

THE STORIES OF MOORE STREET MARKET





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In partnership with:



**CULTURE
NIGHT**



Comhairle Cathrach
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Andrea

When Andrea began working on Moore street, she had no idea the mark that the street and its people would leave on her heart. She began in the winter, selling jewellery styled from her native Ecuador that she had moved away from one year earlier. The vibrant, colourful beads on the intricate pieces blended seamlessly with the pops of colour of the fresh fruit and veg stalls around her. The Irish women, most of whom were raised by women who also sold on this street, took Andrea under their wing. They would pass her stall multiple times a day to just to check on her and make sure she was okay.

On one very cold day in December when Andrea had forgotten her gloves, one of these women was passing by and noticed. “Hun’, you know it’s winter. Do you not have gloves?” She asked her. “No, I forgot but it’s okay!” Andrea called back. “Would ye give over! We’ll find you a pair, you’ll be freezing by the end of the day without them!” She said sternly in that tone all Irish mummies have and within two minutes she was back with a nice warm pair of gloves. Following her was another trader with a cup of hot soup “now get that into ye and you’ll be warm in no time!” The other woman, Mary said. Andrea was touched by the fussing of the women and couldn’t help feeling reminded of the women she knew back home in Ecuador.





As she became another fixture on the street, her bonds with the other traders grew and spread. She spoke with some of the African and Ukrainian jewellery makers and learned that they used a similar beaded style to the Ecuadorian one she used. They shared stories of their cultures and homes and listened intently to the stories of the Irish women talking of Dublin in days gone by.

She felt herself finding a home in this new place for the first time and began to see the people she worked around as family. This was never more evident than on the day of her wedding. Mary from the Flower stall made her bouquet, sunflowers because Andrea always spoke of how much she loved them. After the ceremony, Andrea and her new husband took to Moore Street to share a part of this moment with the people who had become her friends, her community. In her wedding dress, she was paraded down the street to the cheers and open arms of her people, she felt a sense of home in that moment with the bonds she shared with those around her.



One evening as she worked, she began to hear shouts on the streets around Moore Street. Soon after, through customers and social media, she learned of a riot that was taking place throughout the city centre. The target of the vitriol? Immigrants. Upon learning this she felt her heart sink, a wave of fear and sadness rushed over her. As the market was shutting down for the day due to the chaos outside, Andrea began to experience some heartwarming moments. First the traders came by to see if she was okay, to reassure and comfort her. Then customers she knew would come by one after another each buying a piece of jewellery and telling her they appreciated her. When she began to cry from the outpouring of love against the backdrop of a city set on fire by hate, they held her and told her she belongs here, that she is wanted by the Irish people, that she does have home here. Later when she would retell the story of that night, her eyes would mist over, her smile would paint that night in a shade of love and care that would make the hate that was seen that day nothing more than an afterthought.

Mama Shee

You can't pass through Moore Street without the alluring scent of Mama Shee's Nigerian cuisine filling your senses. The perfect mix of spices and herbs create the magic in her well-loved jollof rice. But beyond the food, another reason flock to her stall is due to the woman herself. She's loved by her fellow traders and customers for her soft voice and hearty laugh. Her ability to connect with people is due to her genuine love of people. When she went on holidays, she came back to so many people demanding to know where she was because they missed her presence (and her delicious meals).

Mama Shee was drawn to the market because the bustle and liveliness was a well needed reminder of how it felt to be at her country, Nigeria. She saw a place on the street that reflected her place in her new home Ireland, mixing the culture of the tradition Irish market with the cuisine of her homeland, was the perfect way to share her own culture while being able to form a community with the Irish people.





She remembers Nigerian Independence Day last year. She worked on Moore Street for a huge party to celebrate. She often thinks of the crowd, the food stalls, the music and dancing and remembers seeing an array of people amongst the dancing crowd, Nigerians of course but also the Irish friends and family they had all made during their time calling Ireland home. She laughs every time she tells the story of the two gardai dancing to the catchy beat of a Nigerian song and the cheers of encouragement from the crowd. She remembers it as one of her favourite memories because it felt like home. It may have looked a little different to what she knew before, but it was home nonetheless.

Manda

Manda was raised on the cobblestones of Moore Street. Some of her favourite childhood memories are a mesh of days spent in the stalls of her mother and Grandmother. She used to love running through the street as her mam did the fruit and veg shop, visiting her grandmother in her fish stall. The smell of the fish was the only part of it that didn't make 'best memories' in her mind but everything else was magic to her.





She didn't go into trading straight away after growing up. She worked in several charities, using her skills with people and communication to help others. She then moved onto the Gaiety Theatre, working there for fifteen years. She found her ability to empathise and connect to people as an asset in a customer facing role and found her place then in Spiritual services and creativity, mastering tarot reading, energy readings and more while also perfecting her jewellery making techniques. When she was ready to share her gifts with the world there was no other place that she'd rather be than on the street that raised her. She used her gifts to grow her business but also, and most importantly to her, to help people. She offers those she feels are overwhelmed, struggling or anxious a seat in her stall to take a breath and get away from the buzzing activity of the street. She doesn't push anything onto them, instead just offering a moment of comfort and a listening ear for those who may need it. On Moore Street, the street she spent her childhood on, she found a place for the person she became as an adult too in a stall next to the spot that her grandmother's stall used to sit.

Caroline

To Caroline, Moore Street is more than just a street, it's her history, her family. For 60 years the fruit and veg stand has been in her family. For the entire 44 years of her life, the stall has been a constant fixture. She remembers how frightened she was when it felt like the street was nearing an end a few years ago. She often missed the sounds she grew up with, the laughing, singing, joking that she heard every day from the traders and felt a loss when it began to get quieter. It was over the course of a few years that she began to see her 'old' Moore Street come back to life. Stalls began to fill up again and laughter flowed through the street. She saw the faces filling these stalls come from all over the world with a smile, ready to help add more life to the street and she felt a gratitude to every one of them.

Now she walks through the street, the old street she knew reflected in the sounds and smiles around her. She sees the same street she grew up on, just with some more diversity, more treasures to find and more love to give.



Martina & Linda



Born and raised in what is now the Tenement Museum on Henrietta Street, you won't find anyone more connected to the area than Martina. Along with her sister Linda, they're the fourth generation of women to run the family fruit and veg stall. Growing up Martina remembers a home with no lights, cold and drafty in the winter and a toilet you had to travel down 3 flights old worn down and narrow staircases to use. Despite this Martina doesn't see her childhood as anything but happy; "We had it all, know what I mean? We were reared in the area, and they were happy days" she fondly remembers.

With four generations having worked on the street one might think that it's coming to an end but that's the last thing they want to happen. In fact, they're currently training in their nieces Robin and Ava while they're on their summer break. Their youthful laughter and chatter are an echo of the voices and laughter of the older women working alongside them.

Robin's favourite memory of Moore Street is her Nanny parading her from stall to stall on her communion day. "She brought me to everyone, everyone wanted to see me in my dress and give me money." She laughs. "Back in my day, the minute that money would be in your hand your ma would be taking it to pay for the dress" Linda chimes in humorously.

Robin and Ava will be the fifth generation to work in Moore Street if they decide to follow in their ancestor's steps. Being teenagers, they're not really sure yet if that's what they want despite the insistence of their aunties, lovingly urging them on". "This will be all yours, isn't that lovely? When we retire, you'll be your own boss. You'll take over it won't you?" Linda encourages. The girls, well used to this conversation by now laugh and roll their eyes "yes, yes, we'll take over!" but you can't help but see the fondness in their eyes when they speak about the street they grew up on.



Churros do Lulu

Along with the delicious scents of foods from places like Nepal, Nigeria and Irish food stalls, you might be able to make out the scent of the tasty Brazilian Churros do Lulu stall. Being one of the newer stalls, they've been trading on the stall for a few months. The owner, having passed the street one day and seeing the mishmash of traders from both her and afar, sharing their cuisines and cultures, he set out to start up a stall from his existing business to join the community. With a smile on his face, he makes each churro and toppings with the goal of sharing his culture via the delicious desserts. He loves to be part of community and witnesses how they help each other daily.







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