



They've Got (Rubber) Balls

rubberbandits flagranted on the altar....mr chrome & blind boy boat club combine a state of a nation address with their filthy hip-hop thing as the next guests of the autumn:winter collection at st, john's church. this month's feature writer, mr chrome, addresses us...

The autumn:winter collection has been welcoming the city's public into the 14th century St. John's Church for warm shows on cold nights for a couple of months now. November's helping of Bell X1 is followed the night after by a quirk of a show when the Rubberbandits square peg is neatly fitted into the Daghdha Space round hole courtesy of a specially designed live and one-off show.

Rubberbandits, oddly, are squaring up to be the best thing about this little town at the moment. With the City & County councils climbing over each other to bate each other, empty streets and shop units getting emptier by the day, and the jaysus rain, LEG can't think of a better & more Irish way to comprehensively address it than to take the holy piss out of it. Therefor, we turn to our new leaders, The Rubberbandits, entering stage left. Their autumn:winter show will feature two distinct parts: their rapidly growing live show (perfect hip-hop riffs, acid lyrics and girls in horses heads), but will be warmed up for by a close up state-of-the-nation interview, where our two heroes will be intimately probed on all subjects from the IMF to greyhounds, hurtling unemployment to the art of snail-throwing, corruption & greed to e's & hash. A philosophy will emerge. An education. And a taste of what's to come from the mouth of Chrome.....

There's an old joke that David MacWilliams' wife told me as she was buttoning up her blouse in one of the tepee tents at Electric Picnic this year that went something like this. She said to me, "A recession is when your neighbour is out of work. A depression is when you are out of work."

I said I don't agree one bit. In my view a recession is when you can't afford 20 Rothmans and a depression is when Mary Harney is sitting on your face. She laughed in an odd tone that is common to all economists wives, a tone that sounds like a photocopier printing black and white photos of starving Irish emigrants.

But this article isn't about getting snaky hoop off David McWilliams's wife. It's about the state of the nation. I don't need to tell ye that things are pretty grim out there. One half of the country is in a job that slags our soul and the other half knows too much information about the back of another mans head from standing in the dole queue. We

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live in a state where the average leader was the young fla in school who'd rat you out for messing, while a whack of the blessed sacrament floated out of his mouth into the teachers ears. But to be honest, this recession buzz doesn't effect me really. Not only do I not understand it, but I'm not interested in understanding it. I have fairly simple needs. A bottle of Lucozade and the stolen yolk sucked out of a cormorants egg and I'm grand. I ignore the recession.

However, recently, rather than effect my life... the recession has started to climb into my mind and tax my unconscious thoughts. I've been having this nasty recurring dream that I could do without. In the dream I'm lying in bed and I hear something downstairs. I go to investigate and find three large balloons floating around the kitchen in a formation shaped like politics. On further perusal, I discover that it's actually Bertie Ahern, Mary Harney, and Brian Cowen all floating above my bread bin like a pack of hyper inflated gowls. I'm both charmed and intrigued as Bertie Ahern floats over and whispers into my ear that the year is 2005 and the trio have abandoned politics to become a travelling theatre company known as "the economic bubbles". A great big party ensues in my kitchen, as they perform funny songs about the Celtic Tiger scratching his arse on the Dáil carpet. They fill me with drink and cocaine as I lose all sense of responsibility and feel convinced that I have a larger than average penis. Suddenly the party stops. A darkness descends into the room and there is a cold blue smell. Silent as a removal in Griffins undertakers, another balloon solemnly floats into the room. It's the chief executive of Anglo Irish Bank, Seán Fitzpatrick. He doesn't look like the other political balloons. His rubbery face is miserable and he has a 3-foot razor sharp nose on him that grew from all the lies he told the tribunals. Mary Harney screams at him to back off with his pointy nose. But Sean Fitzpatrick keeps floating towards us to tell Bertie what happened. As he approaches, his giant nose bursts the economic bubbles. Obviously since all four are full of shit that's what I end up covered in. I always wake up just before I choke to death on the shit they left me covered in. Freud would have a field day...that's Limerick City kid...Chalk it down.

A Conversation with Rubberbandits takes place at the autumn:winter collection in Daghdha Space, St. John's Church on Saturday, November 20. Tickets are available from Euro Empire, O'Connell Street on 061-317211