



WAGE



Theft

To all the cunt-faced employers i've
had before



fuck you

Kyan

you hipster piece
of shit

I remember feeling so special when I was selected as one of the few unpaid interns to work for this special organisation, something the world truly needed:

another CBD start-up.

"...When race was centred in analysing the outcomes of participants in an employability programme (EP 2009-2011 database), the Nigerians of Black African descent who appeared to have the highest labour market activity had the lowest progression rate on to paid employment. While their progression was mainly on to unpaid, voluntary roles."

Joseph, Ebin. *Critical Race Theory and Inequality in the Labour Market: Racial Stratification in Ireland*. 1st ed., Manchester University Press, 2020. JSTOR, Accessed 15 Feb. 2024.

No, this is not about the missed opportunities to talk about decriminalisation, lack of research, how cannabis aided hospitalised queer folks during the AIDS pandemic or how overwhelmingly white the industry is today, despite the harmful stereotypes against people of colour or the racist history of Hemp.

This is about how his transphobic ass refused to pay me after working for free for 4 months, promising me he'll do so subsequently, and then proceeded to ghost me 6 months after.

I should've said something that beautiful summer, as I walked down Kirwan's Lane, and met him at the corner with his wife, kids, and family. I should've made a scene so bad, people would've thought we were fucking.





Five kind Indian men and women worked at that company, an English woman too, she was also Indian. I cringe flashbaking to when my co-worker showed me an article stating clearly how illegal it was to have interns work for free in Ireland. I cringe at how I partially dismissed it, almost telling her to leave if she wants, I for one feel lucky to be here.

It wasn't the memory of him complaining about how too-women-focused the quotes I made for social were, or how he made me pose with my Nigerian flag celebrating our Independence Day in the middle of End fucking Sars. I guess I missed an opportunity to have a sort of comradery about the feels for the English then.



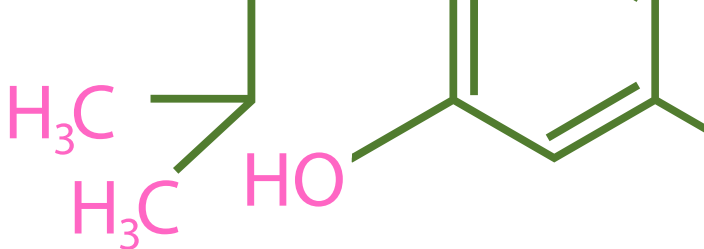
On the memory of my first Galway
Cartoon Festival '27 as I stood in front
of the office that weekend with a
friend, drawing Breonna Taylor and
writing: RIP Chadwick Boseman on the
draw-on-the-wall wall.



Shortly after a Wes-Anderson-looking
MF climbed onto the ladder, his friends
behind him as he drew a fun lil'
cartoon of the KKK, the quote read: "I
thought we were just gonna hang out"
get it? Hang out? Or something like that
idk, I repressed that shit.



this was added after



It was that cold autumn evening, six months in, during the second lockdown, when he kindly asked me how to repurpose some content. The owner was featured in a podcast episode, and I was like; "I gatch you! let's make it into a little animation. People are super drawn to that". And he went; "Do you do animation" and I went "Nope." then he goes "Okay have a look at Upwork or Firver for me, maybe..."

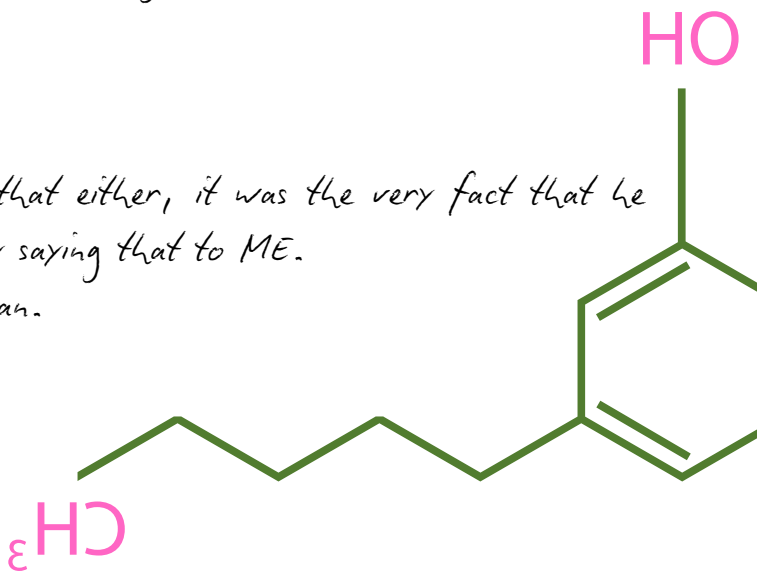
and I quote

"Maybe we'll find an Indian girl who doesn't know her worth". And then he laughed.

No Cap.


It wasn't even that either, it was the very fact that he was comfortably saying that to ME.

An African woman.



Samira if you're reading this, I'm still mad at you for only using me for weed that one time, and hanging out with you in the corner until your real friends came over.

But thank you for sharing the story of how that homophobic cunt bullied you in class because you wouldn't go out with him, and thank you for sharing that article. You're an Indian woman who knows her worth.



An Ode to Retro
Bollywood, that's
right, i'm looking
at you Maria
Rivans!

Dear Reader,

I'm not gonna energy-vampire you with talk about decriminalisation. If I ever open my mouth to talk about weed, it would be about the 1988 war on drugs, in Nigeria. From the death penalty to life imprisonment, as a country pretending to heal from its colonial wounds, we have our own problematic take on reform.

The 1966 Indian Hemp Decree, now Act, could use a better name. The name of the law is insulting and archaic. Naming this plant, especially with its controversial stance in legality, should not have to be tied to a country, ethnic group, tribe or creed. It is inaccurate at best and xenophobic at worst.

Nasir, I thought of you as I wrote this, if you're reading this I forgive you. I was working at Kinlay when you called.

you can't afford me



Art & Bobby

So in hindsight, I have heard tons of people say Art n Hobby was a shitty place to work and a lot of Irish companies are notoriously xenophobic in recruiting. But I was struggling a lot with ideation after being made houseless and it sounded like fun!

I'm an artist, the company had the word Art in it, what could go wrong?

It had been raining all month and I was a little late, though showing up in my chic AF all-black Parisian fit. Turns out I have ADHD, turns out I am bad at organizing despite all the pretty colours and bad with customers. I'm not sure how you can tell all that after one hour, but I guess millennial white women just have that superpower.

She said it was a trial run which I wasn't informed of prior, not that it would've made any difference, but it was very dishonest and unprofessional, to say the least, and she practically told me to fuck off.

As I ran off crying, the girl at the door looked at me and the manager in this sorrowful way, it's hard to explain, like jail birds looking at a peer stand up to the jailer, and watch them being beaten down, half sorry, half feeling they deserved it for thinking they deserved better. Idk.



No one ever ran from Eyre Square to Father Griffin so fast.

It was sunny all of a sudden and so fucking beautiful in Quay Street.

18 min
1.4 km

18 min
1.3 km

I cried all day and night, my roommates were so sweet, they asked nothing.

Just left some food and drink at my door. They understood. I mean they didn't. They couldn't, but they understood.



Adah

you

cunt!



Bowling & Market

I remember another cunt-faced employer telling me how amazing she was, and how she really "fought for the little guy", and I just stared blankly like, "Yeah I'll believe that when I see it".

Adah was Australian, she lived on Foster Street and with a few poor souls she managed to convince that she was such an ally, she set up a vague AF website/ blog/unregistered nonprofit creative organisation thing called: Bold. I remember the logo so clearly.

Adah was hard of hearing and was related to Jessie). When she told me I had 0 reaction. Partially because I was tryna be profesh and partially because I already knew. However, I got the feeling they may have thought I didn't know who Jessie) was. Cuz you really could see them all fighting the urge not to say anything, y'know, not to sound racist.

They brought me in as some sorta of creative director/content strategist. I was all business.


They

were

not.



Bold

A person with long brown hair in two pigtails, wearing a dark green and black patterned shirt, stands with their back to the camera in a kitchen. The kitchen has a white countertop with various items like a knife block, a bottle of orange juice, and a box of 'HOT TASTY' pizza. A clock is on the wall above the person. In the foreground, there is a wooden table with a chocolate cake, oranges, and other kitchen items. Three white text boxes are overlaid on the image.

Guys, they were like really white. It was weird.

The energy was weird. I felt so strange. Like who are these people? wtf are they talking about? Why are their voices so high? Do I sound like this to other people?

I mean, I must. We have the same interests. Anime, Film. One of her daughters was even a music score nerd just like meeeeeee.

Why do I feel so out of place? Who cares? I'm in it for the money and socio-political/creative expression.

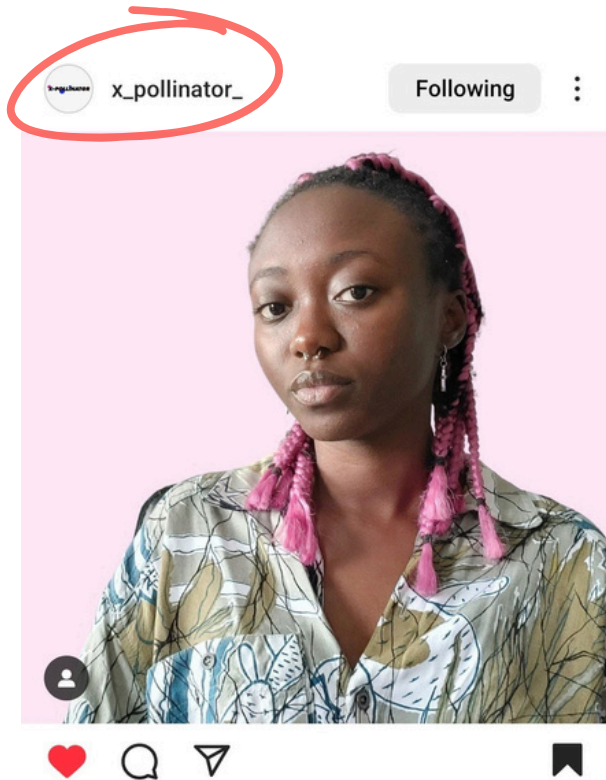
One night after a fruitless meeting, all three of her daughters, their friend and I stood outside the door about to leave. She stood at the doorway and squealed "Oh you five look so beautiful! You could be sisters." "Tosin you're the wrong colour but..." and it was all just interrupted by "Oh my god MOM!!!" In various tones. I was flabbergasted. She proceeded to defend herself looking squarely at me saying "...oh no it's not what you think, ugh I know what it's like when people get like that, you see I'm Jewish..." and they just ran off with me. An hour later, I left the group and then there were 4. It was a long walk back to Grattan but whatever.

It never worked out with them, they would invite me over for meetings and to work on the storybook they were trying to write but it just never happened. They would talk, talk, talk, change their minds about doing anything serious and invite me over again. Somehow they lacked the courage to say:

“We want you to do all the work,
but play with us at the same time,
do all this at home so it's quicker,
no wait perhaps here is better
'cause we can work collaboratively
and give notes, also you know
what we changed our minds on
your way here, we're not gonna
work. Just dinner and chat. Here
is a guy I know who is gonna help
you, actually scratch that he just
cancelled. Also, forget about all
you've done. We're letting you go.
Bold is no more”

*instead she just ignored my calls and
messages and then changed her number.*

Before her cowardice showed itself her ignorance did. One night we were gonna talk about content strategy, specifically blogs. And I thought we'd start from the obvious: Feminism. "Feminism is boring," she said. "Let's write about bees instead". Now don't get me wrong I love them pollinators. I am one in fact.



But "Feminism is boring?????" I just slipped into a blackout as I remembered all the extremities.

My mother threatening me with the spurn of my future husband for not liking the way I cook and kicking me out. Promptly reminding me that when that happens she won't be taking me back.



The fact that she and most of her sisters were ceremonially, partially FGMed and it was normalised in her village because that's how you make sure she doesn't grow up to be a whore.

Or all my best friend's students with their cute little hennas on their cute little hands, half of them already married off to some balding middle-aged fuck.

Feminism is boring? White feminism perhaps! Jesus fucking Christ Adah! And no of course she didn't pay me. Not one single dime for my work, time or energy.

When the cunt-faced employer who recommended her to me slapped 20 euros in my hand for a canva-job-well-done, I felt like a whore. I ran to my kitchen and blasted Bikini Kill. Ironic right?

Idk man, everyone told me Kinlay fucking sucked, I was working three jobs at the time, volunteering for an independent film festival whose founder treated me like shit, houseless and a proud contestant in the X-Pollinator Elevator programme.



CHRISTMAS, CORK '21



my attempt at
defacing the logo
but i just ended
up making it cuter



Apparently, the manager was a real bitch, they covered up sexual harassment accusations and treated their workers like shit. At least they paid me, The Whale didn't.

The Whale was a spa on the Wild Atlantic Way. I met her through the "real" job I had, working for an Irish-owned seaweed family business. She seemed great, I had a feeling it was all a front, and if it didn't work out with the client she was trying to bag, I would be punished for it. But I ignored all the signs my ancestors sent and said: whatever! I needed the money and the experience. I tried to ignore the Irish lad lackadaisically throwing out the n-word to his non-Irish friends in a story about oppression, worked all night and didn't sleep on that time-sensitive project. As soon as it was daybreak I got up from my bunk bed and went to my other job and just as I expected it didn't work out with the client. I sent the invoice, she saw it and ghosted me. I remember the family business mentioning her in passing, "How is it going with her?" As soon as I brought up the fact that she didn't pay me they cut me off and changed the subject.

all the signs were there..



Fuck them seaweed spas, Fuck Kinlay. I gave out all that European-AF food they left me for Christmas and donated the hamper basket to the family business. I worked the Chalet at the Christmas Market.



I pissed in a cup one cold night. Normally I would leave while someone covered for me, but it was just me that time, I couldn't leave thousands of euros worth of products unattended to. I filled one and a half disposable coffee cups from some Italian cafe's. It was so warm.

Unpaid Intern

from "Bo Burnham: Inside"

Words and Music by
Bo Burnham

♩ = 255

Measures 1-8 of the piano arrangement. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The time signature is 3/4. The melody in the right hand consists of eighth and quarter notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of chords.

9

Measures 9-18 of the piano arrangement. The musical notation continues with the same melodic and harmonic patterns as the previous section.

20

Measures 19-28 of the piano arrangement. The notation continues, showing the progression of the melody and accompaniment.

31

Measures 29-38 of the piano arrangement. The notation continues, with some measures featuring longer note values in the right hand.

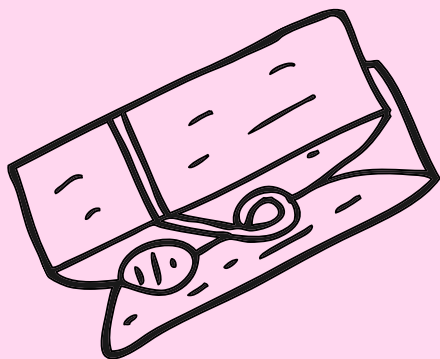
41

Measures 39-46 of the piano arrangement, concluding the piece. The notation ends with a double bar line in the right hand.

I know it's a lot of fun and games to laugh at Carl from Phineas and Ferb but given my recent history, watching him is the stuff of nightmares, like, it's not funny guys. It sucks being expected to work for free. And to always always be grateful. Damn, I wouldn't mind being evil for extra credit.



unidentified



£

art

hoe