PUBLIC AND PRIVATE



Dublin. Buswell’s.

I have been waiting for it to happen.

I take photos of the textures of everyday life.

Everyday life is under challenge. Ireland is on the brink of ruin. “We are back to the old three ‘Ps’ Michael”, someone says to me – “Pints, Ponies … and I can’t remember the third” … Heritage comes back to haunt the Tiger Celtic economy, now no more.

I am in Dublin in an old bar, somewhat twee and conservative, but definitively Dublin.

I take a photograph and a couple complain. Not to me, they are sitting next to me, but to “The Management”. The photo is not of them, but they object to an invasion of “privacy” – in this public space. And I had not yet presented them with the release form securing my right to publish the picture (irony – this is a deeply

personal visual note, a memory never intended for distribution).

Worlds breaking apart.

Perhaps appropriately.

OK – here it is.

