

ПРАВДИНИНЪЕ НАРЯДЪ



ПЕТЕРБУРГ-РОСТ

ПРЕДСЕДЪ И ТЕПЕРЬ

**Imagine moving to a new city where you don't know anyone. Well that's the way I am all the time and I've lived in Dublin all my life and yet I hardly know anyone.**

Suppose I want an mp3, I have to pay the full whack for it. No one talks to me unless they are shouting at me or want money.

It's always the people with no personalities who are ridiculously popular.

#### **CITY OF ALIENATION**

But would I really want that sort of company? It's like waiting for a bus. You try talking to these guys, there's nothing there. No sense of wonder, just going through the motions. I mean I've lived in Dublin all me life and I still hardly know anyone. You go down the boozier and there's a crowd of hooray-henrys celebrating someone's 40th, who always turns out to be a ned flanders character. A pain in the neck. Isn't it always the way? There are no characters anymore, everyone's the same. Where's the spark? These characters are all the same. Tell them to jump and they say 'how high.' Seen one, seen them all. This is the last thing the serious drinker

wants to see. To him, a whole crowd of people out together is just too confusing. Everyone wants to go everywhere *en masse*. It's not always possible to talk with colleagues because they just refer to events and people that I don't know of – the 'what Dolores said to Bernie' brigade.

Like how can the people on Myspace be so popular when they don't do anything? They are just zombies. The people on Myspace with thousands of friends are just rubbing our noses in it.

Everyone thinks they can pick on you if you're on your own (what always surprises them is if you stand up for yourself).

If you don't know anyone then everyone seems the same, a single mass operating as a unit to monopolise resources.

And not knowing anyone if you're single or anything you are looked-down upon. Life passes you by.

You can't win. But I've only got myself to blame as I can't even stagger out as far as the front garden without a stiff drink in me hand.

Myspace is a social networking site for people who already have loads of friends while the rest of us look on in amazement. They surround themselves with huge entourages and unless you have hundreds of friends on

it you feel you are only intruding. They are also illiterate.

If there is a big gig they can all go because of course they all know each other. And of course hooray-henrys nowadays are in touch with each other all the time now with texts and constant phone calls and disregard anyone else.

Organising a holiday is a nightmare because I get my cousins together and we can't seem to come up with a plan. It's all talk. As I always say, you have to plan these things like a military operation. Then as soon as you have agreed on it someone pipes up, quick as a flash, 'hey, let's go to Prague.' The 'let's go to Prague' man is a fellow who lurks at the back waiting for his chance to pounce. He has been scuppering travel plans since the early nineties, contributing nothing until the last moment and then throwing everyone into disarray.

Then it turns out that all accommodation in the B&Bs and hotels has been reserved by the dreaded coach-parties, they just seem to be so organised. They don't even need holidays as much as we do... why should all the hooray-henrys all have holidays and we be denied one, crowded out? It's nothing to them to go on hols, to me it's a big deal.

A friend of mine in London signed me up for a dating website and I had to describe myself so I wrote a 'zany' description of myself with such words as 'eccentric' and 'crackpot' and guess what? I had no takers. Around that time I saw an article in the *Sunday Tribute mag* or similar, instructing women to run a mile from 'zany,' 'wacky' guys. The advice was only to go for the boring man with no personality, who drives a company car, etc. Those guys seem to be ten-a-penny. True enough, writing zany articles may not be very lucrative but there is no harm in it, it's part of what I am but us wacky guys are to be ostracised and denied company on the orders of the *Tribute*.

The sad fact is that the 'zany' guy is condemned to a life of looking at his four walls.

And in real life I'm not wacky, I keep a low profile and am normally just confused / alienated all the time.

You know how you hear people saying, 'he's never been the same since his accident,' the spark has gone, something is lost. Well that's the way I am and I've never been in an accident or had an operation. Yet I'm a shadow of a man and maybe that's why I don't know anyone... I'm not really of this world.

## ISSUE 9, WINTER 2007-08

Readers, you are all very quiet, I can't help wondering if you read the zine at all. I've decided to throw in the towel because the dreaded amnesia has got the better of me and no one reads the zine anyway, plus the constant problem of losing my pens continues. I will photocopy this issue on retro coloured paper. Last time I was posting fed-up I tried getting 65 cent stamps for UK and 75 cent for elsewhere but it turns out that it's gone up again to 78c for everywhere outside of Ireland. It's only a pittance, it's just strange that it goes up so often because it used to always be the same – 65 cents to US, 55 to Ireland and 60 to UK. It also means my left-over stamps from one issue are not sufficient in value for the next issue. I've decided to get self-adhesive stamps from now on, after all, who wants to lick something that has been rubbed along the counter in the post office? Think about it. Germs. What a great invention the self adhesive stamp is, though.

I want to start an anarchist newspaper called *the working man* (and in this issue I've set out some ideas for it) but I would need help, I can't do everything. But I can never get anyone to

co-operate with me. The paper would not just be another what's-on guide, after all, not everyone cares about what's on.

There are too many what's-on guides really, who wants to go to museums and art galleries. Who cares? much better to have a good moan. Really, you're better off just going straight into work and straight home, not going to any cinemas or pubs. I can't understand why anyone bothers organising exhibitions – or anything. After queueing up for everything all week, surely you want your weekend to yourself and don't want to be queueing up with crowds. With a lot of these public exhibitions they expect 20,000 suckers and no-one turns up.

Then the problem with doing the paper is the very real prospect of no one buying it.

Everyone claims they never have time to read this zine, and equally, I never have time for the 'I-never-have-time-to-read-it' brigade. They seem to have plenty of time to read an endless pile of manky library books and novels. With the society we live in, everyone

thinks the zine is some sort of spam / pyramid scheme.

This is why I end up feeling foolish for doing the zine and get increasingly alienated. I thought it would be a good way to socialise but the thing is, doing this newsletter, you need to know people, who know you in the first place, to get away with doing this otherwise it just doesn't work because no one is interested in anyone they don't know. It's not easy for the zine publishers. The bloggers are killin' us one by one.

The cover art on this issue is *Then and Now* by Vladimir Kozlinsky circa 1920. It always stayed in my memory from the book *Shock Of The New* by Robert Hughes. It has that lino-printing look... and is perfect for a zine cover.

Send any gripes, as always, to [gerryorchard@iol.ie](mailto:gerryorchard@iol.ie) but, at the risk of repeating myself, none of your I-haven't-read-your-zine messages.

[myspace.com/fedupmag](http://myspace.com/fedupmag)

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**CRAZY QUOTES**

*"There are two kinds of people in the world, those who believe there are two kinds of people in the world and those who don't."*

*"Dachshunds are ideal dogs for small children, as they are already stretched and pulled to such a length that the child cannot do much harm one way or the other."*

*Robert Benchley*

The fellows and I thought it would be a good wheeze to write an article about the common man. The common man who falls out of bed, falls down the stairs, stumbles into work, who battles his way through poorly-stocked supermarkets, then queues up for half an hour to pay. The common man who, if he is lucky, drives a banger. He opens his door and the handle comes off in his hand. Why can't things just work in harmony with the common man? He gets home, only to find *Corporation Street* interrupting the footy and when he sits down to his evening meal, the doorbell and phone suddenly ring at the same time.

The working man is a rarity now with all the landed gentry, the new money brigade, spivs and investors.

Not for him the poncy hair salons or posh restaurants, holidays or helicopters of the champagne-charlies.

#### **IN PRAISE OF THE WORKING MAN**

The working man just wants his pint, his newspaper and a bit of peace and quiet but increasingly he is made to feel unwelcome with all the snooty knob joints now. They even have enormous windows for posing in and the pint is no longer a pint, it's a 'concept.'

After the riot in Dublin of 2006 it became clear that there is a war on in Dublin. A

war between the plain ordinary working man, and society. This is no ordinary war, this is World War III.

The reason why the common man is being hounded out of existence is because under the Equal Status Act (2000) the knobs are no longer allowed to discriminate against anyone now except the plain ordinary man. He is seen as fair game because legally he hasn't a leg to stand on. There is, it seems, no point in lodging complaints about these people. And with the stealth taxes he is being bled dry. Throughout history, the common man has used the free plastic carrier bag to carry his few meagre possessions. Extra credibility was awarded to bags that were somewhat the worse for wear. Now there is 23 cents stealth tax on them and the flimsy paper ones fall apart in the rain. He cannot afford to live here, nor can he afford his traditional pint of stout. The ordinary shops like Frawleys are closing left, right and centre.

There is 40 quid stealth tax on a credit card every year even if you don't use it although it's not something the typical working man would have anyway.

The final indignity, for the true Dubliner, was when the authorities banned the traditional black plastic bin-bag and replaced it with the wheelie-bin, to facilitate the new bin stealth tax. The working man cannot fathom the wheelie-bin. An alien concept to him, it belongs to the cultureless, sprawling outer zone and is unsuited to terraced houses. To this day, the

true Dubliner continues to protest against the wheelie-bin.

Dublin has gone all snooty. It has become a city of bouncers. There is a church on Jervis Street which has become a trendy wine bar, is that not sacrilege? They seemed to spend years erecting a tacky, clear plastic tube at the front of it and its railings have notices threatening anyone who locks their bicycle there. Jervis Street – axis of evil or what? This is an example of why the plain people of Dublin are so sick of the knobs.

We need to turn the tables on society. From now on, we will inflict ourselves on society rather than vice-versa. I was getting into a car with the cousins and a busybody driving by got me to roll down the window, claimed he was a copper and started questioning us. What the working man must do is demand identification (in a whiny voice) from these people. That is your right if questioned by coppers. Then take out a notepad and pen and make a big deal of copying down all the information – turn the situation around. If you are minding your own business and anyone ever asks you where you are going, what you are doing or who you are, tell them nothing. If anyone asks for directions to anywhere, claim you have never been there in your life.

After queueing up for half an hour to pay at a supermarket checkout, if the check-

out girl asks the common man if he has a loyalty card, he must turn it into a whine about loyalty cards. If a retail worker is insistent about the advantages of a loyalty card the working man should reply that he is wealthy and does not need to collect points.

Another good one is not making eye contact with all these chuggers going door to door. Just keep repeating a whiny 'no thanks.' I mean there was one and he had a picture of a Lotus and the text read, 'Win a car worth €10,000.' Straight away you know it's a con job, a Lotus costs far more than ten grand. Make life as difficult as possible for everyone, is my outlook on it. From now on, the hooray-henrys will pay the price for being hooray-henrys.

Also avoid doing business with anyone, buy things that will last. A common man just needs a few classics. Perhaps employ a system of barter.

The media now is full of reports of how 'bleak' and 'gloomy' the property market has become, after a decade of inflation. The plain people of Ireland could be forgiven for thinking that the end of the world is upon us.

God forbid that the plain ordinary working man might some day be able to afford a property.

Meanwhile, security is pretty tight in town now as the authorities are terrified of another riot.

For many years now, there has been an endless procession of ads on the radio for huge shops trying to sell tiles, always with a hint of desperation. I mean, how often does anyone buy tiles? You see, it's all these retailers selling stuff that no one wants while it's so difficult to get things that you do want. There is a stranglehold on what you can buy – in-convenience stores, as I term them. Could it be a money laundering scam? In fact, lots of people in this country find it very difficult to get things in shops and have to go online.

#### **PILES OF TILES**

*Corporation Street* now is gone very far fetched. There was a car chase where the cars were just crawling along.....if you want to see a proper high-speed car chase then watch *Bullit*.

Also the characters always turn out to have some grown-up offspring that they never knew they had.

Another thing with TV is if there is a competition, you will notice that the prizes nowadays are nearly always luxury spa breaks.

They have ads on now where people keep getting caught by TV licence inspectors and trying to make up excuses. Note, readers, that the mistake all these people make is opening the door to these people (thinking it was the

pizza guy). If you never answer the door to them then you will never be caught. What I thought was a good drama was RTE's *Pure Mule* but if you do a blogsearch for it, none of the bloggers mentioned it because they only blog about US shows, also it's a pity it's not out on DVD.

A constant problem I have in recent years is everyone pretending to misunderstand everything I say, for comical effect, presumably inspired by the antics of the dreaded Paul Merton on *What News Have I Got For You*. You always know what he's going to say next. For goodness sake, if I say 'I lost my bottle,' or 'I'm not myself today,' 'I lost me marbles' or 'I bit off more than I can chew,' it's just a figure of speech, don't take everything so literally.

This Dab (digital audio broadcasting) radio now is starting to catch on in Dublin. You can get the main stations now on Dab but that's no use to me. With me it's got to be LFMFM (Louth/Meath) on a Saturday mornin' or sometimes Kildare FM, after all, the true Dubliner feels an affinity for the simple country folk, rather than the muesli-eating chattering classes, plus I like the temporary weekend stations, so FM is still king. It is important too, to use a radio with analogue tuning. If you just have presets, you will never know of the existence of the temporary stations.

**It's no secret that there is nothing on the internet nowadays.** It's very hard to do research now. You do a search and all you get is spam. The exact same article will come up millions of times on different sites. We all know that looking up stuff on the net is a nightmare and takes hours and hours. Usability is a thing of the past. Suppose you look up something in Dublin they assume you mean Dublin, California. No matter what you look up now, the search-engine-spammers have obstacles to attempt to prevent you from finding what you want. Every time you log in, some spammer is trying to get your ebay details off you or your bank details, with blinding, maniacally flickering ads. This is why I think Wikipedia is better for looking up things than a search engine.

Wikipedia hasn't caused a sensation because it's not another attempt to take over the globe by way of dumb banner adverts. Nasa, for example has put loads of articles there for anyone interested in stars, pulsars, nebulae, dark matter, the list goes on. You see, there are a lot of things in life that no-one ever tells you, you have to find them out for yourself. It's got articles even about the first Irish radio station, 2RN. It's useful for looking up films, or even types of cars and is commercial-free. But everyone uses search engines instead.

The poor-quality videos on youtube are of little interest to the common man. He looks up his local area on youtube and

it's all happy-slapping attacks and joyriding. Obviously the working man doesn't want to be on the internet all the time, he's just not interested in gimmicky websites or podcasts. Having no credit cards, he cannot buy anything on-line. His wants are simple: a few text-only usenet groups to peruse and as for e-mail, the only e-mail the common man receives is of the get-rich-quick variety. You see, the ordinary person does not know anyone on the net and if he sends an e-mail to anyone, he can rest assured that it will not be read for 6 months, at best.

Of course, broadband is far better than dialup... the problem with dialup is as soon as you go on, everyone is trying to use the phone and everyone is trying to get through. In the old dialup days, the typical user didn't really download anything, he got whatever was on a disk on the cover of a magazine. Now it's possible to download all his updates and the old familiar '0 bytes/sec' progress bar is a thing of the past.

You can pay bills now on the web, reducing the amount of journeys you have to make, haring around in public.

But one thing you quickly realise is that there are billions of URLs on the web and no one is going to look at any link you give them. So if you tell me about a website, the chances are, I will never see it, same as no one will ever look at any site I tell them about.

One of the things you have to watch is the bike lanes up on the path, like in Fairview. It's dangerous because the pedestrians are always walking on it (why wouldn't they, it's a footpath) and there are even muppets cycling the wrong way along it. Yet every time I go along the adjacent bus lane, I get buses, minibuses and taxis beeping at me. Once or twice when this happened I went right out into the normal traffic lanes as a protest to let a homicidal double-decker driver pass me on the inside... desperate.

**RAMBLING WITH ME BIKE** with DOYLER

Only a muppet cycles on the path. Normally now if I'm cycling on a bus lane, if there is a maniac anywhere behind I pull in and park there til there is nothing coming along the bus lane then I get back out into the bus lane and continue. With the Greens in power now surely they should ban bike lanes on footpaths, or do they (as I suspect) like them? Anyway if I'm driving on a bus lane and I see someone ahead cycling I'll give them the lane, which is what a civilised driver does. Historically, a lot of these bus lanes used to be hard-shoulders, for safety, before bus lanes became trendy. There was no driving allowed on them and they were the rightful ter-

ritory of hard-shoulder-man; the true bicyclist.

Dublin Bus released videos showing how it takes three-quarters of an hour for a bus to get through the city centre. The truth is, readers, the bus in Dublin is finished. There is no future for it. Of course buses are few and far between, but taxis are everywhere. I wish they could be banned from bus lanes, there are just too many of them.

They can spend a billion quid on a tram service but when it's all built, the chances are it goes nowhere near where you need to go. It's just the luck of the draw whether your house is near a tram stop.

And of course with cycling if you go up the quiet roads there is always kids playing football on the public highway and whereas they are bred to stand aside for motorised vehicles, they will not let the working man pass unhindered on his bicycle. Their movements are totally unpredictable. The trick I use is to dismount and walk *really* slowly with the bike, as a protest (see how they like it) along the centre of the road so at least they can't knock me over, then I get back on when past the danger.

And of course the thinking man doesn't want to travel with the 'ordinaries' on public transport.

The best footwear for cycling is a really old pair of work boots, wrecked ones like what a builder wears. These can take the spray and rain while the good footwear can be carried on the back of the bike, safely wrapped in plastic. Also cycling around in the scruffy work boots gives the appearance of being a working man rather than some sort of eccentric or fop and he is perhaps more likely to pass unhindered, he has a job to do, *gor blimey guv'nor, strike a light*. Endeavour to look like a manual worker.

The best boots are a type of yellow lace-up boots made in Spain called Grafters, they have soles which make a wonderful 'squelching' sound on hard flooring, almost as if they have suction cups on them. The docklands cycle is a democratic bike ride because it's not all do-gooders who have got sponsored. Because not everyone can get sponsored to do things. Some people can get sponsored to drink a cup of tea or grow their hair slightly but the ordinary man cannot.

I saw a do-gooder outside a shopping centre who was pedalling a stationary bike for charity but the back wheel was raised off the ground. Therefore there was no friction and no wind resistance and he was thus fraudulently clocking up miles. And wearing a crash helmet of course (why?) The

true bicyclist, while not a daredevil, sports a devil-may-care attitude. Wearing a crash helmet on your bike is a mistake because it's just inviting people to hit you on the head with a blunt instrument. And what about this 30Km/h speed limit in town? If that comes in, it will not be enforced. That speed limit has long been in place on O'Connell St.

A light on a bike will often draw the wrong kind of attention from roughs. It's best just to have one front light and one rear, perhaps even at a jaunty angle. Multiple lights would be perceived as 'nerdy.' I get enough dumb comments just for having the basic road legal minimum front & rear lamps in the dark, it would be even worse if I had anything fancy. To pass unhindered it is best to avoid giving roughs any reason to react to you. I reckon just a good pair of water proof lamps, nothing blinding, is best.

The old tail light I use is heavy on batteries and the bulb repeatedly burns out, the result being that I can never depend on it. I hope to get a decent LED tail light for Christmas. Rechargeable batteries, of course, are the poor man's friends. The rich can afford an endless supply of alkalines but the poor man just wants to use the same set over and over again.