

Location 1. EPIC Museum

Welcome

We will go on a journey together inspecting the past, the now, the future. You are currently standing at the EPIC museum, the first out of the 5 sites we will visit together. You can explore each site in whichever order you chose, or walk from point 1 to point 5.

Feel free to take a seat or wander around each site.

Take a deep breath and take in your surroundings. The people you encounter throughout this journey are a part of the fabric that makes up this city and are therefore part of the experience.

An arm of the North Atlantic Ocean separating Ireland and Great Britain.

The Quays

The point village

The port'

East Wall

Ringsend

The docklands

Grand Canal

Dublin Port

The Gateway to the city

For over 300 years this area has been a hub for employment, growing business, and family life. Today, the dockland area is home to over 26,000 people, more than 40,000 commute here to work and almost 50 ships pass in and out through this port each day.

The Dublin Dockland has a transformative history, the area holds a treasure trove of stories that spans back centuries.

You will hear an array of voices on this journey, from those who are growing up in this area, those who spent their days waiting on the shout from the button man, those who work at the Port today and those who have always called this place, home.

"We have starlings on our roof. One of them mini birds they do a lot of tweeting and the male ones have like this green and purple metallic colour on its breast"

"I see lots of houses and trees"

"She was an expert at Bunkering. She made your dockers coat in such a way that's its padded and you could put a bottle of whiskey into it and go past the harbour police"

"We take in everything, we're peculiar, we take in everything. Our biggest export is fish and meat"

"I can't see it changing because there's nothing to change about it"

So much to inspect.

A realm which has been Penetrated... Permeated.... Pervaded.

Filled with thousands of treasures. Holding tales of our great, great, great, ancestors.

Possessing the past, present and future intellect, ego, vitality, personality, burdens and strife of its surrounding lands and people.

We are going on an exploration, an interrogation, a little quest, What's to come?

The Ports, Past and Present Project is funded by the European Regional Development Fund through the Ireland Wales cooperation Programme.

Location 2: The Bottle Boy

We stand outside no 81. North Wall Quay, this establishment has had many names over the years but is currently known as, The Bottle Boy.

It's had its fair share of purposes, from a lodging house in the 1800s to a alcohol and liquor merchant in the early 1900s. In a prime location for political discussion, the manager Shanley during world war I reestablished the place as "an american cocktail bar" cleverly diverting attention. But by the 1920s, the public house was welcoming back its traditional customers of dockers and stevedores.

Breathe it in. Stout, Ale, cigarettes, sweat. The remnants of last night.

"Yes, they quite liked their pint of guinness."

Each morning before the sun rose, a gathering happened down at the docks, of men waiting to be called upon, dressed in coats with pockets long enough to carry an orange or two.... Or maybe something "more luxurious".

"They were very casually dressed. 9 out of 10 of them wore a flat cap and if they worked on a coal boat they came home very dirty because there was fierce about of dust on the coal boats, so they'd come home with black faces - you could see all the dirt on their hands and their face."

It's cold and it's wet. A line of red nosed, brothers, in laws, uncles, sons, fathers and friends.

"3000 men turning up... "He standing on the deck of the ship with an unlit cigarette and you had to throw a matchbox up onto the deck with $\frac{1}{3}$ of your wage in it, (Really) and if you did that you got picked the next day, likewise, There was a whole range of pubs called early houses here and the foreman had kind of a slate.... You had to go in and give the barman /bar owner money, initially it would have been used to buy the foreman drink but there was so much money involved it turned out the foreman would go in once a week and collect a hundreds of pounds so this system.."

And the work?

"They were very casual, they were very hard working people and em there were lots of different boats, like coal boats they'd come home dirty, a fruit boat there was a banana boat, In those days they always got a bit of something off the boat to bring home to their families."

"Them machines there, they'll move them in and around the small places. Before these cranes, see the cranes there There called T cranes, they move along tracks like a train and the spreaders are fixed, There for loading and unloading trucks, now the difference in them is the spreader doesn't move, because you want it fairly straight to get it onto the truck."

"OK."

“Over the way there they do all liquids. The only thing left that’s bucketed in and out of the country now is salt. We bring in salt. Big huge ships. We just shovel it out with big buckets. We export peat moss, that goes off to Spain, France for all their fruit and veg. Coal comes in and scrap metal goes out. Everything else is containerised.”

“So everything you have on your shelves, Everything you buy, they’re all in them. So we import everything See the big BG45’s, big blue boxes there mainly Heineken and Carlsberg.”

Despite the type of work being different, dockers then and now share one thing in common - the craving for an early morning brew after a night shift at the port.

Not much has changed then sure there’s still people leaving the pub now, look there he goes. Slinging his work boots over his shoulder and across the bridge. Follow him there, see what he has to say.

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Location 3: Samuel Beckett Bridge

Position yourself on the bridge looking towards Dublin Port.

You are now on the Samuel Beckett Bridge, a key feature of Dublin docklands and a link between Ringsend and East Wall. Given, in the past there was little contact between the communities on both sides of the river, it is now one of 17 bridges that links the North and South of the city, a bridge .2km between Heuston Station and Tom Clarke Bridge, the final bridge before the mouth of the Irish Sea. The bridge was delivered to Dublin on a 90m by 26m barge, a 628-mile journey that took approx five days.

The brief for the bridge was to create, 'a landmark structure of unmistakable modernity and with a unique character that would provide a symbol at the maritime gateway of Dublin.'

Take it in.

Look out into the distance.

On the right of the river, at Grand Canal Dock, smoke billowing above the chimneys from Bolland's Mills. A gloomy city, a contaminated Liffey, the smell of sewage wafting up from the river. On your left the hustle and bustle of workers, dockers, men and women and children coming to and from.

Today, what do you see?

"Bits and pieces. We went up."

"We went up all the time, Stella gardens."

"When dinner was over like we'd walk up the steps and give the swans the bits, yenko."

"It was lovely, in Springtime. Was it spring time they used to have the chicks? And they'd have them all trotting behind them."

"Yenko so it was lovely."

"The ducks used to come sometimes and we'd fed the ducks as well."

"Well, the ducks were always up at Ballsbridge Brenda."

"They used to come down an odd time but it was mostly the swans."

"When I'm walking to school, I mostly see, we would, when we go over the bridge I would always see the building sites."

"I see loads of trucks and like building sites."

"Smell like seaweed."

"Normally I see buses like with the numbers 151."

"I go passed the playground and I go past the Facebook building."

"cause they're building like I think a shopping centre beside us and then across the road they're building something else dunno what that is so."

"In 2019 when we were like in second class there wasn't the Centra but now like in 2020 there was a centra."

“I actually smell a lot of things at the same time. I smell smoke and dust, in all. I also smell the chipper because I'm right beside and I also smell dead fish because I'm right beside the sea.”

That's true, A skyline made of cranes, as workers continue to build up and up and up. Watch your step, where you stand was deep underwater 100 years ago. Let's venture over to the Southside.

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Location 4: Grand Canal Docks

20,000 years ago the last glacial period ended.

A freshwater lake

.....A saline water body

.....The Irish Sea

Width: 240km, Length: 210km, Depth: 175m

Muir Eireann Airish Sea

A body of water, a place where time runs on its own, listening to the heartbeat of its land. to see and find the needs of its people, to laugh, grow, cry tears into its open arms, wash away pains, snoozing , pausing, waking again, Providing a space of clarity, truth, presence.

An american president once said “Most countries send out oil or iron, steel or gold, or some other crop, but Ireland has had only one export and that is its people.”

Irish Sea Crossings have traversed centuries, countries and lives. For hundreds of years, many have travelled in and out of this channel.

Muir Eireann was tasked with the burden Acting as a bystander to those leaving this island, leaping into the unknown.

Irish Sea Crossings are sometimes colourful.

“I emigrated from to Australia from Dublin”

“Opportunity I guess, it's just more happening elsewhere”

“I then decided that it would be an adventure and wanted to be somewhere halfway across the world for a little while.”

sometimes mundane

“Jobs basically. There wasn't really much opportunity. I did try to apply for jobs in Ireland and there wasn't really much... I couldn't justify moving out in Dublin with the prices of it.”

“I had no clear projects lined up, I had nothing kind of keeping me anywhere.”

“It sounds so cliché but people are up for the craic alot more.”

“ I couldn't justify the rent either like If i wanted to live any closer to town it would be like 1700-2000. I couldn't justify moving out in Dublin with the prices.”

Sometimes exciting

“It doesn't make sense to live away from home in Dublin because rent is so expensive that you might as well move to another city and have that kind of early 20s experience and its completely new and fresh”

Sometimes full of pain

“so expensive it's depressing eh to be in a city that feels like it's built for....”

I also miss knowing everybody you know I walk down the street and like how are you getting on.

“I love Dublin. I feel any conversation I have about emigrating that's the first thing I say.

“I also miss my family a lot. I If I could have afforded it I probably would have but it's just too expensive. I would like to go back in the future but for now I'm here.”

A Guide to Exiting the Port: Manoeuvring and Warning Signal

1 Short blast - Altering to starboard

2 Short blasts - Altering to port

3 Short blasts - Going astern

5 or more short blasts - Keep clear.

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Location 5: Red Lights at the Grand Canal

You've made it! Welcome to the Digital Docklands. Silicon Docks. The future.

In the centre there, the striking red lights halting you to a stop. Look up and think back on the journey we've taken together. Consider how far we've come.

New, bright, shiny, squeaky clean buildings, Angular, box like, tall, grey buildings amongst a speckling of cranes. The buildings are not as tall as you'd see in Hong Kong, New York, Dubai. Still, our little Dublin Ports skyline seems futuristic to its former self.

With budding scientists, tech gods and digi geniuses inside these towering constructions, an area with some of the best 'human capital' in the world.

Better than ever before.

Changed.

The home of many major global corporations, Google, Accenture, Airbnb, Indeed, Facebook's European headquarters sits on the corner of this square, Misery Hill.

It's name, a reminder of the past.

Once a departure point for lepers leaving mediaeval Dublin on their way to go on pilgrimage to Camino de Santiago. Many didn't make the journey, those who did not get admitted into the hospital on Hawkins Street suffered miserably on this very street - hence its name Misery Hill.

Centuries passed, industrialisation, the largest port in the world. The soul of the city. Shipyards, factories, mills, workers processing incoming and outgoing goods.

A space that has been reimagined time and time again.

The threat of something.....newer, always on the horizon.

"I know nothing about facebook or google."

Google and Facebook weren't there in my day."

"I never saw so many buildings."

"Cranes all over the place."

"We went on the Luas last week and the walls are all grey, aren't they, most of them."

"And all them new apartments, there all grey"

"I don't think it will change that much."

"I think it'll be very similar."

"Because people are going to go on living and living in Stella Gardens, that's not going to go ever and families are going to."

"With all the new apartments and everything they've put up."

"I don't think there could be any change made to it."

"I don't think so."

"There isn't the space in the area to do anything to do it."

It's always a question do you throw good money after bad but there reaches a point you have to stop, if the idea is a bad idea,

Change the plan.

Dublin keeps changing.

You can't hold onto the past, you can appreciate it and look into the future.

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