



International Literature Festival Dublin

Flâneuse: A Self-Guided Audio Walk

created by Niamh Mongey for the International Literature Festival Dublin 2021.

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**Rosie Hackett Bridge > Great Strand Street > Moore Street > GPO >
James Joyce Centre**

Welcome to this self-guided audio walk, presented to you by the International Literature Festival Dublin for its 2021 edition Here & Now. Throughout your walk, please keep an eye out for pedestrians and traffic. Don't forget to keep a safe distance from others. Ensure you do this walk at sociable hours, and remember you can pause the playback at any time. Alternatively, you can enjoy this walk from the comfort of your own home. You can view the route map and read the full transcription of this walk on the event page at www.ilfdublin.com.

We hope you enjoy this experience.

Niamh Mongey: Dublin is a very walkable city. We like that about Dublin. Where we're standing now, on the Rosie Hackett Bridge, facing the north-side of the city, if you look to your left you'll be staring down the river Liffey all the way to Heuston Station and Phoenix Park gates just off Parkgate Street.

To your right, you'll see Dublin Docklands. You can walk from the Docklands to the gates of Phoenix Park in 49 minutes. According to Google, that's 3.9km. Even with a 5km limit, you'd have some wiggle room to keep wandering. See what I mean? Very walkable.

A walkable city is a luxury, but something we might not really consider is who gets to enjoy this luxury.

The city isn't an inclusive space. If we think back to the history of those who walked in the city, the luxury was designated to males, or flâneurs.

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The definition of a flâneur is a man who 'saunters about observing the city'. The flâneur is a romantic, a thinker, a man who has the luxury of blending into the city space without a fear for his safety.

This term, coined by the poet Baudelaire in the early 20th Century endowed men with this title. "... For the perfect flâneur, for the passionate spectator, it is an immense joy to set up house in the heart of the multitude, amid the ebb and flow of movement" – Charles Baudelaire.

A recent Irish Times article, interviewing women living in Ireland a woman is quoted saying 'I spent decades believing it's my right to be anywhere I like, at any time, in any place, but I've now resigned myself to the fact that women and girls will never be fully safe...'

Let's come back to where we're standing for a moment. Take a look to the right and down the river again on the North side of the Liffey, we have Bachelors walk. How apt. Granted, we're standing on a bridge called Rosie. But we didn't get there without a debate.

This guided tour is a tribute to women who lived in the city. We will take the flâneur and subvert the word into the feminine flâneuse, to demonstrate how women – through necessity – have walked and stood as a demonstration of retaliation, as a desire for greater equality and as a political act.

This bridge commemorates Rosie Hackett, a woman who walked for women's rights. Born in 1892, Rosie became politicised at a young age, while working as a messenger for Jacob's Biscuits under despicable working conditions. Rosie helped coordinate a successful strike of over 3,000 women. The success of this strike led to Rosie co-founding the Irish Women Workers Union (IWWU), along with Delia Larkin. In 1913 during the Dublin Lockout, Rosie and her comrades tried to provide supplies and support for the strikers and their families, setting up a soup kitchen in the city.

Despite her tireless work and great humility, when the city was invited to vote on who this bridge would be named after, and Rosie's name was among four others, some questioned who she was, what had she done that made her worthy of an entire bridge?



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It was due to the tireless lobbying of two campaigners, Angelina Cox and Jennifer Gartland, that we're standing here talking about Rosie.

'Rosie is the people's choice...' historically, women have done much more than simply observe and support the actions of men.

Unfortunately, neither of these women were invited to speak at the opening ceremony, the consulting engineers employed on the project were both men. The architects, a practice composed of three men. The building contract was carried out by a construction company that is chaired by... I'm sure you can see where I'm going with this.

It was thanks to Rosie Hackett that so many women felt empowered to have their voice heard. Rosie was also involved in the printing of the original 1916 Proclamation when she handed it to James Connolly, it was wet off the press. She later recounted how the men with Connolly on that occasion complained that a woman had been let into the room, saying, 'I was only let in with the messages'...

Now we'll make our way to Strand Street, just off Liffey Street. If you walk along Rosie Hackett you'll be on Usher's Quay, make your way towards O'Connell Street bridge towards Liffey Street. When you stroll past O'Connell Street. You'll see on the bank in the middle of the street, some tall and impressive statues of men. Great leaders, warriors for civil and workers rights.

There was a woman here for a while, a sculpture of a female bathing, people called her the floozy in the jacuzzi, she must have been too salacious as she was moved out of the city centre to a little garden patch where she's much less visible.

Once you arrive at Strand Street, you'll be faced with a row of buildings, office blocks mostly. Pretty unassuming and nothing to look at. But there's a story behind one of these doors that I think you might be interested to hear....

Sara Philips: Hi everybody, my name is Sara Phillips.

You may wonder why we are standing outside a new building here on Great Strand Street on the Northside of Dublin City centre. Well, very few people know that between 1992 and 2001 there was a secret transgender club stretching from where we stand, to

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the quays. At this spot lay the entrance to the Amanda Barry trans club, a black inconspicuous door, leading down a long narrow hallway to a labyrinth of dark, imaginatively decorated rooms including a bar, a small lounge and various dressing rooms. This was something from the Victorian age. And yet it lay hidden to only those who attended it for over 9 years. It wasn't the only club in Dublin in the 90s. Gemini opened in 1996, in a small basement on Nth Frederick street and continued hidden for over 21 years.

It is from this door that I first stepped out into the public gaze in early 1992. These streets, for me were a contradiction, filled with a sense of danger, vulnerability, fear but overwhelmingly, a sense of freedom. For these streets allowed me to be me. I could not have expressed my identity within my family home, my town, or even in my workplace. But here I could blend in, be anonymous.

Behind these doors I could socialise with my friends, I could go out for a meal or a drink and live a part time life that was denied to me. For being transgender in 1990's Dublin wasn't always safe. The media portrayed many of us as the gender assigned at our birth, in my case male. In fact, my first appearance in the newspapers went something like "The atmosphere was a heady mix of subdued lighting, French perfume and cigarette smoke. Sara adjusts her short black silver lame jacket and steps from one high heeled foot to another. Her car has been broken into near the city centre club where she is socialising with her friends and she's clearly upset. It's only when Sara turns and speaks that you would really know – the voice is unmistakably that of a man". Assassinated in 8 short words.

Back then streets always brought danger. Like the time a guy suggested he would stab me if he had a knife, as he passed myself and my friend on O'Connell street. Leaving Eamon Doran's one evening, another approached me to ask "if you've had that thing removed from between my legs, I would be interested in you". I had to ask the bouncer, who I knew well, to walk me to my car.

And yet Dublin was my playground. It showed me a life that I could hope for. A hope to be me.

But I wasn't the only trans person to traverse these streets. There were many. In the late 1970's, a small group of trans people used to meet in the Parliament Inn on parliament street. Among them a hero of the trans community over the past 40 years,

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Claire Farrell. In 1978 Claire founded the first ever trans group in Ireland, called the Friends of Eon. Their advert read provocatively “Come dressed if you like”.

In 1980, she appeared on RTE television program ‘Summerhouse’, interviewed by Aíne O’Connor and followed by cameras around a shopping centre. Such visibility was unheard of back then. Claire has told me that, what it was like trying to remain unseen. The difficulty in being safe and unrecognised. This was the Ireland 15 years before decriminalisation of homosexuality. Life was not easy for a trans woman in Dublin in the 70’s, 80’s or 90’s. Claire has become one of my best friends.

And again, Claire and her friends were not the first trans people either. There have been many before us. When young Eliza graced the boards of the Theatre Royal, in Crow Street in the early 1800’s, the public admired her acting and singing ability. In fact, by 1810, she was the highest paid actor in Dublin, constantly in demand, performing in Smock alley, The Rotunda and Fishamble street as well.

She socialised with the great and the good, her story littered with Grattan, Mountjoy, Bryan, Moore and O’Connell. Written about in the newspapers of the day, lauded in poems and criticised in pamphlets, she was brazen and proud. Supported by her mother, lived in the greatest of grandeur on Mount Street, she epitomised the celebrity of her day.

But Eliza held a secret, constantly in gossip columns as to who she was connected with romantically, she was never to marry. At one point she was supported and financed by the richest man in Ireland and supposedly his mistress, friend of O’Connell, Major Bryan.

In 1833, in London, Eliza died in poverty. Upon her death, it was discovered, to a horrific public, that Eliza was not what she seemed and had been assigned male at birth. For more you’ll have to read the book when it’s published, because no one has ever told her story.

Dublin has given us a home over the past few centuries, it allowed me to come out, be myself, make friends, meet others like me, show the world for who I am. For Claire she would say the same. For Eliza it was the scene of her greatest triumph, where she got to live her life and be respected for who she was.



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But all is not as good as it could be. From 1992, the situation certainly improved for trans people with support groups, social outlets, a new national organisation, more visibility and gender recognition. But the streets can be dangerous again. Dublin is not safe as it should be for women, no matter what your history.

NM: When you're ready, turn back onto Liffey Street, proceed to Mary Street and then onto Moore Street... take some time here while listening to Gemma Howe and her granny Ellen.

Gemma Howe: Hello everyone, my name is Gemma Howe. I am a National tour Guide and currently work with Dublin City Council's Culture Company in 14 Henrietta Street Tenement Museum.

I am here to talk to you about the sights, sounds, and memories of Moore Street. Moore street is a bustling cultural hub and played an important part in Dublin's urban heritage. The street was laid out in 1728 and was named after its principal landowner Henry Moore, the 1st earl of Drogheda. Moore street's early beginnings began as a modest residential area. however it became a burning battlefield as one of the final chapters of the 1916 rising took place here. No 15 Moore Street was the volunteers last headquarters. Our next speaker, Donna will have more to share with you about this...

It wasn't until towards the end of the 19th century that the street and its surrounding laneways became known for its butchers, fishmongers and grocers. And so, Moore street became a well-known open-air market for the people of Dublin.

The traders in Moore Street have long held a prime place in Dublin's cultural heart. My Grandmother Ellen Redmond (nee Campion), her late sisters, and my great-grandmother worked in Moore Street most of their lives. I never had the privilege of my meeting my great grandmother Kitty Hansard as she passed the year I was born in 1988.

ELLEN: 'Well, we were reared in Gardiner Street, I had a Granny as well, she lived in the lane here, we'd come home from school and we'd go up to her for our dinner, and I'd go up to Moore Street, maybe wheeling a baby belonging to my mother. So anyway, she worked Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday. On Saturday, she sold the York cabbages.'



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GH: As a young child, my mother often brought me into town to visit my Grandmother and Aunt Kitty Campion. Moore street was a fascinating place for a child and I remember it very fondly. Like most of the traders, my family sold fruit and veg and on other days fish. Some traders had a particular item that only they sold. My grandmother sold cooking apples and at Christmas sold the holly's wreaths, mistletoe, and at one point even Christmas trees.

ELLEN: 'A shillin' for all the cookers, put them in your bag, a shillin' for all the cooking apples. I duno, I always sold the cooking apples, maybe because we cooked them. The lady facing me, she was a big trader, she sold the melons, I wouldn't sell melons. But when I started selling the bananas my Mammy would say I was eating all the profit'.

GH: As I grew up in the '90s my mother sent me to help out with the stall during the summer months. I really enjoy helping my granny out, we have a special relationship and although I shouldn't say this I am her favourite. My most vivid memories of Moore Street started in the suburbs of Finglas west. The development of the suburbs during the 40's 50's and 60's seen the exodus of many families from the city center to suburbs like Cabra, Donnycarney, Finglas, and Ballyfermot, also known as Ballyfarout. My Grandmother, Grandfather, and their children moved from a tenement house in Gardiner Street to a two up two down house in Finglas. Like most who lived in the city, my great grandmother did not want to move, she was lucky, and one of her sons purchased a cottage on Bessborough Avenue near the north Strand.

And so it's in the early morning's in Finglas that me and my grandmother rose to make the journey to town.

ELLEN: 'You would get the 6.30 bus in the morning to the market, my Mammy retired at 70, but she didn't go anywhere, she just went home, and Kitty and I would go to the stall.'

GH: Our first stop when we arrived in town was to go to the back stores where at the time all the Licensed traders of Moore Street kept their stalls, equipment and supplies. I remember it as a long dark and barely lit laneway with locked doors on both sides with a drain running down the middle. I remember jumping to avoid the large puddles as we made our way to my Granny's store. I helped her pull out everything and carry it to her spot on the street. At this early stage in the morning all of the



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woman of Moore street were busy setting up their stalls, pausing briefly to say hello and then carry on but it was quiet, the calm before the storm you could say. I was always amazed at how incredibly quick the stalls were set up and how beautiful they looked—an amazing arrangement of colours.

My Granny then took me around to the busy red brick fruit market on Mary's Lane. This is where my granny would order most of her stock for the day. In order to transport some extra bits my granny would use an old pram. It was my responsibility to push the pram, which gave my younger self a great sense of joy. The market was bustling, filled to the brim with boxes of fruit and vegetables, men laughing, shouting, and everyone said hello as we walked through. The sound of the horse and cart on the cobbles of moorer signified the arrival of the produce from the market.

ELLEN: 'We had to buy the cabbage by auction, you know off the men, they came up on the horse car and the horses dropped it on the street, then, when they changed everything, Kitty became friendly with the man who grew the cabbage, and he came to her every Saturday'.

GH: As the day went on and people started to buy their goods from the traders, the noise and general excitement increased on Moore Street. The hustle, bustle, and haggling began. The traders began their calls:

'Broccoli, Cauliflower Head of salad'

'Cabbage, Carrots and Turnips'

During the day, I tore strips of cardboard and made price signs with my granny's instruction.

It was also my job to go across the street and get one of the girls in the café to fill up the flask with hot water for tea. I remember the excitement of getting to use the weighing scales and play with the individual weights when someone wanted to buy something.

I have to admit that it was also a joy when my granny would give me a few bob to get myself ice cream from the iliac center. As a young girl, I really liked the old façade of the Ilac. It had bright coloured triangles that added to the aesthetic of the street.

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ELLEN: 'And then like me, all of the girls that was working and were married, and some of the women got stalls, I think all the women's families helped them, I think all the women's husbands helped them, and their sons as well, they helped as well, you know'.

GH: In the last couple of hours of the day there was a final frantic push to sell what you had left or had to get rid of. So the calling or some people call it a hawk became more frequent and louder. The stall was packed up and we headed home.

ELLEN: 'My other sister Kitty would be packing in - you call packing up packing in - I wouldn't like to have the apples left, but it wasn't only the apples, I would stand on the road on Moore Street and sell them to the people passing by. If I had tomatoes, I'd go and stand on the inside of the Ilac Centre and sell them from there.'

GH: Today Moore street is a diverse and multicultural shopping district where you can buy Halal, Asian, polish and Brazillian foods. It is the best place in the city for hair extensions. We can also proudly say that Moore street starred in Ireland's first Bollywood short movie made in 2010 called Moore Street Masala.

The old red brick buildings of the street stand in a dilapidated state, and I look forward to the redevelopment of the street, which will preserve the history and the stories of those who worked on Moore street and called it home.

ELLEN: 'Oh yeah, it was great craic yeah, great craic, great craic.'

NM: Thanks for listening, when you're ready you can walk to the GPO where you'll hear from Donna Cooney.

Donna Cooney: Hi, I'm Donna Cooney a Dublin City Councillor, Artist and relative of Elizabeth O'Farrell better known as Nurse O'Farrell.

We are standing outside the GPO which was the headquarters for The 1916 Easter Rising.

Elizabeth O'Farrell played a significant role in the rising and surrenders that Easter week. She was a member of Cuman na mbna since its foundation in 1914 in Wynn's hotel which is just across the way from here. She was 32 years of age that Easter week

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and trusted with much responsibility, having travelled to Galway to Spiddal and Athenry to deliver a dispatch from James Connolly to Liam Mellows to say the rising was on, as it had been reported in the paper that it was called off. Julia Grehan her lifetime partner was sent with other Dispatches.

She arrived back in Dublin and with some difficulties made her way walking here to the GPO armed with nothing but an umbrella, as she joked about afterwards, but it didn't prevent her taking a very active role. Julia arrived back later that day, they along with the other women had various difficult duties that week; she left with dispatches travelling back and forth from the GPO through heavy gun fire and really showed her bravery.

By the Thursday with the building in flames the women were ordered to evacuate, most of them left and made their way to Jervis Street hospital via Princes Lane with the wounded and at one point thought they would not make it. Elizabeth, Julia and Winifred Carney Connolly's PA were the only women to remain in the GPO.

The next day everybody had to evacuate as the building was in ruins and likely to blow up with so much gun power about. They left in three groups, Elizabeth was in the last group and they made their way from the side of the GPO onto Henry Street across to Henry Place and into 10 Moore Street. Elizabeth fell outside number ten and had to be helped up by a Sean McGarry from Ballybough.

When she got into the parlour she tended to the 17 wounded including James Connolly in a makeshift field hospital, others burrowed through the terrace that night and in the morning, they moved into number sixteen Moore Street.

A council of war was held and Elizabeth was there as witness and it was decided to surrender to save further civilian's lives.

Elizabeth was asked if she would go and speak with the British army to seek conditions for a surrender, she agreed, a white flag (a pillow case) was waved from the upper window and she stepped out of number 15 with a white flag and a nurses insignia on her arm and apron, she looked behind her and was so aware of this historical moment and her place in it; Walked steadily down Moore Street to a barricade at the junction of Parnell Street.



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She was taken to speak to General Lowe who would only accept unconditional surrender, she walked back with the verbal message then had to go back with a written response from Pádraig Pearse, the General was not happy with that and no terms agreed she was requested to return with Pádraig Pearse, shortly after that the iconic photograph was taken of Pearse, General Lowe, his son and Elizabeth, she took a moments decision to step out of the photo, to as poet Theo Dorgan described 'make her own history'.

Many over the years since saw that famous photo as a symbol of how women had been airbrushed out of history and Elizabeth felt that way also, that really woman had not gained the equality that they expected in the new state of Ireland and she later regretted not being seen fully in the photo, so she could have acted as a role model for other women, her activism did inspire me in my life and I hope you liked listening to her story here today.

NM: We're almost at the end of our walk. See you at the final stop, the James Joyce Centre, where you'll hear from Joyce Garvey and the life of the woman who danced in shadows: Lucia Joyce.

Joyce Garvey: Hello everyone my name is Joyce Garvey.

I'm a writer, artist and filmmaker and I'm here to tell you a little about the daughter of James Joyce. Lucia Joyce.

My own interest in Lucia Joyce came when I was writing a series of books about women who lived under the shadow of someone famous and how they managed to retain their own identities and I thought of Lucia Joyce.

What was it like for her to be the daughter of the genius, James Joyce?

When I began researching my book, I knew very little about Lucia Joyce except that she was locked away for most of her life in mental asylums.

But Lucia was a very talented dancer and artist.



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The only daughter of James Joyce and Norah Barnacle, she was born in Trieste in Italy in 1907 where her father had a job teaching English in the Berlitz School in the centre of Trieste.

The Joyces had 'exiled' themselves from Ireland, as Joyce put it, because of Ireland's 'relentless oppression of those who try to think beyond Ireland's parochial norms'. James Joyce was very vocal with this view...and had a continuing problem with Ireland and the Catholic Church and insisted that he had to leave Ireland in order to find himself so the Joyces moved from country to country from city to city.

They lived in Italy, Switzerland back to Ireland and then to France, then back and Switzerland again. Which was difficult for the children Lucia and Georgio, who was two years older than she and who was the favourite of his mother, Nora Barnacle. James Joyce though, was devoted to Lucia who all her life suffered from mental problems. Her biographer, Carol Loeb Shloss, suggests that Lucia too might have been touched by genius: 'submerged in the same waters as her father but where he swam, she drowned'.

In 1920 the Joyce family moved to Paris and it was there in 1922 that Lucia Joyce began taking dance lessons.

Dancing was to become her obsession.

She studied under Raymond Duncan the brother of the famous Isadora Duncan and Lucia became a professional dancer. She danced several times in public performances in Paris where famously one critic was heard to remark.

"The famous James Joyce may yet be known as his daughter's father!"

It was during this time too that she began to illustrate some of her father's work. She was a very talented artist. There is a marvelous book of Lucia's illustrations in the National Library here in Dublin. If you haven't seen this, it is really worth a visit. It is just wonderful: full of detail and colour, energy and personality.

So Lucia was a talented artist as well as a wonderful professional dancer.



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She also had a much publicised if brief affair with Samuel Beckett in 1931. Her biographer claims that she was besotted by Beckett but he was more interested in the genius of her father than he was in her.

It was around that time and after her affair with Beckett ended that her mental problems worsened and her 'King Lear moments' as her father called them became worse.

The following years were marked by a growing number of episodes of violent and self destructive behaviour. She would often disappear for days and be found sleeping rough on the streets of Dublin.

Lucia also had a fascination with fire. She liked to set things alight and once she even set fire to her aunt's house in Bray and nearly burnt it to the ground.

Her father was intent on getting her cured and spent most of his money on specialists (including the famous Carl Jung in Switzerland) Nora Barnacle resented this and claimed James was ruining his own health as well as throwing away all their money on doctors for Lucia.

There was of course a jealousy between Nora and Lucia which came to a head when, at her father's 50th birthday party in Paris in 1932 Lucia picked up a wooden chair and crashed it down on mother's head. It was then she was locked away in an asylum in Paris.

'She was signed and delivered by a chair!' Her father's health deteriorated also around that time and when James Joyce eventually died, Lucia was transferred to Northampton Asylum in England aged 44 and she was virtually abandoned there by her family. Her mother never went to see her and she was in that asylum for...31 years until she died aged 75 in 1982. Lucia Joyce, dancer, artist: 'mad daughter of the genius.'

Niamh Mongey: Thank you for listening. Visit www.ilfdublin.com for more events and podcasts.

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