Travellers and confused tourists that have come out of the adjacent youth hostel. It's 11 O'Clock and it soon becomes apparent that no more animals will be arriving. There are no more than 25 here.

The event has become a spectacle. Amongst the groups of trader, there are hordes of photographers skulking around, not conversing, just stealing shots from a distance. The whole situation is pretty ridiculous. At one point, the owner of three white ponies asks everyone to stop taking photos. At 11am it starts pissing rain. First to leave are the photographers and 20 minutes later when it's apparent that it's not going to stop, the traders. One visibly annoyed trader tells me what an absolute waste of a time today was. As far as I am aware, no animals were sold.

The West of the square is flanked by a huge development of hundreds of apartments, which were given the go-ahead as part of the Historic Area Rejuvenation Plan of 2007. The square was established in 1664. Horses appear to have been officially sold here from the late 1800s.

In years gone by, the horse fair took place on the first Sunday of every month and was well attended by locals, farmers and Travellers alike. These days, the authorities simply do not want the fair. The city council and the Gardai maintain there are health and safety issues, not to mention animal welfare concerns. Supporters of the horse-fair accuse the establishment of racism against the Travelling community, and acquiescing to (newly moved in) businesses and residents. There's a repeated sentiment that before urban renewal, the authorities did not give a shit about the horse fair.

These days the authorities do their best to stop the fair from happening. As the space allocated to the market gets smaller over time, the regulation increases. This acts to strangle a traditional market that authorities believe has no place in a modern Dublin.

Smithfield today is a void. It is a space people simply pass through. People do not congregate here, nor are they meant to stay here for any amount of time. The cleverly designed benches see to this. The authorities hope the space reminds us of old Dublin.

There are multiple symbols of the past on the square. The peculiar lights resemble the masts of Viking ships to signify their historic association with the area. The old Jameson Distillery is now converted to an observation deck to view the city. There are three pathetic looking wooden animals outside Fresh supermarket to signify the agricultural heritage that the square possesses. In doing this, the horse fair has been lumped in with the Vikings and the Distillery. Confined to history. Twice a year though, history actually

shows up and bites the urban planners in the ass. Culture is to be celebrated here in Dublin you see, but only at arms length. There is no room for horse shit in Dublin Corporations version.

There were plans to move the horse fair to a greenfield site but this fell through after the economic crisis hit Ireland in 2008. Combine this broken promise with a failed opportunity to integrate the horse fair into the existing development plan and what results is a horse fair that has nowhere to go with no alternatives being offered. The state then asserts its ownership over Smithfield using bureaucracy and red tape through the presence of the DSPCA, excessive amounts of Gardai (including the Gardai surveillance vehicle), private security guards and the Civil Defence.

It's been a depressing morning so far, I am not too hopeful for the future of the horse fair, but subsequent events make me think again. In the center of the square stands a solitary horse and its owner. The last ones left, they cast a lonely shadow out there on the square.

I ask him if he had any potential buyers for the horse and he told me that the horse is not for sale, he is just there to "make up the numbers". The gang of Gardai and private security guards huddled under a balcony are looking over wondering when the fuck is this guy going to leave so they can finish up.

It's an act of defiance which proclaims that this is our culture and we are not going away.

Photos by Jamie Goldrick



An anonymous blogger claiming to work for Ireland's drinks industry writes that our "Drink Responsibly" campaigns are modeled on American Big Tobacco campaigns that

which were actually increasing the likelihood of smoking.

See stopundercontroldrinking.com



{CULTURE}



WINNING

The Water War

FROM THE RIVERS TO THE SEA COMMUNITIES ALL OVER IRELAND ARE MOBILISING, ORGANISING AND GETTING OFF THEIR BARSTOOLS AND ONTO THE STREETS THANKS TO THE QUANGO THAT IS IRISH WATER. [SEAMUS L. MOORE](#) CHATTED TO THOSE AT THE HEART OF THE UPRISING.

5.45AM Stoneybatter, it's pitch black out and below freezing. 30 local activists haul their asses out of bed and make their way up to their meeting point on Manor St to plan for the mornings blockades. This determined bunch are on the early shift and will be replaced by others who'll pick up the slack later.

Local businesses and residents frequently drop down tea, coffee, soup and sandwiches. There is a steady stream of cars beeping their horns in support as they on drive by.

The solidarity and community involvement takes the bite out of the bitter cold mornings. This is a familiar scene that has been happening in communities all over Ireland since the installation of water meters began.

The demonisation of concerned local residents as dissident republicans and a violent "sinister fringe" has not worked, nor has a campaign of character smears against elected representatives involved in the campaign.

The documented violence and intimidation by masked Irish Water security guards has made residents even more resolved to continue. Even the extravagant and wasteful dawn raids on activists involved in the peaceful sit-down protests outside Joan Burtons car just further empowered the movement.

Public reacted with contempt to the jailing of four activists for peacefully protesting against the installation of water meters rather than giving into fear and obedience.

Sarah Hill from Stoneybatter Against the Water Tax explains:

"The government themselves are doing a wonderful job of messing up! They have vilified themselves in ridiculous sometimes comical ways".

The campaign is as strong as ever with up to 80,000 people turning out for the fourth demonstration since October. Why has the resistance to this tax continued to attract such sustained resistance and fostered such ridicule in the establishment where other movements have failed?

The Labour Party was last involved in a coalition government in 1997. Labour have traditionally occupied the role of the left wing alternative in mainstream politics, partially due to the legacy of James Connolly and their relationship with the largest trade union in the country SIPTU.

Labour is instrumental in implementing austerity, Frankfurt style. This has resulted in a complete disillusionment with mainstream politics. If Labour and its (what Pat Rabbitte might call useless "tits on a bull") rhetoric are not going to fight for the working stiff, then who will?

Sarah again:

"I never had high expectations but I am now disgusted and angry at the system. I have never engaged with politics until now because I felt it made no difference. I will continue to question our political representatives and will make an effort to support the few who inspire trust

in me".

Cue the formation and mobilisation of multiple local groups on a scale not seen since the Land League.

Rosi Leonard from Dublin's Broadstone against the Water Tax explains:

"The word contempt is thrown about a lot but how else can you describe the attitude of politicians when the people they rely on at the ballot boxes are the first they are willing to throw away? How else can you justify calling ordinary people part of a "sinister fringe" or "terrorists" for protesting? The way politicians have so flatly demonised protest goes to show how little they care for the actual processes of democracy".

This demonisation of the protesters is a response by disconnected establishment, afraid of the people they are meant to represent. The dangers of "mob rule", "anarchy" (misused) and strangely enough, "fascism" have been levelled against activists all over the country. Then there's the sneering by mobile phone expert Joan Burton.

Rosi elaborates:

"The reason so much political smearing has been levelled against us is because the movement itself is so simple, and that's dangerous to the establishment. All it takes is neighbours helping each other, it's as grassroots as it gets, I have been living in this area for over fifteen years years and I'd never met most of the people I ended up protesting beside".

Alan Gibson from Cobh Says no to Austerity outlines the reason why these protests have attracted so many

Tuam Babies

A year on and historian Catherine Corless who researched the 796 forgotten children from Tuam's Mother & Baby home speaks to RTE's Would You Believe. "I

really expected the clergy to come forward and to help us out and to do something about this atrocity. Nobody wanted to listen, nobody wanted to hear this story, nobody

wanted to face the truth."

See bit.ly/1fS1MYk



13



Ryan Tubridy's awkward and failed attack on Paul Murphy has become something of a Youtube classic in politically biased broadcasting.

people never before involved in activism:

"It is a combination of the straw that broke the camels back in terms of the apparently never-ending austerity for working people along with some degree of seeing the issue of water as something special that shouldn't be touched".

Figures from Eurostat show that the Irish will pay for 42% of the banking crisis, or €9000 per person (not including the €18 billion raided from the National Pension Reserve Fund), while the E.U. average is €192. The government, well versed in the numbers game chooses not to listen.

This is instead sidetracked into demonisation and their insistence that water has to be paid for somehow (which it already is) and de-contextualising it from the rest of the austerity agenda.

As the Rubberbandits put it so succinctly, "The Irish Water Protests are as much about water as the Boston Tea Party was about Tea".

The establishment has its cheerleaders in the mainstream media, yet the power wielded by these traditional gatekeepers of information is wilting as people move online to suss things out. Social media has broken the gates open, the public is not as reliant traditional media as it once was.

Combine this democratisation of news making with an emerging disillusionment in top down politics and what you get a movement which is something the establishment don't know quite what to do with.

From small town demonstrations to St.Patrick's Day

parades, from massive Dublin protests to Facebook memes the issue of Irish Water has created the unholy trinity of Enda, Joan and Denis.

"Enda Kenny, not a penny!", "Hide yer phone, here comes Joan" and something probably libelous about Denis O'Brien's hole are unifying chants. Hundreds of videos on YouTube and Facebook appear every month and people laugh over them in pubs across the country. Suddenly someone in Rialto has common bond with someone in Roscommon. The rules of the game are changing.

Confused in this emerging grassroots movement, the mainstream media try to pluck out a leader and try to vilify them.

The attacks on Paul Murphy as a "Champagne Socialist" are a testament to this. The implication being that one who attends private school should not have a social conscience are quite telling, of course this low level guff should be expected from a newspaper that is 29% owned by Denis O'Brien. This is the man who is the leading stakeholder in GMC Sierra.

This is the man who was named twice in a report where Ireland slipped a record 11 places down Transparency International's Worldwide Corruption Perceptions Index.

You have probably heard of him, no?

"Ah yes, the tax exile with a terrible haircut." Yep that guy.

Now it is altogether quite another thing to expect the same bias from the state broadcaster (i.e an organisation with a mandate to "inform, educate and entertain" its

citizens).

The choice of where they throw their incompetent gaze says it all. RTE refused to cover a peaceful candlelight vigil outside Coolock Gardai Station by hundreds of the "Pink Ladies". They will attempt to secretly film protesters in Stoneybatter in the hope of getting some dirt (which they didn't) and comically get caught in the process. And of course, Ryan Tubridy's awkward and failed attack on Paul Murphy has become something of a Youtube classic in politically biased broadcasting.

Now if low production values, "Fair City" and Joe Duffy's "Funny Friday" weren't already enough to get people out marching on the streets of Donnybrook then surely RTE's coverage of the Irish Water fiasco was the final insult. The protest on RTE's headquarters showed that people will simply not stand for this.

As Rosi from Broadstone describes "every tiny action builds solidarity, people now see that they have power to control the conditions of their lives, and that they shouldn't second guess themselves if someone tries to question it".

If you, like some of us root around 20th century horror the way session fiends search for that last lost yoke at 8am on a Sunday morning, then this

Youtube playlist is for you. It's full of disturbing psychological thrillers made in 1970s Italy. If Berberian Sound Studio by British director Peter Stickland

tickled your tummy then you'll really love this.

See bit.ly/1P7J04h



OIREACHTAS RETORT DRAGS US DOWN MEMORY LANE TO RTE'S COVERAGE OF ALL THAT IRISH WATER MALARKY.

IRISH SMILING LIES:

IRISH WATER & REGIME TEILIFIS ÉIREANN

WHILE FACING SCRUTINY OVER UNRECORDED MEETINGS HE, PHIL HOGAN, GARDAÍ AND OTHERS HAD WITH IRISH WATER MANAGEMENT, PAT RABBITTE CAME OUT SWINGING IN THE DAIL AND ACCUSED RTÉ OF ACTING "AS A RECRUITING SERGEANT" FOR PROTESTS AGAINST IRISH WATER.

JOE HIGGINS POINTED OUT THAT RABBITTE HAD ALERTED THE MEDIA TO BE PRESENT FOR HIS SPEECH. THIS WAS NO OFF THE CUFF ATTACK, THIS WAS PLANNED. RABBITTE CONTINUED: "IF I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER, ONE MIGHT CONCLUDE THAT THE LOPSIDED COVERAGE OF THE WATER ISSUE DERIVES FROM A DECISION OF THE RTE BOARD TO STRANGLE IRISH WATER AT BIRTH".

THE REST OF US HAVE A RATHER DIVERGENT VIEW OF HOW THE STATE BROADCASTER HAS BEEN HANDLING THE WHOLE IRISH WATER DEBACLE.

1

SILENCE

RTÉ barely mentioned the issue for three years. The commitment to establish a single water utility was signed under the Troika in November 2010. RTÉ said almost nothing about it till after legislation had passed all stages of the Oireachtas in December 2013. However, they did not report that either. On the day Irish Water became law, RTÉ didn't bother covering it all. Ming caused an almighty uproar by crossing the chamber and handing Fergus O'Dowd a glass of "glorified piss". This display of poisonous Roscommon drinking water was not dramatic enough to warrant mention on RTÉ News. If that wasn't enough, shortly after Ming had left the chamber, the entire opposition walked out of the Dáil because government had guillotined the legislation. Thus, the Water Services Bill became law receiving no scrutiny from either parliament or the national broadcaster.

2

CONTEXT

In January of 2014, the papers set to work exposing the enormous money pit Irish Water had become. For three years there had only been sporadic reporting across the media but now it was all about consultants, contracts and staff gyms. The media was scandalised by costs however during all this outrage at no point did RTÉ question the legitimacy of Irish Water or the circumstances under which it was being established. A massive conversion of resources to revenue at a time when government are in fact gutting public services and openly pursuing a project of extracting money from people. Irish Water had arrived, context free, and exists simply because people like Pat Rabbitte said it did. We are to believe that a bankrupt government in the beef industry's pocket, a state playing patsy for Royal Dutch Shell, the most heavily indebted people on earth, were just taking an eye-wateringly expensive jaunt into saving the planet. Led by Phil Hogan.





3

OMISSION

In February, Fergus O'Dowd TD told the Dáil that we "have real reason to be concerned" about privatisation and that "there are other forces at work. They may not necessarily be political forces. I do not know where they are coming from but they exist, they are active and they have an influence". These comments were shared widely, reported on Broadsheet, The Journal and even the O'Brien controlled media. Questions were put to Alan Kelly on the plinth. Over on RTE however, they managed to write an article about O'Dowd's contribution to the committee stage without mentioning any of this. They devoted four sentences to his regret that TDs weren't kept better informed about costs.

4

CORPORATE PR

Irish Water's Head of Communications Elizabeth Arnett is routinely given free airtime to read a prepared script. She has been gifted one-to-one interviews on Primetime and Marian Finucane. In the case of her highly choreographed face off with Miriam O'Callaghan, we had the token gesture of vetted questions from the studio audience. On the Late Late Show she appeared alongside Fine Gael TD Andrew Doyle, Richard Boydd Barrett and Paul Murphy. Murphy had been invited, told to cancel other media, then uninvited, then swiftly invited again after kicking up stink online. We could assume the flip flopping at RTÉ was down to finding debate appearance terms which Irish Water would agree to. Irish Water's public relations professional has, in a matter of months, appeared on the country's three largest current affairs platforms.

5

PROMOTION

Ahead of the national demonstration on December 10th, RTÉ devoted nearly ten minutes to boosting government's revised plan. Despite Alan Kelly announcing the changes nearly three weeks previously on November 19th,, RTÉ's main evening news rehashed the whole thing again for no reason other than the impending protest. "You can beat the cap" according to Sean Whelan. The Economics Correspondent, apparently.

6

VILIFICATION

In December, Primetime's Fran McNulty and others were caught secretly filming protesters in Stoneybatter from a camera concealed inside a gear bag and another from a van with blacked out windows. Remember, this is happening when we know that gardai are demanding material from journalists in order to secure convictions. A month earlier, Mark Coughlan presented an "in-depth report from the water protests" that amounted to Primetime's trademark scary music and as many republican flags as you could fit into an eight minute report. Protesters were being profiled right there on Tuesday night telly. Extracts from the éirígí manifesto were read aloud, on a programme that struggles to inform viewers which members of the Iona Institute are on every other week. This was the manufacturing of the "sinister fringe".

7

RIGGED INTERVIEWS

In February, Morning Ireland decided not to broadcast an interview they had recorded with Brendan Ogle after failing to trap him as intended. RTÉ researchers had got their facts wrong and when corrected, both interviewer and staff were 'visibly shocked' according to Ogle's account.

8

RIGGED REPORTING

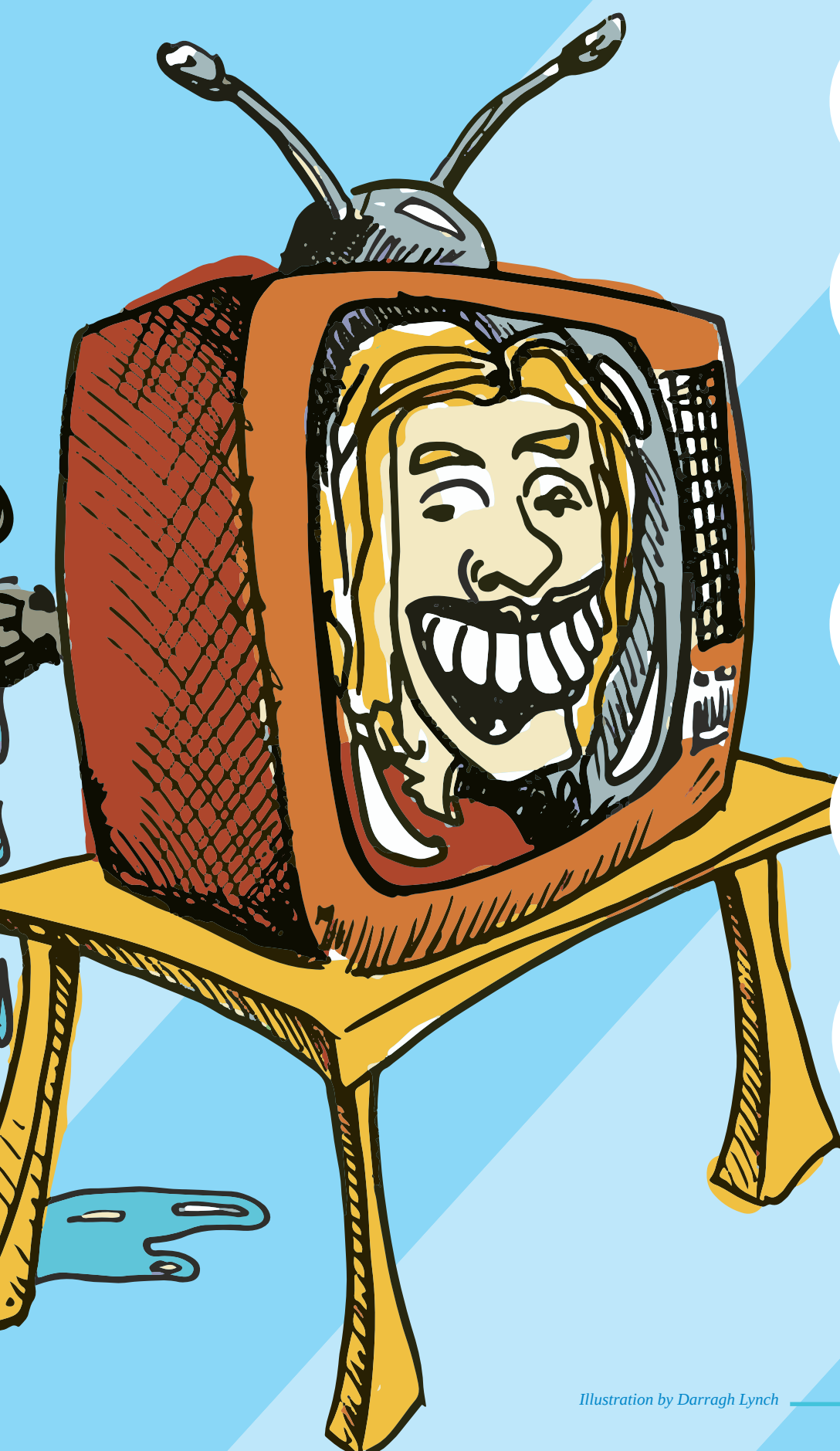
Throughout these months, Primetime and Clare Byrne Live topics ranged from "are protests out of control" or "gone too far" to "crossed a line". A Primetime video package on protests was titled 'anger management' and at this stage everything from the troubles, ISIS, suicide, anarchy and cyberbullying had been rolled into the mix as if it something these protests have to answer for.

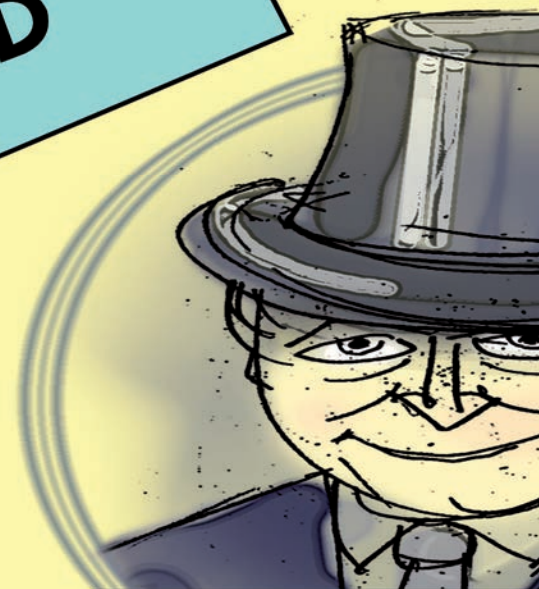
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DODGY FIGURES

On Primetime in March, Katie Hannon took the trouble to clarify confusion arising from Alan Kelly's contradictory registration numbers earlier in the week. The Political Correspondent "confirmed" the figures and was able to tell viewers that around two thirds have signed up. How was this confirmed? She asked Irish Water. There was no indication of how this was verified before broadcast. Take it or leave it. This has been going since day one. Random numbers are tossed around, front page headlines contradicting those on the inside. Regina Doherty categorically stating one figure on Morning Ireland and Joanna Tuffy another on Vincent Browne. There were three different figures circulating in the Irish media within an hour of each other on one day last week. No one, not least RTÉ, are asking why. Instead they are churning press releases from an organisation that does not even know how many "customers" they should have to begin with. As we are now in boycott territory, journalists are simply repeating whatever figure Irish Water tell them. Do you believe any of them?

This is an abridged version on an article that appeared at oireachtasretort.tumblr.com.





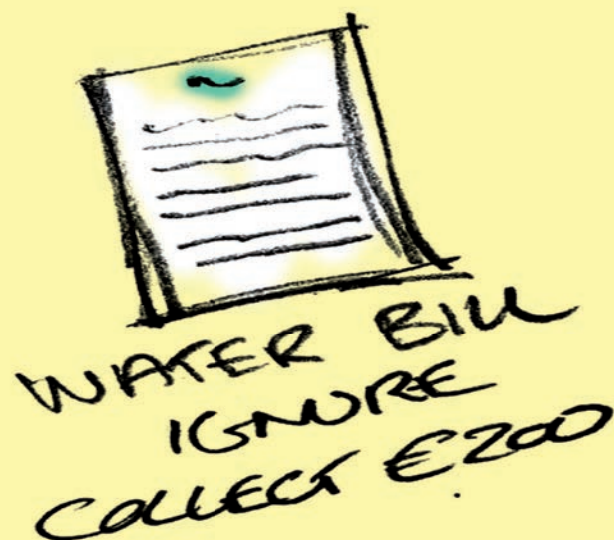
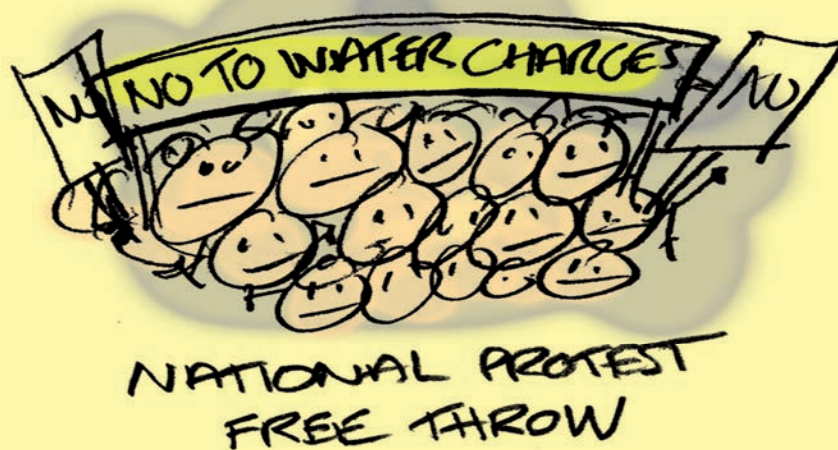
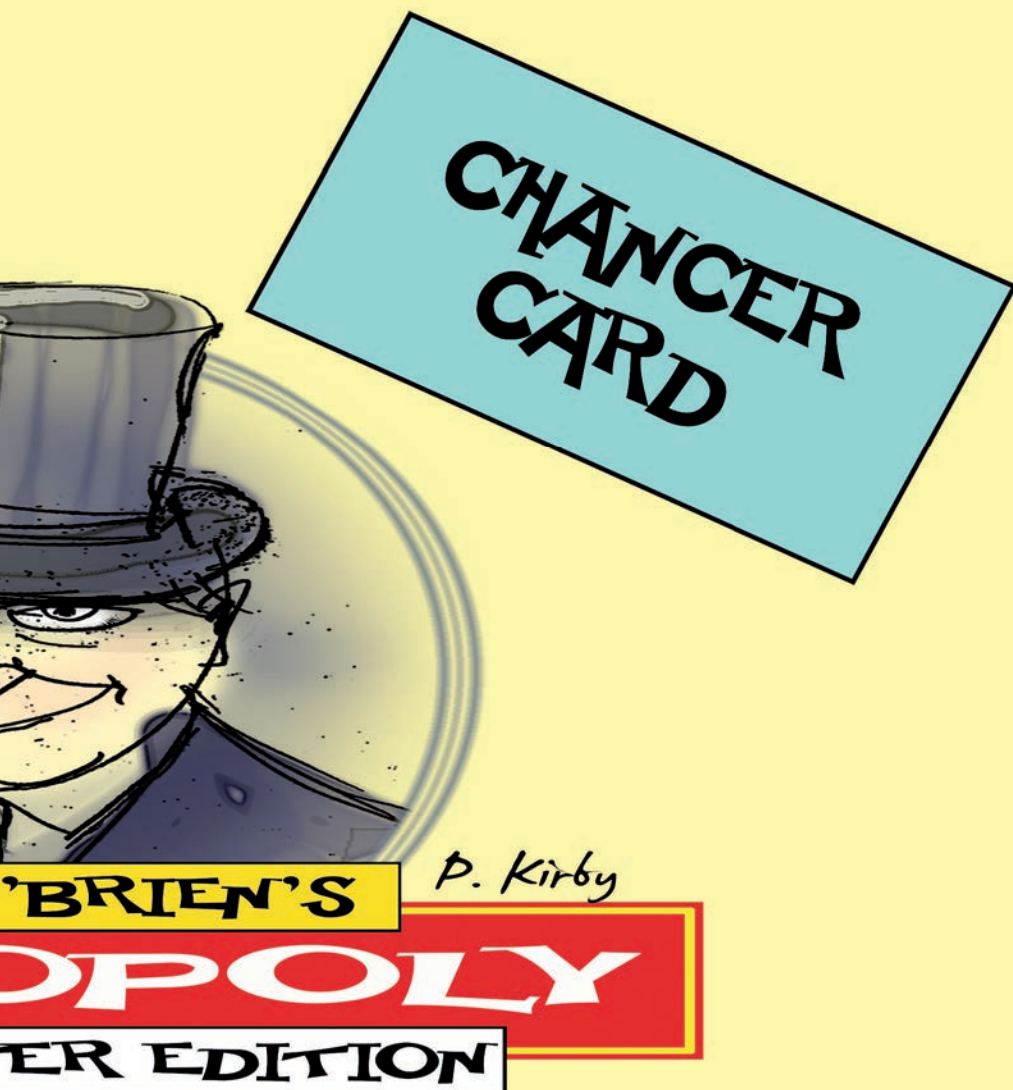
YOU BUMP INTO
ENDÁ IN PUB
COLLECT 2 PINTS
GO TO JAIL



CAUGHT WITH
TRICOLOUR
GO TO JAIL



IRISH WATER
BONUSES
PAY €500,000



“At the start of November 2011 the share price for Siteserv is 3 & 1/2 cent yet over the course of the month – as the supposed confidential sales process

intensifies – the purchasing of Siteserv shareholders increases 53 fold.” Catherine Murphy TD smells a rat.



MAY THE FIRST BE WITH YOU

IN THE EARLY 2000'S, ACTIVIST JOE CAROLAN CUT AN UNMISTAKABLE FIGURE AT DEMONSTRATIONS IN OUR DIRTY OLD TOWN. FOR THE LAST DECADE HOWEVER HE'S BEEN WORKING IN NEW ZEALAND WITH THE UNITE UNION WHICH, ON MAY 1ST, WON A VICTORY IN THE STRUGGLE FOR MCDONALD'S WORKERS' RIGHTS. RASHERS TIERNEY PICKED HIS BRAINS ON HOW THEY DID IT.

How did an Irish “red” with a fondness for Johnny Cash end up a senior organiser in a union in New Zealand?

I first heard about the Unite fast food recruitment drive reading an Indymedia article one evening in 2005 when I moved to Aotearoa. I had been a trade unionist and a socialist for over a decade, but in recent years had been more active outside the worksite in the anti-war and Global Justice movements.

The article told how Unite organisers had signed up 3,000 fast food workers to their union and launched a campaign for better pay and workplace rights. I congratulated the author, telling them how they were doing the work of Connolly and Larkin, organising the “unorganised”. Within a month, they’d convinced me to stay in New

Zealand and help as an organiser with the SupersizeMyPay.Com campaign.

I’d been a union member all my working life, and as a rank and file delegate had organised community workers and language teachers in Ireland. Back home, most socialists had until recently refused to take up full time positions with unions, as many were either controlled by right wing bureaucrats who wedded workers to partnership programmes or were adjuncts of the “afraid to be a pale shade of pink” neoliberal Labour Party.

But here there was the tradition of New Zealand’s own Red Feds, the American Wobblies, the Irish TGWU of Larkin and Connolly that all reminded me of Unite. Unions whose organisers had no privileges, who were on the average industrial wage (or less) and who stood for a

fight and for change led from below, by workers themselves. I learned how to organise from comrades such as Mike Treen, Matt McCarten, Piripi Thomson and Simon Oostermann.

Simon took me around the Starbucks stores. In a zone that anti capitalists and socialists had encouraged people to boycott, he showed me how we could bring the spirit of the Global Justice fight inside to workers in the stores. Expecting hostility, I was impressed with the spirit of solidarity he struck up with Starbucks workers- it was a revelation to me.

Does the precarity of these sort of jobs call for unions to break out of traditional models of organising?

Because of the massive turnover in these industries, we must recruit hundreds of workers

every month just to stand still. I think that traditional unions who say that these industries are unorganisable are lazy. We have proved that not only are these workers organisable, but that precarity can be defeated by organisation.

Explain the “Socialisation of losses” amongst employees.

A cinema worker has bills to pay, food to buy, rent. They might get five shifts a week while The Avengers is on, it’s a popular movie. But when 50 Shades of Grey is showing, the boss cuts their hours. But the worker still needs to eat.

The boss has socialised the losses, in other words they’ve put the risk onto the worker rather than the company. The workers are the ones who take the hit if a film is unpopular and the company takes the profits when times are good.

Not as “I Do”.

Peter Westmore the president of the National Civic Council, a conservative Catholic lobby group that rallies against same-sex marriage has revealed that

he travelled to New Zealand to attend and bless the same-sex marriage of his daughter Trish. He maintains he is still opposed to marriage equality.



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How does the atmosphere created by zero hour contracts affect union organising?

Zero Hours contracts are primarily about power. If you don't suck up to the manager, they'll cut your hours. If you don't take that late night Saturday shift at three hours notice, they'll cut your hours. Join the union, make a complaint? Wait three months, then cut your hours. During the hard fought MCS strike campaign two years ago, we were hassled by the cops on the picket lines, the delegates all got bullshit disciplinarys, then their hours were cut.

Workers were telling organisers - look, a pay rise and better conditions are great, but the fundamental problem is the power they have over us- they use the roster as a disciplinary weapon. Break that weakest link, and you fundamentally change power in the workplace. Hence a highly focused, single issue campaign this time. Pay, conditions and density will follow after this victory.

Was it difficult to carry out this campaign with just 15% of the McDonald's staff organised?

A highly motivated, networked and organised minority can beat a company even if the majority are passive. Taylorism and Just in Time are a fine

art, McDs are probably at the cutting edge of this. So when we throw a spanner in the works, lightning strikes, occupations, or just start pulling out three or four workers on strike from a store- the whole House of Cards can fall. What would have happened if the Mayday strikes and McOccupys had gone ahead? But they signed the deal at one minute past midnight on Mayday morning.

Why did McDonald's hold out so long against the unions compared to other companies?

It's not just because they're the biggest employer, it's because they're the most ideological. In nearly all the other companies, we've got a union benefits scheme. We've got schemes that provide life insurance, we've assisted with funerals and benefits like movie tickets. But McDonald's has never conceded these things, because they know union density would shoot up... to where we're at with KFC, where we now have closed shops all over Auckland and 60% density around the country.

After our “McStrike” campaign two years ago, we signed a peace treaty with them, which included promises of fairer rosters. They tore that up within weeks and started cutting the hours of delegates to drive them out.

Also, they're fighting us because they've got their eyes on the \$15 minimum wage movement in the United States. On April 15, there were strikes in the US. We've made links with these workers.

McDonald's opposition comes in the face of overwhelming public opinion. There's been loads of so-called right-wingers who have been won to the left because of this. They've said: “Oh my god, have things got so bad, has the pendulum of neoliberalism swung so far to the right that now a worker doesn't have any guaranteed hours?”

The media goes out to interview business people to get some “balance” but these people say: “No, no, no, the union's right, I wouldn't have anyone on a zero hours contract.”

Are you keeping up with the whole Irish Water movement here from New Zealand?

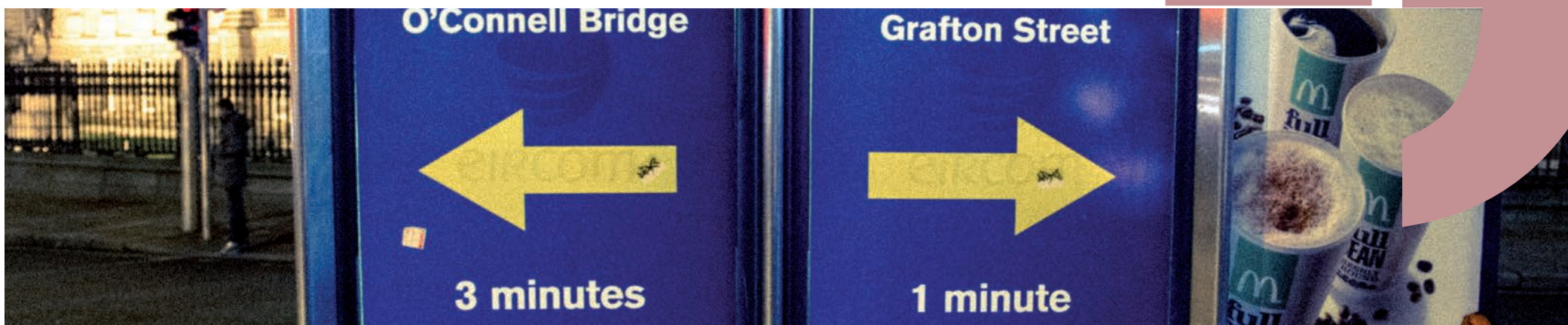
The Irish Water movement is hugely inspirational- the mass marches, the direct action, the political conclusions people are drawing from it. It's obviously the straw that broke the camel's back- everybody is sick of austerity.

Crucially some unions have moved into a political role to fight for community issues rather than just their own industrial focus. The rotten role of the Irish Labour Party, the Media and the Gardai

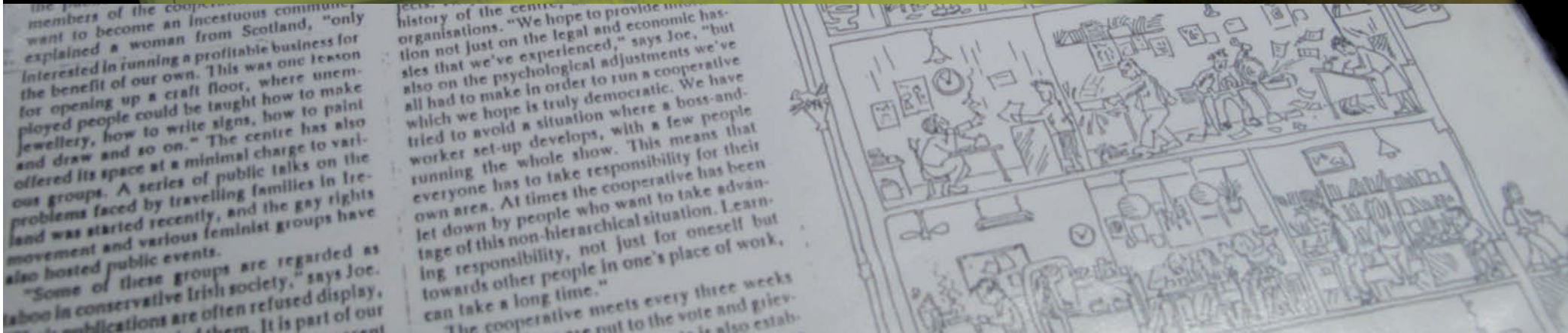
has been exposed. I hope that 100 years after the 1916 Rising, there will be revolutionary change in Ireland, and am sorely tempted to return home and do my bit for it. If any of the lessons we have learned here in Aotearoa can be of service to low paid workers in Ireland, and people were keen, I'd love to give it a stab back home. Who's keen?

Photos by Paul Reynolds

They use the roster as a disciplinary weapon. Break that weakest link, and you fundamentally change power in the workplace.



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THE MEDIA VAUNTS TECH GURUS AND METRIC DRIVEN SOCIAL ENTREPRENEURS AS ELEVATED BEINGS WITH CURES FOR ALL OUR ILLS BUT COOPERATIVES HAVE BEEN ANSWERING OUR NEEDS FOR A LOT LONGER. RASHERS TIERNEY SETS OUT, DICTAPHONE IN HAND, AND FINDS A FORM OF COMMUNITY LED ORGANISATION THAT BROUGHT LIFE TO DERELICT PARTS OF THE CITY, WADES IN AGAINST RURAL ISOLATION AND KEEPS BOOZERS OPEN IN BRITAIN.

Most of us have some image of co-ops , for some that might veer from a vegan cafe in some hipster enclave abroad or just that ridiculously intolerant, male-skewering Women and Women First bookshop in Portlandia.

Over in France, something like 30, mainly small enterprises a year from phone repair firms to ice-cream makers, have become workers' co-operatives since 2010. While any lefty worth their salt can fart on about the turn of the century wave of factory occupations in Argentina. Growing up close to a farming community, brands like Avonmore hung heavy around me while a local coop supplied water to a couple of hundred homes across 20 kilometres of pipe. No Irish Water then. Then there was the mart in Carlow. Itself a coop with the puzzling rat-a-tat-tat jabber of the auctioneer that went with it.

According to the The Irish Co-operative Organisation Society (ICOS) over 3 million people on the island are members of some form of coop with 1 in 3 of our European cousins in one. That's something like a crazy 163 million Europeans, employing 5.4 million. Siobhán Mehigan works in ICOS. Their HQ is full of busts of dead men and rather stuffy. The governing legislation around coops is unchanged since around 1884. Coops have a legal distinction from a company and place democratic control and a willing transparency at their heart.

Siobhán fills me in: " We are a co-operative ourselves. We are owned by our members. I suppose our focus is always going to be rurally based co-operatives in so far as that whole pulling together and reaching scale and scaling up efficiently."

She talks about how agriculture is still the backbone of the rural economy and wouldn't be there without the cooperative interest and points to private meat processors as the opposite of sustainability.

"Beef processing is held in pretty much four companies' hands, which aren't even legal entities so we can't even see their accounts and they are making an absolute small fortune we perceive and we don't actually know as they don't issue public accounts and stuff. When you have processing in producer owned hands it means it's a much more sustainable, democratic and all of that."

The discussion moves on to alienation in rural areas, like Loughmore with its community run tea room.

"The post office is gone, the pub shut down and there's no shop. The creamery has closed its branch.

Things like that. So, two extremely strong and capable ladies opened it up but didn't want it as their own shop so they brought the community in and set it up as a co-operative where the community has shares in it and it's in the community's interest. They go for their cup of tea there, go down for the paper and that. Even to go down and meet the neighbours, to have that interaction is extremely important in a rural community."

If rural Ireland is the heartland of the coop movement, then what's the state of co-operatives in our concrete jungles? Are there alternative ways of doing business such as workers co-ops bristling in Dublin?

You'll find Square Wheel Cycleworks buried in a basement on Temple Lane South, it's a popular bike workshop run by a legendary cycling advocate called Kieran. It's a one man business these days, having passed out of co-operative ownership but it stands as the last remnant of the Dublin Resource Centre, a larger cooperatively run premises that hosted an array of ventures in the derelict Temple Bar of the 1980s.

It created a splash at the time and Kieran shows me newspaper cuttings, including a zine type thing with an illustration of the premises. It's a childlike sketch of a restaurant, a bookshop, a printing works, some office spaces and a screen printing service.

"The government hadn't defined for themselves what a workers coop was from a state organisation's point of view a co-op was an agricultural coop which caused us some problems. But there were some advantages and loopholes we could take advantage of. So we were setting up a new type of coop that hadn't been seen in the country before."

With 30-40 people working in the place, there was also an internal co-op newsletter dealing with issues like rent negotiations or getting word out about events.

It all generated a sense of community beyond the space itself and in the area more generally. Down the road was the headquarters of the National Gay Federation in the Hirschfield Centre - itself a treasured city centre space.

"We had fairly close contact with them and if you remember a magazine called Out Magazine? It was a gay supporters' magazine, that was actually based in this building for a while."

He explains the centres origins against the drab backdrop of 1980's Dublin.

"It was set up by people who came together, who

didn't have jobs and were creating employment for themselves. The plans were to demolish the whole of Temple Bar and build some sort of multistory bus station and office complex here with a tunnel underneath the river to bring the buses back and forth."

The buildings on either side were more or less derelict and about to be knocked down, so rents from CIE were cheap at a time before property developers.

"When I opened the doors here first we were one of the few businesses that had a front entrance into Temple Lane."

Ciaran Moore is an ex- Board member and one time staffer in the Dublin Food CoOp, he's still involved in the media cooperative Dublin Community TV. It's 1992 and after converting a student union bookshop into a cooperative, him and four others open a cafe in Ranelagh with support from Fáis.

"We dealt with the Co-op Development Unit, initially to get a feasibility study grant of €3000, then to do a course in setting up a co-op and then to get a 2 year support package with wages for staff and a manager and some small capital grants. The course was strange - there had been a bit of an idea around workers co-ops being set up to replace bankrupt business in the 70s and 80s. "Setting up a co-op in 1993 was a lot easier than 2013. People knew what they were then."

They had support from the Irish Trade Union Trust, an organisation set up by the newly formed SIPTU, to support co-ops and similar worker led initiatives.

"The restaurant lasted a couple of years - we owed tax and lost our wine license so had to shut down. "

Moore has a realistic assessment of the ups and down of coops. Take for a minute the rather ironic fact that the more successful they become as business ventures, the more they might diverge from that core ideal of participation.

"Generally an early thing they do when they start to generate surpluses is hire a staff member to undertake administrative tasks. In the Dublin Food Co-op as with other consumer co-ops the role of paid staff expanded as the operation becomes more regular, needs to maintain standards and negotiate leases etc. But in many consumer co-ops the members become more passive while the staff do not have a formal vote so become alienated from their work in the same way anybody else is."

Fast forward to a clubbing weekend in Manchester, there's a copy of the Campaign For

Real Ale's lying on the table with an update about a self-managed boozer out in Salord called The Star Inn. Contact is made and Ella Gainsborough meets me off a bus, she's on the committee for the bar and runs a regular slam poetry night there.

It's a far cry from Diageo cowtowed pubs in Dublin. Situated in an old coach house it had been run down dramatically by the brewery before closure was announced - so regulars pulled together to bring it into community ownership.

"The thing is with here you get a real mix of people, like doctors and lawyers then taxi drivers and manual trades people. So we managed to get five people who had a lot of money and who come in regularly because they wanted to save the pub. Automatically people who donated a certain amount got shares in the pub."

The backroom was done up, a pool table was brought in and a tablet bought for the bar so they can live tweet events. Pints are dirt cheap and there's an amazing smoking area outside.

"When we bought the pub no one wanted to be the manager per se. Having so many people put so much in you couldn't have it as a sort of strictly hierarchical thing. So, having the committee meant we got some help in terms of practicality, in terms of logistics and possibly some financial help. Obviously it was a major thing. Everyone that has shares has never run a pub before, so it was using that broad range to ensure the best possible thing happens for the pub. And generally it works."

It's problems are those that hit any voluntary organisation.

"Ya know you get in from work and you go 'do I really want to write up the minutes from the last meeting or do I really want to try and contact 16 people to see if they'll help me build a bench or whatever,' but you know once you are kind of there and you are doing it, you realise that if this place closed I would be absolutely devastated and a lot of other people would be too."

Jules, a techhead software co-op member (and formerly of Dublin's The Exchange collective) assesses the problems with division of labour that can affect co-ops such as his own. "I think ultimately the answer is that they are messy and you have to keep on working it out. We don't have any definite solution especially with the fact that we are trying to do a new model that we are developing ourselves."



UNTOLD

IT'S NO SURPRISE THAT THE COMMERCIAL CHARTS DOMINATE WATERFORD'S CLUBS, YET THE CITY IS FULL OF PASSION FOR MUSIC AND SEVERAL ALTERNATIVES DO EXIST. PAUL HERINCX BRINGS US TO THE HEART OF A THRIVING TECHNO SCENE, A FAMILY OF PRODUCERS AND ONE SOUND SYSTEM THAT KEEPS IT ALL ALIVE.

While international house bookings follow one another and fill the local clubs, Waterford is also home to a varied palette of techno artists. Myler, Mael and Henja attack industrial techno with their own angles. Their personal output includes dark audio forces based on frenetic kick drums, metallic textures and broken percussions. Some of it has not gone unrecognized on the worldwide techno scene. Myler has EP's

on catalogues such as Untold's Pennyroyal or Brooklyn's Fifth Wall. While Mael's first tracks have been praised by Dave Clark. Henja's only EP received a physical release on Danish label's Nord Records. Even so it remains almost impossible to catch these artists playing in the area. Local people are not paying too much attention to their music, they're not sought after by local promoters and they are not looking for local gigs. vv

It's tempting to contextualize the cold and raging atmospheres they're shaping in their tracks by looking at the post-industrial landscape in Waterford as Mael outlines: "I do see how people could relate my music to the current economic climate, a lot of derelict buildings are giving the impression of doom and gloom. Funny thing is I don't see my music as being dark and moody, quite the opposite in fact. I usually only sit down to write when I feel good about it".

Myler was into techno way before he discovered it but admits that remnants of the local environment aren't irrelevant in his music. "There are some desolate spots around the county that I have spent some time in and get real inspiration from. I think a lot of my inspiration for industrial sounds have come from places like the abandoned Árd Rí hotel or the old tannery in

Portlaw. I have always been extremely intrigued by abandoned buildings". When I ask how their drum programming and beat construction got to this stage Henja gives a natural answer. "There's something so driving and universal about techno patterns, primal madness!" Industrial material from other techno heads has emerged in the last few years and a niche has been formed with two local labels focused on industrial techno. Myler's Until Morning Records and Luke Creed's Variance. Waterford has also produced names like Mote and Ikeaboy. There is depth to this scene if you look for it. Mote is a veteran on this scene (amongst others) and had been producing dub and Detroit influenced techno from the late 90's until 2004. Mote's tracks are intimate dance spaces. He's sparingly releasing some of it on soundcloud and

I do see how people could relate my music to the current economic climate, a lot of derelict buildings are giving the impression of doom and gloom.



UNTZ

has some eclectic mixes on local radio Open Tempo. fm under the name of Lace Antenna. These are well worth a listen.

Ikeaboy started by DJing in local free parties in the late 90's and is still a frequent face. He has been developing his own sound, oscillating between techno, electro, dubstep and acid music; in a deeply electronic aesthetic, full of weird tones.

Some of them are notably released in the form of an album on Nute Records and EPs on Irish labels D1 Recordings and Invisible Agent. When I bring up Irish licensing laws and their effect the on the techno scene here, his reaction is pretty quick:

"It's probably what killed it. People go to the pub until 00:30. Firstly, it's hard to organize drunk people. And they don't want to pay a fiver or a tenner to stay in a club for an hour and a half. Then, what kind of experience can anyone give in an hour and a half? For a proper club culture to build, I think you need to have the same people dancing in the same room on a regular basis, for much more than an hour. We've had fantastic nights in Waterford like Music Lab, where we could build this friendship, that's what really keeps the scene going. There is

a whole culture that has been really hurt by the licensing laws. When clubs were allowed to stay up until 3:30 or 5 am it was a completely different set of possibilities. Which is why the free party scene happens. The most vibrant dance nights are in the free party scene, unfortunately."

By organizing parties outside clubs for almost a decade the Untz! soundsystem has kept a varied dance music scene alive in the area. In 2005 the concept was born as an occasional night in the back room of an old man's pub by three friends.

Without over-thinking it, they played music that diverged from the minimal techno club nights that were prevalent in Waterford at this time. Harder techno, UK rave and dub records formed the night's identity and it became a monthly dance gathering for three years.

After this happy period two of the three core people moved away and Muc became the main man behind Untz! He decided to build a soundsystem yet Muc still uses the term "we" when he talks about Untz!

"We just threw parties wherever we could! And so

we've been doing that just in different ways, with different groups of people, in different scenarios and everything, with different types of music." Without carelessly complying with trends, the sound system is animated by a desire to let the town express itself.

Muc develops the point: "We're not looking for people, generally, to come from outside to play. We don't feel the need to do that. We are just basically setting up speakers for local people in Waterford to have a party. These days, because of the internet, it's harder to run a night and to have a very defined personality about that. It's operating in a much more global open sense. The boundaries have all fallen down. Now everything is compared to Berlin, compared to this, to that...rather than have its own base. Allow it to be itself and if it falls flat and it's shit it's ok for that to happen. Whichever way it turns out it's ok."

Opentempo.fm is another praiseworthy entity playing a key role in the health of the dance music subculture that lives in Waterford today. The station has been around since 2011, keeping the rich history of local pirate radio alive here.

"I like to think that we're trying to do something

similar (to former pirates) here, by providing genres or some shows that wouldn't be found on radio in the south east."

As one man behind the project explains, the radio was born break the FM band stagnation. And they choose to draw from the juicy reservoir of DJs that make up the city to fulfill this aim.

"The sole intention, really, is to be a platform for people to believe in themselves. There's a lot of people who are playing or making music at home, nobody is going to hear it. They just do it as a hobby and they completely underrate themselves". The studio gathers music enthusiasts in an easy-going setting and collaborations continue inside and outside the radio shows.

"People of a different point of view, a different mindset, weren't connected but Open Tempo gives them a way all to connect, and because of that you can create a community" says Lando, an alternative party organizer.

Photos by Bob Jacques and Muc.



A Grand Day Out

While you wasted your Paddy's Day getting munted at Bloc or recovering from over priced Temple Bar pints, a Dublin anarchist and his compadres headed on a mad vision quest to build

a folk music academy in the ruins of battle-scarred Kobane. Ya mad bastards, we salute ye.

Look up bit.ly/1COWKF2

And Yet We Must Live!

IF HEANEY'S SQUAT PEN ISN'T QUITE YOUR BAG OF SPUDS THEN THE PEOPLE'S POETRY AWARD MIGHT BE JUST FOR YOU. SEAN FINNAN CHATS TO SARAH CLANCY, DAVE LORDAN AND OTHER HEADS WHO ARE MAKING POETRY A THREAT AGAIN.



The thing that I'm reminded most of all when I look at these young people is punk.

Comprised of more than 80 judges from Clare Daly to Christy Moore, the award is based on the relationship between the poet and the public. This being its first year, Dave Lordan told us about his reasons for starting the prize.

"It's an idea that's being floating around for a couple of years and it's quite an obvious idea really. There's so many young people in particular, but sometimes not so young people, often making homemade videos of poems which are very powerful and very eloquent. They speak to the general concerns of people, things like, ya know, the Eighth Amendment and the anti-water charges poems. We'd a lot of poems too dealing with women's sexuality and so on."

"There's a collective thing going on if you like," continued Dave, "and I really thought it was time to shine a light on this. It worked out really. I decided to run a prize that wouldn't be about the razzmatazz or getting a photo with the president or anything like that, but would be more about artistic development and building the audience for this type of work over all."

Sarah Clancy, a familiar face at recent anti-water charges demonstrations, was this year's winner of the prize with her poem *And Yet We Must Live in These Times* documenting the personal anger and vulnerability of living in austerity Ireland.

"In some ways it's the first competition here in Ireland that just took poems that were out in public," Sarah explained to me. "So these were poems that were made public before so I didn't enter myself. I didn't vote for myself, I didn't do anything about it that's just what happened. So in ways I've an advantage as I'd the poem at the water demo and some people had seen it on Facebook and Stephen Murphy probably had the same. The competition in

some ways then reflects that poetry was in public this year which I think is the first time in a long time."

The majority of poems that made the shortlist for the People's Poetry Award have a political edge to them. And despite poetry in Ireland being historically close to radical politics, it's a form of late that has come across as a glitch of romantic nostalgias rather than an articulation of the mood of the people.

"There's a great quote from, do you remember the Situationists?" asks Clancy, "They have a marvellous quote, the point is not to put poetry in the service of the revolution but to put the revolution in the service of poetry. It's not that poetry has a real role in changing things, in making big things happen, but people being able to express what they think about things in ways that weren't happening to them by the status quo are enormously important and that doesn't matter if its graffiti or poetry. Just people going 'I've the right to have an opinion on something, I've the right to have and express my own feelings on it rather than what I've been told about it.' If we can't imagine something better, we won't get it. That's where I'd see the role of artists, first of all rejecting what's here and second of all in terms of what it might look like, or what it might be like to be independent."

Social media has opened up the possibilities of that independence, an opportunity to find a prospective audience from one's own bedroom, no longer beholden to the whims of a publisher and the demands of a marketplace.

As Lordan describes:

"There are generally more people more politically aware, more open and therefore they're more open to radical art. The thing that I'm reminded most of all when I look at these young people is punk. You know people just setting up their own thing, saying what

they want to say and saying it in the way they want to say it and finding their own audience. There is no funding whatsoever for poetry films, poetry videos and very little for spoken word. It's all hand to mouth stuff. But that has an advantage in the sense that everybody involved is very grass roots.

This competition showed that up, it showed up the DIY culture, that you could do a major competition without involving a major sponsor, or any institutions or without filling out any forms. All we had to do was have the idea and get it to happen. I suppose we used the methods of the activist left...they don't wait for permission to do stuff, they just go off and do it themselves and that's why we like them."

However, another of the nominees of the award Alvy Carragher points to a number of potential problems surrounding the recourse to social media as the main platform for poetry.

"Internet trolls, narcissism, spending more time on Twitter/Facebook than on your poetry. If you spend half your time performing and half of it social networking - then where's the time for your craft? I also think it can have the effect of people producing work before its ready or feeling like they need to and producing lack lustre stuff. Which doesn't do the promotion of poetry as an art any favours."

Yet, as evidenced on the link below, the quality of the poems nominated for the prize and their willingness to honestly engage with contemporary Ireland highlight once again that poetry is never far from dissent.

Head over to the Bogmanscannon.com to look at the twelve pieces of poetry that made up the entries for 2015.

Photos by Fabio Barcellandi & Beibhinn O'Connor.



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take five

Dublin's most stuck up bougie shitholes

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01

MALAHIDE.



This place lies well north, putting lie to that old myth that all wealth is south side. It's full of auld lads in beige yacht wear, looking like second-rung cast members of the Love Boat. Then there's the Tennis Club with its flocks of dads in dazzling whites, probably bleached in the urine of their enslaved au pairs. There's even a landmark stretch of protected long grass, that should be renamed the "the social barrier reef" as residents use it to divide the land of Jeeps and Dubes from their poorer cousins in Portmarnock. Malahide has boutiques, not shops - where the soy latte sipping Moms plough down kids named Fuinneóg and Uachtarreite while parking their range rovers outside. Dress bland but well. The police will be called if you are rocking your latest counterfeit Adidas tracksuit.

02

D8.



Ah yes, a favourite of the LovinDublin brigade. Cork St truly could be said to sit somewhere between devastation and utter Harboisation. We'd like to think the oul fellas in pubs like Kennedys, The Dean Swift and The Liberty Belle are made of stern stuff though, and judging by the way Irish Water were fucked out of the area it'll take more than a Weekend Review to transform the Coombe to Kreuzberg. There's also hope the flocks of madjouvits frequenting District 8's yoke fests squat the carcass of those bits of St Teresa's Gardens left abandoned by another failed Public Private Partnership and rave it into the ground scaring the limpsters out.

03

STONEYBATTER.



Who gives a shit if The Joinery, one of Dublin's most established independent art spaces has closed down when you can go pay €4 for a coffee with hardly any milk in it! Not only that, you can cruise up to the local gastropub and order your meal off a menu that's, wait for it... hidden in the center of a book, how kooky! Rent is great value too, a two-bed on Arbour Hill went for only €1795 last month! For Dublin's more aspirant squeezed middle, the only drawback is that you are quite close to those crusty squatters in Grangegorman, but hey, they'll be all turfed out soon, taking with them some of the only damn spirit left in the area. With that new DIT campus opening soon, we can expect the plague of pretension and rip off rents to spread deep into Phibsboro and Cabra.

04

RANELAGH.



Wha?! No but seriously, Ranelagh has been "hollowed out". The old fashioned village atmosphere and traditional small businesses have disappeared as the bedsits synonymous with the Triangle have been gutted for top-dollar homes. The population decreased as much as the average wage skyrocketed. Ranelagh now is more a pissant strip mall of bland cafés than the bustling village outside the canal of old. Yoga mats. Gyms. Go Ranelagh

05

CAMDEN ST.



Fuggedaboutit. Once your area is the eponymous lead in a TV reality show you know it's time to roll up your copies of Alive and get the fuck out of Dodge. Camden St. has long managed to keep a mixed broth of oul man pubs, rock venues, hipsters, groovers, shakers, fishmongers, chippers and county jerseys on the boil. God knows how but the centre cannot hold. From hipster honey trap festivals like Canalphonic and Camden Crawl to the vodka fucked zombies playing Froggr with taxi drivers and buses at night, you'd be better forsaking your daily kale focaccia for the local greasy spoons of the Northside proper.



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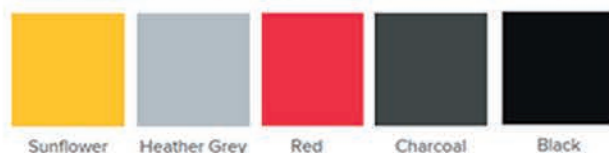


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**MANDATE
TRADE UNION**



IF YOU SEE THE OTHER ON THE ROAD, KILL HIM

Angus waved off Lorenzo and Giulia, said he'd catch up with them the following night in Ponferrada. His tendonitis was bad enough he couldn't push through it, and he couldn't bear the thought of another hill, even a small one. He'd miss seeing the cross at sunset, but sunrise the next morning didn't seem too bad a trade.

He limped into the first albergue he could find in Foncebadon - a grimy bar facing off to the anaemic town - plastic chairs outside, rusty bunks upstairs. Boots off, bag stashed, laundry hung, he flattened a twenty note on the bar and relaxed. More than enough to get more than merry. He was doing his inflamed shin no favours by getting drunk and dehydrated but, he reasoned, his shin hadn't done him any favours.

By nine it was true dark and the make-shift drinking buddies he'd found were shaping to get to bed. A Korean girl, In-Sook, shared a spliff with him and gave him a tube of Ibuprofen cream for his shin. He was going to ask if she wanted to walk out together the next morning, but without preamble she stood up, hoisted her backpack and produced a headlamp from its folds. She waved goodbye and walked off for the forest, on a path invisible in the night.

"She only walks at night you know."

Aengus thought himself alone and was surprised to find a lumpy looking man sitting in the shadows to his right, only the glint of moonlight off his teeth visible. The man, speaking in an accent that was hard to place, went on: "She came from Korea by bus with friends. Six months she has been travelling. But never does she adjust to the right time. She leaves her friends behind and carries on. Sleeping at daytime, walking at night-time. The whole thing, whole Camino, alone and in dark."

The man seemed pleased with himself and reached out a hand, “I am Almos”. Aengus, still finding it hard to focus on the man’s face, tried to blink away his drunkenness, thinking that the problem. “I didn’t see you before. You a friend of In-Sook’s?” Almos only smiled at that, his teeth enlarging in the dark.

Aengus made his excuses and got to bed before they locked the doors.

He set off at half five that morning, knowing he'd be moving slow. In the trees around him birds were kicking up a fuss, unhappy with the phone-light Aengus was using to pick his way through the rocky path. He checked his pocket to make sure he still had the stone brought from home.

Tradition was you placed a stone, like a prayer, at the top of the giant cairn at the Cruz De Ferro. It embarrassed him, the naked religiosity of it, the sentimentality. Yet he'd brought a stone with her name on it anyway.

The birds quietened. A new light cast jagged shadows from somewhere behind. He turned to see In-Sook making her way up the forest path behind him. Pleased,

he waved to her to join him. But as the light drew closer he realised it wasn't In-Sook, but Almos. He couldn't understand his mistake, but it was too late to do anything but wait.

Irritated, he tried to walk slowly, to encourage the man to move on, but it only seemed to make Almos eager to chat.

“You are Irish my friend?”

"Yep."

“You walk from where?”

“St. Jean.”

“Very good, a long walk, 1000km no?”

"Yep." And then, with reluctance, "You?"

"I walk from home. In Budapest. 3000km! I walk for three months. I sleep in forests. I sleep by motorways. I sleep in public toilets, and I walk, walk, walk."

Aengus was surprised the sun had not yet risen. That there were no other pilgrims, just him and Almos. The sun should surely have risen. Others should have joined the trail. He noticed the birds were silent, yet thought he could see pairs of eyes, gleaming with moonlight, throughout the forest.

“You Christian my friend?” asked Almos.

“No.”

“Me neither. I worship a true god. Old god. You know Mercury?”

“The Roman god?”

“These Christians they come to these places, they think they walk a Christian path. But many walk this way thousands of years. This Cross we go to, you know it was an altar for Mercury in old times? Even you Irish worship him.”

Aengus had avoided looking directly at Almos, but this was too much. He turned to him: "Romans never reached our shore pal, you've been misinformed." He could see now, in the same weak light that brought out the eye-shine of the creatures in the trees, that Almos' face was swollen, covered in bruises. Scratches and cuts surrounded his blood-red eyes.

“You worship Lúgh no? Lúghnasadh? Almos knows. Lúgh is only another name. All Mercury.”

The sun should have risen an hour ago. They should have reached the hill an hour ago. Aengus found himself wondering how far he could run if he had to, if he dropped his backpack. His shin spasmed at the thought.

Almos put an arm around Aengus, his breath sour on his cheek. Silence unfolded. The legions of eyes in the trees grew innumerable.

“We will get there my friend. You will see. And we will drop like stones, all of us.”

Words by Ciaran Milton.

Illustration by hyperpictures.com

WE SPEAK IN CODE

PATRICKL.Net



Paddy Lysack 2015



THE NIGHTS ARE GETTING LONGER, THE DAYS ARE GETTING WARMER AND THE SESSION PIXIES ARE AWAKENING FROM THEIR HIBERNATORIAL SLUMBER TO COME AND FUCK YOU UP AT FOUR O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.

Dear Session Pixies,

My friends keep putting photos of their dinner on FB. I can't help but feel inadequate in culinary matters. What should I do?

Páidrigín Ó Murtaghanrahahán, Ballymacnally

Dear Páidrigín,

Put up a photo of every shite you take and describe the ingredients in all of their glorious, semi-digested, vivid detail. You'll be proud as punch and hopefully it'll put your mates off their lightly braised truffles on beds of organic turniplets with light sprinklings of honey-mustard glazed ham shavings and destalked semi-sun blushed coriander shoots with a side of wild huckleberry jam. Wankers.

Dear Session Pixies,

I'm just a lowly hotel cleaner stuck on a poxy zero hour contract. Back in February I was cleaning the jacks down in the INEC centre in Killarney. I'd a raging hangover so was rooting around the back rooms for a bucket of ice to stick me head in. I wandered down this long and shadowy corridor to where I thought the bar was, only to be met with one of the most terrifying experiences of my life. I reached a large metal door, behind which I could vaguely make out the faintest hints of cackling and screeching, like dinosaurs having an orgy with dying pensioners. I pushed the door slightly ajar and peered inside... It was like being transported into a scene from Jim Henson's Dark Crystal, or maybe Roald Dahl's The Witches. There was all these leathery Skeksi like looking creatures banqueting around an empty hall. Ya know the Skeksis? That withering tribe of evil overlords that keep themselves alive by draining the vitality of youth? What the fuck was going on? I must have been going out of my fucking mind.

Sue, Kerry

Dear Sue,

That was just the Labour Party's national

conference. I wouldn't worry about it.

Dear Session Pixies,

I'm an 18-year-old boy and I recently bought a pipe and some tobacco as a way to slow myself down and relax more. I get stressed about money, education, work, socialising, and do so much walking (typo? - S.P.) that I hardly ever have a break. I've chosen a pipe as I've heard that they're safer and not as addictive as cigarettes. Again, it's really just to help me relax. Nobody else in my family smokes, though, so I don't know how they'll take it. What do you think? Gunther, Ballybrack.

Gunther,

It's time you came clean with yourself and admitted the truth. Are you smoking a pipe because it slows you down and helps you relax, or are you doing it because you think it's a cool and retro thing to do, like those stupid beards and moustaches from the late eighteen hundreds that every young man in every fucking city in the western fucking world seems to be sporting these days, thinking it lends them an air of distinguished sophistication or some such self-deluded fucking horseshit. It's a pipe, Gunther. If you're so into being old fashioned, why not go the whole hog and get a fucking penny farthing and die at an early age, you fucking donk. Hopefully your family will slap your fucking head in.

Dear Session Pixies,

I keep seeing posters everywhere about how children deserve mothers and fathers, and I don't have either. My granny raised me for my whole life, and now that I'm starting secondary school, I'm scared that the other children will laugh at me for having no parents. Is there something wrong with me?

Sally, Ringsend.

Dear Sally,

There is absolutely nothing wrong with you. There is an awful lot wrong with the shitheaps who made those posters on the other hand. Dour faced old fucktards without an ounce of love in their hearts. Bitter old shitwits who put the 'grim' back in 'pilgrimage'. You go into that school, Sally, and you hold your head up high. And if they make you do religion class, you fucking tell them exactly what we just fucking told you.

HORRORSCOPES

TRAGIC TERRY AND THE MAGIC COWBOY HAVE RETURNED FROM THEIR INTERGALACTIC ANAL ASTROLOGY AND PALM PERCEPTION AWARDS CEREMONY (HELD IN THE RED COW INN). THEIR SHOT AT AN AWARD STYMIED BY THE FORCES OF INTERNATIONAL FREEMASONRY AND THAT COSMIC WEASEL, FERGUS GIBSON. HAVE NO FEAR THOUGH - THEIR POCKET I CHINGS ARE AT THE READY. AND THE FUTURE IS ONLY A FEW MINUTES LATE.



GEMINI MAY 21-JUN 20

A recent life crisis has left you reeling and wondering if there is more to life than compassion, selfless charitable acts and a general sense of brotherhood. To help others, Gemini, sometimes you need to help yourself, so don't be afraid to get greedy and take advantage, and remember: if you don't grab the biggest slice of the cake, you may well be left scrambling for the crumbs with the rest of the cretins.

ARIES MAR 21-APR 19

Honesty is always the best policy, Aries, unless it might get you in a spot of trouble. Remember to ignore your family this month, as those cool and funny people you met in town last weekend are much more important. Don't be afraid to let your nearest and dearest know how much they pale in comparison to your new bosom buddies either. 7 is a number.



CANCER JUN 21-JUL 22

You've been feeling down of late, Cancer, but don't give up yet! If you can drag others down to your level, then comparatively, you won't be doing that bad at all. Try belittling other people's footwear, then move gradually upwards. Constantly putting a negative slant on events is another cheeky life-hack that, if executed subtly enough, can succeed in sucking everyone into the vortex of misery that is your daily life without them even noticing! Take ecstasy regularly.



LEO JUL 23-AUG 22

In the summertime when the weather is high, you can stretch right up and touch the sky. When the weather's fine, you got women, you got women on your mind. Have a drink, have a drive, go out and see what you can find.



VIRGO AUG 23-SEP 22

Buck up! It can't be all that bad, can it? The giggling feeling that you live in an age in which reality has lost all meaning, and that any attempt to decipher it will leave you even more adrift in your uncomprehending flesh-raft upon the dark, eternal black ocean of obliterated ideas that we call existence, can be easily avoided by regular trips to the local licenced wine and spirit merchants, where dull conversations with others just as befuddled as yourself can act as a brief distraction from the universal realisation that our lives are unequivocally devoid of all purpose and we must die alone. Sláinte!



LIBRA SEP 23-OCT 22

Shame on you Libra. Will you never learn? The things you said to Gemini last month have only succeeded in turning Scorpio against you too. You look for a Taurus to bail you out, but Sagittarius gets wind of it and all hell breaks loose. Aries appears to have dumped you for some new friends, while Virgo's thinly veiled alcoholism is becoming a strain, and you begin to wonder if Cancer's permanent negative outlook is to blame. Beware of Aquarians this month too, Libra, because you look bad enough as it is without placing yourself in stark contrast to a total legend.



SCORPIO OCT 23-NOV 21

Your social life seems to be hotting up these days, Scorpio, but be careful not to become trapped in meaningless debates on the trivia of the moment. Instead concentrate on emptying your mind of all frivolous thoughts that only serve to reaffirm a sheer lack of clarity on your behalf, or anything beyond vague one size fits all solutions. Libra has been talking to Gemini about you, but will deny all knowledge when asked, and probably go running to Taurus for help... as usual. You should probably let Sagittarius know what's going on too, as a friend like.



SAGITTARIUS DEC 22-JAN 19

Yellow will be of no importance to you this moon cycle, Sagittarius, but don't avoid it either. If you do have to engage with something yellow or adorn yourself with that ghastly green and garish yellow paisley scarf at the insistence of your well meaning but mental mother, then do it. Anything to avoid a fuss. As Elton John always says, It's no sacrifice, no sacrifice at all.



CAPRICORN DEC 22-JAN 19

Don't sell your soul for short term allegiances, Capricorn, even if they seem to lead to mutually benefitting events. Time passes quickly and your efforts may not be adequately rewarded, although this is not your true motivation. Orion's little sister Gráinne is in town for the weekend, which may signify a night on the tiles, or maybe just a quick trip to the pharmacy. Remember to exercise regularly and avoid overly fatty foods. The cancellation of a local bus route leaves you frustrated.



AQUARIUS JAN 20-FEB 18

Aquarius, a quare ee us, a quare he was, ah there he was, I swear he does, at's where he puts, ass weary us, as hairy mutts. You're doing well, baby. Keep it up!



PISCES FEB 19-MAR 20

Your deluded sense of self-importance, which you feel somehow entitled to due to your sycophantic and insignificant acquaintances with vaguely notable people, never ceases to repulse even the most accepting of folk. No matter how hard you try, loose associations with C-rate personalities and local regional celebrities will never succeed in disguising your true and odious personality.



TAURUS APR 20-MAY 20

A turn up for the books leaves you turned down in a dating contest, but don't let that stop you turning up the volume on the sound system of love this month, Taurus. All good things come to those who wait, once you wait at the right time in the right place in the right town in the right country on the right continent in the right century.



The Irish Far Shite

RIDING THE WAVE OF DEMONSTRATIONS ACROSS EUROPE FOLLOWING THE CHARLIE HEBDO KILLINGS, A GROUP CALLING THEMSELVES ANTI-ISLAM IRELAND HELD A PROTEST RALLY OUTSIDE THE ISLAMIC CULTURAL CENTRE AND MOSQUE IN CLONSKEAGH. HOW STRONG ARE SUCH FAR RIGHT GROUPS HERE? DAVID FLEMING ASKS SOME ANTI-FASCIST ACTIVISTS.

According to the group's spokesperson Sandra Archer, they were there "to highlight wrong doings by the Islamic faith across the world". The group consisted of only eight people from Anti-Islam Ireland, who also call themselves Irish Voice. The group were met by members of the Mosque who offered them tea, coffee and dates. It is traditional in Islam to offer dates as a welcoming gift.

They were also met by a counter demonstration of about 100 Anti Fascist Action and Anti-Racism protesters. There were some minor scuffles and the opposing groups exchanged verbal insults. The AFA supporters confiscated their leaflets and ripped up their banner. Anti-Islam Ireland left 35 minutes later with their collective tail between their legs. After requesting Garda protection they were escorted away, presumably to crawl back under whatever rock they emerged from. This was an unmitigated disaster for them. Having previously claimed they had more than 100 supporters due to show up on the day, a grand total of 8 did. They also claimed that more people had shown up on the day but were scared off by republicans, and that their freedom of expression had been impeded by the counter demonstrators.

I reached out to Irish Voice for an interview two days after their protest. This was their reply: "No chance. We have read your leftist bullshit before. No one takes any notice of you". The grammatical errors are their own.

This group is not the first of its kind in Ireland by any means. This country has a long history of far right groups that precedes WW2, with the blueshirts, now Fine Gael. Ireland was also home to a number of prominent Nazis after the war. Anyone who went to primary school in Ireland will be familiar with Folens publications. Nearly all of our schoolbooks were published by them and many will recall the distinctive bumblebee

logo. What they may not know is that founder Albert Folens, a Belgian national, was a volunteer in the Flemish Waffen SS and later worked for the Gestapo.

Another famous Nazi, Otto 'Scarface' Skorzeny, also settled here in late fifties and became a farmer in County Kildare. Skorzeny was known as Hitler's favourite commando after he led an assault on a hilltop fortress in Italy, freeing imprisoned fellow fascist dictator Benito Mussolini. Skorzeny was depicted in the Irish media at the time as a glamorous cloak and dagger figure. He received a warm, welcoming reception upon his arrival in Dublin, which was attended by many in the Irish elite and establishment, including a young Charles Haughey.

So, like most European countries, Ireland has had, and still has, some far right groups. However, unlike our European counterparts, their influence and numbers have been minimal, almost to the point of non-existence. But why? To find out more I caught up with 'John' from Anti Fascist Action Ireland. We met in a random pub in Dublin's city centre and chatted at length about the history of AFA and the far right in Ireland.

"The critical difference between us and other European countries where there is a sizeable electoral party that promotes anti-immigration politics as a backbone, or whether its football hooligans or fascist boneheads with a street presence, is in Ireland you have neither, and one of the key reasons we would argue is because of groups like AFA who have always been on top of things and do not sit back and wait for something to happen".

We discussed the possibility of an English Defence League type group springing up in Ireland; "The difference in Ireland is that the football scene is much smaller and you don't have those kinds of numbers, but probably more importantly, is that in terms of football, in all the

major teams in Ireland there is a very strong left or left of centre ethos that goes back decades".

He continued; "Even specifically the two main football hooligan groups in Dublin, Bohemians and Shamrock Rovers, individual members of those crews would have friendships with people in AFA or friendships with people in the republican movement who have friendships with AFA, and as a result the worry that disaffected young working class men that would turn to racist politics is fortunately quite small".

The link between anti-fascist or anti-racist politics and the republican movement is an important one. Whereas, in the UK or mainland Europe, the allegiances of the working class vote are split between far left and far right parties like the BNP, France's National Front or Denmark's Dansk Folkeparti (Danish Peoples Party), the Irish working class vote has traditionally gone to Sinn Féin, who, according to 'John', "Have been very good from the top down, and vice versa, in promoting internationalist, anti-racist and generally pro-immigrant politics. That in many ways has been a life saver for anti-fascist politics in Ireland."

The far right in Ireland is as fragmented and marginalised as it has ever been and long may it continue. In part due to groups like AFA, who have been very successful in stamping out fledgling organised racist movements before they have a chance to grow.

We all have a shared responsibility though, to ensure nothing like the National Front or Pegida ever flourish here.

Photos by Al O'Neill of NOA photography.



Game!

Cartoonist Catsmelodjan starts a nuclear LOLocaust with the Denis O'Brien monopoly special...

