

# swarm

issue no.1



# Swarm slays

Hello and welcome to *Swarm* magazine. What you are reading now is called an editorial. This is where the editor of the magazine (or someone he got to do his job for him) tells you, the reader, about the magazine. Ideally, the editorial will get across the ethos of the magazine. If there is a theory behind the machinations of the journal, the editorial will, if not reveal it, at least hint at it. So, what then is the *Swarm* theory?

I don't know. However, if anyone knows it is surely the internets. Yes that vast ocean of knowledge, that mighty compendium of human comprehension will reveal to us that which we seek to understand. Hang on there for a second while I 'Google' *Swarm theory*...

Yeah, ok... basically, while the individuals that contribute to the swarm are essentially mindless drones, idiots if you will, their collective efforts result in intelligent action. For example, a single ant wandering aimlessly may never find food but a million ants wandering aimlessly in different directions will find food very quickly. They can then use their basic ant communication to direct the aimless ants in the intelligent direction.

So what does that have to do with this magazine? Again, I haven't a clue. Let me 'Google' it...

Yeah, that's just bringing up the same as before. You know who's an idiot? It's the internet, that's who. What I can say about the magazine is that while individual contributions may be valiant yet ultimately futile, collectively they produce something better. Together they create, *Swarm*.

I hope you enjoy

Edward Ittor

Editor of *Swarm* magazine.

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Re: Contributions

*Swarm* requires as large and as varied an amount of contributions as possible in order to persist. Please feel free to submit any art, illustrations, articles, stories or even suggestions about how *Swarm* could improve itself. We can't promise that any of it will be used but it will certainly be appreciated and loved.

Contact us on: [www.swarm.ie](http://www.swarm.ie)

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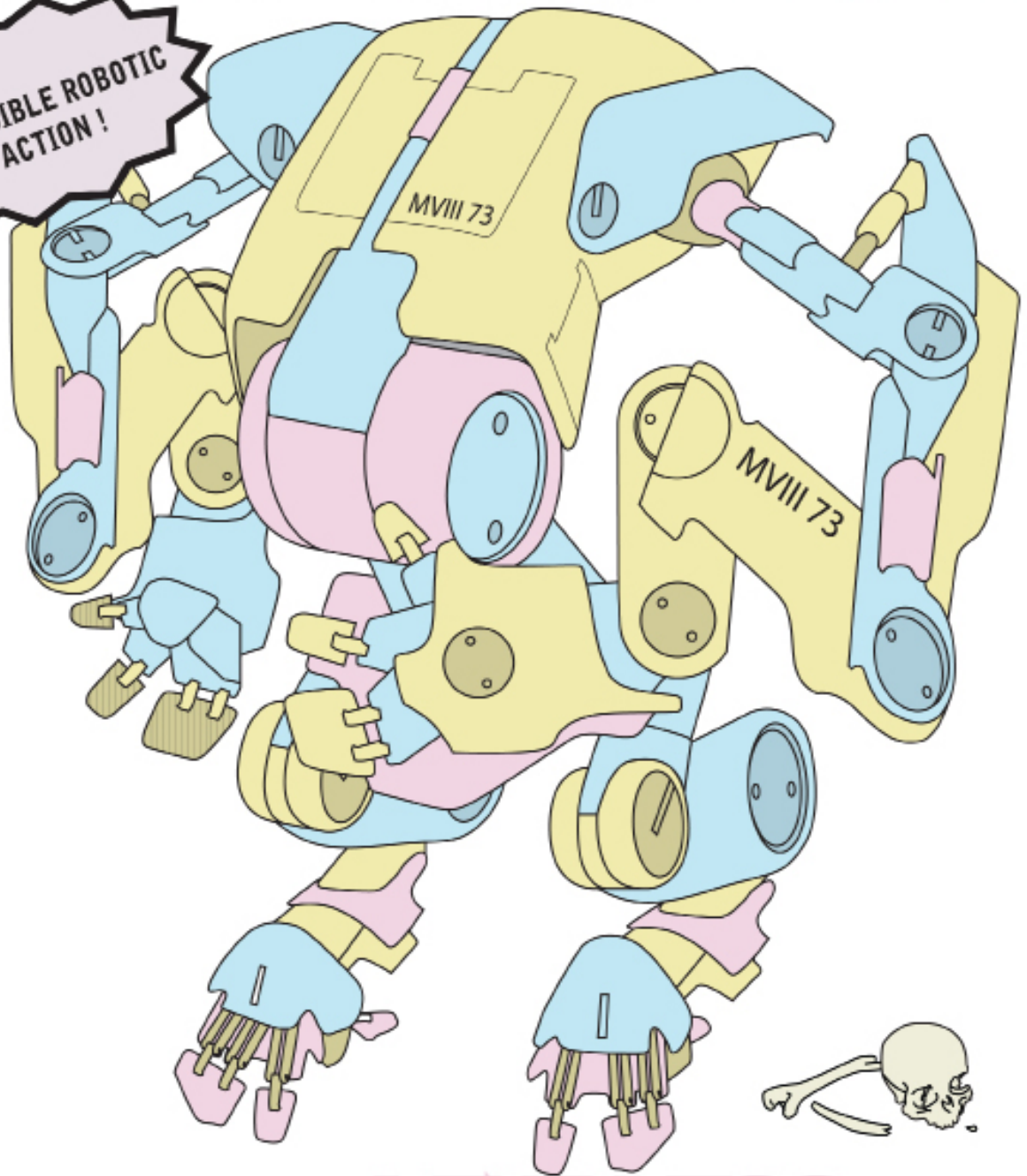
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# ROBOTO!

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# Dry Fun

Oh look, it's a lovely recession. The money forecast is no money at all whatsoever for ages. Well, that's the official report. Now how does this impact on the common man or woman? No money at all means mmmehh . . . no drink!

No drink means no fun; no fun generally means - Baby Boom! Surely, sex can't be the only fun and free activity in Dublin, can it? What can the average Swarm reader do to avoid the inevitable urge to fill all that free time with fornication? Read on to learn how to occupy all that free baby making time with free or extremely cheap and legal things to do while sober. (Cue trumpets.)

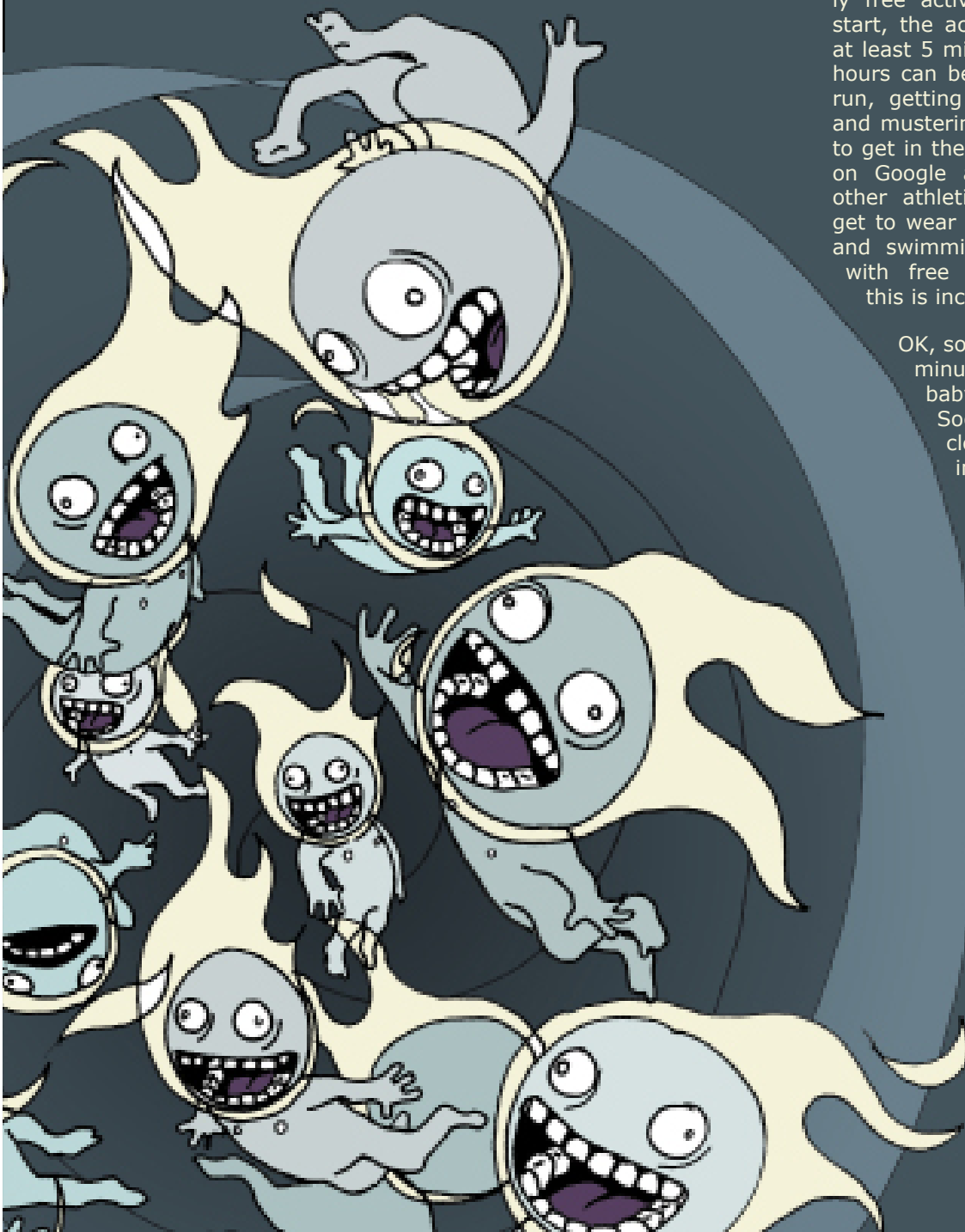
Ba da da daa! Welcome to Dry Fun: fun stuff to do in Dublin without drink. No plonk, no beer, no booze, no fear.

Well a little fear is normal enough initially but once the withdrawal wears off you will be fear free in no time.

Running is an almost completely free activity. When you first start, the actual run will occupy at least 5 mins of your time, but hours can be spent planning the run, getting ready for the run, and mustering up the motivation to get in the zone. Plot the route on Google and discuss it with other athletic mates. You even get to wear your bedtime T-shirt and swimming trunks in public with free license! For many, this is incentive enough alone.

OK, so running for 5 minutes is a tad sad, but baby steps my friend. Soon you will be clocking up 8k a day in the Phoenix, which incidentally is free in. And when you can run one hour per day well that's all the training recommended by professionals to get fit for a MARATHON!

It's that or get comfortable using mammy wammy and daddsiewaddsie as actual words that feature in your vocabulary daily.



seán  
mac roibín

john  
robbins

# Little CUNTS

11 / 99

SOME OF THEM WERE TALKING ABOUT GOING TO THE FIELD AFTER SCHOOL, AND MY BEST FRIEND MATT LONG WANTED TO KNOW JUST WHY I DIDN'T WANT TO COME. WHY DON'T YOU COME, HE WAS SAYING, YOU'LL GET YOUR HOLE! BUT I DID NOT WANT MY HOLE. AND IN ANYWAY, CHILDREN OF STONE IS ON TELLY, I TOLD HIM, AND I COULD NOT MISS IT.



CLASS STAYED IN FOR BREAK BECAUSE OF THE RAIN. MATT WAS LAUGHING WITH SOME OF THE OTHER BOYS MOST OF THE TIME AND I DID NOT KNOW WHAT TO DO. I SAT TALKING TO THE GEEK-BOY WHO FOLDS PAPER IN TO AIRCRAFT AND LIDLESS BOXES, AND WHO SITS ON ROISIN CLAYTON'S TABLE. HE TOLD ME THAT HE CAN BLOW A BLOOD-CLOT DOWN HIS NOSE AND SHOWED ME HIS TISSUE. I GOT OFF FROM SCHOOL EARLY BECAUSE I WAS SICK.



WHAT HAPPENED AFTER I WENT HOME EARLY YESTERDAY, I ASKED MATT. I GOT OFF WITH DORIS LYNCH HE TOLD ME AND THEN SHE GOT OFF WITH MARK AND HE HAD HIS HAND DOWN HER PANTS FOR FIVE MINUTES. IN SCHOOL I MEAN, I SAID. AND ROISIN AND NIAMH SAID THEY MIGHT COME TO THE FIELD TODAY HE CONTINUED, I COULD NOT BELIEVE IT AND EXPLAINED THAT ROISIN COULD NOT POSSIBLY GO BECAUSE AFTER SCHOOL SHE GOT THE SAME BUS AS ME.



I WILL COME TO THE FIELD TODAY! I TOLD MATT. THERE WAS NINE OF US THERE YESTERDAY AND I FINGERED NIAMH. HE SAID, I DID NOT ASK ABOUT ROISIN AND HE MADE A FIST AND BLEW IN TO IT AND GOT ME TO PUSH MY FINGER IN TO HIS FIST. THIS IS WHAT IT IS LIKE HE TOLD ME CONFIDENTIALLY. I WILL HAVE TO DO IT EVENTUALLY I SAID TO HIM.



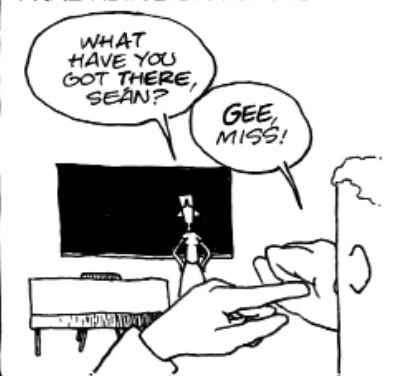
HALF OF MY CLASS WERE AT THE FIELD AND SOME OF THEM WERE SMOKING CIGARETTES AND DRINKING BEER. THERE WERE TWO CANS OF BEER BETWEEN EVERYONE AND SIMON BOYLE HAD ONE CAN IN HIS HAND WHEN HE WAS FALLING ALL OVER THE PLACE. MATT WAS KISSING DORIS LYNCH UNDER A BUSH AND I COULD NOT SEE ROISIN CLAYTON ANYWHERE. SIMON GAVE ME A DROP OF BEER AND I FELL AROUND THE PLACE WITH HIM. I MISSED G-FORCE AND HEIDI.



MATT WAS LAUGHING WITH THE OTHER BOYS AGAIN BUT I DID NOT SEE WHAT WAS SO FUNNY. WHAT WOULD YOU WEAR: A JOCK-STRAP OR A GEE-PAD THEY ALL ASKED ME. I TOLD THEM THAT I WOULD WEAR BOTH IN THE WINTER BECAUSE IT GETS COLD, AND THEN SAT DOWN WITH THE GEEK-BOY. HE SHOWED ME HOW TO MAKE A LITTLE MAN OUT OF TIN-FOIL FROM HIS CHEESE SANDWICHES.



THEN ROISIN STOOD IN FRONT OF ME WITH HER ARMS FOLDED. DID YOU MISS THE BUS YESTERDAY, SHE SAID. I JUST COULD NOT GET THE BUS-MAN TO WAIT. WHEN I TOLD MATT WHAT ROISIN HAD SAID TO ME, HE SMILED AND TOLD ME THAT I COULD HAVE MY FINGERS UP HER GEE BY THE END OF TERM IF I WANTED. I WAS BOTH PLEASED AND AFRAID AT THE SAME TIME, AND SPENT THE REMAINDER OF THE DAY PRACTICING ON MY FIST.



Tired of relentlessly attempting to follow fashion and constantly missing the point, trend, or mark, Joe Kearney decided to pack it all in and trust his instincts. Right or wrong, fashionista or fashion victim, at least he called the shots on electro tube socks -- or not!?

Whether you are a fashion fan or foe, try to remember that getting dressed is not just a case of pulling on some soft cotton and beginning the day. It's about putting on an extra layer of you.

Having dated a few very fashionable people and also having mixed with the 'trendies' of Dublin I, always felt a self-imposed pressure to dress well. Hailing from a farming background where green rubber wellies were more de rigueur than just fun for a festival, the odds were always well and truly stacked against me. The closest I ever got to the catwalk was the parade of oddly dressed scarecrows that posed in our fields. Add to this not having a fashionable bone in my body, or the slightest skill at matching colours. . . .

Let's put all the cards on the table. I have worn tight black jeans and white socks with leather shoes in public. I frequently put black and navy together, but not in the kooky, cool Kate Moss way, in the black jumper navy blazer geek freak way. I have gone for comfort over style. I have gone for cheap over class. I have even taken fashion advice from mate's mothers. By now you may have gathered, I am ill-equipped to be chic. It's rather a burden upon my shoulders.

‘It's a question of taste and balls.’

# *Fashion Woes and Scarecrows*


It must be acknowledged that many people on this planet have a true gift for fashion. Many people also have a gift for medicine, languages, or computer science. Being unable to casually chat in Cantonese, treat liver disease, or develop a new html never bothered me. Looking like Wurzel Gummage on Crack used to riddle me with shame and humiliation.

Though genuine, all of this sounds a little dated to me now because in the last year I came to terms with my fashion woes. My fashion blunders were not the product of a natural and permanent condition (like dyslexia or being tone deaf,) but simply an inability to understand my own style, embrace it, and be proud of it. I often felt like I was on the outside looking in. The desire to dress well and to be coordinated overwhelmed me for many years.

In the last year, an important revelation came to me: It's a question of taste and balls. Once you take the risk to wear something that says who you really are, you will resolve your fashion neurosis. Wear something because you genuinely love it and wear it with pride and you sir will have arrived at fashion maturity.

I still look like Wurzel Gummage on Crack but the difference is I don't mind. I still shop cheap and go for comfort, but I'm aware of it. Freeing myself of my fashion phobia has enabled me to embrace the Hobo inside and dress accordingly. Dressing like a geography teacher or a rock star just wasn't me. Dressing like a scarecrow would always win out in the end.





All these years we've be chuckling at the cheap tat we buy that bears that seemingly insignificant inscription 'Made in China'. Everything, from the naff toy that comes with a happy meal or the flimsy digital watch you sent away 10 swizzle stick wrappers for, to the countless CD and DVD cases that adorn our living rooms, seems to bear this insignia. Well, now we can laugh right out the other side of our faces.

It seems that while we were laughing at the idea of the Chinese working their arses off producing this crap day and night and getting paid next to nothing for it, they were producing it in such vast quantities that it made them rich. Even in the downturn they're still at about 6% growth. In a good year an economic powerhouse like Germany has difficulty getting past 2%.

What makes it worse is that we are the ones swallowing all this useless tripe. We keep buying our kids cholesterol filled happy meals just for some plastic blob, which looks vaguely like the latest Disney merchandising tool. As they discard it moments later, it probably reminds them of their own burgeoning consumerist shallowness. We keep sending off for the cheap digital watches, waiting three weeks for them to arrive in the post with moisture collecting in our pants, only to have the screen fade exactly ten minutes after they arrive. Besides this, there is no way to replace the battery because the watch is much cheaper to make as one solid piece. So after all the anticipation, we are happy to toss it in the bin as to gaze upon it would only remind us of our insatiable and gullible consumerism. We are the ones who keep piling up the CD and DVD cases, despite the fact that house moves, hard drive recording, and friend borrowing have contributed to the disk exodus that plagues all the shiny round things. We keep the cases in the expectation that we can use them as barricades against the mutant zombies that will plague us after the nuclear apocalypse.

So what of China now? It seems the cash raised from the mass produced detritus that flows from our landfills has put the Chinese in the position of the dominant global superpower. Soon, we will be chanting Cantonese labour songs as our fingers are mangled in the restless machines that produce worthless tokens so the Chinese can have their turn at being ravenous consumers. And all of it will bear the mark 'Made in West

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# HOW TO SMOKE A PIPE?

'I USED TO SUCK COINS OUT OF VENDING MACHINES TO PAY FOR MY KETAMINE ADDICTION. SINCE I STARTED SMOKING A PIPE, I'VE BECOME HEAD OF ENGLISH AT CAMBRIDGE!' – PROFESSOR ARTHUR J. BUNTFACE.

As a reader of this magazine you have probably smoked cardboard hash out of a coke can and even the odd bit of crack out of a crème egg wrapper. Don't imagine for one minute that this qualifies you to smoke a classic tobacco pipe. Smoking a pipe is one of the most intellectual and sophisticated pursuits a man can have.

Do you think Sherlock Holmes would have caught and killed Adolf Hitler if he had never smoked a pipe? Unlikely. Could Einstein have invented the moon without his lucky smoking spout? Probably not. Could Tolkien have written the Harry Potter books? Sure, why not.

What's that I hear you say? Nobody smokes pipes anymore? It's not cool to smoke? Smoking kills?

Let me tell you this. Now that President Obama has established his dominance over the world with his reasonable mind and charming brains it won't be long before all of us ordinary minded people are laughed at, ridiculed and spat upon for our less than astonishing intellect.



So, what are you going to do when Agents from the Ministry of intelligence kick down your door and ask you what the square root of four is? Will you try to use your stupid mind to answer or will you casually draw out your pipe, light it up, and puff gently on it for a moment before replying in a quite drawl, 'I shouldn't like to embarrass myself by answering such a simple question.'

Believe me, pipes are coming back and if you don't want to look like a stupid fool, you better read on.

## Step 1: Choosing a pipe.

This is possibly the most important step. The wrong pipe can make you look dafter than a whistle in springtime. It is important to get a pipe that makes your head look bigger. So if you have a small head, get a tiny pipe. If you wear glasses, try to get a pipe that matches your glasses. This way people will combine the two in their heads, assume you are a genius, and believe anything you say.

There are a few different types of pipe. The main one is the briar pipe. This is the wooden pipe granddad used to smoke and really looks the coolest. Young girls will want to sit on your lap and tell you what they've been up to. However, it can take a long time to break in (the pipe, not the girl).

The meerschaum is made from a type of silicate that looks like delicate clay. They are usually engraved with some fruity pattern and generally look a bit sippy. It might suit a lady wanting to look like a clever man or a man wanting to hide his sexuality in plain sight.

The corn cob pipe is made from just that: a corn cob. If you are a goofy redneck from the American south this should do the trick since stuffing you in a sack and throwing you in a river would make you look smarter. For the rest of us it's no good, unless you are actually smart and you're trying to be ironic. Even then, you'll probably get your face smashed in for trying to be clever. The upshot of a corn cob is that they don't need any breaking in. So if you are in a hurry to look brainy and you can find one that doesn't look like it has just been puked up by a dog this might be the way to go.

## Step 2: Choosing a tobacco.

If you want to convince anyone that you are as witty as a coked up duck, you will have to actually smoke your pipe. Now, you can't just empty a stale John Player into your pipe and start puffing. When you start coughing great wads of phlegm over your new pointy headed architect friends they'll know something's up. Don't worry. With a pipe you can actually use a fruity flavoured

tobacco and no one will care. Apparently, the sophistication of smoking a pipe cancels out the lameness of flavoured tobaccos. So you can confidently go into your local tobacconist and ask in a clear loud voice for the sweetest softest most velvety pipe tobacco they have and no one will give a fiddler's wink. They may even have a variety packet so you can try out a few different types of tobacco.

### Step 3: Smoking the pipe.

I cannot stress this enough. Practice smoking your pipe in private before trying to smoke it in the company of humans. You don't want to smugly pull out your pipe at the end of an elegant dinner party hosted by your new cultured and educated friends, only to start fumbling with matches and sucking like a deranged ant eater while setting their designer tablecloth on fire.

Find somewhere quiet and isolated to practice smoking. You will need all your concentration to get this right.

-First, make sure your pipe is clean. You don't want to be sucking down

old ashes.

-Next, take out enough tobacco to fill your pipe and place it on a handkerchief. Preferably, use hand crafted Italian silk but if you're on a budget a sheet of Bounty will do. Get rid of any clumps and be careful not to pinch it. If it seems too moist leave it to dry on the handkerchief for a few minutes.

-Now loosely fill the bowl with tobacco without pressing it down.

-Use a tamper or something flat to gently press the tobacco down until it is springy. The bowl should be half to  $\frac{3}{4}$  full.

-Before lighting take a test draw. If there is more resistance than from a small drinking straw empty the bowl and start again.

-The first light is the false light. This is to remove excess moisture and get the pipe ready for smoking. Apply your lit match to the pipe in circular motions while taking short shallow puffs. The tobacco will probably unfurl or swell up in the bowl. Don't

panic, you wimp! This is normal and the purpose of the false light.

-Tamp the tobacco back down until it is springy again. Apply the lit match in a circular motion as before and take short puffs to stoke the pipe. The pipe should light now without unfurling.

-If the smoke is too hot slow down. Take long rhythmical puffs and relax.

Once you feel comfortable lighting your pipe without looking like you've OD'd on Skittles and Red Bull you can bring it down to your local library or university and wait for those brainy ladies to go gaga over you!

# That Wacky Recession!

by Bob Byrne

[www.clamnuts.com/spazz](http://www.clamnuts.com/spazz)



# Dublin secrets

## Penny pinching tips from a tight arse

Are you the proud owner of a car? Are you the embarrassed owner of a car? Do you shop in our Capital's city centre? Do you let yourself be seen shopping in town when your bank balance tells a different story? If you answered yes to any of these misleading and silly questions then this article is for you.

Now, let's be frank here. Pennies are scarce. As an unemployed resident of Dublin city centre, I thoroughly enjoy penny pinching. In fact, so skilled am I in the ways of penny pinching that I survive almost entirely on the dole. This gargantuan fiscal achievement has meant that I have refined the skill of living as a would-be socialite on a very small income. I will now share some of my secrets with you on how to do it on the cheap.

First up is free parking in town. Yes, it does exist. You may have to walk a wee bit post-parking but it means you can avoid the lousy luas, the busy bus, and never have to look for 1.60 in exact change again.

Driving down Patrick St. away from Christchurch, the road naturally leads onto Clanbrassil St. You will see two pubs opposite each other, both green in colour. The pub named Kate McCauleys is beside a Fast Fit garage. Shoot in the junction between this emerald fronted pub and the fire engine red garage and you will strike free parking gold. The spaces on the left are free and only a 10 minute stroll from Camden St. or twenty minutes from College Green.

All this walking brings me to tip number two. It's a well known fact all Irish people enjoy a good wee about 5 to 11 times a day and we also drop the odd brown block from time to time. We all know Dublin city centre is scant and wane for an abundance of public loos and private loos often require your custom before access is granted. How can we wee for free without spending our hard earned cents? We can take advantage of the good, kind nature of a blessed few businesses in the city centre, that's how!

Cornucopia on Exchequer St. is manned and run by alternative eco-loving vegan types. Even as a customer, to use the loo you must scoot in behind the hot counter and battle your way past the kitchen staff to reach the subterranean toilets. The place operates like a veggie commune canteen and staff rarely know whether you are a bone fide customer or a tight-fisted loo user. Nip in, deposit excretion and abscond.

To complete an average penny-pinching day in the city centre, you can even shop for free. Of course, you won't be able to bring any of it home unless you're up for implementing the full five finger discount (Swarm does not advocate breaking any laws, unless you think they're stupid laws in which case go ahead-Ed).

Frequent beautiful boutiques, touch everything with your greasy mitts, and be seen by those in the know. You will appear to be affluent, stylish, and important but be sure to follow these words of advice. Leave your credit card (if you have one), cash, change and dignity at home! This way you won't revert to Celtic tiger madness and find yourself charging 200 euro worth of bees wax virgin-rolled sandal wood candles to your laser.

I'll be back to you next time with more free parking, loos and spots to be seen. Till then pinch those pennies and clench those buttocks. In this climate we can afford to lose nothing!



# Economizardry



At dusk, an eerie silence settled over the town. In the highest chamber of the tallest tower the Council of Elders convened. They met to discuss the series of misfortunes that had befallen the town. For some time, the initiates whispered anxiously amongst themselves. Eventually, the High Mage stood up and the whole room came to attention. He leaned on his tall staff and looked slowly around the room.

'The course of action is settled then. All those in agreement say yea.' His words echoed around the chamber.

'Yea!' they chanted unanimously.

'Then, let it be done.' As he said this the High Mage raised his staff above his head. A low murmuring chant rose out of the council. A mysterious wind swirled around the High Mage. His long, grey beard and ancient robes whipped in the air. The Council's chant grew louder. As the sky darkened, the High Mage lifted his head. He opened his mouth and his voice boomed out like a crash of thunder. 'Lo! The interest rate will now be reduced by one quarter of a percent.'

A great cheer rose up from the council and the town rejoiced as its citizens hoped to get a full return on their first quarter investments.

No, this is not an extract from 'Harry Potter and the Missing Tax Receipts' where Harry graduates as an accountant (what else could he be with those specs?) and goes to work for the revenue; this is the reality of economics today (well, sort of). A bunch of demented old guys gather in an imposing room, talk to each other in a language they barely understand, and then announce the adjustment of some arbitrary rate by some arbitrary figure. The announcement has more effect on the economy than the actual implementation of the rate adjustment itself. It's a lot of hocus-pocus.

There are two common misunderstandings which cause this magical tinkering. The first is the idea that the economy was invented by humans. The second is the delusion that by controlling individual factors in the market humans can control the economy. The economy is influenced by countless factors. The largest influences are usually completely out of human control.

The first premise is simple enough. Markets have been around since monkeys have been swapping

bananas for blowjobs. As soon as a material object (goods/bananas) or an action (services/blowjobs) has value to a creature you have a market. Markets are things that occur naturally in our environment. The large scale markets that we read about in the newspapers are a product of human activity. What is that if not a product of nature? The problem with us thinking that we create markets is that it makes us think we can control them. The problem with that is not the effect on the markets but the effect on us. Economists regularly tell us that if we do X, Y and Z we can prevent some economic calamity. We then do X, Y and Z and are devastated when the inevitable crash arrives.

This brings us on to the second misunderstanding. The factors that affect the market are so immense in their size and number that no concerted actions by humans can ever stave off a crash. It's the equivalent of trying to heat your house using only a hair dryer. For example, if the president of America decided to halve foreign spending (about the biggest concerted action short of a world war) there would certainly be a significant fluctuation in the stock market. However, it would be nothing compared to the effects of an extended drought in one of America's food producing states, such as Idaho. We cannot control or predict droughts.

It would be an overstatement to suggest economists don't understand anything about the economy. Economists understand quite a lot, but what they do understand is far outweighed by what they don't. Economists will never admit this as they make quite a bit of money from selling their magic spells. Their retrospective analyses are usually the most accurate but it is much easier to explain what has already happened than what is about to happen.

No doubt, the recent economic collapse has shaken our collective faith in economists but what about those economists who saw the collapse coming? Why were their voices drowned out by the economists who said everything was fine? Sadly, bad economic news doesn't pay as well as good economic news. Most, if not all economists have investments of one form or another. Economists are aware that the public statements they make can affect the economy as much as anything else so they are often afraid that negative comments about the

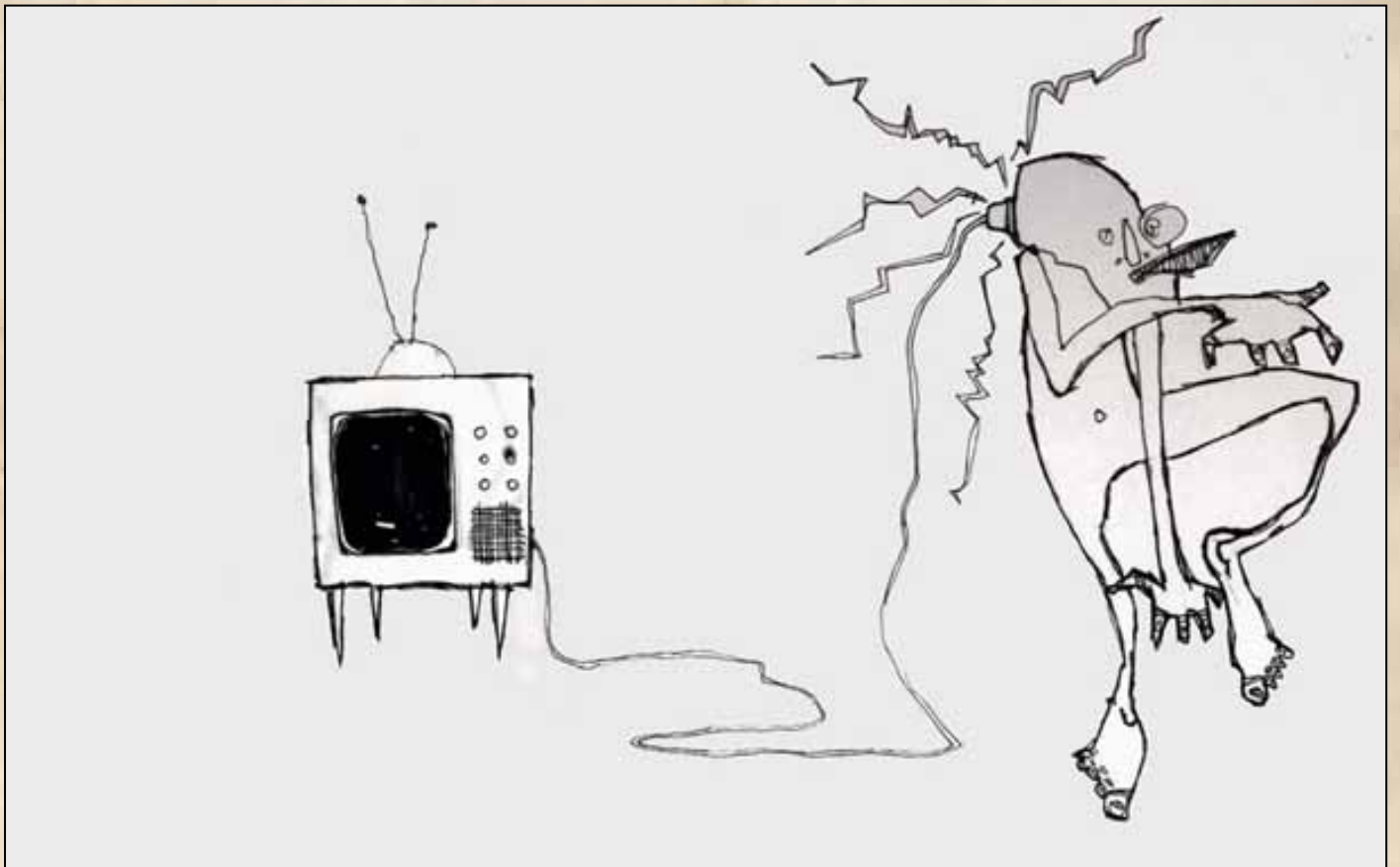
economy could devalue their own investments. Governments are loathe to promote a negative forecast as it makes it look as if they aren't in control of the economy (which they aren't). It comes down to a matter of what people want to believe. Those who predict a downturn do so with no more certainty than those who predict continued growth.

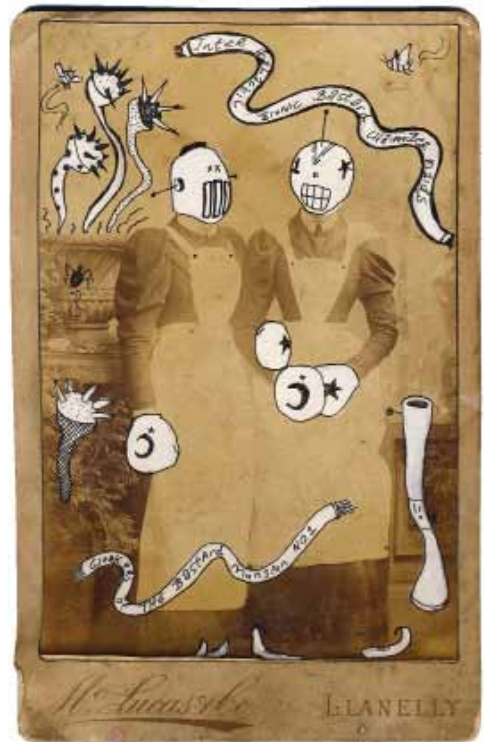
The reality is, crashes happen and there is nothing we can do about it. So when you hear Gordon Brown or any other politician saying they are going to bring an end to boom-bust cycles they are lying and they know it. Or at least, they should know it. These cycles happen with mathematical regularity so anyone who has studied economics in the last few years should know how inevitable they are. Of course, just as you might know the odds of rolling a six on a die, it doesn't mean you can predict exactly when a six is going to come up.

The economy is a system on the edge of stability. This means that a relatively small event can trigger a massive change in the larger economy. It is effectively impossible to predict what events could trigger a massive change. Generally economists have figured out what changes are the least likely to have catastrophic effects and these are the changes they tend to make such as interest rate cuts. Overall, it is impossible to tell when even a small change might set off a chain reaction with dramatic consequences.

However, this is no reason to despair. If, as a society, we accept that crashes are inevitable it makes those crashes a lot easier to deal with when they come. It also makes bubbles and their ensuing super crashes less likely since people would be less inclined to keep pushing for perpetual growth, knowing that it is impossible.

If we desire relative economic prosperity, we must adapt ourselves to the fluctuations of the market. We must accept these fluctuations rather than trying to adjust the market to suit our desires. Our ancestors would move on from an area where they had eaten all the bananas. They would never sit around complaining about the collapse of the banana - blowjob market.







# HOLLY PEREIRA

ARTIST AND MUSICIAN  
TALKS ABOUT HER WORK AND WHERE SHE  
FINDS HER INSPIRATION



What is your work about?

My practice is about mixed race identity. I'm Irish-Singaporean and my work investigates what that means, mostly in relation to Ireland as a fairnew multi-cultural nation. When I was growing up in Co. Wicklow, there were about two other Asian people, there just wasn't other races in Ireland at the time.

I knew that I looked different so perhaps there was always a small desire to fit in better, to be totally white, or at least not stick out in the playground. The inevitable question of "Where do you come from?" has lost its sense of novelty after twenty eight years of explaining that I am actually Irish, and I do speak English.

When I go to Singapore, I am immediately spotted as a foreigner, or ang mo (literally "red man"), In my mindset I am probably very Western, and so this feeling of not quite fitting in anywhere, and the search for identity, definitely drives my work.

I'm also interested in the traditional, western construct of the "Orient" (i.e. anything from the Middle East to Asia, pretty much anything not Western Europe or the United States), and how Asia is often exoticised, especially with regards to Asian women. Stereotypes are useful and telling things; think of the typical, subservient, docile, meek Asian woman stereotype. It is interesting to re-consider this stereotype, and how other assumptions grew from it. Stereotypes are fascinating products - they can tell a lot about a culture; they there to be examined, dissected and manipulated.

Describe your approach to making work.

I have a fairly schizophrenic approach to art. One day I'm making performance videos, the other doing pencil portraits, the next making ridiculous cartoons, or sound poems on the laptop. I put it down to my complete lack of concentration.



You're also a musician.

Yeah, I've been playing guitar for about sixteen years. I was super-shy about playing in public though so I only started gigging about a year and a half ago. It's slow going, but good. I've just finished recording an E.P. and I'm currently investigating the relationship between art and music. I want to create sound-scapes that "hear" like music, and songs that have unusual or "found" sounds as their core components. At the moment this involves traipsing round the U-Bahn, recording pedestrian noises, like automated voices, traffic, footsteps or conversations, then bringing it back to the studio and remixing it into something vaguely musical. Berlin is a great city to collect noises in

I'll write little stories in my head about people and draw how they look, and then figure out their motives and write a song about that. It's certainly more challenging that braying on about broken hearts.

Who are your major influences?

Hmm. Painting-wise, Frida Kahlo for theme and composition, Miro for random coolness. Also Rebecca Horn, for the work she made about women and bodies, and Cindy Sherman, who just rocks.

The early Dada sound artists are a big influence too. And Bjork has changed the way I see music and well, everything.

What has been your proudest achievement?

My first solo exhibition in Monstertruck in 2008. I didn't think I'd make it as I'd had a pretty mental year, and had loads of work to do, but it was all fine in the end.



What advice would you give to other people starting out in Art?

Read up on your bullshit talk for art-parties and exhibition openings, and grow a thick, rubber-like skin. Oh, and believe your own hype

What is a typical day at work like?

There's no really typical day for me, Mostly though if I've a whole studio day I get there after 11am and work till about 7pm.

What's your own fave piece of work?

I used to keep a visual diary of left-handed drawings. They were all pretty subconscious images, like people hacking their heads off, or screaming in a city, I painted them on these massive canvasses in bright colours. There's feck-all technique in them - but I love them because to me they symbolize the start of something new.

How did you get into this work?

I always loved drawing and painting pictures when I was younger, so after school I went to NCAD to study. I ended up doing Sculpture, which was interesting. It was really concept driven and I made a lot of sound and video performance pieces, some of which even made sense. When I left college I was heartily sick of it all, though, so I worked in the bank for a while, which was as amazing an experience as you can imagine.

Then about three years ago I got back into art. I quit the bank and rented a studio in a warehouse. I started just painting as I didn't have any equipment to make sound or video stuff, but I loved it. I love the immediacy of painting and drawing: paint on brush, brush on canvas, make a picture. Proper painters will no doubt disagree with me, but I like doing it for the craic really.

Do you work in Dublin?

At the moment I have a three month project studio in Temple Bar Galleries, which is great because it's so central. Last year I was on an artist's residency in Singapore, where I also travelled a bit around Asia and Australia. Next year I hope to travel a bit more and see where I end up. Hopefully somewhere with not-so-crap weather.

What materials do you work with?

I have a fairly schizophrenic approach to art. One day I'm making performance videos, the other doing pencil portraits, the next making ridiculous cartoons, or sound poems on the laptop, and so on. I put it down to my complete lack of concentration, and the fact that I absolutely love doing so many different things.

Does music and art ever mix?

I used to keep them quite separate, but recently I've started to mix them together. I'll write little stories in my head about people and draw how they look, and then figure out their motives and write a song about that. It's certainly more challenging than braying on about broken hearts.

I'm big into fairy tales and strong women archetypes, and fallen women. I love the way the press or society or history can change how we see people and events. Like the witch in Hansel and Gretel – some say she was a witch, some say she was a pedophile. But maybe she was just a lonely owl lady and these pesky kids were wrecking her garden. Maybe they deserved a roasting. Anyway, I like to try to get inside characters like these and write from their perspective. It keeps the wolves from the door, in any case.

How have the places you lived in influenced your work?

Singapore was amazing for the colour and sheer variety of people and experiences. Smells and sounds

were all half-familiar to me so going there last year for 5 months was like coming home. While I was there, I visited Cambodia, Hong Kong, Malaysia and Indonesia, all of which come back to haunt me in these freezing days. Yogyakarta in Java was unforgettable.



How has your work changed from the early days to now?

I'm a little better read these days. Despite what I was saying about critical theory (above), I do think it's important to be aware of various discourses. Mostly I read up on race and feminism, and it feels good to be able to verbalise things I've had in my head but never thought anyone else

How do you price your work?

I have no idea. This is one of my downfalls. I know there is a formula, so usually I take the usual time, materials and labour into account. But it also seems to depend how popular your work is...like a beauty pageant for paintings...the bigger the star, the more it costs, etc. I like bartering though. I got a website out of the last painting I did.

What direction do you see your work going

I've always loved performance and sound Or stop animation. I love that. The main thing for me is to keep producing.



Does Dublin nurture and encourage an artistic community or is it tougher here?

Yeah I think Dublin's great for art, mostly because it's so small, and the people are extraordinarily friendly and approachable. It can be a bit cliquey, but since I'm terminally uncool and have never been accepted into a clique, I don't really mind.

Do you think the recession has made an impact on your work and the work of your peers?

Personally, no. But then most artists have never been rolling in wads of cash. If anything, it almost seems a bit more acceptable to be working on art now. In the past couple of years, I remember telling people that I was an artist, and most people's first question is, "do you make much money?" I'd have to explain that most people don't want to buy the kind of work I make, and then they'd get a sad, hound-dog look, and say, "oh well". Now there's less pressure to make money simply because it's bloody harder to do.

How do you think viewers interpret your work?

I have no idea, really. If I start trying to imagine what people will think before I make something, that's it, that's the end. I have had some interesting opinions though - one fella saw the Same Same but Different paintings (which I made in Singapore and showed in The Joinery in Stoneybatter) and decided that I was scared of men and wanted to eat them. I'm not sure, but I don't think that was the case. Who knows, though.

What is the philosophy behind your work?

I don't know if you could call it a philosophy, but generally my agenda when making work is quite impulsive. I have a tendency to overthink, and so I've been trying not to consider every aspect before I make something. I think it was a product of studying sculpture: everything is so thought-out and critiqued,



that when I left college I felt paralysed and dumb (in the speaking sense), unable to do anything.

So now I try to make first, think later. Also I don't think it should be necessary to have read a dozen tomes of critical thinking to "get" something; you like it or you don't. You may apply critical thinking to it, but that shouldn't form the majority of your pleasure (or displeasure) from a piece

If you weren't doing this what else would you do?

Well, I'm a musician too. I absolutely love music, in fact I think I prefer it because it's more immediate and there's less wankology involved. I've been playing guitar for about sixteen years. I was super-shy about playing in public though so I only started gigging about a year and a half ago. It's slow going, but good. I'm recording an E.P. at the moment.

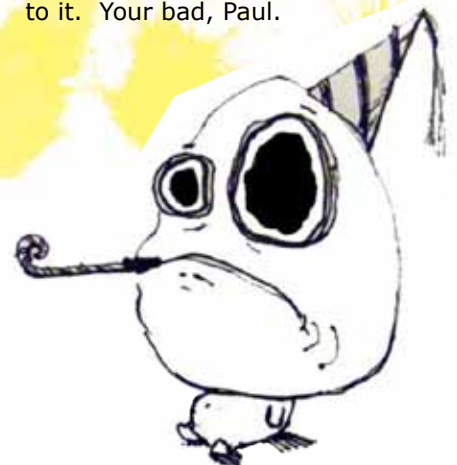
Otherwise I think I would make a very good queen, or Hit Parade radio D.J.

What is your biggest vice?

Wine and Patricia Scanlan novels.

Who would you like to collaborate with on a project and what would you produce?

If Tracey Thorn hadn't sung on the Style Council's song Paris Match from the 1984 album Café Bleu, I think I would've added something wonderful to it. Your bad, Paul.





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# FRANK DIARIES -

**In the depths of a sexual rut and a prolific rant, Joe Kearney attempts to analyse how homosexual culture in Dublin, the influence of the Church, and even the dispute on gay marriage contribute towards a culture of mediocre sex.**

I have had sex with more men than I care to remember. In fact, I couldn't recall half of them. Over the years I have had great sex, mediocre sex, and crap sex. I have slept with men of nearly every age, race, creed, body type and sexual prowess you can imagine. The majority of the sex has been fair to alright. Thankfully, exceptionally dreadful and damaging describes the minority. Sadly, earth shattering, life changing, internally shiveringly great sex is equally a minority occurrence. It makes an almost perfect bell curve.

Oddly, I remember the calibre of my sexual adventures but cannot recount the faces, names or ages of at least 90% of my conquests.

I find myself trapped in mediocre sex! I'm bereft and set afloat in the world of middling sex - in betweeny - nothing to write home about. The boys I select are not inexperienced or sexually dysfunctional. I think the problem is the abundance of experience under my belly. Sex as an event has dulled in its previously bright excitement. It is fast approaching a formulaic exercise in self validation.

Within moments of touching a man I ascertain his likes, wants, desires, and boundaries. This one is slightly filthy, enjoys spitting and a bit of bum licking; this guy is nice, slow, soft and sensual; that one likes it fast and hard; this guy wants to be fisted and that one wants me to piss all over him. Gay sex is famous for being easy to get, experimental, exciting, and often naughty. Is this just a facade to distract from a basic fact? Most gays are bored with gay sex.

Most gay men can be divided into three categories: top, bottom, and versatile. Bottoms usually love sucking cock and taking big, hard cocks up their manginas. Versatile usually have a preference for top or bottom but still enjoy both and are usually far more confident about being gay. Tops are hole-mad. They want to eat it, finger it, and fuck it. Tops are assertive and forward. They usually lead the sex exploit

and are essentially the man. Tops are under self-inflicted pressure to be 'real men'. Labelling gay men into roles which are carried around like badges is often a burden. Once you're labelled it's hard to get out of it. The very notion is offensive and I imagine originated in the straight community

Sex as an event has dulled in its previously bright excitement. It is fast approaching a formulaic exercise in self validation.

The very idea of labelling women in straight relationships in the same fashion is redundant. What about labelling straight men? Oh he likes fanny so he is active, he likes it up her bum so he is retroactive, he likes to cum on her tits so he is a breast man. Is sex really so reductionist?

Is it just a case of seen one cock seen em all? Well yes, some are disappointing and some huge but really, who gives a toss? Straight sex is often regarded as a game of give and take. Women seduce men slowly. Milan Kundera's sexual descriptions are twice as horny as the last blow job I got off some guy I barely

remember. Men pursue women and may not succeed. The availability of a girl and her eagerness to have fun may get her a name, making her less desirable to other men. Quite the opposite can be said of the homosexual sex game. Men who are game are the norm. Hard to get boys are seen as judgemental and/or frigid.

The analysis so far is possibly more applicable to an international arena. In Ireland, it gets a bit trickier. Like it or not, the Irish are embossed with Catholic ideals about sex. Let's briefly summarise here shall we, the Catholic guide to sex:

- Never masturbate
- Never have sex before marriage
- Do not use contraception
- Only fornicate to procreate
- Do not entertain sexual pleasures with members of the same sex

You are not allowed to know anything about it and you must start making kids immediately. How do these rules apply to modern Irish citizens? More importantly, how do they filter down into the gay community?

The sexual revolution of the straight world happened in the 1960's. Many parts of Ireland remain firmly rooted in the 1950's. The homosexual sex revolution was knocked sideways by AIDS and has never fully recovered.

Currently, I have started actively promoting the use of condoms in my own sex life. This is a very new development for me and I'm 27. Is it unique for me to be so careless? Who knows, but I doubt I'm the only bare backer in the village. Previous to this decision to rubber up, I felt obliged to skin fuck. Bottoms almost demand it and tops encourage other tops by saying it's much better and closer. The fear of not fitting in yet again or being branded as prude, inexperienced, or frigid also encourages one to fly free. Does an underlying belief of 'condoms are bad' exist, as the pope has condemned them? Do

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we enjoy condom-free sex because it is actually advised by pontiffs old and new?

Personally, I flit from skin to rubber in the same session. Rubber fucking 50% of the time makes me feel safer and better about myself. How did I ever come to know I enjoy rough, risky sex? Who taught me to spit in a guy's mouth? Why is that hot? Did I learn it in porn? Or from rebelling against my Catholic upbringing? Or is it down to a desperate struggle to find my identity in other men's

cocks?

Perhaps I'm wrong about my perceptive nature when I kiss a man. Perhaps I lead the way and they improvise. I assumed he liked it rough; we did it rough. It was his first rough fuck. Of course he won't disclose that event as it may be embarrassing. Perhaps I have created another rough fucker and have no idea.

With all that said, falling in love is no sin. Gay sex can be meaningful. You don't have to splash it about and

show it off to all. There's no shame in riding one guy forever. You can even remain monogamous. Of course, a lack of happy, married gay couples in this country, a scarcity of successfully happily settled gay folk means means there's no cap, no top, no lid; as such, we are bubbling over. If we can and are expected to do everyone then nicey-nicey soft sex is dull. Let's ride naked, let's catch things, and let's conform to the expectations set out by the Church and the state. Equality wouldn't get us better sex anyway . . . or would it?



Recently, I had the good fortune, or was it misfortune, to spend a weekend in Kiev. Having returned over a week ago, I'm still unsure as to whether or not I loved or hated the place.

Having previously been dissuaded from making the trek east, due to the convoluted visa process, an anachronism no longer required as of 2007; I wasn't sure what to expect as my plane touched down at Boryspil airport. I was in Moscow three years ago and as my bus choked its way into the city, the grandeur of Kiev's skyline brought me back to my time in Mother Russia.

Unlike Moscow, Kiev's very big brother, Ukraine's capital has either never heard of tourism, or has and wants nothing to do with it! Every single road sign is in cryptic Cyrillic; there's no such thing as a tourist information centre, and only if you are extremely lucky, will you stumble upon someone that speaks, or is willing to speak English.

For all this outward hostility, Kiev is hugely impressive. Revelling in its hard fought independence, long gone are the communist ideals of socialism; capitalism is the new king of Kiev. The revolution may well have been orange, but Kiev beats to one colour, that of money. Never in my life have I seen more Bentleys, Rolls Royces and Aston Martins! - Funny Money!

Behind all this glitz and glamour, a chimerical charade that belies a nation bedevilled by poverty, are local markets that hide behind the ostentatious Gucci and Porsche outlets. Within these bustling markets is a window to the real Ukraine. Fresh, local produce is controlled by bucolic "babushkas." Open air butchers display every imaginable part of the carcass, with tripe seeming to be the top seller! It is at these markets where one can find quick and unhealthy snacks - cheese filled pastries being particularly memorable.

Besides strolling the streets open mouthed, there is no shortage of sights to see. First among these is the gargantuan steel Soviet woman on the banks of the Dnipro river. This contrasts nicely with maydan Nezalezhnasti, the nerve centre of Yushenko's Orange revolution. These relatively modern attractions are in contrast to the Caves monastery, the spiritual heart of the Ukrainian people, with its underground labyrinths, lined with mummified monks. Another highlight is a leisurely stroll along cobblestoned Andriyivsky uzviz, Kiev's oldest and quaintest street.

Awestruck by its self-assured confidence and confused by its wealth and poverty, I was completely bewildered leaving Kiev that Sunday. But I get the feeling my confusion would leave the denizens of Kiev quietly happy. I think they revel in the mystery of their beautiful capital.

## *Social Etiquette.*

When people ask the question 'What do you do?' little reflection is ever given to what they are really asking. This simple little question is cleverly designed to sort the wheat from the chaff and to grade you by your own admission.

In reality, the question would be more honest if we were inclined to say 'Are you suitable for me to talk to?' Of course, this is considered rude and one of the many reasons that etiquette was developed.

The questioner is trying to decide whether they want to be associated with you. The questioner rarely reflects on the request for long and most responses are to announce our profession as though that is what we spend the majority of our time doing. Most people eat and sleep as often or more than they actually work. It is not suitable to respond, 'Oh I eat and sleep.'

Now the problem of high unemployment makes this simple exchange even more complex. With an

abundance of individuals such as overqualified academics and highly skilled labourers out of work, simply communicating your position in social standing by your job is no longer an option. And when it was, ironically enough, it was still arguably the wrong answer.

In fact, much information can be gleaned about others from the way they respond to the question. For example, people often answer this question with a detailed, lengthy explanation if they are insecure about their job or unhappy with it.

'I'm a waiter, but I'm studying medicine.' ie. I am more than just a servant. I have brains and will be worth knowing one day.

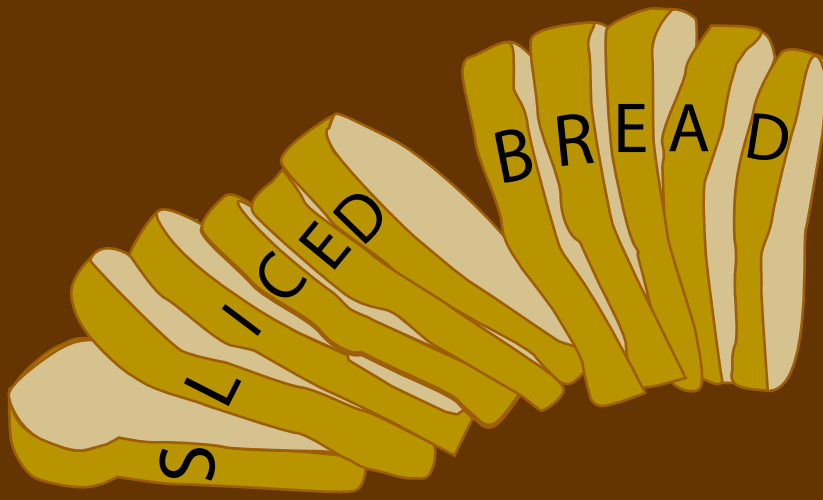
'I work in Tesco's on the checkouts. Isn't that hilarious? But it's an easy job and the money is alright.' ie. Even though anyone can do it, I clearly am wasted in this current position and only suffer the indignity for the cash. This means I am likely to buy you a pint and hence am worth knowing.

'I'm a lawyer.' The joy of having a profession, which is generally respected as high status usually means a quick retort to 'What do you do?' The elaboration on this is incredibly short but generally demands further questioning on the part of the questioner. 'Oh, what sort of lawyer? Where do you practise? How long have you been one? . . .' etc.

'I'm a lawyer but I'm on the dole at the moment.' This puts a very different slant on things. This means I worked very hard in college and qualified but then I didn't make the grade to actually get work and may as well have been in Tesco's or waiting tables all these years. At least then I'd have a job.

It's funny how the financial crisis quickly changes things.





## It's thought that at the last supper, Judas was given a smaller piece of bread than everyone else and just went mental.

I'm not sure who decided that sliced bread was the greatest thing ever and that all future things would be graded against it. What was the greatest thing before sliced bread? Did people just unanimously agree that sliced bread was the greatest thing that had ever been invented? Will anything ever be better than sliced bread? Will our descendants say, 'This time travel business is the greatest thing since sliced bread?' Or will they say, 'This time travel business is the greatest thing since artificial intelligence?' I don't know but I do know that sliced bread is bloody great.

Before it was sliced in the factory, bread was sold in shapeless lumps called loaves. In order to eat these loaves you got a knife and physically cut the bread into slices yourself. If you were too poor to afford a knife, you had to use your hands to tear the bread into pieces small enough to eat. This caused many problems when bread was being distributed amongst family and friends. It was almost impossible to tell if the bread had been shared equally and the ensuing fights over who got the largest piece could quickly escalate into ferocious feuds. It's thought that at the last supper, Judas was given a smaller piece of bread than everyone else and just went mental.

Invented in 1928 by Otto Frederick Rohwedder of Davenport Iowa, sliced bread took the world by storm. Housewives were free of the endless chore of slicing the bread themselves and now had lots of extra time for their other chores like spreading

things on the bread and putting things in between pieces of bread.

Sliced bread was in fact banned for a time during the war. Officials believed that the heavier paper required to keep sliced bread from drying out was an expense the nation could not afford. When irate housewives began to protest at having all their time consumed by slicing bread, the ban was rescinded.

To find out how great sliced bread really is, I decided to compare it with standard non-sliced bread. I made a simple tomato and cheese sandwich with mayonnaise and lettuce. The sliced bread was a delight to work with. The slices came out of the package very easily. They laid flat on the plate and didn't wobble or fall over. Their square shape corresponded neatly with the square shape of the cheese slices I used, leaving a slight margin for the edges of the bread to come together unobstructed. The smooth, even surface of the slices meant spreading the mayonnaise was both simple and pleasurable. The flat bread compensated for the irregular shape of the lettuce, keeping it from falling over. Finally the tomato was sliced and laid on top of the lettuce before another slice of bread was easily removed from the pack and laid on top, providing a delicious sandwich that was very easy to make and even easier to eat.

The un-sliced bread could not have been more different. First of all, it came with no instructions as to the best way to separate one piece of bread from the loaf. I decided

to hazard a guess and took a large carving knife to it. Not being used to this kind of physical chore, I found myself chopping at it before discovering that a sawing motion is the most effective. At this stage, I had already chopped half the loaf into tiny breadcrumbs. While one side was cut relatively flat, the other side was lumpy and horrible. The side I managed to cut smoothly was very thin at one corner and terribly thick at the other. When I laid it down on the plate it wobbled a lot making me slightly queasy as I stared at it. When I attempted to place the cheese on the very uneven surface it broke up into tiny pieces, which fell on the floor attracting rats into my kitchen which I still haven't been able to get rid of.

I thought the mayonnaise would be easier. Unable to negotiate the irregular terrain of the bread, I missed it altogether and spread mayonnaise all over my hand and up my arm, ruining a very expensive shirt.

When I tried to put the lettuce on, it tumbled straight off and crashed to the floor where it attracted ants who later tamed the rats and rode them around like tiny horses using toothpicks as swords. They eventually chased me out of my house.

I decided to cut my losses, forgo the tomato and head straight for the second slice. So unnerved was I by the preceding calamities that I cut off my index and middle fingers as I tried to slice the bread. The mayonnaise got into the wound and later caused an infection which meant my arm had to be amputated from below the shoulder. Before I fell unconscious, I managed to get the second slice on top of the first and fit it in my mouth. The irregular shape meant I had to unhinge my jaw to get it in which was very painful. Most of the blood from my fingers was soaked up by the bread so eating the sandwich meant swallowing about a pint of blood which I vomited up immediately.

When I woke up later in the ambulance, the paramedic guessed what had happened. He told me they saw a lot of this type of accident with people trying to save money by buying un-sliced bread. 'It's just not worth the risk,' he said and I would have to agree with him.

All in all sliced bread is brilliant and I give it 9 out of 10. It lost one point because it reminded me of un-sliced bread.

# FOOD Wars

As anyone will tell you, all vegetarians are miserable tree hugging hippies trying to prove a useless point and grab a bit of attention as clearly they were the least loved child in their family.

I was always the favourite in my family and as such was banned from turning veggie at the tender and succulent age of 13.

Some ten or so years later I did do a stint of vegetarianism and was not only miserable for two years but unfaithful. No I didn't cheat on my lover (Can't actually swear to that claim but that's neither here nor there). I ate meat in secrecy and by accident (on purpose). I had Turkey each Christmas. I bought sandwiches willy-nilly and if they had meat I ate 'em, money talks etc.

I did however, prolong the charade with my mates rarely admitting to meat eating or explaining my justification for cheating at great lengths.

Anyway this foray into attention seeking hippie eating habits has given me a greater understanding of the silly nonsense that goes into being a vegetarian. Like it or not veggies, we are designed to eat meat and veg! As such we like it; instinctively we yearn for it. Skinny girls proclaiming they simply don't like the texture of meat and so went off it for comfort reasons rather than ethical reasons are not only full of caca but are also expressing an innate selfishness within their tiny little minds. Not only am I choosing to be a picky eater and cutting out meat to annoy and upset my friends and family at practically every meal, but I'm also only doing it as I don't like the feel of meat in my teeth! Poppy cock! You are doing it to stay slim, drop off the pounds and garner attention from nearly everyone silly enough to pay you heed.

Be gone veggie faker and get yourself a scrumptious and highly fattening big Mac.

Ethical veggies are rather a different can of salted carrots. They at least have thought long and hard about why they are being so difficult and they always take the high ground by looking down their turnips at you and I say fair play to 'em. I love a bit of elite judgmentalism, but consider the following.

Animals like pain; they are quite sadomasochistic in themselves. Ever see a cat play with a mouse? Ever see a bull rape a cow? Ever see pig mummies eat their young? This namby pamby ohhhh save bambi hippie hype is totally nullified by the actions of the very animals they seek to save from suffering. Animals inflict pain and suffering on themselves all the time. Even dogs have been known to eat, sheep, babies, other dogs and rats.

Eating meat is proper order; it frightens animals into obeying us. If we didn't eat them they would eat us and no sow is gonna eat this Homo erectus.

Now read on as I reveal my first highly meat-based dish! Oh and a sad, lonely, hungry, ethical veggie might introduce you to a meat free dish too. Pay her no respect. The moral high ground has shifted to my court and here I intend to reign for as long as bacon tastes like heaven and chicken tastes like everything else. I feel it imperative to also mention the awesomeness of beef, oh and pork, yummy! Any meat left out like say DUCK is a total oversight on my ravenous part and fear not timid lamb I'll get round to devouring you shortly.

Spaghetti Bolognaise.

Start by lumping a pound of beef into a pan. No need for oil, the fat of the mince will act as an oil on its own and there will be no pan sticking.

When all the meat has browned, sprinkle a cube of oxo over it to bring out even more of that delicious beef. Don't worry about this step if you bought nice expensive meat but if you scrimped on it the oxo will beef everything up. Now add some onions and some garlic. I use two onions and 5 or 6 cloves of garlic but I'm mental for strong tastes so tone it down as suits your own level.

When everything is cooking nicely and the onions have softened add in 6-8 chopped tomatoes and some basil. When this has turned saucy add some cumin. Measure by eye and flake it in. You can get all of these ingredients in Tesco's.

Cook this meal on a low heat for as

long as possible to reduce it down.

Now add salt and a spoon of sugar. I use brown sugar as I'm fancy. You can also flake in a few semi cured slices of Chorizo which you can pick up in Fallen and Byrne for a bit of meaty goodness.

Put some water on the boil, add salt to reduce boiling temperature and when it's all bubbling up add whatever pasta you prefer. One packed with meat perhaps?

If you pop a colander on top and throw some Spinach into this, it will cook and look lovely on top of your meal as the green contrasts with the red. Now add a splash of red wine. I'd use a full glass of it and the older the wine the better, but if you're not an Alco perhaps two tablespoons of wine will do.

As the pasta boils now is a good time to grate the parmesan and why not chew on chorizo while so doing to get you in the meaty mood.

When it's ready, usually within 10 to 12 mins, strain the pasta; pour boiling water over it to remove some of the starch. Pop the pasta in a bowl or on a plate. Scoop some of the bolognaise onto this and top off with welted spinach and grated parmesan.

Now stick that in your Linda McCartney veggie saussies ya starving "I'm trying to prove a point" Gee bag!

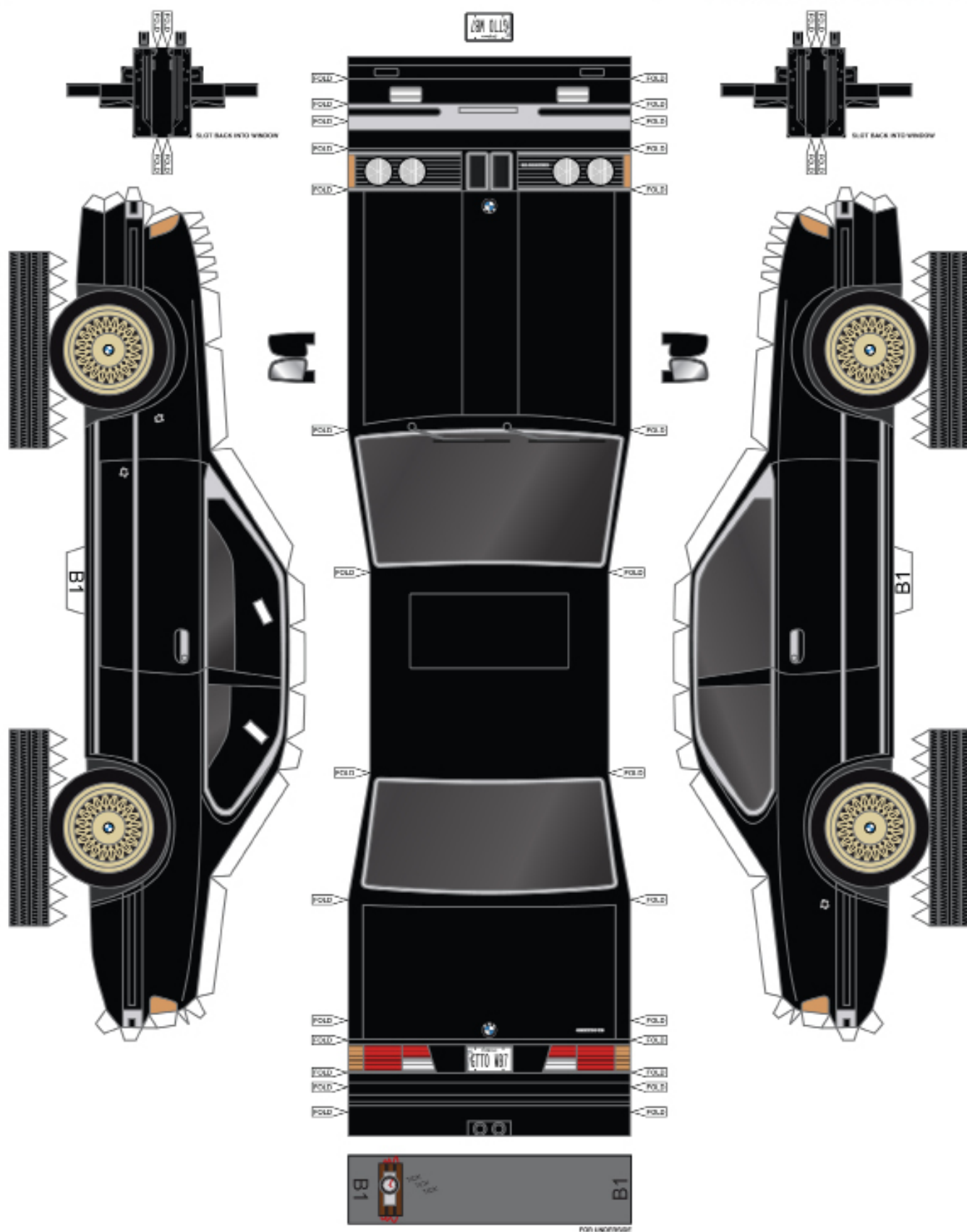
## Meaty Recipe



# DRIVE

# BY

1X BMW, 2X MAC 10



**REQUIRES:** SCISSORS, PAPER KNIFE, STRONG GLUE (UHU), WEAK GLUE (PRITSTICK), A4 CARD (CEREAL BOX OR THINNER CARD)  
**METHOD:** STICK THIS PAGE ONTO THE A4 CARD WITH THE WEAK GLUE, CUT OUT WITH SCISSORS & KNIFE, FOLD AND CONSTRUCT USING STRONG GLUE TO FIX