



Portraits

Art, Writings and Film from
RADE's programme 2009/10

RADE Recovery through Art/Drama/Education
OLV Building, Cathedral View Court, off New St, Dublin 8
Tel (01) 4548733 Fax (01) 4546406 Email info@rade.ie Website www.rade.ie

Board of Directors: Eoin Ryan (Chairperson), Fedelma Martin (Secretary),
Colm Ó Cléirigh (Treasurer), Tony Geoghegan, Jennifer Coppinger,
Carmel Furlong, Fiona McGinn

Staff: Michael Egan (Director), Eoghan O'Neill, Síne Lynch, Averyl Swords

Contributors: Darren Balfe, Jackie Byrne, Nichola Clifford, Geraldine Coady,
Louise Daly, Patrick Duffy, Glenn Farrell, Peter Feeley, Sarah Gavin,
Martin Gibbons, Frank James, Robbie Keane, Mark Kelly, Jackie Kenny,
Mary Killeen, Olivia McTiernan, Gary Nolan, Joan O'Rourke, Alfred
Redmond, Emma Ryan, Douglas Smith, Elizabeth Wilson, Jimmy Wynne

Creative Writing facilitators: Paula Meehan, Gerry McDonnell

Content © respective contributors 2010

Cover illustration: 'Looking Ahead' by Glenn Farrell

Design and layout: Kieran Nolan, OLDTOWN graphic design & typesetting

Special thanks to Bren McElroy



ALL OF US THERE TOGETHER: THE POETRY WORKSHOP 2010

There is something wonderful about going straight into a three hour poetry workshop after starting the morning with an hour's Tai Chi Chuan, that ancient art, both meditative and martial. The focus is powerful, the energy clear and for much of the workshop, especially the first hour or so, the egos take a back seat. It is a gift in itself to teach that workshop, if teach is the right word, for surely in this exchange I am the one learning the most. The Raders always turn things on their head.

Some mornings our shadows are in the room with us. Some mornings we must sit with our shadows and our dreamselves and be patient with them. Some mornings the energy is pure electric and huge leaps of trust and faith are made. They remind me of the leaps the trapeze artist makes when she lets go the bar and reaches to where the Other is.

The poems I bring in to the workshop are poems I love by poets I love. Among others are Michael Hartnett, Rita Ann Higgins, the great American poet Allen Ginsberg, who, many years ago on a visit to Dublin, spent an afternoon with a group which was a precursor to RADE. I am always grateful to the poems themselves for the doors they open; they are thresholds for the sharing of sometimes difficult, sometimes joyous experience.

There is a quality of listening to each other and a quality of support for each other that is rare enough in this world. And there is courage in abundance. Sometimes there is only silence in the face of the facts of our lives; but sometimes the silence is broken.

Here is the end of a process that began with Tai Chi Chuan on fine spring mornings, the light falling on blue linoleum, pigeons crossing the big windows, the chairs gathered in a circle, the paper and pens ready for what the imagination might call into being.

Paula Meehan
July 2010



'Paula Meehan' by Peter



Hard Days... Office diary...

Week before shoot, director brought in script for first reading. Old Bull whipped out the RADE camera to record the moment for the documentary that would go with the film. The director had workshopped the script into existence with the cast throughout the year.

Same cameraman and soundman crew as last year. Cameraman would bring his own high-definition camera. We hired the rest of the equipment, microphones, boom etc, from Film Base. RADE office looked after costumes and props. Black Bow shop on Thomas Street lent us our snazzy suit for Scott, the businessman's character, and Kevin Street Garda Station lent us the Garda uniforms. Great fun all week pre-shoot trying on the different costumes.

Director scouted around Temple Bar and Killiney beach taking photos for shooting locations. The Irish Theatre Institute gave us permission to shoot Tina's scenes in their building and on their outside steps on Eustace Street. That's going to be fun, next door to Focus Point drop-in. Board member from RADE arranged access to an empty shop space in Temple Bar to use as our base during the shoot. No cost.

Producer sorted the insurance and all the permissions that we needed from Dublin City Council, Temple Bar Cultural Trust, Irish Rail and Dun Laoghaire Rathdown County Council. Army marches on its stomach, so food was going to be important. We booked the Irish Film Institute to eat there and Office took on the rest of the catering duties, sandwiches, nuts, fruit. SWICN Youth Services lent us their berko water boiler for our tea/coffee. RADE's reliable transport man was booked to load up the base with costumes and props and Doctor Warhal from last year's film was booked for the Killiney beach day.

Director and Office did their best to work around the schedules for the cast. Someone had to be somewhere everyday due to ongoing courses and other appointments that couldn't be dropped.

Nichola
CUDDLY BEAR

My favourite place is a chair in my best friend's house. Even though he's not at home, when I knock, I'm still welcomed by his family into his home. I know he is not home, but I still like to sit there. I always sit on his chair in the sitting room. It's a big wine leather chair. I like to sit on this because it makes me feel close to him. With my shoes off, I tuck my two feet under my bum. I can feel the heat of the radiator keeping me all snug and warm as I curl myself up on his chair. I love to do this, as my friend was like a big cuddly bear, and when he'd hug you, you would be all snug and warm too. As I get lost in my thoughts, I stare at his picture on the wall. I can hear the chat of his family, telling stories about him and laughing and joking about him, talking about the old times, the bad times, and the good times – which were priceless. It's only those memories I have left now. It's those memories that keep me happy and warm inside. Even though my friend is not here in the flesh, his presence will always be with us.



'Rock o' Ages' by Geraldine



'My Early Days' by Martin

Mary
DOLL'S HOUSE

When I would visit my great-granda he would show us what he would have made. He was always making trains and lead soldiers. It was great watching him. Then one day, we started making a doll's house and all the stuff that would go into it. We would work on it once a week, and my brothers would work on their trains. But I never got my doll's house finished because I went on drugs and lost interest. And then he died.

Martin
LEAD SOLDIERS

A cloudy damp day, not quite sure if it will rain or not. I was in the back yard, doing what all six-year-olds do: sod all, making a mess of things, and generally being a pain in the arse. Our yard looked like something out of Coronation Street, surrounded by walls with a door at the end, which was ajar. In pops John, our next-door neighbour, carrying a large cardboard box. After the usual hellos and banter, he handed me over the box. Inside, it was full of lead soldiers. Knights on horses, soldiers on feet, the whole shebang. Hours of fun I had, messing around, twisting the lances and bending the swords, completely disfiguring the figurines. So many, I even tried selling them for scrap. It is only now that I am older and wiser (debateable) that I realise I destroyed a good few bob's worth. The innocence of youth.



Self-portrait by Darren



'Ozymandias' by Peter

Darren
FREEDOM FIGHTER

If I had a time machine, I would go back to the 1900's and join the IRB. I would become a very influential fighter for Ireland against the English, and there would be eight towers in Ballymun, instead of seven.



'Knockout' by Patrick

Darren BOOM BOOM

Boom, boom, boom! "Mortar fire! Get down, O'Neill. Are you stupid, boy? Down, I said." I dropped down like a ton of bricks. I wasn't scared of the mortar fire. It was Sergeant Brown that had me terrified. He was a big, humongous man, with fire in his eyes. I'd seen new cadets piss themselves when he'd be roaring in their face. Everyone thought he was a genetically-made soldier. He roared at me again, "What the hell is your problem, O'Neill? That mortar could have taken your head off!" Brown spoke too soon. The mortar hit him in the chest, and sent pieces of him all over us. He had always said he'd be the only thing between us and death. He was right about that.

Mark TIME TRAVELLER

I would go back and make my family one of the richest families in the world, have property all over the world, and I could talk to my granny. Then I would go back to the First World War to change it, so that there were no more wars. Then I would stop the assassination of J.F.K. Then I would smash the time machine up.



'Out of this World' by Geraldine



Self-portrait by Glenn

Glenn IT'S ME GRANNY'S FUNERAL

All the way to the morgue on Thomas Street in absolute silence. You could hear a pin drop. Me and me da and my six brothers, all on top of one another. When we got there, I was one of the last to go in.

Me da said to me, "Are you not going in?"

"Not yet, Da." Everyone that went in before me came out crying. So I was last to go in. All the women saying the 'Hail Mary'.

"Da, what will I do?"

"Go over and give her a kiss," he said.

"I will not – she's dead."

"Here, have a smoke."

"I'm only 16, Da."



'Nina Simone' by Patrick

Jackie K MY SISTER

I remember my sister as if it was only yesterday. But, sadly, she passed away four years ago. Samantha was her name, but people called her Sam. I always thought that she was the strong one out of the two of us, but she wasn't. I remember when her and her partner came to stay with me. I'd just broken up with my son's dad, and was at a very low point in my life. Samantha and her partner were on heroin a long time. One evening, I asked her for a skin-pop. At first she said no, as she knew where it could take you, but she soon gave in and gave me some. That was the start of my drug-taking, and I wish I'd never asked her now.



'Looking Back' by Gary



Self-portrait by Geraldine

Mary

MY GREAT-GRANNY

I remember when I was a little girl, when we would visit my great-granny in Ballybough. She would bring us up to the Royal Canal, and me and my cousins would feed the ducks, and sometimes my brothers would fish there. They would not catch anything, but it was good fun going to the Royal Canal.

Robbie

ROYAL CANAL

In the wintertime, a place I don't like is the Royal Canal. I don't like it as I think that it's a horrible grey place. With the Joy prison beside it, it's even more drab. But in summertime it's a totally different place, with the canal shimmering from the sun, and big swans gliding along, with their signets gliding slowly behind them, like two kid boats going slowly down the canal. So, in the wintertime I don't like it, but in the summertime it can be quite tranquil.

Louise

MINDING HER SIGNETS

I remember walking up the canal after my daughter was born. She was in her buggy, and I sat on the bench with the bronze sculpture of Brendan Behan. He wrote 'The Auld Triangle' about Mountjoy Jail, which is located nearby. I watched the young fellas jumping off the lock into the canal water and swimming in it. There are always people drinking cans and having a laugh with each other, no matter what season it might be. At the Cabra end, there are always swans minding her signets, which is a famous sight for people who know this area. Her nest is along the canal, and she is always very protective of her eggs, and would run at anyone to protect her brood. Some of the residents feed them and look out for them, hoping for them never to be harmed.

8.30am start. All arrive at Temple Bar base for tea/coffee. Office organised the breakfast buns and fruit. Billy, playing one of the leads had rang office saying he was sick and wouldn't be in. We thought it might have been nerves and he wanted out. Turned out he hadn't thought he was that necessary for today's shoot cause he was only performing a voice on the phone. Said he'd be in by 2pm.

Meanwhile the film crew were on Eustace Street, shooting the scene where Tina shoves the sandwich into the Gerry character's face on the steps of ITL. People using Focus Point service next door stopped to talk to Gerry. Old Bull was there too with the documentary camera. Noisy vans and trucks kept stopping with their engines idling disrupting the shoot. Actress stopped to watch filming and ask if there were any parts.

Rosie was doing the make-up for the actors at the window of the base. At 2pm, 14 of us went for lunch in IFI. They gave us the upstairs to ourselves. After lunch, did the interior shot of Tina on phone to Billy. The soundman discovered problem with sound from mike going through camera. We'd have to shoot the morning scenes again. Brought the hired equipment back to Film Base to get it repaired. Got some more shots of Billy and Tina walking through city. Then down to Comix shop for shot of Comix, Remi, Rosie and Lazor reacting to Billy's busking. Pedestrians drove us mad, staring at camera as they passed. RADE minded the base. Rain threatened through the day but held off. Sun came out hard and strong at 3pm. We broke for sandwiches and tea that were brought up from base. We wrapped up at 6pm.



Self-portrait by Geraldine



'Indian Woman' by Frank

Geraldine DOCTOR'S OFFICE

I was in the doctor's Friday and it was 8.30 in the morning. I was tired and half-asleep. I wanted peace, just until I woke up properly. A man was sitting on the right side of me and he said to me, "It's cold out there, isn't it?" I said, "Yes," and smiled. Then he said, "I'm the first one in here; I bet I'll be the last." I smiled and said, "I know, it's mad." I still wasn't in the humour for talking, but didn't want to be ignorant so I went along and nodded and smiled. Then he told me he was adopted and that the doctor told him he would be finding his real mam and dad. He said to the doc, "My foster parents are my real mam and dad," and the doctor said in a harsh tone, "No, they're not!" I didn't know what to say so I said nothing and smiled. Then I took a magazine and started to flick the pages and I could hear a girl saying, "Are you serious?" out loud. There was another man standing as tall as a pole and he was wearing a long, cream mac and looked sophisticated with his glasses. He asked a girl, "Are you one parent?" The girl replied, "Yes," and the man said "Wait there." Then he went out and came back in, and in his hand he had a blue plastic bag with five chicken fillets. He said, "Can I have your number?" She said, "No." Then he said, "Here, there's no shop open to get you a present, so cook these chicken fillets for your dinner tonight. My mother puts bread crumbs on the fillets." She was shocked. The girl thought there was a hidden camera. Everyone in the doctor's was laughing. The man walked out the door from the doctor's, where the girl's friend was having a smoke outside. He asked for the girl's number, but her friend would not give the number out. The girl in the doctor's thought he was waiting for her outside. She was right to be cautious. But then the man beside me said, "That man was chatting her up." Then he went into the doctor and I got called in too. Then I knew I was fully awake.

Martin PROPOSAL

Nicest: Joanna asking me to marry her
Painful: Getting hit by a bus
Shameful: After eight years on the street, you tend to forget the meaning of shame.
Kindest: Giving my mum and dad all my savings in 1983. The money was for my two-month adventure holiday, canoeing down the Amazon. No regrets.
Worst buy: My Rover 25. Wrote it off.

Nichola CLINIC

I hate being in a clinic. Don't get me wrong, there was a stage when I was at the height of my addiction and I couldn't wait to get into it, as I thought this would be better than going through my sickness again. At this moment though, I don't feel so optimistic about it anymore. Right now, it feels like a burden and something I am married to.



'Grumpy Old Man' by Louise



'Splash' by Martin

Jimmy WHO'S WATCHING?

His large, imposing figure sat down beside me on the wall of the canal. "Ships watching you," he said. I didn't say anything as I taught he was on his mobile phone's hands-free. "Ships watching you," he said as he moved closer. "Who's watching?" I said. "Her," he said, pointing to the sky. I knew then this guy was off his head. "Oh, her," I said. "How is she keeping?" He turned to me with the whites of his eyes, "You know my mother?"

Martin BLUNDER

Phoning the girlfriend, Mary, she told me, "Don't come up, Daddy's here." "So what?" I say. She hung up. Her friend Bruce phoned up, asked what I'd said. I told him. Turned out Julie said, "Daddy's dead." Must get my ears seen to.



'A Hearth of My Own' by Mary

Jackie B
HOMELESS

Nobody knows what it's like to've no home to call your own.
To be left wandering the streets for 6-7 hours every day, 365
days of the year. Nobody knows. Nobody knows what it's like
to be warm and to sit in front of a lovely warm fire.
Yes, I guess with your feet up in comfort.
Oh, nobody knows what it's like until you're there yourself.

Emma
TIME TRAVEL

I would go back to the year 2000, to my brother who was in
hospital, and tell him that he is too weak to have the second
operation done. Then he wouldn't have died. And my mother
wouldn't be crying all the time, and it wouldn't have led her to
having a broken heart and eventually dying from one. So then I
would have both my brothers and my mother, as well as my
sister. I would stay in that year and let life go on.



Self-portrait by Liz

Elizabeth
OUT OF CONTROL

Nobody knows what it's like to be out
of money
To be out of control
To be out of the picture
To be trapped
To be scared

My eyes love
With my eyes dad
With my eyes children
With my eyes I see pain
With my eyes I see bills
With my eyes I see people shopping
With my eyes I see anger
With my eyes I see everything

Jimmy
EMBARRASSED

She must have been very embarrassed, being the
only mother in the school to have to bring me to
school every day by the hand because I would not go.
As I got older, she told me it was to keep me out of
the industrial schools, as she was told by the teacher
that that was where I was heading. And how
embarrassing it must have been when I ended up in
prison at 16. How embarrassed you must have been
to see me in a psychiatric ward, lying in my own dirt,
doped out of my head. How embarrassed you must
have been when I came to see you in hospital with a
dirty beard and the smell of whiskey off my breath.
I'm sorry I embarrassed you all my life. "You don't
embarrass me," she said. "You're my son. I love you."
How embarrassed I was the day she died, for not
looking after her.



'Sabrina' by Peter

Dougie
ENIGMA

He was an enigma unto himself
Colourful and outspoken
I met him when I had no direction
I was 18, he was 30
He was well-travelled
I was only starting
We hung out and smoked pot
He introduced me to music like Bob Dylan, Pink
Floyd and Led Zeppelin
I showed him draughts and postcards from the
latest adventures I had undertaken
He was an influence in my life in lots of ways
Some would say the wrong way
I say it was going to happen anyway
For years we would come in and out of each
others lives

Frank
GRAND CANAL

Walking down Baggot Street and heading up the
canal, sitting with Paddy Kavanagh, singing 'Raglan
Road', makes me think of Luke Kelly. Further up, I see
the swans and ducks, smell the coffee roasting. Think
I'll have a cup. I smell the pee from the drinker as I
walk hurriedly by. Up to Ranelagh and Portobello.
There's Kevin, having a can. Sit down for a while,
have a smoke and a chat. Mind you, the whiff from
the canal, which had a low level of water, was hard to
handle. So we head to the nearest boozer.



Self-portrait by Frank

Group Collaboration THE TALKING MAN

He talked and talked and talked, till his mouth
went so dry
That he had to drink two litres of water
Cool, clear, like a dream of a river, brought me
back to another time
when I had something to give her. But now, what
have I to give but my soul
They took everything else.
I thank God for Frances, wherever she is.
I hope she is keeping well and continues to look
after herself, as no one else will
I'm nervous about conquering it on my own
but I will beat the river dry
and am glad it's over.

Frank

DREAM RECURRING DREAM

In my Da's car, alone. He's gone. "Back in 5," he says.
Two hours later. I'm still sitting. Car starts rolling
down the hill. My legs are too short to reach the
pedals. Panic sets in. No control.

•

Going to school in Parnell Square. Walk from Abbey
Street. Get to the Carlton cinema in my pyjamas.
Panic. Embarrassed. Run home.

•

Am on a bus, or at a party, surrounded by people I
know, but who don't know each other. A fight breaks
out. I don't know who to side with, as everybody
wants my support. Confusion, stressed out.

•

Saw my Auntie. She was blue and emaciated.

•

Got taken up the mountains in reality, had a gun put
to my head over a debt. Have a good look at the last
thing you will see. He pulled the trigger. Clicked.
Empty. nightmare.

•

Post-apocalyptic Dublin City, as seen from Hellfire
Club. City ablaze. Myself and friend are tripping on
acid. Feel guilty for not being able to help family.

•

Falling regularly.

8.30am, tea/coffee and breakfast buns. First shot had to be rescheduled when actor called in with a problem. Picked up shots from yesterday when the sound had screwed up. At 10am, crew and actors headed to Killiney on the Dart. Warhal was on standby with his small van full of food, flasks, soup, sambos, bananas and you can get anything you want at Warhal's restaurant. CIE told us their representatives had to be present, we could only shoot for 30 minutes, no transport, and there was not to be more than 4 people on the set. Production, Warhol and his van hid outside. AD and Old Bull pretended not to be with the others, the camera lens peeping out of a shoulder bag for their documentary. The Dart lady allowed the 3 extra members that made up the crew to be on set. Started rolling bang on 11am. Old Bull and Production felt conspicuous on the opposite platform. The Dart lady gave them a long filthy look and they tried acting normal, watching the Darts go by. A stray Labrador wandered up the beach and into shot. AD was busy keeping her away from the camera view, throwing sticks into the icy sea for her to fetch. If the stick didn't go into the water, she wasn't interested and insisted on going back to the filming spot. The bitch was driving production crazy. Old Bull kept the actors warm, putting coats on them between shots, especially Billy who was shivering like mad in his rockabilly outfit. The crew kept focused, getting their different angles, points of view and wide shots. Further up Killiney Hill, Bono's gaff was getting done up and the cranes were making a racket, spoiling our fight scene. Warhal brought hot tea and sambos at 3.30pm. We were cold. The sun kept peeping out, with its warmth becoming thinner and thinner as the day faded. Warhal drove Lazor to his appointment at 7.30pm. The rest of us left soon after for a tired trip home with our return tickets, bags of warm clothes, camera equipment and boom. Dropped the stuff at the base. We were wrapped by 8.40pm.

Dougie
PEEPHOLE

When I was a kid, I had to share my bedroom with two other people. They were second cousins of mine and a lot older than me. There was a single bed and a set of bunk beds. One of my cousins was called Pat, the other Mick. Mick slept in the single bed because he was very tall and his feet would stick out at the end of the bed. Pat slept on the bottom bunk. He was a big round man, really strong. And then there was me – I slept on the top bunk. I can still remember the bang of feet out of the bedroom, and Pat's laugh used to have me in stitches, even if I hadn't a clue what they were talking about. One night they came in and I could smell drink in the air, and them falling and bouncing off each other as they tried to take off their jeans and get into bed. I had covered me head with the blanket and left just a peephole so that I could see what was going on. When I watched them trying to get their jeans off, falling and bouncing off the wall and each other, I couldn't hold in my laughter and they heard me under my blanket making animal noises, holding my nose as if it would stop me from laughing. When they finally got into their beds and when Pat got into the bottom bunk, he started to kick his legs up until they were hitting my mattress and it made me bounce around my bed like a fish out of water. He was laughing so hard he didn't realise that the top bunk had come off the four corner poles that held it up. I also couldn't stop laughing, until the bunk beds collapsed down on top of him.



'Dark Side of the Moon' by Jimmy



'Distorted View of Old Age' by Patrick

Jimmy
WHO'S WHO

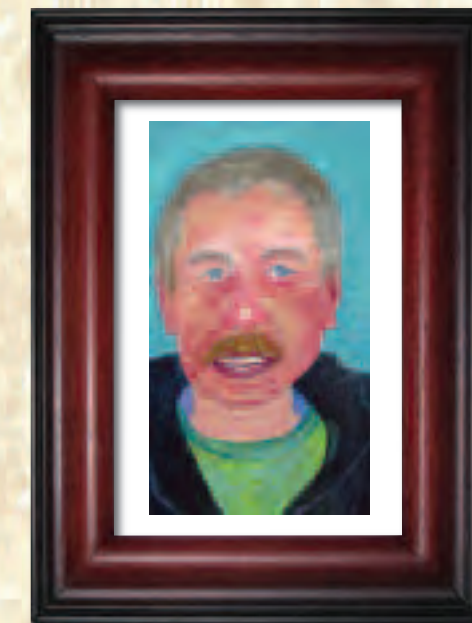
Dear Mr Swift,
Thank you for the money towards the new hospital asylum. We have one ward built, but the problem is what do we do with all these people that just sit there rocking back and forth? Some even think they are doctors and sometimes it's hard for me to tell who's who. As we were eating dinner today, one of the patients went beserk, saying it was his son that we were eating. We had to tie him down on the bed. Now, I don't want to complain, don't get me wrong, we are grateful for the food but yesterday, while I was having the soup, I was sure there were two eyes looking up at me. I only hope these were pig's eyes, because rumour has it that you want people to sell their children so that rich people can cook them on Sundays. I only hope we are not getting the leftovers from your rich friends. I don't know what to expect because tonight is a fry-up. I hope the sausages are real sausage or all the kids in Dublin will gang up on you, and you will end up like Gulliver.
Kind regards

Martin
LIES

Why lie, why not? At times lying can seem more truthful than telling the truth and certainly a lot easier. They, who say they do not lie, well, that's a paradoxical statement straight away, as everybody lies at some stage. Why, I consider myself truthful, but put me in front of a judge and I no longer know the difference between truth and lies.



'This is My Story' by Jackie B



'Me, Myself and I' by Martin



'Convention Centre' by Patrick

Mary
JAMAICA

I would like to go back to the year 1985 when I was just a kid. The place I would go is to Jamaica, where my great-granny grew up, and the two of us would sit on the beach in the hot sun, drinking and having a laugh, and I'd tell her all about 2009.

Frank
ALONG THE SILK ROAD

I would go back to Old Tangiers and go travelling eastwards with Ibn Khaldoun, the Arab, Marco Polo from the early middle ages. He travelled all the way to China along the Silk Road. I've read his books and would love to have travelled with him and seen what his world was really like.



'Kamla' by Frank

Dougie
MY FATHER

My father was unemployed. It was in the year 1976 and, even though he had a trade as a painter and decorator, he could not find steady work. He was a proud man and couldn't watch his wife and two young children go without. So, one evening, he sat down with my mother and they discussed the adverts in the *Evening Press* for working abroad in Germany and Holland. Their decision was that he would go and work in Holland and send money home every week. As the weeks turned into months the money grew shorter and the letters even thinner.

As I grew older, I learned he had met another woman on his travels and ended up having two girls. Even now, 33 years later, he still lives and works in Holland.

Joan
NOBODY KNOWS

Nobody knows what it's like when social workers threaten to take your kids off you and say you'll never get them back until they become 18. Nobody knows how hard it would be when you'd see other children playing. Nobody knows how hard it is to lose your father and two brothers. Nobody knows what it's like when your family don't talk to you.

Glenn
SITTING AT THE RIVER IN NUTGROVE

"Hello, is that you?"
"Ah, how are you, Glenn?"
"I'm not too bad, Liamo. How's Eileen and the kids?"
"They left when they were 18. It's just myself and her, fighting all the time. That's why I'm out here, sitting at the river in the cold, and she's in the house in the heat."
"My God, Liamo, you'll catch pneumonia sitting by the river. And to make matters worse, when the young fellows get out of school, they will give you a terrible time. Anyway, I'm off home to the heat. Here's the price of a flagon. Would you not go home out of this cold and fog? This is no place to be drinking at your age."



'Gary, Amber and Thomas' by Gary



'Daydreaming' by Martin

Peter
STRANGER ON A BENCH

I can't quite remember what it was about him that first drew my attention. It was probably his clothing. He had on a frilly shirt, shoes with gold buckles, pedal pushers for trousers, and his hair looked like what an English high court judge would wear: curls and a pigtail. Added to this was his odd manner of speech, like he ate plays for breakfast. Lots of "Doesn't thou fare well!" and "Nay, that scurvy knave!". He claimed to have been born in 1769. "You must have seen some changes in your time," I said, by way of conversation.



Self-portrait by Peter

Frank
MAD TOM

Mad Tom appeared again recently. I hadn't seen him in years. Everyone was afraid of him, even the screws in the nick. He was huge, with a big belly, long hair and a long beard. He had a bike and looked like he was living rough. He had a backpack, a dog and a deckchair. He was always outside the bookies, sitting on his chair, looking up the horses. People kept out of his way in case he turned on them. He loved that, scaring people. He'd grin and let a roar. Everyone scattered. Then he'd laugh. He always wore a few coats and looked bizarre and scary. But he was not a bad guy when you spoke to him.

Patrick
WANT TO SLEEP

Can't sleep.
Need a drink to sleep.
Be too scared to sleep.
Not to be allowed to sleep.
Have nowhere to sleep.
Not to want to wake up from sleep.
To be rained on while asleep.
Be beaten up while asleep.
Be robbed while asleep.
Be freezing while asleep.
Hear sirens constantly while asleep.
Think you're awake while asleep.
Think you're asleep while you're awake.
To wake up but you haven't really been asleep.



Self-portrait by Frank



'Solas' by Patrick

Frank
NOBODY KNOWS

Nobody knows what it's like to have no money for gear.
To have money, but no gear.
To spend the day travelling all over the town lookin'.
To be ripped off.
To be turned over.
To be picked up.
To be stripped searched.
To be the victim of a plant (by the filth).
To walk into a cop shop loaded (and come out skint).
To be fitted up.
To be grassed up.
To be in court on a bullshit charge.
To be down (or be at large).
To be duckin' and divin', lookin over your shoulder at every chance.
Gettin paranoid over a second glance.
Shitting yourself 'cause they're walking towards you.
Shitting yourself if the car is blue.
Quaking at the sound of every siren your hear.
Living your life enveloped in fear.
Always wishing they'd just leave ya alone. It ain't gunna happen.
They're like a dog chasin' a bone.
There's no way out except maybe to die.
Check out this world. Just O.D. and die and maybe, just maybe, get airborne and fly.
Nobody knows, but some, some people do.
But they're not in the position for them to help you.



'Reflection (Self-portrait)' by Mary

Mary ALBATROSS

Well, my albatross is that I have a drug problem. I started taking drugs when I was 13 years old. It was acid, then I turned to heroin. I was still in school and I used to go in stoned, so, in the end, I got kicked out. I was only fourteen years old when I was finished school. I just sat out on the corner. Then I would have to go robbing to feed my habit as well. My habit just got worse so, in the end, I told my ma and she got me on a clinic when I was 16 years old. To this day, I can't thank her enough.

When I was in the clinic, the doctor in there asked me to go into hospital, so I said, yes, I would. Then, the next day, I had my last smoke, and then my ma and brothers brought me over to the hospital because my ma had to sign me in as I was underage. I had a room of my own. It was alright. I was only allowed visitors on a Tuesday and the weekends, and it was only allowed for my family to see me. When they'd go, I would cry. I was in hospital for four weeks, but I came out clean and stayed clean for a few years.

Nichola

MY JOURNEY

My journey on this earth started in 1985 when I was born. The start of my journey, what I remember was all good. Things started to go terribly wrong in my late teenage years as I became addicted to different kinds of substances. At the start, I didn't realise all the different obstacles and challenges I'd need to face and overcome. At the start, it was all new to me, and the buzz I got was overwhelming. Then, one day, instead of that buzz, I woke up feeling as cold as ice, with cold dribbles of water trickling down my back. Awhh, even the thought of it sends shivers down my spine. Well, everyday for two years, and many more ups and downs through the years, I woke up feeling like that. It wasn't because I liked it, obviously not; it was because, mentally, I thought I needed these substances to feel normal, whatever "normal" may be. To feel confident, safe, it was my bodyguard; but thank God today, I'm clean 6 months now. But only because every time I went back to my old ways, it was worse and worse. I never want to revisit my old days, doing any amount of unspeakable things to survive. Who would have thought back then that now I'd be studying in college, taking part in a short film, doing volunteering work and attending what helped me most and gave me the support, RADE.

Call for 9am. Switched on berko for tea. Production arrived with croissants. Lazor had an appointment, we'd arranged for a taxi to whizz him to set asap. First scene, Capel Street bridge, Lazor and Sadie meet up. Smartarsed teenagers passing by in their pimply school uniforms interrupted us. Back at base, Lazor's hoody was missing. Texted Old Bull in case he knew of its whereabouts. Old Bull was doing his college interview for the full-time course after RADE. AD had a picture on the stills camera to show to shop assistants, he tore around shops from Grafton to Henry Street looking to replace hoody. They were out of stock. Bought €9 hoody in Penney's. 17 for lunch in IFI.

Back at base, the berko had been left on and the motor to roll up the base's shutter was dead. We were locked out. Office rang companies that fix shutters. AD got into the house above the shop, squeezed through a skylight and absailed down only to find there was another shutter into the shop. Office rang to tell us shutter company was on their way. Full cast hanging about at front of shop. Door-fix van arrived. Guy tried the key too. In case he might have the magic touch that could by-pass an electric tripswitch. He plugged in to next-door café and the shutters opened like the gates to paradise. The dry berko had tripped the switch. We'd lost 2 and half hours, €200 that the door-fix guy charged and now the new €9 hoody was also lost: lifted from the outside table of the next-door café. Production was back from Killiney beach, having had no luck looking for original hoody. She went out to get a third one, and Director and crew went to shoot Billy's busking scene. Old Bull was back in the afternoon. His college interview had went well. He was the only one who chose the Shakespeare piece, the interviewers told him they were impressed. But Old Bull knew nothing of Lazor's hoody.

Gary
WHITE DINNER

My uncles were in the building trade for a while so they built an extension in the home. I can't remember the extension when it was just done, but I can remember it later when it had a musky dampness to it. Me and my friends used to put a blanket over this big mahogany table and underneath was our tent or gang hut. We would play for hours, jumping around, playing with dinkys, as any kid would.

There is one day in particular I remember: my uncle Marty was sitting in the extension having his dinner, when we heard a noise. A kind of cracking noise, a thud, and then the noise of my uncle shouting out, 'Me fucking dinner!' A few of the family looked in through the double doors and seen Marty, white as a ghost, plaster covering him, covering the floor and all over his dinner plate, which had barely been touched. We all broke down in laughter. Eventually, for safety's sake, it was torn down. The irony was that *he* had done the plastering himself.

Robbie
MAKING TOFFEE

A mature man at the age of 53 was making toffee while the Missus was out in town. Anything to keep the screaming kids quiet.

– Peter, run to the door and see if your ma's coming, 'cause if she sees her pots destroyed with toffee, my life won't be worth living.

– She's coming, Peter yells.

– Oh fuck, the father says, as he throws the pots, toffee and all, into the back of the press where she wouldn't see them. In the door walks this wiry figure of a woman. Scowl on her face.

– I'm off to the bookies, says the father, before the pots were spotted.

Patrick
MISTAKES

If I had a time machine, I would go forward to 2018 and I would like to meet myself and ask myself what mistakes I had made in the last nine years; how did my kids turn out? Did I get on well with them? And, of course, just one week's lotto numbers.



'Me (Self-portrait)' by Gary

Frank
BRIDES OF CHRIST

'So,' I said to him, 'You know how nuns wear wedding rings?'

'Yes,' he says.

'That means they're brides of Christ,' I said.

'Yes,' he says.

'Well,' says I, 'If a marriage is not consummated, it's not a real marriage, right? So does Christ consummate the marriage with the nuns?'

'Get out, you!' he roared, as he hit me a dig in the head, 'Ya smart arse. I'll see you after class. I forgot me leather. By Jesus, you'll regret today.'

And, by God, I did.



'Lost' by Glenn



'Glam Twins' by Emma

Emma
TINY THUMB

– Is there somebody there?

– Yes, you sap, I need help getting out of the box.

– How did you get in in the first place?

– I just wanted to be sure if I could fit in the box, but before I knew it, I was put into the back of a delivery van. But the van must have took a corner and the box fell out with me in it. And now I'm here, however that may be. So, if you could help me, I would be forever grateful.

I was a bit sceptical but I went for it anyway. When I opened the lid, what was inside only a little man no bigger than my thumb. So I kept him, and he helped me with breaking into places. So we never went hungry. I called him Tiny Thumb and he lives in my pocket ever since, and that was two years ago.

Jimmy
HAPPENED TO ME

I went into a shop to buy a pair of pants. As I went into the changing room to put them on, I forgot to lock the door. My leg got caught and I fell out onto the floor, all the people in the shop looking at me.

•

I was scared when I was working in security. I had to look after an empty house out near the airport all night long. The doors were banging but no one was there.

•

The kindest thing that happened to me was when my daughter's mother brought her to see me after 20 years.

•

The most painful thing I had to go through was shock treatment in a mental hospital.

•

The thing that I am ashamed of is not being in touch with my daughter for over 10 years.

•

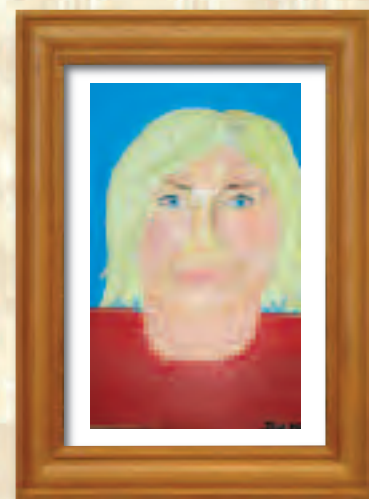
The kindest thing I do for someone is to call in to them every day to see if he is ok.

•

The thing I most regret buying was a car when I was 18. It had two blocks holding up the engine.



Self-portrait by Jimmy



'Mirror Image (Self-portrait)' by Joan

Glenn
PORTRAIT OF ME GRANNY

She used to tell me from Wood Quay she was
On the hill she played hopscotch it was called
The Corpo stand there now facing Merchants Quay
I remember her so much all my life she was there
Well, the best parts anyway
Every year she would bring us to Switzers to see Santy
And when it was summer, I spent my holidays with her
Great it was
Snaring the pigeons on Pearse House roof
A diamond she was
Me ma was her only child

Joan
MY FLAT

I have a problem with the local children in my flat. They are bullying my child because we won't play with them. He plays over in his nan's with his cousin so they are throwing stones at my windows, and when my child comes from his nan's, if they see he is on his own, they will hit him and they sometimes stop him going up the stairs to my flat. I just wish I could get out of there. Now I have decided it is time to stand up for me and my child and to talk to someone who can do something. I have gone down to the council and put in for a formal transfer and now I am going to tell my story to my TD.



'Purple Heart' by Glenn

Louise
OUR TELEVISION ROOM

I remember I used to play in the garage of our house. It had been renovated into the place we used to call the "television room", known to everyone usually as the sitting room. We called it the television room because we had moved the telly into that room. My sister and I used to keep all our toys down at the back of the room and play with these toys forever, as I only had one sibling. We used to make a pretend tent at the unit at the back, placing a soft, fleece blanket over us and put toys on top to keep it from falling down. This room till this present day, although it has gone through many different overhauls, is still called the "television room". My own daughter now stores her various toys in her nana and granda's house, in the same place. When we look back at old photos in the days of when I was young, this is where Santa would leave all our Christmas presents each year for me and my sister, as the Christmas tree used to be set up there also. When I look back at old photographs I can see the many different design stages this television room has gone through.

Mark

JACK IN A BOX

– Who said that?
– It is me, Sam.
– Who are you?
– My name is Jack.
– How did you get into the box?
– I don’t know how I got in here. I have been in here all of my life. Can you help me to get out?
I replied:
– I’m afraid to help you, so I will leave you in your box. It is the best place for you, because this is a bad world out here. Don’t come out.



'American Dream' by Albert

Peter

I WILL FIND A WAY

I will find a way
Out of my decay
So when comes the day
With my life in a new key
Not one so tight, one more free

I know I could just stay
I'll be crushed if I delay
So with this new day
I'll take the weight
I will find a way



'Roman Polanski' by Peter

Sarah

I DIDN'T THINK IT WAS FUNNY AT ALL

Embarrassed: I was standing with all me mates, having a buzz. We were laughing to bits. There were other little groups there. We were in treatment. Next of all, me mate thought it'd be funny to pull down me tracksuit bottoms. I was scarlet and I feckin snapped. I didn't think it was funny at all. I chased him all around the centre. When I caught up with him, I didn't stop kicking and hitting him.

•
Kindest thing done for me: Taximan brought me home from the middle of nowhere for little or nothing because of me circumstances.

•
Most painful: Went through me sickness from the gear and benzos, it wasn't pretty. I'll never forget that month ever. Walking through the park in the middle of the night, thinking I was hearing and seeing people.

•
Most shameful: Robbed on me family.

•
Kindest thing done by me: Let friends stay in me flat when they got thrown out of their own, even though me flat was tiny. I let me friend and her kid stay even though I could of gotten kicked out.

•
Regretted most: Spendin' all me weekly pay on crack (more than once).



'Study in Red' by Peter

Nichola

GRANDAD

Grandad, when Nanny passed away,
The smell of an old person's home,
The smell of the pipe and empty cans of Guinness.
Him, sitting on the corner of his bed,
Eyes glued to the racing on his TV.
His table beside his bed,
With his medication laid out neatly,
With a memorial card on the table
With a list of all his sons, daughters numbers.
The remote control with a plaster on it to hold in the batteries,
And a piece of white paper sellotaped to the back of it,
With the numbers of what each channel was on.
He would have a chair in the corner of the room
For a guest, or even for me, to sit on, to tell me tales 'bout what a great woman my grandmother was.
And he would also point to a picture of my sister and always talked so well of her.

Jimmy

FAVOURITE ROOM

The room I liked to sit in or sometimes hide was the attic. It was full of old photos and bits of toys. It was a dark place, but over in the corner there was a candle which I would light from the match I took from my father's pocket. It always smelt musty. As I rubbed my fingers over the old photos, the dust would make me sneeze and my mother would call out, 'Are you ok? I hope you're not making a mess upstairs.'

In the glare of the candlelight, I could see a big picture of my grandmother staring at me from the corner of the attic. The look on her face would make the water stop flowing in the taps. My brothers and sisters were too afraid to come up, but not me.



'Clam' by Jimmy



'Serene' by Robbie

Robbie

LEPRECHAUN

I opened the box and there was a little leprechaun in there.

- Why can't you let yourself out? I said.
- I can't, as a spell was put on me to stay in here for a hundred years, unless somebody's kind enough to release me...
- Well, I'll let you out on one condition: you grant me three wishes.
- I can't do that, I'm not a fucking genie, I'm a leprechaun.
- Ok, then give me your pot of gold.
- Alright then, it's yours if you let me out.

I helped him out and the little bastard ran off as quick as he could. All I could hear was 'Ha ha ha' in the distance. So I say this to whoever listens: if you ever hear somebody scream, 'Help, let me out of here!', fuck them and keep walking.

Call for 8.30am. Director delayed. AD bought teas for all in next-door café, so's we could feel ok about using their jax so much. First shot was with Lazor. Then down to ATM in TB square, where Old Bull and Birdy are spotted by Lazor getting their money out. Outdoor café's coming to life. Next scene was the mugging. Lazor flashed the Stanley knife and AD took charge of it before he got arrested. Mugging scene was on Sycamore Street when Lazor holds the knife to Birdy's throat and robs their cash. Old Bull gives chase. A passer-by, a woman on her own, strayed on to our set and froze like a rabbit as Lazor ran towards her, brandishing a Stanley knife and Birdy screamed like a banshee in his wake. We told the lady it wasn't real, that we were making a film. People threw open their office windows as Birdy screamed on. Then it was back to Temple Bar Square for Tina and Billy's ATM scene. Next shot was of Billy settling in to his busking spot. Patrick, our lead in last year's film, happened to be passing. Director stuck him into this year's film. Scott took over from Old Bull on the documentary camera. Lunch 1.30pm for 14 in IFI. After lunch, back to Comix's shop. Rosie had to be released by 3.30pm for appointment for her beautician's course interview. Then it was up to Fleet Street for the scene where Ban Garda Savage and Garda Knowles cross Billy and Tina. The real cops stopped, but they didn't interfere. A woman approached Garda Savage to tell her there was a fellow selling drugs down the road. We told her we weren't real cops. The shot took ages. We went to Pearse Street Dart for pick up shots with Billy and Tina. Production cycled back to base to get Billy's shoes. He only wore them while shooting. They were pointy winklepickers and they were eating the feet off of him since Monday. Got the shots and we wrapped for the night. Wrapped by 7pm.

Patrick
ALBATROSS

I kept getting into trouble with the law when I was sleeping rough and drinking heavily for fighting, public disorder, trespassing, causing damage and fraud. I had a lot of bench warrants and had to keep giving out a false name when questioned by the Gardaí, and had to make sure I had no ID on me in case they searched me. I used to give my mother's maiden name when travelling to England. I used to take a boat because I didn't have to provide a passport. This was no life, especially with my wanting to get help with my addiction, get off the street and go back to court to get access to my children.

Then, one night, I was tired and drunk and could walk no further. It was cold and damp and I had just about had enough, so I decided to hand myself into the guards. I did this, told them my name and that I was a homeless alcoholic and that I was wanted. To my surprise, they just told me to get lost and didn't even check me on the computer to see if I was wanted or not! I thought, "What the fuck?", so I started abusing the guards at the station in Store Street, and eventually did get arrested. It turned out I had seven bench warrants. I was relieved I had come clean about this huge weight upon my shoulders. So, that night in the cells was the best night's sleep my feathered friend and I had had in a long time: I was on the bunk and he was on the floor.



'Pure' by Patrick



Self-portrait by Liz

Dougie
THE GRAND CANAL

I've walked from Ballyfermot to Baggot Street, all along the Grand Canal. I used to swim in the Bluebell lock when I was a kid, and I bought heroin under the Barn Bridge. I took handbags at Harold's Cross Bridge and sold drugs to the girls down by the lock at Baggot Street. I've kept going as far as the canal flows, into the Liffey at Boland's Mill.

Gary
DEALER

I stand here now, thirty-eight years old
Pocket full of money and drippin' with gold
Some call me a pusher, motivated by greed
Me, I'm just givin' them what they need
Anyway, I don't care what they think
I don't use drugs and occasionally drink
I'm not the one who causes the pain
I just give them what they want again and again
If I don't sell it, someone else will
Smack, crack, coke and pills
I blame the parents, don't care what they say
When their kids got on drugs, where were they?
I'm just makin' money, enough to survive
Trying to keep my young family alive

Emma
EXECUTIONER'S WIFE

Even if the man had a family to look after, it did not matter in the slightest. Off with his head. The crowd would shout when the jester was brought up to the gallows. And me, I would not be there where my husband, who was the executioner, had to be; I would be at home, cleaning the blood off his clothes, whether the guillotine would be used, or hanging, or straight with the hatchet across the back of the neck. I know it's severe, but that was the way they were back then. Everyone had to watch their step. At least my family and I were ok, 'cause there was always an executioner needed. Sad, making a living out of someone else's misery.



'Beefy' by Gary

Louise
DREAM I HAD LAST NIGHT

Dreamt I was in a shop with my little girl, and I met a girl in my class when I was in primary school, who I haven't seen in years, called Claire O'Brien. She was a barrister. I woke up feeling quite low in myself, although it was only a dream, as I used to want to be a criminal lawyer years ago, and I kept thinking, 'what if this, what if that...'. Interestingly, I knew I had a meeting with Averyl today about doing my beauty course.



'Dotty' by Gary



'Freedom' by Mary

Joan WOMAN

I'm a woman, 18 years old. I work as a dentist. I work with approximately 25 patients per day. I work full-time. I have a child, aged one year old. He goes to crèche while I'm at work. My hobbies are: tennis, swimming, walking, socialising and singing. I enjoy what I do and I live a busy, satisfying life as a mum and a dentist. I love going on holidays with my child and spending quality time as a family in the Bahamas. I'm thinking of buying my own villa in the Bahamas and of meeting a man, a bit of fresh meat straight out of school.

Nichola VICTORIAN DAYS

If I had a time machine, I would go back to the Victorian history days. I would visit the homes, schools and wander the streets. After I'd gathered all my information, I would get back to the year 2001 and resit my History Junior Cert exams.

Joan THE BIRDS

I had a dream about birds: this bloke had a loft and he knew I was afraid of birds, so he got a few of his friends and they chased me, caught me and threw me into the birds. I was screaming, but they all started laughing at me. They never let me out. They left me there.

Group Collaboration LOVE THOSE CLOSE TO YOU

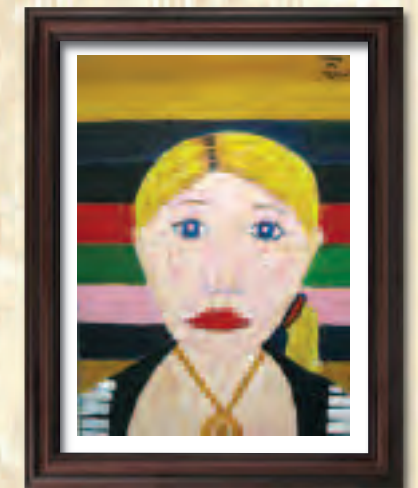
When life it rains down rats and dogs,
I love listening to the birds whistling in the morning.
The sweet tunes that wake me up and make me happy.
The sweet sound of music rang through my ears.
Beautiful sound that everyone could hear.
Bells across the lake, mind in the trees.
It sounded very eerie almost brought me to my knees.
It would definitely scare them if they heard me screaming.
They would probably enjoy it. Cause I know I did.
And if I get the same chance, I'll do it again
It gave me so much happiness, though I shouldn't be doing it.
I think it will be ok one more time.

Geraldine WITH HER EYES

With her eyes, the hate of greed
With her eyes, the needs of poor people
With her eyes, the envy of the rich
With her eyes, the happiness of the feeling in her heart from holidays
With her eyes, looking in the mirror, not seeing herself, but someone else
With her eyes, not knowing where to look or what to make of what she sees
With her eyes, she realises she was dreaming



'Saddhu' by Frank



Self-portrait by Olivia



'Old Boot' by Patrick

Jackie K

I COULDN'T SEE

Embarrassed: Waking up in the Mater Hospital without any clothes, not knowing how I got there.

•

Most scared: When I was young, I remember looking out my bedroom window as I heard someone crying. What I saw was a woman combing her long black hair, but I couldn't see her face.

•

Kindest thing done to me: My next-door neighbour rearing my two sons. Even though I couldn't see it then.

•

Most Painful: Giving birth.

•

Most shameful: I am ashamed about myself for not going up to see my sister enough times and my mum too.

•

Kind thing I done: Giving some homeless person some money around Christmas time, even though I hadn't much myself.

Patrick

SHOES

Two colourful little boots, sitting on the table with no feet to take them out, pointing in opposite directions, looking confused.

– Hello, can you hear me? says the one boot. Hello again, can you hear me? I said, can you hear me?

– Alright, alright, I'm trying to have a little nap here. Do you mind?

– It's me, your buddy. I'm left here.

– Ok, well it's me and I'm right here. What's up with you?

– I just wanted to say we could start again, all over again. But only if we start right now, here in this place; us, this minute. I know this thing, Lefty.

– Righty, I want to show you something, Righty. He did this to me with a pair of laces.

– Come here. There, it's gone now.

– It'll never go, never.

– It's gone. I made it go. I turned us into a pair of slippers.

– I wanted a left boot as well, and little boots too. He's the reason I can't have any.

– Hurry up, choose me. We'll make a lovely pair.

– Is your tongue bigger than this?

– No. I haven't got one. I'm a slip-on, and so are you now. I told you, we'll make a lovely pair of boots. Stamp out our past. Take little steps and our love will grow. I feel it in my sole.

Call was for 9am. Sadie was missing. Office tracked her down. Got a quick shot of Lazor walking. When Sadie arrived we headed back to Pearse Street Dart to get the shots of her and Lazor heading for the train. Outside the station there were far less commuters than there had been at 6pm yesterday. Office and Production filled it out a bit as extras. Billy had his course from 9 to 11am. Director had changed the shoot to accommodate him. The record shop turned off their music while we filmed Tina at Crown Alley.

The motorbike that had been parked at the busking spot yesterday was now parked on the other side of the road. Found out the County Sheriff was the owner and he moved it for us. At 1.30pm we had 16 for lunch in IFL. The waitress asked about payment of €700 for the week. Cast and crew seemed happy enough with the grub. After lunch we headed up for the big busking shot when Billy gives his guitar away and chases after Lazor. Garda Savage and Garda Knowles were due for the following scene. As they walked to the set a stranger ran to them to report he'd been attacked by someone.

Two real cops arrived and told Production that if we kept filming our fake cops we'd be arrested. We told them we'd gotten clearance from Dublin County Council and Kevin Street Garda Station. They told us we ought to have gotten permission from the Inspector at Pearse Street Guards. Rang Pearse Street, but they couldn't find the Inspector. Sent our fake Gardai back to base.

Production rang Pearse Street again and spoke to the Superintendent's secretary. She was sympathetic. We'd been held up for almost an hour and we were running behind. Billy had to be released by 6pm to collect his daughter. An hour passed and a call came through from Pearse Street Guards, saying Superintendant had granted us permission. Garda Savage and Garda Knowles got back on set. We wrapped at 6pm.

Louise MEMORIES

This morning, when I got up: Walking out of apartment complex, watching the bus I just missed pulling off! Wrong one came, but got it anyway. Remember having to walk really quick to work because of this.

•

Christmas 2009: Waking up in my mam's house with my daughter to see if Santa had come. Watching her excitement when the food and drink were gone and she thought the sky cloud was a reindeer.

•

Twenty-One Years Old: Had no party, just went off with a few friends for a family meal. I got keys to my first little car and wrote it off three months later, ending up in intensive care in the Mater.

•

Fourteen Years Old: Being very studious in school and studying for exams. Not having touched any drugs at this age. Having a family dog.

•

Seven Years Old: Made my First Holy Communion in First Class. Remember picking out my Communion dress with my mam in Alexander's on Dorset Street. Going to Glasgow for a few months, staying with my parents' friends in their house, having a sauna. Studying in my Auntie Maureen's house for a test.

•

Earliest Memory: First day in school, didn't cry when my mam and dad left me. Going to where my mam worked in a photography shop.

Geraldine MOTORBIKE CRASH

I got on a motorbike and I was in front. My fella's friend was behind me. I was in the Phoenix Park, and he told me to slow down. I revved the handlebars and pulled them back instead of pulling them forward, and we went even faster. Coming around the corner, a jeep comes towards us. I sped off and I crashed into the jeep and a hill. I went up in the air and my helmet flew off. I cracked my head off the ground and I was unconscious. I then saw an ambulance and three men and passersby beside me. I didn't know where I was, who I was, or anything. It was like being born again. I went to hospital and they put my neck in a brace. They took stones out of my arms and legs and cut my toe off. I then went home after coming around that evening. I had no bus fare to get home. So I got on the back of the bike and went home.



'Waiting for the 65' by Patrick



'Pom' by Patrick



'Libertatis' by Louise

Patrick FAST TRANSIT

"Hurry, I don't want to miss them!" Gosh, when I said hurry, I didn't mean for him to drive this fast. The roads are very dark. I know every turn, bump and pothole on this road, but does he? Whoa! There's a sharp bend coming up. Does he know that too? Fast, too fast. We'll never get round it. He'll tip the transit over. I won't get to see them. Fuck, we got round it! Only another six miles to go. Another bend, here we go again... I'll duck my head under the bench seat, don't want to get hit by anything coming through the side window if we turn over the transit. Whoaaaaa!!!

Jackie K EMERGENCY

– Jessie, Jessie!

I woke from a deep sleep. My mum was calling me from the kitchen downstairs. As I wipe the sleep from my eyes, I go downstairs and find my mum on the cold kitchen floor. I bend down to her to ask her what happened. As I get closer, I can smell the gin from her mouth. She was unconscious at this point and I could see blood coming from her head. As fast as I could, I grabbed the phone and dialled the emergency services.

– Hello, I heard from the other end of the phone. What service do you require?

– Ambulance please. And hurry please.

The next voice I heard was a soft-spoken male, asking me what had happened.

– Hurry, hurry, send an ambulance. It's my mum. She's on the kitchen floor, with blood coming from her head. Please hurry.

– My name is Nick, and I'll be taking you through some steps to help your mum while the ambulance is on its way.

Jimmy
SHEILA DE BRUNE

Thirty-eight years in the same station. I've seen a lot of changes. Some good, some bad. I remember the first day I walked in. The other Gardaí just looked at me, and I knew by the look on their faces that they did not want me there, but I was strong and stood up to all their snide remarks. "Does she wear Garda knickers?", "How is she going to cycle the bike?"

But I proved them all wrong. You see, being from the country, all we had was a bike. The biggest thing for me as a Garda was not to be put behind a desk. I wanted to be out on the beat, in the thick of it, and I was. That day, there was a riot in the city.



'Willie' by Gary

Louise
NOBODY KNOWS

Nobody knows what it is like to be tied to a clinic,
just to feel normal like other people do.

To take medication to feel normal like other people
do.

To feel guilty about what questions your child may
ask you in the future when they get older.

To be in debt.

To ignore a knock at the door.

To feel like the black sheep in the family.

Yet, this is never the case, as I now have learnt not
to be able to show or be your true self.

Gary
AUNTIE ANGIE

I remember, I recall

My auntie I called sister

Being five feet small

She would stand up to Goliath no problem at all

I remember I recall

Robbing flowers from gardens, jumping over fences
and walls

Laughing as we ran off, with no conscience at all

In jail quite young, with a borstal mark

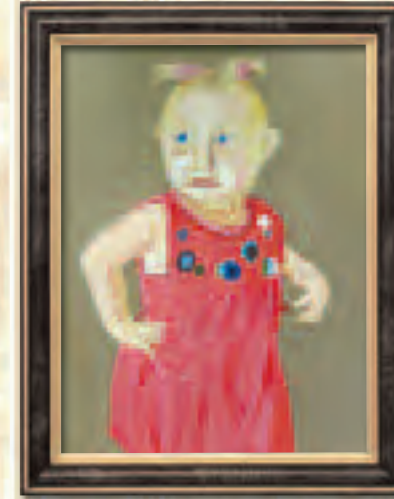
I could see she was my friend.

She was a tomboy with eight brothers.

Some say it's better to burn out than to fade away

Thirty years old, died of HIV, what can I say

But I love you Angie, I think of you almost every day



'Abbie (Portrait of My Daughter)' by Emma

Peter
MY COUSIN, BEST FRIEND, NOW A GHOST

He's been gone a long time now

He didn't make it into this century

My early life without him

Is inconceivable, beyond my powers of imagination

Even in death he remains a presence

Present as he was for so many of the moments in my
life

That mould and shape

That make or unmake

Smother or save

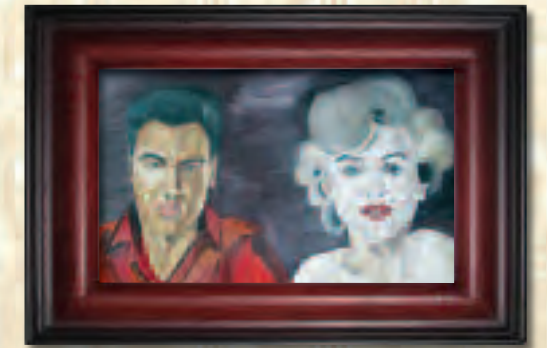
There, as he was, for so many firsts

First hearing of the Sex Pistols and Joy Division

Every adolescent experience

Smoking, drinking, drugging, shoplifting

Earliest hormonal fumbles



'Elvis & Marilyn' by Glenn

Gary
WONDERLAND

There is a magical place where me and my daughter love to go. It is St. Anne's Park in Raheny. It is a wonderland for my child and me, as we enter the park through a big long tunnel of huge trees. As me and Amber walk down the gravelly pathways and rustle through the leaves, we try to be quiet, so as not to scare off any animals, such as squirrels, foxes or badgers. Me and Amber haven't seen any foxes or badgers, but the squirrels are plentiful. My daughter walks along on her tippy-toes and whispers. When we see squirrels, her eyes light up like 100 watt bulbs and, step by step, she gets closer and closer until the little critters see us and scarpers up the trees.

At the end of the archway, there are caves and a big bridge which is broken in the middle, with water trickling under. But this is an obstacle we get across. Then we enter a big park, from where you can see all the kids playing in the playground. Amber runs on ahead with excitement towards the playground. On the way home, we have to feed her ducks, even though she eats half the bread herself. What a character she is. I love the park and all the special times we share there together.



'Survivor' by Peter

Peter

STRETCH OF CANAL

The stretch of the canal between Ranelagh and Harold's Cross is a piece of water. I know we'll have to walk the length of it in a variety of physical conditions at various times of the year. Sometimes dragging my weary bones like as if I was 100 years old. Other times as if I were gliding on air. Two different acquaintances of mine lived around the Harold's Cross area at different times, although in both cases, our relationships were the same, revolving as they did around drugs, i.e. consumer and supplier. It is a pleasant walk on the days that the swans are about. When I had the money, I would always buy a loaf of bread for them. Although they would get through even the biggest loaf within a few frenzied seconds, almost taking my head off in the process.



'Sunset' by Martin

Martin

RUMP OF KINDER RECIPES

Dear Mr Swift,

I have just finished reading your recipe book on cooking children. I found the recipes very exciting and novel. I was never aware there were so many different uses for the spare children. As I said, the novelty of it, why feed them when you can eat them. I do have one criticism; please do not feel offended by my observation. When cooking rump of kinder, you suggest simply putting it in a pot of boiling water, seasoned by sage, salt and water. That is quite tasty, though I found it a little on the tough side. I personally found that putting it on a skewer and roasting it for half an hour leaves the rump nice and crisp and running with juices. That is just my personal taste. Maybe you could incorporate this in one of your recipes.

Thank you for bringing this novel and very exciting concept to my attention. Will you be bringing out a recipe for ex-wives?

Fondly

Bright and early Saturday morning we cleared out our base in Temple Bar and transported everything back to the OLV building. The editor got cracking on downloading the recorded tapes to the computer, and he and the director got stuck into the film-making. Lazor and Old Bull sat in on the editing. Lazor had shown himself to be a sharp cookie on computer programming, and he was getting experience for doing his own edit job on the documentary and for the editing course he was about to start in Film Base. For 2 weeks the sun blazed away while the edit crew were stuck inside, jigsaw puzzling the film into shape. The music score writer sat in and added his magic. Half way through the process, they produced a quick draft of the final film, and finally we were up for our wrap party. We ordered in pizzas and juices and set up the big screen. Cast and crew were all there for the showing. As it happened, the two lads helping us with our Strategic Plan were doing a workshop with participants on the day, so they joined in on the festivities. The film edit was put on hold for a week to allow the ideas to percolate for editor and director before they returned to put the final polish on the piece. In the meantime, Lazor got dug into the documentary with the editing tutor provided by the McVerry Trust, and his first documentary was born. After a week the director of the main film returned from her ivory tower with the film's title "Hard Day", tweaked, snipped and smoothed the editing and finally pronounced the film "locked". The office banged into action: press releases, invitations, posters and a film was born in the Irish Film Institute on 1st July 2010.



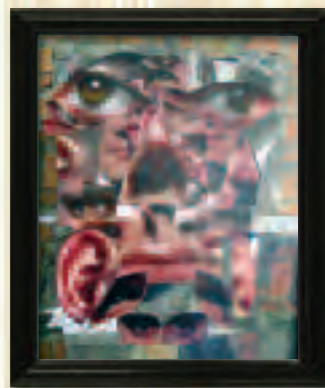
'Woman with Blue Brooch' by Peter

Mary
CHATTING ON A PARK BENCH

I was sitting on a park bench and a little woman came up to me. She had lots of bags, with lots of newspapers in them. She sat down beside me and started talking about what she had done in the war. She had been a nurse, she had helped the men and women that had come in injured from the war. Then she started talking about her family. She had two children, five grandchildren and one great-grandchild, and she told me that she only sees them on Christmas Day. She told me how her own children put her in a home. I said, "Why did they put you in a home?" She did not know why. I had to go, so I just said, "Mind yourself, love." But she would not let me go. So I had a smoke and stayed for a little while longer with her, just talking about her family and about my family and what I do.

Frank
WITH YOUR EYES:
AN ELEGY FOR MY MOTHER, EILEEN

With your eyes, as you lay dying in the Hospice
With your eyes, as I lay dying at home
With your eyes, as you gave me money to score
With your eyes, as I held my hand out for more
With your eyes, as you watched me having a fix
With your eyes, as you watched me knocked for six
With your eyes, as you saw the tracks on my arm
With your eyes, as you tried to keep me safe from harm
With your eyes, full of joy, as I gave up the gear
Only to start drinkin' and bringin' back your old fears
That I'd wind up dead on the street
That I'd wind up broken and beat
Too late for you to see me now
Too late for you to see me grow
I'm clean and I'm sober
For once in my life
Too late for you
So forgive me, Ma, for all that I've done
I am truly sorry , but I thought it was fun.



'Eye Know You' by Jimmy



'Old Times Are Gone' by Gary

Gary
NOBODY KNOWS

Nobody knows what it's like to have to leave school
at 12 years old.
To take care of your eight younger siblings.
To rear a child, with no husband to rely on.
To move to another country.
To go to the local pub to collect and beg for your children.
To be beaten and shouted at for doing so.
To live on macaroni and fish cakes.
To bottle it up. To never complain.
To work three jobs a day.
To get three children to school.
To be there when they get back.
To come home again.
To divorce an alcoholic.
To listen to boys who cry for their da.
To go back to school at 50.
To get honours at 53.
To eventually be happy after 54 years.
To remarry a good man.
Nobody knows what it's like
But my ma does.

Mary
MOTHER LOVE

My mother is 51 years old. She is 5 feet 4 inches and has brown eyes and light brown hair. She is just my best friend in the world. My mother works in a nursing home, looking after the old men and women. She has been working there for two years. After work, my mother goes to do her shopping, then goes home and cleans up the house and, at about 3.45pm, my little sister comes in from school. My mother gets the dinner ready for herself and my brother and sister. After that, she puts dishes in the dishwasher and she can finally put her feet up and watch her soaps. She well deserves that because she works so hard.

Jackie K
FOR MUM

With your eyes, I see you crying.
With your eyes, I see you smile.
With your eyes, I see you hurt – hurt for your loss,
A loss of a precious daughter you loved so much.
With your eyes, I see the pain – the pain that was with
you for so long. You would not say, but I knew.
With your eyes, you say goodbye.
With my hand, I closed your eyes and said goodbye too.



Self-portrait by Jackie B



'ee cummings' by Patrick

Jackie B REMEMBERED

In the afternoon, I remembered your smile on your face, 'cause you never liked to be alone.

In the afternoon, I remembered you full of life, and sometimes sitting in silence and refusing to say a word.

I would often ask what's up, but you would refuse again to answer, or maybe just give that little smile, to say everything is alright, in those last few weeks of your sickness. I told you I'll always be here for you.

In the afternoon, I remembered when I had seen your lifeless body. You're gone now – nobody else can hurt you.

She closed her eyes and just drifted away into the magic night. As I laid my hand on her head to brush her hair back off her face, I said to myself – you go to sleep – everything is alright.

In dreams, I remembered you in dreams.

Peter ME AND MY ALBATROSS

My albatross has been coiled tightly around me for more years than I can count. I hardly know where the albatross ends and I begin. The thoughts and wants of my albatross mingle maliciously with my own, driving my actions and fuelling self-delusions, sending my pointless rounding in ever-decreasing circles. My slipping on this situation happened over a long period of time, while I was preoccupied. By the time I realised the extent of the growth, it had become strong, its grip suffocating tight and its' reach was such as to allow it access to every fibre of my being.

Ridding myself of my albatross is not so straightforward. Starving it is the only method that is said to work for addicts. But over the years, my albatross has learned to adapt its diet as the situation demands. Starved of options, it will turn to benzos or alcohol for its necessary nutrition. But my albatross is part of me now. Its removal will leave holes in my life. Holes that need filling, as nature abhors a void every bit as much as albatrosses love them.

Dougie VOID

If I had a time machine, I would set the dials to the year 1994 and the month to August the 1st, when my son was born. If the time machine brought me to the morning of the 24th, I would have held him in my bed, because it was that fateful night the angels came and took my life's blood away and has left me empty. Nothing can fill this void that will forever be with me.

Glenn I HAVE A PLAN

My albatross has lasted 20 years now. I have been involved in drugs since I was about 15. I was smoking hash right up through my early 20s. Then I started acid and E, then heroin and coke, which led to a few prison sentences. My addiction was choking me till I went to meet a key worker in prison. Since then, I have been doing well, I think. I'm still on PHY, but this time next year I hope to be a free man for the first time in my life. I have a plan. It's working well to date. I believe that I have God on my side. My faith in God has got stronger since I had my accident. At the moment, I am off hash and smokes. I am doing what I love best: painting. I hope to show off my work early in the new year, at which time I hope to be off PHY. I will have a website to sell my paintings while I look for a full or part-time job and continue with my painting.



'Looking Ahead' by Glenn



'Pretty' by Glenn

Nichola
ADDICTION

My albatross is my addiction, and my addiction will always be there. I have come to terms with this, but it took me years to come to terms with this. Rather than just ignore my albatross, I have decided to look after it. Look after it like a new baby, you could say. Only, I don't want to feed it with bad stuff anymore. Instead, I feed it with healthy things, like food, for one, which I never would have taken much of before. But not just feed into my addiction. That way, I also fill it by going to my counsellor, participating in RADE, and all the activities they do. Thanks to RADE and all the friends I've made there, they've helped me to establish some structure and confidence in life, because that's how careful I need to treat my addiction.

The albatross I have around my neck is my addiction. I look at my addiction in a very negative way. It's one of my biggest problems. I don't think there is one day that has gone by that I don't think to myself about drugs. It might not necessarily be me wanting drugs, then again, subconsciously, I probably do. This albatross makes me feel like a fish caught in a bowl. I keep making the same mistakes.



'Young Girl (Self-portrait)' by Nichola



BLACK BOW

The Professional Suit Hire People



RADE

RECOVERY THROUGH ART/DRAMA/EDUCATION