

Tap Out, July 2025 — Live Action Documentation (as part of *Consent Not Content*, 2025)

Consent Not Content

In order to give context to the new artwork 'Tap Out', Consent Not Content must be understood as an umbrella project encompassing a growing body of interdisciplinary works across performance, painting, and social practice. United by themes of visibility, co-authorship, and resistance, the project interrogates the ethics of capture, authorship, and embodiment in visual and digital culture. Each work functions as an act of refusal or reclamation, challenging systems that exploit without consent.

Consent Not Content Contextual Timeline

March 2025: Non-consensual video of the artist captured by prank content creators, including "Bushman."

April 2025:

Footage released online without consent, rapidly going viral and prompting litigation as part of the artist's process. Artist initiates *Consent Not Content*, begins documentation, research, and first artistic responses.



An Coimisiún um Chosaint Sonraí Data Protection Commission

Form submitted Tuesday 22 April 2025 14:17

Contacting on behalf of:
As an individual (or on behalf of an individual)

Does your contact concern personal data?
Yes

Is your contact about your own personal data?
Yes

I have another type of concern:
I wish to object to the use of my personal data by an organisation

Have you complained to us about this specific matter before?
No

Have you engaged with the organisation?
Yes

Full name
Elayne Adamczyk Harrington

Email
[redacted]

Address
[redacted]

Your country of residence
Republic of Ireland

Phone
[redacted]

Organisation Name
TikTok account

Organisation Contact
[redacted]

Please outline details of your complaint including:
• your relationship with the organisation;
• content in which data was created;
• any other relevant info about your concern

Subject: Non-Consensual Use of My Image on Social Media Platforms

I am submitting this complaint regarding a violation of my data protection rights under GDPR and Irish law.

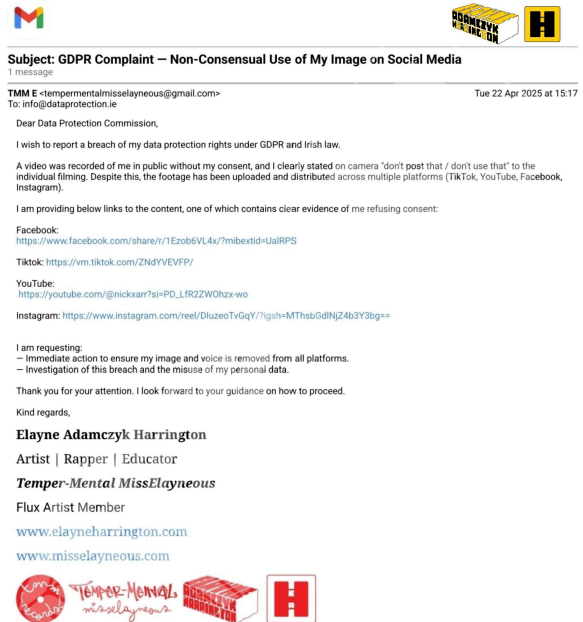
A video was recorded of me in a public place without my knowledge or consent to part of an "other" "prank". I directly told the person involved not to use the footage and not to publish it. Despite this, the video was uploaded to TikTok and has since spread across other platforms including YouTube, Facebook, and Instagram—all without my permission.

I did not consent to the recording or distribution of my image. I consider this a clear violation of my privacy and data rights, and I have requested that the video be removed, but it remains online.

I am requesting:
— Immediate removal of all copies of the video;
— Investigation of the individual and platform involved for non-consensual use of personal data;
— Assurance that my rights are upheld under GDPR.

Thank you for your attention to this matter.

Data Protection Commission
25th Floor, 100 South Circular Road, Dublin 8, Ireland



Subject: GDPR Complaint – Non-Consensual Use of My Image on Social Media

1 message

TMM E <tempermentalmisselayneous@gmail.com>
To: info@dataprotection.ie Tue 22 Apr 2025 at 15:17

Dear Data Protection Commission,

I wish to report a breach of my data protection rights under GDPR and Irish law.

A video was recorded of me in public without my consent, and I clearly stated on camera "don't post that / don't use that" to the individual filming. Despite this, the footage has been uploaded and distributed across multiple platforms (TikTok, YouTube, Facebook, Instagram).

I am providing below links to the content, one of which contains clear evidence of me refusing consent:

Facebook:
<https://www.facebook.com/share/r/1Ezob6VL4x/?mibextid=UaIRPS>

TikTok: <https://vm.tiktok.com/ZNdYVEVP/>


YouTube:
https://youtube.com/@nickxxar?si=PD_LR2ZW0hzx-wo

Instagram: <https://www.instagram.com/reel/DluzeoTvGqV/?igsh=MThtabGdINj4b3Y3bg=>

I am requesting:
— Immediate action to ensure my image and voice is removed from all platforms.
— Investigation of this breach and the misuse of my personal data.

Thank you for your attention. I look forward to your guidance on how to proceed.

Kind regards,
Elayne Adamczyk Harrington
Artist | Rapper | Educator
Temper-Mental MissElayneous
Flux Artist Member
www.elayneharrington.com
www.misselayneous.com



26th April 2025: *Artist as Canvas* executed at Flux D2 with Abdoe & Alex Del Chill
See more: <https://elayneharrington.com/consent-not-content>



June 2025: *Artist as Canvas* presented at Flux Art Crit, alongside *Madra* and *Piston*. Artist Abdoe and poet/author Karl Parkinson are present. "Bushman" costume is worn by Harrington as part of the presentation. Concept for commission emerges during Flux Art Crit feedback and group discussion.



July 2025: Carl Hickey commission/collaboration process '*Caught Rapid*' is begun and by mid July, Hickey's work '*Con*ent*' is added to the *Consent Not Content* repertoire.



On the 25th of July 2025 *Tap Out* is performed spontaneously following a re-encounter with the "Bushman" prankster team in Dublin city centre.

Performance Title: Tap Out

Date: 25th July, 2025

Location: South William Street, Grafton Street and surroundings, Dublin 2

Artist: Elayne Adamczyk Harrington

Camera Operator: Karl Parkinson (for Action Part II)

Collaborators/Observers: Jessica Brennan, Alex Del Chill, Karl Parkinson, Elaine Whelan

Self-shot Part I Duration: 19mins 18secs

Observed/filmed Part II Duration: 32mins 52secs

Full uncut version of both actions in sequence duration: 52mins 10secs

Mediums: Performance, Social Encounter, Video Documentation, Costume, Object Intervention

Action Summary: Tap Out (Performance Response)

On the afternoon of July 25, while en route to Flux Art Studios to meet poet Karl Parkinson, I was informed by fellow Flux artists Jessica Brennan and Alex Del Chill that the so-called "Bushman" prankster duo were filming nearby on Chatham Row. Recognising them immediately — the same men who had used my image without consent months earlier — I made a deliberate decision: to re-enter the space, this time wearing my Bushman suit.

Originally worn during my Flux Art Crit as a visual and political reclamation, the suit had become a symbol of protest. To it, I added a Johnny Blaze hoodie emblazoned with "Parental Advisory: Explicit Content" — a direct nod to the way my voice, words, and image had been exploited, and how consent is too often erased under the guise of humour.

Action I: The Street Encounter

Approaching the duo with my camera filming, I asked directly:

> "Why are you wearing my outfit?"

He replied, "Ah, you are me."

> "I'm you? You're me."

There was no embrace. No selfie. Only a silent, charged moment of mirrored confrontation. The videographer, mistaking my presence for complicity, encouraged me to "get your footage." He failed to recognise the moment for what it was: not participation, but intervention.

I began to move slowly through selfie-style poses — exaggerated, performative, mocking the tropes of influencer culture and the language of image commodification. This performance, filtered through the mesh of the Bushman mask, destabilised the pranksters' performative power. I wasn't playing their game — I was rewriting the rules.

Then, I sat down. This gesture — humble, vulnerable, deliberate — was both surrender and protest. It invoked imagery of homelessness, exhaustion, and endurance. I became still. The prank dissolved.

Onlookers' attention shifted. The audience dynamic broke. A woman passing by remarked, "You're very cute." That phrase stuck — a moment of unsolicited sweetness amid tension.

The sitting posture, reminiscent of earlier work developed during my time at NCAD, became a reference to performative class representations, urban exposure, and the erasure of autonomy. It was about grounding myself — literally and symbolically — to challenge how the working-class body is aestheticised, ridiculed, or ignored.

Context: The March Footage & Class, Consent, and Cultural Violence

In March 2024, I was filmed without consent. My reaction — fear, instinctive language, hands raised in a defensive motion — was captured and posted online, despite my immediate objection:

> “No, now, you’re after making me curse — don’t use that. I’m a teacher. No.”

They edited that part out. They knew I objected. They posted it anyway. The video went viral.

The comments were classist, sexist, and voyeuristic. My accent was mocked. My image reduced to caricature. My personhood — erased. This is the nature of prank culture: extractive, predatory, masked as humour.

It forms part of a broader system of digital and real-world violence — upskirting, objectification, gaslighting, catcalling, street harassment, stalking, revenge porn — all underpinned by the widespread normalisation of consent breaches.

These are issues I’ve been confronting for over a decade. Not only in my poetry and music — *Violent Witness (Sister Soldiers, 2012)*, *Motherless Sons (2011)*, *Heart Lose Tempo (2013)*, *Dominoes (2009)* — but through protest, pedagogy, and public speech: at rallies for women’s rights, in workshops with young women, in Dóchas Prison, in conversations with young Travellers, in schools and youth services, and as a poet-in-residence in marginalised communities.

I’ve also spoken about them at third level, on national radio, and on TV — most notably in *Connected (Animo, RTÉ)*, where for the first time in Ireland, street harassment was publicly discussed. Not only was I talking about that issue, I was doing so as a homeless woman — living in a transitional women’s service, having just exited Dublin City Council’s emergency accommodation system.

It was the second time I had experienced homelessness. Despite the trauma and chaos of that moment, I continued my education, entered higher education, and maintained my creative career. I performed in the 2013 Dublin Fringe Festival — while still homeless — negotiating hostel curfews so I could access safer, individual accommodation. I wasn’t just any kind of homeless person. I was straight-edge: clean, sober, and determined to protect my future. I’d already been through it once. I wasn’t going back.

I share all of this not as a performance of pain or struggle, but to underscore the authenticity behind my critique. This isn’t poorface. I’m not posturing. I’ve lived the reality — and still live with its consequences.

Later that same day, after filming Action 2, I met an old friend — let's call him Danny. You could say he's "down and out," but in truth, he's not out. He's got twins on the way. His face is sun-scorched. He drinks hard. But he's human. His father — also a unionist — worked in a treatment centre in Cherry Orchard for years. Danny told me his partner, pregnant with triplets, had just lost one of the babies, and is now in recovery, trying to get clean.

I still carry relationships like that. I still have charity, sympathy, insight, and solidarity. I keep my finger on the pulse of what it means to be down — truly down. That's why it cuts so deep to see the flattening and commodification of working-class experience. The way our lives and struggles are reduced to marketable caricature. I won't let that go.

This resistance runs in my blood.

My mother, Philomena Harrington, was the first female clerical president of her trade union (ESBOA) and a driving force in shaping Ireland's anti-bullying and harassment workplace policies — many of which still stand today. She served as Equality Officer for the ESB Group of Unions and later as Chairperson of the ICTU Women's Committee, where she pushed for structural change before it was fashionable.

She returned to work just six months after giving birth to her first child in 1978 — a radical act at the time. Under pressure to give the baby up for adoption, she refused. She went on to raise two more children while rising through the ranks of union leadership in a deeply patriarchal system.

Philomena was part of the group that introduced the ESB's first anti-bullying and harassment policies in the 1990s — policies that helped shape the legislation that followed. She challenged outdated union structures, criticised tokenistic representation of women, and advocated for parental leave policies that accounted for gendered inequality in career progression.

She never forgot where she came from. And she never let anyone forget how hard these feminist gains were won — especially within working-class communities. As she said:

> "Young people today often think feminism is a fait accompli. But it's not."

This is the lineage I come from. This is what informs my art, my protest, and my pedagogy. My work doesn't just speak about class, gender, and power — it emerges directly from lived struggle, generational resistance, and a refusal to let our stories be repackaged for profit.

As a performer, poet, teacher, and Christian woman from Finglas, I've spent years carefully curating my voice and my image. To have it stolen, mocked, and sold — was a violation.

That's how *Consent Not Content* was born: as an artistic, spiritual, legal, and cultural refusal.

Artistic Response & Spiritual Symbolism

I returned to the street again — this time entering Metro Café to borrow a paper cup. That cup became an object of deep symbolic resonance. It echoed my 2017 installation *Transients*, but more urgently, it became a spiritual invocation.

With my face still covered by the mesh veil, I offered the cup to strangers, asking, “Could you spare a euro? Even 50 cent for a hostel?” This wasn’t a reenactment. It was an act of endurance — a real-time, embodied moment of vulnerability and subservience. Some searched their pockets. Some shook their heads. Others looked away. But none of them saw entertainment.

The cup I carried — like a prop, like a weapon — became layered with meaning. In the prank videos that inspired this response, objects were often weaponised: a camera, a costume, a mask. My cup, too, caused alarm. When I held it out, people flinched. It was only cardboard, but it triggered fear. In that shared reflex, I realised — it was the one thing I had in common with the “Bushman”: a kind of provocation. But unlike his prank, mine was not about spectacle. It was about witness.

Referencing and Countering Irish Cultural Tropes

When I chose the posture of sitting down, it was in remembering the layers of class performance in Irish comedic and media culture — typified by acts like the “Wind-Up Merchantz,” whose skits rely on exaggerated portrayals of addiction, poverty, and working-class stereotypes.

In one, a fictional “junkie” inner monologues from a spot in the city — the audience privy to his thoughts like a diary entry. It’s all for laughs. But these are lives.

My sitting position and gesture with the cup was a direct counterpoint — referencing such portrayals, but reclaiming them in a gesture of sincere vulnerability and critique.

The Bushman folded his arms. His energy shifted. He was no longer in control.

Encounter with Elaine Whelan: Unintended Collaborations and Common Ground

As the first action drew to a natural close, I turned to the camera as if live-streaming, adopting the posture of a content creator broadcasting to an invisible audience. My tone was playful, slightly performative, maybe a little conspiratorial.

As I rounded the corner near Metro Café, facing Flux Art Studios, I noticed the group I had been interacting with earlier now in conversation with a woman I didn't recognise.

I addressed the camera: "They're probably sending a bird over to me."

The phrase hung in the air — a mixture of mock-paranoia and streetwise intuition. I had begun to inhabit a character: part-defensive, part-possessive, like someone guarding their tapping or begging spot. A territorial assertion, not unlike what one might witness between those living rough in city spaces. A mild confrontation grounded in lived reality.

At that moment, I spoke openly to the camera, reflecting on the paradox that unfolded in that public space: "There were twenty maybe thirty people walking by, and I couldn't even get fifty cents — never mind a euro — for a hostel."

Meanwhile, the pranksters were monetising every click, every laugh, every like from their videos. Their profit came at the expense of genuine need. People gave their attention freely, as if charity, yet refused to be charitable to me when I was literally begging.

I explained how I had to beg just to get a paper cup — a small but crucial prop — to formalise and legitimise my act of begging within the performance. That cup would become a charged symbol linking poverty, displacement, and social invisibility.

Then the woman approached. She introduced herself as Elaine Whelan, and to my surprise, she was a fellow Flux artist. She was warm, disarming. She told me she'd heard there was "something going on" downstairs with a bushman, and when she saw the pranksters talking, she ran upstairs to change into her bushman tights. She pointed them out as she spoke, her gesture folding her own practice into the theme.

She told me she's a print artist and educator too. I joked: "From one teacher to another, teacher love, teacher pain!" We shook hands. I listened to her, and with her permission I recorded some of the conversation — part of the full 52-minute and 11-second footage that merges both performance actions.

Whelan described how the pranksters had asked her for a photo — maybe assuming she, like me, wanted a selfie. But what she actually wanted was to have a conversation with them. She was curious about what they were doing.

I told her about *Consent Not Content*, about my ideas of artists as canvas, and our mutual friend Carl Hickey. I explained *Caught Rapid* — the name I gave the collaboration around his painting *Cone*nt* which had emerged from a still taken from the viral video of the original prank. (The phrase "caught rapid," though colloquial, functions much like "caught red-handed," but with a distinct Dublin cadence and cultural edge. It felt especially fitting for this exchange, given the widespread appropriation and commodification of working-class identity—not only by outsiders but also by those who come from the same class as me.)

We spoke a little longer before I returned to Flux.

Legal Action and Artistic Continuation

Since April, I've engaged legal, civic, and data protection channels to challenge the unauthorised use of my image — including contact with GDPR Ireland, An Garda Síochána, and my solicitor. This legal journey is integral to my ongoing body of work.

Alongside artists like Elaine Whelan and Jessica Brennan, who were already interrogating similar themes, I began formalising the language of *Consent Not Content* as a project. We're documenting the cultural violence embedded in these viral economies — and building something lasting in response.

Final Reflection: Refusal, Authorship, and Spiritual Art Practice

Tap Out is not just a performance — it is prayer and protest, a public disruption and a refusal. It asks: who controls the narrative? Who profits from our pain? Who has the right to say no — and have that no be honoured?

As an artist and orator, I reclaim my image. As a Christian, I hold space for forgiveness without forgetting. As a woman, I confront the mechanics of consent. This work continues.



Transients: elayneharrington.com/artwork-archive
Succumb: <https://youtu.be/nHL3wAgZ6oY?feature=shared>
Reading: <https://elayneharrington.com/thesis-ba>